

Ripples

Stories and Poems

by or about Yellow Springs Elders



Volume 4, June 2017

*Cover Illustration: Arthur Morgan
by Tom Bachtell*

Tom Bachtell's distinctive drawings and caricatures appear each week in "The Talk of the Town" and other sections of The New Yorker where he has been a regular contributor for some twenty years. Trained as a pianist at the Cleveland Institute of Music and with a liberal arts degree from Case Western Reserve University, Tom is self-taught as an artist. Working primarily in brush and ink, Tom's drawing style pays homage to many of the classic American illustrators and cartoonists of the 1920s and 1930s. He is the illustrator of When I Knew (HarperCollins), edited by Robert Trachtenberg, and a Lambda Literary Award finalist. He illustrated the cover of Trump and Me by Mark Singer (Penguin Random House). Tom graduated from Yellow Springs High School in 1975.

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PART 1. From Albion to Antioch:

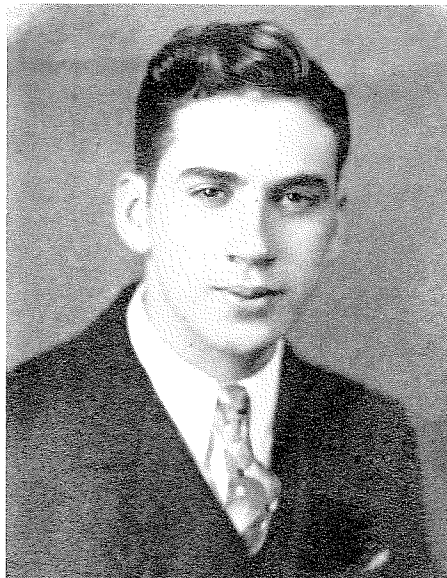
My Parents—Meredith and Willa Dallas

by Tony Dallas

My father's first utterance of my mother's name must have been him reading aloud an attendance roll in a classroom at Albion College, a Methodist liberal arts school in Western Michigan. A philosophy teacher had taken ill; my father, Meredith Dallas, a senior philosophy/speech major, had been asked to take over his introductory philosophy classes. One of his students was my mother, then Willa Louise Winter, a freshman from Portsmouth, Ohio. I don't know who was more smitten with the other first. I know my father was witty, smart, had relaxed but penetrating eyes, was handsome (despite a weak chin), and was graceful in his long, lanky frame. He also had a voice for which the words *sonorous* and *mellifluous* were invented.

My mother, who was a National Merit Scholar, was beautiful. While I imagine it was her face and demeanor in the classroom that first caught his attention, what he remembered late in life was how deadly she was on the hockey field: the dexterous shifting of her muscular thighs as she'd dribble the ball down the bright green lawn.

My father was born the third child—after his sister Beatrice and his brother Eric—to William Roderick and Ethel Maude Macqueen Dallas, on December 3, 1916. But when Eric died at the age



of nine, my father became the oldest son.

A parked Model T, whose emergency brake had slipped, bumped into Eric; he fell on the side of the street and scraped his knee. Bits of cinders got into an opened wound. His mother did what was required: she cleaned the gash out with soap and water and bathed it with carbolic acid. But an infection took hold, and the boy developed a fever. When the infection turned gangrenous, he was sent to hospital. But it was too late. By the time the leg was amputated, the infection had already spread.

My father, who was six when Eric died, had little memory of him. What he did remember was the funeral, held in the living room, the most formal room in the house, the room the family rarely entered, and where the furniture was usu-

ally covered. But it was not his brother's body laid out in the living room that my father remembered, but his own body laid out in the back yard in a grave he had dug for himself. While the funeral was going on inside, my father was outside lying down in his hole, gazing up into heaven.

My father's father, my grandfather, who was employed as a foreman in a windshield factory, was brought up in England. His was a truly Dickensian childhood.

Born with a cleft palate, my grandfather, as a young child, believed he was an orphan earning his room, board, and education doing manual labor at a boarding school outside the city of York. The sadistic headmaster—for the least infringement, or for no infringement at all—would beat him regularly with a leather strap or hold a flame under the boy's finger until it blistered. My grandfather's last name, Dallas, was fiction. Where the name came from is now conjecture. Why the surname was affixed to my grandfather is not: it was to hide his lineage. When William was twelve he was told, since his parents "could no longer pay tuition," he must leave the school and go live with his mother. It turned out his mother, an Edith Madeley (or Edith Stanley, as she must have been known for most of my grandfather's young life),

was very much alive and running a boarding house in London, to which the boy was promptly sent. But his mother wanted nothing to do with this disfigured boy who had been conceived out of wedlock in a moment of passion, with a man she later felt only compelled to marry. She sent the boy off to live with his father, Captain Edmond Stanley. Edmond, thanks to Edith's London connections, had been for a few years the Lord Marshall of London, a job whose chief duty, according to my grandfather, was to ride his handsome white stallion at the front of the Lord Mayor of London's parade. But when news splashed across the tabloids that he was having an affair with the Lord Mayor's daughter, he was booted from his position, and both he and Edith found themselves shamed and cast out into the street. When Stanley's son showed up at his doorstep, Stanley was living with an "actress," a Pandora Mahala. According to my grandfather, the Captain still dressed impeccably in his red and gold uniform, his massive black mustache waxed into curling points, and he still daily polished his riding boots to a mirror finish. But the boots no longer had soles, only two straps looping under his feet to hold them on.

Miss Mahala wanted nothing to do with the boy. So William, at thirteen—a boy with a hole in the roof of his mouth, who had never felt love, nor was ever wanted—was cast out into the streets of London. He was saved from a life of delinquency only when a woman who ran a laundry service took him in. He fell in love with her daughter. Then, at the age of seventeen, he sailed to Canada. He worked for a while as a gandy dancer on the

railroads around Windsor. Then, when he'd accumulated enough money, he wrote his sweetheart and asked if she would join him. She did. They married. Then they migrated across the Detroit River to a marginally better life in the United States of America.

Though my father's parents were decidedly working-class, because they came of British stock, they lived an illusion of cultural superiority. What it meant to be the oldest son in this particular family became clear to my father a few years after the death of his older brother, when his parents invited the minister of their church, the eminent Linn Harold Hoff, for Sunday brunch. Rev. Hoff arrived at their humble abode via the alley in a chauffeur-driven Rolls Royce. And when he left, the Rolls purring down the alley, my father's father put his arm around his son's shoulder and said to him, "*That is what I want you to be when you grow up.*"

In fact, the church did play a major role in my father's upbringing. Henry Hitt Crane, an active pacifist, who took over the ministry of Central Methodist Church from Hoff, was the minister most of the time my father was growing up. Crane brought in speakers like John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Works Union, and Civil Rights activist Mary McLeod Bethune. According to my father, "Central Church opened [his] eyes to the world of ideas." By the time he was in college, he was an active pacifist. In his sophomore year at Albion, he wrote a peace essay, "As Youth Sees It," and when he delivered it as an oration at a state peace contest, he won first prize.

My mother, born on Columbus Day in 1919, grew up in Portsmouth, Ohio, a small industrial city nestled at the confluence of the Ohio and Scioto rivers. Her mother, the former Roma Belle Matteson, had, as a young woman, gotten along quite well by herself, selling magazines and encyclopedias across Ohio. But then she married the ever-persistent Fred Winter, a man considerably older than she, and after that she became a chorus and music teacher in the high school. Fred, who was fifty years old when my mother was born, was a deacon in the Methodist Church, a history buff, ran a feed store, and, for the state, monitored the height of the Ohio River. The image my mother had of her father was of him in the feed store, book in hand by a Franklin stove, rocking in a rocking chair. But he must have been particularly busy in late January of 1937, when torrential rains caused the Ohio and Scioto rivers to overflow their banks and flood most of Portsmouth. Water, in my mother's house, rose to the second floor. As they huddled away upstairs, they could hear the constant chordal banging of her mother's prized piano against downstairs' ceiling.

After graduating from Albion, my father went on to Union Seminary in New York, where he quickly took up with two fellow pacifists, Don Benedict and Dave Dellinger. The three of them ran a settlement house at the corner of 104th and Second Avenue, where they fed the poor, dried out the drunks, and gave away not only food but, quite literally, the clothes off their backs. (To one dried-out

alcoholic, my father gave away his only suit.) According to Dellinger's book, *From Yale to Jail*, that particular block "was thought to have the highest murder rate of any block in any city of the world." My father told me years later when I interviewed him: "What we felt, was a more primitive Christianity. Something beyond ideas, the intellectual thing. . . . We were not terribly enamored of the church. . . . We were breaking away."

Soon after my father arrived at Union, this group of rebellious pacifists augmented their numbers with seminarians from Union and Yale and opened a commune in Newark. In honor of Gandhi, they called their commune the Newark Ashram. Much of their duties were tending to children and giving them opportunities they might not otherwise have—like taking them out to the country for fresh air (there was a farmer in Connecticut who was especially sympathetic to their Christian practice).

This was not a monkish community: there were women, also. My father wrote my mother, asking if she would join them. Her parents (Republicans, as were my father's) told her she could join them, but only if a close female friend from Portsmouth came along. She asked her friend Jan Mitchell, whose father, a pillar of the community, ran a department store. Jan's father's permission was conditional. If she found out this Ashram business had anything to do with "colored people," she was to send him a telegram immediately. He would respond with a telegram of his own, making up some family emergency that would extricate her without embarrassment from the situation. Jan had been there only a couple of



Seminarians from the Union Theological Seminary in Manhattan on the way to prison in 1940 for resisting the draft. From left: William Lovell, Richard Wichlei, Meredith Dallas, David Dellinger, Joseph Bevilacqua, George Houser, Donald Benedict, and Howard Spragg.

days when she composed the telegram. According to Chuck Forman, a seminarian who would soon become her husband, "The group was going to hear Dave Dellinger speak at a church that night. Jan planned to stop off at the Western Union on the way home. But Dave's speech completely turned her life around. She crumpled up the letter and became a strong member of the group." So did my mother.

Dellinger was not the only seminarian giving speeches. "I remember preaching at Abyssinian Baptist Church, where Adam Clayton Powell was," my father told me. He also preached at least once at Riverside. "I was up there in the pulpit, and I could get that *wave* of energy from the congregation that happens in a Black church. My God! That was powerful and hypnotic. That was something."

In 1940, President Roosevelt signed the Selective Training and Service Act. In response, twenty seminarians signed a document that

said in part, "After much consideration and prayer, we have come to the conclusion that as Christians we should not cooperate with the government in any way in regard to the Selective Training and Service Act." The document was sent to the press and excited much media attention. For my father, Dellinger, and Benedict, the declaration was the inevitable outcome of diligent Christian practice, years of reading, and much discussion and thinking on the matter.

The right to assert one's conscience by becoming a Conscientious Objector and serving time in a C.O. camp or serving in the military as a noncombatant had been conditions hard won by certain religious groups and pacifist organizations. Many of them were not pleased with what I can only imagine they saw as the Union students' grandstanding. After all, as seminarians, they were already exempt from service. But exemption was not what they were after. As

my father had written in his essay "Betrayal of Peace": "war creates; and the society that emerges from a war inherits the theory of war. . . . [U]ntil this force philosophy is supplanted by one of cooperation, peace is impossible."

Eight of the twenty original signers refused to register for the draft: my father, Dave Dellinger, and Don Benedict were among them.

"The Union Eight," as they got to be known in the press, went before Judge Samuel Mandelbaum, where they received a cordial hearing. There had been serious speculation they might be shot before a firing squad for treason. But the judge sentenced the men to only one year and a day in the federal penitentiary. According to the article that appeared on the front page of the *New York Times*, "They persisted in their refusal to register . . . [even though they] all knew that Judge Mandelbaum wanted to set them free." If they ever changed their minds and decided to register, "they could receive suspended sentences. . . . All eight rejected this suggestion."

Before my father was sent off to prison, my parents decided to solidify their union by getting married. But the state of New York refused to grant the felon a marriage license. So did the states of Connecticut and New Jersey. So they got married in Detroit by fellow pacifist Henry Hitt Crane, the minister of my father's youth. Not wanting publicity, they got married in the minister's home. But when they left his house, press photographers jumped out of the bushes, flashbulbs blazing; the next morning their wedding picture was on the front page of the *Detroit Free Press*.

The Union Eight were sent off to the federal penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut. The warden of the penitentiary had the idea that they would be "on his side"—that they would be "his administrative assistants." But when they made it clear they would be throwing their lot in with the rest of the prisoners, "that's when he turned on us." The Union Eight found themselves in solitary confinement a few times over the course of that year—always in protest over one thing or another.

The first time they went into solitary was over a hunger strike for trying to integrate the dining hall. They continued their hunger strike for the month they were in solitary. When they were let out, they were "kind of weak in the knees." It was dinnertime when they were marched into the mess hall. They didn't know what sort of reception they would have from the other inmates, who were already seated. They "started cheering and banging their cups on the



table. The warden, who was standing there, "got real red in the face and—*phist!*—he marched out." The Union Eight found out later the guards had gone through the yard telling the inmates "they wouldn't take any action against them" if they beat up the seminarians. But the reverse happened: "they gave us great support."

Another time, an industry was starting up in the prison, making weather balloons. Inmates had been told they could work if they wanted to, or not work; either way it would be their decision. It turned out, "it was a real sweatshop operation." When inmates asked for time off, they were told they had to work. When a couple of them refused to work, they were thrown into solitary. The seminarians decided to show their support for those inmates by also refusing to work. They, too, were thrown into solitary.

And then there was the operetta, *F.C.I., Utopia*, a reworking of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Utopia, Limited*. (F.C.I. stood for Federal Correctional Institution.) One of the inmates, a fellow with the last name of Butcher, wrote most of the play, but several others, including my father, also worked on the writing. The administration, thinking this was high culture and a good way for the men to occupy themselves, left them alone. But when the play was presented, this parody on the prison life, they were less sanguine, and the entire cast ended up in solitary.

My father worked in the boiler room at night. But then in a football game, he got kicked in the thigh. The injury was excruciatingly painful, and he developed a blood clot that laid him up for a few months.



When he was able to walk again, he switched jobs and started working in the hospital. He liked the work and started reading medical books and thinking about a career as a doctor or a psychologist.

When the Union Eight got out, they dispersed. Benedict had a change of conscience and joined the army. My father and mother moved up to the farm, where Dellinger was also staying and working. My oldest sister, Barrie, was born during this time. Then, about a year and a half later, my father was arrested for hitchhiking in New Jersey. Unbeknownst to him, the prison administration had registered him for the draft, and because he hadn't shown up for induction, he was now in violation of a federal law. Once again he was offered the option of going into the military or a C.O. camp. Once again he refused to do either. And once again he was sent off to prison—this time for more than two years. He started out in a penitentiary in Ashland, Kentucky. Because it was located within an hour's drive of my mother's parents' house in Portsmouth, my mother and sister moved in with her parents.

My father had not been at Ashland long when he learned, prob-

ably through my mother, that other C.O.s—now spread throughout the federal prison system—were staging a hunger strike to “break the censorship of the mails. You couldn't get word out about what was going on.” So, my father joined them. He went for thirty or so days without food. “But I was getting kind of tired of being on an objector stance. I wanted to join the people.” So he began to eat, and again started working in the hospital.

In 1943 my mother heard about a peace conference sponsored by Quakers, at which Eleanor Roosevelt would be the keynote speaker, in a small college town about a hundred miles north of Portsmouth. She decided to attend. She quickly fell in love with Yellow Springs—for its scenic beauty, and the social consciousness and intellectual vigor of many of its citizens. Yellow Springs seemed the ideal place for her husband to get paroled to, and she thought it would be an ideal community in which to raise a family. She found employment and residence with a blind professor, recently retired from Antioch. She became his live-in housekeeper. More than that, the professor granted her permission to open a preschool, for a handful of children, in the house. This meant she could bring in a bit more money and, at the same time, keep Barrie always by her side.

At Ashland, my father began studying medicine seriously. He got books and worked in the hospital as an outpatient nurse. Then when the prison system opened up a camp for juvenile delinquents in Natural Bridge, Virginia, they asked him if he would be interested in running its infirmary. He jumped at the prospect. The facil-

ity was an old Civilian Conservation Corps camp, and “I had one of the barracks” converted into a hospital. The government gave him all the medical supplies he requested. “I learned a hell of a lot there. I had a whole lab, plus a full clinic center and a microscope. Every once in a while a doctor would come down from Washington. . . . I diagnosed an appendicitis; I got the kid in time. We had a couple of epidemics. Diagnosing diarrhea and syphilis. I took care of boils. I had my own room right there at the back of the clinic, and Willa and I made out there, when she'd come to visit.”

In 1945, when my father was released, he was paroled to Yellow Springs. He found employment at the Fels Research Institute for Longitudinal Studies, the first longitudinal study of human beings in the world. There my father worked under Earle Reynolds, doing blood chemistry analysis. But soon Reynolds, on an Atomic Energy Commission contract, was sent with his family to Hiroshima to study the effects of radiation on a population devastated by the world's first atomic blast.

(It soon became staggeringly clear to Reynolds and his wife, Barbara, that one year would not be nearly enough time to study the long-term effects of radiation. The family stayed on in Hiroshima well past the government's contract and opened a peace museum there. Earle and Barbara became life-long anti-nuclear activists. In 1958, Reynolds designed a ketch, the *Phoenix of Hiroshima*, which he and Barbara, with two of their three children, and a few Japanese yachtsmen, sailed into the U.S. nuclear testing zone in the Pacific. The boat would later sail to the U.S.S.R.

to protest Soviet nuclear testing, and in 1967, after Earle and Barbara divorced, at the height of the Vietnam War, Earle and his second wife, Akie Nagami, would sail the *Phoenix* to Haiphong, to deliver humanitarian aid and medical supplies to the North Vietnamese.)

Around the time the Reynolds left for Japan, my father changed employment, and became an assistant dean at Antioch. During this time he started getting involved with theatre productions at the Opera House, then home to The Yellow Springs Area Theatre, formerly known as The Antioch Players.

Antioch was "the first college in America to affirm the positive educational value of dramatics." This was according to James Kendall Hosmer, an Antioch professor in the 1860s and '70s. I know the Antioch Theatre of my youth was more vital than any theatre in the area, and when I say "the area," I mean a broad swath of Ohio, or so it seemed to me. Yellow Springs Area Theatre productions were a fellowship of college students, faculty, and villagers. Paul Treichler, who was then in charge of the theatre program and was the first theatre professor at Antioch, wanted to make quality theatre accessible to the community and as "common as sidewalks." Treichler, an intellectual of the first water, was anything but an elitist. To him plays were about ideas worth wrestling with in the trenches.

This was not my father's first foray into acting. As a child he was a kind of inadvertent translator for his father. Because of his father's

cleft palate, he was never easy to understand. So my father often found himself—when he was with his father in the company of strangers—repeating, with over-articulation, what his father had just said. Because of this honed skill at articulation, and a wanting to please his mother, who was secretary and treasurer of her chapter of the Eastern Star (the women's wing of the Masons), he was often called upon to recite poetry before her group. No doubt his articulating skill also served him well as a speech major when he gave orations, or when, as a seminarian, he delivered sermons. He was also in theatrical productions in high school and at Albion. Looking back at his time at Albion many years later, my father said that he was "aware of a kind of showiness, a phoniness" in that young man he was. "I wonder if maybe his pretense was more stimulated by a good voice and a good mind and a great talent for speaking."

But what was firing him up now, with his engagement with theatre at Antioch, was something else, something demonstrably democratic: a vigorous engagement with ideas as one bumped shoulders with one's fellow human beings, instead of standing with moral certitude above them. He had lost his appetite for the ministry; he was tired of pushing against the world with feigned moral superiority. I remember him once saying to me that God had never spoken to him, as He seemed to have spoken to other seminarians. He was finding in theatre a way of living with eyes opened, a way of being inside the confluence of the human condition. A conscious journey through life was what he was now after, and he was finding it in theatre.

My sister Patti was born a twin in 1946. Pamela, her twin, died in her sleep ten weeks later. My parents, in their brief life together, suffered their first loss.

The pull of theatre on my father was enough for him to apply to a master's program at Case Western Reserve, in Cleveland. Case Western gave him a full ride, including a stipend. As he would be leaving his post at Antioch, he wrote a close friend from his years at Albion, George Dewey, who was just finishing a journalism degree at the University of Iowa. Yellow Springs is a good community to raise a family, my father wrote him. If George and his wife, Rae, and their two children, were interested, my father would do what he could to secure his assistant dean position for him. George and Rae Dewey, along with their two daughters, did move to Yellow Springs. They later enlarged their family by two sons, and stayed on in the village for the rest of their lives. George moved from his assistant dean position to teaching journalism at Antioch, and then went on to Odiorne Industrial Advertising. Rae was a pediatric psychologist at the Fels Institute.

Tony Dallas has lived nearly his entire life in the village. He is a writer, theatre director, playwright, and teacher. He holds a Master's degree in Play Writing from Brandeis University. He writes theatre reviews, which he publishes on his theatre review blog site (<http://tonydallas-theatre-reviews.blogspot.com>). Tony currently teaches dramatic literature classes at Central State University. The Ohio Arts Council has four times awarded him with an Individual Excellence in the Arts award; three times for Play Writing, once for Criticism.

How the Antioch Writers' Workshop Came to Be by Sandra Love

Bill Baker, a retired Wright State English professor and dean, and Jud Jerome, a poet and *Writers' Digest* columnist who had settled in Yellow Springs, got the call from Antioch College. Could they help Antioch create a summer program, perhaps a writers' workshop, to make use of the campus and dorms during June, July, or August and extend available curriculum for the entire year?

Jud, who had taught at the well-known national workshop in Vermont, Bread Loaf, held near the home of Robert Frost, was immediately enthusiastic. Bill would be a perfect partner, having been a dean and administrator as well as an English professor at Wright State. Jud's strength came from his reputation as the poet who wrote a monthly poetry column for *Writer's Digest*, a popular magazine with advice for aspiring writers.

They both knew who else they could call on. There were a number of other writers in town, organized as a writers' group that had been on-going for over twenty years. Those writers would know good contacts for possible teachers, and would have ideas. Especially Suzanne Clauser, well-known as a television writer, first for *Bonanza* and then made-for-television movies. Bill also knew writers who would attract students, partly because he hired them occasionally to come to Wright State. Some of the writers' group were well-known enough to be pestered at times with callers who wanted help with their writing. Some callers under-

stood that private tutoring would cut into an author's writing time, others were not so understanding. The existence of a writers' workshop meant that these working writers could refer people to the workshop for help and save their personal precious daytime for their own writing. Yes, they'd be interested in helping with this writers' workshop.

And so it started. Antioch assigned one of their professors to help, and printed a brochure for the first year. A secretary would take reservations for the week-long event, and they would open the new dorms and McGregor Hall, the newest campus building, for classes during the week.

Jud persuaded John Ciardi, probably the best-known poet in the country at the time (1986), to be the keynote speaker. He was an iconic, ever-present figure at Bread Loaf, usually arriving with his large black dog. The rest of the faculty Jud and Bill filled in carefully with writers and writing teachers from Antioch grads and locally known writers. Bill Baker had the idea to invite editors of many small literary magazines throughout Ohio and neighboring states through an offer of free tuition, thus ensuring a high quality layer of participants. This idea worked very well to make even the first conference a sophisticated one; the other crucial part was the friendliness of villagers and their interest in our program.

There was only one hitch to this workshop, and it should have

sounded alarms for those of us involved. About a week before the workshop started, John Ciardi died. Jud stepped up immediately, as he would do again and again, until lung cancer took his life suddenly and prematurely. For that first workshop, Jud quickly found another well-known poet, Hollis Summers, to take John Ciardi's place.

Later, after various struggles, we reorganized into a 501(c)(3), the Yellow Springs Writers' Workshop. Our board—Bill Baker, Jud Jerome, Sam Young, Sandra Love, Suzanne Clauser, Susan Carpenter—lent the money to create the brochure the second year (and were paid back after the workshop). Since Sam Young had just started Young Concepts, we had the use of an office and secretary to answer the workshop phone, make reservations, and help with mailings.

Through the years of the workshop, we had others who canceled for various reasons—relatives who died, or hospital incidents—but no one else died. However, that initial experience taught us that we could in fact fix the schedule when necessary. This workshop would have staying power: thirty-one years so far. It's a good start.

Connection to my relationship with AWW: I was one of the founders, and director for the first five years. During the next ten years, I was Board President for two separate terms. To this day, most of the original board members (including me) attend parts of the workshop every summer.

How to Catch a Dream

by Peter Whitson

Meredith Dallas was a playwright, director, and drama faculty member at Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio. I'm sure you either knew or heard of him and his wife, Willa. Did you know he developed and conducted several "Dreams Workshops" that were open to the community? The process he used was fairly simple, and, in this simplicity, it could be a profound experience. I know—I was there for a couple of the workshops. People would gather one evening a week for a nine-week series. The gathering was conducted along the lines of informal growth groups, which were popular then.

As part of each meeting, several participants would re-tell a dream they'd had. There were few, if any, limitations on the content of the dream. After a brief discussion and some basic clarifications, the dream was then cast by workshop participants and re-enacted as closely as possible to the actual dream. Thus, the dream became a play. Some of the presentations were very intense and rather emotional in nature. Some were insightful, some light hearted and humorous—none were ever dull.

This is the story of a dream of mine which we did on 6 March 1989. As the dream began, I was looking down a long alley. It was dark but there was enough light to vaguely see form in the shadows. I saw a pile of junk that had been placed in the space between the sidewalk and street. It was piled up as though it had been discarded and was waiting to be hauled away.

Although my name wasn't on it, I was pretty sure it was my junk.

Suddenly the junk started to get a blue glow to it. The light coming from it began to radiate out, and all of the darkness was replaced by a soft blue shimmering light. I saw it bursting out toward me, and I went into it. The blue glow became ocean and sky, and I was at the beach in Long Branch, New Jersey, where I grew up. There I was, approaching a bar on the boardwalk. The sun warmed my skin and sparkled off the water.

The name of the place was Max's, and it was the kind of bar you see on the ocean front anywhere along the east coast. It was open on the boardwalk side, and the beach side had a wide patio extending over the sand from which steps descended to the beach. The bar also served food—the usual boardwalk fare, but they were famous for their giant "Hebrew National" hot dogs.

I remember it was cool and friendly inside. There was a gathering of people talking, eating, drinking, and making a lot of fun summer beach noise. Soon a priest walked up the steps from the beach, wearing the clothes and white collar that indicated his calling. He was greeting people as he came into the bar. Their conversation had a casual flavor, as though it were something that happened all the time.

The priest seemed to know everyone, and they all brought their attention to him as he walked through. I was in the crowd listen-

ing, too. Obviously, he was talking about something we were interested in because, as he spoke, the place became quieter. He could be heard easily, and his tone of voice was conversational, not preaching.

"I want to show you something," he said. "It's really neat." With outstretched hands, he waved his arms above his head in circles. All of a sudden there appeared in the air above him, these golden ribbons that billowed out from his gestures. The ribbons gently settled around his head, and the golden glow shone all around him.

"Listen," he said as he tilted his chin up toward the ribbons and sang into them. The sound was a beautiful, perfectly pitched note. Everyone exclaimed at the sound—like you might do at fireworks. They applauded him, and he almost seemed embarrassed.

"No, no," he said, "it's nothing. It's so easy to do. You can do it, too! Here, please—you try it." He waved his hands some more.

Golden ribbons flowed out in the air over us. They settled above our heads just as they had with him. "Go ahead, don't be afraid," he urged us on, "try it—you can do it!" Hesitantly, quietly, but perfectly in pitch, someone made a sound, then another, and another. Soon the whole place was echoing with this wonderful array of tones. I was there, participating with all the others. We were all having fun, and soon there were golden ribbons and glow all over me and everyone else. The shimmering light and elegant sound permeated the air.

It was pure joy—playing and running around like kids—picking up golden ribbons and throwing them up in the air again and again. Could such a thing be happening on the Jersey shore at “Max’s Beach Bar and Hot Dog Grill?” The last thing I heard sounded like a Buddhist prayer gong.

After the dream re-enactment ended, it took quite a while to get the workshop group to stop dancing and singing. Their gaiety in the air was palpable. It reminded me that upon awakening the morning of the actual dream, I was in a truly good mood that lasted at least a week. And every time I recount or re-read this event, it lightens my mood dramatically. For all of this, I wish to thank Meredith Dallas, who gave me a magical opportunity which makes me smile to this day.

Peter Whitson’s early path was in counseling. Then in 1989 his daughter, Leanne, started a medical training center affiliated with The American Heart Association and asked him to work with her. He has been doing so ever since. Writing has always been a hobby and now that he is mostly retired he finds more time for it.

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

by Pat Stempfly

LOVE is a language of thoughts, words, and deeds.
LOVE comforts, soothes, and holds our hands and hearts.
LOVE is family, friends, and kind strangers.
LOVE is earth, mountain, and sky.
LOVE is all of nature that nourishes body and soul.
LOVE is our critters who give us unconditional love.
LOVE is laughter, joy, and kindness.
LOVE is sharing, caring, and compassion.
LOVE touches us, embraces us, and helps us be whole.
LOVE is the sacred mystery that calls us to love and be loved.
LOVE is the common thread of humanity that makes us one.
LOVE is the gift of life’s journey

I learned from my elders that older is better if you Keep Movin’ your body, mind, and spirit! Now that I am one I love putting my hand to the pen, my mind to the task, and my spirit to the joy of sharing thoughts and ideas from the common life experiences we share.



The Octagon House in the early 20th century. Photo courtesy of Antiochiana.

The Octagon House

by Fran LaSalle

In the early sixties, my husband and I decided to move back to the village after spending several years in Beaver Creek. The Octagon House was on the market. It had been vacant for several years, and there had been considerable deterioration during that period due to flooding and a general lack of attention. The exterior was a pale pink. The story about the pink color was that the previous owner had wanted the paint color to match that of a pink Kleenex, a color no longer available. It was somewhat embarrassing to tell my friends that I planning to move into an eight-sided house without having to tell them that it was "pink!"

Following considerable discussion, we decided to make an offer on the house. We were delighted when our offer was accepted. Little did we know what the future held for us! The first night after we closed on the house, we picked up the flyers and papers that had accumulated on the front porch, put them in the fireplace, and lit our first fire. At that point, the house began to look and feel like a home! We didn't realize how much there was to be done before the house could be occupied.

We were on a tight budget, and were prepared, with the enlistment of our friends, to do a great deal of the work ourselves. The wallpaper had to be removed, all the woodwork painted, new wallpaper hung, broken windows replaced and glazed, carpets cleaned, floors painted, and on and on. However, there were some chores beyond

our skill level, and plastering was one of them. Even in the sixties, it was difficult to find plasterers with the skill to do the job of patching and replacing the hair plaster which had fallen off in many areas. We finally located two brothers, one in his seventies and the other in his eighties, who were willing to take on the job. Fortunately, they completed the plastering without injury. We were a bit concerned any time "brother" was up on a ladder.

There were interesting challenges involved in preparing an eight-sided house for occupancy. I had always dreamed of having corner cabinets if I were fortunate enough to live in an old house. There was no place in the house for a corner cabinet. The few right angles extant in this eight-sided building were used by doors, windows, built-in cabinets and bookshelves, so I became resigned to not having corner cabinets. The baths were triangles, and the upstairs bath had both an exterior and interior door and a balcony. We never discovered the purpose of that arrangement. The downstairs bath and two of the bedroom closets had full-sized windows. The bathroom window affected privacy, and closet windows aren't recommended unless you like sun-faded clothing.

The house originally had four fireplaces, but only one was still operational at the time of our purchase. Three mantels were still in place, but the dining room mantel was missing. It took some time to find an appropriate replacement. Luckily, the living room fireplace

which had a coal grate was still functional, and we used it regularly during our first winter in the Octagon. There was no insulation in the walls, and I will always remember the morning that our five-year-old announced that the water in the downstairs toilet was frozen. We quickly discovered the purpose of the pile of coal by the alley behind the house, and were grateful for its being left by the previous residents.

The furnace in the earthen floored basement was definitely past its prime. We had to dig ditches in the basement to keep the furnace and water heater from flooding. The heating pipes came out of the base of the furnace, making it resemble some type of prehistoric monster. It was less than efficient, but we managed with it for some years until we could redo the basement and put in a new furnace. Needless to say, the children were not fond of going into the basement in the early years.

The Octagon had a tin roof with the chimney and a small flat area in the center and eight sloping sides. In the winter the melting snow slid off the roof, one side at a time, and it sounded like a freight train. We were alarmed the first time we heard it! When it was time for the roof to be painted, I got that chore because my husband was afraid of heights!

Despite all the problems that had to be solved, I wouldn't give up the twelve years that we owned and lived in the Octagon House. I truthfully believe that it was one of the things I missed most when I moved away from Yellow Springs in the mid-seventies.

Author's note on page 27.

URBAN CHANGES

by Herbert Woodward Martin

I

The wreckers come this year with ball and chain they demolish our old house, splinter by brick, by painful window and year, and many, many, hours later when the critics choose to observe the space they discover a Kwick Parking Lot has replaced our home with a plaque at the gate that claims that a poet once lived in this space twenty years ago, and while in this space he perfected his craft; he drove his teachers to despair, in turn himself mad, and his mother insane, all the while bequeathing his notes and papers in memory of those who loved him and those he loved to be housed in the local university in return for granting, in perpetuity, scholarships to nurses who rubbed away the persistent aches and pains that attack the old and indigent.

II

A neighbor recounted: *you should be glad to sell this property, not every one can be purchased with rare pieces of gold, besides with your new recorded wealth you can buy a new and better home in these disturbing times. No time is as hard as the present. Think of it this way: you can purchase and hang on your walls the beauty of a Roy Lichtenstein, an Andy Warhol, a Jim Born, a Marve Cooper, a Winifred Lutz, a Robert Watson, a Larry Blovitts, a Robert Mapplethorpe, the first and only film by one Joseph McNamara, or a scrap of a poem from the papers you have donated in forgetfulness. Think of it this way, if food is expensive, imagine how much more art must cost? And with a stroke of a pen he sold his house and moved away.*

Herbert Woodward Martin: I am not a resident of Yellow Springs, although I do visit many friends there, and from time to time, I teach in the Antioch Writers Workshop. I am well beyond 55 which is sometimes life's speed limit.

SPIRITUAL SHOES

by Herbert Woodward Martin

Ain't got no shoes,
Lord, ain't got no shoes
to soften the roughness
of my bunions;
Lord, ain't got no shoes;
but I ain't stopping, even
to take a little rest, I keep
on walking,
I keep on seeking

I long for the Promised Land
where nothing matters, except
the quality of the soul.
I am bound to keep on walking,
I am bound to keep on seeking I
have no shoes, I am dressed in
Tatters and rags walking quietly
and singing to myself

MOURNING LINES FOR THE DEATH OF MATTHEW SHEPARD

by Herbert Woodward Martin

The divine is in a voice wrapped around the evil in those young men who attempted to quell something in a spirit they did not comprehend. I wanted to reveal to them new ways of discovering boulevards of finite expression, to move them into the freeways that enable you to sustain distances. It was all for naught; it was fear that caused them to murder me. A group of crows, wrapped in somber night descended and covered the crime until daylight fell on me. That morning light revealed what had happened.

The Arabian Sea

by John Blakelock

The sun had sunk beyond the Western mountains—the border with Iran. Down the long arc of beach the salt spray drained of color, like a dying fish. The murk worked toward us, bite by bite devouring the crashing waves and bleached bungalows paralleling the coastline like a strand of cuboid beads and reaching all the way to the hole in the rock, at Paradise Point, land's end.

"I'm gettin' a nutha wiener," said Butch, and sprang up so quick that a swash of sand grazed my right side. His feet squeaked as he ran then slapped up the concrete steps to where their father, the Major, stood prodding the charcoal grill, his brillo-pad-gorilla chest and forearms and face illumined orange.

The surf breathed: crash and hiss, crash and hiss. Bonfire before us and darkness behind wrapped Suzy and me in a cocoon, cozy and private. The porch of the beach house, with the kerosene lamps—elevated above the sand—seemed to float: the bridge of a ship, facing the sea. Butch slid a dog and bun into his face as slickly as an artillery shell being loaded into the breach of a howitzer, then took over the grill. The Major picked up his drink, I could hear the ice cubes clinking. Butch turned on the Philco transistor radio—there on the parapet, and wandered through men shouting in Urdu and the strains of women singing plaintively in minor keys.

Suzy scooted closer to me, lifted the towel that was around her

shoulders and extended it to enclose mine as well. Under the towel her fingers gripped my shoulder and pulled me against her. I could feel the seam of her bathing suit pressing against my ribs.

She was in my archery class at Karachi American School. I hadn't been thrilled when Mom signed me up to go to school in summer. I wanted to run wild and have adventures in the desert behind our house; which is of course what Mom was trying to prevent. But it turned out to be a lot of fun. I was learning how to swim—which was a good idea—since the surf here on the Indian Ocean could get quite vicious during the Monsoon Season. And then there was Suzy Boyle. Her little brother Bobby was my current best friend. Growing up in the military meant you only kept a best friend for two years or so. Their dad or yours was being relocated every four years, and those stations never overlapped in happy ways. Bobby would have been here, with us now, but he had just had his appendix taken out, and was still in the hospital run by the Seventh Day Adventists. Suzy grabbed my eye right away, with her freckles and tanned arms and sun-streaked brunette bob. I would sit next to her on that concrete wall with rebar protruding from it. There was still construction going on at the school. Even though they were building a huge auditorium the Pakistani laborers worked from bamboo scaffolding, ascending precarious catwalks with baskets of wet concrete balanced on their

heads, dumping the contents into the form atop a slowly ascending wall. And the concrete wasn't coming out of the back of a truck. It was being combined with gravel and mixed by hand in a steel trough. We shot arrows within a claustrophobic rectangle of dust and sand, aiming at targets strapped to a bale of straw. A ten-foot block wall to the west was attached to an apartment building, and large painted letters spelled out "TOLET," which is the British way of advertising that there is a vacancy available to rent. One morning Suzy and I were standing around yakking, waiting for the rest of the class to show up. I picked up a chunk of soft red brick and added a big red "I" to the wall, so that the letters now spelled "TOILET." Suzy giggled and cupped her face in her hands.

I had been getting crushes since the first grade, usually on my teachers. Last year, when we hitched a MATS ride on a C-141 to New Delhi (en route to Bangkok) there was a military nurse who was tall with a shoulder-length blond flip whom I was convinced was Hayley Mills (we had seen *Pollyanna* at the US Embassy). My exposure to movies happened in a parking lot, projected on a screen that unrolled from a spool atop a tripod, all presided over by Marine guards. We saw all kinds of films there: *Dr. Zivago*, *Far From the Madding Crowd* (both of which featured Julie Christie, whom I was totally in love with). The audience sat in folding metal chairs, mushroom clouds of exhaled cigarette smoke erupting above their heads and frozen by the beam from the projector. That night in New Delhi we went to dinner at some decaying building that was a remnant of the British Raj. A smoky

restaurant (everyone smoked in those days) with water stains on the plaster above the arched windows, Hindu waiters in ill-fitting starched uniforms. And then she entered, dressed in civilian clothes: jeans and a paisley blouse, and no bra. At the time I certainly had no idea that was the explanation, was just very aware that her breasts didn't look all pointy, and seemed to shift under the sheer fabric. She had an entourage surrounding her: a soldier, two marines and a sailor, who were falling over one another to pull out her chair and light her cigarette. I was nibbling on yet another disappointing hamburger and fries, sipping a milkshake that was made from powder and so watery. (Every time we went to a restaurant I would order this meal, hoping in vain it would taste like home.) "Look Mom, there's Hayley Mills!" I whispered in an excited hush. My Mother took a sip from her martini, and her eyes darted across the room, and she gave a sardonic smile.

In the world of school and social rules my friendship with Suzy was circumspect, because she was in sixth grade and I was only in fourth. But here by the fire, with night turning the landscape into a silhouette, and the Milky Way spilling across the sky, we were exempt from the rules. Her proximity awoke a wonderful excitement in me. I didn't know what it was, but I had felt that same thrill with the girl with the red pigtails: Brenda—who lived across the street, way back in Ohio—on the other side of the world. "My Mom ran to the department store, come here," as she led me down the hall, into her bedroom—a mysterious world festooned with the clutter of two



I am on the right, on the front porch of our beach bungalow. The blond boy was Marius Assland. His family was from Norway. His older brother, Morton, a 7th grader, eventually stole Suzy Boyle from me.

girls—strange clothes and undergarments and hints of musk and floral. Taking my hand she climbed into the lower bunk of her bed. I climbed in behind her, and crossed my legs. She leaned close and the smell and heat of her breath startled me: it was kind of sour, and I could taste it as she exhaled shallow and fast, almost panting. She kissed me in a child's imitation of passion: lips and teeth and theatrical moaning. Feeling another's mouth—a bodily orifice—one end of that long canal that led to an anus—was strange, almost terrifying.

The bonfire played shadows across the sand. Sea turtle tracks from the night before became sinister, as if left by miniature tanks assaulting the beach in a marine invasion. Suzy's skin against mine felt hot, like it was radiating back the day's sunshine, the way the desert gives its heat back to the night. Some mysterious pungency co-mingled with the ocean smell from her bathing suit. A log rolled

in the bonfire and sent a plume of sparks up into the night.

"Those could be souls." I said.

"Hmm?"

"I was thinking: what if those sparks were souls—were people dying? You know there are more than three billion people in the world. Think how many must be born every day, every minute! And how many die, every second! Those sparks could be souls, of people who just died, like maybe in the War. Like maybe that many GIs just got killed over there...."

"Souls—human souls?" There was something like a sleepiness in the way she sighed when she said that. Her voice was husky and calm.

"Uh huh. I was just thinking that."

Her hair brushed my left ear, and she nuzzled and settled in a niche, her chin carving out a suitable nest on my shoulder. "I love you," she breathed out. Her fingers released the towel, where she was

holding it around my shoulder, and it started to drop, but I caught it and pulled it back, like a cape, wrapping us both. Her hand slid down my back, and her fingers closed on me, just above my hip.

"I love you, too."

Up on the porch, in the glow from the coals on the barbeque, Butch finally found the Armed Forces Network on the transistor radio. It crackled some, coming in from God knows where, and then boomed with an American voice: "This song spent three weeks at number one last year, and earned a Grammy for Best Song by a Pop Group. It's the Mamas and Papas." Butch turned it up, and it seemed to fill the night.

A song, a sound, a sensation that was brand new to me spread around us. At first the singing was wordless, and we were wrapped, and I was rapt in the blended voices of men and women: "Bahhh dahhhh, bahhh dadahhh-dah. Bahhh-dadahhh, bahhh dadahhh-dah." and then a guy glided in: "Monday Monday, can't trust that day. Monday Monday, sometimes it just turns out that way-yyy."

The song seemed pretty and happy and yet there was something else. I tasted bitter on my tongue and felt tears creep into the corners of my eyes. I felt a joy like none I'd ever felt before, and a fragility. I didn't want the moment to ever end, and yet a pop song is only three minutes long.

John Blakelock: I'm a biologist and multi-media performance artist, and substitute teacher in Yellow Springs Schools. I sing tenor with The Hardtackers, doing Sea Shanties and other songs of the people who worked on boats.

REJUVENATION

by Shirley Kristensen

A path thru the woods
Leaves rustling under foot,
Tall pines quietly humming
In a gentle breeze,
Soft white clouds gliding
Across a blue sky.
Peaceful.

A path thru the woods
Leaves swirling in air,
Tall pines bending, whooshing
In the cold wind,
Bold dark clouds scudding
Across a gray sky.
Exhilarating!

Shirley Kristensen: I met YS when arriving from Red Bank, NJ, to enter Antioch College. After work, grad school, and travel, I returned to a job and remained. I'm a "small town" kid by temperament and it was a good town and surroundings to raise a family. As I grow older I am constantly reminded that YS has a "fountain of youth" mentality where the activity and involvement of "seniors" continues into the 90s.

CHICORY

by Martha Jensen

On a sunny morning in July,
Among the Queen Anne's Lace,
I see a little bit of sky
Grown in a lowly place.

The chicory's Cerulean rays,
That haven't any stalk,
Cause me to pause and sing
their praise
Beside the broken walk.

By afternoon they're hanging
limply,
Quite devoid of grace.
Until tomorrow I'll just simply
Enjoy the Queen Anne's Lace.

Martie Jensen has lived in Yellow Springs since 1952 except for a few years in California. She raised four children in the Vale. She was a nursery school teacher and a medical technologist and now lives in town. She likes to walk around Yellow Springs listening to birds and looking at flowers.

The Year That Changed My Life

by Lucia Livingston

In 1958 Yellow Springs opened my eyes and enriched my life. As you may remember, I was born in Y.S. but for health reasons, when I was six months old, my family moved to the Deep South, first to Savannah, Georgia, and then to Selma, Alabama, in 1948 when I was four. I lived all of my life on children's homes campuses that our parents ran. However, in 1958, when I was fifteen and a freshman in high school, Arthur Morgan invited my mom to come back to Y.S. to help with the new Senior Citizens' Center. At that time it was in the old opera house on the corner of Dayton and Winter Streets.

My sister, Lynn, transferred to Antioch and we three left Daddy and Hugh at home and came back to Y.S. I had never lived as a "civilian" and had never gone to an integrated school either; so it was quite a change. We stayed with Arthur and Lucy Morgan for a while until we got our own apartment. I would read for Mrs. Morgan, who was blind and was so impressed that her fourth—or was it fifth?—grandmother was Betsy Ross! I remember the Morgans as being so kind and accepting and so serene. Mom and I visited the Quaker Meeting House with Mr. Morgan but I think we both realized we were talkers and not thoughtful good listeners like him.

Having to make my way in this unknown world, I went to the Antioch gym to shoot some baskets, little knowing the tall, lanky guy I was talking to was Charles Coles, the star of the Bryan High

basketball team. Later, one of my classmates, John Wagstaff, came over to me in assembly and asked if I was "color blind." It seemed a very strange question to me but I assured him I could see just fine except for being near-sighted!

I loved going to Bryan. I was instantly accepted (of course the southern accent didn't hurt)—not like home where I was always "a Yankee." I had a crush on Billy White, the star of the play *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. There was even a teen center in the basement of the Dayton St. School (where my dad had been principal in the 1940s), and we'd go there and dance to the latest rock and roll records. On Friday nights I'd go to Red Square for the world folk dancing. It was so exciting to see the young college guys linked arm in arm leaping in some line dance that reminded me of the Maasai of Africa. After dancing for hours we'd get a stick of butter at Luttrell's downtown and wait for the fresh, hot bread to come out of the oven at the bakery.

Back then we only had basketball but it was great; Charles Coles scored 34 points in one game and Carl Cordell was another big star. I had never gone to high school games or had sleepovers with friends and "hung out" with other kids in town. It probably sounds mundane to you but for me it was magic.

Sadly, at the end of the year we had to go back home to Selma, but now my eyes were no longer closed to the hypocrisy and bigotry of my

town. In Yellow Springs, I'd had a chance to see another way of living, a way of life that can be led that is so much kinder, freer, and more respectful of others. Happily Mom and Dad bought a retirement home in Y.S. and in '64, after Daddy died, we were able to move back.

I soon married and moved around and even lived abroad for a number of years but finally came back to the U.S. to my sister's in Michigan. Nothing against Michigan, but I thought: "I've always loved Y.S. and want to live there and raise my daughter there with those values. So, I called my brother Hugh, who was a policeman here, and he and his family let Hillary, my two-year-old, and me come to stay till I could get a job and an apartment of our own.

That was 1988 when we moved and I was pleasantly surprised how little Y.S. had changed, outwardly, at least. It felt somewhat like a ghost town, though, since only a few folks I knew from thirty years before were still in town. I am so glad we came and Hillary even told me how grateful she was to me that she was able to grow up here. It has made her caring, passionate, and dedicated to social justice issues: a woman of strength and character.

With my 73-year-old eyes, now I don't see Y.S. with quite so rosy a lens as I did back then and I worry sometimes that we are straying from the kinder, gentler Y.S. John taught me something and I hope I'm still striving to be "color blind." I hope Y.S., too, will continue to be the best we can be especially in these times where we need a place of civility and peace and activism.

No author's note provided.

Death as a Transition

by Jane Brown

My students often said, "Dying was the great transition." So when I had a dream that gave me direction about death, I listened. Jungian psychology informed me that this was a significant message in the night.

In the dream, my father, who had died recently, asked if I'd like to go to the mortuary with him. I declined but later walked over a bridge to the mortuary by myself. I waited outside, sitting in the driver's seat of a long black limousine (hearse?). As I waited, I spoke with a friend in the seat beside me. Suddenly, in the rearview mirror, I saw a man approaching in a chauffeur's uniform. I started to get out of his seat but he motioned to me to stay in the driver's seat and drive immediately away. I obeyed.

Two days later, in conscious life, my heart began beating too slow. Even though my only symptom was extreme dizziness, a wise friend encouraged me to call my doctor. Fortunately, the good doctor took me quite seriously and technology revealed that my heart was in serious trouble.

Suddenly the healthy life that I had been living had no guarantees. In realizing the fragility of my life, I reviewed it to see if I had left anything undone that I had been created to do. I felt an intense peace and joy knowing that what I had shared with students and friends was indeed the truth. The way to prepare for death is to live life fully in the present.

I didn't die. I only came to a moment of facing the reality of

my mortality.

Yet the fairly simple procedure of placing a pacemaker in my chest became complicated by the collapsing of my lung twice in the week that followed. In that situation, the meaning of the dream became transparent. Even though I can easily let my concern for others override my taking care of myself, that didn't happen this time. I appropriately directed my medical care as I drove the hearse away from the mortuary. I was blessed with a student nurse who not only gave me excellent care but also consistently taught me what my rights were and what I should be requesting. She surely was the friend in the black car.

However, after my lung collapsed the second time and I was told that I was a likely candidate for pneumonia, I lost my sense of control. As I felt myself falling into despair, my head reminded me that I knew what to do.

I recalled that there had been studies, especially with heart patients, that showed that being prayed for made a significant difference in one's chance of recovery.



Jane Brown's father, Bob.

So I asked a friend to call a list of our mutual friends and ask them to pray for me.

The next day, I left the hospital and began to heal.

Then one night my heart began jumping. I probably should have called my doctor but instead I pulled out my will and durable powers of attorney (including health) and put them by the door. Then I meditated, telling the Spirit that I had already found how easy the transition to death was for me and that I was ready.

What immediately flowed over me was like a river of Life. There were sunsets and sunrises, beautiful flowers and trees, memories of friends and deeper understanding of experiences of my life. I fell asleep with the river yet flowing over me.

In the next few days, I saw the world with different eyes. Every flower I saw was the most beautiful flower that I had ever seen. The music was the most wonderful music. And when friends called and came to visit, I only wanted to be in their particular presence. People would call and apologize for not

calling earlier but I knew their timing was perfect. I accepted myself in the same light. For awhile, I was able to live constantly, lovingly in the present moment.

Upon reentering my more normal life, I haven't been able to so easily maintain that presence. But knowing this experience tinges the life I live now.

Dying is a reality that doesn't have to be so foreign to us. We have a chance to make friends with this transition. We can make choices now about how we live and die. Realizing that we are going to die, we can choose to live our lives in greater fullness and presence.

Jane Brown is a retired professor emerita from Antioch University MidWest where in her later years she created degrees in Integrated Healthcare and Healthcare Advocacy. Before AUM Jane developed a pastoral care department at Jeanes, a Quaker hospital in Philadelphia. Jane has a MDiv degree from Earlham Seminary in Richmond, Indiana, and a PhD in Depth Psychology from Pacifica in Santa Barbara, California. Jane is a pastoral counselor and lives in Yellow Springs.

Joy Fishbain came to Yellow Springs in 1975 to complete a degree in Social Work at Antioch College after working as an RN for 7 years in Columbus, Ohio. She and her late husband, Dr. Harold Fishbain, built a country home in 1981 just outside the village and raised their son there. She likes to dabble in writing about human experiences and in using poetry to describe her love of nature.

Hot Mama by Joy Fishbain

My son, Ben, and I often attend the annual Dayton Auto Show at the convention center. We wander through the display rooms, marveling at the newest pristine models of luxury cars, sports cars, SUVs, "big boy" trucks, along with the adorable tiny Fiats, Chevy Sparks, and Smart Cars. We take cell phone pictures of our favorites, just for fun.

This year I scooted into the driver's seat of a luxurious shiny black Lexus, and almost immediately I was joined on the passenger side by a young man, who smiled and told me how good I looked in this particular automobile. I knew at that moment that the quickest way to get attention from a man of any age, was to show up at a car show or dealership, preferably in a smart black outfit, and look about with exactly the right amount of interest (feigned or otherwise), and almost instantly a man in a suit will appear. Even driving slowly through a used car lot with one's window down, there's a man with a suit, outside, smiling at you, hands folded in front of him, waiting for you to catch his eye, offering his assistance.

In any other scenario—the grocery, walking down a sidewalk, running an errand—there's no such attentiveness. The salesman I've mentioned wanted to sell me a car, of course, but it did remind me of the more authentic attention I received as a younger woman. I tried to recall when it seemed to end. At forty I still looked fairly young, felt perfectly healthy, and had no

significant worries. The change happened quietly and without my notice. But by fifty, I recognized it, and I started hearing other women comment about it: the invisibility of middle age. We keep thinking we're still forty. Even at sixty, we have trouble assimilating that ten additional years have flown by. We're still locked in at forty. Occasionally, oddly, we still have dreams that our hair is long, or that we are newly pregnant.

With new cars now dancing in his head, my son wants me to begin my search for a new car. Recently we turned in at a top-notch dealership. We walked into the quiet showroom and I found myself behind the wheel of a silver Mercedes-Benz SL 500 convertible. The dealer magically materialized in his suit to tell me with certainty: "That's the car for you!" My son took my picture. I studied the car, took the thick brochure describing it, casually looked around, thanked the nice man, and glanced once more at the car I knew I'd never own.

The next day, unbeknownst to me, my son put my picture on Facebook, looking happy and carefree behind the wheel of the Mercedes convertible. The caption: "What do you think of my hot mama?" A number of "likes" were registered, and a few favorable comments. For a little while I found myself at forty again, and felt a motherly gratitude for my son's sweet compliment.

I'm considering a Buick Regal sometime in the future, a handsome but practical mid-size car. But I may look at the new fire-engine-red Honda 850 motorcycle with lots of chrome. I would be a Red-hot Mama on that.

Three-Line Poems

by Rubin Battino

PEOPLE WITH CANCER

Art Teacher

her head bald from chemo
is painted with bright blue flowers
and glows from within

Anna

Anna is dying
straggly hair, yellow-tinged face
eyes still bright, alive

I held her warm hand
spasmodic with the drugs,
sending love

Lu

Lu is dying, too
talking too much as usual
soaking in the sunset

Janet

fighting the cancer
her smile illuminates the room
Janet just being

quiet dignity
through the nausea and the pain
Janet's inner peace

Rubin Battino is a Professor Emeritus of Chemistry, and also a Licensed Professional Clinical Counselor. He has written many short poems and about 17 plays. Rubin has traveled extensively and does biweekly travelogues for the residents of Friends Care Community.

NATURE

that icicle
a pendant miracle
sparkling in sunlight

water rippling
under the bubbled ice
winter brook

magic of childhood
catch a snowflake on your tongue
melting icily

overcast and gray
a lone loon sighs over the water
the moon is silent

the clarinet sings
a lonely sorrowful song
my soul softens

AGE

sitting in the sun
the old man is loneliness
a pigeon begs

timelessness
Japanese rock garden
breathing in the eons



Food, Friendships, and Fun

by Jane Baker

Chamber Music in Yellow Springs began, quite literally, in the kitchen, with a love of food and cooking. One day in 1979, when Bob Turoff asked us for financial support for a chamber music series he was planning at Antioch College, I had little idea where that conversation would lead. Although disappointed in his hopes of us as patrons of his series, Bob picked up on a casual remark I made during our conversation: "Have you considered providing suppers for the musicians after the concerts?" I knew that usually they don't like to eat before a performance, but are ravenous afterward. I wasn't surprised when he asked me to organize those dinners.

For the next couple of years I enlisted numerous volunteers to prepare the food and to open their homes. Partly through these dinners, Music at Antioch fostered many friendships between Yellow Springers and the musicians, most of them members of the Cincinnati Symphony who performed in various chamber combinations. Because they also needed places to relax and enjoy a light snack between their afternoon rehearsals and evening performances, each regular musician soon formed a link with a local family—in our case, it was with cellist Laura McLellan, who remains a close friend.

In 1982, Bob Turoff left Antioch. Music at Antioch continued for another year, since Bob had signed contracts for that season. One of the last concerts was by the quartet of CSO string players who had

most often appeared on the series. At the post-concert dinner at the home of Ruth and Tony Bent the idea of a town-sponsored series was spawned. "Nowhere," the musicians said, "have we found as enthusiastic an audience for chamber music as in Yellow Springs. Can't you find another place for us to perform? We'd even play for free—we just love playing here!"

That conversation prompted a group of us find another performance space and to ponder how we would finance the series and how we would organize. Most of us had been involved in the Music at Antioch suppers or provided sanctuary for visiting musicians. People volunteered to assume responsibility for tasks: George Rike as treasurer; Char Schiff as fund raising chair; Jo Steinhilber as secretary. I was elected president of the board which also included Bill Baker, Ruth Bent, Barbara and David Case, Tony Russell, and Ken Tregillus. We were off on what would prove a heady adventure.

Ruth Bent, who had been involved in a community-run series back in the fifties, unearthed its articles of incorporation and got the forms we needed to reactivate that dormant organization. We hammered out a constitution and bylaws. We began the long process of applying for tax-exempt status. We arranged to hold concerts at the Presbyterian Church. David Case designed, and with the help of other volunteers, built a movable platform to create a stage at the front of the church. Ruth Bent had also

found some posters for the original Chamber Music in Yellow Springs, which were designed by Judy Spock, then a student at Antioch, and which featured an insouciant cellist. David Battle contributed his talents to designing printed materials, retaining that cellist as our logo. Barbara Case and I painted that cellist, and other musical motifs, on banners to decorate the church on concert nights.

For our first season we engaged our friends in Cincinnati (who named their ensemble the Cecilia String Quartet) for two concerts. The other concerts in 1983–84 were by the Dayton Philharmonic Brass and the Yellow Springs-based Grotrian Ensemble (whose pianist, Mary Fahrenbruck, is currently on the CMYS board). Artist fees in our initial season were exceedingly modest, accounting for \$2,500 of our estimated total expenses of \$4,500. Nervous about selling enough tickets and attracting enough donations to meet our expenses, we asked the Yellow Springs Community Foundation for a modest grant. We came away with the offer of a \$2,000 challenge grant, contingent on our raising an equal amount in the community. We succeeded far beyond our dreams: contributions that first year added up to more than \$5,000, mostly in small amounts, and our total income was twice what we'd anticipated.

This initial community support provided an impetus to the organization that continued over its first dozen years. Today, as we



The Cecilia Quartet. Clockwise from top: Laura McLellan, cello; Marna Street, viola; Kris Frankenfeld and Larrie Howard, violin (photo courtesy of Laura McLellan)

conclude our thirty-third season, seems an appropriate time to reflect on those years. The “work” of running an arts organization is in many ways its own reward. You are collaborating with creative, talented, stimulating, and engaging individuals, most of whom—even if, unlike us volunteers, they are paid professionals—are passionate about what they do. It’s love, not money, that motivates them.

Over the years CMYS has grown. In the first three years its budget more than tripled—from about \$5,000 in 1983–84 to almost \$17,000 in 1985–86. Now the CMYS budget averages \$49,000, of which the major percentage—\$31,000—goes to artist fees. But one line item in the budget has always remained at zero—Personnel. CMYS began as and remains a labor of love. And the laborers have been many;

dozens have served on the board. Hundreds more have volunteered in many different capacities, from donating items for a rummage sale (for many years a major fund-raiser), to putting up posters and distributing brochures, organizing tennis tournaments, soliciting program ads, and providing food for those post concert meals (now being catered). Many people have contributed financially as well, of course. I consider it one of our organization’s greatest strengths that we have always attracted a large number of fairly modest gifts instead of relying on a few Big Donors.

I think our basic presenting philosophy will remain unchanged. Although the artistic scope of the series has broadened considerably since our first all-southwestern-Ohio season, we are not in a

league that can afford to bring in Big Names. We will continue to seek out tomorrow’s superstars, to bring to Yellow Springs the best young talent we can find (and afford). That is the primary rationale behind our annual competition, begun in our second season: a means for talented young ensembles, who may not yet have an agent, to find us.

The CMYS story—and this is only the beginning of what I hope will be a long history indeed—is inspiring. It shows that with a little determination and enthusiasm a few people can make a big difference in a community.

Jane Baker, a village resident since 1969, is a freelance editor and publications designer. She has worked for The Antioch Review since 1975.

List-Making: Memory-Joggers or Compulsion?

by Joan Horn

For many years I have started or ended each day by making a To-Do list. Then I try mightily to cross off as many items as possible before the sun goes down that day. Sometimes I have to carry over items to another day (or another week, or another month) and honestly, there are some that have never made it off the sheet they were written on.

The other day, and for no understandable reason, I was able to cross off every single item I'd listed for that day. This incredible situation has happened only one other time in my life . . . just before I delivered my first-born child! I wanted to go into new motherhood unfettered by ANYTHING that might stand in the way of changing a diaper, feeding, bathing, rocking, or otherwise caring for my new baby. I doubt this unique and satisfying occurrence will ever crop up again. And in truth, I don't think I will go to my grave if it doesn't. (Now THAT'S a realization!!)

If any of you are wondering whether you might have inadvertently fallen into this habit of list-making, let me go over the ones I have steadfastly stuck to.

- Gifts given to family and friends. A thick folder going back to high school days contain notes of to whom and what I gifted. The motive was not to duplicate anything to anybody.
- What I have served anyone coming for a meal. In this booklet, I've noted the date, people invited, what I've served, and which cookbooks I

got the recipes from. The idea was that if I invited them back, I would not serve the same items again. For infrequent guests, it has sometimes been difficult to track down when (or if) I had previously invited them. Recently it came in handy when I offered to bring food over to provide snacks to people doing phone-banking or door-knocking for the presidential election lead-up. The hostess remarked folks had really liked what I had provided four years earlier. (I was able to repeat the same bean soup this time thanks to my booklet.) A friend of mine confessed she had done the same menu-listing, although when I scanned her efforts, I noted she also mentioned the color of her tablecloth and what sort of flower arrangement she had for the meal. (I haven't been that compulsive!)

- One unearched and dog-eared notebook I found left over from my days of sewing clothes for family had small scraps of fabric used, the pattern number, the cost of materials, the date completed, a sketch of the item, and how the person liked what I'd made.

- Vacations we've taken: where we went, dates, what stood out as memorable, and if it would be worth going back there.

- Birthdays and ages, anniversaries and numbers. These get transferred to the yearly calendar hanging in my office.

- A list of current medical issues, made before I go to my family doctor or specialist. It's surprising how many things might get neglected.

A separate list mentions particular surgeries, or preventive inoculations for flu, or pneumonia, etc.

- I try to go for two-mile walks with a friend each day, and when I do, I make note of this on my calendar, to remember if I actually walked as frequently as I hoped.

- As a volunteer for several organizations, I also note when I read to a group, or drove individuals to appointments.

In discussing this list-making with my brother who is a professional potter, he admitted to making lists of what particular pots or ceramic items and how many he needed to produce the next day. This isn't something I need to do for myself, no longer being involved with actually making something to sell or give away.

In chatting with friends recently, I asked them what their single most favorite birthday had been. Since we were of a fairly ripe vintage, we each had a lot of birthdays to recall, and some were definitely worth "writing home about."

My routines have changed over the years, and so obviously my lists have also changed. As age begins to take away my ability to remember, these lists have been both comforting and reassuring. They have also given me occasional things to mention in Christmas letters—(things I also have a folder of from past years.) And maybe this article will shake loose some of your own fond memories.

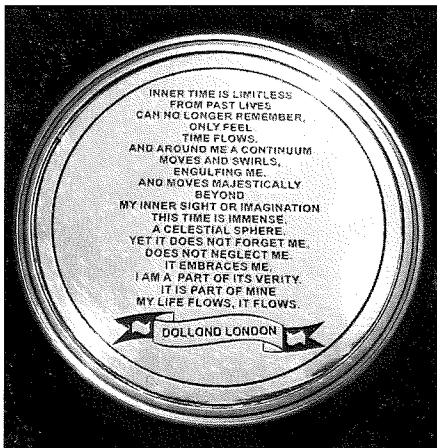
Author's note on page 27.

Inner Time in Zanzibar

by Jon Barlow Hudson

Life was rolling along when I received an email from a lady in England. She was inquiring about whether I was indeed the creator of the sculpture in Milwaukee on Brady Street that included a particular poem engraved on its base. The poem is as follows:

Inner time is limitless
From past lives
Can no longer remember
Only feel
Time flows.
And around me a continuum
Moves and swirls,
Engulfing me.
And moves majestically
Beyond
My inner sight or imagination
This time is immense,
A celestial sphere.
Yet it does not forget me,
Does not neglect me.
It embraces me,
I am a part of its verity.
It is part of mine
My life flows, it flows.



She was wondering about the poem and its author and if I could enlighten her on this. By way of explanation, she said that she had recently been in Zanzibar and while at the souk had purchased an old compass presumably manufactured by Dollond of London. On the back of the compass there is written this poem, which she apparently was intrigued by, so she purchased the compass and when back home set about trying to learn more about the poem. I think she was under the impression that her find in the souk was an antique and that there was a romantic story behind the derivation of the poem. The poem is curiously appropriate for the back of an antique compass, as it also is engraved on the sculpture in Milwaukee, for it perfectly describes and explains the meaning of the sculpture, quite coincidentally, as the poem was actually written in about 1940, while in Casper, Wyoming, and the sculpture was created in 2005. Somehow apparently the image of the poem on my sculpture is on the internet, so she was able to actually find it, which in turn led to my name, then my web site, then to me.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch.....so, the question of the Lady in London as to who wrote the poem? Well, I got to wondering, is this a real antique compass, as the Dollond Company of London was operating in the 1800s, and if so, how did the poem get there and who did write it? Did Jean (my mother) really write it then? So I contacted brother Rex who had ed-

ited all of Jean's poems for the book *Rivers of Time*, and asked if he had the original 1940s written poem? He did, so Jean did write it—but how did it get onto the compass?

Well, my speculation is that while abiding there engraved on the granite sculpture in Milwaukee, an Indian student or family or faculty person had passed by the sculpture and seen and read the poem and was so intrigued that they copied it down, a bit incorrectly, and took it back to India. (We will not get into the issue of copyright herein.) This because, since the Dollond Company is long gone, a company in India is now licensed to reproduce articles of Dollond manufacture, such as the compass. There are other compasses with other engravings, one of which is a bit from "Yellow Submarine," of all things.

Thus, since I could be confident that Jean had indeed written the mysterious poem, I informed the Lady of London as to the true author of the poem. I am not altogether sure she was totally happy with the result as I suspect it was not quite as romantic an outcome as she might have hoped. But then, the compass was not a real antique in any case, so a different sort of romanticism was in operation, more so for us perhaps than her. And now you have related to you the curious case of how a poem from Casper, Wyoming, traveled to Milwaukee and then on to Zanzibar, following on to London, connecting back to Yellow Springs.

Author's note on page 27.

Remembrance

by Dee Krieg

The year was 1944, I was eighteen. My girlfriend said, Dee, my boyfriend has a buddy just home from Europe, want a blind date? He's been in a prisoner-of-war camp in Germany. I didn't think much—a chance for a date was fine, I'd had a few with other soldiers. They were all attentive, sweet young boy-men. So I said yes.

My friends came to my house, introduced the soldier to my mother, and we left and drove somewhere and spent the evening.

I watched the soldier, as I tried not to watch. He was silent. He had nothing to say. As the evening wore on I realized his stillness was working on me. I was content to just sit next to him, both of us saying nothing.

We said goodnight. A few days later we had another double date. By then I realized I was gripped by an intense physical feeling for this silent soldier. Again, we said nothing as the hours passed but his nearness was mesmerising. We said goodnight.

Days passed. I heard nothing from him. My physical sensations of desire overwhelmed me. I lay in my bed. My young mother was, by turns, bemused and concerned.

The phone rang. He wanted to pick me up. I said yes and dressed in my blue chambray peasant blouse and skirt I had sewed myself. My mother answered the door. Dee has been somewhat under the weather, she said, smiling and greeting him. We went out to the car. My girlfriend wasn't there

in the front seat, just her boyfriend behind the wheel. The soldier and I got in the back seat. He was silent.

We drove and finally my girlfriend's boyfriend stopped the car in a deserted field on the edge of the city. I was so emotionally entangled with my silent soldier I was not too aware of our surroundings.

It was quiet. Our driver sat up front, looking through the windshield, My soldier turned to me and began kissing me. I was almost inert with desire. A few moments passed, Then he stopped and told his friend to take us back.

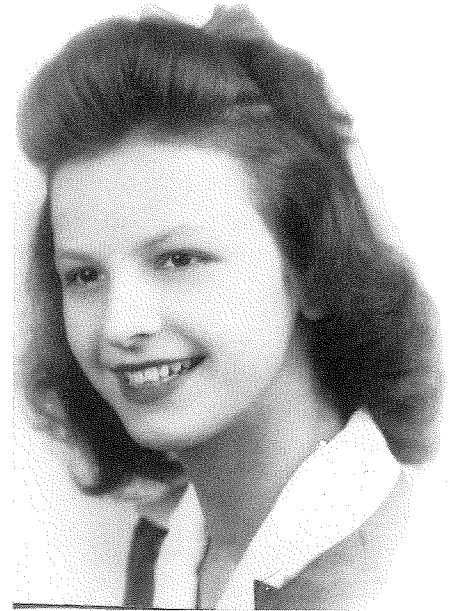
I said goodbye to him. For days I was morose, feeling as though there had been an interception, something not completed. He did not call.

Months passed. A few years later I married another young soldier. One day I went to a campus library to pick up an assigned text and as I stood at the counter I gazed at the rows of tables and students bent over their studies.

I saw him. He, too, was reading, intent. It was quiet. I suddenly felt that stab of desire—I—a new bride, what was happening? He had not seen me. I left the library, forgetting my reason for being there.

I rejoined my married life, settling into its routine. Months later I ran across my old girlfriend. She said, Oh, I want to tell you—remember that soldier I fixed you up with a few years back? Yes, I replied, trying to look opaque.

Well, she said, he killed himself. His mother found him.



Dee Krieg's high school graduation photo, June 1943.

I said nothing. I breathed very slowly, recalling his absence of expression, the sense of his body next to mine.

And then I said goodbye to her, promised to call her for another chat, and I went home again, as before, to my young marriage.

Dee Krieg: After 52 years of living, learning, and loving in Yellow Springs I moved to Seattle to be close to my son and grandson. I've continued to host informal writers' groups in my home: these are not workshops, we read, gently critique, and laugh a lot. Life can be a bowl of cherries at age ninety-one.

Let Me Know If Any Problems Occur . . .

by Joyce McCurdy

This piece has been rewritten many times. This version honors the principal whose courageous advice was a personal turning point. This experience made me question content with research and to search for history omitted from the mainstream texts. Presently with the increase of fake information, news, and texts, the importance of caveat emptor applies. Diligence to the concept of We the People and word indivisible in the Preamble of the Constitution merits accuracy and inclusiveness.

“Let me know if any problems occur during the conferences,” the principal encouraged us with the usual remark, “my door is always open.” The next day found me waiting in his office. After listening to me, he simply said he had a book I should read. But I resisted because I wanted him to know I was well read, held a B.A. and M.A. in history, not education.

Also to soften the blow, I noted irrelevantly how complimentary many parents were; yet, he knew as I knew, that the cross-examination by one discontented mother was all I could remember. That conversation was why I waited in the office that morning. The remarks were glued to my memory with a powerful adhesive. Why would a parent whose daughter’s grades were outstanding be so critical; the mother’s anger was paralyzing me as if I were struck by an adder.

As the mother continued her massive assault, so scornfully, I had

checked the clock, leaned toward the door to see if my next appointment had arrived. Her words jerked as she gasped for breathe, puffing an inhaler; she had transformed into an overpowering fire-breathing dragon. I recoiled in reaction to the intensity of the attacks as she personally renounced me for causing her daughter such pain. I tried to explain that the daughter was very capable and her test scores well above average, and placed her dislike of the class on a younger person’s disinterest in the past, her age, or possibly peer pressure.

Without listening to my suggestions, the mother pointed her finger toward me and said, “Do not blame my daughter for your faults and distortions. Your presentation of the plantation South as romantic was the distortion that physically made my daughter so ill that she wanted to drop the class.”

This haunting conversation

had accompanied me on the drive home. It replayed in my dreams. Why did she lash out so harshly that the content taught was cruel?

The principal, Edward Wingard, met me with a subtle smile on his face. Perhaps the mother had told him what happened or perhaps he truly believed I was naïve; he suggested that I read John Hope Franklin, a name that I did not recognize. Surprisingly I found out that Franklin authored innumerable books, taught at University of Chicago, had a Ph.D. from Harvard, and had lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma, arriving the day after the Riots in 1921. Again, I did not know about the riots.

Questions scurried through my mind. Knowing the continuing dialogue in history, why had I not been assigned this author? Why had he been excluded from the professor’s reading lists designed to go in depth on a topic? Frank-



lin wrote about a topic that no one mentioned to me at Wittenberg or Ohio State University. This omission had the propensity of an unexpected earthquake that destroyed the neatly tied and packaged history, a table of contents that I memorized and knew as automatically as the ABCs.

Testily, I criticized my Vanderbilt-trained professor, a product of the sugar-coated plantation South's explanation that conventionally failed to inform, only to fool American students and uphold the validity of white superiority. Likewise, the liberal labor professor had ranted within the acceptable framework of collective memory of society. Those outside the framework had no mentor.

Those whose reality of history had been pain and suffering were not seeing the USA in their Chevrolet. Their journey was taught in Sunday School classes at the church or by a parent who with deliberation told the truth, knowing that these messages should be shared despite the public schools' blindness. The lightning bolt that this new awareness that significance in history was not just the white men's domain was so electrifying.

Mr. Wingard's suggestion was a catalyst that sparked me to become an advocate of those omitted from traditional history. When he recommended the book, he did not know how transformational this would be. Not knowing if I would be sensitive and responsive to Franklin's thesis, he did not chide, preach, or demand. My receptivity spawned from early experiences. I explored this unknown realm voraciously, reading many works, among those *To Be a Slave*, *Watch out Whitey—Black Power Gonna Get Your Momma*,



Before the Mayflower, *Bury my Heart at Wounded Knee*, and *The Feminine Mystique*. All of these were popular then and were like an icebreaker at a conference.

Why did the new textbook, *American Nation*, recently approved and purchased by Yellow Springs Board of Education, not reflect the community's population? I again read the textbook's chapter "Sectionalism and Nationalism." The information followed the traditional story; it was the lectures I had recorded verbatim in college and now delivered in class. This emphasis on white privilege was continuing the cultural barriers to equality and self worth.

As Alex de Tocqueville said in Chapter 18 of *Democracy in America* (1835), on the condition of three races, "The child displayed in her slightest gestures, a consciousness of superiority which formed a contrast with her infantine weakness." This privilege was a learned condition. If I were reading the school's text as a fourteen-year-old student of color, I would be angry and feel demeaned. Trying to walk in my students' shoes, I sensed the outrage, knew the pain. Also I was

embarrassed, ashamed that I had not realized the harshness; I was caught off guard. If my child were hurt, I, too, would be as agitated as any mother should when harm confronts her child. This realization made me seek out the untold stories of American History and to paint a more accurate and complicated struggle for equality.

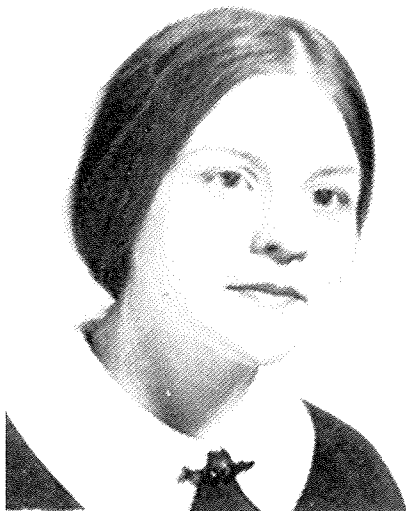
Inclusion is essential in historical scholarship.

My principal planted a seed; he did not tell me what to do, how to think; he suggested an option as a possible solution. This sharing of a book he held dear was like a gift outright, an extension of self, teaching without telling. This leadership was evident over the school year. He said very little. He observed the faculty and students without judging. He weighed what could be achieved in a time when the schools were still using corporal punishment, stringent dress code, a traditional curriculum, and serving a population with conflicting political views. Although Mr. Wingard was powerful, tall (six foot seven), a formidable athlete, he, too, lived in a society that was just beginning to question civil rights and his posi-

tion straddling the fence cautiously made a difference.

Armed with his information, I worked on curriculum, chose books, and promoted inclusion in texts and supported the high schoolers' demanding inclusion. Later, when I received the DAR American History Award, my acceptance speech was entitled "U.S. History—the Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

Mr. Wingard left to complete his Ph.D at Ohio State University in 1970 and taught at Central State University. Whenever I meet him, I thank him for opening my eyes so I could do the same for others. My advocacy for inclusion in literature, social studies is that the courses are required of all. If only an elective class is created to appease a demand or to give a token, this denial to all is hurtful to all. Someone, who would not take the class, might be the most in need. Those blindfolded by content that distorts must rip off the mask and learn that our history has the good, bad, and ugly characteristics of life.



Author's Footnote:

Historical awareness is relative. My awareness began with WWII; my parents', with the Titanic; younger college graduates likely think of the Reagan era as a starting point for memory. Recently while subbing, a student said to me, "The past is meaningless; I do not know anyone who lived in 1910." Of course, my dad had been alive then; his stories had become mine; thus, I saw this gap in the student's awareness, cold yet understandable. For a building to sustain itself, the foundation must be strong.

Historical awareness is learned. The study of history is to fill in these gaps and reflect on a myriad of heterogeneous perspectives. Complementary courses in African American, Feminist, Native American studies are offered, but all students will not choose to take these elective subjects; therefore, survey and required classes have to consciously address racial, ethnic, gender divisions. As DuBois reminded his contemporaries, "The major problem of the Twentieth Century is the problem of the color-line." In the twenty-first century, this issue has not changed.

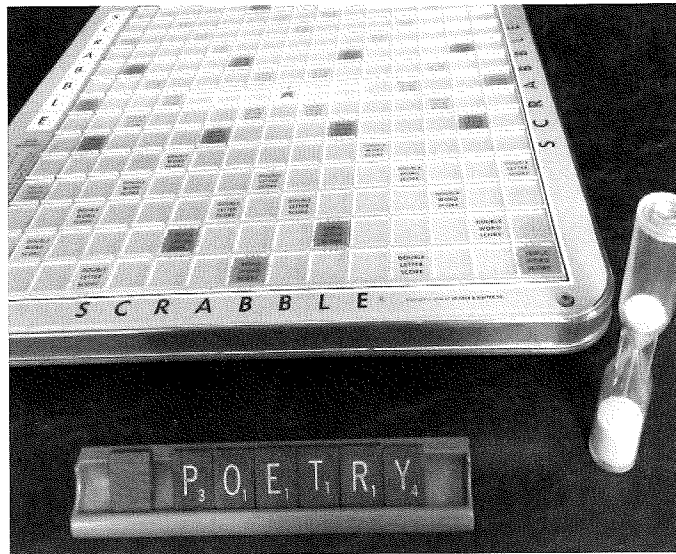
Joyce Allen McCurdy: I taught in education 44 of 47 years in Yellow Springs. The outdoor productions were delightful, relaxing in the Glen, sharing conversations, visiting friends, eating at the varied restaurants, and going, of course, to the movies were already things familiar. That is not an exciting biographical account, perhaps "I'm a nobody too," Emily, but it is my life. Now, I come to the groceries, the movies, the theater, the musical events with the same regularity that I did in the late fifties as a tourist, an employee later, and as I do now, a senior. The joy

Joan Horn, a resident of Yellow Springs since 1955, was a Mills Lawn teacher for ten years, and the director of the Glen Helen Outdoor Education Center for eighteen. She authored a book about Walter Anderson, former music director at Antioch College, Playing On All the Keys. She has served on the Village Council and Antioch College's Alumni Board, and been active on many other Yellow Springs committees. Her latest efforts were for Home, Inc. and the Senior Center.

Jon Hudson has lived in Yellow Springs since 1950. Mother Jean and Father Ben were introduced to each other by Ernest Morgan in the late 30s and eventually returned to Y.S. to raise their family. Jon and his father built his sculpture studio here, from which he travels out around the world creating public sculpture.

Fran LaSalle has been a village resident since 1955 with the exception of 13 years spent in Iowa. She and her family occupied the Octagon House from 1961 to 1975. Fran is a retired WSU medical librarian.

of knowing people, writing, teaching, and chatting with them is why I see Y.S. as a comfortable place to be. I reside six minutes away but it is not the address that matters; it is the state of mind: it seems like Bolinas, Calif., in Ohio.



MOM THE SCRABBLER

by Mike Kraus

I think that I shall never see
A slower Scrabbler, Mom, than thee,
You take your tiles, survey the table,
(We pass the time as we are able)
Shift your letters, spell your words,
(We hover, peer like hummingbirds)
You look and search to make a killing,
(Someday the game will end, God willing!)
Put your Z' s and Q's on triples,
(While over us impatience ripples);
Finally you take your turn,
And we with envy sadly burn;
For while we've fumed and turned and tossed,
You've scored a hundred—and we've lost!

*My sister Mary and I often threatened Mom with the egg-timer,
but it never worked; so this eighth-grade graduate (commercial
course) of St. James parochial school in Baltimore vanquished
her graduate-school-educated children as often as not!!!*

Comments from Our Drivers

Joan Horn

Not sure how long I've been doing this, but it has been a delight. I've met some interesting people who come to the Center each Wednesday for activities and then lunch. Sharing that responsibility with other drivers makes it a lot easier to commit to a weekly responsibility. Seeing a group playing volleyball in the Great Room, or listening to them chat with each other as we drive to and from their homes has given me insight into people's various joys and frustrations of living in Yellow Springs. I think the Center provides a wealth of possible activities/interests/capabilities for the folks who come and take advantage of the options.

Getting them out of their homes, to doctor appointments, and a chance to interact with others is a huge benefit. I reap similar benefits by driving them to and fro.

DRIVING WITH FRIENDS

by Wendy Levitch

I've always loved wheels, and moving through space, challenged to be, or stay in one place.

Three years ago found a line of great cars
The newest, a Prius, could take you to Mars.

Robert's the Captain, arranges your trip
to the store, or the bank, or to get a new hip.

If we run out of gas, not wishing to hike,
he'll come to the rescue, or send Corinne on her bike.

We welcome those calls to give you a lift
in an equal exchange, a true "moving gift."

So thank you to passengers who give us a call
getting to know you is the best gift of all!

Transportation is provided to seniors who need to go to a medical appointment, grocery store, or wish to attend an activity at the Senior Center.

The program relies heavily on its volunteer drivers. These are submissions by two of the close to forty volunteer drivers, who were asked what makes driving for the transportation program important to them.



**Yellow
Springs
Senior
Center**

227 Xenia Avenue
Yellow Springs, OH 45387

www.seniorcitizenscenter.org
937-767-5751

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