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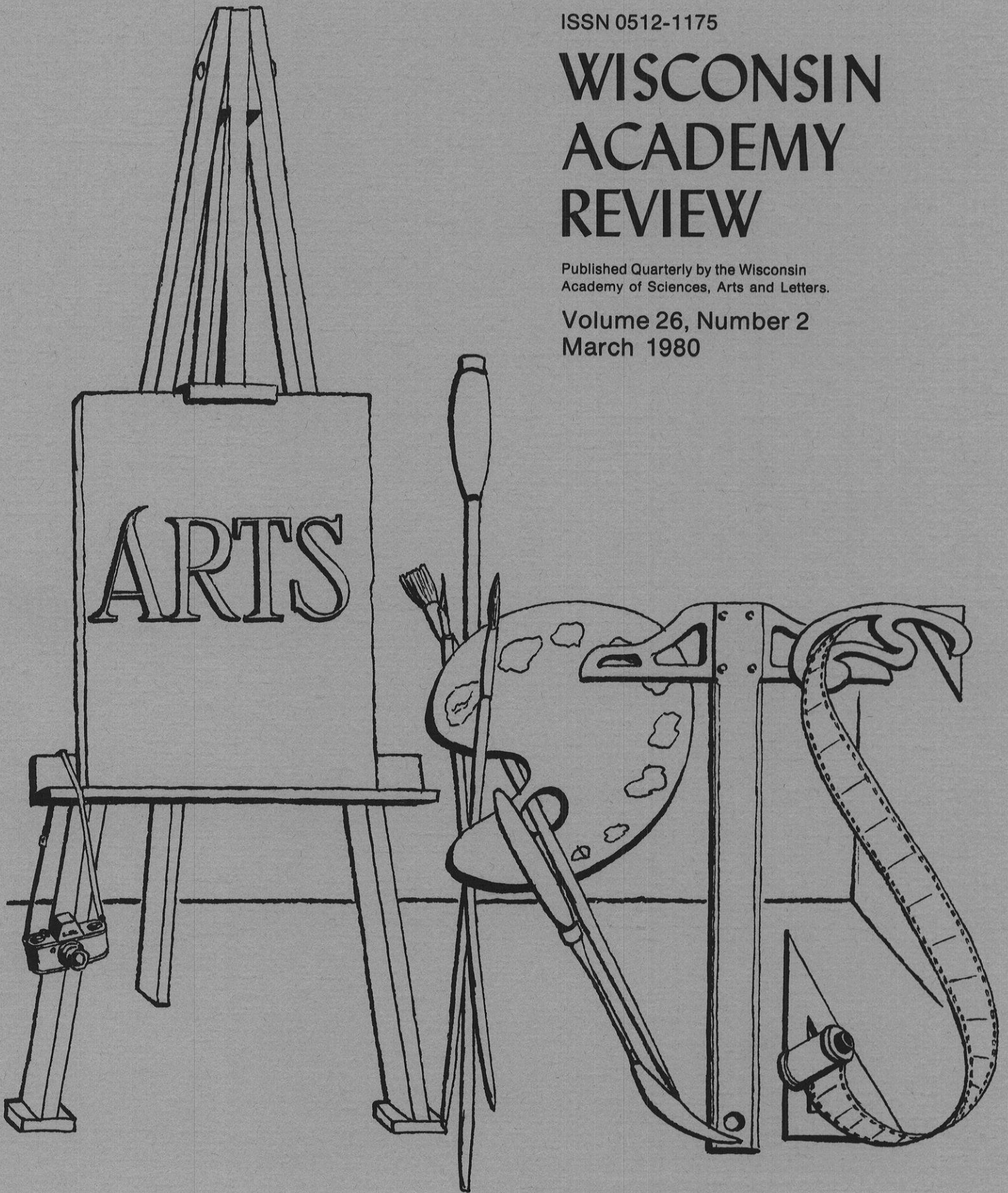
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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

Volume 26, Number 2
March 1980



ACADEMY STILL LIFE

No 25th anniversary issue devoted to the arts would be complete without a tribute to painter Aaron Bohrod. At WASAL's centennial celebration in 1970, the Academy presented the world-famous artist with an honorary membership, an award for Wisconsinites who have won great distinction.

In 1954, when the reproduction of the first of several Bohrod still lifes appeared on the cover of the second issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, the artist had just begun to paint in the trompe l'oeil style. Since then, Bohrod has become an indisputable master of the genre.

According to James Auer, art editor of the Milwaukee Journal, "Bohrod's genius is that he can juxtapose realistically rendered objects in such a way as to develop literary thoughts and allusions that make a comprehensible commentary upon life and the processes of living." He is known for his deftness in creating "a continuing interplay between images of the present and images out of the past."

It's pleasant to imagine a Bohrod still life representing the Academy today, in its 110th year, the 25th year of the *Review*, which he once served as associate editor for arts.

What objects would the painter choose for the arrangement? Some items undoubtedly would be battered and torn-edged, illustrating Bohrod's sense of the transitory nature of materials and institutions. Some images would come out of the past, some would be objects found in the offices today. Hmmmm. What thoughts and allusions would the still life evoke?

A mildly mind-boggling speculation, perhaps, but suitable for milestone marking.

—Elizabeth Durbin

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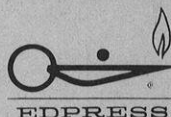
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CONTENTS

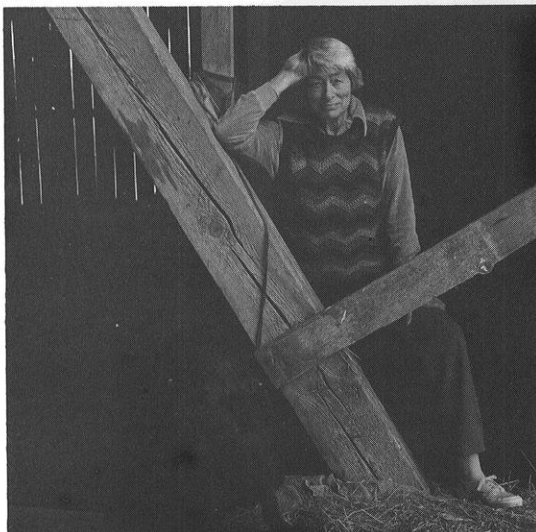
- 3 HARVEY LITTLETON AND THE ART,
THE TECHNOLOGY OF GLASS
Pat Powell
- 9 EYE AND I
Mary North Allen
- 21 7 NOT TO BE MISSED MUSEUMS
Mary Michie and Joseph Bradley
- 29 WHO SUPPORTS, WHO ENJOYS,
WHO KNOWS WHITHER THE ARTS?
George M. Richard
- 32 PROBLEMS IN THE ARTS
Jerrold B. Rouby
- 35 FUNDING FOR THE ARTIST IN WISCONSIN
E. Reid Gilbert
- 38 WINDFALLS
Arthur Hove
- 40 UW/WARNER BROTHERS SCREENPLAYS
ARE THE 'REEL' THING
Doug Bradley
- 42 BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN
- 49 INSIDE THE ACADEMY
Frederick Logan

ON THE COVER . . .

Ronald Daggett, cover artist for the anniversary issues, is both scientist and artist, an especially felicitous combination. A professor of engineering at UW-Madison, now retired, he heads his own plastics firm in Verona. Perhaps his most publicized achievement in plastics was the development, with Dr. Vincent Gott of UW-Madison, of a heart valve for implantation in humans with faulty hearts. With new developments in heart surgical techniques, artificial valves are no longer as widely used as they once were, but Daggett and Gott can take credit for ushering in the era of exciting developments in Wisconsin in the new field of bioengineering.

A watercolorist, who finishes his work at the site, Daggett spends weekends and vacations visiting small towns where he sets up his ingeniously-designed (by him) combination seat and easel before an evocative village street scene, an old mill, a harbor busy with boats or a railroad yard. When he repacks his easel/seat/suitcase to leave, he has usually not only made a picture but a new friend or two as well.

ABOUT THIS ISSUE . . .



Mary Allen

Megan Campbell

Mary North Allen, author of "Eye and I," about the interaction between people and photography, reports that she was born on a wooded hillside in the Catskill Mountains of New York state to a family that raised sheep, read aloud and drove reindeer across Lapland.

She graduated from Mills College in California and completed one year at Yale Medical School before marrying and raising a family. In 1960 she bought a new camera with a \$500 bequest and later enrolled in the UW-Madison

Mary Allen



Janica Yoder

George M. Richard conducted the multi-question survey on the arts that became the basis for his article, "Who Supports, Who Enjoys, Who Knows Whither the Arts?" Contemplating that whither over the next 25 years, Richard brings to bear his own years of experience.

He was Wisconsin's first professional state arts agency administrator as executive director of the Wisconsin Arts Foundation and Council, 1966-68, and served as a museum director for almost a decade.

He lives in Racine.

Pat Powell interviewed the internationally known artist-in-glass, **Harvey Littleton**, at his home in Spruce Pine, North Carolina without leaving Madison. Using the speaker phone hook up at Academy headquarters, she spoke with Littleton for an hour, getting his words on tape, then supplemented her material by talking with his son, **John**, who takes all the photographs of his father's work, visiting the UW-Madison art department and reading considerable background material including Littleton's own book, "Glassblowing, a Search for Form." The result is the article, "Harvey Littleton and the Art, the Technology of Glass."

Powell, who has a degree in library science, is publications editor for the Madison Area Library Council, an editor for UW Press and a free lance writer. She came to the *Review* offices last fall as an intern from the Journalism School class, Magazine Editing and Design, bringing with her a professionalism rare in a student. The *Review* benefitted.

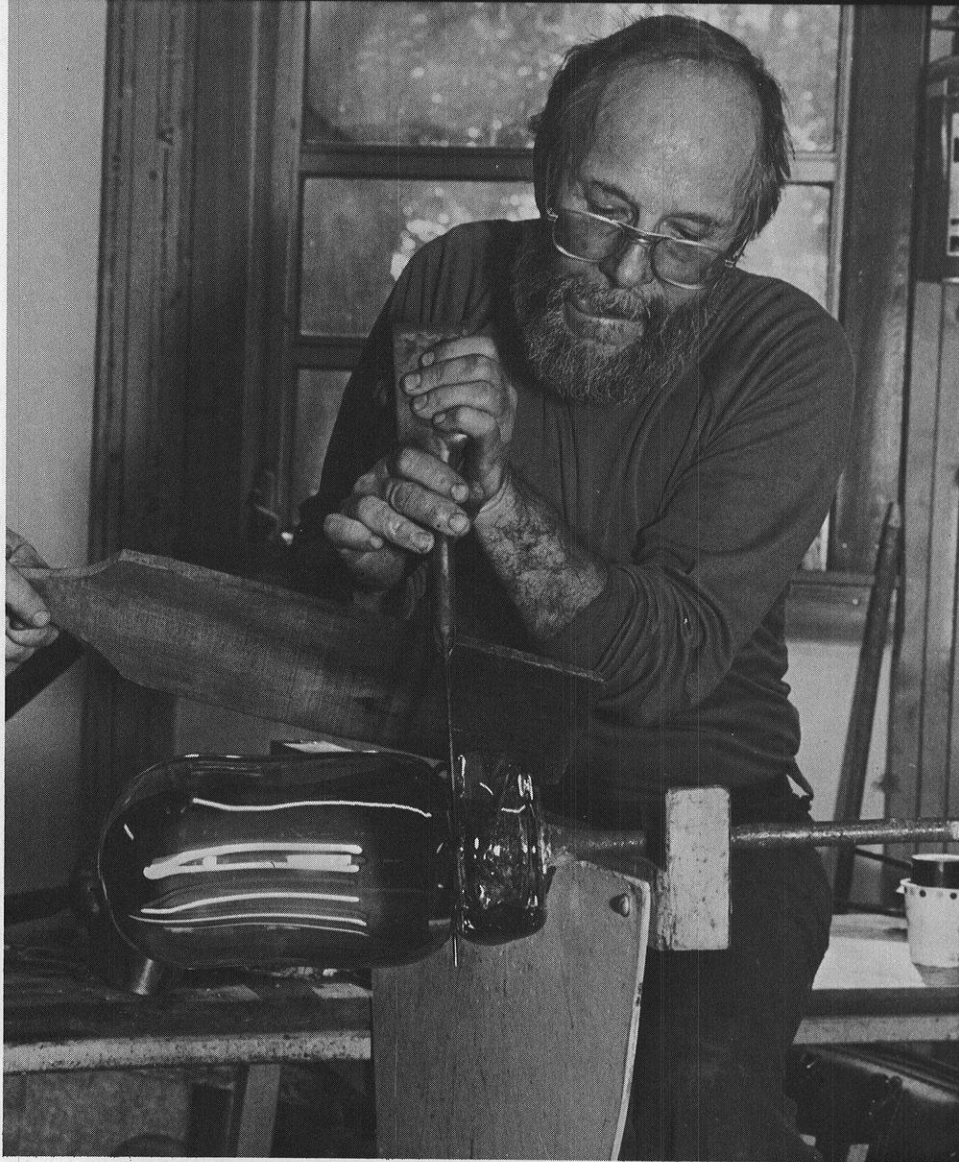
Powell lives with her husband, a professor in the classics department, two children, ages nine and 11, one guinea pig, three rats, one cat, one boa constrictor and one garter snake (three garter snakes are missing in the walls).

Her hobbies are refinishing antiques and collecting Indian artifacts, and she has traveled extensively.

In addition to photographing his father's work for newspapers, magazines and exhibition catalogs throughout the country, **John Littleton** has participated in numerous photography shows, both one-man and group, and his work hangs in private collections.

He is currently producing two books. One is *Glass Techniques for the Artist* for Doubleday, which will contain 500 pages and 700 illustrations; the other, for de Vilbiss Perfumes, consists of 150 illustrations.

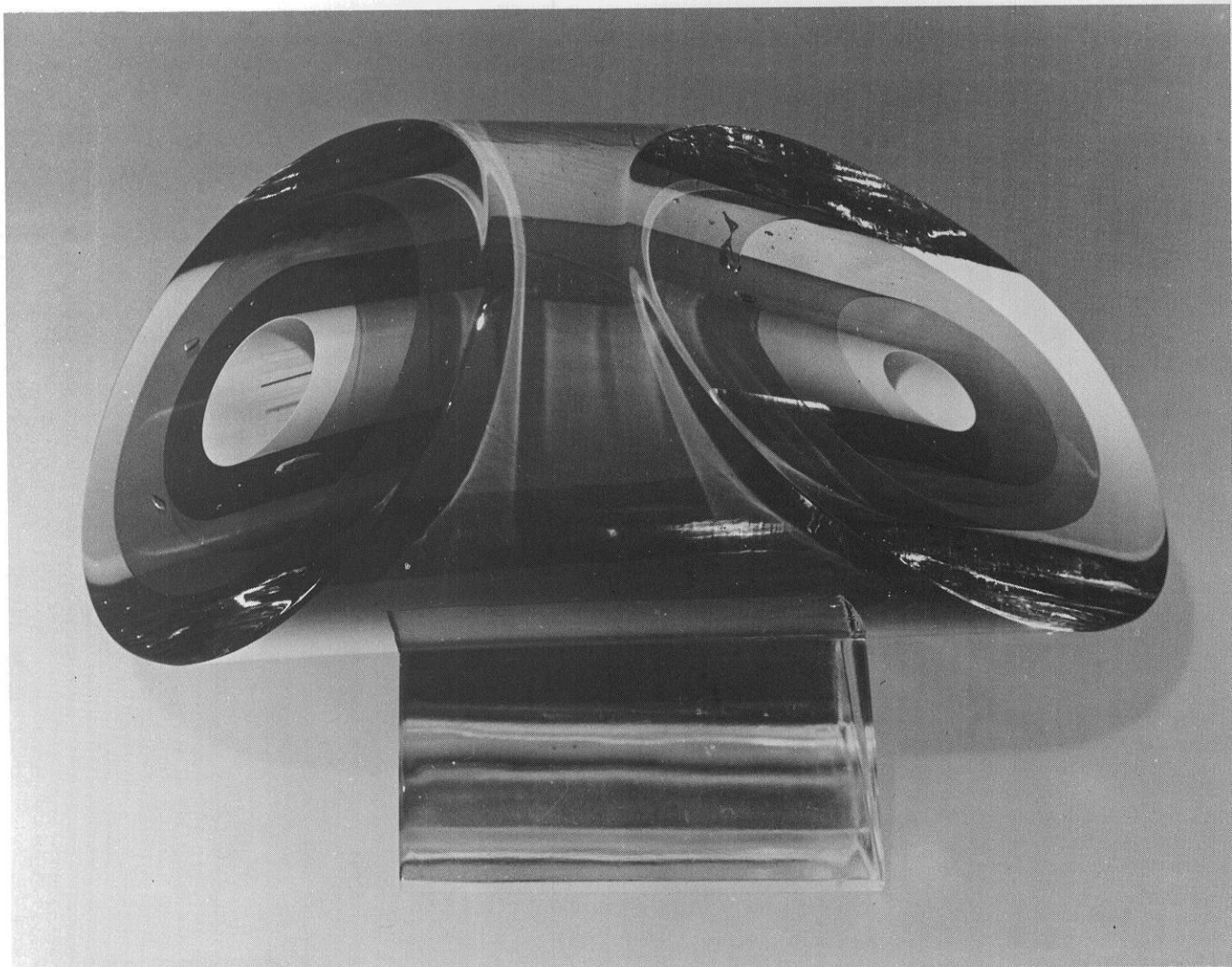
continued on page 37



HARVEY LITTLETON

and the art, the technology of glass

by Pat Powell
with photographs by John Littleton



Geometric Series, 1979.

The exhibition, "New Glass," which opened last April in Corning, New York and traveled to five US cities before going to France, England and Japan did much to draw America's attention to art glass. Widely reviewed and widely acclaimed, this show, more than any other single event, has shown the tremendous leap glass artists have made since the Corning "Glass '59" exhibition, when the majority of the entries were functional pieces from European factories. More than half the entries in "New Glass" were from American artists, and most of these artists were working in individual studios or schools. The catalog of this exhibition paid tribute to Wisconsin's Harvey Littleton for his part in bringing about this change, calling him a founding father of the studio glass movement.

Littleton, now an internationally known artist, taught in the art department at UW-Madison for 25 years and during that time exhibited his ceramics and glass throughout the state.

During his tenure, Littleton served as department chairman twice, from 1964-67 and from 1969-71. He

became an eloquent spokesman for the place of arts in a university: "We believe artists should be literate, educated rather than trained," he said in a recent interview from his home in North Carolina.

As an example of what he meant, he recalled students with backgrounds in the sciences and engineering who brought totally different perspectives to their work with glass. It was a profound change. "Never has there been an opportunity for artists to work on their own with the kind of educational background the current art student has. That's the revolution in art. America's leading the world, and Wisconsin is one of the leaders," he emphasized.

Commenting further on the current scene, Littleton expressed strong feelings about the value of the arts program at UW-Madison and the people who teach there. He praised the fine printmaking program and the Renaissance personality of Walter Hamady who makes his paper, writes his poems, does the illustrations and prints the books on his press. That kind of spirit must favorably affect a student, he said.

Littleton continues to speak on the future of the arts in universities, seeking forums such as the annual meeting in Michigan of the National Council for Education in the Ceramic Arts where he gave the keynote address this March.

A technology for art

In the early '60s, Harvey Littleton worked with a scientist, Dominick Labino, to develop the technology that brought glass out of the factory and made it available to the studio artist. He began the first program in this country to teach artists how to work glass. It was for these pioneering efforts to make glass accessible to the individual artist that he has been called the "father of the studio glass movement."

In recognition of his accomplishments as an artist in glass, the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and the Smithsonian Institution Museum of Industry and Technology in Washington D.C. have purchased his pieces as have the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, ten museums in West Germany, museums in Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia and Austria. Here in Wisconsin you can see Littleton glass at the Elvehjem, the Madison Art Center and the UW Memorial Union in Madison; at the Milwaukee Art Center; at the John Nelson Bergstrom Art Center and Museum in Neenah; at the Rahr-West Museum and Civic Center in Manitowoc; at the Johnson Wax Company in Racine; and at the UW Center-Wisconsin Rapids.

Growing up with glass

Although Harvey Littleton started teaching and working in ceramics, he grew up in the world of glass. His father, Jesse Littleton, received a PhD in physics (and an honorary degree in 1944) from the UW-Madison. Jesse taught in Michigan a few years, then went to Corning Glass Works to become the director of research. Harvey was born in Corning, New York in 1922.

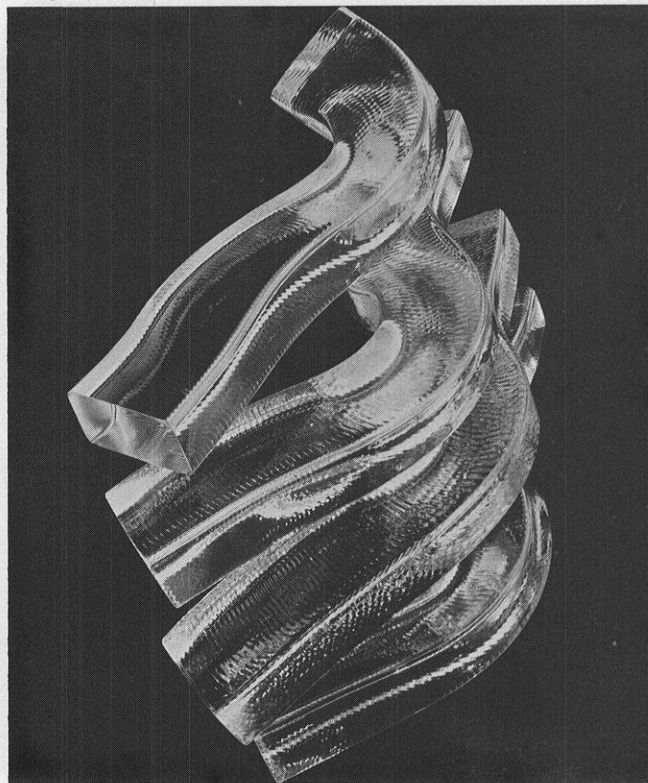
During the summers of 1941 and '42, young Littleton worked at Corning where he learned much about the industrial techniques of working with mold-blown glass. There he did his first glass sculpture, a small torso cast in opaque white glass, which he now says was "immature and not very exciting." The great possibilities of glass impressed him, but at that time no artists in this country were working with glass. Indeed it did not seem feasible to work in glass outside a factory, so great was the expense and knowledge required to set up a studio.

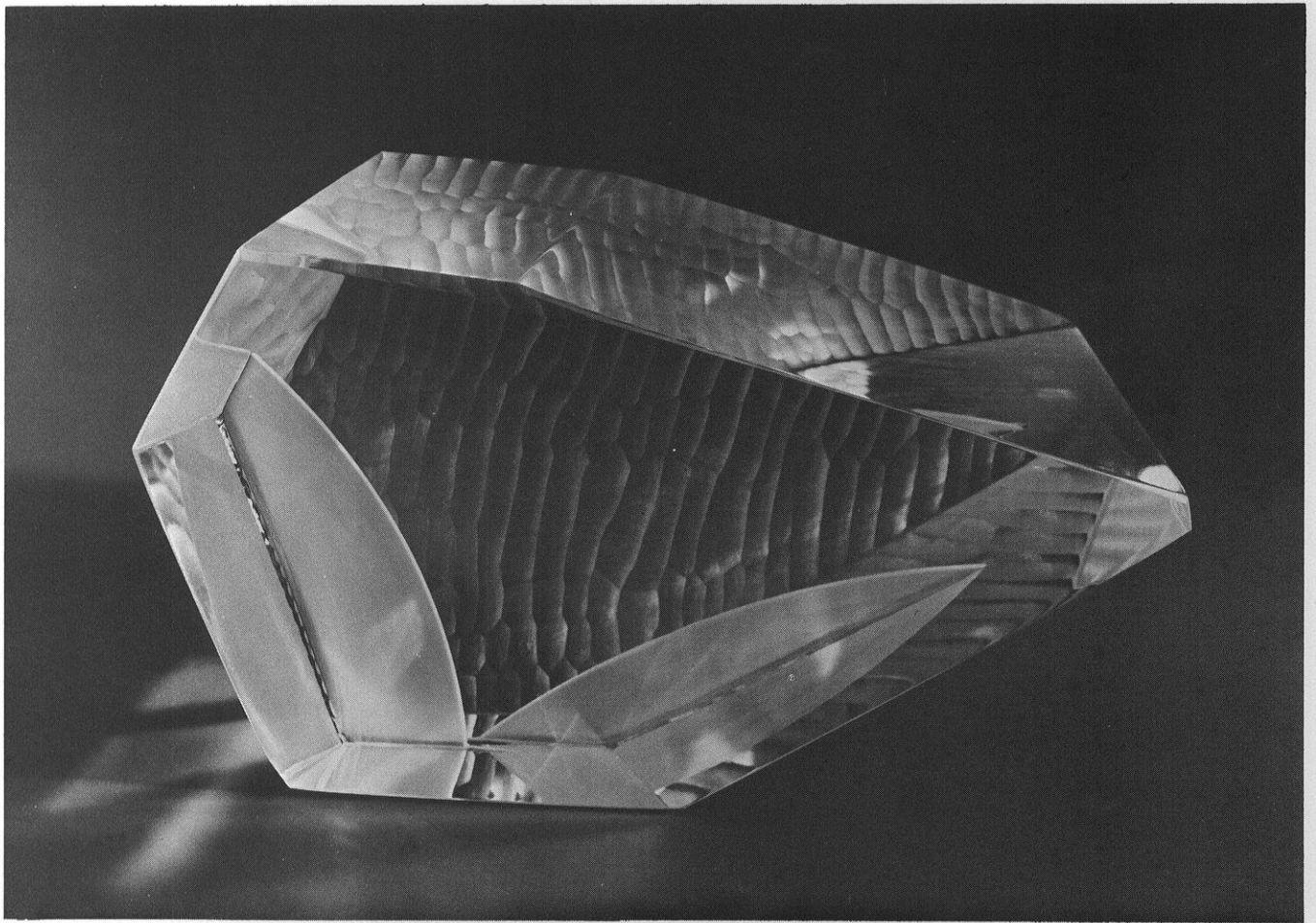
While completing military service in Europe, Littleton attended Brighton School of Art in England. He returned home to finish a BA, in 1947, from the University of Michigan in industrial design—a practical compromise between his undergraduate major in physics and his growing interest in art. This early training in physics and mathematics has influenced him throughout his career in his technological



"Interruption," 1978.

"Optic Wave," 1978.





Optic Series, "Polyhedron with Textured Side," 1979.

achievements and in his artistic vision.

After designing and building pottery equipment and spending two years on the faculty of the Toledo Museum of Art teaching ceramics, he earned his MFA from the Cranbrook Academy of Art. In 1951, with his wife Bess and two children, Littleton came to Madison as an instructor of ceramics in the art department of the University of Wisconsin. The family settled on a farm in Verona township where the artist built a pottery studio. Subsequently he worked on his own art at his farm studio. "I always felt it was too much of a burden on both me and the students to have me work in their studio," he noted.

In the summer of 1957, Littleton went to Europe with his wife and four children to study Islamic influence on Spanish pottery. While in Paris to pick up his Fiat bus, he looked up Jean Sela, the only artist he knew of who worked alone in glass. Sela had ceased glass work some years earlier, but showed Harvey his glass pieces, talked of the equipment he had used, and gave Harvey some glass-working tools which he no longer needed. From France the Littletons went on to Italy. During most of that summer, Harvey toured glass factories and learned from Italian glass workers who were continuing some of the Renaissance glass traditions.

Beginnings of form and control

Back in Wisconsin, Harvey converted one of his pottery kilns to a glass furnace and began to experiment with melting glass. From what he had seen in Italy, he felt sure he could use glass in his own art, and these attempts with converted apparatus persuaded him that with better equipment he could "control the glass and create some forms."

In 1959 he chaired a panel on glass at the annual meeting of the American Craftsman's Council. There he received encouragement to continue to seek ways of using free-blown glass as an art form.

Glass studios are born

That panel discussion eventually led to the offer by the Toledo Art Museum to hold in March 1962 the first seminar in this country for teaching glass arts. Excited by the weeklong seminar, Harvey and Dominick Labino, the scientist from an Ohio glass factory, planned a second seminar. With the small furnace Harvey brought from his farm and reassembled in a garage on the Toledo Museum grounds and the low-melting-temperature glass formula and other materials

Nick Labino contributed, the studio glass movement began.

During that summer of 1962 Littleton again went to Europe to observe glass being blown and worked. He spent some time in a family-owned glass works in Frauenau, Germany, watching the artist Erwin Eisch. These demonstrations were all the artist needed to convince him he was on the right track.

Back at the university the following fall, six of Littleton's pottery graduate students began to spend one day a week at his farm using his studio, with the university paying the utility bills. Later they came twice a week. An anonymous donation of \$1000 nudged the art department into incorporating the glass program into its curriculum. The professor and his students rented a metal building and built a glass lab near the campus. Thus was the first glass program introduced into an American university.

The idea spread quickly. As his students got MFA's they set up departments all over the country. Now more than a hundred US universities offer courses in glass blowing. Of this tremendous spurt of growth Harvey said, "My original purpose was to introduce glass to the university art curriculum as another material for the artist. It was a seductive material, and it captured the imaginations of the bright young people."

In 1977 Harvey Littleton retired from the university. "After 30 years of teaching, the glamour wore off," he commented wryly. He wanted to devote full time to his art. His wife Bess chose to move to North Carolina "for its beauty." They now live on the Blue Ridge Parkway on their ten-acre property. Bess, the nature buff, has identified six wild orchids and over 50 different flowers and shrubs on their land, Littleton confided proudly. The summers there at 3000 feet are mild, with light snowfalls in January and February. The Littletons feel they have found a scenic paradise.

Other artists have found it too. When the Littletons moved there, a flourishing community of artists was scattered about the hills. Ten of them, some Harvey's students, are working in glass in individual studios. In addition the Penland School of Arts and Crafts is nearby.

The expense of working glass is still a major factor for an artist. For Harvey, the overhead is about \$3000 a month, though another artist working nearby with a small gas furnace in a dirt-floored building spends only \$300 to \$400 a month for gas and electricity.

A more efficient furnace

Of his many contributions to studio glass technology, Littleton's most important may be the new furnace, which he redesigned and built in the summer of 1979. This newest furnace is an improvement of an electric furnace Littleton, working with a researcher from Corning, designed in 1973, after the oil embargo. The basic melting unit utilizes tin oxide electrodes; the resistant molten glass carries a current and becomes its own heating unit. Corning donated the tin oxide electrodes and the saturable core reactor necessary to limit

the current for this experiment. While this unit was a real advance in furnace design, he felt he could improve it when he moved from Wisconsin to North Carolina.

Accordingly, he replaced the saturable core reactor with a solid state unit, a less clumsy design with better safety features. He also added a chamber in front of the unit with a gas assist in which to refine and work the glass. Great expenditure of energy is required to fire the furnace to 2400 degrees F., the point at which glass melts, and for this he uses electric power. Glass is worked, however, at about 1800 degrees F. By using the gas only as an assist to maintain this lower temperature, he consumes much less energy, while at the same time providing continuous high quality melt. With justifiable pride, Littleton stated, "It is a **very** fine furnace."

Again, his early training in physics and industrial design enabled him to come up with the technology to match his artistic ideas and his technological sophistication allowed him to adapt ideas from industry to fit his individual requirements—a definite advantage for a working artist.

The fruits of retirement

In retirement the artist has been busy as well as the artist-designer, as the fruits of Littleton's last two years of labor show. Since moving to North Carolina, he has completed what he calls the "Optic" series—he prefers to work in series to explore fully the possibilities of an idea, a form. For this series he hot-worked optical glass from a Corning plant in Danville, Virginia and then lovingly cut and polished it in a series of polyhedrons to heighten the clarity and beauty of the glass. This glass has no color; its brilliance is in the form.

Now Littleton is working on a series he calls "Geometric"—glass with concentric layers of color supplied by very thin overlays cased. "I call them 'Geometrics,'" Harvey explained, "because they have a central axis and they're usually at least three colors. I sometimes cut lines, take a cylinder with one end sliced at a 90 degree angle and the other at a 120 degree angle, draw a line around to create a trapezoid. That's the kind of geometry I'm fooling with. I make lines within the matrix of the glass."

Joan Byrd, a former student of Littleton's now teaching at Western Carolina University, appraises the "Geometric" series for the February-March issue of the *American Craft Magazine*: "Harvey Littleton's new 'play geometry' pieces are singularly successful works of art in glass, evoking fresh delight in the contemporary brilliance of the ancient medium. With dramatic cogency, the sculptures embody esthetic principles that have provided the continuum throughout Harvey's professional career in glass, yet at the same time they belong uniquely to this concentrated moment in his creative life . . . The new series is a succinct statement of the equal pleasure Harvey derives from the hot-and-cold-working properties of glass."

Littleton has had numerous one-man shows incorporating these two series with past work. An exhibit

organized by the Charlotte Mint Museum traveled through North and South Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky in the first half of 1979. He had a show at the Contemporary Art Glass Gallery in New York in December, at the Naples Art Gallery in Naples, Florida in February 1980. In March, the members of the National Council for Education in the Ceramic Arts saw his exhibit at the Habitat Gallery in Dearborn. In May he opens a one-man show in Toronto; then in November he again exhibits in New York.

Collectors may wonder about the prices of art glass. Littleton's prices range from \$1000 to \$5000 for a work of art. In spite of his international reputation, Littleton's prices are by no means the highest. Mark

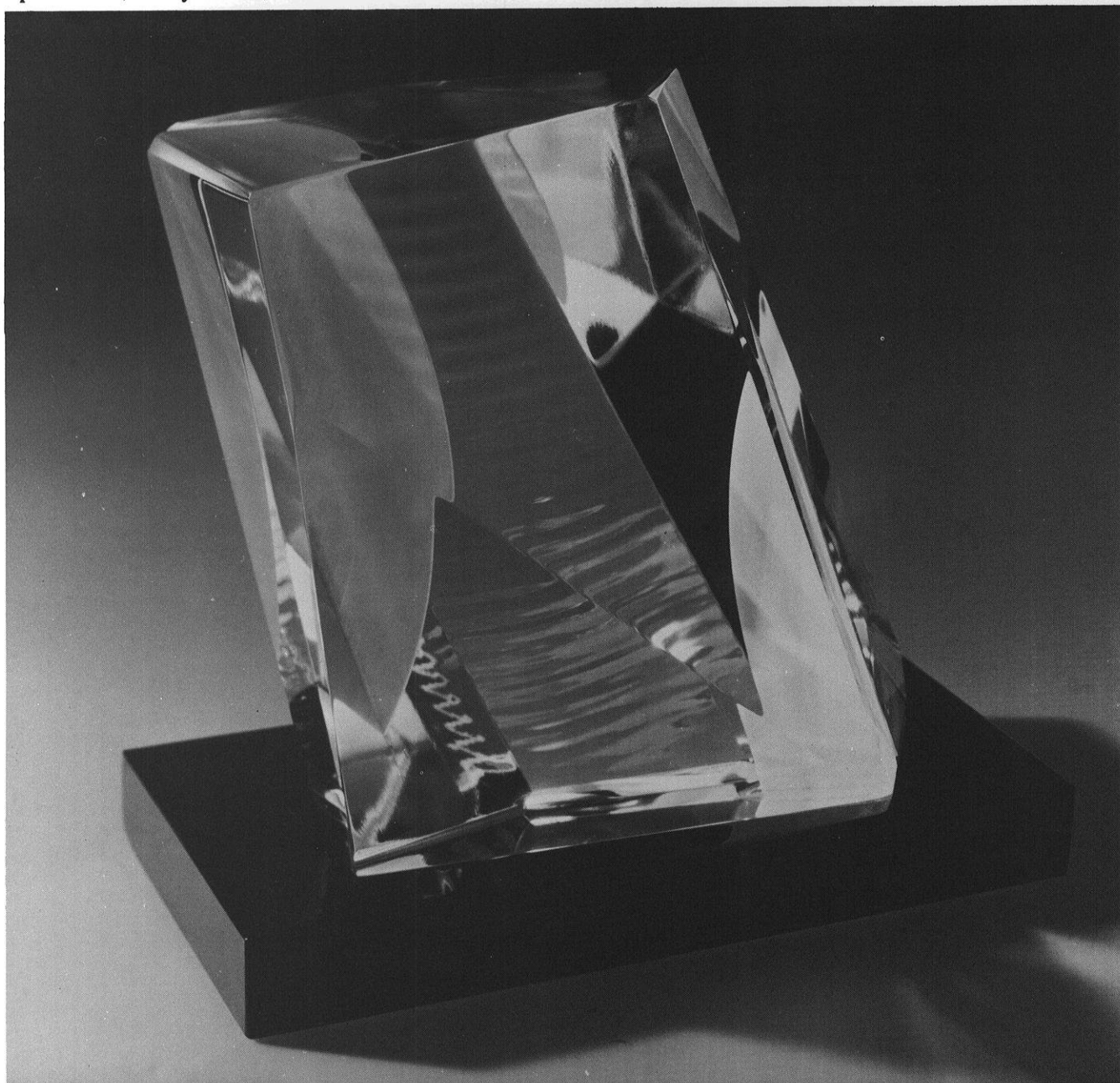
Optic Series, "Polyhedron," 1979.

Peiser, who also lives and works in North Carolina, sells a vase for \$6000 or \$7000.

Although, in retirement, Littleton left Wisconsin, he has not severed his ties with the state. He is an emeritus professor at UW-Madison, and he maintains close contacts with the artists here. "I considered myself retired from the university but not retired as an artist," he declared.

The wondrous outpouring of creativity now being seen around the country confirms that statement.

Pat Powell is a Madison free lance writer and editor. John Littleton, who does all the photography of his father's work, received his art degree from UW-Madison.



Eye and I

by Mary North Allen

Copyright 1980 by Mary North Allen

... the deepest quality of a work of art will always be the quality of mind of the producer.

Henry James wrote that in "The Art of Fiction" in 1884.

Before that decade was out George Eastman was selling his first Kodak. It came loaded with film. The customer took the pictures, then returned the camera to the company, who removed the film, processed it, reloaded the camera and sent it back to the customer.

"You press the button, we do the rest."

Photography was here to stay.

In our century research and development have followed Eastman's genius. Photography is easy: light meters, light meters handheld, light meters built-in, small cameras, automatically controlled cameras, instant print cameras.

Fun for everybody. Anybody can do it and we all do.

The first worldwide folk art.

We all know how we look. We all know how the other side of the world looks. Even the moon.

Today it is a deprived child whose family does not make a photographic record of his life.

What else has happened?

Photography is mindless: you press the button . . . watch the birdie . . . say cheese . . . attach Accessory X to Camera Y and "be creative." On this ground the industry has grown and grown.

The cover of *National Geographic* magazine for October 1978 is a portrait of a gorilla taken

by that same gorilla with her very own camera.

When someone says to me, "You must have a good camera!" is that person telling me that I can do as well as a gorilla, or is this Photography-Is-Mindless paying a compliment?

Is photography making us mindless? A mindless civilization whose vision is dictated by a machine?

The photographic process is so good at imitating appearance that the photograph is frequently taken to be the thing itself. For many people the photographic reality (still, movie, television) is the norm.

Many people do feel disappointed when they visit the real Yosemite and find that it is not the same as an Ansel Adams photograph.

The making of a photograph and the viewing of a photograph can both be done mindlessly.

My earlier work had taught me that artistic activity is a form of reasoning, in which perceiving and thinking are indivisibly intertwined. A person who paints, writes, composes, dances, I felt compelled to say, thinks with his senses. This union of perception and thought turned out to be not merely a specialty of the arts. A review of what is known about perception, and especially about sight, made me realize that the remarkable mechanisms by which the senses understand the environment are all but identical with the operations described

by the psychology of thinking. Inversely, there was much evidence that truly productive thinking in whatever area of cognition takes place in the realm of imagery. This similarity of what the mind does in the arts and what it does elsewhere suggested taking a new look at the long-standing complaint about the isolation and neglect of the arts in society and education. Perhaps the real problem was more fundamental: a split between sense and thought, which causes various deficiency diseases in modern man.

—Rudolf Arnheim,
Visual Thinking

I believe that photography has been a factor in the spread of the deficiency diseases of which Arnheim speaks. We are bemused by photographic likeness in precise detail while we neglect the world itself; we are amazed at a piece of film in a little black box while we take for granted our own two eyes.

Most people can see to carry on the functions of daily living. For many purposes it is sufficient to identify. What need might there be to look further? What more is there?

If I concentrate my attention on looking, if I use my eyes to explore, what might I discover?

Is it possible to enhance one's ability to see? Does it take practice and effort and thought to learn to see, as it does to learn anything else? Can you work so hard at it that you miss it entirely—it escapes

while you think about looking?

Does it take practice to grasp pattern, pattern of patterns, patterns which connect; difference, ever more subtle difference, what Gregory Bateson in *Mind and Nature* calls, "difference that makes a difference"?

Eye is specialized nerve tissue, an outpost of brain. Would it be possible to do with camera some systematic exercises from which Eye might learn, and from which, in turn, Thought might devise a next set of exercises? Turn that mindless nonsense inside out?

It was entirely by chance that I stumbled into all of this. One day when I was looking intently at one of my photographs I was suddenly struck, "This picture is the story of my life!"

Why did I think that? It was not a picture of me. I had not been conscious of self when doing the camera work. On the contrary, I had been completely absorbed in the play of light and shadow in an old building at the same time that I was calculating how I could transform what I saw into an image on film.

Now that image was speaking to me.

What was going on?

Could it be that making the photograph had been an act of connecting? Connecting some old-building quality with some mind-quality? Some light/dark quality of old building with some light/dark quality of me?

In effect, I was discovering my own voice. If each person's voice has some unique quality, why not a unique quality to each vision?

Consider your own back doorstep. How does it look? From season to season, in rain, fog, sun, snow, the appearance is constantly changing. How does it look when it feels like home? How does it look when you decide it needs a new coat of paint?

If you decide to take a picture of your back doorstep without considering what area is given emphasis by brightness of light,

what is hidden in shadow, you are likely to get a meaningless jumble of unrelated parts.

A photograph of a doorstep could be a metaphor. It could evoke loneliness or welcome; meetings or partings; ending-become-beginning.

Or it might say all doorsteps look alike. A doorstep is a doorstep. Nothing has meaning.

This morning I met a woman as she was bundling up to go out into the cold. The shape of her hat emphasized the bone structure of her head. The soft blue and dusty pink of her scarf brought out the natural color of her face.

The look remembered is now working its way into the ever-evolving system of articulating forms through which I see.

Henri Cartier-Bresson, one of the most gifted photographers of all time, says:

...One has to feel oneself involved in what he sees through the viewfinder. This attitude requires concentration, a discipline of mind, sensitivity and a sense of geometry. It is by great economy of means that one arrives at simplicity of expression. One must always take photographs with the greatest respect for the subject and for oneself.

To take photographs is to hold one's breath when all faculties converge on the fleeing reality. It is at that moment that mastering an image becomes a great physical and intellectual joy.

To take photographs means to recognize—simultaneously and within a fraction of a second—both the fact and the rigorous organization of visually perceived forms that give it meaning. It is putting one's head, one's eye and one's heart on the same axis.

...It is a way of life.

Each of us searches for meaning in the seeming chaos of the world around us. We do so even though we may never have heard of

such things as laws of visual perception. Or hemispheres of the brain.

As the decades of my life pass, will I restrict my variety of experience to habitual form, or will I search for new forms? Will I find always the same meaning wherever I go, or will I allow myself abundance of meaning?

Enough of words. Let's look.

The images I have selected are the work of a number of Wisconsin photographers.

Steve Agard is the owner of Eclipse, a photographic equipment and supply store in Madison.

Roald Bostrom was the owner of the Bathhouse Gallery, which, alas, no longer exists. He is now leaving Milwaukee to move to the west coast.

Megan Campbell teaches photography for the University of Wisconsin-Extension and drives a Madison school bus. She has assisted at the Maine Photographic Workshop.

Bruce Fritz, formerly staff photographer for The Capital Times of Madison, is a free lance photographer.

David Mandel is a photoarchivist at the State Historical Society and teaches photography for UWEX.

Tom McInville is assistant professor of Educational Communications and directs the UWEX program in photography.

Paul Vanderbilt is one of America's distinguished photographers. He was curator at the Library of Congress where he catalogued the Farm Security Administration collection and was iconographer at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin until his retirement a few years ago.

Janica Yoder of Hartford, Wis. teaches at the International Center of Photography in New York.

Mary Allen is a photographer and designed and teaches the basic small camera courses at UW-Extension.



JANICA YODER



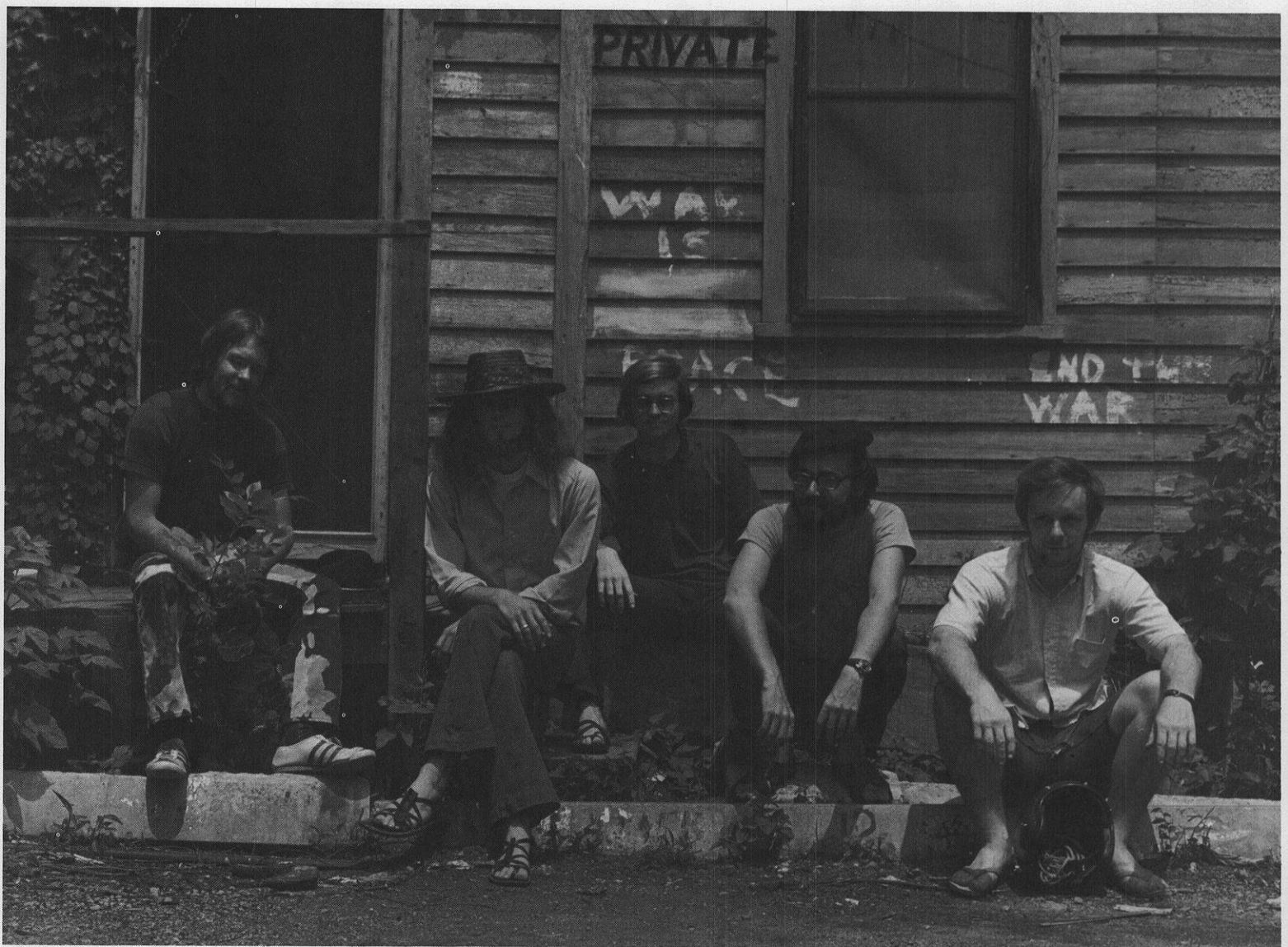
PAUL VANDERBILT

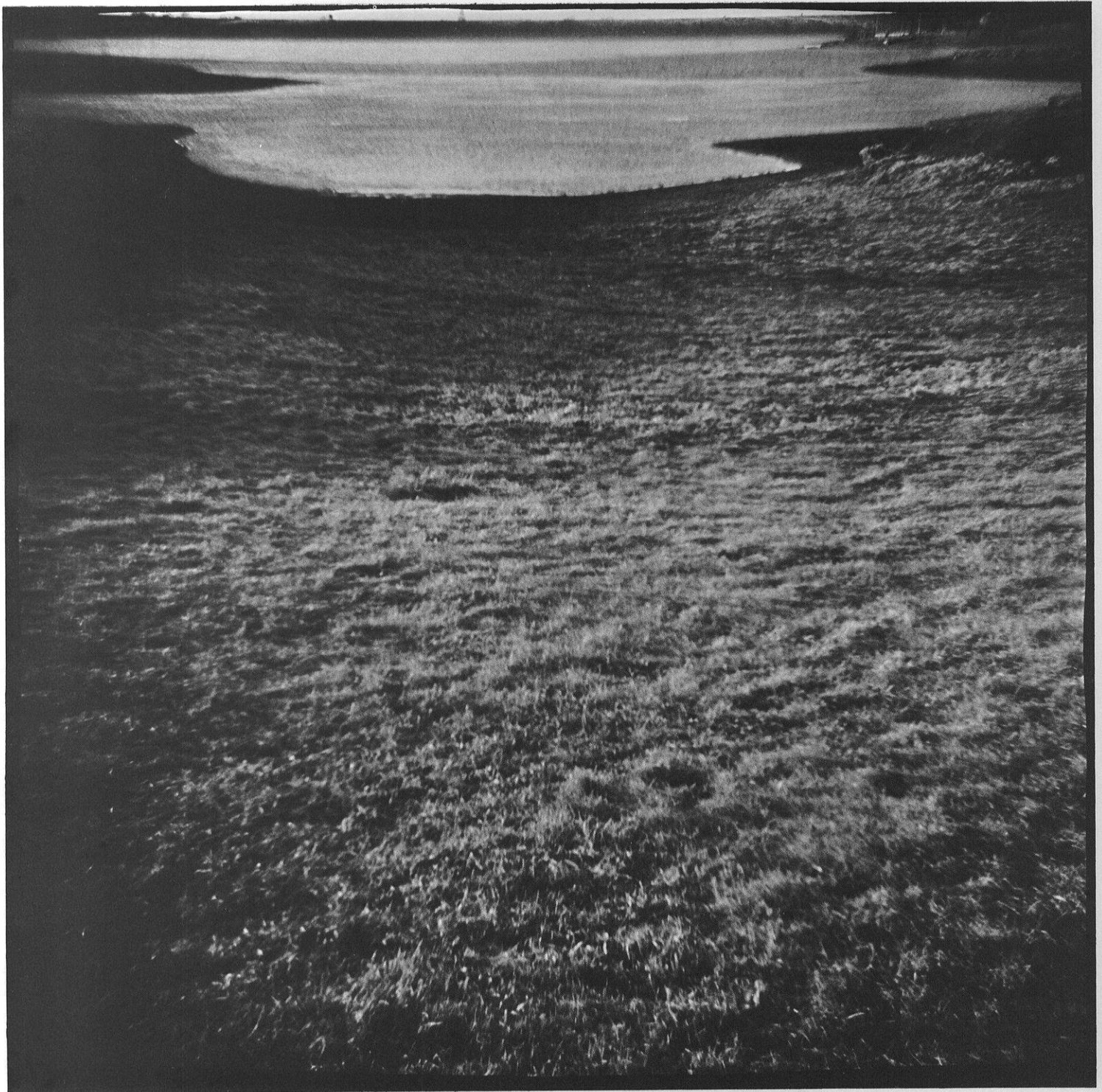




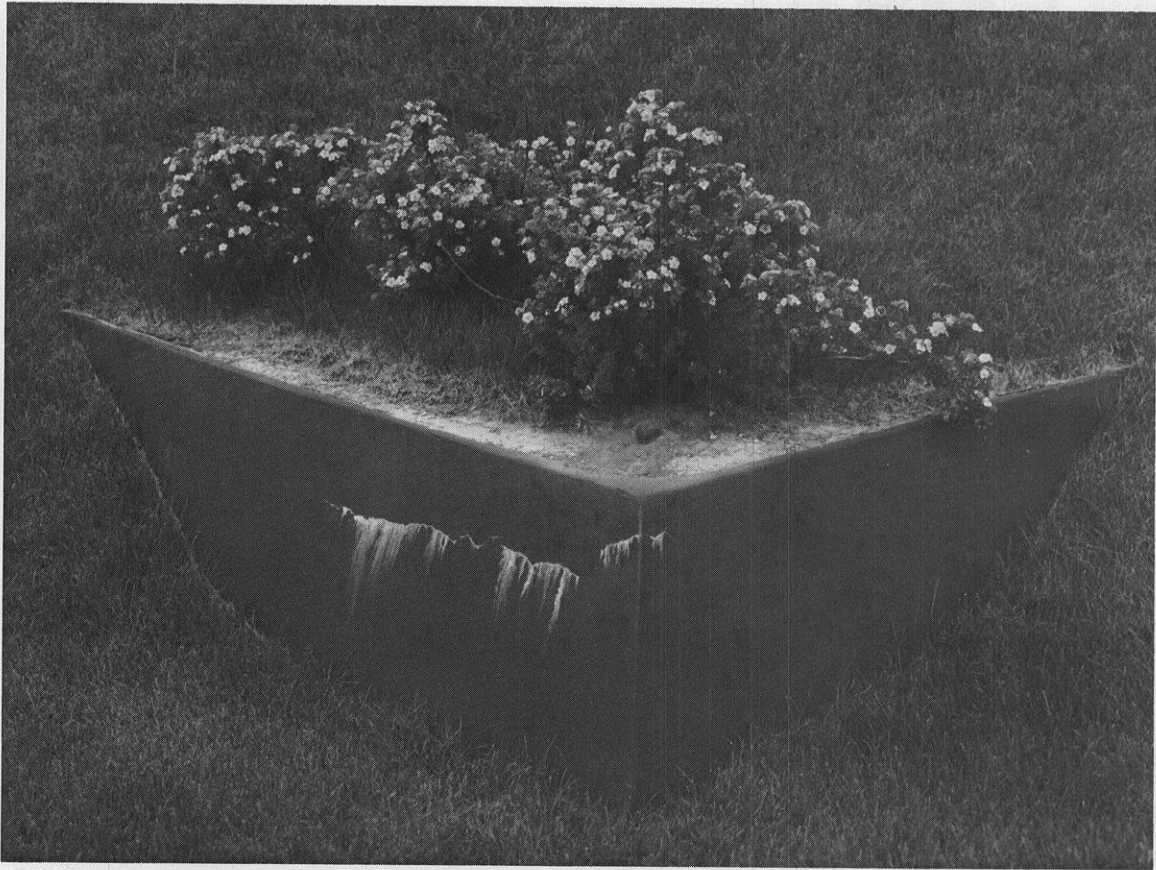
MEGAN CAMPBELL

TOM McINVILLE





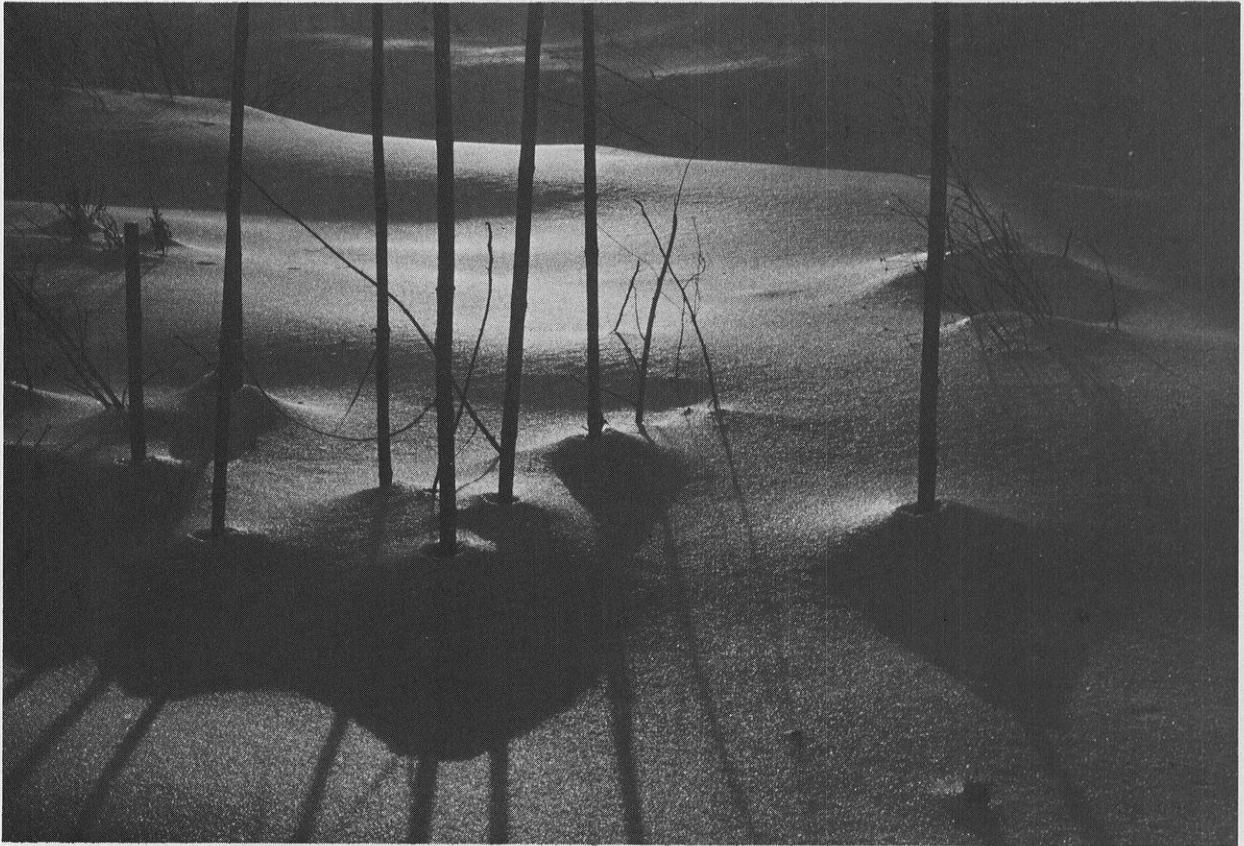
DAVID MANDEL



STEVE AGARD

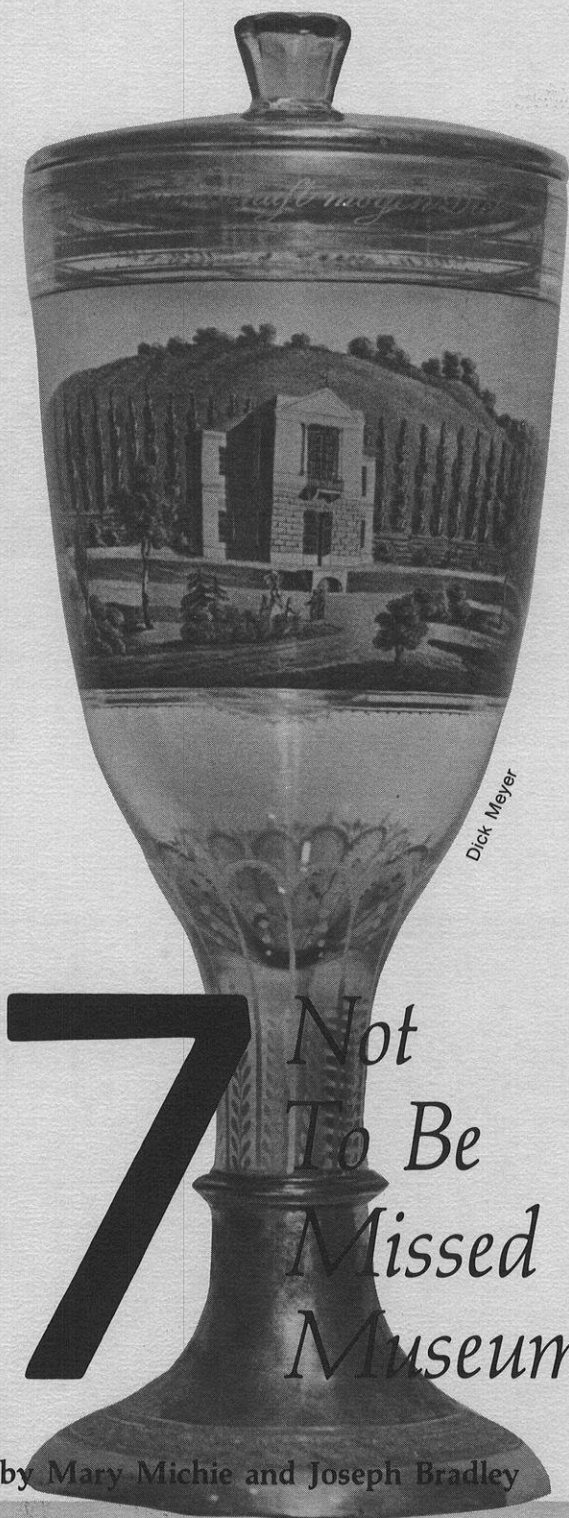


BRUCE FRITZ



MARY NORTH ALLEN

ROALD BOSTROM



by Mary Michie and Joseph Bradley



Barbara Carlson

EDITOR'S NOTE

It is virtually impossible to get an exact count of the number of art museums in Wisconsin. The American Art Directory lists 33 public institutions. Whatever the total, public or private, many of them are gems, treasured in their own communities, but perhaps not appreciated as they might be in other parts of the state. Some combine visual arts, performing arts, science and history; others are devoted only to the visual arts through exhibitions and programs in art education and appreciation. Though diverse in many ways, they all maintain the highest standards, have a stimulating calendar of events and contribute significantly to the arts opportunity in Wisconsin.

In the hope that readers will be inspired to visit all such cultural havens encountered during travels about the state, Mary Michie, a sculptor and one of the organizers of Wisconsin's Depression Art project, and Joseph Bradley, an assistant professor in arts development at UW-Extension, have described just a few.

THE BERGSTROM

The John Nelson Bergstrom Art Center and Museum in Neenah opened in 1954 when Bergstrom's widow bequeathed the family home, a generous endowment and her personal collection of paperweights to the city of Neenah. A new wing and other capital improvements in 1965 tripled the museum space.

The Mahler Glass Museum displays a growing collection of American paintings, prints and sculpture. These are augmented annually through gifts from individuals and organizations. They also keep on exhibition their unusual collections of paperweights and Germanic glassware of the 15th to 19th centuries.

An extensive educational program includes exhibitions, studio courses, lectures, films, guided tours, seminars, parent-child workshops and paperweight symposiums. Many of these programs are sponsored by the Friends of the Bergstrom, a group formed in 1959 "to help the Bergstrom Art Center achieve its goals, and to help relate the Center to the community." The Friends also sponsor an annual outdoor art fair, an annual Christmas gala and tours to other museums, and make contributions to the acquisition fund.

The Bergstrom Art Center is located at 165 N. Park Ave. in Neenah. It is open from 12-4:30 Wednesday through Friday; from 1-4:30 Saturday and Sunday. Admission is free. The director is Alexander Vance.

The covered goblet painted with the portrait of a girl and a landscape, attributed to Gottlob Mohn (1789-1825), was given to the Bergstrom by Mrs. Ernst Mahler in 1979.

The Bergstrom

THE KOHLER

Since its opening in 1967 the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan has become one of the most vital elements in the cultural life of the area. Its original objectives: to provide education in and exposure to all the arts; to employ an integration of the arts; and to involve as much of the community as possible, have been carried through with dedication. The center has outgrown its original space in the John Michael Kohler home and is now a thriving museum/art school/performing arts complex that attracted 115,000 visitors in 1979.

The Kohler's visual art exhibitions, of which they organize 18 a year, have increased in depth in recent years and include "Civilizations" in 1977 and "Clay from Molds" in 1978, documenting movements in contemporary American art. In 1979 "Glass/Backwards: Reverse Paintings on a Transparent Support, 500-1979 A.D.," was a major, simultaneous two-part exhibition of historical and contemporary reverse painting techniques, the first of its kind ever organized in this country. All of the museum's exhibitions embody its goal of education by providing learning experiences through exposure to a variety of art forms, showing new directions in contemporary American painting, drawing, sculpture and graphics as well as works of earlier periods and other cultures.

Perhaps the most obvious sign of the arts center's maturity as a multi-arts organization has been the evolution of its performing arts programs into a full and equal partnership with the visual arts. Performing arts activities have been greatly expanded to include programming on a year-round basis.

JMKAC's "Sundays at Three" series, for example, begun in the fall of 1977, has brought both professional touring groups and local performers before new audiences of arts center visitors, many of whom began to take advantage of the nature and regularity of the series regardless of the specific event scheduled. In addition, in the last year the arts center has been able to bring in more professional programming, including dance companies, choral groups and individual artists, and the presence of these professionals has proved to be a stimulus for the public at large as well as for local performers.

Classes at JMKAC are perhaps the most obvious embodiment of the arts center's goal of education, as they are always designed to supplement and enhance children's and adults' educational activities. In addition, special funding through a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts has allowed the arts center to reach people who are not ordinarily able to come to JMKAC, such as the physically disabled and the disadvantaged.

The John Michael Kohler Arts Center is located at 608 New York Ave. in Sheboygan and is open every day of the week from 12 to 5, and Monday evening from 7 to 9. Admission is free. The director is Ruth Kohler.



The Kohler



An "8 Artists in Industry" exhibit catches the attention of some young visitors to the Kohler.

THE NEVILLE

The Neville Public Museum of Green Bay opened in 1927 when funds from the family of A. C. Neville gave the Green Bay Public Museum the opportunity to build a permanent home for its growing collection. The Neville is a general museum devoted to art, science and local history. Recognized for its educational services, it sponsors a program of films, exhibits, classes, demonstrations, workshops, guided tours through its own collections and tours to other museums. Lectures on art, science and local history are held several times each month. The largest exhibition of the Neville's art program is the annual exhibition of "Northeastern Wisconsin Art," a juried show to which artists and craftspersons from a 13-county area send work in a large variety of media. Purchase awards from this exhibition help build the museum's collection of art from northeastern Wisconsin.

The Neville also sponsors a smaller museum of a very different character: Historic Hazelwood. Built in 1837 as the home of Morgan Martin, Green Bay settler and member of the Territorial Legislature, Hazelwood became the site of the drafting of the Wisconsin constitution in 1847 and 1848. Many of its furnishings once belonged to the Martin family, and those that have been added are from the same period. The directors of the Neville Museum seek to provide "an accurate historical view of one family's life in Green Bay between 1830 and 1870."

The Neville Museum is located at 129 S. Jefferson St., and is open to the public from 9 to 5, Monday through Saturday, and from 2 to 5 on Sunday, with no admission charge. Hazelwood, at 1008 S. Monroe Ave., is open from 10 to 5 Tuesday through Saturday, and from 2 to 5 on Sunday during the months of May through October. From November through March it is open by appointment only, and in April it is open only on weekends, or by appointment. Fee: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. The director of the museum is James L. Quinn.

The Neville

Barbara Carlson





A "Clay—Fiber—Glass" exhibit shows off one of the gallery rooms of Green Bay's Neville Public Museum.



The Rahr-West

THE RAHR-WEST

The Rahr-West Museum and Civic Center in Manitowoc is part of the history of the city it serves. The two major concerns of the museum are the visual arts and history of the area and appropriately, the facility consists of two adjoining structures, one devoted to history and the other providing exhibition space for the major part of the collections. In 1980 the Rahr-West Museum was accredited by the American Association of Museums.

The oldest portion of the Rahr-West is the Victorian mansion built by Joseph Vilas in 1891 and donated in 1941 to the city of Manitowoc by its later owner, Mrs. Reinhardt Rahr. Attached is the modern West Wing, built in 1975 with funds donated by Mr. and Mrs. John D. West.

The mansion houses the unique Schwartz Collection of Chinese ivories, a collection of Boehm porcelain and an antique doll collection. In addition, the mansion is a work of Victorian art itself, having been faithfully restored with period rooms. In 1977 it was placed on the National Register of Historic Places.

The West Wing houses Civic Center meeting rooms on the lower level and, at ground level, administrative offices and the spacious Ruth West Gallery for transitional exhibitions. The Rahr-West also has a fine permanent collection of American paintings and prints from the 19th and 20th centuries, including the work of Wisconsin artists.

A glance at a list of recent exhibitions shows the scope of this fine city-owned facility. In September 1979, the Rahr-West assembled a major exhibition, "Coverlets: An American Tradition." In December 1979, the Rahr-West featured another assembled exhibition: "Religious Art: Man's Creative Expression of Faith," displaying 150 original works of religious art from numerous museum collections.

This unusual museum, with its contemporary and period works enhanced by modern exhibit space as well as large areas that have been restored and decorated in the Victorian manner, is a visual delight in contrasts.

The Rahr-West Museum is located at the corner of Park and North Eighth Sts. in Manitowoc and is open to the public at no admission charge. Hours are 9 to 4:30, Tuesday through Friday and 1 to 4 Saturday and Sunday. The director is Gary Whitbeck.



Paul Jenkin's acrylic "Phenomena: Saturn Ascent, 1974, can be seen at the Rahr-West Museum.

THE WEST BEND

The West Bend Gallery of Fine Arts owes its existence to the efforts of Mrs. Andrew Pick, niece of the artist, Carl von Marr, who owned many of Marr's paintings and dreamed of having a gallery to house them. The Picks, mother and daughters, also saw the need for a gallery to show the work of local artists and to encourage an interest in art in West Bend. When the West Bend Mutual Insurance Company moved to a new location the Picks recognized the possibilities of their old building and bought it, opening the museum in 1961.

Many exhibits have been shown there, and the gallery is open to all cultural and school groups. A constantly expanding program of lectures, films, tours to other museums and classes in painting, drawing, sculpture, pottery, ceramics and photography insures a stream of visitors.

The West Bend Gallery is dedicated to the American-born and German-trained artist, Carl von Marr, whose unique life story bears repeating. Carl Marr was born in Milwaukee in 1858. After graduation from the German-English Academy there, he entered his father's engraving business, a profession that impressed him with the need for accuracy and attention to detail that characterized his painting. Recognizing Carl's talent, his parents sent him to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Weimar, Germany. He spent most of his life in Germany, was knighted and given the title, "von", and later became the director of the Royal Academy in Munich. He died in Munich in 1936.

Von Marr's penchant for accuracy and completeness of detail interfered with his sense of composition, but the precision of his draftsmanship and his ability to model form in light and shade were impressive. The paintings and drawings he did during the early years of the 20th century contrasted sharply with contemporary pictures of the American scene painted by Sloan, Luks and others, which tended to be earthy and immediate in conception, and bold and somewhat sketchy in drawing, as opposed to the more deliberate and precise pictures by von Marr.

The paintings of Carl von Marr can always be seen at the West Bend Gallery and are well worth a visit. Most impressive is "The Flagellants," a 15½ by 23½-foot painting on permanent loan from the city of Milwaukee. It was completed in 1889 and received the gold medal at the International Exposition in Berlin that year. In addition, one can enjoy the current contemporary exhibitions.

The West Bend Gallery at 300 S. Sixth Ave. is open to the public during the hours of 1 to 4:30 Wednesday through Sunday. Admission is free. The director is Edward G. Kocher.

This oil painting by Carl von Marr, of his father, a Milwaukee engraver, hangs in the West Bend Gallery.



The West Bend



THE WOODSON

The Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum of Wausau opened in September 1976. Organized as a nonprofit institution, it is managed by a Board of Directors composed of Wausau citizens, including members of the founding family. The museum was the former home of Alice and John Forester, who named the museum for Mrs. Forester's mother, Leigh Yawkey Woodson. An excellent example of English Tudor, built in 1929, the entire home was remodeled to provide exhibition space in 1975 and '76.

The LYW's permanent collection features one hundred life-sized porcelain birds, designed and crafted by Dorothy Doughty and produced at the Royal Worcester Porcelain Company in England. This is one of the few complete series of these birds in existence, and was originally collected by Leigh Yawkey Woodson herself. In addition, the museum has a large number of 19th century Victorian glass baskets and is acquiring additional examples of the decorative arts, with emphasis on ceramics, 20th century art glass and wildlife theme art.

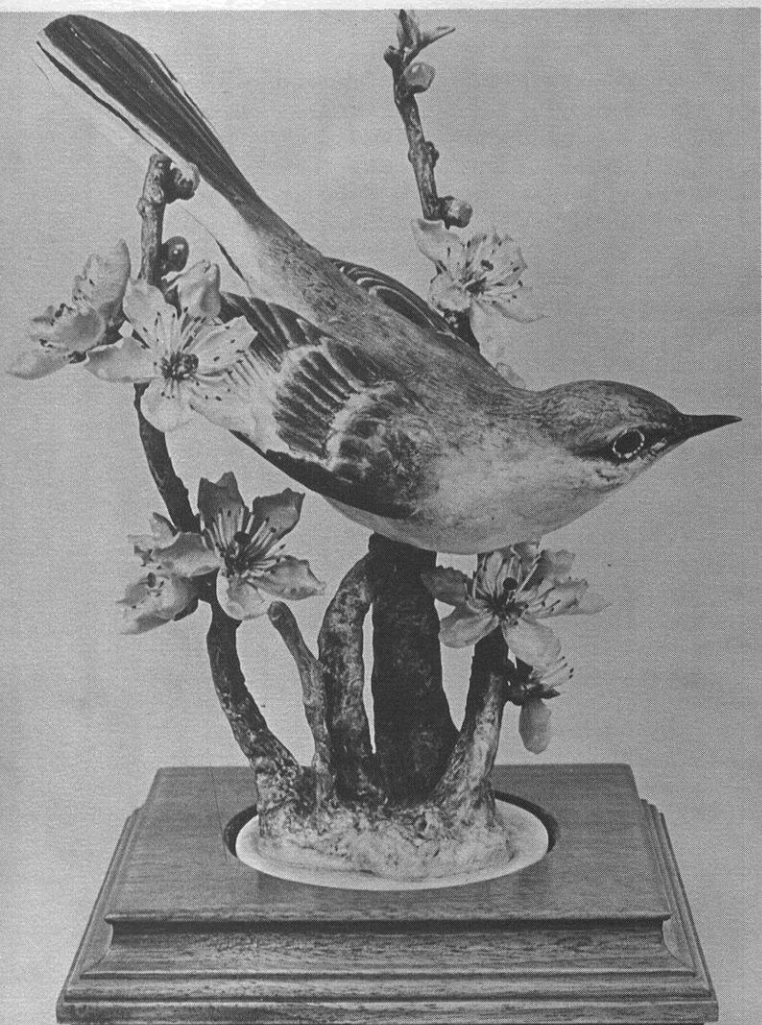
Not only does it sponsor a fine series of traveling exhibitions, but the LYW mounts an annual exhibition of bird art by America's most outstanding wildlife artists. After opening at the LYW, these exhibitions are loaned to other museums in the United States. The 1979 "Bird Art Exhibition" is being shown at the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C. early in 1980. A major exhibition of contemporary American glass was organized by the Woodson in 1979, and it too is circulating to other museums.

Of special interest to Wisconsin is the exhibition of New Deal Art, prepared by the LYW, which opened in January 1980 and will tour other state museums for two years. This is a comprehensive collection of paintings, sculpture and crafts done under federal art programs in Wisconsin during the days of the Works Progress Administration in the 1930s.

The Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum, located at Franklin and 12th Sts., is open to the public Tuesday through Friday from 9 to 4 and Saturday and Sunday from 1 to 5. It is closed on Mondays and holidays. Admission is free. The director is David Wagner.

The Woodson

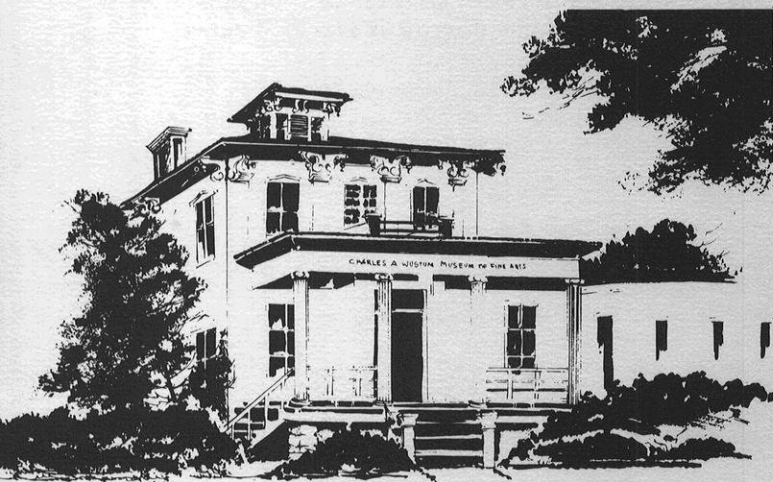




One of Dorothy Doughty's porcelains, "Mocking Bird and Peach Blossom" belongs to the permanent collection at the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum.

The Wustum

Drawing by Berta Sherwood



THE WUSTUM

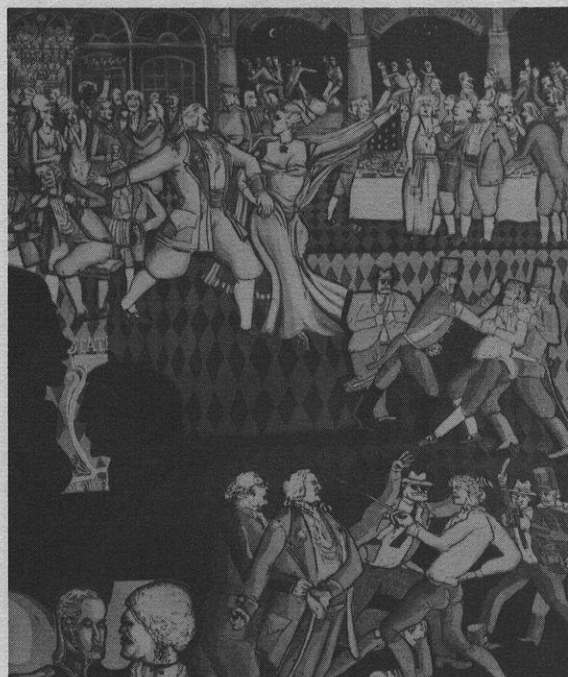
The Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts in Racine has offered a program of exhibitions and art activities since 1940. The building was formerly the home of Charles and Jennie Wustum and was given to the city by Jennie Wustum in memory of her husband. In 1976 the Racine Theatre Guild built a theater on the museum's grounds for the presentation of the guild's five annual productions and other performances.

In cooperation with the Racine Art Association, the Wustum Museum offers a variety of lectures, films, tours and classes as well as approximately 20 exhibitions each year. The Racine Art Association operates a sales and rental gallery at the museum and has on consignment selected work of contemporary artists and craftspersons.

"Watercolor-Wisconsin," an annual competitive show of the work of contemporary watercolorists from Wisconsin, originated at the Wustum 14 years ago and has become one of the state's leading exhibitions. The Wustum's permanent collection includes about 30 watercolors purchased from these shows, and it also includes a large collection of WPA art, art produced by American painters and photographers working under the sponsorship of the Federal Art Project during Roosevelt's New Deal.

The Wustum Museum, located at 2519 Northwestern Ave., is open to the public from 11 to 9 Monday and Thursday, and from 1 to 5 Wednesday and Friday through Sunday. Admission is free. The interim director is Bruce Pepich.

"George Washington Meets Betsy Ross But Too Late," by Warrington Colescott, was a gift to the Wustum Museum from Karen Johnson Keland.



by George M. Richard

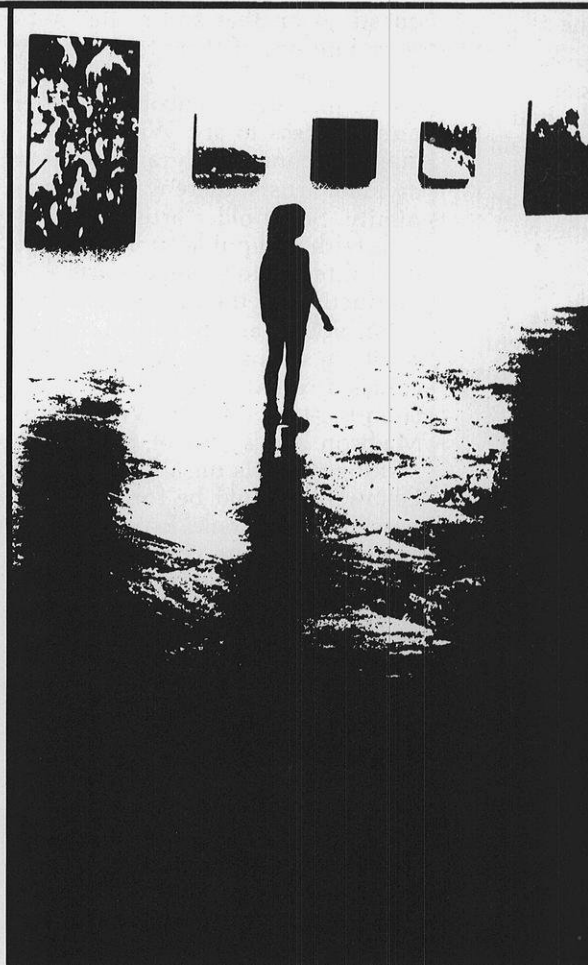
Democratization, popularization, "arts for everyone" has been for many a mission, for others anathema, during the past quarter century.

Increasingly vocal critics think the concept has been much over-sold: the idea that viewing-touching-seeing access to an art experience can be as sensually gratifying as, say, smelling-touching-tasting access to a culinary experience and, what's more, is as universal in its appeal.

Some are certain that catering to this concept by the public art patronage agencies which have proliferated since the mid-1960s eventually will choke the life out of true art as (of course) they define it from their ivory towers, counting houses and typewriters.

That view, while its essence is not unknown in the performing arts, may be particularly characteristic of the visual arts. Perhaps this is partly because, up to now, the popular appeal of their work has been of small concern to serious visual artists, excepting those engaged in the many forms of commercial art. The performing arts, on the other hand, have nearly always been more accessible to the public whether in popular or classic form.

Governmental arts agencies and their all-too-human administrators certainly offer a tempting target. Two decades ago virtually no one in American officialdom could be said to bear any responsibility for the charge that middle America was, pretty much, a nation of cultural illiterates. Such charges were made not infrequently by a *cognoscenti* which viewed its own distinction with ill-concealed relish. Today there are plenty of people to blame for whatever sad state of affairs exists.



Peter Patau

Who supports, Who enjoys, Who knows whither The Arts?

A survey of trend spotters profiles a future

Opportunities for everyone

In 1978 *Milwaukee Journal* music critic Louise Kenngot reported that a decade and a half of "arts for everyone" had not paid off with proportionally greater attendance at concerts, theaters and museums by other than the well-off, highly educated and professionally employed persons who always used to dominate audiences anyway. Miss Kenngot thought these statistics proved the lack of factual basis for a campaign to alter patterns of art patronage: "So much for the good, new image," she wrote. "Back to the old, honest stereotypes." And this discerning observer of the Wisconsin arts scene may once again be correct. Defenders of the ordinary-people view, however, pointed out that arts for everyone is less the social goal than arts **opportunities** for everyone, that 15 years is barely half a generation, and finally that not all that much money has been spent on image making.

The state of Wisconsin especially has been slow in taking up the challenge of those two pioneering arts council states, Missouri and New York, and the National Endowment of the Arts; only within the last few years has the Wisconsin Arts Board received more than a pittance from state taxpayers. (This is not to say the people of Wisconsin have been uniquely stingy in their public or private support of the arts. Especially in their public schools and universities, in tax contributions to local museums and in their philanthropy the state's citizenry has supplied money for many and diverse cultural activities. But little of that money has been used on populist image campaigns, and sometimes it has been quite the reverse.)

Tax support to continue

Whether or not governmental agencies are succeeding in promotion of the arts to and for everyone, prospects of further taxpayer support for the arts are bright indeed, according to most of the 14 nonofficial observers of art trends who last fall responded to a series of

questions on that and related subjects. Not one of them foresees any diminishment of state and federal grants intended to encourage better public access to art. When the question concerned grants to individual artists, there was less unanimity. Some older artists display little faith that public money will be used directly to stimulate art production of the highest quality.

So, young artists like Mark Mulhern, whose background includes a recent master's degree from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and a year of printmaking in Paris on a Rotary Club Fellowship, could be forgiven a pessimistic outlook. Especially so since, as museum consultant and former art center director Joseph Hutchison of Manitowoc remarked, "The governmental screening system militates against support to unproven or lesser-known artists."

Corporations as patrons

On the other hand, Mulhern's optimism was evident as he said, "Generally, I feel the arts will be met with easier appreciation from the public because of governmental programs and the greater exposure the arts and artists are getting." Then he advanced a proposition with which all but one respondent seems to agree: that in the private sphere corporations—as patrons—are replacing the wealthy and near-wealthy collectors of the 19th and early 20th century variety.

Artists who benefit from this new corporate patronage have several things in common. They are middle-of-the-road painters and sculptors. They work on a grand scale. And they are also the artists most likely to gain from governmental appropriations for art work in public buildings. Not long ago, for example, a \$30,000 commission was awarded for a single dining room mural at the Veterans Administration Center in Milwaukee under a National Endowment for the Arts program.

Much used to be heard about the possible stifling effects of governmental art involvement on

creativity. In practice, governmental legislative and executive agencies have usually preferred to stand aloof from qualitative judgments, Wisconsin's Senator William Proxmire sometimes excepted. Political dangers in criticizing works of art are evidently thought to outweigh publicity possibilities. To our respondents, governmental stifling is not of serious concern; at the same time, none can visualize **less** bureaucracy and cumbersome administration than now exist in the distribution of governmental funds.

More money for minorities

Practically everyone agrees there will be more and more money available for serving "minority groups" like the physically handicapped . . . and also for artistic activities directed toward the non-professional artist. Virtually no one thinks public funds will be used to encourage, any more than is currently the case, high quality levels in art. The encouragement of high quality is terribly lacking at this point in the opinion of Milwaukee artist-illustrator Alan Gass, who expects that government aid will continue to be "a scattershot approach of no value to practicing artists at the highest quality level." His wife and fellow artist, Celeste Spransy, is equally disenchanted about the effects of governmental grants on "really promising artists."

What happens to quality?

In the midst of the concern for the individual artist, John Kuony, director of the Oshkosh Public Museum and president of the Wisconsin Federation of Museums, sees a kind of dilemma for institutions like his: "I sense that as museums show more experimental and ethnic art in order to gain more support from governmental agencies, private patrons may be put off and tend to withdraw their former backing."

Ordinary people

Kuony perceives a marketing shift from the traditional gallery-wealthy collector-museum combination toward a more popular

support via art fairs, for instance, and shopping center exhibitions. The logical result: exhibiting artists will increasingly produce what will sell to ordinary people, which may well be ordinary work. Indeed, most of those surveyed saw a growing number of artists selling in the popular marketplace—but not gallery owner Fanny Garver of Madison, who flatly stated: “Professionals will not become involved with anything but private galleries and museums. Fairs, banks, etc., are outlets for non-professionals and crafts.”

Two other Wisconsin women familiar with corporate and individual art patrons as well as with many gallery-oriented artists are Barbara Coffman and Dorothy Bradley, the latter the veteran owner of an east side Milwaukee gallery. Both see private galleries as maintaining their present place in art marketing; they also see as growing in importance cooperative selling efforts and sales sites where art work is not the primary commodity offered. Mrs. Coffman, who has helped a number of business firms to select art for hanging in their offices, thinks more art work will be handled through brokers who operate without the overhead of a conventional gallery.

Innovation vs technique

The Garver view—if people sell at an art fair they forfeit designation as professional artists—dangerously dangles before us some questions concerning the nature of art which go much further back into antiquity than a mere 25 years. While such tempting philosophical diversions are beyond our present scope, our survey wondered what people thought about some questions qualitative in nature; for example, will artistic innovation be considered more or less important than disciplinary skills in drawing, painting, design and related technical matters? This question produced what seemed to be a plentiful supply of wishful thinking. Practicing artists like Peggy Thurston Farrell, president of the Wisconsin Painters and

Sculptors Organization, and James Watrous, distinguished artist-art historian from the University of Wisconsin-Madison, predict that while both are essential, technique will outrank invention; the reverse is apt to prevail in the view of several gallery owners, museum directors and critics, among them David Wagner of the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Center in Wausau and Dean Jensen of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. Could this suggest that the innovative artist will continue to have better exposure and kinder press notices than those who are simply skillful?

Fads and fashions

The same diversity in thought is exposed by responses to a related question concerning rapidly shifting fashions which reflect the influence of an individual or a group of artists. Artists and academics, including the first dean of any university school of fine arts in Wisconsin, Adolph A. Suppan of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, foresee less frequent swings from fad to fad. Museum people, however, expect even quicker shifts and it is they who plan exhibitions and thereby play important roles in popularizing styles and schools.

Do artists need NAC?

Most artists who responded seem confident that for them or others art can be rewarding, financially and in terms of recognition, without individual involvement in the “New York Scene.” Other respondents didn’t think things would change much in that respect and Gerald Bartell, president of the Wisconsin Arts Foundation, suggested the New York market might be even more important to an artist’s financial success than heretofore.

Too many artists?

Whatever the esthetic or geographic competition, most agree that art schools of one sort or another will continue to turn out more than enough people who will try to earn their living through the practice of art of one sort or another. Spransy complains many

of these “have nowhere to go after graduation. They’re all taught fine art, which is a tiny fraction of art that is needed, bought or sought in our society. The professors just don’t know!” And, Hutchison reminds us, schools are more student-hungry than ever these days, so will continue to exploit the overeager and undertalented.

Nonpro enrichment up

Neither will there be any lessened learning opportunities for people who view their interest in art as avocational. Courses in studio techniques, in art appreciation and in art history will abound for adults seeking nonprofessional enrichment. Yet respondents expect to see little change in art appreciation-art history instruction in elementary and high schools, where, Hutchison wryly points out, “There isn’t much now!”

For their invaluable assistance in producing this article, the author is indebted to the persons to whom attributions have been made. For the sake of projecting a devil-may-care image of his own, he flatly predicts:

Richard predicts

In October 1982, somewhere in the state, an irate taxpayers group will criticize educational frills and demand further reductions in school art staffing.

In February 1987, the Wisconsin Arts Board will come under heavy fire for funding a project to cap twin peaks in a western county with a Paul Bunyan-dimensioned undergarment.

In June 1994, a Wisconsin primitive artist will sell an acrylic on burlap painting to an Indonesian collector for \$65,000.

In March 2005, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters will convene a week long symposium on the theme: “The Meaning of Modern Art—and Where We and It Will Be in 2055.”

George M. Richard has been writing and coordinating special projects for the Wisconsin Federation of Museums since his retirement as director of the Wustum Museum of Fine Arts in Racine.

by Jerrold B. Rouby

Are there problems in the Arts in Wisconsin? Of course there are, and how appropriate it is that as we step across the threshold of a new decade there is a call for an introspective review of how well we have responded to key issues. But, as important as that is, of even greater significance are the visionary capabilities necessary to answer the challenge of the problems that face the arts in the future.

An assumption must be made in the beginning, however, and that is the premise that governmental funding of the arts on all levels is a fact of life. The argument for governmental support of the arts has been made. What must be determined now is how well those tax dollars are being used for the benefit of the arts in Wisconsin.

Have we forsaken the quality of the arts for the quantity of the arts?

The problems confronting the arts in our state are the same as those facing every other aspect of our society today: the economy, energy, deficiencies and ability of those in decision-making roles to comprehend the challenges and act accordingly in a wise and effective manner.

There is no need here to rationalize the importance of the economics of the next five to ten years. Suffice to say that the prolific, though often confusing, spoken and written rhetoric by our nation's leading economists leaves no doubt that the boom of the past 20 years is over. Whether it is short-lived or long-term is questionable. What is of consequence is that arts leadership recognize that any economic downturn affects the arts, and that we cannot continue to exist in the same heady swirl of optimism that we have in the past. To do otherwise is burying our collective heads in the sand with hopes that the problem will disappear.

As stated earlier, governmental funding of the arts is a fact. The growth we have experienced in our own state has been substantial. Wisconsin, with its statutes clearly articulated, provides for the operation of state government within a balanced budget. Consequently, with early projections of lower tax revenues, the possibility of more stringent limitations on

in the Arts

governmental funding is obvious. Substantial growth of private sector support, operating under the theme that good times bring greater largess, also is in question. The signs are there. How well we read them and react to them is paramount.

It is certainly not a time for complete pessimism, however, but a time to emphasize that which we have gained and what the opportunities are for future gains. It is time to recognize both the contributions of the arts as the very core of the quality of our lives in Wisconsin, and the involvement of the arts in the total sense of the community.

Economic development is not the only basis for the arts, of course. It is, however, often essential as a major factor in the growth or revitalization of a community. Employment, direct and indirect expenditures in related industries and the attraction of new business are economic factors in which the arts play a substantial role.

As the arts have played a role in the growth and the revitalization of Wisconsin, so too have they in turn experienced growth and revitalization. The major question to be considered here is whether or not growth is in fact "wonderful." Have the arts grown far beyond the capabilities of adequate support—grown helter-skelter because of good times and easy money? Obviously there is not an infinite number of dollars available for the arts. Therefore, when is the proliferation of arts organizations and institutions a reverse factor in the dissemination of quality arts activities to the general public? Have we forsaken the quality of the arts for the quantity of the arts? No one can challenge the fact that the larger the number of arts resources the greater the number of requests for financial support. It

These are precarious times for inefficient organizations and institutions, and art support dollars must be used as a qualitative response to the abilities of artists and the needs of the public.

Providing money for heat, light, rent, humidity and temperature control systems may very well be the essential demand that must be met if we are to secure the future of the arts in Wisconsin.

is also difficult to challenge the fact that the dissemination of available arts support dollars has provided an opportunity for the quantity of the arts to expand, while the quality of the arts may be suffering.

We may well be seeing a belt-tightening situation for the arts in Wisconsin. These are precarious times for inefficient organizations and institutions, and art support dollars must be used as a qualitative response to the abilities of artists and the needs of the public.

Possibly the most important factor contributing to the economic instability of our society and the arts is the energy deficiency we are facing. It is the second major cause for concern in the arts—for the individual artist, for arts organizations and institutions, as well as for the consumer of the arts.

Costs for energy needs for the individual artist are rising at the same phenomenal rate as for all of us, forcing some well-qualified artists to restrict their output, or worse yet, to give up their art for other jobs just so they may exist. Rent for studios is rising above the capabilities of many artists to pay because of the high energy costs. Prices for art supplies are moving up astronomically because suppliers must pass on to consumers their increased energy costs to do business. Entry fees to participate in exhibitions are on the increase as a means of meeting rising energy costs for museums and galleries.

And what of the institutions that deliver the arts to the people of Wisconsin—our museums, theaters and galleries, dance studios and recital halls? The escalating cost for energy is forcing hard, cold decisions upon the management of those institutions. To close them to the public for periods of time as a means of reducing

energy costs is certainly a solution that must be considered, but the catch-22 impact is obvious. Less time open means fewer people being served. At a time when more and more people are involving themselves in the arts, to close the delivery system defeats not only the purpose of those institutions, but adversely relates to the interest and the needs of an increasingly greater proportion of Wisconsin's citizens.

We may well be seeing a belt-tightening situation for the arts in Wisconsin.

Neither the closing of our arts institutions nor forcing artists out of the arts is the answer. What is needed is the re-evaluation of the funding priorities of government and the private sector, with more emphasis on fulfilling the operational requirements of the arts. Providing money for heat, light, rent, humidity and temperature control systems may very well be the essential demand that must be met if we are to secure the future of the arts in Wisconsin.

Consumers of the arts also are directly affected by our soaring energy deficiencies. How will gasoline shortages affect the touring of our statewide arts resources to communities unable to develop their own arts activities of the same magnitude? Will audiences diminish as people question returning to theaters and museums once they are home from work? If we force the absorption of rising energy costs by the artistic resource itself, will the consumer be willing to pay the sizable increases in ticket prices necessary to cover those costs? Will we be providing the arts for the privileged few rather than for the public at large?

Perhaps the solution to many of the problems affecting the arts can best be solved with the continuing development of a highly professional nucleus of arts management personnel. The real economic pressures on the arts will increase the need for more effective and efficient delivery operations and the highly trained administrator is a must.

During the past 30 years of economic profusion, most arts-oriented management teams have also been growth-oriented. The question that must be answered is: are these same arts administrators able to perceive the problems confronting them in the future and plan accordingly? It is imperative that the management of the arts be able to know when to grow and when to decrease—decrease quantity to save quality.

A national effort to raise the professionalism of arts management has been making progress over the past ten years. Colleges and universities throughout the country are offering advanced degrees in arts management, training young men and women to be the future management personnel for the arts. Our own Center for Arts Administration in the Graduate School of Business at the University of Wisconsin-Madison is an example of the degree of excellence in this effort.

Offering a carefully balanced formula of business practices and arts involvement, it is developing a cadre of specifically trained arts management people.

In addition, other organizations, such as the nationwide Association of College, University and Community Arts Administrators, headquartered in Madison, are providing high-quality training programs for those arts administrators already being pressured with present day problems. Marketing, short- and long-range planning, personnel relations, fiscal control and the legal implications of the arts are all subjects of workshops and classes being offered to people involved in the arts.

Unfortunately, whether we like it or not, the arts are a business—a big business—and we must understand that there is a bottom line. Individual artists must understand the business aspects of their profession in order to survive. Commercialism of the arts is not being advocated, but the individual artist must be able to integrate into society and learn to make a living as an artist. Organizations and institutions providing the arts must become more efficient or they will not survive.

The creative mind, coupled with the talent to express that creativity, should, and must, exert all of its energies into the creative process. It should not be diffused with the management of business. Just as there are professional artists, there must be professionals in arts management. Without them, the arts in the future will be less and less concerned with the exuberance and the exhilaration of creativity, and shall be forced to concern themselves with just the bare existence of mediocrity.

Creativity will always be here. Whether or not it flourishes in an environment conducive to spiritual and emotional support is the big question. Will the policies that support the arts be more prudent? Will they truly be visionary and answer the needs, or will they attempt to answer new problems with old ideas?

It is imperative that the management of the arts be able to know when to grow and when to decrease—decrease quantity to save quality.

Sidney F. Parham, in an article entitled, "States and the Arts: More Than Meets the Eye," says, "A nation without examples of excellence will soon slip below mediocrity. A state that gives approval to artistic excellence inspires excellence in other walks of life."

Through all of the problems, we shall continue to inspire excellence.

Jerrold B. Rouby has served as executive director of the Wisconsin Arts Board since mid-1974.

IN MY VIEW

Funding for the artist in Wisconsin

by E. Reid Gilbert

It is a temptation to the hungry artist to salivate every time a new governmental arts funding program is announced, but the professional is well advised not to stand too hopefully at that bowl. In the first place he may stand too long and lose his soul, and in the second place he may be disastrously disappointed. It is toward the matter of the disappointments that this statement is directed.

One reason for the arts funding problem in Wisconsin is that for much too long the arts have been regarded not as a serious vocation but merely as an interesting avocation. In 1973 the old Wisconsin Arts Council became an official agency of the state; however, the appointments to the new Wisconsin Arts Board, ostensibly made by the governor, were actually delegated to another person. Later, when the tenure of these appointees expired, they were merely reappointed without serious review. Even the governor's arts awards were discontinued because of lack of interest at the upper echelons of state government. No other state agency was treated so casually. It should be noted that this lack of official interest was a reflection of the indifference of the general public, which raised no chorus of indignation over the fact that state arts funding figures remained until 1979 at or near the bottom of the list for all states and US territories.

Artists and arts organizations are continually asked to perform free for any worthy cause within the community, and it is difficult for many people to understand why this is not only inappropriate but impossible. Usually cited will be such donors of talent as Jerry Lewis or a university music professor. Few fulltime professional artists have the stable financial assurances

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of either a Hollywood star or a college instructor. On one occasion, of many, when I was asked to donate a performance and workshop to a psychiatric ward of a major hospital in the state, the hospital representative was informed of a very reasonable fee. He responded in an indignant tone that the hospital didn't have funds for such activities and furthermore he had thought theater was my hobby. After a few more words I assured the representative that I would donate an afternoon performance when the doctors in that institution made the same kind of contribution of their talents.

It must be said that the general public is not solely responsible for this attitude. The artist, himself, has contributed much to his own insularity by adopting a precious attitude toward his work and himself, as though the arts are somehow superior to other more mundane human activities and indeed that the artist need not be concerned with such pedestrian matters as salaries, working conditions, etc. It was for this reason that artists in Wisconsin never involved themselves in politics until the 1978 gubernatorial race. Arts, Inc. was formed that year as an advocacy agency for the arts, and I joined the campaign of one of the candidates. I was warned by other artists that my candidate had no way of winning and therefore the arts cause would not only fail but would no longer be pure and pristine. My reply was that artists should be involved in all political campaigns the same as unions, banking organizations, farmers' groups, etc. The arts are no more important than other human concerns of the state, but they are just as legitimate and will be regarded so when the general public and artists

themselves see the art dimension as an integral part of the total state community. It is time to bid farewell to the day of the art freebies and time to raze the ivory tower in which artists have ensconced themselves.

Another element further complicating the state arts funding situation is a sense of provincialism; not a provincial nature of the arts but a provincial attitude toward the arts. Many artists within the state are convinced that one of the reasons the arts in Wisconsin derive so little support from federal funding agencies and national philanthropic foundations is that we have the misfortune of being in Mid-America rather than in the favored arts lands of the east or west coast. This situation, fortunately, seems to be improving. However, we have so completely adopted this attitude for ourselves that we doubt the quality or indeed the

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validity of arts within our own state. The managing director of one of the major theaters in Wisconsin declared privately that he would not book a certain state theater group into his theater. Many times he has booked the same style of theater performed by artists from outside the state; some of the artists were of greater repute than the Wisconsin group but others were decidedly inferior. Another example of this inferiority complex surfaced recently when it became known that a committee of the state legislature is taking steps to commission an oil portrait of the governor. The governor and his wife have been given a list of acceptable artists from which they must make a choice for this official portrait. Not a single Wisconsin artist is included in the list. "Can anything worthwhile come out of Bethlehem?"

The provincial attitude on a national level is duplicated within the state. It is virtually impossible for an arts organization outside the cities of Milwaukee and Madison to obtain funding from the large foundations within those cities. The stock response is, "You are outside our community!" It is difficult to understand the justification of that stance. The corporate foundations of the cities derive their raw materials from, and sell their products to the whole of Wisconsin and for them to regard themselves as outside the total community of Wisconsin and to limit their grants accordingly smacks of irresponsibility. This narrow perspective is what many artists cynically refer to as the Milwaukee-Madison axis. Even within the axis there is much grumbling over the lack of support for newly established groups.

It is time to bid farewell to the day of the art freebies and time to raze the ivory tower in which artists have ensconced themselves.

The limited vision is not a monopoly of geography. It has extended itself into the state bureaucracy. Shortly after CETA was introduced to the state I tried unsuccessfully to obtain funds for artists in rural Wisconsin. Artists and arts activities were being funded in Milwaukee, Madison, Wausau and other Wisconsin cities. For two years I made attempts to secure such funding for what the Manpower Council termed "balance of state." On one occasion the director of that agency stated that there were no unemployed artists in rural Wisconsin. Later, for some unknown reason, the decision-makers of that agency decided in the spring of 1977 to do something about the unemployed artists of rural Wisconsin. But instead of contacting any of the organizations working within that area, the agency went around the corner of Capitol Square and arranged with another state agency, the Wisconsin Arts Board, to hire 32 artists in the "balance of state," stipulating that they must be hired quickly because this project had now become a "program" of the government. Artists were hired that summer and the following summer. The Wisconsin Arts Board thus became a producer, hiring students from my school and paying them more than two times what the faculty and the performers of that school were at that time getting paid. Not only did the state compete for the services of the artists but also for sponsors of the performances, as the new CETA companies did not have to charge fees for their performances. When confronted on this matter the officials involved stated that they were not sure the existing arts organizations were credible enough or could carry out the responsibilities, even though they had been doing this very thing for several years. In fact one of these already existing organizations served at that time as the office for an international arts organization and published two highly regarded arts periodicals. The hundreds of thousands of dollars involved in the new project would have done much to strengthen the existing organizations.

These aspects of arts support within the state of Wisconsin may be confrontational, but they are not accusatory. If we in the state are remiss, it is in not giving enough support to what we already have, not valuing highly enough what we have accomplished and not perceiving deeply enough the needs of the arts endeavors already existing in our midst. To correct this is not to turn our back on new artists, new directions, new expressions; it is rather to cultivate the soil more thoroughly for the reception of new seeds, whenever and from wherever they come.

E. Reid Gilbert was founder of and director of the Valley Studio near Spring Green for ten years.



Dana Strobel

Jerrold Rouby

Jerrold Rouby, smack dab in the middle of the arts funding scene, wrote **"Problems in the Arts,"** a personal opinion contribution to this issue. It is hoped readers will be moved to respond, via letter, to all sides of the arts issue or for that matter, any other issue.

Rouby was born in Cleveland and graduated from Western Reserve University and Harvard University's Institute in Arts Administration.

He began his career as a staff news writer for the Cleveland Plain Dealer and spent the next 14 years in various corporate administrative positions in communications, marketing and corporate and financial public relations.

Prior to assuming his present position with the Arts Board, Rouby served as chief administrator for six years of the Arts and Crafts Center of Pittsburgh.

He has also served as a consultant to the American Council for the Arts and as an advisory panel member for the National Endowment for the Arts.

Mary Michie, co-author of **"7 Not-to-be-missed Museums,"** appeared in the pages of the *Review* over a year ago with an article on Wisconsin's rural artists. A sculptor, she has a great interest in Wisconsin museums and has had one-woman shows at several of them. Her most recent show, last fall at the Fanny Garver Gallery in Madison,

featured her small bronze figures of women with children, inspired by her years of living in Africa.

Michie teaches sculpture at the Rhinelander School of the Arts during the summer.

The artist was born in Green Lake County and attended Ripon College, UW-Madison and the London Central School of Art.

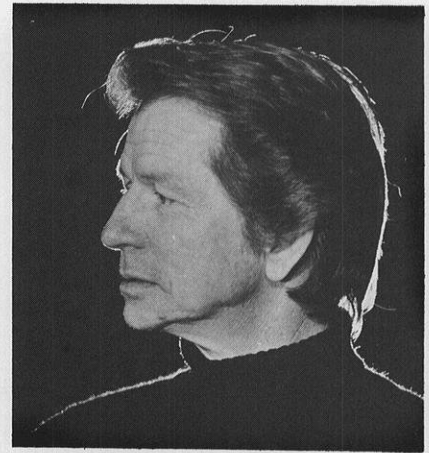
Her most recent project, funded by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, has been tracking down Wisconsin's Depression art for an exhibit that will travel throughout the state.

Joseph Bradley, the co-author with Mary Michie on the museum piece, teaches art at the UW-Extension and is also an artist in his own right. A year ago, his exhibit of paintings and sketches at Steenbock Center lured a near-record number of visitors to WASAL headquarters.

Concurrently with the publication of this issue, **Doug Bradley**, who put together the Bookmarks/Wisconsin essay, **"UW/Warner Brothers Screenplays Are the 'Reel' Thing,"** will be leaving WASAL after a one-and-a-half-year stint as administrative assistant to the director.

He plans to become a father this April and is writing an article on that subject. An expert on old movies, he is also preparing a book on Vietnam war films. During the past year, he has had several film reviews published in the Madison Press Connection, and has appeared on both radio and TV as a participant in discussions of films. He also helped to establish the Barter Center at 29 S. Mills St. (Phone, 256-SWAP.)

Bradley was an information specialist with the US Army Republic Headquarters at Long Binh during 1970-71, and, on his return, helped to set up Vets House, a community-based support and counseling service for Vietnam veterans.



Reid Gilbert

E. Reid Gilbert's personal opinion piece, **"Funding for the Artist in Wisconsin,"** springs partly from the disappointment of high hopes.

A North Carolinian by birth, Gilbert has lived in Wisconsin since 1962 when he entered graduate studies at UW-Madison, from which he obtained a PhD in Asian theater.

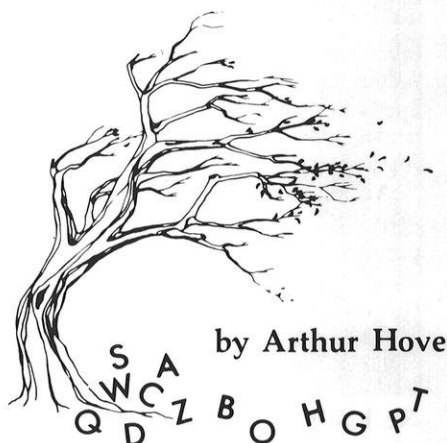
His main subsequent contribution to the arts was the founding of the Valley Studio near Spring Green where he taught mime and which he made available as an idyllic setting for various workshops in the arts. An account of that venture by Kay Price in the *Wisconsin Academy Review* ends with these words:

"Perhaps Dr. Reid Gilbert is not far from realizing his dream of art flourishing in the rural communities of America. Yet, there is a faraway look that comes into his eyes when he talks of his Appalachian homeland. 'It's strange about the mountains; you leave, but you never leave. You're always coming home, someday.'

"Those who know Reid Gilbert—the man, his dreams and his accomplishments—can only hope that his transplant in Wisconsin will take root and flourish."

That was written in 1973. The Valley Studio is now closed. Last year, Gilbert was selected as playwright-in-residence at Davis and Elkins College in West Virginia where he returned this spring as guest director.

WINDFALLS



by Arthur Hove

Of art and cuckoo clocks

The streets are crowded with people hustling the arts. A business executive appears on a television spot and unctuously announces that "The arts are for everyone . . . enjoy!" Mothers invade shopping centers to sell candy bars and baked goods to raise money for youth symphony activities.

Perhaps as never before the Arts—with a capital "A"—have become an important part of our everyday consciousness. Everyone from the man in the street to the esthetician is searching for definitions that will put art into a proper category, give us a place to stand as we regard it. The resulting definitions are as multiple as the people who create and enjoy art.

Art has been regarded as something outside the more basic concerns of daily existence. In this context, Tolstoy observed that "Art is a human activity having for its purpose the transmission to others of the highest and best feelings to which men have risen."

Henry James felt "It is art that makes life," while Alfred North Whitehead concluded that the major function of art "is the imposing of a pattern on experience."

Ever the iconoclast, Oscar Wilde maintained that "All art is quite useless." Such sentiment is currently echoed by the perplexed viewer of an abstract painting or the hearer of an atonal piece of music. "I may not know what art is, but I know what I like . . . and

that ain't it," comes the usual response. Bewildered citizens will underline their confusion about art by pointing to the cases where chimpanzees have been coaxed into smearing paint on canvas and critics, not knowing the creator of the painting, have subsequently declared the end result to be a fine example of abstract art.

In another time there was less confusion. The arts in a classical sense were the subject of intense study in medieval universities where they were divided into two curricula: the *trivium*, a study of grammar, rhetoric and logic, and the *quadrivium*, which focused on arithmetic, geometry, astronomy and music. A contemporary compartmentalization would incorporate painting (and its related forms), sculpture, architecture, dance, film and even television into any examination of the arts.

Without confusing matters too much, it might be safe to define art as something that involves skill: the ability to do something in a manner difficult to duplicate, or to create something that possesses a recognizably distinctive quality. While it is common to think of art in terms of things—items produced by the hand and mind of the artist—art also involves a particular aptitude. The act so considered may be as commonplace as the "art" of drilling holes in a bowling ball or whipping up a soufflé of just the right consistency.

Works of art have led a precarious existence throughout history. One common enemy, of course, is the simple deterioration that comes with the passage of time. Chartres Cathedral is slowly falling apart and requires large sums of money just to retard the pace of the disintegration. The statuary that decorate the buildings and parks of many large cities are crumbling because they are coated with pigeon droppings or attacked by corrosive automobile exhaust fumes. Priceless books and manuscripts in our libraries are turning to dust because of the high acid content of the paper they are printed on.

Other, more human concerns come into play. The impulse to burn books to purge a society of objectionable ideas lies just below the surface in most communities. Periodically, some demented soul will rise up out of the faceless multitude to slash a painting to shreds, pulverize a piece of sculpture with a sledge hammer, or put the torch to a noteworthy example of architecture. These acts may be more sensational, but they are no less vicious than those perpetrated by the anonymous vandals who systematically mutilate or remove irreplaceable books and manuscripts from our libraries.

The sad result of such industry is that art becomes more and more separated from the people. Rare books are put under lock and key

in temperature-controlled vaults. Many of the world's masterpieces are now shielded from gallery-goers by sheets of impenetrable plastic. Art museums are equipped with elaborate electronic security systems staffed with squads of guards who glower at the visitors as though each was about to embark on some heinous act of defacement, or is casing the joint to make a snatch of some piece that can bring a handsome price on the underground market.

This latter point is reflective of another facet of the contemporary art scene. Art is big business. In a recent cover story on the phenomenon, Michael Demarest, writing in *Time*, noted: "Not since the first hammer dropped to the highest bidder have sales of valuables commanded such audiences, such publicity, such prices."

Such a discovery seems a little post hoc, however. It was Prince Albert, in an 1851 speech at the Royal Academy Dinner, who noted: "The works of art, by being publicly exhibited and offered for sale, are becoming articles of trade, following as such the unreasoning laws of markets and fashion; and public and even private patronage is swayed by their tyrannical influence."

The popular media have had a tremendous influence on compounding the problem. In this age of celebrity, the Arts have enjoyed an unprecedented popularity, as is evidenced in the long lines greeting such exhibitions as the Treasures of Tutankhamun and Pompeii A.D. 79.

The result of such celebrity is that the once popular image of the artist starving in a garret or some anonymous hovel has been largely superseded. Many of today's artists are figures of international renown who command substantial sums for their work or their talents. They become artifacts themselves. They are fawned over by sycophants as they are transmuted into brand names traded on a cultural commodities market. Some artists become very rich in the process—particularly if they have

the flair to play to the fashion and often capricious taste of the moment.

For those whose financial resources are too modest to own an original work by an artist of recognized quality, there is the possibility of securing a replica of some familiar museum piece. These reproductions include everything from Willie, a "bright blue faience hippopotamus decorated with lotus flowers" to a Paul Revere teaspoon with "fluted bowl and graceful handle." They have been spawned by museums forced to merchandise a line of wares to supplement operating budgets ravaged by normal inflation and the related climb in the price of important art works.

The sale of copies of art objects, while viewed as an understandable response to shrinking financial resources, has created a subsidiary controversy among art purists. Each work of art, they maintain, is supposed to be unique. So much of contemporary society already smacks of mass production that the mercantilism involved in producing clones of a given work corrupts the original to the point where it all but loses its genuine intrinsic value.

A counter argument is that these reproductions tend to raise the public taste and cultivate an appreciation for objects of acknowledged beauty. The copies therefore perform a valuable function by encouraging greater art appreciation at the same time they bring in revenue.

In the meantime, millions of citizens are involved in cottage industries having to do with the making of art. Professional efforts abound. No self-respecting large or middle-sized American city would dare call itself complete without a symphony orchestra, an art museum, a resident theatrical group, and, in some cases, its own ballet company. More people are encouraged to undertake the hazardous activity of trying to make a living through creating art.

Their numbers grow, unchecked. The result is that more people seem to be writing poetry today than reading it. Publishing houses are literally inundated by unsolicited

manuscripts. Any unjuried local art show draws legions of contributors who offer everything from little creatures made of painted rocks to watercolors of weatherbeaten barns, works that demonstrate an undisguised similarity to the paintings of Andrew Wyeth.

All of this activity seems to provide a ready answer to the perennial but rhetorical question regarding the importance of art in enhancing the quality of life in any given society. Art has been with us since humans began to fashion tools and depict scenes from daily life on the walls of a cave. The making of art is a fundamental human drive: something which transcends social, political and economic environments. If the genius is there, the art will emerge. Conflict seems to help. In fact, it serves as a kind of handmaiden to art.

Some proponents feel artists should not have to worry about where their next meal is coming from. The arts, they maintain, should receive substantial government support. Like others in need of assistance, these champions look to government. Government, so the argument goes, has an obligation to subsidize creativity. The only problem is that governments, especially when they are fooling around with taxpayers' money, have a proclivity for being political in their judgments. The end result is often a democratic triumph but an esthetic disaster. Patrons, on the other hand, have more of an understanding of what they like. Armed with the appropriate wherewithal, they can stimulate genius in an unusual way.

"The Third Man," a movie made from Graham Green's novel, has an apt parable which illustrates this particular reality. In the film, Harry Lime, the anti-hero, observes:

"In Italy for thirty years under the Borgias they had warfare, terror, murder, bloodshed—they produced Michaelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love, 500 years of democracy and peace, and what did they produce . . .? The cuckoo clock." □

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

UW/Warner Brothers screenplays are

by Doug Bradley

Wisconsin film buffs are always quick to tell you that such great Hollywood directors as Orson Welles, Joseph Losey and Nicholas Ray are Wisconsin natives or that film actors the caliber of Frederic March graced Wisconsin stages, or that Wisconsin has been the setting of both fictional (e.g. "Homer" in 1970) and documentary ("The War at Home" released last year) motion pictures. But now Wisconsin-boosting film buffs, students of film and just plain moviegoers have even more to brag about because the UW Press has begun publication of a series of books that explore the sources of film authorship, using the rich archives of the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research.

The Wisconsin archives do not contain just a few, faded silent "flicks," but rather include over 800 sound features, 1500 short subjects, 19,000 still negatives and hundreds of press books and screenplays covering the years 1930 to 1950. All of the material was donated to the UW by Warner Brothers in 1969, and the first six books to roll off the UW Press presses examine the screenplays—from primary source to final shooting version—of six of the most outstanding Warner's features: "The Jazz Singer," "Mystery of the Wax Museum," "The Green Pastures," "The Adventures of Robin Hood," "High Sierra" and "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre."

When the Warners films were given to the university, they were accompanied by boxes of shooting scripts, legal files, press books and photographs. Film scholars, selected by Director of the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research Tino Balio, then used these rich resources to trace the development of the script from sources to shooting version, all the

while analyzing the film in its historical context. The results, judging from the first six titles, are thus far outstanding.

The design of each of the screenplay/texts is simple. A recognized film scholar (e.g. Thomas Cripps, an authority on black film history, prepared the introduction to "The Green Pastures") introduces each volume with a discussion of the respective film's production, its historical importance, its directorial style, its position within its genre, the development of the screenplay, the differences among the various versions of the film (e.g. novel, story, screenplay, shooting version, etc.), and critical reception of the film, both then and now. Then selected stills from the films are reproduced (in excellent quality black and white), and the screenplay itself is reprinted. Finally, notes are appended to the screenplay, pointing out distinctions between it and the final shooting version of the film, and the film's credits are listed.

The first six titles released so far comprise a unique spectrum of film history, not only as it relates to the big studio years at Warners, but within the context of film genre and history itself. "The Jazz Singer" (1927) is undoubtedly one of the most important films ever produced; it triggered the widespread adaptation of sound on the part of the film industry. Likewise, "Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), though steeped in the mold of a horror classic, actually establishes itself both as a story of newspaper realism and a strong depiction of the "efficient, working woman," a rarity in 1930's Hollywood.

In addition, Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" (1936) reflected a new black sensibility among Americans and stands as an

important document of our social history, symbolizing America's accommodation to a racial past that "granted black suffering without requiring whites to feel guilt." In a lighter thematic vein, "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), the most expensive Warner Brothers film up until that date, established the Hollywood spectacle as a sound, money-making enterprise. On the other hand, "High Sierra" (1941) established a new variation on the class gangster film, featuring that most classic of Hollywood gangsters, Humphrey Bogart. While "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" (1948), winner of numerous Academy and New York Film Critics awards, seems an unlikely Hollywood film (no romance, no happy ending), it entertained large film audiences for over 30 years.

As I pointed out before, each of the well-prepared introductions is authored by a prominent film authority. Robert Carringer, editor of "The Jazz Singer" text, is curator of the Samson Raphaelson Collection at the University of Illinois. (Raphaelson's story inspired the play, and later the film, of "The Jazz Singer.") Richard Koszarski, who edited the "Wax Museum" screenplay, is film historian at the School of Visual Arts in New York and author of three books on film. Thomas Cripps ("The Green Pastures") is author of *Slow Fade to Black: The Negro in American Film* (1977) and *Black Film as Genre* (1977), establishing his credentials in the history of black cinema. Rudy Behlmer, film producer and writer, is the editor of "Robin Hood." He has also written a book, *The Films of Errol Flynn* (star of "Robin Hood") and has served as film music consultant to Warner Brothers.

Douglas Gomery, commentator

the 'reel' thing



on "High Sierra," is the Wisconsin contributor to the series. He is presently teaching at the UW-Milwaukee School of Mass Communications. Although his qualifications do not match those of Cripps, Carringer and the others, he does an excellent job of placing "High Sierra" both within and without the genre of the gangster film.

One of the biggest names in film criticism, James Naremore, professor of English and film studies at Indiana University, provides editorial assistance on "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre" screenplay. Naremore is author of *The Magic World of Orson Welles* and *The Filmguide to Psycho*, among others.

This attractive series is further enhanced by the talents of general editor Balio, author of *United Artists: The Company Built by the Stars* and editor of *The American Film Industry* in addition to serving as director of the Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research. Balio has assembled an editorial committee which includes: Dudley Andrew, head of the film division of the University of Iowa; John G. Cawelti, professor of English and humanities at the University of Chicago; and Dore Schary, former studio head at MGM and author of over 40 Hollywood screenplays and winner of an Academy Award in 1938 for his co-authorship of "Boys Town."

Thirteen additional texts are already underway, and a dozen more are being contemplated, scheduled to be released at the rate of six a year "for years, until it's no longer financially feasible, according to Balio. Presently, the initial publications are being partially supported by a Brittingham Trust grant.

Warners is perhaps the most

representative company that could be chosen for a study of how ideas and issues were shaped and molded into films by a major studio. Not only did Warners provide entertainment from 1930 to 1950, they also, unlike other Hollywood studios, dealt with subjects of contemporary appeal or importance. Thus, socially conscious films like "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," exposing prison conditions in the South, and "Black Legion," which examined vigilantism in the North, were being made at Warners alongside "Robin Hood," "The Golddiggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade."

Nevertheless, beyond the directorial achievement of people like Michael Curtiz ("Robin Hood," "Wax Museum") and Raoul Walsh ("High Sierra"), and the writing and directorial expertise of individuals like John Huston (screenplay on "High Sierra," director/writer of "Treasure"), it is almost impossible not to be overawed by the Warners stable of actors: Humphrey Bogart, Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino, Errol Flynn, Basil Rathbone, Claude Rains, Paul Muni, James Cagney and hundreds more like them. What one does come to appreciate, however, is that actors and their roles are only a small, if not minor, part of the overall cinematic creation. For in fact, it is the screenwriters, editors, cinematographers and directors who really make the magic take place. And following the lead of brothers Jack and Howard Warner, the Warners Studio had a track record of efficiency, promptness and profits that enabled all the various aspects of the film creation to jell.

It would take too long to highlight all the heretofore little-known facts about the six films featured thus far in the UW Press

series—George Jessel's dispute with Warners concerning "The Jazz Singer" lead, which he had played on Broadway; the lifting of "Phantom of the Opera" scenes into Warner's "Wax Museum"; the ambiguous black reaction to the equally ambiguous political message of "The Green Pastures"; the acrimony between "Robin Hood" director Michael Curtiz and star Errol Flynn; the fact that George Raft, Paul Muni, James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson all turned down the Humphrey Bogart role in "High Sierra"; or Warner's watering down of the leftist message of B. Traven's novel, *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, in order to avoid the historical background and anti-capitalist commentary of the film's source. And on and on. There are literally hundreds of insights like these, all of which combine to make reading the books an enjoyable and enlightening experience.

The UW/Warners books are available both in cloth cover for \$12.50 and in soft cover for \$4.95 from UW Press in Madison. While their appeal is specifically designed for film students and scholars, the more popular titles (Bogey films, musicals, etc.) should have a much wider commercial market.

With the publication of the Warners screenplays, the University of Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research has established itself as a significant, primary source for film investigation. With apologies to Racine, home of Orson Welles, Nick Ray and others, the truth is it's like that older playwright from east of Racine once said: "The play's the thing . . ." Thanks to Warners and the UW Press the screenplays are what we now have available.

Doug Bradley, a Madison free lance writer, has been publishing film pieces for several years.



BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

PIONEER PHOTOGRAPHER: WISCONSIN'S H.H. BENNETT by Sara Rath; Tamarack Press, Madison, Wis., 1979. 192 pp. Soft cover, \$14.95.

EDWARD STEICHEN, from the Aperture History of Photography Series; Aperture, Inc., Millerton, N.Y., 1978. 96 pp. \$7.95.

There is no photography hall of fame as such but if there were, two Wisconsinites would be among the first to be installed in it. They are Henry Hamilton Bennett and Edward Steichen. Both are the subjects of recent books.

Neither man was born in Wisconsin—Steichen was a native of Luxembourg who moved to Milwaukee with his family in 1889 when he was ten while Bennett was born in Canada and settled in the then-year-old community of Kilbourn City (now Wisconsin Dells) when he was 14—but both learned how to photograph in this state and Bennett lived here all his life.

H.H. Bennett was certainly not unknown during his life. He marketed his views of the Dells and other Midwestern scenes through the country and was widely used by the railroads and other companies. But his work for the most part was ignored by the art world until it was exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City in 1963. The fact that *Pioneer Photographer* is the first book to deal exclusively with him attests to the rediscovery still going on.

Steichen probably achieved his

greatest fame through his organization of the 1955 "Family of Man" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, where he served as director of photography from 1947 to 1962. While formally trained as a painter, Steichen became a well-known photographer early in his life. He was a founder of the Photo-Secession movement, was a pioneer in fashion photography, was director of the US Naval Photographic Institute during World War II and was awarded the Presidential Medal of Freedom in 1963, ten years before his death.

The books dealing with these two photographers are quite different, both in content and quality. Sara Rath, in her *Pioneer Photographer*, provides a complete biography of Bennett to go along with the 150 Bennett photographs, all reproduced from his original glass plates. The Aperture book on Steichen, on the other hand, is basically a collection of his early photographs with just a brief description of his life and career.

Rath, a Madison writer, obviously did a great deal of research and it shows in her book. Using letters (it seems the Bennett family and their friends never threw anything away), newspaper clippings and other materials, she carefully traces H.H. Bennett's life from his youth in Kilbourn City, on to his Civil War experiences when he permanently injured his right hand, and through his photographic career. It is a fine story, full of accounts of Bennett's personal and professional life, his many

photographic innovations and his successes and failures. I have no problems with the way Rath has presented Bennett's life.

I do have a problem, however, with the way the book is designed. All of the text is placed on the upper three-fifth of the page with small reproductions of some of Bennett's photographs occupying the bottom portions of some of the pages. It is almost as if a smaller book had been planned, the type set and then the decision made to go to a larger page size. The second half of the book, devoted to Bennett's views of the Dells (he is the man who made them famous), Milwaukee, Chicago, the Mississippi River and the Twin Cities, does, however, take advantage of the 8½ by 11-inch page size.

I am also sorry that Tamarack Press made the decision to print this book with a soft cover and on paper that is not top quality. The soft cover makes the book less than permanent and the paper and printing quality do not do justice to Bennett's photographs. With the current interest in photography, I feel they would have found their market if they had opted for better paper and design quality and charged a higher price.

The Steichen book, on the other hand, is, in the tradition of Aperture, superbly printed. Steichen's soft-focus, romantic photographs are treated with great respect. It is not a complete book on Steichen, by any means, but is a good introduction to this great photographer.

Both books are worth having. *Pioneer Photographer*, despite its shortcomings, is the only book dealing with Bennett in such detail and with so many reproductions of his work; *Edward Steichen* is good to look at for the beauty of his photographs and the treatment they are given.

—David Sommer

David Sommer is the editor of *Wisconsin Photographer*, a magazine for, by and about the photographers of this state.

JOHN OF THE MOUNTAINS; THE UNPUBLISHED JOURNALS OF JOHN MUIR edited by Linnie Marsh Wolfe; University of Wisconsin Press, 1979. 440 pp. \$6.95.

Linnie Marsh Wolfe wrote two books about the great naturalist, John Muir. In *Son of the Wilderness* (University of Wisconsin Press, 1978), she acted as Muir's biographer. In *John of the Mountains*, she acts as his editor. *Son of the Wilderness* told the story of Muir's life through Muir's own eyes and through the impressions of others. In *John of the Mountains*, Muir tells his own story of his passionate love affair with Nature. It was a life-long affair.

Muir was born in Scotland in 1838. The family emigrated to America when he was 11. They settled in Wisconsin. Muir deeply loved the natural beauty that surrounded the family farm in Marquette County. It was here that his idea of the National Park System was first conceived.

After briefly attending the University of Wisconsin, Muir began his travels. His journeys took him deep into the heart of Nature. He saw and wrote about an unspoiled America before the hacking and burning of our industrial civilization destroyed so much of it. Nothing escaped his eyes or his mind. In very powerful, poetic language, he tells us of mountains and giant Sequoias; of glaciers and waterfalls; of tiny flowers and animals. Muir possessed the legs of

a wild goat, the mind and eye of a naturalist and the heart of a poet. He did not merely study about the things he loved; he lived them.

Muir wrote very little about himself in these journals. He saw himself as "a flake of glass through which light passes." His interest was in the objects and the life he described, not in the describer. He wrote, "As to putting more of myself into these sketches, I never had the heart to spoil their symmetry with mere personal trials and adventures. It looks too much like having to say, 'Here is the Lord, and here is Me!'" Yet through the power of his language and the poetry of his tone, a vivid portrait of a strong, compassionate, gentle man does emerge. Whether he would've liked it or not, John Muir, the man, as well as describer, is in these writings.

John of the Mountains covers a period of 44 years, from 1867 to 1911. The book contains all of the journals not previously published by either Muir or others. It first appeared in 1938, marking the centennial of Muir's birth. These journals touch upon his many expeditions up and down his beloved Sierras, in and out of the forests of California, his numerous excursions to Alaska; in fact, all the adventures of a man whose tireless energy compelled constant travel.

Assembling these journals for publication was no easy task. Muir was not an orderly journal keeper. Entries were written on small scraps of paper when his impressions were freshest. Other entries were written by campfire, in the middle of a raging blizzard, or at the side of a waterfall. Many were not dated. He collected specimens of plants pressed between the pages, blurring the writing.

Linnie Marsh Wolfe devoted 20 years of her life to the painstaking effort of editing, retracing, researching Muir's life and work. Her tirelessness gives us the chance to see into the mind and heart of a man who was like no other.

Muir wrote, "I only went out for a walk, and finally concluded to stay out 'til sundown, for going

out, I found, was really going in . . ."

Muir would like us to walk with him and see for ourselves. And if we can't come in body, through his words, he will take us there in spirit.

—Sylvester Adrian

Sylvester Adrian is an expert on John Muir and worked for 28 years toward the creation of the John Muir County Park in Marquette County.

A PLACE CALLED PLOVER PORTAGE by Justin Isherwood; Pinery Press, Portage County Historical Society, P.O. Box 672, Stevens Point, Wis., 54481, 1979. 31 pp. \$3.50.

The Plover portage in prehistoric times was called *wabang-onigon*, an Algonquian term meaning "east trail from the river," and referring to "the portage route from the Wisconsin east to the Tomorrow-Waupaca River," a crossroads for commerce and cultural exchange among Wisconsin Indians a few thousand years before whites settled the area.

With an ecologist's approach to the history of the region, Isherwood touches upon its geology, climate, flora and fauna in an informal and generally readable prose. The essay on almost every page encloses graceful sketches of trees and plants with notations regarding their traditional uses. A centerfold map and a five-page appendix illustrate the major points of the narration.

Isherwood's recognition of the importance of the Plover portage and his basic conception of the project are admirable indeed, but the text of the essay is marred by a number of sentence fragments, by "made" words (fertile, attractant, dissuay), by misspelled words (brilliant, occurred, occurrence, discernable), by oversights in usage and grammar ("... the sea hugging set of colonies not yet swooned by Manifest Destiny"; "... each person is within themselves . . .), and by occasionally tangled syntax

("Multiple burial chambers which could have been the attempts of an earthy people to enshrine the same honor and pride in dying as the Lincoln Memorial . . .").

But the groundwork is here, and Isherwood, by focusing on an area vital to prehistoric Indians as well as to his Plover portage contemporaries, fulfills for the most part his stated purpose, "to increase the awareness of our place, our history, and our lives."

—Mary Shumway

Mary Shumway is a poet and teacher who lives in Plover, Wisconsin.

WOOD IN AMERICAN LIFE, 1776-2076 by W. C. Youngquist and H. O. Fleischer; Forest Products Research Society, Madison, Wis. 1977. 192 pp. \$9.95.

Wally Youngquist and Herb Fleischer (a WASAL member) recently retired as assistant to the director and director, respectively, of the US Forest Products Laboratory, Madison. This book is a well-illustrated version of an FPL Bicentennial publication of the same title. The book concentrates on four periods of US history: 1776, 1876 (centennial), 1976 (bicentennial) and 2076 (tercentennial). The first two sections were written by Lawrence C. Klepp, a Madison writer, the 1976 section was compiled from submissions of several contributors and the important 2076 part, wood in the nation's future, was prepared by the stated authors.

Information of an almost encyclopedic nature is presented in readable narrative on forest and forest concerns, harvesting, lumbering, forest products, wood as fuel, housing and architecture, wood ship building, wood in vehicles, roads and bridges, furniture, arts and crafts and many more uses. Wood chemicals, paper, packaging, plywood and building boards and recycling are discussed as more recent developments. The significance of the unique wonder of the renewable forest is properly

stressed. All of the above, however, are without the benefit of an index, a comprehensive table of contents or a list of illustrations for realizing the volume's potential as a source book.

The scenario of the projection to 2076, a date apparently fixed by the book's centenary format, is based on an ingenious device: a mythical presentation at a tercentenary forum on wood utilization. This stratagem eliminates the imponderables of a 100-year projection and makes possible the application of guidelines developed in the 1970s. The assumption is made that we can maintain our living standards by belt tightening and improved and more efficient practices, even with a doubling of population to 400 million persons, an annual rate of increase of 0.7 percent, and a quadrupling of wood products consumption to 800 million metric tons, a rate of 1.7 percent. (The population rate, according to a recent Forest Service assessment, will tend to decrease to 0.3 percent after 50 years and the GNP to stabilize at 2.5 percent including forest products at a lower rate). In any case, the US should be self-sufficient (presently it is a large importer) in wood through application of the mentioned 20th century technology of utilization of whole trees and woods and logging residues, species diversification and improved forest management, genetics and manufacturing practices. The periodically raised specter of a timber famine seems, even in 1980, a myth.

By 2076, according to the imaginary speaker, petroleum will have been replaced by solar and thermal energy and wood will be too valuable to use as fuel. (The Hudson Institute, in the June 1979 *Futurist*, predicts new and inexpensive fuel in two or three decades.) Also by 2076 the centuries-old enigma of lignin will have been penetrated and this wonder chemical will be changed in place or outside into a super adhesive and plastic. Likewise, cellulose will be converted into heavy chemicals. Further, solid wood will be converted into molded, fabricated and

reconstituted products with lumber as such disappearing—an esthetic wrench, it would seem. Paper will be made entirely from wood residues and 50 percent recycled fibers (vs. 22 percent in 1979). Apparently, the extraordinarily low forest products research and development budget of pre-1976 will suffice to bring about the changes reported for 2076. Similarly, the changes induced by the beginning of a post-industrial economy will not have affected the forest products sector.

—J. N. McGovern

J. N. McGovern is an emeritus professor in the department of forestry, UW-Madison.

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD EAST: AMERICA'S RESOURCEFUL RAILROAD by Patrick C. Dorin; Superior Publishing Company, Seattle, 1978. 175 pp. \$14.95.

Chartered in 1847, the first railroad in Wisconsin began its service in 1850 as the Milwaukee and Waukesha Railroad. The line was extended to Prairie du Chien by 1857, to St. Paul and Minneapolis by 1867 and to Chicago by 1872. The company's name has been altered several times as its territory expanded and its ownership changed, becoming the Milwaukee and Mississippi in 1850. The Milwaukee & Prairie du Chien in 1861, the Milwaukee & St. Paul in 1867, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul in 1874 and the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific in 1928. The latest change reflected extension of trackage west to Seattle in 1928; by 1929 the Milwaukee Road was operating 3041 miles of primary main line and 7850 miles of secondary main line and branch line. Between the 1930s and the 1960s, facing increasing competition from other means of transportation, this "resourceful railroad" did much to modernize both its passenger trains and its freight service, but in more recent years the company has been fighting a losing battle and is now undergoing reorganization under the Federal Bankruptcy Act.

Patrick Dorin's handsome book traces development of the Milwaukee's lines east of Harlowton, Montana, emphasizing the years from the 1920s to the present. Four chapters cover passenger service, describing in detail the make-up of the famous Hiawathas and other luxury trains in the years before Amtrak took over in 1971. Four other chapters deal with freight trains and classification yards. Maps, timetables, lists of equipment and well over a hundred fascinating photographs complement the text, bringing vividly back the way it was in the Age of Steam and the later period of Dieselization. The book is a delight for rail fans and a valuable resource for social historians of the Upper Midwest.

—Merton M. Sealts, Jr.

Merton Sealts, a practicing rail buff, is Henry A Pochmann professor of English at UW-Madison.

OUT ON A LIMB by Roy Lukes with sketches by Charlotte Lukes; Pine Tree press, P.O. Box 302, Baileys Harbor, Wi. 1979. 210 pp. Cloth \$11.00.

This fine book is handsomely bound in two-tone binders cloth. The boards are beige and the spine soft brown with lateral gold lettering of title and author. In spite of the excellent physical makeup, there is enough unused page space throughout to print a small book (273 inches or 39 full pages in the same format).

It is axiomatic that a "self-taught" artist should avoid bird illustration. There are exceptions of course, but not many. As a contribution to a husband and wife team-effort, the 15 pencil sketches are palatable if just barely.

The text is composed of 202 vignettes about birds, mainly based on what took place at the writer's backyard bird feeder. Many are taken from or adapted from a local newspaper column that Roy Lukes had written previously.

There can be no doubt in a reader's mind that the writer is a

person with a passion for birding and a sincere enthusiasm to share his experiences with others. There is no pretense in these pages, and the folksy expressions and colloquial usage add color to the stories. It is not a reference book in ornithology, but it is a book that is easy to read and easy to understand for all who enjoy the sight and sound of birds. If Roy has brought interest in, and appreciation of birds to the layman and pleasure as well (there is no doubt of this), then who can argue for classical ornithology about which the layman could not care less?

However, the prose is often uneven and jerky. Some of the stories start in one direction and then change abruptly into another. There is an overriding anthropomorphic lean in expressions and descriptions. To the point are these statements: "Perhaps the excellence of the grosbeak parenting is the reason why the cowbird frequently chooses it to rear its young." I wonder how long the cowbird pondered that decision and where the Kirtland's warbler rated in the evaluation?

"I believe that cedar waxwings are among our most immaculately groomed and refined birds."

"... terns are in a sense real thoroughbreds..."

There is a smattering of technical errors. *Solanum dulcamara* is not deadly night shade. (*Solanum nigrum* is.) More likely, mourning doves lose toes to frostbite, not disease.

The male woodcock "... sang his first aerial aria..." Except for some chirping, the male woodcock does not sing an aerial song.

The discussion of the brood patch is a sad example of anthropomorphic guessing.

Unnamed or unidentified persons or groups are used as strawmen to explore the validity of old ornithological cliches or unfounded deductions in bird behavior. For example: regarding horned owls—"Some claim that the older of the fledglings will help to protect the smaller ones, while the parents are away from the nest." Some (whoever they may be) had

best stop claiming.

And, "Ornithologists believe that owls' flight feathers, fringed at their edges and covered with a short velvety pile, enable them to fly silently." As for the pile, birders may believe but not ornithologists. I had not planned to comment on the illustrations, but the upland sandpiper opposite page 130 is a classic example of how an untrained illustrator has difficulty with both perspective and anatomy. The upland sandpiper, toes in particular, must have been copied from a photograph that can claim artistic license not accorded an illustrator.

In spite of what may appear to be a negative assessment, my overall opinion was positive. When I laid the book down the pleasure derived outweighed the peculiarities of the style and ornithological imprecision. I recommend this compendium of anecdotes about birds and birding, not because of its scientific contribution but because it gave me much enjoyment to have been afield vicariously with Roy Lukes as he observed what was usually "out on a limb."

—Robert A. McCabe

Robert A. McCabe is professor of wildlife ecology at UW-Madison.

THE DEACON by Robert Gard; R. Bruce Allison, Madison, Wis., 1979. 179 pp. Soft cover, \$7.95.

In *The Deacon* Robert Gard has composed not a novel but a parable, or rather a whole series of interweaving and shifting metaphors strung onto his story. Indeed, the story opens with a metaphor, the death some years before of the elms outside Grace Church, Madison. When the church was built, a hundred years earlier, the congregation lived almost in the shadow of the building, but at the time of the story, two or three years from now, they have moved away to the edges of the city. The sandstone of the church is crumbling, and downtown Madison real estate values are soaring; the new generation of

vestrymen wants to sell the immensely valuable land and move the congregation to a new site at the edge of the city. Two of the vestry—Ambition and Avarice from a morality play—win the rector to their side, and the old church seems doomed. But the old, devoted and peculiar sexton, Sam Powers, is recruited to its defense by the ghost of Bishop Kemper, first bishop of the diocese and in effect the founder of Grace Church; he (and the ghostly assembly of past rectors) is determined to foil the attempt to move. They and the sexton fight the vestrymen and almost succeed. Then the kaleidoscope is shaken: miracles—physical and psychological—change the course of things, and make the original conflict meaningless. A plot, in short, about as unlikely as that of *Hamlet* or *Lear*.

On this somewhat shaky frame the author, himself a deacon at Grace Church for many years, hangs a variety of questions—history, sociology and psychology all appear, dressed in the figures of fantasy, allegory, folk tale and bald historical narrative. The whole is told in a deliberate and restrained style, that of a story teller trying not to draw attention to himself—yet the title of the book is that of its unassuming narrator. The women of the church are hardly mentioned, yet the book is dedicated to them. One will search in vain for reflections on the function of a city church; the lost souls, drifters, drunks, vandals who break in and steal are only mentioned with distaste; yet the deacon's thoughts as he administers the chalice are one of the most moving parts of the story, a hymn to faith. One may wonder why the ghost of Bishop Kemper should be so unwilling for the church to move out to minister to new heathens and idolaters; he himself left the comfortable East to be a pioneer and missionary on the new frontier, where his first altar was a plank laid over two whiskey barrels. Most of the characters in *The Deacon* are flat, painted saints or devils; healing and peace come to some but not to all, for the wind

bloweth where it listeth. Sam Powers is crazy, but is he any more so than St. Francis? Finally, the deacon makes himself the mouthpiece for a doomed nostalgia, but he carefully refrains from taking sides on matters which are now raising schism in his church.

Out of all the improbabilities, omissions and contradictions, though, there emerges an awareness of problems: what is Athens to Jerusalem? what is the City of God to the City of Man? Professor Gard is both a dramatist and a recorder of folklore, and tries to combine the intensity of the one with the objectivity of the other. He cannot, of course, succeed, for reality follows neither road. This is a paradoxical book: some of its readers will drop it in incomprehension. Others will see and recognize its nature, and will take it on its own terms as a well of questions for which logic knows no answers.

—Herbert M. Howe

Herbert M. Howe is professor of classics and integrated liberal studies at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

PIECES OF LIFE by Mark Schorer; Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York, 1977. 173 pp. \$8.95.

We remember him best, perhaps, for that enormously detailed and impressive 1961 biography of Sinclair Lewis of Sauk Centre, Minnesota, and were disappointed when it missed the Pulitzer Prize. But Mark Schorer of Sauk City, Wisconsin, friend and one-summer collaborator with August Derleth (see *Colonel Markesan and Less Pleasant People*, Arkham House), and one of Wisconsin's Notable Authors, published ten other books during his extensive career, ranging from the Wisconsin novel, *A House Too Old*, in 1935, to this, *Pieces of Life*, a medley of short stories and early remembrances.

Placed between each story and at the start and finish are those remembrances of his growing up,

his schooling and his courtship of Ruth Page, his wife of 40 years. Why these hesitant reminiscences? Perhaps Schorer recognized that evening was approaching. He seemed to sense that they would be what in fact they became, his last testament: 21 pieces of life, distillations of experience, gleanings of a perceptive psyche.

Schorer's career—master's from Harvard, doctorate from the University of Wisconsin, professor at Dartmouth, Harvard and finally the University of California, Berkeley—seems to provide background for half the stories. Three, two with a teenage daughter, one with a teenage son, might be about Schorer's own Page and Suki, to whom the Lewis biography was dedicated. Two others, about Marian and Gilbert Miles, seem almost autobiographical. They are teasing and rewarding—teasing as to what they say about Schorer's own life, rewarding in what they say about all life.

Counterpoint, though Schorer gives a disclaimer, to these fictional depictions are the frankly told, scoured-out memories of a bleak growing-up. They are snippets only, but they capture a childhood of bitterness: his father stubborn, not understanding, his mother weak, subservient, their living in a house provided by his mother's parents, and the family's demeaning of itself for rich relatives, one of whom made it possible for Mark to go on to graduate school. Schorer calls these reminiscences "the slightly staggering dissonance of a real life beating beneath the surface of brighter, created lives."

This slim volume is a little gem of a book, and the final two stories are vintage pieces, "The Lamp," from the *Atlantic Monthly*, is a psychological study of a contentedly married couple who come to see the grotesque Italian lamp of their Roman apartment as a bizarre symbol of their encased, sterile life together. "The Unwritten Story," last composed and never published, is a probing of perceptions and impressions of a past 15 years ago

and the present, both set in the same Italian landscape diffused with Umbrian gold. But all the stories end with a sort of tentativeness as to their meaning, letting the reader as voyeur (such a scene occurs in "The Lamp") draw his own conclusions, as he must in real life.

Nearly every story carries near its end a terse, suggestive, essential line as a kicker to the imagination of the reader, a statement that lodges in the mind and survives the last word read. And when this occurs, it is somehow as if Schorer had worked out an accommodation between the surprise endings of O. Henry and the subtleties of Henry James, whose style the last two stories reflect so closely, an accommodation acceptable both to himself and to that discerning public he must have imagined out there.

This unusual potpourri of story and fact seems to lie midway between what we call a short story collection and the experimental *contes* of Latin American writers. There is a unity between the fiction and the nonfiction. Schorer's memories show the preparation of the soil of his imaginative garden; the stories show the fruit—perhaps the fruit of the man. And the whole ends with Schorer's falling in love with Ruth Page; perhaps it was she who brought it to harvest. It takes a lifetime to develop such command of the blending of art and nature as these stories reveal. We can only regret that death cut it short in August 1977, just before this final summation reached the public.

—Richard Boudreau

Richard Boudreau is professor of English at UW-La Crosse.

SALEM'S CHILDREN by Mary Leader; Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, New York, 1979. 367 pp. \$9.95.

CELESTIAL CHESS by Thomas Bontly; Harper and Row, New York, 1979. 279 pp. \$9.95.

Occult fiction has enjoyed a resurgence of popularity the last dozen years, perhaps because of our penchant for massive titillation, vicarious, to be sure, violent and voluptuous, to be doubly sure. Wisconsin writers have shared in this popularity, the latest additions being a second novel by Mary Leader of Mequon and a third novel by UW-Milwaukee's Thomas Bontly.

In *Salem's Children* Mary Leader has created a village called Peacehaven, populated in the main by descendants of victims of the infamous witch hunt in Massachusetts in 1692. Symbolic of a slow sinking under its dark past, the village is gradually being engulfed by the shifting Wisconsin River. Catalyst for catastrophe is Mitti Llewellyn, who spent her childhood summers here and now comes to claim her inheritance, her Aunt Bo's mansion. Not in the direct blood line, Mitti is an outsider, and such preferment by the deceased has raised old animosities.

Hardly settled in the house with her 13-year-old daughter, Rowan, and a baby, Cariad, born after the tragic death of her Welsh husband, Mitti receives a threatening phone call, whispering to her to leave town. Before she recovers from the scare, she suddenly and eerily finds herself temporarily a young girl in 17th century Salem. In the days that follow the threats become more direful, and the slippage of identity recurs, each time to a later era in the Salemite woman's life.

During the winter members of the community rehearse a play about the Salem witch trials for a summer festival that, it is hoped, will bring in tourist dollars. Soon the ordering factors of time and place give way for others besides Mitti, and 17th century hysteria

and chaos take over. In the re-alignment of the old occult forces, Mitti's daughters become pawns, and the great harrowing rushes toward its completion.

The book has a narrative drive that sustains it throughout. Its twistings and their telling involve the reader, and Leader weaves an intricate web of intrigue and ambiguity. But for some that may become its difficulty. So much ingenuity is devoted to plot that little is left for development of character. Dana, the mysterious Indian companion of Aunt Bo; Rowan, the narrator's daughter, and one or two others are more than stereotypes, but the rest are inadequate—or inadequately presented. Even Mitti, the narrator-heroine, is unconvincing as an anguished mother or as a conveyor of the incarnate evil threatening her.

Bontly's tale begins with the death of an archivist at Duke's College, Cambridge, found crushed to death under a pile of fallen books, his rigid face smothered by a concordance to Shakespeare, a sort of poetic justice visited on musty bibliophiliacs, a fitting rejoinder of the expansive past on the picayune present. An American researcher, David Fairchild, suspects murder, however, because the man's death effectively keeps Fairchild from the mysterious and compelling Westchurch manuscripts. When he hears of the "accidental" death of another man connected with the documents, Fairchild is certain of a conspiracy.

Interspersed with the Fairchild chapters are those dealing with Geoffrey Gervaise, "possessed" offspring of a Norman noble living and dying in 12th century England. Perhaps under a curse from an Anglo-Saxon witch, Geoffrey began his adolescent years with incest and murder, and matured to whoring, heresy and witchcraft, the latter causing his death at the stake in 1175. Through various narrators his life unfolds from his first incarceration in a monastery, through his sponsorship by various members of the medieval church, to its strange, final decade when he

becomes a renegade priest.

Really an occult mystery, the book itself becomes an elaborate chess game: each of the two centuries-divided lives presented alternately, each unraveling in fascinating, parallel moves. The mad monk, Gervaise, suffers from the besetting difficulty of despair over the state of his soul but lives for the playing of chess through which he works out his ultimate fate. Fairchild is the skeptical, common sense American whose besetting difficulty is the scientific shibboleths of his society, which deny the occult, but who finds himself involved in a larger chess game through his avidity for pleasing young ladies.

There is especial delight in one chapter made up of two dramatic monologues, both savoring of Robert Browning's own of the worldly yet divinely accommodated

monks of Renaissance Italy. Yet the book falters in its concluding pages: the gratuitous destruction of the cohorts of the Evil One, strongly smacking of a modern *deus ex machina*; and the almost pat working out of the difficulties in the denouement. Bontly has not been happiness-bound in the past; there seems no reason for him to be here—unless his original schema finally slipped beyond control.

Mrs. Leader was a student in Professor Bontly's creative writing class a few years ago, and her first novel, *Triad*, which resulted, promised greater things. Bontly's own first novel, *The Competitor*, was extremely well done. It is therefore disappointing to find their current efforts, though commendable in many ways, not up to their earlier creations.

—Richard Boudreau

JUST BROWSING

TREE GROWTH AND ENVIRONMENTAL STRESSES

by T.T. Kozlowski; University of Washington Press, Seattle, 1979. 192 pp. \$10.00.

The increasing demands being placed on forests for lumber, pulp and fuel are taxing our ability to manage this resource in a truly renewable fashion. A significant portion of the problem can be ascribed to reduced growth and outright loss caused by environmental stresses. We lack a complete understanding of such stresses and how best to deal with them. It is these considerations that Kozlowski, A.J. Riker professor of forestry and director of the Biotron, UW-Madison, addresses.

Based on three lectures given at the College of Forest Resources, University of Washington, in 1978, the book presents an overview of the physiological basis of tree growth and how, in sometimes very complex and subtle ways, environmental stresses—especially

unfavorable water relations and pollutants—affect tree growth. The physiology of seed germination and the impact on germination of naturally occurring and applied chemicals is also discussed, as well as plant characteristics that relate to the plant's capacity to deal with environmental stresses after transplanting. Lastly, the author briefly focuses upon some of the major research challenges in forest biology.

Following the dictum that learning how to grow plants requires knowing how plants grow, the author emphasizes throughout the key physiological processes that control growth. The book is very readable; however, it presupposes that the reader already has some knowledge of plant physiology.

—R. D. Durbin

R.D. Durbin is chief of the USDA pioneer research laboratory and professor of plant pathology at UW-Madison.

MORE WOMEN IN LITERATURE: CRITICISM OF THE SEVENTIES

by Carol Fairbanks; Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, N.J., 1979. 465 pp. \$17.50.

More Women continues and expands Ms. Fairbank's 1976 (Scarecrow) *Women in Literature*, a well-received and useful bibliography. This volume provides extensive coverage of secondary literature of women's studies written in the last decade. Included here are works of literary criticism which examine women characters in relation to other people, to work or to their culture; literary criticism which examines women characters as myth or symbol; essays on feminist criticism and biographical studies of women writers or of men writers when interpretation of women characters is incorporated. Also included here are interviews with women writers and selected book reviews.

The first and longest section is an alphabetical list of authors with the secondary literature arranged alphabetically beneath. Over 1000 entries from Greek classical authors to writers publishing as late as 1977 are included. The second section is a general bibliography which contains comprehensive studies of a genre or an historical period or provides background material for the study of women in literature.

By culling general bibliographies and abstracts for these particular citations, Ms. Fairbanks has provided a highly focused work which will long be useful to teachers and students of literature and essential to those working in women's studies. Its excellent organization makes it a reference tool which will be often used in high school, college and public libraries.

Carol Fairbanks is an English instructor and women's studies coordinator at the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire. She has published two other bibliographies on black writers and black fiction.

—Patricia Powell

Patricia Powell is an editor and librarian living in Madison.

INSIDE THE ACADEMY

Art for academicians

by Frederick Logan

Sometime in 1956, at the instigation of Walter Scott, I became the *Wisconsin Academy Review's* associate editor for arts.

A pattern had already been established of publishing on *Review* covers reproductions of works by Wisconsin artists: Aaron Bohrod, Santos Zingale, Robert Grilley and Alfred Sessler.

My turn to serve as silent impressario introducing Wisconsin artists to Wisconsin academicians began with the spring 1957 *Review*. My orbit in art had been different from that of an artist-in-residence or of an editor concerned with literary, historical or scientific content. The Museum of Modern Art during the 1930s was beginning its program of exhibits in architecture, machine design, photography and cinema. Young art teachers were bringing these movements into their class studios through the MOMA catalogs of exhibits.

It seemed to many of us who were teaching art education courses that art activities in the schools should reflect the whole scope of esthetics in our humanly constructed environment. On the covers of the *Review*, we did not achieve an encyclopedic coverage of esthetic forms. But we did attempt to spread out beyond "works of art" in only the traditional Renaissance media.

Elsa Stiles' drawing of John Muir's "Reading Table" portrayed that rickety, incredible, amazing contraption sympathetically. Jim Schinneller's photograph of his three dimensional model for a "design treatment" of a 12-block area in Milwaukee's old North Side is a forecast of the civic amenities contributing to neighborhood revival.

Photography and architecture

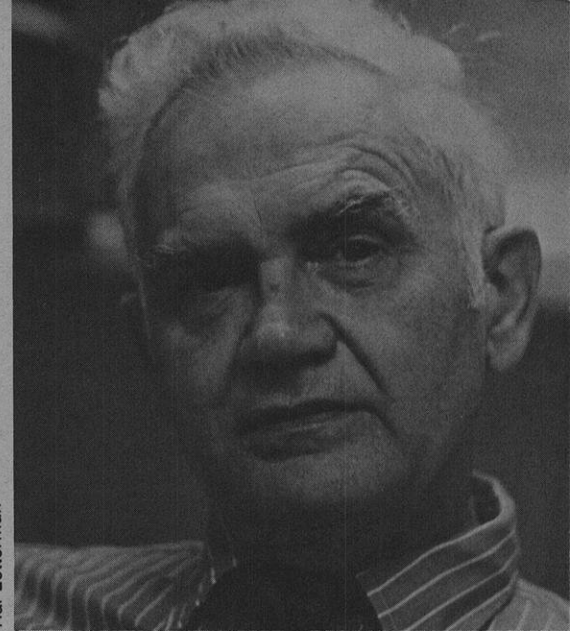
were represented also. A photograph of Frank Lloyd Wright's Greek Orthodox Church in Milwaukee appeared in the winter of 1962. M.E. Diemer, long-time photographer for the School of Agriculture, was one of two featured portrait photographers. His print of E.A. Birge at Trout Lake was described by Paul Vanderbilt, curator of photography at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, as a master work. The portrait of Conrad Elvehjem in the summer 1962 issue was one of the fine works of Gary Schulz. My "Notes" emphasized the esthetic quality and judgment of the photographers, an element seldom considered in memorial portraiture.

In the 1950s, a closer relationship existed among the art departments in the universities and colleges of the state. Increased art faculties made possible a greater range of art practices in graphic arts, design, three dimensional media and photography. Faculty members traded exhibitions, lectured, joined discussion sessions, urged superior students to continue graduate work, sought promising M.F.A. graduates as junior faculty members. I found I could draw upon these associations for expanding the scope of art representation in the *Review*.

Wisconsin landscape remained a source of interest to many artists. The group included Burton Potterveld, Milwaukee, who painted "Beach Wall, Door County" while teaching at the Clearing. From Appleton, Tom Dietrich sent his "Winter Night," a painting of the old hall of Lawrence University.

Schomer Lichtner of Milwaukee produced his characteristic flowing brush and ink drawing of the moraine hill cow pastures as foreground to a spikey Holy Hill.

Hal Lotterman



And Tom Hendricksen, of the Platteville faculty, drew a contrasting tower form seen in the old lead mine workings. Santos Zingale furnished us one of his few lithograph prints, "Lake Mendota Shores." Perhaps the most nostalgic work we used was Gerrit Sinclair's "Court House Square, Milwaukee 1929."

Followers of UW-Madison artists John Wilde, Gibson Byrd, Donald Anderson and Raymond Gloeckler would recognize "Still Life with Waxwing," "Hamburger Stand," "Butterflies and Moths" and "Social Mogul" at once.

Warrington Colescott, James Schwalbach, Robert Schellin and Clarice Logan all made their sketch books available. The places in which they had worked were, respectively, London, the Quetico lakes, a Maine harbor, and a Wisconsin garden. Franklin Boggs of Beloit College went to Finland and sent back a photo of a mural he had painted in a school for the handicapped.

My stint as prompter and editor was concluded in June of 1962. In these days of instant retrieval, one may hope that there will be scholars in the future who will find these artists of *Review* covers. The pictorial evidence of their work and the notes on their activities described the energetic and varied art community of those years.

Frederick Logan is professor emeritus in the UW-Madison art department.

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