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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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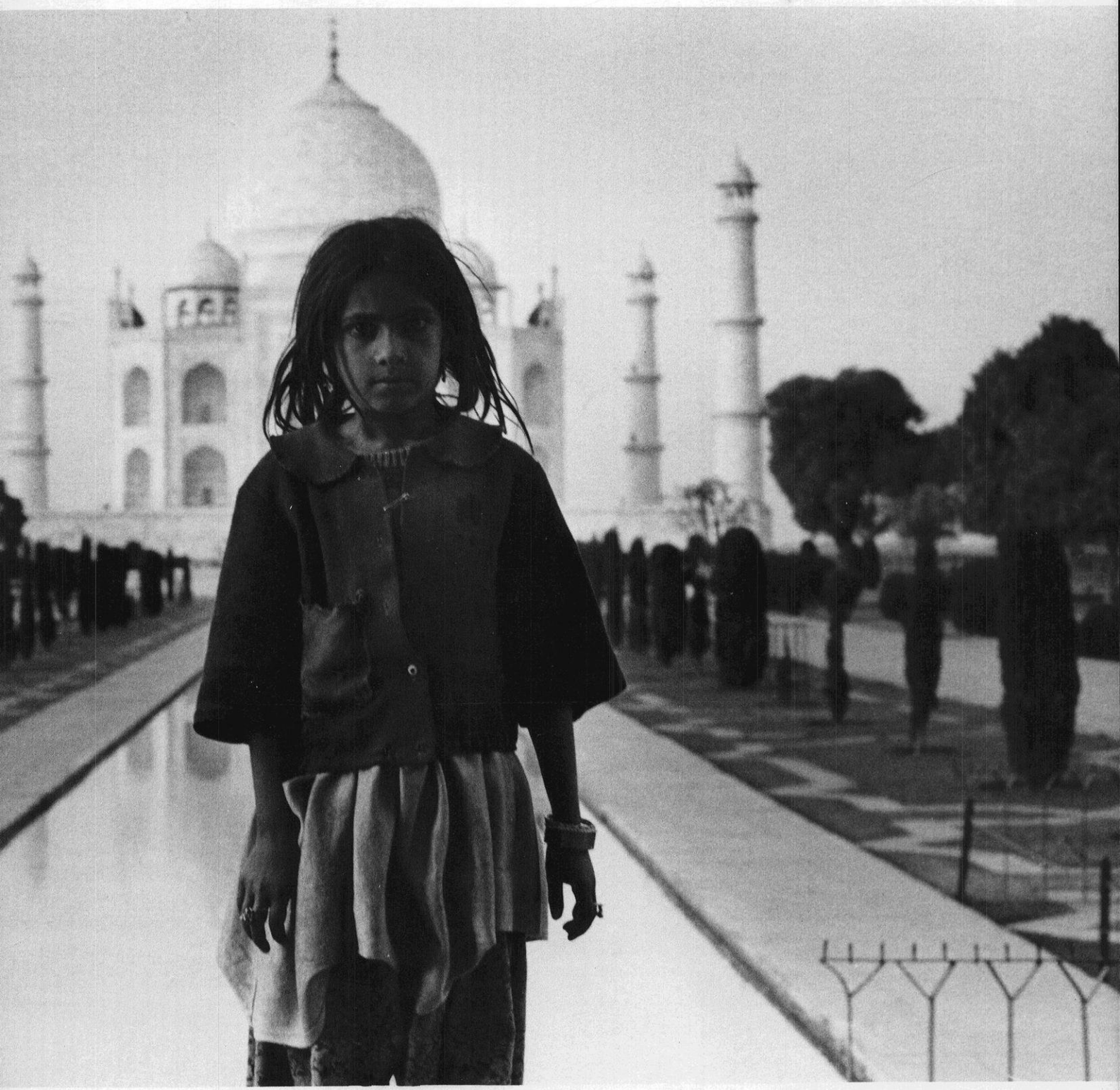

June 1984
Volume 30, Number 3

EDITORIAL

More Wisconsin Authors

One attractive aspect of editing for me is the necessity to read—to read widely in modern poetry and fiction to be able to put *Review* submissions into a context, to read *Science* and the *Smithsonian* for ideas, for keeping up. For this issue my delightful self-assignment was reading/rereading books by authors to be included. One dreary winter day I came home from the public library with a huge stack of books and congratulated myself on having this job. I became absorbed in the Brooklyn Jewish world of Mark Dintenfass, beginning with his latest *Old World, New World* (1982) then starting with his first published novel *Make Yourself an Earthquake* (1968) and proceeding chronologically. I did the same for Herbert Kubly, beginning with his first book *American in Italy* (1955) jumping to his last *The Native's Return* (1981), then reading the short stories *Varieties of Love* (1958) and fiction, *The Whistling Zone* (1963) and *The Duchess of Glover* (1975).

I had forgotten what an enriching experience it is to read a half-dozen books by an author all together. When a reader takes on an author's whole *oeuvre*, the characters expand from one novel to the next and grow in richness, and the world becomes increasingly three-dimensional. When I was reading about Mr. Kubly's journeys to Italy and Switzerland separated by twenty-five years, I could see differences and similarity of the author—the one who perceives. And it's always illuminating to see how biographical experiences are incorporated into fictional accounts.

We have tried to choose fiction and poetry for this issue to please many tastes. Even when we agree on the technical competence of the material, we may still have different verdicts on the stories and poems because content—whose impact is highly subjective—is at least as important as the more objective form. Happy summer reading!

Patricia Powell

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Cover photograph by Arvind Garg ***Agra***

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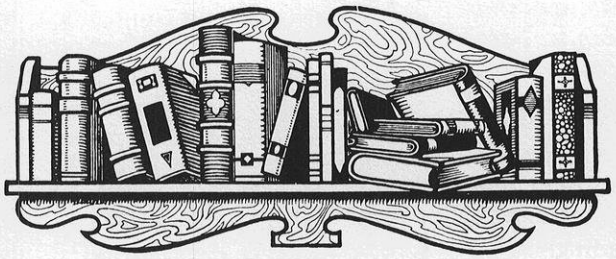


Letters in WISCONSIN

Authors

Susan Engberg

Susan Engberg was born in Dubuque, Iowa in 1940. She graduated from Lawrence College in Appleton, cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa. Since 1963 she has been married to Charles Engberg, an architect; they have two daughters, Siri and Gillian. Publications include individual stories in *The Kenyon Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Ascent*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Southern Review*, *The Iowa Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Ploughshares*, and *Epoch*. Her story collection, *Pastorale*, (University of Illinois Press, 1982) received the Banta Award of the Wisconsin Library Association, 1983 and The Society of Midland Authors Award, fiction, 1983. *Pastorale* was reviewed in the June 1983 *Wisconsin Academy Review*.

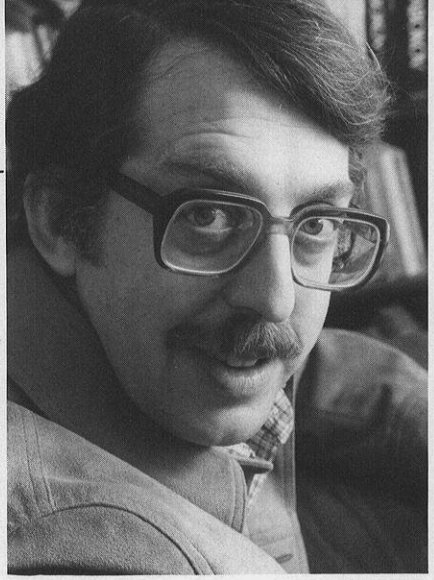
Robert Hillebrand teaches composition at Waukesha County Technical Institute. For the past twenty years he has published poetry. Two novels, *Penguin Dust* (Quixote Press) and *Come For To Sing* (Morgan Press) came out very quietly during recent years, and Morgan Press will bring out a third novel, *Wowzer Wiley's Anti-Flatlander Campaign*.

Maggie Perry lives and works in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. She has published in *Fox Cry*, *Northeast*, *Spoon River Quarterly*, *Penninsula Review*, *Primipara*, and other small press magazines.

Michael Finley, who lives in Milwaukee with his wife Rachel, is a poet, novelist, and nonfiction writer with several books to his credit, most recently *Animal Fame*, a mystery-comedy about the 1938 killing of the M-G-M lion. He has published articles and poetry in *Rolling Stone*, *Kayak*, *Greenfield Review*, *Abraxas*, *Prairie Schooner*, and won a 1984 Pushcart Prize.

Herbert Kubly will retire in May from UW-Parkside, where he has been professor of English and writer-in-residence since 1969, to devote his time to writing. In 1981 he published his eleventh book, *The Native's Return* (Stein and Day), a humanistic study of Switzerland (reviewed in this journal in June 1983). His first published book *American in Italy* (Simon & Schuster, 1955) won the National Book Award for nonfiction. He has had four plays produced and contributed numerous articles and short stories to *Esquire*, *Atlantic*, *Saturday Review*, and other magazines. He received the top awards from the Council for Wisconsin Writers for fiction, *The Duchess of Glover* (Doubleday, 1975) and for nonfiction, *Gods and Heroes* (Doubleday, 1969). Herbert Kubly was honored by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in 1982 with the Distinguished Service Citation in recognition of his contribution to the life, culture, and welfare of Wisconsin.

Herbert Kubly



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Mark Dintenfass

Mark Dintenfass was born in Brooklyn, took his B.A. and M.A. from Columbia University, and served two years in the Peace Corps in Ethiopia teaching English at Haile Selassie University. Upon return he taught at and received an MFA in creative writing from the University of Iowa Writers Workshop. Since 1968 he has been faculty member of Lawrence University, with a year in Connecticut to write a novel and two years traveling abroad. He is married and has two sons. His published novels include *Make Yourself an Earthquake* (Little, Brown, 1968), *The Case Against Org* (Little, Brown, 1970), *Figure 8* (Simon & Schuster, 1974), *Montgomery Street* (Harper and Row, 1978), and *Old World, New World* (Morrow, 1982). He is currently at work on a new novel.

Arthur Madson is in his thirtieth year of university teaching, the last seventeen as professor of English at UW-Whitewater. He has published in *Notes and Queries*, *Satire Newsletter*, *Wisconsin Studies in Literature*, *Cumberland*, *Windfall*, and others.

Tom McBride was born in Texas in 1945. A graduate of the University of Illinois with a doctorate in English, he has taught at Beloit College since 1973. He has published essays on Shakespeare; in 1978 he was elected the college's teacher of the year. Since 1981 he has broadcast commentaries on language for Wisconsin Public Radio.

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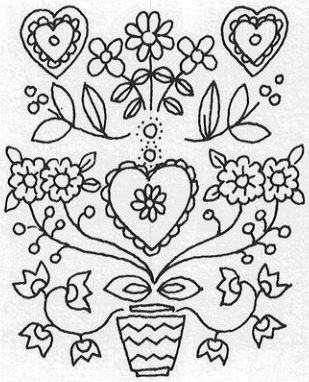
A Daughter's Heart



By Susan Engberg

The early Saturday morning that Kathleen came home from college for spring vacation, she found her father polishing the brass door knobs and plates in the front vestibule. "Oh, this is fine," Chris said. He set down the bottle of tarnish remover and the rag and embraced her heartily. He was tall, but only slightly taller than she, and his leanness surprised her; it seemed that before there had been more of him.

"Hello, hello," she exclaimed. She disentangled herself from duffel bag and back pack and hugged her father again, setting them both a little off balance. Her body was stronger than ever from a daily regimen of running and exercises, but feelings and gestures were still hard for her to put together without awkwardness. This particular morning life's potential seemed so vast as to be almost uncontainable; she felt she might fly apart from the inner press of it.

Most of the night on the train she had been awake, talking intensely with the young man who chanced to sit next to her, a divinity student, it turned out, who had had so many of the same questions as she that four hundred miles had seemed insubstantial. Was creation necessary to the Divine, they both wanted to know. Tom, his name had been. Kat had dozed off for only an hour, just before dawn, but she wasn't tired now, not at all. Here was her father, and the moment of reunion was alive with delight.

"May I have a turn?" asked her mother's amused, warm voice. Here were Tina and Carol, too, coming down the stairs, still in their bathrobes. They were all together in the familiar entrance hall, around them the papered walls, the polished banisters, the small desk at the foot of the stairs, the daylight. How clear it seemed! Kat hugged everyone vigorously. She had so much to tell them!

"I think we could have a real breakfast now," said Chris to Miriam. Kat saw the look they gave each other through the excited greetings of their daughters. It was like a note so low and steady she could barely make it out; she only knew it was there.

They had tea and toast and jam and scrambled eggs at the table beside the sunny kitchen window. Quick birds flew now and then to the feeder just outside the glass, built one fall years ago by Chris. The bright air was intermittently snow-flurried, as if with particles of precipitated light. Kat sighed with an upsurge of happiness. Plants flourished in the windows; the large room was fragrant with toast and the cookies her mother was in the midst of baking; the sunlight touched everything, their faces, their hands, the dishes of red and purple jams, the amber tea.

She poured out her life for them—philosophy, French, biology, literature, her runs along the river path, her room in the scholars' house, the repertory symphony, the new good food group, the meditation society, her ideas for travel next summer—and she must hear about them, all the news this minute, entire—Tina's dancing, Carol's editorship of the school paper, her mother's new job in the high school office, her father's counseling and current graduate courses. Hearing their voices was like being inside a familiar piece of music once more; like music their voices said to her that life was meant to flow inside its forms, to enlarge but not break the heart. Oh, she wanted them to talk and talk until nothing was unsaid that should be said.

"But aren't you exhausted?" her mother finally asked. "Don't you want to nap this morning?"

"I couldn't possibly," laughed Kat, but then the telephone rang, and Carol jumped up; her father said he should be getting on with the paper he was writing; her mother took out the last sheet of cookies and turned off the oven; Tina stretched gracefully back in her

chair, long hair loose, lovely slender face fifteen years old now, one small glisten of butter at the corner of her mouth. Breakfast was over.

Kat washed the dishes with her mother. She ran through the cold to the trash can and on her way back crumbled a heel of bread ceremoniously into the feeder. The brilliant fine snow seemed to be whirling out of nowhere, falling, then lifting, as if the center of gravity were everywhere at once. A run to the lake with her father was what she wanted today, just like their jogs of last summer, when they would be out and back in the mornings before anyone else was even awake.

Upstairs in her room Kat unpacked her bags, books mostly, a few bulky sweaters and pairs of blue jeans, a small gray heap of what her mother would probably refer to gently and reprovingly as untidy linen. She laid out the books on her desk and shoved most of the clothes back into the duffel bag in the corner. Clothes were merely an irritant. The largest of the sisters, Kat had simplified her wardrobe when she had gotten away from home to the few garments that felt comfortable on her body—jeans in the winter, gym shorts in the summer, and for concerts a long cotton skirt sewn by her mother.

"Is this all you've got?" Tom had asked her that morning as he had helped her hoist her duffel to her shoulder in the station, and she had been proud of the compactness of her load and the strength of her body. "Only what's necessary," she had laughed, but then a moment later, turning into the thronging station, she had collided with a hurrying businessman and bumbled onto an upward moving escalator, when what she really needed was to go down, towards the street and the commuter trains. Gliding back to the level where they had parted, she had looked for Tom, for a young man in a blue down jacket with sand-colored hair and a reddish beard, but he was gone. Streams of strangers had been crossing from one opening or another across the great dusky room, or loitering at the snack bars and newstand; daylight had appeared only high up, among the grimy clerestories of the vaulted ceiling.

Now in her own bedroom at last, Kat pushed the curtains fully apart and gazed out into the suburban neighborhood roofs. Her hands shook slightly. Minute tremors passed now and then through her body. The light shivered with snow, turned gray for an instant, and returned to brightness. Here she was. What was her father doing?

His study was at the end of the upstairs hallway; it was a porch, really, overlooking the street, and wherever there weren't windows, he had over the years built shelves for his accumulating books. There were also a large work table and chair and several filing cabinets and a reading chair of comfortable depth, into which Kat herself had often retreated. This morning, however, the chairs were unused; her father stood at a window, a length of sash cord over his shoulder and various tools and pieces of molding strewn around him. Kat hung quietly in the doorway until he turned around. "Well, here's my girl," he said. "All unpacked?"

She nodded. "Would you like to take a run with me, Father?" I've been doing four miles every day at school, faithfully."

"That's discipline!" he exclaimed approvingly. "If I hadn't et so much toast I'd say yes. Later I'll go. Come here a minute, will you, and snake this cord over the pulley to me? All right, that's it, almost there, I've got it. Now hand me that counterweight, please. What a job! Every window in this house suddenly seems to have at least one broken cord."

"Do you always have to take the window apart like that?" asked Kat.

"No other way, tedious as it seems."

"Can't you hire someone to do it?"

Chris laughed shortly as he continued to work. "I can probably do it better and certainly cheaper. Now that army knife, please, and then we'll see if we can get this all back together."

Kat straddled the arm of the chair and handed him tools. Outside the window the reddish maple buds seemed swollen, tossed in the capricious air within the secure limits of their branches' pliancy, unflurried by the drafts of spinning snow. Kat squinted. All this brilliance was almost too much for eyes that were unrested. In summer this porch was a shaded green bower cooler than the hottest days, timeless like repetitive summer days that began and ended with the same sweet sounds, dove calls, bird calls, coming out of nowhere. There was no way to measure the hours Kat had spent in this chair, enjoying the sweet latent fullness of immobility. It had been a way of putting herself in her father's care, even when he was absent.

"That should do it for this one," said Chris. "One down and eleven to go. Are you going to be my helper or what? You're looking a little tired around the edges."

She looked up at his face. "What's the paper about that you're writing now?"

"Forster," he said, "and a few of the ones after him who have tussled with India."

"M-m-m." Kat's eyes scanned across his orderly desk. He still kept his pencils and pens in the marmalade jar. Neat stacks of papers were as usual held in place by some of the glass paperweights he had inherited from his mother, Grandmother Birks, wife of Reverend Birks. Other pieces from the glass collection also had been handed down when the manse was dismantled several years ago; for these milky green and pink and yellow plates and pitchers and bowls Chris had built special tiered shelves in front of the dining room windows. He had built the dictionary stand,

too, on which the unabridged book now lay open, the printed columns appearing to Kat from where she sat blurred and yet enticingly orderly, all that knowledge so easily contained within two covers.

"Lexicography must be a blissful occupation," her father had said to her one day last summer.

"Then why don't you do it?" she had asked.

"I may, I may yet," he had answered.

Kat slid down into the easy chair and watched as her father gathered up his tools and moved to another window. He always seemed to be busy at something, she mused, but what was it that was strongest in his mind? His work over the past years had been as a guidance counselor in the schools. Now he was back in school himself, as enthusiastic over some of his courses as Kat was with her own.

"Well, what about India? Why do you say 'tussled'?" she demanded.

"Because of the perspective it affords us," he answered, "the extreme perspective, so that there's that much more to integrate."

Kat took a deep breath and plumped herself more heavily into the chair. "Father, may I ask you something?"

"Anything at all."

"Do you remember if you ever used to be afraid of your mind?"

"Afraid of my mind?"

"Yes." Kat found it difficult to continue. She leaned back her head and let her eyes rest on the tossing branches of the maple. Her body tightened as if a sudden electric current had jammed all its connections. "Yes, afraid of where it might take you," she finally said with a shaking voice.

"Of where it might take me?" Chris put down his screwdriver and came to sit near her in the straight desk chair. "Tell me what it feels like," he suggested. He had picked up one of the glass paperweights and after holding it for a few moments, he passed it down to Kat, a magnified pansy that she remembered clearly from her grandparents' house. Its familiar weight felt good in her hand. She rubbed her fingers over the surface.

"It seems sometimes as if my mind has a mind of its own," she said. "A lot of the time I can't concentrate. I daydream too much. I never know what I'm going to think next. Everything seems so much larger than it ever did before. I mean, there's no end to what I could be thinking, is there?"

"The time I waste is just incredible!" she blurted out after a pause. "Sometimes I think I'm going to split apart."

"But you've been doing very well," her father protested. "Your record shows that you've put your mind on your work admirably well. You needn't worry about what happens to drift through when you relax a little. Your business is the direction that you're going, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's as if I'm going in all directions at once. Oh, I don't know!" Kat pressed her eyes shut. She had cried many times with her father before, but today she didn't want to cry. She wanted to be clear. What she saw behind her eyes was herself, a lumbering, long-haired girl sprawled gracelessly in a chair. She opened her eyes and laughed.

"My dear girl," her father said, "if I could make sure of giving you one thing it would be the assurance that the confusions you feel are caused by the wonderful depth of the questions you're asking. You are blessed, my dear, and you have my blessing, too, for whatever it may be worth."

Kat looked intently at her father's face. His beard had turned even grayer this year, and his thin face looked tired today. A small amount of money had come to him at the death of his parents, Kat knew, but she wasn't sure how much. An image came to her suddenly, perhaps touched off by the glass weight that she kept passing from one palm to another, of a pair of balance scales, of a pair of chairs like scales, containing her father and herself, she ponderously lower and he above, appearing erect, light, almost transparent in his love. The image troubled her. His provision for her over the years had been so gracious, so natural and seemly as never to be disquieting. She had never before considered in such a concrete way the possible toll of her life on his, measure for measure of finite energy.

"I've taken up too much of your time!" she said. "You'll never get your paper written."

"It's not every day my girl comes home," said Chris firmly. He was smiling at her. "You make your mother and me very happy, you know, just by letting us watch you grow. We're grateful to you."

In an instant she was up and had her arms around his neck; she leaned over the back of his chair and pressed her cheek against his; she kissed him and breathed in his nearness, and in a rush she thought how her well-being still seemed to depend quite literally on his words; without his presence it might happen that she would fall, that she would become in the lapse of time a burden to herself.

The telephone rang a good deal during the day. Two boys and a girl, dressed identically in jeans and flannel shirts and hiking boots, came at noon to pick up Carol for an expedition to the city and stayed long enough, lounging bulkily in the living room, to eat an entire tray of fresh cookies. Kat had broken off from playing the piano and was on the couch, fiddling with a wooden puzzle, one of the many objects—books, magazines, records, games of skill, well-crafted puzzles, the large globe, the piano, the photograph albums—that were on hand to entice the interest. Young people loved this comfortable room; Kat's own friends had often come for a few minutes and stayed for hours. Some of them had told Miriam troubles and questions that would have been unspeakable

in their own homes. They had never seemed to mind when Chris quoted poetry to them, or even scriptures. Around her parents they had often become, Kat had observed, more settled in their behavior than was usual, and yet at the same time more lively. Gradually over the years she had become aware of what a gift it was her parents had, of what was there for others to receive.

"Fill the tray, will you please, Kathleen?" asked Miriam. She was sitting close by at her sewing machine in the dining room. The ironing board was set up, too, and pressed linens lay piled on the table. A dancing costume was being sewn for Tina, who sat on the floor at her mother's feet with a piece of hand sewing; now and then she artfully changed her posture, so as to give a stretching exercise to one set of muscles or another.

Kathleen plodded to the kitchen and back with the cookie tray. By now she was quite tired indeed, but felt held in place by the charming rhythms of family life. She sank deeply into the couch and ate several more cookies. For a blank moment she couldn't even remember what it was she had been hoping to do that day. She knew it involved her father, who was upstairs now in his study, with the door shut.

Carol and her friends took another round of turns on the balance labyrinth box and then surged into the hallway, clumped about finding jackets and called out high-spirited thanks and farewells. Doors banged. It was a run she had wanted, Kat remembered, out into the open with her father, down through neighborhood streets to the beach, up the shore to the breakwater point, and back again with the victory of exertion.

The sewing machine whirred and clicked beneath Miriam's intent profile. Tina put down her sewing. Her cheeks were flushed. Kat had been told at breakfast how serious the dancing was becoming for Tina now. Encourged by her teachers, she traveled every Saturday down into the city for additional classes. Perhaps she would go straight from high school to dancing school, who knew, Chris had said. Now Tina rose neatly from the floor, stretched, and floated up the stairs. Kat could hear her stopping to knock at her father's door.

"Kathleen," said Miriam, "what is your clothes situation right now? Do you have anything that needs mending?"

"No. Thank you, Mother."

"What about your underwear, would you like to soak it a bit in some bleach?"

"No, everything is fine, thank you," said Kat as she watched her mother measuring and pinning the hem of the dancing skirt. From upstairs came the murmur of voices.

"And your new room at school?" asked Miriam, looking up at her daughter over the rims of her glasses. "It does sound as if you like it."

"It's lovely to be in a house," Kat agreed. She told her mother about the pine tree outside her window and how the small birds chirped among its branches at sunset; she told her about some of the other girls and about the washing machine in the basement and the cozy kitchen where they could fix snacks whenever they liked.

Miriam's hands efficiently continued with their task. One pin after another was pushed into the soft material; a needle was threaded; daughters were being clothed, readied. She sat almost in the doorway between the two rooms, framed, against a background of colored glass objects and windows of daylight. The spaces around the glass pieces seemed to Kat to pulse with brightness; something inside her was pulsing, too, giddily. She rubbed her eyes and then leaned back and closed them. The house was quiet.

"I really do think that you should nap for awhile, Kathleen. Why don't you just lie down where you are? There's an afghan behind you."

"I don't want to nap."

Miriam laughed. "That's what you've been telling me all your life. Everything will still be here when you wake up, you know."

"Who says?" teased Kat.

Miriam laughed again. "I do," she answered. "I'll keep watch." She dipped her needle over and over into the cloth.

Kat took off her shoes and lay down on the couch. She would read magazines, she decided, while she was waiting for her father to come to a stopping point.

"Are you hungry?" asked Miriam.

"Nothing right now, thanks, I want to run with Father."

"You're going out this afternoon?"

"I guess so." Kat set a pile of magazines on her chest and opened one to an account of a tribal wedding, color photographs from far away in Africa. There were certain things the women did in preparation for the ceremony and certain things the men did. Everyone seemed to be having a good time.

Kat turned another page. "Mother, is Father happy to be back in school?"

"He seems to be."

"Wasn't he happy before?"

"He was dissatisfied. It has been very hard for him to make his job what he wants it to be."

"Will he be getting a new job?"

"We'll see."

"Do you really like your job?"

Miriam laughed. "At my age I'm pleased to have some work." She bit free her sewing thread and held up the finished skirt. "Now there," she said, "how does that look?"

"Very nice," said Kat. "You must be proud of Tina."

"Of course," answered Miriam, "and of you, too."

"Don't you ever get tired of being our mother and doing all these things?"

"Sometimes."

"Don't you ever want to quit?"

"Goodness, Kathleen!" her mother exclaimed. "This is what God has given me. I do what I can

in the time that I have."

"But don't you ever wonder which thing to do next?"

"No, I don't," said Miriam, somewhat impatiently. "I leave that to your father. Why are you asking me all these questions? Do we seem unhappy to you?"

"No," said Kathleen with a sigh. "I was just wondering." She put the magazines away and rolled onto her side, facing her mother, her large-limbed inert body bent to fit the couch. The comfort of this familiar place seemed to be draining from her whatever energy she had left. She watched her mother stand up and drape the dancing costume on a hanger. She heard the faint ticking of the iron as it began to warm up. Miriam shook out something and hung it over the ironing board. There were footsteps, her father's voice, something about light bulbs.

"Now?" asked Miriam. "You can do that later, can't you?"

"Might as well now," answered Chris.

Kat heard him thud down the basement stairs, and when he returned he was carrying a ladder.

"She's asleep?" he whispered to his wife.

Kat closed her eyes. She heard her parents kissing, then her father clattering up the stairs with the ladder. The ironing board creaked and knocked, like a boat against close moorings, and like a diver heady with gravity, her mind plunged down beneath the surface of the light.

Watch out for the guards, a dream voice babbled, but she couldn't stop to listen.

When she woke up, she was alone, but someone had covered her with the afghan. The laundry and sewing had been put away. A bowl of fruit rested on the table in a pool of its own reflection.

Kat began to cry, very suddenly and without knowing why and then as suddenly stopped. She stood up unsteadily, alone, it seemed, in the downstairs of the house. No one was in the kitchen, but a piece of red beef stood on the stove ready to cook. The sunlight was on the other side of the house now. The faucet dripped.

A recent picture of her parents was among the many pinned to the bulletin board by the refrigerator. In it they were at a party of some sort, seated at a table with a number of other people, all of the same generation. Kathleen bent closer to peer at the photograph. Many of the other people were overweight and flushed. There were a number of brightly printed clownish garments. Some of the faces looked tan, as if they had traveled to other climates; most were laughing broadly at the camera. Chris and Miriam, however, sat slender and calm and a little pale, with sweet steady smiles and clear eyes.

Kat began to cry again. Through her tears she looked at the other pictures on the board and then she read through the family calendar for the month of April and the grocery list and a list in her father's handwriting of household chores, *To Do*, the paper was headed: *garden seeds, brass hardware, sweep basement, ceiling lights, window sashes, outdoor trim, clean gutters*, the list continued to the bottom of the page in several colors of ink, with some of the items crossed off.

When there was nothing left to examine, Kathleen blew her nose, took a drink of water, and wandered back through the house to the stairs. On her mother's desk in the hallway was a pile of bills, ready to be mailed. There was another photograph, in a frame, which Kat had seen so many times she didn't stop now to look, but started on up the stairs. In that photograph three evidently happy children faced the camera, dressed for church, long brown hair braided. They stood on the steps of the house next door to the church where Grandfather and Grandmother Birks had lived for so many years. A lilac tree had bloomed beside that porch, Kat remembered, and it continued to bloom in the photograph on her mother's desk at the foot of the stairs.

The upper hallway was darkened because of the many closed doors. There were more photographs on these walls, her own graduation face among them, smiling freshly in the dimness, honor student, pride to her family, hope of the future. Kat glanced into this seamless, startling face and quickly turned away. From behind her she heard a murmur of voices in her parents' room and then everything was quiet.

Very quietly in her own room she pulled off her jeans and dressed in her running clothes. She tied back her hair without needing a mirror. She put on her shoes outside the house, sitting on the front steps beneath the maple tree and the windows of her father's study. And then she took off into the late afternoon. No snow remained in the sky or on the ground, but when she reached the lake a last ridge of winter ice rimmed the beach. There were whitecaps playing at the surface of the water, blue-gray water leveling out all the way to the horizon. Kat ran strongly, without feeling tired. It would be clear tonight. Last night, too, it had been clear during the train ride. She and her new friend had watched the full moon rising; above the flat agricultural land it had appeared slightly flattened, gigantic, orange, close, oriental. She had looked over her shoulder at it; she had felt it following her; she had seen herself on a plain of earth beneath stars being called upon to take in the moon, to let herself be overtaken. Tom had watched it, too. He had stopped talking, turned out the little reading light above their seat and leaned across her to get a better view.

Her own heart had felt as full as the moon, enlarged with light, brimming over in waves like music, and yet still miraculously whole, still alive: to be going home! to be containing such a sight! to be rushing along without seeming to move beneath that presence in the sky! Kat took a deep breath and continued running at her own pace all the way to breakwater point and home.

Someone Else's Dream

If you happen to wake while some part
of your body is being used in someone
else's dream, don't panic, lie still.
Even if one or both are missing, eyes
should remain closed. You won't bleed.
Danger is slight so long as you lie
still, eyes closed, and permit
no pictures to enter your mind.
Wait, and when you feel needles
where the missing part once was,
you'll know its return is near.
No thing will be lost, ever; surprising
gains are not unknown.
A hand may return
with the memory of a clasp
that will haunt you pleasantly for years.
Your arm may come back a cradle
from a dark embrace.
Your foot may have tapped
to an unremembered tune
while you lay, dreamless, on your bed.
Your eye may have collected
wondrous sights that will tumble out
on another day.
And one night the nest
between your legs
may recall phantom movements,
and then you'll fly.

Robert Hillebrand

Rob Bussler's Long Hair

It isn't pretty. Looks like
jute coil of rope left out
for ten winters beside a leaky
rowboat in the backyard junk pile.
Ernie Anderson once said
Robbie hasn't cut his hair
since he got out of Vietnam.
His wife braids it. Homespun
thick strands. A shared life.

When a red-neck is near,
you can tell, because Rob's hair
raises plum off the nap of his neck.
Indicates volatile situations the way
arthritic knees or boils tell changes
in the weather. Soft, sandy voice sifts
through his hair as if it were always
just waking up. Blinking. Slow.
Looking for coffee.

Not lazy. He's no back-to-the-land,
old hippie; although the hair and
blue jeans could fool you. He's German.
Goats and sheep and drinking beer,
silently staring into the space of things.
Earth bound dreams of proper, wooden
beams for building a solid barn.

On summer days you might catch sight
of him meandering the land,
long braid and snaggled beard grown
tougher, more tenacious, looking
for a good place to spread roots,
break the warm soil loose
for planting marigolds,
hollyhocks, potatoes. . .

Maggie Perry

Poems by Michael Finley

Steamboat's Ledge

This place is neither here nor now,
and neither are the two bare legs
dangling from the bale-door,
or the congregation of sunflowers
craning below for the holy glimpse.

Twenty years since these boards saw
a broom, and that from afar, and now
the mud parades under the roosting beam
in strutting sharps and flats.

This place that is no place at all
is a mile and a year from what we know,
lifetimes of thought from the twitch
of the paw of the injured dog
lying on the shoulder of the highway in,

or farther on, a car upside-down
and standing beside it a man,
scratching his head with his cap.

It all dissolves, a dream, from which
the sleeper awakens to two hornets clutched
and teetering on the wrist's soft skin,

and outside, the terraces,
swelling and snapping. I think
I see my mother in her old yellow housecoat,
shaking out rugs on the porch.

Revolving Door

Seeing the pensioner
step tentatively

into the glass cylinder
the girl slowed down

the two tiptoed around
one another, palms high.

He smiled at his partner,
and she, who had never before

danced the minuet, dancing
out with the old, dancing

in with the new, did
likewise.

essay

Home is the Writer . . .

By Herbert Kubly

When my first book, *American in Italy*, was published twenty-nine years ago, the Roman magazine *Borghese* captioned its critical review, "Un Calvinista in Italia" and described the author as "Il piccolo Parsival da Wisconsin."

The magazine's reviewer, writing for a readership of affluent and fashionable upper class Roman society, was unhappy with the book's moral concern for economically oppressed Italians which in those postwar years comprised more than half of the country's population.

The critic's opinions were taken up by the American diplomatic corps in Rome, and a result of this was the banning of the book from all American libraries in Europe. When I went to the library in Rome to ask for a copy, a prim tight-lipped stateside librarian, who of course did not know me, said, "We don't have that kind of book."

"What kind?" I asked, and she replied, "Communist."

In one sense, which was hardly his intent, the critic's descriptions of both the book and of me were sharply on target.

While not specifically a Calvinist, I am a Wisconsin Protestant with a Christian moral view who saw Italy's abyssmal poverty as an immoral human defilement. It was this vision, juxtaposed with the book's subject, the euphorically spontaneous and dramatically articulate Italians, that resulted in the book's unique character and the style for which my writing has become known.

I was reminded of this bit of history from my creative life seven years ago by a long article about "Wisconsin Writers" published in "The State of Wisconsin Blue Book" (1977). In a selected pantheon of nine writers, two of whom were not born in Wisconsin and five of whom spent most of their adult years away from Wisconsin, the author dismissed me, who was living in Wisconsin, as "a talented native who writes about other locales."

The truth, of course, is that, aside from two books *At Large* and *Native's Return*, in which Wisconsin is quite literally part of my subject matter, the Wisconsin point of view which characterized *American In Italy* is present in the sentiment and humor of every book and story I have written.

The historic theme of novels, a western literary form developed in Europe and America, is Christian morality. That fervent concern with human injustice which compelled Dickens, Dostoievski, and D. H. Lawrence are discernible also in Hemingway, Faulkner, and Ralph Ellison.

Parsifal was a pilgrim-pursuer of the Holy Grail, and for a writer from Wisconsin the stern Protestant ethic of the upper Midwest can be a burden as well as a strength. It includes the inhibiting forces of self-consciousness, an inability to express feeling, and a fear of self-exposure, all of which are blocks to a writer's intuition. I am speaking of a regional reflex that has been less a problem, for instance, for writers from the American South who have dominated American literature in my lifetime.

It would appear necessary then for a writer from the Midwest to conquer these deterrents to his talent if the talent is to be realized. The single effective way to accomplish this is to broaden the horizons and open the sealed doors of one's fantasies by journeying away from one's native place. I can think of few Wisconsin writers of national or international reputation who have not broken, at least for a time, with their roots. Three of the Blue Book's anointed nine, Horace Gregory, Glenway Wescott, and Mark Schorer, never returned.

For me the liberation came in Italy. I had been writing for ten years, and though I had plays produced and stories published, it was without conspicuous success. My problem was an almost pathological fear of self-exposure, the voice of my mother, which, twenty-one years after her death, still rings in my ear, saying, "What will people think? What will people say?"

Then, when I was past thirty years of age, I went to Italy on a Fulbright Grant for which I had been recommended by my former teacher, Professor Helen White, who was a member of the selections committee.

A metamorphosis seemed to have commenced the moment the Italian ship docked in the beautiful Naples harbor. The Italians' easy demonstration of emotion enchanted me. In the San Carlos opera house I heard the debut of Renata Tebaldi in *La Traviata* which was followed by thirty curtain calls, and I was embraced by strangers in the excitement. I made notes and began to write.

I continued to Rome and traveled from there throughout Italy. Everywhere I went the Italians seemed to take me to their hearts. The spontaneity of laughter and tears, the uninhibited expressions of joy and suffering in the most beautiful language I had heard, created a turmoil of self-discovery in myself, a bursting forth from my Wisconsin cocoon of fears and guilt and insecuring apprehensions, and the writer that I became was born.

With freedom I could not in my youth have imagined I wrote almost daily. When I returned after fifteen months to America and put

it all together into a book, it was bought for publication by the first editor who saw it. The next year *American In Italy* was awarded the National Book Award for nonfiction and turned me into what I had striven for years to become, a successful author.

It was Italy's gift to me. But it could not have happened without the ethical view, the moral convictions which the "little Parsifal" had brought to that marvelously human land, from Wisconsin. Since, as in all births, two parents are necessary, the parents of the writer who I am are Italy and Wisconsin.

I have thought of all this frequently in the fifteen years during which I have been involved with young Wisconsin writers in a workshop at the University of Wisconsin-Parkside.

I avoid the word "teaching" because "creative writing"—the literary intuition—can not be taught. A student has it or he doesn't, and if he does, the talent can be encouraged, guided, honed, and developed. Tenuous egos must be nurtured and fears and guilts overcome.

A writing workshop is not unlike group therapy: the goal of both is "know thyself." For the would-be writer a second goal is a realization that his most important and richest subject is himself.

In working with students what has impressed me above all things is the ubiquity of talent. Each semester has brought forth from two to five naturally gifted young people, almost all of them first-generation college students in a small university serving two industrial cities. With few exceptions they are struggling with the same fears of self-exposure that suppressed me when I was their age.

In the beginning they bring to me manuscripts of what, with few exceptions, I call "artificial writing" filled with cliché situations borrowed from TV soaps or movies, flat stereotyped characters, hackneyed science fiction about interplanetary wars, and imitation Stephen King plots, none of which relates in any way to the students themselves.

In the meantime we may be reading contemporary stories by Updike and Cheever, by James Baldwin and Tillie Olsen, and in our discussions we relate the stories to biographies of the authors. One of the reading assignments is my own collection of short stories, and the question I am asked after each reading is, "Which characters are you?" When, as in the case of my story, "Spring Crossing," I reply that I am parts of the composites of two characters, one a man and one a woman, they begin to understand that the use of oneself is not portraiture but a diffused evolvement of experiences, convictions, and feelings turned into viable characters.

Understanding is only the beginning. The imbuing of characters with the woof and warp of one's own life may be difficult because it is then that the fears of unmasking one's secret self to the scrutiny of others may halt a student's progress. At this critical moment it must be the function of the instructor to build up the student's confidence and his courage, the conviction that he or she can do it.

It is the moment at which a student, just as any seasoned writer, may fall into a seemingly sterile depression, a period during which, unbeknownst to him, his subconscious may be working out his writing problem.

While I am writing this, a student who has missed two class sessions, has arrived in my office to explain that he has been lost in depression and has decided to give up writing because he cannot bear the pain of it. He is twenty years old, has had military service, and comes from a fundamentalist religious background. His last story, about an adolescent's sexual initiation, a genre popular with student writers, is one of the best I have read.

I tell him he should forget about writing—for the moment—and seek pleasure, an exciting movie, a carefree evening with his girl in Milwaukee. I do not tell him, for he would not believe me, that his period of anguish will probably end in an illumination, a sudden insight, and that after a euphoria of labor he may bring to the workshop a story which rings with life and truth.

When this happens the writer's educative experience becomes a communal one of the group. But his work is not necessarily finished. Sometimes a story must be revised two or three times, perhaps according to suggestions offered by the group. Finally, when the story is judged to be as good as it might possibly be, the achievement is celebrated by all.

Sometimes the process may be less complicated. A story over which the author may have secretly brooded for a long time will appear revealed to him in a flash, be written in one sustained effort, and be perfected in one or two modest revisions.

Either way, the student will have moved from "artificial" to real writing, and in the process a writer has been developing.

In fifteen years 2,000 students, counting each semester of those students who remained for more than one, may have passed through the workshop. At least 3,000 stories, twenty-five novel fragments, and perhaps fifty plays have been written.

From all these manuscripts I have saved four or five from each year which I believe have literary merit. As teacher I feel a responsibility to the authors who, under my influence, have revealed themselves to be writers of distinction, and I have selected the stories of twelve or so to be published in a book.

One author was born in Greece, another in Minnesota, and the rest in Wisconsin. One is presently a student in the Harvard University Graduate Business School and another is a writer married to a doctor in Memphis. The rest are living in Wisconsin.

They are all Wisconsin authors and my friends, and their book will fill me with more pride than has any single one of my own books. I only wish that I might be as munificent as was my teacher and be able to offer each a grant for a foreign journey.

Pictures of Em

By Mark Dintenfass ©1984

The first thing you see is Em and her camera. She is going around the living room taking pictures of the mess she has made: toppled books, clocks, lamps, a wine bottle, dumped ashtrays, knick-knacks, an overturned chair. If only he could see me now, she wonders, drunk and disorganized, what would he say, what would he do? When she comes at last to the elegantly framed and marbled mirror, playfully, helplessly, she attempts a self-portrait. The strobe pops softly and for the next few moments there is a singed bright hole at the center of sight.

2

That winter in Hyton she had been often depressed. She would wake up out of a dreamless sleep in that cold and clock-ridden house and feel all the emptiness and ache of the previous night pressing again within her. This is despair, she tried to tell herself. Imagine: I am actually in despair. But as she stood beneath her morning shower too stunned and sullen to wash herself, or labored in her darkroom prettifying the portrait of some local brat, or tried over a tepid dinner to explain herself to Chas—helplessly, making him hate her—she knew it was not despair, a malady of the soul, but only depression, a contrivance of the mind; and it bothered her that she could be cured not by faith or love or passion or art but by some newfangled pills, or a jolt of electricity to her brain, or a few hundred hours of therapy. They don't let you suffer with dignity nowadays. This gloom of hers, objectively observed, was just a bout of mental flu; she ought to consult a doctor, and most of the people she knew in Hyton could probably recommend one. But no: she wouldn't, she couldn't. Because when she listened to them talking

about their therapies, their encounters, their T-groups, their insights, their primal scenes, she was somehow always reminded of the indignity of rectal examinations, the plastic-gloved medicine man, that pseudo-sodomist, shoving a shocking finger up your clenched behind. Anyway, she tried to console herself, many must have it, it's a symptom of the times.

3

The Gruners had purchased when they moved to Hyton a drafty old house cut off from a pebbly beach and the gray waters of the sound by a narrow coastal road. It had been pleasant enough that first summer, when you could wake up in the morning and dash out for a quick swim instead of a shower, but now, in winter, the damp wind blowing in off the water would seem to come right through the walls, and Em was always cold. She would curl up at night on the white leather couch in front of the fireplace, wrapped in a blanket, huddled for warmth, and still she would feel so chilled and shivery her whole body seemed to ache—but Chas just laughed and said she had thin blood. There were newer and no doubt warmer houses for sale along the beachfront, but they couldn't afford any of them, not on his scholar's salary and the small profits from her studio, and Chas absolutely refused to consider moving up onto the hill. He wanted to be able to look out of his window and see water. In New York he had insisted on that dreary apartment on Riverside Drive, with the balky elevator and the cracked ceilings and the dangerous lobby, because he could see the murky Hudson from the living room. Now, here in Connecticut, it was the sound. She had never been able to fathom this whim of his. He was a mediocre swimmer and had never taken up boating or fishing. It was just one of those things about him which she was expected, after eight years of marriage, to understand and forgive, like his passion for antique clocks, or his hectic insomnia, or that adorable blonde coed—"the poisonous little Miss Sunshine," Em had once called her—with whom, this winter, he was having an affair.

Em knew all about it, of course. Chas had told her—told her without brag or bluster the way he might tell her about some clever new novel he had read or some exciting insight he was tracking through the well-tramped forest of American lit. It was an adventure, an escapade, an experiment in liberation, and thus nothing for sensible people to worry about. Her name was Beth (Michelet or Rochelet or anyway something Frenchified and Gentile), and she came from St. Paul, and though Em had glimpsed her only once, across a parking lot—following Chas's blushing glance across that dull space through which he seemed to stare and wince and falter—she had in her heart, indelibly as on film, an image of sunny hair and big eyes and long legs and scrubbed girlishness, just the sort of dreamy item poor serious Chas was bound to tumble for. How could she possibly be angry with him? Didn't she understand just what he saw in her? No, Em was sure, she, it, couldn't possibly be the source of her gloom.

She might just as well blame it on the cold, or the impossibility, after years in a tight apartment, of keeping this bulging cluttered house in order, or the gilded inanity of her work—all those retouched portraits she was paid to produce—or age, or any of that host of other miseries that would rise like smoke around her in the moments before sleep. An affair. The word itself was such a blank, drab euphemism. How could it possibly be hurting her?

But those nights when he came home late, as she sat shivering and alone in front of the dead ashes in the fireplace, because somehow it never occurred to her that she could build a fire—somehow that was Chas's job—she would begin to think, he is fucking her, he is fucking her, and then her heart would heave and a point of pain would start up at the top of her skull and spread downward, diffusing misery within. Not because of the image; there was in fact no image, she could not recall ever envisioning them together, doing whatever they did; but simply because her thoughts balked childishly at the old crude bluntness of the obscenity itself: he is fucking her, he is fucking her.

4

If only we had stayed in New York, she sometimes thought, bound by all the old familiarities, maybe none of it would be happening, or at least it would be happening in different ways, with other characters, even if those other characters were also ourselves. Because something had changed in them when they moved to Hyton; something, the crucial habit of empathy perhaps, had been lost. And she would thus keep going over it, like a dull reader trying to piece together a complicated conceit, her marriage, her work, her life, her gloom, until it would all start to seem like a webwork, trembling ubiquitously no matter which single strand she might choose to pluck.

5

A memory haunted her: vividly she saw herself at the age of seven or eight, skinny and tomboyish, rummaging on a rainy day through a box of old family snapshots she had located in her mother's closet among the wools and camphor balls; enchanted, as only a child could be, by all those yellowed images of parents and relatives mugging and grinning back there in that enchanted, impossible time before she was born; locating in the clutter a small formal wedding portrait of her cousin Sy and his warbride Doris, and feeling then, as she looked at the bespectacled bride, the uniformed groom, a rush of—well, what exactly was it? shame? anger? righteousness? confusion?—because there on that scrap of cardboard they were together, but

in the world Em knew they were not together, the marriage having scarcely outlasted the belligerencies; and she could recall how the grownups had whispered about it, or talked in Yiddish, that terrible secret adult's code, and how her Aunt Ceil, Sy's mother had suffered a stroke, and how twisted and horrible her face had become because of it; and then, as though the photo itself offended her child's sense of decency, she tore it slowly and neatly down the middle, carefully separating them; and she would always remember how she hid the half of the picture that was Sy among her toys and storybooks, and flushed the tattered and mutilated bits she had made of poor Doris down the toilet, out of her life forever.

6

"You made your bed, now sleep in it!" she could hear her mother say. Of what use all her art, her sense, her aspirations against that grim imperative?

7

Afternoons that winter she would seek solace by closing up her studio early and wandering through Hyton taking pictures for her own collection. She had come to love the soft light of dusk, the long shadows of sunset thrown off obliquely against the lines of perspective, or the absence of shadow in the cold gray twilight that followed, the way everything then seemed to merge with the coming of night, objects surrendering themselves to form. You have to see her, smallish and somber-faced, dangling two cameras and an equipment bag, wrapped in a big ratty old fur purchased long ago, in happier times, with her long nose running and her brown hair rising and playing in the wind—peering at the world through a frame of thumbs and fingers. Somehow it all seemed less troublesome that way.

She was working to master an earnest, straightforward style, an empathy between photographer and image akin to the direct beauties of the old daguerrotypes, a mastery of gray-tones she thought might reflect her gloom; and so she shot on slow stock with the lens wide open, and then later in the darkroom she would slightly underdevelop the softly focused prints; and the winter, in fact, had produced a few works that pleased her, despite the memories that adhered and those bothersome vestiges of sentimentality she could never quite escape.

But even in the best of her work that winter she knew that something was missing, there was something she was neglecting to see. Try and try, she managed to catch only the form and detail, never the astonishing essences of things. But why? Because she was she? Because the conniving mothers of Brooklyn sent their clever daughters off to dance lessons and painting lessons and piano lessons and so made them all into dabblers? Sometimes she would think so. But she also knew better than to blame everything on the rigamarole of gender. Feminism, she knew, wasn't exactly it.

8

Cameras don't judge, they merely record. So far as film is concerned, the world, this seemingly tangible world of ours, is all light and shadow, clarity and blur, variously mingled in time and space. And that, of course, is one of the great advantages of cameras.

9

Down along the Hyton shoreline Em trudged homeward in the dusk. A few skeletal boats rocked gently upon the winter tide; a pale gray disk of a sun floated low in the overcast; a couple of rowdy boys were furiously demolishing a snowman: but Em now stopped to stare at her own house and its possibilities. Something about it had caught her eye. You know how you can stare at a familiar face and suddenly it rearranges itself and becomes wondrous and new: for Em the art of photography was a matter of seeing the objects of the world just that way. Light, subject, mood cojoin, as they never have before, as they never will again, and that's when the shutter is tripped, the image caught forever. And so she stood and watched and waited and wondered, blowing her visible breath into the transparent gloomy chill.

Some revelatory emotion within her had stirred at the sight of the house. She could feel it brimming up like water above the lip of a glass, but not yet spilling. Something, but what? The wind-carved currents of snow upon the shingled roof? The faint seepage of yellow light through the insulated, plastic-masked windows? Or was it just the travesty of desolation in which the old structure seemed to huddle? She didn't know. But she tried to forget for a moment that she hated the house, hated the way it cowered up there on its knoll among the scraggly bushes and half-hearted trees; hated that sag in the roof and the lack of true angles within, how a picture hung vertically parallel to the window frame would converge horizontally with the ceiling line; hated what Chas cheerfully called the "naturalization" of the place, that slow entropic yielding of wood to its own weight; hated it because it was the theater of her gloom, and because it was here, here in Hyton. She felt now that something new was about to happen, some rearranging of sense: and then a snowball plopped behind her, and a car hurrying by tossed up at her indifferent and filthy slush from its tires, and the feeling, whatever it was, receded and was gone.

No use, no use. And were she to bother to unsheathe her camera, try to trap the moment, here would come those rowdy boys, leaping and waving, eager to pose. It happened all the time here in Hyton, children insinuating themselves into her field of vision, and she had already photographed too many people for money, too many toddlers and graduates and brides; now she wanted only houses and beaches and trees and churches and sky to work with; she believed there might

be some relief in things. So, not yet ready to go inside, she turned and crossed the road beachward. Her ears began to buzz, her head to ache. She felt herself, deprived of insight, unable to work, tumbling back into gloom.

Blunt feelings surged and ebbed within her as she contemplated the lonely beach. Out there on the gray water's rim, which blended distantly with the gray sky, a small dark freighter chugged dimly along the smudged line of intersection. *The Expanding Eyes of Man behold the depths of Wondrous Worlds*! Now where on earth could that have come from? From Chas, of course, back in the days when he would recite to her from a book he was reading. She touched her right temple with her icy fingers, though it wasn't exactly a headache she had.

Just give it time, he had told her. Time and patience and empathy and luck are all we need. But he had to know by now she was thinking of leaving him. *I am going to leave him*, her mind began to echo, *I am going to leave him*: but the sense was far more than the words the way a photograph is far more than the items depicted.

Maybe there was, in fact, a whole rainbow world of wonders she was failing to see; maybe her gloom was, in fact, just a dreary symptom of the times: the agony she had once, long ago, planned to record on film; the bunched and clotted and sullen faces of those women in the supermarket, or the giddy and neurasthenic eyes of those faculty wives at their tedious parties, endlessly gesticulating with a toothpicked cube of cheese. Maybe she was, in fact, missing the bright essences of things. How could she ever know? And then she was remembering her old childish impossible wish to be someone else, if only for a day or an hour, to crawl inside the sanctuary of another skull, to view the world, just once, through the vague distortion of another set of eyes or windows.

But no use. Eventually she stood stomping her boots on an old muddy mat that actually bore in formerly red letters the word *WELCOME*; and then, after looking about as though for an alternative, she went on in.

10

She kicked off her boots and settled her coat on top of Chas's sheepskin coat on the bannister and entered the living room where Chas was flopped on the white couch, under the big chrome lamp, reading a newspaper and plucking hairs from his patchy mustache. His face was pink and blotchy and his hair was wet from a recent shower. "Hi, love," he said. She had photographed him dozens of times but she had never caught on film that guilty, silly, little boy smile of his. He had a fluid face that froze into seriousness when you pointed a camera at him, like those faces you see in snapshots of African tribesmen who are never quite sure the magic box won't steal their souls. Or maybe it was only her, her camera, that did that to him.

He peered up over his newspaper, smiling, all familiar care and sympathy. "How'd things go today?"

"Who knows?"

"Still feeling down?"

"Just tired," she said. "I'll be okay after I wash up."

"Anything I can do for you?"

There were so many things she wanted to say, but the gloom thickened around her until she felt herself all alone inside of it, peering out.

"I'll be back soon."

Upstairs, in the Gruner bedroom, blues and yellows dominated. The elaborate figure on the curtain, blue against yellow, was repeated in reverse upon the bedspread. Photographs, Em's work, slightly askew, adorned the skyblue walls. Mostly black-and-whites, but there was also, above the bed, a rather conventionally gorgeous colored shot of the tide rushing in across the stubbled beach near Mont St. Michel. So long ago. Weary, aching, Em pulled off over her head her jersey dress, a kind of disguise she wore for her commercial work, dumped it on the chair, sniffed at her armpits, and went on into the bathroom.

It was still steamy and dank from Chas's shower. Dark hairs littered the sink; there were spots of talc clotted into the bathmat and more hairs, bristly and curled, in the bathtub; the toilet seat was wet and the shower curtains seemed slimy: and though Em knew that the dab of white stuff caked on the floor was just shaving cream, that the mist on the mirror was nothing more than the condensation of steam, the notion entered her head that the mess, the plain simple physical mess of Chas's affair had entered her house, so thick and dank and salty she could almost taste it. Vaguely sick, methodical, almost frantic, she cleansed with scouring powder and a disintegrating sponge the sink, the toilet, the tub, the mirror, and probably she would have started on the walls had Chas not yelled up to ask if he could start supper.

She washed and dried her upper torso, plucked, wincing, a single long hair she found sprouting from a mole between her breasts, and padded barefoot, chilled, back to the bedroom. What should she put on for the night? Her long Pakistani dress? Well, why not? Maybe it would help. The Em she ought to be for Chas was quite different from the daytime, jersey-clad, professional Em.

Braless, wearing the dress, with a string of African trade beads around her neck, and her hair combed down straight and long and lustrous in the back, she contemplated herself in the full-length mirror that hung behind the bedroom door. This is just the way she wanted to look, young and fresh, and that ought to have helped her mood; but she still couldn't seem to shake or rub or cajole or sigh or argue the heaviness from her head. A womanish kind of gloom is all it is, she told herself; an indulgence, really; a vicious circle; she ought to be strong enough to break it, to stare it down. She forced her eyes to widen, her head to lift, her face to

smile. See? Isn't that better? Yes, much better. Just a thing I'm going through. But I'm going to be all right.

"You're ravishing," said Chas, pushing his face in at the crack of the door, "simply ravishing, but you're going to make me late for my meeting."

"Meeting? What meeting?"

"That goddam committee. I told you this morning."

Did he? Did he? And what if he did?

11

The supper dishes sat like a rebuke upon the claw-footed dining-room table while Em smoked a second cigarette and drank the wine Chas had insisted they open and then, hurrying away, had scarcely tasted. What a godawful mess: lamb chop bones, bits of broccoli, smears of creamy sauce, grease, limp dregs of salad, breadcrumbs everywhere, and Chas's cigarette, smashed like an insult, an outrage, into a pale gop of noodle. He could have waited. He could have let me finish a cigarette before he went. Five minutes more couldn't have hurt. She would have waited for him.

Slowly, all calm outside, all seething within, she sat and smoked and drank the wine, draining her glass, filling it again, draining, filling, waiting for something, anything to happen.

Because you don't shave and shower and reek of cologne and wear your best white turtleneck and sit with your fingers drumming impatient rhythms for some lousy committee. And you don't have to lie. And what she should have said to him, what she thought she wanted to say, was, "If you leave now, if you go there tonight, don't bother to come back." But she hadn't, she couldn't. And why? Why? Because she was afraid of crisis? Of the unpredictable? Or was she that hopelessly, miserably attached? Anyway, she was sure she was seeing things now, all sorts of things, as she had never quite seen them before. And, wondrously, the gloom was gone, and she seemed to be nursing within herself, feeling it grow, a wine-fed fury, all bright and strange and new.

Something was going to happen. Any moment now the line of her life was going to thrust off, rising, at some new and unexpected angle. Whatever had gone before would be blanked, canceled. And then? She didn't know. And so she sat and waited and drank the wine. Her head began to spin; her eyes felt thick with pressure; the room seemed to be receding away from her, distantly dissolving wherever she looked. It was, momentarily, the most intense feeling of isolation she had ever known.

12

She didn't want to do the dishes, she didn't want to do the dishes, she didn't want to do the goddam dishes.

13

Drunk, really drunk perhaps for the first time in her whole careful and aspiring life, Em downed the last of the wine, sediment and all, from the upturned bottle, and began to imagine herself, comically, playing Maggie to Chas's Jiggs: funny and sad that imperious stare, that raised and accusing finger, those dinner plates flung through the air. And then she heaved the wine bottle toward the living room, toward the imprint of Chas on the cushion of the deserted couch. It bounced end over end across the thick rug and didn't break. Damn! And then fury flashed within her and she knew it was going to be better that way, knew how to let him know what he had to know. She rose up, stumbling against the chair, knocking it over. Then, mad and methodical, she lunged and plummeted through the hateful house spilling and tossing and disrupting and upending and overturning books and ashtrays and newspapers and magazines and clocks and couch cushions and lamps and sticks of firewood and ornaments from the mantlepiece. It was, as if only for a moment or two, a sweet and liberating frenzy: but when it was over, when she was finished and gasping for breath and already sobering, she could see, despite the mess, that no real damage had been done. A lamp was broken, an ashtray splintered, but the fallen clocks still ticked, and the rest was just clutter: she had failed to relinquish her inevitable sense of control.

Just clutter. And as she stood arms akimbo, a bit lightheaded, surveying it with her expert's eye (wondering what Chas would say when he saw it, what he would do: would there come that empathy she required?), she could already see patterns emerging, intricate forms that she knew she wanted to record. In black and white. Because if she shot in color, she would manage to make even this look much too pretty. Film can fool you that way. And so, getting to work, almost content, she went to fetch her camera.

14

The last thing you see, then, is Em and her camera. She stands in front of the marbled mirror having snapped, rather joyously, a self-portrait she knows will not take. The light bouncing from the glass will blank the film just as it has momentarily blanked the optic nerve, singeing it, opening up a dazzling bright sapphire-green hole wherever she looks. If only you could spy through that hole, peer out through it into some other world, what, she wonders, would you see? Beauty? Pleasure? World without end? Or your own glum face peeking back through? But never mind. The hole soon fades, closing shut, and is gone; and Em, climbing the stairs slowly toward bed, looks down one last time at the mess she has made, the oddly satisfying clutter of her simple and undesperate gloom; and she knows, because there is only one world, that tomorrow, come morning, she and she alone would have to clean it up.

Angle

I sat, although I couldn't hitch the chair
near enough to feel correct and friendly,
but visiting across the gap was better
than hovering close, obliquely kind.
But our visit didn't work; we both felt
ill at ease. You had been my teacher, friend,
and colleague whom I'd known in classrooms, halls,
and offices, standing, sitting, walking,
quick and well. Now here you lay, feet palpably
of clay, stroke-felled, stretched on bruising white sheets,
awake and still. You looked around the room,
and now and then, at me, aslant. We spoke
of easy things that did not really matter.
But when I rose at last to leave, you once
again found words to save the situation—
teacher, colleague, friend.

"Art, I've set my life in order,
lying here, reprieved. There's nothing
like a stroke to bring things into—
focus." There it was, your old, ironic
tone, back, your old, penultimate pause,
back, the former glint kindling your eyes.
"Life," you grunted, "not affairs.
I've been taking mental snapshots,
old Brownie black and whites,
directing the model—me—
this way, that—picturing
an order that—who knows?—
maybe's really there."

"Here's . . ." you said, and "here's . . ." again.
Now I hovered close, a little stooped—
it didn't matter—you were picturing
a fair-haired youth collecting on his paper
route, confronting shifty-eyed adults;
a chef-capped fry cook blinking at the spitting
grease; thirty years of breakfast coffee shared
and dinner talk, with, always, linen table
cloths, her fancy; years of classroom lecturing—
gesture, pause, pontificate—these, and much,
much more. Like any photo album, yours
was chronologically arranged, a life
in bound volumes, an embossed set, though still
not done—your stroke-felled posing showed me that.

"Here's"—you paused, as always, master
of the moment, smiled, and drawled,
"Here's now—the horizontal man.
Now I'm flat I'm very conscious
of the upright posture and its
one view—head up, straight ahead.
Vertically, you see things one way;
horizontally, quite another."
Standing there, vertical, I had nothing
to say: the former awkwardness was back,
hovering in the air.

A second, fatal stroke took you, last year,
and vertical, I watched them fill your grave.
Now here I sit, looking at your album,
seeing order in the pictures and your
captions, hearing most particularly
your very last, bed-fast words that day—
"Heigh-ho! the world anew!
Horizontal man, horizontal view!"

Arthur Madson

Essay

Civil Words and Clanging Drunks

By Tom McBride

Words are unruly children. Any schoolteacher of young savages knows that what Jonathan Swift said of style may be said of children. Both must be chosen and placed properly. Both must submit to some discipline. The first grade civilizes tiny quasi-barbarians by introducing them to, persuading them of, the modes of order on which is based civilized life.

The achievement of such civilization is the theoretical province of elementary education and child psychology. But by what theories may words also be civilized? It is good to define style as proper words in proper places, but how are words to be rounded up and headed out?

These questions only suggest the importance of the laws by which words are governed. They bring us no closer to the laws themselves. Yet words are clients with no absence of lawyers. Here are some representative arguments from English word-attorneys on English word-law:

1. Words should be used precisely according to the finer distinctions established by a reputable dictionary.

2. The not-so-secret genius of the Engish language is its hard and clear Anglo-Saxon words. Other words—such as fluid and obscure Latinisms—should be avoided.

3. Words should be used eloquently, and the only way to master eloquence is to learn rhetorical devices, from anaphora to traductio.

4. Words should be used as faithful to the right metaphysical system, should conform to the right super-pattern. If that supranatural design is a minuet, words have no business doing a waltz.

Yet all these arguments have their problems. Does the first lawyer mean connotative or denotative distinctions, and what is a reputable dictionary? The second lawyer would turn English into a galloping horse ignorant that the Greeks and Romans gave English much of its conceptual language. The third would have us overdressing language—to the point where every English sentence would be like a man wearing a tuxedo to a snack shop. The fourth tells us nothing of what might constitute the 'right' metaphysical system. Is it Judeo-Christian, Platonic, Kantian, or Trobriand-Islandesque?

Yet for all their extremes each lawyer has a point. Dictionaries can tell writers about the history of words, their multiple meanings, their emotional overtones. And although modern literature is blessed with works by Messrs Eliot, Joyce, and Pyncheon of fabulous *initial* obscurity, *impenetrable* obscurity has few adherents. The act of persuasion—a necessity of anyone's social environment—rests on two instruments: force and words; so eloquent words, as convincing, take on immense social importance. Last, to give the fourth lawyer credit, the placing of words must achieve more than internal harmony; they must also be measured against external systems: when Leo Tolstoi wrote that the words of *King Lear* were finally second-rate because insufficiently Christian, he performed an indispensable, even if incorrect, critical service.

Perhaps now progress is made toward defining how words might be used: with (1) correct literal meaning, plus attention to emotion and nuance; (2) economical clarity; (3) measured but persuasive eloquence; and (4) reflection on systematic thought with which the words themselves may be in conflict. Our four advocates, reigned in by an unofficial Words Temperance Union, give us some useful laws by which unruly words may be written by a civil pen, given a civilized voice.

By these standards a most civilized set of contemporary words is William Merwin's 1960 poem "The Drunk in the Furnace." The poem is about *in*civility, but that is a point better developed later. On page 19 is the poem in its entirety.

A careful look shows that Merwin has attended to a dictionary somewhere, whether on his desk or in his mind. He knows that "ignorance" implies a subtraction rather than addition and debunks "them" by suggesting that their ignorance is an addition of negative numbers, a constant movement backward into negative space, a digging deeper into the dark hole of loss. He knows that "fossil" means an ancient geological remain and thus ridicules their stupid sense of time whereby they equate a fireless furnace with an old earthly rock. He knows that the decade has been "good" to them because they have taken no notice of a fired-out oven in an eroding gully by a noxious creek. Anyone who would close that good decade has made, by that very act, "a bad castle." And Merwin knows that makers of bad castles, interrupters of good because ignorant decades, are "trespassers"—contraveners of God's law—in the eyes of the interrupted. Merwin has mastered the literal exactitude, the strong feelings, the ironic winks, of words.

And, placing them strategically and properly, he can impart to them a thrifty clarity. The ignorant "confirm" the staggering, pale smoke one morning; in that "confirm" is summarized a confused drama of bewilderment, rumor, evidence, and anger. When the ignorant "remark" various "tokens" that someone has fired the furnace again, they summarize their astonishment that such omens could return them to the disreputable vapors they had put from themselves ten years ago. And when their very reverent preacher "lingers" on a text which equates hell with disrespectability, the eternal

fiery furnace with the tramp's temporary but riotous one, there is summarized the safe equations over which the ignorant have dawdled, the impediments to their spiritual advancement. In sum, Merwin is also master of words with pound-wise clarity.

And he is eloquent. He who may neither know nor care about anaphora or traductio attends still to a voice of full-throated ease. With sibilant ease he mimes the ignorant's hissing attitude toward the furnace: a fireless fossil by poisonous waters. With consonant facility he mimes the iron-age mob of sounds from the drunk's festival: anvils and bellowings and groaning clangs, and a litter of messy squeaks from a bed of discarded car-seats. So Merwin is master of another kind: of the easy but vivid representation of the stances of others. He sings with full-throated expertise of the very lives to which others have habituated themselves.

And it is precisely there, finally, that one finds the metaphysical collision: between the respectable hisses of the ignorant and the disreputable clangings of the drunk, between the doctrinal hell of the established shelter and the drunken hell of the improvised one. It is not altogether a pretty conflict, despite Merwin's euphonious design, for here is not the first time that drunks have wrenched someone's philosophical comfort. The ancient Greek Apollonians, with their Athenian nothing-in-excess, were repulsed by the Dionysians, mysterious worshippers of riot and orgy, of saying through drunken obscurity *yes* to a life of radical suffering. Over two thousand years later Friedrich Nietzsche would celebrate again the down-and-out-but-affirmative Dionysians, would celebrate anything opposed to the tar-paper safety of middle-class religion. And here Merwin does it again. Against an Apollonian domesticity and religiosity Merwin celebrates the man who can have a good time among the pain and the dirt, who can make a damned good party even in a hell-hole. And this the man is who should lure children to disobey their parents, without which rebellion there is no advancement.

Many would prefer the relative order of words to the mindless clanging of a hobo. These observers might admire Merwin's poem as sound but damn it as sense. They would say it is a civil poem celebrating incivility, and therefore blows itself apart.

But what they might say, or what Merwin in response might say, is beside the main point of this essay, which started by asking what principles were to regulate words, what laws were to tame their energy—not to repress but to aim their vitality. We have heard some extreme answers, which after refinement provided keys by which to enter the language of William Merwin. He is a master of words used civilly, of proper words in proper places. In "The Drunk in the Furnace" a wordsmith he is, clear and hardy and eloquent he is, though some might question his implicit metaphysics. Yet on this last point no less than Tolstoi denied that Shakespeare himself was truly a master.

The civilized use of words is about many things—pen, ink, tongues, dictionaries, society. But most important, words are about the question for which, according to Francis Bacon, jesting Pilate was impatient for an answer: what is truth? May we ourselves not be mocking. May we, about language, remember always that the essence of civilized creatures is their capacity to wait.

The Drunk in the Furnace*

For a good decade
The furnace stood in the naked gully, fireless
And vacant as any hat. Then when it was
No more to them than a hulking black fossil
To erode unnoticed with the rest of the junk-hill
By the poisonous creek, and rapidly to be added
To their ignorance.

They were afterwards astonished
To confirm, one morning, a twist of smoke like a pale
Resurrection, staggering out of its chewed hole,
And to remark then other tokens that someone,
Cosily bolted behind the eye-holed iron
Door of the drafty burner, had there established
His bad castle.

Where he gets his spirits
It's a mystery. But the stuff keeps him musical:
Hammer-and-anvilling with poker and bottle
To his jugged bellowings, till the last groaning clang
As he collapses onto the rioting
Springs of a litter of car-seats ranged on the grates,
To sleep like an iron pig.

In their tar-paper church
On a text about stoke-holes that are sated never
Their Reverend lingers. They nod and hate trespassers.
When the furnace wakes, though, all afternoon
Their witless offspring flock like piped rats to its siren
Crescendo, and agape on the crumbling ridge
Stand in a row and learn.

*"The Drunk in the Furnace" by W.S. Merwin from his collection of poems *The Drunk in the Furnace* (as it appeared in *The First Four Books of Poems*) is used with the permission of Atheneum Publishers.

Helen: *Scenes of a Life*

By Barry Powell

Leda and the Swan

In the town of Sparta in the land of Lakedaimon in the peninsula of Pelops, Queen Leda, wife of Tyndareos king of Sparta, weary of the endless petty gossip and enervating spite of the court, decided to slip out of town for a few hours. "I simply must have some time to myself," she thought. It was the height of summer.

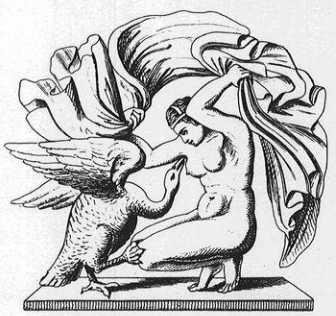
Leda threw over her shoulders a commoner's cloak for disguise, covered her face with a scarf, and took a secret passage that led down through the walls, to the banks of Eurotas which flowed past the city. She crossed the stream, picking her way over boulders. Already Leda felt wondrously free, herself again, and she wandered up the slopes of Mount Parnon, into the foothills over the plain.

Tired after her strenuous walk, Leda came to a tamarisk grove and she sat beneath a gnarled willow. She gazed peacefully over the valley, contemplating the green meadows and the snakelike Eurotas now far below her and the turquoise sky. Ah, the sky, she loved it. She gazed at the fleecy clouds. They looked like highland sheep. Leda closed her eyes. Sprinkled over the blue of her mind she saw the same network of white dots that danced and twinkled in the sky, like whirligigs on a pond.

Leda remembered the days of her youth—how she'd loved her childhood friends! She remembered a certain glorious flower she once picked, a huge anemone. She wove it into a garland. "O Hymenaios, god of marriage, take this glad flower," she'd prayed, "and grant me a handsome man who will care for me and make me happy."

Her wish came true. She married Tyndareos and bore him two fine sons, Kastor and Polydeukes—though striplings, they rode like gods in their golden chariots—and she bore a daughter too, Klytaimnestra.

Scarce before Leda realized what was happening one of the dancing white dots she'd seen in the sky, and in her mind's eye, began to expand—had she opened her eyes? Her eyes *were* open. Perhaps it was a swan, it flew straight for her. Leda tried to get up. but the bird (if it was a bird), wings thrown high and backward, landed in Leda's lap. She peered into its fathomless golden eyes, smelled its birdy plumage, felt the beat of its heart against her own. The strange beast nestled its head in her shirt and nibbled and Leda gave a little cry (what was *happening*?).



"There there, little swan, if you are a swan," she heard herself say, "don't be afraid, you have nothing to fear. . . ." Leda slid into sleep. *She dreamed she was herself a swan, flying above an ancient world. Four rivers went out over the land from the center of a garden of indescribable beauty. In the center of the garden rose a white gleaming dome. Down, down Leda fell, toward the dome of fantastic size. . . .*

Leda opened her eyes. Held by the nape of her neck, face pulled upwards, arched to the sky, she was powerless to move, against her heart she felt its heart, and eery webs clawing at her thighs, cutting. An aching shudder flooded her. The marvelous swan peered at the woman with indifferent eye, then let her drop, and spread its dim wings and flew away as suddenly as it had come. But against the horizon Leda saw no swan: an eagle, black like night.

Tyndareos the king, Leda's husband, rejoiced that a new child would increase his house. On the birthing day he listened from an adjoining room, heard a shout, and ran it to see. He couldn't believe his eyes. Between his wedded wife's thighs lay no infant, but a gigantic egg covered by membranaceous slime. Midwives, standing around the bed, covered their mouths in horror.

"Blazing curse of Hades, woman!" Tyndareos bellowed and clapped his hand to his brow. "Have you been lying with a chicken?"

"I know dear husband," said Leda nervously, "it looks bad—I should have told you, but I was afraid. It was no chicken but a great swan that I lay with, or no swan but—it's so confusing—it was Father Zeus in disguise. For never have I seen a bird like that before, my husband, nor has any other earthling, and there was a clap of thunder when it left, and . . . believe me, my husband, it was Zeus!"

Tyndareos snorted. "You can tell the world about it as you lie imprisoned in an anthill, your head above ground, paying the price for your lechery!"

Leda raised herself on an elbow, pleading with her hand. Dislodged, the egg rolled off the end of the bed and fell to the floor with an ominous splat. Tyndareos gasped. From inside sloshed out no gigantic yoke and sloppy white, but a shrieking human child, perfectly formed. "I can't believe this is happening!"

"Neither can I, my husband, neither can I."

"Is this then in fact a child of Zeus?"

"Who but Zeus could wreak such wonder?"

Tyndareos pulled at his beard. "Yea. Well, then, well. A swan? Zeus you say? Well I guess that's not so bad . . . Don't stand around, women, pick up this child! And get rid of these shells. O.K., Let's see, I think we'll call her—'Helen'—because she's the brilliance of 'Hellâs', eh? Damn, a daughter of Zeus, I'll get the best bridal price around. There's profit here after all!"

Tyndareos went to the bed and kissed his wife. Leda took the child and tucked it beneath her arm. And Helen sucked.

Tyndareos and Leda were happy with their two sons Kastor and Polydeukes, and their two daughters Klytaimnestra and Helen. What earthling ever knows what terrible things lie ahead?

Helen of Lakedaimon

From the window of her boudoir Lady Helen gazed down into the court where her maid was playing with Helen's little girl, Hermione, on the cobblestones. "Darling," Helen cried in a trilling tone, "do you love your mother?"

"I've picked a flower for you in the fields, Mama." The maid lifted Hermione, extending an anemone in a puckish hand, and Hermione blew a kiss.

Helen turned from the window. What would she do today? Alas, everything was so much the same these days, not like before she was married, when Helen was the cynosure of the world. Now she was just one more lady in one more house. And when did she see her husband Menelaos anyway? He was always off hunting boars. Helen felt like one of those frescoes, the purple-lipped ladies painted in the corridors, nothing but decoration. When Menelaos did come home, every single hour he spent drinking in the boon hall, listening to some stupid harper. "How's everything, honey?" was the most he'd say, when he came at last to bed, stinking of liquor. "What have you got for Daddy?" And he'd twirk her chin and hold up her face for inspection. "A little wrinkle there kiddo, at the corner of your eye?" Then he'd flop on his back and fall asleep, snoring like a bull.

Helen held her face in her hands. Oh she regretted the splendor, gone, gone from her life. Why, she wished she'd lived in the days of eld, when Minos reigned over the palace of the thousand rooms, or in romantic Aigyptios in a white house beside blue Neilos, where life was never dull. As it was, what lay ahead except decay and . . . death?

Helen went again to the casement. The courtyard was empty. Poor little Hermione, her only child, such a disappointment to Menelaos, who'd wanted a son. He'd stormed from the nursery and threatened to expose the child on the mountains. Then he started to drink even more. Now he scarcely came to Helen at all, even to abuse her. Helen ran her fingers along the birthing scars on her belly.

Look, there was something on the road, a puff of dust, a car—yes, she could make it out. The car disappeared from sight behind a hill, reappeared. Helen heard the cracking of the whip and the slap of reins, hullabaloo in the court, the creak of gates, the clatter of hooves on stone.

She ran to the other window. There—a glorious car emblazoned with gold, drawn by four, but ghostly compared to the man inside it, oh such a handsome man, like a god from the other world. . . .

Helen stumbled backward as Hermione ran into the room. "Mama, there's a prince just come from famous Troy, across the sea—Paris, son of Priam!"

That night Menelaos summoned Helen to the banquet hall to meet the guest. Paris reclined on a couch beside her husband. Paris raised his goblet.

"Helen, little wife," Menelaos complained throatily, "for Zeus' sake, can't you say hello to our guest? This is Paris, damn it, a son of Priam, the great king of fantastically rich Troy. He's making the rounds, eh? So say hello, woman, he's but a man."

Helen never spoke, but backed from the room. As the doors closed, Menelaos half-rose from the couch and turned to his guest. "Damned women," he roared, "you can never tell what they're thinking. Why Zeus made them as a torment. They weep, they whine. Now take this Helen—she was pretty, but let me tell you my friend, there should be more to a woman than that, let me tell you . . .

After that day, Helen kept to her room, walked to the window, stared at the walls, then at the road. She'd return to the bed. "If Menelaos asks where I am, tell him I'm indisposed." But Menelaos never asked.

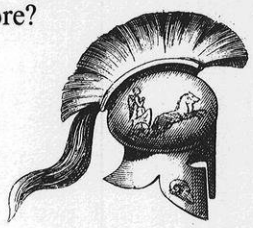
For twelve days Menelaos and Paris went into the forests of the Taygetos range and killed many harmless animals. Every night they drank in the boon hall. On the thirteenth day Menelaos announced, "My good friend, my buddy Paris from across the sea, I can never say how pleasant it's been to have you here in my very own house, my very own guest-friend. And now we're bound for sure by sacred bonds, forever. Nothing more unshakable, except of course the bonds of marriage. Now one day, I'll come to Troy and you can show me how the Trojans live. Why you've more gold, they say, than the one-eyed Arimaspians! And horses too. Now to the point, my friend. I did not say it when you came, but on the very day you came I'd heard my mother's dad Katreus died, on the island of Krete, where he was king. Yea, shuffled into that other world where we all must go, like it or not. That bastard—he gave Mama to be killed when she was small, you know, and I guess you could say I don't owe him a blasted thing. But still—he's kin. The upshot, Paris, is that I'm off to Knossos, Minos' old town, to get the blasted funeral going. Custom, see. Farewell, lad. Stay here as long as you want, make yourself at home. If you get desperate, ask Helen, har har! When I come back after thirty days, perhaps I'll see you then?"

Menelaos kissed Paris on both cheeks.

"Many thanks," said Paris with genuine warmth (he was by nature disingenuous). "And let me say with every honesty that I've found your company better than any in the world. For although Troy is great in gold, as you say, yet it's a small embroidery in the greater fabric of life. You, Menelaos, have shown me how the Spartans live, and that they've good things too. Zeus grant you speed then, Menelaos, if you must go!" So spoke Paris, who'd taken on the fancy talk and fancy ways and fancy dress of the Trojan court after his youth as a foundling shepherd.

The train of Menelaos melted into a cloud on the dusty horizon. Paris stood in the gate, watching them go. Paris laughed to himself. Surely it was not "by chance" that Menelaos was just now called to Krete. Surely this was planned by some high power, some god or goddess! Useless to resist. As for sacred bonds of guest-friendship—mere social convention. Are the beasts of the veldt bound by marriage ties?

Paris walked across the cobbled court back to the palace. By chance he raised his eyes and saw Helen's face framed in the open window of the tower. A radiance like fire came from her countenance, dazzling him. Paris stopped short. "Doesn't Menelaos outrage decency in the way he treats this woman, as if she were nothing, when she is glorious?" As if in answer to his question, the sun just then rose above the tower and shone directly into his eyes, blinding him by its painful brilliance. Or was that greater light from Helen too, who at that instant understood with clarity what lay before?



Helen Views the Host From the Walls of Troy

Helen sat in her boudoir, on a cushion stuffed with petals of rose. Idly she worked her loom, and in truth her weaving had much improved since she'd come to Troy. The Trojan women, the finest weavers on earth, had taught her many clever things. Helen wove a lot now, to keep her mind off the past—and off the present. The design in the web she made told the story of the birth of Aphrodite, how Aprhodite arose from the bloodied foam that gathered around the severed member of Ouranos, which his son Kronos had cut off with a sickle. In the design, one hand demurely crossed Aphrodite's breast as she arose from the sea, head cocked pensively to the side.

Aithra and the other maids squatted in the corner of the room and carded wool or spun or dyed in vats of madder, kohl, and saffron. Misty Helen, while she wove, sang a melancholy song.

A servant heated with excitement burst into the high-beamed chamber. "My lady, quick, there's a tumult, big trouble on the plain—an army landed!—they're on the shore, thousands—

Fire rose in Helen's heart. It must be Menelaos, she thought, her husband, come to fetch her home. She was surprised, and disappointed, and elated, and frightened. Slowly she arose from the stool. Would she see her daughter once again? Or would Menelaos do something awful, for what she'd done?

Helen hurried from the room, unattended, ran down labryrinthine streets. Hearing from the distance murmuring cries, she came to the stair that led to the walls of the city. Breathlessly she ascended, came onto the ramparts. The roar from the plain overwhelmed. There, further down, stood old King Priam, the great elders of the city at his side, gazing all across the plain, toward the cries, the confusion. When Helen came toward them, the king and the elders, noticing her, turned their heads as by a single mind. The wind from the plain swept back her sable locks and whipped her veil and her robe of fine cloth and revealed to the elders the matchless contours of her body.

Priam, stupefied, turned to Panthoos. "Alas, dear Panthoos when I behold this foreign woman," he gasped, "I fear this army upon the plain is come on her account. But perhaps she's worth the price, however high!"

"She *is* beautiful," agreed Panthoos. "But if these savages are come because of her—why look, Priam, she's but a woman, nothing more. Will our sons die for a woman's sake?"

Helen came up beside them.

"Well met," slobbered Priam, ignoring Panthoos. "What brings you out on this lovely day, my dear?"

"Father, I've heard rumors of men on the plain. I've come to see for myself."

"Yes, quite so, men on the plain," Priam agreed, nodding across the parapet to the hordes coursing over the golden sand. "But who they are, or why they're here, I cannot say."

The Akhaioi, moving aimlessly in massed formations below, now came close to the walls, and even the faces of some could be discerned. Priam pointed to one man, a man tall and majestic, who stood out from the rest. "Why child, see that man there, this fellow foremost in the ranks, this dark-haired one—he cuts a handsome figure, don't you think? I wonder if we will have to fight these men in the hand-to-hand—I don't look forward to it. That man is powerfully appointed."

Helen saw whom he meant, and shuddered. "O Priam, father of my current husband—would that I'd never come into the light. For I've been a wicked woman. Know right now that this host before us are none other than the long-haired Akhaioi, the sons of Hellên, from which race I am myself descended. And this man you point to—I knew him well, once. . . .

"You knew him?" said Antimakhos, the Trojan elder with astonishment. "Why, who is it?"

"His name, Lord Antimakhos, is . . . Odysseus, the putative son of Laertes, from Ithaka. He was in the company of wooers who sought my hand long ago. Never hoping to win me, since his wretched homeland is in the western sea, where, though the sunsets are nice, the flocks are small and there are no horses—because of his poverty, foreseeing he could not have me, he persuaded my earthling father, Tyndareos, to arrange a match with Penelopeia, my cousin, in return for some or other favor. Of course my real father is Zeus. Now I see that Odysseus has left his home and his sweet wife. I fear that he, and the others, come for the sake of none other than me, whom you probably think nothing better than a shameless slut. . . ."

"Now now, dear," comforted Priam, "nothing like it. You're not so bad. You know the walls of Troy were not built by mortal hands, but by gods and in the days of eld. These men will not easily breach them! Now tell me, dearest Helen, do you know this other man, the one who stands full one head higher than the Ithakan—there, with broad shoulders and fine bearing. Look at that horsehair plume waving from his helm!"

"Yes, I see him, father—it is Diomedes of Argos, my suitor too, most handsome of all. He loved me very much, I think, and not for my wealth alone, but from his heart. Still, his bride price was inferior. As a fighting man there are few like Diomedes. His father was Tydeus, one of the seven in the war at Thebes. With fighting men like him, O father, never be too confident in these walls, even if they were built by gods—for like human happiness, which once was mine, nothing is sure forever."

"Such gloomy talk from a pretty girl," objected Priam. "But who's that other one, the guy who's bellowing and stalking back and forth like a bellwether—I think he's the tallest of all, certainly very strong—"

"Big Ajax, Father Priam, Big Ajax, a bulwark in any fray. He's the son of Telamon, and a very mighty man. There beside him—Idomeneus, I think, king of Krete. Often he came to our house in the old days when I was mistress in Lakedaimon."

"Oh I see him, yes. Everything you say is so interesting, my child. And who is that one who goes to and fro, ordering this man forward and that man back?"

Helen clutched her throat with her hand. "O my father, that is Agamemnon, the son of Atreus, my brother-in-law, married to my sister Klytaimnestra. Why Agamemnon rules over as many men as there are stars in the sky—and standing next to him, heavier around the middle—Zeus, save me from myself!"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Menelaos, my first husband."

"My dear, my dear" soothed Priam, seeing that Helen had begun to cry. "I know that the remembrance of things past can be a source of awful pain. But think—though you've lost a husband, you've gained a new husband and a new father—me, who loves you very very much." Priam placed his bony arm around Helen's shoulder, delighting in the feel of her flesh and its scent.

"No, Lord Priam," replied Helen, but not refusing Priam's closeness, "it's not for my lost husband that I weep. For I know too well that all things, and especially the good, must pass. No, I weep when I search this host of spearmen that stretches before us like endless space—I weep because nowhere do I see my beloved brothers, Polydeukes the boxer and Kastor the horseman, who looked out for me when I was young, and rescued me from Theseus' Athens when I was a child. Why are they not here? I fear they are no longer alive—or perhaps they could not bear to join the host, loathing the things men would say in secret about me."

Helen searched Priam's eyes. Priam did not seem to grasp the meaning of her words, though he wished to please her. For how could he know, this old man in a foreign land, how young Helen had loved her brothers, and they her? And in fact Kastor and Polydeukes were dead, buried in the life-giving earth, killed in a cattle-raid against Messenia. And neither Helen's sorrow, nor Priam's, was going to change that.

Poems by Charles Cantrell

based on Michael Lesy's *Wisconsin Death Trip*

No One Smiles

No one smiles in the photo,
not those picnicking, lovers rowing boats,
even the Salvation Army Band—
thirteen men in a semicircle
under the jackpines by a lake.
Trombones, clarinets, and tubas cradled
in their arms, they stare dead-eyed
into the camera—two drummers frowning.

The drum, like the faces of the young girls
throughout the book, appears soft, smooth,
and blank—a target for inarticulate desires,
prayers lost in winter breath, the bass thump
behind the band's heartbeat as they prepare
for practice. They'll march down Main Street,
squinting in the sunlight.

Children above age five won't wonder
why the band isn't smiling,
but the younger children will clap, yell,
pull their parents' sleeves.
Later, a band member will undress at home,
grab a beer, pull off his boots
and stare at the white zero on his heel.

He'll touch it with a knife,
wince as clear fluid wets the blade.
Sipping beer, he'll lie down, let the burning
subside. The skin, unlike drums, songs,
pines, and the sky, will begin
to push up its new layer.

"About a year ago I wrote nearly twenty poems on themes in Michael Lesy's *Wisconsin Death Trip.* Most poems are a synthesis of photo and imagination: 'No One Smiles' uses the band as a backdrop for an apocryphal scene. Since most accounts involve insanity, the woman in 'Circles and Delusions' is a kind of Everywoman. I chose the photo of the two men in the office to pay homage to her, since the two men are laughing, with images of death all around them."

Charles Cantrell

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Perpetual Motion

Neighbors say I'm insane
for perfecting a perpetual motion machine.
Isn't the light from the stars
perpetually in motion?
Aren't sharks always swimming?
The cogs and wheels of my contraption
will harm no one.
When the apple fell on Newton's head,
he didn't run, yelling, "Help, help!"
The part of him connected to the moon,
tides, and beyond said, "Ah."
I don't know if he invented anything
or had any personal problems,
but these La Crosse doctors, an
inquisition, will send me to an asylum
without my machine.
I will trigger it, then hide it.
I will watch the perpetual chestnuts grow,
fall, and rot. I will watch wind off the lake
keep the wavelets white, watch shadows
on the winter lake move around in blue
circles. In spring, when the Mississippi
moves past the La Crosse hills,
sometimes sneaking past the shore,
I hope those doctors, lugging sandbags,
will sweat for their flowerbeds, their
basements, and seeking their own dark,
immutable level, will curse the river
as though it were God.

Circles And Delusions

She talked in circles.
Her sapphire ring was the morning star.
Her potatoes . . . carbuncles from hell.
Her delusions drove the village
silent. She walked the streets, talking
about silver birds in the poplars.
No "real" birds perched in the trees
when she passed, only downturned leaves
slightly turning in the breeze
like compass needles pointing to an unknown place.

The *Gazette* editorialized her.
Someone snapped a shot of the editor
and his assistant the day the story rolled.
The editor, feet propped on his desk,
is smoking a two-foot pipe.
He smiles at his assistant,
upside down in a chair, holding to rods
on an electrical box. Eyes closed,
tongue stuck out, he mocks death,
that high voltage delusion.

Centered atop the desk, a human skull
stares down at the men—a cigar
jutting from its teeth.

Charles Cantrell

In Season

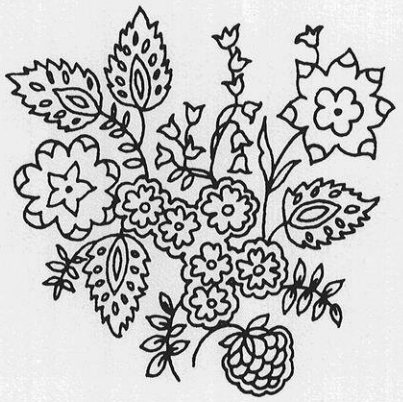
When the strawberries swell
under green-leafed cabanas
at Charlotte's patch, I can bend

for hours, my fingers
threading like quick snakes
around the ripe sweetness

of summer; over the pails
I carry home at dusk
there are fingers stained

red; there are lips wet
with joy.

Joan Rohr Myers



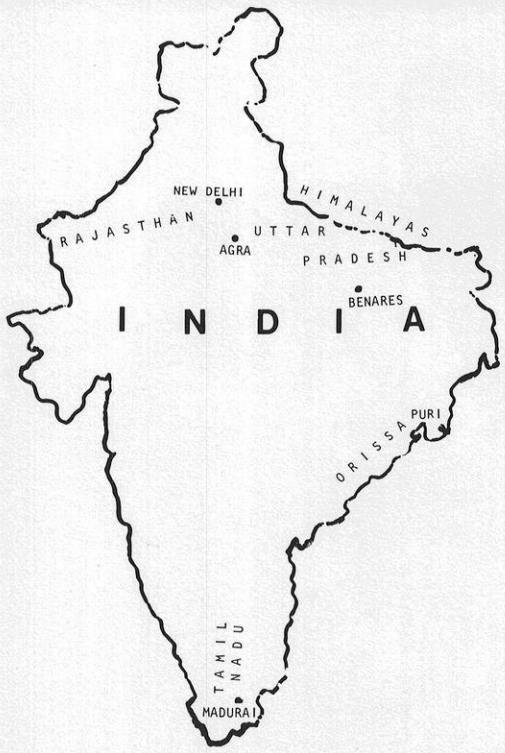
Picking Blackberries

A morning in August when the sky
like gray canvas held back
the rain. Dew soaked my shoes
as I walked through the woods
to blackberry bushes
that hemmed the meadow.

No one had been there for days.
Berries hung in heavy clusters.

I picked for an hour while
thorns scratched my hands
and ankles. When my pail was almost
full the sky opened and rain pushed me back
into the woods. I stood under the trees,
watched meadow grass bend to the wind.
Somewhere a voice called a child home.

Helen Fahrbach



Wisconsin Photographers' Showcase

India Photographs

Arvind Garg

Rajasthan

Woman praying to morning sun. Beach at Puri, Orissa, eastern coast of India

Photographs by Arvind Garg

Terms of seeing dictate that one who sees be separate from the object seen. One's vision of oneself is often distorted because of the acute difficulty of being separate from oneself. This theory also applies to the problem of photographing one's own country or culture.

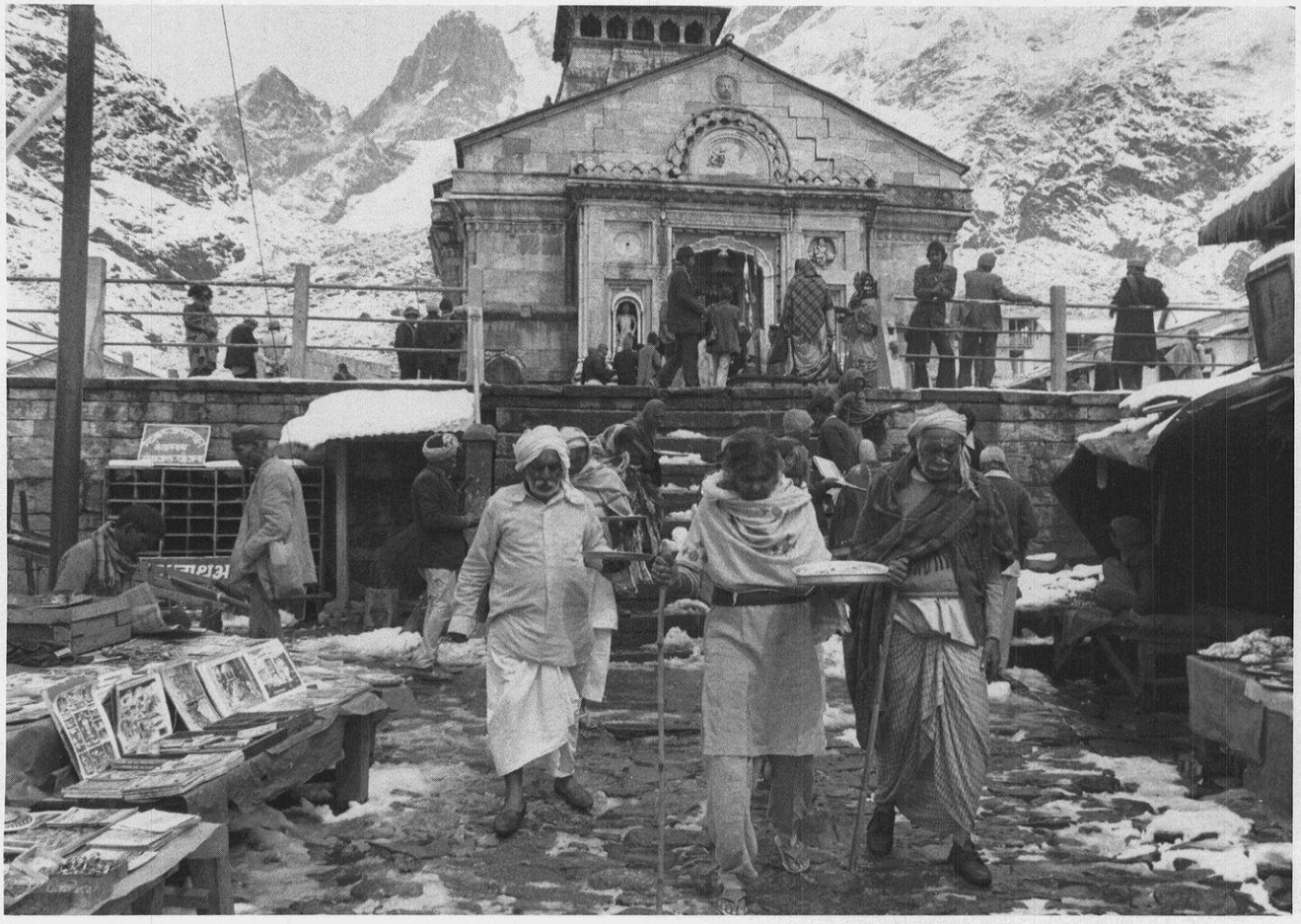
Some of the most telling pictures of India have been made by the foreigners, like the French photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson, the Swiss Werner Bischof, the Canadian Roloff Beny, the Americans Margaret Bourke-White and, more recently, Mary Ellen Mark.

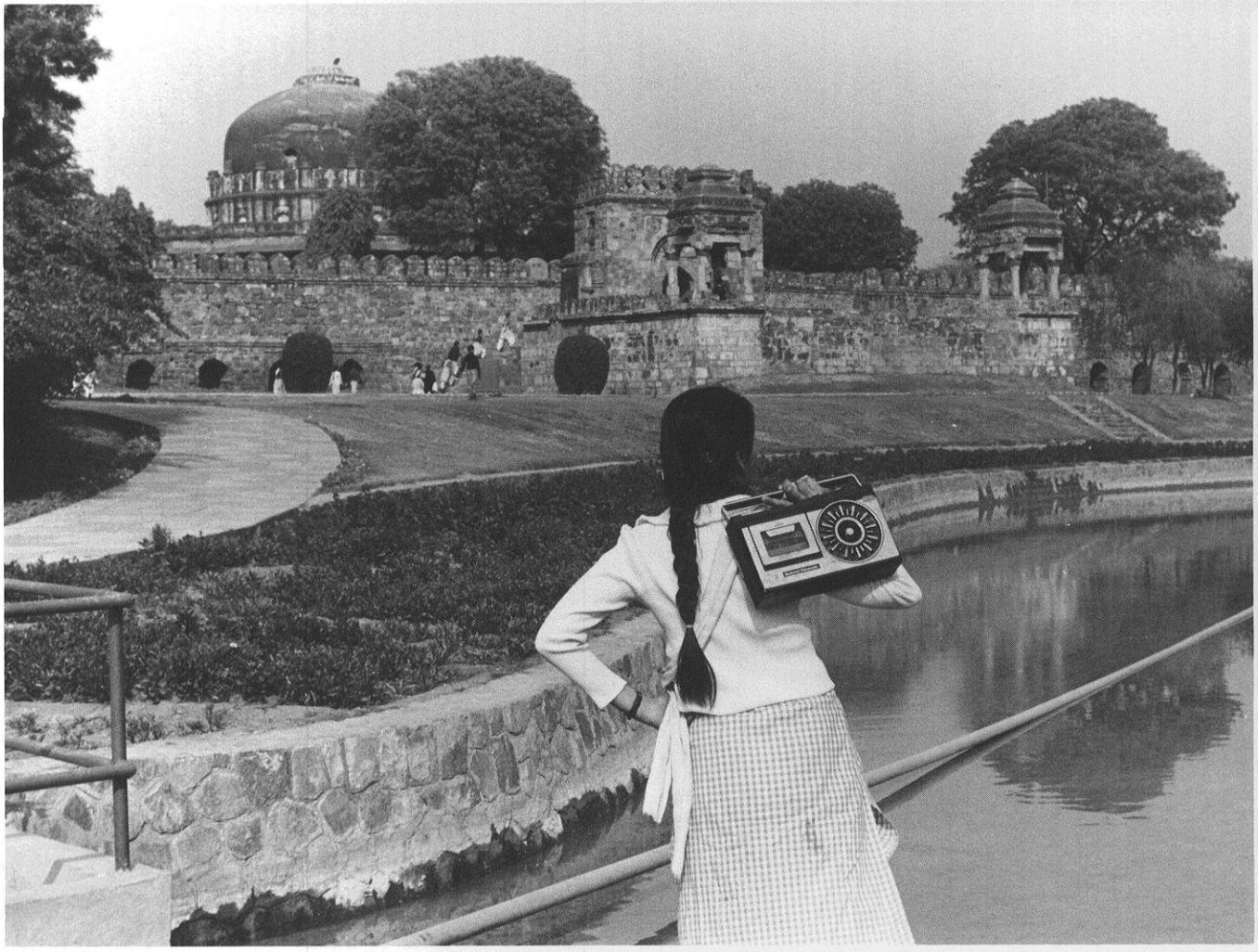
When I went to India, my original home, in 1982–83, I had already spent almost a decade in North America. It was as if I had returned to India with a new set of eyes and ears. I was seeing the colors and patterns of life, feeling the rhythm in movement, that I had taken for granted and therefore never 'seen' or felt before. The physical distance from India and the long period of absence during which I had developed a deep interest in photography had given me a perspective that, I feel, brought me closer to India than ever before.

Arvind Garg

Benares

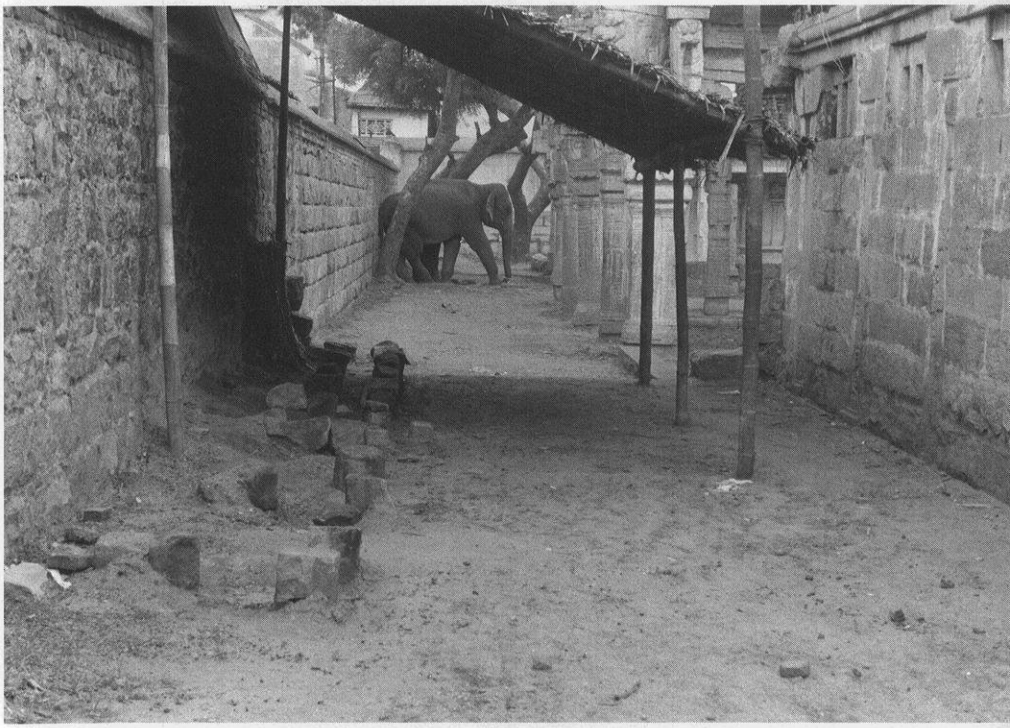
Kedarnath Temple, Himalayas, Uttar Pradesh





New Delhi

Temple elephant, Madurai, Tamil Nadu



Arvind Garg is a free-lance photographer specializing in photojournalism. Originally from India, he has lived and worked in Madison since 1976. One of the important projects he worked upon was the life of the Cuban refugees at Fort McCoy camp in Wisconsin. His latest work is included in the Wisconsin Biennial at Madison Art Center this summer.

Samantha As Oracle
(To those who reported on her trip to Russia)

Fools,
you listen intently and repeat
every word of a girl
whose body has not known
first flow.
She does not serve
Apollo or Zeus,
breathe the vapors,
interpret the leaves.

Mothers dream
of their sons' death.
Children mark
the absence of June bugs.
Sea birds do not return
to nest.

Where are the seekers of truth?
No one comes to Delphi anymore.

But here at the center of the world,
we still sit
in trance upon the tripod.
And at Dodona the oak leaves rustle,
underneath, priests stand waiting.
If you are not afraid
of truth,
ask anything.

Sheila Albrecht

Insufficient Light

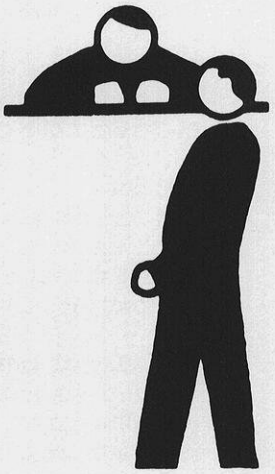
He thought it was a perfect shot,
her shy face above the icing.
But the Colorburst feeds him a blank
that clouds to blue-black.

Maybe the pall is domesticity—
gold-white spots burning in—
She appears in silhouette,
before a window with unearthly trees.

Light infidelities.
He can just make out her dark smile,
then looks up at her.
Development starts.

Ron Ellis

The Numbers



A Story by Michael Mooney

Jail when you're forty feels different from jail when you're twenty-one. Or perhaps I should say that, although I have not been in jail in the last twenty years, I dread the prospect of the numbers strung out across my back in a way I did not then.

Not that I have in the interval committed hideous crimes, but it's not for the hideous crimes in this life that we go to jail, but for the parking tickets, the vehicle registration, and the income tax.

When you're twenty, you're an animal and do things without concern for the consequence, but at forty you have become a criminal, if only for your knowledge of the subtle web in which you live your life and the part played by the most innocent smile. This story, anyhow, is about a man who went to jail.

He was a friend of mine and a business associate,a man with a wife and child like myself, but before I go into the appalling details, it is better to acknowledge that twenty years ago I, too, went to jail and know a little whereof I speak. It happened during my freshman year in college, on the island of Bermuda where I had gone, together with a great number of my tribe, to pass the Easter holidays.

I spent the time drinking beer on the terraces of palatial hotels, expressing myself in the simplicity of my heart in the company of young women, and swimming in the deep blue sea. How I should have come late one afternoon into the "black and tan" club, whose membership was made up exclusively of islanders, I do not remember, nor do I recollect how the conversation turned to the subject of "throwing the British into the sea." That evening as I made my way back to the hotel, I was stopped by two policemen because the headlight on my motorbike was out.

The motorbike was stolen, of course, but it was the custom of my tribe to steal motorbikes on the island. All the island's bikes were rented, and they passed freely back and forth among the youthful holiday visitors, at which custom the authorities commonly winked. All my protestations to this effect were met with bland indifference on the part of the two black policemen who had pulled me over to the curb, were met with silence, with just the suggestion in the composure of their faces of a veiled delight at what had become my fate.

Perhaps at nineteen I was a little slow in tumbling to the facts of life, but this encounter with the agents of authority suggested to me that not everyone in this world fell to my youthful, winning ways. I believe I lost my composure in the midst of this dawning awareness, which may have led me to a posture of abject pleading.

At an age when other men in other times have heard their destinies cry out to them, have won great sea battles, or set a foot of conquest upon a foreign shore, I was allowed these few, belated glimpses into the nature of things and led away to jail.

I passed the night in a crude, open-air prison, a damp adobe wall, a rough pallet bed, and as I lay beneath the coarse blanket, through the tiny window high up the door the stars shone. I remember in the small hours striking various bargains with my Maker: of what I would do for Him, if He would do for me.

Perhaps He found the agreement satisfactory, although I have long since forgotten my pledge. Still, I awoke the next morning with the consciousness of being looked at through the tiny window, and I opened my eyes to see a black face, an earringed ear. Promptly through the bars this man in prison clothes pushed coffee in a tin cup, scalding hot and horribly sweetened with sugar, then watched with an open, intent expression as I greedily drank.

The British magistrate before whom I appeared, a fatherly sort, evidently a family man, listened to my story with a severe expression, found the assumptions upon which my behavior was based repugnant, and my continued presence "within the community of the island" unthinkable. In short, he had me deported, and although I gained stature with certain members of my tribe, who saw me under police guard put upon a plane, I have found myself in the last twenty years, during which time I, too, have become a husband and a father, agreeing with everything that magistrate said.

There is something unthinkable about youth, repugnant in the assumptions upon which its action is based. As a man of forty I see how criminally youth flies in the face of life. I have tried to explain this to my daughter, using my experience on the island of Bermuda to prove my case.

"You only borrowed the bike, Dad," my daughter says now, to turn my experience against me, which it has taken me twenty years to assimilate, for only now do I see that that British magistrate had a daughter, too, and balked at the thought of her trifling with the likes of me! "You didn't mean to keep it," my daughter says. "It was late, I mean, and you wanted to get home."

And if everyone behaved the way she proposed! I counter. I mean, of course, her youthful companions and associates.

"But if you don't want Sparky or Joe to borrow your dumb old bike now, you can put it in the garage and keep it locked!" she says. "I'm sure they'll understand."

"And the same goes for my daughter!" I bellow. For it is to her going out with her friends late at night that I have objected. "I'm sure they'll understand!" I cry.

When things have reached such an impasse, my wife steps forward to lay her oils upon the water, saying that if our daughter may not leave the house late at night for some vague, unnamed destination, in the company of her youthful acquaintances, still we must not keep her locked in her room like Rapunzel in a tower.

My wife has an even-handed manner about her, and her words have a balanced, reasonable sequence that calms the raging seas of passionate self-righteousness upon which my daughter and I have set sail in our separate boats, and perhaps it is this aura of sanity that keeps us from seeing right away that the words provide no formula at all and only underscore the impossibility of the way things stand.

Sometimes a pause in the heavens, which precedes the dreadful thunder, allows the poor creature of earth to seek a house to put his head in, lest the horrid sheets of fire and awful quakings of the globe send down whole mountains upon his naked, unprepared self. I refer, of course, to the calamity that a willful daughter presents to her aging father.

During this pause, anyhow, which my wife's words provide, as I was downtown in my office in the midst of business as usual, I received a telephone call informing me that my near and dear friend, with whom I was presently engaged in one or two small business ventures, had been seized by the authorities as he drove out of his driveway that morning, and thrown in jail.

A quick check of my files revealed that certain legal documents, which I shall not here describe, remained in my possession, although I could not be sure copies had not been made. A mental review of who might stand to gain by certain revelations provided me with a list of people depressingly long, if incomplete, for although the business to which I alluded was small, it was vital, and the documents upon which our day in court depended, in the manner of a tiny pin, let the air out of several large balloons, or, if used another way, pricked down our names on the list of the damned.

Still, it is not for the hideous crimes that men of a certain age find themselves in jail, and so I learned that the charges against my friend had to do with unpaid parking citations and a dog-catcher's warrant for the "owner of an unleashed family pet."

I have been to the courthouse in our town, have seen the prisoners in leg shackles led through the corridors, have heard the stir of their chains. I know the smell of the intake, or bullpen, as it is called, where men are kept when they are hauled in off the streets, and feel in my soul the violence these things do to a man's conception of himself, upon which, from time out of mind, whole nations and empires, to say nothing of families, may depend. For these things reveal that the floor of this world, upon which a man may have conceived himself to be walking as upon the grassy meadows of a park, may suddenly dissolve, and himself drop down and down in a weightless, sightless void, in which sleep becomes waking, and the pleasant daydream of this life a present nightmare from which there is no escape.

I know, too, when a man has seen these things, how the vision, like corrosive acid, may wither all ambition—how all the dream in which he has lived his days may on the instant die.

With some such thought in mind, I drove to my friend's house that

night, for I still had hopes for our mutual venture, beliefs, plans, desires, to say nothing of a wife and daughter, and I wished to assess what manner of wound my world had suffered, and whether, amidst the general wreckage of this world, the ship of my hopes, too, had vanished from the horizon.

My friend's release from jail had preceded my arrival by less than an hour, and in fact we drove into the driveway together, for he had stopped on the way home at a farmer's market to pick up ears of corn. I had dreaded finding him locked in the house alone—I half expected him to have taken to his bed—and I was pleased to find him so fresh and unconcerned.

His release had not been secured that evening till nearly six o'clock, and only then did I learn that when the parking tickets were paid and the court appearance for the roving dog over and gone, those agents of authority had sprung upon him an old bounced check for some tickets to the fire and policemen's baseball game.

Some will think I jest when I confess that a company such as ours could bounce a check for ten dollars, or that this could present a problem to a man with a house and a dog, a wife and a teenage daughter, but I assure those doubters that when things go wrong at the bank, even the smallest check finds itself flying up into the air in defiance of the law of gravity, and that when a man has emptied out his pockets to pay a handful of parking tickets which have themselves grown and multiplied as if they would eat up all the world—when he has emptied out his pockets, I say, he does not find another dollar in them, no, not one."

"I had to borrow a few bucks," my friend said then, with an air of unconcern. "Oh, yeah, that reminds me. Do me a favor and call Bill Donnally."

He turned his back on me and made his way into the kitchen.

The Bill Donnally he referred to was Judge William P. Donnally of the Eleventh District Court, a personage whose acquaintance we had cultivated, not with crass gifts and fishing-camp expeditions, but with all the tokens and confidences of true friendship, which is to say, long talks late at night on the subject of marriage, sex, and women.

"Ask him to go down to the night desk and sign the release for Wilson Romero," my friend called over his shoulder. "Tell Bill I'll call him in the morning—I just don't feel like talking now. But the kid is a friend of mine. Know what I mean?"

He eyed me apprehensively through the kitchen door, as if he had just returned from a long and nearly fatal illness and sensed between us a widening gulf. I looked across the space myself, not wishing to admit it was there, and inquired, who was Wilson Romero?"

"The kid lent me ten bucks," my friend said, turning away again. "He'd been sitting in the joint since last Thursday. I'd be down there myself, pal, if he hadn't sprung me. You'd be surprised."

On my way to the telephone I found myself protesting that I did not want to be surprised. I did not like the incursion of jailhouse slang into his vocabulary. By calling Bill Donnally we were, in a manner of speaking, using up a credit, but a small one, I told myself, a tiny fraction of the vast store of good will we had worked so hard to establish, and indeed, Judge Donnally was perfectly agreeable when I got him on the phone.

He and his wife were going to the symphony that evening and then on to dinner, but he would make the stop and sign the papers I had requested. He didn't mind being late for the symphony, he assured me—acted as if I were doing him a favor. His only condition was that we play golf the next afternoon.

"To hell with Donnally," my friend said, when I found him outside on the patio tending the grill. I'm playing tomorrow with Wilson Romero. Life is short—you'd be surprised. Want some corn?"

What did it matter that in Judge William Donnally's Eleventh District Court all our mutual enterprise would rise or fall! What did it matter that Wilson Romero was a drug addict, a child molester, who had never played a round of golf in his life, but who hoped to turn the outing into an opportunity to rifle wallets in the men's locker room at the Club.

The enterprises in this life, I tell you, should be left to men who have neither souls nor imagination, family men who have instead wives and daughters to feed, and who must keep their feet upon the narrow footpaths of this world, no matter how treacherous their underpinnings. I count myself among their number, or long since I should have harkened to my wife, whose innocent purpose it is to have me throw up my job so that together we may pass our days upon the shores of the deep blue sea, with our toes in the water and in our ears the music of its senseless, plaintive, violent ecstacy.

I do not harken to my wife. My affairs in court go poorly, for even though I have conferred with Judge William Donnally only last week about his wife's coldness to him, and his increasing reckless desire for the flaxen-haired beauty he met while sailing on one of those jewellike inland lakes, the personage on the bench of that court of the Eleventh District looks down on me with the attitude that a man of forty, who knows what I know and harbors in his heart, the good Lord alone knows what detestable enormities—that such a man should have his name pricked down and the numbers strung out across his back.

The numbers! Every day now I expect to be informed of the irregularities in my vehicle registration.

My daughter?—but in the window of her tower far above the murmuring shore she plaits her lovely golden hair into a braid of rope, and listens to her rock and roll.

May the window of my cell be high up, so that I may see by day the blue depths of the heavens, and by night the starry sky.

Cedar (for Israeli poet Yehuda Amichai)

". . .I like to think of it, too, on
winter's nights standing in the
empty field with all leaves close-
furled, nothing tender exposed to
the iron bullets of the moon, a
naked mast upon the earth that goes
tumbling, tumbling, all night long."

Virginia Woolf,
"The Mark on the Wall"

Small conifers along
Austin Bluffs Parkway
soak up exhaust
fumes,

inside, each needle
fights poisons,
changes carbon dioxide
to oxygen
again.

Likewise in Jerusalem,
out of gas
and gunpowder, transplanted
Amichai writes *Love*
Poems.

Katie Atwood

Princess Cotton Legs

will try to make it
slightly sloshed
from the living room chair
to the bedroom above

she pauses for the third time
on the third stair
but his eyes never waver
the grand marshal of tension

he has come down
from his silent workroom
(she carries hers with her)
to watch a little something
more real before retiring

her sighs will lull him
to sleep, if he wins
or will she drop
the bathroom glass
missed shards mirroring her nerves

and fringed with jagged tears
make her way carefully
silently entering the arena
they call bed

Carrie Hagen

Continued Hot and Humid

Where the trimmed sidewalk ends,
where chicory and Queen Anne's Lace
crowd up to the concrete,
there is a green bowl of fields and trees
cut across by a county highway and
electric cables hung on blue glass.
Nine silos, a school, the next water tower,
all within a glacier molded rim.
The air is heavy and hot,
has stayed so all night.
Above a smear of city sediments
streaked in the gray white sky,
a thunderhead reaches into the atmosphere,
flushes pink in the light of rising sun.

Once again, I feel hot sand on my barefeet,
watch clouds steaming up from the gulf,
trace the trail of a hermit crab in damp sand,
study a brittle sand dollar,
laugh at laughing gulls, treading air over lunch,
pick up flocks of tiny butterfly seashells,
leave blue ice chunk jellyfish where they lie,
squint out at the oil rigs and shrimp boats . . .
remember the aerosol with exotic words? . . .
Liquid air saturates my hair,
touches my lips with salt.
Warm waves break around my legs,
snatch at my sneakers . . .
the sand stops shifting.

Two blocks down an air-conditioned metro is stopping.
The storm is miles away drifting, increasing.
When it comes, I will drive along a causeway
in a disoriented world where curtains of rain
hide clues to up-down-right-left,
where the gulf and the sun conspire
to keep me from forgetting.

Poems by Marcia Kinder Geer

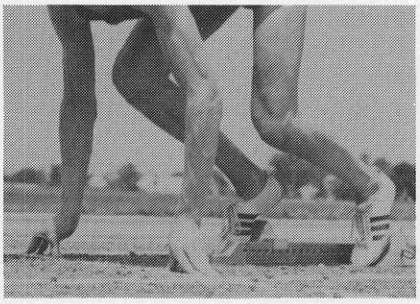
Unnumbered Secrets

Butterfly, resting on leaf island
awash in summer air,
becomes a captive in nylon mesh and
must trade its numbered scales for
a number that will add to the little we know.
Free again, it carries now
a key to ancient secrets,
the address of unknown places.

The young whale died.
They found it on the beach and
rushed it to a pool where
marine biologists tried
to teach it to live within limitations.
It could not tell the earnest men and women
why it came to land.
They could not guess.
Under the picture in the paper
was a three-line caption.
The last sentence said,
"A tear appears to be running down
the baby whale's head."
It did.

Walking on an old Ute trail
across an autumn tundra,
a coyote was there over a swell of rock
and mountain.
Black-tipped ears, all silver
in the early sun.
Gracefully avoiding confrontation,
it walked back the way it had come,
made a large circle to the left,
marked it and disappeared.

The Race



By Mark Manning

We all meet at the starting line shortly before the race.

None of us is really ready for the distance, but we have only one chance. We're perpetual novices.

The starter, dressed in white cotton pants and a white blazer, stands off to the left of the track. Scratching his white beard and squinting at his wristwatch, he announces, "Two minutes to the start, people! Two minutes!" I glance down at my shoes, mentally checking my person: shoelaces triple-tied and square-knotted, crotch and armpits vaselined, race number attached to T-shirt with two safety pins, and stomach and bowels well irrigated.

The runners jog and stretch and yawn and complain and run quick sprints around the starting area as if they comprehend what's before them. This is mere bravado, though, because none has trained or competed in the race before. We start forming phalanxes behind a chalked white line on the rubberized, salmon-colored, eight-lane track, elbowing each other and randomly spitting about like herd animals in an effort to clear a way to the front. It's all in vain: the starter steps once more to the side of the track to quiet the runners.

"People," he thunders, his narrow black tie flapping in the light breeze, "these will be your lane assignments."

I listen only for my own name. Lane assignments are crucial in the race because of the length and number of runners. Too far back in the pack and you lose precious time and energy passing other, slower runners. Too close to the front and you get sucked out with the "rabbits" who start fast and die halfway through the race. "Hollander, Eugene, Number 127. Second row, third lane, second slot . . ."

I mentally note my spot at the line by glancing to the imaginary slot where I'll stand. A short, lightly-built black kneels over my place, swearing.

"Shit, the damn eighteenth row." He finishes retieing and retightening his shoes, forcefully exhales a disgusted "whoosh" through flared, coal-black nostrils and slowly closes his eyes. "Damn," he quietly repeats. Suddenly, like an animal he springs up and jogs off, shaking his head slowly.

Somewhere in the milling crowd someone mockingly jests, "Looks like all men weren't quite created equal." I bristle at this bigotry and look over my shoulder at the perpetrator: a skinny runner shabbily dressed in a pair of cut-off jeans and high-top canvas basketball shoes stares at me. The real gist of his remark doesn't hit me until I notice that he's covetously eyeing *my* brand-new Tiger X-Caliber GT Racing shoes, retailing for $54.95 at the Athletic Attic Sports Store. It dawns on me that although we start at the same time and race the same distance, we do not compete on equal terms from the start.

Equal? "I certainly hope not . . ." I speak inwardly, jogging over to my starting slot, elbowing others out of the way in order to claim my birthright.

In an instant the gun is up and off and we sprint out, pushing each other, stepping on one another's heels, jostling like a pack of scared sheep. None of us was prepared for the start, nor are we ready for what is to come.

At first, the miles pass slowly and all is well, the pace seems easy. No need to worry, there's plenty of time left to deal with unexpected problems or catch that next bunch of runners.

I see Mom and Dad on the sidelines at the five-mile mark. Dad recognizes me coming and gets up out of his lawn chair to jog out on to the track. He holds a baby bottle full of water at arm's length.

"Thanks."

"Don't stop. Keep pushing."

"Yea."

By now I'm beginning to pass the fast starters, the "rabbits" who took off too fast and crashed at the side of the track. Some runners take off hard at the start just to have a brief blaze of glory while leading the race. They lead the pack for a coupla

blocks or even a whole mile, then they go into oxygen debt, or their muscle glycogen gives out and the next time you see them, they're lying on the grass unconscious, or hunched over barfing their guts out. I pass one such runner sitting on the sidelines, his head hung low between his shoulders. I smile at how much he looks like a wino—he has an aid station bottle in one hand and periodically guzzles from it in his fatigued stupor. Ahead of me a runner is slowly, painfully jogging. I yell "Track!" and he resignedly steps out to the second lane. He's finished, and as I pass him triumphantly I note how pale, how weak he looks. He's out of the race, but still fighting to keep moving.

Miles pass quicker now and I'm surprised that I've already reached the ten-mile mark. I'm tired—but not dead. I'm starting to feel the pain, but I'm calloused toward it and ask for more.

At the twelve-mile point I look for my next water stop. By now the race has thinned in numbers. This is offset by the reality of a picked-up pace. Fewer people are beating me, but I'm paying for it. My legs are getting tight, and I'm beginning to suck air rapidly and methodically.

I'm concentrating so hard on the race that it scares me when I hear a cheering section screaming, "Daddy! Daddy! Look, here he comes!" and "Get the bottles."

My eldest boy, Tom, easily jogs alongside my lumbering body. He sponges me. "You're twenty minutes out of first place, Dad, but I bet you can make up ten or twelve minutes."

I acknowledge his calculations with an "ungh" between swigs from the bottle. My wife, Janet, and the twins wave from the stands.

"Mom and the sisses are gonna go to the other side of the track to cheer you on. I'll stay here, O.K.?"

I nod my head yes and sweat drips into the corner of my left eye. It stings. "Damn," I cuss aloud, wiping my stinging eye with a sweaty hand. It stings more and I cuss more.

Miles zoom by. While they seem to pass quickly, they also pass cautiously. My body will not go forever, and my thoughts are consumed worrying about this, about finishing the race with integrity. If for no other reason than to prove I can go the distance, I press onward to the next mile marker, the next rise, possibly even to the finish.

By the twenty-one mile marker I wonder if I might be delirious. Rigor mortis fills all moving components of my body; my legs squeak as they drag my torso over the pavement. Even my blood hurts as it courses from heart to lungs to legs and again and again and again. My body exists in the third person.

Damn.

Damn legs.

Damn legs hurt.

Damn legs hurt so damn much.

A runner ahead of me dances slowly around in a little circle in the middle of the track, his glazed eyes sunward, head rolled back. In slow motion he crumples to the track. Another runner stops and kneels over him. As I pass all I hear is "I'm not getting any pulse . . ." The hairs on my neck rise and I speed up for a few yards.

See Gene run.

Run, Gene, run.

Gene hurts like hell.

Hell, Gene, hell.

I feel like "old man rib-ber . . ." I *am* an old man. And "They're comin' fo ta carry me home. Swing low, sweet char-i . . ."

"One mile to go! Lookin' good!" Liar. A snotty little man with a painful smile on his face sarcastically cheers me on. Every spectator seems happy and optimistic; I suspect a ploy to make my race less so and to take my mind off my pain.

Dumb asses—you bear your burden and I'll bear mine.

"It's not far now."

Startled back to reality, it dawns on me that (A) I have only one more mile of this cussed race left, and (B) that one mile is going to hurt like hell.

My feet hurt like . . . My shoes are nonexistant and it seems as though my feet are slamming against the ground bare and uncovered. My crotch burns, not with passion, but with chaffing, and I grit as I stride. Scrape. Scrape. Scrape. I wonder if I will have anything left down there after the race . . .

Time for a physical inventory.

My body is a giant, throbbing sore bouncing off the ground in a sort of humanized Brownian movement. My nervous system is actually a thermometer, and the painful heat of my body is pushing, forcing all voluntary action, thought process, and intellect to the bulb. The bulb is my brain and when the heat grows intense enough I will explode and die.

My body is useless, and yet I dodder on toward the finish line, an old fool among old fools. Some of the runners walk, some lie on the grass, and some lean against the stands throwing up on their $75 shoes.

The finish line see I patty-cake, patty-cake, bakerman, find me a place to puke as fast as you can. My God, I have finished?

I hurt.

I fear my bulb head will explode. Step. Step. Step.

"*Rock of ages cleft for me, Put me out of misery.*"

I cross a chalked line on the track and fall to my knees. Inside, my reactor has melted down, and the radioactivity streams through my body, warming and wicked, pleasant and painful. It is over, and I am done with my race.

"Grandpaw, are you all right?"

I look up from my misery. Jack, my son's eldest boy, leans over and grabs my left shoulder to steady me lest I stumble out of the paths of rightousness and over my own useless, emaciated limbs.

I can't answer.

Instead, I close my eyes and content myself with a job well done. I have finished in millionth or zillionth place. I have met the challenge. Dissatisfied? No. I have run the good race and it is done. The prize? For me, nothing tangible. And yet millions run to obtain it.

In My Opinion . . .

Professors Often Cause Bad Writing

By Louie Crew

First-year college students sometimes write more clearly and forcefully than do many professors.

Recently, I asked some students and some faculty members, to describe our campus in a paragraph addressed to a friend. A typical student wrote [unedited]:

> UW-SP is great. I've lived in the dorm now for two years, and its fun. You really meet alot of people. I look forward to moving off campus next year. But I think my social life will decline. That could be good or bad.

A typical faculty member wrote [also unedited]:

> UWSP is a good place to teach and work. Stevens Point is a good place to live. There is a forward looking administration. The arts get support. Students are good kids for the most part and fun to teach. Faculty still interested in teaching and in the students for the most part. The general aim is to educate students for life as well as for career development. There is emphasis on the importance of a broad liberal arts background in general and good oral and written communication skills in particular. There is encouragement to faculty to attain terminal academic degrees. Professional experience is accepted in lieu of academic work where it is appropriate. In addition to an excellent undergraduate program there are good masters programs in such areas as communicative disorders, natural resources, and communication.

True, the student uses shorter sentences (average of seven words to the teacher's average of twelve per sentence) and narrows the scope just to social issues, while the teacher discusses programs, issues, etc. But would the student be wise to model the writing after the professor's? I think not.

Of the professor's twelve verbs, ten (83 percent) are forms of *to be*, possibly the least assertive verb in any language. With the professor's one active verb, "The arts *get* support," the professor still hides the agent(s)—who gives the support?—and buries the real action in the adjacent noun *support*.

> Compare: "People here support the arts."

Four times the professor tones down action and masks agency by using the expletive or transformation *there is/are*:

> Instead of: There is a forward looking administration.

Try: Administrators here look ahead.

Instead of: There is emphasis on the importance of a broad liberal arts background in general and good oral and written communication skills in particular.

Try: We emphasize liberal arts. We especially want everyone to write and speak well.

To cut through the professor's limp style, I have not just pruned the forms of *to be.* I have found right in the professor's own weaker version the stronger action. Before I rewrite, I often mark all such words which hide action: "forward *look*ing *administ*ration," "get *support,*" etc. Then I unpack these actions wherever possible by using a verb, either the verb which the noun or adjective imbeds or sometimes another verb which expresses the action more forcefully.

Although the student who wrote the first paragraph has much to learn, by imitating the professor the student might devalue some skills already acquired. For example, the student used five strong verbs (*lived, meet, am looking, think, will decline*)—62 percent to the professor's mere 8 percent, and the student used only three forms of finite *be* (*is* great, it'*s* fun, could *be* good or bad)—38 percent to the professors 83 percent.

Presumably students write most like their professors when they know that professors will scrutinize their writing closely, as in theses and dissertations. My anonymous colleague cited above claims that on our campus we emphasize "good oral and written communication skills in particular" and cites as evidence our "good master's programs." Yet can anyone imagine a more deadly way to spend an evening than reading a stack of master's theses? Nominalizations and weak verbs abound with a vengeance.

I recently analyzed just the first pages of several theses which I chose randomly from our campus collection. Note how much more like the professor than like the freshman the following writer begins. Nouns imbed most of the action:

> Lake Owen is a clean, deep, kettle lake in southwestern Bayfield County, Wisconsin. *Recreation activity* at the lake is high from *boat*ing, *swim*ming and *fish*ing by cottage *own*ers and resort *visit*ors, as well as *camp*ers from a Forest Service campground during the summer months. In winter, the lake hosts *snowmobil*ing, *ice fish*ing and cross country *ski*ing. Nearby Mt. Telemark Lodge attracts additional people to the area.

Compare a version with stronger verbs:

> Clean, deep Lake Owen, a kettle lake in southwestern Bayfield County, Wisconsin, attracts many people. They boat, swim, fish, ski, snowmobile, camp, and sometimes even buy cottages. Some board at nearby Mt. Telemark Lodge.

In the next sample, note how the writer fails to specify the villain directly:

> The gray squirrel has been subjected to an array of land *use* changes since the first settlers came to America. In some cases, *clear*ing of *forest*ed land for agriculture led to the *replace*ment of gray squirrels by fox squirrels.

Compare a version which names the villain as the agent, specified in the grammatical subject of the sentences:

> Since people first settled America, they have changed the land which they share with the gray squirrel. Sometimes when people clear forests for agriculture, the fox squirrel replaces the gray squirrel altogether.

My campus has no monopoly on such writing, nor do these writers offend as much as many. Recently a major university approved a dissertation which began:

> The purpose of this study was to examine the relationship between psychological health and experienced acceptance or experienced lack of acceptance. The research hypotheses proposed that those persons who experienced acceptance or fit with self, significant other, communal setting, parental figure(s), work setting—or with some combination of these—would experience less potential for psychopathology than those who did not.

Compare a version with clearer agents plus actions plus goals:

> We examined the way that a person's psychological health relates to whether others accept or reject that person. We guessed that people would have a better chance of being healthy if they accepted themselves, if others accepted them, and if they fit in at work and in the community.

Clarity is worth the writer's efforts to specify agents, to avoid passives, to express strong action in forceful verbs.

Admittedly, the first version sounds more technical. The writer sounds like someone who has read many other writers in the field. But jargon alone cannot authenticate. Which version would any sane person prefer to spend an evening reading? Which kind of style should we really train ourselves and our students to write?

Textbooks often set even worse models for students. Recently I asked 100 first-year students to bring me a copy of the first page of each of three of their textbooks outside English. One began:

> Accounting is a service activity. Its function is to provide quantitative information about economic entities. The information is primarily financial in nature and is intended to be useful in making economic decisions. . . .

A clearer, less vacuous version might begin:

> Accountants provide economic statistics which people and institutions use to decide their next moves. . . .

Sometimes the author of a textbook strains at making something simple into something more complex. For example,

> Most people are familiar with the words public relations, but few can agree on their meaning. In simplest terms, these words mean "relations with the public," but that is still confusing because the words are used to describe both a condition and an activity.
>
> When describing the condition, we can say that an organization has good public relations. By this we mean tht public attitudes toward, and opinions about, the organization are favorable. Conversely, we can say that an organization has bad public relations. By this we mean that public attitudes toward and opinions about the organization are unfavorable. . . .

Never does this author question whether the public knows enough to make accurate decisions, or whether employees in public relations have an obligation to be candid in ways that sometimes could jeopardize the fortunes of the company. I suspect method to the soporific in this prose. I suspect an agenda that can be served only by a lack of candor. If future employees in public relations see public relations as strictly an objective activity, a job to be done, perhaps they won't be hampered with an intruding conscience. If I am right, no amount of revision could improve on the way that the original version serves such an agenda.

I frequently give workshops on clarity to persons in business or in government. In a few minutes I can teach them how to clarify their worst material, but often they look at the revision to say, "I could never get away with that. I have to keep this issue or that description vague so that I can make it easier for us to deal with. . . ."

Some professional writers elevate vagueness to an art form. Masters and Johnson in *Human Sexual Response* provide my favorite example. Their heavy nominals seem to hide even from themselves the reality which they describe:

> These physiologically recordable levels of orgasmic intensity never must be presumed arbitrarily to be a full or consistent measure of the subjective pleasure derived from individual orgasmic attainment.

Such tedium over long stretches might well discourage some of the more sensitive, better qualified students from training to be therapists. But X-rated prose is not the only readable alternative here:

> We cannot fully or consistently measure how much pleasure a person has in orgasm, although we do record precisely how intense the physiological responses are.

Those in power often use the official style to mask how they manipulate others. Consider such charades when the Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction (DPI) recently reported to one university campus:

> It is suggested that there be improvements in budget request needs to insure [sic] adequate funding support. This question was raised by staff and not entirely clarified by the administration during our visitation.

Compare:

> We suggest that your campus improve its budget and adequately fund the programs we request. Your staff raised this issue when we visited, but your administrators did not adequately clarify their response.

The DPI's own version was vague and guarded, as if the bosses did not want to seem to throw their weight around; but of course, they threw their weight around anyway. The dean got the point and penned at the bottom before sending this to the campus committee, "It looks like what they want us to do is. . . ."

Is it too much to ask all writers to own their intentions and to tell us precisely and directly what they want?

I evangelize for a clear style. Revision is hard work, but not guesswork. Clarity is worth the writer's efforts to specify agents, to avoid passives, to express strong action in forceful verbs. Of course, no rubrics can do our thinking for us, but neither can fancy academese substitute for clear thought.

The bigger issue is whether we want to be clear. Black slaves reminded us, "Everybody talkin bout heaven ain't goin there." The same applies to academics talking about clear writing.

Between The Bones

By Wm. Michael Tecku

"Daniels . . ." she said to him, looking him straight in his five centimeter wide inner eyes which widened two centimeters each half-second he looked at her for something more than "Daniels." His eyes opened ten centimeters before he went down to the end of the bar to get her Jack Daniels. Already having what I wanted to drink, I pulled aside the stool next to her and leaned forward to meet her in the mirror behind the bar. "So that's what you want?" she said into the reflection of my tap beer. "No, it's what I got," I answered as she turned on her stool toward me. "So what do you want, if not . . ." she continued and the bartender came up then to tell her he couldn't find a full one of Daniels and would she like something else. "No," she sighed, "Just Daniels . . . Farrington Daniels . . . it's the yellow-covered book somewhere in the stack by the other register." He was gone before she finished what she was saying to him, so she said it to me. "I thought everyone knew this is The Book Bar because you can read here. The storeroom holds almost five thousand books. Papers and periodicals are by the johns. The cassettes and microfilm aren't in yet. It's nice to have some books here like Daniels' *Direct Use Of The Sun's Energy*, it's nice," she added as the bartender came back with her Daniels and a drink besides. "This is from that guy over at that table, the one read'n," he informed her. "Thanks," she said, while looking at me watching the after-work barrush call him back to work.

She said nothing, leaving the words for me to say. I felt like taking a swim. The depth looked all right. Her eyes seemed to be at least fifteen feet deep. Without thinking I dove in, resurfaced and swam until I heard her a second or third time, "That's what you want?"

"Shake-A-Day," she said to the bartender the next time he came up, and knowing what she meant this time, he left returning immediately with two beers on top of a thin, army green book. "Here's your Shakahde," he announced, taking the beers off the book. His inner eyes had narrowed over the last half hour to a fraction of their earlier diameter, and this was distracting. He managed to regain my attention by opening the book and reading to her, "Shakahde, Joseph D., founder of contemporary architecture in British Honduras. Ph.D., Berkeley ('42), lecturer, Northwestern, M.I.T., Brown, Columbia, Brandeis, N.Y.U., publications and awards include. . ." "Shake-A-Day," she broke into his reading the way a glass hitting bare floor instantly breaks through to everyone, anywhere. "I'd just like the bones, the dice," she finished simply, simultaneously to him, to herself. The way he left and reappeared with the dice was so unnaturally fast I felt like asking him if he read Houdini when things got slow. I didn't ask since her questions alone were already too much for him. "Those beers are from some girls over there—the two wearing the scarfs," was the last thing he said to her. Without clutching, the bar shifted into heavy traffic, I turned to her beers and he left forgetting it all—including to collect her quarter for the dice.

She was and wasn't listening to anything except to the sound of the five bar dice as she rolled them around the bottom of their wooden cup. The dice talked while she explained what she read in the final position of the thrown dice, how a lot could be read but not everything. How the regulars who played the game were winning lately or at least not losing as often. How their dice had been rolling out, adding up to what they wanted, to what in her eyes she saw in the end equaling "forty acres." "And it's not as if I know them. They're people I see in here sometimes, usually notice for some reason, for no reason . . . people who ask for the dice, who tell them what they want, whose throws I notice, read, note whatever's there well enough to reroll and reinterpret later . . . it's nice . . ." she trailed off. Whether she meant she liked her readings or the antique schooners and four bottles of dark beer the new bartender had just come over with I couldn't tell. "This is compliments of some girls here who asked not be identified," he said to us. He picked up our tap glasses, wiped our part of the bar down and skated away to help carry out the first casualty of the evening.

It wasn't her suggesting a walk after she read some of the regulars' "forties" that carried me away from everything but the dice, their breaking off in talk . . . in mid-syllable . . . just before hitting like the nightly network news across the pocked top of the bar. "Their names usually don't come to me . . . when reading," she said adding the dice up with her eyes. She looked away from the dice a little and in half phrases started reading the first "forty." "He's taken fire twice. When he got out he *knew* there must be a better way to survive. Got to town. Lost everything but the first job he applied for. He got good at it. Keeping the inside of the state capitol looking like a postcard wasn't a lot to write home about . . . as time passed. Moonlighting as a mechanic seemed to see him through. Time passed. He kept getting better at his job until now when you see him out, you see people around him almost fighting to get him drunk. It's good to drink with him they feel because he's so GOOD at what he does. His credit's being reestablished. A loan's going through soon on some county land north of Eau Claire. It won't take him long to pay it off. When he retires, it'll be his to live on permanently, and he only has eleven years or so to go. Sometimes in the afternoon . . . he drifts out the window, over the lake, to something Sidney Harris said in the morning paper. The sound of the boys racing late into a session, telling him as they pass, how GOOD he is at what he does brings him around to the corridor floor he's polishing almost monklike for himself."

Her picking up the five dice and one at a time replacing them inside

their cup signaled to me she was through with her first reading. What she was, was enough—but what she had said, so far, wasn't. She proceeded to read the next "forty" the moment they stopped against my schooner on the edge of the bar between us.

"The drive from the front pasture gate to the Dubuque Bridge was a two-cigarette trip. The morning, her mom's coffee, and her first cigarette of the day tasted real good as she left for the Dubuque airport to pick up some parts they needed from Chicago. After she sat down in the front line of chairs to watch the runway like everyone else, she thought for the ten thousandth time—why couldn't she sort of change with instead of against the farm? She pulled out another Kool and at first didn't notice the man's arm as it came across from behind with a pale hand wildly trying to light her cigarette from a lighter that looked exactly like a pen. She must have known him because after he got her cigarette lit, came around, sat down, and started talking to her, she felt she'd always known him. She was beginning to feel like he understood her, and they were calling his flight and it was too bad . . . but . . . and he looked at her . . . and he'd pay her way round trip (Dubuque-Milwaukee),—he just HAD to talk to her. She could be back in Dubuque by supper, he promised.

"She talked about the river, how it was like dreaming—seeing it from the sky and seeing the sky above the clouds. He kept asking her if it was really her first time in a jet. The seat belt sign came on again, and he refastened hers and she let him kiss her fast. When she got her first look at Lake Michigan from the balcony of his room, she thought how she should have never worried about getting out and making it on her own. It seemed natural being with him. She got back into her jeans, watched him tie his tie, asked him if he liked the country, if he ever wanted to live there. Soon as he said he loved it, really did, she suggested their starting to live together. He smile-kissed her. She ended up out of cigarettes, watching the runway till six o'clock and her flight home.

"Her drive to work now is a four-cigarette trip, and while she likes being a big city lawyer's assistant and she's making it on her own, she wants back, not on the farm but on some farmland. When she writes home now, she asks her mom to call her right away if she hears about some good land going up for sale down around Potosi. She wants to have a kid now, or sometime, if she can get back and she agrees with her new friends—it might be harder to go back to the country than it was to get out of it. Inside she knows she can do it if she can keep up with her work life a little longer, if she can somehow start saving some money, if she can keep her health up."

She stopped reading and gently scooped the dice into their cup gradually bringing her eyes and voice around to the bar, to me. I looked into the mirror and saw that I actually was still sitting there.

Again, she didn't lead the dice out onto the bar—they led her all the way and further directly in front of her on the bar. She was a fast reader, maybe a fast talker, too. To keep up I tried looking beyond the dice. To help me she recommended that I might try opening my eyes. I looked at her, started to recall my original question but gave it up when she began telling me what she had just rolled—sounding as if she was quoting whoever she was reading, "Don't sit at a desk when you can carry it. Cash is cool, credit's cooler. Time and space are our possibilities not our problems. Land—that's the one thing they ain't make'n any more of," she said dropping her voice like she intended to roll again right away. In a minute she continued. Her voice stayed low.

"His life seemed to start over again at the reading of the will, but he doesn't like to think about it that way—when he thinks about it . . . quiet . . . real quiet all the way up the creek gravel drive—beautiful, a polaroid of Eden. He respected the man for keeping the place up, up to the end and giving the land to him like he said he would when he visited there as a kid. Cutting through the old garden toward the windmill, the ladder, the lookout, he says one thing to himself, 'Wish I was a farmer!'

"Lately, after clearing dinner off the desk, he thinks, rethinks, and postulates—a hole in the wall, a nest, a true nest not another scenic overlook or another investment. A nest. A hole in the clouds of input, speculations, negotiations, and heavy deal-closing handshakes is why he's made this bar one of his perches. Between connecting flights he comes in here to look out. He sees the need to pick up at least one place in the Midwest that's close to an interstate. Forty acres 'private' would be adequate. It could be a great, natural, headclearing, landingstrip, hideaway. The place would be more important to him than all of his hot property and bluechip paper. In here he's usually somewhere between horsefaced and happy," she said raising her voice, regathering the dice and returning to bar-level time and sense.

She mentioned I might like to see the rest of the place. We dropped off the dice, Farrington Daniels, and waltzed into a sprawling, sunken room adjoining the back of the barroom. It reminded me of a scaled-down, run-down version of a prohibition era warehouse routinely blown into by an armor-plated truck in the gangland flicks.

The few tables in there were each about ten feet long and made by laying an old-fashioned front door on top of a pair of sawbucks. There wasn't much else—nothing on the sprayed white walls and only a few long florescents scattered over the twenty-foot high ceiling. We sat down with our beers at one of the tables with an open end for chess. It was good to have my board even though she said she had to be in the mood for chess and she wasn't. We watched two student types at the end of our table until I thought I knew what she was in the mood for.

I got up without saying anything and went out to the bar for the dice. "If you're here for these I'm glad," said the bartender recognizing me, pushing the cup my way. "They're just a nuisance out here when things get busy," he said in a hurry. I asked him something I'd meant to ask him earlier, "Aren't dice against the law around here?" He grinned, handed me the cup and said, "What dice?"

She was still watching the game at our table when I came back and put the dice down on the door-table in front of her. "The dice?" she joked, "I'm in the mood for chess—don't you, can't you SENSE things?" she added all smiles. Apparently the game was over at the opposite end of the table. The loser cursed himself, finally hitting the table so hard most of the pieces went flying onto the floor. Our beers washed over the thick lips of the schooners a little, but we only laughed as he stormed out slipping, nearly falling on some of the pieces. "He never loses," the winner told us.

She stared at the dice but didn't start in on them. She wanted to know if I wanted to get going. "Sure I do, soon as you do," I answered. She shook the cup and rolled the dice out so far down the table that I was surprised the new players at the other end didn't look up from the game they'd started. "You should have met her last night," she told me. I wanted to know who that was but she wouldn't say. She only said, "It's all in the dice," and again she began reading them.

"Hitch'n from Livengood to Fairbanks would be the easiest part of the trip for land south, land she could live WITH not merely ON. She'd lived in Fairbanks after college but soon had it with its noise, smell, one-way musical riffs and general big city effrontery. That's why she went back to Livengood. She stayed there long enough to know she couldn't stay there forever and left about the time everyone knew the oil line was happening one way or another. Life in Livengood would be go'n First Class for a change. Everyone who could work would be making so much, whether they were locals like her or transplants, they wouldn't know what to do with it! How could she leave Alaska right when things never looked so good? Her close friends wanted to know but wouldn't ask her.

"The dented, camper pickup that pulled off the road and backed up for her had a lot of room in it for a late model double cab. The two guys up front knew about the line, knew they could live lean in the camper for a year or two, knew they could later live in LA for awhile without working and they wanted to get to know her since she was a native. She told them her name was Rachel. 'Rachel—isn't that French for racy, like real RACY?' the driver asked her in the rearview mirror. Ignoring his questions she stared back at him, got out her hunting knife and began carving a crow's head on the top of a walking stick she'd found camping up in the Sawtooth. 'You know we're really good guys at heart. We only came up here to make a little scratch, find some women who want to live south somewheres where there's lots of game, a lake, a garden and, after we've been to California, want to have some kids,' he rambled on as she carved, half-concentrating on what was happening inside the shrinking cab. His friend picked a cue to 'say something.' 'It's TRUE!' he chimed in, 'Most people would like to be where we're at, where we're go'n. Too bad only guys like us usually can afford to do what we're do'n. Too bad for all those smartasses who think they're gonna go off somewheres leave'n us—the true nature lovers—behind.' 'People are always try'n to leave us behind,' agreed the driver as he caught her in the mirror to add, 'but CAN'T.'

"She asked if anyone would like to listen to some music. The driver said if she wanted to hear some music they might as well leave her off right there at the mileage sign for Dome. 'You can listen to Nature and wait for the next sucker to pull over,' he said into his backup mirror as she got out the other side. She didn't watch them as they drove off down the torn up road toward Fairbanks, but she couldn't help hearing one of them yell back, 'You're just lucky we're nice guys! You're just lucky! That's all RACY! Just LUCKY!'

It took her hours to get another ride the rest of the way to Fairbanks. It took her six years, several 'relationships,' and one kid later to begin living with some land south—twenty acres near San Jose, Illinois. It was a time-consuming, money-losing hitch coming down from Livengood, coming down from lots of things, but it materialized. I'll read more later if you're interested," she said and winked. "Maybe I'll meet her around town," I said in the direction of the dice. I wanted her to say "maybe," and she did. The table jumped for the second time vibrating part of the far chessboard to the floor, yet, leaving our half-empty brews, the dice, and cup topside, hardly touched. "How can ya win in THREE moves?" the loser who had slammed the table demanded to know. The winner calmly showed him how it could be and was done and what it was called. They got up from the table and left before their pieces spinning across the coated concrete floor had settled.

We left behind them after she asked me if the moon was up and I said I didn't know but it had probably been up for hours, possibly years before the bar. "Then what have you been hanging around here for?" she laughed not wanting to know. I couldn't have told her even if she'd wanted to know. I only knew I was awake and walking into the night with her.

The sky was almost out of stars by the time we got out to her place. Everything slowed down except for two horses and a bishop still settling on The Book Bar floor and the morning sun ballooning through the cedars behind her borrowed house spotlighting her cat's face pawing the anterior wall of its mind's eye faster and faster and faster.

WINDFALLS

Oids

By Arthur Hove

The moon is full, pulling with unusual force. The tides are stronger than usual. The air is charged with ions, bouncing around and sometimes colliding with each other—molecular Ping-Pong.

People are doing strange things. Some bark at the moon; others make eccentric phone calls to people in authority and demand that something be done about something immediately. Things go wrong throughout the course of the day. People bump into furniture, drop things, break things. Their biorhythms are out of sync. Perhaps something has gotten into the water supply.

Things may seem normal on the surface, but underneath they are more complex. Strange, unseen forces are at work.

Such is the case with oids.

Oids come in all sizes—and shapes. In fact, oids form a virtual lexicon of geometry—all of those configuratons that have a way of influencing how we look at things. Some of us have heads that are ovoid. Geneticists examine cells to determine if they are haploid or diploid. Body builders worry about the definition of their deltoids. Most running tracks are ellipsoid, while golfers chase a pock-marked spheroid around a field. And then there are those of us who are mathematically illiterate and have trouble describing the difference between a trapezoid and a rhomboid.

The suffix oid is derived the from Greek *oeides*, something having the shape or nature of something else. It's like the thing being described, but not actually the thing itself. The allusion seems to be an apt description of so much of what we experience in modern life. Substitutes are often more commonplace than the real thing. In fact, if trends continue, the substitutes may come to constitute the real thing.

Perhaps it was the drug trips of the sixties that stimulated our current penchant for substitution. Chemically induced hallucination became a shortcut to enlightenment, or nirvana. Visions of sugar plums danced in the heads of those who sought transportation to a shimmering Land of Oz that lay well beyond the unspectacular realities of day-to-day existence. The cost of such tripping into a day-glo world proved to be staggeringly steep for some. It was a trip they never returned from. The synapses in their brains burned out; nerve endings were singed to the point where the brain waves were no longer successfully arcing, just sparking futilely like electrical wires downed in a windstorm.

For those who did not go over the rainbow to Oz, substitution became an accepted commonplace. Through technology we have become extraordinarily skillful in duplicating reality to the point where the substitute often has a more lifelike quality than the original. The result is that the word genuine has lost meaning. In many cases, the cost of producing the genuine article has become prohibitive. For that reason, genuine leather has been replaced by genuine vinyl—or Naugahyde.

Rich people can afford expensive things, while middle class people may aspire to them but do not always have the discretionary funds to buy them. The next best thing is

to get something that has all the apparent qualities of the original even if it is still a substitute. If you can't have the genuine article, you can come close with a cleverly made substitute that is undetectable from the original to all but the most discerning of intelligences.

In a recent *New York Times Magazine* article, "The Woid on -Oids," political columnist and lexicographer William Safire has detected a recent and distrubing trend toward substitution in our language.

"We all know that the use of *-oid* to create a noun has been growing by leapoids and bounds," Safire says. This development has rapidly evolved because, "In creating nouns . . . the *-oids* suffix is useful to scientists who need to give names to things with specific characteristics and to laymen who like to jab at people who have certain weaknesses."

A similar rationale for shorthanding and shortcutting can be seen in contemporary journalism. Besides the apparent canonization of the television news anchor as the new shaman of our society, one of the interesting developments of recent journalism has been the emergence of the factoid. The principal weapon of executives, bureaucrats, and politicians, the factoid is a bit of information that has the appearance but not the substance of a genuine fact. Factoids are as representative of the actual essence of something in the same way the final score is representative of what happened in a given sporting event.

Factoids are continually trotted out to prove a point or, more commonly, to divert attention from more important matters. Factoids are like arrows in a quiver; they can be quickly reached and fired off at will. Whether or not they ever hit the mark is only of secondary concern.

Journalists swoop down on factoids like seagulls pecking away at grunion running on the beach. Factoids are the grist for the news mill. Editors admonish young reporters, above all else, to get their factoids straight. Factoids are necessary to substantiate claims that the sky is or is not falling. Meanwhile, there is the story that goes on beneath the surface but does not necessarily make good copy until something ruptures. Then the flow seeps above ground, often to the surprise of otherwise thoughtful and perceptive observers.

Oids are used in clinical settings to describe various physical and mental irregularities. Increased research into birth defects has given mongoloid children chances to lead productive lives rather than pass their days as idle curiosities. Massive doses of steroids have helped athletes throw things farther and lift heavier loads. Unfortunately, they haven't helped much in treating rheumatoid arthritis or keloids. Now that most taboos have been cast aside, it is possible for millions of sufferers to come out of the closet and admit that they are subject to what the advertisers of a certain remedy describe as "the agonizing pain and itch" of hemorrhoids.

Other afflictions are not so obvious. They are found in the territory of the mind, manifested in paranoid or schizoid behavior. There are times when the streets and shopping malls seem infested with oids (paran- or schiz-) having an animated conversation with themselves, or standing and staring off into space—usually scowling and looking for an excuse to pick a fight with someone. It's forever them against us. Them is always someone who doesn't agree with you or is supposedly trying to take advantage of you. Let others know someone is after YOU. If you don't take action, they'll get YOU.

The only way to deal with the situation is to fight back. Play your boom box at full volume on a crowded bus. Make persistent phone calls to public offices and accuse a prominent official of conspiring with the CIA and the KGB to take away your individual freedom. Write letters to the local newspaper pointing out that something most people consider to be an innocent part of their everyday lives is really quite sinister—like fluoride in the water or nitrites in the bacon.

Science fiction has proven to be particularly fertile ground for the cultivation of oids. Recent novels and films have spawned new species of androids or humanoids, creatures ranging from animated tin cans with flashing lights and quacking voices to manikins with silky smooth flesh and impeccable manners. Although their anatomy may be varied, they share one thing in common. They possess those qualities we have come to identify as human—a form of rational intelligence and an emotion that can sometimes get in the way of making effective decisions.

Somewhere out in space these humanoids and androids are floating through the inky blackness in a rocket ship, encountering an occasional shower of asteroids and planetoids as they press on to new frontiers. Meanwhile, back on earth, artists are imitating the twentieth-century master, Picasso, creating derivative paintings that *Time* magazine's art critic Robert Hughes recently classified as "Pabloids."

Besides the applications cited previously, oids creep into the language in other ways. There is an East Coast form of American English known as Brooklynese that relys quite heavily on oid syllables. Those who speak this dialect, talk about the "boids and the bees," or going down to "Toidy-toid Street" to do some shopping. Or they greet each other by asking "What's the good woid?" Oids similarly can be used to create a bit of nonsense, such as "The Oids of Texas are Upon You," "Beware the Oids of March," or "Oid Rather be Right than President."

If you can't think of appropriate ways to use them, you could be experiencing an oid void.

The same problem arises when you run out of things to say about oids. That's when you might have trouble getting yourself hoid—even in Brooklyn. It's a situation you want to avoid.

Arthur Hove has been writing this column for the Review *for over ten years; this marks his fortieth column.*

BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

OLD WORLD NEW WORLD by Mark Dintenfass. New York: William Morrow, 1982. 404 pp. $14.95.

By Richard Boudreau

Old World, New World is Mark Dintenfass's fifth novel and, at 175,000 words, his most ambitious. It is an elaborate family portrait of immigrant Eastern European Jews, a portrait framed by their resiliency and their continuity against outside forces, particularly those of Americanization. Fittingly, depiction begins with a photo of the progenitor of the clan and closes—or nearly so—with a granddaughter recording the numerous progeny on film more than a half a century later.

Jacob and Sophie Lieber emigrated to New York City with their four young children, Sam, Deborah, Hymie, Molly, in 1905. After difficulties in adjusting to the new country and its ways, especially for the older Jacob, they engender five more offspring here: Walter, Rose, Ruth, Evelyn, and Moe. It is this family, both the old world born and the new world born, that Dintenfass follows, even into the third generation: their development, courtships, marriages, children, pursuits, opinions, quirks, responses, and, in some cases, their endings.

It is not the first time that Dintenfass has handled a long story. His first novel, *Make Yourself an Earthquake*, (Little, Brown, 1968) ran to 100,000 words. In that a 67-year-old widower, Solomon Leab, relegated to an old folks home by son and daughter, rebels. After sometimes ludicrous epidodes, he finally joins his free-spirited niece, Suzie Gottlieb, and her two boyfriends, one black, one Jewish, on a pilgrimage to Africa. Sol makes a last depressing visit to his brother, Aaron, incarcerated all his adult life in an asylum; then he is ready. In "Khaffa" they witness a great native ceremonial, filled like the rest of the story with the serious and the outrageously comic. Inevitably they return to American and Sol to the old folks home, his valedictory consolation the memory of that Pantagruelian final fling.

Dominant in that first novel, as in all of Dintenfass's subsequent novels, is the sense of Jewishness; that element runs through *Old World, New World* as well. Yiddish terms are freely used throughout—*shul* (synagogue), *nosh* (snack), *shivah* (mourning), *kvetching* (complaining)—almost never defined but in context definable. Of course Jewish foods are mentioned—*gefilte* fish, chopped liver, *kreplach* soup—and sayings, such as "blood is blood" (said of the family bond); "two heads on the same pillow soon become the same head" (said of marriages); "you make your bed, you sleep in it" (I'm telling you); and "new customs for a new land" (the answer to any conservative argument).

But the Jewishness is more pervasive than even the descriptions of rituals and celebrations. In *Old World, New World* Sam, oldest of the old world born, went all the way through the *cheder* even to the *barmitzvah*, then revolted; Walter, oldest of the new world born, wanted out even before that religious watershed. Yet both attended nearly every *briss* (circumcision) in the family and participated in the *shivahs* following the deaths of family members. Even Moe, youngest of that generation and most determined to remove himself from his inheritance, ultimately reinserted himself if only for the psychological reassurances it provided. For them all " . . . there would be in the end only the simple fact of Jewishness itself, a kind of odd family relic to be kept and treasured."

A wonderful cast of Jewish characters, sketched large, was the mark of Dintenfass's second novel, *The Case Against Org*, published in 1970, beginning with its hero, 5-foot, 10-inch, 322-pound George Nathan Blomberg, "Fat Nat," who has become Org, prophet of a new world view, Orgonology, but whose life is merely "a food-stained menu." Mollie, in *Old World, New World*, is an apt parallel to Org. At thirteen she "entered her plump and passionate pubescence," bursting with ripeness and latent animality. Only her first husband satisfied those passions, and from then on through all five successive husbands (the last she married nearly on her death bed), she became fatter and more Org-like (she was a great *nosher*).

Such a rich characterization only hints at the fullness of the cast in the novel. There is Hymie, second son of Jacob, so shy and fearful that he hides in the closet at the approach of nearly every visitor. At age seventeen he is hauled off for a quick cure at a whore-house; instead he is reduced to a whimpering blob (another Aaron?) and carried off to an asylum for life. There is Rose, the hard-luck, unattractive daughter, who after years of miscarriages—"weak-eyed and weak-wombed"—has a baby that turns out to be mongoloid, though a blessing perhaps, giving needed focus to her life thereafter.

But what holds the complex novel together is not individual characters but their aggregate, the family. Sophie's successful brother, Asa Kalisher, provided for her family when they came over because "blood is blood." Later he set Jacob up in a dilapidated book store which Sam gradually turned into a candy shop. Then Sam started a chocolate factory, Asa's money ensuring success, establishing what proved to be the family sanctuary on the shores of the new world. "Family is family," Sam said aloud and silently more than once as he helped brothers, sisters, nephews and nieces to jobs, money, opportunity over the years, "You can fight like wild animals one day, but you're still family the next."

Family—its integrity, its toughness, its capacity for survival—lies at the heart of the book. The Lieber clan, threatened by the loss of deep religious faith, adjusted itself to survive within broader limits ("new customs for a new land"). Threatened by the radicalization of education, especially higher education—Walter at City College, Moe, then Ruthie's son, Joey, at Columbia, Jeannie at Barnard—it used old bottles for the new wine ("ditto"). It even survived when that bulwark of support, the Lieber Confectonery, went bankrupt and Sam stopped talking to the family (until his heart attack showed him he could only die with family). A lesson was provided: Dov Kalisher, a cousin who had survived the Holocaust and who could have prevented foreclosure, rejected family for self as the primal concern—and died violently, alone, and largely unmourned. As Evelyn's daughter, Deanna, later put it: "It was as though once you departed from the family circle, you ceased, even retrospectively, to exist."

Structure has been a concern in Dintenfass's previous books; *Figure 8*, his third novel (Simon & Schuster, 1974), is a case in point—the title is indication enough. Early in the book Michael Silversmith, a Brooklyn silversmith, is bowled over by a VW belonging to Elliot Hopper (born Geoffrey Holzman), poet, he who had destroyed Silversmith's marriage years before by seducing the wife, Angela, while Silversmith was teaching Hopper's daughter, Florrie, to swim. Silversmith, incapable of income or solace, because of the cast, starts an affair with Florrie; and Hopper, in retaliation, takes up with Angela once more. At one point Silversmith imagines the figure 8 as the perfect symbol of life; at another, the fateful linking of himself with Hopper, Florrie, and Angela. The figure underlies the slow, fated dance of protagonist-antagonist, and in the end as in the beginning the hero is alone and back at work.

Structure is vital in *Old World, New World*, but here it is chronological, not symbolic—though that hardly tells all. Part I begins with the early years in America, follows through Jacob's death, concentrates on the old world born children and ends with the stroke that incapacitates Sophie in the 1930s. Part II begins with Sam's growing family, though it dwells more on the new world born, ending with Evelyn's troubles with her husband (still two heads) and his disappearance in the 1950s. Part III begins with the crises at the confectonery and ends in the 1970s with the sitting *shivah* for Jeannie, killed in Africa. Wheels within wheels are the three chapters making up each part and wheels within more wheels, the segments concentrating on individual characters. The ease with which Dintenfass moves over this "vast, unfinished puzzle," presenting through installments—"bits and pieces,"—a convincing story of an entire family, is remarkable.

The earlier novels reveal experimentation with narrative techniques, especially *Montgomery Street*, his fourth novel (Harper and Row, 1978). There Dintenfass uses the journal device of the Org book, but alters it to become an oral journal, recording with perfect freedom fragments of thought, memory, and creation, shifting through the mind of the hero, Stephen Mandreg, a successful motion picture director—in effect creating a stream of consciousness technique. But it is the consistent, omniscient point of view of *Make Yourself an Earthquake* that Dintenfass uses in his new book, a narrator who seems to be warming himself at the reader's fire, a stiff drink in his hand, telling his sad but sweet and funny story.

It works well in *Old World, New World*, particularly for foreshadowing and for softening up the reader for the thoughts and probings confided by the narrator. But there is a problem: the novel is so long and so complex that the warmth of the hearth and of the liquor is dissipated well before the end. Because of sometimes unremitting commentary reader involvement falters at mid-point and has to be picked up again (as it is) for the final, fine third part with its two memorable scenes, involving what is perhaps the needed element, dialogue: the family confabulation over helping Sam and the closing round of family reminiscences at the *shivah* for Jeannie.

All of Dintenfass's novels are set generally in Brooklyn, the Brooklyn that he grew up in before moving to Appleton to become a member of the Lawrence University faculty. All of them, too, reflect that added element of interest for state readers, casual references to Wisconsin. They come several times in *Old World, New World*, most notably when Deanna crosses the country to photograph the scat-

tered members of the family for her study and comes to Madison to photograph Jeannie who is just finishing her degree work and looking forward to her trip to Africa.

Old World, New World is clearly a culmination of an impressive phase of Dintenfass's career; it digs deeply into human suffering and joy, probing and searching out the endless variety in the human condition. Its complexities, its qualities, its universality might best be summed up in the words of one of Dintenfass's own creations, Jeannie, just moments before her death: "The old world lingers in the depths of memory; the conflict between old and new, between what our parents made us and what we wish to be, produces our fear and our guilt."

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OBSERVERS OBSERVED edited by George W. Stocking. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1983. 242 pp. $10.95.

By Herbert S. Lewis

The history of anthropology has a dimension to it which is lacking in that of the other social sciences. As well as considering ideas, intellectual influences, and personalities as one would in studying the history of any field of scholarship, in modern anthropology we must also consider the encounters between ethnologists and the people of other cultures whom they study. The life's blood of cultural and social anthropology comes from these extended encounters, "ethnographic fieldwork," frequently carried out in strange lands among exotic peoples. This first volume in a new series on the history of anthropology concentrates on this realm of anthropological experience.

Fieldwork in anthropology is not merely a prosaic or neutral technique for the gathering of scientific data. It is an enterprise which engages the ethnographer in the lives of socially and culturally alien communities for extended periods of time. It is a process often filled with uncertainty, discomfort, potential misunderstanding, culture shock, excitement, discovery, boredom, and self-doubt. As George Stocking remarks in the introduction, "It is a kind of shared archetypical experience that informs, if it does not generate, a system of generalized methodological values or disciplinary ideology: the value placed on fieldwork itself as the basic constituting experience not only of anthropological knowledge but of anthropologists . . ." (p. 7) No wonder it has often been shrouded in myth and drama. And this volume deals with both myth and drama.

The first chapter consists of about one quarter of a letter-diary written by the founder of American anthropology, Franz Boas, during his 1883–84 stay with the Central Eskimo. The letter-diary (edited and presented by Douglas Cole) will not reorient our thinking about the history of anthropology, but it does throw more light on the character and mind of the young Boas, the man who was to establish American anthropology as a professional discipline and would give it much of its intellectual and ethical tone from about 1910 until the 1950s. These are the words of a man who is frequently caricatured as rigid, unimaginative, a formidable patriarch, written to his future wife when he was a 25-year-old new Ph.D. It was not an easy year, and we encounter Boas, sometimes walking as long as twenty-six hours in the Arctic December; visiting and trying to help sick Eskimo children, decrying his inability to help much; constantly working at data gathering; reading Kant "so that I shall not be completely uneducated when I return"; enjoying sharing seal liver, and the drinking and singing that follows a successful hunt. We read of the strengthening of his relativistic appreciation of the worth of other peoples and cultures, his recognition of the importance of individual differences among people of a group, and his growing awareness of the power of culture and custom to direct behavior and emotions. Boas's letter of January 22, 1884 tells of his conclusion that his search for truth, and the promotion of his ideas regarding humanity, can best be furthered in the United States rather than as a professor in his native Germany.

In the second chapter Curtis Hinsley describes just what the American pioneer ethnographer, Frank Cushing, did that led to the myth that he "went native" among the Zuni. In 1880 Cushing left a survey expedition of the Southwest in order to live and study at Zuni pueblo. He stayed there for two years in an attempt to learn "the internal reality" of Zuni culture, learning the language and using what he called "interpretive methods." Rather than go native, he did participant-observation fieldwork. (Even less the native, he later returned to Zuni to do research, "with his White bride . . . her sister . . . and a Black male cook." The Cushing household became a scene of domesticated ruggedness and cultural commingling for visiting anthropologists" [58–91].)

Unfortunately, Cushing's insights and imagination produced relatively little because he lacked discipline and later took off on much more speculative and less well-founded archaeological and ethnological enterprises. He died in Washington at the age of 42.

Hinsley contrasts the romantic, intuitive Cushing with his successor at Zuni, Jesse Fewkes, a "natural scientist," trained in marine biology at Harvard, apparently lacking intuition, imagination, insight, but determined to observe, collect, and grind out papers. Hinsley points out that Fewkes's style was, however, more congenial to the institutions which funded such work than was Cushing's. (Cushing and Fewkes also figure in Hinsley's book, *Savages and Scientists: The Smithsonian Institution and the*

Development of Anthropology, 1846–1910, which was originally a dissertation in the history of science at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.)

George Stocking contributes an article on the development of fieldwork in British anthropology. He follows the growing involvement of British anthropologists with "natives" in their natural habitats from the late 1880s through the First World War. Although he presents interesting material on a number of pioneers in the field, especially W. H. R. Rivers, the essay inevitably comes to rest upon Bronislaw Malinowski. Malinowski seems to have consciously created the validating mythological charter for the ethnographer's total immersion in the "native culture" in order to learn "their vision of the world" and "the reality by which (they) breathe and by which (they) live." Stocking argues that he did this above all through the medium of his book *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, whose very title bespeaks myth and archetype. Stocking's message is not new, but it is presented very convincingly, and the reader can learn a great deal about an aspect and a period of British anthropology that is usually ignored by standard histories of British anthropology, which usually begin with Radcliffe-Brown and Malinowski and ignore their predecessors. (An exception to this is the recent work by Ian Langham.)

James Clifford continues his exploration of French ethnology and ethnologists with a study of the approach of Marcel Griaule to fieldwork and ethnological understanding in West Africa during the colonial era. Clifford has been opening a whole new world to readers whose knowledge of anthropology is restricted to the American and British traditions, perhaps with the addition of Levi-Strauss. (Elsewhere in the book Paul Rabinow contributes an essay review of Clifford's study of another French anthropologist, Maurice Leenhardt, whose origins, interests, style, and personality are very different from Griaule's.) In this article Clifford traces the development of Griaule's approach to recording and understanding African cultures, as it changed from the 1930s to the 1950s. He stresses the context of colonialism and Griaule's acceptance of this milieu and his own assertive, dramatic, even theatrical, way of dealing with the Dogon people he studied on and off for many years.

The remaining chapters consist of a memoir of fieldwork experiences in different contexts in the 1930s and 1940s by Homer G. Barnett; a discussion of the problems and opportunities of following a precursor who is "both excellent and dead" by Joan Larcom (who followed the ill-fated A. B. Deacon, a pioneer British ethnographer, who died at the age of 24 in the New Hebrides); and a short study of the impact of literature on the anthropological thought of Edward Sapir, an important student of Franz Boas who made major contributions to anthropological linguistics in the 1920s and 1930s.

Although this volume is aimed at a professional audience, there is much in it which should interest anyone concerned with the history of social science or anthropology generally. It is an excellent start to the series.

Herbert S. Lewis, professor of anthropology at UW-Madison, has done fieldwork in Ethiopia, Israel, and the West Indies.

A HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN ANTIQUITY by H. I. Marrou (trans. by George Lamb). Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1982. Publication in Wisconsin Studies in Classics, 466 pp. $10.95 paper.

By Barry Powell

The thinking behind a university press is to make available to the public new information or even knowledge. Yet it is not uncommon today to find leading university presses publishing reprints of important books which are out of print. I'm sorry to say that I cannot agree with this view, since a book once printed can always be gotten. Furthermore, virtually a separate industry exists already, in the field of classics, for publishing reprints. It is a good arrangement for a private publisher: he pays no royalities, doesn't have to deal with cantankerous scholars, and reproduces an old edition by means of photocopy and a high price. Does the university press fulfill its mission in playing this game? Maybe there's something sleazy about reprints. Isn't there something new out there that would compete favorably with what was written long ago? I think there is, and it is the duty of the university press to find it.

The University of Wisconsin Press's reprint of H. I. Marrou's *A History of Education in Antiquity*, a volume in the new series "Wisconsin Studies in Classics," was first published in French in Paris in 1948, the English translation in 1956. Reading Marrou, a scientific work, you are drawn back to the forties, and the war, and the Nazis. You can hear Camus and Sartre in the background, men who'd fought in the French resistance. Marrou quotes Malraux and Mussolini and compares the education of Spartans to the *Hitlerjugend*. This is fun, but unabashedly old-fashioned, and a distraction from the thesis. A man of his day, Marrou moralizes in the midst of scholarship. He calls pederasty "unnatural" and writes in a lush, allusive, musty style that makes you feel like you were in a war museum: "The candour, indeed the immodesty, characteristic of feminine lyricism—Sappho has this in common with the Comtesse de Die and Louise Lagge—leaves us in no doubt as to the sensual character of her relationship with these girls." (p. 35) Marrou is very much the French academic: *engagé*, polymath, an essayist, *philosophe de la vie*.

Nothing's much wrong with all of this except it takes Marrou forever to say anything. For this book is no less than a complete history of ancient education, beginning with the warrior's education in Homer, extending through education in sport and *mousikê* in the classical city-state, turning to the rhetorical tradition of education in hellenistic times, then Rome's adaptation of the Greek system to their own needs. The final chapters treat of the transformation of the ancient school into an institution of the church. What actually happened in an ancient school? What did they study at what age? What did the buildings look like? Who were the teachers, how much were they paid, what was their standing in the community? What were the levels of education? How was ancient education like modern, how different? What were its achievements, its failures? All these questions Marrou answers in the light of the information available in the forties. His principal conclusions hold true enough, though in detail more recent scholarship requires correction. His main point is true enough, and Marrou demonstrates it: that the sweep of education from Homer through Christ "reflects the progressive transition from a 'noble warrior' culture to a 'scribe' culture." Marrou has too much to tell to engage in literary flourish. Still, his learning astounds. And where else can you go for a one-volume, in-depth study of ancient education from beginning to end?

Barry B. Powell is professor of classics at UW-Madison.

THE WORLD OF OWEN GROMME with introduction by Roger Tory Peterson, biography by Michael Mentzer, and commentaries by Judith Redline Coopey. Madison: Stanton and Lee, 1983. 240 pp. $60.00.

By Robert McCabe

This attractive book is 32.5 cm × 26.5 cm, slightly larger than royal quarto, with the spine on the short side in order to accommodate the horizontal-oriented color plates. The book is dedicated to Anne—Mrs. Owen Gromme, an eminently deserving dedication. Swans adorn the frontispiece and title page. The publishers' device of a bird that appears to be an escape from the sixteenth century woodcuts of Belon or Aldrovandus is attractive but unobtrusive on the title page. The contents divides the book into six parts: Introduction, biography, colorplates and commentaries, color notes, index to paintings, and colophon. The first three sections provide the text; color notes (paintings of plant parts) could have been eliminated. The index to paintings records ownership of the original paintings—interesting; a colophon is rarely if ever listed in a table of contents, but in this case it includes a handsome painting and important information on the makeup of the volume and thus deserves its place.

The introduction is perceptive and generous in praise of Gromme's talents. Peterson says that Herbert Stoddard (Gromme's mentor) was the "father of game management as we know it today." I doubt that many professional wildlife people share that assessment, Stoddard's fine contribution notwithstanding.

The biography section begins with three photographs of the artist at various stages of his life—a fine editorial touch. The text is written in interview style, sometimes penetrating and providing new insights into the life of this versatile man but at times hero worship. Gromme contributes much in the first person singular. Speaking of the artist as an environmentalist, Mentzer states (p. 38) "He has labored in obscurity. . . ." Most of Gromme's labors on behalf of the environment have been long, loud, hard battles where he stood front and center. All in all I enjoyed and learned much from the secton on biography.

As to the 223 plus color plates, let me say at once that I liked very much what I saw. The commentary for each plate comes from the personal experience of the artist. The ornithological appraisals are dated but not in error. The strength of the book is of course in the paintings themselves. The artist has an exceptional feel for color values, and what is even more amazing is his technical competence in structure, perspective, and detail for an artist without formal training. His painting of old wood in several backgrounds is exceptional both in color and texture and his treatment of foliage is reminiscent of some nineteenth century German pastoral painters. I agree fully with R. T. Peterson that Gromme's gamebirds produce his best paintings. Those of the ruffed grouse are considered by many as his best. Apart from the painting of the blurred-winged bobwhite quail on p. 102 and 103, I think his best paintings are those depicting bobwhite quail. His paintings, as a rule, attempt to tell a story with sound ecological overtones. At no time could one regard any painting as dull. He has an outdoorsman's sense of habitat at all seasons, a trait which puts life and credibility into his canvases. Although primarily a painter of birds he has equal skill in the painting of mammals. His rendition of pelage is particularly good. Indeed my favority painting in this book is the action scene showing the confrontation of a mink and goshawk (p. 125).

It has been said that the artist's paintings improved as he became older and more mature as an artist. I would not dispute that assessment, but his painting of a goshawk dated 1936 (p. 119) compares favorably with his current work. I found no major fault with the paintings, all in oil. At the nitpicking level here are a few observations that challenged my eye but did not offend it: the tails of the blurred-winged bobwhites appeared too

long (p. 103) as did the center two tail feathers of the sharptailed grouse (p. 97). In the same painting the colored neck sacs of the prairie chicken appear like the rind of half an orange. The air-filled sacs on a displaying prairie chicken are pendulous and appear pear-shaped when fully inflated; the quail tracks on the painting on page 99 are much too large even in the perspective shown; the sexes are reversed in the marsh harrier painting (p. 123), and there are errors in the labelings of the paintings of plant parts in the section on color notes.

No two critics or reviewers will see the same qualities or lack of same in a book on bird art or any art for that matter. There is no doubt that Owen J. Gromme is Wisconsin's premier nature artist. He is also a militant conservationist and a principled man of great integrity.

Stanton and Lee have produced a winner in this volume. There is excellent editorial work throughout capped by a tasteful colophon (a device that says The End). The dust jacket is well done and enhances the book it advertises and protects. This is a worthwhile book for anyone's enjoyment.

Robert A. McCabe is professor of wildlife ecology and former president of the Academy.

FRESHWATER FISHERMAN'S COMPANION by Paul C. Baumann, Kandis Elliot, James Jaeger. New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold Company, 1983. 215 pp. $25.50.

By John Folstad

Every once in a while somebody writes a good fishing book. The *Freshwater Fisherman's Companion*, such a book, was written by three fish experts: Paul C. Baumann, a Ph.D. in aquatic ecology from the University of Wisconsin and fish researcher with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service; Kandis Elliot, a wildlife illustrator and painter and avid fisherwoman who works with the Biology Core Curriculum at the University of Wisconsin-Madison; James Jaeger, Ph.D., a University of Wisconsin researcher of fish and aquatic ecosystems and an ice-fishing enthusiast.

The *Freshwater Fisherman's Companion* is in two parts: information about fish and great things about the preparation and cooking of fish. The book is an amalgamation of several fishing books covering the biology and habitat, economic history, cooking, and catching of freshwater fish. It is among the best researched books on each of the topics it addresses and is especially helpful on bait, lures, and angling techniques. Its coverage of all aspects from habitat and angling techniques to recipes for some of the less popular sport fish is most unique: The cookbook section contains nearly 200 excellent and mostly uncommon recipes covering the cooking of most every freshwater fish. Interesting fun to read, this fantastic reference draws significantly upon the scientific resources of the University of Wisconsin and Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.

The smooth-reading introduction thoroughly covers fishing and aquatic biology terms used in the book. The first thirteen chapters each describe a family of fish, i.e. the Salmon and trout family (Salmonidae), the pike fmaily (Esocidae), the perch family (Percidae). Chapter fourteen describes aquatic animals such as turtles and crayfish. The appendix is a gem covering bait and bait collecting: "Mousies are larvae of a syrphid fly or fowerfly; they are gown commercially and are a very popular item in bait shops. Collecting them is not difficult, but odious. They are extremely abundant in sewage sludge, and a handful from the local treatment plant can yield 50 percent mousies by weight. The mousie's 'tail' is actually a breathing tube."

The *Freshwater Fisherman's Companion* is an excellent quick reference book, difficult to put it down once you begin reading since it's filled with interesting facts: the walleye is a perch not a pike; most trophy brown trout have a favorite feeding station where they can be seen week after week. A sure way to catch him is to hook a small frog through the lips and lower it at dusk into the water where the old trophy brown is feeding. Planking is the ancient art of baking fish on a hardwood plank soaked in cold water for about eight hours before use. The book is filled with such interesting and often useful information.

The book is well organized and has an index of recipes as well as an index of fish, making topics of interest easy to find. A person fond of fishing of any sort will enjoy this book.

John Folstad, an administrator at UW-Madison, has written articles, books, and film scripts on environmental topics.

PROSE & CONS by Felix Pollak. La Crosse: Juniper Press, 1983. 52 pp. $4.50.

By Arthur Hove

As a writer, Felix Pollak is most noted for his volumes of poetry, including *The Castle and the Flaw* and *Ginko*. Throughout most of his professional life, he was a curator. He took care of things, looked after them. Before his retirement in 1974, he was curator of rare books at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Memorial Library. His most abiding interest in that area was the care and feeding of the university's col-

lection of little magazines—a remarkable assemblage of over 700 titles and 10,000 issues of literary magazines derived primarily from the collection of the late Dr. Marvin Sukov of Minneapolis.

Prose and Cons is an unassumingly produced collection of six pieces that appeared in various publications from 1962 to 1982. The core of Pollak's collection is his "Excerpts from Various Essays on Little Magazines" and "Ups and Downs: The Underground Presses." Both pieces provide useful and incisive background on these important if often ephemeral aspects of our cultural scene.

As Pollak notes, "A study of modern literature is unthinkable without a study of the little magazines. Practically all modern movements—symbolism, cubism, imagism, expressionism, surrealism, etc.—originated in their pages and were carried by them, like seeds, across borders and continents. They are the source materials, the matrices."

They also are the means for resisting "a mass mentality that increasingly determines . . . our intellectual and spiritual values and threatens to culminate in the uniformity of cultural zombism."

Little magazines have a habit of appearing and then vanishing. They do represent a certain continuity, however. When one goes, another seems to take its place as new writers and editors seek a platform for their unique and distinctive voices. The underground press movement, on the other hand, has changed significantly since the late 1960s when antiestablishment newspapers boasting of radical politics, psychedelic graphics, and raunchiness tested the limits of First Amendment freedoms in many communities.

Even when it was supposedly submerged, the underground press was extremely visible, as Mr. Pollak points out. The papers that presently survive from the turbulent days that marked their founding have become much more middle of the road. Some of them have even grown into a form of institution within their own communities—an eventuality hardly contemplated by their founders. They do, however, retain an important trademark which Mr. Pollak identified in his essay published in 1970: "What they are primarily concerned with is the printing of the news which the papers of the Establishment for a number of reasons won't print."

The four remaining pieces in this slender volume (not quite fifty pages of text) are either elegaic or homiletic protests (cons) against certain idiocies in our present social environment. The most moving of them is Pollak's not too original but still important observation that Americans do not revere the elderly in their society. Our old people, he says, "are being systematically deprived of any trace of whatever dignity and pride nature has left them, and the only abuse that is meticulously spared them is any reference to their being old."

It is an unsettling threnody for a society that proportionately is growing older with each passing decade.

Arthur Hove is assistant to the UW-Madison chancellor.

DOOR STEPS by Norbert Blei. Peoria, IL 61655: The Ellis Press, 1983. 230 pp. illus. $14.95.

By Richard Boudreau

Norbert Blei's first book about his adopted home turf (he grew up in Chicago) was *Door Way*, a book about the seldom-seen daily life of Door County, the life that goes on under its touristy veneer. Now Blei has *Door Steps*, a book about the author's wanderings over the whorls of the state's thumb, but also about the seldom-seen daily life of us all, the life that goes on beneath and behind our public maskings.

"I am a walker," Blei tells us at the outset. "Sojourner" might have been a more precise word, in the meaning Thoreau gives to it, a day-laborer walking down the road of life, for this is a song of the open road we all might journey. The book divides easily into two parts: first, at the most personal level, are "The Days," diary entries for each day of an entire year, a sort of "Limestone County Almanac"; second, five essays (such as "Visiting Door in Winter" and "Summer Gone") at the back of the book, constituting "The Seasons" and falling midway between the diary entires and the earlier *Door Way*, as if to make clear the four levels to life, peninsular or otherwise—the surface social life, the deeper social life, the surface individual life, the deeper individual life.

The entries in "The Days" section are a delight, their poetic-prose style providing a rewarding "inside narrative," through which we see with Blei's eyes: from the haiku-like February entry, "On the ground, snowbirds . . . a harbinger of spring," to the superb simile from April, "The fuzzy new growth of sumac trees, curved in the light like soft antlers," and the angst of August (over a carcass of a road-killed deer), "Its eye, a large black pool in which I swim," to the mysticism of October, "The tips of trees scripting a message I cannot read upon the air."

The essays of "The Seasons" section remind one of the larger-than-diurnal effects of any landscape: in spring, "And what we enter now, because of the magical sense of time and wonder, is something akin to a trance. The land speaks it. The water reflects it. The birds sing it. The trees reach for it. The flowers color it. The sun caresses it"; in fall, "And what is that fear again that shadows the heart on an autumn's eve? The whippoorwill's call grows distant. Bats sweep the twilight scavenging for whatever remains. A few stray moths at midnight, frantic at the screen near my reading lamp, give their autumn leaf wings rest for a moment, their eyes two pin-pricks of fire."

Blei admits to having quite deliberately gone about keeping a careful diary for the entire year, apparently not his usual practice. Perhaps that accounts for the fumbling, the seeming lack of direction through most of the January entries until he finds the true north of his genius. Though the essays at the end of the book are acceptable where they are, they might have been more integral if they had been placed appropriately at the end of the particular set of months they sum up. But after all, Aldo Leopold's great almanac was followed by a series of essays; it's a decision ultimately left to the writer and the editor.

Islands, peninsulas—those juttings of isolated landscape have always held a strange fascination for humanity; there is something primal about them, simplicity belongs to lives lived there. This latest book of Blei's is an intense, sensitive celebration of just such a landscape and just such a feeling. It is replete with the particular and laced with the universal, a fine sequel and a natural extension (in-tension) to the earlier *Door Way*.

Richard Boudreau, former Wisconsin Academy vice president for letters, teaches American and Wisconsin literature at UW-La Crosse.

SHIPWRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN by Don Davenport. Madison: Northword Press, 1983. 177 pp.

By Dennis Ribbens

To find this title in a bookstore or library, you will have to look for a book entitled *Fire and Ice*, subtitled *Two Deadly Wisconsin Disasters*, cutely packaged in pink and blue, containing in clever flip-flop printing not only Davenport's book but also *Fire at Peshtigo* by Robert Wells, a well-known and well-reviewed book which came out in 1968. A much better title for this copublication would have been *By Fire and By Water*.

If you like Dwight Boyer, you will love Davenport. *Shipwreck on Lake Michigan* is a gripping and well-informed narrative of the sinking of the *Carl D. Bradley* on November 18, 1958, in a gale which flung seventy mile per hour winds and twenty-five foot waves racing across the waters of northern Lake Michigan. So often accounts of Great Lakes shipwrecks are dry recitations of reports both from the time of the event and from subsequent investigations and hearings. Davenport uses his materials masterfully, always sticking close to carefully researched sources, yet recreating with amazing immediacy the events of that day as they occurred moment by moment, allowing the reader to relive that moving and tragic adventure. Davenport takes us on board the *Bradley* and on board other merchant vessels in the area at the time of the disaster as well. He provides a stirring account of the Coast Guard rescue efforts, of the desperate hours experienced by those few who survived, and of the awful impact the sinking had on its home base of Cheboygan, Michigan. This is a book most people will read straight through, unable to put down. For those more expert in marine matters, there is satisfying scholarly attention to information sources—weather reports, U.S. Coast Guard Marine Board of Inquiry files, interviews, and on-site investigation. An index and extensive bibliography are included. Yet for the average reader there are no barriers to understanding or to being caught up in the events surrounding the *Bradley* shipwreck.

Both Wells's and Davenport's works will have wide audience appeal. *Fire and Ice* belongs in every Wisconsin public and high school library.

Dennis Ribbens, university librarian of Lawrence University, is a past Wisconsin Academy vice president for letters.

Just Browsing

THE MAGAZINE WRITER'S HANDBOOK by Franklynn Peterson and Judi Kesselman-Turkel. Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice-Hall, 1982. 263 pp. $8.95.

Judi Kesselman-Turkel, current president of the Council for Wisconsin Writers, and Franklynn Peterson have sold hundreds of articles to magazines and written twenty books. This how-to book is a businesslike approach to packaging information and selling articles. It is billed as "the only book you'll ever need on how to break into print." The subject is broken down into manageable categories—ten standard article formats; five commandments no pro forgets; three standard writing techniques—replete with clear instructions and good advice. Information here will be invaluable to the beginning journalist and useful to the experienced, especially tips on maximizing income. Peterson and Kesselman-Turkel brought out a companion, *The Author's Handbook* with Prentice-Hall also in 1982.

HEARTLAND JOURNAL, a twice-yearly publication of Creative Arts Over Sixty, brought out its first issue last January. Editors Jeri McCormack and Lenore M. Coberly have produced a handsomely designed and illustrated magazine of essays, poems, reminiscences written by older people in Wisconsin. *Heartland Journal* is available in bookstores for $4.00 or it can be ordered from Creative Arts/60, 3100 Lake Mendota Dr., Madison, 53705 for the same price.

Patricia Powell is editor of the **Wisconsin Academy Review**.

Authors

continued from page 2

Barry Powell

Barry Powell is professor of classics at the UW-Madison. Educated at Berkeley and Harvard, he has published scholarly articles on Roman and Greek poetry. *The War at Troy*, a satiric novel that recounts the Trojan saga from the birth of Paris to the sack of the city, is presently undergoing final revision.

Charles Cantrell, a graduate of Goddard College's MFA program, has taught at MATC, Drake University, and currently for UW-Extension's Independent Study Program. His work has appeared in many anthologies and journals, including the *Ardis Anthology of New American Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, *Poetry Now*, and *Southern Poetry Review*.

Michael Mooney has published two books of fiction, *Names* (Treacle Press, 1979) and *Squid Soup* (Story Press, 1980) (reviewed in this journal's March 1981 issue). In 1982 he received a creative writing fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. He lives in Milwaukee with his wife and daughter and works for a real estate management firm.

Michael Mooney

Joan Rohr Myers lives in Eau Claire with her husband and two children. Two of her plays have been produced by Wisconsin Public Radio, and her poems have appeared widely in magazines and anthologies. She currently teaches at the UW-Eau Claire.

Helen Fahrbach is special services librarian at the Elisha D. Smith Public Library in Menasha. She is serving on the board of Wisconsin Regional Writers Association and the Council for Wisconsin Writers. She has had poems published in *Peninsula Review*, *Primipara*, *Fox Cry*, *Western Reserve Magazine*, *Sisters Today*, and other magazines.

Sheila Albrecht has a BFA from UW-Milwaukee (1970) and is now a graduate student at UW-Stevens Point. In 1982 she won the Mary Elizabeth Smith Poetry Prize at UW-SP. She has had poetry published in *Barney Street V* and *VI*, *Song 10*, and *The Country Poet*.

Carrie Hagen, a fifteen-year resident of Wisconsin, has recently moved to Texas where she is a child development specialist.

Ron Ellis teaches writing at UW-Whitewater and is the editor-in-chief of *Windfall*, formerly titled *Friends of Poetry* magazine. His poetry has appeared in *Commonweal*, *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, *Poetry Northwest*, *New Jersey Poetry Journal*, and others. He also creates inter-media poetry, the most recent piece being "White Shadow Quartet."

Katie Atwood lives in Manitou Springs, Colorado. She attends the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs where she is current president and editor of Riverrun Literary Club. She will attend UW-Madison in fall, 1984, for a masters in social work. Her poems have appeared in *The Madison Review*, *Blue Light Review*, *Riverrun*, *Sou'wester*, and *Colorado-North Review*.

Wm. Michael Tecku

Wm. Michael Tecku and Bill "Ole" Olson directed regional and National Public Radio broadcasts of American literature. He was selected for the Lake Superior Contemporary Writers series in 1978 for poetry and in 1984 for prose. His poetry and prose have appeared in *San Jose Studies*, *Port Turns*, *Left Hip*, *Lake Superior Port Cities*, and the *1984 Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*. He lives with his wife Kathy in Hawthorne.

Mark Manning, a senior at UW-Parkside majoring in English and economics, wrote his story "The Race" for Herbert Kubly's creative writing class. This was one of the dozen or so stories Kubly chose to be published as the best student fiction from fifteen years' teaching. Along with his own essay, Professor Kubly sent some student fiction to the *Review*. Mark Manning received his associate of arts degree in 1982 from Fergus Falls Community College in his home town of Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

Louie Crew, who received his Ph.D. from University of Alabama, teaches English at UW-Stevens Point. He is on leave 1983–84 to teach composition and word processing in the Department of English, Beijing Second Institute of Foreign Languages in the People's Republic of China.

Marcia Kinder Geer has lived in Wisconsin for twenty-four years, transplanted from the central Illinois cornfields and remnant prairies. Her educational filmstrip on the life cycle of Monarch butterflies, photographed just outside her back door in Madison, was adopted by the State of California for public school use.

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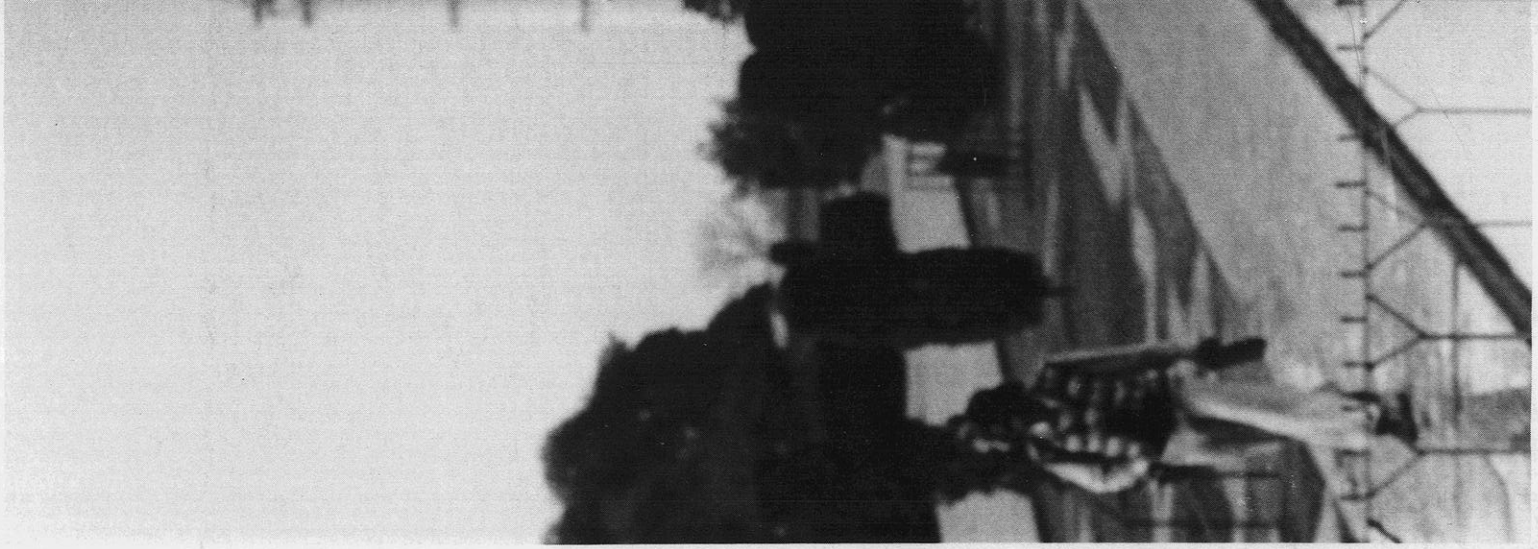

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