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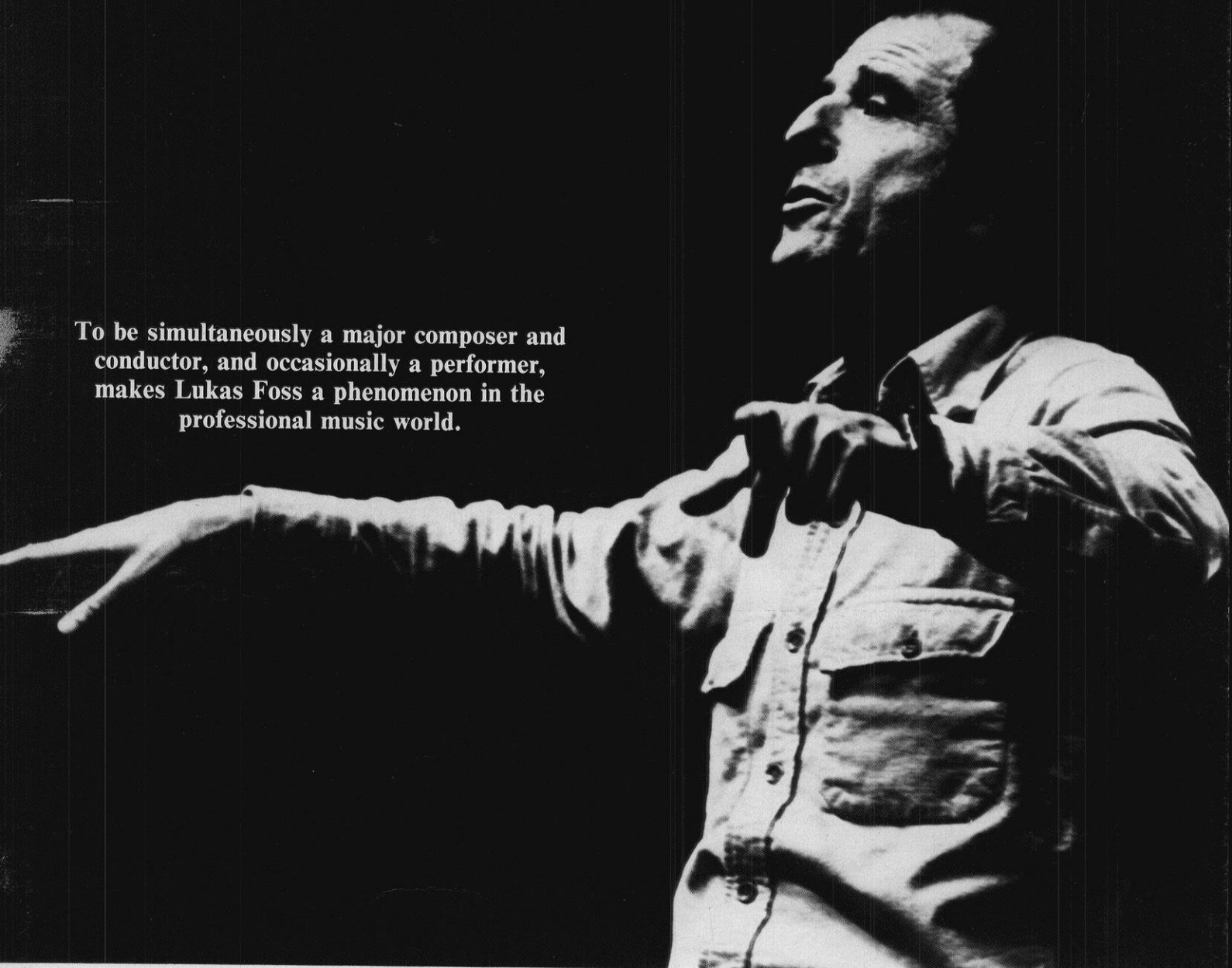
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Published Quarterly by the Wisconsin
Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

To be simultaneously a major composer and conductor, and occasionally a performer, makes Lukas Foss a phenomenon in the professional music world.



September 1983
Volume 29, Number 4

Editorial

Alphas and Omegas

The computer revolution reaches everyone, and we at the Academy have also been affected. Just in the last year—since we have had our own microcomputer—I have noticed a tremendous increase in the number of manuscripts we receive from our authors which are computer printouts. They're wonderful inventions, these microcomputer-word processors. While they don't make writing or editing easier, they certainly facilitate producing revised copies of manuscripts. For the last year we have done rewriting and editing on our office word processor, but with this issue we enter fully into the grand and glorious world of electronic communications. We "input" all text into our microcomputer and transmitted by telephone via a modem to our typesetter—or as the jargon has it, "our computers interfaced." These computers are just machines, of course; they don't work miracles. We still work as closely with our typesetters to produce the copy—in fact, we have new problems to solve. Computers have communications problems, too. The software which tells our machine one thing is misinterpreted by their computer to mean another thing. This can only be glossed over by a meeting of human minds (and a new set of instructions to the computer). A new era has begun, with a whole new set of problems to solve.

The December issue will mark the thirtieth year of the quarterly *Review*. This publication was started in 1954 and edited for its first ten years by Walter and Trudi Scott. On June 25, 1983, Walter, aged 72, died in a Madison nursing home. Known primarily as a conservationist and bibliophile, Walter Scott was truly an integrated personality with avid interest in arts and literature as well as sciences. Six Academy members who knew and worked with him through the years paid tribute to the many facets of Walter E. Scott in a special section of the June 1981 *Review*. The Scotts have done much for the Academy and especially for the *Review*. With Walter Scott's death, an era is over.

—Patricia Powell

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Poetry on pages 14, 20, 24, 52, 55

On the cover: Lukas Foss, Director of the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra

Authors and Artists

Rod Clark, a Madison native, earned a master's degree in English and Creative Writing from the Writer's Workshop at San Francisco State College in 1975. Since 1971 he has written and produced seven stage plays at Broom Street Theater and a radio play on W-O-R-T radio, which have garnered a Schubert Playwriting fellowship, two Wisconsin Arts Board grants, and a prize in a state-wide radio playwriting contest.

Barbara Fowler was educated at the University of Wisconsin, Bryn Mawr College, and the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. She is at present John Bascom Professor of Classics at the UW-Madison and has published poems in *The Midwest Quarterly*, *The Little Magazine*, *Harvard Magazine*, *Abraxas*, and other literary journals and anthologies.

A native of West Virginia, **Lenore McComas Coberly** has lived in Madison since 1964. She is the author of *One Hundred Years of Caring*, a history of the Wisconsin Council on Human Concern, newspaper and magazine articles, and a volume of poetry. Her poetry has appeared in various publications including the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. She is credentials chairman of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.

William Lawlor is a former messenger, cut boy, and cab driver from New York City. He now lives in the North Woods, where he writes poems, translations from Spanish, and essays. He has published in various little magazines in the U.S. and Canada.

Louie Crew, with a Ph.D. from the University of Alabama, teaches in the English department at UW-Stevens Point. He has published numerous stories, poems, and articles in such periodicals as *Saturday Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, and *College English*.

Michael Hinden is an associate professor of English and chairman of the Integrated Liberal Studies Program at UW-Madison. He earned a Ph.D. from Brown University. His publications are in modern drama, in literary criticism, and most recently in literature and art.

Joseph W. Elder is professor of sociology and South Asian studies at UW-Madison. He was born in Iran of Presbyterian missionary parents and came to the United States to complete his high school and college education. He received his B.A. and M.A. in sociology from Oberlin College and his Ph.D. from Harvard University. Professor Elder is the executive producer of a documentary film on consensus decision making by a cast in India. He is also an active member of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) which has traditionally conducted its business on the principles of consensus decision making.

Charles W. Anderson is Glenn Hawkins professor of political science at UW-Madison. A specialist in political theory and political economy, he is the author of *Statecraft*, *Value Judgment and Income Distribution*, *The Political Economy of Modern Spain*, and *Politics and Economic Change in Latin America* along with other works. He is a member of the faculty of the Integrated Liberal Studies Program where he teaches courses in the history of Western political, economic, and social thought.

Gretchen Schoff is associate chairman of Integrated Liberal Studies and professor in the Institute of Environmental Studies and General Engineering. She teaches interdisciplinary courses such as "Humanistic Perspectives on the Environment," which focuses on nature as source of art, literature, religious and ethical values. In 1976 she published with *Wisconsin*

Academy Review a piece on endangered crane species and the International Crane Foundation at Baraboo, which won First Place for nonfiction that year in the Council for Wisconsin Writers competition.

Marylu Raushenbush of Madison has worked in clay and silver as well as photography and has pursued art studies at Madison Area Technical College, Arizona University in Tucson, Arizona State University in Tempe, and UW-Madison. In past months Marylu has taken hundreds of photographs of visual artists as part of a project in which other artists then alter the print into their own media. This exhibit of her portraits and the artists' work will be held at the Elvehjem Museum of Art in February 1984.

Marylu Raushenbush



continued on page 64

Conflicts in Western Culture

In August 1983, present faculty members of the Integrated Liberal Studies Program at UW-Madison gave a series of lectures on the theme, "Conflicts in Western Culture," at the ILS-Meiklejohn Summer Institute held in Madison for the alumni of the two programs. Four of these presentations are published here. Each essay attempts to bring to bear the history of ideas upon issues of citizenship and social policy. Each also reflects the policy of the Integrated Liberal Studies Program, anticipated by Meiklejohn a half-century ago, when he wrote: "Our primary task is to see, and to help students to see, subjects in their relations."



No one today needs to be told that American education is in a state of disrepair. Commissions, panels, and blue-ribbon committees have leveled serious criticism against our institutions in a series of well-publicized reports. The most recent of these is the report of the National Commission on Excellence in Education, which has released its findings in the form of an open letter to the American people. The commission informs us that our younger citizens now are educated so inadequately that we have become "a nation at risk." In the words of the Commissioners: "A high level of shared education is essential to a free, democratic society and to the fostering of a common culture, especially in a country that prides itself on pluralism and individual freedom." But all indicators show that both the quality and effectiveness of American education, from grade school through university level, have declined over the past two decades. Our students now compare unfavorably to their counterparts in foreign countries in many academic areas; millions of our high school graduates are functionally illiterate; College Board Scholastic Aptitude scores have fallen, and so have achievement test scores in such subjects as physics and English.

The pleasure of learning (and therefore the key to intellectual motivation) results from our desire for integration and from our delight in seeing the relationships between things.

"Understanding is Integration"

By Michael Hinden

Most alarmingly, many high school graduates—and that means many college freshmen—cannot perform the basic functions of rational analysis. According to the Commission's report, "nearly 40 percent cannot draw inferences from written material; only one-fifth can write a persuasive essay; and only one-third can solve a mathematics problem requiring several steps." In sum, the Commission believes that the average graduate of an American school or college is not as well educated as the average graduate of twenty-five years ago.

Among its suggested remedies, the Commission urges educators in the colleges as well as in the high schools to review and strengthen the content of their existing courses of study. There are other recommendations in the report that bear considering but none so important, I expect, as this. It may seem surprising that our crisis in education has come about after years of increased emphasis on specialization and vocationalism in the schools and in the midst of an unprecedented explosion of data and data-processing mechanisms that now characterize our national life. But the problem is not so much that our students lack information, although it is true that some are poor in basic skills; rather, the majority

of our average students are overwhelmed by bits and facts, by digits and print-outs and shards. What they lack is the ability to integrate, to interpret that information within a scheme of reference so as to understand it. Understanding and purpose are prior to application; and while it is true that neither can be taught by rote, their growth can be encouraged and directed through the prescribed course of study to which a student is exposed. That is the function of a curriculum, and it is necessary that educators now consider in what ways our present curriculum needs amendment.

Before proposing what I take to be desirable reforms, let me prepare the way by conjuring a pair of images, seemingly unrelated. The first is from the American astronomer Edwin Hubble, the second from the English poet John Keats. It was Hubble who discovered in the 1920s that the entire observable universe is expanding in all directions. As we gaze from our own galaxy, we can observe that all the other galaxies are receding from us with a speed that increases proportionally with their distance. It is not that we are at the center of the Great Dispersion; rather, it is that wherever in the universe an observer might stand to take a fix on things, the same phenomenon would be noted:

everything that exists is moving at an unimaginable speed away from everything else in its vicinity.

Therefore, it is literally true that the more we see of the universe, the farther it has receded from us. How do we connect with it? How do we understand our place? For me, the key environmental question is not whether acid rain is ruining the aquatic life in our Great Lakes, or even whether industrial chemicals may destroy the ozone layer in the atmosphere. Those are local questions. The great question is whether the universe will continue to expand forever until there is no longer even a bridge of light remaining to connect the parts—or whether the expansion will at some point reverse itself with all those trail-blazing galaxies finally crashing in on their neighbors in a blinding flash of togetherness. Why do I *need* to know this? I am curious about astronomy because it helps complete my frame of reference, because it speaks to my outermost connection with the scheme of things.

My second image comes from Keats's "Ode on Melancholy," a poem not about the recession of the galaxies but about the recession of human experience in memory. It is about our desire to make *innermost* connections. Keats feels that our happiest experiences, those of beauty and joy, are always accompanied by the sensation of melancholy, because the more we become aware of our joys, the more likely they are to slip from our grasp. In other words, the more we become conscious of our deepest experiences, the more intensely we feel the sense of passing time that carries them away. And so Keats writes:

She [melancholy] dwells with
Beauty—
Beauty that must die;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his
lips
Bidding adieu. . . .

The image of "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips/ Bidding adieu" reminds me of those receding galaxies on the verge of disappearing just as we get sight of them. And it

is the poet who suggests that the distance between past and present in human experience is just as vast as anything that lies beyond our ken in space.

Hence another profound question arises: how do we grasp the motion of our inner lives? How do we build bridges between our feelings, which are vital and immediate, and our thoughts, which are abstracted and somehow distant from them? It may take billions of years for light from far-off galaxies to reach our telescopes; it may take only billionths of a second for nerve impulses in the brain to register a sensation and transmute it to a thought. Consciousness itself, we have learned, is a matter of an almost infinite number of such electro-chemical connections. But it takes a poet to describe the wholeness of experience, combining feeling and thought in a melodic sequence of vivid imagery.

The point of this twofold excursion into poetry and astronomy has been to suggest that the pleasure of learning (and therefore the key to intellectual motivation) results from our desire for integration and from our delight in seeing the relations between things. Indeed, the separation of space and time in human experience and the expansion of the cosmos itself are useful metaphors to remind us of our overriding need for wholeness as we examine nature, both internal and external. Traditionally, we have looked to the sciences to chart the relation between man and his external environment, to the humanities to chart the innermost territory of man's relation to himself, and to the social studies to explore the relations between man and his fellows in the social sphere. The systematic exploration of knowledge is predicated on the study of relations.

It follows, then, that one of the chief purposes of a liberal education is to connect the various ways of knowing, to create a sense of the relations between the disciplines themselves. Yet the typical curriculum of our colleges and universi-

ties discourages the student from exploring these connections. Emphasis, rather, is placed on professional training in the format of a major, which almost by definition is a program of study that progressively narrows as the student masters it. We cannot, nor should we, abolish the institution of the major. Knowledge is too diffuse to be grasped in its entirety, and we must know at least one thing well in order to understand what knowledge is. But over the past two decades the major has encroached too far upon the process of education. Majors dictate requirements, which in turn impose prerequisites, and now these reach all the way to a student's first semester on campus. The concept of the freshman and sophomore years as introductory, not only to the diversity of disciplines and their relations, but to the art of understanding, has all but disappeared. Instead we have a system capable of producing competent professionals and research specialists but not one that is designed to encourage people in their ability to make connections, or in their ability to understand.

Who is at fault? The fact is that we the faculty have fashioned a university devoted increasingly to specialization. Our study centers, our departments, our professional schools, and our system of rewards based mainly on research, combine to create a model that is dependent almost entirely on the separate disciplines. No doubt such a model is conducive to strengthening graduate education at an institution, but undergraduate education, in comparison, has suffered. Wisconsin is not alone in confronting this problem; it is an issue facing the best of our universities, which since the end of the nineteenth century have followed, almost without exception, the model of the research institution.

To be sure, efforts have been mounted to counteract this trend, but not with any lasting success. The most famous of these took place in Madison when Alexander Meiklejohn opened his Experimental Col-

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lege in 1927. Meiklejohn believed that the purpose of education was to build intelligence, not to disseminate information or to teach professional skills. The college, he argued, should be "as much and as little interested in the making of scholars as it is in the making of bankers, legislators, grocers, or the followers of any other specialized profession." He asserted also that "a college is a group of people, all of whom are reading the same books." In effect, Meiklejohn's students found themselves immersed in an intense two-year theme course in which everyone read a unified reading list focusing on the comparison between classical Greek and present day American society. The program was offered in place of the typical freshman and sophomore curriculum; in the junior year, the students were expected to reenter the regular College of Letters and Science to complete their degree requirements.

The motto of the Experimental College, encapsulated as a chapter heading in Meiklejohn's book on the experiment, read as follows: "Understanding is Integration." (*The Experimental College*. New York, 1971) Meiklejohn was convinced that without an integrated curriculum, students could not be expected to acquire understanding. At first it may appear that the scope of this curriculum was narrow, but by focusing on the significant aspects of fifth-century Greek life, instructors were able to introduce under a common framework the subjects of economics, literature, art, politics, law, science, religion, and philosophy. Moreover, in the second year each student was required to undertake a "Regional Study," an independent investiga-

tion of the political, economic, and cultural life of his own town or city, relating what he discovered to the scheme of reference he had acquired as a freshman by studying the various aspects of Greek life. In particular, Meiklejohn hoped to sharpen his students' skills of social observation. This, he deemed, was an important part of the experiment, because one of the goals of education was to prepare students for the rigorous demands of citizenship in a democracy. To this end, he urged them to consider how wisdom, virtue, and justice fared in ancient Greece and in American society, insofar as these ideals could be interpreted by individuals trained in cogent reasoning.

Despite enthusiastic student response, the Experimental College failed after five years, largely because it could not win the support of the faculty at the university upon whose good will its future was dependent. However, the influence of Meiklejohn still may be felt in the ongoing Integrated Liberal Studies Program at Madison, which was begun in 1948 by a small group of faculty, some of whom had been associated earlier with the Experimental College. Though none of the present faculty dates from that era, and although the format of the ILS program differs from that of the Experimental College, the programs are linked philosophically and share a common goal. By integrating significant themes and ideas of Western civilization in an historical context, ILS tries to provide a scheme of reference for students who will go on to choose a variety of majors.

Special programs like ILS and the Experimental College have their roles, but as the report of the National Commission on Excellence

in Education indicates, basic reforms are needed throughout our institutions and on a wider scale. For purposes of radical experimentation, the times are even less propitious now than they were in Meiklejohn's day, so I suggest only a modest proposal to address the problem. It is simply that we make some effort to reinvigorate the distinction between the first two years of college, which ought to be reserved for general education, and the junior and senior years, when specialization is appropriate. There are several ways to accomplish this aim without significantly retooling the curriculum. The first would involve reducing the requirements for some majors, or at least loosening the prerequisites for them. Correspondingly, a tightening of the requirements in the category of electives might encourage more students to experiment with broad-based or even interdisciplinary courses at the introductory level.

Furthermore, we must make it our concern to *provide* more broad-based courses at the introductory level so that students have a selection from which to choose. Many departments now offer entry level courses that are preliminary to specialization in the major as opposed to overviews of their disciplines that might be of interest to students who will not go on to major in the field. It is time for each department to review its introductory course offerings with the aim of providing courses that are synthetic in scope rather than preliminary. Introductory courses should provide an overview of the discipline so that students can grasp some of its essentials and consider its particular way of apprehending truth. This modest proposal, if adopted, would at least provide students with a basis for comparison of disciplines, and perhaps for integration and understanding, which are the hallmarks of a liberal education.

As we embark on the task of curricular reform, we would do well to remember Meiklejohn's guiding principle: "understanding is integration." ■

One purpose of a liberal education is to connect the various ways of knowing, to create a sense of relations between the disciplines.

The Corporation and Democracy

By Charles W. Anderson

Those of us who believe in liberal education are persuaded, I am sure, that the study of the great ideas of the past is not merely an attractive adornment to the curriculum but a matter of practical value as well. I will try to show why this is so by considering the relationship of the Western tradition of political thought to the governance of the most practical of our institutions, the modern business corporation. To be sure, the School of Business can teach how to manage the affairs of the firm so as to yield the greatest return on assets, and the School of Law can instruct us how to construe statutes either to the advantage of the business institution or the state. But none of this captures the essential problem of the governance of the institution, whether from the point of view of its managers, citizens, or policy makers. That, as Adolf Berle once pointed out, is a philosophic question and a matter for pure political theory. The reason is that our society has not yet created a clear conception of where the corporation fits in our political order. The role of the corporation in our public life raises contentious issues, and our response to these issues is a matter of creating political theory, or applying it.

The modern business corporation is a raw and recent creation, very much the product of our century. It has shaped our collective life in countless ways. It has influenced our methods of production and exchange, our conceptions of work and leisure, of status and success, even our architecture. America's trade unions took their distinctive form in response to the rise of the corporation. Other institutions, the university, the hospital, the churches, have imitated the corporate form of organization. We

know that the complex organization has decisively changed our civilization, and we are still uneasy about the transformation. While we now regard the corporation as a mature institution, we have yet to develop a clear conception of its place in the order of our society.

In a sense, the corporation simply emerged in our midst. It was not a conscious contrivance. We seem to have perceived it first as a phenomenon of change, a "social fact" as Holmes called it. Like all peoples, we tried at first to comprehend the unfamiliar in terms of the familiar. Thus, initially, we sought to assimilate the corporation to our heritage of Lockean liberal values and the conventions of the common law. Later, somewhat more creatively, we invoked metaphors and analogies, sometimes from the classical, sometimes the medieval tradition of political thought. Thus, at various times and in various ways, we have pictured the corporation as a small proprietor in the marketplace, as analogous to an estate of the realm, and as self-governing polity, a version of the Greek city-state or the medieval guild.

None of this, I suspect, has gotten us very far. The essential function of political theory is to provide test of legitimacy, standards by which we may judge the propriety or impropriety of the acts of institutions and their agents. However, the tests we have propounded, in law and political economic theory, have often been inappropriate to the nature of the corporation, in certain ways too demanding of it, or they have been obscure and alien to the American experience, and we have given them little credence in our public debate. The result is that the legitimacy of the corporation has always been suspect and uncertain in our eyes. We speak of the

power of the corporation but seldom of its authority, but power without authority is illicit and subject to condemnation and control.

The liberal understanding of the corporation

The first, and natural, impulse of Americans was to assimilate the corporation to our liberal image of society. Because they lacked a feudal past, were unpersuaded by the emergent organic and class-based theories of European thought, liberalism was the only vocabulary of politics that Americans knew or understood. **We believed that social arrangements should reflect individual purposes and interests, that individuals were the exclusive bearers of rights, and that legitimate authority rested exclusively on individual assent.**

A central tenet of liberal thought is that the state should not prescribe the overall design of social order. That would emerge, spontaneously and adaptively, out of the voluntary associations created by free and equal individuals. In place of the complex constitutional arrangements traditional to Europe, their regime of specific rights, privileges, and charters for the various estates, guilds, cities, religious establishments, and other institutions of collective life, all human associations would be regarded as variations on a simple and universal conception of contract. **The law of contract, once understood as pertaining primarily to business transactions, expanded to become the basic metaphor for all social organization.** The family, the church, the club, and business enterprise were all to be regarded as forms of voluntary contract, as was the state itself which, in liberal mythology, was presumed to arise out of an initial deliberate bargain, a social contract, among self-interested indi-

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viduals located in a hypothetical state of nature.

The close corollary of contract in liberal thought is the idea of the market. If contract provides an image of the statics of liberal society, the market describes its dynamics. Under specified conditions, private interest would be transformed into public good through the free transactions of individuals. The "wealth of nations" would be enhanced and goods and services allocated among the diverse wants and needs of individuals more efficiently and appropriately than any deliberate public action could contrive. By analogy, there would be a "free market" in intellectual ideas, religious practices, all forms of human undertaking.

During the nineteenth century, the idea of the corporation was gradually transformed in American law and thought to fit this image of liberal individualism. Historically, the corporation was regarded as an institution created by public authority to perform a specific public function. Its legitimacy derived from a particular grant of sovereign authority, to found a college, build a bridge, to organize trade in a particular region. By the end of the nineteenth century, following lines slowly evolving in law and policy, the corporation came to be understood as an open contractual form, its purposes and scope of activity to be defined by those who were parties to it. **The corporation was seen as a creature of the market, free to buy and sell, to enter into transactions, on terms no different from those that applied to any other economic actor. The assimilation of the corporation to the liberal image of society was made complete when the United States Supreme Court held that the corporation was to be regarded as a person within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment and its property to be regarded as like that of any other individual.**

It is commonly believed that this evolving pattern of law and policy invested the corporation with great privilege and power within the scheme of the American political

economy. What is less frequently recognized is that the very incongruity of regarding the corporation as like an individual created a tension in American thought and provided the ground for a pattern of social criticism that has persisted throughout our century. To regard the corporation as an individual, a contractual association, and as a creature of the market did not establish the institution's legitimacy but called it into question. For the hierarchic, rationalized structure of the corporation, its very scale and power, fit oddly with the underlying image of a society of small buyers and sellers, free and independent citizens, arranging their affairs in the context of the small town and the frontier community. And that image of the way in which rightful social order is formed had a powerful grip on the American imagination.

We often assume that liberal values are conservative in temper, that they tend to justify the *status quo*. In fact, the ideals of voluntary contract and the market are inherently radical in character. They pose strenuous and demanding tests for the legitimacy of any institution. They give greater force to the arguments of the social critic than to those who would attempt to defend the established regime.

To meet the test of contract, and of the market, it must be shown that all parties are equals in all significant respects. Any disparities of power or opportunity, of information or access, raise questions about the propriety of the undertaking. Similarly, if "externalities" are present, if the costs or benefits accrue to others than the contracting parties, as when one is the victim of unbargained-for industrial pollution or receives "windfall" profits simply by holding property near a site of economic expansion, the market is said to "fail." Yet, in the world of real human institutions, intimations of dominance are always present, and all markets fail in some respect.

In liberal thought market failure is always a presumptive warrant for public concern, and in the Ameri-

can experience it has provided the fundamental basis for the expanding regulatory role of the state. The prospect of monopoly suggests the need for anti-trust legislation; the unequal bargaining power of labor and management, the need for an official regime of industrial relations policy. The assumption that the consumer does not have perfect information results in health and safety regulations, truth in advertising, and an expanded conception of producer liability. The agenda is always open, for the perfect market is a utopian conception. And the persistent dilemma of American thought is that the corporation always seems the dominant party to any transaction. Throughout the century, the social critic invariably returns to this theme, and the public, affirming the force of the market ideal but unwilling to destroy the vitality of the corporation, is perennially perplexed, knowing not quite how to respond.

The search for a classic interpretation

By the first decades of the twentieth century, it was apparent that America was no longer a simple agrarian society. The complex organization had come to stay. The "fact of association" had become part of our national consciousness. The Progressives began to speak of "trusts" and "big business," "combinations in restraint of trade," and "regulation in the public interest," but the evolving images of law and policy did not provide a picture of the new industrial order as a whole. For that, political theory was required.

Within the Progressive movement, a group of thinkers tried to comprehend the emerging regime of organizations on its own terms. And they sought to interpret modern America, oddly enough, by reflecting on the theory of medieval society. In the Middle Ages loyalty and authority was vested not only in the state but in a complex arrangement of institutions. The guild, the city, the estate, the church, the university: each had a specific role to play in the consitutional

Is there an inherent contradiction between the aims of the corporation—private gain—and those of a democratic society—public interest?

order. The task of government was to create a harmonious integration of the various associations. The American pragmatic pluralists appealed to the theory of the organic state. They cited not only Toqueville but the European pluralist ideas of Otto von Gierke and the guild socialism of G.D.H. Cole and Harold Laski. John Dewey, Arthur F. Bentley, Herbert Croly, and Mary Parker Follet all presented theories of society in which the group rather than the individual was fundamental.

However, the pluralists never created a specific theory of the corporation, or any other institution, and its place in the industrial order. Rather, they subsumed the corporation under a general theory of interest groups. The picture of political order they created was one of a spontaneous process of group competition and integration. Society would be guided by a kind of invisible hand toward a new pattern of harmonious equilibrium. John Kenneth Galbraith spoke of "countervailing power." The very power of the corporation leads to the formation of trade unions, consumer organizations, cooperatives, retailing institutions that check and balance the preeminence of industry in the marketplace. The task of the state, political scientists assumed, was to act as a broker of interests, arranging workable compromises among competing groups.

Interest-group pluralism has long been accepted as a realistic portrayal of the dynamics of American politics. However, it has never been accepted as a vision of legitimate political order. It was easy enough to show that new groups did not automatically arise to challenge established ones, that some sectors of society were better able to organize and assert their claims than others.

Only a small part of society was organized in the interest-group system. Democratic pluralism was in fact not very democratic.

Once again, political theory had given us not a conception of legitimate authority within the new order of complex organizations, but a framework for political criticism. Interest-group pluralism did not give us a sense for the rightful place of the corporation in our political order. Rather, it taught us to think of our politics as dominated by the privilege and power of "special interests."

In most European nations, and in Japan, it is assumed that a close relationship should exist between the state and corporations, trade unions, and other economic institutions, that such collaboration is essential to the management of modern economies. Americans tend to view such arrangements as inherently suspect. In every policy designed to assist a particular industry or sector of the economy we sense corrupting influence. What Europeans call "industrial policy," we describe as "special interest policy." Our native hostility to any form of government planning, and particularly to any structured cooperative relationship between the state and the major institutions of the economy may do us credit, but it does limit our options in coping with the economic difficulties of the age.

Society as a corporation

One theory of the corporation's place in the political order has always been repugnant to Americans: the image of society as itself organized like a corporation, hierarchically structured, systematically integrated, functionally efficient in all its parts. The idea has long been latent in Western political thought.

The utopian socialists toyed with it, and Auguste Comte taught it. Americans are most likely to associate it with the rigid bureaucracies of the Soviet regime.

Democratic socialists long thought that the corporation could be rendered legitimate and made responsive to the public will, were it treated as an agency of the state. The rationally organized corporation was a peculiarly efficient engine of production. This Marx understood as well as Ford or Mellon. The difficulty with capitalism was that the corporation was structured to serve private gain rather than public interest. There was an inherent contradiction between the aims of the corporation and those of democratic society, and thus we would perennially mistrust this most distinctive institution of our age. Through economic planning the corporation could be made an instrument of public will rather than private purpose.

Curiously, while Americans were willing to believe that rational organization *within* the corporation led to efficiency, adaptability, and long-run social benefit, they suspected that the same principle, extended to government, would lead to inefficiency, rigidity, and a loss of personal freedom. Thus, Americans accepted as a first principle of political order that the corporation should be autonomous from the state. It was less, I think, that we believed an invisible hand would lead the corporation to serve public benefit but that we distrusted the apparent alternative more.

Today, of course, we have begun to ask whether rational hierarchy is an appropriate principle of organization within the corporation itself. Our large enterprises, once regarded as models of efficiency, now seem increasingly cumbersome and unresponsive. Our most innovative and successful firms, we learn, are those that have a fluid and informal internal political structure, that devolve authority downward, and give considerable autonomy to small work groups within the organization. An American university president, asked why a univer-

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city can't be run more like a corporation, now asks why a corporation should not be run like a university, as a loosely governed collegial body, which derives its initiative and creativity from the work of enterprising individuals and small, purposive departments, rather than overall direction and control. This suggests another way of looking at the corporation as a subject of political theory. We look not to the relations between the state and the corporation but to its own internal political system.

The corporation as city-state

Another image of the political character of the corporation appears recurrently in American thought. It is possible to understand the corporation as like a government in significant respects. The corporation is, in effect, a source of law. Within the firm, a system of rights and duties emerges, enforced by coercive sanctions: the threat of loss of job, status, and prestige. Most of us are far more intimately governed by the complex organizations we belong to than by the state. A change in the public budget or the tax rate may affect us in marginal ways, but the decisions of the corporation (or the university, hospital, or union) directly shape our lives and prospects.

Furthermore, the corporation makes policies which have general public effect. It determines the distribution and use of collective resources, the location of productive facilities, the character and quality of the goods and services we consume, and the nature of our working lives. As the distinguished political scientist, Robert Dahl, once noted, it takes a fine sense for legalistic formalism to conclude that the city of New Haven is a government while General Motors is not.

Once again, the critical force of American political values becomes apparent. Americans affirm that all just authority arises from the consent of the governed. But as a system of government the corporation is, quite obviously, not democratic. Decision-making authority rests not with stockholders, workers, or the public but with the managers, and the managers select themselves.

Thus, as industrial democrats have long assured us, the corporation can only be made legitimate if its political order is transformed so that it is responsive to the will of its citizens, in the first instance, the workers, but arguably, to the broader publics it serves as well.

Once again, classic themes of political theory are invoked. The corporation is pictured, ideally, as being like a guild or a city-state, a self-governing entity within the larger political realm. The picture that emerges in the mind is of a political order reminiscent of Florence before the rise of the Medicis, or the Hanseatic league, a complex system of corporations organized like free cities, each with its rights, liberties, and republican institutions within the larger regime of the state.

Nonetheless, the idea of industrial democracy raises countless practical difficulties. What indeed is the constituency of the corporation? To whom ought it to be accountable? To be sure, the corporation is a creature of public law, and its constitution is the prerogative of legislative design. But if we declare that stockholder democracy, the putative basis of corporate legitimacy, is a myth, what shall replace it? If workers, suppliers, consumers, and affected communities are also to be represented, how shall appropriate and effective structures of participation be ar-

anged? We will, no doubt, experiment with various forms of worker participation, a greater devolution of authority within the firm, and various devices to secure the representation of diverse publics in the affairs of the firm in coming years, and gradually the political system of the corporation will change, probably less as a result of public policy and more by adaptive response from within the corporation itself. But those who regard the corporation as being like a city and challenge its legitimacy on the ground of democratic values will never quite be satisfied with the result. To regard the corporation as a form of government will not make this peculiar institution legitimate in our eyes. Rather, we will always find it alien and suspicious. A corporation is not a town meeting and cannot become one.

The corporation, Keynes, and mercantilism

Following the teachings of John Maynard Keynes, Americans since the 1960s have assumed that the state should use its fiscal and monetary powers to direct the economy toward the goals of full employment, steady growth, relative price stability, and balance of trade equilibrium.

We regard Keynesianism as an economic theory. We have yet to appreciate its impact on political thought. The basic Keynesian objectives have become the most significant measures of the performance of government and the central preoccupation of our public debate. It has become more important that a regime do well in international ranking of economic growth than that it rest on democratic consent or respect the rights of its citizens. We have measured the success or failure of presidential administrations in relation to marginal changes in the employment index, the rate of inflation, and the foreign trade deficit. Our political parties now divide less on classic principles, more on whether to give relative priority to the goal of full employment or the control of inflation.

Our native hostility to any structured cooperative relationship between the state and the major institutions limits our options in coping with economic difficulties.

It is a significant feature of Keynesianism that it imposes great responsibilities on the state and virtually none on the corporation, the trade union, or other economic institutions. The guiding assumption is that proper management of the public household will lead the free market to perform at maximum potential. By focusing on the economic performance of the state, Keynesianism diverted our attention from the public role of other economic institutions.

We remain committed to the general Keynesian objectives. However, in our present economic malaise, we begin to suspect that fiscal and monetary policies are not adequate or appropriate means to achieve them. We begin to talk, somewhat obliquely, of "structural problems" in the economy. By this we mean, among other things, that obsolete factories and poor quality products have become uncompetitive, that congenial relationships between business and labor are pricing our goods out of international markets, and that industrial management seems more interested in manipulating assets and mergers than in producing goods and generating jobs. We begin to suspect that firms can resist or distort the intent of public policy by moving capital and jobs abroad, or simply by doing nothing at all.

The current temper of our public debate may be leading us to a reappraisal of the public function of the corporation. As we begin to discuss industrial policy and the restructuring of American industry, we speak tentatively of a new partnership between government and business and a new social contract between labor and management. But we are vague about what such arrangements would entail. From the Progressive era, we have a legacy of ideas and initiatives to draw on, ranging from the regulatory institutions of the early part of the century to the NRA of the New Deal. We may try to imitate some of the institutional arrangements of Western Europe or Japan. But Americans have long been resistant to any form of economic planning, as we

are wont to draw a firm line between the domains of politics and economics.

Once again, we may find inspiration, new metaphors and models, in the classic legacy of political thought. Many of our current concerns and initiatives are strikingly mercantilist in character. **We may again want to see the corporation as an instrument of public purpose, an institution vested with authority to perform specific public functions. We may come to charge the corporation directly, in law and policy, with the responsibility for generating or restoring jobs in this country; with the development of environmentally sound technologies based on renewable resources; with the production of goods that are useful and needed and not merely profitable; with the obligation of sustaining the vitality of existing communities. We have tried incentives and controls, public measures designed**

What is the public function of the corporation?

to induce corporation to perform in the public interest. We have not yet thought to charge the corporation, officially and formally, as a function of its charter and its place in our political order, with the responsibility for achieving such objectives.

To understand the legitimacy of the corporation on these terms is still an idea somewhat alien to the American mind. But intimations of such an understanding of the public role of the corporation are in the air and may be part of an emerging public philosophy.

Reflections on a new medievalism

There is a persistent tension between the corporation and American political values. The corporation can never quite measure up to our ideals of the market and democratic process. Its power and its privileged position in the political order is a subject of perennial debate. On the other hand, the corporation is a distinctive feature of

our civilization. We are not inclined toward revolutionary solutions to the dilemma. Rather, we accept the ambiguity and seek reform at the margin.

The American mind has long been inclined to draw a clear distinction between politics and economics, the public and private sectors. Our problem has always been to define the appropriate relationship between these realms. In describing the order we seem to be evolving, medieval analogies once again come to mind. Political theory in the Middle Ages was singularly preoccupied with the question of the relation between Church and State. The medieval mind became adept at making subtle distinctions between the temporal and the spiritual orders and an elaborate and complex fabric of rights and obligations evolved, wrought by law, theory, and policy, describing the principles of governance of each of the great institutions of the age and the relationship between them.

Our contemporary debate on the political economic order seems strikingly reminiscent of medieval thought. Our regulatory law and fiscal policy becomes increasingly complex, reflecting fine, casuistic distinctions, in an attempt to define the relationship between the realms while protecting their autonomy. We debate endlessly small refinements in the tax code, the law of producer liability, the practices of industrial relations, with all the intensity of the canon lawyer or scholastic philosopher.

In time, perhaps, the complex order we are fashioning may be challenged by a simpler, clearer vision: as the order of the Middle Ages was challenged by the Reformation, Renaissance, and the Liberal Enlightenment itself. But the civilization of the Middle Ages endured for a long time, and its remnants and residues are with us even today. In our current, cautious efforts to work within the complexity of the society we have created and to define more just and workable arrangements for our political economic order, we may very well be building for the ages.■

Alternative Strategies For Conflict Regulation

By Joseph W. Elder

Conflict, conflict resolution, and conflict regulation

Ever since 1908 when the German sociologist Georg Simmel published his famous essay on conflict, students of human behavior have wrestled with the concept, causes, and consequences of conflict. Today conflict is generally defined as existing when two or more parties (individuals, organizations, nations, etc.) believe they have incompatible objectives.

For a time, scholars held the view that the study of conflict should be accompanied by the study of conflict resolution (i.e., the settling of conflict so that the parties believe they no longer have incompatible objectives). However, in real life few conflicts seem to conclude with such resolutions. A couple might stop quarreling, a strike might be settled, two armies might declare a cease-fire, while their ultimate clashes of objectives remain.

Conflict regulation is one term that enables analysts to address the phenomenon of on-going incompatibilities. Conflict regulation refers to established procedures for conducting recurrent conflicts. Typically, many forms of conflict regulation exist in any society. Frequently these forms of conflict regulation are so much a part of the fabric of how things are done that individuals do not even see them as forms of conflict regulation. Holding elections, negotiating contracts, taking cases to court, abiding by the majority vote in meetings,

talking things out, and scores of other daily activities are accepted patterns of conflict regulation within American society.

As societies change, so, often, do their forms of conflict regulation. During recent decades two typical forms of conflict regulation in America have come under increasing criticism: (1) decision making by majority rule, and (2) collective bargaining backed by labor's power to strike. In each instance Americans are experimenting with alternative forms of conflict regulation. This paper will look at two such alternatives.

Consensus vs. majority rule

Decision making by majority rule is at least as old as the American colonies. In 1620 at Cape Cod the male nonservant passengers aboard the Mayflower signed a compact in order to form a "civil body politic" that would frame "just and equal laws" to which they promised "all due submission and obedience." The Mayflower Compact reflected a central tenet of liberal thought, i.e., that legitimate decisions would emerge out of contracts entered into voluntarily by free and equal individuals. Drawing on the same liberal tradition, the New England town membership meetings operated according to majority rule, as did the meetings of various representative state and federal assemblies. Down through the years has

passed the conflict-regulating tradition that fifty percent of the votes *plus one* of any group render a legitimate decision for that group. As a means of conflict regulation, majority rule is as American as apple pie.

Since the early days of our nation, however, decision making by majority rule has had its critics. James Madison in *The Federalist* No. 51 wrote, "It is of great importance in a republic . . . to guard one part of the society against the injustices of the other part." And the French visitor to the United States, Alexis de Tocqueville, commented,

If ever the free institutions of America are destroyed, that event may be attributed to the omnipotence of the majority, which may at some future time urge the minorities to desperation and oblige them to have recourse to physical force.

More recent critics of majority rule have observed that parliamentary regulations enable a few skillful persons who chair meetings, establish agendas, and settle

As a means of conflict regulation, majority rule is as American as apple pie.

procedural questions to wield much more power than those persons who move resolutions or vote upon motions. Furthermore, it is all too often apparent that majority-rule procedures (requiring formal motions, nondebtable motions, motions of personal privilege, motions to table, amendments, amendments to amendments, etc.) can actually impede the free discussion of issues and generate final resolutions far from what the majority of voters actually want. Critics can readily point to instances where majority-rule decisions have *not* produced "contracts entered into voluntarily by free and equal individuals" (as the liberal tradition would have it). To the contrary, majority-rule decisions have often provided a veneer behind which those *with* power can retain their power with little regard for others in their group.

In recent years some persons concerned about the weaknesses of majority-rule conflict regulation have been experimenting with alternative strategies. One such strategy has been consensus decision making. Consensus decision making still draws upon the liberal principle that legitimate decisions emerge out of contracts entered into voluntarily by free and equal individuals. However, it substitutes the principle of unanimity for the principle of majority-rule, holding that unanimity provides a stronger basis for individual equality than does majority rule (which can relegate an individual to a permanent minority—and hence permanently unequal—status). For historical precedents, consensus decision makers can draw upon the traditions of such religious groups as the Quakers who, since their founding in the 1600s, have transacted the

business of their Meetings according to the principles of unanimity, in the belief that unanimity demonstrates more respect for each individual than does majority rule.

Today in a typical group that has agreed to abide by consensus decision making, a facilitator provides a channel through whom the group's shared intentions can be identified. Frequently the facilitator will be a different person at each meeting, thereby reducing the chance that a small power elite will emerge within the group. Typically the meeting opens with the facilitator requesting agenda items from the group members. Frequently each suggested agenda item is written on a blackboard or large sheet of paper where everyone can see it. When no more agenda items are forthcoming, the group decides by consensus how the agenda items will be ordered and sometimes even how much time will be allowed for each item and when the meeting will end. There is little chance here of a clever chairperson saving a controversial agenda item until many people have gone home and then introducing that item to a selectively packed remnant of the group.

The group then proceeds through the agenda. The facilitator periodically reminds the group of the assigned time constraints. There are no motions, substitute motions, or amendments. Any number of relevant suggestions may come before the group and be discussed simultaneously. Members may borrow from one another's wording, ask others how they feel about specific wording, etc. The point is to find some action to which everyone in the group can subscribe.

From time to time during the discussion the facilitator (or anyone else) can describe his or her

"sense of the meeting" (i.e., perception of consensus). If anyone states that she or he does not share in that "sense of the meeting," the discussion continues. When unanimity is reached defining the "sense of the meeting," the facilitator may repeat (and possibly record) that definition.

What happens if consensus cannot be reached? In such an instance the facilitator may simply record that consensus could not be reached. The group may request the disagreeing parties to meet each other before the next group gathering in order to work out their differences. The group may even ask neutral parties to meet with the disagreeing parties to help draft a mutually acceptable statement. In principle—and often in practice—such focused meetings of disagreeing parties can hammer out a mutually acceptable statement, a statement that wins consensus at the next meeting of the group.

What if, after several meetings of the disagreeing parties, consensus still fails to emerge? In such an instance, those members of the group who dissent from what would otherwise be consensus may be asked if they wish to block consensus. If they do, the group will acknowledge that consensus cannot be reached. But the dissenters may, if they wish, declare that they no longer wish to block consensus. In such cases the group may proceed as though consensus had been achieved, acknowledging that they are proceeding with the consent of the dissenters.

A variety of groups have substituted some form of consensus decision making for majority rule: cooperatives, shared housing units, service organizations, peace and social justice groups, and working parties of larger organizations. In several of the United Nations agencies (for example, in UNESCO, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization) decision making by majority rule has in many instances been replaced by decision making by consensus—if only to avoid the parliamentary tangles that could emerge

Critics concerned about the weakness of majority-rule conflict regulation are experimenting with alternative strategies.

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from nations with so many sharply differing political and economic ideologies.

It is possible that as procedures for decision making by consensus become more widely known, and as more data are obtained about which kinds of decisions can best be made by which forms of conflict regulation, an increasing number of groups will replace decision making by majority rule with decision making by consensus.

Binding arbitration vs. collective bargaining

Collective bargaining backed by labor's power to strike has not always been a part of the American scene. In fact, until the middle of the nineteenth century trade unions were defined as illegal conspiracies in America. Even after trade unions were declared legal, courts often called their strikes illegal.

Historically, the status of trade unions, like the status of corporations, has been anomalous. Are trade unions (and corporations) "individuals" with rights protected by the Fourteenth Amendment—or are they not "individuals"? Can trade unions bargain with corporations as equals—or are trade unions so disadvantaged that the state must redress imbalances through industrial relations policies? Can trade unions require all workers in a given plant or industry to join the union if they benefit from union negotiations—or does mandatory union membership infringe upon civil liberties? U. S. courts have defined what is legal and illegal and have established precedents. But such definitions and precedents continue to be debated.

As a system of conflict regulation in society collective bargaining backed by labor's power to strike springs from the same presumptions of liberal thought as does decision making by majority rule, i.e., that legitimate decisions will emerge out of contracts entered into voluntarily by free and equal individuals. Labor and management will bargain over the terms of labor's employment. Management can say "no" to labor's demands and

threaten little change in its compensation package. Labor can say "no" to management's terms and threaten to withdraw its services. If labor and management fail to reach a mutually satisfactory settlement, labor can go out on strike. Each side then inflicts financial loss on the other, with management losing profits and labor losing wages. When the losses become sufficiently intense for one or both sides, formerly "unsatisfactory" terms can be redefined as "satisfactory," and a settlement can be reached.

Over the years, large-scale social changes have altered the context within which management-labor disputes occur. A larger sector than ever before of America's labor force is employed by "public-sector" management. Today when teachers, doctors, control-tower operators, or police officers strike, they are rarely depriving management of profits in the classical sense, even though they are being deprived of their wages, and the public (e.g., schoolchildren, patients, travelers, etc.) are being deprived of their services. In certain instances and ways public-sector employees are working for their own representatives (i.e., elected or appointed government officials) and are being paid by their own money (i.e., tax revenues). This complicates the old management-labor conflict-regulation model.

Alternative management-labor conflict regulation strategies have begun to develop, one of which can be called the final-offer-and-binding-arbitration strategy. Let us say, for purposes of illustration, that public schoolteachers (labor) and their school board (management) have been negotiating a contract renewal. Each side has presented offers and counteroffers until neither

side is prepared to make any further concessions. Nevertheless a gap remains between the highest offer management has made and the lowest offer labor will accept.

Under usual conflict-regulation arrangements, labor's next move would be to call for a strike; management's next move would be to await the deprivation of workers' income to bring labor back to the bargaining table.

Under final-offer-and-binding-arbitration a different chain reaction is activated. When labor and management feel they have gone as far as they can, they petition the state for an investigator to meet with them and determine whether an impasse has been reached. When the investigator certifies there is indeed an impasse, management and labor exchange final offers. The mediation/arbitration procedures then begin. A mutually acceptable mediator/arbitrator is selected by both labor and management and is required to try to settle the case through mediation. Only if mediation fails does binding arbitration begin. The arbitrator holds hearings in which labor and management each present evidence that *their* "final offer" is more typical of comparable cases elsewhere in the United States. For example, if the conflict is between teachers and a school board in a given county, each side presents data demonstrating that the final offer they have made closely resembles the compensation package that teachers in similar schools are already receiving. Much of the debate between labor and management now focuses on the issue of comparability. And here there is much room for differences of opinion. Is comparability based on the size of the school? the rural or urban nature of the school population? the relative experience of

The management-labor conflict regulation by strike is complicated by the large public-sector labor force.

the teaching staff? the local cost of living? the wages of comparable local employees in nonteaching professions? Each side argues its strongest case.

At the end of the hearings, the arbitrator selects *either* management's *or* labor's final offer. The arbitrator cannot "split the difference" or come up with any novel compromises. Knowledge that one or the other "final offer" will become the teachers' contract puts pressure on both labor and management to be as generous as possible in their final offer in the hope that the arbitrator will select their—and not their opposite number's—final offer.

What have been the results so far of substituting final-offer-and-binding-arbitration for collective bar-

gaining backed by labor's power to strike? During recent years the state of Wisconsin has been experimenting with this alternative approach to conflict regulation. The results so far are promising. In those sectors where the final-offer approach has been applied, binding arbitration seems to have worked at least as well as strikes to obtain comparable benefits for labor. Useful data bases have been compiled with which labor in one part of Wisconsin can compare its benefits with labor in other parts of Wisconsin. And a principle of fairness (i.e., comparable compensation for comparable services) has begun to emerge as a major criterion by which labor's and management's offers can be judged.

Neither consensus decision making nor final-offer-and-binding-ar-

bitration offer a panacea for regulating all conflicts under any circumstances. From an historical perspective, it is interesting to see these two strategies being adopted in the United States now as substitutes for earlier strategies of conflict regulation. The fact that these alternative strategies are being adopted reflects a sense on the part of some of our society's members that the former strategies have, in certain ways, failed—that they have not, in fact, provided an effective arena for the liberal notion of contracts entered into voluntarily by free and equal individuals. How well these two alternative strategies will succeed in providing such arenas will itself, in time, become a matter of historical record. We shall be well advised to observe closely ■

Waiting for the Poet at Badger Bus Depot

Smoking in rear only.
Absolutely no reading
off the racks.
Comics for all ages.
No *personal* checks accepted.
A young girl smiles
at another girl
but not quite;
a boy is in the
orbit of her sidewise glance.
An old man stands,
too proud to sit,
leaning on his cane.
Students going home
dirty clothes in backpacks;
Grandmothers leaving home
clean clothes in handbags;
and I ask,
Where does the poet find poetry?

Lenore M. Coberly

They'll Never Find Me Here

A desperate cowboy holed up in a mountain cave
is John Wayne (You're dead where you set)
under the table of Stephen Dedalus
(Pull out his eyes, apologize!
Pull out his eyes, apologize!)
Nobody could be so tough and scared at once.

William T. Lawlor

Night Bite

Now dark, no lark,
what luck is this?
All this time our lakelures listless,
dark and awesome, aproned isthmus—
all these hours 'til now . . .

Now see the rod twitch,
ripple-splinter jackfish,
shatter/slash the river glass,
dive! dark! down!

Rod Clark

In Love with the Earth: American Writers and the Environmental Movement

By Gretchen H. Schoff © 1983

Last year, in early June, I was stopped by a student in my class just as we were about to start a session on Thoreau. "Look at this," the student said, pointing to a cherry tree near the door of the chemistry building. I stared for a minute before I focused on what the student pointed to, and then I saw it. An enterprising bird had made a nest in the green branches, a startling white little structure built entirely of shredded computer paper.

Had Aldo Leopold been alive, I would have given him a call—that nest was a metaphor he would have delighted in. I wondered what he might have seen in it—an instance of adaptation to the building materials at hand, at elegiac farewell to bird house of stick and straw, or yet another proof that the machines are gaining ground on us?

It was Leopold who had taken time to count the wild plants in first bloom from April to September. He was comparing the visual diet available to professors stalking the campus and that of "backward" farmers. On suburb-campus, he counted 120 species, and on the backward farm, 226, a visual diet twice as rich.

Any study of American environmental writing should include the work of Leopold and his growing reputation both as spokesman for environmentalism and as natural history writer. *A Sand County Almanac* is especially interesting because it draws on a tradition of at least 200 years of natural history writing in English and American letters. The book also marks the beginning of a pivotal period after which environmental writing was never quite the same.

A Sand County Almanac, in 1949, the decade which followed as the book came to be more widely known, and finally in 1962 the publication of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring* form a watershed in American environmental writing. Before Leopold and Carson, nature writing had accumulated a fairly predictable set of themes expressed, for the most part, in gentle contemplative modes. After the pivotal period, environmental writing expanded the scope of its observation and criticism, often departing rather sharply from legacies and conventions that had been in place for at least two centuries.

If one makes claims for a pivotal period or for departures from tradition, one must first try to pinpoint what has been departed from, ever mindful that leavetaking is seldom a clean break.

The American tradition

Nature as literary theme and the natural history essay, in particular, were favorites of the nineteenth century. Much of that popularity derived from what came to be known as the Selborne cult. Gilbert White, eighteenth century English country parson, spent years trudging the confines of his little parish, recording its plants and animals in all their seasons and weathers. White's *The Natural History of Selborne* remains to this day a miracle of close observation of the natural world and a benchmark by which to measure its predominant themes. In White, and those who followed and imitated him, the themes are these.

The natural world is a lost arcadia, an echo of Eden lost. Nature

is a place of refuge. In its wonderful neutrality, one can find an unaccusing companionship, a place to hide from an inhospitable world. Nature is whole and organically interdependent. As far back as White, the web of life was recognized in principle, if not always in detailed scientific terms. Nature is rest and delight, provider of the balm to heal the diseases and discomforts of civilization. These are the themes to which the virtuosi of the natural history essay continually return.

The great nineteenth century American master is, of course, Thoreau, and his essay "Walking" a prime example of Thoreau at his transcendental best. "How can housewives and shopkeepers stand it?" he asks. "All those days spent indoors, and worse yet, indoors and standing still?" Walking is essential to the health of the mind, walking on byroads, not highways, walking at least four hours a day. For Thoreau, walking is "sauntering" (he even provides a bit of private etymology—that saunter comes from a la sante terre); hence the walker is a pilgrim bound for the Holy Land.

And in what direction? West, of course. Thoreau's most provocative metaphor is that by which he categorizes our interaction with nature by the directions we choose to walk. The West is wild, the land of the buckskin and of individuality. And the East? The East is tame. The East looks toward Europe and our forebears. The East is civilization, the fancy suit, and the board room. We are of two types, those who look West and those who look East, settling in to put down roots in the past. Thoreau's distinction between those who head West and

those who look East toward our European past provides for us a pair of resting places where, without too much Procrustean lopping off of limbs, we can place many of the major writers for whom nature was a persistent theme.

Dickinson, for example, was a "settler-in." "Born in Amherst, lived in Amherst, died in Amherst," it has been said of her, thereby describing not only her roots but her habit of mind. Writers like Dickinson, who settle in, learn to read nature large by looking at it small. Parts bespeak whole, and nature, read whole, serves better than institutional piety as an avenue to the holy experience. Birds are Dickinson's choristers in the garden, and snakes, those "narrow fellows in the grass" produce in her a shudder and a reminder of Eden sullied. Read Dickinson as fussy maiden lady, content to putter in her garden, and read her wrong. The force she sees in nature is grander and more terrible than we imagine, and its mercies, if such they be, severe:

Apparently with no surprise
To any happy flower,
The frost beheads it at its play
With accidental power.

Thoreau was himself a settler-in. "I have travelled much in Concord," he wrote. Yet for all the small circle of his New England world, Thoreau's insistence on the holism of nature made actual travel westward unnecessary. If eyes and mind are westward, he seems to say, the feet need not necessarily follow, except westward in Concord.

Though Concord was sufficient for Thoreau, he clearly saw that America's future lay to the literal west, and from that move to the west springs up a body of American literature in sharp contrast to the self-contained New England mentality. Among the most powerful are the works of Rolvaag and Cather. The immigrant populations that poured through Ellis Island and moved toward the west during the great immigration waves from 1860 on were drawn by the dream of a boundless land. Squeezed by laws

of primogeniture onto narrower patches of already scant land in Norway, disenfranchised by industrial and investment shifts in Germany, starving under the tenant system in Ireland, they came by the millions to the country that offered the Homestead Act, the prairie, cattle, wheat . . . maybe even gold.

"Good God—this Kingdom is going to be mine," says Per Hansa in Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, as he stands looking over the limitless prairie horizon. That kingdom came soon to be a place both of hope and terror. Men are lost in blowing winter snows; women cry for home and lapse into depression and madness. The new land is a harsh master, slow to be tamed, quick to punish.

No American writer records more poignantly the bittersweet love affair with the land than Willa Cather. Her description of prairie is as evocative as an Ansel Adams photograph. "There was nothing but land, not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made. . . . As I looked about me I felt that the grass was the country as the water is the sea. . . . And there was so much motion in it; the whole country seemed, somehow, to be running."

Part of Cather's genius lay in her ability to catch ambivalence. The land to which Antonia and her Bohemian family cling with so much pain and love has already been deserted by kindlier inhabitants—the first Eden has already vanished.

Beyond the pond, on the slope that climbed to the corn field, there was faintly marked in the grass, a great circle where the Indians used to ride. . . . When the first light spray of snow lay over it, it came out with wonderful distinctness, like strokes of Chinese white on canvas. The old figure stirred me as it had never done before and seemed a good omen for the winter.

Antonia, the immemorial immigrant of Cather's novel learns slowly to wring a living from the land. As she grows to maturity, eventually marries, and begins a

home of her own, her bond to the land deepens even as she is humbled by it. She is coarsened by the brute labor of working like a man in the fields. Her neck grows thick, her skin tough, her hands grimy. Only the magnificent eyes remain unchanged.

The realistic human portraits of these American novels are compelling. Per Hansa and Antonia command our respect for their sheer will to survive and embody, in their European heritage, the Lockean conviction that right to the land is earned by toil. Such portraits provided, in their time, ample justification for the frank utilitarianism that predominates in American land attitudes. We hear it reiterated in 1949 in Leopold:

Our children are our signature to the roster of history; our land is merely the place our money is made. There is as yet no social stigma in the possession of a gullied farm, a wrecked forest or a polluted stream, provided the dividends suffice to send the youngsters to college.

Regard for the land as commodity to be owned, used, and exploited—this is the familiar theme in historical treatments of the American land ethic. Among these, Worster's recent *Nature's Economy* provides a fresh and comprehensive treatment. Worster makes a convincing case for the belief that utilitarianism is a dominant strain which has colored even our serious conservation efforts such as the Forest Service and the Soil Conservation Service. The modern ecological conscience has grown up alongside a persistent, if fluctuating, utilitarianism always beclouding our definitions of where use of the land ends and abuse of the land begins.

Perhaps our bitterest environmental lesson in the pre-1945 period was the Dust Bowl catastrophe of the 1930s. A lethal combination brought it about—unprecedented, repeated years of bad weather, the introduction of the deep-cutting steel plow, and the abusive soil practices of the sod-busters. The

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torn prairie, always a fragile ecosystem, answered with a layer of dust that hung like a pall over the nation. Ecological lessons learned from the Dust Bowl were translated into a variety of government initiatives and the institution of new methods of soil conservation. The human costs and societal dislocations have been recorded in Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, still one of the most vivid testimonies to the era.

Unfortunately, environmental lessons cannot be counted on to stick from one generation to the next. Rather, environmental degradation, whether of soil, air, or water, tends to be addressed piecemeal and ad hoc: when a crisis looms, crisis action results. Of all the ecological lessons to be learned perhaps the hardest is that nature's time frame is so long and its interdependences so complex. Americans have had particular trouble with these concepts. The history of our nation is so short and our land area so large that we have tended to behave accordingly, most often by moving on. If the woods burn down or the well runs dry, don't give up. There'll be more around the corner or over the horizon.

This footloose quality constitutes one of the most dramatic differences between nineteenth century land attitudes in Europe and the U.S.: Europe with a long history and extended view of time, a place of little land and many people, and the U.S. with a short history, a contracted view of time, vast land and resources, and few people.

Frank utilitarianism predominates in American land attitudes.

America had scarcely begun to recover from the economic and environmental disaster of the 1930s when WWII was upon us. One can-

not legitimately discuss the environmental movement or its writers since 1945 without taking note of the environmental catastrophe which concluded that war. It is not the purpose of this discussion to take on the enormity of the Faustian bargain struck at Hiroshima, except to say that probably the most chilling environmental book of the twentieth century is Schell's *The Fate of the Earth*. Every environmental writer since 1945 has lived in the shadow of the mushroom cloud. Most writers treat the prospect of the ultimate environmental disaster with glancing blows, phrases like "if we aren't all blown to smithereens first" or with quiet resignation. Even the most persistently optimistic among them, Rene Dubos, goes straight around the issue by asserting that nothing he can say will change the nightmare. (Dubos, in his final book, says that nuclear weapons will probably be used and that medical help will prove useless.)

The departure

And so, with the nuclear spectre as backdrop, we reach the watershed period of Leopold and Carson, the twenty or so years from 1945-65. Ecology becomes a science in its own right and a working word in the language. Earth Day becomes a national event, and a new crop of environmental writers begins to be heard.

The new generation has environmental writers of every stripe: trained scientists, amateur botanists, back-packers, journalists, fire-wardens, poets. The list seems to grow by the month. To tried and true favorites like E. B. White and Krutch must now be added Matthiessen, Berry, Dillard, Doig, McPhee, Abbey, Eiseley, Hoagland, and a host of others.

In spite of their diversity these writers share a number of qualities, most notably their tendency to be subversive. Their subversion derives from a fundamental opposition to the values of our time: our belief in technological progress and economic growth, our reliance upon scientific rationalism and upon

mathematical modeling. To curb environmental damage, these writers are quick to propose that industry, in particular, and economic growth, in general, should be reined in by imposed checks, taxes and fines, and regulatory agencies. Further, as the scientists of ecology have themselves grown more statistical, they seem more willing to take on arguments involving numbers. Perhaps they have learned that, yes, indeed, numbers alone can be made to lie. Put another way, the new writers are now more suspicious of science and of economic growth than their predecessors. They often suggest that science needs some warming at the fires of imagination and humility.

The new writers are alike, too, in their intellectual debt to Thoreau. Edward Abbey, one of the more pertinent of the new breed, refers to his fellow dissenters as "sons and daughters of Thoreau": Berry, the Thoreau of Kentucky; McPhee, the Thoreau of New Jersey, Alaska, Scotland; Matthiessen, the Thoreau of Africa, South America, the Himalayas, and the wide wild sea. Abbey writes: "Like vacuum cleaner salesmen, we scramble for exclusive territory on this oversold, swarming, shriveling planet."

Thoreau-like regionalism, so characteristic of current nature writing, is seldom regionalism alone. These writers are also Americans, and when they are sharply critical of American land attitudes, that criticism is born out of fierce love. They see the U.S. as the last place on earth with time, land, and riches enough to have room for a noble experiment. Abbey, for example, writes: "If lucky we may succeed in making America not the master of the earth (a trivial goal) but rather an example to other nations of what is possible and beautiful. Was that not, after all, the whole point and purpose of the American adventure?"

The adversarial quality of environmental writing has corollaries in writing approaches; these may be cast as people vs. trees, endangered species of wildlife vs. endangered man, or environmentalists/good

guys vs. industrialists/bad guys. The push and shove between defenders of conservation and proponents of development are the focus for some of the liveliest writing now going on. Quite often writers will take a contemporary issue, deal with it head on, and then widen it to a more general discussion of environmental ethics. Shall it be snail darter or government dam? Shall it be oil or a national park? Does Alaska belong to the present or the future? How much development is enough? What kind? When is it too much?

While the issues change daily, the battle lines were nonetheless laid out years ago in the now well-known exchange between Lynn White and Rene Dubos.

(White argued that the Abrahamian concept of the land as created for man's dominion has been bulwarked ever since by the Judaic-Christian tradition and its institutional frameworks. He proposed as a countermeasure a passive noninterference with nature and St. Francis as patron saint of ecology. Dubos answered with a counter-proposition: careful stewardship and judicious intervention modeled on the philosophy of St. Benedict. The land will be altered, says Dubos, but when has man's presence ever done otherwise? He reminds us that the destruction of the Cedars of Lebanon is a very old story.)

Every environmental writer since 1945 has lived in the shadow of the mushroom cloud.

The conservation vs. development debate has grown more heated and more specific since White and Dubos. One of the more provocative writers on the subject is John McPhee in *Encounters With the Archdruid*. McPhee's book is a three part set of dialogues in which he pits the staunch conservationist, David Brower (Friends of the Earth), against a real estate developer, a mining engineer, and a dam

builder. Typical is this exchange between Brower and Park, the mining engineer:

Brower said that a view of Glacier Peak, to mean much of anything, ought properly to be earned, and that the only way to earn it was to get to it on foot.

"What about people who can't walk?" Park said.

"They stay home. Ninety-nine point nine percent can walk—if they want to."

"The other one-tenth percent includes my wife."

Without hesitating, Brower said, "I have a friend named Garrett Hardin who wears leg braces. I have heard him say that he would not want to be able to come to a place like this by road, and that it is enough for him just knowing that these mountains exist as they are, and he hopes that it will be like this in the future."

"The future can take care of itself," Park said. "I don't condone waste, but I am not willing to penalize present people."

McPhee is a case in point of the new sophistication among environmental writers. The development-conservation issue is always complex, frequently inchoate, and writers tend to treat the issue in kind. In the passage cited above and throughout the book, McPhee by no means gives Brower all the good lines.

McPhee practices more than even-handedness in giving the development devils their due. First of all, he recognizes that purely non-utilitarian land attitudes have powerful appeals to our idealism but are sure to founder on the rock of practical application. Put simply, everybody has to figure out a way to make a buck, and everybody's got to *be* somewhere. And, like most of his contemporaries, McPhee is less prone than his predecessors to idealize "wilderness" without providing some disclaimers. Irony and paradox surround key environmental issues. Many environmental preachments are voices of the middle and leisure class whose motives for the preachments are often

no loftier than the desire to protect the privacy of a country estate or a secluded patch of family wilderness. Further, the poor are often, out of necessity, harder on nature than the rich. The most devastating deforestation results, not from lumber baron greed, but from the grinding search for fuel among the world's poorest.

Garrett Hardin has argued, in his much-debated "Tragedy of the Commons," that there are no scientific solutions for modern environmental problems. The Malthus equations hold whether we construe the commons narrowly (as, for example, the national parks, shores, and forests owned jointly by us all) or whether we construe the commons broadly (as, for example, the oceans and planet Earth). The inexorable tragedy, says Hardin, arises from the pressures of increasing numbers of people. The logical extension of Hardin's thesis is his later proposition for a Lifeboat Ethic, founded on appeals to self-interest rather than idealism. The jury is still out on the validity of Hardin's proposition for a value system based on selfishness, loss of individual freedom, and more regulation. Critics see Hardin's ideas as barbarous; sympathizers find him merely honest.

Exploding populations, problems of scale, and the accelerating tempo of environmental degradation—these are the realities that have turned some of the modern writers shrill, stridently polemic, and, in Abbey and Hoagland, downright sassy. Passages like this, from Abbey, are not uncommon: "The American nation . . . is one of the last places left on earth where it is still feasible to make a stand against the growth fanatic, the graph-paper mentality of the GNP economics, the replenish-and-for-ever-multiply theology of the Latter-Day Native-American Yahoo Church—all descendants of those hordes of avaricious peasants (our forefathers) who swarmed across the Atlantic to fall, like a plague of locusts, upon the sweet, lovely, defenseless, virgin lands of America."

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These moderns keep pressing. Every victory that saves a marshland, a canyon, a stand of trees is a welcome delay. Sandbagging against the tide of human need and greed is their business, and it's a business that will never end.

One should not be surprised to find a growing cult of Abbey, Hoagland, McPhee, and Matthiessen aficionadas. The Hemingway myth of the Big Two-Hearted River and the idyllic youth by the trout stream remains a powerful theme in the American mind, a nostalgic intellectual hideaway for what is now predominantly an urban population. Many an American lives out the dream, shaping it to fit the 1980s with a second home near a lake or stream, three weeks of fishing in the Rockies, or the suburban house with green grass and a garden. For every American who likes to get up before dawn and get his feet wet, there are probably a dozen who have no taste for predawn or marshes. But in their urbanized states they still like to read about nature and can be as stirred by Leopold's "Goose Music" as they might be by hearing the geese first hand.

Not all the moderns take up causes. A good many are loners, one-worlders, and religious writers. Annie Dillard and Loren Eiseley, for instance, return to the traditional theme of nature as a reflection of the Maker and of mystery. Annie Dillard, foremost a writer and only secondarily a naturalist, is no slight amateur in her powers of observation.

He was a very small frog, with wide, dull eyes. And just as I looked at him, he slowly crumpled and began to sag. The spirit vanished from his eyes as if snuffed. His skin emptied and dropped; his very skull seemed to collapse and settle like a kicked tent. He was shrinking before my eyes like a deflating football. I watched the taut, glistening skin on his shoulders ruck, and rumple, and fall. Soon part of his skin, formless as a pricked balloon, lay in floating folds like bright scum

on top of the water; it was a monstrous and terrifying thing.

This description of a frog, falling victim to a water-bug, is one of hundreds equal in vividness to be found on almost every page of *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. Yet they are not what the book is about. The book is about a Pilgrim, Dillard herself, in search of the Mind behind the swimming, swarming creation. "A meteorological journal of the mind," she calls her book.

She makes no apologies for her penchant for the long view and the metaphysical question, though her extravagant, lush style is not for everyone. Abbey remarks of her: "People who go around muttering about God make me nervous." Yet he also pays homage to her as the only living writer who rightly deserves Thoreau's mantle: "Only she [Dillard] has earned the right to wear the Master's pants. . . ." Dillard prefers the word "God" because it pleases her. The months she spent as hermit and pilgrim at Tinker Creek were filled with days of frog watching but subsumed by the Big Question: Who thought up frogs and water-bugs, and why?

There is always an enormous temptation in all of life to diddle around making itsy-bitsy friends and meals and journeys for itsy-bitsy years on end. It is so self-conscious, so apparently moral, simply to step aside from the gaps where the creeks and winds pour down, saying I never merited this grace, quite rightly, and then sulk along the rest of your days on the edge of rage. I won't have it. The world is wilder than that in all directions, more dangerous and bitter, more extravagant and bright.

Exploding populations and the accelerating tempo of environmental degradation have turned modern writers shrill.

Loren Eiseley, another loner, is preoccupied by the same questions that haunt Dillard although he differs from her in a number of ways. Dillard's book was written when the author was in her twenties, Eiseley's *Invisible Pyramid* near the end of a long career as an academic as well as an essayist. Eiseley's style is less florid, but no less poetic. His tendency toward the long view and the metaphysical question seems to come less from conventional theological musing, more from a lifetime spent studying fossils and bones. He sees them as whitened evidences of a natural world now gone and as premonitions of other worlds yet to come.

In the ancient years, when humankind wandered through briars and along windy precipices, it was thought well, when encountering comets or fire-drakes, 'to pronounce the name of God with a clear voice.'

This act was performed once more by many millions when the wounded Apollo 13 swerved homeward, her desperate crew intent, if nothing else availed, upon leaving their ashes on the winds of earth. . . . Man was born and took shape among earth's leafy shadows. The most poignant thing the astronauts had revealed in their extremity was the nostalgic call still faintly ringing on the winds from the sunflower forest.

An image comes to mind. Among natural history writers, Eiseley is a taller man. When he looks backward, he sees the age of dinosaurs; when forward, he looks toward a time when we might be free of the scar tissue of our evolutionary travels. Eiseley hopes for a future in which we might reenter the old first world where an ethic of respect and love for earth and all its creatures replaces tribalism and exploitation.

Eiseley speaks for all writers in the American literature of the environment. They are a curious lot, sober, crazy, optimistic, pessimistic—word merchants all. And in love with the earth.

Conflicts in Western Culture

Readings

Choosing representative works among nature writers presents one with an embarrassment of riches. Works alluded to in this essay are listed below. Readers of nature writing are usually "hooked" for life and will be the first to notice that my choices are the tip of the iceberg.

Abbey, Edward, *Abbey's Road*. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1979.
Carson, Rachel, *Silent Spring*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1962.
Cather, Willa, *My Antonia*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1918.
Dickinson, Emily, *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*, ed. Thomas Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1960.

Dillard, Annie, *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. New York: Bantam Books, 1975.
Dubos, Rene, *Celebrations of Life*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1981.
---- "Franciscan Conservation versus Benedictine Stewardship," in *A God Within*. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1972.
Eiseley, Loren, *The Invisible Pyramid*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1970.
Leopold, Aldo, *A Sand County Almanac*. New York: Ballantine, 1970.
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Matthiessen, Peter, *Far Tortuga*. New York: Random House, 1975.
---- *The Snow Leopard*. New York: Viking Press, 1978.

McPhee, John, *Encounters With the Archdruid*. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1971.
Rolvaag, Ole, *Giants in the Earth*. New York: Harper and Row, 1927.
Schell, Jonathan, *The Fate of the Earth*. New York: Knopf and Sons, 1982.
Steinbeck, John, *The Grapes of Wrath*. New York: Viking, 1939.
Thoreau, Henry David, *The Writings of Henry David Thoreau*, ed. Lyndon J. Stanley. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971.
White, Gilbert, *The Natural History of Selborne*. New York: Everyman, 1974.
White, Lynn, "The Historical Roots of Our Ecological Crisis" *Science* 155, 10 March 1967, 1203-07.
Worster, Donald, *Nature's Economy*. New York: Anchor Books, 1979.■

The Ferry to Aegina

We had trouble finding it—
the ferry to that place.
We took the train to the sea,
then walked the hot sunlit
streets in criss-cross
patterns, finally asked
merry faces at windows.

At last we found the harbor,
the right dock, bought our tickets,
embarked. The turquoise sprang
at the cutwater, and I thought
as we raced toward that place from where
Pindar had sped his song
in every ship and bark

that I'd been here before, seen
the islands rise and bloom
to lavender and pink,
felt the keel cutting
my heart, cutting my spine,
cutting me back still
to my bed of relentless dark.

Barbara Fowler

Anniversary

On the lake this morning
the coots are diving,
absurdly.

Your city sleeps
at the other side.

In my kitchen
bulldogs lie
in one another's arms
like figures
on carved Etruscan
sarcophagi.

On the lake this morning
the coots are diving,
absurdly.

It's twenty years
today that you died.

Barbara Fowler

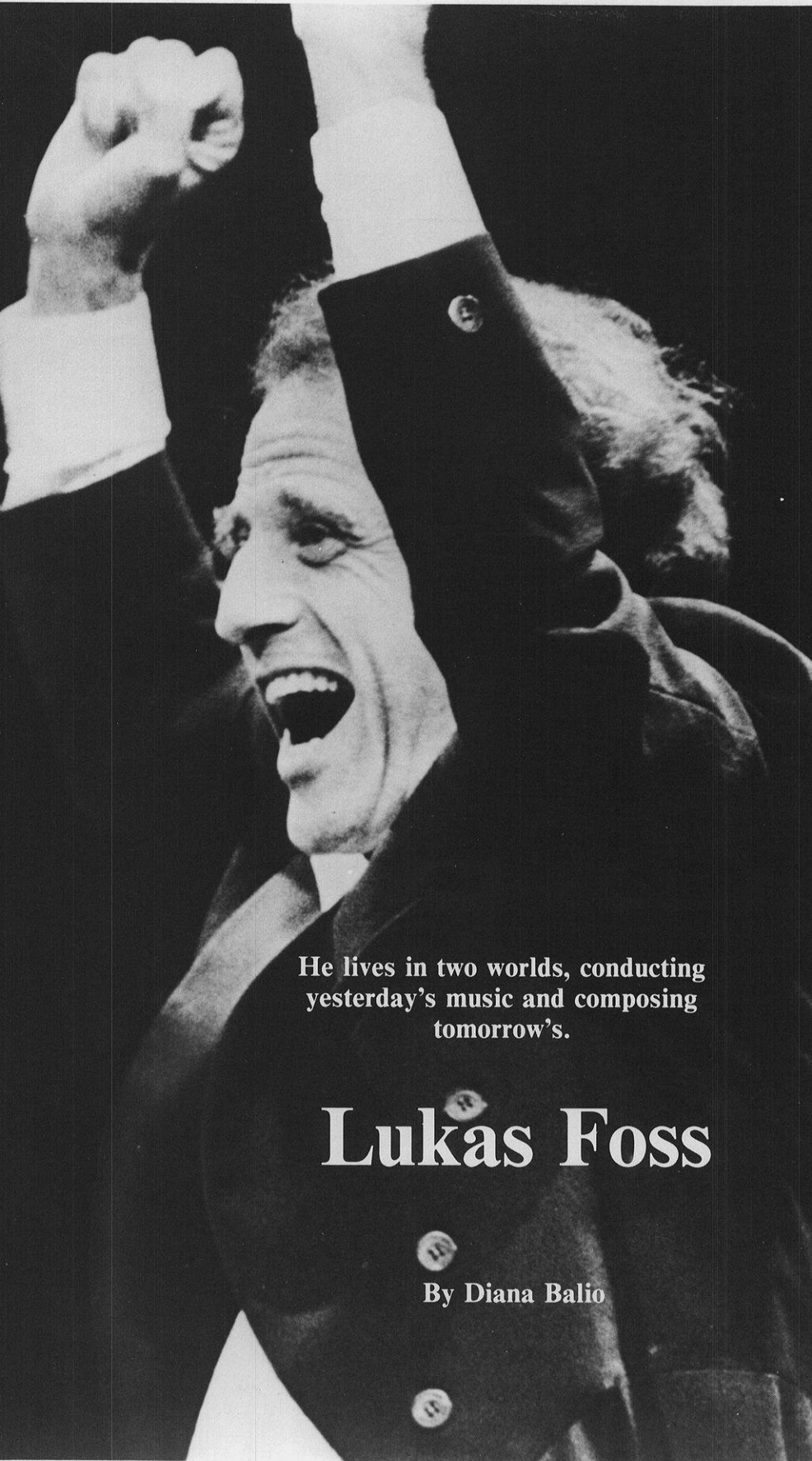
Coming to Dinner

I am unaccountably moved
by the sight of Laura's hands
in the gap between the shade
and her kitchen window sill.

Is it because her house
smells of wood smoke,
or that I know that her dog
died in childbirth?

Or simply that her voice is low,
and that I shall find Bach
spread out in worn books
on her abandoned piano?

Barbara Fowler



He lives in two worlds, conducting
yesterday's music and composing
tomorrow's.

Lukas Foss

By Diana Balio

The new music that began to appear in America in the postwar years was hard to play and hard to conduct. It was also hard to listen to, and sometimes it made an audience want to run screaming out of the recital hall. Composers dispensed with such conventions as harmony and melody in their search for a new system of music. Creative investigation went into full swing.

Lukas Foss has been an active explorer in the wilds of this new music and has become known as a pioneer in improvisational music. He has continued to explore and experiment with new performance ideas, and now his name comes up in nearly every discussion of contemporary music. But on top of his career as a composer he has built a second major career, that of orchestra conductor. Two years ago he accepted the job of music director of the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra. For his contribution to excellence in the arts, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters last year named him a Fellow of the Academy.

Foss became a published composer at age sixteen, and at age twenty-one he wrote a cantata called *The Prairie* that the New York Music Critics Circle named "the best new American work of the season," although he had been in this country for only six years. Inspired by Carl Sandburg's poem "Prairie," it suggested "vast open landscapes and lots of fresh air." For about the next twenty years he wrote the kind of music American ears were used to hearing. One writer described the style as uniting "the best of European neoclassicism and a Copland-like Americanism."

By the mid 1950s neoclassicism appeared to Foss to be a dead end, an impasse that he later said seemed like "the pouring of new musical wine into old formal bottles." His traditionalist period ended when, as a professor of composition at UCLA, he wanted to free his students from "the tyranny of the printed note." The experiment that was intended to change his students made him into a different kind of composer.

Instead of the traditional "I write it; you play it" relationship between composer and performer, Foss drew the performer into his composer's laboratory. While at UCLA (1953-63) Foss founded the Improvisation Chamber Ensemble (piano, clarinet, percussion, and cello), which offered adventures in music for composer, performer, and audience.

From the familiar territory of fixed forms and tonality he went to "that no man's land which I never meant to set foot on" of chance and atonality. The Foss brand of improvisation, however, had strict rules. Improvisation turned out to be more structured than traditional music; for the composer it was more a question of exploring, for the purpose of discovery, than of having freedom. Foss's improvisation was less dangerous than "system and chance music."

The subjects in the Foss catalog of compositions tend to run along the lines of death and anguish and the end of the world. He bases many compositions on dramatic ideas or pieces of literature that aren't themselves light reading. *Time Cycle* (1961, known as the transitional piece between his early and later styles) combines themes from works by Kafka, Nietzsche, Auden, and Housman. (Foss's father was a philosophy professor, his mother an artist; they had philosophy over the breakfast table, he explains.) Even in sleep, ideas keep coming. *Phorion* (1966), based on a Bach partita, began with a dream in which "torrents of Baroque 16th-notes were washed ashore by ocean waves, sucked in again, returning *ad infinitum*." Some sources are on the lighter side. *Elytres* (1964) honors insect wings. The opera *Griffelkin* (1955) retells a fairy tale from his childhood. *Curriculum Vitae with Time Bomb*, for accordion and percussion, has an intriguing title. Foss's sense of humor comes through. The soprano pokes around inside the piano with sticks and sings exercises in *Round a Common Center*. Live performers escort lifeless dummies to a big party in *Introductions and Goodbyes*.

Foss was born Lukas Fuchs on August 15, 1922, in Berlin with such great musical gifts that the importance of early training was obvious. He studied piano and theory with a private teacher until he was eleven. Then, when Hitler's presence began seeming ominous, the family moved to Paris and Lukas was enrolled at the Paris Conservatory to study piano with Lazare Levy, composition with Noel Gallon, Orchestration with Felix Wolfes, and flute with Marcel Moyse. When the family moved to the United States in 1937, he enrolled at Curtis Institute in Philadelphia to study piano with Isabelle Vengerosa, composition with Rosario Scalerò and Randall Thompson, and conducting with Fritz Reiner.

Foss once said he really was born at Tanglewood, the Boston Symphony Orchestra's summer home. Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony's conductor, had established the Berkshire Music Center there in 1940, and he thought big. The school he had dreamed of for years would offer advanced music studies to promising young people. The gods themselves would teach the classes—Copland and Hindemith for composition, for example; himself for conducting.

Foss was there the first summer that the school was in operation (and for several summers after that) and persuaded Koussevitzky to allow him to study both composing and conducting. Hindemith turned out to be a strong influence, and Foss later continued studying with him, as a special student, at Yale. Even in 1940 everyone felt that the BMC's early years were exciting ones, and later evidence proved that they were. Four of the five students in the conducting class of 1940 went on to major careers: Leonard Bernstein, Lukas Foss, Richard Bales, who became conductor of the National Gallery Orchestra in Washington, and Thor Johnson, later music director of the Cincinnati Symphony.

Koussevitzky recognized Foss's genius and over the next several years offered outlets for his multi-

ple talents. Koussevitzky made Foss his assistant; he made Foss the official pianist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; he arranged a schedule that allowed Foss time to compose; and he even had the orchestra playing Foss compositions.

Major awards were in order by the time Foss was twenty-two: in addition to winning the New York Music Critics' Award for *The Prairie*, he received a Guggenheim fellowship in 1945 (the youngest composer ever to receive one) and a Fulbright grant in 1950-52; was a Fellow of the American Academy in Rome in 1950-51; and won two more Music Critics' Awards, one for his Piano Concerto No. 2 in 1954, the other for *Time Cycle* in 1961. He has an LL.D. from Los Angeles Conservatory of Music but, because of the timing of the family's emigration, no high school diploma.

Foss became a conductor relatively late, at age forty-one, having waited for a conducting post with a schedule that would not require him to become an ex-composer. As the new music director and conductor of the Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra in 1963, he established a policy of programming avant-garde music alongside the classics and, for a time, polarized his audience in the process. It seemed as if the younger generation was acquiring a lasting taste for the new music while the older generation endured it only because the old masters would have their turn to be heard after the intermission. Nevertheless, Foss not only enlarged and enlightened the Buffalo audience but also formed a Center for the Creative and Performing Arts that brought in avant-garde composers and young performers. Eventually he could say, "Look how we've deprovincialized Buffalo; it's become a place where things are really happening."

Unlike some legendary conductors who scared the music out of the orchestra members, Foss has a patient and positive approach, one that shows his faith that the musicians will play well. He has a quiet

and confident voice. He believes that the conductor-musician relationship need not be the adversary kind that Joseph Krips, his predecessor in Buffalo, warned him about: "Remember, they are never your friends. They may *act* like your friends, but they are not!" Musicians speak warmly and enthusiastically about Foss, and this Milwaukee orchestra as a whole is thriving. Ticket sales are up; the first recording under a contract with Pro Arte is scheduled to be released soon; a European tour is in the wind.

Foss has no desire to stamp a sound-label on his orchestra, like Chicago's reputation for brass or Philadelphia's for strings. To him it makes more sense for a conductor to strive for "the right sound for each piece, a flexibility of sound. Some think that they have a sound that is particularly their own personality, but it's really a sound that the orchestra musicians make. Sometimes conductors forget that they are not making the sounds and that the musicians are responsible for that."

This season the Milwaukee audience will hear one of his early compositions, an oboe concerto written in 1948, "because the oboist insisted on it—and it made sense" in programming. Foss says he intends to spare subscribers the experience of hearing a more recent Foss composition; he is more likely to schedule one for a festival of contemporary music.

Foss spends about a third of the year in Milwaukee, another third at home in New York, where he has led the Brooklyn Philharmonic since 1971, and part of another third guest conducting or otherwise participating in contemporary music events. If the year had four thirds, he might also be more of a concert pianist; he does still play in public now and then. The summer, at home in the Hamptons on Long Island, offers free time for composing, but Milwaukee evenings, at home in the Pfister Hotel, when he gets the suite with a piano can also be productive. Some compositions, the kind in which too many things



"The people who have the greatest impact on the future are people who have one big foot in the past and one big foot in the future."

—Lukas Foss

are going on, defy any help from a piano and go straight from his head to paper. Occasionally a composition goes directly to his publisher without a stop in between for performance; more often he hears it before publication. Publication takes time, and usually his pieces are commissioned so a first performance is guaranteed. When a composition has matured to the point of being published, he sets it free. "After that it's none of my business. I think my compositions are like my children. When they grow up, they have to be on their own." He does have one son and one daughter, both attending colleges in the East and neither planning a career in music; his wife, Cornelia, is a painter in the representational style.

To be simultaneously a major figure in composing and conducting makes Lukas Foss a phenomenon in the professional music world. One wonders how he can live in two worlds, conducting yesterday's music and composing tomorrow's. He says he conducts because he loves "to make love to the past," and he is able to bring to life music that has been played over and over "by throwing a big searchlight on it and falling in love with it all over again." He composes because he needs to discover the future. Museums and symphony orchestras are important because ties to the past are important. "The people who have the greatest impact on the future are people who have one big foot in the past and one big foot in the future." ■

When She Saw the Cloud

Mother always claimed the sky was too pale
that day, too quiet in the summer heat.
One of my uncles was in Burma, another
yet to go to the Philippines. Uncle Johnny
parachuted safely right over Sioux Falls.
At supper we listened to the war news
as usual—Whitey Larson, WNAX, Yankton.
I can't remember if Whitey was interrupted
or the Six Fat Dutchmen or (but Mother
didn't like the shooting) the Lone Ranger
when she saw the cloud from the west
pantry window. Pa, she said, Pa, come
and look at the sky. Leaving my supper
I helped lug blankets, the sheepskin,
the lantern down to the cave in a corner
of the basement where we waited for some
celestial railroad to bear upon us,
to visit us for our sins. We feared God
that night more than Hirohito
or Hitler. Trees crashed
outside, pieces of farm machinery
flew by our shelter window, furniture
tumbled from room to room on the floors
above us. In a loud voice Father prayed
that the storm might pass over us
if it be His will. When the wind
died, the neighbor women and children
huddled and cried in our basement; the men
marched through the ruins with their rifles
and shot the cattle. I found my dog
and six baby chicks alive under the elm tree
with the swing. The National Guard
came the next day to protect us
against looters. I brought coffee
to the armed soldiers in pup tents and—
pretending the war had come home—reported
enemy license plates from far away
in Missouri and Nebraska. We didn't know
what the President had in mind, but God
soon left us on our own. The boys began
to come home, bringing souvenir pillows,
bayonets, and new tractors. The men
were in the fields and Mother feeding
the chickens when I heard about V-J Day
on the console radio in front
of our new picture window. All over
the country business was mushrooming.

Herman Nibbelink

By Carl Krog

During the years after the Civil War, Marinette, Wisconsin, on the west shore of Green Bay at the mouth of the Menominee River, prospered with the state's lumbering industry. The community on the boundary between Wisconsin and Michigan grew from nearly six hundred people in 1860 to 1,300 in 1870, to 4,000 in 1880, 11,500 in 1890 and its largest population in the twentieth century, 16,000. How did the residents of such sawmill towns pursue their limited time for leisure activities?

Two societies in Marinette co-existed in the quarter century after the Civil War: a transient one of lumberjacks and sawmill workers who lived in boarding houses and the permanent community of artisans, merchants, and professional people. In the early 1870s it was unclear whether the community would be an impermanent lumber camp or a permanent settlement. In fact, the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Wisconsin refused to

grant a warrant to found a lodge in Marinette in 1870 on the grounds that the sawmill settlement was not likely to be permanent. He changed his mind after a special emissary, Dr. John J. Sherman, was sent to Oshkosh to secure a dispensation to organize a lodge. But the influence of the permanent community grew with each successive decade of the nineteenth century, as they started churches, schools, lodges, and literary societies.

The two societies shared a common interest in sports such as baseball but diverged sharply in their other recreational activities. Many Yankee merchants and professional people were prohibitionists who disapproved of saloons, billiard halls, and the ancillary activities which sometimes accompanied taverns. They preferred croquet, sometimes known as "Presbyterian billiards," and lemonade to the sawmill employee's billiards and beer. Even when the two groups shared the same values such as cleanliness, they disagreed

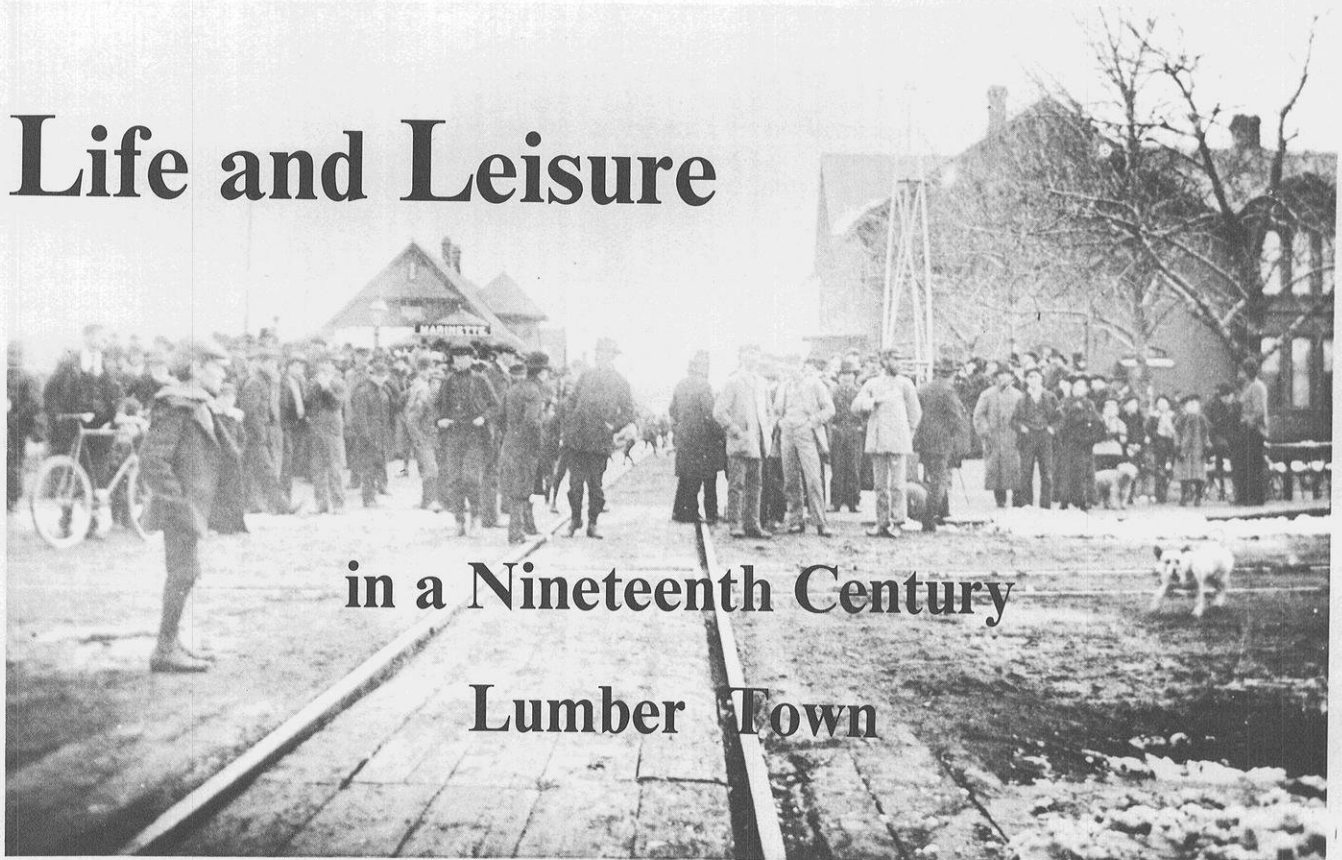
about means of achieving them. Solid citizens saw nothing godly in the cleanliness which resulted from grown men bathing naked in the city's Menominee River.

After working a long day at the mill, sawmill operatives wanted to escape from their humdrum tasks. They could attend dances which were held two or three times a week in Marinette or its twin city across the river, Menominee, or the frequent traveling road show. When no traveling act had visited the twin cities for over ten days in June of 1874, Luther Noyes, editor of the village weekly paper, complained.

On pleasant summer evenings, Italian violinists and organ grinders walked the streets playing songs for groups that gathered around them and then passed the hat. These musicians came up from Chicago each summer.

Isaac Stephenson, the city's most prominent lumberman, loved fast race horses, and on Sunday afternoons, people in the twin cities often watched Stephenson race his

Life and Leisure



in a Nineteenth Century
Lumber Town

thoroughbreds against those of his brothers across the river at his racing park in the northwestern edge of Marinette.

Other residents did their own racing across the narrow bridges over the Menominee River at night, in spite of the vigilance of the authorities. Townspeople trying to sleep were irritated by the noise of their wooden buggy wheels and the thud of the horses' hooves on the planks of the bridge. The bridge suffered, too, from this nocturnal pastime and had to be rebuilt only seven years after construction.

When men worked a twelve-hour day, six-day week, and large families and few modern conveniences gave women even longer working day, holidays were especially appreciated. On Independence Day, 1874, a Marinette resident might compete for the \$416 prizes offered by the Marinette Shooting Club, go on the Pioneer Presbyterian Church excursion and picnic to Chambers Island sixteen miles away, or watch Isaac Stephenson's horse Chippy, the favorite, race at his driving park. The day ended with a gala dance at the First National Hotel in Marinette.

Although unincorporated, Marinette had a population of 4,000 in the 1880 census. The prosperity of the lumbering companies caused the population to triple, and in 1887 Marinette incorporated.

Popular Sunday pastimes in Menominee changed from croquet to baseball and tennis. Though not without opposition from those who believed Sunday should be a day of rest, Sunday became a day of recreation.

Baseball

Baseball enthusiasts organized a baseball league in the late 1880s, which included cities of the Fox Valley and some Upper Peninsula cities in the Marquette iron ore range. Teams competed on Sunday afternoons at Isaac Stephenson's Riverside Racing Track.

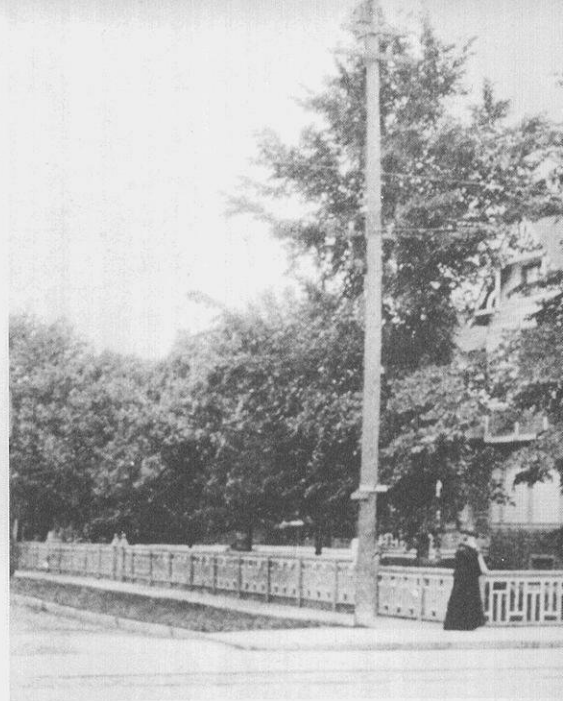
Determined to enforce a city ordinance prohibiting social activities on Sunday, zealous citizens had Officer McGillis serve a warrant

against the team for breaking the law—on Sunday, July 4, 1888. McGillis, whose heart was not in his work, spent five innings looking for a "missing" player. He served the warrant, which ended the game for players and a crowd of 700 while Marinette was winning over Green Bay 9-0. For the remainder of the summer, the Marinette Law and Order League harassed the baseball league, though it could not secure convictions against league members. Ultimately, the Marinette baseball club offered to give up its Sunday afternoon games if Marinette lumber companies, barber-shops, saloons, and the Boom Company would also close on Sunday.

Enthusiasm for baseball waned during the early 1890s, and by the end of the baseball season of 1892, the Wisconsin State League had shrunk to four teams: Green Bay, Marinette, Menominee, Michigan, and Oshkosh. The Depression of 1893 terminated an already dying organization. The Marinette *Eagle* reasoned that baseball had failed because Marinette was "a Sunday town" (as a result, promoters lost money); some star players joined major leagues (mid-season the manager and Marinette's two star players left for an Oakland, California, club); transportation between the cities was inadequate (Northwestern freight trains, hopped by the players, were unreliable).

Football

Sports enthusiasts soon found football to be a satisfying replacement for baseball. On Thanksgiving Day, November 22, 1894, the Marinette YMCA played its first official game against Menominee High School and was defeated 14-4 at Stephenson's Riverside Park in Marinette. Using either a massed rush or running around the sides, Menominee scored all of its points during the first half. The second official game was played the Saturday afternoon following Thanksgiving. The Marinette YMCA team was winning 6-0 when the Menominee High School squad withdrew, ac-

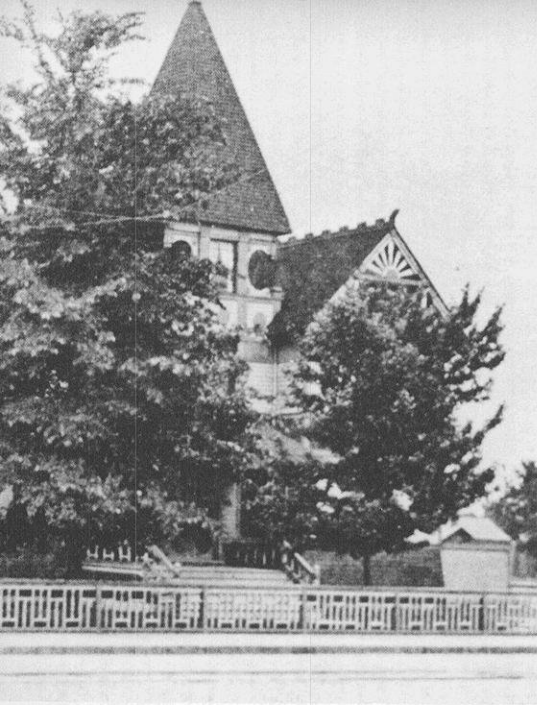


cusing the Marinette players of slugging Menominee players. Marinette newspaper reporters who covered both games, while conceding that some Menominee players' faces were smeared with blood, nonetheless argued these were "trivial injuries." Besides, it was claimed, Marinette had not done all of the slugging.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1895, the two high school teams of Marinette and Menominee first played one another with a victory for Menominee 28-8. The field was roped off to stop the enthusiastic crowds from following the teams on the field. The two cities had long been competitors. With football added to the rivalry, the Chicago *Evening Post* in 1899 was led to observe that few boundaries of the world had such intense border warfare.

Along with intense football rivalry came basketball competition between the two cities. The first game was played in the Marinette armory on Thursday night, January 18, 1894, with Marinette winning 8-4. The fans, cheering on the nine-man team with horns and bells, were so noisy that the referee's whistle could not be heard. A series of rematches took place throughout the winter of 1894, sponsored by the Marinette YMCA.

The YMCA, which opened a branch in Marinette on September 3, 1886, brought organized recreation and cultural enrichment to the area. By the early 1890s the "Y"



offered a varied program in their building which had a small gym, bowling alley, reading room, and public baths. In addition to having socials and employing a physical education instructor, the society subscribed to forty newspapers and six magazines and sponsored forensic groups and a string orchestra. Annual membership fees were five dollars for men, three for students, and two for women. The society's budget was \$2,200 in 1893, but the depression that year and the declining lumber industry curtailed its activities. By 1895 membership had declined to 279, and the organization found itself \$521 in debt. The facility operated on a limited basis until 1906, when the building was sold to pay off the debt and avoid mortgage foreclosure proceedings.

Chautauqua

Another organization devoted to educational entertainment, the chautauqua society, started up in Marinette about the same time that the Marinette YMCA was in financial difficulties. The Northern Chautauqua Assembly was organized by clergy and businessmen as a corporation on June 3, 1897, with a capital stock of \$25,000. Each stockholder in the organization was limited to two shares of stock worth \$100 each. No dividends were to be paid on the stock, but the stockholder received two lots on the chautauqua grounds and two season tickets to chautauqua pro-

grams. The organization bought a wooded tract of land on the bay-shore south of the city. The first session, held in late July, proved so popular that in the fall over \$20,000 was raised to build a permanent chautauqua: an auditorium seating 4,000 when its sides were opened, a dining hall, two classroom buildings, and a small administration building. Since not everyone wished to camp in the pine grove, in 1903 a twenty-four room dormitory was added.

For eleven years after 1897 the "poor man's university," provided the community an opportunity to hear notables of the period. The Marinette chautauqua, reported to be the largest outside the original chautauqua in New York State, had such celebrated figures as William Jennings Bryan, Samuel Gompers, Jane Addams, and Robert La Follette on its programs.

Even with these successes the assembly had financial difficulties after the first season of 1897. During the summer of 1898 the organization had a deficit of \$88 and the following year the debt for the season was \$1,500. Fewer educational speakers and more entertainment, band concerts, and regattas did not increase patronage sufficiently to end the annual deficits. Season tickets were only \$2.50, but this was more than a day's wages for a worker.

The Assembly depended upon the lumbermen to help balance its books. At times the lumber companies would buy tickets and distribute them to their workers. In 1899, when William Jennings Bryan spoke, Isaac Stephenson bought two thousand tickets for his sawmill employees. Fewer lumbermen in the community were willing to subsidize the chautauqua after 1900. Reuben Merryman, another Marinette lumberman, served as president of the organization from 1897 to 1905, but declined to serve after 1905. At the end of its program in July 1909, the chautauqua society had lost \$350. Members of the society decided to convert the grounds into a private corporation. On April 5, 1913, the chautauqua property

became the Pine Beach Club of Marinette.

Band concerts, a feature of the annual chautauqua summer program, were an important part of city cultural life. In addition to its chautauqua concerts, the Marinette municipal band gave outdoor concerts in their bandstand on Dunlap Square on summer evenings. As sawmill after sawmill closed, support for the band declined. The demise of the white pine spelled the end for the YMCA, the chautauqua society, and the city band.

One community institution which did not suffer was the library. Opened in 1878, the library was housed in a room in the Marinette fire engine house during its first twenty years. In 1886 the budget totaled \$624.06. The library was moved into a store in 1898, but these quarters remained inadequate. In 1902 Isaac Stephenson offered to build a \$40,000 library on Dunlap Square. The gift to the city included the property, construction of a retaining wall along the Menominee River, and landscaping for the park area. In return the city was obliged to pay for the building's maintenance and librarian's salary. The library was completed in 1903.

Assorted Amusements

Other recreational opportunities in the community were unaffected by the stilled mills. Racing was a popular year-round pastime in the community during the early years of the twentieth century. Stephenson Avenue (14th Avenue) was iced annually on vote of the Menominee, Michigan, City Council so that the races could be held in winter. Marinette and Menominee lumbermen had over \$25,000 invested in their horses. The horses were driven by their owners, and the ultimate humiliation came in 1901, when a Menominee woman lawyer beat a prominent Marinette lumberman. The first auto race was attempted the same year, but ended abruptly when one of the two autos broke down. Ice boat races and summer regattas were also popular. During the 1890s bicycle racing became popular though not common.



Playing indoor baseball and roller skating at the armory, followed by refreshments of oyster soup or ice cream, were popular winter recreational activities at the turn of the century. For the more venturesome, there was tobogganing off the thirty-foot slide which Isaac Stephenson had erected next to his home on the river each winter. Golf gained popularity during the last decade of the nineteenth century. Riverside Country Club in Menominee announced plans to build its first club house for \$600 in 1901. Indoor bowling was introduced to the area after the turn of the century. The neighboring towns of Peshtigo and Menominee each had a bowling alley before Marinette did. By 1910 Marinette had bowling facilities, as well as four theatres devoted to films and two to vaudeville.

Since the city of Marinette did not have a playground or park on the bay until the 1930s, boys had to find their own entertainment, which sometimes took extremely dangerous forms. In the summer boys dove off lumber piles and the superstructure of the Menekaunee bridge, a distance of thirty feet from bridge to river. Because the bay waters remained cold most of the year, they preferred to swim in the treacherous, polluted, log-filled river. They tempted fate by scamping across the floating logs. The *Marinette Eagle* in 1887 estimated that at least one boy drowned in the river each summer. Their winter playgrounds were equally dangerous. The river and bay were unlighted and had stretches of open water where ice had been cut. Throughout the year, catching rides on Northwestern freight trains also provided small boys with dangerous thrills.

Law Enforcement

The social problems created by mischievous boys were minor compared to serious social problems which required the attention of municipal authorities. Marinette was probably no better or worse than other sawmill or mining towns. Most of the city's crime in the late nineteenth century was petty and went undetected. At the end of 1898 the city police chief reported that for the last quarter of 1898 there were twenty-two arrests for drunkenness, one for disturbing a religious meeting, one for racing across the bridge, five for vagrancy, and two for being inmates of a house of ill fame. The police chief concluded, "This seems to indicate that Marinette has been a remarkably well-behaved city during the last quarter."

Common problems that law enforcement officers faced during the first twenty-five years of the city's history were thievery in boarding houses, fleecing of the innocent in poker dens, stealing of poultry and vegetables from gardens and firewood from private woodpiles, vandalism, and vagrancy.

More serious and persistent problems for law enforcement authorities were the suppression of vice and the control of saloons. Neither of these problems was successfully surmounted during the quarter century of the city's history.

As a lumbering town Marinette had a large floating population, difficult to control. Located on the state boundary, the city suffered from divided legal jurisdiction. Often a drive against vice merely drove the saloon-brothels outside of the city, either into the county or to Michigan. Consequently, there was a covert understanding between the city government and the saloon and brothel interests, that except in flagrant cases, the city authorities would be content with "tokenism." Patrons, however, were known to enforce their own codes in demanding fair service for their money. In 1894, two irate men who considered themselves short-changed burned down a house of ill

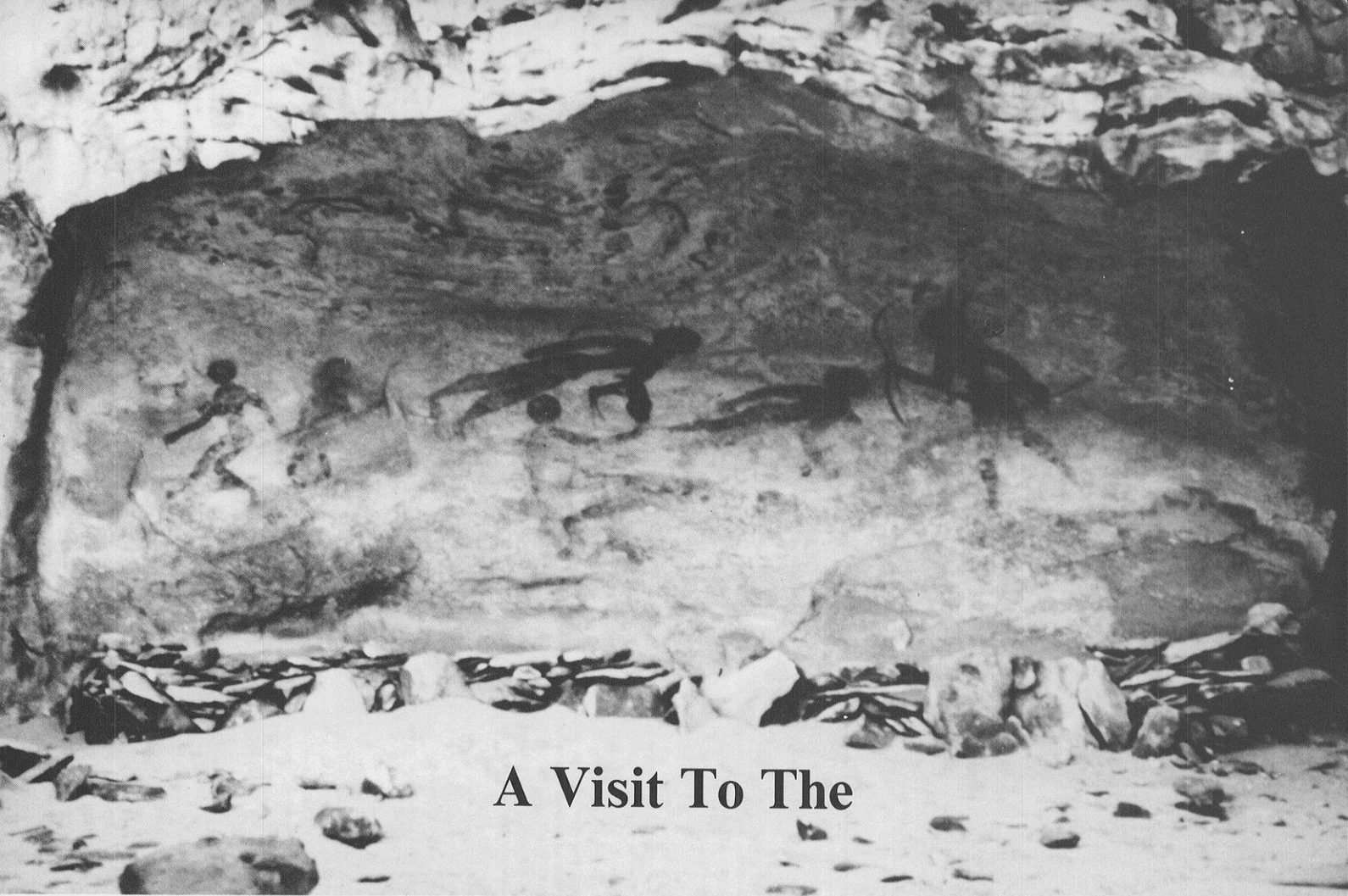
fame before leaving the city. The city fire department and the city police force refused help in putting out the fire or apprehending the arsonists. A *modus vivendi* between the city officials and the brothel and saloon keepers persisted in spite of occasional incidents.

In 1910 the Presbyterian minister complained to the mayor that a stranger could not walk down six blocks of a city street without being accosted by twenty women. The sympathetic mayor replied that splendid progress had been made in reducing the city debt and providing civic improvements. Probably because Marinette was a man's town, women who were tried and convicted received sympathy and lighter sentences. The standard sentence for a prostitute was hardly a deterrent—a ten dollar fine and a one-way ticket.

The sharp decline of the lumber industry at the beginning of the century and the resultant decrease in young single lumberjacks and sawmill wokers probably did more for the decline of brothels than any church based-crusade against sin.

Marinette today is a quiet place with pleasant residential streets and factories on the Menominee River where sawmills once stood. The permanent community, made up largely of home-owning families, won over the large population of transients of the last century. Popular leisure activities from the last century, such as municipal baseball leagues and high school football rivalries, persist. Some leisure activities of an earlier time are largely forgotten, except by a few very old people. A few band concerts are played during the summer months, but attendance is only a small fraction of that of an earlier age. A University of Wisconsin Center is located on the shore of Green Bay next to a wooded area which was once the chautauqua grounds. A community theatre, Theatre On The Bay, has replaced the vaudeville acts of the chautauqua.

As is true of other aspects of life, leisure activities in small towns are marked by both continuity and change.■



A Visit To The

Prehistoric Art of the Tassili N'Ajjer

By Jeanne Tabachnick

Have you ever dreamed of a great adventure, a dream that perhaps began with romantic novels and films but has stayed with you long after the novels and films were outdated? A dream that is outside of your ordinary daily activities but not absolutely out of reach if you try hard to fulfill it?

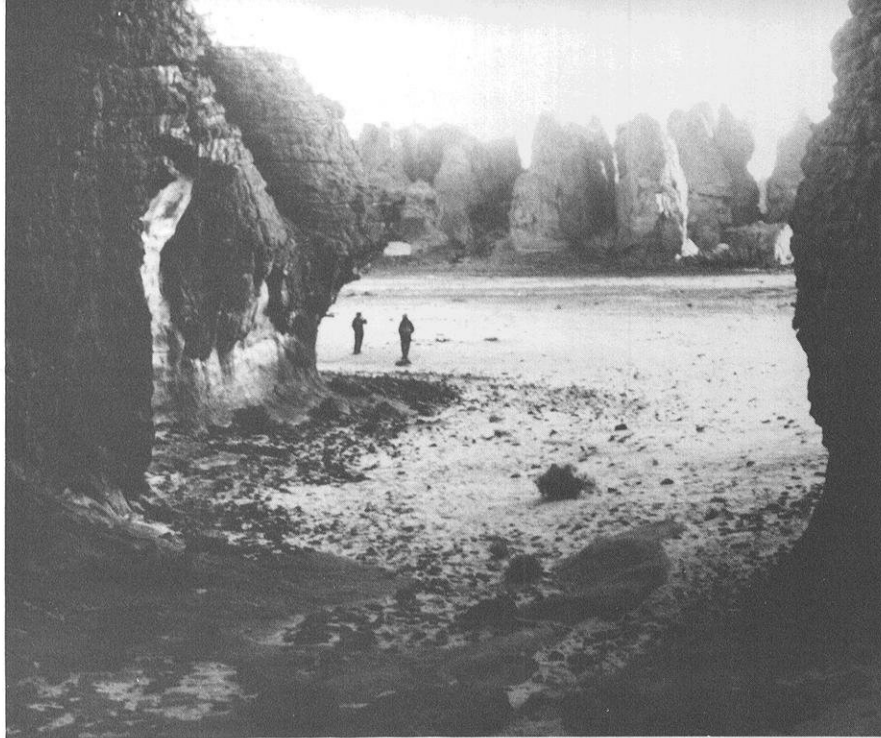
Exploring the Sahara Desert—or at least some small part of it—was my dream. And like all dreamers I had a great many misconceptions, fancy notions, wild ideas. But unlike many dreamers I had

the opportunity to live out my dream.

Over the Christmas/New Year holiday of 1980–81 eight of us, four Tabachnicks and four of our friends, met in Algiers. From there we flew due south—about 1,000 miles into the desert—to a small town called Tamanrasset, where our adventure began.

Before we left Madison I had combed the public library for any travel books on the Sahara and on Algeria. From this reading I knew that we could drive from Tamanrasset to a village called

Djanet over 700 miles of “trackless desert,” and that in the vicinity of Djanet there were some prehistoric rock paintings that might be worth seeing—and that was all I knew! To me the high point of our trip was to be the drive over the desert, sleeping out under the stars, feeling the vast desert silence all around, getting to know some part of the Sahara and visiting desert oases. Djanet and the rock paintings were a necessary goal, but I did not expect the paintings to amount to much. Little did I know what a



Tassili N'Ajjer scenery. It is in such areas as these cathedrallike sandstone rocks that the paintings are found.

tremendous impact those paintings and their environment would have on us.

The three-day drive to Djanet met my highest expectations. Deserts are not boring. Giant sand dunes scooped and shaped by the ever-blowing winds move silently across the desert floor. Fantastically carved rock outcroppings are the landmarks by which our drivers know the "road." Ancient volcanic cones poke up into the distant horizon. Every mile opened up some new scene, some new aspect of the desert.

Djanet, a desert oasis where people live by growing dates, serving tourists, and smuggling goods in from Libya, is exceedingly picturesque and hospitable. It is also the place to make arrangements to go the Tassili N'Ajjer plateau to see the prehistoric paintings. Our arrangements to spend a week on the plateau, which is now a national park, included being driven to the base of the plateau, being supplied with a guide, a cook, cook's helper, enough donkeys to carry our food, water, and camping equipment, and men to tend the donkeys. An old man with two camels joined our party once we reached the top of the plateau. We made quite a colorful group

hiking among the sandstone canyons of the Tassili.

Our first day was mostly spent climbing about 2,000 feet to the top of the plateau to reach our first camp site at Tamrit. There was just enough daylight left after setting up camp for our guide to lead us to a rock outcropping several hundred yards away where we saw our first paintings. Cattle. People. Antelope, Moufflon. The walls were covered, paintings over paintings, different sizes, different styles, too much to comprehend in the short time before dark.

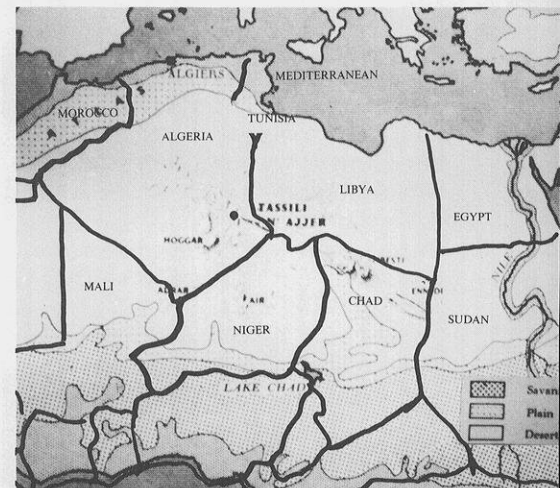
In fact it took us the whole week of hiking from site to site, from sandstone wall to sandstone wall to begin to realize the wealth and the variety of these paintings and the history and cultures they portray. Who painted these pictures? Where did they go? Have they left a record of their culture under our feet as well as on the sandstone walls? Those are the questions we brought back with us from the Tassili. We had just spent a week living in a museum, I'd say the most exciting museum in the world, filled with hundreds of paintings, wall after wall, and not a single word of explanation anywhere about. When we returned to Madison,

my son David and I decided to do a thorough library search for information about the prehistoric paintings of the Tassili N'Ajjer. We hoped to find answers to some of our questions about the people who produced that mass of art.

Although word about prehistoric paintings existing on the sandstone walls of the Tassili had been sent back to France as early as 1909, it was not until the 1950s that any systematic exploration was done. In 1950-51 a Swiss ethnologist, Yolande Tschudi, traveling alone with a Toureq guide, discovered sites that had not been reported before. In 1957 the explorer Henri Lhote organized the first archeological expedition to the Tassili. His plan was to make watercolor copies of all the known paintings. Several more sites were discovered at this time.

The photographer Jean-Dominique Lajoux accompanied the Lhote expedition and began photographing the brown paintings. Lajoux returned to the Tassili for several months in 1960

Map of Sahara and Sub-Sahara Africa



and 1961 to continue photographing and exploring for more sites. In 1962 Lajoux published his book *The Rock Paintings of the Tassili*, which has been my main source of information supplemented by Lhote's writings.

One of the first questions that even the most casual visitor to the Tassili will ask is "Why this wall and not that one?" "Why are there layer upon layer of paintings on one wall while a nearby wall looking just as good is blank?" So far there is no answer to those questions, although Lajoux guessed that there must have been a ritual reason for the selection of one wall over another.

However, by studying the layers Lhote and Lajoux believe they can divide the paintings into four time periods based partly on the animals that appear in the paintings and partly on which styles overlay or underlay others. The length of time each period covers and how much one period overlaps another can only be very roughly estimated since there has been no carbon dating done or archeological information gathered. Lajoux warns that these periods may be proved wrong when further research is done.

Archaic period

The earliest paintings, according to Lajoux, are the mystical paintings, the masked figures, the giant figures, and animals that could only be present in a wet climate. He calls this the archaic period, about 7000 to 4000 B.C. Paintings from this period are often done in outline and then filled in with white paint.

The artists applied their pigment as thick paste, with white the dominant color. Possibly the very thickness of the pigment preserved these paintings over such a long time. Certainly, the Tassili had a very wet climate then, and although the walls on which these paintings are found are somewhat protected from wind and rain by their concavity, still a great deal of weathering has

Masked woman with bowl, wearing ankle bracelets and a loin cloth, was probably painted in the archaic period.

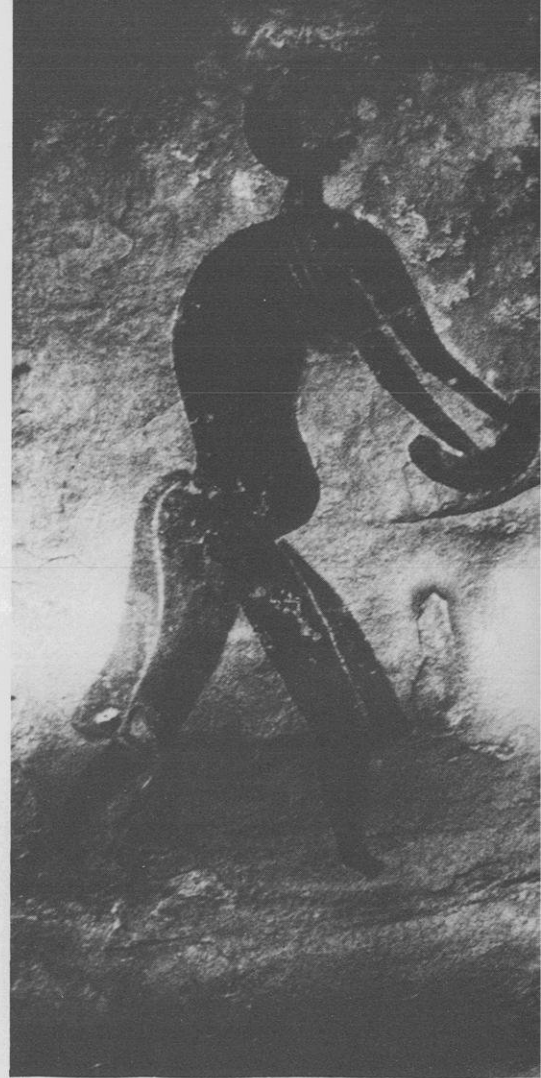
taken place since the time of their painting.

Studies of rock paintings in Libya have shown the presence of casein in the pigments, so probably the artists of the Tassili also used milk to mix with the ground-up schists to make their paints. Red, yellow, ochre, and purple clays are common on the Tassili; gray, blue, and green are more rare; and white is the most rare. One can only guess about painting tools. The pictures of the second period, the naturalistic school, are so finely done that it would seem that the artists must have used brushes.

The most common subjects of the archaic period were strange human figures, giant animals, moufflons, antelopes, ostriches, giraffes, and elephants. It is during this period particularly that the artists painted layer over layer on the same walls, possibly for some sort of renewal ritual.

Lajoux places the painting of masked figures in this period. Some of the masks are very elaborate, and the bodies of the figures wearing the masks are decorated with lines and dots. Did the people of this period make and wear masks like those in the paintings? Did they decorate their bodies, too? Presumably these masked figures represent gods or symbols. But again, we can only make guesses about the significance of these figures.

What happened to these people when they left the Tassili, if they did leave? Did they carry their mask-making tradition to West Africa? Did they have any trade connections with West Africa? There is a similarity between the masks found in the Tassili paintings and the masks of Mali, but I don't think we can conclude that one influenced the other.



Naturalistic period

Lajoux has labeled the second period the naturalistic period, approximately 4000 B.C. to 2000 B.C. He also points out that one art period must overlap the next period. However, it is likely that the distinct change in subject matter and style of painting means that there was a distinct difference in the culture that produced the art of the naturalistic period from the culture of the first period.

The artists of the naturalistic period were excellent observers of life around them, and they painted what they saw on the sandstone walls of the Tassili. The great herds of cattle tended by graceful herders; the homey scenes of men, women, children playing together, hunting together, dancing together; the dogs, goats, sheep—all give an intimate picture of a comfortable everyday life.

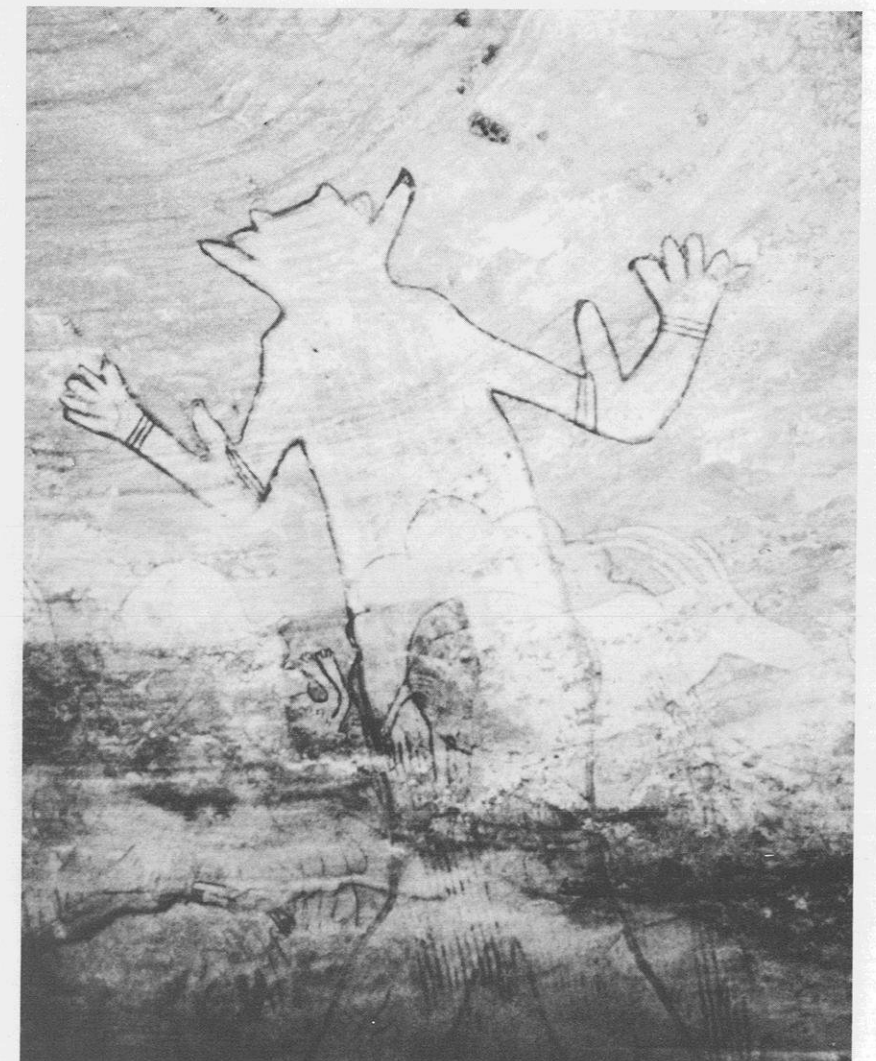


Two elegant, masked figures with painted bodies are surrounded by animals. The child on the far left belongs to a different painting and probably a different period.



These figures from naturalistic period are interacting together. The loincloth dress is common on the cow herders.

Large godlike figure from archaic period has many superimposed animals and other lines.



Archaic period antelope with figures overlaid and underlaid typify the difficulty in using layers as a method to date the paintings.



The paintings are beautifully executed with a sense of depth and design and movement that equals the art of the twentieth century.

If the artists of the archaic period painted for religious purposes, the artists of the naturalistic period must have painted for the joy of painting. The hundreds of naturalistic pictures all have a vibrant exuberance in common!

I think it is safe to say that the people of this period were hunters and cattle herders. Did they also farm? There is at least one picture showing people possibly planting. They used bows and arrows, spears, boomerangs. Did they also have hoes? The answers to these questions lie buried in the ground of the Tassili. There are many graves on the plateau. Perhaps there are also remains of villages just under the surface rubble. And again we have the question: What happened to these people as the plateau became drier and drier? Did they move to some other part of Africa? Did they just die off? From the wealth of paintings of this period one would guess that it was a long period of very stable conditions both environmentally and culturally.

Horses, cattle, and other figures that show such movement may represent a transition from the naturalistic period to the camel period, 1000 B.C. to present.

Figures from the naturalistic period, 4000 to 2000 B.C., showing an everyday scene. Toureq guide on the left indicates scale.





Figures with stick heads represent a transition towards more schematic drawing and belong to the horse period, 2000 to 1000 B.C.

Horse period

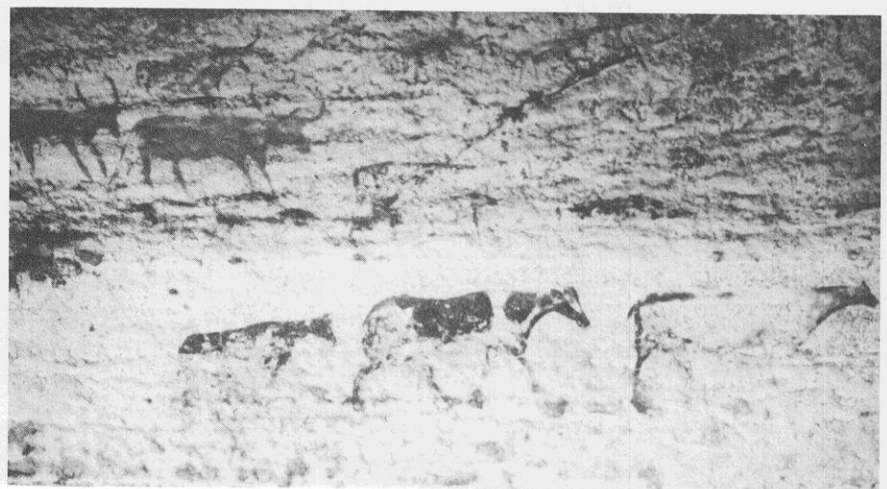
Bit by bit as we move into historic times the Sahara became drier. And the painting on the sandstone walls to the Tassili also began to change. They became simpler and more schematic. Heads became sticks. Arms tapered off into graceful points instead of hands. Horses and chariots appeared on the scene. Figures were more fully clothed. Most of the paintings of this period and the final camel period are found in the vicinity of present day trails. Lajoux calls this the horse period—from about 2000 B.C. to 1000 B.C. There is some doubt whether chariots were ever used in the Tassili even though they appear in some paintings. Certainly horses were common throughout North Africa, and Herodotus (fifth century B.C.) mentions chariots being used by Libyans for war. Cattle still outnumber all other animals in the paintings but are not shown in huge herds as in earlier paintings. How did the culture change as the paintings change? Were new people coming to the Tassili?

Two kinds of cattle, perhaps from two different times.

Were earlier people leaving or were they merging with new inhabitants? Was the total number of people living on the Tassili diminishing?

Camel period

The final period, the camel period, from about 1000 B.C. to the present is represented in the rock art by much cruder, stiffer pictures. It appears that the people painting these pictures are no longer artists but just passers-by adding some graffiti to the sandstone walls. The Tassili has become too dry to sustain large numbers of permanent residents.



The cattle are gone, and with them the civilization they nourished. Today there are only about a dozen permanent residents who raise goats and smuggle goods from Libya into Algeria.

The Tassili has become an area of magnificent desolation richly peopled by ghosts from the past. The neolithic artists who recorded their gods, their animals, their family life have left us a record so rich in feeling and texture that one feels as if these people were here just yesterday instead of thousands of years ago. It is tantalizing to see so much great art and know so little about the people who produced it. Perhaps someday soon archeologists will begin to study the Tassili and answer some of our questions. But for now all we can do is look in wonder at this wealth of pictures and be glad that neolithic man liked to paint. ■

*The oldest love poetry preserved in writing,
Egyptian love poetry influenced the literature
of ancient Israel, especially evident in the
Song of Songs in the Hebrew scriptures.*

Ancient Egypt bequeathed to posterity a rich and variegated literature: stories, hymns, prayers, historical inscriptions of literary worth, books of speculative and didactic wisdom, autobiographies, and more. Within the extant Egyptian literature, love poetry excels in its delicacy and sensitivity to nuances of emotion. It is the oldest love poetry preserved in writing.

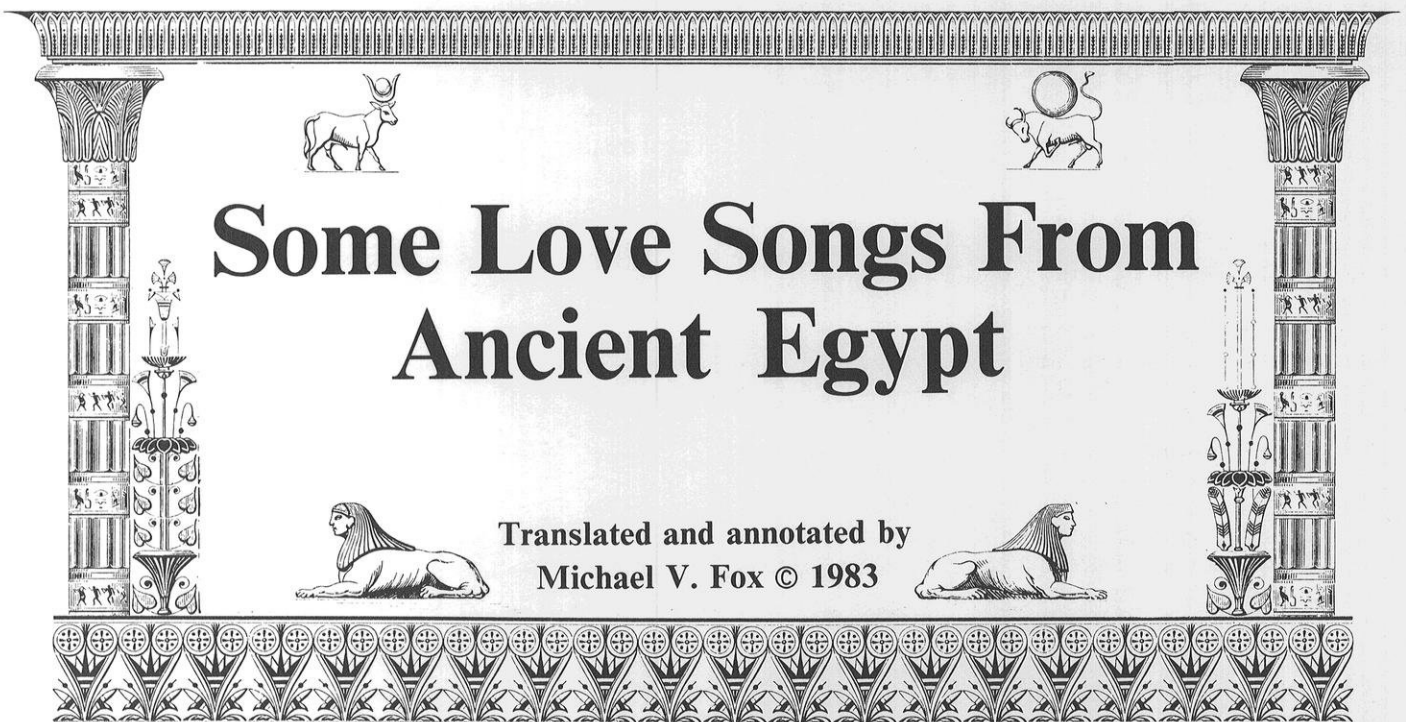
About forty-five love songs are extant, some of them short, others long and complex, encompassing from three to seven stanzas. All were composed in the Ramesside period, about 1300–1150 B.C., a period of economic prosperity for Egypt, a time of imperial power and literary flourishing.

The Egyptian love songs are not “folk” songs. In spite of their apparent simplicity, they show many signs of careful, probably professional, literary artistry. Their authors may have been professional singers (male and female) of the sort often portrayed in tomb murals.

The purpose of these songs was essentially entertainment. They were sung, solo or in small “bands,” to instrumental accompaniment, probably at banquets which well-to-do Egyptians often held, and perhaps accompanied by dancers acting out the songs. Tomb murals of banquet scenes showing what activities Egyptians wished to pursue through eternity indicate the likely social context in which the love songs were sung. Love songs, as such however, do not appear in extant tomb murals.

All poems but the last were taken from the three collections of love songs in Papyrus Harris 500, dating from the early nineteenth dynasty (about 1290 B.C.). Now in the British Museum, the papyrus was said to have been found in the middle of the last century in a box hidden under the ruins of the Ramesseum in the New Kingdom capital of Upper Egypt, Thebes. Like so many papyri and artifacts that emerged in Egypt in the last century, claims about its provenience and discovery cannot be verified. The Harris papyrus is damaged in many places. According to one story, it was damaged in the last century by an explosion in a gun powder factory near Mr. Harris’s house in Alexandria; but worms are the most likely culprit. The papyrus is written in hieratic, a cursive form of writing that has lost the pictorial character of hieroglyphic. The papyrus contains, in addition to the love songs, one *carpe diem* song urging the enjoyment of life in the shadow of death, a story about the capture of Joppa by Egyptian soldiers smuggled into the city in large jars, and a tale about a prince doomed to die by one of three fates: with the help of his wife he escapes two of them and is about to be attacked by the third, a crocodile, when, to the frustration of scholar and casual reader alike, the text breaks off.

The last song in this article (really a stanza of a longer song) is taken from Papyrus Chester Beatty I, part of a great papyrological collection assembled by a wealthy Englishman in the nineteenth century. This



Some Love Songs From Ancient Egypt

Translated and annotated by
Michael V. Fox © 1983



A blind harper sings at a banquet, perhaps such love songs as we have preserved in these papyri. From a New Kingdom painting from the Tomb of Nakht in western Thebes.

Girl

... Am I not here with you?
 Where have you set your heart upon going?
 Should you not embrace me?
 Has my deed come back upon me?
 ... the amusement.
 If you seek to caress my thighs
 ...
 Does the thought of eating make you go forth?
 Or because you are a slave to your belly?
 Or because you care about clothes?
 Well, I have a bedsheet!
 Is it for hunger that would leave? ...
 Then take my breasts
 that their gift may flow forth to you.
 Better a day in the embrace of my brother ...
 than a thousand myriads while ...

A girl chides her lover for his eagerness to leave her bed "the morning after."

Boy

The vegetation of the marsh is bewildering.
 (The mouth) of my sister is a lotus,
 her breasts are mandragoras,
 her arms are branches
 her ... are ... ,
 her head is the trap of "love-wood,"
 and I—the goose!
 The cord is my ... ,
 her hair is the bait
 in the trap to ensnare me.

The girl in this conceit is a marsh whose charms constitute a delightful tangle of plants. The youth draws closer, disoriented by their profusion, until like a bird he snatches at the bait—her hair—and is trapped.

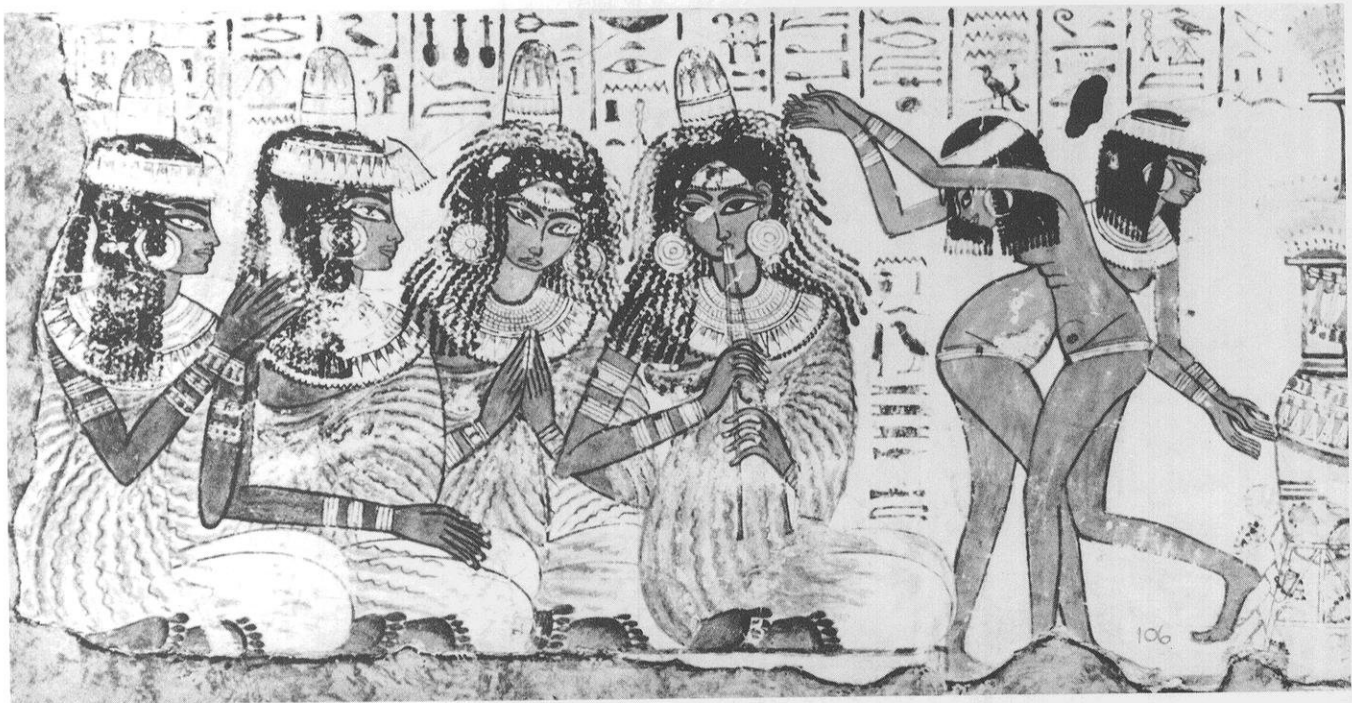
Girl

My heart is not yet done with your lovemaking,
 my little wolf cub!
 your liquor is your lovemaking.
 I will not abandon it
 until blows drive me away
 to spend my days in the marshes,
 (until blows banish me)
 to the land of Syria with sticks and rods,
 to the land of Nubia with palms,
 to the highlands with switches,
 to the lowlands with cudgels.
 I will not listen to their advice
 to abandon the one I desire.

papyrus is now in Dublin. A scribal note says that the papyrus was written in Thebes. Its script (also hieratic) is written in the twentieth dynasty style; the papyrus can be dated to the early part of the twelfth century B.C. In addition to three collections of love songs, this papyrus contains some royal hymns, some business notes (papyrus was expensive and used to full advantage), and a long episodic myth of the Strivings between Horus and Seth, two divine brothers contending for the kingship of Egypt. Horus wins, and forever after all kings of Egypt are embodiments of Horus.

I have not indicated uncertainties and minor restorations by means of question marks and brackets, but the reader should be aware that many uncertainties remain in the interpretation of these songs. I have, however, indicated unrestorable gaps and insoluble obscurities in the text by means of three periods.

Note that "brother" and "sister" are used as terms of affection, implying simply the lovers' feeling of being close to each other.



The poet uses five words, most of them rare, for different types of rods, as if deliberately demonstrating verbal virtuosity. The massing of synonyms here emphasizes the intensity of the girl's determination not to abandon her lover.

Boy

I am sailing north with the current,
to the oar-strokes of the captain,
my bundle of reeds on my shoulder:

I'm headed for Ankh-Towy.
I'll say to Ptah, the Lord of Truth:
"Give me my sister tonight!"

The river—it is wine,
its reeds are Ptah,
the leaves of its lotus-buds are Sekhmet,
its lotus-buds are Yadit,
its lotus-blossoms are Nefertem,
. . . joy.

The earth has grown light through her beauty.
Memphis is a jar of mandragoras
set before the Gracious One.

Ankh-Towy was a major cult center near Memphis. Ptah is the chief god of Memphis, Sekhmet is the goddess of war and disease, and Nefertem is their son, the lotus god who gives life through his fragrance and light when he opens in the morning. *Yadit* ("Dew"?) is an otherwise unknown goddess, but may be the same as a deity called *Yadit-ta*, "Dew of the Earth."

This song tells of a youth's voyage to Ankh-Towy, presumably for a festival, where he will meet his beloved. He sails downstream, and as he thinks of her he perceives the divinity in nature.

This musical party includes most unusually two full face portraits. From an unknown tomb, now in the British Museum.

The last image views the city of Memphis not from the standpoint of its physical appearance but rather from the perspective of its god Ptah. The city is like a bowl of mandragoras, the "love-fruit," set before the god. Thus the reader senses the affection the god feels for his city and his pleasure in it. That pleasure is for its part a projection of the delight the boy takes in the city where his beloved awaits him. The god's sensual pleasure in his city is reminiscent of the affection for Thebes expressed by a letter writer who says, "May Amon bring you back prosperous that you may fill your embrace with Thebes." Love for one's city is the subject of a short essay in another papyrus.

The lotus, which is especially charged with divinity in the boy's eyes, is a rich symbol in Egyptian religion. It represents creation and regeneration and is the womb from which the sun is born daily. When the lotus opens in the morning, the world is filled with light.

Boy

I will lie down inside,
and then I will feign illness;
Then my neighbors will enter to see,
and then my sister will come with them.
She'll put the doctors to shame
for she will understand my illness.

A boy plans a stratagem to get the girl he longs for to visit him: he will pretend he is ill, and she will be among the visitors. Yet perhaps the illness he feigns is more real than he realizes, for the last line speaks of his illness as a reality. He is suffering from love-sickness, a motif explored elsewhere in the Egyptian love songs. *Mr*, "sickness," may be a pun on *mrwt*, "love."

Boy

The residence of my sister:
Her entry is in the middle of her house,
her double-doors are open,
her latch-bolt drawn back,
and my sister incensed!
If only I were appointed doorkeeper,
I'd get her angry at me!
Then I'd hear her voice when she was incensed—
as a child in fear of her!

In this humorous song the youth envies the young lady's doorkeeper who left the door open and is now the object of her anger. Better to bear her anger than to be ignored!

Girl

The voice of the dove speaks. It says:
"Day has dawned—
when are you going home?"

Stop it bird!

You're teasing me.
I found my brother in his bedroom,
and my heart was exceedingly joyful.
We say to each other:
"I will never be far away.
My hand will be with your hand,
as I stroll about,
I with you,
in every pleasant place."
He regards me as the best of the beautiful,
and has not wounded my heart.

The girl chides the dove for heralding the dawn that disturbs the sweet night of love. She implies that she had gone looking for her lover and found him in his bed, then quotes their declaration of mutual and everlasting love.

Boy

How skilled is she—my sister—at casting the lasso,
yet she'll draw in no cattle!
With her hair she lassos me,
with her eye she pulls me in,
with her thighs she binds,
with her seal she sets the brand.

This poem is a carefully constructed conceit. It first presents a riddle: how can it be that the young lady is skilled in casting the lasso yet does not catch cattle? The answer: it is not cattle, but *me*, that she (1) catches (with her hair), (2) pulls in (with her eye), (3) subjugates or binds (with her thighs), and (4) brands (with her seal), making me hers forever. Since the first three

devices the girl employs to catch "cattle" turn out to be parts of her body, we may suspect that her "seal," applied after she binds the boy with her thighs, is part of her anatomy too.

Girl

My brother is at the watercourse,
his foot planted on the riverbank.
He prepares a festival altar for spending the day
with the choicest of the beers.
He "grants me the hue" of his loins.
It is longer than broad.

I surmise that the girl is saying—in a suggestive, "naughty" fashion—that as her boyfriend bends over while making preparations for their private festivities, she sees his nakedness under his loincloth. To "grant the hue" is an idiom for showing one's nakedness, and "it" in the last line probably alludes to the youth's phallus.

Boy

One alone is my sister, having no peer:
more gracious than all other women.
Behold her, like the star Sothis rising
at the beginning of a good year:
shining, precious, white of skin,
lovely of eyes when gazing.

Musicians and dancers at a banquet, a setting in which the love poetry was sung. From a painting in the Tomb of Nakht.



Sweet her lips when speaking:
she has no excess words.
Long of neck, white of breast,
her hair true lapis lazuli.
Her arms surpass gold,
her fingers are like lotuses.
Full her derrière, narrow her waist,
her thighs carry on her beauties.
Lovely of walk when she strides on the ground,
she has captured my heart in her embrace.
She makes the heads of all the men
turn about when seeing her.
Fortunate is whoever embraces her—
he is like the foremost of lovers.
Her coming forth appears
like that of her yonder—the Unique Goddess.

This is a “praise song” describing a girl part-by-part from head to foot. This type of poem strongly resembles the “praise songs” in the Song of Songs (4:1–7; 5:10–16; 6:4–10; 7:2–7). This and other thematic similarities between the Egyptian love songs and the Song of Songs justify the hypothesis that they belong to the same literary tradition. Egyptian culture influenced ancient Israel in many ways, both directly and indirectly. There are references to the presence of Egyptian songstresses in Canaan before the Israelites; such singers may have been the means of the importation of Egyptian love poetry to Canaan, where the genre developed in its own way and was taken over by the Israelites.

These princesses exchange the aphrodisiac mandragora fruit in preparation for a party. Painting from the Tomb of Menna in western Thebes.



Mushrooms: A Glance Behind the Scene

By Harold H. Burdsall, Jr.

In mushroom hunting, as in many other endeavors, the more we understand the workings of the object of our interest, the greater our success and our reward. The nonprofessional hunts mushrooms for many reasons: to photograph, to identify species, to paint, and, of course, to eat. Knowledge of the biology of the mushroom being sought is valuable to anyone with any of these interests.

"Do mushrooms grow near where I live?" can always be answered affirmatively without knowing where the person resides. Mushrooms occur everywhere in the U.S. from Florida, Texas, and Arizona north to the Canadian border. The species differ from place to place, but some species are distributed over much of the United States.

It is not widely appreciated that mushrooms and other fungi do not occur where they do by accident or coincidence. They are a part of a natural system performing a specific function, just as are other biological organisms. This explains the predictable time and place of fruiting. An apple tree produces fruit in the late summer or fall, but the mayapple fruits only in the spring.

In fact, the "mushroom plant" is much like a well-hidden apple tree. Most of the year, while the apple tree is producing leaves, photosynthesizing and gaining strength for producing apples, the fungus is metabolizing underground in the leaf litter or in woody substrates, gaining the impetus to fruit. Then it fruits quickly. Picking mushrooms, then, is just like picking apples; the means of spore or seed dispersal is collected but the plant itself is left in place to fruit when conditions are right again. And conditions

might never be right in that area again, and the vegetative plant, that submerged "mushroom tree," may die. Morel patches are famous for disappearing after several years, while fairy ring mushrooms may be produced on an ever larger fairy ring for hundreds of years.

Most fungus species, including mushrooms, follow the distribution of their host, so a species found on hardwood, under conifers, or on a more specific substrate will usually be found on that host or substrate wherever it is encountered. Some substrate relationships are quite restrictive, even to a single species, while others are broad. Some fungi are found on wood consistently; others always on soil and plant debris. Such occurrences are an indication of the biology of the mushroom species involved. In fact, the relationships may be even more exacting than that and usually include a specific type of interaction with the substrate.

Wood rotting species act in only one portion of the deterioration process, some being well adapted to attacking solid wood, others more decayed wood, and still others only that "wood" that is decayed nearly to humus. Thus, just as there is a succession of plants entering a burned area, there is a succession of fungi that brings the solid wood log to humus.

Such wood deterioration, whether in the woods or in a moist place in a house or other wood structure, occurs in one of two ways: (1) by the fungus that destroys mainly the lignin (the glue that holds the cellulose fibers of a tree together) leaving the light colored cellulose and a rotted wood that is pale to nearly white; a white rot type of decay or (2) by those that destroy much more

cellulose as well as some lignin but leave a greater concentration of the dark colored lignin, resulting in a brown rot type of decay. There are fewer than 200 known species of brown rot fungi, including mushrooms, in North America, but they are the most common causes of decay in forest products such as buildings, bridges, and other wooden structures. Few of them would be encountered by the nonprofessional mycologist, but the few that would be found could be encountered frequently. Species such as



White pocket rot of oak. Most of the lignin in the white areas is degraded.



Brown cubical type rot.

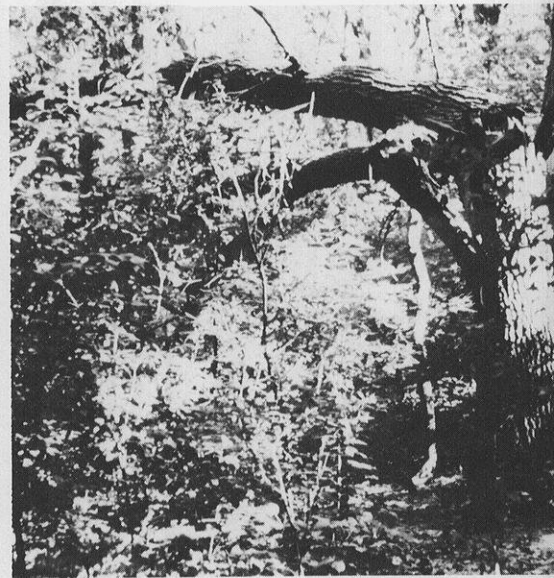
Gloeophyllum trabeum or *G. saepiareum* are frequently seen on railroad ties and retaining walls where they cause a brown rot type of decay. These two are found commonly in other wood products, especially in moist places in houses or other buildings.

Another common brown rot fungus is *Laetiporus sulfureus*. While *G. trabeum* and *G. saepiareum* are found most commonly on wood products, *L. sulfureus* almost always occurs as a heartrot of living hardwood trees, especially *Quercus* species. It decays heartwood causing a brown rot that breaks up into small cubical shaped pieces giving rise to the name brown cubical rot. Although it lives only in the heartwood, not known to be a living tissue, it has the effect of a pathogen because decaying this heartwood predisposes the tree to windthrow, and trees with such decay are frequently toppled in summer storms. The only endearing attribute of *L. sulfureus* is its edibility and ease of identification. Its shelllike fruitbodies, orange above and sulfur yellow below on the pore surface, are unique and when collected young and cooked are excellent tasting.

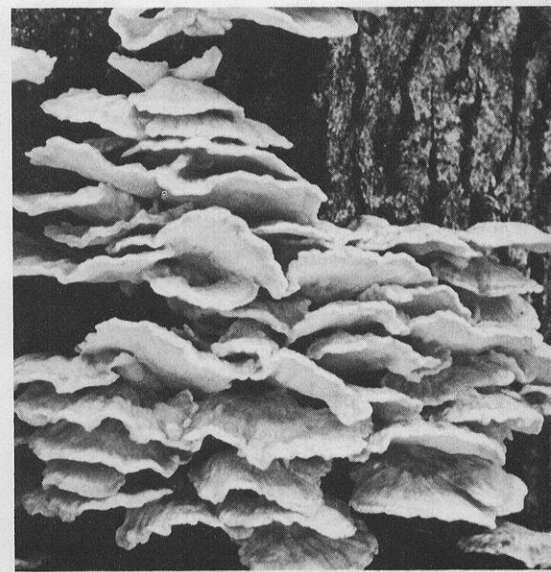
In contrast to the brown rot fungi, white rotters are usually found decaying dead branches and twigs on the forest floor, although they may also be found on dead or living trees or even in forest products occasionally. Mushrooms of the Oyster mushroom type, *Pleurotus ostreatus*, *P. sapidus*, and *Pleurocybella porrigens* are all found on dead wood on the ground or stumps. *Pleurotus ulmarius* is often found fruiting from branch stubs on living trees, especially box alder. The main effect of most of these white rotters is to degrade twigs, branches, and logs back to humus. The Oyster mushrooms are considered edible but must be eaten young because they get tough rather quickly. Their white to tan cap, white lateral or off-center stem, white gills, and occurrence on wood easily identify them. Species of this group are also beginning to be produced commercially, and they are now found on some grocer's shelves.

To most mushroom hunters mushrooms that occur on soil or in litter on the forest floor are of greater importance than the wood rotting fungi. The terrestrial mushrooms far outnumber those inhabiting wood, and terrestrial fungi compose most of the edible species as well as the majority of poisonous ones.

But what is their function? Some of these species decompose organic matter in the soil, or well-rotted "hardly wood," while others establish a mycorrhizal relationship with higher plants. Little is known about the biology of the first type of organism, but much is known of the mycorrhizal associates.

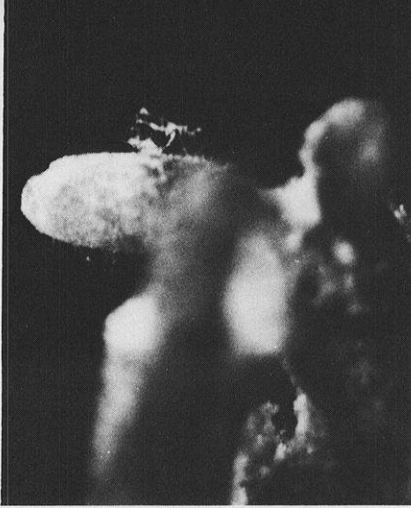


Windthrown oak with brown cubical heartrot.



***Laetiporus sulfureus* is the cause of a brown rot decay of heartwood, especially in living oak.**

***Pleurocybella porrigens*, a white, laterally stalked white rot mushroom which is edible and delicious.**



Mycorrhizal sheath has pine root tip protruding slightly.

The association develops as the fungus forms a sheath around the root tips of the smaller rootlets. The fungus increases the surface area of the root tip and even penetrates into the outer cells of the root, thus allowing for the uptake of greater moisture and for the increased uptake of certain inorganic elements, especially phosphorus into the higher plant from the soil. In return, it appears that the mushroom vegetative body obtains needed energy and metabolites from the green plant.

As with the wood decay fungi, mycorrhizal fungi may be rather selective in their higher plant associates, but this is not always the case. While *Amanita muscaria* forms mycorrhizal associations with numerous broadleaf and needle-bearing species, *Suillus americanus* is associated exclusively with eastern white pine. Their edibility is also at wide variance, with *A. muscaria* possessing dangerous toxins and *S. americanus* being considered edible and choice by some people.

Suillus americanus offers an example of the way that the knowledge of the biology of an organism can be of use to the amateur mushroom hunter. For whatever reason *S. americanus* is needed, the search can be limited to areas around eastern white pine. To find *A. muscaria*, one need not be so selective as to habitat.

This only touches on the functions of mushrooms, but observing closely the occurrence of various species will lead the observer to a better understanding of these organisms, and with the knowledge should come success.■

***Amanita muscaria*, found with many species of conifer and hardwood species as a mycorrhizal associate, is poisonous.**



***Suillus americanus*, an edible mycorrhizal fungus, is associated only with eastern white pine.**

**Njemp woman who lives on island
in Lake Baringo**



The “Faces of Kenya” reproduced here were taken in the summer of 1980 when Marylu Raushenbush and her husband visited the game parks of Tsavo West, Amboseli, Aberares, Samburu, Lake Baringo, and the Masai Mara.

About her lifetime interest in photography, she says: “My work centers on the human form, treating the camera as almost an extension of myself, always looking for the decisive moment in human terms but never straying far from the design concept and spatial relationships. Choices are based on an intuitive relationship with the underlying forms and a desire to recreate the spirit of the place and its people.

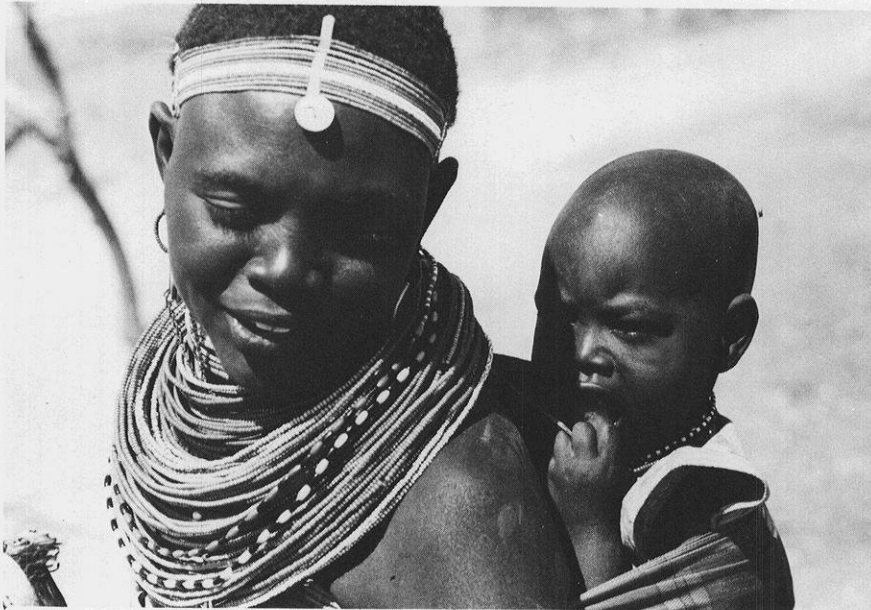
Wisconsin Photographers’ Showcase

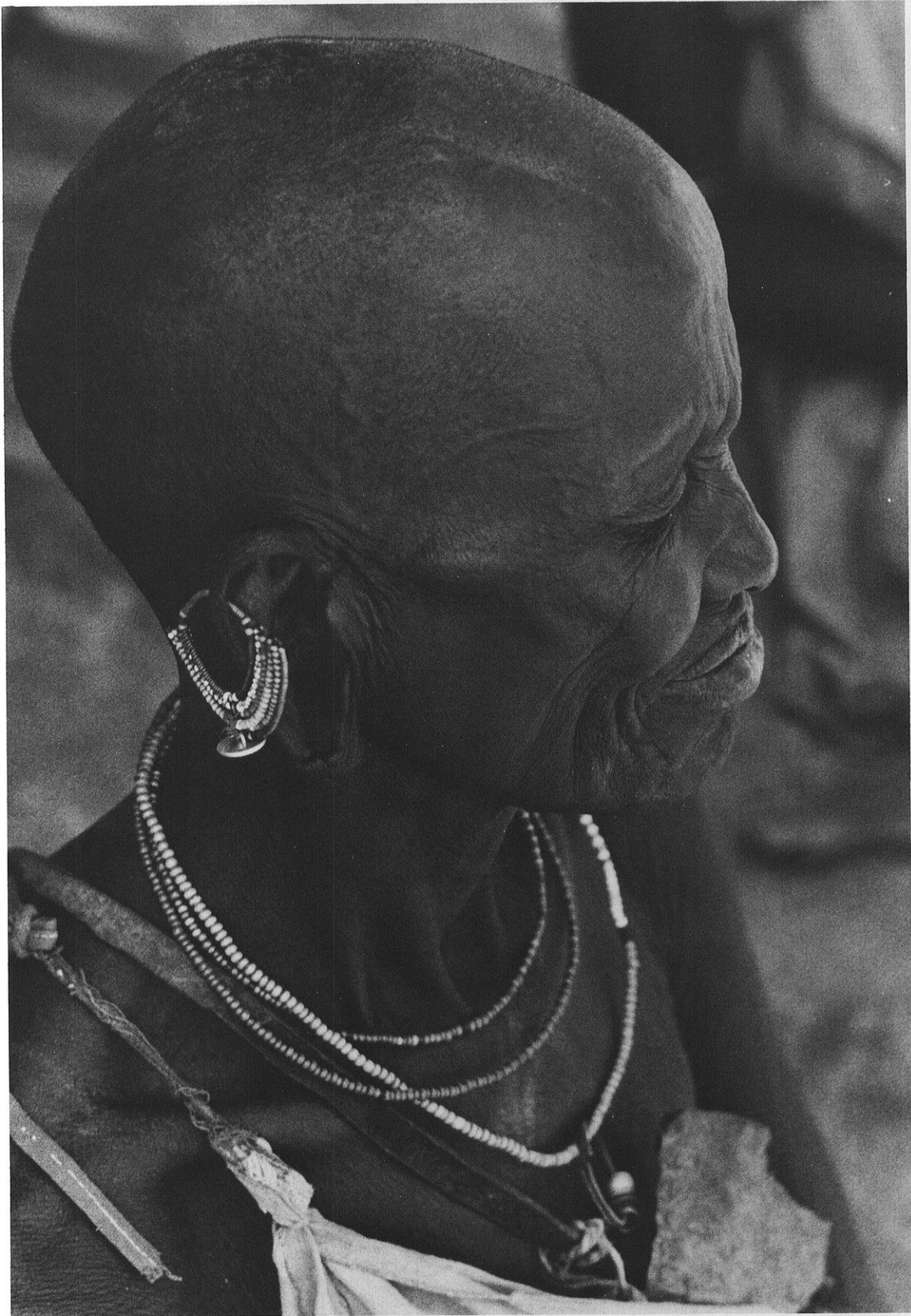
Marylu Rauschenbush



Masai warriors society

Samburu woman and child from north central Kenya



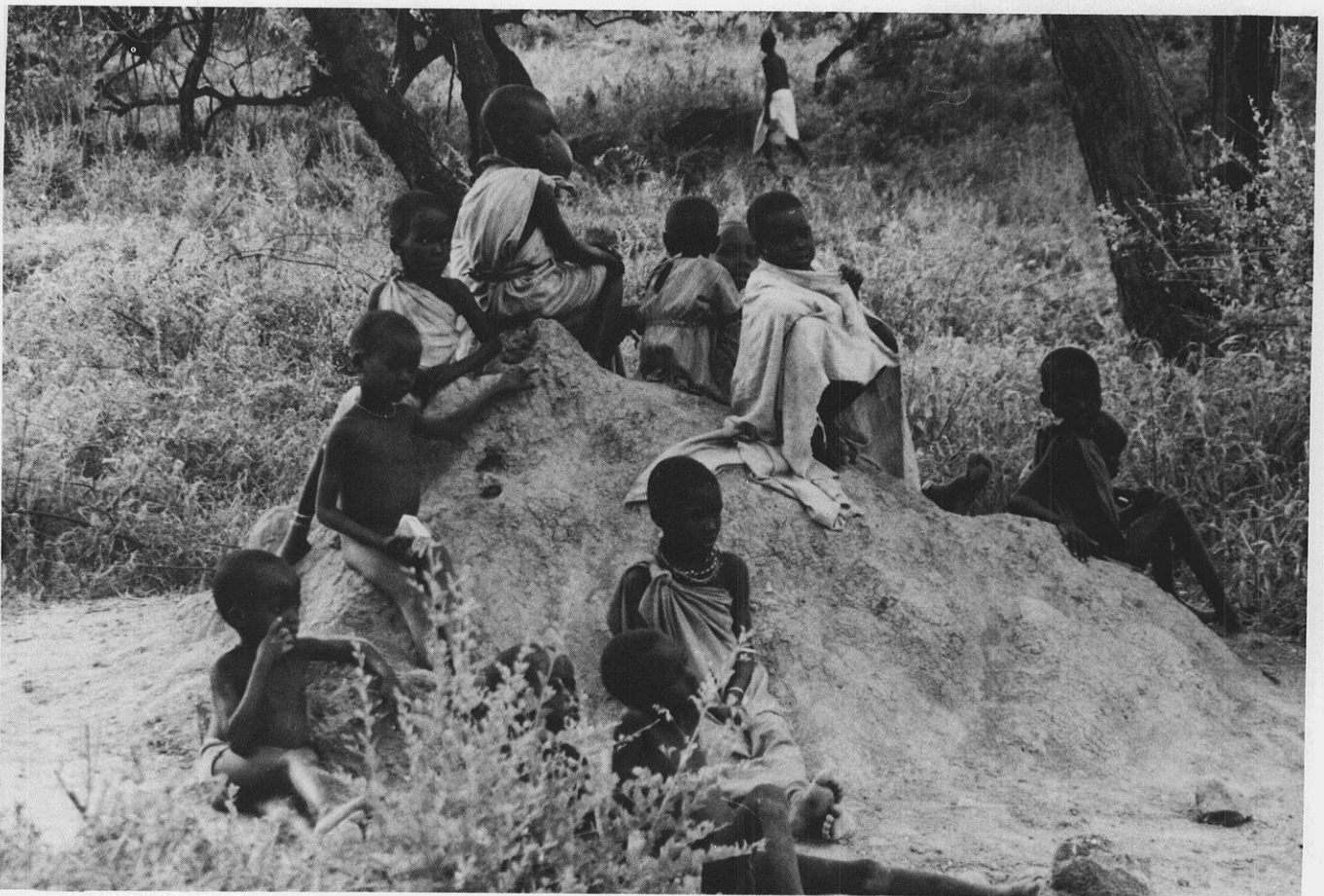


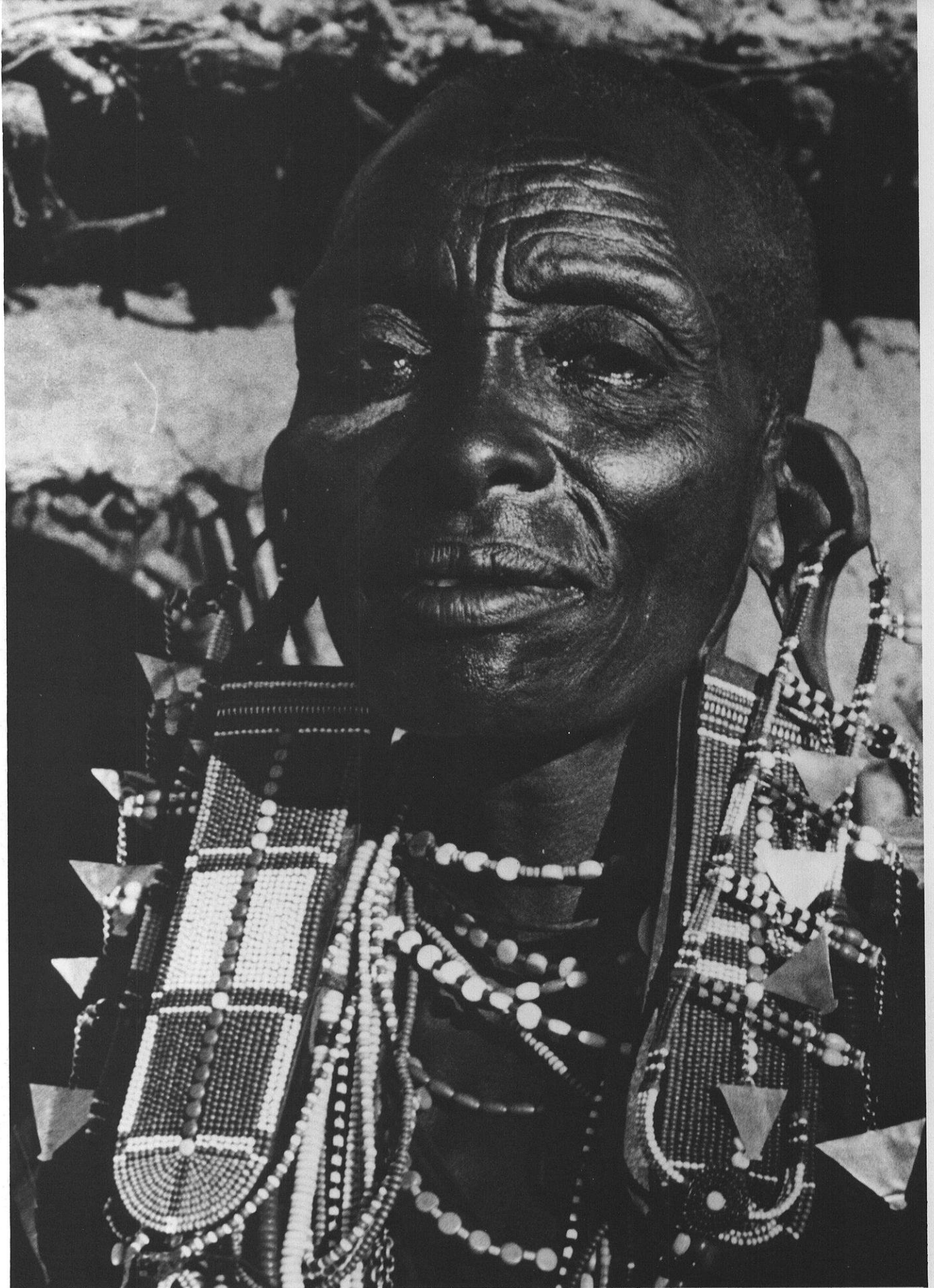
Njemp woman



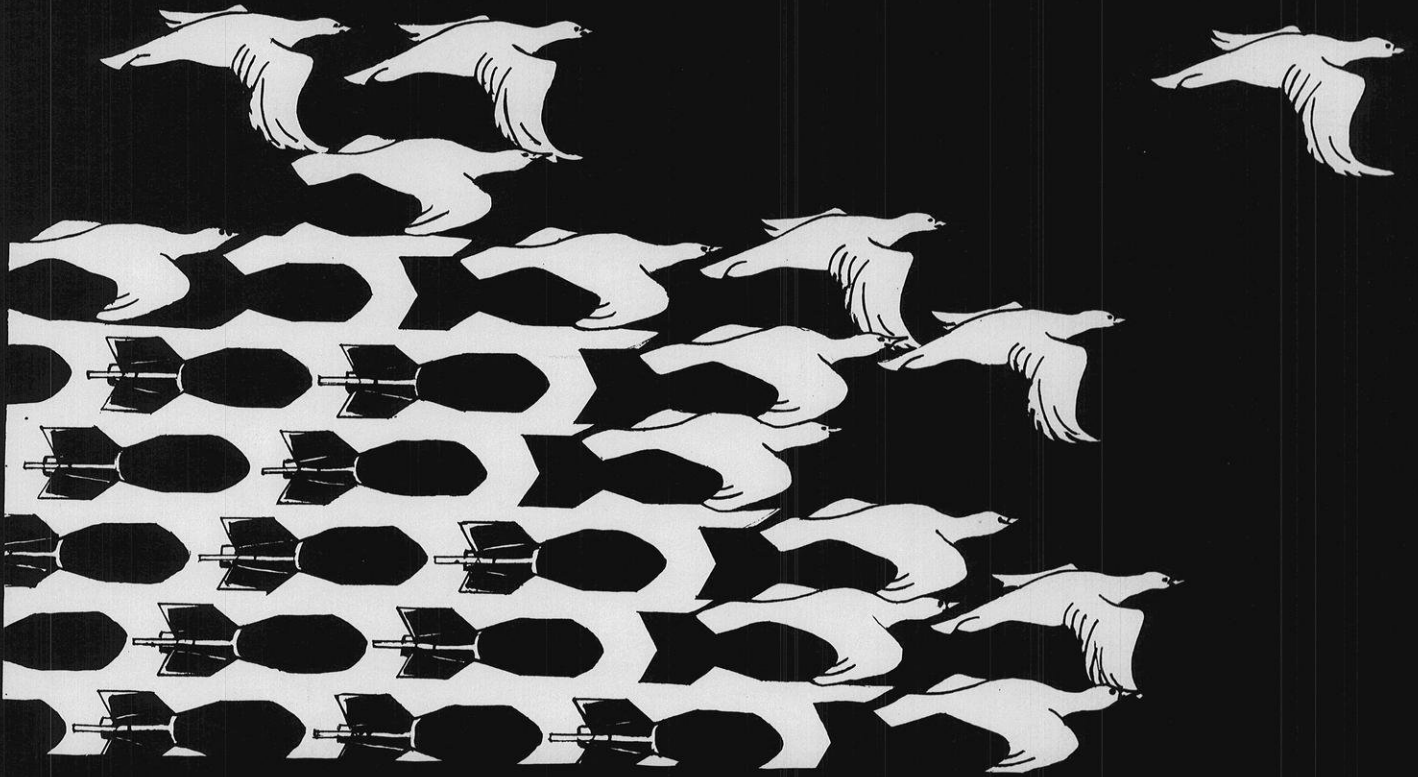
Njemp boy fishing from his reed boat in Lake Baringo, which is full of crocodiles.

Njemp children watching dances from a dormant termite hill





Masai woman



"The danger of nuclear war is a public health problem of unprecedented magnitude. It is not, however, unprecedented in type. There are many other medical problems to which a coherent response is not possible and for which there are no cures. One medical (and social) strategy is still available in such a case: prevention."

Jack Geiger, M.D.

Professor of community medicine at City College of New York

Physicians for Social Responsibility: *Education for Survival*

By Ronny Letven

The physician's role is to translate the mysteries of science into the realities of daily life, to convert knowledge into practical utility. Many of us believe that in areas where physicians have a special knowledge of dangers to health, we also have the responsibility to alert those at risk. Nuclear war would incur human death and injury on an unprecedented and unimaginable scale; it has been called the last epidemic, an untreatable, incurable illness for which the only viable strategy is that of prevention.

Christine Cassel's article, "Medical Responsibility and Thermonuclear War," in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* (September, 1982, pp. 926-32) outlines some of these dangers:

... in spite of uncertainty, there is some value in attempting to estimate the damage this country would suffer in a nuclear attack ... The Federal Emergency Management Agency model for civil defense planning is a scenario based on a 6559 megaton attack on the U.S. that ostensibly reflects the situation of the 1980s. In this model, 133,000,000 fatalities would occur in the immediate attack and the first few weeks thereafter. This estimate is close to the 140,000,000 fatalities estimated by the National Security Council. (Compare these with 1,000,000 total American casualties in all previous wars of our country's history.)

Physicians would be unable to intervene effectively in the human death and injury expected in a large-scale nuclear war. In a calculation based on optimistic predictions of the numbers of critically wounded survivors of a nuclear attack, Sidel and Associates estimate approximately 1700 acutely injured persons to each functioning doctor. It would take

eight to fourteen days to see each patient for ten minutes if the doctor worked twenty hours per day. Ten minutes would, of course, be inadequate time to care for the injured, whose afflictions would include massive burns, shock, hemorrhage, and acute radiation sickness. Furthermore, virtually all hospital facilities and supplies necessary to effectively treat such injuries would have been destroyed. . .



Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR) is a national organization of over 120 chapters and over 17,000 members (physicians and nonphysicians) created to educate and alert the public, the medical profession, and our elected representatives about the medical consequences of nuclear war.

PSR originated in Boston in 1961 when a small group of physicians met in concern over the effects of atmospheric nuclear tests and the fallacy of the adequacy of civilian defense procedures in the event of nuclear attack. Its founder and first president was Bernard Lown, a professor of cardiology at Harvard School of Public Health, also the founder and first president of International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War. These physicians were concerned over the implications of nuclear weapon testing in the atmosphere and the lack of data on the medical consequences of nuclear war. The founding members researched the effects of a thermonuclear attack on Massachusetts. Their findings were published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* (May 31, 1962) and significantly contributed to the momentum that led to the Partial Test Ban Treaty of 1963.

In the 1970s the group took on new momentum, working to inform the public of the facts about nuclear war and to encourage support for mutual disarmament. PSR officially encourages support of efforts toward multilateral nuclear disarmament but as an organization takes no official position regarding national political systems, policies, or leaders; its primary commitment is to the dissemination of accurate information.



Helen Caldicott, a passionately articulate pediatrician from Australia, is the current president of the organization. She began her activist involvement in Australia, leading a successful protest against the nearby atomic testing by the French which exposed Australians to high levels of radiation between 1971 and 1976. Convinced that democracy could be made to work, she began her involvement in PSR here while an associate in medicine at Children's Hospital Center and instructor in pediatrics at Harvard Medical School. She is the author of *Nuclear Madness, What Can You Do?* (1979). "If You Love This Planet," a film of a campus talk given by Caldicott emphasizing the dangers of nuclear war, won the 1983 Academy Award for Best Feature Documentary. Ironically, the present administration is attempting to have this film and "Eight Minutes to Midnight," a film portrait of Helen Caldicott and her struggle, labeled foreign propaganda and to enforce the registration of all individuals and organizations viewing the film. This is clearly an attempt to discredit the content of the film, although the views it espouses are no different than those presented by many famous figures in all fields.

Particularly sobering to me are these words of people with a clear view of the situation:

“It happens that defense is a field in which I have had varied experience over a lifetime, and if I have learned anything it is that there is no way in which a country can satisfy the craving for absolute security—but it can easily bankrupt itself, morally and economically in attempting to reach that illusory goal . . .”

Dwight Eisenhower



“Abolition of war is no longer an ethical question to be pondered by learned philosophers and ecclesiastics, but a hard core one for the decision of the masses whose survival is the issue . . .”

General Douglas MacArthur



“Beyond 200 megatons, all you can do is rearrange the rubble. . .”

Robert McNamara



“Both sides must learn that only in the reduction . . . of existing monstrous arsenals can true security of any nation be found. . .”

George Kennan (former U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union)



I have collected similar quotes from Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Albert Schweitzer, Carl Sagan, Pope John Paul II, John Kenneth Galbraith, Andrei Sakharov, John F. Kennedy . . . and yet somehow it is not enough; for many people the facts are not enough. Somehow many of us still remain paralyzed, remain “placidly seated in an express train which bears us toward the abyss at a thousand miles per hour . . .”

“There is no reason why some of us should not take on the job of keeping alive, through the apocalyptic historical vista that stretches before us . . .”

—Albert Camus, *Neither Victims Nor Executioners*

“It is too terrible to think about,
I try not to . . .”

We live in a time when the entire civilized world could be destroyed within twenty-four hours. We live in a decade when it has been estimated that the major powers spend one million dollars a minute on defense. Clearly, the shadow of nuclear war is, in Einstein’s words, “the issue of our times,” and yet most of us find it difficult to deal with or look too closely at this issue.

Psychiatrists are exploring two general aspects of our nuclear dilemma: 1) why we have difficulty in dealing effectively with these issues, and 2) how the nuclear shadow affects the lives of adults and children in this society.

Three well-known psychiatrists, Robert Lifton at Yale University, John Mack at Harvard University, and Jerome Frank at Johns Hopkins University, have pioneered in studying this area.

I will summarize briefly some themes Jerome Frank discusses in his articles about reasons we have trouble actively acknowledging the reality of our present situation:

Nuclear weapons have a *psychological unreality*, being far away from us, an abstraction, and difficult to grasp at an emotional level in terms of the magnitude and immediacy of the threat.

We tend to stop attending to stimuli that persist over a long period of time, and the threat of nuclear war has been with us for a long time. An example of this adaptation is that a frog put in a

pot of hot water will jump out to save itself from being cooked. But if a frog is put into a pot of cold water which is heated gradually, the frog will stay in the water and boil to death. This is an example of how we adapt to gradually changing stimuli and thus lose our ability to defend ourselves.

A third point is that we tend to rely on old methods of thinking in dealing with new problems; we resist seeing a situation as unprecedented in any way and try to apply methods that have worked in the past. Learning theorists and behavioral psychiatrists see this as an example of inappropriate generalizing from past learning, applying ideas that no longer work. Today’s leaders are used to thinking about security in terms of comprehensive military supremacy, in terms of “more guns.” Today, however, accumulating more powerful and more sophisticated weapons decreases the security of all nations, including the possessor.

A philosophy of deterrence is based on the fallacious trust that human beings under pressure will in fact act rationally in a nonsuicidal fashion. Each side must race against the other in a panic-stricken manner for fear that the other side will have the first-strike capacity to devastate totally, which wipes out deterrence as a way of preventing aggression.

In order to maintain group solidarity and a feeling of protection, particularly in times of stress, humans tend to need a common enemy. We tend to see our own group as “all good” and the enemy as “all bad.” In combating the other side’s cruelty and

treachery, each side becomes more cruel and treacherous itself.

Finally, when the threat of nuclear war is made real to us, we confront our greatest fears, experiencing anxiety which is a form of energy. When energy is activated, we can defend ourselves effectively or we can find ways to get away from the feelings.

Psychiatrists call ways to avoid our feelings "defense mechanisms." Most of us have had experiences of forgetting to do something we don't really want to do, or of "blinking out" on a test. These are situations where strong emotions and fears keep us from functioning effectively. We become, in the words of psychologist Harry Sullivan, "selectively inattentive," that is to deny or "not see" the most important parts of our world.

Robert Lifton and John Mack address the second question: how this shadow affects all of our lives. Mack polled 1000 children in grammar and high school in the Boston area, and concluded that, for the most part, children are aware of the threat to their

the moon moves
to my body
when we're together
and the seas pull in
hugging the shore

giving to you
I'm more
and taking
your eyes sucked in
swallowed through mine

feeling the silvered spaces
under my skin
love looms
over us
nestles in

Carrie Hagen

future and feel deeply affected by it.

Lifton talks about the theme of the "unmanageability of life," the pervasive doubts we have about anything we might undertake, the feeling that nothing can be trusted to last. We hear this sentiment expressed by children in doubts they have about having children themselves, marrying, or pursuing long-term goals or commitments.

Lifton also describes "psychic numbing" (a concept growing out of his work with Hiroshima survivors), a kind of partial shock state we all live in as "survivors" in this nuclear age, in which we become less able to respond to others or to what is going on around us, less able to feel and live fully; we retreat into a diminished "survivor half-life."

Norman Cousins stresses other horrors of the nuclear age which we experience: "the wholesale premeditation of murder and the acceptable conditions thereof . . . the desensitization of the human response to pain . . . the cheapening of the human personality and its concomitant irresponsible fatalism . . ."

Afraid of our own helplessness and powerlessness, we give up our right to choose, and in doing so, actually become more helpless and more powerless. We retreat to our own imagined partial world where we hope for some small measure of safety.

Yet this fragmentation does not increase our safety but actually decreases it. The ancient Greeks were aware that the measure of a man is *in and not apart from* his context. Scientists in all fields today are returning to a consideration of the "entire system." The effective approach is the one that considers external forces; we cannot separate ourselves from our political and economic context and expect to survive. As Lifton puts it, "the interrelatedness of human life on this planet is the fundamental reality struggling to be born at this state of history."

We also see these more subtle effects in the change in the values espoused by our society: the U.S. is embarking on the largest peacetime military buildup in history—1.4 trillion dollars between now and 1986. To pay for this, we are seeing some 322 billion in cuts in domestic programs. It is erroneous to think that this money is needed for deterrence—the ability to defend ourselves, to be capable of inflicting massive and unacceptable retaliation to keep the enemy from attacking the U.S. One hundred small bombs would be enough for this; they could destroy one fourth to one fifth of the Russian population and one half to two thirds of their industry. We presently have 30,000 bombs; clearly, we have gone way beyond deterrence. Money is being drained from education, health, and from programs that would effectively increase employment; our society becomes bankrupt in its effort to fuel the arms race.

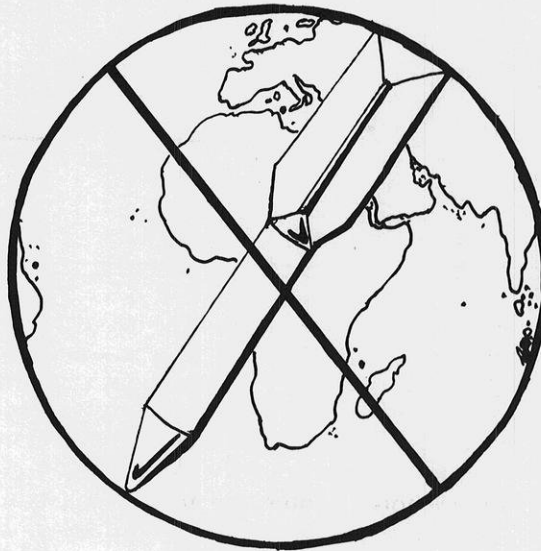
Our overkill strategy decreases our security, and as our weapon systems increase in complexity, the possibilities for war increase. As Bernard Lown notes, we must learn to "stop perceiving nuclear bombs as weapons . . . we are not free to doom generations yet unborn . . ." Those of us who have reached adulthood, emotionally as well as physically, those of us who have the capacity for choice must educate ourselves for survival and accept our responsibility to "generations yet unborn." The poet Edwin Muir sums up this necessity for decision:

As men and women at the point
of death
Rise from their beds and clasp
the ground in hope
Imploring sanctuary from grass
and root
That never failed them yet and
seemed immortal . . .
But all are silent thinking:
Choose! Choose again, you who
have chosen this!

Since 1979, educational conferences bringing together the country's leading experts on nuclear war have been conducted in cities throughout the United States. PSR and the University of Wisconsin Medical School will cosponsor a symposium on the medical effects of nuclear war on Saturday, October 15, 1983, in the Wisconsin Union Theatre in Madison. Speakers will include John Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard University; Victor W. Sidel, of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine; Jerome D. Frank, of the Johns Hopkins School of Medicine; J. Edward Anderson, of the University of Minnesota; Virgil Fairbanks, of The Mayo Clinic; and Irwin Redlener, of St. Luke's Hospital, Utica, New York.

One of six chapters in Wisconsin, the Madison branch of PSR has grown from three members in 1980 to over 300 members at present.

Information, speakers, and audiovisual materials are available to provide individuals and groups with information on the medical consequences of nuclear weapons and nuclear war.



Official PSR position

"As physicians, scientists, and concerned citizens, alarmed by an international climate that increasingly presents nuclear war as a rational possibility, we are impelled to renew a warning, based on medical and scientific analyses, that:

1. Nuclear war, even a 'limited' one, would result in death, injury, and disease on a scale that has no precedent in the history of human existence.
 2. Medical 'disaster planning' for nuclear war is meaningless. There is no possible effective medical response. Most hospitals would be destroyed, most medical personnel dead or injured, most supplies unavailable. Most 'survivors' would die.
 3. There is no effective civil defense. The blast, thermal and radiation effects would kill even those in shelters, and the fallout would reach those who had been evacuated.
 4. Recovery from nuclear war would be impossible. The economic, ecologic, and social fabric on which human life depends would be destroyed in the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and much of the rest of the world.
 5. In sum, there can be no winners in a nuclear war. Worldwide fallout would contaminate much of the globe for generations, and atmospheric effects would severely damage all living things.
- Therefore, in the interests of protecting human life, we appeal to you to:
1. Defuse the current tensions between our countries.
 2. Ban the use of all nuclear weapons.
 3. Recognize the threat posed by the very existence of our enormous nuclear arsenals and begin dismantling them.

We urge you to meet with us to discuss the medical consequences of nuclear war. We urge all physicians in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. to join us in this appeal."■



By Their Foibles

By Arthur Hove

Foibles. It could be an exclusive stationery store on Philadelphia's Main Line, a clothing store along Chicago's North Shore, or a toney fashion boutique in Beverly Hills. It could be the name of a loyal and trustworthy springer spaniel. Or maybe a favorite character in detective fiction—Foibles of Scotland Yard.

It could be, but it isn't.

From a linguistic standpoint the singular—foible—is an unvoiced labio-dental fricative followed by a voiced bilabial plosive, one of those words you can roll around the front of your mouth like a piece of hard candy. (Other fricatives give a similar sensation—folium, funambulist, Funafuti, filthy, fi-fi-fo-fum.)

By definition foibles are a form of personal weakness we all possess to one degree or another. Most of us will confess we harbor minor idiosyncracies, behavioral traits that identify our distinct personality. However, we are reluctant to admit to major character defects which might identify us as aberrant, or make it difficult for us to function effectively. Major foibles are what other people possess. They are those annoying things which cause others to get in the way of our own progress through life.

A foible can be a defense mechanism. Adopted in a conscious or unconscious way, it becomes a means of keeping people at a safe distance. Be weak, eccentric, or obnoxious enough, and others tend to leave you alone. The alternative is to assume an aggressive posture. This keeps others off guard, uncertain how to respond in any given

situation. The best defense is offensiveness. Be a jerk and people will worry more about what makes you that way and perceive less any particular inadequacies you may carry around with you.

Some people consciously put their foibles on display. They cultivate them as a way of drawing attention to themselves, knowing they will elicit a specific reaction from others. Such people are reasonably easy to deal with. Because they rely on other people's feelings and reactions, the skillful application of counterfoibles can unhinge them at appropriate moments.

The more difficult situation involves those who are so oblivious to others that they are impervious to any maneuvers designed to offset their own obnoxious behavior. They are unaware they have foibles in the first place. The rest of the world is out of tune, not them.

While some people have foibles that are maddening, others may possess more endearing quirks. We laugh at those who manifest idiosyncracies which are neither intrusive nor menacing. At the same time we arm ourselves to the teeth to fend off those who would make our own lives more difficult, by accident or design.

The highway or city street provides avenues for the parade of foibles which can tax the limits of an individual's stress index. It is difficult to find a driver who has not been trapped behind a car that is driving too slow or who has not encountered the antithesis—a driver zooming by so fast he rattles the windows on your own car. There are few drivers who have not been

surprised by the maneuverings of one who fails to use turn signals or by an inattentive driver who ambles along as though there were no other cars on the road.

Similarly, we find ourselves in line at the supermarket checkout counter, airline ticket counter, or bank teller's window behind a person who conducts business with the assumption that theirs is the only need to be served during that particular working day.

And then there are those who, no matter how much room there is in the aisle at the back of the bus, will simply not move to the rear. They must be coerced into doing so by a driver executing a skillful jackrabbit start, or goaded into moving by trenchant comments from those trying to board the bus and find a few square inches to stand without suffering a hip-pointer as the result of being thrust into the fare box or a stainless steel handle on the back of a seat.

Actually, these obstructionists are part of a larger conspiracy first identified by Russell Baker several years ago in one of his columns. Mr. Baker had discovered that people who get in the way in everyday situations are employees of something called "The Agency." Their assignment is to cause disruptions which make it difficult for the rest of us to run errands or otherwise get from here to there without impediment.

On certain days it seems that the employees of The Agency are everywhere—on the highway, in the elevator, in lines, waiting on tables, on the other end of a telephone connection.

Households are not free from foible prone behavior. Neil Simon's play, *The Odd Couple*, depicts the kind of domestic cacaphone that arises when a compulsively neat person and a slob take up house-keeping together. Family harmony sometimes comes untuned over an issue as minor as whether or not you squeeze the toothpaste tube in the middle, or roll it up from the bottom.

Contemporary television, with its sit-coms and soap operas, is a veritable fairyland of foibles. Programs rise and fall on the ability of the writers, actors, and directors to project an inventory of foibles that sets one character off from another. These qualities are distinctive enough to keep us looking in from day to day or week to week to see what the leading characters will do next.

Uppity George Jefferson with his chronic case of Little Man's Disease, obtuse Archie Bunker with his Joe Six Pack ignorance and prejudice, pompous Ted Baxter proving indubitably that television news is often more style than substance, are examples of archetypes that sustain situation comedies.

Foibles are a staple for many contemporary comic strips. Reading these strips day after day becomes similar to the systematic examination of quotes from the stock exchange. Characters regularly reveal their innermost feelings in a litany of confessions of neuroses or anxiety that constitute a Dow Jones of angst. People and anthropomorphic animals wrestle with those things that remind us of the fundamental fragility that describes our mortality.

There is seldom anything exotic in this world of the comics. They deal with simple realities—things and situations that are part of our own lives, circumstances we recognize and respond to because they happen to us as well as the two-dimensional characters on the comics page.

Mondays are horrible. Bureaucracy sucks the creative marrow out of our daily existence. Things never turn out the way we want them to.

The visions we have of ourselves seldom jibe with the perceptions others have of us. Being a teenager is a painful but not fatal experience. The fight against fat, ugliness, and boredom is constant. Temptation is everywhere.

No great drama here; merely the sometimes grim but usually humorous business of surviving, of getting through the day without falling into the abyss.

Our fixation on foibles has become pathological in recent years. This is particularly evident in our seemingly insatiable fascination for learning of the foibles of people in power and prominence. The media teem with chronicles of the latest peccadilloes of politicians, entertainers, sports stars, or the idle rich. Communications fortunes rise and fall on the ability of a particular publication or broadcast station to feed our hunger to learn that prominent people are, deep down, basically like the rest of us.

Many may presume this curiosity is a contemporary phenomenon, but anyone familiar with Elizabethan drama or Victorian fiction recognizes the fixation has been with us for centuries. The major

problem today is that standards have become so confused it is difficult to establish norms, to develop a behavioral baseline—a tightrope for the funambulist from Funafuti to walk.

Foibles, arguably, become the most readily identifiable traits that set us off from others. They provide us with a distinct identity. Biographers seldom spend time concentrating on an individual's towering strengths, at least in the case of those who may possess such strengths and are personally interesting enough to merit a biography. Today's biographer is more prone to deal with a person's foibles and marvel how remarkable it is that such a person managed to succeed despite such obvious character flaws.

The Watergate hearings in the early 1970s were an exploration into America's national psyche that became alternately compelling and repugnant because of what they revealed about our national leadership. One can easily construct a modern epigraph from such an experience: "Not by their words shall ye know them, but by their foibles."■

Suppose Sterling Urns

Suppose sterling urns lactated
and church steeples honked.
Men were checkered black and white
as their only difference
from women, who were striped
green and orange.
God ran the movie projector
and gave peanut butter bubblegum
to all who came to the garage.
Pianos were played on one's teeth.
Chinua Achebe dressed to read,
but the paperboy didn't come.

Louie Crew



BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

THE SHORT STORIES OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD edited by Jackson R. Bryer. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1982. 390 pp. \$30 cloth, \$7.95 paper.

By **John O. Lyons**

Jackson Bryer, who received his Ph.D. at Madison in 1964, has been an indefatigable editor and bibliographer of modern American literature for the past two decades. His work is always carefully conceived and executed, and any student of the subject will find it useful. He has paid much attention to F. Scott Fitzgerald. This is a risky business because Fitzgerald's reputation has wavered greatly. When he died at 44 in 1940, readers had other things on their minds, but he was resuscitated in 1945 by Edmund Wilson's *The Crack-Up*. His fame got another boost in 1948 by Arthur Mizener's biography, then again in 1958 by Sheilah Graham's *Beloved Infidel* and the movie made therefrom. The result is that Scott and Zelda have become icons of the Roaring Twenties, and Fitzgerald's works (except for his one exceptional novel) have fallen into the baggage of the literary historians. Gore Vidal, one of his major detractors, says "very little of what Fitzgerald wrote has any great value as literature." There is not much that pleases Vidal and that is a little harsh, but Fitzgerald's may be a palid star to which to hitch a wagon.

Still, fifty of Fitzgerald's 178 short stories persist in being anthologized, and a dozen of these are remarkably good. They are often about a sweaty young man from the provinces and cool flirt from the South and hover about matters of sex, drink, wealth, and ambition. The young still brood on such issues, and so the college readers in which these stories appear often have an enthusiastic audience. Fitzgerald, with a protective modesty, often denigrated his stories, claiming that his work for *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Esquire* was done only to pay his nagging bills. Yet their volume is a testament to his discipline in the face of the distractions of fame, alcoholism, and Zelda's insanity.

Ten of the essays in this collection concern the stories generally. One of the more interesting is that by Richard Lehan (a Wisconsin Ph.D. of 1959), who treats the sense of place in the stories and the relationship between the stories and the novels. There are also essays on fantasy, alcoholism, courtship, and money. Two of the essays deal with the relationship between the stories and the movies to which Fitzgerald was attracted in the days of Griffith and even had a few silent pieces produced. In the thirties he went to Hollywood where he accumulated material for *The Last Tycoon* but was not very successful as a scriptwriter, as his talent was for the arresting image rather than dialogue. Twelve of the essays involve close

readings of individual stories. Finally, Bryer closes with a useful checklist of criticism of the short stories.

John O. Lyons is professor of English and Integrated Liberal Studies at UW-Madison.

COLETTE: THE WOMAN, THE WRITER edited by Erica M. Eisinger and Mari McCarty. University Park, PA: Pennsylvania State University Press, 1981. 200 pp. \$16.95.

By **Mary Lydon**

"To explore the source and practice of Colette's power" is the declared aim of this collection of seventeen essays, which includes contributions by Margaret Crosland and Michele Blin Sarde (biographers of Colette in English and French respectively) as well as an essay by Françoise Mallet-Joris (like Colette herself, a member of The Royal Academy of Belgium and the Académie Goncourt). There is also a thoughtful and thought-provoking foreword by Elaine Marks, professor of French and director of the Women's Studies Research Center at UW-Madison, whose own book, *Colette* (1960; rpt. Greenwood Press, 1982) might be said to have inaugurated anglophone scholarly interest in the French writer, an interest that has grown in range and intensity in recent years, as this collection shows. Using Colette as ex-

emplar, the contributors address the following questions: "How does a woman come to writing? How does a woman inscribe her gender in writing? How does the text of the woman writer relate to other texts? How is meaning produced in the woman's text?" Reading Colette's opus as "a celebration of woman, her strength and elasticity, of her gift for endurance," the editors have structured their book according to what they perceive to be "three major currents of contemporary feminist and formalist scholarship: biographical, contextual, and textual." The essays are grouped under three corresponding headings: "Genesis: The Coming to Writing," "Gender and Genre: Texts and Contexts," and "Generation: The Production and Texture of Writing."

"Genesis" focuses on the Colette who described herself as "born *not* to write" and seeks to unravel the circumstances that led to the writer's vocation. "Gender and Genre" views Colette's texts as "a generation of self . . . an auto-fiction," on the premise of feminist critic Hélène Cixous' prescription that woman must "write herself." "Generation" sets out to explore the relation between woman and language, a relation which it takes to be tenuous on account of the privileged male hold on naming—what Mallet-Joris calls "the *ordre adamique*, the male-dominated order of things—but which it argues Colette reestablished on a different, more solid footing, by cleaving to the mother (biographically, the legendary Sido), hence discovering, say the editors, that the woman writer has "access to a basic unmediated language, filtered through knowledge of the primary female body, the mother."

The Utopian desire expressed by this statement, and which is generally characteristic of *Colette: The Woman, The Writer*, prompts certain reservations on my part. I find it difficult to reconcile the notion of an "unmediated language" (whatever that might be) with a consummate stylist such as Colette, and when such a claim is made, I ask if

the drives to biography and hagiography have been transcended, as Elaine Marks suggests they must be, if we are to go beyond the myths that surround Colette. The euphoria of the alphabet which Nancy K. Miller evokes in her subtle discussion of Colette's self-portrayal is, after all, I would argue, the euphoria of *signs*: the refuge of the writer, purchased precisely at the cost of renouncing an unmediated relation to the mother's body, for whose loss language is the substitute. Translated into biography, this means that Colette leaves her mother for the monstrous Willy, her husband, and lacking Sido, writes letters to her which give a *fictional* account of her life with him, coming to writing in the process, and in advance of the *Claudine* novels written in response to Willy's notorious demand. Had the "biographical, contextual, and textual" critical approaches adopted in *Colette: The Woman, The Writer* been leavened with psychoanalytic criticism, the tension between repression and desire, renunciation and sensuality, writing and reticence that characterizes Colette's work like "two horses in double harness" might have been more exhaustively explored.

That said, this book is itself a moving testimony to the strength and elasticity of women and to their endurance, which is not so much a gift as an achievement. The biographical "blurb" on the editors clearly reveals their determination not only to come to writing but to persevere. It is not just Colette's biography that is inscribed in this book, but the biographies of a number of women, who fate, or what Erica Eisinger calls "vagabondage" brought together in Madison, Wisconsin, at a particular moment in their lives. The book that resulted is as much a celebration of their own strength and elasticity, of their frivolous courage" in the face of the Adamic order of academe (the *ordre a[ca]da[m]ique*) as it is of Colette's.

Mary Lydon, assistant professor of French at UW-Madison, has writ-

ten a book (Perpetuum Mobile: A Study of the Novels and Aesthetics of Michel Butor), Univ. of Alberta Press, 1980) and has published on feminist criticism and psychoanalysis.

FLOATING DRAGON by Peter Straub. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1983. 515 pp. \$15.95.

By Richard Boudreau

Apparently second only to his close friend Stephen King in the "horror" field, former Milwaukeean Peter Straub now has five novels of the occult to his name. Two, *Julia* and *Ghost Story*, were made into motion pictures: the first, titled *Full Circle* and filmed in England, never made it to this country; the second, starring Fred Astaire, was a middling success in theaters a few seasons ago. *Ghost Story* and now *Floating Dragon* were Book-of-the-Month Club selections and (perhaps because of that) best sellers.

Julia, 1975, presented a few terror-ridden days in the life of its heroine who seems to have suffered a nervous breakdown over the tragic death of her nine-year-old daughter. To provide a change of scenery, she moves to an old Georgian-style house in a London suburb, but more comes with the house than she had bargained for. *If You Could See Me Now*, 1977, dealt with a baleful occult force let loose in Arden, a small town in the Coulee Country of western Wisconsin (Straub spent summers on the family farm near Arcadia), when its hero, Miles Teagarden, returned to keep a twenty year tryst with his dead cousin, Allison.

With *Ghost Story*, 1979, Straub shifted to a larger community in upstate New York, where a satanic force of ferocious appetite manifested itself by ripping out the throats of its victims—bloodlessly. The malevolence and violence have increased dramatically, and the macabre has become integral to the telling. In *Shadowland*, 1980, set partly in Arizona, partly in Ver-

mont, the source of evil was clear, a master magician; his intent and methods, however, were veiled in mystery. The usual accouterments of the occult, death and destruction, were rampant, but in this there was the added horror of a living death for those special few.

Now we have *Floating Dragon* in which forces, both occult and man-made, are loosed in Hempstead, a Connecticut bedroom community within commuting distance of New York City. The "dragon" of the title represents a power of infernal potency, a psychic and malefic survivor of the Puritan past—one Gideon Winter—who had been murdered by early settlers he had defrauded and who had in turn wreaked his vengeance from the grave on each of them—and on their descendants to the present generation. Reemergence of the "dragon" coincides with and is augmented by the accidental venting of a deadly experimental gas, code-named DGN, into the atmosphere above the area.

All ill and bad, but there is a larger continuity to Straub's work: beginning with the Wisconsin novel, he has been exploring all forms of literature that in any way may be turned to occult purposes. In *If You Could See Me Now* he creates a malevolent Arden Forest, enhancing, because of such ambiguities, the horror of the story. The names of the two main characters in *Ghost Story*, Messrs. Hawthorne and James, is the tip-off that Straub is exhuming for his own ghoulish ends a whole corpus of ghost stories, from Poe on. Besides the main elements of magic and illusion, *Shadowland* plays around primarily with Grimm's fairy tales (the brothers are even in the story) but also with other such tales and fables. Finally *Floating Dragon* draws not only on the rich tradition of Puritan times (witchery and all that) but even more heavily on medieval lore and legend.

In addition to employing these literary resonances, Straub has demonstrated in these books an amazing ability to handle a panorama of deftly drawn characters,

and in three of his novels, at least, he has revealed a deep understanding of small-town America, ranging from the rural Arden to the exurban Hempstead. So Straub's intentions are never merely to frighten—and that's the growing difficulty. Beginning with *Ghost Story*, the books lengthen dramatically; the horror must be sustained for a longer and longer time, requiring more invention to effect continued anticipation and dramatic surprise, the whole finally becoming so attenuated that reader involvement fails and what used to inspire horror now produces ho-hum.

Poe, as Straub must know, pointed out that in order to attain a maximum effect—and horror was his favorite—the writing should be of such a length that it could be read at one sitting. Especially since the Wisconsin book Straub seems to have lost sight of that dictum. After a million words on the occult, no matter the redeeming qualities (or rather because of them, for he's a novelist of the highest order), it might be time for Straub to return to the more mundane but potentially more demanding genre of general fiction, a genre he began in exactly ten years ago with the publication of his fine first novel, *Marriages*.

A SOLITARY DANCE by Robert Lane. Winnebago, WI: Serrell & Simons, 1982. 224 pp. \$11.95.

By Richard Boudreau

A severely schizophrenic eight-year-old named Mike and a young, enthusiastic psychotherapist named Patrick McGarry are the actors in a moving story. Dr. Scott, director of the children's unit at Merrick State Psychiatric Hospital in southern California, brings the two together, or as close to together as thirty feet, the limit allowed by this "feral child" when he is in control of his space. Mike has been at the institution for three years. During that time he has remained uncommunicative, isolated, essentially untouched, and it is McGarry's job

to penetrate that isolation, if possible.

McGarry begins by putting himself in Mike's vicinity, nothing more; the reader, through the first person narration, shares the therapist's blind moves and fumbling attempts as he searches for an opening into Mike's private world. Their initial shared experience comes through the simple act of hiking the hill, called Dogface by Mike (we later learn), in back of the children's unit. On that tentative fragment McGarry must build a relationship of helping one another, of eventually touching one another, and finally of trusting one another. How can he draw that solitary dancer of compulsive ritualistic steps into a pas de deux and finally and fully into the involving ballet of life?

From the beginning Mike is encouraged to express himself: in speech, struggling not only with the individual words but also with the simple desire to speak; in pictures, painstakingly drawing stick people with no faces and buildings that seem prisons; in responses, crying, laughing, kidding, loving. McGarry's work is to free Mike from the prison of his psyche; Robert Lane's job is to make it moving and intelligible to the reader. Perhaps the author's training accounts for the, at times, too terse style and the, at times, too generalized descriptions, but there is just the right amount of jargon and theory in dealing with psychotherapy to let the reader discern when something significant in Mike's development occurs, and the book never strays from its fascinating and painful subject.

It reads like a case study. Indeed that has been its problem despite a disclaimer at the beginning and a note about the author's life at the end. Readers seem to think that Mike's story is fact, not fiction, and that, therefore, the book is less worthy of attention. But where is the line between the real and the imagined? *A Solitary Dance* reads like fact and purports to be fiction. We need go no farther than William Ellery Leonard's *Locomotive God* to find a book that reads like fiction

yet claims to be fact. The criticism is spurious; whether fact or fiction, this is a good story, well told, and deeply involving.

Chapter One begins with the words, "Destinies have a way of intertwining, sometimes taking extraordinary turns when least expected." That's the key to this story; it is choreographic, laid out with its "turns" and culminating in its "intertwinings." And by the middle of the book, it is the reader who has been turned and intertwined, though vicariously, in the lives of these characters.

LAST COME THE CHILDREN
by David Hagberg. New York: A Tom Doherty Associates Book, 1982. 347 pp. \$2.95 paper.

THE MUSKIE MURDERS by Ted Vogel. Aurora, IL: Caroline House Publishers, 1982. 171 pp. \$5.95 paper.

By Richard Boudreau

In this duo of paperbacks by Wisconsin writers, the first appears to be a Gothic tale, the second, a detective story. Both deal in suspense, continually presenting a clear and present danger to their main characters, and both, no matter their apparent differences in genre, are mystery novels.

Last Come the Children begins with a night of bizarre happenings: a couple in a car accident, the man clinically dead, then revived; another couple's baby found suffocated in her crib; a third couple's dog lying stone cold in their vestibule. And all three couples are close, longtime friends. Eventually meshing with these events are the brutal murders and brutal mutilations of three other people amid, at least in one instance, unmistakable signs of a black mass. Properly termed a novel of the occult (no Gothic piles or dungeons need apply), the story appears unusual in two respects: the supernatural is a minor element and the main character is a detective.

Madison Police Lieutenant Stanley Klubertanz becomes involved first in the crib death, then in the

murders. Before it's over, his former wife and their two children have died in California, perhaps victims of the same "crazy" who caused the other deaths and who now looms as a potential threat to Klubertanz himself. But good cop that he is, Klubertanz ignores the danger and pursues the case relentlessly to a cataclysmic denouement on blizzard-enshrouded Door County. Some confusion arises from the writer's awkward handling of shifts of focus and short flashbacks—and the epilogue not only undercuts the climax but reminds the reader of other dangling threads—but the essential elements, suspense and a sense of doom, are marvelously maintained throughout.

The Muskie Murders begins with the death of Terry Owens, junior senator from Wisconsin, in the Canadian waters of The Lake of the Woods, his body entwined in his own fishing line, apparent victim of the third largest muskie ever taken, still firmly hooked to the Mepps Giant Killer. Even given its ferocious and cunning reputation, could a 66 inch, 65 pound muskie entangle and drown a 76 inch, 230 pound human, a former Olympic swimming medalist at that? His daughter Mary won't believe it, and she wins her fiancé, Mike Vanderhuis, over to her side. Together they are able to move federal authorities on both sides of the international border to action.

Is this just a big fish story—a sort of freshwater version of "Jaws"? Hardly, though its title should pull in all manic muskie fishermen (and there's scads of them out there) as well as many aficionados of murder mysteries. But the story involves fishing only secondarily, and murder mystery or not, the story falters for some very basic reasons. The structure is marred by a return in the latter third of the story to events prior to or simultaneous with earlier events, stopping the suspenseful rush toward the climax. The characters of Mary and Mike are unconvincing, though lesser characters are handled well. Finally some of the shifts of action and set-

ting are obvious manipulations.

But given the problems with both books (the second suffers from them more than the first), both are intriguing and entertaining and, taken all in all, engrossing. No admirer of the occult novel or the detective novel should miss the first. No self-respecting muskie marauder or avid mystery fan should miss the last. And no follower of regional literature should miss either.

Richard Boudreau teaches American literature at UW-La Crosse.

MADISON: A HISTORY OF THE FORMATIVE YEARS by David Mollenhoff. Dubuque, IA: Kendall/Hunt, 1982. 504 pp. \$29.95.

By Hayward Allen

Madison is an impressive work that played a significant role in the author's life for more than a decade and that will be part of our citizens' education for some time to come.

He begins at the beginning: the geology of the place, then prehistoric anthropology. It is a haunting reassurance to learn that the City of Four Lakes has been home and hearth for people these past 10,000 years.

A Blackhawk War veteran wrote that our lakes could "be considered among the wonders of the world." One hundred and ten years later, *Life* magazine would echo those thoughts. But so did James Duane Doty in 1836 when he promoted Madison City (named after the recent lamented death of the president) as the capital of the newly established Wisconsin Territory of what is now Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and half of the Dakotas.

Mollenhoff spends considerable time with the biographies of those antique empire builders, Doty, Simeon Mills, and Mrs. Peck, the first settler who stayed. However, the claim to City Father has to go to Leonard J. Farwell. In 1852 at the age of 33 as governor of the Badgers, Farwell worked hard to build a

city and state to be proud of. Madison became a boom town, and the city's history began in earnest.

That Mollenhoff is not a licensed historian is a moot point, I believe. What Mollenhoff has done is to gather in a harvest of randomly seeded parcels of facts, figures, and facets of Madison's first century of recorded history. Mollenhoff's style of acquisition is reflected in the curious, uneven content of the book.

He is not a professional writer, but *what* he has to tell is more valuable than *how* he tells it, called in the electronic media a "content override." This is not to be seen as a fault of the author, either. The majority of published writers today owe a farthing or two of their fame and glory to their publishers and editors. Successful, articulate, highly structured writers are not born, they are made by hand, theirs and those nimble editorial fingers of a commercial house. However, David Mollenhoff did not have that advantage.

His publisher, Kendall/Hunt is not a "house," but a "jobber," a firm that specializes in textbooks of a restricted nature. They publish works that seem a worthwhile investment, with a limited circulation pay-off. They know their business. The entire first printing of the hefty *Madison* was sold by New Year's Day, an astounding 3000 copies at a relatively high cover price. And a second issue is in the works.

Regional houses turned Mollenhoff down, understandably. They have high editorial standards and small editorial staffs, and *Madison* would have required much labor. That the volume has sold so well in rough cut form says a great deal about what the readers are most interested in when it comes to their hometown.

There is much of value to be found in *Madison*; the myriad and wonderful anecdotes, figures, photographs make it impossible to ignore. *Madison* was obviously motivated, first, by a sincere appreciation for the Capital City and, second, by the amazing historical void. There was no book,

good or weak, long or foolish, about the City of the Four Lakes.

I personally recommend *Madison* as required reading for high school students, bus drivers, corporate vice presidents, visitors from Beijing, Madison Muskie scholars, and the rest of us mere Madison mortals.

What I found particularly challenging about the book is what the author has done to fill the historic hole that once was there. Now, no professional dealer in historical tracts can ever write the definitive history of Madison without being deeply in debt to Mollenhoff for almost every point.

Finally, Mr. Mollenhoff is to be complimented for the extent and the generosity of his gratitude to and memory of all who helped him in the data and story gathering. It is refreshing to observe a writer who honestly says in his introduction, "In spite of all the outstanding assistance from those named . . . and in truth many more—I alone am responsible for all that follows." Plus a few hundred thousand builders and shapers, of course, and the glacier, the Indians, and all.

What we have works, just like our city and its past.

Hayward Allen is a Madison editor and author.

A FIELD GUIDE TO MUSHROOMS AND THEIR RELATIVES by Booth Courtenay and Harold H. Burdsall, Jr. New York: Van Nostrand Reinhold, 1982. 144 pp. \$18.95.

By Veronica S. Pavlat

Whether you are a mycophagist and gastronomy dictates your interest in mushrooms or a mycophile who finds them, to quote the authors, "a source of endless interest to the inquiring mind," this recently published book dealing with mushrooms as well as related fungi will be a welcome field guide. Geographical coverage is primarily, though not exclusively, the north-

eastern and midland section of the U.S., with a good cross-section of those mushrooms found most frequently, as well as some less common but interesting species.

The introduction covers several important points of basic information for the mushroom hunter, including such topics as what mushrooms do (recycle organic matter and form relationships with green plants) and where and when to look for them (generally spring through autumn almost anywhere).

Those planning to collect for the table will quickly discover that careful scrutiny of the "Ten Commandments for Collecting" could save them from a fate of illness . . . or worse, since there are many look-alikes in safe and deadly species. The general information in the section "How To Look at a Mushroom," including growth habit and structural relationships as well as flesh characteristics and spore color, dispels some of the mystery of mushroom identification. The "Key to Determining Genus," which has generally excellent line drawings, makes it relatively easy to spot the general characteristics of a particular genus.

The mycophagist will be especially pleased to find that each species is categorized as edible, not recommended, dangerous, poisonous, deadly, or edibility unknown. The authors have stressed the importance of spore color determination as a tool of identification by including it not only in the genus key but also in the genus group description. In genera with variable spore color the species description gives spore color for the individual species. Three hundred and thirty four species in sixty genera, all in color and cross-indexed, are covered. Species descriptions are brief but adequate. With a few exceptions the color fidelity is excellent. Most species have been photographed in their natural habitat. Caution is suggested in relying on identification by picture alone. Verification by a knowledgeable person when in doubt or until thoroughly familiar with any species is advised if one plans to eat any wild mushroom.

Those who find scientific names burdensome will be pleased to find a common epithet for all but about twenty-five of the 334 species. Since common names differ among field guides and from one area to another, the scientific binomial accompanying each species description will be the most reliable. The most recent taxonomy has been used. For clarity the authors have given some synonyms found in earlier books at the end of the species description and in the index. The attractive jacket with thirteen colored pictures piques one's curiosity about mushrooms. The text and well-planned picture layout in *A Field Guide to Mushrooms and Their Relatives* confirm it as a useful guide for mushroom identification in our area. Hardly anyone could complain about carrying a field guide that fits conveniently into a field bag and weighs little more than a pound.

Because of the sudden and untimely death of Booth Courtenay just prior to its completion the book was finished by coauthor Harold H. Burdsall, Jr.

Veronica S. Pavlat is an amateur mycologist living in Madison.

THE SEWER SOCIALISTS—A HISTORY OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY OF WISCONSIN 1897–1940 by Elmer Axel Beck. Fennimore, WI: Westburg Associates, 1982. Volume I - 203 pp., Volume II - 138 pp. Paper, \$20.

By Jerry L. Bower

Elmer Axel Beck's account of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin is the most complete record published to date. Using Party records (which have since been destroyed by fire), personal interviews and recollections, several manuscript collections, and secondary sources, Beck stitches together the story of socialism's rise and fall as an influence in Wisconsin politics.

Branch One of the Social Democracy of America Party sprang

to life in Milwaukee on July 9, 1897. Milwaukee politics remained the focal point, although the socialists achieved some electoral success outside Milwaukee County. Victor Berger and Daniel Hoan emerged as driving forces in Milwaukee socialism.

Beck explains that the national party leaders labeled the Milwaukee members the Sewer Socialists because they displayed more interest in cleaning up city government and in providing an adequate sewer system than in discussing and promoting socialist ideology. In fact, the Milwaukee socialists rarely compromised their ideology and were quick to take up the banner of unpopular causes. During World War I, for example, they intensely criticized the conflict as a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight" and urged that the United States remain strictly neutral.

Hewing to this line even after the U.S. entered the war in April, 1917, the Sewer Socialists paid dearly. Their newspaper—the *Milwaukee Leader*—was banned from the mails under the Sedition Act of 1918, and it nearly folded. Berger received a sentence of twenty years for a *Leader* editorial in which he criticized U.S. participation in the war. Although Berger eventually obtained a pardon and regained his place in congress, the Wisconsin Socialist Party membership declined sharply.

Beck believes the socialists badly managed a fine opportunity for recovery created by the Great Crash of 1929. Ideological issues still haunted and divided the movement. For instance, after an agonizing debate, the socialists tried to persuade union members to join their attack upon the discredited capitalistic economic system. But FDR's New Deal legislation, especially the Wagner Act, which required employers to negotiate with union representatives, co-opted much of the socialists' platform. Thus, rather than gaining members, several socialists left the party and accepted leadership positions in the unions. Beck detects a su-

preme irony in this complete reversal of expectations. In 1940 Carl Zeidler defeated Milwaukee's socialist mayor Daniel Hoan, ending Hoan's twenty-four year tenure and highlighting the fall of the Socialist Party of Wisconsin from political favor.

Throughout his narrative Beck provides strong doses of socialist rhetoric drawn from party debates, committee reports, and *Milwaukee Leader* articles and editorials. Thus the reader becomes privy to the ideological debates and ultimately sees the stubbornness of the leadership, which would not deviate from its ideology even to avoid certain political suicide. Beck also supplies numerous biographical sketches of Milwaukee party leaders and members.

There are a few shortcomings in Beck's work. He employs a journalistic style which requires some allowances on the reader's part. Numerous one-sentence paragraphs caused my red pen to twitch, and many proper titles such as President of the United States, House of Representatives, Wisconsin Supreme Court are not capitalized. The most readable chapters, which Beck originally wrote for his master's thesis in journalism, are found in Volume II. No doubt these chapters received firmer editorial guidance than is evident in Volume I. Occasionally all commonly accepted notions of syntax and diction are violated, as in "Nevertheless, the referendum ratified the convention vote for." (II, 304) A selected bibliography has been prepared by the publisher, but the absence of an index causes frustration whenever one wishes to relocate information.

But these stylistic quibbles become rather insignificant when compared to the service Beck provides by tracing the history of the Sewer Socialists. This book contains information that simply is not available elsewhere.

Jerry L. Bower is an associate professor of history at the UW Center-Richland.

THE THEATRE OF THE HOLOCAUST, four plays edited with an introduction by Robert Skloot. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1982. 333 pp. \$25.00 cloth; \$10.95 paper.

By Sara Leuchter

"Among the events of recent Western history that today reside in our consciousness," writes Robert Skloot in his introduction to *The Theatre of the Holocaust*, "none is more disturbing than the Holocaust. More than any other event of our time," he continues, "the Holocaust has caused entire nations and peoples to revise understandings of themselves by provoking disquieting and continuing inquiries of the most moral kind." Indeed, there has been a recent outpouring of Holocaust-related novels, films, documentaries, memoirs, and more, examining the issue of morality on many fronts. Yet with this abundance of creative and stimulating works on the subject, Skloot, a professor of theatre and drama at the UW-Madison, is the first to identify the genre of the Theatre of the Holocaust, wherein the history of the period is related to contemporary drama.

Skloot's work is both an anthology of four relatively unknown plays and a critical commentary on the place of drama within the larger body of Holocaust literature. While the plays represent different attempts to treat the Holocaust experience, achieving their effects through diverse dramatic styles and artistic arrangements, all tackle the complex moral choices faced by the persecuted in extreme situations. Although all four plays—*Resort 76* by Shimon Wincelberg, *Throne of Straw* by Harold and Edith Lieberman, *The Cannibals* by George Tabori, and *Who Will Carry the Word?* by Charlotte Delbo—have been produced on a limited scale in both this country and Europe, Skloot includes them in this volume to heighten their individual reputations and to stimulate additional stage production, thereby en-

couraging further investigation into the historical, theological, and ethical questions raised by the Holocaust.

The book's introduction is divided into four sections: "The Holocaust and History," providing a brief historical introduction to the Holocaust period; "The Holocaust in Literature," examining reasons for the proliferation of such works, including the enlightenment of others and homage to the victims; "The Plays and Their Premises," noting the style and central issues of each of the plays; and "The Future and Its Possibilities," reminding the reader that the decision of the playwrights to refrain from silence, choosing instead to focus their works on the Holocaust, is a lesson for all of us.

The four plays cannot be considered as traditional theatre which incorporates a Holocaust theme, such as *The Diary of Anne Frank* or *The Man in the Glass Booth*. Instead, the authors utilize unusual elements of style and staging: surrealism, as in *The Cannibals*, where the actors assume the identities of victims, captors, insects, and even God, and in *Who Will Carry the Word?*, where the author specifies in the introductory notes that "the faces do not count" and "the costumes do not count"; symbolism, as in *Resort 76*, where the final action of the play is the release of a previously captured cat to the "freedom" of the ghetto, to "tell the other animals . . . what it means to be a Jew"; and "Epic Theatre," as in *Throne of Straw*, where the audience is emotionally alienated from the characters through the use of a narrative figure and satirical music.

Though differing in technique and style, the plays share a crucial theme: that regardless of the consequences, the characters refuse to commit acts of inhumanity which will equate them with their oppressors. As Skloot concludes, "Our seeing them [the characters] in action allows their behavior to become included in the schedule of options available to us in a time of

(and in spite of) the most extreme physical degradation and spiritual loss. In doing so, these plays have effectively addressed, in both artistic and moral terms, what may be the central moral issue of the Holocaust.

The Theatre of the Holocaust is a powerful addition to the study of both the Holocaust and contemporary drama. The plays are disturbing and often shocking, but they succeed in forcing us to think about the continuing moral and ethical legacies of the Holocaust, lest we forget.

Sara Leuchter, a historian/archivist with the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, is editor of the Guide to Wisconsin Survivors of the Holocaust.

MARXISM, MAOISM AND UTOPIANISM by Maurice Meisner. Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1982. 268 pp. \$16.95.

By David D. Buck

Because Maoism is both Marxist and Chinese, we see it as doubly foreign. We imagine that behind the mask of unfamiliar Marxist rhetoric lie some Chinese mysteries that we cannot fathom. The best and most helpful interpreters demystify Maoism and show us that Mao, although he may have had the personal habits of a Chinese peasant, had developed his ideas along lines easily comprehensible to us.

America has produced insightful interpreters of Mao Zedong. The first of these was Edgar Snow, an American journalist who while working in China during the mid-1930s, was drawn to the communist base area at Yanan. His *Red Star Over China* (New York: Random House, 1938) revealed for the first time to the English-speaking world the nature of Chinese communism and Mao's leadership.

Today, the most insightful writing about Maoism comes from an-

other American, Maurice Meisner, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin. Snow's enthusiasm for socialism is replaced by Meisner's profound understanding of socialism and his mastery of its intellectual history. This new collection of Professor Meisner's essays brings together the strands of his major interpretations of Mao Zedong and offers a profound and important understanding of Maoism.

Meisner's work develops themes proposed by his teacher, Professor Benjamin Schwartz of Harvard. Schwartz, in his book, *Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao* (Cambridge: Harvard, 1952), suggested that Mao's intellectual positions could be usefully approached through the study of European (including Russian) socialism. Meisner starts with that premise; he tells us, "some of the central problems involved in understanding the Maoist revolutionary mentality may not be apparent within a strictly 'Marxist-Leninist' framework; it may prove useful, therefore, to go outside the realm of formal ideology and approach Maoism in terms of broader intellectual and historical perspectives." (pp. 77-78)

It is on precisely this tack that Meisner develops the issue suggested in the title of how utopianism relates to Maoism and Marxism. Meisner shows how Marx and Engels fought against earlier forms of socialism by labeling them "utopian" and charging that these nineteenth-century socialists rejected capitalism and could not accept the working class as the leadership for the new era of socialism. Meisner then concludes:

In sum, on the basis of the three broad questions that generally distinguish Marxism from utopian socialism, Maoism is clearly more akin to the latter than the former. First, Maoism rejects the Marxist premise that modern industrial capitalism is a necessary and progressive stage in historical development and a prerequisite for socialism. Second,

Maoism denies (implicitly in theory and most explicitly in practice) the Marxist belief that the industrial proletariat is the bearer of the socialist future. Third, Maoism replaces the Marxist belief in objective laws of history with a voluntaristic faith in the consciousness and the moral potentialities of men as the decisive factor in sociohistorical development. (61)

For many interpreters of Marxism this contradiction between Maoism and Marxism becomes a question of orthodoxy, and judgment can be passed on how Mao's ideas deviate from those of Marx. Meisner, however, is not so pedestrian, for he goes on to argue two telling points: 1) that "utopian socialist" ideas like Mao's should be expected in countries such as China where capitalism never fully developed and 2) that "utopian" visions are a necessary part of revolutions in lesser developed countries. Meisner argues that irrespective of whether European utopian socialist thinkers influenced Mao, historians can understand Maoism best by reference to the general development of socialist thought. Meisner believes in that stream of socialist intellectual history can be found the major variants which will appear again in the history of socialism. Thus "utopian socialism" was anathema to Marx and Engels, but essential to Marxist revolution in China.

All the essays in this volume employ this basic approach. Each of the chapters offers important insights; yet, Meisner's most lasting point is that Mao himself was an astounding figure who sustained radicalism in China for much of the time from 1949 to 1976, and without his radical, utopian vision the accomplishments of socialism in China—both spiritual and material—could not have occurred.

David D. Buck, an associate professor of history at UW-Milwaukee, writes about Chinese urban and social history.

Letters to the Editor

Recently, I read in your June 1982 issue an excellent piece by Lucy Baras entitled "A Glance Back in Time," concerning her survival in the Polish Ukraine during the Holocaust years. I would like to point out that the extermination camp referred to by Mrs. Baras as "Belzets" is recognized universally by its Polish spelling, "Belzec." It is estimated that more than 600,000 Jewish and non-Jewish prisoners perished at the hands of the Nazis in Belzec between February 1942 and early 1943. In light of the growing number of so-called revisionist historians who insist that the Holocaust was a hoax, I feel it is important to set the record straight.

Sara Leuchter
Editor, *Guide to Wisconsin Survivors of the Holocaust*

I hope that just because your survey respondents indicated they mostly ignore the poetry you are not going to drop it from the *Review*. We should all be exposed to things outside our main interest. You've done a good job of balancing the sciences, arts, and letters in the *Review*. I hope you continue to do so. After all, the Academy is a trinity, not a unity.

Carolyn Heidemann
Lake Mills

This letter is written to provide additional information and one correction to "Wisconsin's Little Mags and Small Presses" (June *Review*). *Peninsula Review* was founded in 1980 by Stephen Grutzmacher, editor. The fifth issue (Vol. III, No. 1) is currently at the printer. Published twice a year, the contents are general/literary. Contributors include Chad Walsh, Bink Noll, Tom MacBride, Norbert Blei, and Frances May. The correction: David Stocking, Chad Walsh, and Robert Glauber were the founders of the *Beloit Poetry Journal* in 1951. Marion Stocking was neither at Beloit College nor married to Dave.

Harold M. Grutzmacher
Ephraim, Wisconsin

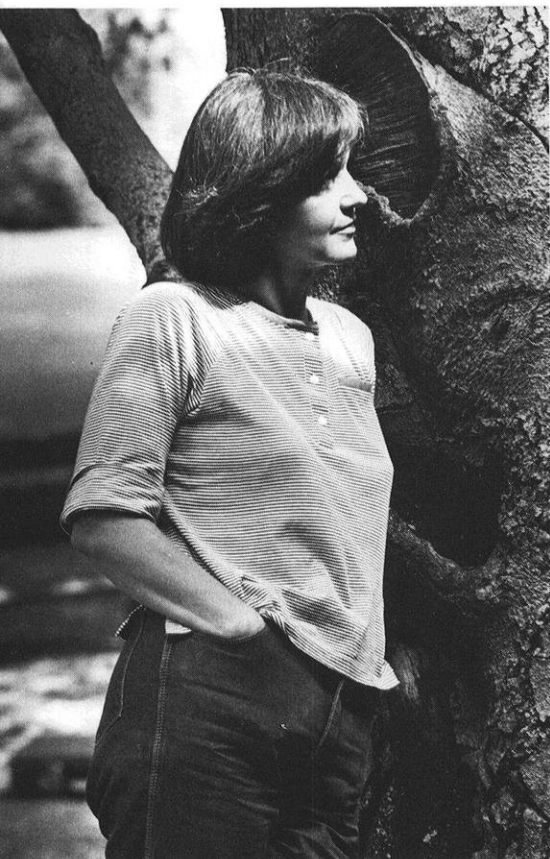
Authors and Artists

Harold H. Burdsall, Jr., received his Ph.D. in mycology from Cornell University. U.S.D.A. Forest Service botanist since 1967, he is now located at the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison. He is also adjunct associate professor in the Department of Plant Pathology at UW-Madison, teaching in the advanced mycology curriculum.

Dr. Ronelle Letven is a resident in the Department of Psychiatry, University of Wisconsin School of Medicine. She is active in PSR's Speakers' Bureau and is resident representative for the organization.

Michael V. Fox is associate professor and chairman of the Department of Hebrew and Semitics at the UW-Madison. He recently completed a book on the Song of Songs and the ancient Egyptian love songs.

Diana Balio



Jeanne Tabachnick, a free-lance photographer whose home base is Madison, has lived and photographed in Nigeria, Kenya, and Sierra Leone as well as traveling and photographing in other parts of Africa. She accompanied her husband, Bob Tabachnick, who is a professor in curriculum and instruction at UW-Madison. It was from these experiences that she became fascinated with the Sahara Desert which culminated in the trip described in the article. She is planning to lead a tour group to the Tassili N'Ajjer in December/January 1984/85.



Jeanne Tabachnick

The tree **Diana Balio** leaned against last summer, while listening to an orchestra rehearsal, is on the grounds of Tanglewood where Lukas Foss, whom she writes about in this issue, had some of his early musical training.

She welcomed the opportunity to meet him in the process of writing the article and hopes she hasn't made any mistakes.

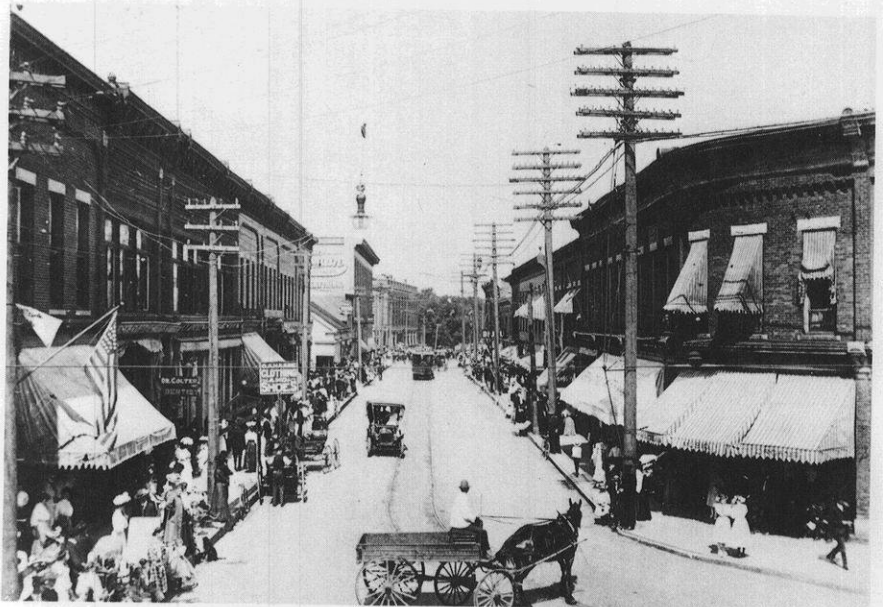
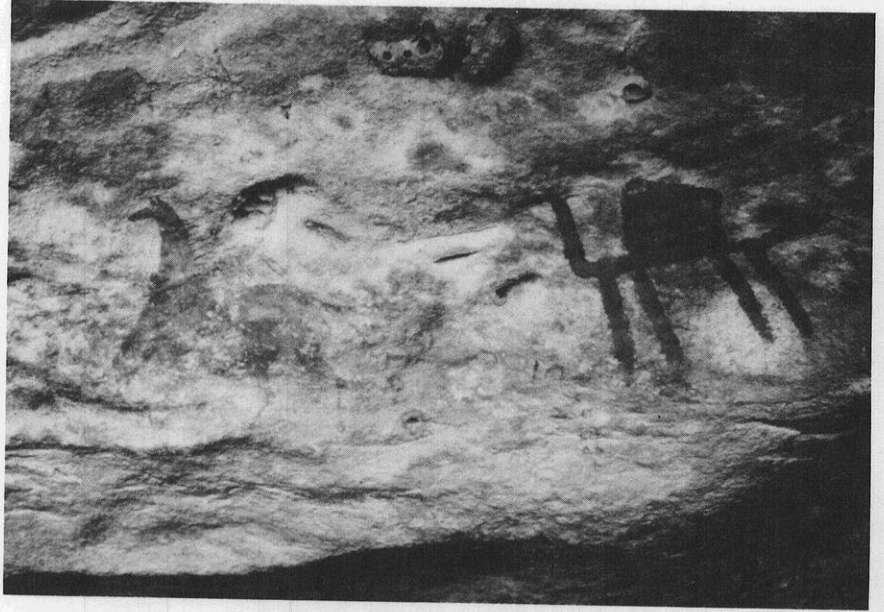
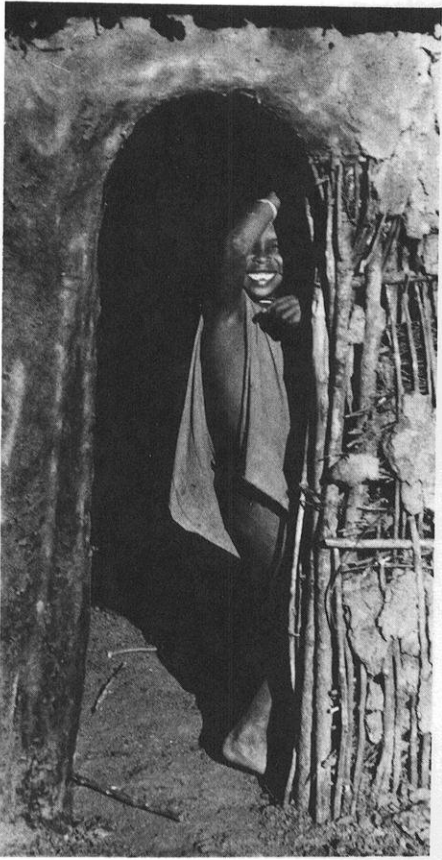
"He told me that an interviewer once quoted him as saying something about music 'from Brooklyn to Harlem.' Foss had no recollection of referring in any way to Brooklyn or Harlem. From Brooklyn to Harlem? After puzzling over that for a few days he suddenly remembered. His actual words had been 'from Bruckner to Mahler.'"

Diana was a manuscript editor for regional and scholarly publications until last year when she became secretary to Shirley Abrahamson, Justice of the Wisconsin Supreme Court (and, like Foss, a Fellow of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters). Her son, Andrew, is a freshman at New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, and her daughter, Julia, is a freshman at West High School in Madison.

Herman Nibbelink lives with his wife and two children in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, where he teaches English at the University of Wisconsin Center-Manitowoc County. His essays and poems have appeared in such journals as the *Arizona Quarterly*, *Great River Review*, *Illinois Quarterly*, *Mark Twain Journal*, and *Jump River Review*.

Carl Krog earned his B.A. and M.A. in history from the University of Chicago and Ph.D. from UW-Madison in 1971. He has published seven articles on aspects of life in Marinette. He is associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin Center, Marinette. He is married and has three children.

Carrie Hagen, a fifteen-year resident of Wisconsin, spends part of each summer in the Arizona mountains with her family and is planning to move to Texas in the fall, where she will continue working as a child development specialist.



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