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DOCUMENTING THE CONSTITUTION
STATE OF THE ARTS • FAMILY IN AMERICAN DRAMA

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Spring 1996 Volume 42, Number 2

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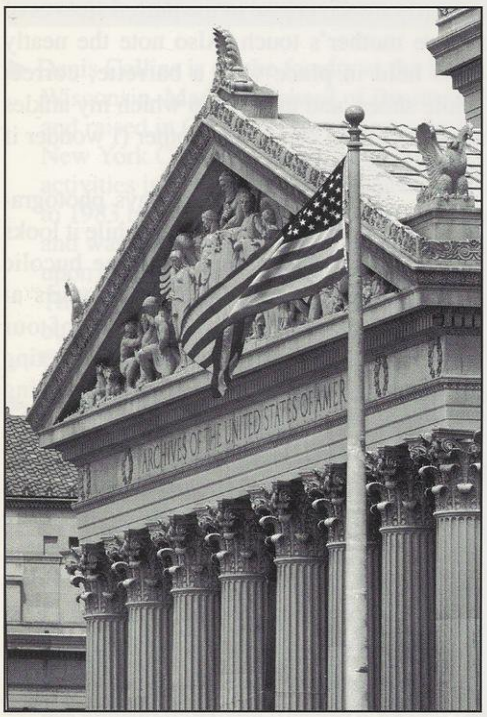

The National Archives building in Washington. Courtesy National Archives and Records Administration.

Front cover: Moonrise, Baptism Lake
by Tom Uttech. Oil on masonite.
Back cover: Wabana-wheamuman
by Tom Uttech. Oil on linen.

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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.

Editor's Notes

In this issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, John P. Kaminski steers our thinking back to the 1770s and the founding of our nation. We learn about a remarkable project at the University of Wisconsin–Madison in which documents relating to the ratification of the Constitution and Bill of Rights are being meticulously examined, interpreted, and published. As this issue of the *Review* took shape, it also became clear that articles and essays which explore the significance of the arts in our culture, and the way in which the arts both affect and reflect family life, are a plausible continuum and appropriate companions to John Kaminski's piece.

Fannie Taylor, who for many years orchestrated activities at the Wisconsin Union Theater on the Madison campus, expresses concern over waning support for the arts in today's society and writes about her involvement with the National Endowment for the Arts during the earliest days of its existence. Robert Skloot analyzes the ways in which families have been portrayed in American drama over the past century—and scenes that emerge are not reminiscent of the sitcoms we saw on television during the 1950s.

Readers will find a poignant essay by a husband and father, Denis Collins, who delights in Wisconsin's snow and wintry cold even as he battles cancer—we glimpse a young family coping with disruption and anxiety brought into their lives by this disease. And Ellen Hunnicutt provides us with a short story in which a woman tries to move beyond loneliness to create a new way of living as her family becomes smaller. Some difficult, sad themes, but they portray real-life situations and ways in which families meet tough challenges with courage and, in Denis's case, with humor as well.

We also look back to the early years of Wisconsin linguist and scholar Jeremiah Curtin, have some fun with math, trace the way an idea developed into a symposium, and feature our customary departments devoted to poetry, art, and book reviews.

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As I worked with the contents of this issue, it seemed as though the importance of the arts in our culture, the ideals set forth by our nation's founders, and the recurring family theme fit together and even overlapped in some instances.

One day, when I was organizing some old files at home, I came across a picture of myself taken when I was six years old. As I studied this long-forgotten photo, I realized that in a way it, too, told a story about a family—my family—and the importance of projecting a favorable image as evidence of this family's high ideals and appropriate lifestyle. I was struck by how many symbols appeared in the photo to create this image. For example, note the expertly ironed crease in the puffed sleeves of my dress—my attentive mother's touch. Also note the neatly trimmed bangs, curls held in place with a barrette, correct socks, T-strapped white shoes, and the way in which my ankles are crossed in a manner befitting the queen mother (I wonder if I ever *really* sat like that as a child).

The editor, age six, projecting a positive image of family life.

Apparently in those days photographers made house calls, for while it looks as though I am enjoying some bucolic landscape—perhaps the grounds at Mount Vernon—the presence of our unattractive brown and beige carpeting confirms that I am posing in the living room of our little stucco house, and the woodsy backdrop is just for effect.

But the most important symbol of all, the clue which suggests that little Nancy Faith is part of a fine, upstanding family, is *the book*—the open book which I am pretending to read. This probably is the reason for the self-conscious, bemused grin on my face, for while I already was an avid book person at this age and had many books of my own, the photographer picked up a book belonging to my parents and placed it in my hands, again just for effect. Everything appears to be so very proper.

It would be unseemly to continue this story with details of how my father at a certain point found happiness apart from us, how the ideal image of this family faded, and how for a time my mother struggled as a single parent with three daughters to care for.

I think it is appropriate to say, however, that no matter how difficult things were, art and books and music always were there to enrich our lives. Books lined our walls (my father continued to send us packets of books throughout his life) and my sisters and I argued over whose turn it was to play the piano and on Saturday afternoons the Metropolitan Opera filled our living room, brought to us by Texaco and our old Zenith radio. These things were not merely symbolic, they were a cherished part of my childhood.

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Wisconsin Academy Gallery

March: Natasha Nicholson, sculpture
April: Paula Schuette-Kraemer, monoprint
May: Robert Maier, photography

Faith B. Miracle

CONTRIBUTORS

▶ Denis Collins is on the faculty at the University of Wisconsin–Madison School of Business. Born in the Bronx and raised in Carlstadt, New Jersey, he left the metropolitan New York City area "after experiencing too many unethical activities in the political and business realms." From 1978 to 1983 he served as a missionary in Hawaii and California and was eventually excommunicated for his political views upon completing his dissertation at the Unification Theological Seminary. In 1990 he received his Ph.D. in business ethics from the University of Pittsburgh Katz Graduate School of Business.

▶ Brent Goodman, born and raised in Milwaukee, is currently a visiting lecturer of English at Purdue University. Most recently his poems have been published or are forthcoming in such journals as *Poetry, Tampa Review,* and *Cream City Review*, and he was a finalist for the 1995 Ruth Lilly Poetry Fellowship Award. He will be returning to Wisconsin this summer.

▶ Ellen Hunnicutt was born in Portland, Indiana, and attended college in Indiana and California before receiving degrees from the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Her fiction has appeared in numerous reviews and quarterlies, and her collection of short stories, *In the Music Library*, won the Drue Heinz Literature Prize in 1987, which was also the year *Suite for Calliope*, her first novel, appeared. An accomplished musician, she lives and writes in Big Bend, where she is working on another collection of short stories.

▶ John P. Kaminski is director of the Center for the Study of the American Constitution at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He has written and edited many works on the nation's founders and the revolutionary period. His published works include *A Necessary Evil? Slavery and the Debate Over the Constitution* and *George Clinton: Yeoman Politician of the New Republic*. His major effort is his work on *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution*, about which he writes in this issue.

▶ Frank Pealstrom graduated from Drake University with a B.A. degree in English. He is a songwriter and the arranger and lead singer for a Christian band called Joy in the Morning. He lived in Eau Claire for five years and has two collections of poetry awaiting publication. He currently lives in Davenport, Iowa, and "between songs" is working on a collection of short stories and a novel.

▶ Michael E. Ryan is a freelance writer who lives in New Auburn. His written work is "a quiet tribute to two people who made my life richer": his sister who died at age five and his brother who died just over two years ago.

▶ Robert Skloot has been on the theater and drama faculty of the University of Wisconsin–Madison since 1968. His interest in plays of political and social importance resulted in the edited volume *The Theatre of the Holocaust* and *The Darkness We Carry: The Drama of the Holocaust* (University of Wisconsin Press, 1988). He has published numerous articles, won teaching awards, and received Fulbright professorships to Israel, Austria, and, most recently, Chile. He earned his Ph.D. at the University of Minnesota.

▶ Jeganathan Sriskandarajah is associate professor of mathematics at the University of Wisconsin-Richland at Richland Center. He is the coordinator for the American High School Mathematics Examination and also for the junior high school exam. He was born in Colombo, Sri Lanka, attended the University of Rome, came to America in 1982, and to Wisconsin in 1985.

▶ Sandy Stark is a senior lecturer at the University of Wisconsin–Madison School of Business, teaching professional communications. She was born in Florida, earned degrees from the University of Texas-Austin, and received her Ph.D. in English in Madison. She has taught in Europe as well as in Texas and Wisconsin. This is her first published poem.

▶ Fannie Taylor is professor emeritus at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and former director of the Wisconsin Union Theater. She was the first program director for music at the National Endowment for the Arts and worked with the agency on and off for a decade. She founded the Association of Arts Presenters and was instrumental in establishing the University of Wisconsin graduate program in arts administration. She has served on many local and national cultural boards, most recently the Madison Children's Museum. She was named a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy in 1987.

▶ Tom Uttech was born in Merrill and now operates a farm near Saukville. His paintings have been widely exhibited throughout the country (including in Edmonton, Canada) and are in such private and museum collections as Milwaukee Art Museum, the Picker Art Gallery (Hamilton, New York), R.R. Donneley & Sons and the University Club (Chicago), and Chemical Bank (New York). He is particularly inspired by the Quetico wilderness area on the United States-Canada border and strives to make his paintings reflect "the moment of perception when every sense is open and magnificent beauty overwhelms."

Documenting the Constitution: The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution Project at the University of Wisconsin–Madison

by John P. Kaminski

The opening words of the Preamble to the Constitution—"We the People"—are familiar to most of us. These three words have a very special significance. Indeed, each year hundreds of thousands of people make the pilgrimage to Washington where they climb the majestic Constitution Avenue marble staircase of the National Archives, pass through the giant Corinthian columns and massive bronze doors, and enter into a circular exhibition hall which is now the permanent home of the great charters of American freedom—the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

A sense of reverence permeates the Pantheonic rotunda as people from around the world file by the documents that provide the foundation for the government of the United States and the liberties of the American people. Some stop to read the ornate script; others capture only a glimpse of the oversized, fading pieces of parchment as they pass by. All, however, feel that they are in the presence of something profoundly significant in the history of mankind. They are right.

Thomas Paine, the great revolutionary-era writer—the author of *Common Sense*—wrote,

> A constitution is the act of the people in their original character of sovereignty. A government is a creature of the constitution; it is produced and brought into existence by it. A constitution defines and limits the powers of the government it creates. It therefore follows, as a natural and also a logical result, that the governmental exercise of any power not authorized by the constitution is an assumed power, and therefore illegal.

The Constitution of the United States and the Bill of Rights are, therefore, the bedrock of American freedom. Although America owes much to its English and colonial heritage for the evolution of its political rights, it is from the Constitution and the Bill of Rights that all liberty in the United States emanates.

The writing and adoption of the Constitution were extraordinary historical events—representatives of twelve states met and drafted a new form of government; their new charter was thoroughly debated by the public and then submitted to specially convened state ratifying conventions elected directly by the people. This process of ratification, in which the people were consulted, gave legitimacy to the new government. Years after the event, James Madison said that the state conventions gave the Constitution "all the validity & authority it possesses."

It is not surprising that this great debate over the ratification of the Constitution would interest scholars, judges, politicians, and a whole range of others. This wide interest encouraged the federal government to initiate The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution project, which is located in the Department of History at the University of Wisconsin–Madison; and for the past quarter century, a small group of historians has been engaged in the monumental task of documenting the drafting and ratification of these charters, which took place from 1787 to 1791. Approximately fifteen more years will be necessary to complete this daunting project.

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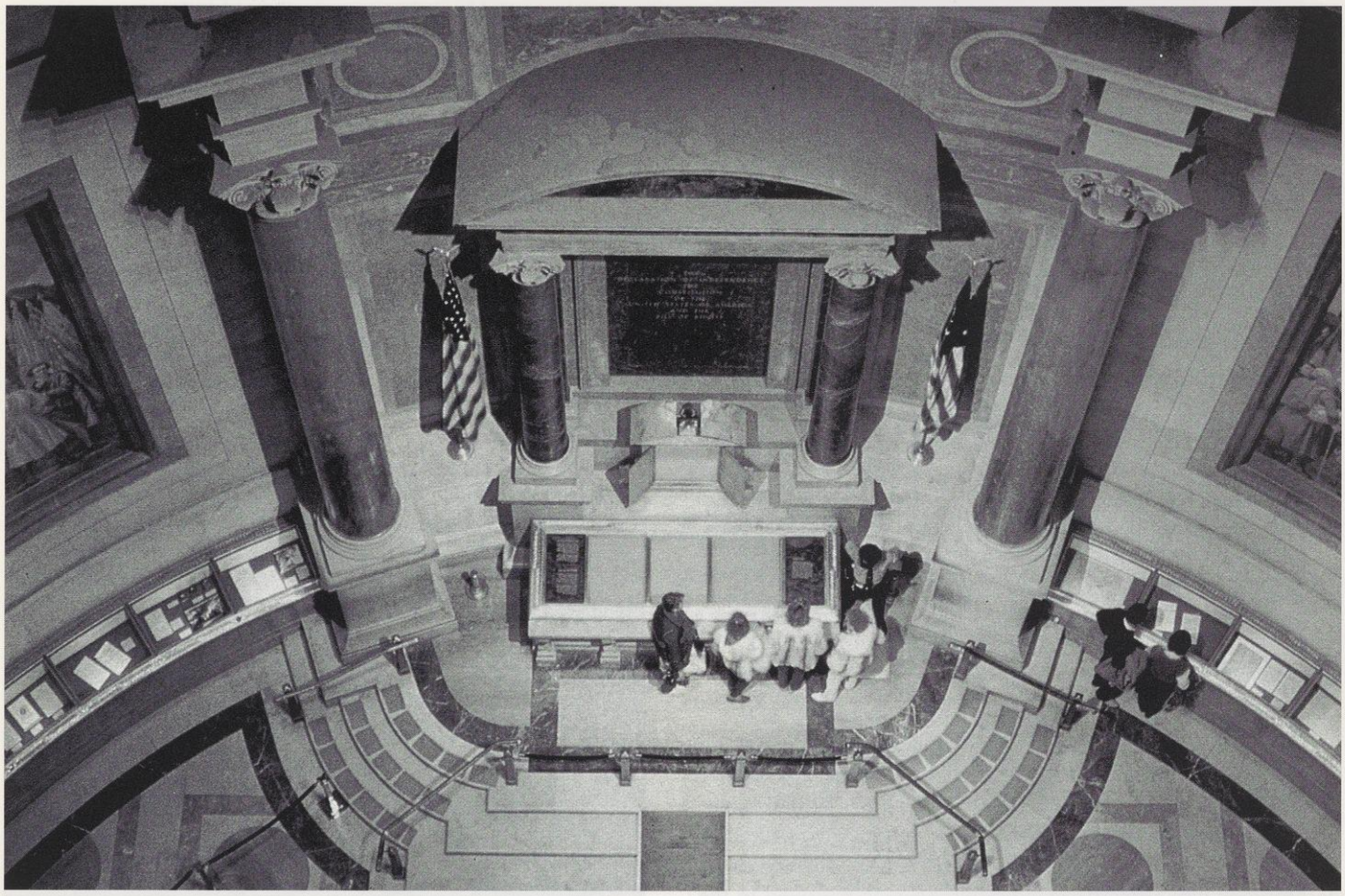
In 1932 Congress enacted the National Archives Act, which provided for the construction of a building to house the records of the United States. The act also created the National Historical Publications Commission (NHPC), which was charged with developing a program to save the nation's historical documentary heritage. In 1936, at its third meeting, the NHPC proposed that Congress establish a documentary history of the ratification of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights under the NHPC's auspices. The commission explained that it was important "in assessing the significance of the Constitution to know as fully as possible what the people who were responsible for its ratification understood it to mean, why they ratified it, and what forces and issues were involved in the struggle over ratification." The commission sent the report to Congress in March 1936, and in 1939 bills were introduced in both houses of Congress, but no act was passed. In fact, it would be many years before the project received any funding. World War II prevented any further action by Congress.

After the war, the Federal Records Act of 1950 revitalized the NHPC. On January 2, 1951, the NHPC's executive director



Citizens viewing America's historic documents. Photo taken from seventy-five feet above the floor of the National Archives Rotunda. Courtesy National Archives and Records Administration.

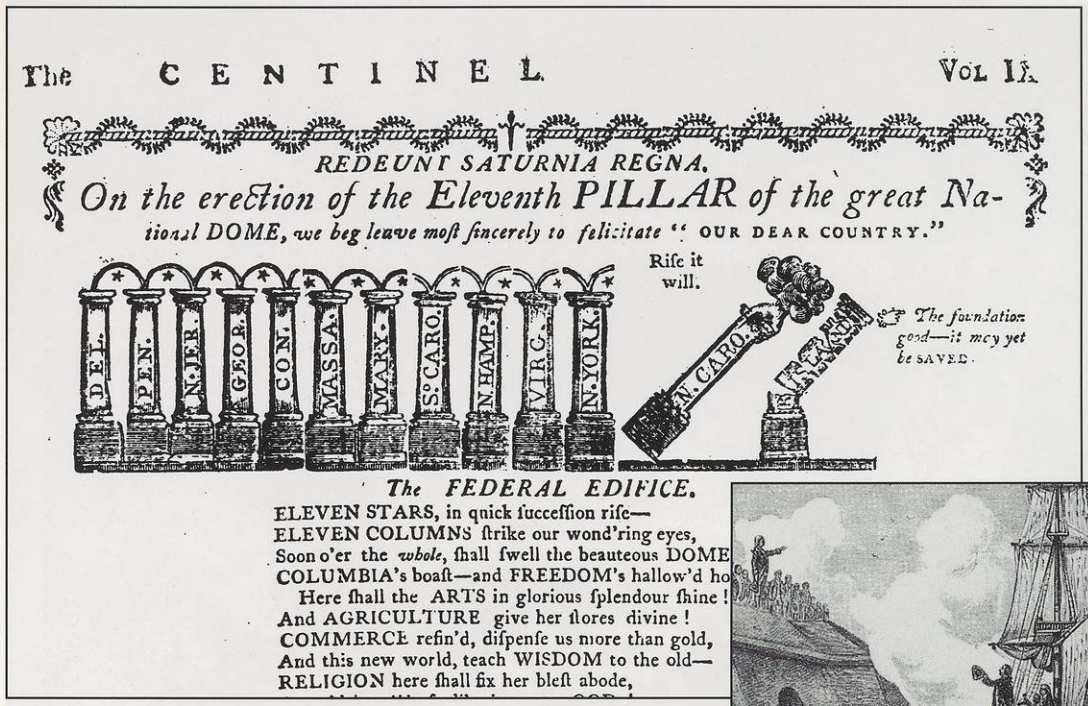
recommended that "provision be made for the commission's staff to begin the compilation and editing of the documentary history of the ratification of the Constitution and the first ten amendments." In December 1951, the NHPC approved in principle the publication, under its auspices, of the ratification project. Searching for and collecting photocopies and microfilming of documents began, but haltingly and only as time permitted.

The NHPC first received grant funds for the ratification project from the Ford Foundation in 1957. An editor and two assistants were hired and the National Archives provided office space. Robert E. Cushman, professor emeritus at Cornell University, became the first editor of the project, which was estimated to run to six or seven volumes. Once researchers began their work, however, they discovered much more material than was expected. This was good news, of course, fully justifying the NHPC's judgment of the project's importance; but the size of the project also posed a serious problem, for it became far more complex than had been anticipated.

The ratification project is on a different order of magnitude from most documentary history projects.

In the late 1960s, Dr. Cushman became ill, and work on the project came to a virtual standstill with no volumes yet published. After Dr. Cushman's death in 1969, the NHPC chose Professor Merrill Jensen of the University of Wisconsin as the new editor. Professor Jensen hired two former students of his as associate editors—myself and Gaspare J. Saladino. In October 1970 the project left the National Archives in Washington and moved to Wisconsin. Upon Professor Jensen's death in January 1980, I was appointed project director by the NHPC with Gaspare Saladino as my co-editor. Richard Leffler, who had begun work on the project in 1973, became senior associate editor. In 1986 Charles H. Schoenleber served as an intern on the project and has since become associate editor. Charles D. Hagermann serves as the project's computer operator.

Soon after the new staff was appointed in 1970, they realized the extraordinary dimensions of the project and undertook additional searching for documents. The ratification project is on a different order of magnitude from most documentary his-


The CENTINEL. Vol II.

REDEUNT SATURNIA REGNA.

On the erection of the Eleventh PILLAR of the great National DOME, we beg leave moſt ſincerely to felicitate "OUR DEAR COUNTRY."

DEL. PEN. N.JER. GEOR. CON. MASSA. MARY. Sc CARO. N.HAMP. VIR. N.YORK.

Riſe it will.

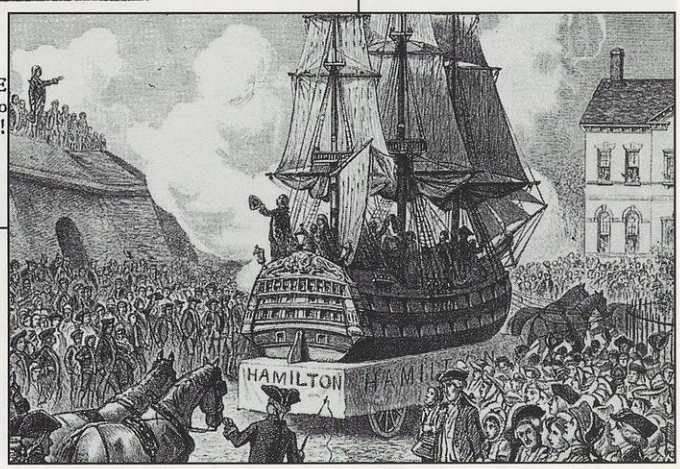
N. CARO. R.I. & P.T.

The foundation good—it may yet be SAVED.

The FEDERAL EDIFICE.

ELEVEN STARS, in quick ſucceſſion riſe—
ELEVEN COLUMNS ſtrike our wond'ring eyes,
Soon o'er the *whole*, ſhall ſwell the beauteous DOME
COLUMBIA's boaſt—and FREEDOM's hallow'd ho
Here ſhall the ARTS in glorious ſplendour ſhine !
And AGRICULTURE give her ſtores divine !
COMMERCE refin'd, diſpenſe us more than gold,
And this new world, teach WISDOM to the old—
RELIGION here ſhall fix her bleſt abode,

Cartoon from the Massachusetts Centinel, *August 2, 1788, showing New York as the "eleventh pillar of the national edifice." Inset: New York City celebrates the Constitution. Collection of The New York Historical Society.*



tory projects. There were nearly 1,700 members of the thirteen state legislatures that called ratifying conventions to consider the Constitution. The state conventions contained 1,648 members. There were also many local and state officials, people of influence who held no public office, and private citizens of all descriptions who directly or indirectly became involved in the most important political debate of the time.

Many of these individuals left manuscripts, and an intensive search has been carried out of hundreds of libraries, archives, historical societies, private collections, auction-sale catalogs, and published primary sources to locate documents relating to the debate over the ratification of the Constitution. All of the 150 newspapers of the time and every broadside, pamphlet, magazine, and book published in the United States between 1787 and 1791 have been searched, as have the official records of the state legislatures, executives, and ratifying conventions. Over the years the ratification project has accessioned copies of over 60,000 documents—one-quarter are manuscripts, three-quarters are printed items.

Some of these documents are small newspaper squibs; others are huge, such as the 600 printed pages of debates in the Virginia ratifying convention published originally in three volumes in 1788 and 1789. Some documents are well known, such as the 85 essays of *The Federalist Papers* written by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay; but others include letters, essays, and speeches by participants in the struggle over the Constitution whose roles are less well known, such as Samuel Adams, George Clinton, Tench Coxe, Elbridge Gerry, John Hancock, Patrick Henry, Arthur and Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, Edmund Randolph, and Mercy Otis Warren.

The voice of the public is heard in the debates, which were held in town and county meetings (for example, 98 towns in Connecticut, 84 counties in Virginia, almost 400 towns in Massachusetts); in petitions from artisans, merchants, and religious groups; and in letters, diaries, and newspaper essays.

Several hundred dispatches from foreign diplomats stationed in America to their governments (French, English, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Austrian, and German) provide surprising insights into American politics and society. These documents show how Americans were perceived by other countries; they also show the influence that events in America had in Europe on the eve of the French Revolution. As far as possible, the *Ratification* volumes try to recreate the dynamic debate over the Constitution by letting the participants speak for themselves through the documents, many of which have never been published before. The volumes of *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution* make this record available to scholars, lawyers, judges, government officials, students, and others who seek the meaning of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

There is an added value when even well-known documents are printed in the volumes. For instance, this is the first time that *The Federalist Papers* have been published in their original

context surrounded by other essays, pamphlets, and letters defending and attacking the Constitution. The *Ratification* volumes enable a reader to study the letters and essays of someone like James Madison while reading the same letters, essays, and newspaper reports of events that Madison himself was reading. Pulitzer Prize-winning historian Michael Kammen of Cornell University has written that in the *Ratification* volumes:

> The intermingling of public and private documents works marvelously well for many reasons. We can compare the rhetoric designed to persuade with ruminations reflecting doubt or apprehension. We can compare assertions and predictions with what actually came to pass.

This placing of events and arguments in context—assisted by extensive cross references—should enable readers to see the relationships, sometimes the interplay, between the documents and the participants in the developing debate over the ratification of the Constitution. The record of this debate forms the greatest body of political writing in American history.

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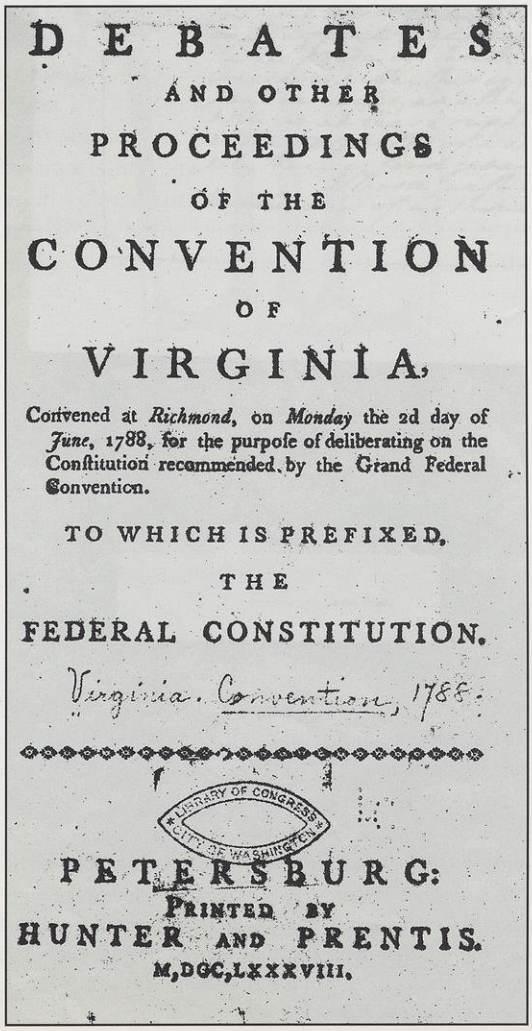
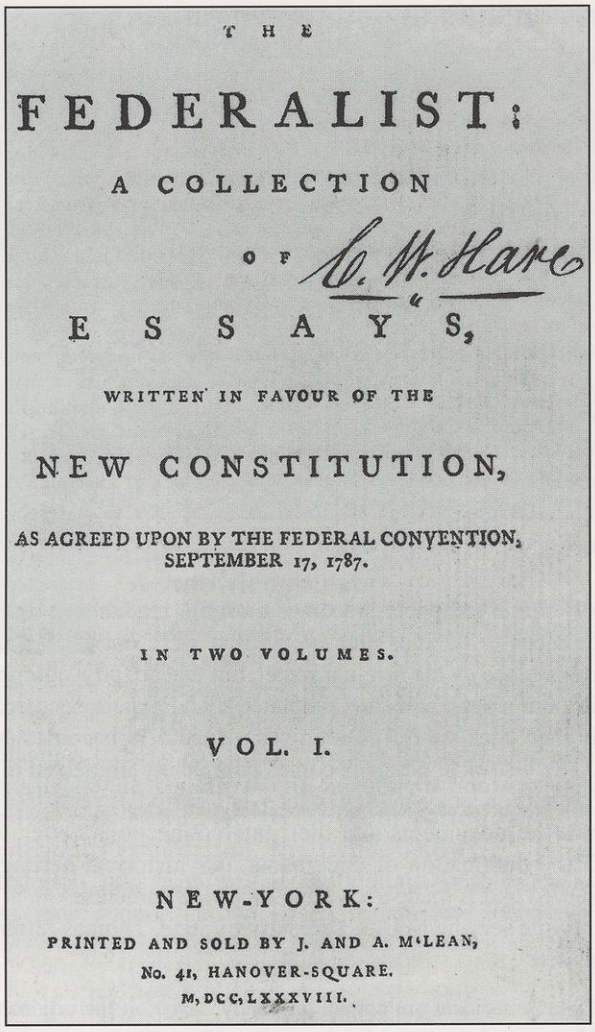
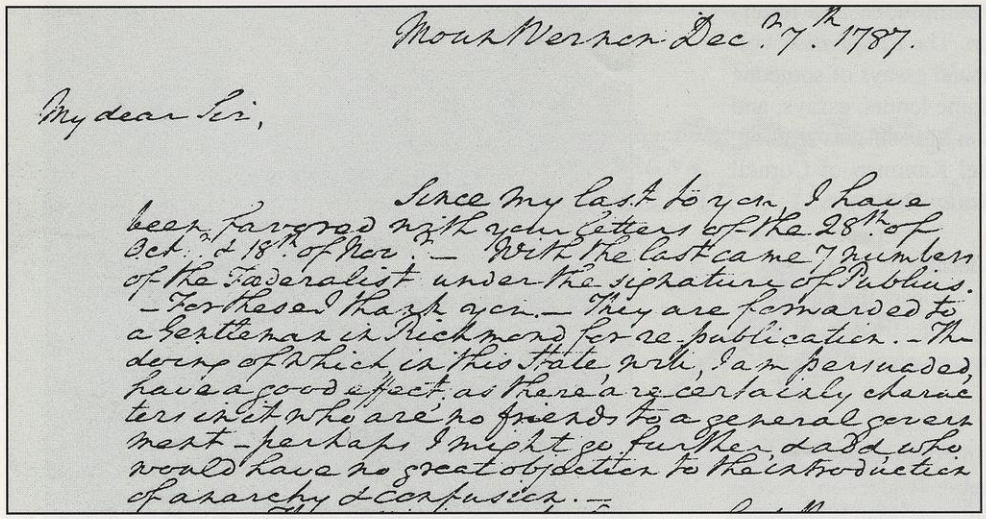

DEBATES
AND OTHER
PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
CONVENTION
OF
VIRGINIA,
Convened at *Richmond*, on *Monday* the 2d day of *June*, 1788, for the purpose of deliberating on the Constitution recommended by the Grand Federal Convention.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
THE
FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.
Virginia. Convention, 1788.
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CITY OF WASHINGTON
PETERSBURG:
PRINTED BY
HUNTER AND PRENTIS.
M,DCC,LXXXVIII.


THE
FEDERALIST:
A COLLECTION
OF
C. W. Hare
"
ESSAYS,
WRITTEN IN FAVOUR OF THE
NEW CONSTITUTION,
AS AGREED UPON BY THE FEDERAL CONVENTION, SEPTEMBER 17, 1787.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.
NEW-YORK:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY J. AND A. M'LEAN,
No. 41, HANOVER-SQUARE.
M, DCC, LXXXVIII.

It is not always clear to people what is meant by "editing" historical documents. The term "editing" has a special meaning for historical editors. Obviously, no one would want James Madison's or Alexander Hamilton's manuscripts "edited" in the sense of a modern copy editor altering the work of an author, and certainly this is not what historical editors do with documents.

Historical editors do extensive searches to locate and collect documents on their subjects. These documents are transcribed for publication in book form, using rigorous methods to assure fidelity to the original. This means painstaking proofreading to assure the accuracy of the transcriptions and to retain as much of the original punctuation and spelling as possible. It means selecting the most illuminating documents and arranging them in a meaningful manner for publication. It means doing research and writing appropriate annotations to explain obscure references or to put people and events in their proper historical context. It means indexing so that the information in a volume is easily accessible.

If the historical editor does the job well, an uncatalogued letter hidden away in the stacks of an inaccessible library, written in a nearly illegible handwriting, with badly faded ink on



Mount Vernon Dec.r 7.th 1787.

My dear Sir,

Since my last to you I have been favored with your Letters of the 28.th of Oct.r & 18.th of Nov.r — With the last came 7 numbers of the Federalist under the signature of Publius. — For these I thank you. — They are forwarded to a Gentleman in Richmond for re-publication. — The doctrine of which in this State, I am persuaded, have a good effect as there are certainly characters in it who are no friends to a general government — perhaps I might go further, and add who would have no great objection to the introduction of anarchy & confusion. —

Sample of George Washington's handwriting. Courtesy Amherst College Library Special Collections.

poorly preserved paper, becomes a useful, readable document. References to persons and events that were once considered commonplace by the original writer, but that are now obscure or totally unrecognizable, are annotated by an experienced editor. Only then does the full meaning of a document become apparent. The historical editor becomes completely immersed in the documents on a day-by-day basis over a period of years. No one knows the documents and their interconnections better. And with the publication of documents, our historical heritage is preserved and is made accessible to a wide audience.

While serving as U.S. Secretary of State, Thomas Jefferson lamented:

> Time & accident are committing daily havoc on the originals [documents] deposited in our public offices. The late war has done the work of centuries in this business. The lost cannot be recovered; but let us save what remains: not by vaults and locks which fence them from the public eye and use, in consigning them to the waste of time, but by such a multiplication of copies, as shall place them beyond the reach of accident.

Jefferson's charge serves as the mandate for historical editors.

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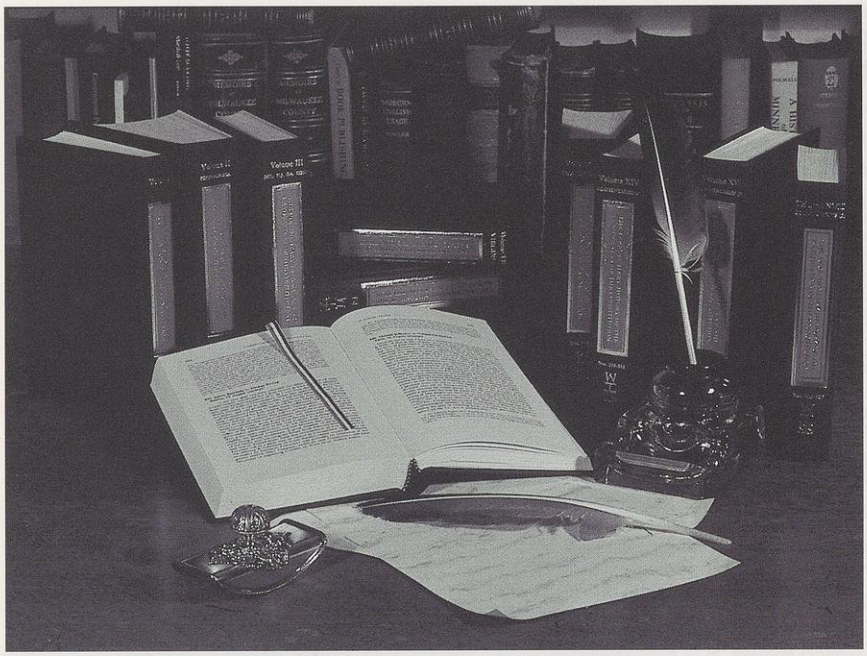
Between 1976 and 1995 twelve *Ratification* volumes have been published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The first volume (1976) contains the important constitutional documents and records from the Declaration of Independence to the Constitution. The documents in this volume are often cross-referenced in annotation in the project's other volumes. Volume 2 (1976) contains the ratification debate in Pennsylvania; Volume 3 (1978) the debates in Delaware, New Jersey, Georgia, and Connecticut. Volumes 8–10 (1988, 1990, 1993) contain the debates in Virginia; Volumes 13–18 (1981, 1983, 1984, 1986, 1995), the sub-series called *Commentaries on the Constitution: Public and Private,* which presents the day-by-day debate over the Constitution that took place on a regional or national level in newspapers, magazines, broadsides, and pamphlets. This six-volume subseries also contains private, public, and diplomatic correspondence commenting on the Constitution in general and speculating on the prospects for ratification in several states rather than describing political events in any one particular state.

Still to be completed are Volumes 4–6 on Massachusetts; Volume 7 on Maryland, South Carolina, and New Hampshire; Volumes 11–12 on New York; Volume 19 on North Carolina; Volume 20 on Rhode Island; and Volumes 21–22 on the Bill of Rights.

The *Ratification* volumes have become the standard source for

George Washington's "Rising Sun" chair used during the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia. When the Constitution was finally signed, Benjamin Franklin expressed happiness that the chair symbolized "a rising, not a setting sun." Courtesy Independence National Historic Park.



Published volumes of The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution.

scholars in many disciplines. Leonard Levy, the foremost scholar of the U.S. Bill of Rights, told the National Endowment for the Humanities that the *Ratification* volumes are his first source when he starts writing a new book. Federal appellate courts and the U.S. Supreme Court have cited the *Ratification* volumes in their opinions. When the Twenty-seventh Amendment to the Constitution was adopted in 1994, the office of the archivist of the United States contacted the ratification project to determine which of three or four different versions of the amendment proposed by Congress in 1789 should serve as the "official" text.

Historians who have reviewed the *Ratification* volumes have been uniform in their approval. Professor Kammen believes that the series "will be of enduring value centuries hence." Professor James Anderson of the University of Georgia wrote,

> These volumes will be used always as examples of the editor's art. The value of each volume and the whole series is awesome in terms of constitutional history . . . the true value of this project will only be seen in the next generation of scholarship on the Constitution.

Acknowledgments

Primary support for the ratification project is provided by the National Historical Publications and Records Commission (NHPRC) and the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH). Additional funding has been provided by grants from the University of Wisconsin Foundation's E. Gordon Fox Fund, the Evjue Foundation, the Oscar Rennebohm Foundation, the Lynde and Harry Bradley Foundation, and from private individuals. With federal cutbacks, more support must be raised from private donations.

The Center for the Study of the American Constitution

Created in 1981, the Center for the Study of the American Constitution at the University of Wisconsin–Madison fosters a program aimed at scholarly research into the historical origins of the Constitution. Such a historical perspective is critical if we are truly to understand and appreciate the American tradition of constitutional government.

The primary focus of the center is The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution project outlined in this article. The center also attempts to bring scholarship on the Constitution to the attention of the broader public through publications and an outreach program that includes scholarly lectures, symposia, a speakers' bureau, reading-discussion programs in public libraries, teachers' seminars, radio and television appearances.

Recently the center has begun a judicial education program in which state and federal judges are provided with preselected readings on a historical subject of interest to them. The state judges meet for two days and federal judges meet for a morning to discuss these readings with me, the center's director, and with Richard Leffler, the center's deputy director. In these various ways, the general public will become aware of the scholarly work that is being done on the origins of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. We believe that the modern world will be vastly enriched by a greater awareness and understanding of America's magnificent heritage of freedom.

For more information on the center, write to me at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, Department of History, 455 N. Park Street, Madison, WI 53706.

John P. Kaminski

The Arts Under Siege: The Battle for Public Support

by Fannie Taylor

I write as a citizen unable to understand why we as a people continue to question the value of the arts in our society. Here we are, the most powerful nation in the world, quibbling over national cultural support that might involve spending tax money equal to a few cups of coffee a year. Other nations, rich or poor, find cultural funding without a question. France, for example, sets aside about 1 percent of its budget for the arts.

Back in the early years of the Republic many of the founding fathers recognized the arts as an integral part of the society they were putting together. George Washington commented that "the Arts and Sciences [are] essential to the prosperity of the State and to the ornamentation and happiness of human life." The arts and sciences "have a primary claim to the encouragement of every lover of his country and mankind," he said. He actually recommended an art center for the national capitol, but it took 200 years to build the Kennedy Center.

Fannie Taylor.

Washington came from the southern landed gentry, and his sentiments could be viewed as elitist in spite of his fame as a soldier and statesman. John Adams, from a different background, had different ideas. Adams was a middle-class, New England farmer with down-to-earth opinions. He wrote, "I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics, philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture in order to give their children the right to study painting, poetry, music and architecture." Adams wanted to wait a couple of generations before encouraging the arts, and he certainly put a lot of impediments in the way.

There you have the duality of the arts, the philosophy that places cultural activity on the one hand as primary to the prosperity of the state and to human happiness while on the other hand defining the arts as a kind of luxury to be enjoyed after the real work of living is completed.

But long before the late eighteenth century when the enlightened ideas of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and their co-revolutionists were so brilliantly stated in the Declaration of Independence and our Constitution, there was another philosophic undercurrent from the Puritans in New England, a fear and resistance to the arts. It still runs like a subterranean river beneath the American consciousness. That undercurrent is a part of our culture as surely as our commitment to freedom—*the arts were considered idle pastimes.* These attitudes have persisted in America for 300 years.

Now, let me go back in memory with some personal history. In the year 1966, before Vietnam really heated up, I joined the staff of the brand new National Endowment for the Arts. I had spent 25 years as the director and programmer of the Wisconsin Union Theater at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. I had established a national organization for arts administrators. With these contacts I had many friends in the field. One of them, the violinist Isaac Stern, had enough faith in my experience to recommend me to Roger Stevens, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Council for the Arts. I was interviewed and hired as the first program director for music.

Then for three or four months I worked Monday through Thursday in Washington at our new offices. On Friday I was back in Madison to work at the Wisconsin Union Theater through our heavily booked weekends. At the end of the season I took a leave of absence from the university and plunged into the challenge of developing federal support for the arts.

What an opportunity! My work as a bureaucrat was fascinating and frustrating. My phone rang all the time, and I had no real responses to give the requests for help coming from all parts of the country—some were sophisticated proposals from established major cultural organizations like the Metropolitan Opera Company, many were pathetic pleas from artists who simply needed help. We had a small budget but a very large dream, a culmination of 200 years of dreams in America—a dream of becoming a truly civilized nation. The dream was brought to reality by hard work with dubious voters and a Congress that had little taste for the arts unless they could bring in votes.

I faced this new job with enthusiasm. I believed in the value of the arts—after all, I had worked hard presenting them at the university for a quarter of a century. I'd watched students experience the impact of a great symphony or theater production, observed their involvement in acting and stagecraft, shared their rapture over a concert, noticed how they began to explore their own creative ideas. I'd watched them grow in their judgments. I knew firsthand that the arts can bring understanding to young and old, can build bridges between cultures, can ease sorrows and bring joy.

I stayed with my federal work, off and on, for about ten years and served in two different posts at the National Endowment for the Arts under both Presidents Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon.

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Now, more history/prehistory. If you have read the reports and seen the photographs of the 30,000-year-old paintings in the Chauvet cave that were discovered in the south of France, you know that they give us, graphically, some insight into that mysterious lost world. Obviously they are the product of well-developed skills of observation and the techniques to display that observation. They represent the essence of education—skills passed from generation to generation. We can only guess as to whether or not these paintings and the caves that housed them related to religious activities or clan connections or hunting successes or some other customs. But this visual documentation and such well-developed art skills 30,000 years ago proves how long and intensively the arts have been a part of the growth of civilization.

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Works of such complexity are obvious products of a highly organized social structure that has taken centuries to mature. Imagine how the caves had to be opened, cleared, and ways of illuminating them devised. Many people must have searched for wood or brush that could be made into torches; probably people brought food to maintain the artists; materials for the artists had to be provided—the chalks, charcoal, the red hematite. No doubt if these cave paintings had religious significance, the tribal wise men were involved. My list is pure imagination, but I think it implies that in those prehistoric times there was a social structure—a kind of government—providing the means to support the arts: a prehistoric arts administration.

You might say, *They weren't asking for grants.* But of course these artists were receiving grants. Perhaps the support was given for religious purposes. Perhaps it was for success in the hunt. Government assistance for the arts, of one kind or another, has been entwined in civilization since ancient times.

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Today we tend to look at the bottom line for decisions. And the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting are all in trouble and may be teetering on the brink.

So what in the world is happening today that makes for the current defoliation of the arts in America? I don't pretend to have any one answer—social issues are too complicated—but here are some ideas to think about.

Religious influence

As I said earlier, there has always been a strain of Puritanism in America which implies that the arts may be immoral. This Puritanism of their neighbors may have influenced the Midland colonies during pre-revolutionary years, but by the mid-eighteenth century there was interaction with the more open southern colonies, a growing commercial society, and the impact of different ethnic populations that gradually modified attitudes.

Roger L. Stevens, first chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, and Fannie Taylor, in Madison on March 7, 1969.

Where German and Bohemian settlers arrived, music followed. The New York merchants, who came from Dutch and German stock, supported theater and graphic arts. Their interests and financial help set the stage for a cultural climate that still defines New York City.

Then the early nineteenth century brought that marvelously observant traveler, Alexis de Tocqueville, who commented that religion in America "takes no direct part in the government of society, but it must be regarded as the first of their political institutions." Religion with its moral precepts and social attitudes is still an important structure in our society as a new generation looks for answers to present-day problems.

Economics

Can we afford the arts with all the other pressing needs of society? We are warned about inflation, the national debt, the disappearing middle class, taxes. I'm not pointing any political fingers, but I deeply feel that none of these factors should cause problems in authorizing the public funding of the arts. An agency which costs less than sixty-eight cents per person is not the cause of a national debt in the trillions.

In fact, the National Endowment for the Arts last fiscal year was a real economic force, a veritable Little Engine That Could. Not-for-profit arts in the United States are estimated to support 1.3 million jobs nationwide, yielding economic activity which recycles federal taxes to the Treasury amounting to about twenty-one times the budgeted cost of the agency. Public support for the arts is a valuable addition to our economy. In addition to affecting the growth of arts institutions and audiences, it has also stimulated such services as hotel rooms for theater audiences, bus tours to performances, mobs of people jamming the Chicago Art Institute for the Monet show, taxis, dinners, baby-sitters. Everyone benefits.

The federal dollar must always be matched by the institution which receives it—two dollars to one, sometimes three to one. This creates strong local campaigns amounting in private dollars to about sixteen times the federal aid—sixteen private dollars to one federal dollar. But there is considerable worry these days that this public-private relationship may be breaking down.

Frills?

There is a notion that the arts are frivolous and not really essential to the hard-scrabble business of living. This is another uniquely American stigma, partly deriving from religious prejudices already discussed and partly due to the economic fragility of many cultural activities.

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I asked at the outset of these comments, "What ails our government and the American public? Why do we as a people continue to question the value of the arts in our society?" What went wrong, I think, was the intrusion of politics. Perhaps in view of our past attitudes, it was inevitable. The Mapplethorpe and Serrano controversies over gallery displays which were indirectly funded with government dollars precipitated a furious collision of arts and politics, a confrontation which reverberated throughout the country. The public question, of course, was whether politicians should be making artistic judgments for the nation when experts in the field of art had always decided on the art to be given government support.

I will not try to chronicle the complex political maneuvering which took place as a result of these tensions. But *The New York Times* reported that on a late July evening in 1990, when the Senate floor was deserted except for "a handful of lawmakers" in attendance, a surprise proposal from Senator Jesse Helms was approved, in a voice vote, to bar using federal money for "obscene and indecent" art. Almost everybody in the arts world threw up hands. Who's to decide what's obscene? A revised law, passed in the fall of 1990, includes film and video and broadens the arts reviewing panels and specifies that "projects, productions, workshops and programs that are determined to be obscene are prohibited from receiving financial assistance." Determination of this obscenity was left to judgment in the courts.

Part of the problem we have looked at is that artists and arts organizations have never come to terms with the fact that federal money always has strings attached. Today we hear that both the National Endowment for the Arts and the National Endowment for the Humanities are hopelessly politicized. In the past, applications were reviewed by panels of the artists' peers—artists like themselves. All of us had once thought it was a fair and democratic system. Now it is said that impartial review has been lost.

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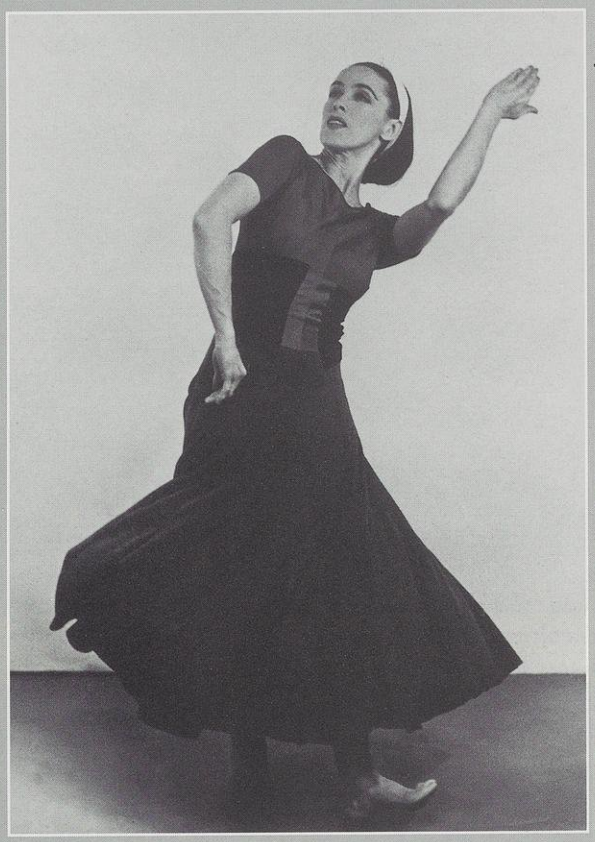
Well, I don't know. Certainly the national culture and the mood of the late twentieth century is far, far distant from the vision of "The Great Society" in the mid-sixties. Sometimes I think that the National Endowment for the Arts has been pushed into uncomfortable corners by the very artists who have applied, who seemed to be testing their fancied "rights," trying to see how far an idea can be advanced before it becomes unacceptable to the general public. And so often neither the nation's artists nor its political leaders have been willing to seek compromises.

Martha Graham: almost overlooked



Courtesy Wisconsin Union Theater.

In my years as Union Theater director I brought as much top quality dance to our stage as I could find and introduced many new dancers and ballet companies to Madison audiences.

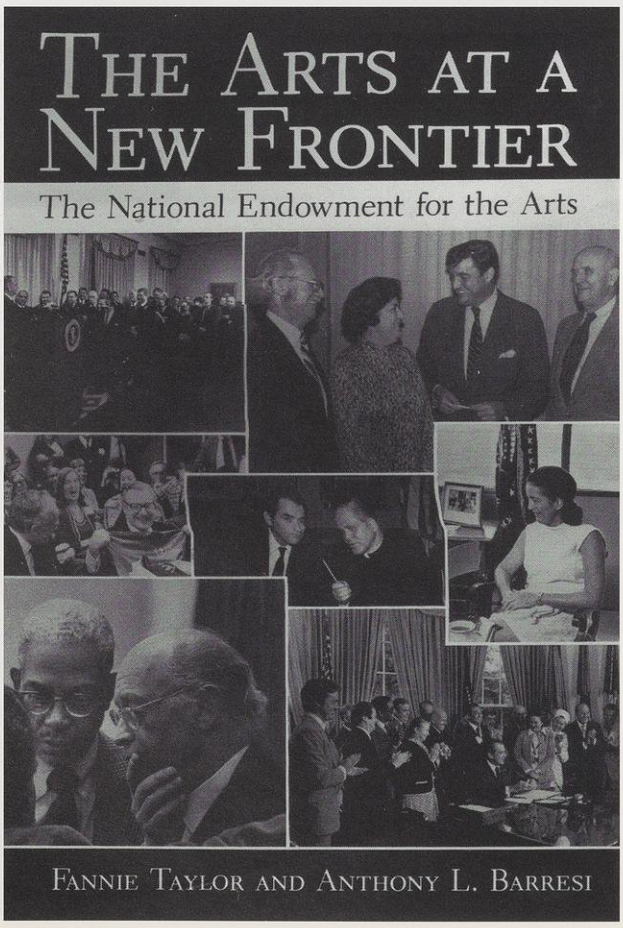
Martha Graham performed here in 1942 and 1946. Then, because she lacked the funds for touring in America, she and her company danced abroad. I urged my colleagues at the National Endowment for the Arts to help get Martha Graham on the road again and set this as a priority for our new agency. We arranged for a national tour in 1966, and Martha Graham and her company once again played the Union Theater in Madison.

She ultimately received the Presidential Order of Freedom and the French Legion of Honor. But America almost overlooked this great creative artist.

There's an amusing postscript to the Martha Graham story which ties in to my mention of Puritans: Graham was a direct descendant of that old Puritan, Miles Standish.

Fannie Taylor

Helen Hayes and Roger Stevens at a National Endowment for the Arts meeting in Tarrytown, New York, in 1968.



What began in the Johnson administration was the realization of a long-held hope—the government itself giving a hand to the nation's artists and helping our cultural institutions to grow, encouraging the diversity of artistic expression that a country as big as America can offer. That was the hope.

Whether federal aid through the arts and humanities endowments is the right format, I don't know. I do know that freedom is very fragile and the arts often seem to be its testing ground. Right now the two endowments are in a phase-out confrontation with Congress. They face extinction in the next two to three years.

Regardless of the outcome, the endowment programs have brought new vigor to our national cultural institutions. They have enriched understanding of our diverse cultural heritage. For this we should applaud. During the twenty-five years from the time the National Endowment for the Arts became law in 1965 to its quarter-century anniversary in 1990, there was exciting expansion in the arts world. Theater companies moved from 56 organized acting groups to 470. Local arts agencies expanded from 50 to an amazing 3,000. Opera attendance went from three million to eighteen million. Dance companies, which were the ugly ducklings of the performing arts for years, exploded nationally—dance events that used to produce a national audience of barely one million jumped to sixteen million. The number of dance companies increased from 37 to more than 250, an 85 percent growth. That's solid expansion.

We know from the record on the walls at the Chauvet cave in France that the arts have been serving humankind for at least 30,000 years. We see in those paintings the mark of that long-ago civilization—the only record we have. I hope *our* records last as well.

Am I dismayed at present attitudes? Of course. Discouraged? Never. The arts have great power of survival.

This paper is based on a talk given on October 8, 1995, as part of the Eminence and Eloquence series at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

The Changing Image of the Family in the American Theater

by Robert Skloot

Issues concerning family have been a central feature of the political, economic, and cultural discourse of the United States in recent years, and the struggle to define, maintain, sustain, enhance, and enshrine the image of the family will continue for the foreseeable future. It would be commonplace to say that America's theater, an aesthetic reflection of the culture as well as a contributor to the creation of that culture, is similarly preoccupied. However, themes dealing with the nature and understanding of the family have regularly appeared in American drama throughout the years, evidence that the problems are of long duration. And they have, in the last several decades, come to be configured in more radical ways than was the case earlier.

Historians speak of the United States in assuming its full geographical and geopolitical shape in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and it is in the year 1890 that theater historians discover the first American drama fully written in the style of realism that was sweeping the European continent. The play is James A. Herne's *Margaret Flemming*. It tells the story of a woman whose husband has had a sexual encounter with the poor sister of the family's servant. Phillip Flemming loves his wife, Margaret, and their year-old daughter, and Margaret idolizes him. But when she is asked to visit the poor sick sister, she learns the truth of his affair; and, after hearing that the new mother has just died, she begins to nurse the infant who is, in reality, her husband's other child. The trauma of Margaret's domestic travail afflicts her with blindness, and her husband flees their home in shame.

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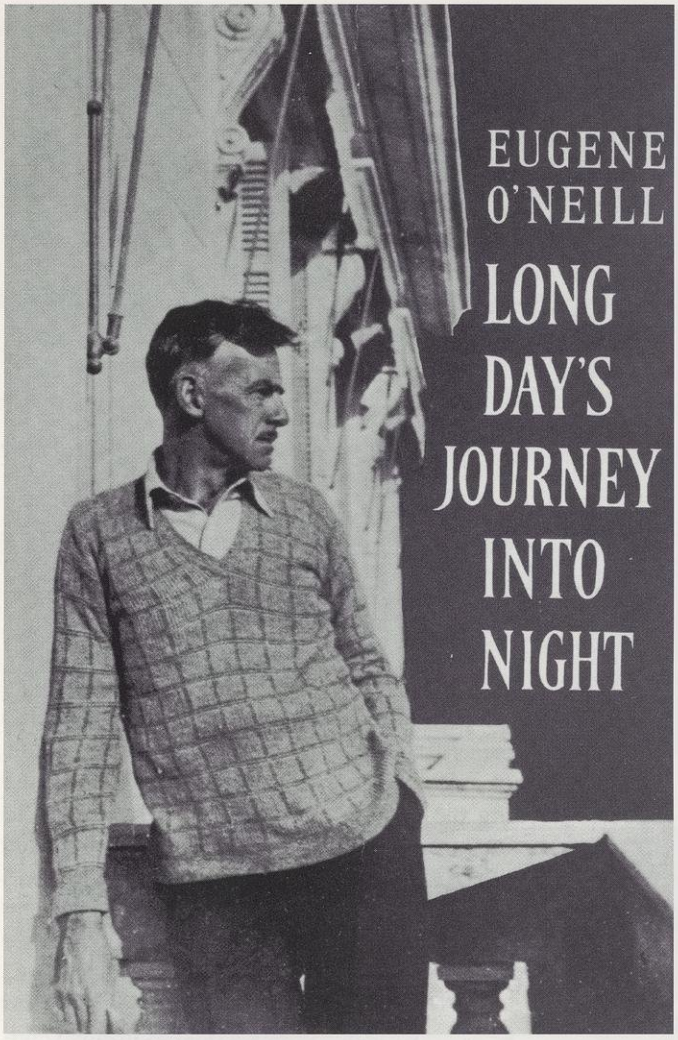
The final act of the play occurs four years later after Margaret, Phillip, and the others have undergone severe hardship, and Phillip's repentant return provokes the astonishing climactic moment when his wife rejects his plea for her to put past grievances aside. The play, with Herne's wife, K.C., in the title role giving a performance that one contemporary critic called full of "quiet dignity and intellectual power," was a significant success at its premier (on July 4, 1890, near Boston), though within a few months it proved impossible to sustain the positive critical reception, and three later attempts to make the play a popular success in New York City failed.

Speaking from a century's worth of hindsight, the play, for all its melodramatic contrivance, impresses us today as a rather remarkable effort, a play by which to test the realistic preference and social tolerance of its audience. Until it was revised to more suitably reflect the conservative tastes of theater audiences, it did not enjoy general acceptance; in particular, the scene concluding the third act with Margaret beginning to breast-feed her husband's baby outraged the strict moralists of the time. (Herne's biographer, Perry, reports that the play made a great positive impression on the women in the audience.) In 1914, K.C. and the noted critic Hamlin Garland rewrote the play, keeping its original ending intact, although a further revision (and the most popular one), concluding with the greater likelihood of Margaret's acceptance of Phillip, became the text later known to most theater people, when it was known at all.

Herne's view of the American family was unusual for its day; indeed, it was unusual for him if we look at his other writing. But a century ago he helped to begin a pattern of inquiry which has become the major thematic focus of American playwriting: the American family and the threat to its security and happiness. Many reasons have been advanced for this condition: political cowardice, anti-intellectualism, a religious heritage of Puritanism, and optimistic preferences, among them; but we need only point out that in the last half-century, beginning with the 1948–49 Broadway season, Pulitzer Prize juries have selected almost exclusively (when they have made the award) family dramas in realistic style to win this most distinguished of accolades. At the same time, it is indisputable that the image of the happy family has become a valued cultural norm, indispens-



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able to the idea of a life of worthiness that is sustained by hopefulness and love.

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The names that dominate American drama from the end of World War I through the 1960s are Eugene O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Arthur Miller, and Edward Albee. The plays for which they are best known around the world are *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, *The Glass Menagerie, Death of a Salesman,* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* All of these plays are concerned with destructive forces working against and within the family.

Long Day's Journey (1940) tells us the story of a father, mother, and two sons who, on the one terrible night we see them, review the painful history of their interlocked and mutually destructive relationships. O'Neill, who has been called the first American playwright of international stature, wrote several plays dealing with the violent emotional forces that destroy a family; he spent many years attempting to put to rest the feelings of hostility, guilt, and despair that were part of his own Irish inheritance. Three of the characters in the play are based on his own parents and brother, and the fourth is a theatricalized description of himself.

The father, James Tyrone, is an alcoholic charlatan; the mother, Mary, is a tormented drug addict; the brother, Jamie, is a suicidal drunkard; and Edmund (Eugene O'Neill) is a passive tubercular victim of the other three. Like Herne, although with far greater talent, O'Neill refused to pull back from the terrible truths of a family in the advanced stages of paralytic dysfunctionality. *Long Day's Journey* is the rare family play that insists on such obsessive focus on a family's pain (although without calling into question the idea and structure of the family itself) and stands as a contradiction of one critic's general observation that there is "ample evidence that nostalgia . . . runs through twentieth-century American drama (Bigsby)."

The family in distress is at the heart of Tennessee Williams's first successful play, *The Glass Menagerie* (1945). The play tells the story of two days in the life of Tom Wingfield when he comes to understand that he cannot continue living in a suffocating tenement apartment with his mother and mildly crippled sister. As Williams tells us in his production notes, *The Glass Menagerie* is a "memory play" located "now and in the past," and Tom is not "remorseless, but to escape from a trap he has to act without pity." The trap, of course, is his family, and though he must act without pity, he cannot act without guilt.

Tom's mother, Amanda, is aging and desperate, a reminder if not an example of the Old South of gentility and charm. She fears her son will abandon her and her daughter, Laura (the father has long-since abandoned them all), before Laura is married. She struggles to hold them together and, all the while, makes life for Tom, her sole financial support, an unendurable torment. After Laura's casual rejection by the "gentleman caller," Tom moves "out of the play" to address us as narrator of the events to come in his life. His is a seemingly universal conflict to establish autonomy and independence by leaving the family that raised and nurtured him, thereby dooming them to a future of indigency and loneliness.

Tom's final words, "Blow out your candles, Laura," spoken angrily, resignedly, or pleadingly according to the actor's interpretation, provide the haunting conclusion to a drama of a family that, despite its promise of youth and love, cannot, perhaps must not, reconcile the contradictory needs of the individual with the needs of those who need and love him. For all its nostalgia (Williams's admission) or sentiment (Tom's confession), the play's description of the shattering of a family packs a tremendous wallop.

By the time Biff Loman confronts his father, Willy, at the emotional climax of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* (1949), the inexorable end to the protagonist and the play is in view. Biff, like Tom Wingfield, has finally gathered his courage to break with a domineering parent and forever leave the home he has grown up in and grown to hate. On his way upstairs to pack his bags, Biff is stopped by Willy's terrifying and terrible curse: "May you rot in hell if you leave this house!" Biff, too,

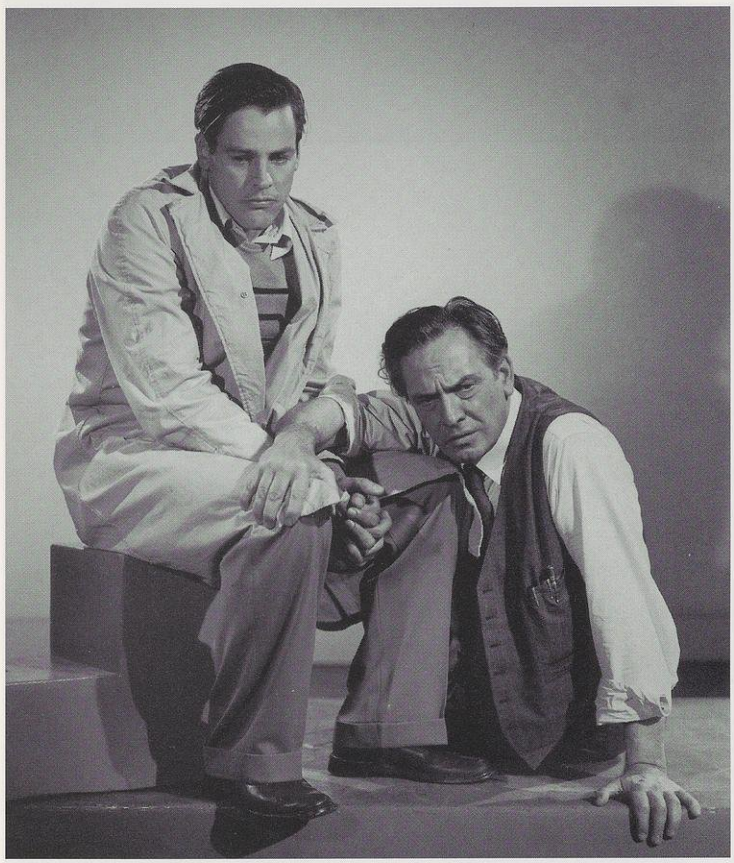
Kirk Douglas, Gertrude Lawrence, Jane Wyman, and Arthur Kennedy in the Warner Bros. 1950 production of The Glass Menagerie. *Inset: Laura (Jane Wyman) and her glass menagerie. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.*

rages over Willy's inability to understand what he wants and how he suffers for not having it. "I'm not a leader of men, Willy, and neither are you . . . I'm one dollar an hour, Willy! I tried seven states and couldn't raise it. A buck an hour! Do you gather my meaning? I'm not bringing home any prizes any more, and you're going to stop waiting for me to bring them home."

"Home" is the essential word. It serves as the supposed ideal of nurture and companionship for Willy, and a refuge against the conspiratorial outside world. The house, its mortgage paid off after twenty-five years, is finally his own. But it is being swallowed up by the surrounding tall buildings, bringing shadows to the Loman home outside as well as in. In truth, the sturdy little building is on the verge of collapse. The final scene of the play, called "The Requiem" by Miller, is set in a graveyard where Willy's wife, their two sons, and one friend gather to pay their last respects to a man whose life was lived in confusion and frustration and whose suicide is the confirmation that he learned nothing useful or usable in his struggle to keep his family happy or together. In truth, his final defiant gesture of generosity—providing the death insurance money for Biff—is a misguided and inadequate reparation for his own inability to love without illusion and to enjoy without control.

As with Williams, Miller uses the structure of flashbacks to disguise an essentially realistic story of a man's struggle to provide for and adjust to the dynamics of the American family under threat of disintegration, a story of how love destroys the archetypal American home.

A grotesque variation of the family archetype appears in Edward Albee's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (1962). In fact, in this play the marriage of Martha and George (named after our first first family) relies on continuing the illusion that



Kevin McCarthy as Biff and Frederic March as Willy in the Columbia Pictures 1951 production of Death of a Salesman. *Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.*

they have a son. Through their many years of loneliness and anger—as well as love—they have fought wittily and savagely over every imaginable subject and are each other's equal and worthy antagonist. But early one Sunday morning, after too little sleep and too much alcohol, George "murders" their imaginary child in retaliation for Martha's disclosure of their "secret" to outsiders. George shatters the single, sustaining part of their relationship by announcing the delivery of a telegram to her and their young, uncomprehending guests.

> *Martha* (as if from a distance): Why didn't they phone it?
>
> *George*: Some telegrams you have to deliver, Martha; some telegrams you can't phone.
>
> *Martha* (rising): What do you mean?
>
> *George* (sighing heavily): I'm afraid our boy isn't coming home for his birthday.
>
> *Martha*: Of course he is.
>
> *George*: No, Martha. (long pause) . . . our son is . . . dead. (silence) He was . . . killed . . . late in the afternoon . . . (silence) (a tiny chuckle) on a country road, with his learner's permit in his pocket, he swerved, to avoid a porcupine, and drove straight into a . . .
>
> *Martha* (rigid fury): YOU . . . CAN'T . . . DO . . . THAT!
>
> *George*: . . . large tree.
>
> *Martha*: YOU CANNOT DO THAT! (quivering with rage and loss) YOU CAN'T DECIDE THAT FOR YOURSELF! I WILL NOT LET YOU DO THAT!
>
> *George*: You don't seem to understand, Martha; I haven't done anything. Now, pull yourself together. Our son is DEAD!
>
> *Martha*: YOU CAN'T KILL HIM! YOU CAN'T HAVE HIM DIE!

For Martha and George, the years of mutual recrimination and humiliation may continue or conclude—their future is unknown. With the death of "the little bugger" dies the dream of the happy family, however distorted its shape or unlikely its premise.

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It would appear that American playwrights tend to locate the most important of life's experiences and values within the traditionally conceived family structure, although the greatest of them push the image to and beyond the breaking point in each specific case which I have cited. The family, at least through the 1960s, appears to remain the locus of healing power, at least in theory. In the hands of O'Neill, Williams, Miller, and Albee, we see the family racked and sundered, an implicit understanding that the place where we seek refuge is exactly the place where the pain of life is most intense; Albee is most explicit through his description of a family unit that is based on imaginary offspring.

It is, of course, important to note that these four playwrights are men, and they write from the perspective of the "controlling" male protagonist. A few plays in the canonized literature of American drama provide differing angles of vision—for example, Susan Glaspell's short realistic play *Trifles* (1922), which describes the shattering of the American "home" when a wife kills her husband. But in this case there are no children, and the story focuses on the relationships among women rather than the murder itself.

A number of years ago, an American critic described how the "unifying metaphor (of) the microcosm of the family unit" became the "natural . . . inevitable, subject for American writers (Rosenberg)." These writers, whose work as a rule is characterized by "the avoidance of experience—particularly any painful or upsetting experience," need to depart from domestic issues, he wrote, to achieve a cultural maturity and creative ascendancy, in particular by dealing with the experience of war.

One playwright who has combined both the issues of family and war is David Rabe. He is one of several playwrights who, in the 1960s and 1970s, not only criticized the institution of the ideal family and lamented its dysfunctionality, but

described how the family as previously conceived is the source of cannibalistic violence.

The family in David Rabe's *Sticks and Bones* (1969) consists of a father, mother, and two sons with the names of Ozzie, Harriet, David, and Ricky. To Americans who grew up in the 1950s, these names are immediately recognizable as those of the Nelsons, one of several archetypal American families whose lives became the subjects of sentimental television comedies. *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* had a long first life on the television screen, and subsequently became known to succeeding generations by the many years of reruns. The Nelsons of the 1950s, America's "complacent age," were the perfect picture of passive stability; every episode ended with restoration of familial happiness after a domestic upset of the most astonishing triviality. Nothing of the sort happens in Rabe's play.

The family's problem here is what to do with son David, who has returned home from the Vietnam War, blind. He has brought with him his Vietnamese lover, Zung, who is both an actual stage presence and a figment of David's disordered imagination. Tormented by his guilt and shame, David forces his family to reject him in the most violent of ways, in an orgy of killing that shatters the ideal, sentimental image of family and brings the reality of its racism and its degeneracy home. Ozzie, "suddenly raging," attacks David and says, "You have no right to do this." Next, Ricky, after "savagely smashing his guitar down upon David, who crumples," rebukes his older brother:

> Let Dad alone. Let him alone. He's sick of you. What the hell's a matter with you? He doesn't wanna talk anymore about all the stupid stuff you talk. He wants to talk about cake and cookies and cars and coffee. He's sick a you and he wants you to shut up. We hate you, goddamn you.

At the play's conclusion, Ozzie strangles Zung on the floor of the family home and carries her body upstairs. Then, together with his wife and second son, he returns to help David slash his own wrists and die.

The Lomans and the "Nelsons" both struggle mightily to see themselves clearly, free from deception and confusion in their haunted houses. But Rabe's play ends with a human sacrifice for no ideal at all; it is the final violent gesture of a family that, driven by fear and guilt, turns its abundant murderous energy upon itself. In *Sticks and Bones* we are witness to the death of the son, not the death of the father; and the tragic implications which flow from this action make Rabe's play a terrible commentary on the status and future of the American family.

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It is Sam Shepard who has written, in his family tetralogy of the 1970s and 80s, the final epitaph for the ideal American family. In his four plays: *Curse of the Starving Class* (1976), *Buried Child* (1979), *True West* (1981), and *Fool for Love* (1983), Shepard creates the violent denouement of domestic disaster. The cursed family of his 1976 play contains a mother, father, and two children. Their ramshackle California farmhouse, with

Richard Burton as George and Elizabeth Taylor as Martha in Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? *in the Warner Bros. 1966 production. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.*

Scene from Sticks and Bones *by David Rabe showing the family in the process of destruction. The University Theatre, Madison, 1982.*

a continually disputed ownership, is the scene of terrible violence, including the possible murder of the adolescent daughter, killed by a bomb put into the family car. Moments earlier, the father-husband Weston had run off, seeking freedom in escape from his debts and his collapsed dreams, behavior many believe is too common in the American man.

In what has become a "signature" occurrence in the later Shepard plays, the father and son exchange identities in *Curse of the Starving Class*; at play's end, son Wesley appears dressed in Weston's filthy clothing, his spirit crushed under the burden of the curse that comes when our blood relations pass along to us the heritage of spiritual starvation. In a terrifying image, Wesley is reborn and recast into an American family of inescapable, cyclical degeneration.

> *Wesley*: I started putting all his clothes on. His baseball cap, his tennis shoes, his overcoat. And every time I put one thing on it seemed a part of him was growing on me. I could feel him taking over me . . . I could feel myself retreating. I could feel him coming in and me going out. Just like the change of the guards. . . . How come I'm going backwards?

Shepard and Rabe write plays about the American family, showing it as the source of corruption, violence, and failure. Because their plays focus on men, the images of women they display are rarely full or generous.

In the 1980s and 90s, a number of women playwrights have addressed this problem by supplying stronger images while at the same time continuing to show how the best American playwrights find trouble and turbulence in the American family. Thus, Marsha Norman's two-character play *'Night Mother* (1982), describing the unstoppable suicide of a daughter despite her mother's attempt to intervene; Wendy Wasserstein's *The Heidi Chronicles* (1988), which concludes with the image of the noted art historian Heidi Holland beginning a one-parent family through adoption of an infant daughter; and Paula Vogel's *The Baltimore Waltz* (1991), a sad comedy about the death of her brother from AIDS, leaving Anna, the Paula character, alone (there are no parents in the picture) to face the future as a solitary but empowered woman. (In addition, it is clear that in the 1980s and 90s, new problems and structures are appearing in American drama that are related to the acknowledgment and acceptance of gay people as members of American, sometimes all-American, families.)

Thus in the last one hundred years of selected plays from American drama, we have moved from the issues of adultery through concerns with drug addiction, abandonment, suicide, homicidal violence, and a host of other destructive elements that seem to assert themselves as an inevitable part of the drama of the American family. In the decade of the 90s, what America confronts is a nation where women are often the heads of households, or where households have no heads at all. New configurations of families are being both imagined and *lived*. (The United Nations Conference on the Status of Women held in Beijing in September 1995 struggled mightily with the question of whether to accept the premise that the old word "family" needed to be expanded and redefined by a concern with "families.")

While it is certainly true that families have always been in distress and under stress (after all, the only extant Greek trilogy, Aeschylus's *The Oresteia*, tells the story of intergenerational family mayhem), America's obsession with both the idealized family and the attacks against it is surely the issue that inevitably strikes us as at the very center of its theatrical art. In fact the "standard" happy family of mother, father, two children (and perhaps a pet) may exist only as an illusion in sentimental, popular culture, but indisputably it is all the more imperishable for that.

This article is a version of a paper presented by the author last fall to a group of educators at a conference in Chile.

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Patterns Unlimited and Number Games

by Jeganathan Sriskandarajah

The literature of mathematics contains many opportunity for applying basic skills in arithmetic just for the sake of recreation. Challenging problems can be fun, and unexpected situations can arise. For example, what could numbers such as 1, 4, 153, 189, 495, 1089, and 6174 have in common? Let's find out.

1. Uniqueness of unit (Collatz conjecture).
Start with a natural number. If it's an odd number, triple the number and add 1. If it's an even number, take half of it. Continue the process and eventually you will reach 1.

odd even
e.g. 1. $7 \Rightarrow 3(7) + 1 = 22 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(22) = 11$
odd ⇓

odd even
$3(17) + 1 \Leftarrow 17 = \frac{1}{2}(34) \Leftarrow 34 = 3(11) + 1$
⇓ even

even even odd
$52 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(52) = 26 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(26) = 13 \Rightarrow 3(13) + 1$
even ⇓

even even
$5 = \frac{1}{2}(10) \Leftarrow 10 = \frac{1}{2}(20) \Leftarrow 20 = \frac{1}{2}(40) \Leftarrow 40$
⇓ odd

even even even
$3(5) + 1 = 16 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(16) = 8 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(8) = 4 \Rightarrow \frac{1}{2}(4)$
even ⇓
$1 = \frac{1}{2}(2) \Leftarrow 2$

2. Loop 4—mathematics & English united (ALPHAMETICS).
Take any word or name (this will work whether the word is correctly or incorrectly spelled!), count the number of letters in the word/name and spell it out. Continue this process, and eventually you will fall into loop 4.

e.g. Faith Brunton Miracle

nineteen
eight
five
four

3. Unique unit and loop 4 revisited.
Begin with any positive integer and determine the sum of squares of its digits. If you continue to iterate, you will end up in a 1 or 4.

e.g. 1

$15 \Rightarrow 1^2 + 5^2 = 26 \Rightarrow 2^2 + 6^2 = 40 \Rightarrow 4^2 + 0^2$
⇓
$58 = 3^2 + 7^2 \Leftarrow 37 = 1^2 + 6^2 \Leftarrow 16$
⇓
$5^2 + 8^2 = 89 \Rightarrow 8^2 + 9^2 = 145 \Rightarrow 1^2 + 4^2 + 5^2$
⇓
$4 = 2^2 + 0^2 \Leftarrow 20 = 4^2 + 2^2 \Leftarrow 42$

e.g. 2

$13 \Rightarrow 1^2 + 3^2 = 10 \Rightarrow 1^2 + 0^2 = 1$

4. 153 is a strange number.

Start with any multiple of 3 and find the sum of the cubes of the digits. Continue to do so until you hit 153.

e.g. 27

$2^3 + 7^3 = 351$
$3^3 + 5^3 + 1^3 = 153$

Also notice $1^3 + 5^3 + 3^3 = 153$. There are only three other three-digit numbers that have this property.

$3^3 + 7^3 + 0^3 = 370$
$3^3 + 7^3 + 1^3 = 371$
and $4^3 + 0^3 + 7^3 = 407$ (Armstrong numbers of order 3)

5. Is 495 different or indifferent?
Think of any three-digit number whose all three digits are not the same. Now rearrange the digits of the original number to form the largest and the smallest three-digit numbers. Then find their difference. Continue this iteration until you arrive at 495.

e.g. Suppose your three-digit number is 123.

Iteration: largest number formed = 321
smallest number formed = 123
difference = 198

Iteration 2: 981 – 189 = 792
Iteration 3: 972 – 279 = 693
Iteration 4: 963 – 369 = 594
Iteration 5: 954 – 459 = 495

6. Beginning and ending the same.
Consider a three-digit number. Now concantenate once to form a six-digit number. Then divide this number by three consecutive prime numbers 7, 11, and 13 (in any order). The result is your original three-digit number.

e.g. 495

concatenate: 495495
divide by 7: 70785
divide by 11: 6435
divide by 13: 495

7. What's special about 1089?
Try any non-symmetric three-digit number (i.e., first and last digits not the same). Reverse this number and find the difference. Express your result as a three-digit number (you may have to use zero as first digit). Now reverse your result and add to the previous result. You will notice it is 1089.

e.g. 322

reverse: 223
difference: 099
reverse: 990
sum: 1089

You may notice this is the only four-digit number which, when multiplied by 9, will yield the original number in reverse order.

i.e. 1089 x 9 = 9801

8. 1089 revisited.
Choose a non-zero single digit, multiply this number by 1089, and then divide by 1089. The resulting number is always the tenth complement of your original single digit.

e.g. 7 x 1089 = 7623

Reverse: 3267 ÷ 1089 = 3, which is the tenth complement of our original number 7.

9. Mathematical significance of 1776!
1776 is not only a significant year in the history of the United States but also in recreational mathematics.

Take any non-zero single digit and concatenate twice to form a three-digit number. Then multiply this number by 16 and divide by our original single digit. The answer is always 1776.

e.g. 555 x 16 = 8880

8880 ÷ 5 = 1776

10. What a difference 6174 could make.
Consider any four-digit number (not all digits the same). Rearrange the digits so as to make the largest and the smallest four-digit number possible from the original number. Now find the difference between the largest and the smallest. Continue this process and you will notice in at most seven iterations you will face 6174.

e.g. Say 3752

Iteration 1. largest number formed = 7532
smallest number formed = 2357
difference = 5175
Iteration 2. 7551 – 1557 = 5994
Iteration 3. 9954 – 4599 = 5355
Iteration 4. 5553 – 3555 = 1998
Iteration 5. 9981 – 1899 = 8082
Iteration 6. 8820 – 0288 = 8532
Iteration 7. 8532 – 2348 = 6174

This feature is based on the author's presentation at the Wisconsin Academy's 124th Annual Conference held on April 23, 1994, at Carroll College, Waukesha. Special thanks to Dr. Michael W. Ecker for permission to include some of his numbers.

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On Wisconsin's Winter (Sometimes Called Spring) or Why I Decided Not to Move to California!

by Denis Collins

In December 1989, I accepted a fantastic job offer to integrate business ethics throughout the University of Wisconsin–Madison's School of Business and to teach every MBA student in its prestigious program. It all sounded wonderful, except for the location. As a boy growing up in a working-class New Jersey town, Chicago was a place you saw on TV news every January when a blizzard hit, with temperatures below minus fifty degrees. Why would anyone want to live under those conditions?

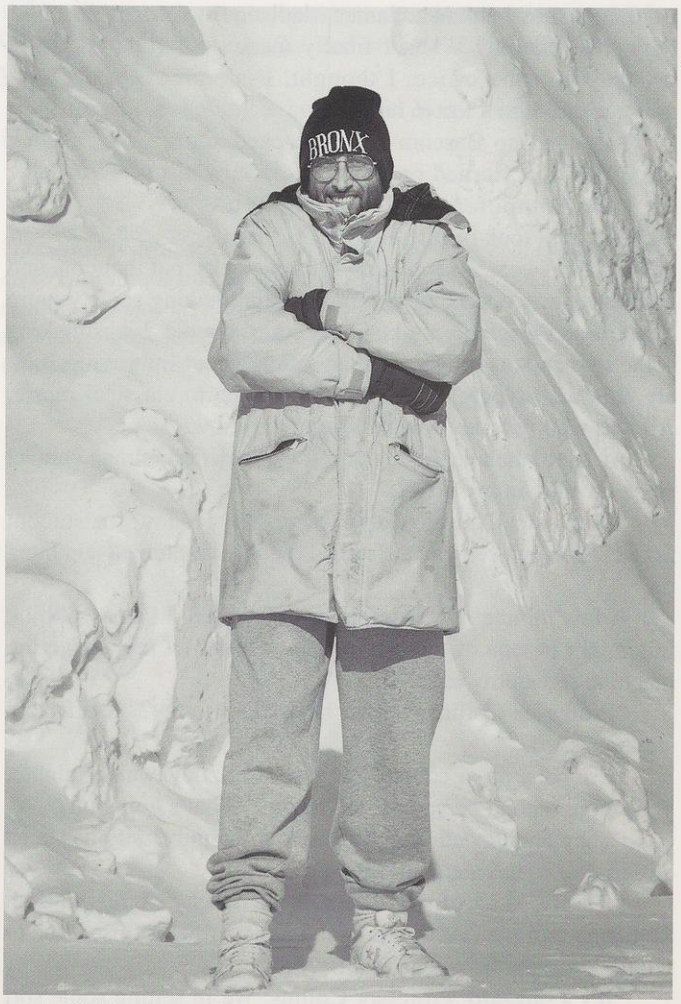
Madison, Wisconsin, meanwhile, was located northwest of Chicago! That north directional scared me. Why would I want to move to Canada?

During my adult life I've lived in Hawaii and California. They have constant sunshine and warmth. Sun is freedom. Fewer clothes, greater exposure to the surrounding environment. People who live in sunny climates seem to be very friendly, unlike many of the people I knew growing up in the New York City metropolitan area. Cold weather is like prison, as it limits freedom. You have to protect your body from the natural environment. Barriers are created. People are in too much of a hurry to stop and chat, because they are trying to escape the cold. There aren't as many people walking the streets during the winter months. On a cold day I just can't step outside, sit on my lawn, and enjoy what the world around me has to offer.

But I accepted the job anyway. There were too many great things about Madison and Wisconsin. The university, top-rated departments, a progressive political tradition, hills, lakes, and so much more. Indeed, as the newspapers and magazines were reporting, it seemed like one of the most livable cities in the country—particularly if you had kids and loved having fun. There were great parks, safe neighborhoods, intellectual bravado, sports, and entertainment. There was just this little downside: a long, bitter winter.

I was told that there was a fall semester and a spring semester at the university. As a business ethicist, I became slightly upset with this false advertising. That first semester it was quite cold by October, so three of the four months could be classified as winter. The spring semester was even more unsettling. Spring? How could I put the words "Spring Term" on my syllabus when students came to class wrapped up like Eskimos during January, February, and March?

I loved walking to school. We had never owned a house, so my wife, six-week-old son, and I settled for very small living quarters at the Lincoln School apartments. On a lake no less. When we lived in Pittsburgh, our apartment overlooked an alley



Greg Anderson.

Denis Collins having fun in the snow.

garage where some guy collected and stored broken bottles. Our new rooms in Madison were small, but what a view of the lake! Stunning sunsets every evening, even during the winter! I would stand up and stare at the majesty of nature's colors. What a show!

❦

My first true dose of winter happiness occurred during December 1990. One Monday morning I got dressed in my new down coat and Sorel boots and at 8:30 headed for school. To my surprise, there were about ten-to-twelve inches of snow on the ground. Hardly any cars were on the road, and it was very windy. What cars and buses there were, were stuck. I muttered to myself that I was going to tease Jack, the faculty member who was primarily responsible for recruiting me here. He told me, an ethicist, that winters in Wisconsin were nothing to worry about, because the city knew how to manage the problem well. But then why were those city buses stuck in a snowbank near James Madison Park, I wondered? When I finally made my way into the office, I thought, I'm going to call him a liar to his face!

I trudged up Bascom Hill, unlocked my office door, turned on the lights, and then the computer. As the computer warmed up, I took off my coat, boots, hat, gloves, and sweater. I found my Birkenstocks, put them on, and got ready for a good day of writing about making society more humane and teaching my business ethics course. I was making some tremendous progress on an article about improving society, thinking, typing, editing, and listening to classical music. All was well with my world, despite the snow.

At 10:00 the telephone rang. It was my first human contact since arriving in my office.

"Professor Collins, do we have class today?" a student asked. "You bet, see you at 1:00," I quickly responded and hung up.

A few minutes later the phone rang again. I began to think this might be one of those mornings when I let my answering machine screen my calls.

"Professor Collins, do we have class today?" a different student asked.

"I'm here, so of course. See you at . . . hey, wait a minute, you're the second person to ask me this. What's going on?"

"They announced on the radio that the university has been closed. We're having a blizzard."

"Really, they closed the school down?" I responded. Someone told me that this school had never been closed due to winter weather. "How can that be?"

"It's a blizzard, Professor Collins. We're setting some sort of record for the most amount of snow in a day or something."

"No kidding. Well, if school is closed I guess we don't have class today. See you on Wednesday." I walked over to Commerce and sure enough, there was a note on the door stating that the university was closed today.

I got back to my office and called my wife to tell her about the situation. We were relieved that the snowfall was out of the ordinary. It was a great day for writing. Hardly anyone was around. No disturbances. Just me, my computer, and classical music. I played with images of Dostoevski, Tolstoy, and Solzhenitsyn writing away during those harsh Russian winters. If they could do it, so could I. In my biography, this chapter would be called My Winter Years. Plus, unlike those Russian writers, I could have more fun because I was living in a democratic society.

I played with images of Dostoevski, Tolstoy, and Solzhenitsyn writing away during those harsh Russian winters. If they could do it, so could I.

At 5:00 p.m. I turned off the radio, computer, lights, and headed home. The sunset over James Madison Park was beautiful.

❦

The next few winters I merely aimed to survive the cold. I stopped watching the weather channel every morning. I just had to accept the fact that it would be cold for many months. Did it really matter if the temperature was ten degrees above or below zero? We moved into a house on the near-west side, within walking distance of my office, and for the first time we experienced winter as part of a neighborhood community, rather than as just isolated individuals. I bought a warmer coat and bigger boots so that I could comfortably walk to my office along the railroad tracks, away from the traffic. We went sledding a few times with the kids, and did some cross-country skiing with rented skis.

Since I assumed that I would obtain tenure here, and then move to Berkeley, Stanford, Santa Clara University, or San Francisco State University, it seemed the best winter strategy was to turn my office into a tropical climate. So, with some guilt on behalf of the taxpayers of Wisconsin, I turned my thermostat up to 75 degrees. It was great. My own paradise within Bascom and then Grainger Hall.

But winter still wasn't easy. I was setting world-record times running from my front door to my car door, and then from the car to whatever indoor activity we were heading for. Every weekend I took the kids downtown, and we ran from the parking garage to a series of wonderful, indoor activities: downtown toy store, the "Kids at the Crossroads" performances at the Civic Center, the public library, the Children's Museum, Rozino's for pizza, the donut shop across the street, and, the grand finale, the chocolate milk store (it's really a convenience store on the corner of Johnson and State streets, but the only product that really mattered to my kids was those small cartons of chocolate milk!). I was watching more football on television

than I ever wanted to in my entire life. I tried again to watch basketball on television, but it didn't grasp my interest.

❦

Finally, after five years of Wisconsin winters, a few major changes occurred. In July of 1995, I was told I had an advanced case of Hodgkin's disease. It was pretty bad. Turned out that all those stomach problems and leg cramps I had been ignoring or denying for the past two years, and which the doctors kept attributing to the chronic active hepatitis B virus first detected when my offer to donate blood was refused by the Red Cross over twenty years ago, was cancer.

I told my wife that the one thing I wanted after surviving the cancer battle was to move to California. Anyplace there, from San Francisco to San Diego, as long as it was tropical and had social problems for me to work on. I had lived in Hawaii for two years as a missionary, but Hawaii got to be too small. Very hesitantly, my wife said that this request was the one thing she couldn't promise me; she loved Wisconsin and our Madison neighborhood!

With the chemotherapy my body became even more sensitive to cold weather. So my wife bought me wool socks. They were wonderful. She also bought me my first pair of flannel-lined jeans. I got new insulated boots. For Christmas we bought each other cross-country skis, and we used them right away. We went ice skating at Vilas Park. Now the kids, ages two and five, are old enough to enjoy some very basic forms of sledding, ice skating, skiing, and even some make-believe hockey. One day when the snow melted early, I missed it. I wanted the air to be brisk and fresh. It felt nice to walk in cold weather. I am so happy to be alive, to see joggers and friendly people.

Then the day prior to my fortieth birthday, the doctors informed me that the chemotherapy was not eradicating as much of the cancer as they had hoped for and anticipated. We increased the dosage. There are all sorts of drugs going through my body, and it actually feels good. I'm living on borrowed time. If it weren't for the skill of the doctors and the miracles of modern medicine I'd be dead by now. These doctors want to keep me alive. Bless them. If the new chemotherapy treatment doesn't work during the next few months, then beginning June 1 they will try even more toxic drugs, followed by a bone marrow transplant using bone marrow from my own body. I hope to be in a sound sleep when they do this. There goes my summer off from teaching, but beginning September 1, I hope to be back to normal, the cancer gone.

In the meantime, every day is a blessing—particularly the cold ones. They are so fresh and have such great potential for expressing love and kindness. I want to live in this winter weather forever. My already good Madison friendships have deepened, and some new friendships have miraculously evolved. The neighborhood has rallied in the best sense of the word *community*. In addition, it takes me less time to get to my office, as my walking pace is a little quicker and focused during the most frigid days. That means three more minutes of writing time, talking with people, and trying to solve community problems! So many more books and articles to write, students to teach, people to serve.

I think I'm having a good time. Some people think I'm manic.

On Wisconsin winters.

This essay is dedicated to the employees in the oncology/hematology department at Meriter Hospital in Madison. In particular, I want to mention Thomas McFarland, M.D., Peter Beatty, M.D., the nursing staff on the sixth floor of the east tower, and the hospital support staff. I also dedicate it, of course, to my loving wife.

Caring about the Land: The Art of Tom Uttech

Tom Uttech has taken a cue from the photographer Ansel Adams, who brought forth magesty and fantasy from the reality of the photograph. This galvanized support for preservation of the country. As a painter, Uttech reaches for these larger political and ecological ambitions obliquely, in the best way that artists can perform this task. He makes his paintings so visually intriguing that the viewer becomes curious about a content beyond *art*. It is Uttech's hope that once one becomes acquainted with this landscape, one will care about it. And, once one comes to care about it, one will act to save it.

Tom Garver

Tree of Knowledge. *Oil on canvas.*

Darky Lake Portage. *Oil on Linen.*

Above: Mojag mino dodadiwog. *Oil on linen.*
Left: Makosh agamkitchigamig. *Oil on linen.*

Chores

by Ellen Hunnicutt

In her morning mail, Della discovered a letter addressed to her dead husband. There was no return. It lay between her electric bill and a flyer from the grocery store. Edward had been gone for two years, he would have been forty-four. A boy sped by on a bicycle, reminding her it was Saturday. On a weekday the letter would have lain in the box all day until she came home from work. Hers was a rural type mailbox. The road had rural delivery because there were no sidewalks. The inside of the box looked dark and warm.

At the beginning, mail had come for Edward almost daily. She began to think a thought, something indisputable and consoling, then lost it and found herself thinking, "exposed," holding to the hollow sound of the word until it melded into "frail." The envelope was ordinary except for one of those black smudges from the post office sorting machine. She pictured a line of small rubber wheels rolling across miles and miles of envelopes, then one of the wheels catching and failing, sending out a whisper of complaint lost in a clanging of machine noise, leaving the smudge.

She looked away to steady herself and found she was staring past the cedar garden table that stayed out all winter, past the willow that would soon need pruning, at the flower bed beside the front steps. Then she thought, "The tulips are up," as if she were telling this to someone. Up more than two inches, thin tough spears in that soft green infused with yellow that came before the blue tones shaded into leaves. She should have spaded around the tulips as Edward always had, but she'd been fascinated by the tracery of cracks they made breaking through the cold gray soil, like a road map for a complicated journey.

As she turned back to close the mailbox, she saw the design she'd painted on it—a bluebird and a scarlet tanager held in a branch of leaves—was flaking away. Della got her flair with a paint brush from her father who'd had a creative side to him. The tanager had started out to be a cardinal, but then she'd seen how nicely the contrasting black of the tanager's wing would go beside the black wingtips of the bluebird. Once Della's father had put a block of wood into his lathe to make a post for the front gate, and it had turned into a table lamp. Della's mother said to him, "Why can't you ever go in a straight line?" But her mother liked the lamp and found a pretty shade for it. Now the tanager's wing was fading out to a sketchy brown.

Edward could always set a tone and open up conversation, be familiar without stepping across any boundaries.

She carried the mail to the kitchen and switched on the pulldown lamp that cast a circle of light on the table. For a moment, it seemed to her she should call someone and report the letter's arrival. But who? The police officer who had stopped traffic so the ambulance could carry Edward off after his sudden collapse? The attorney who guided her through the mountain of paperwork that had to be dealt with following a death? Pastor Epley who had counseled her in his study for almost two hours before pronouncing her strong and very courageous? Pastor Epley had needed to look out his window often as they talked, because the church parking lot was being resurfaced just then, and he was overseeing the job. He had put up a clever sign reading, "Thou shalt not park here during construction." But of course the letter didn't need to be reported to anyone.

She opened it and found an advertisement from the shop where they'd had the sofa recovered. Was it six years ago? It was really a form letter. "We are offering our preferred customers a special opportunity . . ." Della wondered what "we" meant. There had been only the one person, the little man from Czechoslovakia. "You must be from Germany," Edward said in response to the man's accent. Edward could always set a tone and open up conversation, be familiar without stepping across

any boundaries. "Prague," the man replied. He hadn't been offended. They could tell he was a man who seldom expressed emotion but he'd seemed pleased to be able to say, "Prague." He was dark with bright eyes that looked out piercingly, and very straight shoulders. He wore a crisp gray work coat that came almost to his knees, not the sort usually seen in shops. Della thought it was probably a European style. Anyone could see he was an old-world craftsman. Even when he knelt to unroll bolts of fabric, his shoulders stayed very straight.

She laid the letter in the warm circle of light on the table and telephoned her sister who lived across town.

Her nephew answered. "Hi Aunt Della, how's Sarah?"

"She's fine." Della's only child was at college in another city.

Her nephew went out to the garden to find his mother.

"We hope," the letter continued, "you will stop in soon and see our new selection of fabrics." Della thought the "we" was probably a convention, that the little man still worked alone, but of course it was possible his business had grown and he'd had to hire help. She didn't think he was the sort to trust the work to anyone else. He'd been like a doctor, surveying their sofa as if it were a person in its own right. The sofa needed this, it needed that. What the sofa needed ought to take preference over their own wishes, he seemed to be saying. Parts of it they'd never seen needed to be strapped, bolted, built up. It was going to be a new piece of furniture, better than new. Now he was prepared to do it all over again.

"Della? Are you all right?"

"Good morning, Kay. Yes, fine." She had interrupted her sister. Kay's voice was a tone or two above ordinary conversation. Della could imagine garden soil still clinging to Kay's hands after she'd brushed them off to hurry in to the phone. Over recent weeks, Kay's response to her had been changing. Almost imperceptibly the thrill of fear and alarm in Kay's voice when she spoke to Della had edged toward impatience, even though the two had always been close. Della understood, it was bound to happen. Widowhood did not make you important forever. "I won't keep you," Della apologized. "I jut thought I'd tell you my tulips are up." Kay's own gardening had brought the tulips back to mind. "Edward always spaded around them and I haven't yet, but they're fine."

"Tulips are hardy." Kay was honestly busy, with both of her children still at home and a job as well.

"There's a letter for Edward in the mail this morning." Della was picturing the man in his work coat sitting at a desk, going over each letter that went out with the same care he gave to his work on the sofa, recalling each customer personally, recalling Edward healthy and robust.

For a moment she'd imagined she was hearing her mother talking to her father, telling him to stop his puttering and get on with his Saturday chores.

"You have to expect that," said Kay. Then she said, "I'm sorry, Della." They really were close.

"It's just an advertisement. Wouldn't you think people would update their mailing lists? It's the place that re-covered our sofa, rebuilt it really."

"Your sofa?" Della could hear water running in the kitchen, dishes being stacked. Kay was like their mother, never idle. "Your gray sofa with the green fleck?"

"Yes." Della only had one sofa. The letter was signed Pavel, and then one of those Eastern European surnames so hard to pronounce, without enough vowels. "This man did an excellent job. When he charged so much, we wondered, but the sofa turned out to be better than new." Della questioned whether it was a real signature on the letter or a mark made by a printer. She moistened her forefinger and touched it to the P in Pavel, then rubbed gently. Actual ink in an actual signature would smear, wouldn't it? But the result was inconclusive, and she really didn't want to rub a blot on the paper.

"How long ago?" asked Kay.

"Six years."

"People don't re-cover sofas very often," Kay said, and paused. Della could tell from her voice that she was getting to the heart of the matter. The water had been turned off, the clinking of the dishes had stopped. Kay would be looking straight ahead, the muscles working a bit at the corners of her mouth, their mother all over again.

Della was wondering about the man's odd shop coat. He probably had one for every day so he could always look fresh, although anyone could see he was the sort who worked carefully and never got dirty. Did he order the coats from Europe? He might have a wife who sewed them for him. She might even come into the shop and sew on the same machine he used for his upholstery fabric. Della supposed he might even sew the coats himself.

"If there's a turnover," her sister began, "I mean if it's a goods or service people use often, mailing lists would be updated more often."

"Oh?" Della really did understand but she knew her sister would need to carry the idea through to its conclusion. She heard the water come on again. Now Kay would be washing out the kitchen sink and watering the line of African violets above it on the window ledge.

"Take restaurants." A surge of confidence had come into Kay's voice. "Restaurants come and go, and tastes change. But furniture—large pieces, large investments—a customer might come back after years. It would be logical to keep a mailing list longer and send out ads much less frequently. Oh Della, poor Della, I'm sorry. It really could go on and on."

"On and on," Della echoed.

"Would you like me to phone them for you? Change the listing to your name? Or just take it off. You probably won't want that sofa re-covered again."

"No, no." Della thought of herself as a good widow, not a troublesome one. The trick was not to ask too many favors and not to ask too often.

"I really think it ought to be in writing anyway," said her sister. "Phone messages can get lost. Just write a brief note on the bottom of the letter and return it to them. Are you sure you wouldn't like me to take care of it?"

"Certainly not!" Della hadn't meant to sound so sharp but for a moment she'd imagined she was hearing her mother talking to her father, telling him to stop his puttering and get on with his Saturday chores. "You think because I haven't spaded around the tulips that I'm letting everything slide." Then Della laughed a bit to soften the tone.

"Was I getting touchy, dear? I'm sorry."

"Of course not. I interrupted you, that's all, and I'm not going to keep you any longer."

"But call any time," said her sister, and of course she really meant it.

Della hung up the phone and slipped the letter back into its envelope, then sat for a moment studying it. The man had not put on a return address because he did not want his letter tossed aside unread, dismissed as an advertisement. Somehow, this was exactly what she'd been thinking—trying to think—when she first saw it.

She carried the letter into her bedroom and put it in the basket on top of the bureau, with the booklet that was going to teach her to do needlepoint in geometric designs, with the recipe from Kay for hot-pot dinner in twenty minutes that she meant to get to soon, with the instructions for growing kitchen herbs in pots all year long.

In the garage, she found the box with her paints and brushes, and carried it down to the mailbox. She laid out the brushes on the garden table and began to sort through the little glass jars. She found black for the tanager's wing, red orange for its bright body. She was looking for white to highlight the eye when she came upon the iridescent blue, a perfect balance for the orange. It was the exact color of an indigo bunting. The bunting was a modest little bird, not as showy as the bluebird with its puffy, rosy bib. It would be easy to lose him in the leaves. In shadow he'd darken, fading out around the head. But in light—oh, in the light! Then she saw he'd need to be fluttering down onto the branch, blue struck with silver, a little fragment of sky falling to earth, caught for a moment in the sun.

The Amazing Jeremiah Curtin: Linguist and Ethnologist

edited by Faith B. Miracle

Jeremiah Curtin (1835–1906), distinguished linguist and ethnologist, is probably best known for his translation of Quo Vadis *from the Polish. He is reported to have learned approximately seventy languages or dialects, and he used his skills to interview elders of cultures all over the world, recording and publishing myths and folk tales as well as numerous translations. Little Brown was his main publisher. In 1938 after the death of his wife, Alma Cardell Curtin, his niece delivered the manuscript of his memoirs (as edited by his wife) to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, where it was published as Volume II of the society's Wisconsin Biography Series.*

My first glimmer of remembrance is of lying on a bed in a room which was only partly roofed—my father had moved into the house before it was finished—mother was talking to me. I looked up over my head and saw stars for the first time to remember them. I was between two and a half and three years of age. The house was in Greenfield, Wisconsin, on a farm. . . . When I was about six years old, we moved into a two-story house built of hewn logs. It was the best house in Greenfield [now the village of Greendale], except Cobb's tavern which was also built of hewn logs.

About this time the first school in the town of Greenfield was opened, a district school. . . . John Moore was our teacher. Mother had taught me the alphabet, I could read a little and spell a good many words. . . . I have but a dim recollection of the days spent in the "Moore schoolhouse." Probably one day was so much like another that it left no impression on my mind. I only recall watching a crowd of Norwegian emigrants who, on their way to Prairie du Chien, passed the schoolhouse; and the passing of wagons loaded with lead ore. Often on the way to and from school we saw deer, sometimes as many as twenty or twenty-five in a herd. The glimpse of a wolf was not infrequent, and we were always on guard against rattlesnakes.

At this time I was reading the bible, Bunyan's *Siege of Mansoul*, and all the books I could buy or borrow and was thinking of what I was going to do in life. My idea was that I must learn, learn everything, and young as I was I thought much about how I could accomplish most in the shortest time.

The summer after I was thirteen, my help was needed at home, I could not go to school. This was a great disappointment; I tried to study evenings, but I was always too tired. That summer I stacked all the hay. . . . I was not unhappy, for I loved out-of-door life, but I counted the days before winter would come and I could go back to my books.

. . .

I learned Russian through German, as there was no other way of learning it.

The winter of 1854–55 I attended the Milwaukee school. . . . I spent about two thirds of the winter studying arithmetic and algebra which was fortunate, for later on it enabled me to pass the examination in mathematics required for entering Carroll college. I also studied German and improved every opportunity of speaking the language with Germans. During that winter, though young [nineteen], I became acquainted with a number of the leading men in Milwaukee, all of whom remained firm friends of mine till death took them from the world. Among the number was Increase Lapham, the author of the *Natural History of Wisconsin*, a man to whom Milwaukee owes much. This was the last term of school I attended til I entered Carroll college.

Excerpts from the *Memoirs of Jeremiah Curtin*, with notes and introduction by Joseph Schafer. State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1940. 925 pages.

In January 1856 my father, after a week's illness, died of pneumonia. I was in despair, for I loved my father intensely . . . The loss of my father was my first great sorrow. To meet the world without him seemed impossible.

• • •

Though my days were occupied with things pertaining to the farm, evenings and nights were spent over books. I was depressed, struggling, trying to decide what I was to do in life. In boyhood the underlying principle in my mind, the general undefined wish, was to learn. I thought how fine it would be to travel, to see all countries, but what pleasure in traveling if I could not talk with the people of the countries I visited? The question then was to learn languages, and I counted up carefully how many there were that I ought to know. But I had a great love for animals, for life in the country. I loved trees and forests immensely, more than I could ever tell. . . . The two sides between which I must choose were on the one hand a useful and pleasant, but circumscribed life, a life mainly personal, devoted to things local; and on the other hand a life in which I might work for great results.

The struggle continued for months . . . "Shall I go to college, or shall I stay on the farm?" It was a clear, dark, moonless night. I lay there looking up into the heavens, and somehow, all at once, the decision came never to be questioned again: "I will find out all that it is possible for me to find out about the world and this vast universe of ours. I will have, not the second best, but the best of all knowledge there is." And from that wonderful night when I lay on the hay thinking of this world and that infinite world up there, I have been a seeker after knowledge.

Now began the struggle to go to Harvard college.

• • •

I turned to Waukesha for a few months' preparation. Carroll college stood high. . . . After I had been in college about three weeks, Dr. Savage told me I could begin Greek. I was astonished at the work involved in learning the almost endless forms of the Greek verb. . . . Being well up in mathematics, I could spend most of my time on Latin and Greek; I studied all day and nearly all night.

• • •

I had a remarkably fine Indian skull which had been found on the Cook farm. This, together with a letter from Increase Lapham, would be my introduction to Professor Agassiz [at Harvard].

What was to be, as it proved, my last night in the stone house, and also the last night of my home life, I sat up to read the concluding pages of Vergil. My sister Julia remained with me all night and made me tea and toast at four o'clock in the morning. I slept from four til seven. Then came the leave taking, parting with sisters whom I loved so dearly, for I was undertaking what was then a long journey. My mother and brother George went to Milwaukee with me.

• • •

The following week a new [Harvard] catalogue appeared, and among the names was Jeremiah Curtin, Greenfield, Wisconsin. I think that nothing ever made me quite as happy as did that blue catalogue with my name among the names of the students at Harvard. . . . and there was great rejoicing when one of them reached the stone house in Greenfield. I wrote to my mother: "I was admitted to Harvard university yesterday [October 1859, age twenty-four]. The examination was very strict; it lasted for two days. I had to appear before five professors. However, I surmounted every obstacle and was now a student of Harvard, the oldest and best college in the United States."

• • •

When the holiday vacation of 1869–61 was at hand, I wrote to my sister: "Three weeks from now the term will close and I shall then have a six weeks' vacation. A splendid time for reading and studying subjects not connected with the regular course. I shall read thousands of pages of German, Swedish, and French. I have all the libraries in Boston at my command. . . . I am sending you the Harvard magazine. The articles are all written by students. It may interest you to see it, as one of the articles is written by me."

• • •

During the vacation I wrote to my sister: "I study Italian with James Russell Lowell. He has invited a few of us to come to his house twice a week from 8:00 p.m. til 10:00. We have just finished Dante. I have never passed pleasanter hours; I have a good mastery of Italian. I now know nine languages and can speak and read them readily, as also Latin and Greek. . . . Swedish and Danish I speak and read fluently; Scandinavian

The young Jeremiah Curtin, drawn from an early photo.

literature is almost unknown in America though it embraces some of the finest literature of Europe. The richness of the Danish is astonishing.

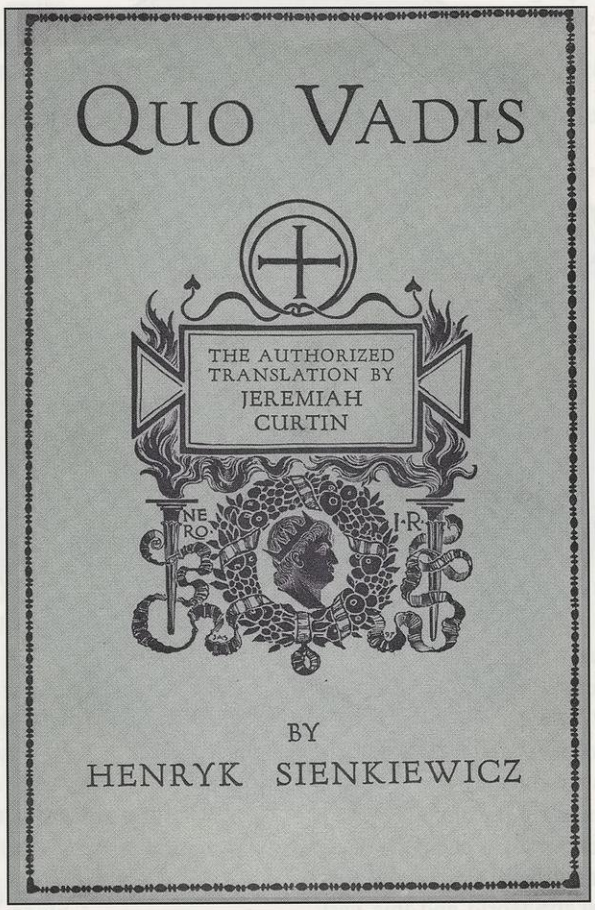
• • •

Longfellow was exceedingly kind to me during my college life, showing warm interest in my work and suggesting books which would be useful. He understood the Spanish and Italian side of the Latin world remarkably well. I passed a very happy vacation with my books, studying and reading almost constantly.

• • •

At the end of the first half of the third year, a German professor decided that he must enlist, that fame awaited him in the army [the Civil War]. . . . We had met often, always conversing in German—we were both disciples of Immanuel Kant. He now asked me to occupy his rooms and care for his treasures till I went [to war] or he returned. I remained in those rooms till I was graduated. That year I heard recitations in German and arithmetic, meanwhile keeping up with all my classes and half a dozen outside studies, such as Hebrew, Spanish, Sanskrit, Icelandic, etc., and during the year I read the new testament in Gaelic, occasionally finding a man from whom I could get the pronunciation.

During these three years changes had taken place at the stone house in Greenfield. Half of the farm had been exchanged for houses in Milwaukee, and the family had moved into the city.



• • •

During that summer vacation I worked out the Finnish language. I set before myself the task to read the Finnish new testament with no other aid than the English testament. I could have had a lexicon and a grammar but I took this way as a good exercise in handling a new language. It was also a school of reasoning, a process something like deciphering hieroglyphics. . . . When I had finished the testament, I was tired of study and the following day, taking the book with me, I went to call on James Russell Lowell. I thought that I would like to tell Lowell about it, for he was fond of good work and was a wonderfully sympathetic man. I had often gone to his house to read Spanish and Italian; I had also studied with him during vacations, as the journey to Wisconsin was in those days long and expensive, and I rarely went there. . . .

Lowell, without losing any of the strength which is a necessary element of good manners, showed more gentleness than Longfellow, who was at times slightly austere. In dealing with men, if it were necessary, Lowell could be as austere as Longfellow, but in Longfellow austerity was sometimes to be seen when it was unnecessary.

It was a beautiful afternoon; the sunlight was illuminating certain objects in the library. Lowell was very handsome as he sat there surrounded by his books, the sunlight on his bronze beard.

• • •

A few days after graduation, I went to New York to begin the study of law. James Russell Lowell gave me letters to George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and to others. . . . I said to myself, "The first practical thing I can do is to call on Dr. Bellows." He was the paster of a great Unitarian church . . . when I told him that I was not only going to read law but get some occupation by which I could meet expenses, he said: "I am president of the sanitary commission. There is a place vacant just now . . ." I said at once that I would accept the position and the next day I began working for the commission.

• • •

That fall, though I was studying law and knew well the value of it, I could not give myself to it entirely; with law I was studying languages. I had decided to take up Russian . . . I learned Russian through German, as there was no other way of learning it. . . .

I still worked for the sanitary commission, gave lessons in German, and read law. Sundays I went to the French Catholic church, where the services were in French. In the afternoon I went to the Protestant French church and in the evening to a German church. I did this regularly all winter and summer, partly from habit and partly to train my ear. At my boarding place I spoke Spanish, a language of never ending delight for me.

• • •

I now, influenced by the Russians whom I had met, opened a correspondence with Washington regarding the secretaryship in St. Petersburg. James Russell Lowell wrote to Seward about me. . . . I went to Washington and made an application for the office.

. . . In the fall of 1864 . . . President Lincoln appointed me secretary of legation to St. Petersburg with the salary of $1,800. . . . I had no opportunity to visit Milwaukee, for I sailed almost immediately after receiving my appointment.

For four years Curtin worked as secretary of legation directly under the minister to Russia, Cassius Clay. In 1868 he returned to America.

From Washington I went to Milwaukee. I had not been home since 1862, and during those six years many changes had taken place in my immediate family. My sister Julia, the sister who had sat by me all of the night previous to my starting for Harvard, my sister Mary, and my brother George were no longer living. It was a sad homecoming. The week following my arrival I was given a reception by the chamber of commerce. E.D. Holton introduced me and read a fine address of welcome in behalf of the business public of Milwaukee.

John Plankinton made a short speech which I answered. The chamber was packed with people. . . . Nothing could I have prized more highly than the kindly greeting which I met there that day, given by men who were friends of my father; men whom I had known and respected from my boyhood; men who by their worth, ability and energy made Milwaukee one of the most prosperous cities, and certainly the most beautiful city in the Northwest.

During the 1880s and early 1890s, Curtin was associated with the Bureau of American Ethnology at the Smithsonian Institution, where he worked with John Wesley Powell. In 1883 he began to make a systematic study of American Indian languages. According to Joseph Schafer, Curtin had "a vision of and striving for a science of mythology. . . . He felt that the best approach to the original thought range of any people was through the oldest of their folk tales." In Curtin's own words,

Mythology and philology taken together form a science bearing the same relation to the history of the human mind that geology does to the history of the earth. As in the different strata of the globe beneath our feet we find the most wonderful archives stored away, not records merely of the past, but the past itself chilled into stone, so in mythology, folklore, and languages of nations we find stereotype impresses of the mental condition of these nations at successive periods of their existence, beginning in times centuries beyond the first written history.

In mythology and folklore we find documentary history of the human mind. . . . A man must live long in a foreign country, learn its language, mingle with its inhabitants, and know their aspirations, their hopes and their fears before he is competent to estimate the genius of the country and the wisdom of its great men. . . .

I enjoy translating Russian. I am fond of Slav literature. I find in it a strain of melancholy and of self-examination which pleases me. I like the intricate working out of the motives which cause the characters to act as they do in the drama of life.

While in Washington Curtin boarded at the Strathmore Arms, where Wisconsin representatives La Follette and Caswell also lived. He found La Follette to be "an untiring worker, a man who did not act upon impulse but weighed well the chances for and against." During this time he translated Taras Bulba *from the Russian and in 1896 completed the translation of* Quo Vadis *from the Polish. It sold more than a million copies.*

Curtin spent much of his life traveling in Europe, Asia, South America, and beyond. A sampling of chapter titles from the table of contents for his memoirs reveals the breadth of his journeys: "In the Indian Territory," "A Tour of Italy (1894)," "The Guatemala Adventure Begun (1896)," "Egypt and the Nile (1899)", "An Interview with Tolstoi," "Siberia, Japan, and China." His wife, Alma Cardell Curtin, shared his adventures and served as his secretary, "working from 10 to 13 hours daily," copying his translations and recording his dictated notes. The Curtins never owned a home. Jeremiah died on December 14, 1906, in Bristol, Vermont, at the home of Alma Curtin's sister. Today the house built by his parents in 1840 still stands at 8685 W. Grange Avenue in Greendale, just southwest of Milwaukee. It is owned by the Milwaukee County Historical Society and is on the National Register of Historic Places.

Jeremiah Curtin and Henryk Sienkiewicz, author of Quo Vadis. *Photo was taken in Warsaw, Poland, circa 1902, and presented to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin by Joseph Birkenmajor.*

Going To See the Cranes: October 1994

for Gretchen Schoff

A few conversations,
a question after class,
a book I pressed into your hand,
a note written in return—
this was a modest exchange.
I planned to attend another class when I had time,
to send another poem when I wrote one.

Now I face Nature's correction:
everything doesn't continue in the fall,
like semesters and habits and lessons.
Strange how an academic calendar can
train you to think otherwise,
when every other fool knows the contract we make
can't be changed—can only,
at best, be rearranged.

So, on the day others meet in your memory,
I go to see the cranes.
It's a good day for a drive.
The river I cross catches sun in its current;
small, white-bellied birds
rush out from under the bridge
over ruffled water below.
In the Baraboo Hills the trees burn
red and yellow and orange against an October sky.
When I find the turn I should take,
a row of trees turns the narrow road
into a golden lane, paved with golden leaves.

There aren't many cars in the lot—
it's Friday, and late in the season for tours.
The sun warms the air and one large bumblebee
taking its last, lazy taste of flight.
I walk slowly down the path.
A sign says the grassy field on my left
should reveal some African-crowned cranes,
but today they are not in sight.
Instead, I see a circular house beyond,
and then, as I arrive,
I see cranes moving in their pens.

They emerge from tall, dark doorways slowly,
like giant puppets,
stilts for legs, long necks stretched out,
feathers dripping from their sides,
their bright eyes seeing something I don't see—
an insect in the air, or food on the ground.
A Sandhill's cry begins.
A feather floats.
From behind a hill, carried on the wind,
comes the clatter of hidden cranes.
Soon more cranes in cages stir, and some reply;
I see their bristled crowns and downy throats rise;
they spread their enormous wings;
and then I hear them sing.
I only know they have stopped when
the hum of the last bee fills the air.
I have to remember to breathe.

"You send me such lovely things," you wrote.
I kept your note for months,
pleased that I had given you something back,
not that it made us close to even.
In fact, yesterday I thought I could never catch up.
But today, stopped in my tracks
in a circle of color and sound
I have perhaps found a way to thank you,
by going to see the red and gold and black-crowned cranes
who sing on an autumn day.

Sandy Stark

Sewing, Sowing

One winter I was a weaver
spinning sweet yarn
thrilling to the shiver
as I wove you with my arms,

a tailor at your shoulders
that square, samite span
taking their measure over and over
everything between my hands.

In spring we turned to tilling
drawing deep furrows
breathless at the unraveling
of each looping, loamy curl,

bootless farmers dancing
beneath the lighted bowl
whirling, stamping, tamping
smoothing sundered soil

stitching it with seed.

Michael E. Ryan

Paralyzed, he lies dreaming.

He sleeps in a face skimmed with sweat
hands flat as water, legs still and swaddled
breath like feet shuffling beyond a door.

In the dream he strides wide as time
quartering a field of sugared loam, kicking dust
over air-twisted corn. Cloud-stains
slink the fencerow, arresting mice.
He feels the presence of hawks.

He runs, wind coursing the curve
of each thigh. There is the smell of clover.
He bunches his legs to leap,
hears the wire in the staple,
smells the sweet pink pulp fizzing on steel.

Awake, only his eyes move. The dream has left him
vague, a dancer straining at music two floors below,
heart thudding like boots.

The nurse is fresh as clean sheets
arranging him crisply, with cool fingers,
circling the bed without bump or stumble.
I bet she can dance, he thinks.

Michael E. Ryan

Plumbline

Stranded seven miles out and land
a thin dark layer between two blues.

Lost, my brother swore at the open engine
while I threaded a rope through the eye

of a leaden plumb weight. What small music
waves made against the bow. Leaning

in, how carefully I lowered the line down
in slow armlengths from my chest.

Brent Goodman

Shack

Palms pressed flat
against glass, I squint
through my reflection
into the dark rooms,
all those ghosts
whirlpooling the rafters,
cast-iron spider
still warm on the woodstove
and smelling of bacon.
The screen door swings slowly open,
its handle worn smooth
and grey. Inside,
I don't know
how many shadows sleep
in the small fonts of teaspoons.

Brent Goodman

And So It Is

like looking through a cracked window
and seeing someone else enjoying
that which is yours and not
deserving of such happiness:

You try to call-out as one
crying in the wilderness; but, for all
of your straining,
there is silence in the green hills. Still,

she loves you—she says so with her eyes,
and then she tells you in a touch
that lingers long into the dark hours.

Frank Pealstrom

ECONOMISTS AT WISCONSIN 1892–1992, edited by Robert J. Lampman. Madison: University of Wisconsin System (Department of Economics). 362 pages, illustrated, $25.

by Sol Burstein

When the editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* asked me to review this book, she described it as "a kind of scrap book." It is indeed a scrap book treasure of notes, memoirs, critiques, and comments of those who made the 100-year history of economics at the University of Wisconsin. It is also a faithful narrative written by an articulate scholar.

The compiler of this book documents the chronology of a century through the deeds and often the very words of the people who came to Madison and those who were academically created there, all of whom developed and practiced their economic thought, and most of whom ultimately left for bigger and better things. The misdeeds of some of these leading economists and administrators are illuminated along with their brilliance and innovation. Many intimate and personal essays and candid recollections are included, which sometimes seek to explain the diarist's role in the meteoric rise and far-flung influence of economists at Madison and just as often to fix the blame on the others responsible for its later mediocrity and near demise.

From a physical standpoint, this is a coffee table-size volume that I found uncomfortable to hold for reading or placing on my standard book shelf. Its 362 pages would have grown to about 550 in more standard form. I don't know which would have been more awkward. The format and design of the text, however, does make it easy to read and to connect the historical sequences. There are instructions for those chapters of tabulations and statistics that may be skipped, if the reader wishes, in pursuit of the narrative.

Descriptions of the times before 1892 in the initial two brief chapters set the background for the story of the Department of Economics which really begins that year with the arrival of Richard T. Ely from Johns Hopkins University. The historic century is then appropriately described in four unequal periods, the initial forty-one years of establishment, growth, and influence; twenty-four years of resistance and decline; eleven years of attempt to rebuild and expand; and the last twenty-four years of withdrawal and reflection.

To say that the founder of the Department of Economics at Wisconsin was a controversial figure is an understatement. Lampman treats Ely's rivalries, antagonisms, and agitations with professional integrity, relying on the actual words of Ely's critics and on Ely's responses. As Lampman says, this is not a book about economic thought, but the effect of these personality clashes on the directions of economic thought at Wisconsin is not lost.

Lampman records the dividing of Ely's creation in 1903 into separate departments of history, political science, and political economy in kindly fashion and as a consequence of the troubled personal relationships of the principal players. These basic changes came during Robert La Follette's terms as governor and the Progressive Party administrations in Wisconsin, which lasted from 1900 to 1914.

Out of this came the prominence of the Wisconsin Idea, propelled for the most part by Ely's ultimate successor, John Commons, who came to Madison in 1904. It was Commons who drafted legislation for a civil service law, for utility regulation, and for workmen's compensation at the time when the influence of the economists at Wisconsin on the state's social agenda was highest. It did not hurt that the president of the university and the governor of the state had been classmates and remained staunch friends.

Nearly every state claims to have an effective academic-political connection like the Wisconsin Idea. The fledgling University of Wisconsin economics, political science, and history departments luckily found Wisconsin state government an early, proximate, and cooperative laboratory for research and experiments. Out of the economics school and its several reorganizations came parts or all of the University of Wisconsin's political science, history, commerce, business, agriculture, labor, worker, and poverty/welfare programs to do, as Ely originally envisioned, "for civil life what West Point did for military life."

Economists from Wisconsin were not confined to the state but had substantial involvement with federal tariff and trade protocols, national labor and tax policy, public works like the Tennessee Valley Authority, and manifold New Deal and Great Society programs.

Walter Morton, who taught finance courses in the Department of Economics from 1926 to 1969, was described by associates as "maverick," "irascible," "unpredictable," "volatile," and "pugnacious." In some ways he is described as Ely was sixty years earlier. Morton's harshness is said to have had much to do with the hard times of resistance and decline that the department experienced during his tenure.

There were many other personalities in the Department of Economics at Wisconsin. Their impacts on the philosophy and on the influence of the department are worthy stories of their own that are introduced in this volume. The reader is persuaded to seek more.

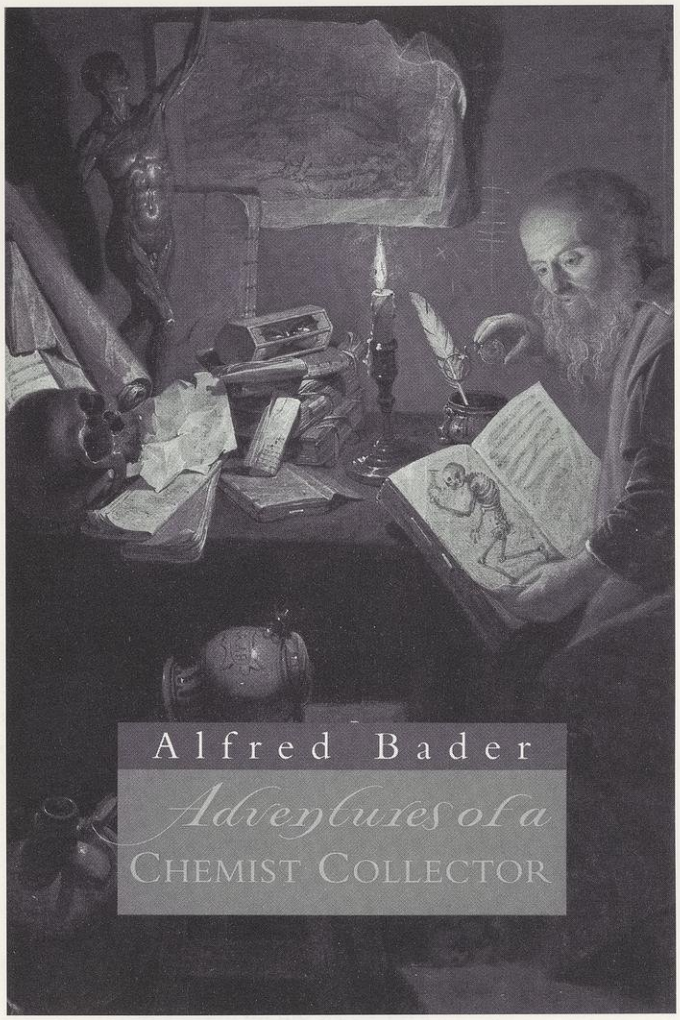
Economists at Wisconsin is very much worthy of a place in your book collection.

Sol Burstein, Milwaukee, is a fellow of the Academy and a retired public utility executive.

ADVENTURES OF A CHEMIST COLLECTOR by Alfred Bader. London, England: George Weidenfeld & Nicolson Limited (Orion House), 1995. 288 pages, illustrated, $25.00. Available through Harry Schwartz's book stores in Milwaukee and Trefalger Square Publishing, North Pomfret, VT 05053. ISBN 0–297–83461–4

by Faith B. Miracle

We all know that behind every remarkable person there lies a remarkable story, and the case of Alfred Bader is no exception. *Adventures of a Chemist Collector* is a conversational memoir



in which the author (who was elected a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy in 1986) tells his story in a straightforward way with emotional honesty. It has not been a simple life; he is not an easy man.

Bader begins at the beginning with his childhood in a cultured Jewish home in Vienna. His interest in art came early: As a small child he chose to spend his money on drawings rather than ice cream cones—he found he could, for example, buy one Czech drawing for the price of ten cones. By the time he was fourteen, the threat of World War II had made him a refugee, first in England and later in Canada. The old Vienna life was gone forever.

In England he was considered an enemy alien, and in Canada he was interned in a prisoner-of-war camp. But the Canadian experience proved to set his life course as a scientist when educators at Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, encouraged him to pursue studies in chemistry. His road to success as founder of what was to become the world's major supplier of research chemicals, his renown as an art collector and dealer (specializing in seventeenth-century masterpieces), and his subsequent parting of the way with the chemical company which he headed are charted in subsequent chapters. Throughout the book, Bader reminds readers of the ABCs that helped shape his life: Art, the Bible, and Chemistry.

Business buffs can follow the complicated threads of chemical company mergers; disputes settled in and out of courts; disagreements over stock options; battles over licenses, patents, and royalties; run-ins with customs officials; and the heartbreak of post-merger politics and dismissal, the latter described with candor:

> For several months after my dismissal I could not sleep. We still travel a great deal, and I am invited to speak at many universities, so we see many of our old friends, but it is not quite the same. I sleep well now, but once or twice a week I dream that Isabel and I are visiting an old academic friend who is suggesting a new reagent.

Scientists can read a participant's version of the history of the chemical industry in the United States and beyond, adventures in collecting and cataloging rare chemicals, accounts of international price wars within the industry, and some accusations and disagreements relating to molecular modeling. Chapter 16, titled "Joseph Loschmidt—The Father of Molecular Modelling," begins:

> The greatest chemical breakthrough of the 19th century was a basic understanding of the carbon atom, the foundation of all organic chemistry. In March 1858 the German chemist August von Kekule published a paper showing that carbon is quadrivalent and that one carbon atom can be linked to another. . . . Kekulé's fame rests on this paper and his publication in 1865 of the structure of benzene as a ring of six carbon atoms, an idea which, he claimed twenty-five years later, had come to him in a dream.

Interesting stuff? Indeed. And you don't have to be a scientist to find it intriguing.

Artists and art lovers can imagine themselves insiders in the process of appraising and purchasing rare art: Is the painting by Rembrandt? Or by one of his students? How can we tell? One clue leads to another; some mysteries remain unsolved; a masterpiece is bought and sold. And you are there. You may be relieved to know, as I certainly was, that Rembrandt produced work that was "plain boring" and "clumsy" and that "He was human after all, and had his blue Mondays."

Bader believes success in business today depends on good, imaginative people who can think internationally. "Some handshakes are better than others," he notes. He readily acknowledges his own missed opportunities and wrong judgments and remains grateful to those who helped him along the way—in particular the folks at Queen's University, where his generosity has helped countless students of chemistry and art history.

One anecdote relates to this enduring devotion to his Canadian alma mater. In July 1992 he noticed an ad in the London *Times* listing a castle for sale in Sussex. When he asked his beloved Isabel if she would like a castle, she replied that she

wasn't interested. "Too many rooms to clean," she said! The happy ending to this real-life fairy tale is that while the Baders did not purchase the castle for themselves, they did give Queen's University 6,000,000 pounds to acquire and renovate the property for use as an international study center. The Baders will not be castle-dwellers, but they have been given lifetime passes to enter as they choose and, along with the locals, they can enjoy the surrounding parkland which in 1994 became part of the center—all 500 acres. Perhaps equally important, it helped heal some of the pain from the past, because "without my dismissal we would not have had the funds to give to Queen's. If ever there was an illustration of the old saying about every cloud having a silver lining, this is it!"

While the full extent of Alfred and Isabel Bader's giving may not always be felt locally, there is a commitment to finding "other great things to do with our money, which we neither want to use for ourselves nor can take with us."

Adventures of a Chemist Collector is a remarkable story about a remarkable life.

Faith B. Miracle is editorial director for the Wisconsin Academy and editor of the Wisconsin Academy Review.

THE POSTAL CONFESSIONS by Max Garland. Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995. 97 pages, $10.95 paper.

by Allen J. Post

Max Garland's poems have been published widely in such periodicals as *Poetry, Madison Review, Iowa Review,* and *Georgia Review.* For the first time, these and some two-dozen additional poems appear together in Garland's debut collection, *The Postal Confessions*, winner of the Juniper Prize from the University of Massachusetts Press. Garland is also the recipient of a National Endowment for the Arts Fellowship for Poetry, a James Michener Fiction Fellowship, and a fellowship from the Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission.

The title of Garland's collection stems from his ten-year experience as a rural mail carrier in western Kentucky, a route his grandfather carried for twenty-five years and which encompasses Paducah, Garland's home town. Garland gave up his postal service at the age of thirty-six, pulling up roots of home, family, and friends to pursue an MFA degree at the University of Iowa. Upon graduating and receiving his NEA fellowship, Garland came to Madison as a visiting lecturer and writer.

The majority of his accessible verse portrays images of childhood in rural Kentucky, coming of age, and religious themes. He often takes particulars from his personal experience and, in his words, "intersects" them with "larger realms." In this way he avoids the didactic while still relating the personal lessons learned.

Max Garland is masterful at taking the ordinary and making it not just extraordinary, but lyrically powerful. In "Requiem for a Boom Town," for example, he lucidly depicts a church parking lot on a Sunday morning, where, ironically, the genuine worship is being attended. I quote it in its entirety to do the poem justice and to exemplify Garland's poetic strength, which speaks best for itself:

> It was Sunday, 1957, and the parking lot
> of the Episcopal Church
> was the best time a tail-fin ever had.
>
> The sunlight fractured itself, car after car,
> each one sleeker than the one before;
> cars the size of small living rooms,
> each one more radiant;
>
> as if the families merely waited
> in the church, killing time,
> while the real worship
> was parked in the lot,
>
> was the sun on the grillwork, or shapely
> along the fenders,
> or in the names of the animals
> emblazoned above the trunk latches.
>
> The real worship was in the sound
> of the car door closing, heavy
> as a vault, the settling in,
> and that moment of silence
> just before he turned her over,
>
> and felt himself, the wife, the son,
> the daughter, lifted in the glittering wave
> of all a man could ever want.

A simple image turned cerebrally and sensitively delicious; an image many of us can share experientially, taken to new heights of perception through acute yet plain language. Garland cites William Stafford as an influence in his writing for that very technique: "complicated yet plain . . . based upon a speaking voice." He also cites Mary Oliver for her ability "to write about nature, poetry of affirmation, without being trite."

Garland is able to reach that height—not in a few of his poems, but in the majority. His sensitivity to the concrete images around him translates into a lyrical language that evokes a humanitarian spirituality. Never sappy, he is able to evince rich emotion from everyday experience, and give that experience the slightly sad, beautifully lucid mixture that one associates with the religiously sacred. It is emotionally stirring language that simultaneously, and subtly, wells up an awareness of one's mortality and the sharp presence of the tangible world.

In "The Meaning of Baseball," Garland utilizes the images of children learning to master that game as a metaphor for the mastery of life. Youngsters swing,

> before the ball even leaves the coach's hand,
> swing when it's halfway home, swing
> as it rolls past the catcher,
> crawls to a stop like a bug in the dust.

We try techniques of our own invention,
throwing the bat *at* the ball,
the bat spinning like a fan blade,
the poor man, someone's father,
flattened on the mound.

As in life's hits and misses,

eventually, there is the wooden sound
of impact, like an accident.
The ball dribbles forth, or even flies.

And the feeling is exactly
what we feel years later
the first time the heart misfires,
sputters a few beats, then rights
itself. In other words,
the empty space inside the body.

The poem continues with exacting images of children at specific play, learning, in essence, the rules and parameters of living; of failures and successes.

Garland's poetry is a celebration of living, a celebration enjoyed only, and ironically, in the shadowy awareness of our mortality. Mortality is not dwelled upon here, but elegantly implied. Living is our relationship to our world.

In tackling more political subjects, Garland maintains a tangible relationship of concrete and personal imagery. In "The Missiles, 1961" he translates the fear of bomb drills into an adolescent narrative of love. In "Initiation, 1965," another poem which addresses the universal theme of war, he allegorizes with personal instruction:

Because a little blood on the hands
is good for a boy, a little extra
meanness might save his life,
we were shooting doves.

A tone of sarcasm pervades this poem, or at least an unwanted sense of necessity. Still, Garland manages to distill what beauty he can from the distasteful theme of war, where two young men symbolically shoot doves, "because a boy must murder something, / because a boy must be implicated."

The Postal Confessions is divided into three numbered parts. The final section wraps up with a handful of poems such as "The Woman on the Road to Kamari" and "Revisiting the Sistine Chapel," which stand out in their transposition to places foreign. There is just a hint of strain in these poems in their elucidation of the unfamiliar, but Garland's talent prevails. Indeed, in the latter poem mentioned, the final poem of the volume, Garland concentrates on the concrete images of the Sistine Chapel as he abstracts that relationship between God and man. It is that space between God's and man's hands, as depicted by Michelangelo, that Garland valiantly fills in these pages of his lyricism.

Max Garland is anxious to compile a second collection of poetry, and in the fall of 1995 he completed a novel, *The Land of Nod*. Excerpts, in the form of short stories, appear in *The Best Short Stories of 1995, The New England Review,* and the spring 1995 issues of *The Gettysburg Review*. This poet made no mistake in leaving his western Kentucky postal route; his writing accomplishments to date are noteworthy, and his literary career is still young.

Allen J. Post reads and writes in Wausau.

STATE OF WISCONSIN BLUE BOOK 1995–1996, compiled by Wisconsin Legislative Reference Library, 1995. 980 pages. $6.10.

by Frances W. Hurst

Every two years a treasure for researchers, political activists, and trivia game players alike is available in Wisconsin—updated yet essentially the same. I refer of course to the *Wisconsin Blue Book*.

If your work concerns state government, or if you are interested in state history, you are already acquainted with the *Wisconsin Blue Book*, and all I have to tell you is, the recent edition is available. Get it.

But if you are new to the state, or are a person who just likes to browse in any sort of reference book—who, looking for one word in a dictionary, is waylaid by three others—then let me introduce you to this volume. Or if you are writing and need to nail down figures behind a general impression that, say, the number of accidents on our highways has increased considerably, or the number of minorities in our population is way up, or the governor is vetoing more bills these days, and so on, you can find accurate figures here, not just for 1995–96 but, in the case of most tables, back to 1900. (For the names of justices of the supreme court, the list goes back even to territorial days.) Of course you could go to documents deposited in state libraries, but the *Wisconsin Blue Book* can be on your own shelf.

This publication is more than Wisconsin's almanac or statistical abstract. Perhaps the Legislative Reference Library, which compiles it, keeps a list of most-asked questions and adds the answers to the next edition. The book does keep growing. Limited by statute to 1,000 pages, it is now at 980.

Each biennial volume has a feature article, and the article for 1995–96 is "The Wisconsin Idea: The University's Service to the State" by Jack Stark plus "The Wisconsin Idea for the 21st Century" by Alan B. Knox and Joe Corry. If you are a newcomer to the state, for whom the names Aldo Leopold, John R. Commons, or Paul Raushenbush mean nothing, these thoughtful articles will bring you up to speed.

I treasure the feature article in the 1960 *Blue Book*, which offered a short biography of each governor from 1848 to 1959. It is time for another article which would cover the next thirty-five years of governors. Meanwhile, you can find in the 1960 volume the identity of the first native son to be governor and the first to attend college; also why Governor Hoard's bust is deservedly on the University of Wisconsin–Madison agriculture campus.

Feature articles for other years range from Agriculture (1958 and 1964) and Appropriations (1970) at one end of the alphabet to Worker's Compensation (1962) and Wisconsin Writers (1977) at the other.

While there is some purely historical material, such as lists of famous citizens and of official historical markers in the state, a major part of each *Blue Book* documents political information that is current—the vote by district on amendments to the constitution and proposed referenda, and similarly detailed votes by each party for elected officials. How did the statewide sports lottery fare? Did that question about removing masculine gender references in the state constitution pass or fail? You will find the answers here.

The most useful section for political activists might be the biographies of current state legislators. Suppose Representative Riley has introduced a bill and you do not know who he is. You can find here his home and office addresses and phone numbers, boundaries of his electoral district, his age, education, memberships, family status—all to the extent that each legislator chooses to provide for the volume. Then you want to know about the agency his bill would affect. So you look it up, find the proper phone number and the name of appropriate officials to contact. And much more.

Very tidily, the district of each state senator includes the districts of exactly three assembly members—maps given here. The boundaries change with every decennial census.

A chart of the political composition of the Wisconsin legislature since 1885 shows the occasional rise and fall of various third and fourth parties.

Interested in running for state office? You will find the vote by parties in your district in the last election. And your political party's platform. And all television and radio stations in your district, and also periodicals. And be sure to check out the campaign finance reporting requirements detailed here.

The extent of the governor's power of appointment becomes apparent as you page through the list of state officers appointed by the state's chief executive as required by statute.

There are roughly a thousand names here! From regents of the university system (said to be the most sought-after appointment) to members of the state board (state use board?—very important—look it up), there are eighteen pages listing members of each body, date each individual's term expires, and salary. People don't serve for the salary, which varies from zero to a $25 per diem. It's the honor and the chance to be influential.

A woman I knew who was seriously interested in state government used to entertain herself by going through those eighteen pages to find appointments about to expire in agencies she cared about. Then she would write to the governor either recommending reappointment or the naming of a new person whose qualifications she supplied. This is a legitimate activity and, armed with your *Blue Book*, you too can play.

The *Blue Book* is a great source of trivia questions. On a long day's bus trip from Madison to Minoqua, a tour leader one day, to pass the time, gave riders a Wisconsin quiz based on facts she had found in this volume. Which is the most harvested fish, and how do the numbers stocked by the Department of National Resources compare with the number caught? Which early suffragette was born here? What is the highest point in the state? What is the Badger Board? How many of the state's official symbols can you name?

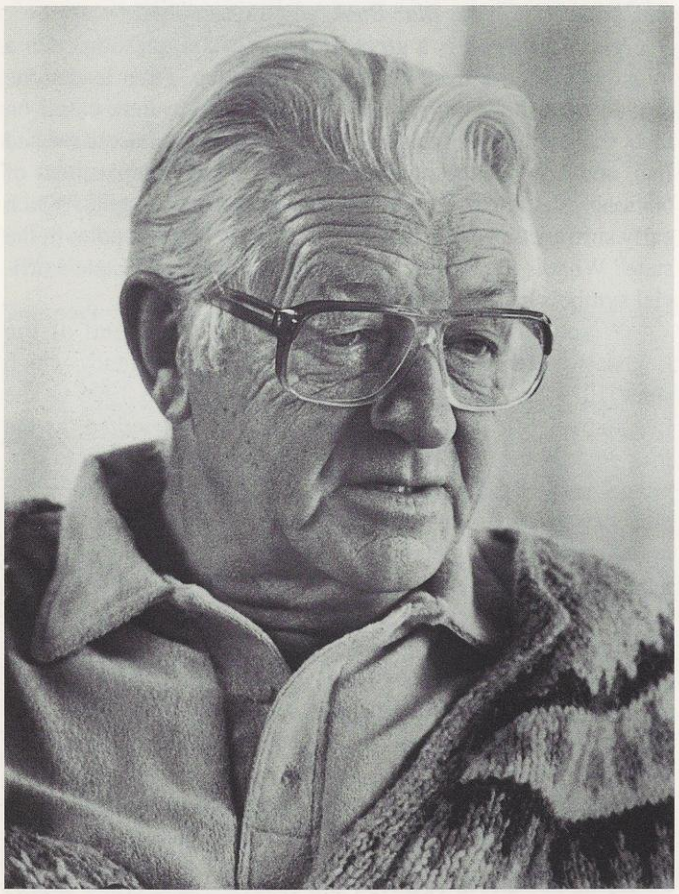
Wisconsin residents have reason to be proud of the Legislative Reference Bureau, the nonpartisan agency which since 1929 has edited the *Blue Book*. Created in 1906 as the Legislative Reference Library, the agency represented, as the *Blue Book* notes, "the first organized effort in the nation to provide a state legislature with professional staff assistance." It now has two sections, reference/library and bill-drafting. Its nonpartisanship has been strictly maintained, and the even-handed reliability of the agency was continued through the directorship of H. Rupert Theobald, who retired in 1994 after thirty-four years with the bureau. The library section has now been named in Theobald's honor. He shaped its unobtrusiveness, reliability, thoroughness, and dedication to service.

This scatterview should by now have helped you decide if you need the 1995–96 *Blue Book* on your shelves. It may be purchased for $6.10 plus tax at the document sales unit of the Department of Administration, 202 Thornton Ave., Madison, 53707, or by mail for $8.40 plus tax.Or if you are not too late you may get a copy free from your state legislator. Of the 70,000 *Blue Books* printed, each state senator has 600 copies and each assembly member has 350 for free distribution.

Frances W. Hurst is a concerned citizen who lives in Madison.

Wallace Stegner and the Continental Vision: An Interdisciplinary Symposium

by Faith B. Miracle



Wallace Stegner

> *"I don't know about you, but Sid and I think a little city like this, with a good university in it, is the real flowering of the American dream. Don't you feel it? It might have felt like this in Florence in the early fifteenth century, just before the big explosion of art and science and discovery. . . . Before we're all done with it, let's make Madison a place of* pilgrimage!"
>
> from *Crossing to Safety* by Wallace Stegner

This is the story of an idea and how it grew.

In April 1993, a few days after hearing the tragic news that Wallace Stegner had died from injuries suffered in an automobile accident in Santa Fe, New Mexico, I received a phone call from Curt Meine. Curt, who is a researcher and writer at the International Crane Foundation and the biographer of Aldo Leopold, mentioned how keenly he was feeling Stegner's loss, and we began to talk. He recalled how often he had referred to Stegner's biography of John Wesley Powell, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, when he was writing his own work on Leopold and how much he had learned from Stegner's approach to biography. My own interest in Stegner had leaned toward his fiction, such works as *All the Little Live Things* and *Angle of Repose,* which sometimes offered exquisitely crafted phrases, breath-catching enough to stop a reader mid-page in order to reflect and then reread for the pure delight of savoring the language.

Surely there were others who responded deeply to Stegner's work; and with his Wisconsin connection in mind, we tentatively explored the idea of a gathering of sorts for the purpose of discussing this author and the many facets of his productive life. Curt immediately thought of Professor Gretchen Schoff, who had been his adviser and inspiration during the long months when he was working on his Leopold biography. I knew that Patricia Anderson would be interested—in 1986, on behalf of the Wisconsin Humanities Council, Pat had commissioned Stegner to write a special essay, *A Sense of Place in History and Literature*, which was subsequently used as the keynote text for a popular book discussion program carried out in libraries around the state. Both Patricia and Gretchen had met Stegner in 1986 when he came to Madison to receive an honorary degree from the university.

So the idea slowly developed, as time allowed, and the nucleus of a planning committee began to take shape. Harold (Bud) Nelson, emeritus professor of journalism, had initiated the movement to honor Stegner in 1986. Yes, he was interested. Walter Rideout, emeritus professor of English, had been Stegner's teaching assistant at Harvard. Of course he wanted to

be involved. Historian Allan Bogue acknowledged Stegner's important contribution to the literature of the West and appreciated his writing on John Wesley Powell. Furthermore, Richard W. Etulain, Bogue's editor for his biography of Frederick Jackson Turner in process, had published a book titled *Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature*, so Bogue and Stegner shared this literary connection.

❦

In June 1994, early on the morning of the committee's first scheduled meeting, tragedy struck again: Gretchen Schoff suffered an aneurism from which she did not recover. Thus we began our explorations under a double aura of sadness and loss. But those initial discussions were rich with exchanges concerning Stegner, his writing, and what his work meant to each of us. For those fortunate enough to have met or known Stegner, there were memories and anecdotes to be shared.

During the early meetings we were not sure exactly what direction our mutual interest in Stegner should take, but the sessions were in themselves mini-forums based on the man and his life, from the personal perspectives of committee members. The vast scope of Stegner's *oeuvre*, the depth of his concern for sound public policies, and the interdisciplinary nature of his interests soon convinced us that a major symposium could be developed around his remarkable body of work. Stegner's biographer, Jackson Benson, seemed to confirm our thinking when he wrote,

> As teacher in a less formal sense, [Stegner] was all his life a truth-seeker who tried to see himself, his history, his land, his people as clearly as possible and to pass on those discoveries to others. . . . In a way, his finest work of art was himself—he often declared that his reason for writing was to examine himself, his motives and goals. Out of that self-examination, and a determination to grow, came one of the most remarkable persons of this or any other time.

Such an event, we felt, would attract a varied audience: teachers, students, members of book discussion groups as well as solitary readers, conservationists, historians, scholars in many fields—certainly his work had broad appeal. Similar conferences had already taken place, or were being planned, in the West. A symposium in the Midwest seemed equally appropriate inasmuch as Stegner's writing and the emotions he explored directly related to place, often transcending geographic boundaries.

Three overall themes eventually emerged for the Madison symposium: literature, history, conservation. This interdisciplinary direction seemed to mirror the mission designed for the Wisconsin Academy in 1870 by its founders, so the Academy's Center for the Book became the logical, official sponsor. Thus the idea had taken on a definitive character, and the project had found a home.

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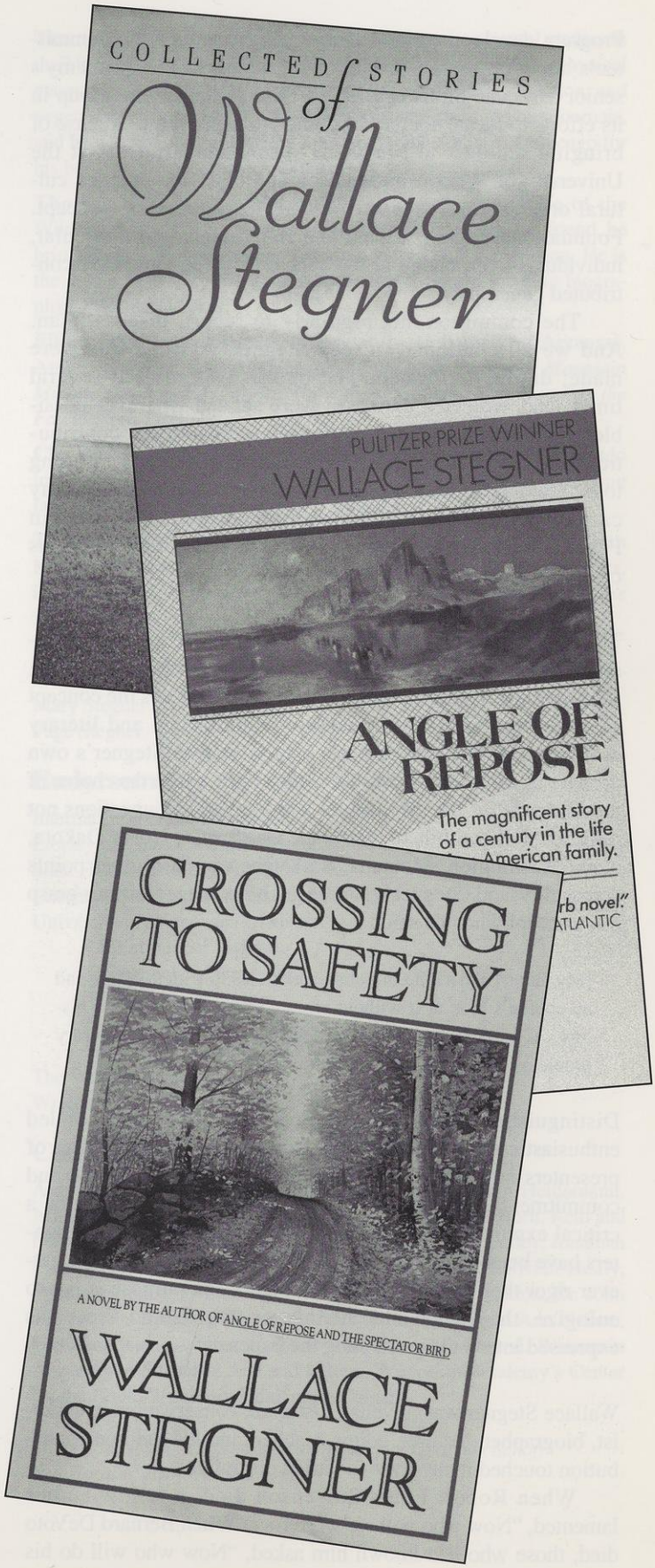

Program development and fund-raising occupied the committee's attention during the following months. The Academy's senior associate director, Richard Daniels, joined the group in its efforts to locate sources of dollars to support the expense of bringing scholars to Madison. Various departments at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and other like-minded cultural organizations stepped forward to endorse the concept. Foundations, organizations, and individuals—in particular, individuals—responded to the appeal for help, and many contributed generously.

The committee met regularly to report, discuss, plan. And we all continued to read Stegner. Assignments were made; duties performed. The budget was revised several times, and projected expenses were shaved wherever possible. As the anticipated cost figures stablized, the contributions increased, and at long last it appeared there was going to be a workable meeting of expenses and revenues. The day came when we knew there was no turning back, and in February 1996 Ann Ostrom joined the Academy staff as coordinator for the symposium.

❦

The reference to "continental vision" in the title for the symposium derives from Stegner's book *The Uneasy Chair: A Biography of Bernard DeVoto* in which he explores the concept of a continental vision in DeVoto's intellectual and literary development. The same pattern can be seen in Stegner's own growth. In addition, the words seemed right, given the choice of the Midwest for the symposium and Stegner's connections not only to Madison but to Vermont, California, North Dakota, Utah, Washington, Montana, Saskatchewan, and other points across this land. Stegner's son, Page, helped us to further grasp this concept when he said,

> [My father] had a kind of holistic relationship with the land, and he couldn't look at it without remembering its geological history, its exploration, its social development, its contemporary problems, and its prognosis for the future.

Distinguished speakers from across the country responded enthusiastically when invited to participate, and the roster of presenters now represents a wealth of scholarship, talent, and commitment to this effort. The symposium is intended to be a critical exploration of Stegner's life and work, and the presenters have been given free rein to express themselves with whatever rigor they wish to bring to the task. The purpose is not to eulogize, they were told. At this writing, Island Press has expressed interest in publishing the papers.

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Wallace Stegner was novelist, historian, conservationist, essayist, biographer, lecturer, editor, teacher; and his lifetime contribution touched many lives in varied disciplines.

When Robert Louis Stevenson died, a fellow author lamented, "Now who will we write for?" When Bernard DeVoto died, those who had known him asked, "Now who will do his work?"; and today this same question is being asked about Stegner, now that he is gone. According to historian Elliott West,

> More than anyone, Wallace Stegner showed us how that work can be done, and as we get on with the job of telling better stories, he is the one who deserves our first and deepest thanks.

Like Stevenson, Stegner was a gifted storyteller, and his books remain available and accessible to be read and revisited and enjoyed by members of the academy as well as the general reading public. The symposium will be an opportunity to listen, learn, and participate, and Stegner's fictional anticipation in *Crossing to Safety* of Madison as "a place of pilgrimage" will become reality.

Quotes by Page Stegner, Jackson Benson, and Elliott West are from Montana: The Magazine of Western History, *Autumn 1993.*

Editor's note: Committee member and friend Harold "Bud" Nelson succumbed to cancer on February 9 as we were preparing to go to press. We remember with appreciation his articulate contributions to meeting discussions and his consummate dedication to this project.

WALLACE STEGNER
and the Continental Vision

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literature • history • conservation

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Sponsored by
Wisconsin Academy's Center for the Book
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Presenters:

Jackson Benson teaches modern American literature at San Diego State University and has written an award-winning biography of John Steinbeck. His biography of Stegner, *Wallace Stegner: The Man and His Work*, will be published this year by Viking-Penguin USA.

Dorothy Bradley is director of the Water Resources Center of the Montana University System. She leads an effort to create a Stegner chair at Montana State University.

John Daniel, poet and essayist from Oregon, teaches writing workshops around the country and presently is the James Thurber writer-in-residence at Ohio State University. He and his wife lived at the Stegner home for five years in the 1980s as renters and friends. His memoir, *Toward Oregon*, will be published in the fall.

Daniel Flores is A.B. Hammond Professor of History at the University of Montana. He is author of *Jefferson and Southwestern Exploration* and *Caprock Canyon Lands: Journeys into the Heart of the Southern Plains.*

Melody Graulich is professor of English and women's studies at the University of New Hampshire. She has received National Endowment for the Humanities and Huntington Library fellowships for her work on the literature of the American West. In addition to Stegner, she has written about Mari Sandoz and Mary Austin.

James Hepworth is director of the Confluence Press and associate professor of literature and languages at Lewis-Clark State College in Lewiston, Idaho. His articles and reviews have been widely published. His essays about and interviews with Wallace Stegner have appeared in a variety of periodicals.

Paul Johnson is chief of the Natural Resources Conservation Service in Washington, D.C. He formerly was a farmer and served for many years in the Iowa State Legislature, where he was known as an architect of environmental legislation. He has been visiting professor of environmental policy at Luther College.

Richard Knight is professor of wildlife biology at Colorado State University. He recently has edited two volumes for Island Press: *A New Century for Natural Resources Management* (which is dedicated to Wallace Stegner) and *Wildlife and Recreationists.*

Nancy Langston is visiting professor of environmental studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. Her book, *Forest Dreams, Forest Nightmares: The Paradox of Old Growth in the Inland West*, was recently published by the University of Washington Press.

Curt Meine is a consulting conservation biologist at the International Crane Foundation. He is a researcher, writer, editor, reviewer, lecturer, and advisor for a broad range of organizations at the state, national, and international level. His biography of Leopold, *Aldo Leopold: His Life and Work*, was published by the University of Wisconsin Press in 1988.

Walter Nugent is professor of history at the University of Notre Dame, where he teaches American western and environmental history. His most recent book, *Crossings: The Great Transatlantic Migrations 1870–1914*, appeared in paperback in 1995.

Walter B. Rideout is Harry Hayden Clark Professor of English Emeritus at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. In the year Wallace Stegner began teaching at Harvard, Rideout was his graduate assistant and maintained contact with Stegner through correspondence and occasional meetings. His biography of Sherwood Anderson is forthcoming from Oxford University Press.

Thomas Vale is professor of geography and environmental studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He teaches courses in physical geography, the history of conservation and wilderness protection, and vegetation change. His articles have appeared in numerous journals, and he was honored in 1983 by the Geographic Society of Chicago for his book on the American landscape.

Thomas Watkins is editor of *Wilderness*, the magazine of the Wilderness Society. As Stegner's long-time collaborator and friend, he brings both a personal and professional view to the symposium. He is the author of twenty-five books, including an award-winning biography of Harold L. Ickes.

Elliott West is professor of history at the University of Arkansas. Among his published works are *The Saloon on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier* and *Growing Up with the Country: Childhood on the Far Western Frontier.*

Charles Wilkinson is professor of law at the University of Colorado in Boulder. He is a prolific author on the American West, synthesizing law, environmental policy, history, geography, and literature.

Terry Tempest Williams is naturalist-in-residence at the Utah Museum of Natural History and the author of award-winning books, including *Desert Quarter, An Unspoken Hunger: Stories from the Field,* and *Refuge.*

Honorary Participants

Mary Stegner
Page Stegner

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- Department of Geography
- Department of History
- Institute for Environmental Studies
- School of Journalism and Mass Communication

The Wilderness Society
Wisconsin Arts Board

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Many contributions were made in memory of Gretchen Schoff and Harold "Bud" Nelson.

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