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WISCONSIN AND WORLD AFFAIRS
Art of the 1920s

Wisconsin Academy Review

A Journal of Wisconsin Culture

Mildred Snarr Cavagnaro

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Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

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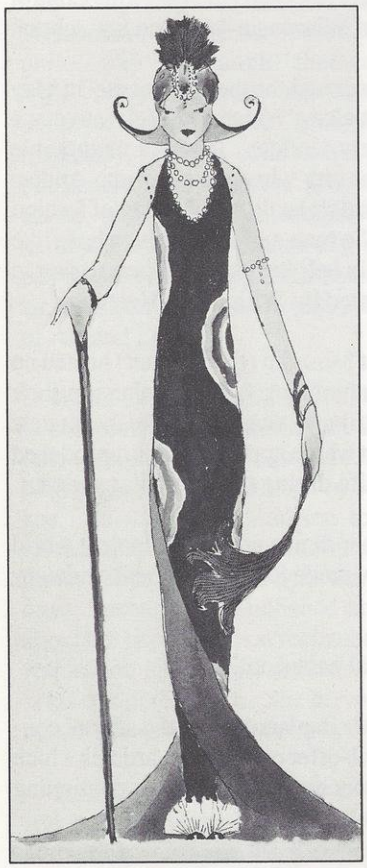

Mildred Snarr Cavagnaro

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Editorial

There are two ongoing Wisconsin programs with worldwide implications to which we call your attention in this issue of the *Review*. One is the newly created annual George F. Kennan Forum on International Affairs, sponsored by the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee under the direction of Professor Carol Baumann. The other is the Wisconsin Project on Nuclear Arms Control located in Washington, D.C., under the direction of Professor Gary Milhollin of the University of Wisconsin-Madison law school.

The first Kennan forum was held earlier this year at the Pabst Theater in Milwaukee. As I approached the theater that day in May a soft spring rain fell and flag-bearing representatives of the Baltic countries marched in protest along Water and Wells streets; a somber-looking man in a raincoat, stationed under the marquee, distributed John Birch Society leaflets. It was a memorable experience to witness Kennan at age 86, dignified and statesman-like, address an audience in the city where he grew up. Anders Stephanson in his book *George Kennan and the Art of Foreign Policy* proclaims Kennan as the greatest analyst and maker of foreign policy since John Quincy Adams. In *The Atlantic Monthly*, April 1989, Kennan is referred to as "a man, unfortunately, whose like we may never see again." We are grateful to the Institute of World Affairs for their cooperation in helping us obtain permission to print Kennan's remarks and excerpts from the overview of United States-Soviet relations presented by William G. Hyland.

A word about the art which appears along with the Hyland article: In 1963 the Milwaukee Art Museum (then Center) hosted an exhibition of contemporary Soviet graphic art. This was at a time when some people were maintaining fallout shelters in their basements and back yards in anticipation of Soviet attack. I believe the Milwaukee Art Center contributed significantly to the interest of sanity and hope during that volatile time, at least for those who viewed the exhibit. The Soviet art which appears here is reproduced from the catalog which accompanied that exhibition and offers some added insight into Soviet life during the Cold War period.

Professor Gary Milhollin's observations on the dangers of nuclear proliferation provide another dimension to our look at world affairs. Milhollin became interested in nuclear policies in the 1970s when, as an administrative law judge for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, he heard testimony on Three Mile Island.

We do not intend to present these articles within the context of "news," but rather as historical perspective.

In 1991 the Wisconsin Academy will place an accent on *Education for Citizenship in the 1990s* in planning for the annual conference, *Evenings at the Academy*, *Transactions*, and other programs. Each issue of the *Review* will offer one or more articles which relate to various aspects of this theme. The approach will be broad and will include academic concerns as well as our continuing development as educated citizens who must live in a society becoming ever more complex and challenging.

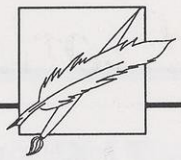
It seems appropriate to introduce this new focus for 1991 in the *Review* by turning to the philosophical infrastructure which gives communities their foundations: our systems of morals and values, however diverse those systems may be. Professor Marcus Singer's article, "Moral Worth and Fundamental Rights," addresses the ways in which we respond and react to what we think and believe.

Philosophical discourse provides a wonderful opportunity for discussion and debate. If you have thoughts on Professor Singer's statements — or on any of the material covered in the *Review* — please let us hear from you.

Faith B. Miracle

Faith B. Miracle

Authors and Artists



Tom Bamberger attended Boston University and later the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, where he studied philosophy and taught mathematical logic. His photography has been exhibited widely in the United States and internationally. He has contributed to such publications as *Forbes, Sports Illustrated,* and *Milwaukee Magazine.* He currently is adjunct curator of photography at the Milwaukee Art Museum and an instructor at the Milwaukee Institute of Art and Design.

Anita Cavagnaro Been holds a Ph.D. in cell biology and an M.A. in English. After resigning from a professorship in biology at Alverno College in Milwaukee, she moved to Madison to study, research, travel, and write about selected topics in both historical and current biology. Recently she published an article about her experiences at reclamation and restoration sites in the asbestos mining areas of South Africa. She serves on the editorial board of the *Review.*

Ron Czerwien grew up in Chicago and is now living in Madison. He is a marketing manager for Kemper Insurance and a member of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. His poems have previously appeared in the WFOP calendars.

Pete Fromm grew up in Milwaukee and received a degree in wildlife biology from the University of Montana. He worked as a river ranger in Grand Teton and Big Bend national parks and now lives in Great Falls, Montana. His short stories have appeared in such publications as *Louisiana Literature, Gray's Sporting Journal,* and *The Plowman* , a Canadian literary magazine. A story by Fromm will appear in *Alabama Literary Review* next spring.

Maurice Kilwein Guevara was born in Belencito, Columbia, and grew up in Pittsburgh. He holds a B.S. in psychology and a B.A. in English from the University of Pittsburgh and an M.F.A. in creative writing from Bowling Green State University in Ohio. He is now completing a Ph.D. in English from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

In 1984 **William G. Hyland** was named editor of *Foreign Affairs,* a journal published five times a year by the Council on Foreign Relations in New York. He has served with the CIA (1954), been part of the White House National Security Council staff (1969), and was director of intelligence at the Department of State (1973). He became the President's deputy assistant on national security affairs (1975) and has since served at the Georgetown Center for Strategic Studies (1977) and subsequently as a senior associate at the Carnegie Endowment of International Peace.

George F. Kennan is a native of Milwaukee and served in critical diplomatic posts for the Department of State between 1926 and 1953. He is recognized as a leading specialist on U.S. relations with the Soviet Union. In 1953 he joined the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. He has written nineteen books and has received the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award. He recently received the Medal of Freedom from President George Bush.

Arthur L. Madson is a retired professor of English living in Whitewater. He has contributed poetry to the *Wisconsin Academy Review* in the past.

Gary Milhollin is professor of law at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and director of the Wisconsin Project on Nuclear Arms Control in Washington, D.C. He is on leave from the university and travels worldwide, tracking and uncovering illegal sales of heavy water and supercomputers in an effort to control the spread of nuclear weapons.

Freelance writer and poet **Carolyn Johnson Muchhala** is co-owner of Generic Ads Writing Service and lives in Menomonee Falls. She has poems forthcoming in *The Other Side* and *Friends' Journal,* and she was a finalist in the 1990 "Iowa Woman" short fiction contest. Her work has appeared previously in the *Wisconsin Academy Review.*

Frank G. Pealstrom, Altoona, is a poet/singer/songwriter. He has a B.A. in English from Drake University in Des Moines and is currently working on a novel. He performed his songs in Boston this fall.

Peg Sherry is a retired teacher who makes her home in Madison. She has written professional articles as well as fiction and is "starting to believe I have a novel in my head."

Marcus George Singer is professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He was awarded an American Philosophical Association Fellowship in 1956 and a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1962. In 1984-85 he directed the lecture series of the Royal Institute of Philosophy in London and has also served as president of the central division of the American Philosophical Association. He is especially interested in practical logic.

Sharon Van Sluys conducts poetry workshops in the Creative Writing program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Her poems have appeared recently in *Passages North Anthology.*

Timothy Walsh is completing his Ph.D. in English literature at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, where he also works as a counselor/dean for the College of Letters and Science. He has published poems, short stories, and articles in *Isthmus* and *The Milwaukee Journal* Sunday magazine and has recently finished his first novel.

The U.S. - Soviet Relationship: An Overview

by William G. Hyland

It is a great pleasure for me to be here at this forum honoring George Kennan. There are few magazines that owe more to a single author than *Foreign Affairs* owes to George Kennan. I think his "Mr. X" article must be one of the most reproduced, reprinted articles in scholarly literature. We took the occasion in 1989 to reproduce it once again, and, once again, it was one of our best sellers. So we are indebted to George Kennan for a number of reasons.

* * *

Historical Perspective: Stalin

Let me turn to the past and review a brief history of the Cold War. There are three questions: first, why did the Cold War start and what was it all about; second, how was it conducted; and third, how and why is it over now, if it is over?

I think we have to go back fifty years to the Hitler-Stalin pact. In my view, that was the beginning of the Cold War for various reasons. First of all, the territorial issues arose at that time with the disappearance of Poland and the incorporation in 1940 of the three Baltic countries into the Soviet Union as well as Bessarabia which is now called the Moldavian Socialist Republic. The war between the Soviet Union and Finland also resulted in a change of borders. And most important of all, in the bargain that was struck between Hitler and Stalin, Hitler gained a free hand to pursue his war in the west with a secure eastern front. This, I think, was the fatal error of Stalin. Soviet leaders still defend his pact with Hitler on the grounds that he had no choice, and perhaps they are right. But what Stalin thought would happen was that the capitalist powers — Germany, France, and Britain — would exhaust themselves while he remained neutral on the sidelines. Then in the late spring of 1940 when Germany defeated France, all of his calculations were suddenly quite questionable. He had thought that the war would go on in the west for a long time, and suddenly he was faced with a very successful German military machine. In that period in 1940 he was offered a rather intriguing deal by Hitler (who offered it in fact to Molotov in Berlin) to carve up the world in spheres of influence; the Soviet sphere would be the Persian Gulf and the area toward the Indian Ocean. Stalin, after thinking about it, accepted the deal, but he accepted too late. Hitler had already decided to attack Russia, and in fact he did so in June 1941.

Even then, when the war had already begun, Stalin's aims were quite ambitious. In December 1941, shortly after Pearl Harbor, when German tanks were in sight of the Kremlin and most observers thought that the Soviet Union was on the brink of defeat, Stalin met with the British foreign secretary, Anthony Eden. Stalin laid out his demands, those which he presented to Hitler. What he wanted his new allies to do was to guarantee the possessions he had obtained during the Hitler-Stalin period — the three Baltic Republics, eastern Poland (the western Ukraine), Bessarabia — and to give him a say in a number of other areas. Roosevelt resisted. Secretary Hull and especially Sumner Wells, who was under-secretary of state, said "No." Even the British (who were concerned that Stalin might make a separate peace treaty) decided to resist. And in my view that is where the Cold War began — when it was evident to Stalin that he was not going to get what he wanted on his western boundaries. When that became evident to him, there was a conflict which was never completely resolved. As the war progressed, it became evident to Churchill and later Roosevelt that there was almost no way of stopping Stalin in Eastern Europe, because his army was victorious and would occupy the major capitals of that area. So in effect, the Cold War had begun.

V. Matyukh. On the Train. *1959.*

It's possible that there might have been a settlement had we been cold-blooded enough to carve up Europe. The central problem that could not be settled then (and has not been settled, in fact, for the last forty-five years) was the problem of Germany. Stalin once said to Churchill, "What is your worst nightmare?" and Churchill said, "What is yours?" and Stalin said, "The revival of Germany." Stalin, in fact, told the Yugoslav communists at this time, "After twenty years, Germany will revive and will have another go at it." So Stalin's mood was such that there was no real chance for diplomats to settle the Cold War in 1945, whether at Yalta or Potsdam. The myth grew that Roosevelt, in effect, sold out Eastern Europe, and that myth of Yalta has haunted us ever since and has been part of the Cold War. It has been one reason why American presidents have been very reluctant to meet with the Soviet leaders and especially to strike any kind of an agreement. This ghost of Yalta is always raised at a time when our relations improve, and there is the suspicion that somehow the Russians have tricked us, and we're about to lose everything that we have been struggling for.

A turning point came in 1953, when Josef Stalin died. A group of people, not terribly well known to the West but followers of Stalin, came into office. There was Georgi Malenkov, who became the prime minister, and Nikita Khrushchev, of course. At the time, it was not clear who was in command; there was a great deal of speculation about a new course. Malenkov was going to favor consumer goods, cut the Soviet military, and implement a program of reforms. There was a lot of interest in changes in the Soviet Union at that particular time, but that was really an interlude. It led to the rise of Nikita Khrushchev and a totally different phase of the Cold War during the period roughly from 1954 to 1964. That decade bridged the Eisenhower and Kennedy presidencies.

New Phase of the Cold War: Kruschev

Khrushchev saw the world quite differently from Stalin; Stalin was really a rather cautious politician. He did not move rashly, except in Korea, and it is still something of a puzzle as to why he supported the war in Korea. That led to the reanimation of the western coalition, to the eventual rearm-ament of Germany, and to an alliance with Japan. It seems to me Korea is still an aberration which is not fully clear. In any case, Stalin had pressed matters to the point that some Soviet retrench-ment had been called for, which is what happened immediately after he died. Winston Churchill thought there was a chance to settle the Cold War, and he proposed a summit meeting with the new Soviet leaders. He was resisted by John Foster Dulles, our secretary of state, and to some degree by President Eisenhower. They argued that the West was too weak to negotiate with the Soviet Union. In retrospect, it is rather amazing how often we thought we were too weak to go to the bargaining table when, in fact, we were much stronger than the Soviet Union at any point after the end of the war. Even in the 1950s, when it seemed that the Soviet Union somehow might overtake us, we were basically much stronger.

Nikita Khruschev, in effect, read his own propaganda and began to believe it. He thought the Soviet Union was in the ascendancy everywhere in the world. The world balance of power had changed because the former colonial areas were turning against their western masters. There were revolts in Indochina and Algeria, and a neutral block led by India was formed which included Nasser and Tito. Khrushchev believed that the opportunity had to change, once and for all, the world balance of power in his favor. He decided to put on the pressure and press the western powers in the most vulnerable spot, because it was the most exposed: in Berlin.

The second Berlin crisis began in the late 1950s when Khrushchev demanded that we leave Berlin altogether or make it a "free city." Naturally Eisenhower and then Kennedy resisted this because they understood Berlin's function was to be the future capital of Germany. As long as there was a western foothold in Berlin, that meant we were still committed to German unification somewhere along the line. Even if it were some years hence, the German people could have some confidence in us that we would try to work toward this eventuality. Khrushchev understood this as well, and that is why he wanted us out of Berlin. He caused a panic exodus of East Germans; he put up the wall in August 1961 after meeting Kennedy in Vienna. The wall accelerated the crisis because Kennedy's reaction was very tough and led to semi-mobilization in the United States. Khrushchev was not getting what he wanted, which was a full-scale western retreat. This was a very dangerous period, as many who were involved remember. My recollection is that Ambassador Kennan had come back at this moment to serve as ambassador to Yugoslavia.

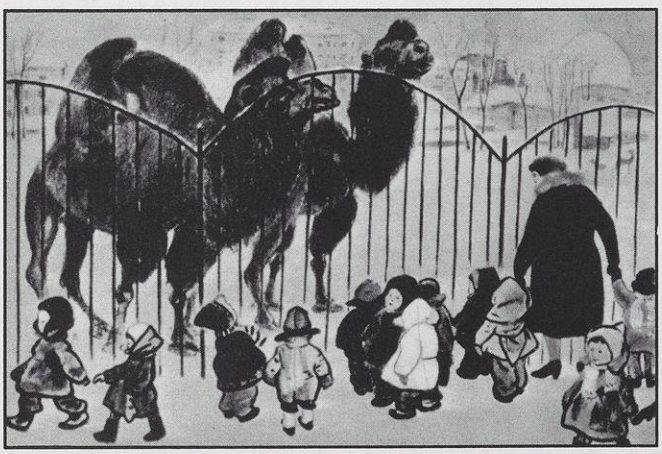
S. Spitsyn. In the Evening. *1959-1960.*

What Khrushchev did is well known — he put Soviet missiles into Cuba and started the most dangerous crisis of the Cold War, the Cuban missile crisis in October 1962. That, in my view, was Kennedy's finest hour. His conduct of that crisis can be faulted on tactics; but, in general, he handled it extremely well, very courageously, and we prevailed. It led within two years to the downfall of Khrushchev, and in that sense it was another turning point in the Cold War. The Cuban missile crisis was basically about the strategic balance in the world. There was a lot of dispute over it, and historians are still arguing; but had Khrushchev succeeded, the world would have been quite different. For us to live under the threat of 60, 100, 150 Soviet missiles only a few hundred miles from the United States would have created a different psychological atmosphere. I think a case can even be made that there would have been a war between the United States and the Soviet Union, had those missiles remained. (That is my judgement.) In any case, Khrushchev was defeated.

In the process, however, Khrushchev had begun to sow the seeds of weakness in the Soviet system in ways he did not anticipate and probably did not desire, but nevertheless were very important. In 1956 he attacked the memory of Josef Stalin in a very famous secret speech; in effect, he said Stalin had been a great criminal, and his era had been one of criminality. The notion that the Soviet system itself was illegitimate began to spread, and it spread into Eastern Europe and into Hungary. You will remember that in 1956 there was a rebellion in Hungary which was put down by Soviet tanks.

Denunciation of Stalin's role began to be a source of further dispute between China and the Soviet Union. It was reaching a point where in the early 1960s, before Khrushchev was turned out, there were bitter battles between the Chinese and the Russians. One of the most bitter fighters on the Chinese side was Deng Xiao Ping, who was then one of Mao's chief lieutenants and carried the polemic against Khrushchev face to face in meetings in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union itself.

The Cold War was continuing, and the confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union was still there, and, in some ways, perhaps worse. But inside the Soviet Union the seeds of decay and disintegration were being planted, as well as inside the international communist movement.



K. Kalinycheva. The Camels. *1960-1961.*

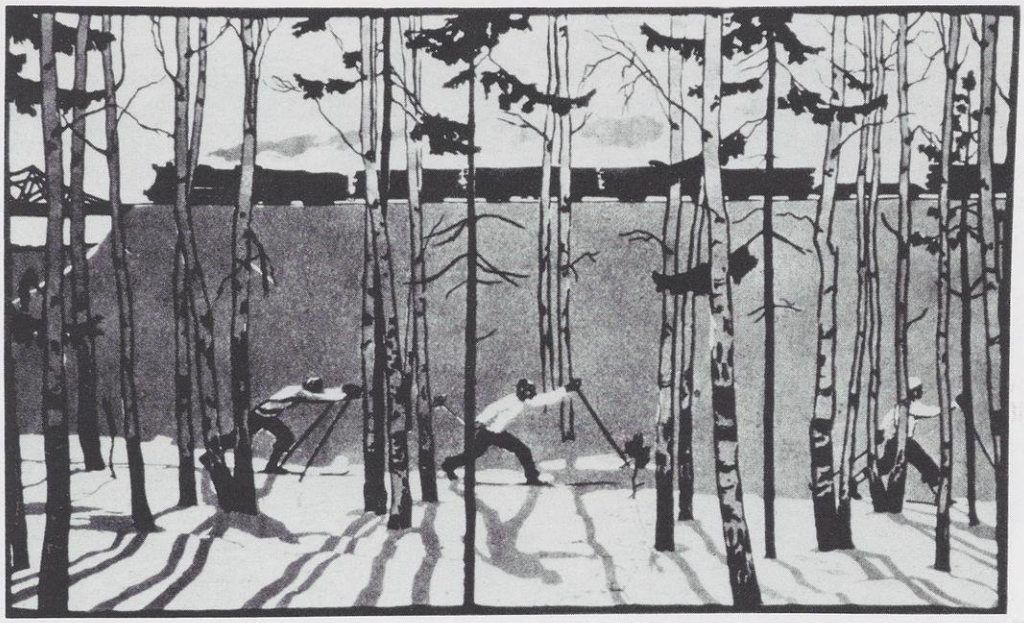
Another Era: Brezhnev

Now we turn to the Brezhnev era. Brezhnev came into office in 1964 and remained until 1982. In many ways it should have been one of the most distinguished eras in Soviet history, but, in fact, it is now regarded by the current Soviet leaders as the era of "stagnation." They didn't always call it that, because it was not always the case. In the early period, in mid 1960s, there was again talk of reform inside the Soviet Union. There were actual reform plans for the Soviet economy sponsored by Prime Minister Aleksei Kosygin. Many of Kosygin's ideas can be traced into the Gorbachev period: decentralization, material incentives, price reforms, and liberalization. Kosygin did not prevail. He did not prevail because Khrushchev was followed by a very conservative leadership under Brezhnev. Brezhnev was not a Stalinist in the sense of instituting a terrorist campaign; he was a Stalinist in the sense that he believed the system was working and should be left alone. Internally nothing much happened after around 1968; that's when the era of stagnation began.

What was happening outside of the Soviet Union was equally important. The ideas of Kosygin — that there could be reform and change — seeped into Eastern Europe. These ideas were picked up by reformers, especially Czechoslovak reformers, inside the Communist party, mainly led by Alexander Dubcek. That reform reached a point where it alarmed the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union tried unsuccessfully to stop it. Soviet tanks intervened once again in August 1968, on the eve of a summit conference that had been planned by Lyndon Johnson for the following fall. That summit conference was called off the day after the invasion, and things went into another one of the "down" periods of Soviet-American relations.

It seemed as if ending the Cold War was virtually hopeless. Brezhnev proclaimed the doctrine which carries his name: in effect, he said the Soviet Union has the right to intervene to protect the gains of socialism wherever they have been established. That meant Eastern Europe, of course, but it also perhaps meant China. That is where the impact of the Czech crisis was the greatest. In China they read the Brezhnev doctrine as a severe warning. If, in fact, Brezhnev meant that socialism in China was threatened, there was a chance the Soviet Union was preparing to intervene in China with military force. This, I think, was a very important turning point. It persuaded the Chinese that they had to do something to protect themselves against the Russians. In a classical balance of power formula, they called in the other power, the United States, as a counterweight. The opening to China created by Richard Nixon thus dates to the Czech invasion. In any case, that was another very important turning point as China broke totally with the Soviet Union and turned towards the United States.

The second result of the Czech crisis, and equally important,



V. Popkov. The Day Off. *1958.*

was the change in the policies of West Germany. In the elections of 1969, in the wake of that crisis, for the first time since the 1920s the West German Social Democrats came back to power. The chancellor was William Brandt who had been the mayor of Berlin when the wall went up. He had drawn some conclusions over the years about what Germany had to do to protect its interests. Basically his conclusion was that Germany could not rely on the western powers — the United States, France, and England — to protect German interests. Germany would have to take the lead in a new policy which he called Ost Politik (or Eastern Policy). You may recall that he went to the Soviet Union, he went to Poland, and he even went to East Germany, which at that time seemed a very radical move, in order to protect the possibility of German unification through what he called detente.

That detente was, in fact, spreading to the two super powers. It was not, I think, the original notion of Nixon when he came into office that before his first term ended he would sign arms control agreements with the Soviet Union. But he did have in the back of his mind, I believe, that there had to be a change in the relationship with China and in the relationship with the Soviet Union if only because of the Vietnam War. Nixon's view was the Vietnam War had to be ended, but it had to be ended in some honorable way, other than withdrawal and retreat. That meant dealing with the two powers on the communist side who might have some influence in the terms for ending the Vietnam War: Peking and Moscow. That led, over a period of time, to the Nixon visit to China, which, I think, galvanized Brezhnev into what was called detente. Soon thereafter we signed the first arms control agreement on strategic weapons, the first visit of a president of the United States to the Soviet Union occurred, and the first of several summit conferences was held in May 1972.

Optimism, Then Watergate

Therefore, we came to yet another turning point; for the first time, it seemed as though things might be turning up. There was optimism in the press, perhaps more than justified, that at long last the Cold War was coming to an end, that we had turned the corner, and so forth. In fact we had not turned the corner, for several reasons. One of the reasons became apparent after the Nixon summits: there was still a lot of resistance in the United States to the notion of a detente with the Soviet Union. There were deep suspicions about the Soviet Union. In 1973 there was a Middle East war, which the Soviet Union seemed to have encouraged, and they even threatened the United States in the middle of the war with Soviet intervention. Whether this was likely, I am not sure, but the threat added to the feeling that we really had not made any progress with the Soviet Union. This was not the end of the Cold War, and perhaps not even a genuine detente. As a result domestic politics raised its head, and in the Congress new restrictions on trade with the Soviet Union were linked to free immigration for Soviet Jews to the outside world. That led to the collapse of negotiations on new economic relations.

Then we had Watergate, and, in my view, Watergate contributed decisively to the end of detente with the Soviet Union because it so weakened the presidency that it was almost impossible to conduct foreign policy from the White House. Whether it was Nixon, Ford, or even to some extent Carter, the executive had been weakened and discredited, and there was a great deal of suspicion that the Soviet Union was out to take advantage of it.

On the Soviet side it also appeared that detente was not working. Brezhnev basically had entered detente, in my view, to stop the rapprochement between the Chinese and the United

A. Borodin. The Two Mothers. *1961.*

States, especially while Mao was still alive. He privately proposed to Nixon and to Ford a military alliance against the Chinese. Though he proposed it privately, it has subsequently become public knowledge. To their credit, Nixon, Ford, and Carter flatly turned it down. So in the late 1970s it appeared to Brezhnev that (1) he was not going to get any trade benefits, (2) he was not going to get any American movement away from China, and (3) the arms control negotiations did not seem to be going particularly well, or at least not in Brezhnev's favor. Inside the Soviet Union tensions were beginning to grow again as Brezhnev aged and the question arose: Who will replace him and what will it mean?

The Soviet Union broke out of all of this by invading Afghanistan and it is not clear to me even now to what degree Brezhnev personally was involved. That sent a chill and alarm through the West. One of the nightmares at the end of World War II had been that the Russians would advance to the Persian Gulf and dominate the supplies of oil and the entire geopolitical area. There was a confrontation in 1946 between Truman and Stalin, and the Russians had withdrawn and had remained behind the border. The British had tried to block them for some 200 years. Now suddenly they were in Afghanistan, and it looked as if they were going to drive all the way to the Persian Gulf. It appeared that the Cold War was entering one of its most dangerous periods, but that was not the case. One reason was because people had not understood how Brezhnev had basically weakened the Soviet Union. When he died in 1982 he was succeeded by Andropov, and then three years later by Gorbachev.

Renewed Optimism: Gorbachev

The new leaders began to take a much harder look at the situation they confronted, and to face up to the fact that Brezhnev's twenty years had led to a true economic crisis that could not simply be talked away. By the time the new leaders

realized this, and it took them a little while, the Soviet Union was on the brink of a genuine economic disaster. One question for Gorbachev is why did he not understand it better, since he had been in the leadership since 1978. Why in 1985 did he not understand the true dimensions of the crisis he was facing? It is not clear. He was asked this question in my presence in Moscow, and he said, "If I told you, you wouldn't believe it." So it must have been quite a leadership at the end.

In any case, what is most important is that Gorbachev proceeded to conduct a revolution in Soviet policy. He not only conducted a revolution in domestic policy with the program of perestroika and especially glasnost, the openness and the moves towards political pluralism which we are witnessing even this year, but also re-examined the position of the Soviet Union in the world. That is what is most important to us. He realized that neither power could win the Cold War, in any meaningful sense. Neither power could afford to go to nuclear war without committing suicide. Increasingly the Soviet Union could not afford to conduct the Cold War because the price was too prohibitive. Gorbachev had to alter his priorities and concentrate on the domestic crisis, and in doing so, I believe, he was prepared for the first time to make genuine concessions.

In his negotiations with Ronald Reagan, he surprised the western powers and Washington by offering concessions that we had never expected from any Soviet leader. He gave up all intermediate range missiles in the treaty of 1987, which had been proposed many years earlier by Reagan and rejected by the Soviet Union as being unfair. The basic thing that Gorbachev did was to realize that peaceful coexistence, which had been a phrase and tactic used over the years by Lenin, Stalin, Khrushchev, and Brezhnev, could not simply be a tactic, a clever maneuver to buy time. It had to describe a new, longer-term relationship with the United States and the other western powers. It was no longer possible to think of a nuclear war, and, in effect, the Soviet Union had to sue for peace and to ask for peace terms.

Now on the American side, this coincided with the presidency of Ronald Reagan. At the outset, it seemed that Reagan was the least likely candidate to end the Cold War. You will remember his early speeches about the evil empire, and many other speeches about the Soviet Union that made you believe that there was no opportunity or chance for him to negotiate with them. Indeed, it sounded as if he wanted to put them under pressure and, in fact, he was. We spent an additional trillion dollars in the Reagan years on our defense budget; that certainly got the attention of the Soviet military as well as Gorbachev. Reagan instinctively understood, however, that there was a change in the Soviet Union, and Gorbachev was not simply the same as his predecessors. I think this is something that Reagan learned in his career; there was no great analysis, not even a cold-blooded decision. Instinctively Reagan knew that something was happening in the Soviet Union and that he should encourage it. One of the virtues of Reagan is that because he was a conservative, because his anti-communist credentials were so strong, he was able to make the kind of concessions that Gorbachev needed. The first summit took place in 1985, and they met three more times. The last time, when Gorbachev came to the United States and stood before the Statue of Liberty with Reagan and George Bush, symbolically was the end of the Cold War. If the Cold War had been about anything, it certainly had been about freedom. For Gorbachev to be standing in front of the Statue of Liberty with the President of the United States was quite a symbolic change.

Revolution in Eastern Europe

There was one more act, the most decisive act, which took place last year following the visit—that was the revolution in Eastern Europe. I don't know of anyone who predicted it, and I think that goes for Gorbachev. It certainly goes for many of the leaders of Eastern Europe who are no longer with us. Why it happened is related to the reappraisal of foreign policy under Gorbachev. In the spring-summer of 1989, Gorbachev recognized changes were necessary, especially in Poland. He refused to intervene to stop Solidarity, and this was publicized. The Polish communists asked what they should do, and Gorbachev replied, "Join the new coalition." That meant join the non-communist government. I think that was a decisive turning point. The notion spread throughout Eastern Europe that the Soviet Union would not intervene to save a communist government. It spread to East Germany and Czechoslovakia and then everywhere. By Christmas of 1989, with the execution of Nicolae Ceausescu, the Cold War was finally and completely over, in my view.

* * *

Let me end on a personal note. This has been a very dangerous period in our history. I was involved at the periphery, and sometimes at the center, over these past thirty years. I think our country owes a personal debt to the men who have conducted public policy in this period. Some of them have done so at personal sacrifice, and none of them has been more important to the general direction of this country than George Kennan. George Kennan has two qualities which I believe have been very important for our country. The first is wisdom; he pointed the way during the war and in the early period after the war to the right course for the United States, to oppose the evil of Stalinism. He also has another quality that perhaps is not as remarked on; that is courage. Throughout this period there have been some bitter debates about what the United States should or should not have done. At every major debate, every major turning point, the voice of clarity, reason, and wisdom has been that of George Kennan. Occasionally he has been alone, but he has never been afraid to speak up. It is for that quality that we owe him the greatest debt: a man of great wisdom and great personal courage. □

The U.S. - Soviet Relationship: Looking Ahead

by George F. Kennan

Never has there been a moment of greater uncertainty in the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union.

In the first years of Soviet power, before World War II, the chief factor in the relationship was the ideological and political conflict between the two countries. After the war, this factor was largely overtaken by the military-political competition, and the whole relationship was dominated by that.

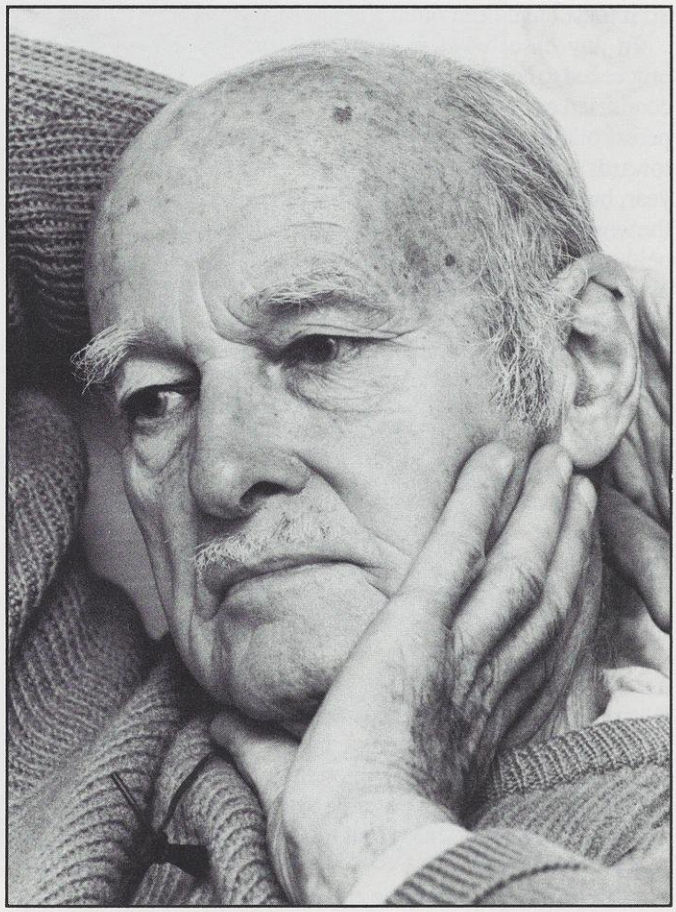
Now, the changes that have taken place in Russia under Gorbachev's rule have made both of those factors unsubstantial. They are no longer there to overshadow all the other aspects of the relationship, as they did for so long. And we are forced to look for a new set of guidelines in our approach to our relations with that country. You might be tempted to say that we are back where we were in 1917, confronted again with the old Russia we had known before that time.

In some ways, that would be correct. But in other ways, it would not be because the seventy years of communist power have changed Russia very greatly, and not always for the good. It is true that the communist regime is disintegrating and can probably never be restored. But a return to that old Russia of the centuries before the revolution would also, for many reasons, be impossible. And the fact is that the country we think of as the Soviet Union, the successor to the old Russian Empire with its central core of Russian people and its surrounding belt of non-Russian peoples, is right now in a state of change, instability, and uncertainty — a time of turmoil and confusion — more extreme than anything it has experienced since the revolution of 1917, and perhaps greater than any crisis it has faced since the so-called "Time of Troubles," a great crisis of the monarchy and of the Russian state that occurred at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Three Areas of Concern

Let me just point out the three major ingredients of this situation of instability and uncertainty, just to show you how serious they are.

First, there is the state of the economy. The Soviet economy had begun to decline even before Gorbachev came in. He thought he had diagnosed the main reasons for the decline; and his perestroika was a program of reform intended to correct the deficiencies and to halt the process. Unfortunately, for reasons too numerous and complicated to be discussed here at this moment, it has not had this effect. To date, it has only heightened the difficulties, particularly in the supply of consumer goods for people in the great cities. Gorbachev has tried to introduce, gradually, the principle of free enterprise as a means of increasing and improving distribution. The idea, I think, was quite sound. With time it may yet begin to show its



George F. Kennan

At every major debate,
every major turning point,
the voice of clarity, reason,
and wisdom has been that of
George Kennan.

William G. Hyland

effects. But up to now it has not. And what we see before us today is a country where the old communist system of operating the economy has been extensively disrupted, whereas the new system has not yet taken hold. The country is falling, uncomfortably, between two chairs. And this has undermined a great deal of people's confidence in Gorbachev himself, particularly in the cities.

Secondly, Gorbachev, finding that the Communist party was not very useful in helping him with his reforms, has been trying, and with some success, to shift the center of gravity of political power from the party apparatus, where it had rested for seventy years, to a properly elected governmental apparatus where the party would no longer have a monopoly of power but would be, like political parties in other countries, only one of a number of contenders for popular support. This is an historic and fundamental change in Russia's political life — one that was greatly needed and was greatly to be welcomed.

No country ever understands perfectly another country's affairs; and none is more likely to do much good by interfering in them.

But at the present moment this change, too, is only halfway completed. The new and largely democratically elected parliament seems to have taken over much of the power in the great cities; but in large sectors of the countryside the local party committees seem still to be in control and to be operating relatively independently. The result is that there is, at the moment, no clear center of political authority. No one knows where to turn to get an answer. And in a country where people are used to knowing where the seat of power is, to whom you can appeal, and from whom you can get an answer, this is very unsettling — even in some ways dangerous.

Finally, one of the things Gorbachev succeeded in doing was to abolish the old system of censorship and police terror — to concede, in most essential respects, freedom of speech, of thought, of the press, and of political demonstration and action. Now this was fine, and again, a great step forward. But it proved to be a contagious development and had the effect of spreading not only to the countries of Eastern Europe, where it led to the overthrow of the communist regimes right down the line, but also to certain of the non-Russian nationalities within the Soviet Union as well. Here, as one sees in the case of Lithuania, the result has been a sudden and impulsive demand for an immediate complete secession from the Soviet Union. And Lithuania, as you all know, is not the only place where this effect is being felt. Other Soviet nationalities, too, aspire to independence; and they are watching the Lithuanian conflict to see which way they, too, should jump.

Soviet Union Today

Now the Soviet Union is the last of the great multi-national and multi-lingual empires to feel the disintegrating effects of modern nationalism. The others, like the old Turkish Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Empire, had already long since gone by the boards. Modern nationalism, which is the most powerful emotional-political force of this modern age, has proved simply incompatible with the holding together of a variety of national groups under a single imperial center. And the Soviet Union, too, is vulnerable to these centrifugal tendencies. In the end, I am sure, it will have to make way for them, at least to a considerable extent; and several of its national components, particularly the Baltic countries, will have to receive, sooner or later, their sovereign independence.

But this is not a simple problem. It is not a problem that can be solved from one day to the next just by this or that nationality's declaring itself independent. For one thing, not all the non-Russian nationalities want complete independence or are in any way prepared for it. Their situations vary. And beyond that, there are may things to be talked out, in every instance, if the process is to go forward peacefully and successfully. An abrupt, disorderly disintegration of the Soviet Union could be dangerous for the stability of the whole European continent, and even for some of these restless Soviet minorities themselves.

Now all these forms of violent change — the attempted economic revolution, the shift of the political center from party to government, and the partial dissolution of the empire — are today coming together and are interacting. And altogether, they create a situation, the future of which is absolutely unpredictable. Anything might happen: a partial breakup of the Soviet Union, a complete breakdown of government in parts of the country, a split of the Communist party, civil war, temporary regimes here and there — conditions such as those that prevailed during the Russian civil war, in the years just after the revolution. I am not predicting that any of these things will come, they don't have to; but none of them can be excluded, and no one can tell you what *will* come.

And the result of all this is that our government does not know and cannot know, at this point, with what sort of a Russia it is going to have to deal in the months and years just ahead. The uncertainty of the situation in Russia inflicts an equal uncertainty on American policy toward that country. Gorbachev may, of course, remain in office a long time. It is not impossible that he will succeed in mastering his present difficulties and creating some sort of a stable situation. If so, so much the better. He is a great man; his efforts lead in the right direction; he deserves our good wishes. But whether or not that will happen is, again, something we cannot know. And it will be a fairly long time, even in the best of circumstances, before we can see what the final outcome of all these uncertainties will be.

American Policy: Caution

Well, what does all this mean for American policy toward Russia at this time? It seems clear to me that policy should be, above all, a cautious one, which avoids involving this country,

or taking sides, in the many tensions and conflicts that have already begun to mark, and must continue for a long time to mark, the state of high instability in Russia that I have just described. We should maintain our detachment. We should use what little influence we have to see that developments proceed peacefully. But we should do so as a helpful, distant friend, not as an involved party.

That, so far as I can see, is what President Bush is doing; and I can only commend him for it. He is right, I think, for this and other reasons, to refrain from involving this country in the Lithuanian conflict. The Lithuanian demand for independence will not be the last demand of this sort with which we will be faced. And it would be a very unwise procedure to commit the policies of this country to a general breakup of the Soviet Union and to offer our support to any group that wants to separate itself from the Soviet state. Any policy of that sort might land us in very strange and embarrassing company. We have troubles enough of our own these days without multiplying them by that sort of involvement.

Mr. Bush is also quite right, in my view, to go ahead with the forthcoming summit meeting. And there is no reason why the present efforts at arms control and reduction should not continue to be pursued at all levels, vigorously, boldly, and with good will.

But back of all this, and through it all, we will be well advised to try to bear in mind the long-term aspects of the relationship. It is just about two centuries since the official relationship between Russia and America came into existence. For most of those two centuries, especially up to the Russian revolution of 1917, the two peoples lived together and related to each other quite amicably, even though their systems of government were very different. They have never been at war with each other. In their respective national temperaments they have certain things in common. So there is something to build on.

It is true that so long as Moscow appears to be holding in subservience other peoples who want their independence and seem to be ripe for it, this is going to constitute, as it has constituted at various times throughout this century, a disturbing factor in the relationship. For this reason, the sooner the Russians come to terms with this problem, the better it will be for Russian-American relations. And we have every reason to hope that things will move successfully in that direction.

But to hope that a certain thing will happen in a region of the world far from our shores is one thing. To try actively to bring it about is another. This is Russia's problem, not ours. It is in some respects a complicated problem. No country ever understands perfectly another country's affairs; and none is more likely to do much good by interfering in them. Let us wish them all well, and be helpful where we can. But let us not make ourselves a part of the problem.

Considering Europe

The outstanding question of a military security in Europe — of NATO, of German unification, and of the future of the various alliances and armed forces of that continent — is something else again. Here, our involvement and responsibility are obvious.

And here, I am not so sure that we are entirely on the right track. We are rapidly locking ourselves into an insistence that NATO should continue to exist and that a united Germany should not only be a member of it but should continue to figure as one of the continent's two greatest military powers (the other being France). That this does justice to the military anxieties of French and British friends seems evident. That it does equal justice to the security concerns of the Soviet Union is not apparent.

It is Gorbachev, I believe, who once said that you must remember that if peace is to be preserved, you must learn to see the other fellow's security as just as important to you as your own. We would do well to bear that in mind. I have read of its being suggested in NATO circles that we don't need to be concerned about Soviet feelings in the matter of Germany's military future because people in Moscow are today preoccupied with their own troubles; and even if they don't like the arrangements we propose, there is little they could do about it. I would like to say that it never pays, in my opinion, for one great power to take advantage of the momentary weakness or distractions of another great power in order to force upon it concessions it would never have accepted in normal circumstances. In the short term this may seem to have advantages. Over the long run it almost always revenges itself. The Russians are justly proud of their great war effort; and they will expect to see due recognition given to it in the dispositions that are under discussion today.

To some extent this seems to have been recognized in Washington; and I have the impression that we are trying to persuade the French and British to join us in meeting the Russians—not half-way, but about 20 percent of the way. I doubt that this is enough; and I hope we will give this matter very careful thought before we go further; for this is a highly sensitive issue; and it can give us a lot of trouble if we take the wrong course.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, fellow-Milwaukeans, that is all I have to add to the excellent discussions that took place here earlier this afternoon. Let me congratulate the Institute of World Affairs on the arrangements that have made this occasion possible, and wish it well with its further efforts to promote the understanding of international affairs in the Milwaukee community. □

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A list of books by and about George F. Kennan is available from the Wisconsin Academy on request.

Designing the Third World Bomb

by Gary Milhollin

The conflict in the Gulf should refocus attention on a frightening fact of modern life: Third World tyrants, armed with missiles and A-bombs, are fast replacing the Soviets as the greatest threat to American security.

Yet at the same time, a small group of government officials may heighten that threat by approving the export of U.S. supercomputers to Brazil, Israel, and India, three countries with secret nuclear weapon and ballistic missile programs. If the officials — undersecretaries at the State and Commerce departments — succeed, they will reverse the Reagan policy of keeping these machines away from countries that are trying to get the bomb.

In Brazil, the supercomputers could hasten the day when a nuclear-capable missile is sold to Libya or Iraq and hasten the day when Brazil finally tests the nuclear weapon it is trying to produce. In Israel, the supercomputers could design smaller, lighter nuclear warheads to attack more targets and could reduce the time required before an Israeli missile brings Moscow within range. In India, the supercomputers could hasten the day when Indian ICBMs will threaten all of China with hydrogen bombs.

Is a Supercomputer Really Necessary?

The supercomputer was invented in the mid-1970s to design U.S. nuclear weapons. It since has become the most powerful tool known for designing both nuclear weapons and ballistic missiles. Today no U.S. nuclear or missile design is physically tested until it is optimized through computer simulations.

A supercomputer can simulate the implosive shock wave that detonates a nuclear warhead, calculate the multiplication of neutrons in an explosive chain reaction, and solve the equations of state that describe fusion in a hydrogen bomb. To design a nuclear weapon, the designer first runs — on a supercomputer — the proposed design through the equations that govern its performance. Then the design is assembled and exploded underground. Afterward, the test data are fed back into the supercomputer, which must predict how the design will perform in the real world, above ground.

A supercomputer can also model the burning surface of a solid-fuel rocket, calculate the heat and pressure on a warhead entering the atmosphere, and simulate virtually every other force affecting a missile from launch to impact. To design a missile, the designer creates a mathematical model of fluid flow, puts the proposed design on a computer-generated grid, and then calculates the forces affecting air particles at discrete points around the body. This technique helped design the hull of the *Stars and Stripes*, the boat that returned the Americas Cup to the United States. It also helped design the combustion chamber of the main engine of the space shuttle. Because of the billions of computations needed to solve these problems, a supercomputer's speed is invaluable for finding design solutions in a practical length of time.

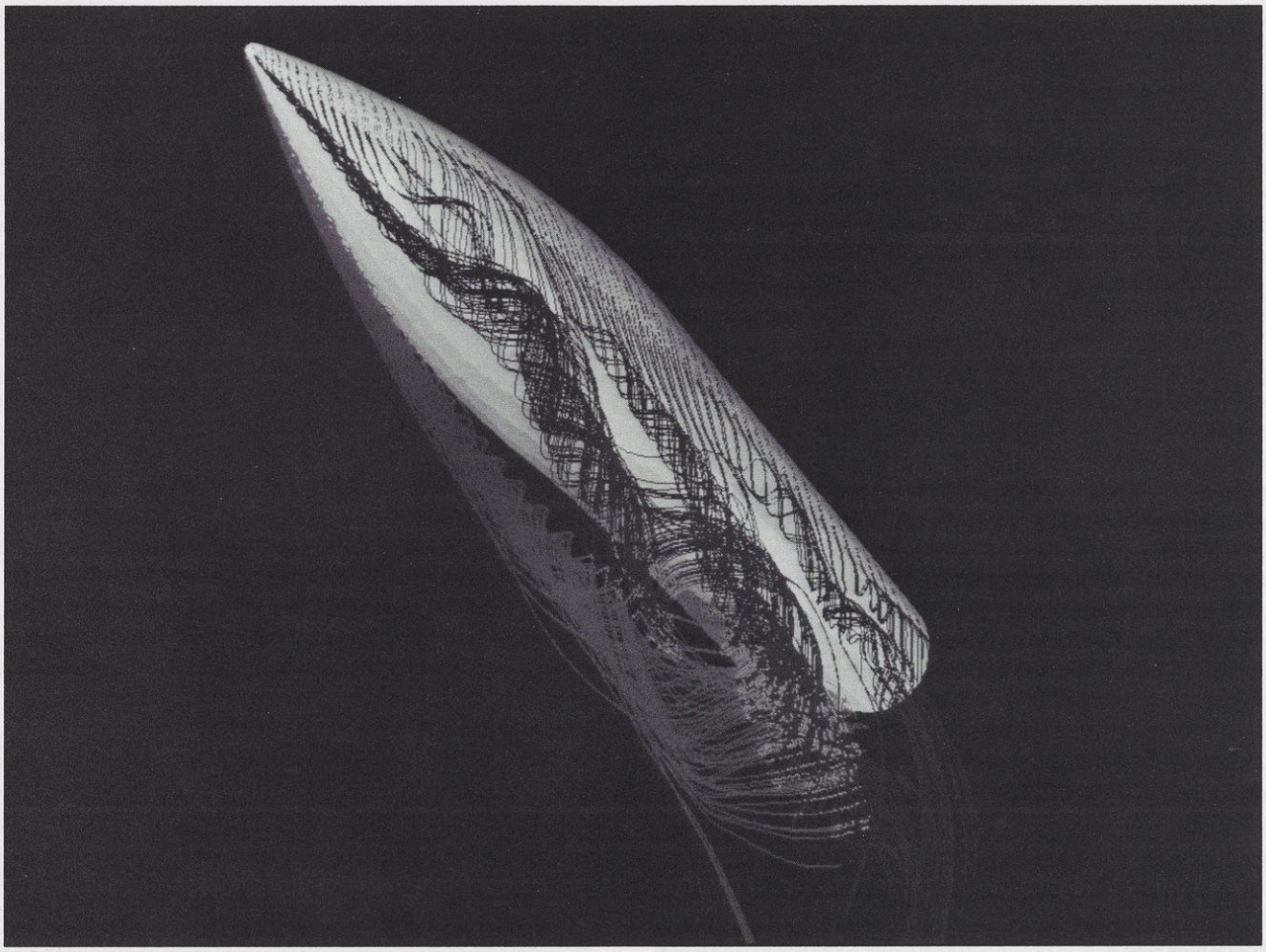
The lack of a supercomputer will not stop a country from making its first atomic bomb. But with a supercomputer, a country can design more efficient nuclear warheads with a minimum of tests and design long-range missiles to carry the warheads to their destination. For countries with limited money and manpower, these advantages are crucial.

The proponents of the exports argue that there were no supercomputers when the first bombs were built, and thus a supercomputer is not the key to going nuclear. But in the early days the lack of computing power was made up for by tests. The Department of Energy (DOE) estimates that about 180 physical tests were needed to design the high-explosive part of a 1955-vintage nuclear weapon. Today fewer than five tests are needed because of computation. To show modern computation's power, DOE used a Cray supercomputer to replicate the Manhattan Project design, the yield of which could not be determined in the 1940s without a test. The Cray, however, calculated the correct yield in twenty minutes. According to DOE, a team of scientists using the calculators of the 1940s would take five years to do what a Cray supercomputer now does in one second.

Unsavory Recipients

IBM wants to sell a supercomputer to Embraer, an arm of the Brazilian Air Force in the missile-for-export business. Through its ownership in another firm called Orbita, Embraer is now trying to turn Brazil's Sonda IV space launcher into an intermediate-range, nuclear-capable missile. In January 1988, Libyan arms buyers offered to pay Orbita's development costs in exchange for long-range missiles and the means to make them. Brazil publicly rebuffed U.S. protests of the Libyan offer.

Embraer is also part of a Brazilian team that has been helping Iraq make long-range missiles, and that could help Iraq make nuclear weapons. According to Brazilian press reports, confirmed by U.S. officials, the Brazilian team has trained the Iraqis in rocket aerodynamics, flight testing, and the control of rocket trajectories. The team also has helped Iraq improve its Soviet-supplied Scud-B missiles — the same missiles Iraq used to bombard the civilian population of Teheran. Embraer exchanges personnel with the research arm of the Brazilian Air Force, called CTA, which West German intelligence says is secretly making nuclear weapon material. CTA, also part of the Brazilian team in Iraq, could gain access to the supercomputer



This photo was created by a Cray supercomputer and shows particle paths over a simulation of an aircraft, revealing airflow formation. Photo courtesy of NASA.

through Embraer and share nuclear calculations with its Iraqi customers.

The University of Sao Paulo is IBM's second intended Brazilian customer. West German intelligence says that one of the university's own institutes is designing centrifuges to enrich uranium — a step leading to atomic bombs. Also on the university campus is a group called IPEN, which has secretly built lab-scale centrifuges, has built a lab-scale plant for extracting plutonium (the nuclear weapon material that destroyed Nagasaki), and is planning a secret reactor that will create enough plutonium for one atomic bomb per year. All this is being done with university personnel, who will be able to run bomb designs on the U.S. supercomputer.

Cray — America's other supercomputer giant — wants to sell a machine to Technion University, the Israeli MIT. In 1987 a Pentagon-sponsored study revealed that Technion was helping design Israel's ballistic missile re-entry vehicle. And, according to U.S. officials, Technion's nuclear physicists work at Israel's secret nuclear weapon complex at Dimona, where an Israeli reactor makes plutonium for atomic bombs. According to a Technion brochure, the Cray that Technion wants to buy will be able to do in one month calculations that now take eight years.

Hebrew University would also get a supercomputer. The Pentagon study found that its physicists work at Israel's nuclear weapon lab at Soreq, which is using computer codes similar to the Pentagon's for designing nuclear weapons. The study frankly said that Soreq's scientists were "developing the kind of codes which will enable them to make hydrogen bombs." It said that the Israelis "are roughly where the U.S. was in the fission weapon field in the 1950s." It added, however, that the Israelis did "not yet have the capability to carry out the necessary calculations" for hydrogen bombs. A U.S. supercomputer would provide exactly that capability.

The Weizmann Institute, the third Israeli applicant, is similar to Hebrew University. The institute's scientists are studying the high energy physics and hydrodynamics needed for nuclear bomb design and the use of lasers to enrich uranium, the most advanced method for making nuclear weapon material. The

whole faculty would have access to the U.S. supercomputer.

All of the proposed Israeli recipients pose an additional risk: cooperation with South Africa. NBC News reported in October 1989 that Israel is helping South Africa build and test long-range missiles. In return, Israel receives money and the ability to test its own long-range missiles over the empty ocean off the South African coast. To enable its missiles to reach their full range — which will cover Moscow and Western Europe — Israel needs an accurate re-entry vehicle. This is exactly what a U.S. supercomputer could help design. Israel might even decide to share the supercomputer with its South African customers.

In India, U.S. supercomputers would go to the Indian Institute of Science (IIS) and the Indian Institute of Technology (IIT). Both are doing rocket research. They are studying stresses on rocket bodies, the performance of solid rocket fuel mixtures, and supersonic combustion. There is even a project to study the performance of solid rocket fuel through computer modelling. All this learning will go straight into missiles. When India launched its first intermediate range missile in 1989, it used a first stage solid fuel rocket produced by the space program. Thus, Indian missiles could profit directly from the U.S. supercomputers.

In May 1989, CIA director William Webster told a congressional committee that India appeared to be working on a hydrogen bomb. Over the next few years, India will be trying to perfect an efficient fusion warhead and an accurate long-range missile to carry it. The U.S. supercomputers could powerfully aid both endeavors.

India also presents a second risk: diversion to the Soviet Union. Soviet personnel by the thousands permeate Indian industry and science. The Soviet military, India's primary and long-time supplier, has contacts throughout the country. U.S. officials are worried about Soviet access to the supercomputer. In cryptography, a supercomputer's high-speed calculations are used to break codes. U.S. intelligence officers were second in line after the bomb designers to use the first Cray. If the Soviets gained access to one of the Indian supercomputers, they could carry out intelligence operations now beyond their reach.

Security Plans

To justify the sales, the proponents are proffering computer security plans. Someone, whose identity and competence is yet to be defined, could visit computer sites to see who had used the computer and for what. The problem is that the plans can't really work. Embraer is free to design aircraft—to compute fluid flows around aircraft noses, fuselages, and wings. But the computations are basically the same as the ones for fluid flows around the noses, bodies, and fins of missiles. Hebrew University is free to study nuclear fusion by using exactly the same hydrodynamic and radiation transport codes one needs to design hydrogen bombs. It would be an extraordinary inspection that could detect a violation under such conditions.

All of the machines would be furnished on a "multi-user, multi-use" basis. India has already received a Cray supercomputer under a security plan, but it is a "single-user, single-use" machine set up to forecast monsoons. Operated by the Indian Weather Bureau, it runs a single program and receives only one kind of data. Any other program or data could be detected readily by an audit. Brazil too has received a supercomputer — an IBM — under a security plan, and it too is a single-user, single-use machine. It is set up to receive only seismic data for oil exploration. Its use for another purpose could also be detected readily through an audit.

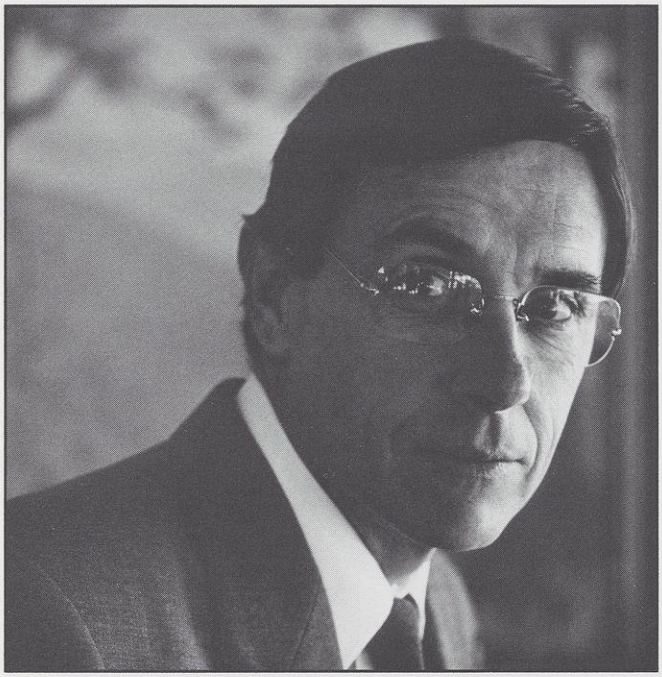
The machines now proposed would be available to a wide range of users for many purposes. At the University of Sao Paulo, Technion, Hebrew University, and the Indian institutes, the machines would be available generally to faculty members. Each faculty includes persons who work on missiles or nuclear weapons, or who work with other researchers who do. The ability to run a variety of programs using a variety of data would make effective inspection impossible.

To make matters worse, Brazil, Israel, and India are already violating inspection agreements made in the past. In order to import West German nuclear equipment, Brazil promised to allow the International Atomic Energy Agency to verify that the equipment was not used to make atomic bombs. However, Brazil has prevented inspection by refusing to report a single one of the numerous German deliveries over the past ten years. In order to import heavy water to run its Dimona reactor, Israel promised to allow Norway to verify that the water would not be used to make atomic bombs. However, Israel has repeatedly rejected Norway's demands for inspection and is obviously breaking its pledge not to use the water for bombs. In order to import two reactors from the United States for its site at Tarapur, India promised to restrict all the reactors' plutonium to peaceful use. However, India is now threatening to declare the plutonium — enough for about 320 Nagasaki-sized bombs — free for use in nuclear weapons because of an implausible interpretation of the nuclear sales agreement.

In October 1988, a congressional investigation revealed what Israel really might do with a U.S. supercomputer. After being denied access to the U.S. nuclear weapons laboratory at Los Alamos, two Israelis used a friendly U.S. technician to gain access to one of the lab's Cray supercomputers. They called in on an access line from the technician's garage. The purpose of the access? To work on a design for nuclear weapon detonation, which they accomplished before leaving the United States.

Risk vs. Revenue

Not only would inspection be inadequate, it would be costly. The sale to Embraer is worth only $400,000 — the price of two "vector processors." The processors would raise Embraer's existing IBM mainframe to supercomputer speed. If U.S. government inspectors ever were to visit Brazil, and go there several times a year for the next few years (which would be necessary for an adequate inspection), the costs would easily exceed the profits from the sale. U.S. taxpayers would thus foot



Gary Milhollin

the bill for IBM's decision to sell computers to people whose promises are suspect.

The computer makers argue that the growth market is now overseas, but the sales figures tell a different story. Cray has sold about 140 supercomputers in the United States and exported about 100 to developed countries and NATO allies — none of which is a proliferation risk. Each machine has a security plan. IBM is estimated to have sold about 300 vector processors to the same market. Compared to these sales, the prospective handful to the proliferators is a drop in the bucket. To get the drop, however, the exporters seem ready to put the whole world at risk.

To avoid such a risk, the U.S. Commerce Department has issued specific regulations. Five criteria determine whether a country has the "non-proliferation credentials" needed to import U.S. computers: whether the country belongs to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty, whether the country has all of its nuclear activities under international inspection, whether the country has an agreement for nuclear cooperation with the United States, whether the country's public statements and policies support the goal of nuclear non-proliferation, and whether the country is generally cooperative on non-proliferation policy matters. Brazil, Israel, and India do not meet a single one of these criteria. This was why the Reagan administration wouldn't approve the exports.

Keeping the Faith

The proposed sales would make a mockery of U.S. nuclear non-proliferation policy. The United States is now trying to stop France from selling the technology for the "Viking" rocket motor — a powerful, ICBM-sized booster — to Brazil. The United States justly fears that Brazil will use it to make an intercontinental missile. Can the United States still credibly oppose the sale, after hawking supercomputers to the very Brazilians who make such missiles? Approximately two years ago, the United States stopped West Germany from helping Libya build a poison gas plant. Could the United States credibly do that again, after selling supercomputers to the very Israelis who are working on hydrogen bombs?

If the need to restrain France and Germany were not enough, there is the need to restrain Japan. In 1984, the United States and Japan — the only supercomputer suppliers — agreed not to sell supercomputers to developing countries that had rejected the non-proliferation treaty. In 1986 they renewed the agreement. All of the proposed exports would breach that accord. If the United States does break faith with Japan by making these deals, the result could be a no-holds-barred race to sell supercomputers to the Third World. Moreover, the loss of the Japan accord would make it impossible to bring new suppliers into it. This would be a disaster for U.S. non-proliferation policy and for world security.

The Commerce Department is already chipping away at the Japan agreement. It wants to raise the agreement's definition of a supercomputer from 100 to several hundred megaflops (million floating-point operations per second — a measure of mathematical computing speed). This would let the University of Sao Paulo get its machine (110 megaflops) without a security plan. The more cautious Japanese want to stay at 100. To justify the new definition, IBM and Cray say that their lower-end machines are now nearing the 100 megaflop threshold. Soon, they say, workstations will have near-supercomputer speed. Thus, the argument goes, the limit should be raised to reflect the advance of technology. By the same logic, however, they should argue that the MX missile is better than the early Atlas, that the neutron bomb is better than our earlier fission devices, and therefore we should sell Atlas missiles and fifties-vintage A-bomb designs to the Third World.

Commerce and State, the departments pushing the deal, are suffering from export-mania and lobbying. IBM and Cray lobbyists have flooded Washington and pressured as many Bush officials as they could find. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency — with the help of the Pentagon and the Department of Energy — is holding out, still determined to follow the export rules.

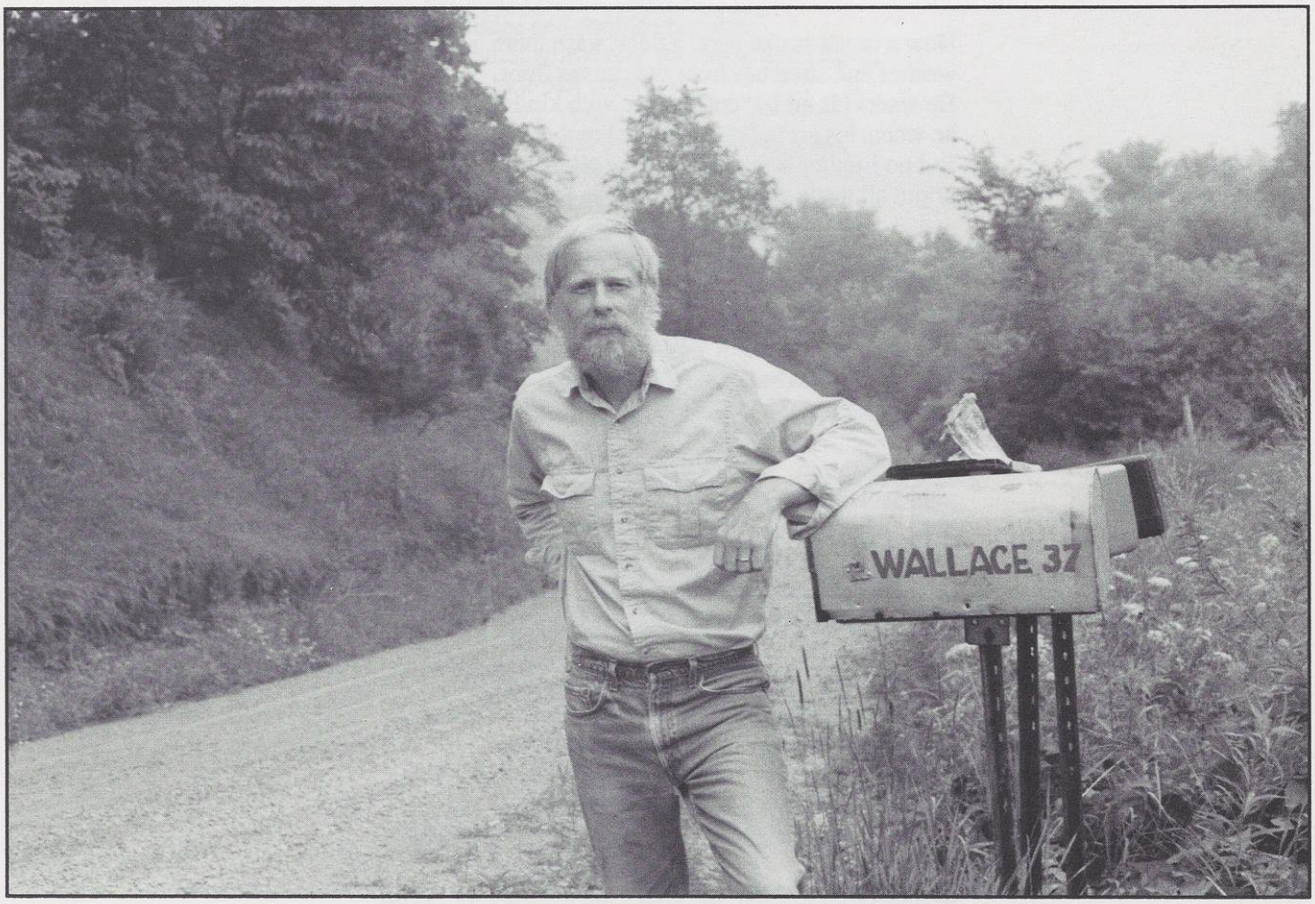
George Bush promised after his election to work "every day" against nuclear and missile proliferation. If he really meant that, he must now tell his appointees to hold the line on supercomputers. □

Award For Excellence: Ronald Wallace

In 1990 the Robert E. Gard Wisconsin Idea Foundation announced the inauguration of an annual award for achievement by a contemporary Wisconsin artist. Poet Ron Wallace of Madison and Bear Valley was chosen as the first artist to receive this award in recognition of his significant contribution to the world of letters.

Wallace, who is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, has published twelve books and chapbooks and more than 350 poems in such magazines and anthologies as The Atlantic Monthly, The New Yorker, The Paris Review, *and* American Poetry Review. *His published works include poetry, literary criticism, fiction, and essays. He is founder and director of the Creative Writing program at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, co-founder and director of the Wisconsin Institute for Creative Writing, founder of* The Madison Review *literary magazine, and founder and editor of the University of Wisconsin Press* Brittingham Prize in Poetry *series.*

The Gard Foundation, which maintains headquarters at Adelbaron Farm in Spring Green, was established in 1980 as a private, nonprofit organization dedicated to fostering the arts. In 1989 it became a working affiliate of the Wisconsin Academy. The poems which appear here are from Wallace's new collection titled The Makings of Happiness *to be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press in the spring of 1991.*



Ronald Wallace

The Hell Mural: Panel I

Iri and Toshi Maruki are "painting the bomb."
Their painting, they say, will comfort the souls of the dead.
"It's a dreadful cruel scene of great beauty,"
Toshi says. "The face may be deformed but there's kindness
in a finger or a breast, even in hell."
The Hell Mural spreads over the floor.

Iri stretches naked on the floor,
painting. He remembers Hiroshima after the bomb —
the bodies stacked up, arms outstretched toward hell,
nothing he could see that was not dead,
nothing that cared at all for human kindness,
nothing that wept at such terror, such beauty.

Now a brush stroke here, a thick wash there, and beauty
writhes and stretches from the canvas floor.
He wants his art to "collaborate with kindness,"
he wants his art to "uncover the bomb."
But no lifetime's enough to paint all the dead
or put all those who belong there in hell.

"Hitler and Truman," he says, "of course are in hell.
But even those of us who live for beauty
are in hell, no less so than the dead."
(He paints himself and Toshi on the floor.)
"All of us who cannot stop the bomb
are now in hell. It's no kindness

to say different. It's no kindness
to insist on heaven; there's only hell."
Toshi adds bees and maggots to the bomb,
and birds, cats, her pregnant niece, the beauty
of severed breast and torn limb on the killing floor.
"In Hiroshima," she says, "we crossed a river on the dead

bodies stacked up like a bridge. Now the dead
souls must be comforted with kindness.
Come, walk in your socks across our floor,
walk on the canvas. (A little dirt in hell
almost improves it.) Can you see the beauty
of this torso, that ear lobe, this hip bone of the bomb?"

Iri and Toshi Maruki, in "Hell," are painting the bomb,
the mural on their floor alive with the thriving dead.
Come walk on their kindness, walk on their troublesome beauty.

The Fat of the Land

Gathered in the heavy heat of Indiana,
summer and 102, we've come from
all over this great country,
one big happy family, back from
wherever we've spread ourselves too thin.
A cornucopia of cousins and uncles, grand-
parents and aunts, nieces and nephews, expanding.
All day we laze on the oily beach;
we eat all the smoke-filled evening:
shrimp dip and crackers,
Velveeta cheese and beer,
handfuls of junk food, vanishing.
We sit at card tables, examining
our pudgy hands, piling in
hot fudge and double chocolate
brownies, strawberry shortcake and cream,
as the lard-ball children
sluice from room to room.
O the loveliness of so much loved flesh,
the litany of split seams and puffed sleeves,
sack dresses and Sansabelt slacks,
dimpled knees and knuckles, the jiggle
of triple chins. O the gladness
that only a family understands,
our fat smiles dancing
as we play our cards right.
Our jovial conversation blooms and booms
in love's large company, as our sweet
words ripen and split their skins:
mulberry, fabulous, flotation,
phlegmatic, plumbaginous.
Let our large hearts attack us,
our blood run us off the scale.
We're huge and whole on this simmering night,
battened against the small skinny
futures that must befall all of us,
the gray thin days and the non-caloric dark.

In the Amish Bakery

I don't know why what comes to mind
when I imagine my wife and daughters,
off on a separate vacation
in the family car,
crashing — no survivors —
in one of those Godless snowstorms
of Northern Illinois,
is that Amish bakery
in Sauk County, Wisconsin, where,
on Saturday mornings in summer,
we used to go —
all powdered sugar and honey in
the glazed caramel air. And O
the browned loaves rising,
the donuts, buns, and pies, the ripe
strawberry stain of an oven burn
on the cheek of one of the wives.
And outside in the yard
that trampoline
where we'd imagine them —
the whole blessed family in
their black topcoats and frocks,
their severe hair and beards,
their foolish half-baked grins,
so much flour dust and leaven —
leaping all together on
their stiff sweet legs toward heaven.

Building an Outhouse

Is not unlike building a poem: the pure
mathematics of shape; the music of hammer
and tenpenny nail, of floor joist, stud wall,
and sill; the cut wood's sweet smell.

If the Skil saw rear up in your unpracticed hand,
cussing, hawking its chaw of dust,
and you're lost in the pounding particulars
of fly rafters, siding, hypotenuse, and load,
until nothing seems level or true
but the scorn of the tape's clucked tongue,

let the nub of your plain-spoken pencil prevail
and it's up! Functional. Tight as a sonnet.
It will last forever (or at least for awhile)
though the critics come sit on it, and sit on it.

 "The Fat of the Land" first appeared in *Poetry*, "Building an Outhouse" in *Cream City Review*, "The Hell Mural: Panel 1" in *Prairie Schooner*, and "In the Amish Bakery" in *Crazy Horse*.

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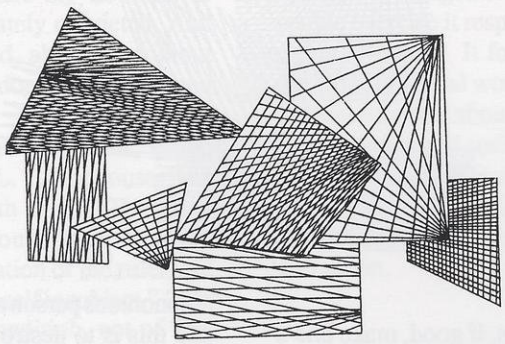
Moral Worth and Fundamental Rights

by Marcus G. Singer

I start from the premise that a person's values are what that person deems important, a society's values what that society deems important. This is not a matter of preference or liking, but a matter of judgment, for what a person deems important is what that person regards as, thinks, or judges important. Though there may be some relation to preferences and aversions, that relation is certainly not one of identity. We can change our preferences and aversions; we cannot change what we think (as distinct from what we think about). What we think, what we believe, what we judge is not within the area of choice. For what we believe, we believe to be true, and we could have no conception of truth and falsity if we conceived of it as something in turn dependent on what we think.

But, though a person's values are what that person deems important, these values are not necessarily subjective or incapable of being defended. And a person's values are to be distinguished from the value of the person and of other persons or things, and also from the soundness of those values. For we express our values in our conduct and our attitudes and also in our value judgments, and value judgments, as distinct from preferences and aversions, can be true or false. Our values are themselves implicit judgments, not mere preferences.



Values are of different kinds, which can be briefly listed though not briefly described, relating to different contexts and purposes. Thus we speak of dramatic value, monetary value, literary value, poetic value, scientific value, educational value, medical value, news value, entertainment value, nutritional value, political value, and comic value — and much, much more. In each case, when we talk of the value of something, we are making an estimate of the degree to which it possesses qualities of a certain kind or of its capacity to contribute to the success of the enterprise at hand. When we speak of moral value, however, we are not making that kind of estimate; success is not a criterion. That does not mean that capacity to contribute to failure is a mark of moral merit. Nor is moral value something extrinsic to the person. Objects can have no moral value.

What has moral value is character and the conduct that embodies it. What has moral value, furthermore, is what contributes to the development of character and to the development of institutions that help mold character. Moral value, in short, relates to character, volition, the will, the motives from which we act, and the actions that are within our control; consequently, to the control we exert on the actions we perform, and, consequently, to responsibility. For when we speak of *moral* value we speak of what we can be held responsible for, what we can control, and therefore what is within the control of the will. The expression *moral worth* is used most often for the moral value of character and it is the expression that, following Kant, I shall use here. *Value* and *worth* are close synonyms in many contexts, though not in all. *Worth* fits the moral case better because of its use in *worthy*, which links with *worthy of* and *deserving of*; there is no similar form for *value*.

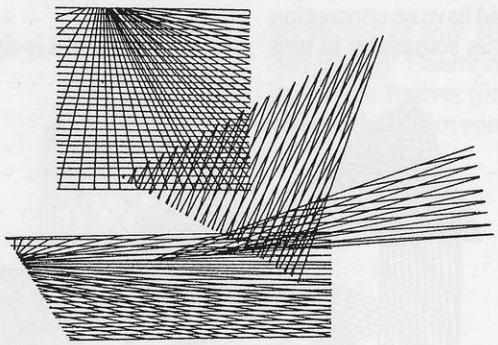
I think Kant is right in his claim that the only thing that can be conceived of as good without qualification — that is, good unconditionally — is a good will, understood as the settled determination, tending to develop into a habit, to do what is morally right simply because it is. And I do not think that in saying this Kant was as far from tradition as has been thought. The striking first proposition of Kant's *Groundwork of the Metaphysics of Morals* ("There is nothing in the world, or even out of it, that can be conceived of as good without qualification, except a good will") has a number of implications, among them that a good will is necessarily good and that only a good will or what manifests a good will can be *morally* good. By a good will, then, Kant means — and he makes this quite explicit — character. And what is morally good, or has moral worth, is not just a good will, but also actions and persons that manifest a good will, sentiments and attitudes that facilitate its operation, and institutions that help develop and protect this human trait of pre-eminent worth.

The concept of the moral worth of an action can be summed up in the following formula, which though it goes beyond the Kantian text nonetheless brings out what is implicit in it: "*A*'s doing of *X* has moral worth if and only if (1) *X* is morally right, or else (2) *A* believes *X* is right and (3) *A*'s belief is reasonable or justified; and (4) *A* does X because *X* is right or because *A* has a reasonable belief that it is; and (5) *A* had to overcome obstacles to do *X*." This last condition, that *A* had to overcome obstacles to do *X*, is not only debatable but dispensable. It is not necessary to moral worth as primarily understood, but we can understand that the moral worth of an action increases with the effort required to overcome obstacles, either external or internal. And the formula itself is only a hypothesis to be explored in

another context. What I shall do here is say a bit about the setting of this conception and trace out its implications for fundamental rights and social policy.

The germ of the idea is in Aristotle's distinction between moral and intellectual virtue. Obviously by *virtue* Aristotle meant something profoundly different from what Kant meant, since Kant by *virtue* did not mean what Aristotle meant in using (as he naturally would) the Greek word for virtue (*arete*). But by moral virtue Aristotle meant virtues of character eventuating in conduct and developed by habit, and except for the Aristotelian emphasis on habit, this is not too far from the Kantian conception. The idea that morality relates primarily to character is also in the thinking of Hume and is one feature of Hume's ethics that Kant did not dispute. Thus Hume held that

> . . . when we praise any actions, we regard only the motives that produced them, and consider the actions as signs or indications of certain principles in the mind and temper. The external performance has no merit. We must look within to find the moral quality.



Richard Whately (1787-1863), a British moral sense theorist and Archbishop of Dublin, held that

> It is entirely on the motives and dispositions of the mind that the *moral* character of any one's conduct depends.

I take this to mean not that one's motives, if good, make one's conduct, no matter what it is, morally right, but that it is one's motives that give one's conduct (and one's character) moral worth, and that this is the central locus of morality. But whether Whately or Kant or anyone else held it, I take it as manifest that morals, morality, and moral worth primarily and fundamentally refer to, relate to, and depend upon what is within the control of the will, what we can be responsible for, and that they relate primarily to character.

Given that the pre-eminent value that we call moral is the value of character, of the will, it follows that what has fundamental value, and therefore should be given top priority in the arrangement of human affairs, is the unfettered operation of human thought and the human conscience. This brings us to fundamental rights. It might be thought that asserting a right is nothing more than expressing a wish in emotively enticing language, in accordance with some now exploded ethical theories, or in virtue of a current tendency to claim a right to something simply because one, or one's special group, demands it. This is not so. Saying "I have a right to *X*" is different from saying "I want *X*," and *claiming* a right to something does not prove that one *has* that right. When we use such locutions ourselves we are conscious of meaning something different and something more, just as when we hear them used by others. And we must recognize that when someone else asserts a right to something, what is being asserted is, apart from the validity of the claim, different from demanding it or asserting a desire to have it, because we recognize that is true of ourselves when we assert or claim a right. Nor is there any contradiction in saying "I have a right to *X*, but I don't want it." Thus the concept of moral rights is ineliminable in favor of wants or interests. Therefore, on the basis of the generalization principle ("What is right for one person is right for any similar person in similar circumstances") it follows that rights-talk is significant and consequently that there are rights.

The contemporary American philosopher of law Ronald Dworkin, professor of jurisprudence at the University of Oxford, has claimed that the fundamental right is the right to equal concern and treatment. This is surely an important right, but it is not fundamental. The fundamental right is derived from the fundamental moral value, moral worth, and is such that without its exercise there could be no moral worth or moral value. The only thing that meets this description is the right to freedom of thought and conscience, the right to think the thought that one is led to think through the unfettered operation of one's own mind. What makes this fundamental is that it cannot be violated without destroying the individual person's capacity to think, to feel, to be aware as a distinct autonomous person as distinct from a heteronomous automaton, and this is to destroy the person. This right is in some ways equivalent to the right to be oneself and links closely with the right of autonomy, which also has fundamental moral value. It is also a *natural* right, in the sense defined by Dworkin, that is, it is "an objective moral reality . . . not . . . created [or constructed] by [people] or societies but rather discovered by them," and either recognized and respected or ignored and violated. The right to freedom of thought and conscience is essential to personality, self identity, and self respect.

Although the fundamental character of the right to freedom of thought has been remarked on before, it has been considered of little value by itself. Thus the British historian J. B. Bury, in his *History of Freedom of Thought*, says,

> . . . thought is free. A man can never be hindered from thinking whatever he chooses so long as he conceals what he thinks. The working of his mind is limited only by the bounds of his experience and the power of his imagination. But this natural liberty of private thinking is of little value.

There are a number of instructive errors here. It is false that thought is naturally free, that no one's thought processes can ever be interfered with. Perhaps this mistake arose because Bury was writing before the advent of the concentration camp and the development of modern techniques of indoctrination and brainwashing. Secondly, what one thinks is not a matter of

choice. One does not think what one chooses. One's thoughts are chosen for one, by processes of which we are only dimly aware and over which we have little control. We may choose what to think about, but not what *to think* about what we think about. And it is, finally, false that "this natural liberty of private thinking is of little value." Considered as the right to freedom of thought and conscience it is of immense value, because it is the basis of all other rights. Bury, following John Stuart Mill in *On Liberty*, thinks that "freedom of thought, in any valuable sense, includes freedom of speech." No doubt to be accorded freedom of thought but not freedom of speech is frustrating, and thought tends to bubble over into speech — at least with some among us — but freedom of thought does not "*include* freedom of speech," though it might call for it as its suitable accompaniment. The justification of the right to freedom of thought is one thing, and has already been supplied. The justification of the right to freedom of speech or discussion, though not hard to come by, is yet something else, because to exercise freedom of speech is to do something, perform an act, which necessarily affects others, and there are all sorts of circumstances where this may be legitimately restricted. And this right can be restricted, circumscribed, abridged without destroying the person. The right to freedom of thought and conscience cannot.

Another right that in society is fundamental is, in the words of the British sociologist and philosopher L. T. Hobhouse, "the right to be dealt with in accordance with law." The "first condition of free government," Hobhouse observed, "is government not by the arbitrary determination of the ruler, but by fixed rules of law, to which the ruler himself is subject." This is an excellent statement of the prime condition, not of free government, but of *just* government, since it flows from the prime source of justice, the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," and the Principle of Justice or Generalization Principle: "What is right for one person must be right for every similar person in similar circumstances." Hobhouse has here given us an essential minimal statement of the ideal of the rule of law, which must be the aspiration of every state that aspires to a condition other than mere domination and control, in which the subjects are autonomous beings, subject to laws to which they can rationally consent and which are the same for all.

It follows that the right to life, often taken as fundamental, is not fundamental but derived. For it is not the right to life that is essential to having any other rights; it is simply being alive and capable of functioning. Given that there is a fundamental right to freedom of thought, and that one must be alive to exercise this right, it follows that everyone has a right to life; and this is the derivation. There are other conditions that are in fact necessary for the exercise of this right, such as adequate food and shelter and a minimum of other factors, such as health care, that enable one to lead a minimally decent life without scrounging like a jungle beast for the minimum means of subsistence. It becomes a vital political and social responsibility to secure the conditions under which everyone can be assured a certain minimum welfare, so far as this is attainable by the efforts of human beings, and nothing less can be sanctioned by the principle of justice.

To what extent does this fundamental moral right to freedom of thought and conscience generate a right to freedom of expression, speech, and discussion, and of the press (although *the press* is now an inordinately vague concept)? This depends on social and political conditions. It is nonetheless something at which morality, as the expression of the unfettered human conscience and sense of responsibility, naturally aims; and therefore the right to freedom of expression, speech, and discussion is something that can justly be restricted only with special and strong justification. It follows that restrictions on freedom of speech and expression always require justification, of a moral not a political nature, for there is a moral presumption in their favor, and the absence of such restrictions, except those required to assure a like freedom for others, does not require justification. A good society, therefore, is one in which this right is encouraged to develop and be exercised, and in which people exercise it responsibly, with respect for the equal moral rights of others. It follows, further, that from a fundamental thesis about moral worth and values we can derive conclusions of consequence about fundamental human rights and about what political and social arrangements ought morally to prevail and therefore ought morally to be striven for. The ideal of bringing about a social structure in which moral values can flourish therefore constitutes a prime moral and political obligation. □

Presented in substance at the XVIII World Congress of Philosophy, Brighton, U.K., August 23, 1988.

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Art of the 1920s: Mildred Snarr Cavagnaro

Anita Cavagnaro Been

During the 1920s Cincinnati was an exciting city for an artist. Economic and industrial development had led to the emergence of patrons of all the arts. Many supported established artists and the varied activities and collections at the Cincinnati Art Museum. But these wealthy patrons also supported the younger artists and students at the well- known Cincinnati Art Academy by buying their work, commissioning portraits, and also by joining them for the annual Beaux Arts ball. In addition, there was a tradition of sending special art cards, and patrons commissioned artists to design their personal cards.

This was the climate that nurtured Mildred Snarr, both at the art academy and during her free-lance period with her own studio. Along with a growing reputation for oil portraits, her major financial success during her mid-twenties was in illustration and designing greeting cards. Greeting cards, like other arts and crafts, reflect both the time in which they are made and popular imagery from a distinct cultural tradition.

Mildred Snarr was born in southern Indiana in 1901 and attended the John Herron Art Academy in Indianapolis for two years. When her family moved to Cincinnati she transferred to

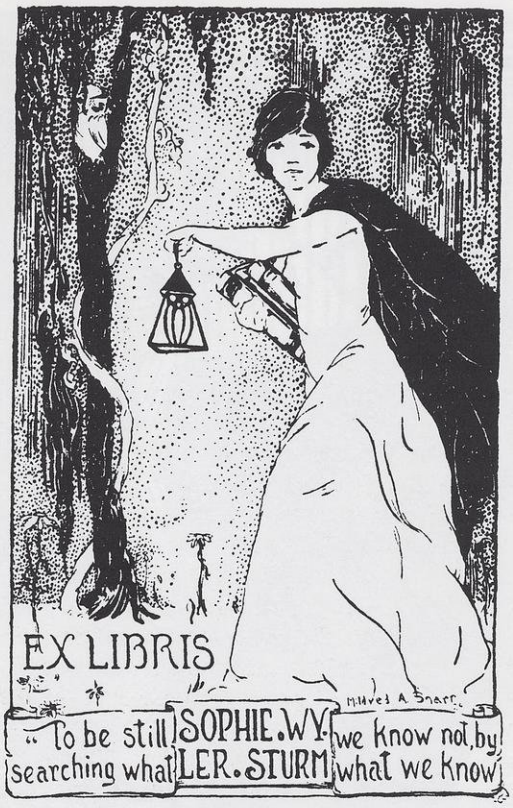
the Cincinnati Art Academy. She set up her own studio, took commissions, and taught children's classes at the museum.

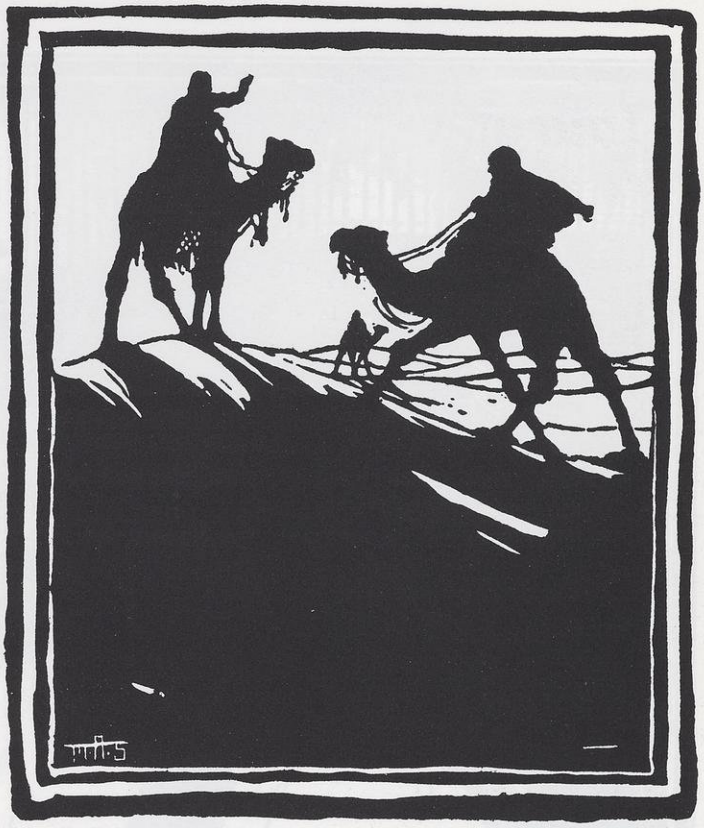
She won several local competitions for greeting card design, and in 1925 the Gibson Art Company of Cincinnati hired her to produce cards. She designed some of their most popular cards during the 1920s. But by 1928 the muscles and nerves in her right hand were affected by the years of meticulous drawing, and she had to give up commercial work. She married, and although she regained limited use of her hand for watercolors, she never returned to professional design.

Many, many boxes, both from her earlier studio and her work at Gibson Art, remained stored in the basement of her Cincinnati home. These unopened boxes came along with my parents when they moved to my home in Milwaukee in 1981. Finally, I investigated the boxes (which had been unopened for forty-five years) and was impressed by the quality and abundance of the material my mother had created and saved. After sorting and organizing, I showed examples of Mother's drawings and cards to John Tedeschi, curator of the Department of Special Collections and Rare Books at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Memorial Library. Through his interest and encouragement, Mildred Snarr Cavagnaro, now a resident of Madison, at age eighty-eight had her own special art exhibition at the library last winter.


Miss Shelley Rouse's
Christmas Greetings


All Hail Ye Merry People this Happy Christmas Time


EX LIBRIS
"To be still searching what
SOPHIE.WY-LER.STURM
we know not, by what we know



Fiction

A Journey

by Peg Sherry

We are gathered as usual, the whole family, at our house for Thanksgiving dinner. Only it's a day early, because on the real Thanksgiving day I am going to Thailand. On my own. My trip is a passage, a promise I'm keeping to a self that got buried somewhere in everyday, usual living. A journey, imposed on me by myself, and I have to go alone to find out whatever it is that's been beckoning to me all these years. Whatever it is that won't let me be, that I worry like a canker sore, is always pulling at me to figure where I've been in my life, what I've done, and what's left to learn about myself. So I have shaved my legs, cut my toenails, and I am all packed.

"Gramma, Gramma," whispers the smallest and sometimes loudest of our group. His tugging at my skirt is interrupted by an older brother.

"I know a Thai word, but I forget it," says the older one. He is precocious, but most of all he is two years older than the other.

My trip is a passage,
a promise I'm keeping to a self
that got buried somewhere
in everyday, usual living.

"We don't cry, Gramma." This youngest grandchild is strangely subdued today. He'll be three in two weeks. Usually, more than a short while with him is exhausting. This past year, more than a short while is too long for me to handle any of my family. I am able to predict each one's very next breath. Once I caught myself exhaling for my mother, who is eighty-nine. At this moment, I am grateful for this child's promise of no tears. Basting the turkey, I tell him, "That's a good boy, not to cry. Now, go play till it's time to eat."

My husband is joking with our son-in-law. His voice is over the constant roar of some football game on television. "While she's gone, maybe I should look for an over 60s singles' bar." Laughter follows, drowning my mother's faint question, "Why go to Taiwan, dear? Such shoddy products are made there." In an over-loud voice, to make certain she hears, someone says, "Thailand, not Taiwan, Gramma."

Inevitably, the son, the one with the Ph.D. in economics, slowly and clearly begins to explain that, indeed, Taiwan's productivity is gaining qualitatively on that of the United States. I know my mother has turned down her hearing aid. There is a huge cheering from those who are really at the football game. My family cheers too. The right team must be winning.

My daughter's creamed onions are nearly bubbling. I finish mashing the potatoes, check the table and see, in the buffet mirror, the reflection of my mother, standing by our round world globe in the living room. She sways a bit. Her balance is unsteady, and still she refuses to carry her cane.

"Mother!" I hear my loud patient voice, the one I needed for years with our children when they were small. Then I see that she is peering at Canada, squinting at the dark shape of the wrong continent. "Thailand, Mom, is over here." She peers even closer. "Where is Mandalay? I remember 'The Road to Mandalay.' Your father loved that song. Now who was it that sang it in that movie?"

A grandchild rushes up to help twirl the globe. Mother lists like a very frail boat gusted by a strong wind, until I help her to the chair by the fireplace. The nice hard, straight chair. She squeezes my arm, "Don't forget to come home." My daughter calls, "Oh Mom, I think the onions are burning."

We are all at the table. "I get to say grace!" shouts the five-year-old. His father says, "No, it's your brother's turn."

The youngest's voice is small. "We can't cry," he says. The waiting silence breaks as we all breathe in.

The older brother's scorn is plain. "Let me, Dad!"

My son-in-law uses a patient voice I recognize. "We'll give him another chance." But the words come again, louder, "We can't cry."

This has a too familiar ring, and I can no longer ignore it. "Can't cry? Why?" I ask.

"When you go away, if I miss you. Only babies cry."

"OK, baby!" his brother yells. "You're supposed to be saying grace. I remember the Thai word now, Gramma. It's Opp un. It means love and welcome." And though he says "Hop on" and cannot make the Thai tones, this precocious child is bragging, and he is proud. I can hear it in his voice.

"Love," repeats the three-year-old, somehow satisfied.

My mother turns up her hearing aid. "What's happening. I missed what was said. Speak up!"

The man at the end of the table, the man that is my husband, finishes removing a dirt speck from his eye, blows his nose on my damask dinner napkin. He steals a look at me and we are locked in that glance. It is as long as my journey to Thailand.

The turkey is growing cold and nobody notices. □

Giving Comfort

by Pete Fromm

It was blowing hard in Hettinger, North Dakota, and Hugh Bolton watched the steam rise from the porcelain mug and listened to the hysterical slapping of the awnings. By the map on the place mat he was more than halfway to Sioux Falls. He was trying hard not to think of anything that had happened last night and he looked at his watch, calculating time changes and hospital schedules, wondering how alert his mother would be when he arrived. A broken hip, at her age, was a bad thing.

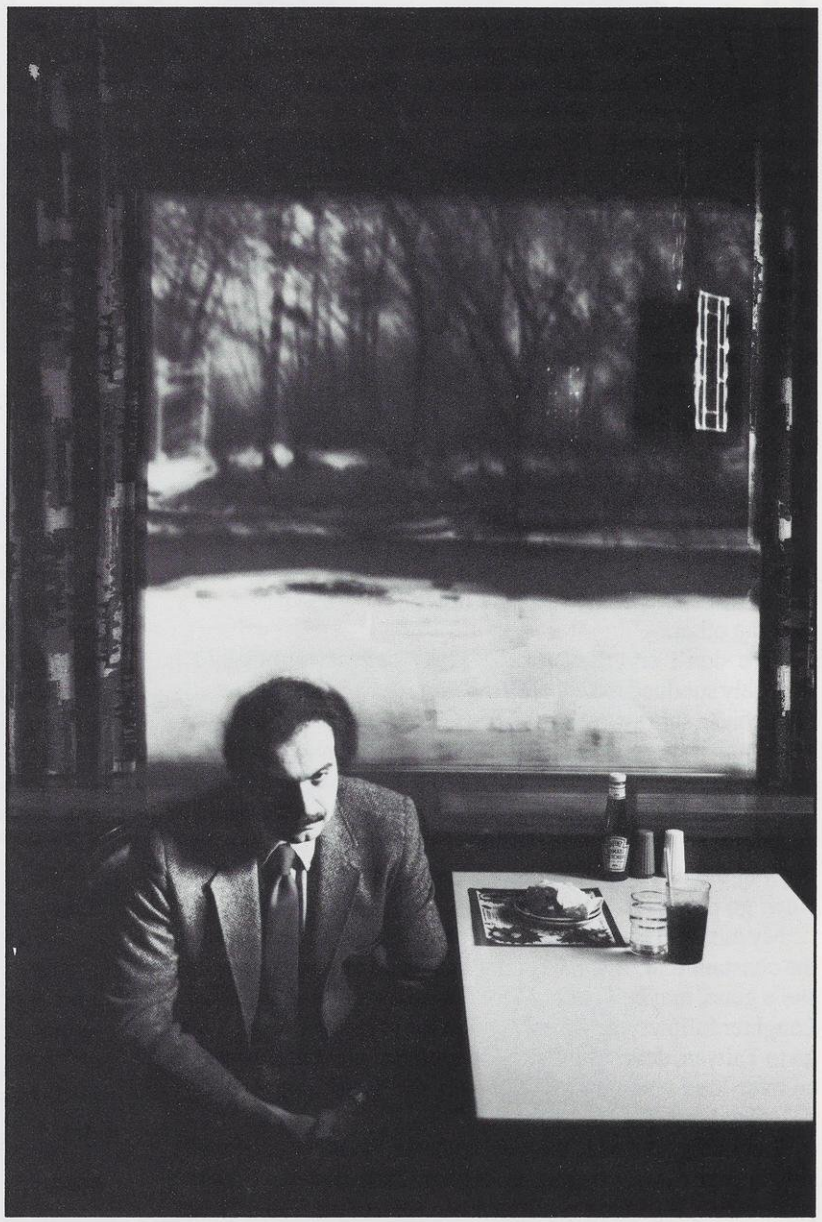
A gust of frigid autumn air swirled through the small cafe and Hugh saw the waitress back into the door, pushing it shut against the wind and the dead leaves bellying against the glass. He looked away before she could meet his eyes. He hadn't known that she would work this morning.

In his glimpse he saw the strands of black hair pulled loose from the bun on the back of her head. They fell in a slight curl along her jaw, as they had the night before. He had been surprised to see that they were a calculated carelessness. He remembered watching from the bed as she wrapped the bun, then loosed those strands and set them in place. He felt as if he'd spied something he was never meant to know.

He looked up, hiding his mouth behind his coffee cup. She was behind the white counter, waving at a regular, flashing a smile. She glanced around him carefully, then leaned against the counter, coffee pot on her hip, her other hand braced on the counter top. Her position threw her shoulders atilt and she leaned her head against the high shoulder.

Hugh looked back at the place mat, setting his cup over the star marking his location. He checked his watch. His wife would still be in bed, dozing with the news on the radio, hating to get up. It was the time she loved to curl against him with her head on his shoulder.

Without looking at the waitress he remembered the way she had dropped out of her uniform the night before, flinging her blouse with the name tag towards the room's only chair. It hadn't caught on the chair but slumped to the floor, with the name tag covered in a fold.



Last night, at dinner, he had noticed that she was young and very pretty, but not much else. Then, when she had started to flirt so inexpertly, he'd fallen into his role without a thought. She could meet him later, she said. She already knew the room

Photo art by Tom Bamberger

number—she'd read it on the key he'd set on the table. She'd given that smile then and Hugh played his part mindlessly. It was only after the fact that his mind resumed functioning. He knew he should not have been surprised at that.

Afterwards, as he lay more stunned than exhausted, with her halfway across him, the excitement of proving he was desired was as far away as ever. She had giggled and kissed him and thanked him, then fallen asleep.

She'd curled into his side, her head on his shoulder, fitting in exactly as his wife did. She fell asleep instantly, like a child, leaving Hugh alone, with only the whispering of her breathing to hold him. It was scary and he was ashamed to be eavesdropping on such a sound.

Now he was startled by her voice, so near him. He glanced only as far as the coffeepot and shook his head, covering his cup with his hand. But he raised his eyes to hers and smiled to see a face as blushed as his own must be.

He explained he had too long a way to go to be filling up on coffee. She nodded and chewed on the corner of her lip. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"Sioux Falls. My mother's hurt herself and I'm supplying the comfort." His voice was calmer than he had expected.

"She'll be all right."

"Yes, I'm sure of that."

"Will you come back? Through here I mean?"

Hugh didn't answer for a moment. "No, I don't think I'll be able to."

She nodded again, and smiled faintly. "You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said without an instant of hesitation, wondering if he was simply reaffirming the fact to himself.

"I could tell right away. You're too nice not to be."

Nice was not at all the word Hugh would have used.

"It's too bad you can't come back," she said very quietly. "But you've never done this before, have you?"

Hugh shook his head. "I liked last night. With you." She started to giggle, but cut it off by putting her hand up to her face.

Hugh smiled too. "Can you sit down?" he asked, knowing every minute made it worse.

She shook her head quickly. "We can't sit with customers."

"Not even for a second?"

"My first break isn't until nine."

"There's no one else to serve."

"Rules."

"Made to be broken."

"I can't this time."

Hugh twisted his cup on the place mat, studying the red star of Hettinger. Slowly he pushed his cup away. "I can't stay," he murmured. He started to stand and she stepped back. He looked at her a moment, then asked, "Could you come outside for just a minute?"

She bit her lip and glanced around. She shook her head and they began to walk to the cash register. He gave her a dollar for the coffee. "Thank you," he said. He reached for her hand but she drew it back.

Hugh shrugged and said thank you again and goodbye. He walked toward the exit, over the black and white tiles, watching the leaves still dancing in the doorway, amazed at how big and important a piece of himself he was leaving behind.

He heard the quick footsteps just as he reached the door and he turned. She stopped and stared at him a moment. "Don't worry about this," she said suddenly. "I can't change you and your wife. This can't. We only had some fun, you and me. That's never changed anything."

Hugh smiled so uncertainly that she nodded in emphasis.

"We couldn't keep going with this. You know that. Do it in your head if you want to. Everything always works better there than it does in real life anyway." She smiled and her hand brushed his but it surprised him, and when he reached to return the contact her hand was gone.

She opened the door for him to leave and the wind swirled in. He hunched instinctively, but did not move. The strands of hair blew across her face and she allowed him to return them to their place, brushing her cheek with the back of his fingers as he did so.

"You look like I poisoned you rather than, you know." She leaned forward so he could hear her over the wind. "If you want, keep it in your head." She smiled to herself. "I'd like that—you thinking of me like that. It'd be almost like I got out of this podunk town somehow, wouldn't it? You'd do that for me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Hugh said, barely able to get the word out.

She leaned back against the doorway and smiled. "Yep, we'll do it in our heads, the way you have to do everything here."

She said goodbye then and motioned for him to go through the door. "You're too old for me for real, anyway," she said, wrinkling her nose, her smile growing even larger.

Hugh stepped outside, surprised to find how cutting the wind actually was. He knew he had lied. He never wanted to think of her when he was with his wife. He didn't know if he would be able to help it though.

The door closed behind him and he huddled deeper into his coat and hurried across the parking lot. He fumbled with his keys, then dropped them to the cold, dry pavement.

He slammed his forearm against the car door and swore. He waited a second, then bent down and picked up his keys. Already he could hardly wait to get back to his wife, but it was some relief to know he wouldn't be able to for several days. He was not a good spur-of-the-moment liar and he knew the lying about this, even to himself, had just begun. □

Chronicle

In 1901 Charles and Frances Kinsley Hutchinson of Chicago purchased seventy-two acres of wooded land in Lake Geneva with the dream of establishing a country retreat. Hutchinson, who was president of the Corn Exchange Bank in Chicago, one of the founders of the Art Institute of Chicago, and one of the founders to the University of Chicago, looked to the north for refuge and retreat from the city. Deeply touched by the natural beauty of their land, they set about to preserve the virgin forest and provide an inviting habitat for wildlife, vowing that "not one weak seedling should be denied its growth." The Hutchinsons, for all their sentimentality, were motivated to be scientifically correct in their efforts. Among the experts who advised them were Harvard horticulturist Charles Sprague Sargent, author of The Silva of North America *(fourteen volumes, 1891-1902); Smithsonian ornithologist Robert Ridgway, author of* The Birds of North and Middle America *(eight volumes, 1901-1919); and University of Chicago botanist Henry Chandler Cowles.*

Frances Kinsley Hutchinson meticulously documented in several books the development of their woodland preserve, which eventually included a large half-timber, turreted home as well as pergola, cottage, rustic tea house, formal gardens, and an "iris glade."

In the following excerpt from her book Wychwood: The History of an Idea *she details her observations of what was believed to be the first pair of cardinals to nest in Wisconsin. There were, in fact, earlier sightings of cardinals reported — for example, one in the Milwaukee area and two near Lake Koshkonong around 1900, both sightings recorded by Kumlien and Hollister — but apparently they were isolated incidents.*

This excerpt is abridged to comply with space requirements but otherwise unedited. The tone and writing style reflect the period when it first appeared in print, 1928.

The Cardinals

by Frances Kinsley Hutchinson

During the summer of 1917, a Kentucky cardinal was reported as visiting the grounds of the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay about four miles west of Wychwood. Now this piece of news caused great excitement among bird enthusiasts as the cardinals had not been found so far north, although at Lake Forest, some fifty miles south of us, they had been nesting for years. As the cardinal does not migrate and our winters are so much longer and more severe than in the South where he is a well-known resident, much thought was bestowed upon how to make this bird comfortable, even happy. Prof. Edwin B. Frost, an expert bird authority, put the following advertisement in a local paper on June 7, 1917.

"WIFE WANTED — Widower, who has found this region pleasant for permanent residence despite the long winter, seeks a congenial mate. No qualification as cook or seamstress necessary, and dowry is no object. Successful applicant must be a homemaker desirous of raising a fair-sized family. She must be musical, and preferably a native of Kentucky. No objection to a widow. Address C. Cardinalis, White Oak Lodge, Williams Bay, Wisconsin." This had many amusing consequences from literal-minded people who answered the demand from all over the country, but it brought no mate for the cardinal.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1917, after scattering the birds'

breakfast on the south terrace and in the formal garden below my windows, I happened to glance down and there hopping along the brick paths in a company of juncos was a huge (compared to them) red bird. Surely the cardinal! I rushed down stairs to our guests not daring to believe my own eyes and all saw for themselves the noble bird eating calmly the sunflower seeds. That was the beginning of our acquaintance. As the big house was only open for the holidays, seed was scattered at the cottage and shelters provided in loose brush near. The cardinal stayed all winter feeding at the bird-table and making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. We would hear of his appearance at different homes about the lake and towards Spring his continued absence made us fear that he had found a more congenial spot, but on the 7th of April 1918, he flew down to the bird-table and whistled gayly as if to say: "Here I am again!" How welcome he was! What satisfaction his presence brought! He must be persuaded to stay with us. But how? Of course a mate was the only possible solution, but could we procure one? And if we succeeded in getting a bird, could we be sure that this mate would be acceptable?

We finally decided to try the experiment and so applied at the Lincoln Park Aviary, Chicago, to see what could be done and how to go about it. The curator was much interested in our story and said he had a Mexican female cardinal which he would give us, and he encouraged us by saying that she was more brilliant than the native female so she should be that much more attractive. She also had lived here long enough to be acclimated; so, with some misgivings, I carefully carried her in a tiny wooden box on the train out to Wychwood. As soon as we arrived, we put her in a large cage with food and water and a comfortable perch. This was on Monday the 15th of April. She was not particularly pleased and tried to get through the wires, but at dusk settled down for the night. I think she had been used to the freedom of a large out-of-door aviary so naturally disliked the confinement. In the morning she was very restless, but ate some sunflower seed. At about ten-thirty I heard the male bird singing in the distance and at about eleven-thirty saw him and heard him in a tree near the western boundary of the place not far from the house.

I followed the minute directions of the curator at Lincoln Park in bringing the two birds together. Down at the cottage in a screened porch eight feet square around the front door we released the lady cardinal before luncheon. She had a comfortable perch in the corner, three kinds of seed and plenty of water. When vexed she has an angry note which is unmistakable; she also has a charming whistle unlike the male's call.

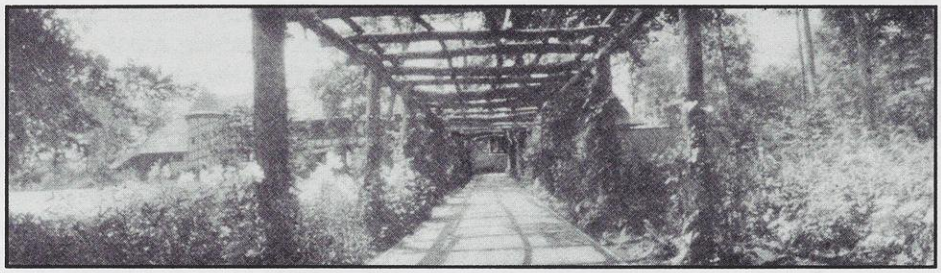
Radclyffe Dugmore says: "The female cardinal, though more subdued in coloring, is by no means inferior to her mate in her powers of singing; her song is rather softer, but not less beautiful."

Later on in the day we again heard the male bird singing and saw him nearer the big house. The interested wife of the gardener kept watch and the lady bird accommodated herself to her surroundings as most women do. She did not mind the going back and forth of the people in the house, ate and drank and looked about at her new home and the world outside. Although Monsieur Cardinal was seen in the vicinity for the next two days it was not until Wednesday the 17th that he came to the window-box just outside the screened porch where the lady resided. His usual feeding place was the other side of the house, but food had been put out here to accustom him to her company.

It was evidently a case of love at first sight for no one could doubt his pleasure. He sang with all his might in a tree near; he paraded his beautiful person on the window-box; he ate his seeds keeping one eye on her and when she descended from her perch in the corner and deigned to stand beside the screen near him, he even offered her his choicest delicacy, fresh chickweed. A low murmur seemed to inform her of his kind intentions and when he picked up grasses from the ground and brought them to her sill, anyone could read his thoughts. She was very coy but apparently pleased at his devotion. All day he sang to her at intervals; she was quite at home now in her sheltered corner and made no effort to escape.

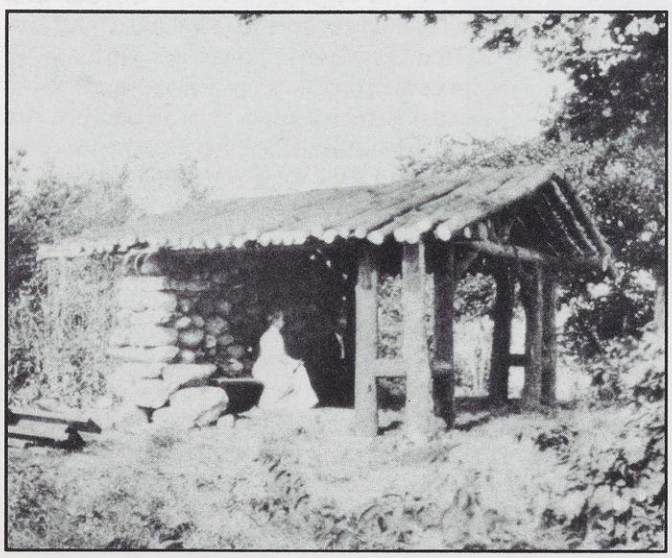
Thursday he was on the window-box both morning and afternoon and sang from the trees near; they seemed to get some satisfaction in merely looking at each other the way lovers will and we were told they must get acquainted before they were allowed to come together or she might take a dislike to him and then nothing could be done. How extraordinarily human it all seemed! As the weather was cold and rainy it was decided to keep her in the porch until Sunday especially as she was so contented. On that day she began to resent her imprisonment and watching for a favorable opportunity when the male bird was looking at her (for that was an important point made in our directions) the door of the porch was opened and she flew out at once but not towards the tree where her lover awaited her. Are bird sweethearts akin to humans? However, he soon perceived her and followed her and they were both soon contentedly feeding and racing through the air and enjoying thoroughly the companionship of one another.

How we all from the cook to the latest man on the place kept watch and ward for the cardinals and reported results. We did so hope they would nest on the place. On the 19th of May I saw them both and saw the lady bird whistle; at dusk June 2nd the male bird alighted above the drive near the house and went through his lovely repertoire several times. On the 8th of June both birds were flying into an aralia bush close to the terrace with straws in their bills! This caused the greatest excitement. Too much, perhaps, for they did not go on with that home. Perhaps they chose a more secluded spot for during the week of



June 10-15 a cardinal was seen at the head of the lake opposite the Observatory where there are thick woods. Later he evidently came back to Wychwood to see the old home town for he was distinctly seen June 16th about noon on the lake shore and on the 2nd of July I watched his silent presence on the big oak by the lawn. He was also reported that same day at the Ayer place five miles away at the end of the lake but what is five miles to a flying creature? Merely a few minutes' exercise. Of course it might have been the female at the other end of the lake. It was reported by a maid. On the 28th of July a pair of cardinals were seen and heard on the Seipp place some two miles up the lake with rumors that three or more had been seen at the same time.

In the late Fall, November 14th, to be exact, in the afternoon both cardinals appeared at the cottage to the great joy of the whole family and on the 29th they were feeding and sang by the window, exactly one year from the date of the gentleman's first appearance on the place. The next day they came for food and on the 2nd of December when the big house was opened both birds called on us there and enjoyed the hemp and sunflower seed liberally sprinkled on both north and south terraces. They chattered together or expressed their satisfaction at the food by little cheeps and seemed totally unafraid. Snow covered the ground the next morning, but on the bare aralia bush close to the house that crimson bird faced the rising sun. What a dazzling picture! Curiously enough when the brilliant bird nestled down into the middle of those bare stalks, it was impossible to distinguish him. It was only when he was in the open spaces that he stood forth triumphant. Madame Cardinal kept him company and they are evidently used to staying together, for when he flew away she was at his side.



On December 27th Mrs. Longland writes: "Three cardinals were here today. I cannot say positively if there are more or not as I never have seen but three at the same time."

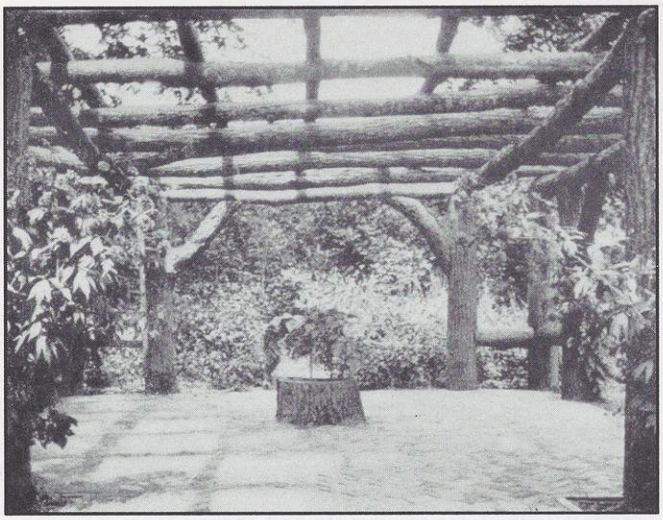
During the latter part of May 1919, four cardinals were seen near Williams Bay and on June sixth and the following week five were seen at the Observatory. Evidently Monsieur Cardinal had brought the family to show to his first benefactor. Professor Frost recognizing this fact inserted the following card in the local paper:

> June 1919
> Card of Thanks. An advertisement for a wife, placed in your paper by a friend two years ago, and innocently given further publicity by the humorist of the Chicago *Tribune*, has brought most happy results. Instead of leading the lonely life of a widower in what to a native of Kentucky seemed the cold north, I now have all the comforts of family life, with three fine youngsters, of whom we are justly proud. This winter, too, has been of almost southern mildness. To all concerned I offer my thanks.
> C. Cardinalis
> Near Wychwood
> Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

At Christmas time, 1921, both cardinals were visiting at Wychwood and in the Spring sang for a month morning and evening near the woodshed. In May 1923 the cardinal came up to the terrace of the big house to reconnoitre, but found it deserted and no food out. The next May they were seen and heard in the woods, and tales of cardinals were coming in from many places along the lake.

Last winter they appeared high on the hill near the village but they chose a family well known for their interest in and kindness to all animal life. "What shall we feed them?" they telephoned frantically to our Mrs. Longland and, on being informed, they laid in a supply of sunflower seeds that would have fed an army.

It was reported that cardinals had nested on a fence in a bosky hollow near the village this Spring so perhaps we are going to shelter a big colony of these lovely creatures in the near future.



On the 20th of March 1928, a heavy snowstorm sent all birds half starved to their old feeding place by the cottage. Song sparrows and tree sparrows, robins and phoebes and towhees and cardinals, as many as a hundred birds altogether, scrambled after the crumbs, seeds, ground peanuts, shells and all, even dried currants and raisins and figs that the desperate provider put through a chopper and put out for their benefit. A big dish pan half-full would not last many hours in this hungry company.

After this bad storm the cardinals never left our estate. Through April and May and June both birds fed daily at the cottage. Imagine our excitement! For ten years we had waited patiently and now our hopes were to be rewarded. They must be nesting near. We do not try to discover the nest for fear of frightening them. But we have at last a feeling that they are at home here and do not merely use us as a convenience in the winter when there is no other place so comfortable. They have chosen our woods for their abode during their happy season and we shall do our best to make them contented.

In June it seemed quite possible that there were not only one pair of cardinals nesting here but two pairs, as the two females after feeding always flew off in opposite directions. One day a pair came down to the feeding table by the pump in our kitchen yard while others were still dining at the cottage, and frequently afterwards they both visited this table. Probably the cottage sill was growing crowded for early in July four youngsters made their appearance under the bushes beside the cottage, and the mother bird carefully husking the seeds fed them one by one. That is she husked the seeds and laid them down on the sill until all were done and then took the four in her mouth and flew down to the waiting brood. Could she count, do you suppose? After that the father bird fed them but he only husked one at a time and immediately fed the child. These young ones were as large as the mother with long tails and quite red but their bills were black. The mother's bill is red. Once the mother gave the father a seed husked to take to the baby and he promptly bestowed it on the child. Soon the babies were ready to come to the table with their parents, but until the 14th of July they were still being fed. Possibly their bills are not yet strong enough to crack the sunflower seeds. From five o'clock until dark they are feeding or being fed. What an immense amount of food birds consume!

A red letter day! We have found the nest of the cardinal close to the woodshed in a tangle of grape over a wych-hazel bush nearly six feet from the ground. The secret was kept until the birds had left their home.

Later another pair of fond parents brought their brood of four youngsters to the cottage shrubbery and fed them from the table. The colony is increasing by leaps and bounds. A fifth nest was discovered August 20th only fifteen feet from the garage door about twelve feet from the ground where the lady-bird sat in plain sight ignoring the noise of the truck lumbering by and the humans constantly passing.

All through the summer the cardinals have been seen, in the woods, by the well in the laundry yard and of course feeding close to the cottage windows. At twilight and early morning their ringing notes are heard and through the day faint echoes come from the tree tops. I hear that in the South they sing all winter. Will this lovely habit continue in this more severe climate? □

We acknowledge with appreciation the cooperation of The Lakeside Press, R.R. Donnelley and Sons Company, Chicago; also the help of Barbara Davis, director of the Lake Geneva Public Library, and Professor Edwards Beals, University of Wisconsin-Madison zoology department, who assisted with research. We also thank horticulturists Christopher and Lori Miracle, Menomonee Falls, who loaned us their copy of Wychwood: The Histroy of an Idea, *now a rare book.*

Books by Frances Kinsley Hutchinson (1857-1936):

Our Country Home. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co., 1907.

Our Country Life. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co., 1912.

Motoring in the Balkans along the Highways of Dalmatia, Montenegro, the Herzegovin and Bosnia. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co., 1909.

Wychwood: The History of an Idea. Chicago: The Lakeside Press, 1928.

Poetry

AFTER CHERNOBYL, SAILING SOUTH

Your touch is light
on the shortband, tuning:
the BBC chips through and
all is changed. Soon
the markets will buzz like gnats.
At Peschici we pack the galley,
more than a week in mind.
This Adriatic breeze turns precious,
the current a blessing.
We trim the mainsail,
cut all luffing, hold a close reach
for speed maintained.
Five knots urged to six is a day
saved.
All day we sail south
toward the Strait of Otranto,
all day, spelling
and shifting, you and I.
We eat light as mice.
We breathe this air
carefully.
What is this air? How quick
we recall what we know in our bones—
the terror, the Wonders of the
Invisible World.
We listen again,
again the news stings us.
There is little to say. Hazard
or fate, it is the same.
We are tiny.
We sail on into the shroud
of night, sleeping by turns,
spelling and shifting
south to the Greek island necklace,
south to the sacred and
simple past.
Above the coming cesium fireflies
the million stars shine
impassive and ancient, old
as this fear and this knowing
in our hearts that some
Moses, arisen, bereft,
insane, ranting
has coaxed from him
one more plague
in earnest.

Sharon M. Van Sluys

AFTER THE NIGHTMARE

Startled,
I awaken and find things changed.
The darkness, the twisted phantoms
and fading.
It is near morning.
Through the bamboo shade,
a cool light
slatted and diffuse,
finds your sleeping face.

I listen to
your breathing, near soundless,
like low tide,
and follow the lines of your almond-shaped eyes
beneath smooth lids.

My heart seeks the pace of your own
and matches it.
I touch your warm cheek,
and my skin, first tense,
too becomes
calm as a lake left windless.
Your hand brushes mine in your sleep.
We touch. Sleep claims my eyes
as I join you again,
as this untimely waking,
this moment
slips from me
easily
as a cotton dress
on a still summer night.

Sharon M. Van Sluys

WILLOWING IN WINTER

Willowing while the river ran wild past our feet,
we reached out reckless from the bank
to grasp the drooping shoots dangling over water.

Just one more armful, you said, just one more sheaf
of shoots to finish that last basket that sits
with ribs exposed on the dresser
looking something like a shipwreck.

Back home, you kneel amid discarded clippings,
twisting water-soaked willows round the basket's ribs,
sometimes using feet or teeth to secure loose strands.

Pen in hand, I watch and write,
weaving words like willows round a delicate frame
that has no strength until the willow's warp
binds it to itself,
flexible yet stronger than it will ever need to be.

Words *are* more willow than water,
more a growing thing than a flowing,
to be shaped into a woven web whose worth
is partly in itself and partly in what it will carry.

From amid your clutter comes a small thing of integrity,
and you speak of all the sap in a quart of syrup,
of the gallons of milk in a block of cheese,
of the cancelled pages behind my lines . . . .

Later, in the hollow of the bed,
we weave our arms round each other,
twist together our souls' desire like licorice,
and there is no wind more wild than our blood.

Willowing while the river ran eternally toward the sea,
I saw your toe touch water when you leaned
nearly too far out,
and I knew your limbs and the limbs of the tree
somehow drank from one source,
and my love opened upward and out,
filling the sky with blue.

Timothy Walsh

WHEN THE EARTH EXHALES

When the earth exhales damp vapors that freeze
heavy and stiff on the gray morning grass
and coat the trees with crystal silk creaking in the wind,
the chipmunks rummage in the winter garden,
nibbling brussels sprouts and chard and carrot tops
and know by the signs it is time
to stop awhile in the earth.

When, from out of the overcast, snowflakes
descend, fluttering madly across a new-manured field
so the blaze-orange hunters seem tongues of flame
contesting the frost, a rusted combine sits indifferent
amid the storm, and I know the ice
on the fishpond is fit for an auger
where into dark depths I'll drop a line,
angling for whatever from the sealed underside
of winter will come.

Timothy Walsh

THE MAN IN THE ROOM

Although he would not admit it even to himself,
these are the years whose possibility he has always dreaded:

the man in the room listening to the cars in the rain and unfolding
maps that have failed him, lines tracing absence along the dark interstate.

If a friend were to call him on the telephone,
the man would drawl lowly, "It's like I'm waking every hour from a dream."

In the grey light of a television it has happened that he awakens on his own
floor and studies his overcoat hanging, as if remembering the old self.

He is twenty again and running in the museum, from room to white room where
he finds her in the Bonnard, the long woman bathing, afloat in the lilac
water.

And were it possible at any moment he might cry out:
I refuse her ghost, I refuse to run from tree to tree like a god in the night.

Maurice Kilwein Guevara

OUR MARRIAGE

One afternoon in Athens
I saw a beggar squatting
on a dry road, an arm outstretched
and hand opened: Around him so many
silver drachmae were thrown, each glittering.
He'd been dead since the clanging of noon bells.

Maurice Kilwein Guevara

GENEVA LAKE

The combination mail boat, tour boat
starts and stops, spurts and coasts.
Upside-down reflections dapple the water,
blue chiaroscuro. Our prow wave
laps against the piers, bobbing
the mahogany hulls, canting the sails.

The lake smell, the occasional spray
on our cheeks surprises the scene
from canvas square.
"This is the second richest township,
according to the tax rolls, in America,"
our tour guide informs us.

Impressed, we gaze at the mansions
we only glimpse through the leaves,
the stretches of rich lawn,
the strips of private beach.
We frame lake and lawn, as painters
learn to see. A post-card Monet.

The mail girl, in a swimsuit
of post-office blue, jumps
from the prow to the dock
and the waiting box, turns
and jumps back aboard the stern,
as we glide by — choreographed,

more like a beauty contest
than a painted impression.
But that's another, post-modern
scene. We look for the picnic
on the lawn, and are almost relieved
that we don't find it.

But look, there's a tableau,
the models all in white — men
in flannel trousers, banded sleeves,
boaters; women in long dresses,
sunbonnets, even a twirling parasol —
stroking the balls — "Croquet on the Lawn."

Arthur Madson

I have not cried out against the crimes of my country.
But I have protected myself, I have watched from a safe corner
The rape of mountains, the eagle's reckless plunge.
Patricia Goedicke "The Tongues We Speak"

GIVEN THE RESPONSE TIME

1.
I still till my garden
every spring in spite
of the bomb the greenhouse
effect I plunge

the shovel in
the weight of my foot against
the hard edge of blade
in spite
of the bomb the greenhouse
effect Hiroshima

is not my home Three Mile Island
or Love Canal

Here earthworms aerate
the soil birds drop
wild seeds in their nesting
frenzy
toads assess the damage
of my spade

2.
I read somewhere all
the things I thought rock
solid stable true are
constantly in motion

Our eyes our fingertips are not to be believed

I overturn a stone and watch
ants scurry but the stone stays
where I toss it in the grass
and the grass lies flat under
stone

our eyes our fingertips are not to be believed
in spite of the bomb the greenhouse effect

3.
Given the response time
I still till my garden every spring
Plunge the shovel in
The weight of my foot against the
Hard edge of blade
Toads assess the damage
Of my spade C. J. Muchhala

TALKING TO OWLS

A great horned owl
I mimic from the porch
ignores me.

Grandfather speaks
Polish to father
like water rushing in my ears.
Only the brief orange glow
of cigar tobacco
lights each face,
two moons
glimpsed through smoke,
their whispers float
down the Menominee.

Hushed by my father
I curl like a mouse
beneath his dark wing
chair.

Ron Czerwien

CUANDO ASOMAS

I gave, you; a poem,
by Neruda; in Spanish—

(actually, it was only part of a poem,
the part I could remember, but, since
you didn't really speak Spanish, it
didn't really matter)—and

you took the poem and folded
it into your pocket, perhaps
to read it later. And, so

I had hoped you would.

(When you appear he said,
all the rivers
sound in my body. . . .)

That was what the poem had said, and
what I had been afraid to
say, when you; had; appeared.

Frank G. Pealstrom

Book Reviews

SKETCHES FROM A LIFE by George F. Kennan. New York: Pantheon Books, 1989. 380 pp. Soft cover $12.95.

by David G. Utley

For nearly a half century, George Kennan's role in helping shape America's response to the post-war world, and his subsequent writings and statements on society and world affairs, have elicited strong and mixed reactions. In the mid-1940s his analysis of the Soviet Union and recommendations on how to meet the challenges it posed were only briefly in favor and even then, Kennan maintains, frequently misunderstood. His exaltation of community, criticisms of American democracy, and embrace of traditional values in an individualistic age demeaned by excess and warped by the pursuit of quick solutions has placed him well outside the mainstream of American thought. Yet Kennan has remained a respected if unsettling and enigmatic voice to whom many continue to turn. Perhaps he is wrong on certain issues. And yes, his elitism can be uncongenial. But is he not calling for a return to certain values that, in our hearts, we know are needed?

These extraordinarily sensitive and deeply moving diary entries, composed over six decades, provide an unparalleled insight into the spirit behind one of the most sensitive and provocative minds of our time. A man of immense seriousness, apparent reserve, and occasional prickliness, Kennan has published these notebooks to remind readers of his earlier writings that the world reflected in those works "has been seen by a heart as well as a head." The underlying argument is that only in this way can the world truly be seen at all.

Many of the themes reflected in these pages will be familiar to those acquainted with Kennan's thought; the determining, inescapable influence of the past, the organic nature of society and its institutions, the importance of the moral framework underlying all successful and worthy conduct, mankind's responsibility to the environment, and the message of physical and social custodianship all have found expression before. But here these convictions can be followed as they evolve over a lifetime, and they're set down in a language so exquisite that the reader is left in awe of the author's sensibilities.

This is a book less of ideas and history than of moods and feelings. Ideas abound, of course, and strongly held ones. Certain entries offer insights into political events and social patterns not to be found in conventional scholarship or reporting. A letter from Moscow written during the final months of Stalin's rule and some 1960 musings on East Germany provide a better appreciation of the bleakness and ultimate futility of those political systems than would a shelf of monographs. His observations on Los Angeles in the late 1940s, before the dream had soured, are perspicacious and surprisingly sympathetic, but tinged with a concern that subsequent developments have shown was all too warranted. The book's greatest value, however, lies elsewhere.

Two themes woven through these pages particularly struck me. One is Kennan's sense of connectedness in the world. He evokes a web of mutual relationships essential to a healthy and sustainable planet: between people, societies, and generations; between humankind and its natural environment; between physical objects themselves; between the observer and the observed. The sense of these interactions (he does not blush to call them communion) underscores Kennan's concern for balance and proportion, and his dismay at its absence, whether in Soviet architecture, U.S. military doctrine, or personal conduct.

It is Kennan's conceptions of time that I found most thought provoking. Some of his reflections, such as those on the transitoriness of all things, are not particularly original, though they are always moving. Others, notably the conviction that certain things cannot be rushed, that a situation must ripen before it can be significantly influenced by man or governments, helps explain his well known opposition to American commitment to policies whose success depends on forces beyond the nation's control.

But it is in his treatment of the symbiotic relationship between past, present, and future, in which he joins his sense of connectedness with a concern for responsibility across generations, that Kennan is most poignant. For him mankind has a responsibility to previous generations virtually as compelling as that to our time and to those who will follow us. As he told participants at an international conference in 1980 while pleading for changes in nuclear policies, "You have a duty to civilization's past, which you threaten to render meaningless, and to its future, which you threaten to render nonexistent." For Kennan, the past is not a "foreign country." Reading his elegiacal reflections on his father, made during a 1965 visit to Ripon College where he stayed in the room in which his father had lived a century before, one senses the fatuousness of the exhortation never to look back. For Kennan it is only by looking back that we can grasp essential elements of our nature. Without that understanding we cannot be complete, comprehend our past, or move meaningfully ahead. Few would disagree with that, of course. Where Kennan differs from many who acknowledge the influence of history is in his sense of the past as a palpable part of the present. Others have spoken to this issue of the conversation between generations. Lincoln's "mystic chord of memory" comes to mind, as do passages from de Unamunu. But rarely have such sentiments been expressed as movingly as in these pages.

In appearance a collection of travel sketches, George Kennan's most recent book is in reality a meditation on the human condition. As travel writing it is superb. The portraits — of a Wisconsin farm family, a French tugboat pilot, passengers on a Russian train; of Leningrad, the Baltic coast, Hamburg — are acute, sympathetic, and moving, always searching for the inner meaning with which he is so concerned. But there is more in these pages than history and biography. There is poetry here; a poetry

of sadness and courage and vulnerability and loss, of honor and endurance, of the beauties of nature and the glorious ache of familial love, of dreams, of time passing. Above all there is a poetry of compassion for "man's lost and purposeless state, his loneliness, his helplessness, his wistfulness, and his inability to understand."

This is hardly the stuff of public discourse in late twentieth-century America. But perhaps some encouragement can be found in the survival of such sentiments. If the first test of leadership is to keep hope alive, Kennan, whose position of influence in government was relatively short and vexed, may yet find that his public service extends far beyond that exercised as a public servant.

David G. Utley is a vice president of the University of Wisconsin Foundation in Madison.

BELONGING by Lenore McComas Coberly. Madison: Fireweed Press, 1989. 33 pp.
A THOUSAND JOURNEYS by Helen Fahrbach. Appleton: Perin Press, 1989. 63 pp.
TRAILS FILLED WITH LIGHTED NOTIONS by William Harrold. Baltimore: Chestnut Hills Press, 1988. 60 pp. $5.95.

by Richard Boudreau

These poets should be familiar to Wisconsin readers. Each has appeared in such state publications as the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, and the *Cream City Review*. With these credentials, they should be free to work their will.

In *Belonging*, long-time Madison resident Lenore Coberly seems at first to be going home to the West Virginia hills of her childhood. But that's just to adjust the focus. The title poem suggests the first theme, "belonging," which, like her great-grandma's glass bowl,

> will last a lifetime
> if you're careful.

The second is from an aunt's comments about her grandfathers' arguments; two people, sides, cultures can honestly differ yet still be "good." These twin themes lead from Coberly's Appalachia to her recent experiences in the Far East. After a rain in Quezon City, the Philippines,

> We smile at the sun
> playing on a gardenia hedge.

The collection ends with two long narrative poems of American women who pursued their independent ways in life, yet achieved "belongingness": Molly Welsh, grandmother of Benjamin Banneker, and Mary Harris, "Mother Jones." The collection is illustrated by the poet's daughter, Elizabeth Coberly Benforado.

The work of Milwaukeean transplant William Harrold is replete with allusions: to Huck and Jim and Emmeline Grangerford, to Sappho, Buffalo Bill, the Upanishads and, as one might expect from a university professor, to Neruda, Yeats, Crane, Vaughan, John Berryman. His collection is divided into five movements, the third the drollest. "Heresy in the Kitchen," for example, begins with

> a blessed
> virgin Mary butter mold,
> carved by her husband
> for their wooden anniversary.

and ends with

> Devil's Food Delight,
> which calls for a three-fifty oven,
> a pound of melted mother
> and child.

And there is this aubade to "Nikki Sue":

> Still our eyes resemble prunes
> and the crows-feet are walking.

This ample offering of poems includes word and phrase games as well as poetic prose.

The thousand journeys of life we all make are accompanied by alert observations along the way by Neenah poet Helen Fahrbach. Her collection is divided into four sections denoting the four seasons, the cycle at the base of so much that is Wisconsin literature. "Hear the Earth Stir" and "Tulip Watch" suggest the springing of a new season. She is the chronicler of the little things of summer and fall: lily pads that "rim the lake"; a plum tree, "a drift of snow floating midair"; a spider web, "an airy citadel designed for death"; a milkweed's "silken parachutes damp and furled." And in winter she notes the "opaque cellophane" of first ice on the lake; the "monochrome" of the landscape, "monotonous as" a "drab scarf"; the wind-carved "alabaster bowls" of snow about the tree boles. These are poems of the natural world at the periphery of our senses; they are quiet, meditative — with photos by George Saunders.

Richard Boudreau is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse and is the editor of The Literary Heritage of Wisconsin, Volume 1: Beginnings to 1925.

NIXON. VOLUME TWO: THE TRIUMPH OF A POLITICIAN, 1962-1972 by Stephen E. Ambrose. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1989. 736pp. $24.95.

by Michael Cohen

The second volume of Stephen Ambrose's projected three-part study of Richard Nixon begins with his subject's self-proclaimed "last press conference" following the unsuccessful bid to be governor of California in 1962. It concludes exactly ten years later to the day on the night of his landslide re-election for a second term as President. The book is aptly subtitled *The Triumph of a Politician*, for it is Nixon the political creature that is the focus of the portrayal. Ambrose

demonstrates that the speech that promised "you won't have Nixon to kick around anymore" was in fact the kickoff of the 1968 campaign. Within months of his so-called withdrawal from public life, Nixon had set himself up as the chief critic of the Kennedy administration with his sights clearly set on the election six years down the road. He dismissed consideration of a bid in 1964 on the assumption that Kennedy would be unbeatable. (Events, of course, did not unfold that way, but the Democratic incumbent was easily re-elected.) It is this attitude of unprincipled pragmatism that dominates this portrait of Nixon, and Ambrose skillfully supports his claim that Nixon was both the "ultimate cynic" and the "ultimate realist."

In preparing for the 1968 campaign, Nixon took full advantage of his role as political challenger. He harshly criticized Lyndon Johnson's conduct of the war in Vietnam while refusing to offer any solutions of his own, on the grounds that this would jeopardize current negotiations. At the same time, he privately encouraged President Thieu not to negotiate as this would assure a Democratic victory. On the domestic front he made law and order his theme in a nation that was sick of student demonstrations and racial unrest. Nixon appealed to people's fears and picked issues that would garner votes; he did not offer alternative solutions.

Once in office, Nixon's basic distrustful nature hampered his potential for effective leadership. He made bold proposals for welfare reform, but then failed to work with Congress to pass the necessary legislation. Too much time in the Oval Office was spent worrying about his real or imagined enemies. Ambrose notes that few people have sought the White House so vigorously and enjoyed it so little once they got there.

The triumph of Nixon's first term comes in the arena of foreign affairs. The trip to China, detente with the Soviets, and the beginning of arms limitations talks all demonstrate the vision of a world statesman. Here we see Nixon as the "ultimate realist." Despite a career that was built on bashing the communists, by the late 1960s he had acknowledged that American military superiority was no longer possible and the politics of confrontation had to be replaced with negotiation. Yet even here, Nixon the "ultimate cynic" is never far behind. The diplomatic coups were worked out by Kissinger through secret meetings and backdoor deals because of Nixon's distrust of established congressional and State Department channels. His need to put politics above principle accounts for the greatest failure of his first term: the inability to disentangle American forces from Vietnam. His fear of being remembered as the first president to lose a war drove him to continue the flow of troops and supplies long after he admitted the conflict was not winnable. Withdrawal from Vietnam became the chief issue of the 1972 campaign, just as it had been four years earlier.

On the subject of Watergate, Ambrose postulates that Nixon did not order the break-in, did not know about it beforehand, and would have stopped it if he had. What he did do, and this within hours of the actual event, was to order and direct the coverup that included destruction of evidence, lying to Congress, and the use of campaign contributions to buy the silence of conspirators. This was done not to conceal the Watergate incident itself, but because the people involved were connected to a web of illegal activities that spread throughout the administration. The same team that was caught at Watergate had broken into the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist nine months earlier, an operation that very likely had been ordered by Nixon.

Stephen Ambrose, who grew up in Whitewater and is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, has constructed his portrait of Nixon out of a considerable mountain of material: presidential papers, White House tapes, television and newspaper reports, and the published memoirs of a dozen Watergate defendants. There are no surprises and nothing new; the information is a matter of public record, and for many of us the events are still very fresh in our memories. What Ambrose does succeed in doing is weave a massive amount of data into a smooth, fast-paced, and highly readable narrative. He also sticks to the facts, reporting what Nixon did without speculating why. He takes his cue from Samuel Johnson who admonished, "We cannot look into the hearts of men, but their actions are open to observation." Ambrose's portrait is totally balanced, giving Nixon full credit for his triumphs and censure for his failing. Throughout, the author remains completely, almost maddeningly, objective. When your subject is Richard Nixon, that is quite an accomplishment indeed.

Michael Cohen is technical services librarian at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Instructional Materials Center.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE: DESIGNERS AND PLACES, edited by William H. Tishler. Washington, D.C.: National Trust for Historic Preservation, American Society of Landscape Architects, The Preservation Press, 1989. 244 pp. $10.95.

by Erik Brynildson

This is the latest addition to the Preservation Press's *Building Watcher's Series*, a set of vest-pocket guidebooks that have, up until now, addressed post-settlement Euro-American architecture per se. The work, already in a second printing, was compiled by William Tishler, professor of landscape architecture at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. It is an anthology of landscape architectural history that includes twenty-one influential practitioners as well as twenty-one place types, most being showplaces of the profession.

Extensively illustrated, the book features numerous early photographs and plans; for many, this is their publishing debut. The guide complements its series predecessors and follows their established format.

Several notable commissions by exemplars such as Frederick Law Olmsted, Sr., H.W.S. Cleveland, O.C. Simonds, and Jens Jensen (father of the prairie school of landscape architecture) represent Wisconsin's role in the evolution of landscape design.

Since its inception, the field of landscape architecture has focused chiefly on the manipulation of natural outdoor space to ultimately serve the needs and desires of people. Only recently has the discipline begun to recognize a greater responsibility for applying ecological principles to its art. Traditionally, old world European maxims of garden design philosophy have been mimicked and adhered to, with results that nearly always impose an uprooted, foreign flavor on unique native places. These exotic expressions seldom exhibit any regard for where they exist, in toto contributing to the disintegration of the natural unity and flow of indigenous regions.

Given that nature is equilibrating yet breathing, growing, and dynamic, the time is upon us to enthusiastically embrace a soil-borne landscape architecture, one that respects and enhances the individuality of all places and things, not solely for the human good, but for the holistic good of the planet, seastrand to seastrand.

Few members of the modern avant-garde in "American" landscape architecture have genuinely espoused to professional reform. The art simply lacks an esprit de corps capable of capturing its long-awaited niche. Landscape architecture is in dire need of popular redefinition. What more noble definition than the restoration and stewardship of Earth's epidermal integrity? What other discipline is as broadly qualified for such a mission?

As Professor Tishler states in his introduction, "Today, the field of landscape architecture has matured and is expanding into new and exciting horizons. It has been said that the profession has reached the point where it now has the ability to invent its own future." I agree.

For all the contemporary preoccupation with a world of our own creation — albeit tame and artificial — nature, given a chance, still speaks aesthetically to the human spirit. *American Landscape Architecture: Designers and Places* lends a hand to our understanding of that spirit.

Erik Brynildson is a landscape architect and ecologist who lives at Fountain Lake Farm National Historic Landmark near Montello.

THE HELLENISTIC AESTHETIC by Barbara Hughes Fowler. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1989. 213 pp.

by Robert C. Ross

The epilogue to Professor Barbara Fowler's study glances briefly at Lawrence Durrell and C.P. Cavafy; I begin there. Her study recurs continually to the Hellenistic fascination with human infirmity, both physical and mental, a characteristic she sees in Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet* and Cavafy's poetry. In desert society, physical infirmities are simply an environmental given. They and their mental counterparts happen to people; such "defects" are subject to no special sentimentality. Surely that spirit informs Durrell's novels. Cavafy's poetry possesses an elegiac nostalgia bordering on the romantic; its imagery refracts the setting's light and topography. Both Cavafy and Durrell were minorities in a city which a minority founded and nurtured. Cavafy sees the city as a native would see it, with a native's ear to its varying rhythms. Durrell is an interloper, a member of the imperialist elite; his is the view of the outsider. To Professor Fowler, the Greek-Egyptian poet and English expatriate novelist together recreate the kaleidoscopic sensibility of ancient Hellenistic/Alexandrian art. She is dead right.

Professor Fowler arranges her material topically — "The Baroque," "Passion" — effectively facilitating understanding of her chronologically slippery subject, Hellenistic art and poetry. An introduction defines her book's scope, her sources, and her terminology. In practice, "Hellenistic" is synonymous with "Alexandrian," as her epilogue in fact acknowledges.

There are many pleasures: a nice exegesis of the crouching lion from Theocritus, *Idyll*, 25; observations on epigrams associated with death and the dead; an excellent discussion of animals; a masterly chapter on archaizing. The narrative is clear, only moderately repetitious (no small feat) and amply documented.

The need to compress and simplify, however, causes questions. My comments must be brief but symptomatic. To describe a Callimachean phrase (p. 23) "an advance in lyric feeling" seems hyperbolic; Sappho might have used such a phrase. Babies may be important in archaic and not classical Greek literature (p. 51), but they appear in Aeschylus and Aristophanes, contrary to her comment on page 156.

Is knowledge of the growing patterns of flowers "childlike," or does the wish to be a fish by the love-sick Cyclops reflect childishness (p. 59)? Are the Homeric goddesses really human (p. 56)? If the pathetic fallacy seems "to have come from what is a 'primitive' belief," then why does it seem original to Hellenistic aesthetic (pp. 106-7)? Lycophon is not treated at all.

Though Professor Fowler emphasizes the connection between "subject and craft" (p. 4), alludes to diverse specialized knowledge employed by poets and artists (pp. 111, 163ff.), and labors valiantly to wed them, the result is messy. The subject doesn't help, but classical antecedents are downplayed, as Aristotle and the Peripatetics in regard to the "particular." Color is particularly vexatious; the book lacks color plates, often making it hard to see what she is describing (e.g. plates 1, 61, 68). Some plates are so poorly reproduced that imaginative leaps are required for understanding (e.g. 20, 30, 101). There are omissions: the Volo stelas (one plate!), for example.

Barbara Fowler, who is John Bascom Professor of Classics at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, has written a good

book on a subject that needed a modern discussion in a format suitable for students of classical antiquity.

Robert C. Ross is associate professor of classics and chairman of the classics department at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

IS SHE COMING TOO? MEMOIRS OF A LADY HUNTER by Frances Hamerstrom. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1989. 156 pp. $16.95.

by Inga Brynildson

If you enjoyed Frances "Fran" Hamerstrom's book *Strictly For the Chickens,* which related amusing anecdotes about her research on prairie chickens in central Wisconsin, you also may enjoy her recent book, *Is She Coming Too?* This book is similarly autobiographical and sprinkled with references familiar to Wisconsin outdoor enthusiasts (eg. "Aldo Leopold's Recipe for Woodcock").

Is She Coming Too? is a collection of what hook-and-bullet magazines call "Me and Joe" stories — first-person accounts of hunting experiences. The twist, as the subtitle indicates, is that these are "Memoirs of a Lady Hunter" — with the emphasis on "lady." (When she travels south on a quail hunt, she packs a long, grey chiffon dress which comes in handy when she happens to dine with the governor of South Carolina.)

Fran writes about hunting partridges with Leopold and about hunting quail in South Carolina with a sure-shot named Buck Smith. Not being a hunter, I confess that some of the thrill of the kill and makes and models of guns (Parker, Crescent) were lost on me. My favorite tales were about Fran's frustrations with hunting dogs. Once while hunting in a remote area, she shot a partridge which landed in an alder thicket. While she wasn't hunting with a dog, she recognized the need for one and whistled. She writes matter-of-factly, "Of all things a beagle came romping toward me. I yelled, 'Fetch!'"

Feminists will share Fran's outrage in "Woman's Place" when on a hunt she finds herself relegated with other wives on the hunt to chauffeur the car from one rendezvous site to another, while the men fill the bag limits for all of them. And feminists will applaude Fran's moxy when she tosses the keys to the car and informs the hunt leader that it's his turn behind the wheel. However, feminists may not share Fran's explanation of why she was often greeted by male hunters with, "Is she coming too?": "I have not always been welcome. This is (of course) because of the behavior of other women." She cites perfume and giggling as examples of the unwelcome behavior exhibited by other women. (To my mind, blaming women for the sexism of men is like blaming the wife when the husband cheats.) In another chapter Fran refers to an officers' wives tea as a "hen" party. This extends to women the same prejudice that Fran rebukes in her male hunting companions.

There is another aspect of the book which I found troublesome; there is a lot of what reads like bravado. In the chapter, "With Her Bare Hands," Fran eagerly proves her stuff as a "rat beater" to her male classmates at a New Jersey game school who were — like a bunch of sissies — spearing rats with knives. She notes:

> I was accepted — not for my sterling character, but because without a knife, I easily and deftly did something no man in the whole school was willing to try.

Throughout these stories, Fran seems to be responding to some old dare or pursuit of male acceptance. For insight, I found myself pondering her comments about her father:

> My father, a hunter, always dreamed of having a son to hunt with him. He had four children: three boys and one daughter . . . The one person who passionately wanted to share his hunts was his slim, blond daughter. I was afraid of my father, and I never had a conversation with him . . . Perhaps it is a pity that he never detected that one of his four children had hunting in her blood.

A truly moving theme throughout Fran's memoirs is her deep and enduring love for "her man," Frederick Hamerstrom, who passed away last spring. Fran has an impressive ability to weave a story and, as in earlier works, she expresses a clear and sympathetic vision of landscape. As she writes at the close of one of her hunting memoirs,

> The song is over. The coyote begins his hunt. We crawl into the sleeping bag under the black, starry heavens.

Inga Brynildson is an ecologist and writer living in Hazelhurst.

JANE AUSTEN: WOMEN, POLITICS AND THE NOVEL by Claudia L. Johnson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1988. 186 pp.

by Janice M. Bogstad

The girls did finally leave with volumes by Jane Austen, Oliver Goldsmith, Charlotte Smith, Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Charles Robert Maturin, among others. (Philippa Castle, The Reluctant Duke. *A Candlelight Regency Special. Dell. 1981. p. 137.)*

The popular conception of Jane Austen's works as novels of manners is the principal point of interrogation of Claudia Johnson's excellent work, *Jane Austen: Women, Politics and the Novel.* The author, who is a professor of English at Milwaukee's Marquette University, interrogates the sanguine equations made between Austen's works and those of the famous "gothic" novelists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centu-

ries, many of whom are listed along with Austen by the author of the mass-market work cited above. One must agree with Johnson that every effort has been made to obfusticate the political content of Austen's novels, their singularity among the novels of her time, the critique of these very novels, and the vast philosophical and stylistic differences between each of Austen's works. Were Johnson to accomplish only the unmasking of these popular misconceptions of Austen's work, she would have achieved a formidable task. Make no mistake, this critique does all of those things and takes them one step further to a critical re-evaluation of literary conventions, social and economic structures, and the woman as novelist.

Beginning by illuminating the social effects on Britain of the French Revolution of 1790, conditions which were facts of Austen's life, Johnson places this author's work in the context of primogenitor against repressive attempts to restrict women's social, economic, and personal freedom. Throughout her discussions of Austen's novels, Johnson returns to this insight which she introduces with the following:

> As we shall see, her only apparent "silence" on matters political is a creditable choice of strength rather than decorous concessions to "feminine" weakness or ignorance. Austen's silence is an enabling rather than inhibiting strategy (p.xxv).

Johnson proceeds, through seven chapters, to analyze most of Austen's works in comparison to other novelists of the day, her social context, and her other critics, from the earliest to the most recent. She focuses on *Northanger Abbey, Sense and Sensibility, Pride and Prejudice, Mansfield Park, Emma*, and *Persuasion*. For example, her second chapter on "The Juvenilia and *Northanger Abbey*" contrasts the conversations in the "Gothic" work as radical critiques of both the gothic form and the culture that gave rise to it. In this context, she brings up both Radcliffe and Smith, two of the authors sanctioned in contemporary "Regency" canons as represented by the quotation above. By showing in each chapter how the narratives of Austen are both literary and social critiques, Johnson proves Austen's position of opposition to the dominant culture, the uniqueness of each novel, and her singularity as a writer. Yet in each chapter, there is more which interrogates women and the novelistic form itself.

True, Johnson attributes the subtlety of Austen's critiques, and therefore their vulnerability to misreading, to a studied balancing of public acceptance and oppositional intent. Yet she delves further into issues that still plague women socially and as novelists, returning in her reading of *Mansfield Park* to the uses of silence in oppressive social structures:

> *Mansfield Park* adumbrates a phenomenon which has preoccupied modern feminists: the dependence of certain kinds of masculine discourse on feminine silence (p. 112).

That this submissive silence was disastrous to women of Austen's time is a theme which the novelist takes up in other of her works, both with characters who accept the ideology and those who evade it. But the silence itself, both in person in the inability to express one's wishes and in writing in the inability to have one's works seriously appreciated, attributed to their female writer or even published at all, is still of concern to feminists, as we can see in such critical titles as Spender's *The Writing or the Sex* or Russ's *How to Suppress Women's Writing*. While establishing firmly Austen's oppositional novelistic substructures in social context, Johnson has also miraculously linked her to feminist inquiries of the present day. Her critique is of value to feminist critics, critics of the novel form, of popular or mass culture as well as to Austen scholars.

Johnson's work arouses many additional impulses in its reader, the best one being the desire to read or reread Austen's narratives and at least a few of Austen's critics. This reader also wanted to create a bibliography, which the work lacks separate from the endnotes, in order to easily establish the chronology of Austen's novels and of Johnson's relationship to Austen and feminist theory. Perhaps such an addendum can be put into another printing of the book. I am sure the absence is prompted by publishing constraints and not by the author's omissions. Otherwise she shows all the marks of a thoughtful and careful scholar, and I look forward to reading other of her works.

Janice Bogstad is the collection development librarian at the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire and is completing a Ph.D. thesis on gender theory in contemporary Anglo-American and French science fiction through the University of Wisconsin-Madison's Department of Comparative Literature. □

Correction

The caption which accompanied this photo in the September issue of the Review *was incorrect. It should have read:*

(Left to right) James Watrous, Marshall Glasier, John Wilde, and Dudley Huppler, ca. 1942.

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