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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 21 Number 1
Winter 1974-75



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

There are days—and there are days. October 16 promised to have more than its share of minor hassles and problems. By the time the mail arrived that suspicion was confirmed. Except that there was one letter, actually a poem with a salutation, that somehow managed to save not only October 16, but many others since then.

"Dear Intellectual Wisconsin Academy Review, Fall 1974:

*"Mr. E. W. Brehmer,"
Who is, actually, a girl/woman,
Wants to say,
He/she likes you fine!
And consider this from an authority
Who reads and reads,
Writes and writes,
Even thinks abit, at times, too,
Having nothing better to do, Review.
But, such a personal delight,
The 'Metamorphosis of a Hunter'!
And, it cleared up the mixed-up me, on he.
Of course, I had to wear Mel's hunting shirt a while,
And it scratched my revered skin, brought blood.
But, here we were, living in the same town some,
He pressed . . .
Me pressed . . .
In different ways, by B—
And, before that, brought up opposite.
But now, in old age, we almost meet,
As if the same street did converge . . . and
I was, forever, that species he did shoot.*

*—Ernestine W. Brehmer
Cleveland, Wisconsin"*

That salutation may be a bit blushing, but it is so satisfying to know that there are people "out there" who are reading and reacting to the Wisconsin Academy Review's contents. And, truthfully, have you ever seen such a subtle address correction request? (E. W. Brehmer—this issue of the magazine comes to you with your correct title—and thank you.)

*—Monica A. Jaehnig
Managing Editor*

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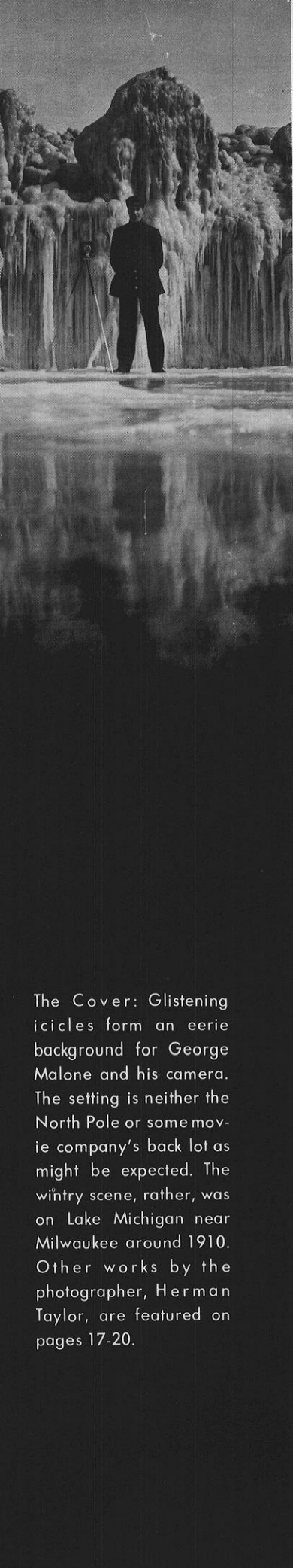
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 21 Number 1
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CONTENTS

- 2 VIS-A-VIS
James R. Batt
- 3 MANAGING THE MARSH
Robert G. Personius
- 4 MADNESS AND CREATIVITY
Kenneth J. Fleurant
- 11 TALL GRASSES OF SEARCH
Robert E. Gard
- 14 RAW DATA
Daniel P. Kunene
- 17 WISCONSIN PHOTOGRAPHERS' SHOWCASE: HERMAN TAYLOR
- 21 THE WISCONSIN IDEA: A LIVING LEGEND
Paul J. Grogan
- 24 PANTALONE
Margaret Savides Benbow
- 25 THE NATIONAL HUMANITIES SERIES: MIDWESTERN CENTER
Robert E. Najem
- 28 THE LADIES OF DURAND
Paul Vanderbilt
- 30 POINT OF INFLECTION
C. Lee Holt
- 32 SENDING AND RECEIVING
Arthur Hove
- 34 BOOK REVIEWS

The Cover: Glistening icicles form an eerie background for George Malone and his camera. The setting is neither the North Pole or some movie company's back lot as might be expected. The wintry scene, rather, was on Lake Michigan near Milwaukee around 1910. Other works by the photographer, Herman Taylor, are featured on pages 17-20.



Vis-a-Vis

The Plight of "Prosperity"

By James R. Batt, Executive Director
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

My good friend and Academy colleague L.G. Sorden made one of his welcomed visits to the WASAL office recently. Hot chocolate in hand, and comfortably ensconced in the easy chair which he had contributed to the furnishing of the building, L.G. leaned forward and, in a conspiratorial manner, inquired, "I have that little blue booklet you mailed to members (*On Behalf of the Academy*), and I was just wondering, does the Academy *really* need more money?"

I rather believe that, with that question, L.G. spoke for many. Does the Academy really need more money? If so, why? Aren't you the people to whom Dr. Harry Steenbock bequeathed a substantial endowment?

In the hackneyed words of a former forensics teacher of mine, the time has come to "talk cold turkey." Yes, emphatically yes, the Academy does need additional income.

And yes, upon Dr. Steenbock's death in 1967 it became evident that he had remembered the Wisconsin Academy in an exceptionally generous fashion. All told, the bequest came to something on the order of one million dollars. With that single act, Harry Steen-

bock did more than any other individual or agency to assure the Academy of a financial foundation on which to build.

Interest and dividends from the Steenbock Endowment account for just over one-third of the revenue required for Academy operations. Dues income, individual gifts, occasional federal and foundation grants for special programs, publication sales, and conference fees all add up to a little more than another one-third of the income needed.

And the balance? Until the stock market took ill, the Academy could count on a certain amount of capital gains for operating purposes—and could still return a good portion for reinvestment. That has changed. Stock market values have declined materially; the Academy has no capital gains to fall back on and is hard pressed to protect an endowment principal already diminished significantly by the economic conditions of the day.

To steadily eat into the corpus of the endowment is to imperil our future, particularly at a period when the market value of our securities is well below book value. What then are the alternatives? For one thing, you tighten the belt—an exercise many of us have had to practice on a personal basis. The Academy Council met twice this past autumn before finally approving a budget below the amount allocated in the pre-

vious year. Coming, as it does, in the face of inflation, this was no small accomplishment.

But that won't be enough. We are going to need a considerable amount of income on an annual basis, unless the market takes a dramatic upturn. And even if that were to happen, we have reached the point where we must secure funds from other sources if we are to continue to progress.

For one thing, we must become more conscious of the economies of scale and how this concept relates to membership growth. We can, for example, serve a membership twice as big as that we now have, and we can do it at a cost of far less than twice our current operating budget. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons in Wisconsin who are potential members. It may also be necessary to increase dues so that they contribute a fairer share to Academy costs. The Academy might also seek to explore the possibility of direct support from the state, an action for which there is historical precedence.

Still, there is no escaping the fact that we must turn to members and friends for assistance. In so doing, we must confront our plight of "prosperity." The image, you see, is not the reality. We do not have one million dollars to spend. The Academy really does need your help. And it needs it now.

L.G., I'm glad you asked that question.



Managing the Marsh:

A History of Two Horicon Marsh Shooting Clubs

By Robert G. Personius

Waterfowl hunting long has been one of America's favorite pastimes. Considerable effort has gone into the management of waterfowl resources to perpetuate this traditional shooting sport, so that today ducks and geese exist in sufficient numbers to provide hunting over most of the continent.

Protecting this valuable renewable natural resource has required strict control of the harvest and preservation of habitat. True, the flocks of today are small in comparison to the hordes of birds the colonists saw, but most waterfowl have been protected against extinction—the fate of the heath hen and the passenger pigeon. The private and public action that stopped the human onslaught against waterfowl took place not too long ago.

During the transitional period between exploitation and conservation of waterfowl, two private duck hunting clubs operated on Wisconsin's Horicon Marsh. From 1883 until about 1920, these clubs leased the hunting rights on and "managed" fourteen thousand acres of what are now the state and federal portions of this reflooded marsh. The Diana Shooting Club leased about five thousand acres of the southern part of the marsh (corresponding to the present state area), and the Horicon Shooting Club, about nine thousand acres of the northern portion (the present federal area). The clubs each paid one hundred dollars a year for a twenty-five-year lease. The area they

Members of the Horicon Shooting Club prepare to go duck hunting. In the absence of state or federal hunting regulations, club management served to preserve waterfowl from extinction.

Robert G. Personius is manager of the Horicon National Wildlife Refuge.

managed was much different than either the marsh of today or that of the presettlement days.

Early Changes in Horicon Marsh

Since settlement, the physical aspect of Horicon Marsh has changed several times. The first homesteaders probably saw a peat marsh with small streams of the east and west branches of the Rock River meandering through broad expanses of low marsh vegetation which were dotted with tree-covered islands. Certainly, the groundwater table was higher then; and the streams probably flowed all year, but were highest during spring runoff. This condition was first changed in 1846 when a dam built at the marsh's outlet in the present city of Horicon turned the entire basin into a fifty-five square mile lake. Sizable marshy areas still remained around the lake's edges. In 1869, the dam was removed.

For the next forty-five years, or until the Main Ditch was dug through the marsh, the vegetation probably reverted to the "grass" reported before the flooding period. However, the habitat continued to change as wells were dug and the land around the marsh was drained, plowed, grazed, and deforested. On the edge of the marsh, farmers ditched and tiled to drain land for crops. Inevitably, throughout this period, the marsh became drier. Although the marsh flooded during spring runoff, decreasing water availability from streams and springs in summer resulted in low water levels in the fall.

Brush and trees probably appeared on higher elevations. During this post-dam period, the marsh provided adequate nesting cover for ducks in spring, but there probably was limited surface water to attract fall migrants in some years. Summer precipitation usually was not enough to prevent the marsh from losing more water than it gained.

A new series of changes began with completion of the Main Ditch in 1914. Although this drainage did not dry the marsh to the extent desired for farming, it did have an adverse effect on waterfowl habitat. More brush and trees (willow and cottonwood), grasses and weeds invaded drier sites. Spring runoff provided adequate nesting habitat; but by fall, the marsh was too dry to attract many ducks or to float duck boats.

Throughout these changes, ducks continued nesting on Horicon Marsh as well as stopping in migration—spring and fall. Geese and swans did not fare as well. According to Aldo Leopold, writing in the November, 1940, issue of the *Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin*, resident nesting geese were eliminated by 1909.

Exclusive Hunting Rights

In 1883, the shooting clubs wanted Horicon Marsh, not because it was better waterfowl habitat than other marshes, or that it held more waterfowl, but simply because they could obtain exclusive hunting rights. The reason given for establishing the Horicon Shooting Club was stated as: "the cultivation and practice of music—the refinement and development of both mental and bodily powers; the

obtaining of proficiency in sharp-shooting with rifle, pistol and shotgun; and in handling the sportsman's hook, spear and net; the protection of wild game out of season and its legitimate and scientific capture in season; and the culture among its members of gallantry, social temperance and morality." Noble purposes, indeed; however, the real reason was to obtain exclusive use of waterfowl habitat for duck hunting.

In the late nineteenth century, there were no effective hunting regulations and no waterfowl sanctuaries in Wisconsin. Most waterfowl habitat was hunted spring and fall by the state's expanding population. A description of opening day (September 15, 1892) on Fox Lake in Illinois (about fifty miles north of Chicago) written by Emerson Hough appeared in *Forest & Stream* in 1892: "The whole cover about Fox Lake was so full of guns that it was actually unsafe. There were dozens, almost hundreds of shooters, and no one got any ducks. One man worked all day and did not get a bird, another got two ducks, and said that he saw no one with more than that. Fox Lake is in open country, right on the same line of migration with Horicon Marsh and naturally a fine breeding ground also. Compare Fox Lake with Horicon, opening day or any other day, and you have in an instant a comparison of the open system and the preserve system, and you know in an instant what the duck shooter must do if he expects shooting for the future. The preserve system is the only salvation of the game."

At that time, "preserve" meant not the publicly owned refuge we have today but areas with use restricted to a private person or group. The Horicon Marsh clubs were initiated by local men, but from time to time contained well-to-do hunters (from other cities including Fond du Lac, Milwaukee, Chicago, and even as far away as New York) looking for a place to hunt away from the crowd.

Club organizers reasoned that hunting could continue only if use were restricted. Before the clubs were established (1883), there was continuous hunting pressure in the marsh, including market hunting. The club's restrictions were resented by those local residents who had been accustomed to free access to the marsh. Early newspaper accounts describe the problems the clubs had with trespass. The *Waupun Times* of September 12, 1893 reported: "There is objection to the highhanded procedure of the Chicago sportsmen who run the club. These foreign sports have an idea they own this section of the earth, and that no one has any right to breathe if he not be a member of their club." At first the clubs tried to resolve these problems by selling permits to hunt on club-leased land. Eventually the clubs gained enough legal clout to control trespass and hired their own "watchmen."

The true refuge idea was not completely lacking, however. Aldo Leopold's *Game Management* records a refuge in "Weber's Pond" on Horicon Marsh in 1891. This is apparently a reference to an eighty-acre area in the Horicon Shooting Club's lease that was used to attract and hold ducks during fall migration.



Horicon Club members and guides pose with a typical day's bag of ducks in early September. From left to right are: Carl Brugger and Sam Longdin, Fond du Lac; Bill Collien, Kekoskee; F. A. Nolen, Fond du Lac police chief; Tom Watson, Fond du Lac postmaster; Ferdinand Strook, club manager, and Art Collien, Kekoskee.

The club members did not hunt in the area and grain was added to attract ducks. Today this might be called baiting; but nevertheless, it was a refuge for waterfowl at a time when this migratory resource was exploited everywhere without respite.

Management by the Clubs

The clubs' management role primarily involved finding ways to flood the marsh in the fall. After the dam was removed in 1869, the elevation of the streambed in the city of Horicon determined the depth of the water. Since the soft bottom of the marsh made wading virtually impossible and boats a necessity, it was imperative that water levels be maintained at sufficient depth to provide access by duck boats during the fall. In earlier years, stream flow and precipitation runoff were adequate. But even as early as 1877, the *Milwaukee Journal* on September 13 reported poor duck hunting due to low water. Low-head, plank dams in the river channels were built and maintained by the clubs, and usually backed up enough water to float the hunters' small, flat-bottomed skiffs.

But the clubs also served to preserve birds, or at least delay their demise, by managing the marsh restrictively. Initially, there was no federal authority over migratory game birds. If Wisconsin wanted to protect ducks, it did so by establishing state laws against spring shooting on those species that nested in the state. Wisconsinites decried the fact that Illinois, where few ducks nested, continued spring shooting. In 1890, the correspondent "Greenhead" reported to *Forest & Stream* that spring shooting was stopped in Wisconsin but not in "adjoining states." He pleaded, "Wake up ye laggards before it is too late, and extend to the persecuted wildfowl the protection they so richly deserve." Ironically, Wisconsin did not attempt to protect ducks such as canvasbacks that nested north of the state, even though these were

hunted heavily in the fall. And through it all, the market hunters went along relentlessly harvesting the waterfowl crop every month it was available in the state.

The clubs' awareness of these dangers was reflected in Emerson Hough's comments in an 1891 issue of *Forest & Stream*: "The Wildfowl would be swept from Horicon marsh in two years now if it were not protected. I have no confidence whatever in the public's ability to take care of shooting privileges. History shows the greed and carelessness of the public in such matters. Preserves we must have, or the game is gone."

Members of the Horicon clubs, mostly well-to-do and educated, sought to influence state legislation that would protect the waterfowl resources that they wanted to hunt. When the clubs were established in 1883 there was no closed season on ducks. An earlier law, passed in 1872, had been repealed in 1880. Finally in 1891 the law was reinstated, but excepted wood ducks, mallards, and teal. Not until 1905 was spring hunting on all ducks halted in Wisconsin.

But even when the state legislature passed restrictive laws, little funds and manpower were provided to enforce them. The laws were on the books, but the wardens were few and received little cooperation from the courts. In this regard, the Horicon clubs had a better record. They were largely successful in enforcing their own or the state's spring shooting restrictions with hired "watchmen" who usually were supported in local courts.

In 1884, the Horicon Shooting Club reported that, "The members are business and professional gentlemen who shoot for sport and not for 'big bags,' and are unanimously opposed to shooting during the mating and breeding season, and this year, for the first time in the history of the marsh, spring shooting has been entirely abolished. As a consequence, the

vast number of ducks now breeding on the grounds is without a precedent for years, and there is no doubt that, under the present management of the grounds, the number is destined to increase from year to year."

There is little doubt that club management did preserve local ducks, provide food and water for migrating ducks, and extend the period migrant ducks stayed on the marsh in the fall. Enforcing spring shooting restrictions, maintaining the small dams, planting duck food (a ton of wild rice in 1898), and limiting fall hunting pressure are wildlife management techniques still in use today on public and private marshes.

Although local residents resented club control, Horicon Marsh would have had far fewer ducks for anybody to hunt had the whole marsh been open to year-round hunting and had no management been practiced. By the time the clubs took over the marsh, the local population was big enough to provide large numbers of duck hunters. There were no restrictions on methods of hunting; consequently, with double-barrel guns, live decoys, bait, year-round day and night shooting and markets for sale of birds, it is easy to imagine that the marsh quickly could have been depleted of all ducks.

Hunting for Sport

Ducks and geese were a valuable natural resource in the earliest days of settlement, not only as a cash crop but also for such scarce commodities as down for bedclothes, grease for medicines, and goose quills for writing pens. As time went by, hunting became more of a recreation. By the time the clubs leased the marsh, market hunting was declining—local people were not dependent on waterfowl for food, and were hunting more for sport.

Duck hunting on Horicon Marsh included two methods, according to Hough: "over decoys and on the flyways." Permanent blinds were not used; shooters pushed their skiffs into vegetation on the edge of open water and put out live and wooden decoys, using calls to bring in the birds. "Flyway" or pass shooting took place on solid ground, islands or narrows where ducks flew from resting to feeding areas. The muddy bottom and tall vegetation made jump shooting impractical, although some hardy souls used marsh skis to reach the hunting grounds.

The harvest of ducks under club management differed in several ways from modern hunting. The first-of-September opening meant that blue-winged teal made up the bulk of the take along with mallards, redheads, and other local nesters. After the teal migrated and the rest of the native ducks "got smart," hunting was slow until the "northerns" arrived.

Individual scores were high on opening day and for a few days thereafter, but were never as high on late ducks. Top takes were around one hundred birds per hunter per day, while average daily bags were about twenty-five on opening day, declining subsequently. But while the average club hunter took more



After the dredge went through, club members desperately tried to plug the Main Ditch with small wooden dams. However, they were unable to maintain sufficient water levels to attract fall migrants or to float the hunters' skiffs.

birds per day than the modern hunter, fewer total birds were taken because fewer men hunted. On opening day in 1893 the average bag per hunter was nearly thirty-five birds, but only seventeen men hunted on land leased by the Diana Club; only 590 ducks were bagged in what is now the heart of the state-managed section of Horicon Marsh.

But even in the club days there were complaints about crowding! Hough, writing in *Forest & Stream* in 1893, declared: "The members should show more comity and courtesy among themselves, and not all crowd in on one another at the start because they hear a little shooting. The marsh is big enough for all. The time has come for gentlemanly usages in sport, and we must say goodbye to the old free-for-all scrambling ways." Clubmen who had to come some distance usually did not hunt for long periods but some did roll up big season scores. For example, in 1893, one hunter bagged 544 ducks in nineteen days. Then, as now, the mallard was the duck most desired by the hunter.

Hough criticized the big bags as "slaughter." He added, "I can conceive no sportsman-like title conveyed through club membership to kill every duck possible. Let a few of them go. Give the poor birds a chance. It is just as much fun to kill 25 mallards in one day as it is to kill 50, and the man who has 25 of these great birds in his boat ought to start home and throw his shells in the water if he can't resist the temptation. Of course, when one shoots he wants to get a bag, but there is reason in all things. Slaughter is the right name for such shooting, no matter who on earth did it." Hough's remarks prompted a club officer to suggest a daily bag limit of fifty mallards. Hough thought the fifty was acceptable, but felt only half should be mallards! Evidently, with their self-imposed restrictions, the clubs attempted to keep the game sporting. They even had

rules against automatic shotguns when these first came on the market.

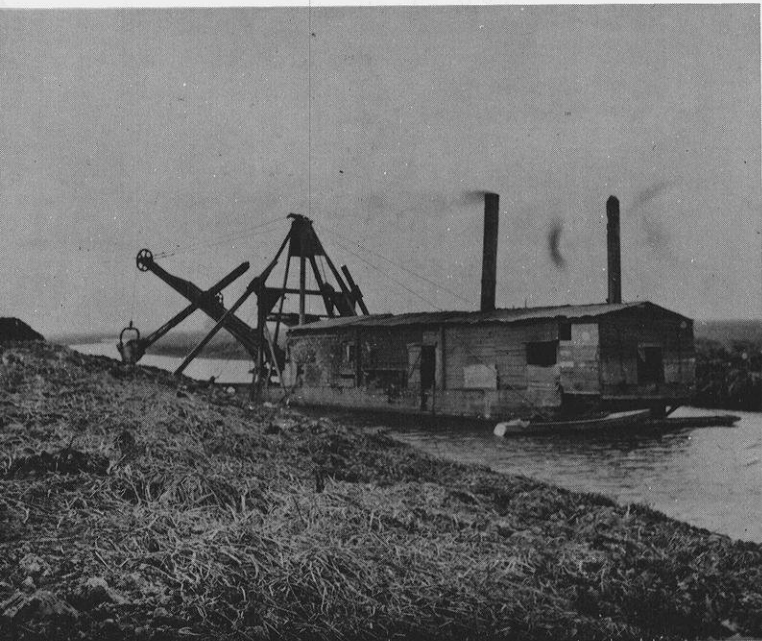
Reports of waterfowl taken at Horicon during the club years list only ducks; geese and swans are not mentioned. But during earlier times up to 1869, while the marsh was flooded, both migrant and resident Canada geese were present. It is probable that increasingly heavy, year-round hunting from 1869 to 1883 seriously depleted the goose flock and drove most of the local survivors and migrants to safer migration stops—probably to the large lakes in southeastern Wisconsin.

Drainage of the lake between 1869 and 1883 also altered Horicon's wildlife population. The change in habitat and unlimited hunting reduced or eliminated populations of ruffed grouse, plover, sandhill cranes, quail, and geese. It is also likely that swans had been present on Lake Horicon, at least as migrants. In 1866, hunters were reported killing great blue herons and meadowlarks!

The species of ducks taken were similar to those now bagged during the fall, mostly blue-winged teal and mallard. Spring shooting harvested duck species that stopped at Horicon during migration but continued farther north to nest. Diving ducks like canvasbacks, ring-necked ducks, and scaup were taken in spring but rarely in the fall. Wigeon, green-winged teal, and pintail were present in spring and fall, but few nested at Horicon. In addition, snipe, coot, and rice hen (common gallinule) were also bagged.

Club Membership: Select and Stag

The Horicon hunting clubs were strictly stag affairs. All available records show only male mem-



Despite protest and objection from club members, the dredge continued deepening the channels and digging drainage ditches. The dredge, built by the American Steel Dredge Company of Fort Wayne, Indiana, was a barge-mounted, steam-powered, three-quarter-yard shovel.

bers and guests, although famous trick shot artist Annie Oakley from Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show was supposed to have been a guest of the Diana Shooting Club.

Because the clubs offered some of the best duck hunting available in Wisconsin in the late nineteenth century, several well-known men were members or frequent guests. Two Wisconsin governors, George W. Peck, author of the Peck's Bad Boy series of humorous books, and Emanuel L. Philipp were members who enjoyed hunting the marsh whenever possible. U.S. Senator Paul O. Husting of Mayville was a member as was State Senator Seth Green.

Governor Peck was an avid sportsman who enjoyed the hunting as well as the camaraderie of the clubhouse. The governor had a special spot he called Peck's Bog. The daughter of the club manager recalled an incident which illustrates Peck's ready wit. One day the girl and her sister were shooting at bottles thrown into the marsh in front of the clubhouse as the governor watched from the porch. A shot pellet bounced off a bottle and struck Peck on the cheek. He made light of it, however, and that day wrote in the club log book: "Erna Kliefoth hit 3 bottles and one governor."

Club membership was limited (fifty in Diana and sixty in the Horicon Shooting Club) to prevent overcrowded hunting, although interest sometimes waned in dry years when hunting was poor and members dropped out. The Horicon Shooting Club membership probably totalled over two hundred in the nearly thirty-seven-year history of the club.

Club members living some distance away travelled to the marsh by train or horse and buggy. Diana Shooting Club members had especially convenient train accommodations. Those from Chicago and Milwaukee got off at Burnett, just two miles from their clubhouse. Usually they walked to the marsh and a buggy was sent for their equipment if they were not met. After 1894, a telephone was available to summon transportation from clubhouse to depot.

Club management lasted thirty-seven years, from 1883 to 1920. In the latter part of this period, from 1911 to 1914, the Main Ditch and most of the lateral ditches were dug. The resulting drainage lowered fall water levels so much that duck boats could not be used. The Horicon Shooting Club tried to plug the ditches on their leased land to maintain sufficient water for hunting, but their efforts failed.

The days of the Horicon hunting clubs were indeed "the good old days" of duck hunting, as is indicated by the happy faces of the successful hunters in old photographs. But the great days declined when the Main Ditch was dug. Local legend has it that the club members met the dredge at the boundary of their leased land with loaded shotguns in an effort to prevent drainage. The dredge crew faced the hunters down and the dredge went through—thus ending the day of the duck club and private waterfowl management on Horicon Marsh.

Madness and Creativity

By Kenneth J. Fleurant

*Since we have come to prize the one,
might we now have to learn to accept the other?*

Periodically through history, reason rises to the ascendant and becomes the dominant feature in the life style of Western culture. Such was the case in the Renaissance, Enlightenment, and again in the first half of the twentieth century. Yet it is ironically true that the most logically-minded eras of our history have spawned the most vigorously antilogical, intellectual movements. Thus, the Renaissance gave rise to the mystical alchemy of Jakob Boehme, the Enlightenment provided the growth culture for romanticism, and the twentieth century scientific age has led to a resurgence of mysticism and occultism. Correspondingly, art movements from classical to romantic, from realist to surrealist, reflect this dialectic between the yin and yang of reason and its opposite, whatever we may choose to label it.

Here I wish to call it madness and I speak of it as a way of viewing and reacting to life as it confronts us during all our waking hours. Similarly, I speak of creativity as a sensitivity to our surroundings accompanied by a reaction embodied in expressive form. Plato believed creativity in the form of poetic inspiration to be a "divine madness," and through the ages in our heavily Hellenistic society, the belief has persisted that the mad and the creative are mysteriously linked.

Neither concept is easily defined since logic itself proves unequal to the task; but madness and creativity become more understandable when compared and contrasted. And if in the end it is true that they do have much in common, the comparison is an important one because, since we have come to prize the one, we might now have to learn to accept the other.

I do not believe it should be inferred from what I am saying, or shall say, that logic is always alien to creative endeavor, although historically that very well may have been the case upon occasion. Preferably, I wish to stress the positive aspects of madness (which is rather like logic looking at itself in an amusement park mirror), and establish it as an essentially positive element in the creative life. In

some of its manifestations (insanity for example) madness can be dangerous; I would not think of denying that. But creativity, too, as we shall see, can be an unsettlingly dangerous way of life. Furthermore, it is not always clear who the sane are and how they differ from the insane, for it is frequently a matter of perspective.

Let me say, then, that madness (under any of its variant forms) is not a disease or an illness; that it is a means of coping with the real problems of living, a means which is frequently nonlogical, irrational and, consequently, often misunderstood, if not feared, by society and occasionally by the individual who experiences it. It may be simultaneously an effort to free one's self from a situation while desiring to remain a part of it, a "schizophrenic" split between the nonverbal feelings of our inner beings and the social exigencies of our outer selves, a sometimes desperate and always futile attempt to come to grips with the fundamental ambiguity of human existence.

It may very well be that instead of fearing this confrontation of our rational and irrational facets, we should welcome it. "To attain his truth," Simone de Beauvoir suggests, "man must not attempt to dispel the ambiguity of his being but on the contrary, accept the task of realizing it." It is unfortunate that it is ordinarily only the insane (in the common sense of the word here) and the artistically creative who deal with the ambiguities of, or split in, their personal experience: the insane are forced to deal from outside pressure, the artistic freely cope with the inner compulsions. It is at this level that we begin to see basic commonalities between the mad and the creative. Both the creative and the mad stem from this confrontation with the ambiguity of human life. Carl Jung, while denying Freud's contention that creativity, like religion and philosophy, arose out of neurosis, suggested that "Every creative person is a duality or a synthesis of contradictory aptitudes."

Once attracted by the creative process, the creative person is electrified by the tension this bipolarity produces and must find a suitable outlet for what is essentially a higher state of consciousness, which in the artist is called vision and in the madman, hallucination. Creativity and madness begin with vision. I believe the reason artists are often ascribed the rank of prophet is precisely this ability to understand life

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Madness has not only often served as an artistic theme, but it is an essential element of the creative process itself. (Woodcut by Mary Curran, UW-Green Bay.)

on a higher level, to feel the vibrations of the social unconscious that the ordinary have yet to feel. The artist/prophet does not actually prophesy but rather is a visionary not immediately accepted in his own land where the common man is not yet ready to stand up to the realities of existence. If not actually feared, the artist, like the madman, is an historical pariah existing on the fringe of society exiled to an Old Testament Sheol.

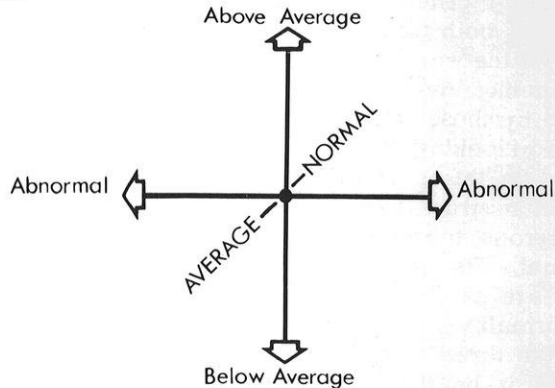
French critic Antonin Artaud allows no distinction at all between the mad (even if we label them insane) and the poet. He says "a sick society invented psychiatry to defend itself against the investigation of certain visionaries whose faculties of divination disturbed it," and again that "a lunatic is a man that society does not wish to hear but wants to prevent from uttering certain unbearable truths." This view may be extremist but there is an aura of truth about it, even though, I believe, there are differences between the mad and the creative since madness in its negative form may be able to do nothing with its deeper visions and may not be able to reintegrate vision and causal reality. In fact, it may "lose touch," as the cliché goes, irretrievably, so that the communication of the creative artist is decisively precluded. Nonetheless, the similarities more than make up for the differences. Both are rooted in the same existential

situation, are projected by a deeper vision of reality toward a zone where, as Cocteau puts it, "man cannot descend, even if Virgil were to lead him, for Virgil would not go down there." When Nietzsche suggested that we live dangerously did he perhaps not mean for us to cultivate such a Dionysian life catapulting ourselves forward, or downward, into the mysterious, irrational regions lying before us?

Allow me to move this comparison a step further to what I believe is a major nexus. Creativity and madness both transcend the causal, the rational, the level of the word or *logos* of logic to create form of communication—verbal or plastic—not readily understood by those yet unaccustomed to new and bizarre ways of looking at a particular reality. What I would stress in this is the novelty, the bizarreness of the vision mistrusted by a cautious society where it is dangerous to depart radically from the norm or normal. The mad and the creative are eccentrics; they are *ex centric* and *ab normal*. How is it that abnormality has come to have a negative connotation and a direct correlation with mental aberration? Could it be that society in its collective Jungian unconscious does feel threatened by the new and different, by anything that seeks to upset its inertia and effect change? Perhaps Artaud was right after all. It is surely true that many have come to believe he was. One of the reasons Herman Hesse has resurfaced in America as a guru and is better known here than in his native Germany is the climate of opinion in our country. The way he taps the depths of unreason, touches the archetypal, primordial feelings of the Steppenwolves that many young people believe they see in themselves is very appealing to those who feel disenfranchised and powerless to change what appears to them as massive moral injustice. The Steppenwolf is a social outcast precisely because it refuses, or is unable, to frame the human situation in the same way as its rationally ordained contemporaries. The Steppenwolf treatise clearly foretells the fate of those who choose to live on the level of what Rollo May calls "the razor edge of heightened consciousness": "The majority puts them under lock and key, calls science to aid, establishes schizomania and protects humanity from the necessity of hearing the cry of truth from the lips of these unfortunate persons."

I do think it helpful to consider madness and creativity alike under the image of departure from the norm, that is, eccentricity. The norm or mean point on a line stands at the precise center. Sociologically, any given society—so the belief runs—can allow only so much room on either side of the norm for deviation. If the laws do not prevent transgressing this hypothetical point, social pressures do. Perhaps it is true that limits on self-expression must be imposed for the preservation of society, but what then are the consequences for creativity? The scale of social norms is easily visualized on a horizontal plane. If we spin this horizontal line forty-five degrees we can vertically visualize an analogous social situation except that now instead of talking in terms of the norm and de-

parture from the norm, we are dealing with average, above and below average. The norm, however, is still in the same spot after we pivot the line on it and is also the average. Now, we may continue to hold that normality is a virtue, but can we maintain that average is a virtue or even that it could be desirable? Eccentricity on either plane stands in opposition to *normal* and may very well be as essential a component of the vertical creative as it is of the horizontal mad.



Eccentricity on either plane stands in opposition to *normal* and may very well be as essential a component of the vertical creative as it is of the horizontal mad.

The ramifications for society are many: if we truly desire to impart a creative spirit to our children we must lay aside our distrust of the bizarre and the new, indeed of the irrational. If we are to be truly serious about it we may even have to encourage the bizarre, the new, indeed the irrational. At the least, we must encourage departure from the proven, well-worn paths of experience. We may, to be truthful, wish to ask whether the truly creative life with all its emotional strife and tension is what we earnestly desire for our children. Suppose it should prove impossible to reconcile psychic, moral and physical security in the world with the creative impulse which seems to call forth just the opposite? This is the moral dilemma facing much of the young segment of our society. It calls to mind Voltaire's wise old philosopher who, after years of sleepless nights pondering the world's problems, became briefly jealous of his simple neighbor who lived in happy ignorance of anything beyond her doorstep. The envy passed as he realized the futility of wanting to do something in the face of a command of a higher order to live out life as we must. Now we, too, waver with the old philosopher. Perhaps it is mad to choose such a life. But maybe this folly *is* wiser than we think, as the great scholar Erasmus poignantly suggests.

The importance of all this for society lies beyond art, literature, and music, for both the mad and the creative are part of lifestyle rather than poetry. This, to be sure, is not the way either one is commonly construed. Even as excellent a critic as Walter Sorell, while believing that everyone is born with creative potential, routinely refers to creativity in the common way—as artistic production of works of art. I wonder why we restrict the media of creative expression to

oil, ink, and musical tones when there are so many other modes of self-expression. The very act of creating a human life for ourselves, chiseling our moral and aesthetic essence out of our biological existence is an expression of the creative process. For creativity, like madness, *is* a process. Speaking in such a wise is assuredly not meant to depreciate artistic creation but to insist that it *is* only one mode of expression. If we tried to limit creativity to the beaux arts we would have to face the tacky problem of distinguishing talent from genius from creativity, for the three are not synonymous. Perhaps we will one day be able to genetically reproduce talent or genius, but we cannot hope to mass produce creative people. The very idea is self-contradictory in light of creativity's aversion to uniformity. Talent and genius are essential, but they forever remain sterile unless underwritten by the creative process.

How shall we go about encouraging the creative once we have reached a realization of what it is and what it means for human life? We might begin by discouraging imitation. This is not easily done in a society where imitation is one of the heavenly virtues. In schools, children who learn to copy the teacher's tree perfectly (either of the winter branch sort or the summer lollipop variety, both of fond memory) win the gold stars and resemble computers in the way they are programmed. Imitation, copying from a pattern, is not to be scorned, but it forever remains technological expertise and not creativity.

It may be possible to teach pastiche or technique. It is not possible to teach creativity. There are, nonetheless, ways to facilitate its development: openness to questions; discouraging uniformity be it in dress, building design, the width of sidewalks, or seating arrangements in schools; acceptance of a broader range of human activities which buries the prejudicial stereotypes (tomboy, egghead, on to infinity); a new sensitivity to our humanness, in itself an ambiguous state not wholly susceptible to rational definition. These are some of the possibilities that head the long list of prerequisites to a new lifestyle which would at most foster, at the least not hinder, the creative potentials we are all born with.

The life achieved in this way would probably not be any easier, perhaps just the opposite; but it would be fuller and much more flexible. We will have to accept the irrational dialectics of the creative and the mad and live without fear of change. "How puzzling all these changes are," Alice mused in *her* Wonderland. "I'm never sure what I'm going to be from one minute to another." The change *must* be constant, for society has a way of forever revising its concept of the eccentric in a way that allows the bizarre to gradually emerge from the subculture of the creative and mad to find a contented place in mediocrity. The "out" becomes the "in" over a period of time so to speak. What we should not lose sight of is the vision of our inner eye. Perhaps life does need to be deciphered like a cryptogram as the French surrealist Andre Breton put it. But the puzzle constantly needs to be re-solved.

Tall Grasses of Search

By Robert E. Gard

Dean Hathaway's father had walked out from Illinois to Kansas in the late 1870s seeking the wide, open prairie lands which would, when plow broken, yield golden wheat and corn without measure. He found the prairie unbroken, shared in its breaking, and by 1930 when Tom Hathaway was old, the land had yielded its glory and the prairie was no more.

Only one acre remained on the Hathaway place and this acre, where the grasses grew tall as of old, was a sanctuary for Tom. One morning he met his son Dean there, in the midst of the tall grass of the prairie acre, and told Dean that he must now venture forth; must seek the tall grasses, or to find whatever substitute existed in the confused world of the Depression.

Dean set out, a pitiful knight on an unknown mission; but he understood that his father's values were not clear . . . the tall grasses of his search had vanished.

Dean's search and adventures carried him far from home, and everywhere he went there was some small revealing, something that happened which made him more aware of violence and of man. At one point his search carried him into the harvest of wheat . . .

Dean's job was the wheat truck; the unloading of the bin on the combine where the wheat was collected. He waited as the machine made its first round of the field, and when it stopped near the place where it entered, Dean backed in the large Chevy truck with the high box body. He backed the end of the body under the spout on the bin, and coming around, opened the sliding door at the end of the spout. The wealth of the pure grain spewed out in a glorious stream into the truck body, and Dean kept it scooped away. There had been enough rain earlier in the spring, and moisture through the winter. The harvest was good, though grain prices were extremely low . . . hardly fifty cents a bushel. One partial round of the large field filled the truck box, and, once filled, Dean waved to the others on the machine and eased the heavily loaded truck away from the combine. His job at the moment was to haul the grain to the farm where he scooped it out into a granary, for Ray wasn't selling his wheat at the moment. He meant to

"Tall Grasses of Search" is excerpted from a new novel by Robert E. Gard. Prof. Gard is on the faculty of the University of Wisconsin-Extension Arts as a specialist in the development of the arts in smaller communities. He founded both the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association and the Rhinelander School of the Arts.



keep most of it until winter, to see whether prices might rise. Some experts said the low prices would surely cease by winter, and then the country would get back on an easier track again.

Round after round, all day, every day except Sunday, the combine roared through the wheat. Dean became tougher, stronger. He could throw off a hundred bushel load of wheat in record time, and was always awaiting the machine when it rounded the field. He prided himself that the machine never had to wait for him.

When he was awaiting the machine, he had time to think, and he often walked around the field, curious about the many plants and weeds that grew at the field's edge. Apricot trees were plentiful, and the fruit just getting ripe, and sometimes he'd gather the fruit, some to take home to Vera, and very often he would wonder whether his father might possibly see some change in him; for he had now found at least something . . . a tiny niche that he himself had made. There was no prairie yet, but perhaps there would be.

The harvest went extremely well. They were ahead of schedule, and Ray's spirits were very good. He would, he said, make enough on this harvest, even with the low prices, to pay the interest on his farm mortgage, and maybe a bit on the principal as well. He had his machinery almost paid for, too, and things looked some better than they had the year before.

And then it was Sunday. Ray said he never worked on Sunday, though many of his neighbors did. He took his family to church and they had a day of rest. Perhaps it paid off, Ray said, because he wasn't any worse off than his neighbors and he had a clear conscience about keeping the Lord's day. He insisted that Dean come to church, too.

The preacher had a thin neck and his shirt collar was a couple of inches too big. When he started talking a kind of wild light blazed into his eyes and he rolled his eyes around and got more and more excited. Hell was waitin' for sinners and good people had to watch out all the time or they'd sure be sinners, too, and go to hell. You had to have a strong belief in the Almighty or you'd perish and all your worldly goods would vanish in a cloud—some great catastrophe would gulp you up. He said that, far as he knew, there was only one person in this community around Clark, Kansas, who didn't believe in the Lord, and he was personally fearful that a smashing bolt of lightning, or a mighty wind, would come and obliterate this person and all her goods. This country didn't need no atheists, he said. You ever heard that name, atheist, he shouted, then you better study never to hear it again. Wipe it out of your mind!

The country preacher went on and on, taking it out on this local atheist, whoever it was, because he mentioned no names, and Dean began to glance around nervously, wondering whether he was sitting anywhere near this sinner. Everyone stared straight at the preacher, and nobody, Dean thought, looked very guilty.

On the way home in Ray's car, Dean asked, "Who did the preacher mean?"

"About what?"

"About somebody that didn't believe."

"Oh." There was a long silence. Then the small girl in the back seat cried, "Mrs. Settles don't believe."

"Hush up, Mary," Vera said.

"Well, it ain't really no secret," Ray said. "Everybody knows that the old woman don't believe in God." He pointed north where Dean could just see the tip of a windmill. "Yonders the Settles' place. It ain't very good land, but they've got as good a crop as anybody in the county this year. She's got a son that does most of the work . . ."

"They work so hard," Vera said. "Hank Settles is an atheist, too, like his ma."

"Mrs. Settles ought to come to church," Ray said. "Everybody else does. But she's a stubborn woman, and I reckon the Lord has give her up. She ought to stop talking out against the Lord. Everytime you see her she starts in on it: 'I never seen God so how do I know there is a God? Besides if there is a God, all kind and powerful, like you say, he wouldn't let a lot of rotten things happen that do happen. How about them eight high school kids that was crushed by that train over to Blackman? I'm here atellin' you that there ain't no God. This here life is all of it . . . ' That's the way Mrs. Settles will carry on. She ought to stop talking out against the Lord."

Suddenly Dean had a great curiosity to see Mrs. Settles. He didn't see her though, because the next morning they were out early in the fields.

There was a strange, dry look to the sky, as though the air had dust sprinkled through it. The sun, by ten o'clock, became desert hot. Ray said he thought they might have a storm before the day was out; he hoped it'd hold off awhile, because they were getting along fine with the harvest; along about the end of July they'd be finished.

As the day went on it was easy to tell that a storm was coming by the way the insects acted late in the forenoon. The large sweat bees usually buzzed around fiercely, and the smaller insects moved fast as lightning when they were swatted at; but this morning they hung and buzzed and dipped and when they alighted it was as though they were drugged.

When they went to the field after dinner the sky had turned a light yellow color and the sun disappeared behind high and very fast-moving clouds. There was no wind on the surface of the earth and it was so still that Dean could hear the young chicks chirping under the black current hedge nearby. The air was sultry. It seemed difficult to breathe.

Dean had hauled three loads of wheat after the noon meal and the combine was stopped on the near corner of the field. The motor hadn't been running well and Ray was fiddling with it. Dean walked over to the machine to see what he could do to help. They had the distributor cap off and Ray was filing the points when the entire countryside suddenly turned dark. "What's the matter," Ray said from deep inside the machine.

"Somebody turned off the lights," Dean said, laughing, and his laugh sounded hollow to him and far, far away.

"I ain't never seen anything like this," the young tractor driver said. They all stopped working on the engine and stared around at the sky.

The whole southwest was black as night except for a tiny edging of white frill above whipping clouds.

"Don't like the looks of this," Ray said, swinging down from the combine. "We better make for the house, boys."

"I'll bring the truck over," Dean said. He started to run toward the truck when a faint breeze whispered into the wheat. It was ice cold at first, then it turned fiery hot. Dean turned around, and then they heard it—a low roaring that shook the earth. For an instant there was just the low rumble and the faint chirping of chickens from the far-off farm house. Then Ray grabbed a shovel off the side of the combine and started to dig in the sand under the machine. "It's a twister, boys," Ray yelled. "We'll never make it home. Dig in!"

Dean whipped a look over to the south as he ran back toward the combine. The roar was terrific now and they could see the storm coming: a big black and yellow thing with an evil big body and a tail that was whipping all around and whirling up everything it touched.

Dean dove in under the combine and the three of them scrambled together in the shallow hole Ray had scraped out. They clung together, and Dean heard Ray praying that God would take care of his wife and kids. There was a sucking sensation—the air seemed completely drawn out of their lungs and their bodies felt light and poised like arrows on taut strings. There came a hell of a roar and a smash and a clatter. Scrabbled down in the sandy earth with the terrible noise concentrated all around him, Dean thought of many things: of a field of blue flowers somewhere, he couldn't recall just where, along a railroad perhaps . . . a tall haystack where he had climbed one time as a child . . . a woodland to which he crept away when he was troubled . . . of his mother frying pancakes. He thought of a story his father had told of how he was walking on the prairie in the early days when a hurricane-strong wind suddenly began to blow. His father had lain down and seized hold of the tall grass with strong hands. The wind, he said, had flopped him up and down like a woman shaking a tablecloth. But the grass had saved him. The thought of his father bouncing up and down like that in the grass made Dean want to laugh.

Then large and small objects began hitting the combine. Dean put his hands over his ears and shrieked to relieve the dreadful pressure. Then suddenly the combine wasn't there at all and the sucking stopped.

They lay together a moment afraid to move, but the roaring was less and they got up finally, fearfully and stiffly. The combine was the first thing they saw. It lay on its side fifty feet away with the big platform sticking straight up in the air. The tractor was over, too, and the gas was running out of the tank. The truck had been backed around and up against some apricot trees at the field's edge but didn't seem injured. The wheat was ruined and lay flat. Or else there was

just no wheat at all, the stems skinned completely clean.

Ray glanced around, not seeing anything, really, and they all started running for the truck. The twister was still roaring in the distance. They got into the truck and headed toward the house. It had started to rain now, very hard, but through the rain they could see that Ray's house and barn weren't damaged very much. The shingles were ripped off one side of the barn roof; that was all.

Vera came running down the road with the children to meet them. She grabbed Ray and pulled him out of the truck, crying and kissing him, and the two children whimpered and shivered up to them. Ray broke away and said that there would be many people needing help and they had better go. Vera said they better go to Mrs. Settles's place first. The storm was heading in her direction and, though they didn't say it, Dean knew both Ray and Vera were thinking about the Lord's retribution.

Dean turned the truck around and they headed up the now muddy road. He was amazed that he felt no fear, and that he had felt no fear in the midst of the cyclone . . . only a swift wonder what the storm meant to him. He was awed at the storm's might. The tractor driver sat very still, looking at the ruins with eyes wide and unbelieving. As they went they saw telephone lines down everywhere and every field stripped of wheat. A horse stood in a ditch with its shoulder torn out and white bone sticking through the shreds of flesh. Death had struck among the cattle, and many lay in the open in crazy, twisted postures. Dean stopped the truck at a place where there were just some foundation stones and where a couple of boys and an old man knelt beside a moaning woman. More cars and trucks began to come. Some men got the woman onto a board. There was plenty of help so Ray said they must drive on to Mrs. Settles's place. As they went the storm seemed to have increased its violence. "She'll be dead," Ray said. "The boy, too, probably."

And then suddenly they saw wheat standing again, dripping water from the rain, but all intact and awaiting the harvest. As they came within sight of Mrs. Settles's house they could see that the buildings were untouched and that the horses and cattle were grazing in the pasture.

Ray told Dean to stop the truck. They sat silently at the farm entrance for a long while. It was obvious that the twister had lifted about as it reached the Settles' place. Not much damage at all had been done to her wheat.

Ray said, finally, when he told Dean to head for home, that he didn't understand it. Mrs. Settles ought to have been destroyed; not the good church-going people. He wouldn't complain though, if that was the way God wanted it; but their preacher would likely have to explain things next Sunday—if anybody could get to church with all the cleaning up they had to do.

Dean didn't pursue the thought, though it did occur to him that Tom Hathaway might have enjoyed the treatment God gave Mrs. Settles.

Raw Data

(or Dinner Table Talk in Montreal*)

By Daniel P. Kunene

* The dinner referred to here took place in a restaurant in Montreal on April 14, 1972 during a joint meeting of the African Studies Association Board of Directors and committee chairmen.

The total population of my "Clicking World" was, by sheer coincidence, three, namely myself and Mr. and Mrs. R. Gordon Collier. In the middle of our conversation, the hum of other conversations around the table suddenly intruded itself into my consciousness. I then suggested to the Colliers that it would be interesting to go round the table and find out what each "world" was talking about. They took me seriously; I developed cold feet; they insisted. Then I went round the table writing my "findings" on the back of a used envelope.

To my consternation, as I prepared to sit down, R. Gordon Collier hit a spoon against an empty glass, and I had to give my report immediately.

Readers tempted to identify personalities referred to in the poem with any living persons (for example, the Colliers as mama and papa, etc.) do so at their own risk.

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Awakened from my world
of click clack cluck
(Whereby I refer to those fascinating clicks)
By the buzzing Babel of tongues confused
I became aware, of a sudden you might say,
Of worlds and men (and women, let me add)
Living in a state of primitiveness,
Who knew nothing of clicks and their magic charm.

Click clack cluck,
Click clack cluck,
Click clack cluck and-a
Click clack cluck

A-One two three
Four five six
Seven eight nine and-a
Ten eleven twelve

Now then I took my bags—"Goodbye, mama!
I am a-filled to my neck with missionary zeal."
"Go, go!" said papa, "That's my big brave boy—
Those natives will be grateful till their dying day.
Besides, you need some credits for your Ph.D."
"Go, go, my son!" "In just a moment papa!
I must a-find me a pen that writes good and clear."

First stop, Londonia in Angloland
Among the natives of the Isles of Britannica
There they sat—can you imagine?—doing nothing
but talk!

And talk of what? (By golly, you'll never guess!)
Of what to do on the day that followed this.
They are amazing the excuses of laziness!
I bet my hat (even though I ain't bought it yet)
But that tomorrow they'll be talking of the same
old thing:

What to do on the morrow
What to do on the morrow
What to do on the morrow
Till they're six feet down!

And I began to long for my clicking world:
I'd have been holding forth
to my audience's delight

About clicks and clicking, not with heels
of murdering squads,
But with my tongue and lips
and such harmless bodily parts.

My tourist friends like the click clack cluck
They marvel greatly at the multiples of three.
But I had to press on to avoid perishing
At the hands of papa or the university.

Bye-bye barbarians,
 You were born lazy and you'll die lazy!
 I'm amazed you don't know
 The dignity of labour.

And now I go to Franciana across the channel
 And in a manner polite I ask
 "What do you do?"
 "Tres bien, merci, an ow do you do?"
 I said, "Dammit, I didn't say *how* do you do,
 Jay demand Kay . . .
 O, where the hell's my dictionairee
 All I wanted to know was *what* do you do?
 Or better still what were you talking about
 just before I came?"
 "Earthquakes." "Where?" "In Los Angeles."
 "O my God! Haven't you heard of my
 clicking world?"
 All civilized men know about it, at least!
 And for heaven's sake, stop eating horse's meat!"
 I must quit this place before I go native!

Italiana, here I come!
 The natives were talking intellectual things:
What Panel X will do in Philadelphia.
 "I thank you very much; I think
 you're wasting your time!
 Why don't you put your tongue here
 and make a dental click,
 And then put it there
 and make a palatal click,
 Lastly put it over there
 and make a lateral click
 And then you aspirate and nasalize
 and radicalize
 And play little tricks like that
 to get your multiples of three.

Clicks are never-failing charmers
 And they often succeed where other things
 have failed
 As when a charming lady
 Lips half-parted in wonderment,
 Says "Do it again" as you click click click
 In multiples of three:

"O my fair ladee
 Would you agree
 If I wooed thee
 With a multiple of three?"
 (Click clack cluck
 Click clack cluck
 Click clack cluck and-a
 Click clack cluck)

And now I'm off with my bags
 to Germania
 And then I find they are talking of *Nigeria*
 "Telescopic philanthropy?" I ask
 "Can't you see I came here to philanthropize?
 Leave Nigerians alone and listen to my clicks!"
 Clicks are like bees
 and where they most abound
 Much fruit of sense beneath
 is really found

Some converts here, a few converts there,
 And so I write it down in my diaree.

And now I turn a little north to Swedania:
 "We are talking 'bout sex,"
 even before I asked
 "It is a *continuing conversation*
 in our part of the globe!
 Will you join us, sir? It is a beautiful thing!"
 "Just for a while, I guess, as long as you understand
 That all I need are credits for my Ph.D."
 "Plenty credits here, sir."

I tarried for a while as you can
 well imagine
 And what I wrote within my diary
 is not for mama's eyes!
 Nor for papa's, for that matter,
 though men have stronger hearts.

Being refreshed by my experience
 in Swedania
 I went to many other countries
 And all the natives were doing
 was talk talk talk:
Food habits of West Africa (yams)
The British and their peculiar attitude
towards their history (?)
How does American policy on the Congo
get fabricated
History of Africa—military regime in
Ghana's hinterland
Something about jobs for graduate students
Food and separatism in Canada;
Montreal as a city; a bit about
African research.

Not very exciting, especially after Swedania.
 But then I came into the land of Norwegenia.
 "Welcome, lonely stranger, we talk of many hings:
Oxford and Cambridge and bumper stickers.
 But our staple is *sex and Norwegian omelette.*"
 "Yes, O yes, I will stay for a little while.
 But please take note . . ."

"All you need are credits for your Ph.D."
"How did you know?"
"Plenty credits here. Many others
have come before you.
Relax!"

* * *

Now that I'm back in my home
of click clack cluck,
I can recount with laughter
some frustrating experiences,
Some of them frightening, during my field trip:
Sometimes the natives would refuse
to come and talk.

Then I'd try cajoling—something like this:
"Come o-o-n my picanniny natives,
Come to your Uncle Jasper"
(Or whatever name I might think).

But sometimes threats worked better,
And in my roaringest voice I'd say:
"He-e-y! Come here, you bastards,
If you know what's good for me!"

Sometimes the natives would be
in an ugly mood;
The males, especially, would be after me
With their assegais
Before I'd put my pants back on
in a proper decent way

Then I'd flee like a leaping roe
Or as pants the hart
With my pants over my shoulder
And the breeze blew them up
into a strange balloon.

And I'd run run run
With my swollen pantaloons
As if to burn an effigy
Of my precious lower half!

Yet I never did mind
As long as I'd left
behind
The seed of civilization
In the rich dark soil

* * *

In concluding, a little history
of my clicking world:

Once upon a time (even the historians know it)
A missionary came
To preach among the San
In the southernmost part of Afrika.
Having heard the San talk

(As he had to sooner or later)
He told his diaree
And the diary told the world:
"They make harsh sounds
With gutturals and the like;
One really ought to say that
rather than talk
They cluck like turkeys in a Turkeystan!"

Turkey, turkey everywhere
And all the hills did click;
Turkey, turkey everywhere
Nor any

The San knew by now
It was a foolish turkey
That stayed around at Christmas time,
And they were scared;
But having nowhere to go, they pleaded for their lives:

"O Reverend Father,
We're worried about that look in your eye.
Believe us, sir, though we may talk like turkeys,
But in fact we are *people*, just plain *people*."
(Click clack cluck,
Click clack cluck,
Click clack cluck and-a
Click clack cluck)

"Fear not, my clicking
clacking
clucking friends,
I've better things to eat!"

So the hills continued to click unchecked,
And the Xhosa heard the clicks,
And the Zulu heard the clicks
And the Sotho heard the clicks,
And the clicking civilization spread far and wide.

* * *

Now I am back and papa calls me
"big brave boy"
My mama sheds a tear in a little handkerchief
My university at first said "Give him a C,"
But when I told them of the diet
of Norwegenia
They said, "Give the bastard an A
if he will take us there."

* * *

Now I'm happy I've got my Ph.D.
And have taught the natives a thing or two.
The university's built a branch
in Norwegenia
And mama and papa are comfortably retired.



Wisconsin Photographers' Showcase: Herman Taylor

The glass negatives are fragile, easily hurt. Some have become spotted, some cracked. But the images on them are strong and vibrant. To the contemporary viewer, they offer an intimate visit with a young American family of the early twentieth century and glimpses of the creative mind of the photographer, Herman Taylor.

Taylor was an avid amateur photographer of the early 1900s. Toting his cumbersome view camera wherever he went, he recorded his family and friends, the places they visited, the things they did. Herman Taylor was born in Clinton, Wisconsin, in 1880, the son of a portrait photographer. In 1907 he married Hattie Underwood and the couple moved to the Bay View area of Milwaukee, where Taylor was employed as a draftsman for Cuttler-Hammer. A daughter, Tannise, was born in 1909, and a son, David, in 1913.

Tannise, Mrs. Harry Joyce of Madison, donated the collection of her father's glass and nitrocellulose negatives to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

As with many professional and amateur photographers, Herman Taylor's work shows a shift in interests during his career. His early photographs are experimental and explore subject matter which today seems surreal. Difficult snow scenes (rare for his time) and shots of airplanes and motorcycles occur frequently. His later photos concentrate on more conventional documentation of scenic landscapes and family trips. All, however, present an interesting and valuable record.

Above: Hattie and Tannise Taylor in ice cave along the Lake Michigan shore near Bay View. 1910.

Family Portraits

The family setting provides scenes for many of the best of Taylor's photographs. His wife, Hattie, and their two children, Tannisse and David, are recorded in all their activities. Detailed notebooks kept by Mr. Taylor from 1909 to 1935 provide dates and locations for most of the negatives in the collection.

The notebooks are of special interest because they include Taylor's own evaluations of his work.



Tannisse and David. Milwaukee. c. 1915.



Tannisse. South Milwaukee. 1913.



Hattie and Tannisse. Milwaukee. 1910.



Tannisse. Lake Michigan shore near Bay View. 1910.



Hattie, David, and Tannisse. Milwaukee. 1913.

These photographs are part of a larger display prepared by Kurt W. Schlicht, a master's candidate in the University of Wisconsin-Madison art department. Schlicht researched, catalogued, captioned and contact printed the entire collection. Selected photographs were printed for display at the Iconographic Gallery of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Tannisse and David. Milwaukee. 1913.



Hattie and friends. Lake Michigan shore near Bay View. 1910.

...and Surreal Visions



"A Premonition." Photographic copy of original photo nailed to board. 1916.

The Wisconsin Idea: A Living Legend

By Paul J. Grogan

Rapid change has swept through American society and its institutions in the past decade and a half. Nowhere is that change more evident than in the emergence of continuing education and informal learning to serve society better in the face of individual and technological obsolescence.

Today, University of Wisconsin-Extension reaches hundreds of thousands of individuals each year with meaningful learning experiences and other forms of personal services. The use of a full spectrum of educational and public and private facilities throughout the state, in conjunction with a variety of instructional formats, media presentations, practicums and demonstrations, independent study, individual counseling, leadership activities, and community services, represents the present-day embodiment of "The Wisconsin Idea." This unique and treasured concept today, more than sixty years since the phrase first appeared and 125 years since the founding of the University of Wisconsin, remains viable and aptly descriptive of all that has made Wisconsin unique.

Foundations of the University

Although Wisconsin was the thirtieth state to join the Union,

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it was the eleventh to establish a state-sponsored institution of higher education. In fact, the University and the state share 1848 as their year of origin. Thus, from the first there was an intertwining of the state and the University—both politically and geographically. State Street in Madison, the physical and symbolic link between the University and the Capitol, is celebrated by many as an influential avenue for the generation of ideas and the initiation of political action in support of human needs, a thoroughfare second only in these respects to the Pennsylvania Avenue link between the White House and Capitol Hill. The sharing of University talent in the interest of bettering the entire state made the Wisconsin approach to government and education unique among the developing states in the early twentieth century.

The tradition of the University's responsiveness to the needs of the state was articulated by John Bascom as early as 1887. In the midst of the enormous task of creating an academic institution of great purpose and destiny, President Bascom had the prescience to declare:

The University of Wisconsin will be permanently great in the degree in which it understands the conditions of the prosperity and peace of the people, and helps to provide them.

Soon thereafter, the first flowering of greatness became apparent in the persons and work of Stephen M. Babcock, famed for his invention of a simple and reliable device for determining the butterfat content of milk; of Frederick Jackson Turner, the outstanding historian of his day; and of Richard T. Ely, professor of economics, whose life and efforts in defense of academic freedom were chosen by John Fitzgerald Kennedy for inclusion in *Profiles in Courage*. Indeed, the resolution of Ely's travail led to the Regent's pronouncement of the landmark "sifting and winnowing" statement.

The actual phrase, "The Wisconsin Idea," appears to have been chosen by Charles McCarthy, long-time chief of legislative references, as a title for his 1912 book dealing with the dynamic influences of the era. In retrospect, "The Wisconsin Idea" was the unstated philosophy of the Progressive Party which flourished under the inspired genius of Robert M. LaFollette in the early twentieth century. LaFollette in turn was an apt student of Bascom, and from him derived many of his concepts of "service of, to, by, and for the state." The phrase referred politically to a philosophy of progressive legislation for the public benefit—much of which originated with the University faculty. The philosophy of taking the University to the people has been increasingly emergent since that time.

The University's commitment to this goal is evident in the speaking and writing of prominent faculty and administrators of that time. For example, Prof. J. C. Freeman, in 1885, wrote:

The mission of University Extension is the extension of knowledge among people too old to go to school and who are unable to give their time to study; the cultivation of habits of useful reading, correct thinking and right conduct; the stimulation of intellectual life, for the purpose of making better citizens, including social progress and rendering the conditions of society at large more interesting and enjoyable.

Charles R. Van Hise, speaking as president of the University in 1905, echoed Bascom:

It seems to me that a state university should not be above meeting the needs of the people, however elementary the instruction necessary to accomplish this.

Eight years later, in 1913, President Van Hise was able to speak with gratitude about his own beliefs, as he reminisced:

While the university extension movement was actuated . . . by no other purpose than to perform a larger service to the state of Wisconsin, we have found that it was wise simply from our own point of view.

The period from 1895 to 1913 also witnessed the growth of the University into a closely knit community of scholars in the tradition of the fine centers of higher education. First from around the nation, and later from around the world, public officials and educators came to study the example set by the University of Wisconsin. Of primary interest to them was the way this institution marshalled and presented its faculty expertise to the private well-being of families, farms, and factories, as well as to the public concerns of local and state government. Social reform was a prominent area in which the extension of "the bound-

aries of the campus to boundaries of the state" was applied early. Workman's compensation, the regulation of securities exchange, and social security design and recommendations were pioneered in theory and in practice in Wisconsin. National magazines paid tribute to Wisconsin for "sending a state to college," although a more accurate phrase might have been "sending a college to the state." Theodore Roosevelt, in the Bull Moose election year of 1912, proclaimed that "All through the

three principal units, each of which made separate and distinct contributions of landmark proportions to their respective movements, both nationally and locally. Ultimately, these three service-oriented arms came to be known as University Extension, the Cooperative Extension Service, and the Division of Radio-Television.

University Extension at Wisconsin was the first general extension operation in a state university to receive direct state appropriation. State funding was begun in



It is already accumulating the means of imparting knowledge, by the formation of a library, the collection of cabinets, &c., &c., and with the manifestations of proper liberality on the part of the public, will confer immeasurable benefit on the present, and future generations.

—Quote from the September 6, 1851 issue of *Gleasons Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*. Above, a University Archive's photograph of Bascom Hall in the 1890s.

Union we need to learn the Wisconsin lesson."

Foundations of the Present University Extension

The growth of Extension paralleled the growth of the University. In the formative years there were

1907 to augment the off-campus teaching that had been conducted for some time on an ad hoc basis. From this initial advantage, extension activities in Wisconsin have maintained their premier national position to this time.

Similarly, the county agent installed in Oneida County in 1912

was one of the earliest examples in the nation of pooling local and state funds to provide agricultural expertise in residence, and at the time and place of need. This innovation was the beginning of the Cooperative Extension Service and led to the system of county agricultural agents and specialists that exists throughout the country today. It has also contributed to the image of Wisconsin as an agricultural state, despite certain geographical disadvantages of climate and terrain and modern shifts in population and consumer tastes.

Finally, Wisconsin's radio station, WHA, rightfully appends to its call letters the claim of being "the oldest station in the nation." This tradition of leadership in instant electronic communications was virtually duplicated when, thirty-five years later in 1954, WHA-TV was established as the third educational television station in the United States.

The pioneering continues. In 1965, University Extension, Cooperative Extension, and Radio-Television, together with the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, were unified into a single program, marking the first successful integration of the comprehensive extension activities of a state university.

More recently, this merged unit has been recombined with the Wisconsin Center System (originally part of Extension, but separated in the 1965 reorganization). Also added in this last merger is the prospective Regents State-wide University, the purpose of which is to foster the "Open University" concept, or the "University Without Walls." The entire program is referred to as University Outreach and officially shares coordinate rank with the four-year campuses of the University of Wisconsin System.

That this is a true merger and not merely a conglomerate is evident from its organizational chart. One does not find units labelled "general extension," "agricultural extension," or "radio-television." Rather, there are operational divisions such as "Economic and En-

vironmental Development," "Community Development," "Human and Professional Development," and "Educational Communications." Thus, the land, the environment, the economy, the community, and the people all come in for equal attention under the spectrum of programs and services available through University Extension. The tight, neat compartments typical of traditional departments have been subordinated. In their place are mission-oriented operations that use multidisciplinary resources in the solution of contemporary problems.

Theory into Practice

While numbers cannot tell the full story of University Extension, they can provide some measure of the extent to which the theories are put into practice. For example, there are some 325 local and county agents in Wisconsin who annually provide over 500,000 individual consultations and conduct or participate in 50,000 meetings with agricultural, business and civic organizations. The number of persons engaged each year in short-term learning experiences in continuing education is approximately 75,000. Special classes, conferences, institutes, seminars and short courses provide essential updating for 10,000 professionals in the fields of law, medicine, health services and education. University credit courses now reach another 3,000 through University Extension. Engineering, scientific, and management information about business and technical advances are furnished each year to nearly 20,000 people in industry and related practice. Far more difficult to pinpoint are the untold hundreds of thousands who follow the year-round programming of WHA, WHA-TV, and the state-wide telecommunications networks.

The results of these services are even more striking. There are proven examples of the trebling of income in one year for a privately owned and operated resort after a concerted program of facilities and management improvement.

Brucellosis, a common disease among cattle that is transmittable to humans, was eliminated from the herds of "America's Dairyland." This accomplishment was completed ten years earlier than thought possible and now represents an estimated savings of \$15 million annually to dairy farmers in Wisconsin.

Far more personal and human is the example of a letter received fifteen years ago from a member of the armed forces, a young man enrolled in a correspondence instruction program operated by the University of Wisconsin and the United States Armed Forces Institute. He recounted his pride at being awarded a high school diploma by the principal of the school from which he had been a dropout and the satisfaction he had experienced through the magic of learning by mail. He concluded, saying:

I don't know how I ever could have completed my high school education without your help. But more than that, whoever helps me, helps my race. You understand, I am black.

Think of the quiet frustration that young man must have experienced at a most critical time in his life when a high school diploma eluded him and appeared more and more impossible as time passed. Think, too, what his progress means when multiplied by the tens of thousands similarly served by University Extension.

The Frontiers Within

Of course the present-day counterparts of that young man are far more activist in demanding access to effective avenues of learning. But University Extension also has become far more activist in its role of service to the people of Wisconsin.

Poverty is no stranger to Wisconsin where it affects nearly one household in five. There are many dimensions to this poverty, whether it is found among the Native American population, the carry-over residents of the resource-depleted north, on the remaining

vestiges of the once culturally and economically viable family farms, among the migrant workers who harvest the garden crops, or among the blacks and Spanish-Americans who have come to Milwaukee in search of steady industrial employment. University Extension must be able to communicate effectively with all of these groups, and must do so in a way that preserves and nurtures human self-worth. The cutting edge of action in America today must deal with social reform that makes our affluence more widely realized and appreciated.

Another fitting mission for University Extension is the preservation and repair of the environment. This has become the particular responsibility of an individual operating directly out of the Office of the Dean of the Division of Eco-

nomic and Environmental Development. But the breadth of concern is evident in such areas as the courses offered through the Department of Engineering: erosion control during construction, slope stability, recycling, zoning for planned community growth, sewage pump station design, vehicle emissions control programs, design approach to product noise limits—and many more. Space does not permit even a cursory examination of the projected programs of all sixty educational units operating within University Extension. However, from the example of the engineering offerings, it is obvious that their combined impact is substantial.

Summary

An organization such as University of Wisconsin-Extension

has the ability to span the range of educational needs and opportunities without the constraints that give "formal education" its restrictive name and connotation. The role of University Extension is not to replace other institutions with similar interests, but to bridge the gaps which exist between educational institutions. This filling of "the space between" was defined as early as 1916 by President Van Hise:

University Extension must be so organized as to adapt itself readily to changing conditions. It must be prepared at any time to take up whatever new work falling within the legitimate scope of university service is demanded by the people, and on the other hand, must discontinue established activities if the time comes when a local or other state agency has become better prepared to give this service.

The system of vocational, adult, and technical schools in Wisconsin provides one example of this transfer of function from University Extension to other agencies. The State Department of Public Welfare in Wisconsin had its antecedents in a large number of volunteer organizations which coalesced following a period of joint programming through University Extension. Similarly, many aspects of the Wisconsin Department of Economic Development were long conducted by the University Extension Bureau of Community Development, which has since been disbanded out of deference to its successor organization.

University Extension reaches all age groups and draws upon the educational resources of the entire state. It has established a tradition of founding, catalyzing, and nurturing programs and services to the point where they can be transplanted to more appropriate agencies. A commitment has been made to *whole-life education* as a means of avoiding stagnation and obsolescence. It is the culmination of "The Wisconsin Idea," named over sixty years ago and now a living legend.

Pantalone

By Margaret Savides Benbow

There are some seasons which
strip you clean as a pheasant for dinner.

You found me frozen and left for dead.
Like a rich uncle with a brown beard
softly furred and booted you followed me
and played Pantalone, aped koala bears,
made those fanged days stretch and purr.

Winterkill had no chance: your bobtailed
curses
warmed its bottom.

Bonfires, music, tea: fur pockets
for a tranced plump bird to winter in.

Catnipping spring came again,
but you had plucked its eyeteeth.
Rich in plumage, all wounds well-licked
I forget now if I ever thanked you
for those days which you turned
round as peaches,
the cold season you made prosper,
your stripes and bells sitting on you
handsomely, like Joseph's robe.

Margaret Savides Benbow is a Madison poet. Some of her work has been published in Quixote magazine.



The National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center

By Robert E. Najem

This last in a series of three articles describes how the National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center is bringing the humanities to the people and the people to the humanities.

The National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center, located in Madison, Wisconsin, began operations on March 1, 1972. Funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, it reflects a renewed national emphasis on developing programs at a grass roots level. It is an attempt to foster a dialogue among people about human concerns in a humanistic framework. The Midwestern Center organizes programs in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. Serving roughly a fourth of the population in approximately a fourth of the geographic area of the United States, it is one of two regional centers in the country. The other, at the University of California-Los Angeles, serves the west. Eventually there may be centers in the south and east.

These regional centers are not to be confused with the state-based humanities program found in every state. The essential difference between the two programs is one of theme emphasis. The state-based programs operate on specific themes dealing with public policy issues. For example, the theme of the Wisconsin Humanities Committee is "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Public

Spending."* Local groups, private organizations, colleges, and universities submit proposals for discussion programs involving humanists and the public on the policy issue of taxation. Since each state selects its own theme, there are as many themes as states. The state-based program is essentially a regrant agency that brings people together to discuss public policy issues in a humanistic perspective. The Midwestern Center, as we shall see later in greater detail, deals with a variety of themes of a more universal and timeless nature.

Some 260 programs, involving eighty-six humanists in eighty-six communities and over 20,000 participants, have been developed by the Midwestern Center. An administrative staff takes overall responsibility for the programs, coordinating participants, preparing resource materials, assisting local committees, and providing follow-up and continuity. The staff uses a team approach in both operational activities and decision making. Although each person has a specific function and responsibility, the nature of the program is such that each can substitute for the other when circumstances require it—as is often the case. This approach permits each to know the totality and the resulting involve-

ment makes for an invaluable working operation and excellent *esprit de corps*.

Equally important, the staff is bound by a strong commitment to and preparation in the humanities. They are at ease in the academic world as well as in the marketplace, demonstrating in a sense what they expect the real-life humanist to do.

The staff receives guidance from a part-time evaluation staff and two advisory committees, one local and one regional. The local committee reflects the expertise of University of Wisconsin Extension; whereas the regional body combines leadership from media, library, university, professional areas, and lay organizations. The executive director from each of the ten state-based humanities committees is a vital part of the regional committee, assuring involvement and the necessary exchange of information.

The programs of the National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center consist of three, two-day visits with roughly an interval of a month between programs. There is usually a series of four to six small, informal meetings with clubs, service groups, and professional organizations during two days and an evening meeting open to the public. Usually the programs occur in the fall and spring and take place where everyone feels free to express self and is comfortable—a church basement, the library, the court house.

Robert E. Najem is director of the National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center in Madison and serves on the Wisconsin Humanities Committee.

*For a discussion of the Wisconsin Humanities Committee and its theme see the Fall, 1974 (Volume 20, Number 4) issue of the Wisconsin Academy Review.

Varied themes have been developed reflecting community interest and the expertise of the humanist. They range from *Man and the Machine* to *Mainstream: USA* and include others such as *Work in a Changing World* and *The Family in Change*. One particularly successful theme was *Toward a More Humanized Society*. The three sections dealt with the "Child," "Woman," and "Man" and contained selections from literature, philosophy, history, and psychology. A ten-to-fifteen page packet of mimeographed materials with passages from provocative works was developed for each section. Passages from Kahlil Gibran's chapter on childhood and Jean Anouilh's *Antigone* provoked much discussion. The confrontation scene between Nora and Helmer in Henrik Ibsen's *A Doll's House* never failed to open up lively arguments on the status of women, liberation, and marriage. Garcia Lorca's *Yerma* proved poignantly meaningful. Discussion always lingered over the funeral scene in Saul Bellow's *Seize the Day* where Wilhelm, the absurdist hero, weeps bitterly, hopelessly, over his moral impasse.

The humanities, or perhaps we should say meaningful, provocative passages from the humanities, provide the opportunity for adults from many backgrounds to discuss human concerns. The method is one of thoughtful discussion—not the lecture. The humanist in the role of discussion leader helps create the environment in which adults feel free to exchange ideas. The objective is not one of changing anyone's opinions, but rather of providing the intellectual milieu in which one grows, realizes the moral complexity of an issue or problem, and sees this in comparison or contrast with humanistic perspectives of other cultures and other times.

How has the public reacted to the program? Does it meet some primary needs of some people of all ages? Perhaps the comment of one elderly woman provides an answer. Registering surprise at the comments of her best friend during an evening discussion, she stated, "Mary, I never knew you felt that

way." People learn to know how they feel and to express these feelings. A middle-aged man expressed the need for community which only a small town could provide. In still another community a young girl of eighteen expressed deep concern that few of her classmates could read poetry. For those who are avid readers of literature, philosophy, and history, and who have few opportunities to discuss the eternal questions which each generation must answer, the program is a great boon. Of course, there are those who contend that federal funds could be spent more profitably.

The communities and humanists selected to participate in the program are usually nominated by the state-based humanities executive director, although not exclusively so. The final selection is made by the Midwestern Center. How do we go about setting up a program in a community? With the nomination of each community, the name of a key local contact is given. This person may be a librarian, a lawyer, a school superintendent, a civic leader, an interested housewife and mother, a minister—the list is only suggestive of the range. The coordinator for community programs telephones this person and asks permission to send a description of the program by mail and requests him or her to explore with eight or ten people a willingness to form a local committee to sponsor a humanities program. In a subsequent telephone call, if there is sufficient interest, a meeting between the committee and the coordinator takes place.

For the most part, these are small communities, sometimes isolated, and are concerned about more contact with the humanities. We are talking about places like Grand Haven, Michigan; Goshen, Indiana; Langdon, North Dakota; Lead-Deadwood, South Dakota; Beardstown, Illinois; Elkhorn, Wisconsin; Sandstone, Minnesota; Broken Bow, Nebraska; Washington Court House, Ohio; and Keokuk, Iowa. To be a part of this program is to know the middle west intimately.

At the first meeting, any ambiguities about the program are resolved and if the group agrees to host a program, a local coordinator, a satellite chairperson, and a publicity coordinator are elected or volunteer; a modest budget is provided. Of the many factors which contribute to a successful program, none is more important than the effort and commitment of the local committee.

The final step is for the committee and the humanist to meet, decide on a theme, and set up a schedule of visits that fits the local calendar advantageously. Weekends are usually avoided. The humanist then prepares a master copy of the materials to be used and Midwestern Center staff duplicates and mails them to the community for distribution through the local library.

The program receives publicity in the newspaper, on the radio and occasionally over television. Since Midwestern Center's policy requires that no paid publicity be used in the community, most committees have used telephone contacts to invite friends and acquaintances, an approach that has proved most effective. The staff of Midwestern Center provides guidelines to help the local committee each step of the way.

Often the program helps to break down the stereotype of "the professor." In this stereotyping, the humanist emerges strongly as a bookish personality given to many words and few actions. As in any generalization, there may be some truth in this view, but there is also exaggeration and probably distortion. The Midwestern Center staff takes the position that the humanist is a researcher, teacher, and member of a community. Each role requires special skills. While these skills, whether exhibited in the library, classroom, or the community, are not mutually exclusive, special sensitivities are required in working with adults in this program.

A special effort is made to choose humanists from a variety of disciplines, schools, geographic areas, and age groups. A special

effort is also made to select a balanced representation of men and women, racial minorities—although this is easier said than done.

As a group, they tend to relate easily to adults and are warm, open, and responsive. They prefer to listen, rather than talk. Usually they have had experience working with adults in extension programs. As a rule they are successful in the classroom. Less apt to be authoritarian, they welcome discussion and disagreement before moving toward synthesis and consensus.

Participation in the program usually has as significant an impact on the humanist as on the community. Friendships develop and the humanist sometimes returns to visit the community with the family. A new mutual respect arises between town and gown. Stereotype images disappear and real persons emerge. The professor returns to the campus and translates the community experience into new attitudes toward students; often he or she revises teaching methods. The expert in contemporary American literature returns from the venture into the marketplace realizing growing numbers are concerned about human values as embodied in the humanities. With many ambiguities clarified and some anxieties allayed, the discussion leader is ready, even eager, to try again. The professor, as well as the community, has *grown*.

The next step in the process is to activate continuity. At the appropriate moment our coordinator contacts the local committee to explore their expectations. Reactions vary. Some are eager to begin; others want to go on, but can't find time or leadership. Another committee may readily admit there was not enough local involvement to merit going on. For those communities that are eager or interested, a meeting is set up and the implications of continuity are directly faced. Throughout the meeting, primary responsibility is placed upon the local committee with every effort made to acquaint it with potential resources.

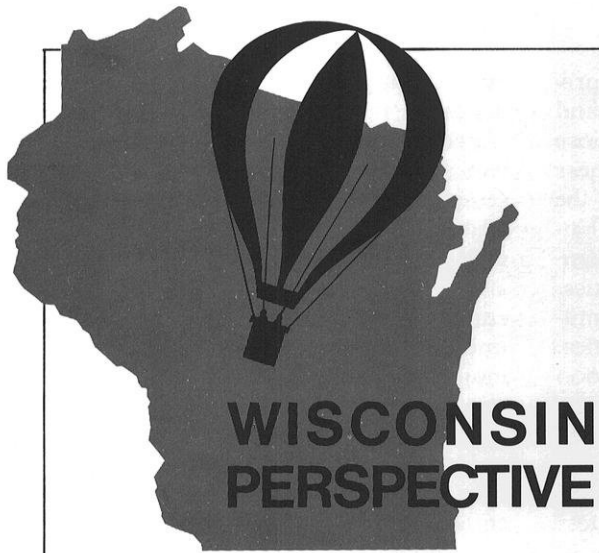
A special booklet has been prepared listing national, state, and local resources, together with those of the Midwestern Center. These include the materials from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Project Center for Film and the Humanities, the state-based humanities committees, as well as nearby universities. The Midwestern Center will soon offer independent study discussion materials for local groups as well as lectures on bicentennial themes. The lectures from the "Science, Technology and Human Values" series will also be available. In fact, one is continually amazed at the profusion of resources—the problem is to get people to use them. Mindful of the needs of smaller, more rural communities, the Midwestern Center is developing programs of humanistic content for cable television. Public response will be carefully evaluated. If the serious difficulties of copyright clearance can be overcome, it is also conceivable that individual packets developed for each community can be prepared for large-scale duplication and distribution. The Midwestern Center has also developed anthologies of humanities content on the theme "The Humanities and Human Experience"; another is in progress on "The American Experience and the Humanities." In the process of being revised and refined is a booklet *Discussing the Humanities*. It deals essentially with the problem of how one discusses the humanities with adults. Obviously the Midwestern Center emerges in the role of a resource and distribution center.

How does one evaluate such a program with so many variables operating in such a large geographic area? How too does one

evaluate a program which concentrates on the *qualitative* in an age which stresses the *quantitative*? We can assert a certain degree of success, based on the information collected from questionnaires distributed to participants and humanists in the program. The reactions range from outright rejection to unqualified endorsement, with the majority enthusiastic about the program. The Midwestern Center staff has also visited many of the programs and, while more critical of results, has been infected by the enthusiasm of participants. Sensitive, however, to the need for an outside, objective evaluation, the Midwestern Center has called upon a team to begin the development of instruments and a system for evaluating the National Humanities Series programs. Their appraisal of the Fall, 1974 programs being conducted in twenty communities will be available in January of 1975. Thus we hope to balance the initial subjective evaluations with scientific data sampling.

The Midwestern Center is trying to find one way of bringing people, humanists, and the humanities together. It is an attempt to create an environment in which humans can share experience in a humanistic context and with humanistic methods. It is an emphasis on discussion and the democratic process for the purpose of human growth. If in a modest way the Midwestern Center can develop materials and share its know-how with others, it performs a valuable role. Above all, if it can serve as a link between the community and the university, between the humanities and people, between humanists and people, it performs a noble service.

In the time since the preparation of this article, it has been announced that the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) will discontinue funding of both the Western and Midwestern Centers of the National Humanities Series. The decision stems in part from the NEH's desire to support existing institutions rather than creating new ongoing programs in the humanities. The Centers were designed to be experimental and have not been viewed by NEH as permanent enterprises. A high per capita cost for the program was a second concern. The Midwestern Center has been invited to apply for a "terminal grant" to begin July 1, 1975, to file reports and evaluations. A special attempt will be made to transfer to other organizations the materials and experience gathered by the Center.



The Ladies of Durand

By Paul Vanderbilt

"The Ladies of Durand, Wis., c. 1895" Front row (l-r): unknown, Mmes. Will Maxwell, Nesbit, Wise, Raymond, Morgan, Second row: Mmes. Orlady, Philo Goodrich, Bachelder (sic). Third row: Mmes. Raitt, Sarah Hammond, Bishop, F. Goodrich, Beacon, Gobar, Culbertson, Goss, Leonard. Back row: Mmes. Sommerfield, H. Goodrich, P. Richards, Fuller, King, Hutchinson, M. Maxwell, Geo. Tarant, Ida Vautrot.

State Historical Society
of Wisconsin Iconographic
Collections



I'm intrigued by the title of this group photograph: "The Ladies of Durand, Wis., about 1895." The date, like any other with an "about" tacked to it, is just a little suspicious, but is a fair approximation. On the back is a manuscript list of names, generally of husbands' last names only, in an order which we take to be the order in which the ladies stand or sit, from left to right, with dividing lines which seem to match the separation into rows, back to front. But there are twenty-eight women in the photograph and only twenty-six names on the list; one position is represented by a question mark and the other is

unaccounted for. I have used this arrangement for tentative identification and intend apologies for any error so induced.

Perhaps I am reading things into this picture, but that in itself is not a bad thing to do. It is usually very difficult, at a late date and in the absence of anyone who was actually present on the occasion, to find out anything about the circumstances under which a photograph was made. But I read this grouping as an elitist selection, and surmise some warmth of feeling about who was and who was not included in this picture. I see one layer of a social

structure, very probably with a certain amount of competitive jealousy and internal one-upwomanship. It was not uncommon, in the rural communities of that time, for the wives who thought well of themselves or had a little money or felt pride in their husbands' positions, to form some kind of a Tuesday Club, not wholly unlike a lodge, and to set great store by the qualifications for invitation to membership. I may be reading something in, the facts being absent, but this is rather why I like the picture and its setting: the edge of the cornfield, the white fences, the centered house.

In these gatherings, perhaps more so in the larger communities, were sown and cultivated many of the statements and vigorous urgings of early feminism. Their weapon was generally reference to the good works, relief of some kind of distress, collectively carried on by groups of women. "During the three years' existence of the Wisconsin Soldiers' home, the institution was conducted entirely by women, aided by an advisory committee of gentlemen. . . ." Mrs. J.G. Thorp of Madison thus addressed the women of Beloit: "As women, we see and feel, just what we know not. We think we firmly discern the dawning light of a better day for our children and our children's children, and we lay hold upon the invisible with a faith commensurate with our love and desire for them." Or, more assertively, from another pen: "How do we compare with our venerated grandmothers? Do we spin? No. Weave the homespun? No. Mind half a score of children, do all the housework, knit a sock of an evening, and go to meeting three times every Sunday? A thousand times, no! The onward march of civilization, with its discoveries and inventions, is not alone for man. Steel and wood, lightning and steam, work today for women, and their heads are better than their hands. We cannot spin—our grandmothers could not spell." Mrs. James Davie Butler contributed this view: "Our own reflection is that we have improved upon our ancestors, by simplicity of adornment, and especially that gentlemen's dress now far excels that of 'Auld Lang Syne' when Samuel Pepys 'ripped the gold lace off his wife's wedding petticoat to trim his new suit.' The effect of lower limbs unclothed, save by silk hose, is to remind one of the biped fowl and suggests too feeble a foundation for the flowing and richly dight upper garments, surmounted by the o'ershadowing wig. Our eye may be at fault, but our Apollo wears a full suit of black broadcloth." What may have been the sentiments of the Ladies of Durand?

Mrs. Richards (assuming that she is Maggie Dyer Richards) was the daughter of a justice of the peace; wife of an alderman, city clerk, Odd Fellow, former school teacher, later a success in the grain, feed, and trucking business. Her daughter Helen took a course in drawing in Detroit.

Sarah Hammond, second wife of William Columbus Hammond and sister of his first wife, was a member of the Eastern Star, WCTU, the Red Cross,

and a missionary society. Her husband, a wounded Civil War veteran, was of Canadian parentage, and had a hardware store in Durand.

Mrs. Orlady (assuming that she is Annabel Fraser Orlady) was the wife of a prominent lumberman, bank director, and president of both the Durand Light and Power Co. and the Home Telephone Co.

Mrs. F. W. Goodrich's husband had a degree from the Eckels College of Embalming in Philadelphia, and was later a mayor of Durand.

Mrs. Philo Goodrich, the above Mrs. Goodrich's mother-in-law (we think she is the lady just to the left of center, wearing a large white flower) was from a Pennsylvania family, daughter of a furniture manufacturer and hotel proprietor. Her husband had a meat market, later was in the furniture and undertaking business, and was at one time the city treasurer. For a while he operated a "horse ferry" (powered by horses walking a treadmill?) across the Chippewa River. A previous owner worked it as a pole ferry and a subsequent owner ran it as a steam ferry.

Mrs. Batchelder (we think she is the severe but authentic beauty seated center front) was the wife of the town photographer and postmaster.

Mrs. George Tarrant (assuming that she is Sarah Culbertson Tarrant) was the daughter of a carriage maker from Nantucket, Massachusetts, and her daughters became teachers, one of them in a Montessori method school in New York. Mr. Tarrant, like his father before him, was a mayor of Durand and vice-president of the bank. Before that, he was associated with his father in the city's longest-established store, originally an early general store, later a general mercantile business.

Ida Vautrot appears in our group, but is not mentioned by name among the accounts of the family in Curtiss-Wedge's *History of Buffalo and Pepin Counties*, from which these notes are derived. She is perhaps the wife of the younger Alphonse Vautrot, a partner in a furniture and hardware store, later the local Ford automobile agency.

Mrs. Culbertson (assuming that she is Caroline Coffin Culbertson) was also from a Nantucket family and the widow of a carriage maker and inventor who died in California. While he lived in Eau Claire, he patented the first dump-car used in this area.

Mrs. Goss (if she is Susan Teets Goss and not her daughter-in-law Mary Forster Goss) was the widow of an older man who had come to Pepin County in the 1860s, built a log cabin and started farming with a pair of oxen. Later he was a member of the school board.

Mrs. Morgan (in the likelihood that she is Jane Humphrey Morgan) was from Vermont, an orphan who was adopted by a Dr. Humphrey who became a druggist in Durand. Her husband had both law and medical degrees, but practiced medicine and was both county clerk and mayor of Durand.

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POINT OF INFLECTION

A GUEST COLUMN OF VIEWS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

By C. Lee Holt

Has Wisconsin Enough Water?

During this past year, Wisconsin residents have been alarmed and concerned about the many restrictions resulting from national shortages of fuels, minerals, and some farm products—all resulting from rapidly increasing demands. Some citizens now ask, "Does the large and growing demand for water also imply a diminishing water supply for Wisconsin?"

The total amount of water available in Wisconsin remains essentially the same as it was more than two hundred years ago. Although momentary yields of water are limited, it is a replenishing resource. Precipitation brings annually about 31 inches of water to the land's surface. Of this, about 10 inches enters streams and eventually flows out of the state. The rest returns to the atmosphere by evaporation and transpiration.

How Much Water Is There?

Of the 10 inches per year or 30 billion gallons of water per day that flows in streams out of Wisconsin, about 14 billion gallons enters the streams as overland flow. The remaining 16 billion gallons per day enters the streams as springs and seeps. This water is overflow from the abundant groundwater reservoirs. This 30 billion gallons of surface and groundwater, while moving interchangeably through the state, constitutes the fresh water potentially available for our use and enjoyment. The tremendous supplies of water in Lakes Michigan and Superior are recognized for their

present use and their potential for development, but management of this water is of concern to other states and to Canada as well as to Wisconsin.

How Much Water Is Being Used?

A total of 6.3 billion gallons of water—about one-fifth of the average daily flow of all streams flowing from Wisconsin—is withdrawn daily from lakes, streams, and groundwater to meet the needs of Wisconsin's homes, factories, and farms. This does not include the 66 billion gallons of water used each day for generating hydroelectric power. Fortunately, most of this water returns to streams and lakes for possible reuse.

From 1965 to 1970, water use in the state increased about 23 percent with much of this increase being for generation of thermoelectric power and for industrial growth. Withdrawals for municipal water-supply systems increased less than 5 percent, going from 440 million gallons per day (mgd) in 1965 to 480 mgd in 1970. National projections of water requirements indicate that daily water use will more than double by the year 2000.

Despite the growing demand on a limited water supply, the overall supply of Wisconsin is more than adequate to meet foreseeable needs. The average daily streamflow in Wisconsin is about double the projected water requirements for the year 2000. Stored groundwater supplies are many times larger.

How Is the Water Resource Distributed?

But despite this plentiful supply of water in Wisconsin, the distribution within the state presents problems of shortage where groundwater reservoirs are small and surface runoff is rapid. Information on the distribution and availability of water and the occurrence of problems is given in a series of twelve reports on the river basins of Wisconsin published by the U.S. Geological Survey in cooperation with the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey.

Surface Water

The amount of streamflow that is available for development depends on the variability of the annual precipitation, groundwater recharge possibilities, the storage capacity of reservoirs, and the evaporation potential. In all streams, flow varies from year to year, from season to season, and even from hour to hour. Examples of rivers having minimum variability are the Wisconsin River, whose flow is regulated by a series of surface reservoirs, and the Bois Brule River which is fed by a large groundwater reservoir. The Eau Pleine and Eau Galle rivers are examples with highly variable flow where both groundwater reservoirs and surface storage are small.

Groundwater

Groundwater supplies are available under nearly every square mile of the state's surface. Groundwater accounts for almost all of the water used in rural homes and supplies water for 445 communities.

The occurrence and movement of groundwater differ considerably from area to area, depending on the permeability and thickness of water-bearing rocks and their connection with underlying and overlying rocks, soil, and surface water.

More than one million billion gallons of groundwater is estimated to be stored underground

in Wisconsin. At current pumping rates for private, municipal, and industrial uses, groundwater in storage would last more than 5,000 years without replenishment. However, replenishment occurs constantly, with about 16 billion gallons being recharged to groundwater every day, while only 500 million gallons is being withdrawn.

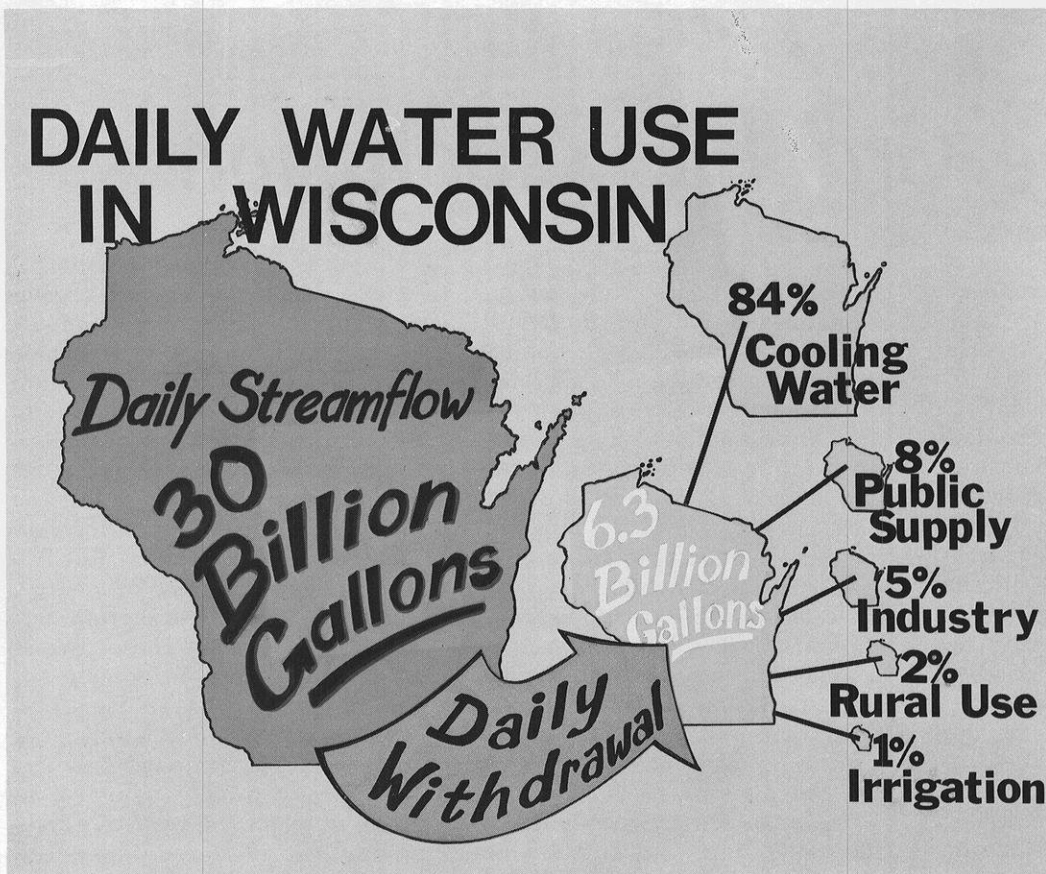
Despite this abundance of groundwater, water levels are declining slowly in areas of concentrated and increasing pumping. Fortunately, the declines, thus far, have been primarily in artesian pressure, resulting in increased costs of pumping but not significantly dewatering the reservoirs.

developed and used with little regard to its relation with groundwater; or groundwater supply has been developed without much regard for its relation to surface supply in the area. Wastewater was rarely considered as part of the total supply.

One of the reasons for this split attitude toward surface and groundwater is that streams and lakes are visible and well known, but groundwater is invisible and its role in the total water system is obscure. Stories exist today that some people in the southern part of the state have wells that tap underground rivers that bring water straight from Lake Superior. A brewery in western Wisconsin

consider a few hydrologic factors. Water cannot be withdrawn from one part of the system without affecting the other. Water pumped from the ground and not replaced may cause reductions in base streamflow and declines in the levels of lakes and wetlands. Water use is growing rapidly and narrowing the margin between surface-water supplies and water demands. Seasonal surpluses of water continue to flow unused out of the state.

However adequate the quantity of our water, these resources must be carefully protected, thoroughly understood, and wisely managed to assure good quality water for future generations. The increasing



Management of Water

Surface water and groundwater—and precipitation for that matter—are all part of a single resource, *fresh water*. Whatever alters or damages one part of this water system will affect the total system. Water cannot be added to or withdrawn from one part of the system without affecting the other. In times past, surface water has been

advertises, whimsically, that "Some say its water comes all the way from Canada." Actually, the source of all groundwater in Wisconsin is precipitation, generally having fallen within a few miles of where it discharges to streams, lakes, and wells.

The need for joint management and development of surface and groundwater is apparent when we

use and reuse of water, the expanding use of land, and the disposal of our wastes are but a few of the changing conditions that threaten the quality of water.

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SENDING & RECEIVING

A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

By Arthur Hove



The Graphic Revolution

Revolutions are a contemporary commonplace. They arrive, quite often, with the frequency of juntas in a banana republic.

Our modern revolutions involve not only politics, but technology and culture. Sometimes they sweep over us like cascading waves. Most of the waves recede quickly. The changes they have carried with them are so much flotsam and jetsam, pulled back out to sea by the strong undertow of events.

Some revolutions, however, come rolling in and establish a beachhead. In the process, they permanently change our lives.

The subtle but strong graphic revolution we have been experiencing over the past several decades has had a tremendous impact on the way we see things. It has influenced our perceptions of the world and altered the environment we have created for ourselves.

Graphics, of course, are not new. They predate alphabetic language. Some of the heiroglyphs and petroglyphs that have survived time's ravages remain puzzles which defy the efforts of scholars to translate them into familiar lan-

guage. The codes have not yet been broken; but even though we don't understand the full implications of something like Egyptian or Mayan heiroglyphs, or Australian aboriginal art, it is not difficult for us to appreciate the grace and beauty of the lines that form their images. The visual language in these symbols is so complex that it is untranslatable, even with the assistance of our sophisticated computers. The symbols possess a logic that was obviously understood by the society that used them. Their information content was important beyond what we can now discern.

In our own, more readily understandable times, information lies all around us like leaves gone to ground. The growth of technology has released energies which have found an outlet in graphic expression. Technological progress has become the handmaiden to the graphic revolution. To use Marshal McLuhan's term, technology is the mechanical bride, fostering all kinds of interesting progeny with each new generation of invention.

The rise of the graphic revolution began in earnest in the middle of the nineteenth century with such developments as the introduction of photography and the growth of the postal service (a mixed blessing today as junk mail surpasses personal correspondence between individuals). The rapid increase in newspaper circulation, which stimulated the spread of literacy, was facilitated by the development of rotary presses. These presses made it possible—before the advent of the newsprint shortage and other irritating inflation indicators—to produce cheap newspapers (the "penny press") available to large numbers of readers. Technology also produced paper, lead pencils, steel pens, and typewriters at an economic scale which made them accessible to large numbers of people.

The artistic and cultural application of contemporary graphics received their first major spurt into prominence in Paris shortly before the turn of the century. The colorful lithographed posters designed by Toulouse-Lautrec to advertise the goings-on at the Moulin Rouge

had a tremendous impact on the subsequent evolution of modern graphic art. After Lautrec, the poster gained a respectability which encouraged other artists—Picasso, Braque, de Chirico, Ben Shahn—to experiment with the two-dimensional characteristics of the form.

The visceral impact of Picasso's *Guernica* can certainly be attributed to its strong, two-dimensional planes which thrust information at the viewer.

Other artists, like Stuart Davis, have taken the graphic techniques used in poster-making and incorporated them into easel painting. Davis has noted that his paintings are done in an "idiom as simple as a tabloid headline. Anyone with enough coordination to decipher a traffic beacon, granted they accept the premise of its function, can handle their communicative potential with ease."

A recent noticeable application of this technique can be seen in Robert Indiana's arrangement of the letters in the word LOVE. The design, which appeared during the height of this country's immersion in the Vietnam War, suggests a moralism that goes beyond the simple graphic arrangement of the letters. A version of the design has been adapted for use on a postage stamp—with no government explanation of the subliminal hopes inherent in the selection of that particular word during a time of strident internal dissension.

In another medium, designer Saul Bass has demonstrated what a powerful influence graphics can have in stimulating interest in a movie and simultaneously establishing a trademark which makes the title and the content of the movie instantly familiar to mass audiences. The Bass title sequences for such movies as *The Man with the Golden Arm*, *The Anatomy of a Murder*, and *Around the World in Eighty Days* are fascinating in their own right. Sometimes they make you feel that you don't really need to see the movie after you've seen the titles.

The effectiveness of socko title sequences was not lost on television executives. Over the last fifteen

years, television has been particularly aggressive in the use of graphics. The effect is obvious in everything from the introduction of regularly scheduled programs to those news broadcasts which use all kinds of visual bells and whistles to make show biz out of the news of the day.

Television graphics have had a demonstrable impact on education. The success of such experiments as "Sesame Street" and "The Electric Company" has indicated how graphics can be used to stimulate the development of literacy.

The national networks, much less the local television stations, are known by the graphics they keep. Viewers in recent years, particularly those with color sets, have been treated to a new kind of visual tutti-frutti as computers have been used to develop graphic animation for program titles or commercials.

Although many of these computer concoctions seem to be something that only a machine could produce, the current popularity of the late Dutch artist M. C. Escher testifies to the fact that the human hand can create something that is fascinating because of its precision and intricacy. Escher's drawings, like the computerized animations on the television screen, have a way of changing as you perceive them. They are permutations of the relativity theme. Nothing is what it seems to be at first glance. Time and space have a way of bending back upon each other. A picture of frogs metamorphoses into birds and fish. Ominous-looking bats are juxtaposed with beatific angels. (Readers will recall two samples of Escher's work in the Fall, 1974 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.)

The intrigue of Mr. Escher's graphics have earned him the ultimate contemporary honor—they are being used to illustrate a 1975 calendar.

Perhaps the last word on how the graphic revolution has crept into our daily lives is represented in this vivid parable from John Updike's story "Toward Evening":

From where he sat, dinner done, smoking a cigarette,

Rafe could look across the Hudson to the Palisades, surmounted by seeming villages. A purple sky was being lowered over a yellow one. The Spry sign went on. The sign, which by virtue of brightness and readability dominated their night view, had three stages: Spry (red), Spry (white) FOR BAKING (red), and Spry (white) FOR FRYING (red). Rafe sometimes wondered how it had come to be there. Some executive, no doubt, had noticed the newly acquired waterfront plant. 'We could use a Spry sign there,' he murmured to his secretary . . . The following Monday, the secretary made and interdepartmental memo of J. G.'s remark. The man second in charge of Public Relations (the man first in charge was on vacation in the Poconos), new at the job, seven years out of Yale, and not bold enough to take J. G. with a grain of salt, told a man in the Creative End to draw up a sketch. After three days, the man in Creative did this, basing his sketch upon a hundred-and-eighty-six-pound file of past Spry ads. The man in Public Relations had a boy take it into the head office. J. G., flattered to have his suggestion followed up, wrote on the back, 'Turn it slightly south. Nobody at Columbia cooks,' and passed it on, OKed. The two other executives who saw the sketch . . . suspected that J. G. was developing power among the stockholders and shrewdly strung along. Bids were requested and submitted. One was accepted. The neon people shaped the tubes. Metalworkers constructed a frame. On a November Tuesday, the kind of blowy day that gives you earache, the sign was set in place by eighteen men, the youngest of whom would someday be an internationally known stage actor. At 3:30, an hour and a half before they were supposed to quit, they knocked off and dispersed because the goddam job was done. Thus the Spry sign (thus the river, thus trees, thus babies and sleep) came to be.

BOOK REVIEWS



Time for Mellowing

A THOUSAND AGES: THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN ARBORETUM by Nancy D. Sachse; published by The Friends of the Arboretum, Madison, 1974. 149 pp. \$3.00 for members of The Friends of the Arboretum, \$4.00 for nonmembers. This edition is a revision of the original 1965 publication.

It was a pleasure to reread *A Thousand Ages*, partly to enjoy again the fine story of the Arboretum development against amazing odds, and partly to update knowledge of the Arboretum today. With all our real—and pseudo—concern for the environment, it is enlightening to read how the pioneers of ecology—Leopold, Curtis, Fassett, Longenecker and their contemporaries—handled the concepts of restoration and long-range planning. They never “finished” and were frank to say so (p. 50 on being “asked just how long it *would* take to restore the prairie Sperry [Theodore Sperry, a prairie ecologist with the National Park Service who directed the first restoration] replied, ‘Roughly . . . a thousand years’”). No doubt true, but the Curtis prairie, in fact the whole Arboretum, is already a marvelous place, and one can confidently expect it to mellow with age. That is, it will, if the pressures of the encircling urban environment can be minimized; but the decade since 1965 clearly shows beginning strain. For example, since the spring of 1966, there has been a program of conducted tours under guides trained in the nature lore of “Jim Zim” (naturalist James H. Zimmerman) and Rosemary Fleming (called by Mrs. Sachse “two extraordinary personalities,” with which description this reviewer heartily agrees!, p. ix).

As many as 16,000 people benefit by these tours annually! Add the many, many individuals who stroll the Arboretum trails and the school groups encouraged to use a special area near the Ho-nee-um Pond, and one can easily see the danger of overuse. Can the Arboretum stand this pressure—at what point does it become incompatible with the Arboretum purpose? Another evidence of pressure came in 1970, when the Grady Tract was encroached upon for access road along the Beltline Highway. The machine age won and the Arboretum suffered the loss of 3.77 acres and about 1,500 pines (p. x and xi). True, the land was purchased and the proceeds helped in a way, but the trees are gone forever.

The pictures in this revised edition are few, but well selected to illustrate key points in the restoration or key Arboretum people, ranging from Indians to the new director, Dr. Katharine Bradley.

On the whole, the book is so well done that it is embarrassing to point out defects, but in the interest of a factual 1974 revision one must note the following points.

(p. 115) Fred H. Harrington is no longer president of the University. President John Weaver should certainly be named, and since the chancellor system is now in effect, so should Chancellor Edwin Young.

(p. 116) The Arboretum Committee chairman's name should be corrected from Prof. Grant Cottam to Prof. Robert Ellarson. (Actually Prof. Robert Dicke was chairman in the intervening years.)

(p. 117) In the interest of accuracy, it should be noted that Harold C. Bradley was in physiological chemistry, not biochemistry—separate departments in this University.

Despite these very minor points, the reader will find the 1974 edition full of useful information. Copies, if not available through local bookstores, may be obtained through the UW Arboretum, 1207 Seminole Highway, Madison, 53711 for \$4.50.—*Elizabeth McCoy, UW-Madison.*

Joining the Establishment

UNDERGROUNDS; A UNION LIST OF ALTERNATIVE PERIODICALS IN LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA by James P. Danky; The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison, 1974. 206 pp. \$12.95.

Union lists of serials are always welcome tools as they increase the accessibility of the titles held by the several cooperating libraries. This union list of “non-standard,” “non-establishment” publications held by 180 libraries in Canada and the United States is particularly welcome as the titles are often very difficult to locate. The compiler has performed a valuable service to librarians, sociologists, political scientists, future historians, educators, and other researchers.

Any social scientist concerned with the contemporary scene will find it impossible to write without reference to the source materials covered by this list. The topics covered by the papers listed range from drugs, war, peace, violence, sex, love, venereal disease, abortion, revolution, and more.

Danky obviously had a great deal of difficulty deciding what to include and more difficulty deciding what to exclude, but this reviewer cannot understand why such titles as *The Progressive*, *Ramparts*, *ADA World*, *ACLU News*, and *AFSC Reporter* were included. Although these publications are “politically and cultur-

ally to the left of center" they are not "underground" or "alternative" publications in the sense these terms have been generally used. Furthermore they are included in "establishment" union lists, which are more complete sources of information about their availability in libraries.

It is also regrettable that some broad subject classification was not included to complement the alphabetical listing of titles and the geographical index. There are also some confusing cross-references. An example is given below.

ASU

[see AMERICAN SERVICEMEN'S UNION]

AMERICAN SERVICEMEN'S UNION

[includes ASU]

[see ALLY, THE BOND, and GRAFFITTI Heidelberg, GER.]

ALLY Berkeley, CA American Servicemen's Union

THE BOND: THE SERVICEMEN'S NEWSPAPER. New York, N.Y. American Servicemen's Union

GRAFFITTI Heidelberg, GER American Servicemen's Union [R/F]

[see also AMERICAN SERVICEMEN'S UNION]

To make this union list a more valuable reference tool, future editions should include holdings by the individual libraries surveyed. James Danky and the publisher should be congratulated for pro-

ducing this first attempt to make these materials more accessible; it is hoped some foundation will make the funding available to expand this effort.—Richard D. Walker, Library School, University of Wisconsin-Madison

A Herd of Independent Minds

DISCOVERING THE PRESENT: THREE DECADES IN ART, CULTURE AND POLITICS by Harold Rosenberg; University of Chicago Press, 1973. 336 pp. \$10.
THE AGE OF THE AVANT-GARDE: AN ART CHRONICLE OF 1956-1972 by Hilton Kramer; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1973. 365 pp. \$15.

Writing about art is invariably a lonely, thankless task. Few prizes are given for doing it well. Obscurity or indifference is the general reward for a performance that rates anywhere below superb. Harold Rosenberg and Hilton Kramer are art critics who rise above the pedestrian. Their writing is lucid and never self-congratulatory. They write about art and artists in a way that makes the reader feel there is something more to art than just looking.

Mr. Kramer's chronicle is a collection composed primarily of short essays, usually written for the *New York Times* as a review of a particular exhibition. He therefore is compelled to make his points early, with a minimum of

hyperbole and a maximum of information. The result is an interesting compendium of comments about the artists and artistic movements that have come to be loosely categorized as modern.

The aggregate conclusion Mr. Kramer derives from his gallery-going experiences over more than fifteen years is that avant-garde art, which has been so willfully embraced by the bourgeoisie, has "ceased to exist except as an imaginary enterprise engaged in combat against imaginary adversaries." The result is "the avant-garde's historic antagonist, the bourgeoisie, has been dispossessed of all its traditions—dispossessed above all, of its faith in the idea of tradition—and now lies supine and demoralized, awaiting the next scheduled rape of its sensibilities with the mixture of dread, curiosity, and bemused resignation befitting an organism no longer in control of its own habitat."

Harold Rosenberg is more discursive in his cultural explorations. As the regular art critic for the *New Yorker* magazine, he does not face the immediate deadlines or the space/style constraints that are a part of Mr. Kramer's professional baggage. The pieces in his collection range over art, culture (with a capital C), and politics (usually small P). They represent selections from scholarly journals and such newsstand publications as the *New Yorker*, *Vogue*, and *Esquire*.

Mr. Rosenberg is concerned with fixing a cultural identity in an era where "anonymity threatens everyone, and men and women alike achieve identity either through their actions or by manipulating the means through which people are recognized." Such a condition produces an environment which stimulates the banding together of what Mr. Rosenberg characterizes as a "herd of Independent Minds."

It is the growth of this herd that most disturbs him. He is concerned about "the menace of ideology" and its impact on the way we perceive the world. Echoing Hilton Kramer, he maintains that "the

The Atlas of Wisconsin

Until this past autumn, Wisconsin was one of only a handful of states and provinces in North America which had not produced some sort of official atlas. The first step to remedy that situation, initiated some nine years ago by the University of Wisconsin, has now been realized through the UW Press publication of *The Atlas of Wisconsin* (\$5.59 paper, \$20 hardbound). Edited by Professor Arthur H. Robinson of UW-Madison and Professor Jerry B. Culver of UW-LaCrosse, the volume consists of a set of basic general maps and a gazetteer of the hundreds of thousands of names that have been applied to the areas, physical features, and populated places of Wisconsin during its history. The editors hope to follow the present volume with others covering such subjects as the physical environment; population and society; history and government; industry, commerce and finance; agriculture, forestry, and fisheries; and conservation and recreation. Financing of the Atlas was made possible in part by a loan from the Wisconsin Academy.

cultural revolution of the past hundred years has petered out." This is the fault of the ideologues, those who strive, in a kind of intellectual totalitarianism, to establish their ideas as the law for all.

They are false prophets. They are "fanatical, arrogant, greedy, emotionally unstable, morally sophisticated, politically untrustworthy—by nature they are traitors both to their ideas and to themselves, even without bribe or force, from an ineradicable nostalgia for community with other people, who essentially revolt them, and from sheer weariness with their aimless egos."

Mr. Rosenberg is for quality, unfettered by fashion or symbiotic dependence on institutions or the self-serving comments of others. His essays set an admirable standard. His is a distinctive voice heard above the general rabble.—A. H.

Coaxing Quotes

WORDS AND THEIR MASTERS
by Israel Shenker; Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 1974. 368 pp. \$12.50.

Israel Shenker is a conduit. People talk through him. Those who do are concerned with words and their impact.

The majority of pieces collected in this book first appeared as Mr. Shenker's regular contributions to the *New York Times*. In that respect, many of them have the predictability of a newspaper piece. A subject is interviewed. Quotes are elicited. The reporter's job, as writer, is to provide an informative but unobtrusive matrix for the quotes.

The formula sounds simple, but it takes a special talent to coax interesting quotes out of those being questioned. Mr. Shenker has this ability and it makes his book something more than a routine scissors-and-paste collection.

Here, for example, are some of the things Mr. Shenker's interviewees say through him:

Gore Vidal: "One startling thing is how often in reading book re-

views, both serious and frivolous, one never finds any mention of how a book is written, because in a sense nobody knows any more how a book is written. Particularly in America there's no agreed-upon style and the result has been a kind of aesthetic anarchy."

Isaac Bashevis Singer: "Since modern literature tells little, it goes deeper and deeper into commentary, into sociology and pseudo-psychology. If Homer had written the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in terms of the psychology of his time, we wouldn't be able to read them today. It's a wonderful thing that Homer gave us the story and let others decide the meaning."

Wisconsin Academy readers will be interested in the article which deals with UW-Madison Prof. Frederic Cassidy's *Dictionary of American Regional English* (see Vol. 20, No. 4 of *Wisconsin Academy Review*), a project which provides a daring acronym as well as a fascinating lexicon of interesting regional words: *appearing out clothes*—best outfit (Minnesota); *Dog-day singer*—locust (Connecticut).

Jill Krementz has taken appealing photographs of some of the masters of words to illustrate the text. Judging from the current ubiquitousness of her photos on book jackets, anyone with literary pretensions should sit for one of her portraits.—A. H.

Two Big Ideas

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER: HISTORIAN, SCHOLAR, TEACHER by Ray Allen Billington; Oxford University Press, New York, 1973. 599 pp. \$17.50.

It could be argued that all one needs to know about Frederick Jackson Turner and his ideas can be gained from a reading of his essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," delivered in 1893 at the World Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Frederick Jackson Turner's legacy is not a bookshelf full of impressive volumes of scholarship. Edward Channing, a colleague at Harvard during Turner's later career, remarked disdainfully that

Turner had "never written any big books." Ray Allen Billington notes, however, that Turner "did have two original ideas (the frontier thesis and the analysis of sectional development in interpreting American history), which is two more than most" professors. These ideas have energized a significant segment of American historical scholarship for three generations now, resulting in many of the books that Turner himself failed to write.

Prof. Billington believes that in addition to Turner's big ideas, there is something worth knowing about this native Wisconsin son who helped establish the University of Wisconsin as one of the nation's foremost universities. The story of the growth of Turner's thought and the evolution of his career is taken as illustrative of the life of a prototypical college professor. "Most of his time and energy went not into the investigations that he loved, but into teaching small armies of undergraduates, ministering to the needs of an ever-increasing following of graduate students, caring for the details of departmental administration, and shouldering the countless duties demanded by his position in the university." Contemporary professors will certainly shudder with a sense of recognition at the routine.

The story of Turner's life is a chronicle of his trying to rise above the ordinariness of academic life. It was—and continues to be—a struggle for the blaze of inspiration to cut through the fog of pedagogic routine. A deeper consideration of the dimension of Turner's involvement in the academic life leads to the conclusion that sometimes it is just as important to think about history as it is to make it.

Frederick Jackson Turner was, above all, a self-effacing, hard-working, and humane man. It is reasonably certain that Prof. Billington's biography will remain the most comprehensive treatment for years to come. The majority of historians will continue to be more intrigued with or provoked by Turner's ideas than by the importance of an evaluation of the day-to-day realities of his life. Anyone electing to pursue the latter course will have to begin by consulting Prof. Billington's work.—A. H.

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