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# WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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

September 1988  
Volume 34, Number 4





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**On the cover, Cyprus**

**A rock-cut tomb dating from third century B.C. and reused in the early Christian era. The tomb chambers are arranged around a peristyle court with Doric columns.**

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Cyprus

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Courtesy of the Morton Arboretum, Lisle, Illinois.

Jens Jensen

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THE WISCONSIN ACADEMY  
OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS  
The Wisconsin Academy was chartered by  
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investigation and dissemination of  
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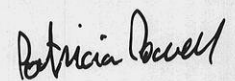
## Editorial

This was a hectic summer for me. Every year I wonder if the worry and anxiety of getting out a publication in one less month than usual doesn't somehow obliterate the positive effects of a vacation. This year we returned to a drought and a heat wave and had somehow to put back together the house and yard left in the care of a teenager and get our son ready to leave for college, as well as clear the desk and put together a magazine. I've learned through the years that I understand what I've seen better when I write about it—whether it is an art exhibit or a country. So I share a part of the month abroad in my article in this issue. I love traveling; I just haven't learned how to cope with the frenzied aftermath of a vacation.

Mid-September we will publish volume 2 of the *Wisconsin Academy Review of Books*. This issue reviews eight works of fiction, sixteen volumes of poetry, and ten nonfiction books by Wisconsin authors. We include publications by local as well as national publishers. Copies are available from the Academy for \$6.00 including postage and handling. This project was initiated by Academy council members Jerry Apps and Richard Boudreau to meet an oft-repeated complaints by Wisconsin authors that national book review media don't adequately review regional publications and the local media review very few books. The question which we must answer now is whether there is an audience (apart from the authors) for reviews of local authors. Wisconsin libraries have shown interest; a few bookstores around the state which make a point of having a local section have put in orders; some individuals who belong to writers' organizations have ordered copies. The Academy must decide whether it should support the project even if the public does not—that is, if sales do not bring in revenue to equal expense.

The September exhibition at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery is previewed in the Galleria article of this issue. The public is invited to the reception on Friday, September 2 from 5:00 to 8:00 p.m. and to the gallery talk on Sunday, September 4 at 3:00 p.m. by UW-Madison art professor Dean Meeker, which he will repeat the following Sunday at 3:00 p.m. These events in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery are held in conjunction with the Madison Festival of the Lakes on that Labor Day weekend and are supported in part by grants from the Festival, the Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission, and the Madison Committee for the Arts.

Coming up in the December *Review* will be more articles on John Muir, in this 150th anniversary year of his birth. We will also have an article on the history of mumming, a pharmacological history of the common plant pennyroyal, and a historical tour of Malta. As usual we'll throw in some short stories and poems and book reviews.



Patricia Powell



# Authors

**John Bennett** is Pennings Distinguished Professor of English and poet-in-residence at St. Norbert College, De Pere.

**Warrington Colescott** is emeritus professor of art, UW-Madison and frequent contributor to "Galleria." His reminiscence of Alfred Sessler is excerpted from the exhibition catalogue.

**Dorothy Boxhorn** has lived in the Waukesha area for all but four months of her fifty years. Married with four children ranging in ages from thirty to nineteen, she and her husband own and operate a septic pumping business. She and her sister published translations from Hungarian of their mother's poetry in *Sackbut Review*.

**Robert Crader** received his B.S. in mechanical engineering from the University of Missouri-Rolla. He lives in La Crosse and is working on a series of short stories dealing with fictional characters in different towns in Wisconsin.

**Victoria Ford** received her B.A. from Ohio Wesleyan University and her M.A. in English and creative writing from Indiana University and was a participant in the 1987 Festival of Poetry at The Frost Place. Her work has appeared, among other places, in *Abraxas*, the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, and *The Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*.

**John P. Keenan** is a director of general management programs with the Management Institute, University of Wisconsin-Madison. He holds a Ph.D. in sociology/anthropology from the United States International University in San Diego.

**Eric David Loring**, born in Madison, returns yearly to visit relatives. He holds an advanced degree in English and teaches at a community college in Arizona, where he lives with his wife and horse. He has published stories and part of a novel in several quarterlies.

**Jim Luce** began writing how-to articles about fishing in order to promote himself as a fishing guide. The more articles he sold, the more his interest shifted from guiding to writing, until now he is a full-time author. He writes nonfiction for outdoor publications and has become increasingly drawn to fiction. He is working on his first novel and living in Schofield, Wisconsin.

**Joan Rohr Myers** lives and works in Eau Claire. Her poems have appeared in over a hundred magazines, journals, and anthologies. Three of her plays have been produced by Wisconsin Public Radio. In 1986 she received the Wisconsin Regional Writers' Association Jade Ring and Bard's Chair Award for poetry.

**Patricia Powell** has been editor of the *Review* since 1980. Earlier this year she and her husband, Barry, toured archaeological sites in the eastern Mediterranean, including the lovely island of Cyprus. Archaeologists and museum staff there were most generous with their hospitality and their information.

**Kay Saunders**, a native of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, now lives in Appleton. Her most recent book of poetry is *Only the Footprints Are Gone*.

**Karen Sessler Stein and Marylou Williams** are cocurators of the September exhibition in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery, "The Prints of Alfred Sessler—1935-1963." Their biographical article in "Galleria" is excerpted from the exhibition catalogue.

**Emerson Wulling** is the owner of Sumac Press in La Crosse.



Patricia Powell in Cyprus





# Cyprus

## *East-West Crossroads Through Nine Millennia*

Text and Photographs by Patricia Powell

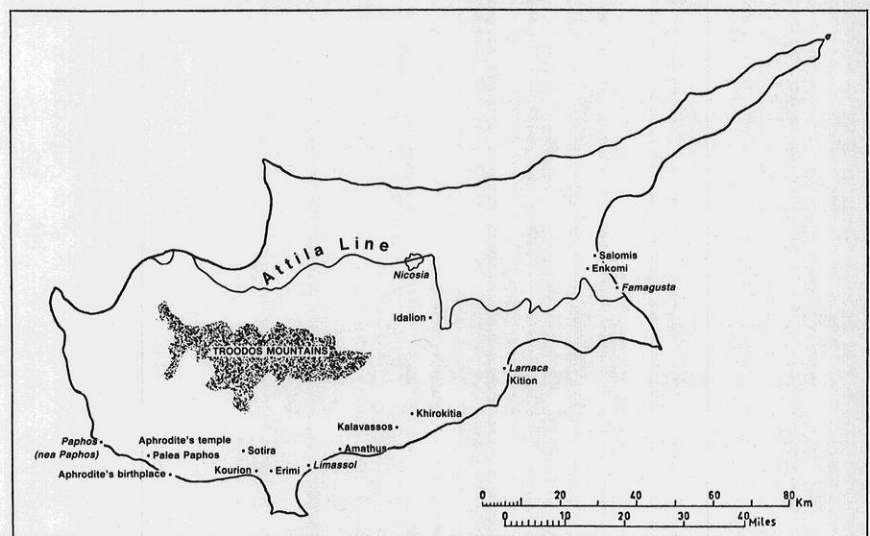
**T**he stories about Cyprus on American TV network news this year tell us much about its geographic position: the hijacked Kuwaiti airline which sat on the tarmac at the Larnaca, Cyprus, airport before being permitted to land in Algeria; the Palestinian bomb exploding near the Israeli embassy in Nicosia, Cyprus, and subsequent deportation from Cyprus of several Arabs; the attack on Austrian United Nations forces by a Turkish Cypriot. Cyprus, the third largest island in the Mediterranean (after Sicily and Sardinia), nests in the eastern sea near Asia, Africa, and Europe: forty-four miles from the southern coast of Turkey, sixty-four miles from Syria, 211 miles from Egypt, and 240 miles from the nearest Greek island, Rhodes. The population is sharply divided with approximately 80 percent of the Cypriots of Christian Greek heritage and less than 20 percent Turkish-speaking Moslems. Cyprus shares in the cultural conflicts between Europe and Asia, Christian and Moslem.

My husband and I were in Cyprus in May. We had expected Cyprus to be like Greece; it is, after all, a Greek-speaking island in the Mediterranean with political parties which called for union with Greece in this century. What we found was that the many occupiers in the past nine millennia—Phoenicians, Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Crusaders, French, Venetians, Turks, and British—have

influenced the culture; but the British, who administered the island from 1878 to 1960, left the greatest superficial impression. We noticed immediately one eccentric British custom; the driver sits on the right of the car and drives on the left of the road. We found that the Greek-speaking people even in mountain villages also speak excellent English. Cyprus has no universities, and many people go to England for professional training. Local English-language newspapers are published. Radio stations broadcast the BBC World Service so that anywhere on the island one can hear the cozy BBC view of the world. Driving across a mountain range, we listened to a rock show during which a man in Uganda requested the American fifties' hit "Return to Sender," and people from places like Sierra Leone and Bangladesh

asked for their favorite British or American rock groups. This program was immediately followed by a report on innovative agricultural practices in various African nations. I had the feeling that there is a common world culture (the British empire of the mind?).

We were in Cyprus to visit the archaeological sites and to allow my husband to work in the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia on the history of writing. The curator of inscriptions at the museum, Ino Nicolaou, was most helpful in using the collection and discussing the dating of inscriptions. After hours she expressed the famous Cypriot hospitality by inviting us to a small dinner party together with Belgian archaeologists working on a French dig at Amathus and some of the museum staff. Mrs. Nicolaou studied at the University of Aberdeen



in Scotland with the noted epigrapher T. B. Mitford. Her late husband was the director of the museum and in charge of the important dig of a Roman villa at Nea Paphos, which produced numerous spectacular mosaics. In her dining room hangs an Italian copy of one of those mosaics, presented by the archaeologists working on the dig. She served excellent Cypriot white wines, an appetizer of shellfish (shrimp, oysters, crab) in a light tomato sauce on melon, followed by moussaka, romaine salad, dessert, and completed by Filfar, a locally produced orange liqueur similar to Grand Mariner.

Many foreign archaeologists work in Cyprus; at present Swedish, German, French, British, Polish, Italian, American, and Swiss-German teams hold excavation permits. Cyprus has seen much archaeological activity in the past fifty years because its geographical location has, through the past nine millennia, brought about a unique melding of eastern and western cultures and religions.

Because Cyprus lacks either a university or a state-run research facility, the American Schools of Oriental Research (ASOR) instituted the Cyprus-American Archaeological Research Institute (CAARI) in 1978 in Nicosia to encourage communication among archaeologists of all nationalities by providing a center where common information could be shared. More specifically CAARI offers a pleasant place for scholars to meet (and lodging for a few) with excellent library facilities. We presented ourselves at the headquarters a few minutes' walk from the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia to use the library and to talk to a Berkeley Orientalist currently on a Fulbright in Cyprus. The director since 1980, Stuart Swiny (a Ph.D. from the University of London School of Archaeology), welcomed us and spoke of his excitement about their recent purchase of a large "patrician town house, part of Nicosia's historic architectural heritage" which should be renovated and ready for habi-

tation by the summer of 1989. A nonprofit scientific and educational institution, CAARI is supported by ASOR, by dues from member institutions, by grants (the Fulbright Commission has been generous), and by donations.

Swiny notes that one of his tasks is to raise funds in the States for the organization and that he first must describe Cyprus, because so few Americans go there. He stresses what a pleasant place it is for Americans—*English is universally spoken. It is a safe, civilized society with little crime* (the British give a special meaning to the word "civilized"). *Even its antiquities are on a human scale, neither intimidating nor exhausting to visit.* He continues his list of reasons why Americans should visit: *Food, hotels, and transportation are far less expensive than comparable accommodations in Western Europe, and the country offers superior beaches.* Swiny has lived in many Middle Eastern and Mediterranean countries for the past twenty years, and he appreciates the value of the civilized qualities of Cyprus.

He's right about both the cultural and natural attractions of the island. We expected the miles of white beaches and aqua water; we were delighted to find the high, pine-covered Troodos mountains with waterfalls and trout streams. The Greek poet George Seferis writes about a charming town in the Troodos mountains where we stayed: "Nightingales force you to stay asleep in Platres." These enchanting birds breed in the Troodos above 600 meters and, of course, sing only at night. Cyprus is a haven for bird lovers because it is on the migratory route of so many birds, such as the rare Eleonora's falcon which breeds there in autumn and the Griffon falcon, and because such specimens as the greater flamingo and the purple heron winter there.

Palms, agaves, cacti, mimosas, eucalyptus, and citrus trees were imported to Cyprus many years ago where they now thrive. The Asian pomegranate, a symbol of fertility,



Stuart Swiny, Director of the Cyprus-American Archaeological Research Institute, in his office in Nicosia.

was said to have been introduced by Aphrodite. An ancient source, Eratosthenes (275-195 B.C.), stated that most of Cyprus was heavily forested, but as on many Mediterranean islands overgrazing and changing climate depleted the trees. The British began intensive reforestation in the Troodos Mountains in the first half of this century, and today about 17 percent of the island is in forests.

The two tulips native to Cyprus are in danger of extinction because of overpicking before the seeds can be produced and scattered, but fields of peonies, poppies, and pink rock rose thrive, and oleanders line the roads at lower altitudes. The British were quite interested in natural history, and during the colonial period British residents published studies of birds, mammals, indigenous and introduced flora.

If Cyprus is civilized, however, this is not to say it is free of the political turmoil which characterizes the region. When Cyprus became an independent state in August 1960, Archbishop Makarios III, head of the Cypriot Greek Orthodox Church, was elected the first president, a choice which did little to reassure the Turkish Moslem minority. The political situation was so unstable that Turkey concentrated military troops opposite the island and UN peace-keeping troops (UNFICYP) were stationed





**Abandoned house along the Green Line in Nicosia, which divides the Turkish-occupied north from the Greek-Cypriot south**

there beginning in 1964. The Turkish population clustered in enclaves and suffered restrictions of movement and strong economic disadvantages. In 1974 the military junta in Greece attempted a coup to force Makarios out of power. Turkey, claiming a responsibility to protect the Turkish minority, invaded the northern coast, occupying 37 percent of the island. Over two hundred thousand people were displaced as entire Turkish Cypriot villages moved north and many more Greek Cypriots moved to the south.

Despite continual negotiations

between Greece and Turkey, signers of the Treaty of Zurich-London which established the republic, Turkey in 1983 unilaterally declared an independent Turkish state under military control. The island is effectively partitioned by the Attila or Green Line, so that tourists arriving from Turkey can visit only the north and those from Greece can visit only the south. Although it is possible for a tourist from the south to obtain a day pass to the north and return before sunset, because of stories of tourists not allowed back in, we decided not to take the risk. The Green Line, a for-

midable psychological as well as physical barrier for the tourist is patrolled by armed Cypriot, Turkish, and UN peace-keeping forces.

We walked the Green Line inside Nicosia, noting the destroyed mansions as well as the life, such as a small motor repair shop, which goes on in abandoned buildings on the line. We met a professional couple who had purchased a house directly on the Green Line inside the walled city in 1980; they explained that the price was right, security is good, and that you learn to live with one army at your front door and another at your back door. The check point between the two sectors is the old Ledra Palace Hotel, occupied by Canadian UN troops. When we approached the check point, we were stopped by Cypriot officers who suggested that we leave our passports with them while we looked more closely at the Ledra. They also suggested that I cover my camera, since photographs were not permitted and the Turkish soldiers would confiscate my film if they thought I was taking pictures. At the UN guard gate we talked to an eighteen-year-old soldier from Winsor, Canada, who escorted us around their luxurious quarters. The Ledra Palace resort had been open only a short time before it was caught in the 1974 crossfire, but it still has beautifully landscaped grounds with a large swimming pool. The UN pays rent to the hotel owners for its occupation and keeps up the buildings and grounds, though the shell holes in the hotel wall are still visible. The Canadian soldier's tour of duty on Cyprus is six months, but many apply to return. The UN forces are free to go anywhere on the island, unlike most of its citizens and most tourists.

The southern two thirds of Cyprus is enjoying great economic prosperity as a year-round vacation spot for northern Europeans, especially the British and the Scan-

dinavians seeking sun and sand, although skiing is available in winter in the mountains. Along the southern coast we saw entire villages which had been built since our map was printed in 1986, and everywhere condominiums and resorts were in various stages of construction. The capital city of Nicosia, too, is making itself more inviting to tourists by such projects as the conversion of the Famagusta Gate (one of three entrances in the sixteenth-century Venetian walls surrounding the old city) to the Municipal Cultural Centre and the renovation of a section just within the walls called Laiki Yitonia, a "Folk Neighborhood." Cars have been barred from the narrow streets which are filled with sidewalk restaurants and local arts and crafts, such as weavings, baskets, embroidered linens, and delicate silver filigree jewelry. When I exclaimed on this frenzy of economic activity, a Cypriot friend said, "We are a nation of fewer than one-half million; we have one million tourists a year."

The Famagusta Gate in the walls of old Nicosia, now a cultural center



Laiki Yitonia, a section of Nicosia inside the walls, renovated for a tourist attraction.





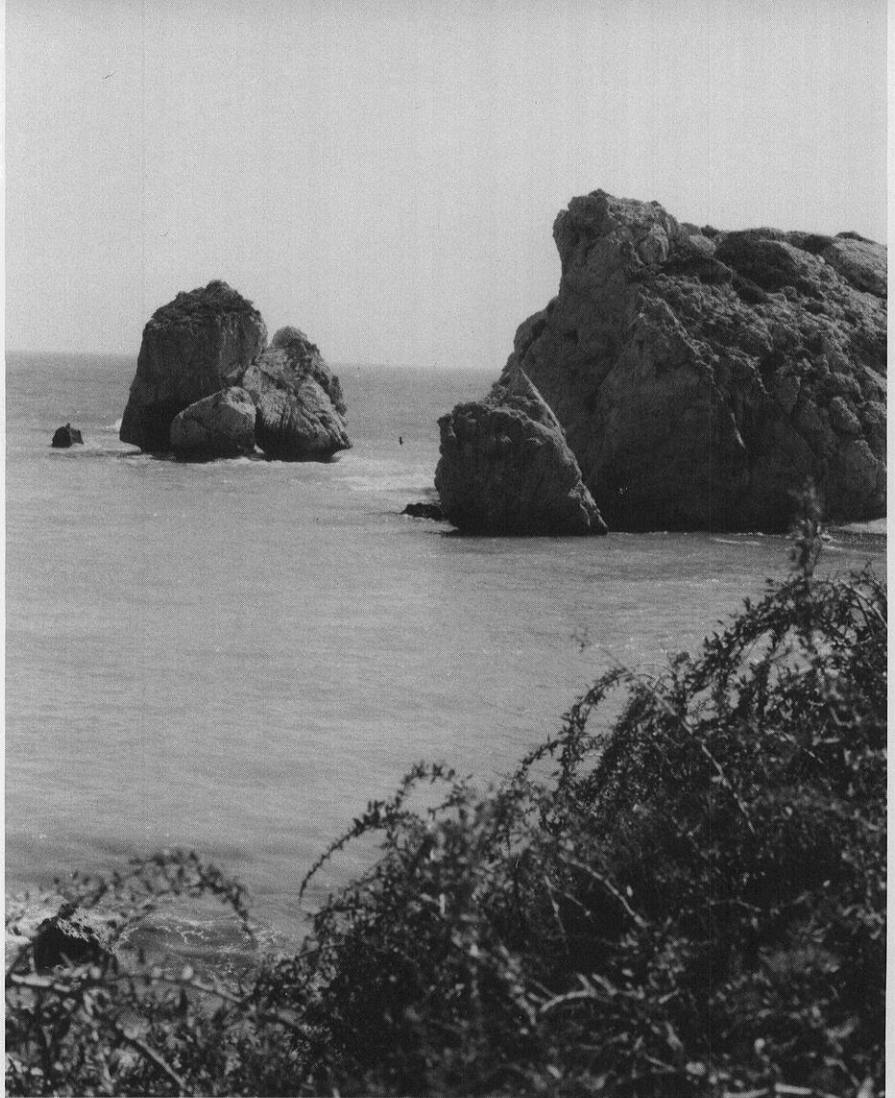
But we had traveled to Cyprus to discover its past, to the island birthplace of Aphrodite, Greek goddess of love and beauty. We stood on the southern coast and viewed the rocks splashed by the foaming waves out of which Aphrodite was born. We walked to the small, rather nondescript pool fed by a natural spring in a dark grotto purported to be the place where Aphrodite bathed before marrying Akamas, where Chalcolithic artifacts were discovered in 1960. And we saw at Kouklia/Palea Paphos the remains of the Late Bronze Age temple (dated to 1200 B.C.) which for centuries was the center of the cult of Aphrodite, a place of pilgrimage for the ancient Greeks. The first certain reference to Cyprus comes from Homer in his story about the love affair of Aphrodite, goddess of love, and Ares, god of war: "And Ares departed to Thrace, but she, the laughter-loving Aphrodite, went to Cyprus, to Paphos, where is her domain and fragrant alter." (*Odyssey* VIII.359-66.) Excavation was begun in 1887 by the British School at Athens, and the temple has been periodically excavated since by the British and now by a Swiss-German mission. The famous temple is quite unlike Greek temples; it seem to be a Near Eastern type with open courtyard and sanctuary. Inside the central alter was found a large conical stone with "horns of consecration" on either side. In Cyprus Aphrodite took on the fertility attributes of Astarte, the great Near Eastern goddess of love and war. Indeed the name Aphrodite may be a corruption of Astarte. Such a confluence of east and west is what gives Cyprus its unique culture.

#### *Archaeology and history*

The earliest evidence of man on Cyprus comes from the Neolithic community of **Khirokitia**, occupied as early as 7000 B.C. Located in the south midway between Larnaca and Limassol, the site was investigated

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**Khirokitia, the remains of a Neolithic farming village, first occupied about 7000 B.C.**



**Aphrodite's birthplace: She was conveyed to shore in a seashell by the gentle breeze of Zephyr, a frequent subject of paintings, with the best known being Botticelli's *Birth of Venus* (c. 1480).**



first by the Cyprus Department of Antiquities and more recently by the French. As we walked up the steep hillside, we could see more than twenty circular houses of mudbrick and rubble. Farmers who cultivated wheat and barley inhabited this site; they used tools of flint, bone, and stone and had no pottery. The dead were buried in shallow pits in the floors of the houses, sometimes accompanied by jewelry and stone vessels ritually broken; the floors were then covered with a layer of mud and habitation continued. Little more is known of the people or their culture.

This early cultural phase is separated from the ceramic Chalcolithic period (c. 3900-2300 B.C.; the word means copper-stone but is used to describe the period when metal first appeared but was uncommon) by a 1500-year gap for which there is no explanation. Nor do we know why pottery was introduced here several millennia after it was invented elsewhere in the Near East. The best information about the Chalcolithic Age comes from investigations at **Erimi**, on the southern coast east of Limassol. The Cyprus Department of Antiquities in the 1930s uncovered a settlement of circular stone huts with nine successive occupation layers and a new pottery type of bright red designs painted on a white ground. Other Chalcolithic human figurines, reminiscent of the Cycladic marble idols of the Aegean, were found in burials near Paphos and can be seen in the Paphos Museum and in the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia. The transition from the Chalcolithic to the Bronze Age is currently being investigated by the joint CAARI-University of Minnesota excavations at Sotira-Khaminoudhia.

Evidence of the Bronze Age in Cyprus (c. 2300-1050 B.C.) was found at several sites including Enkomi in the north near Famagusta and in the south Kition (Larnaca), Palea Paphos (old Paphos to distinguish it from new or Nea Paphos), and Idalion in the central section between Nicosia and Larnaca. The Early Bronze Age saw the

introduction of a native style of pottery, uninfluenced by other Near Eastern cultures. We can see the exuberant form in enormous composite vessels which often have modeled figures attached to the surface or handles. A large pottery vessel from Vounous now in the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia shows nineteen worshipers about to sacrifice bulls to three deities and another figure climbing over the side (to spy on the ceremony?). Scenes of daily life, too, were painted on pots and bowls. These Cypriot pots became a large export industry, along with the copper which was the prime source of the wealth of the island. Not until the Late Bronze Age (c. 1600 B.C.) did the island pottery begin to show influence of the trade with Egypt and the Levant. This period is well documented, and additional material is coming to light in the current excavations by American teams at Kalavassos-Ayios Dhimitrios and Maroni. The so-called Cypro-Minoan script of the period is still undeciphered, but seems to be based on the Linear A writing of Crete.

After 1400 B.C. the Mycenaean Greeks began to settle on the island. By the end of the Bronze Age the island had adopted Greek religion, customs, and language, which was written in a syllabic script, where each sign represents a consonant plus a vowel or a pure vowel. By 1250 B.C. the island had become part of the general collapse of culture of the eastern Mediterranean.

One of the most important sites on the island is **Kition**, within the modern city of Larnaca, which has architectural remains from as early as the thirteenth century B.C. Mycenaeans probably rebuilt the city about 1200 B.C. The Late Bronze Age city was excavated by the Cyprus Department of Antiquities under V. Karageorghis to reveal temples, streets, a Cyclopean wall, which can now be viewed from catwalks around the site. Although Kition should be visited, a detailed guide book is required to make sense of the site due to the various periods of occupation and the reuse of materials. We had looked for-

ward to seeing some famous graffiti of Phoenician ships; though we stared imaginatively at the ashlar block wall of the temple, we could barely make out a few rough scratches. (However, the unseasonable 105° heat could have dimmed our eyesight or at least our persistence.)

Following an earthquake about 1075 B.C. and abandonment by the Greeks, Kition was rebuilt by Phoenicians and remained a Phoenician city until 312 B.C. The Bronze Age temples were rebuilt by Phoenician architects; the similarity in plan and construction with Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem leads many to believe they had the same Phoenician architect. Because of the cross-fertilization taking place in Kition, some scholars believe that it may have been there that the Greek alphabet was adapted from the Phoenician script.

A splendid example of eighth-century Cypriot life was found at **Salamis**, which was excavated by the Department of Antiquities in the late 1950s. In the unlooted entrance to Tomb 79 was found ivory furniture of Phoenician workmanship, chariots and horses (sacrificed with their master) with bronze gear and ornaments, an immense bronze cauldron decorated with sirens and griffins. These artifacts, which are on display in their own room at the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia, vividly recall Homer's description of funerary ceremonies. The site of Salamis itself is in Turkish-occupied Cyprus; all work there stopped with the 1974 invasion, and Salamis is virtually inaccessible to the southern tourist.

Between 700 and 333 B.C. Cyprus came under the successive eastern influences of Assyria and Persia. When Alexander the Great conquered the Persian empire, Cyprus became part of the large Hellenistic state administered by the Ptolemies of Egypt. Few monuments remain of Hellenistic life apart from about a hundred rock-cut tombs which now have been made into an archaeological park on the beach near Paphos. These amazing subterranean tombs were often arranged





**V**assos Karageorghis, director of the Cyprus Department of Antiquities since 1963, was kind enough to make room in his busy schedule for a short discussion about his accomplishments in office. Dr. Karageorghis, who studied classics at University College, London and received his Ph.D. from there in 1957, has published many volumes on the archaeology of Cyprus, excavation reports from his work at Salamis and Kition and numerous professional papers as well as lavishly illustrated books meant for a general audience. The erudition and enthusiasm of this man are often cited as reasons why so much archaeological attention has recently been focused on Cyprus.

He has made a great commitment to having foreign scholars work in Cyprus; during his tenure sometimes as many as seventeen different foreign missions were working on some stage of an excavation. His desire has been to excavate as much as possible, to create new sites for cultural tourism and to fill in the lacunae of Cypriot archaeology. In addition to stimulating foreign and domestic excavations, he has overseen the expansion of the regional museums: in Famagusta, Larnaca, Limassol, Paphos, and folk art and ethnographic museums. He is working on a new home for the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia; the property is purchased and fundraising for building is on schedule.

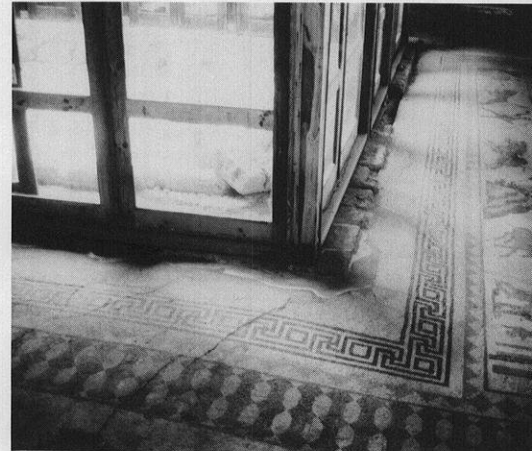
What does Director Karageorghis think is the most pressing problem facing the Department of Antiquities? The Turkish occupation of the north. The museums, sites, and antiquities in the Turkish-occupied zone are without the protection of his government or, as he says, the legal government. All archaeological activity in the occupied zone ceased in 1974. He knows that many sites have been pillaged because he himself has purchased over fifty art treasures removed from the northern sector. The Famagusta District Museum was looted; icons were taken from churches and monasteries and sold in the illicit antiquities market. The frescoes of entire churches were removed by professional art thieves, and Karageorghis believes this must have required at least the passive cooperation of the Turkish authorities. Although the Department of Antiquities appealed to UNESCO to ensure the safety of the cultural artifacts of the island, no agreement has yet been reached between UNESCO and the Turkish authorities.

Dr. Karageorghis asked me to call attention to a common American misunderstanding which appeared in the March-April issue of *Archaeology Magazine*, published by the Archaeological Institute of America. The article, "Travel Guide to the Ancient World 1988," suggested visits to the site of Salamis in the north, near Famagusta, and to the Cyprus Museum in Nicosia to see the contents of Tomb 79—as if this were easily done. The director (as excavator of Salamis) was dismayed that professional archaeologists could be so insensitive to the political situation or so ignorant of the conditions of the archaeological sites in occupied Cyprus. The *Archaeology* editors replied to his letter of protest in the June-July issue their coverage of world archaeology is rigidly apolitical.



The House of Dionysos has splendid murals of delicately colored pebbles.

The rough reconstruction helps give the feeling of a Roman villa.



A mosaic floor from a public building at Kourion known as the Annexe of Eustolios, completed early fifth century A.D.

around a peristyle court in the Doric order; they were reused in Roman times. In 58 B.C. Cyprus was annexed by Rome. For this historical period the most important, and visually exciting, sites are Nea Paphos and Kourion.

The town of Nea Paphos was probably founded in the fourth century B.C., but it became the administrative center of Cyprus during the Roman period, from 58 B.C. to 395 A.D. The large site contains a theatre, city walls, a stadium, but the most impressive sights for the visitor are the mosaics in the third-century A.D. villas of Roman noblemen. The House of Dionysos, so named because of the frequent representation of the god, contains fourteen rooms with beautifully executed mosaic floors in excellent condition. Excavation of this Roman villa was begun in 1962 by K. Nicolaou, and the simple reconstruction of walls and roof conveys the feeling of the luxurious Roman domestic architecture. The House of Dionysos, the House of Theseus excavated by the Polish mission, and the House of Heracles make up a museum of Roman polychrome mosaics.

Kourion, a spectacular site overlooking the sea near Limassol, was probably established by Dorians from the Peloponnese in 1595 B.C., although most of what we see today is Roman. The restored theatre, which seats 3500, dates to the second century A.D., but almost certainly was built on an earlier Greek theatre. A public building with mosaic floors dating from the fifth century A.D. contains this Greek inscription: "This house, in place of its ancient armament of walls and iron and bronze and steel, has now girt itself with the much venerated symbols of Christ." Although Kourion is a very large site, we were able in a morning to stroll through an early Christian basilica, a sports stadium accommodating about 6,000 spectators, a partially reconstructed temple of Apollo, and a portion of the town with agora and houses. A traditional Roman bath with some mosaic floors intact contains tepidarium, caldarium, and



Above: The Roman theatre, second century A.D., at Kourion with its splendid view of the sea was reconstructed in 1961 to be used for plays and concerts.

#### The Roman agora at Kourion

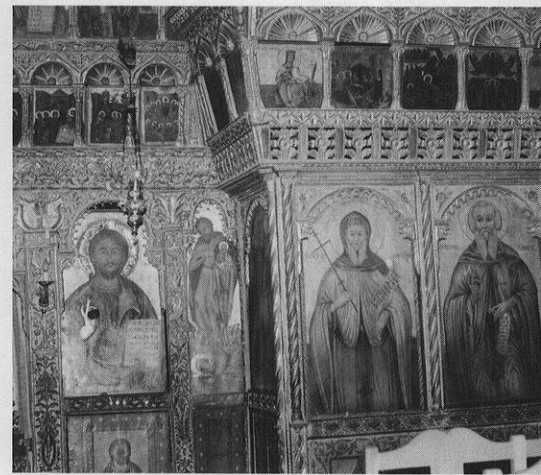




The cruciform, domed Church of Panayia Angeloktistos (built by angels overnight according to legend) was built about 1000 on fifth-century ruins at Kiti and restored in the sixteenth century.



Interior of church at Kiti: A portion of the iconostasis, a screen which separates the altar from the congregation in Orthodox churches and is usually decorated with icons



frigidaria with heating chambers and water basins surviving. More information about Kourion's last days can be found in the July 1988 *National Geographic* article by archaeologist David Soren (pp. 30-53).

Some of the most interesting monuments on Cyprus are the early Christian and Byzantine churches. Cyprus became Christian in the fourth century A.D., and with the division of the Roman Empire, it became part of the eastern church ruled from Constantinople. Through the Arab occupation from 647 to 963 Christianity remained a force. In the later twelfth century Cyprus fell into the hands of the Crusaders, then was sold to Guy de Lusignan who established a dynasty lasting until 1489. The French Lusignans brought the church under the control of Rome, but the Greek Orthodox Church retained its own churches and traditions. Throughout the occupation by the Venetians from 1489 to 1571 and as a Turkish province of the Ottoman Empire from 1571-1878, the church remained a power in the lives of the Cypriots, a part it still plays today.

The church of Panagia Tis Asinou in the village of Vizakia, off the road from Nicosia to the Troodos Mountains, dates from the begin-



St. Nicholas of the Roof in the Troodos Mountains was erected in the early eleventh century and completely painted between the eleventh and seventeenth centuries. The curious name comes from the shingle roof added in the thirteenth century to protect the domed, tiled original roof (visible in the open niches just below the shingle roof).

ning of the twelfth century. Considered by many to be the finest example of Byzantine art in Cyprus, the interior is completely covered by paintings. In the mid sixties the church paintings were cleaned by the Dumbarton Oaks Center for Byzantine Studies of Harvard University; today they are fresh and colorful. The small church is no longer in use, but the Vizakia village priest who keeps the key opens the church to visitors and explains (in Greek) the sequence of the paintings. About two thirds of the original (1105-06) church decorations survive; others were repainted in the third quarter of the fourteenth century. Over the south entrance to the nave appears a painting of the donor presenting a model of the church to Christ with the Virgin Mary as intercessor. Other traditional Byzantine scenes in this church include the Communion of the Apostles, the Six Fathers of the Church, the Presentation of the Virgin Mary to the Temple. The Dormition of the Virgin above the west door is an unusually fine example of this theme which appears only after the ninth century and is based on apocryphal accounts: Above the rigid body of Mary stands the erect figure of Christ holding the soul of Mary in his hands as a swaddled babe with weeping figures of Peter, Paul, and John standing or kneeling in the foreground. In the later iconographic tradition the apostles are shown arriving in the clouds. No photographs are permitted inside the church itself, an effort at preservation we must applaud even while lamenting our lack of photographic documentation of such fine paintings.

The thriving Monastery of St. Neophytes near Paphos is also worth a visit. The parking lot has ample space for tour buses, and a small cafe sells honey and souvenirs of the monastery. This commercialism is amusing for a monastery founded by a hermit. St. Neophytes was born in the mountain village of Lefkara in 1134. On June 24, 1159, he retreated to a cave



The completely painted interior walls of Panagia Tis Asinou, dated to the beginning of the twelfth century, are an outstanding example of Byzantine art.

The Monastery of St. Neophytes built around the beautifully painted cave occupied by the saint in the twelfth century



in the mountains on the eastern side of the island, enlarging it into a double chamber. In the inner room he carved out a stone bench and a stone table, and in the northeast corner he prepared his tomb. In the outer chamber he set up an altar and dedicated it to the Holy Cross, and in 1183 he added a third chamber.

The fame of this saintly recluse spread, and in 1170 the Bishop of

Paphos persuaded him to be ordained and to accept a disciple. The chambers were completely painted by 1183 and signed and dated. The two distinct styles present indicate that the painter was formally trained in current iconographic traditions. He often made representations of the same subject, one in the classicizing court style with idealized faces, lively movement, plasticity of form, demonstrable



knowledge of anatomy; and one in the severe monastic style with linear construction, long, drawn, but individualized faces. Perhaps the most interesting painting is the monastic Anastasis or Christ at the Gates of Hell, in which Christ is moving to the right and pulling Adam along by the left wrist. Be-

**The statue of Archbishop Makarios III in front of the Archbishop's Palace in Nicosia. Now, ten years after his death, his portrait is widely hung in southern village shops, and both his tomb and the humble house of his birth are much visited.**



hind, Eve, David, and Solomon stand in their graves and look at John the Baptist, who is unrolling a scroll which says: "Behold him of whom I told you." In fact this theme, based on the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, is presented again in the classicizing style in the tomb niche.

The modern monastery, built near the caves, has an interesting sixteenth-century church containing bones and the skull of St. Neophytes which is shiny from strokings/osculation of the faithful.

Cyprus still has about ten thriving monasteries and convents, some of them in Byzantine buildings, and the Greek Orthodox Church is a powerful force in Cypriot life. Michael Mouskos, later President-Archbishop Makarios III served his novitiate in Kykko Monastery, which was founded in 1100 and dedicated to the Virgin Mary. We stayed overnight in the Kykko Monastery high in the Troodos Mountains and attended vespers in its impressive chapel. There were eight priests and monks officiating and, besides us, in the congregation one man and a monastery cleaning woman. We also saw the monastery museum, filled with valuable relics, icons, and bishops' accoutrements richly woven with gold and jewels. Makarios is buried on a mountain top overlooking this richest—one might say gaudiest—of Cypriot monasteries. He designed the tomb and shrine which is now guarded by soldiers. From the shrine on the summit we had a wonderful view.

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## *Fiction*

# The Wart Witch

By Jim Luce

**M**attie Birdsong knew, as animals do, that the sands were running out. In her eighty-seventh September, the old woman's dark face glistened with sweat despite the cool morning. As she labored up the path from the swamp, Mattie pushed each footstep ahead with a twisted brier wood cane that, scarred and darkened with years, seemed a mirror of herself.

"Good thing you left this walkin' stick behind, Arnson." She panted. "I'll be passin' over one of these days, might be I'll bring it with me."

Mattie leaned on the cane as she pushed first one foot, then the other, up the two steps to the cabin's front porch, talking all the while to her long-dead lover. Gaining the porch, she eased herself into the old rocker that waited there.

Mattie rocked, the weathered floor boards creaking in time with her chair as she packed Arnson's cracked clay pipe, then lit it and drew deeply. Acrid smoke overlay the smell of decay from the bogs and mingled with the sour smell of the stew—dandelion greens, tubers, and the last week-old chunk of muskrat—she'd left simmering on the wood stove.

Mattie pushed herself up from the rocker. She needed to pull a bucket of water and get to work in the garden, but then she heard a car top the rise and head down the dirt road behind the cabin. She sat back down, checking her dress pocket to be sure she had her wart sack.

Kevin Shultz braked his old Chevy beside what used to be the saw shed back when Arnson Hanover was alive and running his logging and sawmill operation. He ambled toward the cabin, smiling sheepishly as the old woman watched him.

"You here again, boy?"

Kevin nodded.

"Third time in as many months. What you doin', eatin' toads? Washin' yer hands in stump water?"

Kevin grinned and shook his head.

"I don't know, Mattie; they just seem to keep comin'."

"Well, where's it at this time, son?"

Kevin unbuttoned the top buttons and pulled his shirt back from his left shoulder.



"Shooo, that's a big 'un." Mattie reached up to the back of his shoulder and touched the large black mole with a gnarled finger. "Well, just stand still, son, and let's have at it."

Twisting about, Mattie lifted a string of beads from the back of her rocking chair and from the pocket of her dress took a tiny burlap sack pulled tight with a draw string. She began to chant softly, guttural, ancient words rising and falling over the monotone background of her song. Her gnarled fingers ran over the beads like a rosary. Alternately, she pressed the little sack against the wart on Kevin's shoulder, then held it tight in her hand as she sang. Finally, she stopped and put the sack and beads back in their places.

"All right, boy, it'll be gone in the mornin'. You git outa here now." Mattie smacked Kevin on the seat of his jeans. She started to take the two crumpled dollar bills he offered, then looked at his rusty old car and changed her mind.

"Naw, you keep it, son. I got me enough money for now. Most of it from you." She cackled at her joke, then shook her finger at him. "But if you don't find somethin' fer breakfast 'sides toads, I'm gonna start chargin' you double."

Kevin laughed and started toward his car, then turned back. "Mattie, I been wonderin'. How come you don't witch your own warts? Seems like every time I come here you got more of 'em."

"Can't boy. It don't work. I reckon the spirits just don't see fit for it."

Kevin considered that, then shrugged and went on to his car.

As Kevin's old Chevy rattled up the hill, Mattie pondered the benign curse her father, Harold Clearhorn Birdsong, had placed on her. There was more to it than she'd told the boy. A tribal shaman, her father had given her the secret of witching other folks' warts. He'd also explained why she could never rid herself of her own. She scratched absently at a new lump beneath the skin of her left arm.

Mattie sat a moment longer, watching an immature bald eagle soar low over the tamaracks. Suddenly its wings folded, and it plunged out of sight behind the trees. A moment later it rose into view again, its mottled wings heaving powerfully as they lifted the bird to the top of a dead pine. The claws held a large, wetly shining fish.

"Good fer you, young'n," Mattie called to the bird. "That'll do you 'till tomorrow. Now you can fly plum for the fun of it. As fer me, I'd better get out to that garden."

She started to push herself up from the rocker and heard another vehicle coming down the hill. "Well, sheeo," she muttered. "Place is gittin' to be a damn wart clinic. Reckon I wasn't meant to git outa this chair today."

Mattie watched as a clay-spattered pickup bounced down the rutted drive and stopped beside the collapsed

shed. A young woman slid from the high cab and started for the cabin, zipping her windbreaker against the morning chill as she picked her way through rusted pieces of junk from the old saw mill. She stopped by the two steps leading to the porch and looked up at Mattie.

Mattie was unaffected by the fleeting look of revulsion that crossed the younger woman's face. She was used to the reaction of strangers on seeing her for the first time, what with nearly every inch of her body covered with warts and moles of every size, shape, and color.

The visitor's eyes seemed strangely sad, but she tried a smile. "Mattie Birdsong?" she inquired. The old woman nodded.

"Mattie, my name's Elaine Clarkson." She removed her white hardhat, brushing at the short dark hair beneath and carefully keeping her gaze on the old woman's eyes. "I own the Clarkson Construction Company."

Mattie's eyes went flat with disapproval. She arched an eyebrow at such nonsense, and the younger woman's voice stumbled.

"I . . . uh . . . I mean I know it probably seems strange, a woman running a construction company, but it was my husband's business and he died four years ago. Our daughter, Bonnie, was only a year old at the time. The business was going good, and I wanted to ensure her future so I . . ."

Mattie saw the younger woman's eyes deepen with some inner pain as she stopped babbling.

"Anyway, I've just bought this land." She swept a hand from the cabin to the swamp. "All the land originally deeded to Arnson Hanover."

Mattie watched the dark eyes take in the littered yard and the disintegrating cabin. "I'm going to build a resort here," the woman continued. "It's a lovely spot. With the main lodge here at the top of the hill, guests could have their coffee on the veranda in the morning and watch the wildlife. It's . . . I mean we . . ." She took a deep breath and tried again. "What I'm getting at is, this cabin's going to have to come down. I'm really very sorry; I didn't know until this morning that anyone lived out here, but I guess we're going to have to find you a new place to live."

Abruptly, Mattie rocked forward, planting her feet on the worn planks of the porch. She put both hands on top the briar wood cane and planted that between her feet. She rested her chin on her hands.

"Reckon not," she said. "I been here all my life. I ain't got no place else to go."

"I realize that. And I'll be happy to help you find a new place. I'll even pay the first few months' rent." The young woman looked around again. "I can see you wouldn't be happy in town, but I'm sure we could find you a place in the country, maybe with a retired farm couple or something. And I could arrange a small monthly allotment so that . . ."

"I don't need money," Mattie interrupted, chin still on her hands. She lifted her eyes to the young eagle, now just a speck against the clouds. "And I don't need no company. Thanks just the same, but I'll stay put 'till I die."

"Now look . . ." The young woman calmed herself quickly. "You *can't* stay here, the excavating has to start in six weeks if we're going to get the foundations poured before winter. I'll find you another place, whatever you want . . . with running water . . . the works. Look at this house," she pointed at the front door askew on one hinge, "it's about to fall down around your ears anyway. And that swamp." They both looked down at the narrow trail that disappeared into the tamaracks. "They told me in town you run a trapline or something. It's a wonder you haven't fallen in there, broken a hip or something and laid there 'till you died."

"Missy," Mattie sighed as she straightened up and leaned back in her chair. "I been here since Arnsen built this place seventy-three years ago. Built it, when the mill was goin' night and day, so's he wouldn't have to go back to town every night. Or maybe so's he wouldn't have to go home to his fat wife." Mattie chuckled.

"No matter. He come to git me when I was fourteen, needin' someone to cook and clean the place and keep him warm at night."

Mattie stared out over the swamp. "Arnsen was a good man. Treated me right. I been livin' here, takin' care of myself and not botherin' nobody, ever since he died thirty-five years ago this summer."

"But your house is so . . ."

Mattie looked down at the young woman. "This old house suits me just fine. It's fallin' apart, but so'm I. It'll last as long as I do, and after that it won't matter to either of us. And the swamp suits me too. Long as I'm alive I can go in there and take food from it. If I die in the swamp, it'll feed on me, and that's the way it should be. No, missy, you go on and skeedaddle now; I'm stayin' right here."

The younger woman had grown visibly tense at Mattie's resistance. Now she glanced at her watch.

"All right, Mattie, I don't have time to stand here and argue with you. But you really haven't any choice. The property's been purchased and you have to leave. You ask around, and I'll give you thirty days from today." Then her jaw tightened. "If you're still here after that, I'm afraid it'll mean the county nursing home."

Mattie saw the sudden welling of tears as the young woman turned and stalked off to the truck. She tripped over a rusty pulley, falling hard on her hands and knees in the red clay. Her head hung down a moment, as though she wanted to collapse there and bawl like a child. Instead, she got up and dusted off her jeans, then slammed the truck door shut and gunned the pick-up around, spewing dirt as she fishtailed up the hill.

A flock of crows rose from the trees, scolding hoarsely

at the truck's noisy departure. Mattie rocked and stared out over the swamp. She snorted.

A month later, Elaine's pickup swung off the county highway, bounced down the wrenching cow path toward Mattie's shack and jerked to a halt beside the old saw shed. Mattie rocked on the cabin's porch, watching the younger woman stare at her through the truck window. Elaine's shoulders slumped a moment, then she smacked a small fist against the steering wheel and banged the truck door shut behind her. At the foot of the steps, her fists on her hips, she glared up at Mattie. Her face had picked up new worry lines during the past months, and her eyes were haunted. Mattie stared flatly back at the unhappy woman.

"You're still here," Elaine said. "Why?"

"I belong here."

"Well you can't stay here. So get out of that chair, gather up whatever belongings you need to take with you, and get into my truck. I'm taking you into town."

Mattie shook her head. "I ain't leavin' here, missy."

Elaine took the porch steps in a stride. "Oh you're going all right, and you're going now."

The old lady's hands locked onto the rocker.

"If I have to," Elaine grated, "I'll take you and the rocker both into town in the back of the truck." She leaned over the old woman and grabbed her skinny wrists. Mattie saw Elaine's nostrils crinkle, saw the shudder of revulsion at the hard, scaly lumps beneath her hands.

But at the young woman's touch, Mattie's eyes went wide. She cried out sharply as sudden pain rushed into her. Burning physical agony mingled with a hopeless despair.

Startled at the old woman's cry, Elaine drew back, but Mattie's clawlike hand shot to her wrist, gripping her with fierce strength. As the younger woman tried to pull away, the old one clutched at her wrist with the other claw, too.

"No," Mattie croaked, "wait." She tried to sort out the whirlwind of sensations that had come into her.

"Your child," she said at last, staring intently into Elaine's face, ". . . she's sick . . . dying."

This time Elaine's eyes went wide.

"Cancer," the old woman breathed, her eyes searching Elaine's, "the cancer's eatin' her up inside."

"How do you know that?" Elaine whispered, her voice catching. "I haven't told anyone up here. I . . ."

Mattie's eyes bored deep into Elaine's. She could feel the child beneath the mother's despair, see her almost as well as the woman whose wrist she clung to. "I can feel her. She sings in your blood . . . like life itself."

The old woman kept her grip, but her eyes glazed over as she looked deeply within the troubled young woman. She began to rock slowly. "Such a brave, sweet child," she droned, seeing the blond curls, the big blue eyes, "a brave, sweet girl . . . so beautiful . . ." Discolored gums and stumps of teeth showed as a smile crept onto Mattie's wrinkled, warty face, "So lovely."



Mattie's eyes snapped sharp as she wrenched her mind free. "You bring her to me. I can make her well."

The spell shattered as Elaine barked a bitter laugh.

"You? An old woman living in a swamp? How are you going to make her well when the best doctors in the country couldn't help her? We've just spent the last month in Dallas trying a maverick doctor's 'miracle' drug. He was our last hope. She has only two or three more weeks, then . . ."

"Listen to me," Mattie interrupted. "I have strong medicine. I can make her live and be healthy. Bring her to me."

Elaine sneered and Mattie could see her struggling not to let futile hope in. "Don't be ridiculous. You're a foolish old woman. You can't . . ."

"Yes," Mattie shouted. She clung to Elaine's wrist, separating the little girl's essence from her mother again. "I can see her. She'll run and dance and sing again. Her shiny new tap shoes will scratch your kitchen floor; she'll giggle on your lap when you try to steal her dimples; she'll go to school, to parties; she'll tease you and make you laugh."

"No!" Elaine cried. She wrenched free of the old woman's grip. "No more false hope. You can't . . ."

"She must not die!" Mattie shouted back. The two women stared at each other. Then Mattie motioned at the porch steps. There was no other way with this pigheaded woman, or the child would die. "Sit," she said quietly, "I'll tell you . . . then you'll bring her."

Later Mattie stood on the porch watching Elaine drive slowly up the hill. She knew she'd posed an awful dilemma for the younger woman, but there was no other choice.

Mattie picked up her walking stick and shuffled into the cabin. She came out a moment later wearing a faded prayer shawl that had belonged to her father's grandfather. She listened to the truck top the hill, then lowered herself into the rocker and began to sing and chant quietly. Her dark fingers moved over the string of beads and stroked the ends of the shawl.

For the next six days, Mattie Birdsong's traps went untended, and the weeds grew wild in her garden. The winter dress she'd been making lay neglected on the kitchen table. Day after day her voice rose and fell, monotonously intoning her prayers, communing with her spirits, ceasing only when she left the rocking chair to eat or sleep.

On the seventh day, as Mattie had instructed, Elaine once again braked the truck beside the old saw shed. From the porch, Mattie watched the woman's white, tense face. On the seat beside her a little girl, pretty even with her tiny face gaunt and set against the pain, clung to Elaine's blouse and rolled her cheek monotonously back and forth against the smooth coolness of her mother's arm.

Elaine shut the truck off. The child raised her head, then stared at the old woman on the porch.

Mattie watched Elaine gently pat the wispy remains of her daughter's blond curls. "It's okay, honey," she heard her say. "She's just a different kind of doctor." She lifted the little girl out and picked her way to the foot of the porch steps. Mattie motioned Elaine to bring the child to her. Elaine kissed her daughter's hot dry cheek.

"This is Bonnie, my little girl," she whispered. She placed her in the old woman's lap and brushed at her eyes as Bonnie looked back at her doubtfully.

"Wait over by your car," Mattie said softly. "The child will be all right." She smoothed Bonnie's pinafore over her emaciated legs, then from her own shoulders took the prayer shawl with its strange multicolored design of animals, human figures, stars, and swirls. She wrapped the child with it.

As Elaine backed away, Mattie turned her attention to the little girl. "Soon you'll be well, child. You'll laugh and play like you used to. Do you believe me?"

The child nodded solemnly, then said, "You have warts."

Mattie patted the girl reassuringly and began to chant, lifting the little burlap sack to the sky, pressing it to Bonnie's body, then to her own. After what seemed like hours, she stopped and motioned to Elaine.

The old woman kissed the child's forehead and handed her over to her mother. "Your love for your daughter made my medicine very powerful," she said. "Soon she'll be strong."

Elaine just stared at the old woman. "Thank you, uh, for trying . . . I mean how can you . . . how do you know if . . ." Finally she fumbled for her purse, but the old woman shook her head.

"I don't need your money. You've paid me by letting me give the child her life back. Now go, please. I'm very tired."

Two weeks later, a handful of people stood gathered in the little cemetery with heads bowed as the service neared its end. With the final "Amen," Elaine, her eyes streaming tears, stepped forward and laid a dark gnarled walking stick atop the small coffin. She stepped back.

Bonnie, still pale but ten pounds heavier, giggled at the antics of a young squirrel and tugged at her mother's skirt impatiently. "Mommy," she whispered loudly, "can I go play?"

Across from them, two men talked in hushed tones.

"She seemed like such a tough old bird; what happened, Doc? What'd she die from?"

"Cancer. Went through her like a freight train. Fit as a fiddle, 'cept for the warts, then in two weeks it ate her up."

Elaine read the small stone at the head of the grave. "Mattie Birdsong 1898-1985" was all it said. As she turned away, she quietly asked herself aloud, "What else could it say? 'Cancer ain't nothin' but a big wart?'"

Jim Luce © copyright 1987



Spring at The Clearing. Photo by George Saunders.

## *Frost Came to The Clearing*

By Kay Saunders

**F**or months she felt an acute need to escape.

*"I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
and then come back to it and begin over."  
(Frost, "Birches")*

A time to meditate, to let nature speak to her, to swing "toward heaven." Then after this week, having met Frost here, having been nourished by his words, to return to her world.

Birches. Everywhere she looked. Would she become a "swinger of birches?"

*"Two roads diverged in a yellow wood"  
(Frost, "The Road Not Taken")*

Why did she choose these roads? She had heard about The Clearing roads. To the cliff house, to the meadow, to the schoolhouse, to the council ring, to the lake, to the lodge. And she recalled the words of Mertha Fulkerson, Jens Jensen's friend and constant devotee of The Clearing:

There are some roads that are for prayer and contemplation, where the soul may walk and be alone. In this deep spring of quietness, heaven and earth conspire to bless him who has found this quiet way.

The roads that wind through The Clearing are made for just such quietness where the soul can meet the eternal stream and they may flow together. . . .

Was this eternal stream part of Jens Jensen's dream? He came to this country from Denmark one hundred years ago, became a successful landscape architect internationally known for his work with the Chicago parks, private estates throughout the Midwest, and land preservation.

Over fifty years ago, at age seventy-five, Jensen founded The Clearing on beautiful acreage near Ellison Bay, Door County, Wisconsin. His idea grew from there. Jensen's criteria made The Clearing the unique adult school it is today:

It must be a place where the rural and the wilderness meet to show the contrast between man's land and nature in a pure state. It must be a school where students can learn first hand about the world of which they are a part. It must teach love for home, fireside, and the brotherhood of man. The cliffs must face the setting sun, that sun which gives hope for all the tomorrows.

*"But from sheer morning gladness at the brim"  
(Frost, "The Tuft of Flowers")*



She sensed this gladness intensely as she stepped from their historic log cabin dorm into the hushed courtyard. Crystal-like Door County air, sun peeking over the oaks and birches. The gathering place—sight of the old pump, the stump of an old butternut tree with its hidden legend. Birds began to flock to the feeder, a chipmunk skittered between brilliant nasturtiums growing on the rough stone wall.

She stretched, breathed deeply, and pondered the words of Jensen: "Man must never lose sight of the soil on which he trod if he is to grow intellectually and spiritually . . . we must start from where we stand and from there grow."

*"Earth's the right place for love"*  
(Frost, "Birches")

Her friends, new and old, joined her along the path to the lodge. They began to feel the love, the camaraderie. The Clearing generates even on this first day of classes.

Oatmeal (a tradition), juice, eggs and bacon, home-made coffecake. "Please pass to the left and try to sit with a different person at each meal."

She eavesdropped and wove bits of conversation as Mertha had woven the exquisite dining room draperies. Where are you from? *Chicago. Rockford. Milwaukee. Minneapolis.* This is your tenth time here? What classes have you taken? *Geology, weaving, Spanish, watercolor, chamber music, nature rambles, creative writing, literature.*

As always, the teachers for the week sat at the head of each table: one for Thoughtful Nature in the Poetry of Robert Frost, one for The Trial and Death of Socrates, two for Weaving.

Why has this German-born teacher taught five different classes at The Clearing over the years? "The environment is most important. I love trees, and it reminds me of hiking in the Black Forest. And, of course, the students—our giving and receiving for a week. After teaching German literature here many times, I decided on an American poet and chose Robert Frost."

*"There is a singer everyone has heard"*  
(Frost, "The Oven Bird")

After breakfast, she and three friends walked down the winding road to the meadow. The bend in the road was patterned by sunlight filtering through the trees. Frost called the oven bird "mid-summer and mid-wood." For these friends it was both. They paused, listened, marveled at its serenade. She recited "The Oven Bird." As a student said: "At The Clearing some of the subjects of Frost's nature poems are at hand, available for observation before reading the poem and for reflection afterwards."

*"Tree at my window, window tree"*  
(Frost, "Tree at My Window")

That evening she considered her views from The Clearing windows. The question: Was she part of nature but apart from nature? Is what happens inside the windows more uprooting than the storms outside them?

As she sat in the schoolhouse each morning to study Frost, she watched birches swaying through the high cathedral windows. A few minutes to daydream, then back to analyze "window tree" or another poem.

And the last evening, she sat at Jensen's desk in the living room of the lodge. The pines were silhouetted against the sunset and the water of Green Bay sparkled below.

Years before, after washing these windows, Mertha wrote:

It is then one takes time in going from window to window to see how the roses are coming along, if the violets are seeding themselves, if there are as many lilies as earlier in the season, if the bird that just hopped in the thicket was a thrush.

*"Love and forgetting might have carried them"*  
(Frost, "Two Look at Two")

"This is what we've experienced here all week," said a poet and first-time student. Peak experiences:

"This is all . . ." sunsets, hikes, home-cooked food.

"This, then, is all . . ." bird watching, poetry readings.

"This *must* be all . . ." deer and chipmunks, friends, music.

Another student explained her reasons for taking classes year after year: "The sheer luxury of having time, time to read and study and think, time and interesting people with whom to discuss feelings and thoughts."

*"A great wave from it going over them"*  
(Frost, "Two Look at Two")

Goodbyes, tears, hugs, promises of letters, of reunions, of returns to this place.

*"A great wave from it going over them"*  
(Frost, "Two Look at Two")

She and her friends drove down the narrow, winding road toward The Clearing gate which, in fulfillment of Jens Jensen's dreams, has never been closed for over fifty years.

Quotations from the poems are taken from *Robert Frost's Poems*, with an introduction and commentary by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Washington Square Press, 1971.



Jens Jensen. Courtesy of the Morton Arboretum, Lisle, Illinois.

**T**he Clearing is an adult school of discovery in the arts, nature, and humanities, located on a high bluff near Ellison Bay, Door County, Wisconsin. Situated on 128 wooded acres, The Clearing is on the National Register of Historic Places. Its lodge and schoolhouse were designed by Jens Jensen, a distinguished landscape architect. The lodge includes a lounge and library, dining room, and guest quarters for visiting teachers. Smaller buildings offer dormitories and private rooms for twenty-eight students. Buildings are log or native stone, blending in with the rustic setting.

Open to everyone eighteen and over, The Clearing offers two programs: a summer residential program with weekly sessions from May through October and a winter day program. It is also used for special retreats and seminars.

The Clearing's instructors are distinguished professionals, many from universities and museums. Others are crafts workers with exceptional skills and teaching abilities.

For information about rates and programs, contact the Resident Manager, The Clearing, P.O. Box 65, Ellison Bay, WI 54210, (414) 854-4088.



## Fiction

# The Train Station

By Eric David Loring

**T**he train station was a single brick building: waiting and baggage areas, the station master's office, tiny bathrooms. Inside, the center was too warm; the corners, and along the walls, were too cold. The windows were dirty on the inside and lathed with ice on the outside. The linoleum floor had begun to sag. The ceiling was high and tiled, globes shaping the electric light. Two fans, like stilled propellers, hung at either end. At the north corner, near the station master's office, was the ticket agent's caged enclosure; occasionally, the telegraph clack-clack-clackity-clacked.

Near the tracks stood a shed, roofed in flapping tar paper. By that waited heavy iron railway carts, their long, T-bar handles thrust in the snow. The wind, as if bursting a leather bladder, roared. It was below zero; mounds of snow lay like frozen sea-foam. The walkway to the main entrance had been seeded with gravel, but off the path the ice glossed deadly. A single electric lamp glowed under a weather-bent cap; icicles, appropriately, formed above the words *Cold Harbor, Wis.* Underneath ranged the dark shapes

of three cars. When the wind let up, the air could be cracked by an ax splitting wood a half-mile away.

Bundled and untalkative, Robert and Marion Bayless, their son Wilson, and their daughter, Linda, sat tired and frustrated, crowded on an uncomfortable, slatted bench opposite the ticket window. They waited for the late-night train, which had been diverted from the capital, sixty-seven miles away over rough roads.

"What's the hour, Bob?"

For the fourth time, Robert Bayless let a hand dip below layers of clothing, to dredge the watch.

"Eleven-fifty."

He snapped the old watch's cover and tucked it in an outside pocket.

"That's what you said the last time."

The husband looked again.

"That's what it says, Marion."

"Seems later."

He stared, flipping the scratched, burnished cover open and shut.

"She's stopped."

Finger by finger, Bayless pulled off a glove and deliberately wound the watch. The stem broke; softly, he thumbed the case shut and laid the watch to rest in his breast

pocket. The stem he wrapped in his ironed handkerchief, folding sharply, flaglike.

"Will," Bayless said too harshly, "your mother needs the time."

The son sat on the bench's end, scrunched against the iron armrest.

"It's near a quarter past midnight, Mom."

"Thank you, Will."

Linda rose and plodded stiffly, silently to the agent's window. She gripped the bars tighter than necessary and peered. On the wall calendar, the day was already crossed out. Head down and hair tight to the curve of her neck, she paced from the barred window to the bench, eyes at the dirty floor.

"That's two hours late," Bayless said.

"Eight, counting the diversion," Will reminded.

"More," Marion added bitterly.

"What if it's diverted again, Pop?"

"We follow."

"The roads are getting worse, Pop. We almost didn't make it here."

"We follow."

"Don't snap at the boy, Bob. It's not his fault."

Bayless looked at his wife.

"That's okay, Pop."

"We're all edgy," Marion said.

Will walked to Linda to put his long arm around her. His senior by seven years, she was handsome of face and body, an athlete, with eyes the color of green apples and wind-reddened cheeks.

"Home this weekend?" Will asked.

"Of course."

Linda, one of five registered female architects in the state, lived on State Street in an airy, plant-stuffed place, near the capital, where she worked.

"Stay a while after, too?"

"I'll take the time."

"Good."

"What about you?"

"I'll cut classes."

Will was finishing his degree at the university virtually adjacent to the capital, beside frozen Lake Mendota.

"God," Linda said, "this was a terrible drive."

"We're lucky to have made it."

"I didn't mean the roads."

They walked to the far side of the building, stepping in unison. On the brick wall hung War Bonds posters and a picture of President Roosevelt.

"Did you reach Gary?" Will asked, looking at the picture.

"I tried—"

"Is he in town?"

"No, I sent a telegram."

"Get an answer?"

"No."

"Think he's overseas yet?"

"I don't know."

"Say, when are you two gonna get married, anyway?"

She tickled his ribs. "Never you mind."

"Not talking, huh?"

"Will . . ."

He hugged her. Inside her heavy coat, her body trembled.

"I'm scared, Will. For Gary. Even for Roosevelt. For you."

"Don't worry about me."

"I can't help it, Will."

"I'll make out fine. You're gonna have me around chiding ya forever." He hugged her harder.

"Promise?"

In the distance, they heard a whistle. They all got to their feet. The station master and ticket agent, circles under their eyes, emerged from the office pulling on parkas and went outside. The Bayless family started out. Parkas billowed, the station master and agent returned.

"False alarm, folks," the station master said. "This one'll pass through. The train you're waiting on, she's just behind."

"How much longer?" Bayless asked.

"Hard to determine, folks, with the weather and all. One of my telegraph lines is down."

"Hellacious weather," the agent added.

"They shuffled back to the office. From the agent's cage, the telegraph sounded, then died. The Bayless family, except Will, went back to the slatted bench.

"I hate this waiting," Will said.

"So do I," Linda agreed. "Damn."

"There must be a reason," their mother reflected.

"There's no reason at all," Bayless answered crossly.

"I'm going outside," Will announced to no one.

The train, whistle slicing the night, rocketed through, rattling the building and clanging. Everyone paused; it disappeared into the far end of the night.

"Stay here," Linda said, patting the bench, making a place.

"Don't be foolish now, Will."

"Let him go, Marion," Bayless said.

Outside, Will, hatless and gloveless, strode the gravel toward their car. He tried the frozen handle. He walked back, watching his breath, and cut off the path, by the tracks. He fell hard on his tailbone. On the cold ice, he slid, recovered, marched to the same treacherous spot, eyes tearing. He walked toward the scarecrowlike semaphore, brushing himself off. There wasn't much snow on the tracks; the ice wasn't bad. On one side, the woods lay dark and compressed. On the other side, Cold Harbor slept, houses and two- and three-storied buildings tight and warm; much farther, the capital, with its avenues and hotels and state buildings, but also asleep, waited. In between, hills shaped the horizon. Will's breath spiraled; he unzipped his parka and kept his raw, ice-cut hands from his pockets. His scarf trailed like a prayer-shawl. As he walked, he kicked at ice-embedded gravel. Under moonlight, the tracks shined cold and silver. For a while, he balanced on the track, feeling for vibration. Then he sat in the channel, faced away from where the train would come, back bent, wind stabbing his bare neck. The track ran as far as he could see, the wood cross-ties bars of shadow, trees thick at the sides. The station, its pole light out front, was an atoll etched in an ocean of black timber and the piled untouched snow and flat, foot-trodden snow.

Will thought he heard a whistle



and turned—nothing. He turned again and watched the other way. He stared so long, unmoving, his vision blurred. He was so cold he wanted to lie where he was and sleep. Later, he thought he heard the whistle again. Once more, he turned. Nothing. He turned back. At the station, a pickup had pulled in, its lights cutting a path. It idled, rough and heaving, and shut down. The driver got out and stomped, the sounds like gunshots, and went inside, the slamming door loosening icicles. Will felt something at his back and brushed it away. He felt it again. The track brightened suddenly; light glossed the metal ribbons and traveled down them. Will turned. Way off was the pinpoint of the train's light. Then the whistle. The light got brighter; the tracks vibrated as if an organ's pedals. Will just sat there. He turned full around to meet the on-rushing train face to face but couldn't, so he turned his back once again, defying the iron, wheeled, gushing force, daring it to sweep him in its angled catcher. Finally, he got up. Dizzy, his throat gagged, he stood motionless. With legs stiff and bloodless, without looking back, Will hiked, the powerful beam at his back, warm now, pushing, his shadow taunting and grotesque, out-distancing him.

His hands were so cold he shouldered the door open.

"My God, Will, you're frozen to death!"

Now, he felt the cold.

Marion Bayless zipped his jacket and tied the muffler and thrust his lead-heavy, numbed hands in his pockets.

"I'm all right, Mom."

"You're frozen clean through, Will."

"The train's coming."

"We heard, Son."

"What an awful wail," Linda said.

Suddenly, Will became aware of the driver of the pickup. Silently, he lounged in a corner, a length almost like another vertical beam, coffee in hand, a finger of steam spiraling toward the high, tiled roof. The train's whistle, so shrill it could

burst eardrums, screamed twice. The driver didn't move.

"That'd be your train, folks."

The office door had swung open and the station master and agent, with coffee mugs, pushed out as if from a listing ship's cabin. The driver, in wool coat and ear-flapped hat, followed outside.

"Come on," Robert Bayless said. "Let's meet Ed."

Everyone got up except Will.

"Will," Marion Bayless said quietly, "we're going to meet Edison."

"I'll stay here, Mom."

Linda took his arm. "Will, come with us."

"I'm staying right on this bench."

Will crossed his long legs heavily and anchored himself to the armrest.

"We've all got to go," his mother asserted gently. "It's required."

"I'm staying."

Bayless, face taut, leathered eye-creases set against delicate lashes, walked solidly up, the floor creaking.

"Will, come out with the rest of the family to meet Ed."

"No."

"Wilson!"

Will followed.

Massive, steaming, black, the engine rolled in, huge-spoked wheels spinning. It spat steam and oozed grease and rocked until it stilled. Its cars, laden, torpid, clanged indifferently behind, stopped by their own couplings. From the high cab, the engineer, face bleached doll-white, waved.

"Lo!"

From the ground, an answer ascended.

Above the dying breaths of steam, the station master spoke.

"If you folks'll wait, it won't be but some minutes."

He wore his black, gold-banded hat and struggled into rubber boots. The agent, also in black cap, but without boots, axed out the baggage-cart handle.

"It won't be but a few minutes."

The train heaved.

"If you folks'll be kind enough to wait."

"We'll come," Bayless declared.

"There's no need."

"We'll come."

With much jockeying, the station master and agent turned the cart and, like yoked oxen, heaved against the T-bar. Its wheels cracked ice.

"Let's go," Bayless said. "Ed's waiting."

Scraping the ground disinterestedly, the pickup-truck driver stood silently. Everyone else walked alongside the railway cars, filing slowly down the track; the driver turned sharply toward his truck.

"I hate the stink of soot," Linda said.

Led by the heavy baggage cart, the procession passed the two passenger cars, winked orange by low-burning night lights. A porter, faceless and silent, darkened a window, a shadow. They came to the baggage cars. The agent, like a released retriever, ducked under the iron trace and tried the slide on a box car.

"Latch's froze."

The station master ducked under and tried it himself. "Solid froze." He sent the agent back to the station. "Sorry about this, folks."

"The train won't leave?" Marion Bayless asked anxiously.

"No, ma'am. She'll stay until our business is done."

Linda put an arm around her mother and bent to shield her. Bayless, breathing hard, took her hand, as light as a bird's wing, in his rough one. Will stood behind. No one spoke. The wind bucked up swirls of snow. The station master sat on the cart, his cap's gold holding moonlight. At the station, the pickup's engine caught; its headlamps cast over the snow. The agent returned with something in his hand.

"I'll do it," the station master said.

The agent passed a short, heavy hammer. The station master hit down on the latch and then up. It clanged loose. The train, shuddering, hissed steam. The agent jacked back a plate and, with the station master, slid the metal-reinforced door. The still, below-zero air amplified the sound as the door

slammed. The station master and agent wheeled the iron cart into position, below the open box car. They spent too much time at it, as if carpenters laboring at a table's underside.

"Bear with us, folks."

The station master, with a steady hand, lit a lantern hanging from the cart. Its diffuse glow played shadows over the ground. He climbed onto the cart and from there stepped quietly into the black box car.

"Harry," he called from inside.

"Yes sir, Mr. Frindley."

The agent clambered up and, less adroitly, moved into the car. They shuffled and scraped, their heavy breathing disembodied, escaping from the car's opening. From deep inside the lantern-streaked blackness came a thump and an echoed curse. A head popped out. "Folks, we got the wrong car."

The Bayless family was lined up next to the iron cart, still standing in the frozen snow.

"What does this mean, Bob?"

He didn't answer.

"Robert."

"It means they got the wrong car, Marion."

"Does this mean Edison isn't on the train?"

"I don't know."

"Ma—" Linda said, holding her tight.

The station master let himself down, wiping his hands.

"Folks, I'm dreadful sorry about this."

He and the agent swung back under the cart's bar, and they moved down the line, the Baylesses following. The snow was packed higher, the ice slippery. Whenever they went between the car's spaces, the wind kicked out. The moon became smudged by clouds, the light eclipsed. Finally, the station master, holding the lantern against the soot-lettered cars, signaled to stop. Once more, they aligned the cart. The station master passed the hammer. Iron rang iron.

"She's free."

The station master climbed; to-

gether, they slid the studded door; it sang home fiercely. Into this car the men disappeared. As voices resounded, distorted shapes swayed, the lantern-light shadows hideous. Finally, a black-capped head appeared. "This is her, folks."

A body appeared, hammer glinting.

"Sorry for the inconvenience."

Using the wheel-spokes like a stirrup, Robert Bayless climbed, with difficulty—for he was short and heavy. "We'll take it from here."

The station master hesitated. "Rules prohibit that."

In the cold, Bayless was sweating.

"To hell with the rules."

"Can't let you do that."

The railroad men, one with the heavy hammer, joined. Will, stretching to his full height, vaulted to the cart and moved by his father. The moonlight left all but disappeared. The four men, on the rocking cart, faced each other above the flickering lantern. Linda and Marion Bayless, arms interlocked, fought against the wind.

"To hell with the rules."

The agent looked at the station master.

In the woods, a tree branch snapped; soft snow plummeted.

"I shouldn't let you do this," the station master said.

Robert Bayless spoke quietly. "It's appreciated."

"No one needs to know we let you do this," the agent whinnied.

"No one needs to know."

"No one need know. Just point out which."

Robert Bayless followed the railway men into the cavern of the near-dark, near-empty box car. Straw littered the floor, and the car smelled like cattle, thick and choking even in the cold. Feed sacks were stacked in a corner. There were tarps and empty, shattered crates. And the three identical coffins, side-by-side, knocked into each other by the train's motion. They took up little space and were, now, violently immobile.

With one black-gloved finger, the station master pointed.

Robert Bayless asked, "Is this the

one?"

"Yes."

"Are you damn well sure?"

"It's on the manifest."

Robert Bayless waved away the paper.

"You boys grab some coffee now."

The railway men stepped away.

Bayless shouted into the hollow, freezing box car.

"Will!"

The station master ducked back into the car. "I'll leave the lantern."

"We'll work in the dark."

As the station master and agent walked back to the depot with the swinging, dying light, Will went into the black car smelling of cow dung and rotted straw.

"Pop?"

"Back here."

His father stood over the coffin, boatlike in the dark.

"Pop, Ed and I, ya know—we fished near Cold Harbor."

"Go back in there and slide it out."

"Ed said the fish packed their bags when we crossed the county line."

"Go in and slide it out, Wilson."

Will walked around the coffin as if it might explode and, careful not to touch, got behind, pressed between the coffin and the box car's rough slats. He felt trapped; panic rose to his throat.

"Pop, I don't know what to do."

"Slide it."

"I don't know if I can."

"Heave, Will."

"Pop—I don't know if I can touch it."

"You can touch it."

"I don't know if I can."

"Get down on your knees and put your shoulder to it."

"But that's Ed in there."

"Yes."

"I don't know if I can do it."

"You can do it . . . You want me to come back there with you?"

". . . No."

"You sure, Son?"

Will sank to his knees, one hand flat on the coffin and then the other, closed his eyes and, with great effort, curled the heels of both hands around the edged wood. He pushed.



The box and its cargo, narrow end toward him, caught. Holding his breath, face red and sweat-soaked, Will pushed.

"It won't move."

"Push harder."

Feet braced at the wall, chin on the iced lid, so tight his eyes told him the rest of the box, its plane widening, was all there was in the blacked-out universe, Will pushed. His face became lost in his own breath.

"Wait," his father said.

Robert Bayless, with all his drained strength, jostled and pulled from the front.

"Damn it. *Damn* it all, Ed."

"Pop?"

Will's voice sounded miles away.

"Try it again, Will." His fury was spent. "Be gentle, if possible; it's Ed."

It slid. Will pushed until the coffin was clean away from the others, alone on the rotted straw. Together, Bayless and his son swung the coffin ninety degrees and pushed it until the front stuck from the box car, poised as if for burial at sea. When she saw the plain, chiseled snout of the box in which her son lay, Marion Bayless sobbed. No one paid any attention. Somehow, the two men eased the coffin down onto the iron cart with neither much trouble nor noise and got it centered, the head facing the station's lone light.

"Linda?"

"Yes, Dad."

"You and your mother walk on either side. Marion. Move opposite Linda."

She didn't move.

"Marion, walk beside Ed."

As if sleepwalking, Marion Bayless stirred.

Bayless and his son locked themselves into the T-bar. The cart wheeled easily. Linda kept her hand on the coffin as the procession crunched over the snow. Marion Bayless wept noiselessly. As they came to the locomotive, it heaved.

"Bob—"

"Be quiet, please, Marion."

Just before they got to the station, Robert Bayless turned,

and the cart was wheeled past the brick station and stopped under the pole lamp. The pickup, sputtering, lights on, waited, tailgate lowered. The driver, in his long, dark coat and flapped hat, sat on the tailgate. Bayless and his son backed the cart so the coffin's narrow end would slide in first.

"Oh Daddy . . ." Linda said.

Bayless ducked from the T-bar and talked with the driver. The wind had died, and the train had left, the tracks stripes in the cold, converging to nowhere.

Will, the bar at his feet, went to Linda, whose hand was still on the coffin. He led his mother a few feet away. Face in the wind, she stood as if frozen.

"The hell!"

Bayless' voice, a volcanic eruption, shattered the air. Suddenly, everyone was circled beside the rear of the pickup, above the oblong coffin. Linda and Will had intercepted Bayless's arm, the hand squeezed into a fist, cocked as if to throw a grenade.

"The hell!" Bayless repeated.

"Pop!"

"What's the matter, Dad?"

"This chiseler's trying to gouge us. He agreed to one price. Now the bastard's quoting another."

"Now just hold on, mister."

The driver, taller by a head than even Will, moved forward slowly, lightly yet ominously, gliding like a mountain cat. Will tried to pull his father away.

"Forget it, Pop. Let's not worry about the money. Not now."

"Money hell. It's not the goddamned money. The damn money is nothing."

At the feet of the silent, coated driver, Bayless shook his wallet empty. The bills danced, floating to the snow.

"It's the goddamned principle of it. I'm not taking any goddamn gouging. Not now, at the feet of my dead boy."

"Now hold on, mister."

"This fella's gonna keep to his bargain. And that's all there is to it. Will, slide Ed onto the truck. And be damn gentle about it."

"Yes, Pop."

But the driver, with a long, outstretched arm, plaid flannel showing under the coat sleeve, blocked him. Though it was gloved, the driver's hand was like ice against Will's chest; it cut right into his heart. Will couldn't even shift his feet.

"No sir."

"Will!"

The driver, holding Will, spoke.

"You don't expect me to ferry all the way to the capital on a night like this for the sum you mentioned?"

"I expect what you agreed to. What you gave your word on. Will!"

Again, Will tried to slide the coffin; again, he was stopped; again, his heart froze, his blood clogged.

The wind bit into them. Around the globe of light, snow swirled.

"You didn't speak to me, mister. I gave no such promise."

"Who the hell did I speak to?"

"I don't know."

"You're here, damn you."

"I was called out."

"You're *here*."

"I was called."

"And you're saying you didn't speak to me and didn't agree to a price to transport my boy to the capital?"

"I'm here to ferry, mister. That's a fact. But I'm sayin' you an' me, we never spoke."

From behind her husband and children, Marion Bayless faced the driver. Her nose running, she shook a trembling finger. "You're an evil man."

He stood stone still, oblivious to the cold, the wind, the accusing, quaking finger. When he spoke, his mouth didn't move. "That's untrue, ma'am."

"You're an evil, wicked man, preying on the misfortunes of others."

"An untruth, ma'am. I was called to do a job."

"You'll roast in the eternal flames of Hell," she spat.

"I have people of my own. They got to be fed."

"You're a son of a bitch," Bayless said.

"I got sons in the service myself, mister. Both in the Pacific. One's been hit twice already. His leg's as thin as a hickory switch."

He spoke without emotion, without motion, without inflection. When the words came, no breath crystallized in the air, as if there were no breath in his body. His eyes, under the light, reflected nothing. His coat hung to his shoe-tops.

Soon, the dawn would begin its creep over the hills; if there were more snow, they wouldn't get through. People had been called, things arranged. The coffin, wind-riven, icy-smooth, lay on the iron cart, exposed, predominant. Bayless felt the family looking toward him, huddling into him for protection from the wind, for other things. He decided.

"All right, gouger. You have your price. But we're not finished with this, gouger."

Will looked at the driver. He didn't block his way. Will slid the coffin. It went in so easily the bed might have been greased. Receiving its payload, the truck rattled. As quietly as he could, Will notched the tailgate.

"Your money's on the ground, gouger."

Bayless turned his back. The driver swept money with gloved hands. He counted methodically. He put most in his coat pocket. The rest he folded and offered to Marion Bayless. She slapped it away. Without speaking, he went to Linda and put the extra bills in her hand. She felt powerless to stop him.

Bayless returned driving the car, skidding to a stop.

"You follow," he yelled. "And you be goddamn careful, too."

The seats were like ice blocks. The windows, all except a hacked-out place on the windshield, were iced over. Tires crunching, the car moved off.

"It'll be a long, cold way back."

"Dad," Linda asked, "do you want Will to drive?"

"No."

Bayless looked straight ahead and drove faster than he should have.

The headlights probed the night, their white light even whiter against the banked drifts and ice-glossed road. It began to snow. Robert Bayless sped through curtains of white.

"I'm here if you change your mind, Pop."

His father rested his hand on Will's knee.

"I know you are, Son."

"We're all here, Bob," Marion Bayless said.

"No, Marion. We're not all here."

"Yes, Robert, Edison too."

"No, Marion, Ed's back there, riding in an open truck with a gouger, with the snow lighting on him, stiff as an iron pole, the life sucked out of him."

"Dad . . ." Linda said.

Marion Bayless wept.

"That's where Ed is."

"Pop . . ."

Through her tears, Marion Bayless answered.

"You're wrong, Robert."

"Bull."

"Dad . . ."

"Ed's with us now. I feel him with us in this car."

"Have it your way, then. It doesn't make a tinker's damn's worth of difference."

The snow came harder. They passed a farmhouse, chimney pumping, a dog chained in front, an upper-window light burning.

"Look at the hills," Linda said.

No one looked.

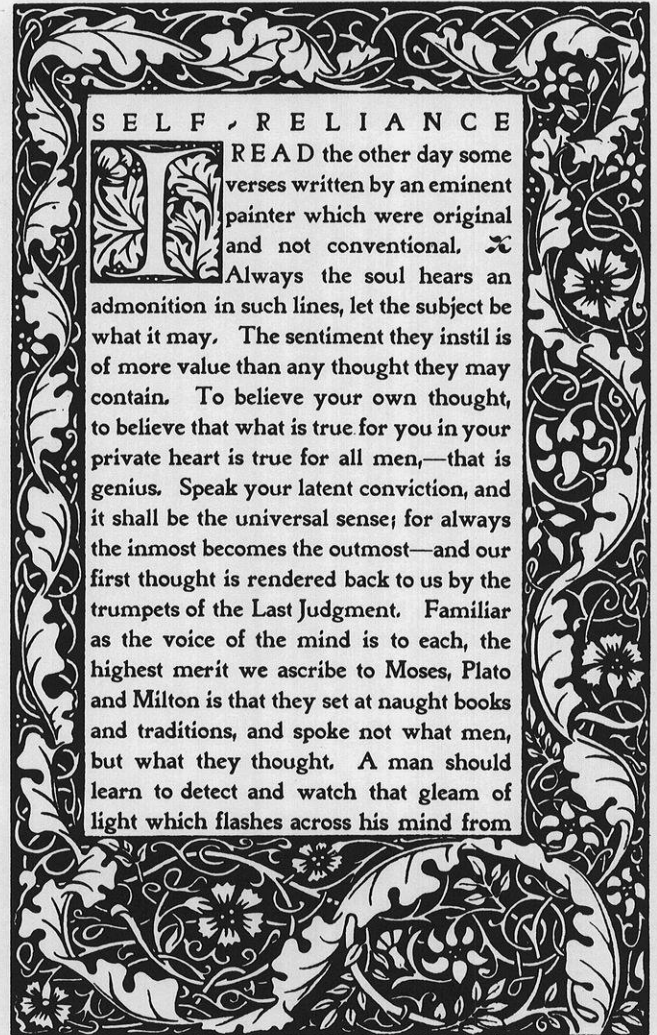
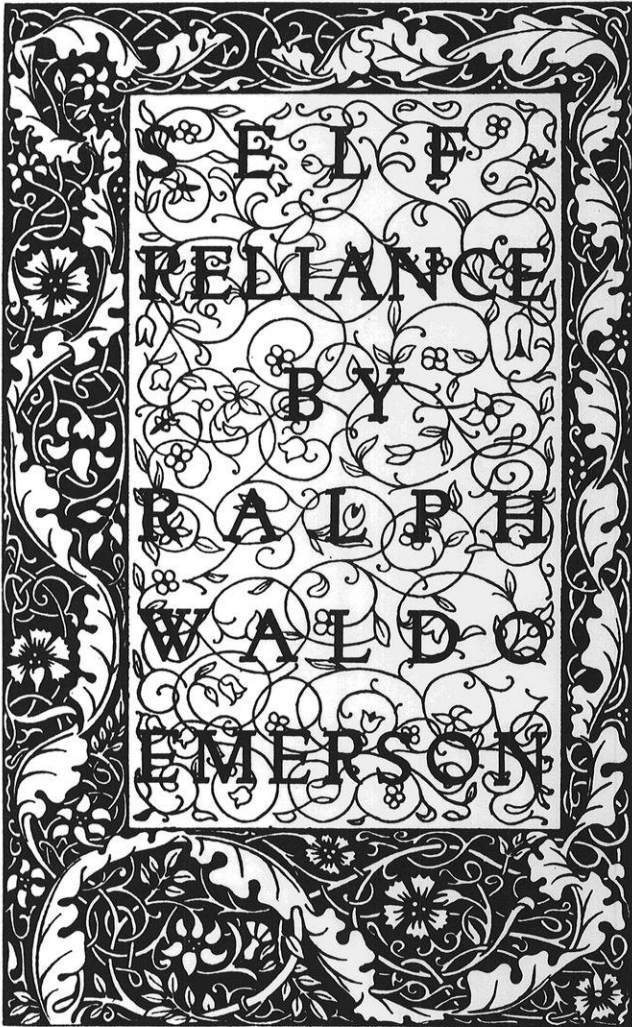
In the distance, through the wind-planed whiteness, light edged up dark-shelved, treed slopes. To the sides, thick-ranked trees passed in hushed review.

"The night's almost gone."

In the bitter cold, no one listened or spoke. Everyone thought his own thoughts, women in back, men in front. The road angled uphill, breaking into the rising, frigid dawn. The car's engine, straining yet adequate to its task, pulled over the black, ice-patched road, the snow slanting down. From the vortex of the blackness behind, the pickup's lights shone—dull, throwing a ghostly, following shadow.

© 1987 Eric David Loring





The Philosopher Press, 1896-1910. Shows strong Kelmscott Press influence in double page title, luxurious wood engravings, heavy type, decorative initial, heavy impression. Top line recto in red. 7 3/4" x 9 1/2"

A Look at

## Some Wisconsin Private Presses

Operating Since 1896

By Emerson G. Wulling

Private presses have been historically significant in setting styles both for typefaces and for book formats and in publishing literary editions.

The most important private press in the nineteenth century was William Morris's Kelmscott Press just outside London. William Morris (1834-1896) was a writer, a designer, and a practical visionary. In

addition to extensive writings and publications, he started an arts-and-crafts revival in furniture, textiles, wallpaper, ceramics, stained glass. He personally worked in the shops; he sought out the best materials, the

soundest structures, and great joy in work. In the last decade of his life, he took on printing, which with relatively few exceptions, had become dull and ugly during the expansion of industrialism. His books were solid, black, and extensively illustrated. *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, issued in large folio format in 1896 contained eighty-seven illustrations by Burne-Jones with elaborate borders and initial letters and words and a wood-engraved decorative title page.

The Morris productions were challenges taken up everywhere, including by The Philosopher Press in Wausau, Wisconsin in 1896. Three people ran the shop: William H. Ellis and Mr. and Mrs. Philip V.O. Van Vechten. They were job and newspaper printers who were inspired by the Kelmscott Press to produce the masculine type, luxurious decoration, optically spaced margins, and general vigor of their model. Susan Otis Thompson, in her recent *American Book Design and William Morris* (Bowker, 1977), noted that The Philosopher Press "mark[ed] the beginning of the wide-spread private press movement in the wake of Morris."

Three other presses in Wisconsin demonstrate some common characteristics of the private press. Menomonie in the 1890s was a prosperous lumber town and was a pioneer in manual arts training in the school due to such educational leaders as Senator James H. Stout, who lent his name to the Stout Institute, now the University of Wisconsin-Stout.

Lloyd Whydotski organized the printing courses for Stout and began the Vagabond Press. There with a treadle platen press which was later motorized, foundry type, and binding equipment he began producing chapbooks, hard cover books, and ephemera "by hand" in 1925. The Vagabond Press, unlike Kelmscott, did not aspire to art productions but to careful workmanship, producing readable print.

Chapbooks were a staple of eighteenth century popular literary publishing, offered for sale by

hawkers along with other objects on the streets. They were paper-covered pamphlets with accounts of current events, ballads, moral tales, woodcut illustrations, almanacs. Modern private printers still find the form convenient and also an inviting way to experiment with design, illustration, decorative covers, and not too much hand-setting of type. A typical Vagabond chapbook is *Soapmaking*, with open form, paste paper cover, and the Vagabond press mark.

Chapbooks lead us to the multifaceted The Perishable Press, Ltd. of Walter Hamady in Mt. Horeb. In his lighter moments he tackles chapbooks. He glories in tricks of cut-outs, pop-ups, no-ink titles, inserts, his own hand-made paper. His natural exuberance is widely recognized, and it takes him into thousand-dollar hard backs. He prints on dampened paper and lately on dry paper, with good results either way.

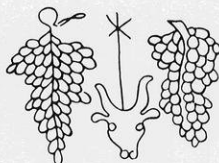
Walter Hamady is a product of the Cranbrook Academy outside of Detroit. Cranbrook is the realization of the ideal of George Booth—a quality community. A private printer and a prosperous newspaper owner and his prosperous newspaper-related wife, the two bought a farm and made it into a multi-tiered educational village, architecturally rich. There are the Cranbrook schools K-12, the Cranbrook Institute of Science with a vast museum, and the Cranbrook Academy of Art, also with a museum, where The Perishable Press, Ltd. got its foundation in art, printing, and papermaking. Hamady is also a poet. Mr. Hamady teaches printing, papermaking, and book arts history at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. By now hundreds of students have taken the courses and laboratory work. Many of them have become private printers, of whom a dozen or more are recognized nationally.

The Vagabond Press, 1925-. Title lines in red, design in yellow. In the contemporary style of good trade printing. 8 3/4" x 6"

A Vagabond Press chapbook with a press mark. 7" x 4 1/2"

## The 46th Gutenberg

By FRANK P. LESLIE



THE VAGABOND PRESS • 1960  
MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN

## The Process Of Soapmaking

A Cottage Craft

By CAROL LUEDTKE

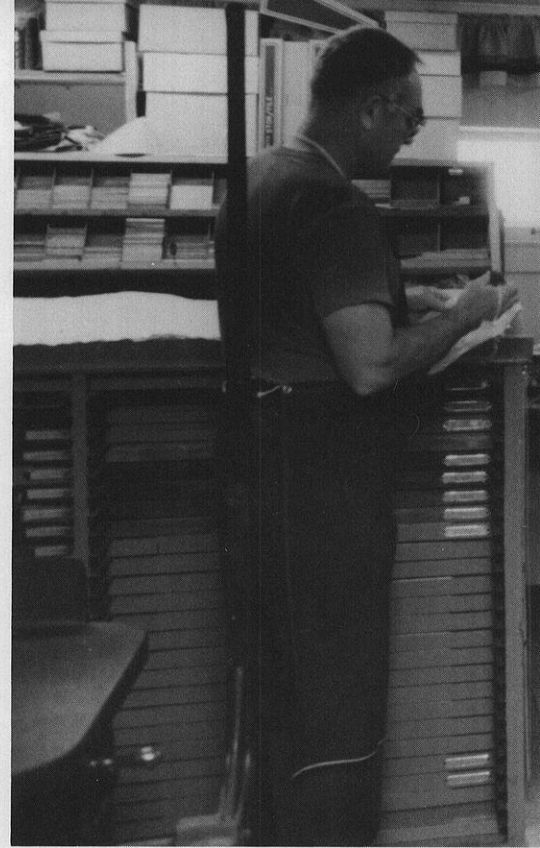


THE VAGABOND PRESS  
Menomonie, Wisconsin ☞ 1977



## Private Presses in Wisconsin Since 1896

Albatross Press	Martin J. Rosenblum	Shorewood
Ballyhoo Press	Sinden Harrison	Madison
Behm Press	Armond Behm	Lomira
Benn Press	Paul C. Benn	Greenfield
Bieler Press	Gerald Lange	Madison
Black Mack	Thomas W. McDonald	Madison
Black Mesa Press	C. Alexander/A. Circle	Madison
Box Tree Press	Edwin C. Buxbaum	Milwaukee
Burlaga Press	Larry Burlaga	Superior
Casanova Press	P. Romaine/H. Swartz	Milwaukee
Countryside Press	Richard H. Meyer	South Range
Crepuscular Press	Marta Anderson	Madison
Dragonsbreath Press	Fred Johnson	Sister Bay
Dubois Zone (Eyrle)	David Bosshard	Eagle River
Dunn Press	Anthony W. Dunn	Prairie du Sac
Elm City	Leonard E. Reiland	Sheboygan
Evanescent	Lee Roelle	Madison
Excelsior Print Shop	Richard L. Larson	Chilton
Farland Press	Alice & Leland Bullen	McFarland
Fisk Press	Earl E. Fisk	Green Bay
Gardylloo Press	John Bennett	Madison
Ghost Pony Press	Ingrid Swanberg	Madison
Hosanna Press	Cathie Ruggie	Madison
Iguana Press	Jim & Mary Escalante	Madison
Irish Pig	Mary Frances Phelan	Madison
Jasmine Press	B. Gulbrandsen-Hennessey	Madison
Juniper Press	John I. Judson	La Crosse
Juniper Press	Ernest & Mary Quick	Madison
Kirk Press	Mary & Ray Smith	Superior
Kitchen Sink Press	Denis Kitchen	Princeton
Lead Balloon Press	Arthur Meeks	Wausau
Mequon Press	The Mequon Club	Milwaukee
Midsummer Press	Leslie A. Dock	Madison
Monday Morning Press	Tom Morgan	Milwaukee
Moremeat Press	Susan L. Trudell	Madison
Morgan Press	Edwin & Vicki Burton	Milwaukee
Obduarte Press	L. Stein/R. Bush	Madison
Pentagram Press	Michael Tarachow	Milwaukee
Penstamen Press	Kathleen Shallock	Madison
Perishable Press, Ltd.	Walter S. Hamady	Mt. Horeb
Philosopher Press	W. Ellis/Van Vechters	Wausau
Rara Avis Press	Christine Bertelson	Madison
Red Door Studio	Danny Pierce	Milwaukee
Red Ozier Press	Steve Miller	Madison
Red Rock Press	John Bennett	Madison
Road Runner Press	Douglas Flaherty	Oshkosh
Salthouse Press	DeWitt Clinton	Milwaukee
Scopcraft Press	Anthony Oldknow	Stevens Point
Sea Pen Press	Suzanne Ferris	Madison
Shagbark Press	Ken Leenhouts	Waukesha
Silken Sledrag Press	Suzanne Gardels	Madison
Silver Buckle Press	W. Hamady/R. Shaftoe	Madison
Southport Press	Travis Du Priest	Kenosha
Sumac Press	Emerson G. Wulling	La Crosse
Triangular Press	B. Tetenbaum	Madison
Vagabond	Lloyd Whydotski	Menomonie
Willow Press	Gary Hantke	La Crosse
Wolfson Press	Chris & Janet Halla and Bill Weitenbeck	Waupaca
Xanadu Press	Carole Mullen	Mt. Sterling



A view of John Judson's Juniper Press, typical of letterpress shops using platen press and foundry type.

**Note: Many of these presses have moved or closed. The locations given are mainly those of launching.**

This list drew on the following:  
*Book Publishing in Wisconsin.*

Proceedings of a Conference on May 6, 1977. Madison: UW-Madison Library School, 1977.  
Goldsmith, Arthur. *Private Presses in the United States and Their Proprietors*. Clarksville, TN: 1981.

Lange, Gretchen. *Alternative Press in Wisconsin*. Madison: UW-Madison Library School, 1977.

Westreich, Gerald. *Fourth International Directory of Private Presses*. Sacramento: 1986.

Wulling, Emerson G. *Private Presses: Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa*. La Crosse: 1980, 1982.



Another worthy enterprise of Mr. Hamady was locating and obtaining for the university the Silver Buckle Press, a shop of museum-quality early printing equipment still in operating condition. He brings Wisconsin into the top rank of North American printing and papermaking.

Another private press illustrates the literary aspect of the movement. John Judson and his Juniper Press in La Crosse is typical of the publisher eager to print new and rising writers, if only in a chapbook or in a literary journal. He uses various techniques from typewriter to word processor, with a real Chandler and Price platen in his "lower room" for which he uses foundry type. He edits and publishes *The Northeast*, begun before he went to La Crosse to teach at the university there. He has several classes of publications, such as the Juniper Books (mostly chapbooks) and the Inland Sea (mostly hard covers). Some he prints and some he commissions. In 1975 and 1976 he was one of five private-press publishers selected by the Authors League of America to have \$1,000 worth of his publications purchased for libraries. He also writes, using pen, pencil, and word processor.

Until recently most private presses used platen presses. Type was foundry or occasionally Monotype or Linotype in the more ambitious shops. Lately the Vandercook cylinder press seems to be taking over, and desk-top publishing is much talked about.

The owners of private presses do much of the work themselves; the more they do the more fulfilled they are. They exchange products with other printers, sell some to special book stores, and in other ways get satisfaction with distribution. They have a physical object which originated in their own minds and hands, with both the process and the product providing them pleasure. □

A Perishable Press, Ltd. prospectus, on Hamady-made paper. 8" x 6 1/2"

## FOR THE HUNDRED<sup>th</sup> TIME GABBERJAB NUMBER (5) FIVE

WALTER HAMADY FOR MOTHER'S<sup>101</sup> DAY

this book is the one-hundredth from this press and the funnest of all to make. it is a collage book of two<sup>2</sup> footnoted poems with a second small book of notes in a library-card-pocket, grommetted to a double-thick husqvarna-sewn page—the pocket also bears the author's façade from the side, die-cut (at random) from pre-ww one picture-postcards. (are you getting a sense of it?) the text is handset in gill sans & the display in that crazy bifur cast exclusively for the press in münchenstein. printed by hand in twelve colors—thirty-six press runs—nine different kinds of shadwell hand&home-made paper. the edition is a press-numbered two-hundred, uniquely hand bound in double boards leaving the spine structure revealed—no two covers are alike. fifty page surfaces, thirty printed. this book has been described variously as *silly* and *a love letter to mary* and as *hamady's best anti-intellectual effort to date*—it's really a treat to discover what it was you were doing. the book can't be totally without merit as it was chosen by the american institute of graphic arts for inclusion in their current *book show* in new york city. a well-packed surprise-filled 7 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>32</sub> x 5 <sup>9</sup>/<sub>16</sub> x 1/2" bargain, shipped postpaid direct \$200

POST OFFICE BOX 7 MOUNT HOREB WISCONSIN 53572 USA  
THE PERISHABLE PRESS LIMITED 1981



## Poems by John Bennett

### Weasel on a Stone Wall

Ready to climb it, I stood at the wall  
and caught a sudden motion in set rocks  
some fifty feet away.

I froze mid-step  
and waited so to learn what I had seen.  
Dark brown among gray rocks, a flicker/slide  
of weasel showed itself a moment when  
it paused—and then came flicker/sliding on.

I watched it as it came along the wall:  
along top curves, in/out through holes, it came  
intent on blood wherever blood could be.  
Chipmunk or field mouse, mole or shrew, they all  
made up its purpose.

Flicker/slide/flow/meld.  
Three feet away it stopped and looked at me.  
God! the abysses in those sharp black eyes!

I was too big. It flickered/vanished down  
somehow among the rocks. It was quite gone.

### Auction

When I was ten, old Charlie Fifield died  
just down the street; and when the auction came,  
I went because I knew him when he lived—  
but most to learn what a young child could learn.

The crowd was quiet, small, the bidding short.  
Chairs, bed sets, dressers, mirrors, pots and pans  
with intersperse of this-and-that filled up  
the house side-lawns.

Among stacked rubbish shone  
a certain picture that grabbed at my mind.  
When it was sorted and brought on the block,  
I shout/bid every penny that I had.

I'm sure the auctioneer indulged my age  
to let the picture go at my small bid.  
I bid five cents, and for five cents I got  
a Chinese print: a gander and two geese,  
five morning glories, and a dragonfly  
all set at river edge. The gander was  
dark head and neck and wings and tail; the geese  
were purest white except for bills and feet;  
the dragonfly, poised on a leafless stalk,  
looked sideways from the scene; the flowers were  
white-pink and blue with dull green leaves below.

I held the print—tight! tight!—in both my hands  
and raced for home to put it high upon  
the topmost bookcase shelf so it could rule  
all lesser objects in my shabby room.

Brought down my lengthened years, it still remains:  
framed, now, and hanging lovely on my wall,  
a clear, fine thing that Charlie Fifield left  
to mark his ended journey through the world.

# *Managerial Whistle-blowing*

## *Who does It and Why?*

By John P. Keenan

Steve Pryor, a supervisor with a major Defense Department supplier, tells his boss that he has evidence of significant financial waste because of inflated prices being charged for simple equipment. He is told it will be looked into but he should continue in his regular routine. Two months pass and no corrections are made. In their next conversation about this, his boss tells Steve quite directly that he should not concern himself with this issue, that the company is aware of it and that he should not raise the issue again. Steve presses further, mentioning that he intends to take things higher if the issue isn't addressed. After several weeks and no response from his boss, Steve goes over his boss's head. A month later he receives a notice that he is being laid off due to a restructuring of his department.

Comparable incidents are daily occurrences in corporate America for increasing numbers of employees and managers. Recent examples include a pharmaceutical company physician who tried to prevent his firm from releasing a drug that caused birth defects, a construction company engineer who discovered

defective welds in a major building project, and an engineer with a nuclear consulting firm who warned of nuclear power plant safety hazards. Actions like these have been labeled "whistle-blowing" by the press.

Whistle-blowing in organizations is being increasingly documented in the press, in court hearings, and in scholarly articles. Whistle-blowing involves employees reporting illegal, immoral, or illegitimate practices under the control of their employers to parties who can take action. Organization leaders and managers are being advised by recent articles in popular and scholarly journals to handle such incidents carefully.

There are several reasons why this has become a significant issue of our times: increasing national and international competition; the rapid rate of change; increasing technological complexity; new laws and regulations; a more sophisticated and demanding consumer and work force; and larger, more cumbersome, and bureaucratically based corporate structures. These add up to increasing pressures on employees and their managers to perform and to look aside when

questionable activities occur.

Whistle-blowers can potentially help organizations correct unsafe products or working conditions or curb fraudulent or wasteful practices and, thereby, avoid adverse consequences to clients, customers, or employees which result in loss of sales, costly lawsuits, and negative publicity. On the other hand, whistle-blowers may threaten the organization's authority structure, cohesiveness, and public image. In spite of increasing management concern, very little scholarly work on this phenomenon currently exists.

Though there are some interesting studies of public-service employee whistle-blowing, the private-sector management perspective has been neglected. University of Wisconsin-Madison's School of Business's Management Institute provides "cutting edge" continuing management education to today's managers and executives. Providing better services requires staying abreast of such current issues; thus we initiated a research project to explore the possible link between communication climate and managers' whistle-blowing.



### ***First-Level Manager Whistle-blowing***

In *Corporate Ethics and Crime: The Role of Middle Management* (Sage Publications, 1983), Clinard presents evidence that middle-managers want to be informed about wrongdoing. The typical organizational response to whistle-blowers who report problems to someone within the organization first, however, is to retaliate against them. A manager's lack of experience in dealing with people on ethical and moral issues which require sensitivity, tact, and skill can confuse the potential whistle-blower about the correct course of action. So, too, does the discrepancy between words and deeds when the upper management in an organization pays "lip service" to ethical principles and moral issues, but really focuses expectations and bestows rewards on "bottom-line" performance and productivity. This inconsistency between managers' stated attitudes and organization practices results in increasing dilemmas for organization leaders. Under these conditions employees can be expected to remain silent or seek resolution of a problem outside the organization rather than to seek satisfactory resolution through formal organization channels. This can lead to many undesirable results.

In order to develop a more effective strategy to resolve this problem, we need a clearer understanding of the experiences, perceptions, and practices of first-level managers about whistle-blowing. Another issue that should be clarified is the relationship between whistle-blowing and first-level managers' perceptions of their organization's communication climate.

First-level managers are an important group to study since they are often caught in the middle between management and workers, having little allegiance to either group. Because first-line supervisors have more direct contact with workers than do other managers, they are typically the first ones in the organization's structure to be

contacted by the potential whistle-blower.

In the late fall of 1987, 143 first-level managers who were enrolled in Management Institute's Basic Management Certificate Program completed a three-part survey which included items on organization communication climate and whistle-blowing. Seventy-five percent of the respondents were males with most being in their thirties. There was a mix of managers with sixty-three percent from the manufacturing and the remainder from service sector organizations. Forty-four percent had some college education; forty percent had a college degree or graduate level experience. The majority had several years of experience in their current position. In all cases, participation was voluntary, and surveys were anonymously completed. Respondents were assured that their responses would be confidential and used for research purposes only.

**Opinions and Perceptions of Company/Organization Practices.** The survey showed that of these first-level managers a great majority (87 percent) personally approve of employees reporting illegal or wasteful activities within their company's operations. This is similar to findings of a previous study of middle managers' perceptions mentioned earlier.

The perception about the adequacy of protection from reprisal a company or organization offers employees who report illegal or wasteful activities is an important matter of concern for potential whistle-blowers. Reprisal involves taking an undesirable action against an employee or not taking a desirable action because that employee disclosed information about a serious problem. Reprisal may involve such things as transfer or reassignment to a less desirable job or location, suspension or removal from a job, or denial of a promotion or training opportunities. Only 54 percent of the respondents believe that their organization could effectively protect from reprisal an employee who blows the whistle; a third (32 per-

cent) believes the company could not offer protection, and a surprisingly large number (15 percent) is not sure. This is a cause for concern about potential reprisals for speaking out.

Most (94 percent) first-level managers stated that company employees should be encouraged to report illegal or wasteful activities. Seventy-nine percent indicate that they know where to report illegal or wasteful activities, but 21 percent do not know.

Almost half of the respondents see problems for themselves and their employees in a lack of protection from reprisals if they blow the whistle. Even though they might personally approve of whistle-blowing and even desire actual company encouragement of this, it is far more likely that first-level managers and employees will not risk reprisal by notifying upper level managers unless there are mitigating factors.

**Company Protection of Whistle-blowers.** There are mixed results concerning the perception of an adequate level of company/organization protection of whistle-blowers. Though 27 percent feels that company protection is more than adequate or about right, the largest percentage (39 percent) is not sure on this item, and 11 percent feels that there could and should be more adequate protection. Approximately 23 percent feels that it is as adequate as it can be.

**Company/Organization Encouragement of Whistle-blowers.** The largest percentage of managers (39 percent) feel their companies have about the right amount of encouragement, but a surprising number (30 percent) feels there is not enough company encouragement, indicating some major concerns in this area. A significant number (30 percent) is not sure on this issue indicating ambivalence and uncertainty about where the company or organization really stands.

**Information About Where to Blow the Whistle.** Fifty-nine percent of first-level managers feel that they have enough information

about where to blow the whistle, but the others (41 percent) need more information.

**Observation/Direct Evidence of Fraud, Waste, or Mismanagement.** A large percentage of managers (44 percent) claim to have personally observed or obtained direct evidence of one or more of nine different examples of fraud, waste, or mismanagement within their company/organizations in the preceding twelve months prior to the survey. However, the incidence of observed wrongdoing varies widely among the various categories of wrongdoing. For example, only 2 percent of all survey respondents claim to have direct knowledge of someone accepting bribes or kickbacks, while 23 percent claims to have direct evidence of someone stealing organization property. The rank order of types of wrongdoing they have direct evidence of was: stealing company property (23 percent), buying unnecessary goods or services (21 percent), and waste caused by a badly managed department (18 percent).

The activities that they claim to have observed are serious in that, for the most part, they are perceived either to involve substantial amounts of money or to occur on a regular basis. It should be pointed out, however, that there is a wide range of relative dollar values and frequency of occurrence among the kinds of observed activities. Thus the percentage of managers who claim direct knowledge of employees stealing company/organization property is relatively high, but the dollar amounts involved are most often less than a hundred dollars. By contrast, those who claim knowledge of wasted funds caused by a badly managed department typically estimated the dollar amount involved to be over one hundred thousand dollars.

Overall, over one third of the first-level managers (36 percent) who observed an illegal or wasteful activity claimed that it involved more than one thousand dollars. As for activities which cannot be easily quantified (such as tolerating a sit-

uation which poses a danger to health or safety), a sizeable number of first-level managers claims to have observed such events occurring at least occasionally and, in many cases, frequently during the twelve-month period.

**Actual and Potential Whistle-blowers.** A surprising finding of this study was that more than 54 percent of the first-level managers who observed these kinds of activities did not report them. This is contrary to one of the major responsibilities of first-level managers, which is to keep abreast of possible problems and to communicate about them upwards through appropriate organizational channels so effective decisions can be made. The question arises as to whether there is any link between these kinds of responses by first-level managers on these issues and their organization's communication climate.

**Communication Climate and Manager Whistle-blowing.** Preliminary results of the present study indicate that there are direct links between communication climate and the above whistle-blowing responses. Communication climate in any organization is a key determinant of its effectiveness. Organizations with supportive environments encourage worker participation, free and open exchange of information, and constructive conflict resolution. In organizations with a defensive climate, employees keep things to themselves, make only guarded statements, and suffer from reduced morale.

From this study we conclude that the more supportive and the less defensive the communication climate, the more positive are the expressions of opinions and perceptions of company/organization practices about whistle-blowing. Also, there is a more positive understanding about where to blow the whistle and about company encouragement of whistle-blowing. More important, there is direct evidence that the more supportive and less defensive the communication climate, the less fear of reprisals,

the more a feeling of encouragement exists to blow the whistle through formal company channels, then the more likely a manager will actually speak up and report such incidents.

Several of the other major findings of the study: (1) a sizeable number of first-level managers does not find enough company encouragement of whistle-blowing and is not sure where to blow the whistle in the company/organization; (2) a significant number of managers is unsure about the adequacy of the company's protection of whistle-blowers from reprisals; (3) almost half of managers surveyed claims to have observed one or more instances of illegal or wasteful activity during the previous 12 months; and (4) waste caused by badly managed departments was by and large the most serious problem in terms of the dollar value involved.

### **Conclusions**

**Whistle-blowing will continue to present problems for managers in corporations and organizations in the years ahead. Without constructive intervention, both an individual and organization will suffer the consequences of ambivalent behavior. To maintain a competitive edge and to utilize the full resources of the organization, corporate leaders need to take a more enlightened approach in dealing with the whistle-blowing issue. By moving from a defensive to a supportive communication climate, an organization can create conditions for utilizing the valuable information that whistle-blowers can introduce. Such information can thus help the organization effectively respond to problems both from a "bottom-line" and from an ethical position. Only through this kind of approach will organizations be able to compete and survive.**

*NOTE: This paper was substantially abbreviated to meet page limitations. A fuller version is available from the author.*



## Fiction

# *Ma and the Bible Salesman—1947*

By Dorothy Boxhorn

**T**he girls I go to school with are named Fidelia, Amelia, Stella, Olivia, Angela, and Magdalena. They are the daughters of Mexican migrant workers surnamed Llanas, Mesa, Hurtado, Sanchez, Garcia, and Villareal. Unlike my parents who emigrated from Hungary, they trekked from Mexico to Texas where they boarded the harvest trail and followed it north to Wisconsin. They have settled in Waukesha to work in its booming factories.

My best friend Gracie and I walk hand in hand down the stairs of White Rock School. The steps of the old staircase are bowed and smooth as water-washed stones from the feet of the many children who've tramped up and down them over the years. Gracie releases my hand to open the door, but once outside we again join hands. I glance at the stone wall that edges the playground and borders Trinity Lutheran School. Pa helped build that wall during the Depression. A government work project, it was the only job available to him at the time. Ma says that they sure ate lots of oatmeal in those days and God bless the Salvation Army for giving her a sewing machine. Without it, she couldn't have made over her old clothes for the kids.

Gracie and I pause at the crosswalk while Leon, the sixth grade junior police patrol, steps into the middle of the street to hold the cars at bay so that we can cross. His back is to me as we walk across the street.

"Kotex," he hisses as I pass him. I am mortified.

"Ignore him, Dorothy," Gracie remarks in her soft Mexican accent. I try, but cannot resist a backward glance. Leon is looking right at me, pointing towards me and laughing. Gracie holds her head high and never looks back.

Although Gracie is almost two years my senior, she is in my fifth grade class. She is the prettiest girl I know. Her ebony hair, not quite shoulder length, turns under at the ends. Large, round, dark eyes complement her oval milk chocolate face. Her elegant, long-fingered hands end in perfect almond-shaped nails. When Gra-

cie smiles, she reveals teeth as even and white as the keys of our piano. She even wears a bra.

We each carry a permission slip to attend religious school every Wednesday afternoon during the school year if our parents approve. The Catholics will go to St. Joe's, the Protestants to First Methodist, and the Lutherans to Grace Lutheran. Those who choose not to attend will stay at school, read, and help the teachers.

"Are you going to go?"

"I suppose," Gracie replies. "Everyone else will, and I wouldn't want to be the only kid stuck at school."

I feel much the same as Gracie. My teacher is so dull that I wouldn't want to be alone with him two hours a week. Besides I already attend Sunday School at the First Methodist Church. I'll have a chance to meet children from other city schools.

"Does Julian Garcia really drive his dad's car?" I ask.

"Where did you hear that?"

"Julian told me," I reply. "He says that he always drove it all over in Texas, but here his dad only lets him drive it in the neighborhood."

"That Julian! What a liar!" Gracie laughs. "He's just bragging because he likes you."

It must be so, because Gracie knows all about boys. I feel my face flush as we turn onto Hartwell Avenue, the last block we walk together before we separate on Main Street. We talk about our older sisters, Anita and Amelia, who are in junior high. Gracie says Amelia wants to be called Emily now, but Anita has already told me this. It's a shame, since Amelia sounds so pretty and Emily so plain.

"If it's this warm tomorrow," Gracie remarks, "I'm going to ride my bike to school."

I'll miss her if she rides; I can't ride my bike since I hit a tree and bent the front wheel. Gracie's big brother bought her a blue and silver Schwinn. My eldest brother already has a daughter of his own, so I can't look to him for a new Schwinn. We part on Main Street. Gra-

cie walks toward The Strand and home, while I head in the opposite direction to Caroline Street where I live.

I wish I hadn't been so eager for my sister Sylvia to outgrow the red sweater I'm wearing on this hot Indian summer day. I wish I had listened to Ma this morning: "For God's sake! Why are you wearing those clothes today? Mark my words, you will roast!"

Wanting to wear my new sweater, I paid no attention. My petticoat clings damply to my body. Quick hot blasts of wind send my red and navy plaid skirt ballooning up to my waist. I push it down while the same gusts of wind shower leaves down around my head and shoulders as I walk the last block home. The heat of the day and the permission slip I carry encourage me to hurry.

Lady ignores my approach even though I call to her. Our formidable-looking Doberman faces the home-bound St. Joseph's students. One by one, they pet her and coo to her as they pass, "Lady, how are you girl?" She wags her stub of a tail in response.

Sylvia sits at the table as I enter by the kitchen door. She's reading a book and eating a thick slice of bread plastered with jam made from grapes given to her by Son Of A Gun 66, an elderly man who lives on Main Street, whose real name is Mr. Inzeo.

"Where's Ma?"

"She's still down in the shop," Sylvia replies.

"Where's Pa?"

"I don't know," Sylvia shrugs, "I suppose he's at the tavern."

I wave my religious school permission slip in her face.

"Are you going to go?"

"I think so. I sure don't want to get stuck at school with that witch Wednesday afternoons."

"I'm going to talk to Ma about it."

"Maybe you'd better wait; there's a salesman with her," Sylvia cautions.

I ignore her advice and head through the shop door that adjoins our kitchen, down several stairs into the rear of the shop where I hear Ma talking to the salesman. Ma is generally polite to the many salesmen who call unless they don't know their product. Ma and Pa consider it shameful for a salesman not to know his product thoroughly or not to believe in it.

"It's a tough way to make a living," Pa says about sales, "and so lonely if you are on the road in strange towns."

"I have never forgotten those good people who took time to listen to me when I went door to door selling brushes Pa made," Ma tells me, "and they bought from me even though my English was so bad. Sometimes I was so frustrated with the language that I'd cry, right there, in front of strangers. I can never repay those people who were so kind to me, but I can pass that kindness on to someone else. One hand washes the other."

As I approach the front of the shop where Ma sits at the workbench, her back to me, I see the salesman seated opposite her. He is stiff necked, grim faced, and intense as he speaks to my mother. This is serious or Ma wouldn't have abandoned the half-finished garage broom she's making. It rests on the workbench, still attached to an upright spool of wire. The salesman has her undivided attention.

"I will say it once more," Ma leans toward him, "it was Benjamin."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Beringer, but Joseph was Jacob's youngest son."

I pull up a chair and sit next to Ma. I smile at the salesman, who ignores me. He is holding a large, black leather-covered Bible with gold lettering and a slender black satin ribbon marker between the pages.

"Bozi," Ma turns to me, "I didn't hear you come in." As she looks at the salesman, I notice that her mouth is a straight line and her eyes are slightly narrowed at the corners.

"This guy can go to the devil," she complains in rapid Hungarian. "He doesn't know what the hell he's talking about. He should be selling shoes, not Bibles! We've been debating one point or another for over an hour. Pa could settle this quickly if he was here."

This is not the time to talk to Ma about religious school. Instead I concentrate on the Bible and try to picture it behind the leaded glass doors of the bookcases, among Ma's treasured books by Pushkin, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Dostoevski, Balzac, and Buck.

"I beg *your* pardon, Mr. Fisher," Ma's got her dander up, "but Benjamin was Jacob's twelfth and youngest son!"

Her tone of voice tells me that there will definitely be no new Bible. Ma's face is red from the heat, and the salesman's long-sleeved white shirt is damp and clingy. Occasionally, he pulls at his collar that is held securely by a black necktie.

"Why don't we just settle this by referring to the good book." He places the Bible on the bench and begins to open it.

"Don't touch that book!" Ma commands, springing to her feet. "You should not need that to settle this point! I'll settle this now, and you look at your good book when I'm through."

The startled salesman slams the Bible shut.

"Paper and pencil. Do you have paper and pencil?"

He reaches into a black case on the floor that leans against his chair and withdraws a small notebook with a pen clipped to it. Ma walks several steps to the phone, on a small shelf behind the twisting machine, and dials.

"Hello," she says, "Tony is Pa there?" There is a pause. "For God's sake, Tony, I know he's there. Let me talk to him. It's important!"

What's Ma up to? The salesman's expression shows he's as confused as I am.

"Pa, I'm glad I caught you. Quick, tell me. I need



to know the names of Jacob's twelve sons, in the order of their birth. A minute, though, before you begin." Ma looks directly at the salesman, "As I call out the names, write them down."

Mr. Fisher tugs nervously at his collar, dutifully picks up his pen, and poises on the edge of his chair like a schoolboy ready to take a pop quiz.

"Okay, Pa, go ahead." Ma calls out the names as Pa recites them, while the salesman rapidly writes in his notebook. "Ruben, Simeon, Levi, Juda, Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, and Benjamin. There! Thank you, Pa."

Ma carries herself like a queen as she walks back to resume her seat at the workbench across from the thoroughly befuddled salesman.

"Now, feel free to open your Bible." Ma is smiling and her eyes are relaxed, no longer pinched at the corners. "Just check off those names as you read them and see if I'm right." The salesman slumps over the book and checks the names off as he reads them.

"By golly," he says, "you are right, but I don't find Benjamin here."

"Read ahead a few chapters," Ma sounds confident. "It should be at the death of Jacob's wife, Rachel. She died in childbirth, poor thing."

The salesman pages through the book. Ma sits back and watches as he reads.

"Well, Mrs. Beringer, you were right. Here it is, in chapter 35. I could have sworn that Joseph was the youngest!" He looks at Ma sheepishly. "But, of course, I'm not a student of the Old Testament. Ask me anything you like about the New Testament." He looks hopeful as he speaks.

"I'm sorry, but I'll never finish my work if we don't end this conversation now. You'll have to excuse me."

"This Bible would certainly be a beautiful addition to your library," he suggests as he gathers up his things.

"No," Ma firmly replies, "we have no need for another."

Ma and I silently watch him walk through the shop door and up Arcadian Avenue. She doesn't speak until he is out of sight.

"I have nothing better to do than argue with a Bible peddler? And a poor one, at that. That Pa," she laughs, "he never forgets anything."

**M**a and Pa are reading the newspapers when I walk into the living room with my permission slip.

"Will you sign this, Ma? I'd rather go to religious school than stay at White Rock on Wednesday afternoons."

"What's that?" Pa looks up from his paper.

"I want to go to religious school at the Methodist Church on Wednesday afternoons."

Pa hesitates. "Well, why not," he shrugs, "it can't hurt."

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## Traditions

Sun begins this October morning,  
and like one morning once a year  
leaves surprise the grass, petaling too  
the sidewalks, the streets, the cars, as though

the night before these petals flew  
after a wedding of the elves,  
the guests flinging leaves with the wild  
abandon of fall, until the sun  
sits on the ground and laughs.

After my sister's wedding,  
we abandon custom and throw  
birdseed, and thus my brother  
the minister can participate  
in the un-pagan, and my mother  
the environmentalist can know  
the birds will not suffer the barbs  
of uncooked rice, and my sister

the bride can feel the wild uncertainty  
of existence, under a laughter  
of sunflower seed and millet, the grains  
of a new tradition spreading like  
leaves on the sidewalk, the guests  
flinging their handfuls of awareness  
with a shout and a smile and a skip of the heart.

*Victoria Ford*

## Poems by Joan Rohr Myers

### Echoes

We lived too far from the fairgrounds  
to hear all the sounds  
the night the horse barn burned.  
My father, booted and bundled,  
followed the siren and trucks  
while safe in my room  
I pictured great heads and hooves  
set free under stars  
from the flickering light.  
I slept in a house of stilled sounds.

When my parents spoke  
in the voice grown-ups use  
if something's gone wrong,  
I wanted my father  
to go back for the moon  
or whatever he'd lost  
in the night.  
"They couldn't get the horses out"  
fell like a stone  
and never changed, all the next day  
as it slid  
across tables and phone lines  
counters and classrooms.

Thirty years later  
I drive into town  
with my almost-grown children.  
As I pass the grandstand  
I hear myself say  
to no one who's listening  
"They couldn't get the horses out."

### Rowing

It was our way of walking on water  
to shove off every morning  
and wrinkle the smooth spread  
of the lake.

Leaving behind the minnows and hooks,  
the sinkers and barber-pole bobbers,  
we'd run to the dock and jump  
into the flat-bottomed boat.  
The shiny aluminum was too easy  
to tip, so we took what we knew  
we could trust.

We'd row past the point  
where shadows of pine trees  
darkened the water  
out into clear space  
where light was so bright  
our vision grew wavy  
and sunfish flashed  
like quivering coins.

Remembering young Moses  
we drifted through lily pads  
and smiled at each bundle of blossom  
held in a tangle of green.

Our bodies seemed hollow  
as we slid with a sound  
like the sigh of a soul.

On the way back  
we watched rivers of ripples  
trailing behind us  
until we touched soil.

It was easy those days  
to preach the power of water,  
to believe we would never  
lose sight of the shore.



## Fiction

### *Painting Loons*

By Robert Crader

**L**oons gliding on shimmering lakes, deer grazing in meadows, eagles nesting in bluffs—these vivid Wisconsin images stir the artistic impulse. From painting to pottery, weaving to quilting, art which depicts the beauty of Wisconsin attracts more viewers and buyers each year. Famous and not-so-famous outdoor painters live and exhibit in the state. One unusual painting which draws visitors is on the side of a general store in Cumberland.

Though a small town, Cumberland offers the necessities. If you don't mind paying a bit more or waiting for an order, you can buy just about anything at the general store. Its refrigerated case holds bologna, summer sausage, pimento loaf, and eggs, butter, cheese and whole milk. The only canned goods are from the Green Giant, only cereals by General Mills, and only bread from Colonial. Owner Jim McDonnell also carries basic feeds and salt blocks and general hardware. He sells paint, but only white, black, barn red, blue, yellow, brown and 'John Deere' green. In fact Jim only stocks what he likes, since he lives above the store and supplies his own needs. He wouldn't feel right shopping at the supermarket.

What Jim's store really provides is atmosphere. The old building is well cared for. Outside is a plank sidewalk that thunks when trod on. Inside are high ceilings with two ceiling fans and a wooden floor that creaks in certain spots. In winter Jim fires up the big black pot belly stove and keeps a pot of hot water on top. Six wooden chairs surround the stove.

Most of Jim's customers are men, whose wives sent them out for something or to get them out of the way. They go to sit around the stove at Jim's and visit.

Jim's business is good in winter, but from May to August everyone is busy planting or fixing. Then he sometimes brings his small black-and-white television down to keep him company.

One May day when he'd had no customers for two days he turned on his TV to find a woman painting a bowl of fruit and explaining how she worked. Near the end of the show the woman mentioned that she would be on each day that week to explain painting. Jim had always liked to paint in school and decided to paint along with her just for something to do.

Next day, Jim got together his supplies—cans of Green Giant fruit close to the colors of barn paint (since he didn't stock fresh fruit), paint samples, old brushes, and the TV. He arranged the cans on an old metal table in the back room. He wondered if he should open only black and white paint since the TV was black and white. One hour a day for the rest of the week Jim learned from the TV art teacher how to center, shade, contrast, and paint background for his Green Giant fruit cans. His picture started to take shape. Considering it was painted on the back of a poster with one-inch brushes and barn paint, it wasn't bad.

During the last half hour the art instructor showed the work of Wisconsin artists and talked about them: paintings and sketches of deer, ducks, dogs, but one of a loon carrying her young on her back in a lake caught Jim's eye. He had seen just such a beautiful bird while fishing the Boundary Waters in Minnesota.

On Sunday while the store was closed, Jim finished the painting of the fruit. The lines weren't too straight, but the John Deere green on the cans and the yellow in the apricots looked pretty good.

Jim believed he couldn't attend an art class because he wasn't good enough, so he looked for ways to teach himself. In the Sunday newspaper he discovered that art shows were held every weekend in his part of the state. Every weekend that summer Jim drove to a show which featured known artists and struck up conversations with them, pumping them for information about their techniques.

At night Jim painted in the back room or read art books from the library. He felt nervous about checking out books with pictures of naked ladies on the cover, because the gray-haired librarian looked suspiciously at him, but he sheepishly explained that they were for his niece.

**B**y fall Jim had definitely improved. He was still painting Green Giant cans, but the lines were sharper and the shading experiments were paying off. He bought some artist's paintbrushes and an easel in St. Paul but still painted with barn paint. Afraid of friends' kidding, Jim kept his painting secret, working in the back room or upstairs.

By the end of October as everyone rushed to finish harvesting or winterizing the house, the store was again quiet. Sick of the Green Giant's toothy smile and flying scarf, he looked around for something else to paint. The wall calendar with a picture of a loon sitting in a lake surrounded by north country woods reminded him of the painting shown by the art instructor. Checking out his barn paint, Jim found he had all the necessary colors: black and white with a spot of red for the loon, brown and green for the shoreline and trees, and blue for the water and sky. He figured he could mix the white and blue to get the right shades. Enthusiastically Jim started his new painting.

Knowing he would have little time when the busy season started, he painted on the loon late every night. By the first of November the picture was complete—a little rough in spots but good. The next Sunday Jim bought artists' oils, but he chose the colors he was used to working with.

During the winter Jim sat around the pot belly stove with his friends and talked, but he managed to paint some using a library book about loons as a guide. Painting evenings and Sundays, he had finished six paintings of loons, lakes, and forests by March.

April is the busiest month when cabin fever forces people out to order garden seeds and spring supplies. One particularly hectic day Jim asked a friend to fetch something from the back room. Before long five people had gathered in the back room; Jim suddenly realized what drew them. His worst fears came true as he heard his friends snickering about his loon paintings. They repeated the country adage that paint is only good to cover something and thereafter teased him daily about his paint keeping the canvas from rusting or rotting.

Aggravated by his friends' criticism, he brooded over a way to silence them. Early one morning Jim grabbed paints and brushes and started painting the west wall of his store. Since summer was a slow time, he had plenty of chance to paint. When people asked what he was doing, he replied, "just painting." It soon became apparent that he was painting a loon out in a lake. Townspeople drove slowly by after supper to watch his progress. Jim pointedly explained to his friends that he was just covering the side of the building. They sheepishly grinned.

When the wall was completed, tourists as well as locals came to see the general store with the painting. Jim brought out the smaller loon paintings for display and was asked his selling price. Life goes on much the same in Cumberland, but now there's a resident artist for the townspeople to brag about. The sun sets as it always has, sliding behind the forested hills as a glowing ball—but watched by a beautiful loon on a shimmering lake.

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All works shown from the collection of Karen Sessler Stein and Gregory R. Sessler. Photographs by Maurice Thaler.

*Geggo's Dragon (state 2)*, 1957, color woodcut, 8 1/8 x 15 3/4"



## Galleria Alfred Sessler

### The Artist and the Exhibition

By Karen Sessler Stein and Marylou Williams

**A**lfred Sessler, the eldest son of European parents, was born in Milwaukee, on January 14, 1909. He studied art at the Layton School of Art (Milwaukee) and graduated from Milwaukee State Teachers College in 1944. Upon receiving his master's degree from the University of Wisconsin, Madison in 1945 he immediately joined the art education department as an instructor. He was appointed full professor in 1956, remaining in that position until his death on September 16, 1963.

From the mid 1930s to 1963 Alfred Sessler was represented in major exhibitions of national institutions and print societies, including the Art Institute of Chicago, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and the Library of Congress. Among public collections in which he is represented are those of the Butler Institute of American Art, the Library of Congress, the Milwaukee Art Museum, and the Elvehjem Museum of Art, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

The retrospective exhibition at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery from September 1 to September 29, 1988 marks the 25th anniversary of

the death of Alfred Sessler. It brings to the public's attention, once again, a master printmaker who used his talents to develop the art of printmaking to the place of respect it holds in America today. The works in the exhibition span the his printmaking career and demonstrate his technique and subject matter, such as the prints which sharply satirize conditions the artist felt should not be tolerated by this society and the vegetative allegories which came to be Sessler's "signature" work in later years. The exhibition reflects the artist's deep feelings for humanity, for justice, and for the integrity of our environment.

## A Memoir

By Warrington Colescott

When I first met Alfred Sessler, he was asleep at his easel. It was 1949 and I had just arrived in Madison. The painter Santos Zingale was showing me around the art department real estate and doing introductions. The art faculty had studios in a rusting Quonset hut some wartime navy project had left beached on the library lawn. It was warm and quiet in the Quonset. A small man was dozing on a high stool in front of a tiny painting, his weight propped against a mall stick wedged into the easel. A brush was in his hand. Zingale said "Al," and the brush began to move on the painting. The eyes opened, and we were introduced.

Sessler taught printmaking in a small room in the building the Department of Art and Art Education shared with Journalism Department. This seemed exotic to me, coming from a school where art was carefully defined, in limiting purity, as painting and sculpture. Nevertheless, I had been making screen prints for the past year and was soon drawn into Sessler's area.

The print studio was a frenetic phenomenon. There were graduate and undergraduate printmakers, and Sessler had them charged up. All print techniques were taught. The presses turned and clattered day and night; the floor was hazardous with wood chips and linoleum curls from the gouges of the relief printers. Sessler was a dedicated teacher, a warm person compulsively interested in people. He had a fondness for books, food, pretty students, talented students, and pictures that carried emotional content. He taught from an aesthetic that blended expressionistic traditions gathered from northern Europe, south to German romanticism and the erotic fantasies of Vienna. His taste then leaped westward to Mexico, to Posada and Orozco and the political directness of the mural painters.

Sessler was a cult figure to his students. There is a special relationship that develops in studios and laboratories demanding physical

adeptness, an intimacy among students and between student and teacher. You grow to depend on and value people who have good hands. Painting may be created in isolation, but printmaking requires sharing, of skills and equipment. Sessler thrived in this atmosphere, building a teaching structure that mixed follow-my-lead with free-flight zones. He showed students simple skills and eased them into complicated techniques. He lectured and cajoled, dispensing examples from his extensive collection of overdue Memorial Library books and the department's Scotch-taped re-strikes. He especially enjoyed his night classes, his advanced people. At 10:00 p.m. they would hang up aprons and stream over to the Rathskeller for coffee or beer, doughnuts, and art-talk. Sometimes the evening would end at Al's apartment with his wife, Lillian, cheerfully cooking pancakes for the late-stayers.

Tuesdays and Thursdays were studio days, and Sessler was rigorously productive. He divided his time between painting and printmaking, doing platemaking in the Quonset and the press runs in his teaching studio, often late into the night.

The first printmaking expansion was the department move into the education building. Al got a larger complex of rooms, and Dean Meeker organized a course in serigraphy, with a studio on the sixth floor. Enrollments were growing, students were arriving from Illinois and New York, as well as from within the state. The quality of the graduate applicants was particularly encouraging.

In those days no one made any money out of art. There were no commercial galleries in Madison and few in Chicago. On the other hand the museums and public galleries were more open to contemporary artists than they are now, and there were many places to show. Hayter's Atelier 17 in New York

had turned the American art establishment onto prints, and the museums wanted to see what was being done out there. Today, when museum directors would rather take hemlock than sponsor a juried show, it is a shock to remember the fifties and sixties with their widespread open juried competitions. Artists were in command of much of the selection. The salon tradition still lingered, and curators maintained the custom of hiring artists to jury artists. Exhibitions were social events with crowded openings, the art a topic rather than a commodity. The audience was a mix of collectors, critics, artists, and people who went to exhibitions in the same way they went to libraries or concerts. Buying and selling was a small part of this equation. As a consequence much of the art was aggressive, abrasive, and unorthodox. Print shows in particular were not soothing. I was reminded of this last February at the College Art Conference in Houston. A former student of Sessler, Sylvia Solochek Walters, was showing slides of woodcuts done in the fifties and sixties, the work of Frascioni, Baskin, Deshaies and Sessler, and I was caught up by the sheer anti-seductiveness of the pictures.

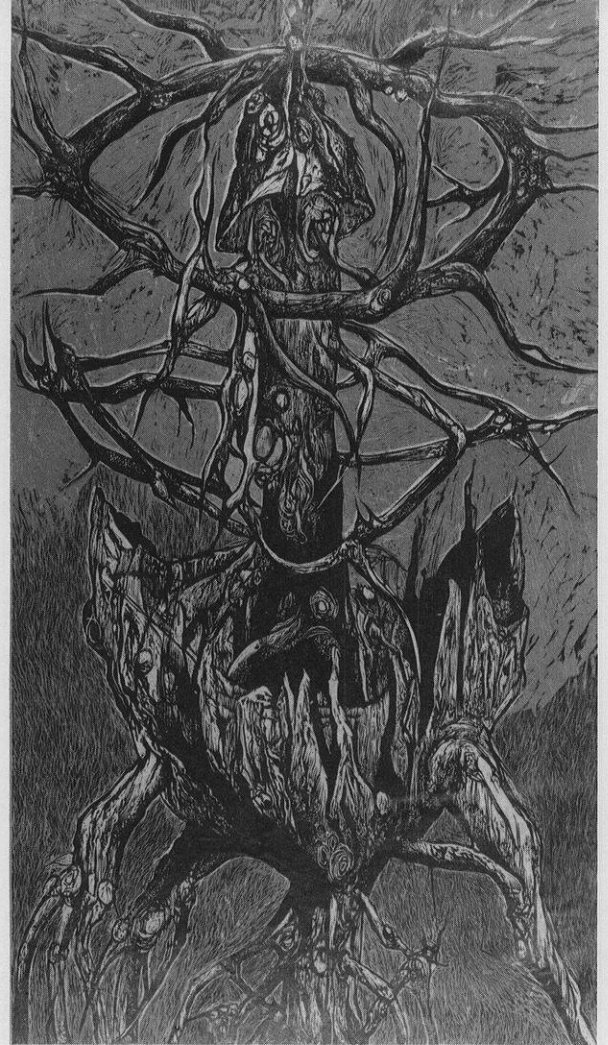
Sessler was always an active exhibitor, especially of his prints. Advertisements for print shows came from all over the country; prints traveled easily; Sessler had the prints. As a matter of fact, a group of us on the faculty and among the graduates was following his lead, getting our work on the road, enjoying the pleasures of reviews and awards.

There was an informal luncheon club in the department. It met every now and then over brown bag lunches in one of the offices on the top floor of the education building, where the windows slid open to reveal a cinemascope view of Lake Mendota, interrupted only by the scraggle of the Hoofers ski jump, where so many well-formed art department legs had been fractured. We would talk, eat, and ever-so-subtly publish achievements. I





*The Red Wig*, 1957, color woodcut, 15  $\frac{3}{8}$  x 8  $\frac{5}{8}$ "



*Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani* [My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me], 1963, color woodcut, 50  $\frac{5}{8}$  x 26  $\frac{5}{8}$ "

might just happen to have a show catalogue, with an illustration of my prize-winning print. Harvey Littleton would make a quick draw, and a check with a famous letterhead would flutter onto the desk. The magazine under Meeker's arm would drop to the floor, and the centerfold would flip to—a color reproduction of *Don Quixote* (by Meeker). Sessler would open his briefcase and elaborately unfold a letter, an invitation from that prestigious print room for a one man show. At times we all enjoyed it hugely.

By 1956 I was beginning to see the limitations in serigraphy, and Al took me through the rudiments of etching, which he thought natural to my drawing inclinations. I remember my amazement after a long effort of plate wiping and

printing. "You mean, to get another copy, I have to do that all over again?" It is still a familiar question from the beginning etching students. Sessler argued that the result *was* worth the effort, and I came to agree with him.

I did continue the effort and in the process spent a year at the University of London. When I returned to Wisconsin, Sessler looked at what I had done and suggested that the printmaking courses be split and that I teach the etching. His interests had been focusing on lithography and to a greater extent on woodcut, which he was developing in an intensely original way. As well, he had in mind a plan for the graphics area: a series of print studies, under the guidance of specialists, to teach and research in each print media at the highest level.

When I left Wisconsin in the summer of 1963 to return to London, the program was in motion. Our graduates were going out and founding new departments. A building was in the planning stages, with superb facilities featuring individual graphic studios for each media. I went to London. I dallied. Summer passed, then a long fall. I came home in January, but never saw Sessler again.

*This essay is condensed from a catalogue accompanying the exhibition, The Prints of Alfred Sessler: 1935-1963, at the Wisconsin Academy September 1-September 29, 1988. This project is funded in part by grants from the Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission, the Madison Festival of the Lakes, and the Madison Committee for the Arts, Festival Fund.●*



## BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

**ALDO LEOPOLD: HIS LIFE AND WORK** by Curt Meine. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1988. 638 pp. \$29.50.

By Dennis Ribbens

Asked which book contributed most to the rise of environmental awareness in the latter half of this century, most people would name *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson. Asked which book continues to provide a conceptual framework for the environmental movement, most people would name *A Sand County Almanac* by Aldo Leopold. But now forty years after its initial publication and twenty years after its paperback reprinting, most of its readers know very little about its author. Many readers know little more than something about a shack converted from a chicken coop on the banks of the Wisconsin River. For every accurate reading of *A Sand County Almanac* I suspect there are several confused readings, partly because its genre is unfamiliar, and partly because the man, Aldo Leopold, is little known. *A Sand County Almanac* needs to be read against the background of Leopold's life. The first "Foreword" Leopold wrote demonstrates that fact. To recognize the balanced view of *A Sand County Almanac*, one needs to know Leopold not as a back-to-nature idealist, but as a pragmatic scientist, administrator, and teacher. This man at the shack grew up in midwest small town privilege and wealth. He was edu-

cated at an eastern academy and Yale University. His life was dramatically influenced by fifteen years of demanding field experience in Arizona and New Mexico with the newly formed National Forest Service. To understand *A Sand County Almanac*, one must realize that Leopold's life and work was a synthesis of countervailing forces: on the one hand the aesthetic, the mystique, the ethic of the hunt learned primarily from his father (an attitude which in later life developed into an encompassing love and respect for all things wild); and on the other hand the utilitarian, pragmatic perspective of one whose family business depended upon harvested trees and whose Yale School of Forestry education taught him to think about forests in economic and utilitarian terms (a point of view which in later life, though tempered, allowed him to work effectively and sympathetically with farmers, sportsmen, landowners, and legislators). From this larger view of Leopold, *A Sand County Almanac* becomes the very revealing and sharply pointed tip of the massive iceberg of Leopold's life experience and thought. For the first time in Curt Meine's *Aldo Leopold: His Life and Work* we now have access to that maelstrom of activity and that evolution of thought which culminated in the book that so many of us have come to know and love.

When I first read *A Sand County Almanac* about thirty years ago, I wanted to know more about its author. Then under the influence of Thoreau, I found in Leopold a sensitivity and a tough-mindedness

that were remarkable. But for many years and through many rereadings, Aldo Leopold was for me limited to the Aldo Leopold of *A Sand County Almanac*. And in retrospect I suspect that was a good thing. It is well to know the gospel thoroughly before reading biographies and commentaries. Susan Flader's essay in *The Sand Country of Aldo Leopold* published in 1973 (which may still be the best popular introduction to Leopold) helped many people put Leopold into perspective. Flader's *Thinking Like a Mountain*, published in 1974, provided a penetrating if thematic analysis of Leopold. The television production, "A Prophet for All Seasons," further contributed to a popular understanding of Leopold's life and work. In the past few years in association with the Leopold centennial, several other publications have added to our knowledge of Leopold.

It is interesting that the first generation of Leopold disciples, those who knew him and studied under him, gave their lives to applying the Leopold gospel rather than to recording the Leopold story. Although in the past few years some personal recall of Leopold has been published, most notably Robert McCabe's *Aldo Leopold: The Professor*, the primary impetus for studying Leopold's life and work has come from a second generation of Leopold disciples who know him only through the Leopold record and through the testimony of the first generation disciples. My guess is that Leopold himself would have approved of this sequence of events.

Curt Meine's *Aldo Leopold: His*



*Life and Work* is exactly the biography we now need. The book chronicles year by year, month by month, and occasionally day by day, what Leopold was doing and thinking. The almost diarylike array of biographical information and its supporting evidence without a selected thematic controlling center are not what a casual reader may want to read through completely. But this exhaustive treatment is exactly what has been lacking until now. Just who was this man? Where did he live? In exactly what activities was he engaged? At what different times of his life? What important acquaintances and friendships did he make? What experiences provided the bases for his thinking? What contributed to the development of his perspective of land? Meine does an excellent job of painting the details of Leopold's life: from his boyhood friendships in Burlington, to the impatient letters he received from his mother while at Yale, to the heady and tough experiences with the Forest Service, to the unbelievably large network of associates he developed over the years, to his efforts to control deer population in Wisconsin, to the frustrating and painful tic spasms which made his work difficult during the last year of his life. And the Leopold that emerges is an amazingly energetic, sensitive, thoughtful, productive man whose commitments ran true with family and employer as well as with his profession, a man whose inner confidence throughout his life permitted him to change his positions when he felt the need, a dynamic man constantly at the forefront of thinking about environmental issues. The Leopold that emerges is an interesting combination of John Muir and Gifford Pinchot, of delight over the mystery of the biotic community and skill in working with predominant utilitarian land interests.

The Leopold family and the foundations who have supported the research of Curt Meine (Ph.D. from the Institute for Environmental Studies of the University of

Wisconsin-Madison) deserve high praise for their choice. His work is thorough and objective. He writes with considerable grace. Meine's obvious admiration for Leopold is complemented by an unfailingly fair perspective. He neither fawns nor snipes. Though sympathetic, he is not afraid to pass critical judgment. He is as willing to point out foibles and mistakes as he is to underscore strength and prescience. So many biographies turn out to be summaries of one or another piece of the biographical record. Not so with this book. The list of Meine's sources is impressive. He appears to have used all available archival materials and to have interviewed all important living acquaintances of Leopold. Beyond doubt this book will serve as the definitive general Leopold biography for the foreseeable future. It will allow other Leopold scholars to examine particular aspects of Leopold's life without needing initially to create a biographical framework.

The book is rich in detail unknown to most of us. Leopold's real first name is "Rand." He served as the full-time Secretary of the Albuquerque Chamber of Commerce. He wrote absolutely wonderful letters to his mother and to his wife, Estella. In one letter, Leopold urged the purchase of Frederick Jackson Turner's *History of the American Frontier* for the family to read. Leopold urged farmers to think of conservation as "the owner's portrait of himself." No Leopold fan will be disappointed by a shortage of fascinating detail. But the book is more. Indeed, Meine has subtitled the book, *His Life and Work*. Considerable attention is given to Leopold's writings: to his early letters, to his editorials in the *Pine Cone*, to the many articles and reports written in his mature years, and to the climax work, *A Sand County Almanac*. Along the way we discover what Leopold was reading, what ideas he was gaining from friends, and what influences in his life accrued through conferences and organizations. Though a chronicle, this biography gives par-

ticular attention to the evolution of Leopold's ideas, especially as discovered in his published writings and speeches.

In fact Meine himself says that the book is not only a biography, but also a conservation history. And in a way it is, especially as reflected in the evolution of Leopold's thinking. Inevitably the reader's attention is drawn to Leopold's changing approach to his work, from timber management, to grazing rights, to erosion problems, to game management through predator elimination, to wilderness areas, to carrying capacity and habitat control. One observes his pioneering in the then-new field of ecology in his increasingly multiple approaches to land issues, and in his increasingly thinking about land health rather than land pathology. In some ways all of these ideas were resolved most profoundly in his growing attachment to the land at the shack and in his growing interest in phenology and husbandry. And that is how most of us readers of *A Sand County Almanac* first came to know him. But after reading Meine's book, we now know him with a difference. We understand a bit more completely.

In addition to the 529 pages of text, Meine's book contains 110 pages of end notes, bibliography, and index. The University of Wisconsin Press is to be congratulated for recognizing the strategic importance of this biography by including the invaluable research material in the end section. The list of Meine's sources is staggering. The lengthy bibliography of secondary sources, though not immediately useful for a beginning Leopold student, is in the long run probably more valuable than a selected bibliography. Of particular value is the extensive eighteen-page list of Leopold's published writings.

"Thank you" Curt Meine and The University of Wisconsin Press.

*Dennis Ribbens, library director and associate professor at Lawrence University, has published articles on A Sand County Almanac.*

**WELL, IT'S NOT MY FAULT!  
ABOUT THE SAN ANDREAS  
FAULT AND OTHER THINGS**

by John Lenihan, with  
illustrations (cartoons) by John B.  
Fleming. Madison: Medical  
Physics Publishing Corporation,  
1987. 223 pp. \$10 paper.

**THE BEGETTERS AND THE  
BEGOTTEN: WHENCE AND  
HOW CAME WE ALL?**

by  
Thomas A. Leonard. Madison:  
Medical Physics Publishing  
Corporation, 1988. 176 pp. \$23  
paper.

**By John Scarborough**

Although the theoretical and practical sciences impinge on every aspect of modern life, many—if not most—Americans view the sciences in the manner reflected in the usual form of newspaper and television journalism. Too often one is told of dramatic “breakthroughs” which shortly become tomorrow’s misinformation, or one is informed of cliché-ridden skullduggery among sleazy physicians or status-hungry researchers, as if science is simply just another series of soap operas. The unhappy state of what is termed ‘science reporting’ usually shows how ignorant are the reporters (there are some splendid exceptions), especially with the semi-mysterious language called mathematics, or the assumed arcana of biochemistry, medical physiology, and even the easily explained details of modern pharmacology. It is, therefore, a great pleasure to have in hand *two* recent books which manage quite nicely to cross the imaginary chasm between the popular and professional in science, books which perform this task with skill and accuracy, albeit with rather different strengths and intentions.

*Not My Fault* is a revised version of *Science in Action*, first published in London (1979). Lenihan is a Scot who knows how to write fluidly and succinctly about complicated topics, and he has a gift of anecdote which serves well in such a book as this, designed for casual browsing

or “dipping” as reviewers like to say. Fleming’s cartoons are pleasant enough, perhaps in the genre of the once-loved historical humor of J. Wesley Smith, or in the off-beat style characteristic of *Punch*. American readers probably will think of Fleming’s cartoons as merely “cute.” Lenihan’s sixty-five short narratives focus on the pleasures of science, ranging from the occasionally sublime to the often ridiculous. One chuckles at the inanities of paranormal “research” (neatly and with subtle irony skewered in “Science and the Supernatural”) along with the equally ponderous and pseudo-scientific blather which marks fads like Right-Brain/Left-Brain (“Left and Right”). Yet real science is as subject to stubborn convictions as is pseudo-science (“Drawing Magic from the Air”), and Lenihan’s abbreviated account of the famous Michelson-Morley experiment of 1887 (“The Experiment That Didn’t Work,”) suggests how bona fide scientists cling almost desperately to concepts which explain natural phenomena rather than accepting proofs that destroy those explanations. When the Michelson-Morley experiment proved the nonexistence of ‘ether’ (which presumably ‘carried’ light through space), it soon became clear that other explanations were necessary, explanations which used mathematics instead of mechanics or mechanical models. Thus Lenihan tightly links Kelvin’s pitch-block atop a small staircase (a centuries-long flow suggested the properties of a substance without color or odor, yet somewhat jellylike able to quiver when light passed through—therefore like ‘ether’) with the Special Theory of Relativity, first published by Einstein in 1905: the New Explanation was formulated through mathematics; the Old Explanation was similar to the famous tale of the Emperor’s New Clothes, and ether simply didn’t exist in spite of ingenious arguments defending it.

As a physicist, Lenihan handles his subject and related matters with greater ease than he does medicine

and the biological sciences, and occasionally Lenihan cannot distinguish wobbly historical sources from sound ones (e.g. “Mary the Jewess” as a reputable writer on Greco-Roman alchemy in “Old Flame,” an otherwise solid summary of the Byzantine so-called Greek Fire which rightly cites Partington’s *History of Greek Fire and Gunpowder* [Cambridge, 1960]). Ancient and medieval alchemical texts, in Greek or Latin or Arabic, are notorious for disguising both purported authors and presumed results of experiments seeking the secrets of the Philosopher’s Stone, which would change such base metals as lead into gold. Lenihan, however, has a sure instinct of what is—and is not—science, and his blunt ridicule of James D. Watson’s widely praised *The Double Helix* (London, 1968) in “How Science Doesn’t Happen” illustrates why the reading public is often duped into thinking scientists normally engage in their work for the sake of gain and pure glory, “. . . a realm of fantasy, dominated by greed, rudeness, and chicanery, as close to the real world of science as Batman is to Leonardo.” Lenihan does not address the underlying problem of why the nonprofessional might want such docu-dramas, as contrasted to the exciting if frequently tedious realities within research in biochemistry. However the tale is told, molecular biology has totally revolutionized medicine and pharmacy, and one can reflect that the double helix of DNA (and the consequent mapping of significant genetic components) has been part of mainstream biochemistry only since the early sixties, a vivid example of the always-changing nature of Real Science.

Leonard’s *Begetters* is a contemporary variant in the genre represented in the thirties by Maxwell Reed’s *Earth for Sam, Stars for Sam, and Sea for Sam*, but Leonard squeezes his sense of wonder into a single volume. *Begetters* is easy reading, taxing one very little, and this book would be suitable as an introduction to the main theories



and data of modern cosmology, paleontology, and some small bits on medicine and physiology. Middle school students with a moderately good vocabulary might benefit from this book, with its continuous and almost Aristotelian teleology in its view of the universe, animals, and man in that universe, and how things came to be and how they passed away. Unfortunately, Leonard's tailpiece chapter, "Mythologies, Religions, Science and Human Concepts" is a morass of oversimplification, jejune quasi-history borrowed from an apparent jumble of half-commanded ancient histories or histories of religion. It is as if the author could not come to terms with the jagged and venomous debates which have made up the history of Christianity, much as he does not seem to comprehend that real philosophers argue premises far more often than conclusions. The beginning student, middle school or otherwise, would appreciate knowing that the New Testament appeared in Greek, but that many of the Church Fathers wrote in Latin, and that paganism was *not* illegal in the Roman Empire until very late in the fourth century, certainly not in the reign of Constantine (324-337) as noted by Leonard. Yet earlier chapters which depict life-forms from algae to primates manage to choose just those examples which do illustrate the shifts evident in the long history of life, whether one follows a strict Darwinian interpretation, or whether one is simply intrigued by the endless variety of life packed within a limited set of variables as taught by modern sociobiologists.

Leonard stands in what one commentator has termed the "Isaac Asimov School of Popular Science," a methodology of presentation that pays careful attention to sentence-length, plain versus fancy words, and what is assumed to be an "average" attention span. Leonard's sources (when they are cited) generally are at the level of the *Scientific American* down to the *National Geographic*, which means that the beginners who take up *Be-*

*getters* will not be overwhelmed with the esoterica (in both concepts and specialized vocabulary) of molecular biology or geology or any of the numerous subspecialities which populate academic institutions throughout the world. Leonard is indeed careful not to present too much "meat" too frequently, and the reader is given much time to catch the major ideas, especially in terms of the two scales represented in *Begetters*: the macroscopic matters of astronomy with its corollary in the long developmental history of life on a single planet, and the microscopic or submicroscopic world of bacteria, chemical bonds, and genetic material. While Lenihan uses a wry sense of humor to explicate the foibles and triumphs of scientists, Leonard relies on his somber sense of awe at the wonder of it all. Both approaches will reach different sets of readers, and the qualities of Lenihan's meaty quips will certainly be missed by those who long for an old-fashioned and reverent view of Nature in her manifold wonders, rather well represented by Leonard.

The public hunger for well-written popular science is indicated by the enormous numbers of books published for this potentially huge market. Readers of *Natural History* are familiar with the provocative essays by Stephen Jay Gould, a writer who assumes a background by readers with the basics of zoology and paleontology. Gould's essays collected into monographs with titles like *The Flamingo's Smile*, *Hen's Teeth and Horse's Toes*, *The Panda's Thumb*, and others, have enjoyed a limited best-seller status, much as have several titles on popular science (and almost every other subject) by the similarly self-proclaimed polymath Isaac Asimov. In 1975 Adrian Desmond brought wide public attention to the grumpy debate among paleontologists in his *The Hot-Blooded Dinosaurs*, a book which also offers a goodly swatch of the history of the topic, and readers of the *Scientific American* know the wit and expertise of Martin Gardner, whose *Fads and Fallacies*

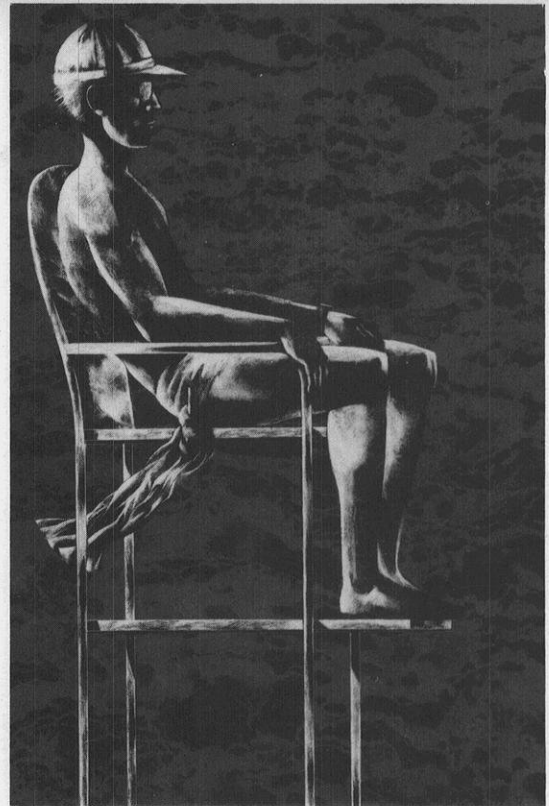
*in the Name of Science* deftly dissected pseudo-scientific foolery as it was practiced in the late fifties. Readers of *The New Yorker* may fondly recall the scientific detection stories by Berton Roueché, stories assembled and published in the decade between 1958 and 1971 as books titled *Eleven Blue Men*, *The Orange Man*, *A Man Named Hoffman*, and others. Many writers like Asimov, Gould, Gardner, and Roueché could be listed as illustrative of writing for the "popular science" market, and it is little surprise that many are professionals in fiction, particularly science fiction, as is Asimov and L. Sprague de Camp, whose excellent *Lost Continents* of 1954 remains the best accounting of the Atlantis nonsense in modern pseudo-science. If one is to compose good popular science, one must know the science under scrutiny, and one must be able to write clearly and succinctly. Lenihan and Leonard represent opposite poles in this widely sought and infrequently well-done subcategory of current nonfiction: Lenihan writes in company with Gould, but Lenihan does not take himself so seriously; Leonard is one of the better juvenile writers on popular science, juvenile in the best sense. If Lenihan and Leonard display a collective weakness, it is in the knowledge of how to employ the texts and languages of historical sources which necessarily enmesh their multiple topics. But Gould, Asimov, and even the hugely popular Paul de Kruif (most famous is his *Microbe Hunters* [1926]) exhibit this fault. In itself, modern science *is* such a revolution in human thinking that many moderns forget how essential are the foundations of modern science as derived from the past. If Einstein could hark back to Newton, certainly Dalton and Rutherford could credit Democritus and Leucippus for some of the "atomic" universe.

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WISCONSIN ACADEMY  
OF SCIENCES, ARTS & LETTERS



Nancy Burkert, "Centre & Circumference"  
Original image in brush and watercolor, ©1980  
Poster is high-quality color reproduction designed  
in 1986 for Wisconsin Academy

Robert Burkert, "Lifeguard"  
Two-color lithograph, umber black and cobalt  
15" × 22 1/2", 1986  
Edition of 100

### Wisconsin Academy Gallery

The Wisconsin Academy Gallery is a noncommercial exhibition space accessible to Wisconsin artists in all media. The gallery, remodeled in summer 1986 to provide a more diverse space, is managed by a committee of artists. Past gallery fund-raising events have included prints by John Wilde and original works by such Wisconsin masters as Aaron Bohrod, Warrington Colescott, John Colt, Dean Meeker, Don Reitz, James Watrous, and Lee Weiss.

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