

Meadowood Anthology



A publication by and for the residents
of Meadowood Retirement Community

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The *Meadowood Anthology* is a quarterly publication by and for the residents of Meadowood Retirement Community in Bloomington, Indiana, and is made possible by the Meadowood Memorial Fund.

Editorial Board: Barbara Restle, Miriam Rosenzweig,
RuthAnn Schneider.

Managing Editor: Sandy Lynch (meadowoodanthology@live.com)

Contact us:

Meadowood Retirement Community (www.meadowoodrc.com)
2455 Tamarack Trail
Bloomington, IN 47408 (812) 336-7060

From the Editor

Summertime...

Summer is a time for some of us to slow down a bit, perhaps take time to reflect and relax. Some travel. Some read books. Some write.

To all of you who enjoy writing, here's your summertime invitation to share your thoughts, humor and memories with your neighbors in the *Meadowood Anthology*.

We're eager to harvest your summer bounty... including writings you may find tucked away. We also love art, so share your talents with us.

You may submit your work to the Front Desk, or you may e-mail it directly to:

meadowoodanthology@live.com

If you'd like to know more about the *Anthology*, we encourage you to talk to Barbara Restle, Miriam Rosensweig or RuthAnn Schneider, Editorial Board members. See you in the *Anthology*.

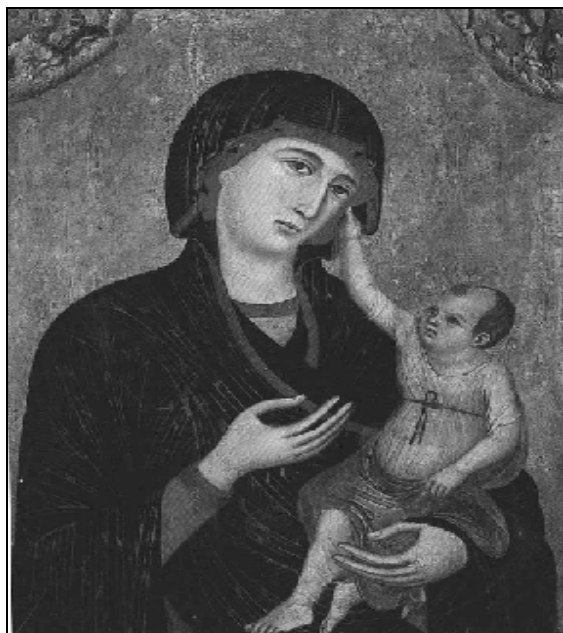
Sandy Lynch

From Duccio to Sally

By Sally Kuzma



Sally Kuzma with baby made of papier-mâché over wire framing, finished with wood filling and paint. Inspired by Duccio's *Madonna of Crevole*.



Madonna of Crevole by Duccio di Buoninsegna, circa 1285, Church of Santa Cecilia in Crevole, Italy.

I graduated from the University of Michigan School of Design in 1950, and then worked for three years as a layout artist at Marshall Field's in Chicago. Under the influence of many exciting art shows in Chicago's museums and galleries, my interest shifted from commercial art to fine arts. I joined the Indianapolis Contemporary Art Society and visited New York City to help choose art work for the group's semi-annual shows. In 1971, after moving to Bloomington, I became a docent at the IU Art Museum and attended studio and art history classes at IU.

After raising our children, I began work with fabric obtained from used clothing and padding, and also worked in embroidery. Many women chose these familiar media, as the feminist movement entered the art world. At that time, I constructed a life-sized triptych of "An Angel Chasing Adam and Eve from the Garden," using old fabric and padding. I sculpted images, inspired by hymns, Bible stories and medieval paintings. I also made ceramic pieces such as angels and a collection of feet. I approached each piece as a problem to be solved, then chose a suitable medium.

Faith has been my long-time companion. It has sustained me, but I have also been surprised when my art seemed to express doubt or criticism. I am drawn to artists of the 13th and 14th centuries, particularly Duccio di Buoninsegna of Siena (1255-1319). It was his gentleness, color and subject matter – mother and baby – that drew me to him. I appropriate images from Duccio's panel paintings, retaining their basic medieval beauty. Size, medium and color may change in my work, and I may make deletions or additions. The intent is visual challenge. ❖

Bom Dia Gringa!

(Good Morning, Foreigner!)

By Rosemary Messick

Dawn comes early when you live in Brazil, fifteen degrees south of the equator. The city of Maceio sprawls along the lagoons that flow into the Atlantic. The city of nearly one million is the capitol of Alagoas (lagoons) state. These calm turquoise waters were one of the city's main attractions for me. Swimming is good nearly all year in the warm, shallow reef-protected bays, but not in the lagoons as they are more polluted. To take advantage of these conditions, swimmers must rise early and seek shelter before the sun reaches 45 degrees above the horizon, which happens at about eight in the morning.

I lived in a high rise across the palm-lined boulevard from the bay. My mornings began with a swim. I had a morning routine: I walked across the five lanes of traffic, and prepared with a full coating of sunscreen and further protected by a long-sleeved tee shirt over my stretched-out swimsuit, topped off by an old baseball cap to protect my evermore apparent scalp. Walking in flip-flops, I carried the rest of my gear – goggles and ear plugs to prevent further chronic tinnitus, or surfer's ear, resulting from too much swimming. This outfit and gear marked me as eccentric and probably *Gringa*. Clearly, I was not a local. Brazilian women go to the beach not to swim, but to tan. They enter the water only to cool off. They are a style show. They leave a

perfumed trail, have carefully maintained manicures and pedicures and protect their perfect make-up by wearing large beach hats. Their outfits include upscale beach sandals, the latest 'dental floss' bikini, topped off with, but not obscured by, a colorful beach sarong, which had probably been handmade by local lace makers according to the wearer's specifications.

Maneuvering the rush hour traffic, I headed for the handsome copper-skinned local, Roosevelt, pronounced "Hosevelte," who would be setting up his green coconut business. Twenty-year-old Hosevelte must arrive early seven days a week to protect his selling space. As I was a steady customer, Hosevelte was glad to do me the favor of guarding my flip-flops while I swam. Before I made his acquaintance and became his customer, several pairs of flip-flops I left on the beach had walked away while I was in the water.

Hosevelte always had a large smile and greeting, "*Como vai minha Senhora? Tudo bom?*" (How is my lady? Everything O.K.?) And I responded with the anticipated, "*Sim, tudo bom. E como esta o Senhor?*" (Yes, all's well. And how is the Mister?) Whatever his true situation, he was always fine. I feel he wouldn't have been if I had not responded with my part of the scripted ritual of respect.

With our exchange completed, he resumed chopping tops off the coconut husks with his machete and putting them to cool in his Styrofoam boxes. His operation was almost totally portable – big beach umbrella, machete, Styrofoam boxes and a packet of

straws. He depended on daily deliveries of chipped ice and green coconuts and daily garbage pick up by the city. (Beaches are the prime tourist attraction and get special attention with daily raking.) He called for additional ice or coconuts from his cellular phone when business was good. Hosevelte eked out a living tending his trade in good weather, and defending his territory on rainy days. He arrived early and stayed until eleven in the evening.

I left my flip-flops in the shade of the coconut palms, gingerly treading across the shell-strewn, already warm sand toward the water's edge. As usual, I was the last to arrive at the gathering spot. My arrival was greeted, "*Bom dia Gringa! Esta sabendo do ultimo do seu presidente?*" (Good morning, *Gringa!* Do you know the latest of your President?) Much earlier I had concluded that *Gringa* was a term of endearment in this context. I listened as Gilberto, Dr. Gustavo, Pedro and Fernando related their version of "W's" latest "bad" act. They waited for my reaction. From long experience, I interpreted this baiting as their way to level the verbal playing field and relieve the inferiority complex they felt around Americans. It offered me inclusion into their custom of belittling and deprecating Brazilian politicians. I responded, "*Neo e incrivel?*" ("Isn't it incredible?") Sometimes I stirred up something salty that I had gleaned from reading the previous day's newspaper, *Folha de Sao Paulo*, into the morning fat-chewing. I "subscribed" to *The New York Times* of Brazil at my local espresso bar after *siesta* each afternoon. The *Folha* arrived on the noon flight from the south and was expensive. Locals listened to the national

newscast or read the *Gazetta's* version of events. Owned by the family of Brazil's impeached President Collor, the word was that the only fact one could trust in the *Gazetta* was the report of yesterday's temperature...and even it needed to be double-checked.

After conversation waned, someone often commented, "Rose, (pronounced Hose), *voce e a Gringa mais brasileira que ja conheci!*" ("Rose, you are the most Brazilian *Gringa* I've known!") And I was flattered.

Then we spent some moments trading jokes. Usually these jokes compared nationalities. And always Brazilians came out on top due to all manner of deviousness. Gilberto is the owner of a beach-front hotel. He is a blue-eyed, freckle-faced Portuguese. He eyed the sun creeping upward and said it's time for him to get going. He waded out into deeper water and swam west in what I thought of as his Portuguese Waterdog stroke. It involved lots of dolphin-like dipping and vigorous splashing of arms and legs. Then the bona-fide long distance swimmers, Doctor Gustavo and his younger companion Pedro, walked further east where they could strike out to deeper water and could swim maintaining their rhythmic Australian crawl to where the fishing boats are anchored about 500 meters west. Nando, the eldest of our group swam and rested his way westward near the beach, and I entered last.

I swam in a different direction. Since I didn't want to walk back along the hot sand, I swam south, perpendicular to the coast. Wading to where my feet no longer touched bottom, I put on my goggles and plugs and began my own dog paddle version of breast

stroke and side stroke, a restful combination which allowed me to alternately observe the bottom and the receding shoreline. I collected drifting plastics, stuffing them down the front of my suit. Later, I deposited them in garbage cans. I saw small sergeant majors, their yellow-white stripes glinting through a sunlit wave. Approaching the coral, I dived to see if the wrasses (colorful fish) were visible in the crevasse they back into for protection. It's rare to see other fish. Local fishermen catch and eat anything that moves. Sea urchins have taken over large dead coral expanses. I swam in a cemetery of marine life.

After about twenty minutes, I turned toward the shore. Not counting strokes, I let my body work while I put world events and the evidence of ecological destruction surrounding me out of my mind. Mentally, I listed what pleased me about these moments: the warm, turquoise water, the reef that protects this bay from sharks, the constancy of the semi-tropical climate, the niche I had created in this culture, the health and peace these mornings provided my body and spirit. This was my mantra. This special moment left me in an endorphin high. As I approached the shallow water I began to anticipate the cup of steaming coffee I would soon enjoy. ❖

A Musical Family

By Ledford Carter

[Ledford Carter has looked into musical talent running in families and has written several essays on this subject. Here is one.]

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Hans von Bulow, a pupil of Franz Liszt, became one of Europe's best pianists and conductors. He married Liszt's daughter, Cosima. Richard Wagner appointed von Bulow conductor of his operas in Munich. Wagner then took Cosima as his mistress. When Wagner's first child, a daughter by Cosima, was born, von Bulow accepted her as his own. When von Bulow's marital problems became well known in Germany, Cosima still refused to return to him. The public outcry over Wagner's extravagance, morals and his dominance of the king, forced him to leave Germany. He and Cosima, with a full allowance, took up residence at the palatial estate of Tribschen on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. There, Eva, a second daughter, was born. When Cosima bore Wagner a third child, Siegfried, von Bulow had enough. He sued for and was granted a divorce. Wagner and Cosima were subsequently married at a church in nearby Lucerne. To celebrate the birth of his son and Cosima's recovery from childbirth, Wagner composed and premiered *The Siegfried Idyll* at Tribschen. Tribschen is now known as the Wagner Museum, and I visited there in 1981. Wagner returned to Germany to select Bayreuth, Bavaria, as his residence and home of the Wagner Festival Theatre. This site for the preservation of performances of his works has been managed in modern times by one of his descendents.



A Letter to Barbara

By Bernard Clayton Jr.

Dear Barbara Walters –

I have read your book but what about us, Barbara, you and me?

Your memoir, *Audition*, listed as a best selling book by *The New York Times*, treats us with presidents, prime ministers, kings and queens, nabobs and knaves, but you don't mention us.

Not once. Pity. I remember it well!

It was during the 1974 holidays. I had written *Bernard Clayton's The Complete Book of Breads*. NBC had invited me to come to New York with an assortment of breads and do a bread-making demonstration on the "Today Show."

I arrived at the NBC studio with the basket of loaves I had baked in Indiana, plus several baked earlier that morning in the kitchen of the Algonquin Hotel. I was loaded with loaves!

At the NBC studio I was ushered into a guest waiting room and met a fellow guest, John Lennon. We nodded and spoke briefly. I decided to tour the behind-the-camera facilities rather than just sit.

Barbara, we did not get off to a good start. I knew it by the tone of your voice over the P.A. system: "Where's the man from Indiana who's going to make bread? He's not here where he should be!"

On camera things were fine. We cut and nibbled about half dozen breads and then turned to making a loaf. You quickly got into the baking mode: you took off rings so you could get your hands into the dough.

Yes, I should have warned you about my spirited finale to show that you must knead the dough with vigor – forget tenderness!

I raised the 4-pound ball of dough head-high and slammed it down on the table covered with a generous sprinkling of flour. The dough landed amidst an explosion of white flour. Flour covered us both.

There was a frantic whisper at my side, "Oh, no! This dress is borrowed!" When the broadcast was over, you gave the ultra suede dress a final brush, reached for a loaf to take home and left.

I gave the crew the leftover breads, shook the flour off my apron and returned to Indiana.

I remember it well.

Sincerely,

Bernard Clayton Jr. ❖

Power Tools

By Miriam Rosenzweig

My grandmother, born in 1869, grew up imbued with mid-Victorian mores and manners. My mother, who came along 21 years later, often complained of the slings and arrows inherent in her late-Victorian upbringing. I, in turn, was subjected to the remnants of that culture, although somewhat moderated by modernity. Mine was a post-Victorian childhood, filled with rules of decorum, and certain, swift punishment followed all infractions.

During my childhood, hugging, kissing and even touching was considered in bad taste — just not done. Members of my immediate and extended families expressed their approval or affection verbally, never by contact. And even that was meted out sparingly. For better or worse, I probably transmitted much of that ethos to my own children, who were born in the decade of the '50s.

Then came the '60s. Manners and rules of behavior were swept aside, and everything was up for grabs. The Young told us that all human ills were the results of our inhibitions and reluctance to touch and feel our fellow creatures. Flower children taught us lessons about hugging and kissing along with permissive sex, tuning out and turning on. Most “over thirties” passed up sex and drugs, but we embraced the

embrace. I was amazed by all the hugs and kisses I received from people I hardly knew.

I tend to think that such bodily gestures have little effect upon the human soul and that humanity is not improved by the pecks we plant upon each other's cheeks. But hugging and kissing have become part of us, and, until recently, we practiced these contact sports with admirable skill. During the past few decades, however, the use and meaning of the touch have undergone a transformation, which some of us absorbed instinctively, while others had to learn it painfully. I learned my lesson through two distressing incidents.

A friend and I were invited to a party at the home of a senior university official. My friend had recently been to a good meeting with the host and felt warmly toward him. In that spirit, she entered his home, giving him a friendly hug. His response was to stiffen into a pillar of ice, leaving my friend confused and embarrassed.

Not having learned from her experience, I had to go through my own, a while later. Filled with admiration for a minister who had performed an interfaith family wedding with skill and grace, I threw my grateful arms around his shoulders. His body turned rigid with rejection, and I was humiliated.

My friend and I had obviously failed to notice the transformation of the cheek peck and hug from signs of affection to

barometers of social standing. Appropriated by those who consider themselves superior, these formerly friendly gestures are now awarded to recipients of their choice. And woe unto those who don't know their positions on the social ladder. Unmistakable chill-out is their punishment. This is not to say that two friends hugging when they meet are not expressing sincere pleasure. The unspoken, but stern, rules apply on a more formal level of social intercourse.

It's a shame that the legacy of the flower children, intended to bring us closer together, has been turned into power tools, used to stratify society. But each generation creates the manners and mores reflective of its values. What do ours reveal about us? ❖

The Golden Book

By Dee Rockwood

The Golden Book, or book of deeds, is an extremely large bound book handsomely displayed in the Memorial Room of the Indiana University Memorial Union. The book records the names of the men and women who attended I.U. and then served in the wars of the republic. It records members of the University who served in the War of 1812, The Black Hawk War, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrection, the Mexican Border Expedition, and World Wars I and II. *The Golden Book* is hand-lettered, in part, by my hand.

I taught myself the art of calligraphy while in high school, and was soon able to put my skills to use. In the mid 1950s I hand-lettered in Old English lettering certificates for many I.U. departments, one of them being the Alumni Office. The Alumni Office presented certificates to their alumni club officers statewide, Emeritus Club, and many others. My dining room table became my cottage industry workshop in the evenings after my young children had gone to bed.

The task was a little complicated for I left the certificates on the dining room table overnight to completely dry in order to avoid smudging when I erased the lines in the morning, before the children were up.

After a year or two, Claude Rich, the Alumni Secretary, asked me if I'd do a lettering job in *The Golden Book*. I was thrilled and agreed to letter 10,000 names of men and women who had attended I.U. before entering military service during WW II. I had 6 months to complete this job and was to be paid \$1000.00!!! Can you imagine \$1000.00 in the 1950s!!!!

Soon a huge bound book arrived at my home along with 10 or more shoe boxes filled with index cards which held the 10,000 names of the military persons. I was to write these names in script.

If the person had been killed, then I was to print their name in Old English lettering and write a sentence or two about them, branch of service, degree held, etc. A gold star was to be placed above their name.

The *bound* book, (and I'm stressing bound for the pages didn't come out) was large, heavy and difficult to handle. And the pages were completely blank. It was quite a difficult and time-consuming job to line the pages in pencil, making sure the lines were level and precisely spaced. Then I did the lettering. As with the certificates, I erased the lines in the morning after I was positive the ink was dry. Then I put the book on the top closet shelf for safe keeping until the evening. If a mistake happened, a drop of ink or a misspelled name, I'd carefully scrape the error with a knife and rewrite the name.

I worked nearly every night for an hour or two until my hand cramped or my eyes began to see double. I had calculated that if I lettered two pages per night, I'd finish the job in plenty of time. I did finish the book on time, and bought new carpeting for my living room!!!

Now some 50 years later, I'm so pleased to have been involved in such a valuable historical project for I.U.

Until a few years ago *The Golden Book* lay open in the Union Building and a page was turned daily. Now it is housed in a locked glass case and the pages cannot be touched. If you are interested in seeing a particular name you must ask at the Information Center next to the Memorial Room. ❖

Crossworld: A Book Review

By Jane Layman

*Crossworld: One Man's Journey into
American Crossword Obsession*

By Marc Romano

Broadway Books 2005

Knowing my addiction to crossword puzzles, someone sent me this book from the Meadowood Library. I found it so intriguing that I felt obligated to tell others about it, even those who are not puzzle aficionados.

To begin with, the author states with no disclaimers that the compulsion to solve crossword puzzles is an addiction as persistent and powerful as addiction to alcohol or drugs. That in itself is such an extreme statement one thinks, "Hey, wait a minute...." But using his own addiction experience as an example, he defends his statement with convincing data on the revenues realized by newspapers publishing a daily puzzle. Publishers of books of puzzles find those titles extremely profitable as well. Crossword puzzle solving has been called the most popular word game in history and an absolute windfall for publishers in every nation in the world.

The book describes the history of crosswords in the United States from 1913 to the present. The author devotes many

sections to the evolution of today's puzzles – not only in difficulty, but in their relevance to and expression of popular culture. *The New York Times* can claim credit for making the daily puzzle a national pastime starting with a succession of editors from Margaret Farrar to Eugene T. Maleska to Indiana University's own alumnus, Will Shortz who designed and completed his degree in Enigmatology before going on to law school. He assumed the helm of *The New York Times* puzzles in 1978, and things have never been the same. Shortz introduced a policy of escalating puzzle difficulty with Monday and Tuesday puzzles easier than those later in the week. The reader learns that construction of puzzles is a skill recognized and acclaimed, but Shortz is said to contribute about 50% of the clues. His standards are very high and he makes no compromises.

A section of the book covers the still mind-boggling story of how the *London Times* puzzle a few days before D-Day contained, as answers to clues, five code words for the invasion. Military intelligence people went berserk trying to find out if this was code to German spies or an unbelievable coincidence. To date, nothing has ever been unearthed but the (still unbelievable) conclusion that it was a coincidence.

With Shortz' leadership, an annual American Crossword Tournament has been held in Stamford, Connecticut, for about 30 years. The tournament attracts crossword experts from all over the world. The prizes are small; it is a chance for obscure people,

often eccentric, who just happen to be good at this skill, to shine.

Romano covers the very basic difference between American and British puzzles. The British versions are described as cryptic; the clues are based on "inside" (national) jokes and usages, phrases and wordplay such as puns. American clues are more factual with many sports and popular music references as well as motion picture lore. (We all know to whom Asta, the movie dog, belonged.) Romano claims that most American puzzle solvers, even expert ones, cannot do the British puzzles, while the average Brit can sit down and solve them with ease. Conversely they find our puzzles challenging, to say the least.

Solving crossword puzzles is recommended as a way for seniors to keep brain cells stimulated, so the time spent on a favorite pastime can be comfortably justified.

This small volume is fun to read even if readers are not puzzle solvers; but if they are cruciverbalists, they will find themselves in a 6-letter word for paradise. ❖

Ed. note: Asta the movie dog, a wire-haired fox terrier, starred in *The Thin Man* movies among others... and appears in many crossword puzzles, too.

Contributors

Ledford Carter is a retired Indiana University professor, filmmaker and Army officer. During his 25-year residency at Meadowood, he has been a board director and Resident Council president, and he has served on numerous Meadowood committees.

Bernard Clayton Jr. was a war correspondent for Time-Life Magazines in the Pacific theater for most of World War II. He is best known as the author of best-selling cookbooks.

In 1971, the **Sally Kuzma** family moved to Bloomington, where Conrad continued his business as a chemical manufacturer. A few months ago, Sally and Conrad moved to Meadowood. Though retired from making art work, Sally still enjoys art shows and is happy to have found a community of artists here.

Jane Layman has been at Meadowood since 2005. As a volunteer, she has led children in literature appreciation at the Arlington Heights School. Jane is a graduate of the University of Connecticut.

Rosemary Messick is a graduate of Indiana University with bachelor's, master's and doctorate degrees in Education. In 1965 Rosemary joined the Peace Corps stationed in Maceio, Brazil, training elementary school teachers. In 1971 she returned to Brazil and adopted three-month-old Mary. She was awarded a Fulbright Lectureship in Brazil and another teaching in Portugal. In 1995 she was stationed in newly independent country of Namibia, formerly of South Africa, as a Peace Corps Training Director. She is the author of several textbooks on teaching Social Studies.

Dolores (Dee) Rockwood began painting again in the art class at Meadowood, after not painting since high school and college. A native of Huntington, West Virginia, graduate of Central Connecticut College and Indiana University, she taught elementary school in Bloomington. Dee and her husband Chuck have lived at Meadowood for two years. Their combined family consists of 8 children and 14 grandchildren.

Miriam Rosenzweig spent her early childhood in Munich and Vienna. Her family fled Hitler's Austria in 1938 and settled in New York, where she went to high school. She is a graduate of Cornell University, and she is retired as Associate Editor of the *Indiana Alumni Magazine*.