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ORSON WELLES: A MEMOIR
MENOMINEE ART AND TRADITION

Wisconsin Academy Review

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Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

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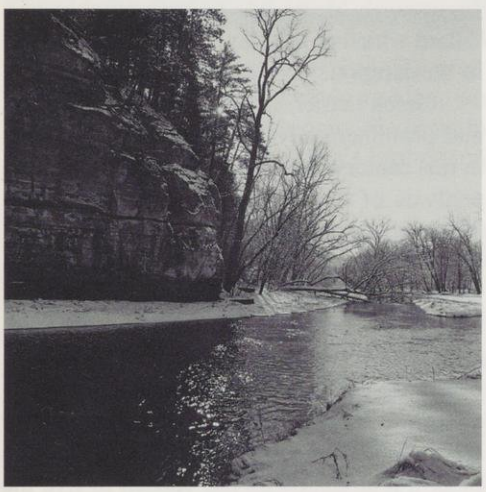

Base of Tower Hill Bluff at Tower Hill State Park from Wisconsin River Images *by Thomas Oates, 1994. Reprinted with permission of Kendall/Hunt Publishing and University of Wisconsin Extension.*

FRONT COVER: The Gift of Light *by James F. Frechette, Jr. Acrylic on pine, approx. 12 inches, 1990. Based on the story of how the loon got its necklace. Collection of Naoma M. Nash. Photo by Duane A. Frechette.*
BACK COVER: Harvest Ceremonial *by James F. Frechette, Jr. Acrylic on pine, approx. 12 inches, 1989. Moose clan, depicting ceremony prior to harvesting wild rice. Collection of James L. Schurter. Photo by Duane A. Frechette.*

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SAVE THE DATE!
June 7, 1995–Olbrich Gardens, Madison
Wisconsin Academy's 125th Anniversary Celebration

Editor's Notes

In a publicity blurb on Orson Welles released by 20th Century Fox in 1942, they informed the world that their star had already given 5,000 performances in 572 different roles which, they pointed out, was "quite a record for a youngster of twenty-seven." Indeed! Before becoming involved in films, Welles had made sensational drama history on the radio as producer and star of Mercury Theatre, in particular through his adaptation of *War of the Worlds* (1938). In 1939 he went to Hollywood and again made history as screenwriter, producer, director, and star of *Citizen Kane* (1941). The legendary, albeit tumultuous, career of Welles, in fact, had Wisconsin roots.

Born in Kenosha in 1915, Welles lived at 6116 Seventh Avenue until 1921, when the family moved to Chicago. He returned to Wisconsin in 1923 to attend camp at the present site of Gaylord Nelson State Park. In this issue of the *Review*, Lowell Frautschi not only tells us about his experience with the young boy genius as camper and aspiring actor, but Frautschi also documents some of the interesting history surrounding Wisconsin's newest state park.

Wisconsin has contributed its share of men and women whose talents have helped shaped America. Among Wisconsin women who were dedicated activists in the last century, for example, are Olympia Brown (1835–1926) and Frances Willard (1839–1898).

Brown, who moved to Racine in 1878, was the first woman in America to be ordained minister (1863) of an organized church (Unitarian). After her husband's death she took over his job as publisher of the *Racine Times*. But the role which was no doubt the most challenging and for which she is best known was that of president of the Wisconsin Woman Suffrage Association, a position she held for twenty-seven years, beginning in 1885.

Frances Willard came to Wisconsin when she was seven years old and grew up near Janesville. She distinguished herself not only as an educator but as a vocal and apparently untiring activist in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She first became involved in the Chicago temeperance movement in 1874 and served as its first president; was elected president of the national movement in 1879; and beginning in 1891 until her death, she served as world president. She also served as president of the Women's National Council, an umbrella group representing many women's societies in the country. In 1904 sculptress Helen Farnsworth Mears of Oshkosh completed a marble statue of Willard which to this day stands in the Capitol in Washington.

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ABOVE: Olympia Brown at Antioch College, 1856.
BELOW: Statue of Frances Willard by Helen Farnsworth Mears, completed in 1904.
Photos courtesy the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Gerda Lerner, emeritus professor, author, and prominent advocate for women's rights in this century, has written for us a perceptive analysis of the women's movement with a special emphasis on the significant contributions made by women of the Midwest—in particular, by women of Wisconsin.

To complement Prof. Lerner's article, two other women share experiences with us: one a non-governmental delegate to the International Conference on Population and Development held recently in Cairo, and the other a journalist who has chosen to live the isolated life of an islander and breed angora goats.

Two projects continue from previous issues: We present the last in the series of works by Wisconsin artists produced in color through the generosity of a grant from the Norman Bassett Foundation, and Prof. Daniel Kunene continues his chronicle of impressions and experiences based on his return visit to South Africa after thirty years in exile in America. A photo study of the Wisconsin River, poetry, and book reviews complete this first issue of Volume 41.

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As the Academy enters its 125th year, we find ourselves giving much thought to the mission bequeathed to us by our founders, those remarkable visionaries who gathered at the State Capitol in 1870 to realize their idea for an organization dedicated to the promotion of exemplary scholarship in the sciences, arts, and letters. It is also, of course, a time for evaluating the Academy's ongoing role in today's intellectual milieu and our many opportunities for contributing to Wisconsin's rich culture as we head into a new century.

Faith B. Miracle

Wisconsin Academy Gallery Schedule

December 1994: Marylin Hart, cast-paper/assemblage
January 1995: Rob A. Price, works on paper and canvas
February 1995: Jeff Lipschutz, paintings

CONTRIBUTORS

- Clifton Anderson, a writer and editor at the University of Idaho, is a former Wisconsin resident who graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 1947. He writes about bioethics in Macmillan's forthcoming *Encyclopedia of the Future*.

- Susan Basquin moved from New Mexico to Washington Island five years ago and for the past four years has been raising goats. She worked for ten years for the *Santa Fe Reporter*, editing and writing feature and news articles.

- Lowell Frautschi has been a Madison businessman for many years. He owned a furniture store and funeral home, but also has carried on the Frautschi's family's long tradition of community service. He helped raise funds to build Memorial Union on the university campus and received the Distinguished Service Award from the Wisconsin Alumni Association in 1973.

- Brent Goodman grew up in Brown Deer and received an A.B. degree from Ripon College. He is currently studying and teaching at Purdue University. He was the 1992 and 1993 recipient of the Dorothea Wilgus Pickard Prize in Creative Writing from Ripon College and his poems have been published in numerous literary journals.

- Rosalyn Van Domelen Harris grew up in Little Chute and lived in Mississippi and California, where she received a degree in English literature from California State University at Dominguez Hills. She and her family now live on a Door County farm "where we breathe deeply and enjoy the circle of seasons." She recently has completed her first novel which is based on her years as an activist in the civil rights movement in Mississippi.

- Daniel P. Kunene is professor of African languages and literature at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He also taught at the University of Cape Town, the University of California–Los Angeles, and the Johannes Gutenberg University in Mainz, Germany. He has published numerous books, articles, and poems, and in 1990 one of his poems, "Soweto," was set to music for choir and orchestra by a Dutch composer and performed throughout the Netherlands. It premiered in the United States in 1992.

- Gerda Lerner was professor of history at the University of Wisconsin–Madison before her retirement in 1991. She was educated in Austria and New York, received her Ph.D. from Columbia University, and holds honorary degrees from ten universities and colleges in Wisconsin and in the East. She has lectured and published widely; her most recent book is *The Creation of Feminist Consciousness: From the Middle Ages to Eighteen-Seventy* (Oxford University Press, 1993). She is a founding member of the National Organization for Women (NOW).

- Thomas Oates is currently president of Spalding University in Louisville. Before moving to Kentucky, he was director of the Cooperative Association of States for Scholarships (U.S. Operations) program at the Center for Intercultural Education and Development at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., and before that was dean at the University of Wisconsin Center-Richland at Richland Center.

- Allen C. West, emeritus professor of chemistry at Lawrence University in Appleton, has had poems published in a number of journals. He was a 1991 winner in the New Voices series of The Writers' Place in Madison and a runner-up for the 1992 Grolier Poetry Prize. This spring he and his wife moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts.

- David R. Wrone was born in "Abe Lincoln's old eighth judicial circuit" in central Illinois and took all his degrees from the University of Illinois-Urbana. Since 1964 he has been teaching American history at the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point. He is especially concerned with the ideas and institutions of civilization and has taught courses on some of the Indian tribes in the state, including the Menominees.

- Charlotte Zieve of Elkhart Lake earned a degree in chemistry from the University of Illinois and holds a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, where she was enrolled in the land resources program at the Institute for Environmental Studies (IES). She is a lecturer and an assistant scientist for IES, conducting research on municipal solid waste in Wisconsin. She represented IES at the International Conference on Population and Development in Cairo in September 1994.

Approaching our 125th year *. . . The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters was chartered by the State Legislature on March 16, 1870, as a membership organization serving the people of Wisconsin. Its mission is to encourage investigation in the sciences, arts and letters and to disseminate information and share knowledge.*

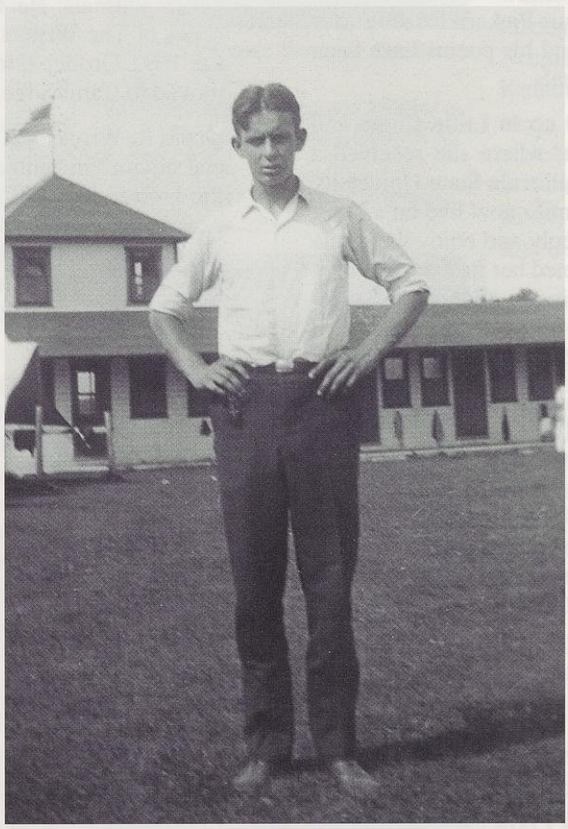
Camp Indianola and Orson Welles, Boy Genius: A Memoir

by Lowell Frautschi

On the north side of Lake Mendota there is a relatively new park heralded as Wisconsin's first urban state park, named in honor of former Governor and United States Senator Gaylord Nelson in recognition of his exemplary and fruitful record in the field of conservation. The park embraces 422 acres of partially wooded land between County Highway M and mostly private property along the lakeshore where there are cottages and year-round homes, but there is about a half-mile of park frontage directly on the lake, most of which is located where Camp Indianola used to be. Other properties incorporated in the park area were Camp Wakanda, which was owned by the Metropolitan Madison YMCA, and several farms.

For me, Governor Nelson State Park is important as the scene of personal experiences from my boyhood and university years. Among the most memorable was the involvement of my brother Walter and myself during the early years of Camp Wakanda. The YMCA opened its new building in downtown Madison in 1919 and became a prominent factor in our lives. By that time, the camp already was in operation, the result of the gift of land by Michael B. Olbrich, a prominent Madison attorney and university regent, who later helped shape the concept of a university arboretum.

The campers at Wakanda slept in tents and had playing fields up on a hill away from the lake. One could walk along a path following the lakeshore westward through open fields and pastures, where now large homes and estates limit or deny that sort of access. Hiking and energetic chases through the woods were regular activities for the boys. Gradually I advanced in the camp hierarchy to become a tent leader and a councilor.

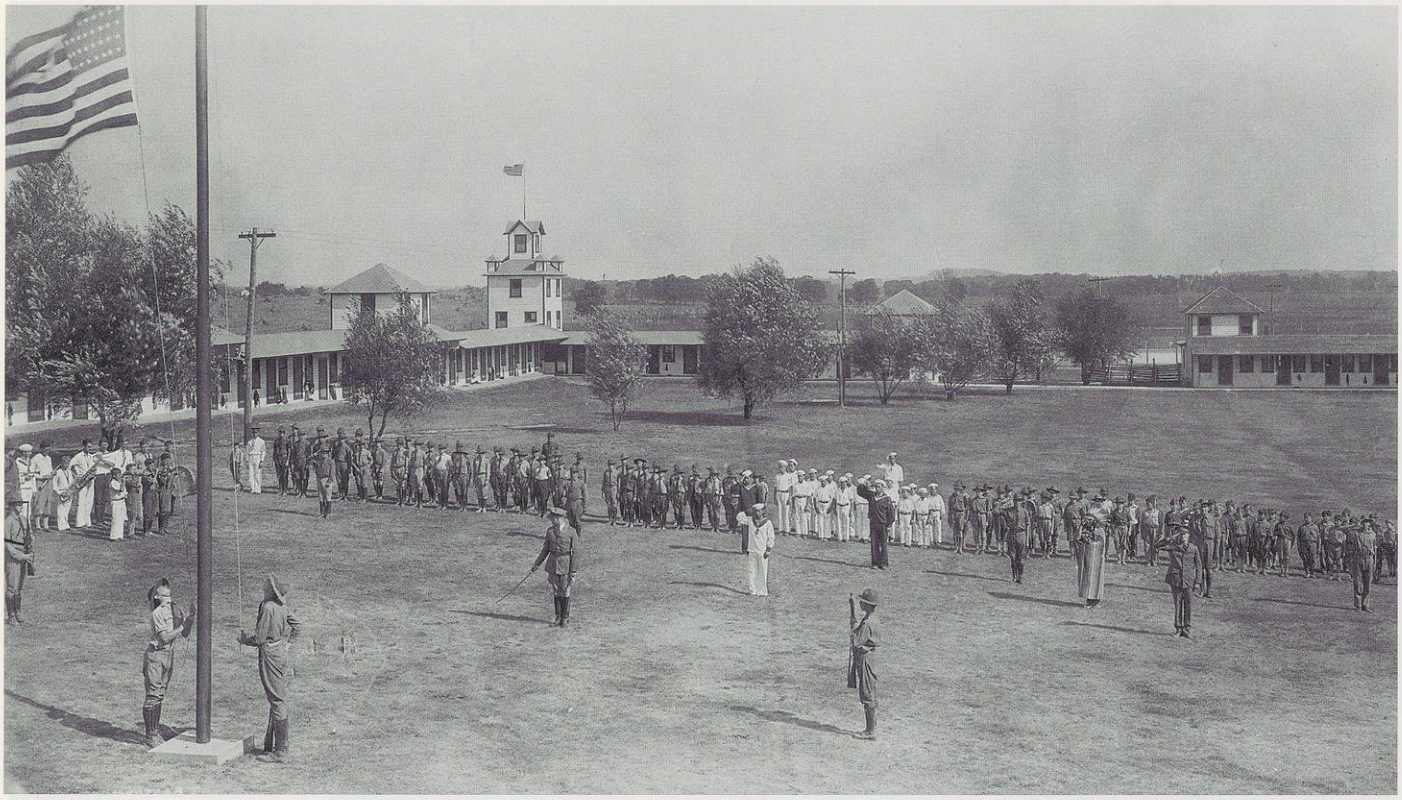


Lowell Frautshi at Camp Indianola, 1925.

A mile or so farther along the shore was Indianola, a much larger, well-equipped private boys' camp with which the YMCA camp had nothing to do, at least as far as the boys were concerned. There were no athletic competitions or other forms of mingling, nor did the two programs ever collide as a result of careless trespassing. The boys at Wakanda watched the great war canoes from Indianola pass by, and they saw the cavalry division riding along in formation out on the highway, but they looked without envy, for they too were having a good time, and the camps coexisted without friction.

There was an exception to this lack of communication between the two camps, and that was due to my brother Walter and me. He was working as a councilor at Indianola, and together we owned an old launch which we had purchased for $65.00. It had a noisy, one-cylinder inboard motor, and we called it, appropriately enough, *The Put-Put*. We divided the use of the boat between us and kept it moored at each of the camps for equal time periods.

Walter first went to work at Camp Indianola in the summer of 1919, when he answered a want ad for a grounds keeper and roustabout. The owner and director of the camp, Frederick G. Mueller, liked Walter and promoted him to the status of councilor. Walter's last summer at the camp, and my first, was in 1923, the year I graduated from high school.



Dress parade on the grounds.

From its modest beginning in a lakeshore cottage in 1907, Camp Indianola had grown substantially and apparently had prospered, although Frederick Mueller and his wife displayed no evidence of accumulated wealth, except for the camp itself. They lived in Madison in an unpretentious house on State Street at the corner of North Frances Street, where the Brathaus Restaurant later was built. Frederick Mueller was an instructor in psychology at the university, and when I knew him during the 1920s he was still carrying a full teaching load. The operation of the camp, however, was a time-consuming business which he conducted during the school year from his home.

I have a promotional booklet or catalog for the camp published in 1910, its fourth season. It is a quaint document, with interesting pictures. The main building, as it was called, was a large cottage with a broad, covered porch across the front and on both sides, later enclosed to provide more interior space. There was a lounge room with a large brick fireplace, a library said to contain 1,000 volumes "chosen for their special interest to boys," and a music room with an upright piano.

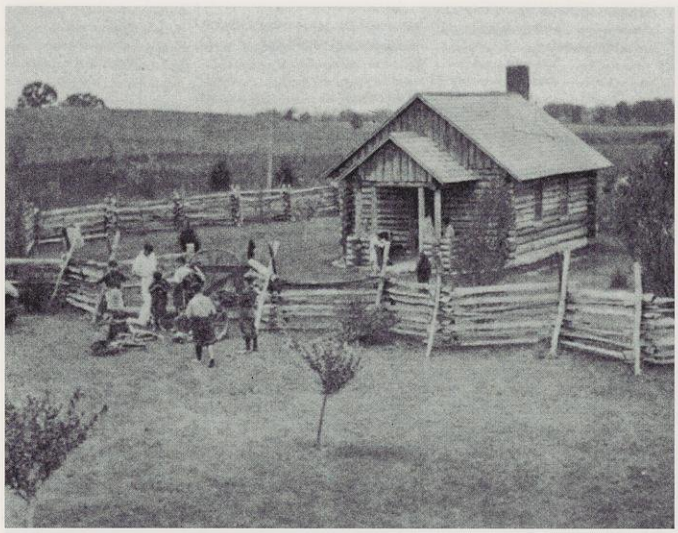
Trips were a prominent feature of the program, culminating in a two-week-long "Gypsy Trip" which would take the boys to such places as Gibraltar Rock, Devils Lake and Baraboo, the Wisconsin Dells, and Camp Douglas. "Wherever night overtakes us," the catalog says, "tents will be pitched, along the roadside, near lakes and rivers, in villages and on hills."

The much enlarged and more impressive catalog for 1923 contains a list of sixteen officers and councilors. My responsibilities in the camp program are listed as "Tutoring, Games, Boating, Canoeing, Trips, Entertainments." Among buildings listed in that catalog are a large canoe house, mess hall, hospital, recreation and assembly hall with stage, and many smaller structures. The illustrations show typical camp activities with special focus on the cavalry division.

I was at the camp again in 1925, and on my arrival, Mr. Mueller told me that one of the new boys coming that summer was an unusual child.

The boys were divided into three age groups: Midgets, Juniors, and Seniors. The age range originally had been eight through fifteen, but in practice this was extended considerably in both directions. There were also three program divisions in the camp: Cavalry, Navy, and Scoutcraft.

For all campers, the day was divided into morning classes and general activities in the afternoon, followed by an evening program for everyone, usually in the council ring. The morning classes were mostly in practical arts, such as photography and writing letters home, and physical activities, such as archery, tennis, swimming, and canoeing; but there were also classes in dramatics and music and an astonishing array of academic subjects. The catalog lists arithmetic, algebra, geometry, history, English, French, Span-



A Scoutcraft cabin and "wholesome outdoor activities."

ish, and Latin. My recollection is that there were relatively few who took advantage of these electives, but they were there if anyone was interested.

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I did not work at Indianola in 1924, but spent that summer in Europe as a member of a tour group organized by the International YMCA, the first of the so-called World-Y-Tours. I was at the camp again in 1925, and on my arrival, Mr. Mueller told me that one of the new boys coming that summer was an unusual child. He wanted me to share my room in the barracks with him and to keep a close watch on his participation in camp activities. He said the boy was nine years old (actually he had his tenth birthday in May), and his mother had died during the previous year. She was a talented musician and had many friends in musical and artistic circles in Chicago who frequented her home and made it into a sort of European-style salon. The boy had lived in this heady environment and was accustomed almost exclusively to the company of adults.

There was a father, but he was a wanderer and probably suffered from alcoholism. The boy was in the care of a guardian, a Dr. Maurice Bernstein of Chicago, who wanted him to associate with other boys and to learn the normal childhood skills, especially in physical activities.

The boy's name was Orson Welles.

Orson was large for his age. He had a pleasing personality and had little difficulty getting along with the other campers, although he was indeed awkward at sports. He entered into things well enough to relieve me of any special effort in having to encourage him, thus we did not develop a close personal relationship.

The one assigned time which we spent together each day, aside from being roommates, was during the morning classes. Orson had brought with him an easel and a set of paints that had been given to him by Lorado Taft, the Chicago sculptor, and Mr. Mueller added art to the curriculum, making me the instructor. Orson was the only member of the class, and we would usually go somewhere, such as a nearby pasture, where Orson would put up his easel and proceed to paint while I sat on the ground and read.

Dr. Bernstein came to camp several times on weekends, but talked mostly with Mr. Mueller about Orson rather than with me. The few comments that I exchanged with Bernstein revealed that he was genuinely interested in Orson's welfare, but not necessarily that he had a program in mind for Orson's future. Orson's father came a couple of times, also. He was thin and rather languid in appearance, and as I saw him leaning against the front of the barracks, the thought occurred to me that he looked like a character out of a Joseph Conrad novel of the south seas.

The only problem that I had with Orson had to do with the evening programs in the council ring. There was singing and storytelling, and the boys were encouraged to volunteer to tell about something that interested them or perform some kind of trick or stunt. Orson volunteered every time! He told interminable stories made up from things he had read–and he

Boys and councilors. Orson Welles is in the second row (circled). Lowell Frautshi and Frederick G. Mueller are in the front row, far right.

seemed to have read everything–and from his own active imagination. The other boys soon grew tired of this and became restless, so finally I told Orson he should not monopolize the scene that way, and henceforth he should tell me in advance if he had something specific that he wanted to do or say.

One day toward the end of camp he told me he wanted to do a play, and as props he would need a table, two chairs, a pitcher, and some glasses. Being wary, I said I thought we should have an audition first, up in the hall. I was overwhelmed by the performance I saw! It was a one-man show in which Orson acted out *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, making the transformation from one character to the other, altering his facial expressions, voice, and movements in a truly amazing way. I told Mr. Mueller about it and suggested we save it for the last night of camp when a large number of parents would be present for a sort of commencement exercise to mark the close of the camp season. Young Orson played to a packed hall and was a stunning success.

Dr. Bernstein obviously was impressed by Mr. Mueller, and he arranged to leave Orson in Madison for the coming year, where he would live in the Mueller home. I saw Orson only once during that year–a chance encounter on State Street when he was walking with another boy, talking and laughing. He said hello to me politely, and we passed on.

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In 1985 a book titled *Orson Welles: A Biography* by Barbara Leaming appeared. It was clearly an authorized biography, as the author had numerous interviews with Orson and quotes him frequently, at length. The first chapter deals with his childhood and family background, but it has only two pages on the year in Madison and does not mention Camp Indianola. Leaming refers to Frederick Mueller as "an eminent German psychologist who specialized in unusual children," in whose home Dr. Bernstein placed Orson so he could be enrolled in a local public school.

Overall, Leaming's treatment of Mueller is sensational.

There are long descriptive passages in the book concerning Mueller's fascination with Orson's dreams as well as Orson's shrewd manipulation of this opportunity to gain attention. She describes how Orson memorized dreams from case studies in Mueller's own library in order to better entertain Mueller and his psychology students. She goes on to say,

> Before long, however, Orson feared that the lurid dreams he had chosen to keep his audience entertained were attracting the wrong kind of interest from Herr Professor.

Orson noticed that Mueller "had been staring at and circling him a bit too keenly."

(9749)

(9478)

Orson Welles in Citizen Kane *and as Rochester in* Jane Eyre. *Courtesy Wisconsin Center for Film and Theater Research.*

Leaming then relates that early in Orson's life he had been "the object of homosexual advances," especially among the intellectuals who frequented his mother's salons. Leaming quotes Orson as saying that since childhood he had been "the Lillie Langtry of the older homosexual set," desired by "everybody." He discouraged their advances by saying he had a headache, "like an eternal virgin."

Orson feared the headache routine would not work with Mueller, however, and at some point when things became too intense for comfort, he escaped out a back window and took a train to Chicago, back to Dr. Bernstein.

I don't believe it.

During the several years that I knew and worked for Frederick Mueller, usually in the company of males, most of whom were boys of varying ages, I never saw any gesture or expression or heard any word which would have indicated a sexual interest in young boys; and the suspicious, jealous eyes of Mrs. Mueller always were directed toward females. As for Orson, during the two months when I was with him daily, and slept in the same room, I never had reason to suspect that he was preoccupied with thoughts of homosexual acts.

The passages I have quoted and alluded to from Barbara Leaming's book are characteristic of the entire volume with its repeated references to sexuality. The book appeared before Orson Welles died on October 9, 1985, and he is said to have liked it. It is my opinion that his stories and responses to Barbara Leaming during their numerous conversations could be regarded as self indulgent and the result of an over-zealous imagination.

He told interminable stories made up from things he had read–and he seemed to have read everything–and from his own active imagination.

In 1989 Charles Scribner's Sons published *Citizen Welles: A Biography of Orson Welles*, written by Frank Brady. I find it to be a much more reliable book. Although Brady never met Orson and only once talked with him on the telephone, he spent ten years doing research, examining all available records and collections, interviewing and corresponding with countless informants who knew Orson, worked with him, or played a part in some phase of his life. Yet

this book there is reliance on legend and rumor from secondary sources for much of the early period.

Again, Camp Indianola is not mentioned, but three paragraphs are devoted to Madison. Brady also alludes to the ten-year-old Orson as the subject of a psychological study being done on "fate-marked children" by a friend of Dr. Bernstein's in Madison, psychologist Frederick G. Mueller. Both men considered Orson to be a prodigy, an unusual child who was destined to live an extraordinary life.

Brady describes some of the experimental mental games Orson was asked to play so that his responses could be measured and recorded. For example, he would be asked to free-associate with certain words, such as "teddy bear" or "mother," and express whatever thoughts came to him:

> Orson would invariably reply enigmatically. Once he responded with Oscar Wilde's epigram, 'Children begin by loving their parents; as they grow older, they judge them; sometimes they forgive them.' Another time he quoted an aphorism from Voltaire: 'Who serves his country will have no need of ancestors.' The scientists finally gave up; their 'subject' seemed more inclined to provide his own creative stimuli to see how his observers would react.

Orson's father and Dr. Bernstein eventually decided Orson should interact more with other children, and he was enrolled in the fourth grade at Washington School, which was located on West Johnson Street, a block from State Street, in Madison. He was different from the other students–always theatrical, he carried a makeup box to school. Once, when a playground bully had attacked him, he used his makeup to transform his face to "a bloody pulp." The bully was frightened off.

During this time, Brady reports, Orson's favorite author of the moment was Sir Walter Scott, who, Orson learned, became popular with his peers through "his conversational and story-telling abilities." Orson tried, "but when the stories were over his audience abandoned him to return to their games." Orson never quite fit in. His fourth-grade experience in Madison was short-lived and not a particularly happy time for him.

That's about all Brady's book tells us about Orson Welles in Madison, and I have told you what I know. Did I miss an opportunity? Here I was at camp, living closely with a young boy who turned out to be an authentic genius. Could I have come to know him better? I doubt that he was very much interested in me. The world out of which he came and the one he was soon to enter were altogether different from mine. I have never forgotten Orson, however, and I followed his career with mingled admiration and distaste.

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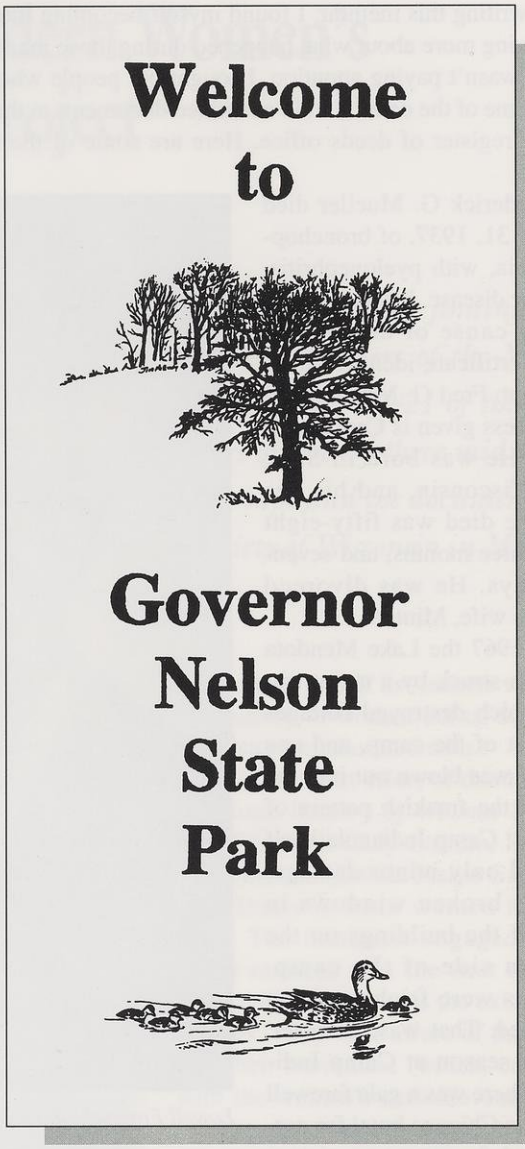
As I moved on with my adult life, Camp Indianola slowly receded from my thoughts. After Frederick Mueller died, the camp was purchased by the Woldenberg family of Madison, well known merchants. As time went by it seemed members of the family were operating the camp successfully. Enrollment



Visitors' brochure.

grew at one point to 185 campers. As far as I was concerned, however (and I think this was true of most people in Madison), Camp Indianola was just something that was there, occupying a prime location on Lake Mendota at a time when lakeshore properties were coming into ever greater demand. It was an obvious target for real estate development.

I knew that eventually the camp closed, but instead of being broken up into building lots, the property remained unused for several years, except as a residence for the Woldenbergs. The movement to establish a state park was gathering momentum, and it was expected that Camp Indianola would be an indispensable part of the project if it were to be carried out. When the camp finally was purchased by the state, the central features of the park were located there.

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While writing this memoir, I found myself becoming interested in knowing more about what happened during those many years when I wasn't paying attention. I sought out people who could fill in some of the details, and I examined documents at the Dane County register of deeds office. Here are some of the facts I learned.

Frederick G. Mueller died on May 31, 1937, of bronchopneumonia, with pyelonephritis, a kidney disease, listed as a secondary cause of death. The death certificate identifies him as a Capt. Fred G. Mueller, and the address given is Camp Indianola. He was born in Sauk City, Wisconsin, and his age when he died was fifty-eight years, three months, and seventeen days. He was divorced from his wife, Minnie.

In 1967 the Lake Mendota area was struck by a major tornado which destroyed cottages just west of the camp, and one actually was blown out into the lake. In the freakish pattern of tornados, Camp Indianola itself suffered only minor damage, such as broken windows in some of the buildings on the western side of the camp. Campers were frightened but unharmed. That was, however, the last season at Camp Indianola. There was a gala farewell party in a Chicago hotel for parents and former campers to mark the closing of the camp.

Lowell Frautschi in recent years.

Haskell Woldenberg, the member of the Woldenberg family most involved with the camp, must have acquired a deep affection for Camp Indianola, for he was unwilling to sell it to developers who assuredly would have paid much more for the property than was eventually received from the state. The Woldenbergs continued to live in the house there, but the other buildings were allowed to deteriorate and the grounds gradually became overgrown.

It took time for the proposed state park to come to fruition, but at last on June 5, 1975, Haskell, as trustee for the Haskell M. Woldenberg Trust, sold Camp Indianola to the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources for $550,000. He was ill with cancer and died that same year. Construction of the new park began in 1981, and it officially was opened to the public in November 1987.

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Today at Governor Nelson State Park, all traces of Camp Indianola have been obliterated except for a pair of brick pillars which stood at the end of the driveway in front of the house that the Muellers built. There is little or no indication that this was once a thriving camp for boys. The park map shows nature trails which are named for Indianola and Wakanda, but clearly the emphasis is on present enjoyment, not on remembrance.

I doubt that Orson Welles would care much about all of this if he were alive and knew about it, but I have a feeling that Frederick Mueller would be pleased, as I am, with the assurance that people continue to enjoy this beautiful place, where ripples still break endlessly against the boulders that line Lake Mendota's shore. ❧

Of possible added interest:

Orson Welles and Peter Bogdanovich. *This is Orson Welles*. New York: Harper Collins, 1993. 534 pages. Interview format.

Orson Welles, Richard Wilson, Bill Krohn, Myron Meisel. *It's All True*. Documentary, 1993. Completion of Welles's failed 1942 Brazilian film. Includes Welles's footage and new interview material.

Midwestern Leaders of the Modern Women's Movement: An Oral History Project

by Gerda Lerner

In 1992 an oral history and archival project was completed under my direction, and its findings were publicized at a conference titled "Bridges That Carry Us Over: Midwestern Leaders of the Modern Women's Movement," held at the University of Wisconsin–Madison on November 20–21 of that year. The project collected the oral histories and, in many cases, the records and papers of twenty-three midwestern women leaders and founders of the modern women's movement. These histories on tape and the documents supporting them are available to students and researchers at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin in Madison.

This paper is a slightly revised version of the lecture which opened the conference.

Those writing history depend on records and sources as interpreted by succeeding generations of historians. For nearly four millennia the sources most likely to be preserved concerned the activities of men in public life, warfare, conquest, and political power. For nearly all of the centuries in which trained historians practiced their craft of interpretation, the historians were male, and what they described were the activities of men. Thus it came to pass that most of the historical record omits or marginalizes the activities of women. To put it another way, for most of recorded historical time, women have been deprived of their history.

Yet women have always struggled for women's history and for some kind of knowledge of women's activities and work. This is shown in the centuries of women's making and passing on to others the lists of famous or worthy women—a rudimentary form of history-making.

Gerda Lerner, professor emeritus, University of Wisconsin–Madison Department of History.

Late in the nineteenth century, the leaders of the woman suffrage movement began to be concerned with collecting the raw materials for women's history and with preserving the record of their own achievements in educational and reform institutions, churches, women's clubs, and in specific communities. What they were then documenting was the record of daily activities, the immense community-building work of ordinary women. Whether they knew it or not, this effort links them with the long line of list-makers who tried to tease the existence of a history of women out of the scraps available to them from the history of educated men.

The most self-consciously feminist effort of this kind was represented in the six-volume *History of Woman Suffrage* (1881–1887), compiled by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joslyn Gage, with contributions from women in every state. The feminists engaged in this effort realized that the first need for those creating history is the existence of sources. They were aware of the danger that their movement (which, combined with the women's club movement, was the largest mass organization and the largest coalition built in the nineteenth century) might fall into oblivion if its records were lost. To preserve the record was uppermost in the minds of the editors. Their somewhat haphazard assemblage of the documents they could find was an immense contribution, despite its shortcomings.

The *History of Woman Suffrage* is an incomplete and heavily biased assemblage of sources. The strongly secular bias of its editors and their disenchantment with the organized churches in regard to the struggle of women for their emancipation is reflected in the way they defined the movement as mostly political and constitutional, disregarding the important feminist struggles in the various churches during the century. It is also

factionally biased in its downplaying of the role of women who in 1869 split with Stanton and Anthony, a distortion which is particularly striking in regard to the virtual suppression of the contributions to the movement of Lucy Stone.

Yet these volumes have provided the basis for over one hundred years of history-writing on this subject. It is to this source we owe the story of the origin of the nineteenth-century women's rights movement, which has been faithfully and critically repeated ever since: the crucial meeting of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott at the 1840 anti-slavery convention in London, at which the idea of a movement for women's rights first took shape; the five women meeting socially over tea in 1848 and deciding to hold a convention at Seneca Falls; their inexperience, which caused them to ask a man to preside over their meeting; their reliance on political documents—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution—to direct their movement into secular, political channels; the origin of their ideas in the anti-slavery movement; the crucial importance for the future of the movement of Stanton's daring resolution asking for woman suffrage; and, above all, the leading role of Elizabeth Cady Stanton in holding what her version of the story stressed was the first national women's rights meeting. The story is true and, through omissions and shifts of emphasis, it is also false.

Kathryn Clarenbach (1920–1994), former professor of governmental affairs at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and co-founder of NOW.

What the story omits is the decisive role of women other than Stanton and Mott in initiating the movement; the long years of organizational experience many of these women had in reform, especially in religious reform movements; and the continuity of this reform effort and its breadth. Nancy Isenberg, a graduate of the Wisconsin Graduate Program in Women's History, showed in her recent dissertation, "Co-Equality of the Sexes: The Feminist Discourse of the Antebellum Women's Rights Movement in America" (soon to be published by Oxford University Press), that the idea of a women's rights movement was talked about in a number of reform groups before 1818; that the Seneca Falls meeting was a local meeting; and the first *national* women's rights convention was held in 1850 at Worcester, Massachusetts. In a careful study of the activists in the pre-Civil-War conventions, she shows that most of them came from dissident religious groups and from reform movements of various kinds and that the women's rights movement from its inception depended on the existence of a radical reform network, based largely in several dissident churches. Thus she gives us a much broader and richer interpretation of both the origins and the early decades of the movement than does the traditional version. She also uncovers and highlights the role of several other great leaders and theoreticians beside Stanton.

There is an interesting parallel here to the history of the origin of the twentieth-century women's rights movement. In historical and in media accounts we have been told that once women got the vote in 1920, they ceased to struggle for their own rights. The decades from the 1920s to the 1960s, and especially the 1950s, are generally viewed as a period devoid of feminist activities. Then, almost as if by magic, the movement started suddenly as the result of Betty Friedan's book, *The Feminine Mystique* (1963). In a somewhat deeper analysis, historians have identified several "roots" of the twentieth-century women's movement: the civil rights movement of the 1960s; the student movement of the same period; and some women's organizations among the churches, such as the Methodists. The media version of the origins of the modern women's movement has perpetuated certain commonly held misconceptions: that it was a movement which arose largely in several East and West Coast centers and in Chicago; that it was led and organized by young, radical women, most of them college students; and that, from its inception, the movement's membership was white and middle-class.

Without in any way wanting to diminish the importance of Betty Friedan's book and her organizing energy, nor discounting the burst of initiative and creative energy of young women out of the civil rights movement (disenchanted with that movement's sexism) and the breakthrough of theoretical insights and organizing genius of lesbians and others involved in the sexual revolutions, I would argue that up to now we have insufficiently recognized the contributions to the movement made by other groups of women.

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Many of the founders of the major modern women's organizations, such as the National Organization for Women (NOW) and the National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC), came from the Midwest and from Wisconsin

As it happened, many of the founders of the major modern women's organizations, such as the National Organization for Women (NOW) and the National Women's Political Caucus (NWPC), came from the Midwest and from Wisconsin, so

much so that in the 1970s they were jocularly known among movement leaders as the "Wisconsin Mafia." Included in this list are several presidents of NOW and NWPC, several members of Governors' Commissions on the Status of Women, and scores of activists. When NOW was formed, it relied on women working locally in labor unions, in political, civil rights, and peace organizations—women who were experienced organizers—to get it off the ground.

It is these midwestern activists who were the focus of our oral history project. Their stories, as personally told by them, document their leadership roles in national and local movements and their crucial organizational work in launching the modern feminist movement.

The completed project included interviews with such organizational leaders as Ruth Clusen (League of Women Voters), Mary Jean Collins (NOW) and Judy Goldsmith (NOW and currently dean of the University of Wisconsin Center-Fond du Lac), and Sarah Harder (American Association of University Women); political activists/policy-makers such as Midge Miller and Mary Lou Munts (Wisconsin state representatives) and Kathryn Clarenbach, co-founder of NOW, whose skill at organizing women's disparate interests and building grass roots networks made her, according to many women who were part of the project, one of the most important—if not the most important—figure in launching a national organization for women. Others interviewed were political leaders Mary Eastwood, Arvonne Fraser, Martha Griffiths (U.S. Representative and former lieutenant governor of Michigan), and Virginia Hart; businesswomen and activists such as Gene Boyer and Nan Wood.

Also represented were trade union leaders Helen Hensler, past president of the Office and Professional Employees International Union (OPEIU) local 9; Addie L. Wyatt, first female president of the National Council of Negro Women; Nellie Wilson, founder and charter member of the AFL-CIO Women's Committee and activist in the steelworkers union; Clara Day, business representative for Teamsters local 743; and Doris Thom, first female member of the executive board of United Auto Workers (UAW) local 95. Also Dorothy Haener, education director of the UAW Women's Bureau, a member of the Michigan State Commission on the Status of Women, and chair of the Michigan Human Rights Commission; and Mildred Jeffrey, first director of the UAW Women's Bureau and co-founder/president of the NWPC. Educators included Sisters Austin Doherty and Joel Read, S.S.S.F., dean and president, respectively, of Alverno College in Milwaukee. Many of the other participants achieved distinction in the field of education as well.

LEFT: Sister Joel Read, S.S.S.F., president of Alverno College, Milwaukee, and women's rights advocate. RIGHT: Judy Goldsmith, past president of NOW and dean at the University of Wisconsin Center-Fond du Lac.

Just as in the 1850s, the modern women's movement grew not from discontinuity, but it built on continuity in the organizational world of women. The leaders we interviewed do not fit the stereotype in other ways as well: They were women already in their thirties and forties when the movement began—many of them mothers, several of them African-American, a large percentage of them trade union leaders or activists, two of them religious leaders, and several of them business women.

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To set the historical record straight, let me give a brief history of how this project and conference came into being. The concept for it goes way back to 1967, a year after the founding of NOW. I was one of the founders, but as the media began to transmit information about the new movement, the stereotype of its members began to emerge and people like me—a mother of two in her late forties, community activist for decades working on women's issues—disappeared as though we did not exist. It made me angry then, but it was not a burning issue for me. Years later, when the first historical accounts of the movement were written, the error was perpetuated. I remember trying to interest graduate students in researching the origins of the modern feminist movement, but to no avail. Since I am a nineteenth century historian, I was not going to do any research on this myself, so I dropped the subject. Only, when I gave survey courses in women's history, I always felt uneasy about the story of the discontinuity of women's activism in the 1920s and its spontaneous emergence in 1966.

After I came to Wisconsin in 1980, I met Kathryn (Kay) Clarenbach. It did not take me very long to understand that she was a historical resource and a national treasure, and so I

decided that it was absolutely necessary to get her oral history done. I secured a modest grant, and a graduate student, Pat Calchina, did Kay's oral history under my supervision. Once I read it, my interest in the subject was revived and I could see that there was a tremendous and significant story waiting to be documented. Kay's tapes showed the crucial role played by the Commissions on the Status of Women, which had existed in many states and which formed a network of women's activism. The startling and obvious fact leaped out at me that the women leaders who had been appointed to these commissions in their home states were leaders of existing women's organizations which had for years, for decades, worked on a broad range of women's issues. Here was proof that there was no discontinuity of organizational effort.

In her capacity as chair of the Wisconsin Governor's Commission on the Status of Women, Kay Clarenbach was at the center of a strong network of activists when, in 1966, she assumed the responsibility as first chair of the board of NOW. Four years later, when she became first president of the National Association of Commissions for Women, she was able to activate a national movement around a cluster of feminist issues. Through it, the most advanced feminist ideas began to become part of mainstream women's organizations, while these groups, in turn, influenced the feminist movement to focus on certain broader issues.

Kay's leadership as executive director of the U.S. Commission for Observance of International Women's Year (1975–76) and as deputy coordinator of the Houston National Women's Conference in 1977 and its continuations committee thereafter helped to mobilize a national feminist coalition of unprecedented breadth and range. We have not sufficiently appreciated how greatly the spectacular advances made by U.S. women in the past twenty years have depended on the existence of a solid base of grass roots organizations in every state, organizations which were moved in a more feminist direction by the kind of women represented in our project.

With Kay's guidance and advice, the idea for an oral history project began to evolve. Since at that time I was teaching nineteenth-century history and writing a book dealing with women's history in the second millennium B.C., this twentieth-century project would not have happened if it were not for the desperate situation of graduate students during the Reagan administration. As co-director of the Graduate Program in Women's History, I was bitterly aware of the difficulty students had and continue to have in financing their graduate education. It is relatively easy to get money for a conference, but it is a sad fact that no foundations or charitable sources will give money for the support of graduate students. So I kept thinking up projects which might employ graduates. By doing an oral history project of this scale, we could employ three graduate students a year. That's how great ideas are born—of necessity.

TOP: Nellie Wilson, founder and charter member of the AFL-CIO Women's Committee and activist in the steelworkers union. ABOVE: Mary Eastwood, political leader.

Among other sources of inspiration were the findings of one of our graduate students, Marie Laberge, who is doing a dissertation on Milwaukee women's organizations from the 1930s to the 1970s, and who found a record of continued activism on women's issues during those decades. She also happened to find a list of the founding members of NOW in 1966, and that list showed that of 196 charter members, 134 came from the Midwest, among them eight nuns. These research findings convinced me that we were on the right track in pursuing this project.

In Spring 1987 we had drawn up a list of possible subjects to be interviewed and had formed a committee to launch the project. The first formal grant proposal was drawn up in Fall 1988. With this proposal we secured our sponsors' list: The Graduate Program in Women's History, the Departments of History and Women's Studies, Memorial Library, and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. We formed an advisory board and established a cooperative working relationship with the Wisconsin Labor History Society, which had interviewed some of the women we were interested in.

I then proceeded to explore outside funding and was encouraged to submit a proposal to the Archives Division of the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). With the help of the advisory board we produced a grant proposal for a three-year project in August 1989.

In April 1990, the NEH turned down our proposal with a strong recommendation that we resubmit it. We were given reviewers' reports which suggested that on the whole they thought it an excellent project and that most of their objections

were technical and could fairly easily be remedied. The state archivist helped with technical matters in the proposal, and we resubmitted the grant in the fall of 1990. The decision on it could not be expected until late in April 1991, but the graduate students we hoped to hire for the project had to know before then whether they had a job in the fall or not. I therefore proceeded with a back-up plan, in case we did not get NEH funding. This meant writing three more grant proposals to local funding agencies and wheedling some money commitment out of the Graduate School for at least one year of the project. Unfortunately, the NEH again, and finally, rejected the proposal.

Now the back-up plan moved into high gear, with three more draft proposals to be rewritten for a much-reduced project for two years rather than three. We received partial funding from the Knapp Fund, the Anonymous Fund, the Graduate School Research Center, and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Thus in Fall 1990 we finally launched our oral history project.

Unfortunately, two of the women we had hoped to interview, Catherine Conroy and Caroline Davis, had died before then. Due to the reduced funding, we could not complete all the interviews we had planned, which was most regrettable. But our interviewers, Joyce Follet, Jenifer Frost, and Marie Laberge, recorded the oral histories of twenty-two women. In the last year of the project we worked under the sponsorship of the Women's Studies Research Center, whose director, Cyrena Pondrom, helped secure funding for the conference. The conference coordinator was Joyce Follet.

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We who are historians of women, as part of our commitment, believe that our theoretical work must also be grounded in practice–in learning from those whose achievements we describe and in connecting with and serving the communities in which we work.

What can be learned from this project is how complex and broadly-based social movements are. We can learn about steady and continuous leadership which does not necessarily depend on recognition by the mass media. We can learn about the continuity of women's efforts to organize for social change in their own communities and to advance the position of women in society long before the modern women's movement revitalized that effort. Finally, we can learn of the national significance of midwestern leadership and of the strength of the grassroots activism.

The midwestern women who played such an important part in the founding of the modern women's movement showed all the characteristics of leadership: commitment to a great ideal, the ability to inspire others and influence them through organizational work, and an understanding that social change rests upon long-range effort. They were not easily discouraged, and they transcended difficulties, hostility, and backlash.

The lives and works of the women this project honored raise profound questions about what are significant events and who are significant actors in history. We who are historians of women, as part of our commitment, believe that our theoretical work must also be grounded in practice—in learning from those whose achievements we describe and in connecting with and serving the communities in which we work. The midwestern leaders whose experiences we have recorded were indeed the movers and shakers of the twentieth-century women's movement. ❧

Island Storm

by Susan Basquin

The northwest wind is an honest adversary. Sharp, relentless, it tells you up front what to expect: You know the ferry to the mainland may not run when it blows; wintertime, you park the car behind the house, out of its path, and expect the wood stove to take twice as long to heat the room. Unlike the north wind, the south wind is devious; it's not what it seems. Its thick edge suggests mildness, hints of spring even, then sweeps in with a wet, heavy breath that's somehow unclean. Goat kids sicken and die when the south wind blows.

I find her leaning against the creep pen, shivering, head tilted back, eyes half closed. Yesterday she scampered across the barn floor, ricocheted off the grain trough, danced into mounds of alfalfa, and tapped her tiny feet against a metal feeding pan as if beating a rhythm for her own amusement. To watch her is to hear miniature silver bells, as finely made as her translucent infant hooves, tinkling in the sunlight. Today she is mute; all I hear is my own silent cry.

Late yesterday the south wind began to blow. It surged across the swept tundra of gray-brown stubble, February's pasture. It coated every fence post, every frozen stick of knapweed and quack grass with its vicious rawness. It invaded the barn through a low portal, frozen open until spring loosens its cement block doorstop. It clung to the warm-blooded animals, spreading over them and penetrating them despite their thick curling fleece. The little angora goat, born too early, is no match for such a force.

She's still very young and her hair covers thinly. In damp weather, sparse curls, the color of antique satin, lie plastered against pink skin; on dry days, her coat fuzzes to cotton candy. At night she sleeps nestled low against her mother, the doe shielding her from drafts. Ideally, she would have landed at six and a half weeks of age well on the other side of the vernal equinox, when a sun that truly warms balances the chill rains and occasional snow of April and May. The internal thermostat of a baby goat normally struggles with the pneumonia-inducing vagaries of spring temperatures. But fluctuations of weather challenging this small kid range between a breath-stopping Arctic cold and the gelid rawness that presages a temporary thaw. She won't nibble stray blades of green grass for another month or two; pastures on Washington Island aren't lush until even later, nearly June.

One glance at her and I feel something in the area of my stomach shift into near-panic gear, adrenaline fueling it. Automatically I turn to set up an enclosure for her in a room we've just insulated for use as a maternity area. With painted walls and an electric wall heater, it's luxurious compared with the rough, drafty area where the goats kidded last year. There, water froze regularly in plastic drinking pails set in high-sided maternity pens. At four o'clock one morning I restacked fifty or more bales of hay against the west wall to try to stop a strong wind from gusting through openings between weathered boards. At dawn, I tacked up plywood outside. Dangling from rafters, heat lamps warmed newborns on nights too bitter for merely the mothers' body heat to suffice.

I spread hay thickly on the cement floor within the confines of the four-foot-square hardboard pen. I scoop up the baby who does not resist. I want to hold her to me, give her warmth and comfort, but she's all legs, gangly and awkward in my arms, and shows no desire for my mothering. I position her on the hay, then go back for the doe who hovers by the door. Normally she

she stubbornly resists any attempt to be led, but this time she walks along willingly as if she knows she is rejoining her baby.

I dab Vaseline on a thermometer and take the baby's temperature. The silver band streaks past the last calibration, one hundred and six degrees. An adult goat's normal temperature is one hundred and two; a kid's can be as high as one hundred and three. But if a fever of one hundred and six persists, neurological damage threatens.

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This is my second winter caring for angora goats, my second winter with livestock. After a kidding season last spring in which a herd of twenty does and one billy produced seventeen healthy kids out of nineteen births, I am still a novice. Nature has been meting out experiences to me gradually—gently, even. During the first year with the goats, there was no illness among the adults and kids, and the only losses at birthing were one kid born dead and one that stopped thriving at eighteen hours, dying just short of thirty-six hours. This year has been different.

Named Navidad because she was born December 23, she scoured, or had diarrhea, and a slight fever at one month. I felt lucky. The temperature indicated a bacterial infection rather than coccidia, a parasite that lodges, sometimes fatally, in the intestines of kids, rendering them incapable of absorbing nutrients. Called the "silent killer," coccidiosis stunts the growth of goats that don't die first. I treated her with penicillin injections twice a day for five days. She never seemed sick, but continued to dart about the kidding pen where I confined her with her mother. She sampled hay and nibbled at grain and took long drafts of milk from the doe.

Two weeks later she does not scamper away when I reach down to pick her up, nor does she try to wriggle from my grasp when I take her temperature. She leans weakly in the corner, shaking. Her head jerks oddly from side to side like a person suffering with palsy. There's no diarrhea, no runny nose, no swollen joints that I can detect.

The wall heater fills the room with its distinctive odor of dusty electrical elements warming up, but the air remains chill. I rig a heating lamp over her pen by improvising hooks out of two nails pounded into the ceiling at a slant, crossing midway to hold the lamp's cord. I place the little goat directly under the heat, about four and a half feet away, but she falls back into a depression in the corner. After a last searching look for clues to her illness, I call the vet.

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The closest large animal veterinarian is in Sturgeon Bay, an hour's drive from the ferry dock on the mainland. In summer, it's possible to make the half-hour boat trip, drive the hour both ways, and return to the island the same day. January through March, the ferry schedule is pared down to one daily crossing each way, booked weeks in advance on the fleet's single small boat equipped with an ice cutter. There are no impromptu trips to the peninsula until later in the spring. Veterinary emergencies are waited out or resolved as best they can be by telephone.

The doctors do not presume to diagnose long-distance. With no examinations possible, no blood analysis, no fecal sample for scrutiny under the microscope, they listen to their clients' descriptions of problems and suggest a therapy. It must be a little like old-time country medicine, when a doctor prescribed on the basis of his observations and his knowledge of what served before. But here, the veterinarians must depend on second-hand, unschooled reporting, related by telephone. The most precise information they work with is the reading on the thermometer.

To choose to live cut off from most of the world by six miles of icy, surging water is to forge an instant kinship with the six hundred or more people who live here year-round.

The receptionist puts me through to one of the doctors out on his rounds who has just called in. It's the same vet who guided me through Navidad's last illness. He listens silently, then makes brief suggestions, combining economy of words with unmistakable compassion in his voice. Could I get some Banamine into her right away to reduce the fever? I must start her on penicillin then try to find some sulfa because she was on penicillin earlier. She must have liquids. The office will send the medicine I need, but the mail takes two days, sometimes longer, so the vet suggests people who might have some I can borrow in the meantime.

I pick up the telephone and start dialing the people on the list whom I know, then I'll try the ones I've never met. I don't hesitate. Islanders pull together willingly, gladly, not only in emergencies but at other times, too. To choose to live cut off

from most of the world by six miles of icy, surging water is to forge an instant kinship with the six hundred or more people who live here year-round. Perhaps it's because we see a part of ourselves in every other inhabitant, no matter how unlike us they may be in other ways. What we recognize is that part of ourselves that prefers solitude to convenience, a simple life to luxury, that thumbs its nose at the perquisites of twentieth-century American consumerism. It's a recognition that kindles unquestioning generosity when it comes to surmounting difficulties posed by island living.

First I call John, who has Banamine in case his horses develop swollen joints. His Banamine is out-of-date. I telephone Evie. She has the steroid but is low on sulfa, which she's giving to one of her horses. Perhaps Lois who was treating a horse that died recently? I reach Lois, but she has already discarded all of Barnaby's medication. Perhaps Karen? But no, she doesn't have any.

❦

Outside the wind has shifted, now lashing the house and barns with frigid blows from the north. The air is noticeably colder but less damp. I take the wind personally and rail at it mentally as I trudge through the snow with a syringe containing a mere half cc, or one-tenth of a teaspoon, of penicillin.

I draw a sturdy, paint-splotched barn chair to the kidding pen, then lift the baby onto my lap, turning her small limp body so that I can grasp the muscle on her hind leg with the thumb and forefinger of my left hand while injecting her with my right. There's so little flesh on her leg that a worry flickers momentarily across my mind that I'll injure her. What if I strike the bone? I dismiss my concern and note that at least she reacts to the needle with ever so slight a wince. A good sign, I hope. All the while, the doe stands near the side, reaching over occasionally to pull at my hair and jacket with her mouth.

However invincible it feels, I know my strength of will affects the little goat's fate only slightly. All my determination is only a weak cry in a windstorm.

In my van, driving to Evie's for the Banamine, I feel myself will the kid to live. It's a will that's stubborn and unyielding. It energizes me, circulating intention to my cells, and lending me a power that may well be illusory. However invincible it feels, I know my strength of will affects the little goat's fate only slightly. All my determination is only a weak cry in a windstorm.

I navigate the long icy driveway at Evie's and turn the van so that I can exit easily. I don't want to waste a minute getting Banamine into the baby and must take care to avoid having to extricate myself from a snowbank. At the door Evie hands me not only the bottle of the clear liquid steroid but also a small plastic container holding more than enough of the pink sulfa medication for three days.

Driving back I notice the sky has darkened; a shine from car headlights skips over the iced road. Wind claws at the van; I remove my gloves to grip the steering wheel more tightly in order to steady the vehicle on the slick pavement. I transform my concern for the goat into frustration at the elements that seem bent on impeding me. The trip takes doubly long, or so it seems.

Once home, I rummage in the cupboard for clean syringes and an appropriate needle, then crunch through crusting snow to the goat barn. My hope for the kid's recovery, momentarily buoyed to near euphoria by possession of the steroid, fades quickly at the sight of Navidad. Her hind legs have stiffened and her front legs collapse at the knees with each step she attempts. I search inwardly. Where is my resolve? I'm not ready to accept losing her. Yet common sense predicts I'll see the death of many kids, at least as long as I raise goats. I inject her with Banamine and squirt one and a half cc's of the thick cherry-flavored sulfa liquid into her mouth, then turn my attention to the question of whether she's getting enough fluids.

The doe's udder is full, a sign that the little goat has not been nursing. The mother is not an easy animal. We bought her four months ago from a woman who admits she prefers her passive sheep over her inquisitive goats and gives the goats less attention. Milking the skittish mother will not be easy. I climb into the pen, and work the doe to the side opposite the kid so it won't be stepped on. I shove a large pail under the udder, hold the old female by the horns with one hand and press high on her teat with my thumb and two fingers to encourage a stream of milk. After several moments, the doe lurches away from me. I try again and manage to coax out a few squirts, but never the flow of milk I'd like. I persist until I have roughly an ounce, which I suck up in minuscule amounts into a three-cc syringe to force between the baby's clenched gums. As I do so, her eyes close and she gurgles in the back of her throat. Finally she refuses any more by letting her head drop limply to the side.

❦

I've nearly forgotten the other goats. Some are clustered in small clumps of two or three outside the barn; others mill about inside, waiting for their evening grain. Their fleece is long, about six inches now that it's just before shearing. The oil on the mohair, which helps protect them in wet, cold weather, has picked up five and a half months' worth of dust and grime. It's as gray and dingy as the trodden, manure-soiled snow on the south side of the barn where they like to lounge. The does are in their last month of pregnancy, and they're ravenous for their mixture of oats, corn, and soybeans laced with molasses and a vitamin-mineral additive. I feed them and note that everyone is eating with healthy greed. Later, the hugely expectant does will settle themselves in the hay, looking like Spanish galleons plying the waves.

Nature has been meting out experiences to me gradually–gently, even.

Attending to the apparently well adults and yearlings clears my mind. Those twenty minutes or so have steadied me and given me a strengthening respite. Yet part of me knows I can't allow myself to regard the little sick goat with perspective. At least not yet. Until she's either better or dead, I'll continue in high gear, in a mode of intensity.

The next steps align themselves in order of importance. I'll try Pedialyte, a solution for human infants to restore the electrolyte balance when they are vomiting and have diarrhea. The island's one grocery store carries it, and there's just time to get some before the market closes. Later, I'll try again to milk the mother, and if I fail, I have powdered milk, kid milk replacer for orphaned goats.

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At 8 p.m. I report in to the doctor. Navidad has swallowed, however unwillingly, at least two ounces of electrolyte solution. I wiped another ounce or so off her mouth and my jacket. She's also taken a couple of ounces of milk, and I'm prepared to force more into her every few hours. She still shivers but her legs have stopped buckling, and most significant, her temperature has dropped to one hundred and four.

I won't let down my guard yet. I won't feel the cold when I make my way across the snow to the barn to check on her at 10 p.m., at midnight, at 2 a.m. I'll fret as I feed her, worry that she's not taking more. But now I can feel Navidad's private storm abating, and outside, as if in concert, the wind is lessening, too. ❧

Photos by the author.

Portfolio of Images

by Thomas Oates

There are hundreds of images, both photographs and memories, which were part my of experience during the four years of this project. Four of these images best capture my feelings about the river. They also reflect the way a visual record can be of service in understanding the relationship between the river, its valley, and people who live along its hills or who, like me, now live far away but carry its images in their minds and hearts.

The first image is not a photograph, for the scene it captures disappeared over eighty years ago. I have only a crude sketch drawn on a scrap of paper to clarify the image as it was described. I was at a local gathering near Gotham when I met a man who remembered the river from his boyhood. . . . He told me how as a boy he watched the Winnebago Indians come down the river to camp and fish. "Right over there," he said, pointing to a field along the riverbank, "they would pitch their camp and pull their canoes up on shore." We stood together for a long time looking out into the bright summer sun from the shade of the tree. I drew the shapes of their wigwams on a scrap of paper like a rough map and we studied it together.

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The second image is a photograph made in January when the river was choked with ice floes moving down with the current. I put my canoe in the water and paddled up with my camera, to see and feel the river from the middle, to let it take the canoe in its icy grip. I picked my way carefully through the floe, life jacket tightly strapped and gear securely fastened to the thwart. As the canoe reached the center of the channel, what had looked like a solid phalanx of white and gray floes moving in unison, slowly transformed into a ballet of ice, with individual floes moving and circling in a myriad of patterns and speeds. The force of the water suddenly became visible as the ice outlined its current for the eye. I sat kneeling in the canoe, letting the river pull me slowly downstream, watching a part of its personality I had never seen before.

• • •

The third image came from an evening outing near Lone Rock. We drove down to the river along the narrow track through Avoca Prairie. The grass was high and the sun low in the sky so we almost missed the three sandhill cranes—their heads barely visible above the grasses of the prairie. They were moving parallel to the river as we followed the track along the river.

We put the canoe in at a narrow beach and paddled out into the currents following the outline of a sandbar I had photographed a few weeks before from the air. The sun was at just the right angle so that it sparkled off the water in pinpoints of light when you faced downstream, and when you turned upstream you could see into the water clearly and watch the fish dart away as the shadow of the canoe approached them. Most were minnows, but one was a catfish over a foot long who sped for the shadows of the sandbar as we neared.

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The fourth and last image of photos and memory comes from an aerial flight down the river one afternoon in February. We boarded the plane at Lone Rock airport because the grass field at Richland Center was covered with snow. The plane was a sturdy Cessna 182 that Gary Britton, our pilot, had brought over for this trip because of the wind and the weather—it was ten degrees and the cloud cover spoke of snow.

The river was an elusive image, hard to see from the ground. We took off and turned south to pick up the river and follow it downstream. The fields were white with snow cover, the fence lines and roads showing up below as black lines with the rooftops punctuating the scene as periods. . . . So we flew out over the river; our goal was to capture the confluence with the afternoon sun low on the horizon and four or five good shots of the islands in the river with ice gathered around them. ❧

From Wisconsin River Images *by Thomas Oates, 1994. Text and photos reprinted with permission of Kendall/Hunt Publishing Company, 4050 Westmark Drive, Dubuque, Iowa, 52002, and University of Wisconsin Extension, Madison.*

Sandbars in Wisconsin River near Lone Rock.

Ice on sandbar edge.

Taliesin, home of Frank Lloyd Wright, overlooking the Wisconsin River at Spring Green.

View from Bogus Bluff cave.

Grass on sandbar.

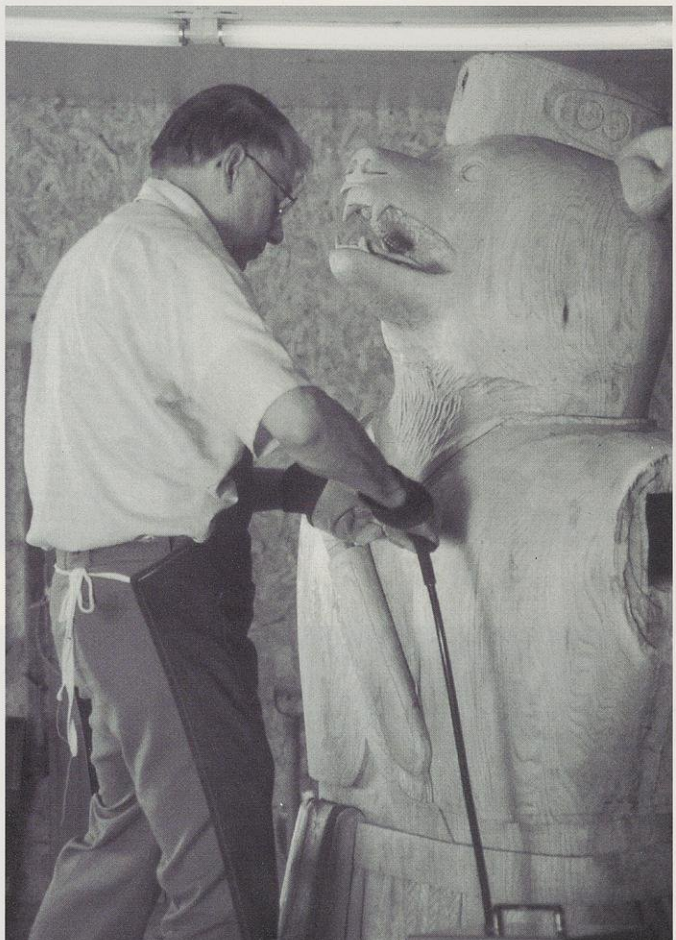
Aerial view of sandbars, islands, and tributaries.

Menominee Artist James F. Frechette, Jr.: An Appreciation

by David R. Wrone

In the course of five hundred years, Europeans seized the world of the American Indian in a cruel military conquest. In the wake of the armies came another conquest of Indian culture, one neither as bloody nor as complete as the military one, but equally as powerful and certainly as severe.

Europeans touched all facets of indigenous life. They imposed individualism upon a people defined by tribe and land, thrust the idea of private property as an imperative of life upon a people who found it largely incomprehensible, changed their concept of time, and replaced the many native religions with Christianity.



James F. Frechette, Jr., and The Ancestral Bear, *carved from the state-record butternut tree. Figure is 11 1/2 feet high. 1992. Collection of the Menominee Tribe.*

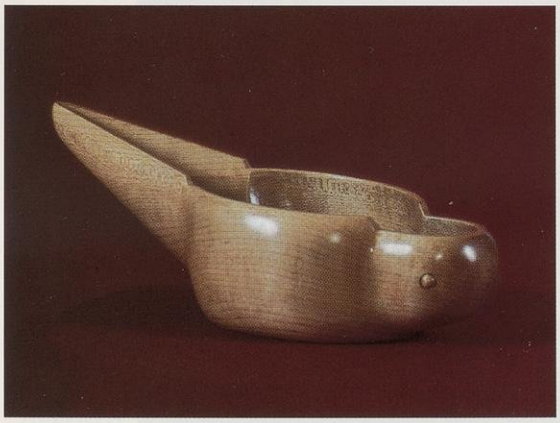
Where Europeans found traditional political structures, they imposed uniform old-world constitutions that severed the tribes from the earth to find reality and denied all things natural. The strangers also trampled Indian culture, considering language, music, sculpture, painting, cosmology, drama, song, and story as rude vestiges of primitive life and held up European concepts as the only yardstick to measure the merits of cultural worth. In the end, however, Europeans' efforts at cultural conquest failed to complete the task. Indian culture proved to be remarkably tough and was able to survive.

Today traditional Indian culture still thrives in scattered pockets around America, kept dynamic by three great forces: language, art, and philosophy. Art is key. The aesthetic object of the Indian provides an unclouded view into the almost vanished world of people who once were supreme with a significant culture profoundly different from that brought to these shores from distant Europe. The Menominee people and the art of James F. Frechette, Jr., illustrate this.

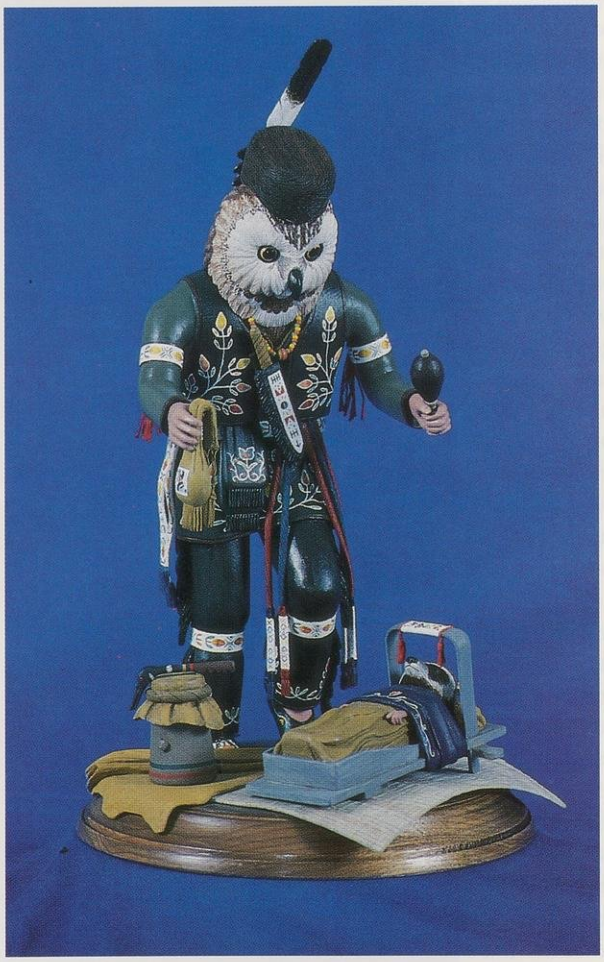
The Menominees are the oldest people in Wisconsin. They trace their continuous history in the state back many thousands of years. Part of the cluster of Algonkian-speaking Indians loosely grouped around the Great Lakes and in the forests of the Northeast, their original domain spread across almost one-third of the present state of Wisconsin, in the central and northeast portion and deep into the upper peninsula of Michigan, where they were noted fishers and wild rice cultivators. Their name means People of the Wild Rice.

Menominee history intertwines with the French movement into the interior of the continent and the rise of Wisconsin as a factor in the colonial world of the fur trade. They participated heavily in the fur trade, established cultural relationships with the French, and many intermarried with the traders out of Montreal. During the early wars of colonial America, the tribe vigorously assisted the French as part of the defense of their own

The Gift of Hospitality. 1990. *Beaver Woman is shown with a porcupine bowl, symbol of hospitality. Collection of Arlene and Howard Thoyre.*

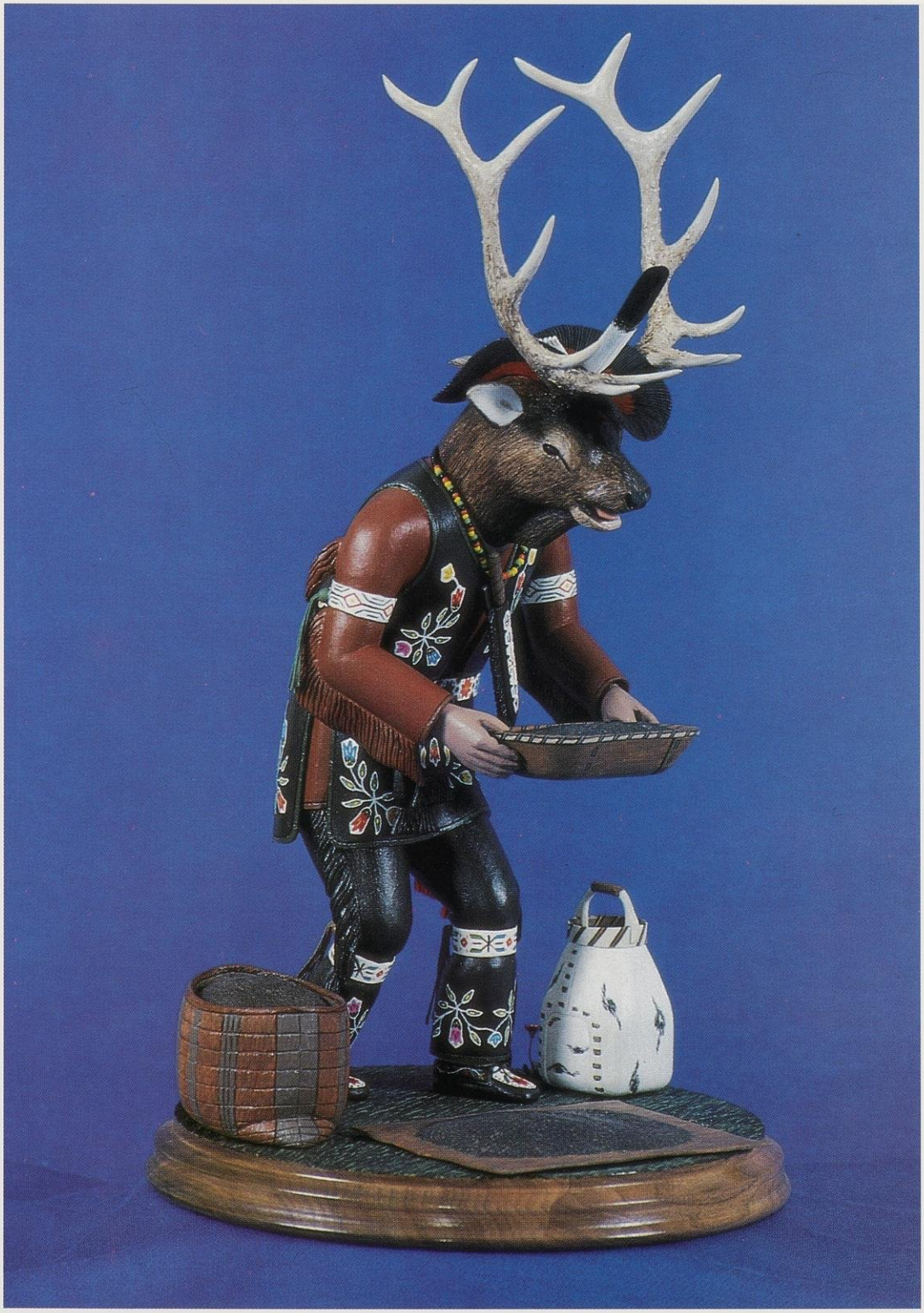


Porcupine bowl by James F. Frechette, Jr. Hard maple, approx. 11 1/8 inches long, 4 3/4 inches wide, 4 1/4 inches high. 1993. Collection of Elaine and David Wrone.



OPPOSITE PAGE: Wolf Clan Hunter. *1984. Collection of Arlene and Howard Thoyre.*
ABOVE LEFT: Gifts of the Thunderer, Fire and War. *1984. In Menominee culture, the Golden Eagle spirit form is the symbol closest to the source of all power, here depicted as the messenger between the tribe and the creator. Collection of George Kofron.*
ABOVE RIGHT: The Healing Powers. *1987. Owl Medicine Man, a story figure. Collection of Elaine and David Wrone.*

All figures are acrylic on pine, approx. 12 inches high. Photos by Duane A. Frechette.



Water Carrier, Washing the Rice. *1988. Elk clan symbol. Collection of the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point.*

This special color section was made possible through the generosity of the Norman Bassett Foundation.

homeland. Menominee warriors composed the principal contingent of Indians in the united tribes' 1757 defeat of General Edward Braddock's British army in the forests near Pittsburgh. Ninety-nine of their warriors fought with Montcalm in the 1759 historic battle of the Heights of Abraham, where defeat turned the lands of Wisconsin over to the victorious British.

The Menominees continued to defend their Wisconsin home by joining forces with the British in the American Revolution and fought in many battles, including alongside General Burgoyne in New York. In 1816 the Americans finally entered the Menominee homeland and established forts and then settlements. The Menominees have served with distinction in all American wars since 1816. In a series of treaties (1817–1856) the Menominees relinquished 12,000,000 acres of their homeland to the Americans, and today they inhabit a 230,000–acre heavily forested reservation on a fragment of their original lands in the central part of Wisconsin.

Jim Frechette was born in 1930 on the Menominee reservation into a family that was active in the political affairs of the tribe. He grew up at a time when keepers of the ancient cultural traditions actively passed on the old ways and taught Menominee art, tradition, stories, and myths to their youth. In this cultural environment he also acquired from his grandfather, a woodworker, technical knowledge of wood, its nature as an element, and how to use it and understand it. He acquired a knowledge of art and carving in the traditional way from practitioners of the old culture. When he reached adulthood, for a few years he set traditional practices aside while he served in the Marine Corps.

Following his release from military service, Jim joined the federal civil service as a project director, always keeping his Menominee ties active and his woodworking vital. He is now retired and living in Rhinelander, and for two decades he has devoted full time to his art.

As a carver he works in a number of woods native to the Menominee world, using a wide range of art forms. For traditional Menominee art, wood is an excellent medium in which to communicate the ideas of their life and impart cultural insights. It was used historically as a primary material for this purpose. In part, of course, this came naturally, for the Menominees had been forest people for millennia. They made 250 useful objects out of wood, ranging from three types of houses to weirs, dugout canoes, birchbark canoes, snowshoes, mat needles, decoys, decorations, deer calls, dishes, baskets, toys, tools, and combs.

Jim works in the old Menominee tradition. His pieces are entirely hand-carved without machines or even sandpaper, authentic in detail and design, color and form, a genuine expression of the Menominee worldview. Yet he gives each piece his distinctive stamp of interpretation based on knowledge of the tradition and its cultural milieu and his skill as an artist.

Jim's porcupine hospitality bowl fully illustrates this Menominee worldview. The bowl is carved from maple wood with only a knife; its lines and form are clear and smooth, highly suggestive of the manner in which the classical Greeks conveyed an idea. Yet the bowl follows an old Menominee design and imparts their idea of the significant act of hospitality.

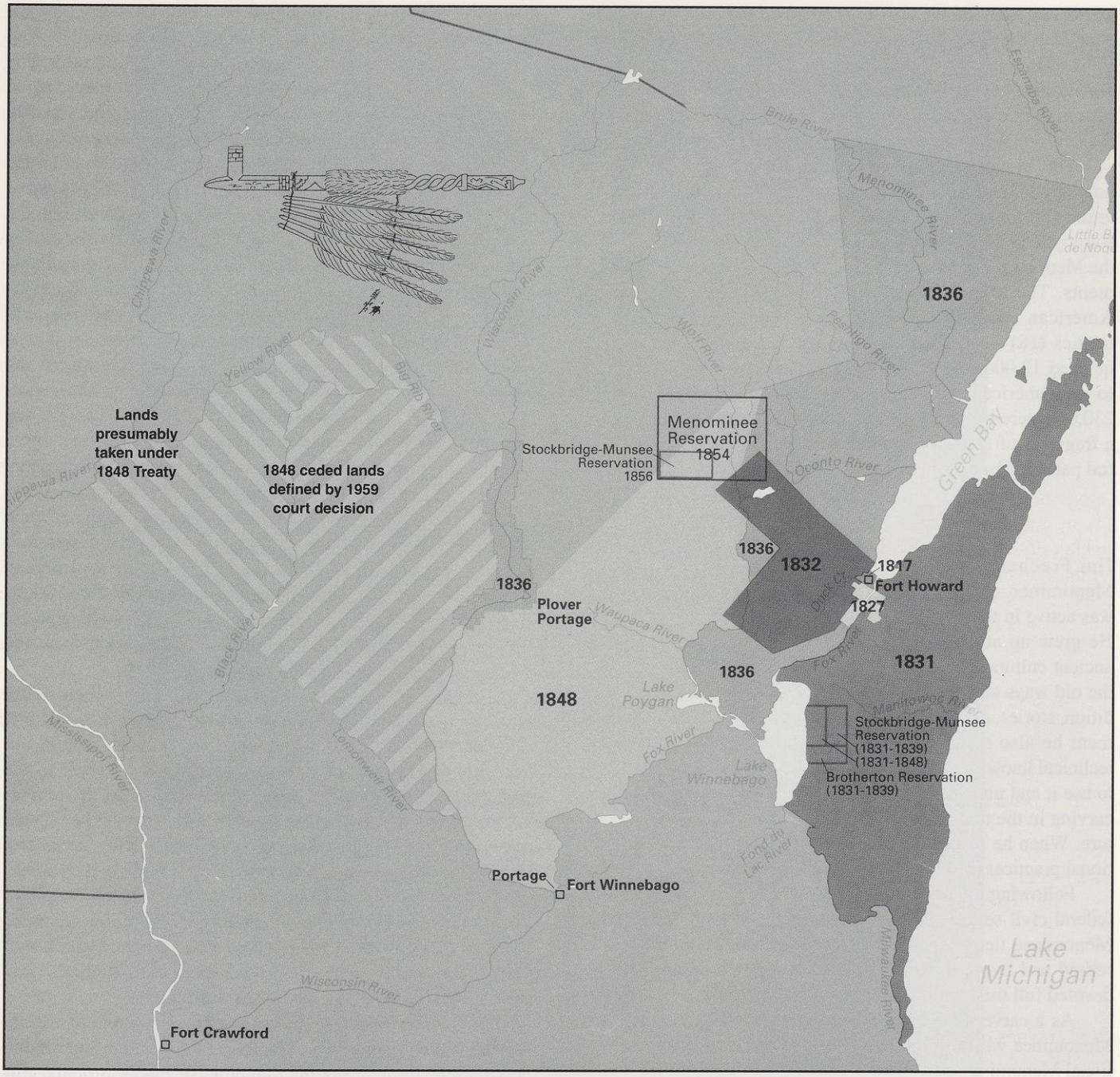
In traditional times when a traveler entered a wigwam, the host immediately offered the guest food in a bowl similar to this. It held a traditional food, the nourishing and tasty staple, maple sugar; hence the wood of sugar maple, while attractive in its color and grain, also carries forward this reality by implication. Even the name for porcupine, *ketamiw*, "he is eating," continues the idea. But the name fits the life of the Menominees, for the quilled mammal was the one animal that a starving person in the forest could kill without trouble: By merely tipping it over on its back with a long stick, it was defenseless; the meat was easy to prepare and delicious to eat. Thus the bowl's design also symbolized food for the hungry. In addition, the porcupine's shape fascinated the aesthetic eye of the Menominees, who saw its graceful lines and balance of parts which form the whole as manifested in the bowl.

The Little People of the Menominee are distinctively Menominee, little creatures who live in the forests and manifest their lives in a number of ways.

Jim carves numerous objects from wood: ladles, pipes, necklaces, dishes, boxes, feathers, and mat and snowshoe needles representing the old Menominee life, but he specializes in the figures known as The Little People of the Menominee, where under his knife their cultural world tumbles out in never ending, complex, and varied forms. The figures stand about twelve inches high, and except for the necklaces, are entirely of wood with acrylic paint used to apply the authentic traditional colors, designs, and motifs. The Little People of the Menominee are distinctively Menominee, little creatures who live in the forests and manifest their lives in a number of ways. They are not related to or copied from or similar to any other tribal culture or system in America.

Many Americans have difficulty understanding the distinctiveness of Menominee art, caught up as they are in stereotypes of what constitutes pan-Indian art, and have overlooked this tribal form of the larger Woodland region. Modern clichéd forms have entered popular thought due to the influence of press, movies, and television, together with modern emphasis on the art of the Great Plains tribes, the southwestern tribes, or the tribes who live along the Pacific rim of the Northwest.

The Menominees are different. They never had shields, for example, or feathered war bonnets, or woven wool blankets, or tepees, or fine fired clay pots. Their religion differed; their designs, motifs, and colors differed; their worldview, history, and language differed. Their political system differed. The Menominees utilized a complex organization called a clan sys-



tem that essentially divided the tribe into interlocking component parts composing five major groups. Their well functioning solution to political order stood in stark contrast to the European conception of a political institution.

To approach Jim's art with a full understanding, it is imperative to remember that we must view it from a Menominee perspective, not a Western or European one. In Menominee culture the members of the tribe inhabit the center of the world; Europe and its culture live on the shabby, unfinished fringes. From their cultural Eden in Wisconsin, the People of the Wild Rice regard life in profoundly different terms and place significant meaning upon objects and ideas that the Europeans do not value.

Note how this Menominee cultural world manifests itself in Jim's Owl Medicine Man, *The Healing Power*. About twelve inches high, the beautifully carved medicine man stands poised before you in the midst of a dance step, a human figure with the head of a saw whet owl. In one hand he holds a rattle and in the other a medicine bag. At his feet lie the objects of his medicinal world; a baby raccoon is in a cradle, the object of his intense concern.

In the Menominee accounts of creation, the saw whet owl brought medicine to the tribe through the activities of four women seeking help from the forest to cure illness. So the figure represents this important concept in their life. But it means more than that. Along with the story accounting for the creation of medicine, the Menominees had four songs and four dances similarly defining the act of acquiring the essential medicinal properties. The rattle, the song, and the dance step of the owl reinforces the element of rhythm in the world. In the traditional world the storytellers related the tale to members of the tribe with great dramatic flourish, mimicking the saw whet's wing beat, erratic flight, and sharp cry, acting out the encounter, showing how they found the herbs and plants, and enacting the travail of the women—all giving the story the stamp of rousing theater which a listener would not soon forget, if ever.

Story, drama, song, and dance, however, only represent one level of the meaning in the figure. In the story and in the medicine and the bundles on the mat at the feet of the owl runs another developing theme: The Menominees see nature and the forest as a good, a positive factor, an essential part of their life. In the basic goodness of the forest world one finds those elements the creator or the forces of life placed there to assist humans in their journey through life. The owl figure, then, further reinforces the emphasis on this great natural force in Menominee life. The figure recognizes this force.

In addition to the good in the world, another facet of culture enters into the figure's dynamics. The medicine man defines a key idea in Menominee culture that the whole is fundamental to life's meaning. Humans only participate in life, because they are just one element among many. To the Menominees, much of the world is alive. Stones, trees, fish, and many other aspects of the world possess life to the same degree that humans do and in exactly the same way. The forest is living and so is the owl. By fully recognizing the human role as only one active part of the world, they define the good embedded in the whole life they are blessed to participate in and give thanks to the creator for it. Owl Medicine Man—*The Healing Power*—represents the meaning which the Menominees find in life.

Jim's figures often portray examples of the enumerable stories, myths, and legends that infused traditional Menominee life. One of these legends with charming qualities is captured in *The Gift of Sight*, a story of how the Loon got its necklace or white band of feathers around its neck, which is explained in the context of how a blind man received sight. Here (front cover) he captures the essential moment in the story.

Jim also uses the Little People as a medium to communicate the clan system of the Menominees, the governing mechanism of the tribe.

The Menominees organized into five smajor clans: Bear, Eagle, Moose, Wolf, and Crane—each with responsibilities for the whole. These in turn further organized into groups totalling thirty-four lesser clans. His Elk and Moose figures belonged to the Moose clan whose responsibilities included care of wild rice beds, rice harvest, and camp police. The Moose carving depicts the place of an important food element in the ancient life of the Menominees. After the rice was ripe, the tribe, under the guidance of the Moose clan, conducted a ceremony before harvesting it. The pole, the dance step, the motion of the body, the slight bow of the magnificent antlers to suggest honor, all define the Menominees' relationship to the earth, and recognize that life's meaning is found in that relationship. The Moose affirms it, signifying reciprocity: the earth gives rice, the Menominees pay homage to the great gift and acknowledge their humility in its presence.

On another member of the clan the Elk's antlers particularly strike the eye. Superbly carved and in balance with the dimensions of the figure, it imparts the meaning of washing the rice, one of the essential steps in preparing the grain for consumption.

In addition to the aesthetic qualities, Jim's carvings communicate information about the daily activities of the old Menominees. We see this element running throughout all the figures, some to a greater degree than others. For example, the type of comb is captured as a detail in the braid of the Beaver Woman in *The Gift of Hospitality*, accenting the beautiful red robe. While belonging to the Bear clan, Beaver Woman was associated with the traditional duties of making maple sugar and is depicted offering this food as a sign of hospitality.

In the Bear symbol, *Speaker—Peacekeeper* (not pictured), we find depicted one of the principle ideas of the Menominee philosophy: affirming peace, represented by the pipe as well as symbolized by the Bear. Menominee life rested on peace, both with their neighbors and within the tribe. As a consequence of its vital role in attaining a sensible life, the Menominees incorporated peace into their political system as one of the major obligations of the Bear, the speaker of the council of clans. The pipe, with its sacred tobacco whose fumes related all things to the creative principles, was a profoundly respected object of Menominee life that put personal difficulties and social tensions into a quieting perspective. The Bear further stands in Menominee culture as the idea of the Menominees themselves, meaning that the mechanisms of tribal life represented by the proffered pipe forces persons or neighboring nations to put their immediate troubles aside and think of the larger embracing peaceful world that suffuses their lives.

Jim Frechette has captured in imperishable art the noble worldview and enriching dimensions of traditional Menominee life.

Return to the Roots: South Africa Thirty Years Later

by Daniel P. Kunene

During the summer of 1993, Daniel Kunene, accompanied by his wife, Selina, visited South Africa after thirty years in exile, most of it spent at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. Part I of his journal appeared in the Summer 1994 issue of the Wisconsin Academy Review *(Vol. 40, No. 4). His story continues.*

Part II

So, to Cape Town we go on Sunday, July 18. As our flight approaches the city we look for familiar landmarks, specifically Table Mountain and, perhaps, the University of Cape Town which nestles at the foot of that mountain. Cape Town is home in a different sense from Edenville and Potchefstroom. This is where we created our own home after we married. This is where part of our blood, Zola, our first born, is buried. This is the city from which we left South Africa on the Pendennis Castle *on September 13, 1963, where the fragile link with the land and our friends and relatives was symbolized by delicate streamers held from the boat and from the land as the ship labored, tugged off from the pier by rugged little tugboats, the link that snapped and was to remain unmended for thirty years.*

Prof. Sizwe Satyo, head of the Department of African Languages and Literature, meets us at the airport and drives us to the guest house, a restored old mansion, in Observatory, which, despite some modernization, has retained its elegance. We call our old friends Roddy and Hermine Wengrowe to tell them we have arrived. Hermine will pick Selina up tomorrow to spend the day with her. We are guests of the university till Friday next.

My first official assignment today, Monday, July 19, is to give a talk to a first-year B.A class on some aspect of literature. The class comprises only black students. I have been warned that the African literature classes have been divided into two groups, namely African mother-tongue speakers (Xhosa) and other-than-African mother-tongue speakers. The mother-tongue speakers, I am told, are able to read literature that the other group cannot. Another rationale for the separation is that since English is the medium of instruction and discussion, the English-speaking students have an advantage over the non-English speaking ones in discussions and general class participation. The latter tend to feel intimidated. I feel extremely uncomfortable with this arrangement, but there is nothing I can do about it. I have not been given much of a direction as to topic for this morning's presentation, nor any hint as to the level of comprehension and discussion to expect. In fact, it was left wide open: any topic I chose.

I have chosen a rather abstract topic with the intention of illustrating from, inter alia, Thomas Mofolo's *Moeti oa Bochabela*. I have no sooner started than I realize I am not getting through to the class. The students' faces are blank. They are unresponsive. I ask if anyone has read Mofolo's book. "Raise your hands if you have." No hands raised. "Raise your hands if you haven't." No hands raised. I joke about "abstentions." No reaction. Conclusion: They have not read it. They don't know it exists. Well, I think, Mofolo's is a Sesotho book and this is a Xhosa-speaking area. I ask if anyone has read A.C. Jordan's Xhosa novel, *Ingqumbo Yeminyanya*. There is neither yes nor no. I'm about to conclude they have not read it when a lecturer attending my presentation says: "But you *are* studying that book!" There's some embarrassed laughter. I don't know what to make of this. I fumble my way through the rest of that period. I feel this presentation has been a disaster. I should have been told what specific books they were studying and warned to make my lecture more concrete than abstract. The lecturers who were present feel differently; they say it was good and the students benefited. I remain unconvinced. Tomorrow I address the second-year group. I ask what books have been assigned to them. *Ingqumbo* I am told. All right, *Ingqumbo* it shall be, with the standard pitched to their level.

Today is Tuesday, July 20. In addition to the second year B.A. class, I am also scheduled to address a faculty seminar today in the English department. The *Ingqumbo* discussion is very lively. We run short of time and express the wish to continue on another day if that could be arranged. I feel very happy and so does the

class. I address the seminar on the journey motif in African literature. The discussion goes on reasonably well, and I'm satisfied. Selina again spends this day with Hermine, just relaxing at the Wengrowe home. In the evening Roddy picks me up and we have a wonderful dinner together reminiscing about old times.

Selina decides to spend the morning of Wednesday, July 21, at the guest house. This is the day I give my main talk, which is the keynote speech I gave at the African Language Association of South Africa (ALASA) conference. Prior to the talk I am reunited with Dr. Vernie February who holds a permanent research position at the University of Leiden's Afrika-Studie Centrum in Leiden, Holland. He is visiting the University of Western Cape, which has honored him with the position of "Professor Extraordinaire." It's an exciting reunion. He came for the presentation. I feel extremely happy about this talk. It comes off very well indeed, and the discussion is lively.

Daniel P. Kunene

This afternoon Prof. Satyo drives Selina and me to the Woltemade Cemetery where Zola is buried. He first drives to the black township of Langa to pick up someone who knows the cemetery best to guide us in our search. The search turns out to be fruitless. Our information is too sketchy. First we do not know which one of the thirteen or so gates to this mammoth burial place is the correct one. It soon becomes obvious that, even if we found the right gate, it would be absolutely impossible to identify the grave, though we have its number, since it has no tombstone or any other marker. When we left South Africa, we intended to return after my year's sabbatical, and we would have installed a tombstone at that time. Well, it turned out to be a thirty-year sabbatical!

This night Prof. and Mrs. Satyo take us out for a special dinner treat. They have chosen the revolving restaurant atop the Ritz Plaza Hotel. It is a posh place and has live piano music this evening. As the restaurant revolves and reveals different parts of the city and landscape, our hosts explain what we see. One of the best sights is the ocean, and the white foam of the breakers on the rocks at the Seapoint shore create a ragged line along the coast. We also pass several times where the pianist is situated. At one time we clap rather enthusiastically when he concludes a piece. The pianist notices us, and the next thing he is playing "*Igqira lendlela*," the so-called "click song," popularized by Miriam Makeba. We laugh and conclude that this white pianist must have decided we were the sort of crowd that would simply *love* "*Igqira*." A white couple gets up and dances. We watch.

Before being picked up from the guest house on this Thursday, the 22nd, I call the Department of Births, Marriages and Deaths for assistance to locate Zola's grave. They give me the gate number and also verify the grave number. They give us the exact details of when our daughter was born, when she died, when she was buried. They also give the name of a caretaker to contact so he can help us find the grave. The caretaker, a "coloured" man, has an air of genuine sympathy. He gets in his car and asks us to follow him. He stops at the section where the grave is and begins to search, checking grave numbers, scratching at the bases of the low concrete rectangles built around some of them. He goes one direction, then another, then another, now and again checking the piece of paper we gave him. We begin to wonder, is the grave lost?

At last he stops by one grave and begins to measure with his feet. He does this in several directions. At last he stops, and with his foot he marks off a space on the ground and says. "Here it is." I ask, "Which side is the head?" and he points it out. We thank him. He tips his hat in a gesture of acknowledgement and sympathy, and walks away to his car. Sizwe Satyo stands at a respectable distance trying to efface himself from the scene. We stand, tongue-tied. The silence, as we stand arm in arm by the grave of our first-born, is more eloquent than any words we might have spoken, if we could. I am the first to break down, Selina follows, and we stand sobbing there, trying to comfort each other with barely noticeable gestures of touching. Satyo remains passive at the distance he has created. At last we calm down. We look for ways to identify the grave for our next visit. Among other things, I carve a cross on the bark of a nearby tree.

Back at campus, I conduct a seminar for African Languages and Literature staff and senior students. After the seminar Prof. Satyo drives me to the Wengrowes. Roddy and Hermine have arranged a sightseeing drive along the sea. They reveal some of their plans as we go along. We stop at different beaches to walk a little in the sand, maybe wet our feet a little, take pictures and so on. The houses here, in such suburbs as Llandudno, are huge mansions, some of them odd shapes, a veritable "conspicuous consumption" of wealth. It never ceases to amaze and annoy and frustrate me that some people can be so rich that they do unnecessary and sometimes downright nonsensical things with their money, while others, just a stone's throw away, live in rusty tin shacks with hardly any food to eat. This is a "conspicuous *waste*" of wealth. At our next stop Roddy and Hermine point out peaks along the mountain range overlooking the ocean and tell us they are called The Twelve Apostles. Of course we knew about The Twelve Apostles before we left Cape

Town, but had never been able to identify them. No better luck this time either. The apostles refuse to reveal their faces to us.

Abandoning the direction to Hout Bay, Roddy drives up to the top of Signal Hill. This is a great vantage point from which to see the city of Cape Town. The reason they have driven us here, they reveal as we wind our way up, is so that we can see the city lights come on at nightfall. Wonderful! As the darkness begins to gather, Roddy points out a blacker dot in the blackness of the ocean where a single light keeps flashing on and off. That, he says, is Robben Island. That brings a chill to my spine. The thought that people have been forced to spend up to thirty years of their lives on that island, in full view of the mainland, of "home," but despairing of getting away before the government had wreaked the last ounce of its terrible vengeance from them, takes me through the most vexing, impotent anger. Many have died there, many psychologically damaged for life. But that also was the home, for twenty-seven years, of the likely next president of South Africa, Nelson Mandela, released February 1990. I ask myself as I have done so many times, "Why do human beings do these things to each other?" I take a picture of the black spot in the middle of the ocean. Robben Island.

.....

"Why do human beings do these things to each other?"

.....

The city lights come on, one cluster after another. They come on on Robben Island too, a few flickering, individual light bulbs, it seems. I take a picture I feel certain will not come out. Roddy and I decide it's worth a gamble. One exposure. One can't get bankrupt on that!

From there we drive to the city, all the way down to a place by the old docks called The Water Front. It was developed a few years ago, Hermine and Roddy tell us, as a kind of renewal and resurrection of the downtown area. It is close to the dock where, thirty years ago, we boarded the *Pendennis Castle*. The place contains shopping malls, ordinary shops, pubs, restaurants, curio and specialty shops. We first go around looking at a few shops. Then we stop at a pub for a beer. Following this, Roddy and Hermine deftly manoeuvre us towards a restaurant where they treat us to dinner. This has been an unforgettable, well-planned day, which unfolded as we went along, a wonderful outing with old friends going back to many years before we left the country.

On Friday, July 23, Prof. Satyo drives us to Stellenbosch University. I have never been at this university before, or in Stellenbosch town for that matter. It was a university which fully embraced apartheid, the brainchild of its intellectuals. But now today, my wife and I are here at the university's invitation, with VIP status. Here we are hosted by Professors Jadezweni and Du Plessis, the latter being the head of the Department of African Languages. We are introduced to department staff as well as teachers from institutions which have an informal link with this department for furthering the training of their teachers. How ironic that the department is housed in the J.B. Vorster Building! One can't help thinking of the John Vorster Square in Johannesburg where black political prisoners were tortured under interrogation, and many died under strange, and sometimes not-so-strange, circumstances. But Vorster, former minister of justice and then president of South Africa, was at one time chancellor of this university even while he led the country deeper and deeper into barbarism. We are received very warmly.

I am asked to address the people gathered here on various matters concerning the department's curricula, in particular the relationship of the language/linguistics area with the literature, a discussion that later inevitably includes oral and written as well as African-language and English-language literatures. There is a lot of excitement among the staff, the Africans are particularly excited, and I shake many hands at the end.

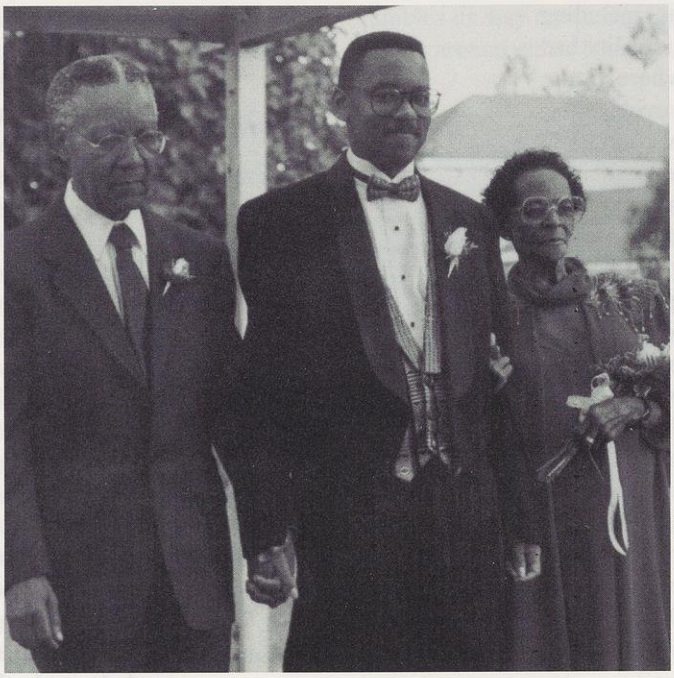
A special lunch has been arranged. We see more of the campus as we walk to and from the building where the restaurant is situated. This evening we are to leave for Port Elizabeth, so we cannot stay very long in Stellenbosch. We are given a gift of a half case of assorted Stellenbosch wines. After some photo-taking, we depart.

As we return to Cape Town, the approach is very impressive indeed, with Table Mountain dominating the scene. Despite the light rain and clouds, I take some pictures, focusing on Table Mountain and hope for the best. Abner will take us to the airport from the guest house. As a farewell treat, we insist on having Cape Town fish-and-chips to throw our minds back to that little fish-and-chips shop we knew in Mowbray. On the way to the airport Abner stops in Mowbray and buys us fish-and-chips which we eat in the car as we drive. Rather greasy. We check in and I ask the rather amused staff at the check-in desk if we could take our unfinished fish-and-chips with us on the plane. Of course, they say, laughing. So we do.

Selina and I have not been able to get seats together. It does not matter. It is not such a long trip. Maybe two to two-and-one-half hours at the most. I have a nice chat with a white businessman next to whom I sit from Cape Town to George, which is his destination. At George my new traveling companion is another white man, an Afrikaner farmer. He is quite clearly furious about having to sit next to a black person. He is fuming as he squeezes past me to his wall-side seat. Maybe another forty minutes to Port Elizabeth. And this becomes the weirdest part of this trip, maybe of my entire South African tour. Or ever.

I turn to the man and say, "Hi." He mumbles a response. I ask, trying to draw him out: "Do you live in George or were you visiting here?" "Yes," he says. "You live in George?" "Yes, I have a farm here." As I am thinking what to say next, he asks me: "Where do you come from?" "From America," I say, consciously holding back the rest of the truth. Suddenly the man turns towards me and offers a firm handshake. "Well, I'm very glad to meet you," he says. Words to that effect. We fall into an uneasy, exploratory conversation. At least it was on my part. I realize I'm committed to a lie, insofar as a half-truth is a lie. The man thinks I am an American negro, and he will talk to me on that assumption. I'm willing.

In the process of the conversation he tells me he does not like associating with certain people. Everybody has the right to decide whom he wishes to associate with. I mumble my agreement with the general principle. He goes on to state that he does not like being near black South Africans because they have a certain odor. It takes a lot to control my temper. Yet I must suppress even the slightest indication of the disgust I feel. The game must go on. I must hear more. I must not give him cause to be suspicious of my real national identity. He objects to blacks coming to his church for service. "They've got their own church," he declares. "Why'd they want to come to mine? They don't know the language." I interrupt: "You mean they come to the church but don't understand what's going on?" "Yes," he says, "so why do they come? They must go to their own church." I pretend that I'm as puzzled as he: Why would people come to a church where they don't understand the language the service is conducted in? In my heart I say, You fool, that's a political statement, that's a sign of things to come. But he believes that I'm puzzled like him.



Daniel and Selina Kunene at the wedding of their son, September 1993.

Then there are the buses. Blacks, he says, leave their own buses and come and demand to ride in *his* buses, but they don't want to pay the higher fare charged for riding *his* buses. "So why do they leave their own buses and want to ride mine if they don't want to pay for it?" I corroborate. The fool. He is an anachronism, I tell myself. And an idiot to boot. All this ominous writing on the wall, the warning for the likes of him to mend their ways, he can't read it! "Are you going to P.E.?" I ask. "No, to Pretoria." I'm relieved. We're going to be met in Port Elizabeth, and the game might be up. I want him to go away believing he was talking to a different kind of black from the type he loathes.

"You know," he says, volunteering the information, "black people got no three-d." "Three-d?" I ask, amazed. "Yes, three-d," he says. "Do you mean three-dimension?" I ask, absolutely puzzled. "Yes," he says, "three-d." "Well, why don't they have three-d?" I ask. With the faint smile of someone who knows these things, he says to me: "They never crawl on the ground when they are little, you know, like normal babies." "They don't?" I ask, truly amazed at this revelation. "No, they don't. You see, if you lived in this country you would see them. The mothers are always carrying them on their backs." "Really?" "Yes. Strapped with something to the mother's back." I say something like Ah or Oh. "Their feet are always hanging, they don't touch the ground until they are quite grown." "I see. So, that's why they've got no three-d?" I ask. "Yes," he says with great conviction in his voice. "You mean the mothers carry their babies even while they are working?" I ask, meaning to suggest to him some more sensible thing, such as, they get their sense of rhythm from feeling the mother's movements. He takes it differently. He thinks I mean when the mother goes to work for the white madam. I'm glad, because this makes him reveal more than I have asked. "No," he says, a little confused, "when they go to work they leave their children with their granny. You know, they always leave children with some relative." I refrain from asking if the granny or relative disallows the child to crawl. I'm satisfied the man is sure black people got no three-d. Must be one of the things that disgusts him about blacks. Such a perfectly normal thing as three-d! And they want to come to his church, ride his buses, and even vote. God forbid that the country should ever be cursed with a president who doesn't got three-d! Thus my mind fills in the details he might have wished to.

We land at P.E. We spot our host for the weekend, Prof. Vuyiswa Maqagi. She's very excited to see us, and we spend a pleasant evening together. We extend our stay by one day, to spend Saturday, July 24, there, mostly resting.

The day is spent in a rather leisurely manner. We are driven around P.E. for a brief sightseeing. We drive by "Khwetha Town." We are told that this "town" is, in fact, a modern version of a circumcision lodge. It constitutes part of the urban complex and consists of scattered shelters, each of which houses several "boys" in transition towards becoming "men." Past and present linking hands in a striking physical way, I think. The novitiates, we are told, are usually, and perhaps mostly, students from local secondary and high schools. When they are of the age to undergo the rites of passage to manhood, they choose a time for their seclusion, which will not interfere with their schooling, namely a school vacation long enough to allow them the free time to undergo their initiation, or traditional formal education, without interrupting their western-style education. This "lodge" is situated in a space between the black residential area where Vuyiswa lives with her family, and the white area, in a space that could have been a suburb of Port Elizabeth. She tells us that

in the evenings fires are lit in these shelters for cooking, warming, and other purposes.

Our sightseeing also takes us past "Toilet Town." This consists of privies made of corrugated iron sheets and stretching over several acres of ground. From a distance these look like giant tombstones, and our first impression is that we are looking at a graveyard. No, says Vuyiswa, who goes on to explain that since black shanty towns were springing up in all urban centers adjacent to black residential areas, including Port Elizabeth itself, the P.E. municipality had decided to provide some sites where future shanty towns would be built and provide toilets as a service. They are pit latrines, of course, not water-flushed. This would give the municipality some control over what has nationally become an urban phenomenon characterized by its spontaneity. Where, we ask as we have done so many times, do all these people come from? The answers vary, but sometimes overlap in certain areas. They are mostly conjecture: workers displaced from the white farms. Some farmers, we have heard, dismiss their black laborers and tell them to ask Mandela for a job. Some, most likely, come from the Bantu homelands, which many people rejected all along, anyway; maybe some from adjacent independent African states, refugees from the destabilized Mozambique, Angola, Lesotho, and so on. It's probably a combination of all these factors.

As we drive by a certain white suburb, our host tells us it's an AWB area. The AWB! The *Afrikaner Weestandfeweging*! (The Afrikaner Resistance Movement.) This is a group of white right-wing extremists, the ones whose only response to the movement toward change is the rampant killing of any and all blacks anywhere and any time an opportunity presents itself. A South African counterpart to the KKK? One wonders. Gatsha Buthelezi is the only black who is welcomed most warmly in this area, our hostess tells us. Knowing that many right-wing conservative whites have seen Buthelezi as an instrument of divisiveness among blacks, that they see this as the only way they can cling to some of their outdated white supremacist ideas, and that many of them have joined Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party (IFP) as a result, we are not entirely surprised to hear this. Indeed we have seen many times on South African television a white man appearing as a spokesman for the IFP.

What is surprising is that Buthelezi has apparently never stopped to ask what is in it for them. What do these white extremists stand to gain by supporting him? I remember that in 1990, one of the aftermaths of Nelson Mandela's release from prison and the dawn of a new era in South Africa was that a significant number of right-wing whites were seen joining the Inkatha movement. The general sentiment, as voiced by some of them, was: "Our only salvation now is in joining Inkatha." Visions of the so-called "black-on-black" violence, of the palpable presence of a "Third Force" manipulating things from behind the scenes, flash through my mind. An AWB suburb? Is this a sign of things to come? Of a separate white "homeland?" But it's not entirely surprising when one recalls how strongly President F.W. de Klerk advocated the retention of the Bantu homeland system in an interview by Ted Koppel in the wake of Mandela's release from prison.

This route will take us through King William's Town, our driver tells us. Excellent, I say. In that case we should make a further detour and go to see the Zanempilo Clinic established by Steve Biko, Mamphela Ramphele, and others.

On Sunday, July 25, Vuyiswa drives us to the airport for our morning flight to East London, where we are to be met by car to be driven to Umtata. It's a long way, we are told, approximately four hours. Our driver is almost an hour late. He is a lecturer at the University of Transkei whom we met at the ALASA conference at Wits. He has been asked by Prof. Dorcas Jafta, who will be our host at the University of Transkei, to make a detour to drive us through the Ciskei, so the trip becomes a sightseeing and educational event. This is wonderful since we have not been in this part of the country before.

This route will take us through King William's Town, our driver tells us. Excellent, I say. In that case we should make a further detour and go to see the Zanempilo Clinic established by Steve Biko, Mamphela Ramphele, and others. He has not been there himself, he says, but he will ask the way at King William's Town. Following the directions he is given in King, our driver soon leaves the tarred road and we travel on a gravel road for several miles to Zinyoka, the village where Zanempilo is situated. After a brief search, we arrive at this small, unassuming, rectangular building with whitewashed walls.

The clinic is open. Only one person is around, a nurse. Our driver explains to her, in Xhosa, why we are there. We are visitors from America and we would appreciate being shown the place. The nurse obligingly shows us the various rooms, which include an examining room, a labor room, and a dispensary. The marvel of this place is what it symbolized when it was first built: The reawakening of a downtrodden people given a new sense of dignity and human worth through seemingly little acts of self-reliance and self-redefinition. That was what the Black Consciousness Movement did.

As we walk from one room to another, I feel a sense of awe. I stand where Biko stood, where his sense of purpose, his vision of the future of his people, blossomed into the reality of a clinic built by blacks and staffed by blacks, where the celebrated *ubuntu* of black people found concrete expression through the courtesy, kindness, understanding and care with which the staff, comprising "educated" young blacks, treated the users of the facility, who were largely "uneducated," illiter-

ate, and often older. It gave them hope and a new sense of identity. Realizing that was a freedom more fundamental and enduring than the breaking of the physical chains of bondage (since it rebuilt the shattered lives of the people), the government panicked, invaded the place, arrested Biko, and banned and banished Mamphela Ramphele. For this seemingly little act, Biko was brutally murdered by the police while in custody.

The nurse tells us also about the church at the back of the clinic. This too was built by black people with their own hands to replace the tiny structure that originally served as a church. When we are about to go outside to walk on the grounds, we ask the nurse to pose with us for a photograph. She declines, but says we are free to take the pictures. We do, with the clinic as background, and afterwards the church.

Zanempilo Clinic established by Steve Biko and others in Zinyoka.

As we drive back over the bumpy gravel road towards the tarred highway, I cannot help conjuring up the picture of Biko in shackles, naked, locked in the back of a police van, driven to a prison 800 miles away, for the crime of awakening a people's sense of dignity. I pee on the side of this deserted road. It gives one such a sense of freedom, of abandon. We reach the highway and resume our journey. It does not take long before we reach the Ciskeian border.

Wamkelekile eBisho, Welcome to Bisho, says a sign. Our driver stops and points out to us a soccer field not far from where we stand. That's the place where the massacre of African National Congress (ANC) supporters took place shortly after they passed the "Welcome" sign and entered the Ciskei to demonstrate the unity of South Africa as a country, and the need for the re-incorporation of the Bantu homelands into South Africa. The president of the Ciskei, Gqozo, ordered the massacre. All Bantu homelands do most of their dastardly deeds at South Africa's behest. This was no exception.

There is a little shopping center, with shops like Spar situated in multiple-story buildings. Bisho is the capital of the Ciskei. The brand-new town of Bisho, which consists of the shopping center, office buildings, and government administration buildings some distance away from where we are, was built in order for the Ciskei Bantu homeland to have a capital. The natural capital would have been King William's Town, but the whites in King would have had to move, and they refused. Simple. Then Bisho was conceived and born, to grace the head of the Ciskei Bantu homeland.

After this detour, we have to drive for what feels like an eternity before we rejoin the bigger highway linking East London and Umtata. The road runs seemingly interminably. Village clusters occasionally adorn the otherwise bare landscape. The surrounding hills do little to relieve the bareness and monotony of the stark winter countryside. As we cross the border to enter the Transkei, the driver slows down but is motioned to pass.

Here sheep, goats, and cows graze unmindfully along this modern two-lane highway. Mostly they keep away from the middle of the highway to which they are so dangerously close. But occasionally you come across a casualty, and you wonder how the humans in the automobile fared. Or a cow slowly ambles its way across the highway, stops, apparently confused, looks around either because it does not know where to go or is in no hurry to go wherever it is it wants to go. All traffic stops in the middle of this modern highway in deference to this bovine disorientation. I am so tired of sitting in the car. Selina dozes on and off in the back seat in this seemingly interminable journey.

Another stop. The driver tells us that to our left (facing where we are going) is the village where Nelson Mandela was born. He cannot point out the exact house. I take a picture. On the opposite side of the highway he points out a red-tile-roofed modern mansion. That, he says, was built for Mandela to live in whenever he visits his birthplace. Mandela, who was in on the planning of the house even while he was still in jail, decided to have the house designed to the same plan as the Victor Verster Square, the last prison in which he was confined. We are totally amazed to hear this. Why? We keep asking. Why would he want to perpetuate the memory of that experience? Was Mandela referring to Victor Verster Square when he said, in one of his speeches after his release, that jail was really not that bad?

We cannot wait to reach Umtata. The journey has been long and often tedious, compensated only by the places of interest we have seen. We pass Idutywa. We don't have much farther to go, our driver tells us. At last we arrive in Umtata. We are accommodated in the Protea Hotel. That evening we are entertained to dinner by our hostess, Prof. Dorcas Jafta. We are reunited with an old friend, Prof. Lucas Mbadi, who lived in our house in Cape Town when he was a graduate student there. We also meet Prof. and Mrs. Thipa, among others.

It is Monday, July 25. We are picked up by Prof. Jafta for our first and only full day on the campus of the University of Transkei. I am to give two lectures, I am told, one in the morning to a large first-year class, and one in the late afternoon to a senior group, which includes "extension" people. Prof. Thipa leads us to the hall where the morning class is meeting. As we walk in from the back of the hall to proceed down the sloping aisle to the front, suddenly, apparently at a signal, the entire class stands up. This creates an atmosphere of reverence. We

are honored, we are respected. There is more to it than just a professor from some foreign country who is going to speak to a class, walking in with his wife. This demonstration of respect creates a new mood, and it casts us in a more elevated role than we had anticipated. We get to the front and take our seats, and this class of well over two hundred students sits down. Prof. Thipa introduces me and I get up to address the class.

No sooner have I started than I know this is going to be a big success. I have my audience and, I am certain, my audience has *me*. There is perfect silence, only writing. For the first time in my travels I feel there's a hunger for education that is sometimes lost in the pandemonium of violence, disruptive behavior, lack of discipline, and defiance of authority that now characterize the black youth in this country. There is a yearning for knowledge that I see in these young faces, and there is a readiness and a willingness to learn. Am I wrong? Is this behavior reserved for me alone because I am a distinguished visitor? I do not think so. It is unstudied. It is natural. It could inspire you with a sense of mission.

Following the lecture, there are some questions from the audience, after which my host conducts me back to my chair and asks me to sit, which rather surprises me because I am expecting us to leave the auditorium. No sooner am I seated than a man's voice breaks out near the back of the room. All heads are turned to where the voice is coming from. I look up, and I see a young *imbongi* draped in his ceremonial skins, holding a ceremonial stick, coming with measured steps down the aisle. My God! He is singing my praises! It all gushes out of his mouth with amazing ease and fluency. Spontaneous? My doubt is soon erased. Otherwise how did he get all those points from my presentation which he incorporates into his poem. As he moves down toward the place where I am sitting, I ask myself, How am I to behave? How does one receive this kind of compliment with grace and proper decorum? At first there is some sniggering from the young audience. I interpret it to mean: How can this fellow do such a primitive thing before such an important guest from America? The sniggering quickly dies away. I believe it must be because they see how seriously I regard the tribute.

The poet comes and continues his praising in front of me, now turning to the audience, now to me as he addresses some words to me. It is all in Xhosa. Now and again my name comes in either directly or in a genealogical reference, one of the highest forms of praise introduced by a phrase the equivalent of "the Son-of-So-and-So." It is a struggle for me to keep the tears from rolling down my face. I remember Alex Haley hearing a *griot* singing his praises when he entered the Gambia as the descendant of Kunta Kinte and the celebrated author of *Roots*, when he said how he fought back his tears, because, he argued, one cannot be bawling all the time, or words to that effect. I succeed in driving the tears back into my chest. Yes, my chest, not my eyes. Tears come from the chest. The eyes are merely a passage. When the *imbongi* finishes with a request to God to bless and protect me, I get up spontaneously and embrace him. There is prolonged applause. He is a natural, a recognized poet. Afterwards, we are treated to tea and snacks, shown around the campus, and then driven back to the hotel for lunch and rest.

The afternoon lecture is preceded by a visit to the vice-chancellor's elaborate office. He is not happy about the political situation. In fact he makes it plain that, much as some people might try to persuade one to return to South Africa, this is not the time. There is too much uncertainty, he says. "If you are settled in a job where you are, don't come back." He has advised his own daughters who are overseas not to return to South Africa at this time.

My evening lecture, which takes place in a large auditorium full to capacity, goes well, even though it does not connect quite as well as the morning one. This is followed by a few questions, after which the *imbongi* comes out again to sing my praises once more. There is quite a bit of ululating from some women in the audience, electrifying the atmosphere. When this is over, the audience is requested to remain seated, and my wife is called up to join me on the stage. She is introduced briefly, and then two girl students come on the stage carrying gifts for us. Another unexpected event. We can hardly contain our excitement as we rip the wrappings apart to reveal an ornamental pipe with beautiful multicolored beadwork around the stem, a Unitra tie, Unitra pens, a little wooden cloth-draped doll decorated with coloured beadwork and attached to a key ring, etc. We are overjoyed. We kiss on the stage, to the tremendous joy of the capacity audience and the host's admonition: "You younger folks, take note!"

The lecture is followed by another reception, more speeches, more hints for a speedy return. We are then driven back to the hotel where we have dinner. Before we finish, my old student and friend, Dr. Wandile Kuse, and a friend who studied at Northwestern University, Dr. Pule Phoofolo, accompanied by another ex-University of Wisconsin student, Dr. Jeff Perez, come in and walk towards us. We are all excited. They leave us alone and go to the bar where we later join them. It is a wonderful evening, and we part rather late to go to bed.

Our flight to Jan Smuts Airport on Tuesday, July 27, leaves after 3:00 p.m. We occupy the morning with a brief sightseeing, mainly the campus, where I take a few pictures. I have noticed, after my first few hours on the campus of the University of Transkei at Unitra, that the entire campus is under one roof. As we were conducted from one building to another, it soon became obvious that all of the buildings were interconnected. So even when you climb wide "outside" steps, you are still "inside." I wondered aloud about the wisdom of this, and feared that a structural weakness or defect in any one part could affect the rest and one day the entire campus might simply crumble down because a crack developed in one corner.

During the campus tour Dorcas tells us that the dining hall had borne the name "A.C. Jordan Dining Hall," but some rather ignorant activist students had demanded that the name be removed because they did not want the names of "settlers" or "imperialists" on campus buildings! I ask, "Have they never

heard of *Ingqumbo Yeminyanya*? Which is an idle question because, in fact, the book is constantly prescribed for African literature classes. We have also asked Dorcas to drive us to a place where we can buy some handicrafts. It is a windy, dusty day, so windy that I am rather concerned about the small aircraft which will carry us to Johannesburg. Fortunately, as the day wears on the wind subsides considerably.

At Jan Smuts Airport, we are met by Prof. C.T. Msimang, who is to drive me to Pretoria to stay at the Unisa guest house as visiting professor at Unisa, and by my brother's daughter, Thenjiwe, and her husband, Rankele Nthebe. They are here to drive my wife to Potchefstroom to stay with her sister, Miriam, while I will be at Unisa, about twelve days.

It is a little after dark when we arrive at the Unisa guest house. Prof. Msimang leaves me there to settle in. About an hour later he returns, and we drive to a restaurant, picking up Prof. Louw on the way. I remember Prof. Louw from many years back, from the early fifties, to be exact, when he was a student at Stellebosch University writing a dissertation on the Zulu ideophone. I remember how he used to visit the University of Cape Town to discuss his research with me and Prof. Sam Guma when we ourselves were students at UCT. I wonder what he looks like now. Prof. Louw and I recognize each other immediately, though we realize, of course, that many years have gone by since we last saw each other.

I look up, and I see a young **imbongi** *draped in his ceremonial skins, holding a ceremonial stick, coming with measured steps down the aisle. My God! He is singing my praises!*

At the dinner we are joined by Unisa's professor of Venda. As we are looking through the menu, I suddenly burst out laughing as my eyes pick out an item called "ladies' loins and rumps." While I don't want to be rude, I also can't miss the opportunity to poke fun at the waitress by pointing out the item to her and saying it out loud. She smiles. I wonder if I dare to order that item. It sounds so—so x-rated, fit for mature adults only. I tell myself I will not be corrupted by this place. Meat and potatoes! That's what I'll have.

I have been informed that I am being invited by Witwatersrand University to address them on the following day. This had originally been scheduled as a free day for me, so I am rather disappointed. On the other hand, I do look forward to speaking at Witwatersrand University.

I am picked up mid-morning on Wednesday, July 28, by one of the young black lecturers from Wits where I am received and hosted by Prof. Gule. I renew my acquaintance with Molly Bill and Bob Herbert and some other faces I first met at the ALASA conference about three weeks ago. Molly Bill takes me for a quick lunch at a nearby Italian restaurant. On the way back to campus I make a quick stop at the Wits University Press to talk to its editor, Eve Horwitz.

Wits has picked the topic, "Time As a Narrative Organizing Element in Nyembezi's Novels." The talk goes well. As we wait for the elevator to leave the building, Nhlanhla Maake comes to me to apologize for missing my talk, explaining that he had to rush to Thokoza Township where a friend of his had been stabbed. Fortunately it was not fatal, but he was admitted to the hospital. Who knows the motivation of this particular act of violence?

I am driven back to Pretoria.

On Thursday, July 29, I give my first formal lecture—at 8:30 in the morning! The topic picked from my list for this lecture is "Criteria of Excellence: Who Owns Them?" I feel good about the lecture which is followed by a lively discussion cut short by time as the next users of the room are waiting at the door. Following lunch, I spend a portion of the afternoon in my office, and then back to the guest house. The rest of the day is routine.

There is not much activity on Friday, July 30. After lunch the campus is mostly deserted. One gets the usual campus TGIF atmosphere. In the early evening I am picked up by Ken and Rosalie Finlayson for dinner with Prof. Msimang and his family in Mamelodi. During the approximately thirty-to-forty-minutes' drive, I soon observe that Ken barely slows down as he approaches the stop signs at street intersections, and then accelerates and crosses without stopping. This happens largely as we drive through or near black residential areas. Ken explains that at the first stop sign, he looked through his rear-view mirror and noticed a combi taxi driving behind us and apparently not slowing down in approaching the intersection. He remarks, "If I had stopped we might have been hit." Apparently it is generally expected that stop signs are there to be ignored except to avoid a collision.

I meet Prof. Msimang's wonderful family. The Swanepoels soon join us, and I meet Anne-Marie, Prof. Swanepoel's wife, for the first time. Prof. Serudu and his wife also join us later. It's a wonderful evening. The conversation drifts from one topic to another. The one that sticks in my mind is the one I have heard so much in different parts of the country, namely the lawlessness, lack of discipline, and total lack of commitment to education in the black schools. What makes it worse is that teachers themselves are taking advantage of the situation to become lawless and intractable to the principal, thus exacerbating an already ugly situation.

The South African Democratic Teachers' Union (SADTU) is said to encourage teacher delinquency by sometimes calling unnecessary strikes, with the supposedly "striking" teachers having a lot of idle time on their hands, yet unable to say what the strike is about. Those few children who are trying to attend school seriously are thus left in the lurch. Some teachers, we are told, take advantage of this to concentrate on their own private studies. One Unisa professor says he sometimes spots some whom he recognizes, and he makes comments to their faces

about the irresponsibility of their actions. Why aren't they reported to the authorities? They are reported, we are told, but the government does nothing about it, arguing that it is afraid to infringe on the teachers' individual rights. The teachers therefore engage in their delinquent acts knowing that they will receive all their pay in spite of work days missed.

It becomes obvious to me that this total chaos in education for the black child works as much in the government's favor as the political violence that is switched on and off at will. That is why teachers are rewarded for skipping teaching for no good reason. The more such chaos exists at all levels, the more time it buys the white government to remain in control. It makes one wonder about the origin of SADTU itself.

On our return to the guest house in Pretoria, we see traffic lights being sometimes ignored around the same area where the stop signs were also being ignored. It's the law of the people, I surmise: Where the law is too rigid to make sense, they ignore it.

This day, Saturday, July 31, I am going to be a guest of the Swanepoels for dinner and spend the night with them. I throw together some left-overs for my lunch, and I do some bits and pieces of work. Mainly I am waiting until Chris Swanepoel comes to drive me to his house at about 5:00 p.m. On arrival there I meet the Swanepoels' two teenage sons, Kobus and André, and their mother, Anne-Marie, whom I met last night. They are a wonderful family who give me a very warm welcome. By the time Chris came to fetch me he had already built a wood pile in a half steel drum (cut top to bottom), ready to be kindled for the *braaivleis* or barbecue. This is a wonderful idea, I tell Chris. I have never seen one like this before. The grill part consists of a thick wire mesh that covers the entire surface of the open part of the slit drum. The cooking surface is nice and wide. Furthermore, the fire is made of wood only. Contrary to my expectation, the wood embers hold the fire long enough and strong enough to barbecue meat for all of us.

Chris and I stand around the fire having cold beer while he barbecues the meat. I feel a bit chilly, and Chris lends me a sweater. Other members of the family are busy inside preparing the rest of the meal. I notice the piano and, loving music as I do, I state my wish to have someone play the piano sometime during my visit. I learn that the two young men, André and Kobus, play musical instruments, Kobus the cello, and André the violin. Anne-Marie plays the piano. Suzanne, the Swanepoels' daughter currently in Cape Town, is also a musician, I am told.

"What about you?" I say to Chris half-jokingly, half-seriously, thinking how odd it would be if he were something like *only* a professor of African languages and literature at Unisa with all this musical talent and activity around him. "I'm supposed to be a baritone singer," Chris responds modestly. "My God!" I say, "the entire family!" I am excited, emotional, perhaps even a bit sentimental about all this.

"Good Lord, my family was a singing family! All of us!" I blurt out. "We even staged concerts in our house!" I am emotional about it because it reminds me that, had I grown up in any other country but South Africa, I would have been a musician: I sang, trained and conducted choirs, and composed choral pieces which I taught to singing groups. I made attempts at learning to play the piano, which was my favorite instrument, but was always frustrated by lack of money to pay a piano teacher and had no piano on which to practice.

I remember how, as a child, I used to turn over a chair with steel rods bolted underneath to brace it, and twang them with my fingers, listening to the different pitches from the four rods and even trying to "play" them in harmony. I remember how, as a teenager in Johannesburg, I was offered free lessons by a white professional pianist at a hotel where I worked as a page boy; how I had to travel at least two hours on foot and by tram to reach a house in Western Native Township where I attempted to practice while family members were carrying on their normal activities and conversing all around me as I tried to concentrate. I remember how the lady pianist was summoned to the hotel office by the manageress and warned never again to allow me to practice on her piano in her room, something she had done as a desperate move as she realized my plight, and how I too was hauled over the coals by the same manageress and reminded that my only relationship with the residents was as a servant. Did I want to keep my job? Of course I did. And that ended that, and the lady pianist left the hotel not too long after this incident.

Oh, I remembered many more things about my fruitless efforts to realize my life's calling, which would be too tedious to recount here, but which crowded into one brief moment as I heard about the Swanepoel musical family. Am I implying that if I had been white I would have become a musician? YES. A great one. By which I mean if South Africa had not been so cruel to its black citizens and I had had the same opportunities as white kids, I would have been among the greatest. I remember that as a young teenager, whenever I dozed off briefly, I would wake up with the most angelic choral music in my head receding away from me and strongly accented by the red/pink color of the inside of my eyelids, which would also be slowly clearing away at the same time as I returned to full wakefulness.

After breakfast on Sunday morning, August 1, Anne-Marie, André, and Kobus form a trio to play some music for me. It's a mini concert staged specially for me. While Kobus cuddles his cello and André holds his violin and bow in readiness, Anne-Marie sits at the piano. They start to play the first piece. Chris is sitting on the floor next to the chair I'm sitting in. As they begin to play, a picture of my family, especially my father and mother, with us children sitting on the floor and singing from a tonic sol-fa notation musical piece, flashes in my mind, and I have to struggle to push back my tears. I think I have succeeded, and that they have returned deep down into my chest. But, looking at mother and two sons playing, I soon realize that I am fighting a losing battle.

In order not to spoil the concert and have to explain what brought it all on, I stand up quickly and rush to my room where I let it out quickly and briskly, and regain my composure before returning to my special concert. I wonder if they noticed, and if so, what they thought brought it all on. They play about three

pieces altogether. At the conclusion, I embrace each one to express the deep appreciation I feel.

Chris and Anne-Marie drive me back to the guest house, where I spend the rest of the day doing odds and ends.

It is Monday, August 2, and I am going to be shown around the campus today. I look forward to it very much, especially the stop at the publishing section of Unisa. My book, *Heroic Poetry of the Basotho*, first published by Oxford University Press in 1971, has been published from here "for exclusive use by Unisa students" ever since 1983 when it went out of print at Oxford. I had heard way back that the book was considered the "Bible" of students studying the heroic or praise poetry of Southern Africa. Professors Lenake and Swanepoel, I am told, were responsible for keeping it alive by requesting that Unisa publish it. They have told me that they see its continued use way into the foreseeable future.

My guide, who comes to pick me up from my office for this tour, is Yvonne Mashigo. I tell her I will not forget her name because she bears the first name of my sister-in-law and the last name of a tall, handsome man who worked as a waiter at the hotel in Johannesburg where I was employed as a "page boy" many years ago, the same one where my piano-learning attempts were brought to an abrupt end. The tour takes me from one building to the next, with Yvonne giving me a very articulate and interesting explanation of the function of each one. She knows the campus inside out, and is an excellent PR person.

I see one of the largest and most modern auditoriums I have ever seen, where, inter alia, graduation ceremonies are held. I wonder if they ever fill it. Yvonne knows the histories of the different structures, the emblems, etc. The library is also very modern and well-equipped. I ask to go to stacks where African literature works are shelved. We can only spend a limited amount of time here, of course, since there are other parts of the campus still to visit. We visit the archives, and I feel a sense of history around me as I see names and works of old linguists and collectors of oral traditions who are gathered here.

The publishing department is our last stop. I am introduced to Mrs. Van der Walt who is in charge of this area. I am simply amazed at the amount of publishing that is done here: the largest university publishing house in the country? in the world? I don't remember which. Mrs. Van der Walt is very polite and efficient. She is excited to hear that I am the author of one of their publications, and one of their hottest items at that. She orders tea and meanwhile discusses with me some of the technicalities of Unisa's relationship with primary publishers whose out-of-print books they republish.

She brings out records of the sales of my book, and I realize that it isn't doing too badly. I try to order my book for my African poetry class back at the University of Wisconsin, only to be told that Unisa's contract with Oxford University Press specifically excludes sales outside of South Africa. How ironic! So many professors can use my book, but not me! This is obviously a situation to be corrected. Faxes begin to fly, and the anomaly is finally resolved. Yes, the book's author may order it for his classes, wherever in the world he may be.

Tonight at 7:00 p.m. I am going to be entertained to supper by Prof. Rosemary Moeketsi, at her house. She is planning to invite several colleagues and friends to meet me. I know someone is going to pick me up, but who and what time I'm not exactly sure. At about five-thirty my phone rings. It's Prof. Lenake, calling me from Reitz in the Orange Free State. He tells me he and Prof. Swanepoel are supposed to drive me to Prof. Moeketsi's house, but Reitz is almost three hours' drive away from the guest house where I am. I have no choice but to sit and wait.

The phone rings a few more times, and eventually the plans change. Prof. Moeketsi suggests she bring the dinner and some of her guests to the place where I'm staying, thereby cutting time and travel by half. Does the guest house have a stove and a refrigerator? I tell her yes. In fact the kitchen and the lounge/dining room are both quite spacious, very pleasantly furnished, and scrupulously clean. She estimates it will take them about forty to forty-five minutes.

They arrive in just over half-an-hour, she and four guests. The normally rather cold and sterile guest house is suddenly alive. They have brought the food in big containers, and also some wine and beer which go into the refrigerator together with the dessert. Prof. Moeketsi has also brought a bouquet of flowers in a vase. Wonderful! We enjoy the conversation, the food and drinks. Pictures are taken. Johnny Lenake and Chris Swanepoel arrive and join the party. This turns out to be the best alternative to the original plans.

What a wonderful evening this has been. I take the flowers to my room and say goodbye to my hosts-cum-guests.

Conclusion in the spring issue.

Report on the International Conference on Population and Development in Cairo

by Charlotte R. Zieve

I had been preparing for the International Conference on Population and Development (ICPD) for the better part of two years, so when I got off the plane at the airport in Cairo on September 3, 1994, I was in a state of delight, apprehension, and anticipation: delighted to be there, wary of the dangers that we had repeatedly been warned about, and enthusiastic about being part of this historic undertaking.

The author at the Cairo International Conference Center fountain

Cairo was an appropriate setting for our deliberations because Egypt's 58,000,000 people represent what the conference was about: a population forced to live in crowded conditions— jammed into 4 percent of the country on the land which hugs the Nile and therefore is arable; a land where female circumcision still is common; a country with a growth rate of 2.2 percent, projecting a population doubling time of thirty-two years; a society where the illiteracy rate is over 50 percent and where rampant malnourishment affects 83 percent of children up to the age of five and where anemia affects 80 percent of children under the age of two; and a nation where the giant Aswan Dam, a celebrated development project, has caused half of the population to suffer from schistosomiasis.

Not all Egyptians are malnourished, however, as Egypt now grows more food for livestock than for people and is the number one customer for American grain. But Egypt's land-use policy caters to the affluent members of their society, causing tension with Muslim fundamentalists who want what they think would be a more just Islamic state. They have declared war on the status quo in Egypt, and this tension was evident in the heavily armed soldiers, some with bayonets drawn, who were ubiquitous along the routes traveled by conference participants.

Before I could get into either the forum building, where the non-governmental organization (NGO) groups were scheduled to meet, or the Cairo International Conference Center (CICC), where the plenary deliberations were held, I was identified, photographed, and tagged. I was subjected to security checks at every turn and in all locations—at the hotel, at the forum itself, and before being allowed into the auditoriums to hear the distinguished participants who were gathered there to try to win our hearts and minds.

We came to Cairo 12,000 strong from all the corners of the earth. The halls were filled with people in colorful dress: Indians in silk saris and Nehru jackets; Africans in a cornucopia of colored garments; women swathed in robes to conceal almost everything except their eyes; Americans in Nikis and blue jeans; Japanese in blue serge suits and ties. We heard from luminaries including Nafis Sadik, secretary general of the conference; Susan Sabet Mubarek, wife of the president of Egypt; Gro Harlem Brundtland, prime minister of Norway; Al Gore, vice president of the United States; the Grand Mufti of Egypt; Benazir Bhutto, prime minister of Pakistan; Dr. Florence Manguyu of the International NGO Steering Committee. Their messages were similar: We need a new approach to deal with the rapid population growth that is threatening global peace, security, and environmental quality. We need a new paradigm of development that contributes to a stable world where women sit as equals with decision-makers; have equal access to education, health care, and economic opportunity; can decide the number and spacing of their children.

I spent most of my time working with the environmental caucus. I had left my trusty portable computer at home but ended up spending many hours in front of one anyway, drafting documents which were ultimately released to the press. These documents were the result of deliberations by people from thirty-three countries including Judy from Boulder, Blaikey from New York, Naoko from Japan, Jesus from the Dominican Republic, Celia from the Philippines, John from San Diego, Fred from New Haven, Josephine and Margarita from Mexico, Hinvi from Benin, and Kaminin from Sri Lanka. The list is considerably longer, but even these few names illustrate the remarkable variety of viewpoints that were part of our deliberations.

The Cairo International Conference Center

We were in close agreement on our final statement, even though there was some dissatisfaction with the fact that too much attention was paid some issues and not enough attention given to those affecting the developing world. My friends from the Philippines wanted more attention paid to issues of development and financing. These areas were admittedly among the weakest parts of the final document.

Meanwhile, at the NGO forum there were countless concurrent sessions, among them: environmental refugees; gender equality; a dance drama on unplanned parenthood; Buddhist, Hindu, and Jewish viewpoints on population and development; and the merits of breast feeding as a contraceptive. We were offered field trips to family planning clinics in Cairo, to Motomedia (the garbage collector community), and even to a Disneyworld-type development called the Pharonic Village. In the city, I agonized each time I had to cross a street, as cars whizzed by in what seemed to be an endless stream of traffic.

The author and Fred from New Haven working on the environmental caucus statement.

Aside from the workshops and the scheduled field trips, the many wonders of Egypt beckoned. I was particularly captivated by a recently discovered 4,700–year-old solar boat which was reconstructed and enshrined in its own on-site museum after being discovered virtually intact in its underground tomb. I traveled up the Nile on a boat while an Egyptian band and belly dancer regaled my senses. I sat with elegant Egyptian women in the Nile Hilton cafe as they puffed on their water pipes and watched the nightly weddings that occurred there.

Somehow it all got done.

❦

What happened of substance at the conference? I feel comfortable in saying that heads of state and the NGOs came to consensus on the major issues. We agreed that 500,000 women dying each year from maternity-related causes is unacceptable; that the industrial world consumes too much of the world's resources; that female circumcision should be abolished; that reproductive rights for women must continue to be a consideration; that if population growth is to be stabilized, the environment protected, and economic development is to occur in the developing world in a sustainable manner, then women have to have access to education, health care, and economic opportunity. Furthermore, if the program of action is to be implemented, then the developed countries have to commit sufficient resources to make it happen.

There was little disagreement about the goals, only about terms relating to family planning, sex education for adolescents, reproductive rights, and the definition of the family. Even there we finally came to consensus allowing those states who disagreed with the language to pronounce their reservations.

I made fast friends with Renata and David from Cleveland, James from San Diego, Vin from Viet Nam, Julia from Indonesia, Naoko from Japan, and Hinvi from Benin. I don't know if we will ever meet again—I hope so. We still have a lot of work to do. ❧

Cardinals in January

When snow and sky
glow the same blue—
one stained indigo
in the shadows,
the other bleached cold
along its western rim—
they flicker
into the spruce.
Then he is on the feeder
cracking sunflower seeds,
head always turning,
while she keeps watch
until he plunges down
an undulating curve
across the ravine.
When she follows
it is the sign
for night to fall.

Allen C. West

Breakfast at Home

Certainty smiles at me
in this yellow kitchen
where nothing changes much.
A glass on the table
holds a bouquet of spoons,
the silver bowls gleaming
as pertly as tulips.

Morning coffee is served
in white cups, deep-throated
and masculine, resting
on thick, heavy saucers.
I hold a sugar bowl,
the one with pink rose buds,
and extract the white cube
I knew I would find there.

The day is beginning,
as it always starts out,
on a confident note;
my hands are exploring
a world that surrounds me
with believable things.

Clifton Anderson

St. John's by the Rapids of the Fox

The sun is caught and altered
by paired rows of stained glass arches.
Strained and diffuse, its light
a quiet counterpoint to the candles
burning vigilantly, racked
near the blessed virgin's altar.

Near the virgin's altar
with its complexity of white
and gilded, carved spires
brought from the Netherlands
like Father who is caught
within the limestone walls
behind the plaque that bares his dates.

Behind the plaque, beyond the wall, excavation
unseals an ancient cellar.
Sun seeps into the wound
hangs cautiously in the moldy air; a mist
finally resting on arm and leg
bones.

Finally resting bones browned by red years and earth
Long and short, full and shattered
Strewn about without ceremony
Skulls lined up along raw walls
Draped in web shawls.

Who were these secreted beneath the church?
Of the woodlands—wild rice people
Menominee—haulers of river-rock
from the bed of the Fox.
Assemblers of this monument?
Or does this rock mark the Fox
—Red Earth People—*Meshkwakihug*?

Both ways all the living removed
West and Vandenbroek, not removing also,
reached into the Netherlands
for paler parishioners.

In the altar ante room
A display case
Caught beneath the glass
—an arrowhead
—a pair of wooden shoes.

Rosalyn Van Domelen Harris

Brazilian Black Bean Soup

I arrive late, kicking snow from my boots.
Brazilian Black Beans, black
as stones, soak in the big pot,
water darkening like evening, fire low.
I mince the garlic and onions.
You peel carrots, slice red and green peppers
into large curving wedges, chop
light green celery smiles on a wooden board.

Butter turning in the sauté with basil
and cumin. Working in your small kitchen,
pie tins for pot lids, sharing one dull knife,
listening to your neighbor sing falsetto
with the Supremes through thin plaster,
we peel oranges: our hands citrus-sweet,
fingers sticky and beautiful. I stir
as you scoop in the halved sections.

The big pot hums on a blue flame.
Steam rises up the gold patterned wallpaper.
Setting out two unmatched garage sale bowls,
carefully ladling the black, sweet soup, we
warm our faces. You butter the cornbread
and I bless our meal with sunflower seeds.
Our small table: two squat candles,
frost on the window spidering its way out of corners.

Brent Goodman

Hawaiian in a Snowstorm

—for Kelvin Fujikawa

We'll call this show
Hawaiian in a snowstorm,
a man his age with two fists

clenching packed snow, laughing coldly,
blue jeans soaked black on the knees.
On the mainland he's adjusted pretty well,

we say, as long as you don't mention the sun,
or how lovely the moon. Just watch
his eyes narrow, the way he studies the mild hill

we call *Devil's Mountain* and smiles,
laughing like ginger on the tongue. As he stands
on these shores of Ripon, cupping his eyes from the glare,

he stacks mile against unbelievable mile,
wading this ocean of wheat fields, corn husks, cows;
this ocean we call the Midwest.

At night he speaks solemnly of black
volcanic sand; humidity—that nightly storm
as sure as friendship, clouds

like boats on Japanese winds
rising to the foothills and swelling,
misting warm rain on his father's dark umbrella.

Brent Goodman

DAYS OF OBSIDIAN, DAYS OF GRACE (selected poetry and prose by four Native American writers) by Adrian C. Louis, Jim Northrup, Al Hunter, Denise Sweet. Poetry Harbor, 142 pages, softcover. $13.95. Order from 1028 East Sixth Street, Duluth, MN 55805.

by David Hopkins

Imagism is considered an early twentieth-century English trend in poetry, but poet Al Hunter explained to me that imagism is rooted in Native traditions dating from the days of petroglyphs and symbolic record-keeping on hides. Today imagism is still alive in this enlightening new book. With survival as the core theme of this rich anthology, *Days of Grace* tells a story like the proverbial photo worth a thousand words.

"Staying Alive" is where the struggle, and this book, begin. Framed with vast white space, Hunter's small poem "Staying Alive" presents a powerful image that gallops from the page. The second piece, "Shaman and Black Robe," spurred such a river of images and thoughts, I could read no longer. I dreamed of it in the night, and in the morning I sorted through it by writing poetry of my own.

When I continued reading, the emotions of survival and of living fully beyond survival became clearer. The importance of a full spiritual and traditional life became clearer as well. Honoring elders and those who pass on by offering food to the spirit of the deceased, sustenance for the spirit journey, may be construed as morbid in an anglo-European outlook, but Hunter's "Feast of the Dead" portrays these traditional beliefs as clearly respectful, spiritual, and innate to living fully. In "Mishomis" and "Ancestor Poem," traditional beliefs hold strength for survivors.

But lessons come from the living as well and the bulk of Al Hunter's poems reflect this. He honors friends and family at length. He shows how traditions are taught in a modern world. He reflects on survival, the struggling, desperate and most wrenching experiences that have led him to respect the traditional use of sacred tools. Hunter's poetry is potent and richly filled with memories of loss that have transformed into prayers of hope and promise for the future.

Canadian Al Hunter lives with a passionate vision of the future, patiently and pointedly explaining, posing provocative questions in "Water." After we glimpse his web of experiences and redirect our thinking toward a diverse myriad of concerns, he completes his section of the book with "Dreams on a Horse" and the line "And now I see that there is much more to say."

The other authors expand and validate Hunter's themes. Green Bay poet Denise Sweet's work balances the book with a woman's perspective, her ideas based on the same armature of survival. Her verses have a gentle tone woven with images of traditional Ojibwe life in modern days. Her poem "For Antone" speaks to the beauty and necessity of traditional life. "Night of Diamonds: January, 1993" gives the reader a candid glimpse into a beautiful and potent experience with exquisite imagery. And "Dancing the Rice" is very pleasurable reading as well. Like all the authors, her poems make it clear that traditional life is growing in contemporary America.

Jim Northrup's stories are so enjoyable to read they seem light. "Rez to Jep to Rez" is a pleasant and humorous trip with the Warmwaters to Los Angeles. But when I closed the book the images of his characters stayed near. His stories are sketches that prod the imagination to fill in the details. Underlying the day–by-day portraits are the survival issues explored by the other authors. I think Northrup, who lives in Minnesota, is an imagist too. And a traditionalist in the sense that his stories have lessons; though they are told with sparse detail, they imply complex information. "Riding the Dog" was a fun ride with a humorous twist, but I got off too, and like Jim, " ... I never looked back."

Adrian Louis's poems are raw, almost as if his life in the unbroken winds of the South Dakota plains and the stark deserts and mountains of the West have given his words a sharp edge of unguarded truth. Well, the truth of survival is raw, gruesome, and powerful. After dramatically sharing the desperation in the struggles for survival, Louis portrays hope, thank God, for life beyond survival. It may seem small, but he's sober and it's a start. His sobriety seems filled with bitterness and difficulty, but he has his eyes on survival. In the "The Fine Printing on the Label of a Bottle of Non-Alcohol Beer," in the lines that provided the image-filled name of this provoking book, Louis looks back to see the path that lies ahead. And in "Some of What We Have Forgotten," he remembers well. It is a reference poem to be read often. Lush with details and instruction, it memorializes the days of obsidian. More, it marks a path: for life beyond survival, to days of grace. ❧

David Hopkins lives in Ashland and edits Chequamegon Review. *His poetry and fiction have appeared in numerous publications.*

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT & THE BOOK ARTS by Mary Jane Hamilton. Friends of the University of Wisconsin–Madison Libraries, 1993. Exhibition catalog, 105 pages, softcover. $19.95. Order from 360 Memorial Library, 728 State St., Madison, WI 53705–1494.

by Richard J. Daniels

Frank Lloyd Wright & the Book Arts contains forty-two illustrations, more than six pages of index, and almost four pages of bibliography. The cover is a portion of a two-page title spread designed by Wright for the Auvergne Press edition of William C. Gannett's *The House Beautiful*, published in the mid-1890s.

This handsome volume was intended as a companion to an exhibition in the Department of Special Collections at Memorial Library in Fall 1992. However, it stands alone quite well as an unusual study in certain topics of interest and sources of influence for this country's acknowledged architectural genius, Frank Lloyd Wright. Mary Jane Hamilton wrote the book and curated the exhibition as well as concurrent exhibitions at the Cooperative Children's Book Center and the Wisconsin Academy Gallery.

Hamilton's meticulously researched study consists of fifteen chapters. The titles and subtitles suggest that she has left lit-

tle, if anything, of her subject unturned. The first five are: "The Power of the Printed Word: Influences on Wright," "Family Tradition: Wright's Relatives as Authors and Editors," "Wright and Chauncey Williams, Jr.: Their Ties to Madison," "English Arts and Crafts: An Influential Precedent for Wright," and "Closer to Home: Printed Books Wright May have Seen in Chicago."

The book persuasively provides details, descriptions, and demonstrations from Wright's heritage and experience in the creation of books, among other facets. Hamilton has discovered that some primary characteristics of Wright's architectural work (not the engineering flaws) have correlatives in his work in the book arts: Wright's artistic impulse for perfection ("improvement"); his desire not only to shape an object but, depending upon the nature of the object, to also shape its content or context; and his tendency to strive for a simplicity which holds an audience's interest.

Both Wright's architecture and Hamilton's study require a certain form of patience. For those unable to appreciate the qualities of the architecture, yet feel they should, it is possible that this study can help.

Richard J. Daniels is associate director of the Wisconsin Academy.

THE WAUSAU STORY by Robert W. Gunderson. Employers Insurance of Wausau, 1992. 198 pages.

by Norman Paulsen, Jr.

Bob Gunderson's book, *The Wausau Story*, is an autobiographical account of his career at Wausau Insurance Companies. For most of forty-one years, Gunderson directed the company's advertising. The book recalls in detail how the main advertising theme was born, how the program evolved, and who the many players were.

Wausau Insurance (originally named Employers Mutual Liability Insurance Company of Wisconsin) was the brainchild of a small but powerful group of lumber barons and entrepreneurs who dominated the economic and social life of central Wisconsin around the turn of the century. Anticipating passage of the nation's first Workmen's Compensation Law, they created the new company on September 1, 1911, mainly to protect their own corporate interests. Employers Mutual wrote the first Workmen's Compensation insurance policy in America on that same day.

The company thrived, but, in the dull business of selling business insurance, it faced a serious challenge of building an identity in its nationwide market. What's more, it was located in a small northwoods city in the middle of rural Wisconsin—a charming but invisible area of the United States.

Gunderson's story begins around 1950 when he joined the company's advertising department. The small company hired the world's largest advertising agency, J. Walter Thompson, and together they turned their inauspicious location into the centerpiece of their advertising. Almost by accident, they choose a quaint Milwaukee Road railroad station in Wausau as their trademark.

In 1964, Gunderson and his associates agree to invest a portion of their advertising dollars in a fledgling television program called "60 Minutes." When Gunderson retired in 1991, Don Hewitt, the show's executive producer, presented him with a desk clock inscribed: "Without Wausau there wouldn't have been a '60 Minutes.'"

The author describes the many advertising themes—how many worked and others were discarded. There are countless reproductions of print ads and photographs of events and people with whom Gunderson worked. The most interesting anecdotes concern his relationships with J. Walter Thompson and Cramer Krasselt, the Milwaukee agency that succeeded Thompson in 1971. It is in these situations that the creative talents of writers, artists, and photographers and the political and managerial skills of account executives and of Gunderson himself are best displayed.

Gunderson is a generous and loyal person. Although he obviously orchestrated the evolution of the company's advertising, he distributes credit to scores of his associates in and outside of the company. These include his fellow corporate executives, his staff, and particularly agency and media personnel. In particular he singles out Ross Littig and John Pritchard, Cramer Krasselt's vice chairman and senior creative director, respectively. Littig originally serviced the Wausau account at J. Walter Thompson. When the politics of that agency forced him out in 1970, Gunderson decided to investigate a new advertising relationship. This led to his choice of Cramer Krasselt, and Littig was hired by them to run the Wausau account. Following Littig's and Pritchard's retirements at Cramer Krasselt, Gunderson again reassessed other agency possibilities. After an intense bidding process, Cramer Krasselt prevailed.

Gunderson is also proud of his relationship with "60 Minutes" and the show's well known personalities. Perhaps too much of the text and photographs are devoted to the role the show played in Wausau's advertising. There is no doubt that "60 Minutes" became a highly visible vehicle for the company's message, but the real credit for taking the risks of associating with a new and controversial show should go to Gunderson and J. Walter Thompson.

Gunderson is an able, straight-forward reporter. He has had an unabashed love affair with his job. In spite of being located in a small town, his work provided many heady experiences for an aspiring advertising executive. He traveled widely, worked with many of the country's top advertising and media executives, and was wined and dined in some of the most glamorous eateries. Most important, he was evidently given wide authority to do his job as he saw fit, and he did it well.

His attachment to his job may have caused him to write in the kind of detail that might strain the patience of some readers. But for marketing and advertising professionals, constituents of Wausau Insurance, and students, the book is an interesting, behind-the-scenes view of one company's experience in developing a successful, somewhat unorthodox advertising campaign.

Norman Paulsen, Jr. is a Milwaukee public relations executive.

BUCKET BOY by Ernest L. Meyer. The Milwaukee County Historical Society, 1992. 236 pages.

by Henry Geitz

True to its subtitle, *A Milwaukee Legend*, Ernest Ludwig Meyer's book provides the reader with a rosy, legend-like view of one segment of the Milwaukee German-American community a scant decade before the United States' entry into World War I. *Bucket Boy* is a re-publication of a collection of largely autobiographical stories which first appeared in one volume in 1947. Some of the vignettes had been published earlier in *The American Mercury* and in *Collier's*.

This book is an unabashedly sentimental and, to some extent, an unrealistic picture of Old Milwaukee. In the preface, the author himself admits to his memory's "separating out the dross and retaining the gold: fool's gold, perhaps, but of a warm and comforting glow." The passing of some forty years since the experiences of a sixteen-year-old lad has left "a blessed remembrance of good times and gay."

Ernest L. Meyer, born in Denver in 1892, was the son of German immigrants. The language of the home was German, the family's traditions were German, the circle of friends was largely German-speaking. The author's father, George Meyer, was an editor at the prestigious German-language Milwaukee newspaper *Germania*, so even in the world of his work, the language used was German. (It is interesting—and revealing—that the author's father is referred to as "George," not the German "Georg"; the author himself is identified as "Ernest" on the volume's cover and on the title page, but throughout the book he is consistently addressed by the German "Ernst." Assimilation was definitely taking place.)

In the first of the volume's thirteen stories, we meet Heinz (respectfully addressed as Herr Heinz by the teenage author), who had been a bookkeeper at a brewery but was discharged at age sixty when his eyesight failed. The author does not take issue with exploitation of worker loyalty; there is no overt social criticism. Rather, the emphasis is on Heinz's current career, a *Kesseljunge*, that is, a "boy" who fetches pails of beer from a local tavern and delivers them to the newspaper's staff on hot summer days (nipping a bit from each pail en route). Heinz is happy with his lot, sees his work as important, and even crafts equipment that enables him to carry and deliver a dozen pails of beer at one time. He is also a student of the history of brewing and enjoys imparting his wisdom to his young friend, the sixteen-year-old Ernst, who often visits with Herr Heinz.

Heinz is only the first of an array of sympathetic characters who appear in the book. We get to know the author's father fairly well. We also meet the itinerant poet Martin Drescher, called *Träumer Hans* (Dreamer Hans), who, between times he was in jail— usually on vagrancy charges—spent his life visiting his politically radical friends (the author's father among them) in cities all over the country.

Then there is the *Germania's* police reporter Dolfee, who kept a "birthday book" in which were registered the birthdays of prominent people he had met over the years—on their birthdays he would stop by to congratulate them and contrive to be invited to celebrate at a local tavern with a few steins of beer, and, of course, with the free lunch such establishments provided. Interesting is the wealthy, lonely, and free-thinking manufacturer Otto Meister, with whom Heinz was invited to live after the latter's wife and dog had died—Heinz provided the liberal intellectual stimulation that Frau Gertrude Meister, "conservative and pious, a German Lutheran of a particularly unbending and conservative sort," could not contribute.

The characters we encounter are economically drawn and blend nicely to give us a picture of a Milwaukee long since gone. These are the "good old days" we so often hear about. The author is conscious of seamier sides of existence at the time; he simply chooses—a conscious choice—to leave them out of consideration. This is his attempt in 1947 to present a positive image of what German-American life was like before Kaiser Wilhelm and Adolf Hitler and two World Wars, to give the reader insights, with humor and grace, into the joys and sorrows of the lives of one small, ethnically homogeneous group of people.

To the reader who has been around long enough or who has researched the era, certain names from the past will be familiar: Gettleman beer, not to mention Schlitz; Frieda Voigt, the author's sister, whom I met shortly before she retired from teaching at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee; Pastor Gausewitz, undoubtedly the father of one of my own professors at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, Walter Gausewitz.

Karl E. Meyer, the author's son, now an editor with *The New York Times*, has provided a valuable, informative introduction which not only outlines his father's background and career, but also highlights some contributions Americans of German heritage have made to life in this country.

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