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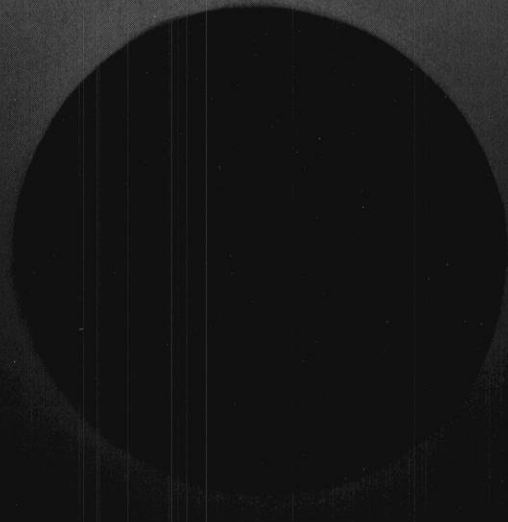
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

June 1989
Volume 35, Number 3



THE WISCONSIN ACADEMY
OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS

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Cover: James Gallagher, *study for ODYL*, 1989
Pastel on Arches paper, 21" x 29 7/8"

Letters

Dear Editor:

I wish to respond to Lynne Cheney's "Humanities in America" excerpt which appeared in the March 1989 *Review*.

The current national debate over college curriculum provides all of us in the humanities with an *opportunity* to examine traditional practices. Reviewing what the humanities are and what they are for is a valuable reminder to scholars of the connections between the disciplines of history, art, philosophy, literature and the great world—even if we disagree about the nature of those connections. Cheney bemoans the "political" revision of Western civilization studies; surely the tradition defended by such critics as former Education Secretary William Bennett is political as well. We only need remember Aristotle's *Poetics* to realize how intrinsic critical revision is to the humanities tradition. Cheney acknowledges as much, but, curiously, while the politics of "debate" are acceptable to her—after all, according to her, a product of this tradition is "progress toward the goal of recognizing the dignity of every human being"—the politics of race, class, and gender are not.

The real concern behind Cheney's article is whether the aesthetic traditions of Western literature and art can survive a consideration of their particular historical contexts and still be considered "universal." Cheney only asserts that the tradition should not have to undergo such a consideration. She ignores one crucial perspective on the "either/or" "aesthetic-or-political" debate in the humanities which Toni Morrison, in *Black Women Writers at Work*, expresses this way: "Critics generally don't associate black people with ideas . . . There's a notion out in the land that there are human beings one writes about, and then there are black people or Indians or some other marginal group. If you write about the world from that point of view, somehow

Editorial

This journal has an editorial board to which the president of the Wisconsin Academy makes two-year appointments. We want to thank these people who have just completed their term: **Roger Drayna** of Wausau, **Henry Halsted** of Racine, **Angela Peckenpaugh** of Milwaukee, and **Ron Wallace** of Madison. They have read manuscripts, recommended articles and authors, and given general advice on the journal. For their time and thoughts we are grateful. We welcome to the editorial board **Ellen Hunnicutt** of Big Bend, **Daniel Perkins** of Eau Claire, **Mark Peterson** of Ashland, **Janet Shaw** of Ridgeway, and **Carl Taylor** of Oak Creek. Continuing board members are **Warrington Colescott** of Hollandale, **Warren Moon** and **Don Thompson** of Madison, and **Gianfranco Pagnucci** of Platteville.

Edna Meudt of Dodgeville, a well-known poet and *Review* poetry advisor in the late seventies, died in February at the age of eighty-two. A review of the most recent anthology in which she is included appears in this issue.

Freedom of expression and freedom of the press are concepts dear to the heart of an editor. An interesting illustration of the relativity of these ideals is the publication of Salman Rushdie's latest novel, which prompted the Ayatollah Khomeini's sentence of death for Rushdie's blasphemy against the Prophet Mohammed, which has resulted in diplomatic break between Iran and Great Britain. Westerners have been appalled at the extreme measures in defense of religion, having forgotten, apparently, that when religious leaders held the power in the West they, too, found death the appropriate penalty for blasphemy or heresy—such as the Spanish Inquisition or the English and American witch trials. Only when religion (as Revealed Truth) ceased to direct the lives of the majority of individuals in a particular society could the concept of free expression gain ascendancy there. And we waver a bit when free expression goes against current conventions: books which denigrate blacks, Hispanics, Jews, or women are now more likely to arouse the ire of large numbers than are those which attack religious beliefs; those are the books likely to be taken off book shelves or college reading courses in Western society. Not long ago it was the "pro-communist" books which were removed from schools and libraries in less enlightened American communities. A society protects whatever ideals it holds sacred and reacts in proportion to the perceived threat. Yet even though Western democracies imperfectly achieve the ideal of the individual's right to express beliefs in print or in public without fear of reprisal, that it is an ideal is a significant indicator of the society.

Patricia Powell
Patricia Powell

it is considered lesser. It's racist, of course. . . ."

Cheney uses Maya Angelou's narrative on reading Shakespeare to assert the universal appeal of his art, and hence of the traditional values of the humanities. But Angelou's proclamation that "Shakespeare was a black woman" is as much an assertion of her own worth as of Shakespeare's.

Finally, I don't know of any

scholars who state that truth and beauty are "irrelevant," as Cheney claims. Rather, some see these qualities as historically bound, which neither precludes nor invalidates the study of what is universal about us, what connections we clearly can make across cultures.

Sharon Jessee
Department of English
UW-La Crosse



The Proposal by Anton Chekov, 1985. Steven A. Helmeke as Ivan Vasil'evich Lomov and Anne Occhiogrosso as Natal'ya Stepanovna. Photo by Zane Williams.

American Players Theatre

Update 1989

By Nancy Eichsteadt

The Tenth-Anniversary Season of the American Players Theatre (APT) opens on Friday night, June 16, 1989, with Randall Duk Kim performing the title role in *King Lear*. Morris Carnovsky, who with his wife, Phoebe Brand, will direct the first play, was called the "finest American King Lear" when he performed that role with The

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American Players Theatre

American Shakespeare Company in 1963. In codirecting this production, he is "passing the gauntlet" on to Duk Kim.

The rest of the 1989 season includes *A Comedy of Asses* by Plautus; *Oedipus Rex* by Sophocles, in which Duk Kim will also play the title role; *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and *A Night To Remember*, a special performance commemorating the one-thousandth perform-

ance on September 16. The drama presented that night will be a compilation of the best scenes from shows performed at APT since the theatre opened. Actor Tony Randall, always a staunch supporter of APT, will narrate the special performance. The season will continue through October 8.

It has not been an easy ten years for American Players Theatre; many people are astounded that the

group has lasted this long. Since the article about the first six years of its existence was published in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*: 31(3) (June 1985), they almost shut down more than once. However, despite these near catastrophes, the company performed a full season every summer, and the superior quality of the productions never diminished. This classical repertory company has all the prerequisites for high-quality performance, but as in many artistic endeavors, financial instability often threatened the fulfillment of their promise.

Many individuals gave generously and worked in other ways; many corporations and foundations also had made important contributions from the company's inception. Some invaluable sponsors were Marshall and Pat Osborne, Charles Trainer, Reed Coleman of the Bassett Foundation, the Stackner Family Foundation, Herb Kohler, Dr. Gerald and Miep Kempthorne, and Charles Paley of the Joyce Foundation. Tony Randall contributed generously, as did Jim Carley of The Carley Group, and Marshall Erdman of the Erdman Foundation. Madison support came from Bob Bolz of the Eugenie Mayer Bolz Family Foundation, John Spohn from Oscar Mayer, William Young of William Young Associates, Marty Barrett, and Pleasant Frautschi. Other state donors included Samuel Johnson of Johnson's Wax in Racine, and Frank Brotz of his family's foundation in Sheboygan, and the Patrick and Anna Cudahy Foundation. Milwaukee was represented by Freddie Stratton, the George Chesters, and Ann Kuehn.

The season of 1985 began as planned. Two new Shakespearean plays were added, *Julius Caesar* and *The Merchant of Venice*, plus a trio of Chekhov one-act plays; the troop also brought back *The Comedy of Errors* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the late fall, after the season, the Chekhov one-acts were taken on tour, but disaster was impending even as they were traveling. There simply was not enough money. The bills were



Comedy of Errors, 1986. Steven A. Helmeke and Art Manke as the Dromios.



The School for Scandal, 1987. Mark Corkins as Charles Surface, Lee Elmer Ernst as Joseph Surface. Mark Avery Photography.

mounting. The administrators cut what they could. The first thing to go was the school (all the students had been paid so they could devote all their time to studying). It was a bleak winter. In January of 1986, the board of directors with Jack Johnson, president of Spring Green Bank, (now called The Valley Bank, Spring Green) announced that the theatre would not open that summer. They could see no way to acquire the \$300,000 needed in time.

An astounding thing happened. The media all over the state publicized the theatre closing, and in Madison, Spring Green, and Milwaukee particularly, groups were formed, together called "The Wisconsin Campaign to Reopen the American Players Theatre." It was a citizens' group which did not represent the board or the company; they were first of all admirers of the American Players Theatre. There had been support groups before, but this group worked to prevent annihilation. Gail Kohl and Carol Schroeder, the state cochairs of the state-wide committee, recruited anyone who would work. Said Schroeder,

It was one of the most exciting things I've ever been involved in; we crammed a year's worth of activities into a month. We did consciousness raising. We met with Madison's mayor. We sent petitions to the governor's office with thousands of names on it until he agreed to help. We sent out a mass mailing to anyone who had ever attended or contributed to the organization. We sold raffle tickets, buttons, bumper stickers. The raffle brought in \$16,000. Students in Spring Green, under the aegis of the concerned citizens there directed by Ellen DuPuy, held fundraisers themselves; they wore black arm bands to protest the closing of the theatre. Money started to come in response to news reports—not in large amounts, but in tremendous numbers. Trish Dickinson, the Milwaukee chairman, had broken her foot and worked the whole time from her wheelchair.

We worried about what the media were saying; they wrote about mismanagement and uncontrolled spending. We were frightened that Anne Occhiogrosso and Randall Duk Kim and Charles Bright (the three founders) might have expended all their energies and might not have wanted to go on.

And yet the media were also concerned about losing the theatre. Damien Jacques, theatre critic of *The Milwaukee Journal*, wrote a most supportive article urging the reinstatement of the group. The Madison press gave the new young organization no end of support. Tony Earl understood our problems and stood behind us.

In the meantime the board of directors, under the direction of president Jack Johnson, raised \$160,000 which they put into a trust fund to be administered by the bank; if the theatre didn't open, the contributors were to get their money back. Though some board members had already left, Tim Kohl, a lawyer and member since its inception, and Charles Trainer helped raise the desperately needed funds. Just before a final decision was to be made, the theatre group returned to Spring Green from a second Chekhov tour cut short by lack of funds. Because of some preplanning by the citizens' group, they arrived in downtown Spring Green in a firetruck and were met by school children of the town who had been dismissed from school for the event. The children presented the president of the board with a check from their fund-raising. These people wanted the theatre.

On March 12, ("I remember it," said Anne Occhiogrosso, "because it was my birthday") the board of directors met privately to decide the fate of the company. They had \$20,000 from the concerned citizens' group plus the promise of future support; they had artists who wished to continue; they had the money that they had raised them-

selves. They announced that the theatre would reopen. (One supporter had brought some champagne "just in case there would be something to celebrate." After the announcement, she opened the champagne and a press photographer captured Duk Kim with a glass of it in his hand; the photo caption suggested this was another example of irresponsible spending in times when frugality was needed.)

Out of this venture new support groups in Spring Green, Madison, and Milwaukee developed which still operate, still raise funds, and still attend the productions loyally.

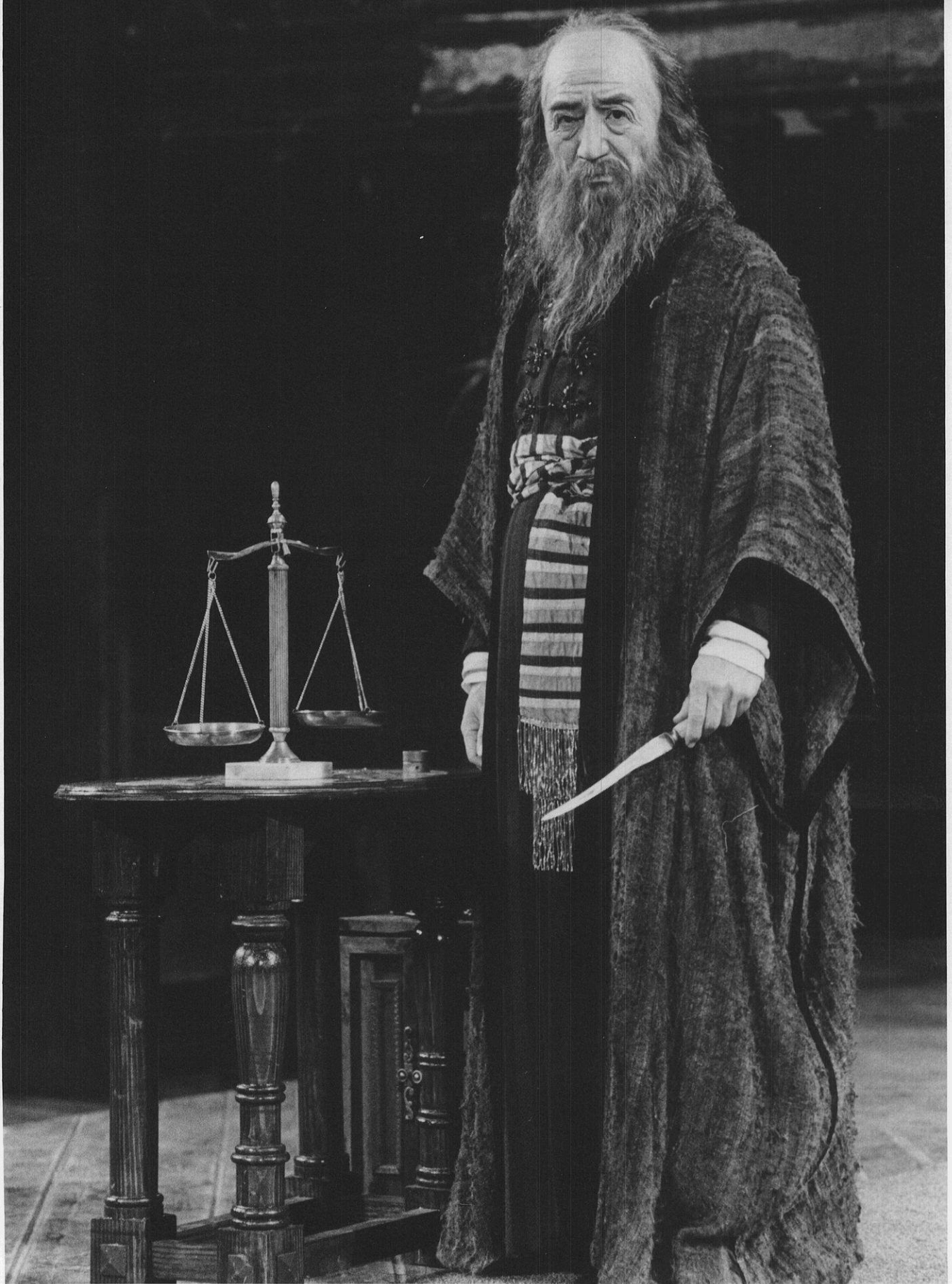
By the time the 1986 season opened, Jim Wimmer, a Madison legislative consultant; Chan McKelvey, an insurance industry consultant; and David Kraemer, CEO and president of Edward Kraemer and Sons had agreed to serve on the board of directors. Governor Earl's office was in part responsible for their being recruited. The governor also encouraged McKelvey to recruit others; as a result he brought in Lee Weinberger (now president of Wausau Insurance) and Jim Hickman, dean of UW-Madison School of Business. Later that summer they were joined by Bob Froehlke, who now heads IDS Mutual Fund in Minneapolis.

That summer things went well. The group presented *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Comedy of Errors*, and two sets of Chekhov one-act plays. The big success was *Hamlet* with Randall Duk Kim. Anne Occhiogrosso had researched *Hamlet* for seventeen years and been part of two earlier productions, but this one, with all her research and the commitment of the others was an authentic production, as close to the original performance of Shakespeare's day as one could hope to produce. And its tremendous success helped to put money back into the theatre. Al-

most all its performances were sold out, a fact which boosted company moral. All expenses were not covered—even full houses cannot do that with most theatre productions, but there was renewed vigor.

Monica Jaehnig, one of the most willing volunteers, was hired to manage financial affairs. Chuck Bright continued as managing director. John Ramer, another volunteer, suggested that APT secure a Community Development Block Grant. (In this program the federal government allots money to the state which then turns it over to the county.) The business community must match any grant as a condition of a loan. The businessmen were impressed at the loan requirements of financial accountability—the business side of the theatre. Governor Tony Earl supported the plan. The business community came forward with \$400,000 in matching money; as a result, \$405,000 dollars were granted to Iowa County to lend to APT. The loan was to be paid back in seven years. It confirmed that the American Players Theatre was a business of statewide proportions. Many companies and corporations contributed to the match; among the largest contributors were CUNA, Webcrafters-Frautschi Foundation, Edward Kraemer and Sons, Terry Haller, a founder of Exel Inns of America, and TMB Development; there were many others.

By the end of the 1986 season the finances were more stable. APT acquired in December of 1986 a land contract for the land upon which the theatre was located, an act which contributed to their security and solidity, the putting down of roots. The community of Spring Green, which had feared that it was losing one of its most valuable assets, was reinvigorated. In September the *New York Times* printed a report about the love the people of Spring Green had for their theatre. They found that the audience was made up of "auto mechanics, housewives, bankers, tourists, Shakespearean buffs, and children."



The Merchant of Venice, 1986. Randall Duk Kim as Shylock.



Hamlet, 1986. Randall Duk Kim as Hamlet, Theodore Swetz as Horatio.

In 1987 the company offered *Hamlet*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *A Comedy of Errors*, *Twelfth Night*, *The School For Scandal*, and *Ivanov* which was directed by Morris Carnovsky and Phoebe Brand. Though the season was artistically successful, it could hardly be called remarkable financially. Even though the company knew at the beginning that they would get through the season, they also knew they must not acquire more liabilities. Yet, by the end of the year the board, still headed by Jack Johnson, had to ask for public help to raise \$250,000. Once again it was supplied through direct mail fundraising and contributions from the business community and board members. At an emergency meeting, the businessmen of Spring Green pledged \$25,000 of their own money and agreed to help raise the rest.

In the fall of 1987, exhausted from financial worries, managing director Charles Bright resigned. Artistic director Duk Kim took a leave of absence. That left one founding member, Anne Occhiogrosso, who then assumed the title of artistic director.

The board, now headed by David Kraemer, hired Sheldon Wilner as managing director. Wilner came from Canada where he had managed concerts that ranged in musical styles from jazz to folk, from classical to rock. He had been festival and performing arts coordinator for the Province of Alberta's seventy-fifth anniversary; he had organized a theatre festival in Edmonton. Wilner had helped arts groups in Canada scale down their budgets because of plunging oil and agricultural prices. As a child, he had attended the Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario; he recalls his mother reading outlines of the plays on the way to Stratford and the family discussing the plays on the trip home.

Wilner was fully aware of APT's chronic financial problems, but he saw financial instability in the arts as "par for the course. The need to

raise money will always be there. If we have to raise \$1 million this year, we will have to raise \$1 million next year and the year after."

Before Wilner arrived, APT had agreed to a reduced budget and, rather than diminish the quality of productions, had decided to reduce the number of productions from six to four and to cut the size of the acting company. Wilner reduced the expenses even further and instilled in his staff a sense of fiscal austerity.

Occhiogrosso was pleased that actors who remained were experienced, since she had never been sole artistic director. The company had to survive without Randall Duk Kim. With a company that had been trimmed from twenty-eight to eighteen, the number of productions from six to four, the season cut by three weeks, and the budget cut from \$1.6 million to \$1.2 million, Occhiogrosso and company determined to produce three new productions, *Twelfth Night*, *The Tempest*, and *The Seagull*, and to repeat *Midsummer Night's Dream*, always an audience favorite. They cut their rehearsal time, but they were determined not to affect the character of the productions.

Wilner found new sources of support by adding corporate and media sponsors for all productions and exchanging free advertising. He expanded on the *pro bono* services of a prize-winning professional advertising agency, Lindsay & Stone of Madison. He increased direct mail advertising from 20,000 pieces to 130,000, following a TV campaign in Madison. He contracted with the Madison Ovens of Brittany restaurants to provide unusual between-the-act refreshments and gourmet picnics, and in exchange the theatre was included in Ovens of Brittany's advertising. APT received a portion of the sales of all the items sold between acts, an inventory which included t-shirts and sweatshirts, souvenirs, and enticing snacks. He simplified season ticket packages and convinced a Madison hotel to make rooms available at a cheaper

Twelfth Night, 1988. Lee Elmer Ernst as Sebastian, Jessica Rausch as Olivia, Alexandra Mitchell as Viola, and Warren C. Bowles as Orsino.



rate for APT patrons. He instituted a new Thursday night program called "Skippeth Out of Work Early," whereby patrons could cook an early dinner on the grounds or have a gourmet picnic supper waiting for them when they arrived, see medieval games and costume displays or be entertained, and attend a 7:30 p.m. instead of 8 p.m. per-

formance, thus enabling the patrons to arrive home earlier on a weeknight.

Other financial problems were being solved or partially solved. The Iowa County Grant repayment which was many months in arrears was refinanced from seven to ten years, and some interest payments were forgiven.



Comedy of Errors, 1986. Anne Occhiogrosso as Adriana.

Being considered before Wilner came was a proposition to give APT the Governor's Cultural Award for Excellence—\$250,000 of the state budget. It started on a radio program on Kathleen Dunn's show on WTMJ in Milwaukee with Occhiogrosso and Ted Swetz, assistant artistic director, in the studio and Tom Loftus, speaker of the assembly, speaking by phone from Madison. Loftus noted that the state willingly supported other businesses, why not this one? Since this "business" had a budget as big as some of the fifth to tenth largest businesses in the state, why not recognize it as such? Loftus gained the

support of the legislature with the help of Madison Legislator Dave Travis, and Joe Tregoning, who represented the district in which the theatre was located, and others. It was a significant move for the state to recognize the contribution of the theatre and the role that arts played in the business of the state. Both political parties supported the award, and Governor Tommy Thompson signed it in May of 1988.

Unfortunately this award brought criticism from other arts organizations that one organization had been given such a large portion of state money. The *Wisconsin State Journal* published an editorial decrying the legislature's bipartisan support for the American Players Theatre; there were rumblings from other arts groups; there were complaints from the Wisconsin Arts Board.

Many people in the arts are unaware that there are hundreds of line items in every municipal and state budget, and activists in business and industry consistently lobby their legislators regarding these items. This is the first time an arts group successfully advocated directly to government, and it resulted in one of the largest-ever increases in arts funding. They stressed that the group attracts 60,000 visitors yearly, that it is central to the tourist industry of Wisconsin and Spring Green. They noted that they were a big employer in the area. Other art groups could also work to get more government funding this way.

The actors rehearsed, worried and apprehensive, but box office records were broken daily due to the new promotional schemes. Preseason sales doubled from the 1987 level (\$80,000 to \$169,000). And once again the theatre opened.

A Midsummer Night's Dream opening the season was well received. Bill Moore of the *Wisconsin State Journal* wrote, "The company delivers fine ensemble acting without . . . Duk Kim—a feat of which the founder and previous star

actor would be proud." Moore thought, however, that perhaps a little more control or understatement might be in order. Jacob Stockinger of *The Capital Times* (Madison) wrote, "The overplaying in . . . one scene is, however, the only manifest blemish on this otherwise excellent production." Damien Jacques of *The Milwaukee Journal* wrote, "The good news is that the theatrical magic has not left the 71 wooded acres that are home to the Players. While not perfect, the new production . . . has captured much of the brilliance that has marked the company's past offerings."

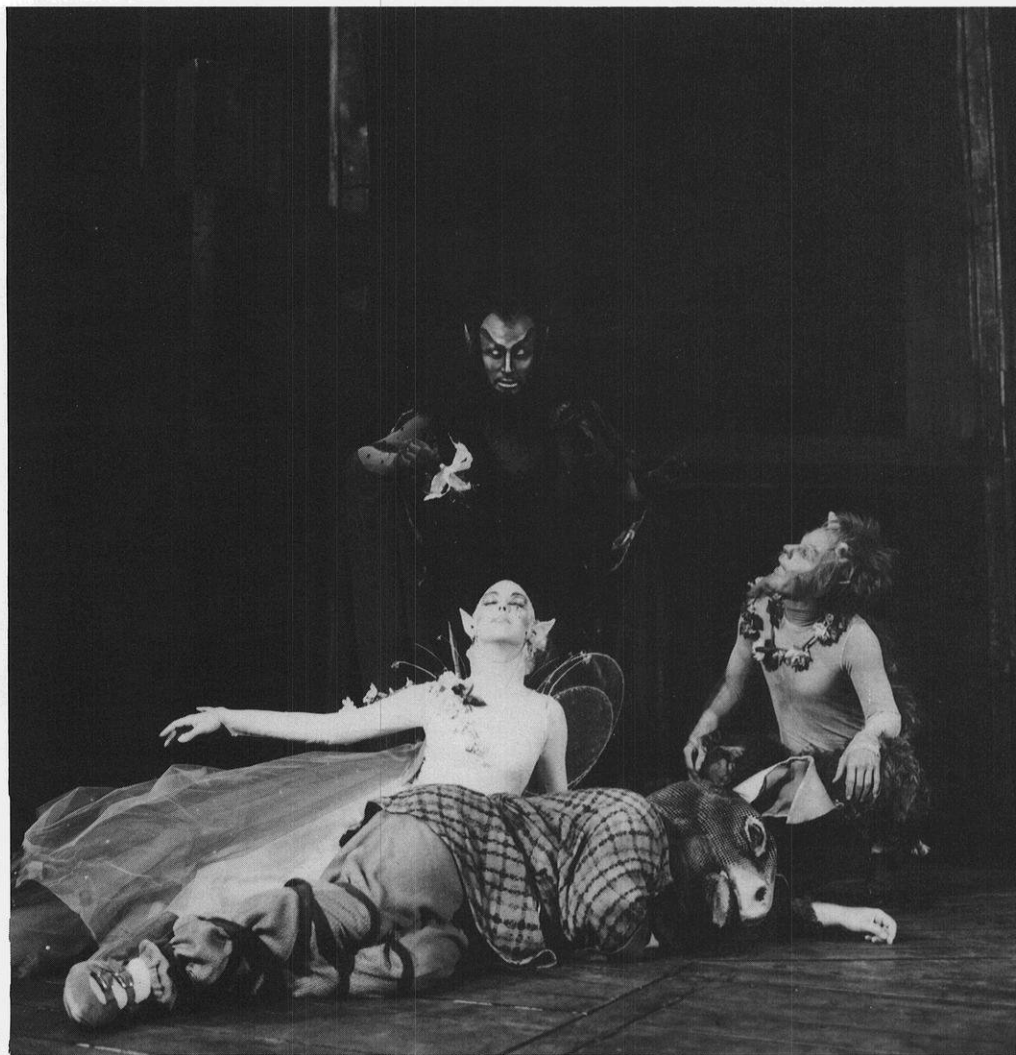
The company opened another show twenty-four hours later, *Twelfth Night*, which also had wonderful reviews; Jacob Stockinger said it "offers proof beyond doubt of its [the company's] ability to stage world-class Shakespeare." All the reviews were equally complementary.

As the summer heat increased, the actors rehearsed the next two shows, *The Tempest* and *The Seagull*. Though there were two consecutive weekday performances sold out during the month of June (a feat not before accomplished), attendance faltered somewhat because of the tremendous heat. But the caliber of shows remained high. The actors never missed a rehearsal due to the sweltering weather.

Reviews for the *The Tempest* were mixed, but Chekhov's *The Seagull* was praised almost as much as the first two shows. Of the directing, Jacob Stockinger said, "Special credit must go to directors John Wyatt and Theodore Swetz for the subtlety they bring to this final production of APT's ninth season."

It was a hard season, but no one doubted the company's ability to deliver first-rate theatre.

Financially and artistically the season was a success. Though the box office only equaled the 1987 ticket sales, this was accomplished with four plays instead of six (and consequently less repeat business from regulars), a tremendous drought and five rain-outs (more



A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1988. (top) Stephen Hemming as Oberon, (middle) Jessica Rausch as Titania and Peter Lewis as Puck, (bottom) Theodore Swetz as Bottom dressed as The Donkey.

than 1987)—two of them sold-out performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* which probably cost the theatre \$3,000 apiece. Donations from private and corporate supporters, which make up more than half of the theatre's income, were coming in. The refreshing change was that disaster was not looming on the horizon. The actors finished the season knowing that their opening next spring was guaranteed.

Many debts were cleared up, including bank notes from as far back as 1980 and \$100,000 in debts from 1987; some personal loans were repaid; the Iowa County Loan was renegotiated as was mentioned earlier, and the land contract for the property upon which the theatre was standing was converted into a regular mortgage, a much less troubling arrangement.

Many people are astounded that this group has survived these ten years. It has not been easy.

Subscription sales will be the focal point of the 1989 marketing plan. Wilner stated, "They are the lifeline of any theatre. You can't be cost-effective selling one show at a time. And you will always and forever need half of your financial support in gifts; everybody in the arts raises half their money from sources other than the box office."

The tenth season is being carefully plotted. It will be somewhat longer than the 1988 season, and for the first time both a Greek and Roman drama will be offered. In addition, seminars, workshops, and other educational events are planned. In late December, when the 1989 season was announced with *King Lear* as one of the plays, rumors started immediately that Duk Kim would be back. There was no announcement, but experienced critics and reporters were well aware that Duk Kim was The Person everyone hoped would play *King Lear*. And it is fitting that Morris Carnovsky is there to direct him.

An exciting summer in the theatre is about to begin.■

An Interview with Anne Occhiogrosso, artistic director

Q: How do you prepare for a production of Shakespeare?

A: I acquaint myself with the source material on which Shakespeare based his play. Many times I go to the twelfth-century chronicles to read the stories that we know Shakespeare used in putting the plays together. I also find out the definitions, the meanings of the words in Shakespeare's lifetime. Working at the UW-Madison Memorial Library, one of the best Shakespearean libraries in the country, I make text comparisons, because APT has only folio or quarto forms. APT has used the folio for many years because it was put together by Shakespeare's actors. We never particularly planned scholarly interpretations of the plays; we wanted to study the plays as they were done on the stage during Shakespeare's time, expecting to find clues for us in how they put them together. I think really that the folio text is responsible for that clarity that we are praised for out here. Those early actors helped us tremendously. I don't know any actor who has worked with that folio who can now go back to another edition. There are clues in it not in a modern text.

I don't view the work we do as erudite; people may think we are trying to create museum pieces, but the reason we do so much research is to whet our own imaginations, so that we can transport people from the twentieth century to another time and place.

Q: Tell me about the coming season, the summer of '89.

A: Our tenth-anniversary season will be an international season of great classics. Besides doing Shakespeare's greatest tragedy and his greatest comedy, we will present *Oedipus Rex*, probably the greatest tragedy ever known. It's our first Greek play, and we will be acting in masks. We have an original translation by John Wyatt of Beloit College, who has studied and taught the play and found a way to help audiences understand the humanness of the play. A Greek play is often performed as a ritual, which divorces audiences from the passion of the piece. John's beautiful translation, instead of just telling the story of the man who marries his own mother, focuses on the compassion that the man has and the tragedy that fate deals him. In this translation you understand that Oedipus is a good man, but in spite of his goodness fate operates against him. It is a very powerful translation. John Wyatt, who has been our translator for four years, did all the Chekhov translations and the Plautus as well as the *Oedipus*; he knows those languages and 2,200 years of history. And we complement the *Oedipus* with the Plautus, a Roman comedy and as bawdy a play as there is.

Our fifth show will be a benefit. I'm writing it now, pulling scenes from past shows we have done and weaving in articles and letters and memorabilia. It's going to be very exciting.

Q: How do you feel going into your second season as artistic director?

A: I have far less trepidation. Last year was a great accomplishment, and I will go forward.

Q: How attached are you to APT?

A: I think the world would be a bit sadder without APT: it is one of a kind. People don't realize that it is larger than the ticket price. In giving money beyond the ticket price you are rewarded by sustaining a theatre dedicated to humanity. We learn much about humanity through the greatest plays ever written; that is their heritage, as precious as any heirloom left from one generation to another.

It does take money. People shouldn't be deceived. But I cannot think of anything else that celebrates life more grandly than a theatre dedicated to the world's greatest stories.

March 5, 1989 —Nancy Eichsteadt

*The Impact of the Most Disadvantaged Children
on Higher Education in the Twenty-first Century*

Reshaping the Culture of the University

By Donna E. Shalala

The concerns and challenges of our society's poorest children—their health, their education, their socialization—have long been at the core of higher education. As models for remediation, these children have been the focus of intensive work in many science and social science disciplines. Some of the pilot projects inspired by the needs of our most disadvantaged children have been breathtaking in their scope: in Boston and in Washington, D.C., just last year, in fact, multidisciplinary task forces from prominent universities have put forth proposals virtually to take over the management of entire school districts in some of the cities' most troubled areas.

But never before in history has the link between the

future of disadvantaged children and the healthy future of higher education been so direct. Never before has the urgency of the relationship been so clear. If the needs of poor children once were the province of social observers and welfare advocates, they now need to be the concern of all of us in higher education—of all of us, period. In terms of the federal government's role, the role of the state, even the role of the university, in establishing curriculum that takes maximum advantage of cultural diversity, higher education is at a crossroads.

Predictably, though liberal and conservative forces have joined in a determined eleventh-hour effort to help the United States keep pace economically with competitor nations, the least advantaged citizens have

been left out of the reckoning. Programs that ensure their health and well being, slashed during the early part of the decade, have never been restored. Even those programs that demonstrably improve the possibility of educational success for poor children are only now getting the attention they deserve from a new federal administration. Only now are colleges and universities awakening to the critical necessity for making the riches of higher education accessible to all children—no matter what their race or their economic background.

These measures have been ignored at our national peril, because it is the least advantaged children who will shape the character of colleges and universities in the future and who will strengthen or break the country's economic spine.

Higher education traditionally has been the laboratory of social enlightenment.

Higher education traditionally has been the laboratory of social enlightenment; it can afford to do no less in the current crisis. At the crossroads, on the doorstep of the twenty-first century, we cannot avoid a hard look at how the needs of all our children are being met. If compassion alone no longer can be the inspiration for this effort, let common sense dictate it.

For several years, forward-thinking educational policy makers have reminded us that the traditional "trickle down" model—with educational priorities determined at the top, by the advantaged for the benefit of the advantaged—simply is no longer feasible.

The traditional emphasis by the successful to pass the torch on to the up-and-coming has led all of us into a lamentable trap: The pool of customary achievers, white males, is shrinking. Women now outnumber men as college graduates, and so-called minorities rapidly are becoming the majority population of most of the large urban centers in our country. These latter ones are the children who hold our future in their hands. They are the ones who deserve our help. If they prosper, we will prosper as a society. If they fail—if we fail them—all Americans will be the victims.

The projected shortages in skilled workers for the technologically sophisticated jobs of the very near future will come to pass, and the United States will falter in its competitive ability. Social conflict, already menacing, will intensify. Our national security, which de-

pends on the intelligence and competence of our citizenry, will be endangered.

And last, but not by any means least, we will lose our pride. We will no longer be able to think of ourselves as one of the most decent, socially aware nations on earth.

So, as a society, we must make the choice not to accept what destiny hands our poorest children. And destiny begins to short-shrift them before they even are born. That is where we must begin. Simply put, by last year's Committee for Economic Development report, one fifth of our children grow up in poverty. One third grow up in ignorance. These are astonishing figures, and they bespeak some pitiful realities.

The federal WIC food program for women and their infants has proved that every dollar spent on nutrition saves three times that in hospital costs, but the funding is not adequate to help all those who could benefit. Similar problems attend the delivery of even minimal prenatal care, and funding cuts have restricted crucial access to Medicaid services. Currently, according to recent studies by the Children's Defense Fund and others, even early immunization to combat childhood diseases, dangerous cripples that can be easily avoided, is not available to every child. Where it is available, inoculation often requires poor parents to stand in line for more than eight hours with their children.

Our new president has pledged a greater commitment to HeadStart, a splendid program that has proved its young graduates are a third more likely to complete high school than their counterparts who don't attend. But until this year, fewer than one in five children who economically qualified for HeadStart have attended HeadStart nursery schools.

Last year, a million teenagers left school without graduating, a disproportionate number of them minority children from disadvantaged homes—such as the 70 percent of Wisconsin Indian teenagers who dropped out. Another three quarters of a million American teenagers did graduate but were so deficient in skills they may as well have been dropouts. At the same time, more than half of high-school seniors were found to be unable to read at a level adequate to perform moderately complex tasks, tasks no more complicated than assembling a child's bike from parts.

What will they do when they graduate? The horizon looks bleak. Unskilled labor is a thing of the past. The construction and manual labor trades are dwindling and glutted. As of last year, three million young people under twenty-one could not find useful work. We truly have no choice but to help these young people prepare themselves to change and to make a better future; the alternative is frightening.

But many will never get a chance to change unless we make change now. Because of an accident of birth, rather than any fault of their own, many of our nation's children simply are never going to see our halls of ivy. In spite of our so-called two-paycheck prosperity, even middle-class parents are hard pressed to attempt to fund a college education even for one child, much less several. For poor youths, the prospects are much more grim. Though 80 percent of financial aid still comes through federal programs, the focus has shifted from grants to loans.

With the prospect of an average \$7,500 in debt facing graduates, it is all but inevitable that the students who need financial aid most will exclude themselves from it. The fear of staggering debt has a way of rapidly restructuring dreams, especially for those students who have had to fight every step of the way to the brink of a college or university placement.

And so they will flounder. Their high-school educations, even if they were adequate, will not be adequate to the demands of the age of information and technology. Without even a chance for a college education, not all, but many of these young people will not be able to take their place as contributors to society. They will not fund social security or health care or research or development. Theirs will be the heavy weight of the many, and it will drain the few. They will grow up to demand more than their share of remedial resources: crime control, welfare, crisis medical care, subsidized housing. They will only take and never give because the tools for giving were never given to them.

This, however, is the vision of what may be, not what must be.

Gloomy as the prospect for bringing disadvantaged children into the educational mainstream seems, it is by no means immutable. The first and most hopeful component in any plan is that we are dealing here with children, whose resilience is a consistent marvel. Direct action now can make a difference to children whose early childhood deprivation already has put them at a loss. For children yet to be born, the simplest measures can go far to putting them on the road to higher education.

We must marshal our resources and strengthen those proven programs, such as WIC and HeadStart. We must make it clear on the local, state, and federal levels that voters want proof that poor children are at the top of our lawmakers' agenda.

We must bring together gifted coalitions of primary and secondary educators, social planners and economists, to craft new, efficient programs and to counteract the deep, disturbing prejudice against the poor—to refute the closely held notion that excellence and equity are mutually exclusive.

We must focus on the nether world too many poor children enter after the primary years. It is in middle school that children decide who they will be, whether they will be teenage parents or dropouts or drug users. The system-wide programs we create must offer them affirmative answers and realistic goals, in their language, on their terms. Initiatives such as Madison's pairing program, which drew on community and federal resources and university expertise, must be bolstered and expanded, so that truly multicultural schools with the very best in resources can thrive in some of the most disadvantaged neighborhoods in this city and in others. We must give our poorest children educational sustenance over the long summer, so that their skills do not fall into disrepair and their ambitions lie fallow.

But even decimating the dropout rate for high-school graduates will not brighten the total picture. Colleges and universities must embark on a tough, determined course to attract and keep minority undergraduates. It will not be easy. We need first to guarantee a place for every able undergraduate, and that means support. Without tying it to a military-service or other requirement, we need to protect our federal student loan program and bolster our grants program, keeping in mind that what we are funding here is not a frill, but a critical investment in national prosperity. Grants should be available to needy students at least for their early undergraduate years. With success under their belts, these students will see the risk of taking on debt in the form of student loans as a far less intimidating prospect.

We must offer for study a curriculum that truly reflects cultural realities of the twenty-first century will.

Once they are in our midst, we must take a hard look at what we offer for study. This may require soul-searching and the shattering of some parts of the canon, particularly those that hold with notions such as that if blacks or women had written anything worth preserving, their books would be on traditional reading lists. Daring a curriculum that truly reflects cultural realities of the twenty-first century will ruffle feathers, but it is a necessary part of tailoring education to the realities of all our young people. There is muttering about the abrogation of standards in the cause of diversity, but patience with students who have the potential, but not yet the performance record for success is not compromising standards. And indeed, our stake

in these students' success is so great that without it, the whole question of excellence, in global terms, becomes moot.

Minority students from disadvantaged backgrounds are at highest risk for dropping out; so attracting them to colleges and universities is only a first step. The University of Wisconsin-Madison's new mentor program, which pairs faculty and senior staff one-on-one with incoming minority freshmen, is one effort to make our university a kinder place. Our new multicultural center is another effort, as is an upcoming ethnic studies requirement that will affect virtually all incoming freshman. These kinds of measures are both direct and symbolic; they symbolize the determination of this university and the hoped-for determination of all institutions of higher learning not to let these students fail. They symbolize a most important but very subtle tenet of higher education's litany of responsibility to the neediest students, that of expectation. Children are not much different from each other. Whether they are five or fifteen or nineteen, well off or poor, young people look to figures of admiration and authority for a reflection of themselves. When our most at-risk children look to us, they need to see a beacon of confidence.

If the disadvantaged prosper, we will prosper as a society. If they fail, all Americans will be the victims.

I am haunted by two images from my own experience, images that seem irreconcilable. I knew a young man in New York. He was a dropout. He was ten years old. The end came one day when he was sent home from school because he had a rip in his jeans. He was sent home to repair the rip, but no one was there, so he tried to do it himself. When he went back to school, he was told that his repair job wasn't good enough; and he never went back again. He said later, "No one ever saw me." At school, people saw the rip in his jeans, but they didn't see beyond the rip to the child and his enormous need. No one at home was trying to see, either. Another child's failure was no big surprise.

In Milwaukee, I heard about a thirty-five-year-old woman who grew up in Mississippi, the daughter of fifteen-year-old parents, who had eleven more children by the time they were in their thirties. Though the father always worked, it was a stormy, difficult marriage, marked by alcoholism and physical abuse. To make ends meet, the mother worked every afternoon as a lunchroom cook at the local school. Disaster

seemed inevitable. Today, most of those twelve children are college graduates. Several others are career soldiers. The daughter I first referred to is one of the most respected gerontologists in Milwaukee and a frequent speaker at motivational conferences for black teenagers. Her mother, now widowed, works at the same hospital as her daughter. The mother is a cleaning woman. Many times, her daughter has tried to get her to retire, but she won't. She believes in earning her way.

Both of these are stories of brutal poverty and social deprivation. The difference is in the details. The most important detail is expectation. The boy who dropped out at age ten was an arrow launched at failure from his first days of life. No one had motivated his parents, and his parents did not motivate him. Their own ability even to become alarmed by his plight had been blunted by years of discouragement. There was no one to fight for him. The Milwaukee doctor had an equally discouraging prognosis, judging from the facts of her birth and childhood. But she had a shining advocate in her mother. She has said that she and her brothers and sisters didn't know what a grade of "C" was. "My mother wouldn't permit one in the house," she said. She learned early that poverty was one thing and pride was another thing. And so she triumphed.

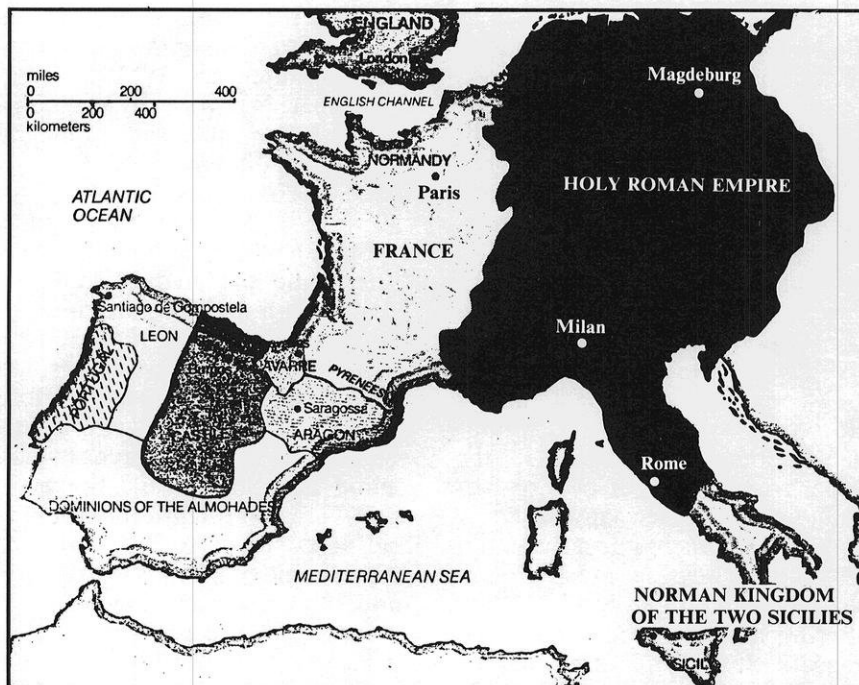
But not every poor child has such an inspiration at home. Rather the opposite tends to be true. It would be naive to suggest that government or educational institutions can fill the role of devoted, concerned parents. No one suggests that they can. But institutions and, more important, the people who administer them and who teach at them can make a very important difference. They can provide the expectation for success where that expectation did not exist, or existed only faintly, before. And as recent stories, such as "Stand and Deliver," have proved, where a spark of curiosity and ambition exists, encouragement and expectation can light up a young mind.

The new agenda for the least advantaged children and higher education is a reciprocal one: Each stands to benefit by the critical involvement of the other. That involvement begins with the cradle and proceeds to the mortarboard, and it is a bridge to success built of dollars and good sense, of intellectual effort and simple caring, of sociological studies and human touch, of massive federal programs and of a single teacher with a single extra hour each week to share. It is a complex and demanding agenda, but it is born of a full-hearted belief. And that belief is that our best hope for excellence, as a world power and at home, does not depend on the size and sophistication of our arsenals or on the speed of our super-computers. It depends on the hearts and minds of our children, of every one of our children. **More than ever before, our poorest need our power, our eloquence, our ability to inspire and provide. They need us and, possibly even more, we need them.** ■

Two African Saints in Medieval Germany

By Reinhold Grimm

Europe c. 1140



After the decline and final downfall of the Roman Empire, western and southern Europe was a shambles. Teutonic tribes such as the Goths, Lombards, and Franks invaded and ransacked the erstwhile Roman provinces, founding various kingdoms in Germany, Italy, France, and Spain, most of which were, however, rather short-lived. It was only with the ascent of the Carolingian dynasty and, in particular, the reign of Charlemagne, which culminated in his coronation as Holy Roman Emperor in Rome in 800 A.D., that order, unity, and safety were restored in these ravaged countries. When Charlemagne's empire was divided under his successors, and new realms began to emerge in the east as well as the west—which were to become Germany and France, respectively—his imperial heritage and, by implication, that of the Romans was assumed by the German rulers. Ever since Otto I (the Great) in mid-tenth century, Germany conceived of herself as heir to the Roman Empire, as witness the elaborate appellation Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, which came into usage during the late Middle Ages and remained the official name until 1806.

Images of black saints first appear in medieval German art. I will concentrate here on two iconographic examples, one a familiar part of the Christian tradition and the other virtually unknown. First let us look at the iconography of the unknown black saint.



Fig. 1. *St. Maurice*, Magdeburg Cathedral (ca. 1240).

Saint Maurice

The sainthood and cult of Maurice sprang up in late antiquity, in what used to be southeastern Gaul, i.e., the modern French province of Burgundy and the western parts of Switzerland. There and in medieval France as a whole, he was worshiped and depicted as a white saint although he, a black African Christian, had suffered martyrdom as the leader of a Roman legion originally stationed in and recruited from Africa.

Introduced into Germany by Otto I (emperor 962-973), Maurice began to be venerated only from mid-tenth century onwards, but soon became the most prominent saint of the entire empire. His attributes included both the banner of the *Reich* and the so-called Holy Lance (the spear with which the soldiers had pierced Christ's side). The latter weapon, one of the most precious of the imperial insignia, was wielded by Otto when, in 955, he defeated the Hungarians in the Battle of the Lechfeld. Obviously, this new saint who hailed from a once Christian part of Africa (Nubia, or Upper Egypt) proved himself especially effective against the barbarous heathens of Europe such as the Hungarians still were. Maurice became patron saint of medieval Germany's eastern empire, and its dominance over the Slavic tribes in particular. The archdiocese of Magdeburg was founded by Otto expressly for the purpose of Christianizing them, and its cathedral was consecrated to St. Maurice. In this church we find a statue of the saint (fig. 1), a little bigger than life-size, which unquestionably belongs, together with the Bamberg Horseman and similar sculptures in Naumburg and Brunswick, to the superb masterpieces of late Romanesque art in Germany. Not only does Maurice here appear as a noble knight wearing most elegant chain mail, but three hundred years after his arrival on German soil he appears clearly and unmistakably as an African.

During the first half of the thirteenth century—the statue dates most likely from around 1240—the towering saint and shining protector of the empire was transformed to a black African, which he remained in Germany for another three hundred years until he fell into oblivion. But even in the sixteenth century St. Maurice was portrayed in full splendor in a painting by Matthias Grünewald, which surely exemplifies German Gothic and early Renaissance art at its very best. This double portrait of SS. *Erasmus and Maurice* (fig. 2), executed between 1520 and 1525, depicts the black knight in his golden headdress and silvery armor as equal, or indeed near superior, to his high-level clerical colleague displaying his miter and richly embroidered chasuble and bearing, moreover, the features of Cardinal Albrecht of Brandenburg, Archbishop of both Magdeburg and Mainz, the Hohenzollern prince who had commissioned the painting. Erasmus and Maurice were viewed by Grünewald as coequals, white saint and black saint.

An explanation of St. Maurice's becoming a black African is most plausible for the period when the fine Magdeburg sculpture was created and for the preceding decades when the work containing its literary counterpart, Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, was composed. At no other time were the ecumenical dimensions and claims of the old *Reich* more manifest than during the last quarter of the twelfth and first half of the thirteenth centuries, under the reigns of Frederick I Barbarossa and, in particular, of his son Henry VI and his grandson Frederick II, both of whom resided in southern Italy or Sicily, in close range of Africa. These two sovereigns from the Stauffer dynasty can rightly be said to have been, respectively, the mightiest and politically most successful, and the greatest and culturally most cosmopolitan, German emperor ever.

The empire reached the height of its political power with Henry VI, who ruled from 1190 to 1197. Hav-



Fig. 2. Matthias Grünewald, SS. *Erasmus and Maurice* (1520–25).

ing married the heiress to the throne of the Normans in Palermo, Henry united her Italian kingdom not only with the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation, but also with sundry possessions and fiefdoms elsewhere in Europe and beyond. Even the king of Armenia in Asia Minor, the king of England, and the emperor of Byzantium were Henry's vassals. Most important in this context is the fact that he received regular tributes from the Muslim rulers of North African states such as Morocco and Tripoli, and there-

fore called himself King of Africa.

The empire reached its cultural peak with Henry's son Frederick II (emperor 1215–1250), who continued his house's political globalism encircling the Mediterranean. For example, during the crusade Frederick undertook, he crowned himself King of Jerusalem in addition to being King of Africa and King of Sicily and Holy Roman Emperor. He possessed, or claimed to possess, sovereignty in each of the three continents bordering on that sea, and hence was indeed a global

emperor (*Weltkaiser*) in medieval terms. Nonetheless, his true and undisputed universalism extended over the realm of culture. "The wonder of the world," *stupor mundi*, as Frederick was named, distinguished himself both by his stunning knowledge of all the sciences and arts, as well as of jurisprudence, philosophy, and literature, and by his easy command of six, perhaps nine, languages that enabled him to correspond with the entire orbit of the Middle Ages and to converse with the multifarious crowd of scholars and men of letters assembled at his half European, half Oriental, court. He was himself an author of a book on falconry, a poet, an unflagging friend to sculpture and architecture; he proved to be so knowing and influential that a modern French art historian remarked that Frederick must have been, in effect, himself the artist: "C'est l'empereur qui a été le vrai sculpteur!"

The noble realism ascribed to the statues created under Frederick is an instant reminder of the Magdeburg statue of St. Maurice. But most significant is Frederick's attitude toward Africans and the fact that he gathered black Africans at his court in sizable numbers. By no means were they servants or menials only, but grooms and valets like their German, Italian, or Saracen peers and equally capable of distinguishing themselves in the emperor's service, of ascending, and of filling high offices. One African named Johannes Maurus, or John Morus, was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Kingdom of Sicily. If Frederick's love of beauty and contrast made him train young Africans as little servants (*servitelli nigrì*) or as black musicians blowing silvery trumpets, his cosmopolitanism was also able to integrate blacks, indeed African slaves. Why, then, shouldn't he have combined aesthetics and independence of thought and been instrumental, somehow or other, in creating a princely black African saint in the swamps and forests of colonial Germany?



Fig. 3. Stephan Lochner, *Adoration of the Magi*, Cologne Cathedral (ca. 1440).

The Three Magi

The three Magi, the wise men or kings from the East, journeyed to Bethlehem in order to adore the infant Jesus and to present their offerings. The youngest member of this royal threesome, Caspar or sometimes Balthasar, was white when first depicted but was transformed into a black saint in Germany during the Middle Ages. The earliest and most beautiful portrayals of the three worshiping kings that include a black Magus originated from the German community of Europe, within the boundaries of the medieval *Reich*.

There is no entirely satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, but we know some pertinent facts. The relics of the Magi, who are also saints, are preserved in Cologne, Germany, where they were transferred from Milan in mid-twelfth century by order of Reinald von Dassel, then chancellor of Emperor Frederick I Barbarossa and later Archbishop of Cologne. The cult and veneration of the three Magi flourished especially in the wealthy, influential archdiocese of Cologne; there the first theological arguments in favor of Caspar's transformation were set forward in the *Legend of the Three Kings* written in Latin by the monk Johannes von

Hildesheim between 1364 and 1375. In Cologne toward the end of the fourteenth century the head or whole figure of a black man began to appear as the black king's coat of arms in the various armorials created for them. The earliest extant paintings portraying a black Caspar are found in southern Germany and Austria and, perhaps, Bohemia and date from the first half of the fifteenth century.

The altarpiece in Cologne Cathedral, Stephan Lochner's *Dreikönigsaltar* or *Dombild* (fig. 3) from about 1440, shows a white Caspar in the background dressed in a dark cloak accompanied by a black acolyte. The gradual change of Caspar

Fig. 4. Rogier van der Weyden, *Adoration of the Magi*, *Blaedelin Altar* (1452–55).



himself to a black man or African can best be shown by Rogier van der Weyden's *Blaedelin Altar* (fig. 4) executed between 1452 and 1455. Atypical in several ways, this altarpiece presents Caspar as a Berber or Moor, dressed in black, with black hair, and wearing an exotic headband. What might be termed the classical example was created by Albrecht Dürer. His magnificent *Adoration* (fig. 5) of 1504 presents Caspar both as a handsome young black African and a splendidly clad and adorned prince. Dürer, even while placing Caspar farthest from center, has endowed him with weight and eminence, most obviously through the posture and loving gesture of the long-haired king next to him (a self-portrait of Dürer), but also through purely structural and pictorial devices such as vanishing lines and coloration.

The complex symbolism posited in the Magi proves to be universal. The three kings, always portrayed as an old man, a middle-aged man, and a young man, signify first the three main stages of individual human life; second, the three continents inhabited by the human race as known to the Middle Ages; and third, the three sons of Noah as listed in the Book of Genesis—Shem, Japheth, and Ham. The correspondences obtaining among these biographical, geographical, and historical significations are unequivocal even though they imply, paradoxically, a profound ambiguity. To summarize the attributes of the sons will also elucidate the significations. Pious and obedient Shem, Noah's eldest son, is the forefather of the tribes and peoples who live in Asia; his and his progeny's is the most ancient, most

Fig 5. Albrecht Dürer, *Adoration of the Magi* (1504).



venerable continent. Japheth, Noah's second eldest son, is the ancestor of those who populate Europe, Asia Minor, and the Mediterranean and is equally virtuous. Ham, however, the progenitor of the Canaanites and, above all, the inhabitants of Africa—i.e., of the remotest and most novel continent—is not only the youngest but also the disobedient and impious son of Noah because he uncovered his father when he lay drunk. And therefore his offspring was solemnly cursed by the patriarch, to be “a servant of servants . . . unto his brethren” (Gen. 9:25).

Fig. 6. St. Fidis, drawing of a reliquary bust formerly belonging to the cathedral treasury of Halle (first half of the sixteenth century).



Fig. 7. Drawing of a life-sized silver statue of St. Maurice from the cathedral treasury of Halle. Executed around 1521, it was smelted down after only two decades.

But Noah's ominous curse of blacks is absent from our German medieval depictions of the black king; it has been outweighed by general prefigurement, negated if dialectically preserved in Caspar's melancholy smile and distant position, or subdued altogether. Later on it was not just renewed but made brutally explicit, as in the words of a seventeenth-century theologian: "And in the very second of that curse Ham's hair curled and his face became black, by which it is plain that Negroes are the sons of Ham and damned to eternal slavery."

Nothing of this pejorative sense

of blackness is seen in the German iconography of the adoration of the Magi from the Middle Ages. Yet why is there such German medieval interest in a black Caspar? The sole reason I can surmise is the universal symbolism which could be associated with the Magi theme. Its global dimensions spanning all three continents, with the express and realistic embracing of black Africa, may well have been felt to mirror the universality of the Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation—or to put it more cautiously, its claim to secular and spiritual globalism and universalism.

Yet all this is, needless to say, just the proverbial tip of the iceberg. For instance, the important role played by Charles IV (emperor 1355-1378) has not even been touched upon. A descendant of the Rhenish House of Luxembourg who resided in Prague, he was instrumental in furthering both the cult of St. Maurice and of the black Magus during the late Middle Ages. By the first quarter of the sixteenth century, their joint veneration in German lands, including Bohemia, had reached unprecedented dimensions; in point of fact, the Germans even went so far as to invent, against any and all hagiographic evidence, an imaginary black sister of St. Maurice, St. Fidis (fig. 6). Significantly, this occurred in the Archdiocese of Magdeburg and under the reign of Cardinal Albrecht, who also was Martin Luther's superior. But while, by and large, Luther's Reformation put an end to the cult of St. Fidis as well as a black St. Maurice (fig. 7), the depiction of the black Magus has continued unabated, both inside and outside of Germany, to the present day. Worldwide, throughout the Christian community, Caspar is being portrayed as a black—indeed all three of the Magi now appear as blacks in African depictions of the adoration, or of their journey to Bethlehem (fig. 8).

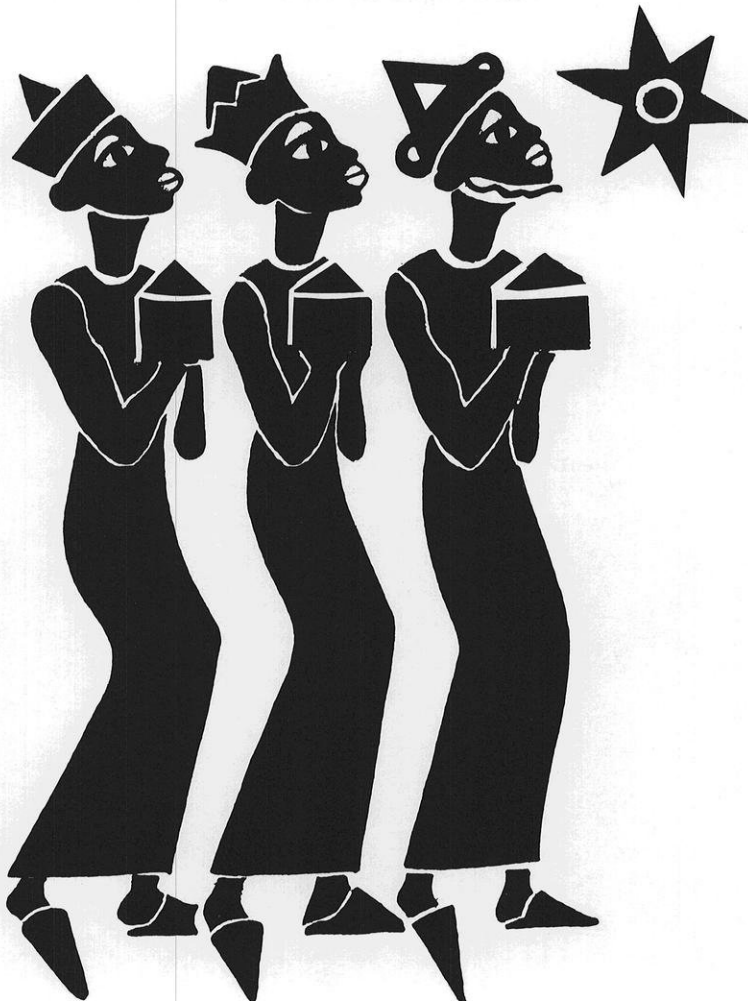
Additional Readings

Apart from the monumental multi-volume documentation *The Image of the Black in Western Art* (1976 ff.), which was originally published in French, see above all Paul H. D. Kaplan, *The Rise of the Black Magus in Western Art* (Ann Arbor: UMI Research Press, 1985) and Gude Suckale-Redlefsen, *Mauritius: Der heilige Mohr [The Black Saint Maurice]* (Munich and Zurich: Schnell u. Steiner, 1987).

Acknowledgments

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Fig. 8. *The Three Magi on Their Way*, a twentieth-century mural from the Benedictine Monastery of Keur-Moussa in Senegal.



Solo Performance

The actor in our house
was Dad.
“Hats don’t care who wears ‘em,”
he said
and proved it by playing
tramp, clown, scamp
with a change of voice,
choice of hat.

One afternoon this actor walked
the beach
in beggar’s rags,
black fedora shading his eyes,
slouched,
marking each faltering step in the sand
with his crooked cane.

Mother’s heart stopped,
and mine,
when he turned toward wild waves,
waded out almost beyond his skill.

She was gone seven years
before he pulled the curtain
on the final act.

Kay Saunders

Orphans

I played Chinese checkers on the floor
beside the metal grating—
a clover of heat that warmed a warm, warm room.
The marbles were small and dark,
not like the marbles that roll in alleys
and lose themselves in waving grass;
marbles of memory
like the time when Grace
skimmed the cream from the milk.

His portrait watched me,
the portrait of their father;
they were sisters, Jess and Grace.
He wore a sword and had a large moustache.
Jess died
Grace went to the Christian Home.
When I reach their house they are still there.
“May I come in?”
“Jess? Grace?”
The painting is not there,
the painting that could not have been their father.

My mother thought to name me “Grace.”
I’ve not considered why—until today.
I would ask my mother—if she were still alive.

Joan C. Johannes

How Writing Came to the West

Homer and the Origin of the Greek Alphabet

By Barry B. Powell

It is not an exaggeration to claim that the invention of the alphabet encouraged the development of philosophy, science, and democracy, the finest achievements in the history of human culture. Here was a writing different in function from its predecessors, including its direct model, Phoenician writing, which belongs to a large family of writings that includes modern Hebrew and Arabic, called West Semitic writings. Note that writing is not language. Writing can be a medium for recording language, but writing is not itself language.

Prealphabetic writing

The Greek alphabet was the first writing invented whose signs represented not whole parts of speech (words) or parts of words (syllables). In alphabetic writing, the signs represent parts of syllables, what linguists call phonemes, and not the syllables themselves. The writing goes inside the structure of the spoken language.

My thinking about the origin of the Greek alphabet began after I'd been studying and teaching Egyptian hieroglyphics for about ten years. It struck me that when we "read" Egyptian hieroglyphics, it is not the same as when we "read" a novel. Egyptian writing is a kind of

algebra; the prose has no style. Even the distinction between poetry and prose exists only as a theory. It's nothing you see and hear when reading the text. At this early stage the writing is logo-syllabic, made up of logograms, where the sign stands for a word, and syllabograms, where each sign stands for a syllable. This is mainly how the writings of ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia worked.

A writing like this will require hundreds of signs to cover the various possibilities—around 750 signs for Egyptian at any given time. The West Semitic writings, which may go back as early as 1500 B.C., were a big advance because they discarded all the signs that stood for words and kept only those that stood for syllables. The syllables that the West Semitic writings (including Phoenician) stand for each begin with a consonant, the value of which is agreed on, but the quality of the accompanying vowel must be provided by the speaker. For example, the word for king in Phoenician would be written with three signs with the consonantal values of M, L, K. How do you pronounce MLK? Melek? or Molek, Malik, Milok, Mulak, Ameleka, Umliki, Molka? A native speaker would know, but others have no way, from the writing, of knowing. Phoeni-

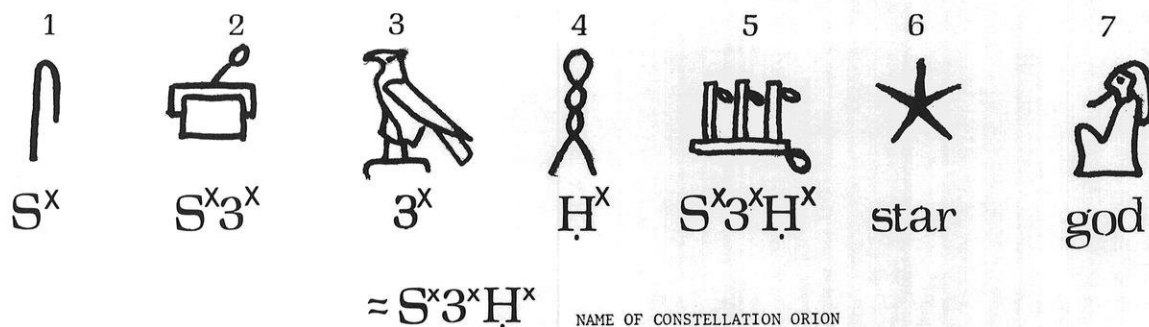
cian is not, therefore, an alphabet, though it is often called such. West Semitic writing was a great improvement, however; it had only twenty-two signs.

I was so puzzled by the extraordinary difference between the writing of the Egyptians, whom we so admire, and the writing of the Greeks that I began to wonder more about writing itself and why this tremendous change had taken place, the invention of the Greek alphabet. Did this have to happen? What caused the invention of the alphabet?

The Homeric Question

A seemingly separate problem also has long perplexed me, the most pertinacious problem in the history of the humanities: the Homeric Question, an investigation into the puzzle of how we possess these wonderful poems, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. How were they written down? Did Homer write them down? Who was Homer? When did Homer live? Could Homer read or write?

We must define the relationship between Homer and writing, to know the answers to questions like these. A German scholar, Friedrich August Wolf established the modern form of the Homeric Question in his *Prolegomena ad Homerum*,



Egyptian writing

There is no better way to learn about prealphabetic writing than by studying an example, such as this Egyptian word for the star we call Orion. Egyptian is apparently the ancestor to West Semitic writings, including Phoenician, and of course Phoenician is ancestral to the Greek alphabet.

Let us consider how this writing worked. The sign numbered one here, which is supposed to represent a “folded cloth,” has an *s* sound assigned to it, plus some vowel or no vowel, just like Phoenician, which a native speaker of Egyptian will eventually provide, having figured out what the scribe who wrote this is trying to say. So number one is a “syllabogram”—it stands for a syllable. The unknown vowel that goes with the consonant, to be supplied by the native speaker, is designated by a superscripted “x.”

Sign number two, which is supposed to be the picture of a “backbone,” represents a *sequence* of sounds, first an *s* sound plus an unknown vowel—the same *s* sound of “folded cloth”—and then after that a *glottal stop* sound, written here as a sort of “three.” “Glottal stop” is a way of stopping the throat, as when the English cockney drops the *h* in, “It’s ‘ot, I’m going in the ‘ouse.” Apparently the word that means “back” in Egyptian had the same sequence of consonants, though not necessarily vowels, that we find in part of the word that names the constellation Orion. The scribe could use this sign by itself to mean “back,” in which case we would call it a logogram, a sign that stands for a word, but in this case it does *not* mean “back,” but “the same sequence of consonantal sounds that we find in the Egyptian word for back.” So we say that it too is a syllabogram, but it stands for two syllables, including their unknown vowels.

The third sign, vulture, is also a syllabogram, with the value, “glottal stop.” “Vulture” just repeats the “glottal stop” that is in “back,” just as “folded cloth” repeats the phonetic information “s” in “back.” The scribe is trying to make clear that he is

talking about sound here and that the sound is “s” plus an unknown vowel followed by “glottal stop” plus an unknown vowel. Why doesn’t he just write “folded cloth” followed by “vulture”? That, in fact, is what the Phoenicians will do, once they invent writing. But the Egyptian writing, like the culture, was extremely resistant to change. “Back” had a certain phonetic value and “folded cloth” and “vulture” remove ambiguity about that phonetic value.

The fourth sign, “twisted rope,” brings in some new phonetic information, because it has a sort of *h* sound, plus an unknown vowel. The fifth sign, actually “toes,” repeats the same phonetic information already given, because “toes” stands for a sequence of *three consonants*, “s,” “glottal stop,” and “sort of h.” This sign could, as a logogram, stand for “toes,” but here the scribe just means the sounds. It is hard to be sure whether “toes” constitutes phonetic commentary upon what has gone before, or whether what has gone before constitutes phonetic commentary on it; the writing is a network of supporting, interlocking clues. Now come some more signs which mean something—they are semantic—but they are not phonetic—they do not stand for sound.

The sixth sign, “star,” tells us “this word is a star.” The seventh sign, “god,” adds the information, “this word has the attributes of a god.”

This is one ordinary word. We can never get close to the language behind the writing. Transliterating these seven signs, five of them phonetic, the modern Egyptologist comes up with a word that has three consonants, *s*, *glottal stop*, and *sort of h*, a word to pronounce in a classroom, as “sah,” but “sah” does not even attempt to reconstruct the actual pronunciation of the ancient Egyptian. Egyptian writing, in spite of its complexity, is incapable of telling us what was the real sound of human speech that lay behind the graphic signs. That does not prevent our understanding ancient Egyptian writing; writing and language are not the same thing.

"a critical introduction to Homer," published in 1795. Wolf denied that Homer's poems, presumably composed in an illiterate age, could have been fixed in writing by the poet himself. These famous poems, Wolf thought, must therefore have existed earlier in shorter independent versions which were handed down orally, until somebody assembled them in what we call the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There never was an individual named Homer, there were just separate songs put together by an editor.

Many views have been expressed on this issue since 1795, but while no one now accepts the theory of an editor replacing the poet, we remain today as firmly impaled on the horns of the dilemma: no writing, no Homer. What is the relation between Homer and writing?

In the last fifty years we have seen much research into the nature of the oral composition of poems among illiterate peoples. These discoveries are famous and influential, though based in the most exacting and recondite philology. Today most humanists know about the *guslars*, the illiterate singers of southern Yugoslavia, who without the aid of writing can sing very long songs, usually on a heroic topic. The curious style of these modern poems, which contain many preset phrases and lines, is so similar to Homer's own style that the plausible suggestion that Homer was an illiterate oral poet, just like these *guslars*, has received wide and deserved acceptance by the scholarly community. Milman Parry, who died in 1935, was the pioneer in this kind of comparative study, and his work was carried on by Albert Lord. The Parry-Lord theory is that Homer was an oral poet who composed his poems without the aid of writing. The theory answered some questions in the Homeric investigation, because illiterate oral poets do compose long poems. The problem remained: How were the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* written down?

These "orally composed" songs are never sung the same way twice.

There is no fixed text, no poem to memorize word for word. We need to dismiss any idea that Homer may have sung the *Iliad*, then somebody memorized it, and then somebody else memorized it again, and finally somebody wrote it down. There is no fixed text to memorize. Oral poetry is something like jazz—the song is never the same twice. Therefore, to have the words of Homer, we must bring Homer and writing together.

The accepted view is that Homer lived and composed around the mid-eighth century, about 750 B.C. The conventional view is that the alphabet was invented in the early eighth century B.C. to record business accounts. Could this alphabet, known to a few people, have been used in its infancy to record twenty-eight thousand lines of complicated verse on many dozens of rolls of expensive papyrus?

The invention of the Greek alphabet

Writing, like any fact of human culture, has a history, a beginning and a development. Why does change occur at all in writing? (The Egyptians wrote their hieroglyphs for three thousand years and got along fine, but they don't write them anymore.) What happened in this shift from prealphabet to alphabet? Did it happen once or several times? The question of uniqueness or repeatability always surfaces in the evolution of life and cultural forms. In this case we have a good answer: it happened only once, in one place, at one time. **The Greek alphabet was invented by a single man at a single time.**

We know this because in every example of early Greek alphabetic writing appear unique, arbitrary, and hence unreproducible, alterations of the Greek alphabet's Phoenician model. For example, the Phoenician consonantal sign *wau*, which came in the alphabetic series where our "F" comes (our "F" is this sign) was split into two Greek

signs, one consonantal, a "w" sound, later called *digamma*, and the other vocalic, which was placed at the end of the alphabetic series after "T", *upsilon*, our "u." The two signs, *digamma* and *upsilon*, have a slight variation in shape in the Greek alphabet, but both signs derive from one Phoenician sign. It is not credible that more than one person would at roughly the same time make exactly the same arbitrary alterations in his model, and yet all extant examples of early Greek alphabetic writing embody this alteration. We must bring the fact that the alphabet was invented by one person at one time into clear focus in our thinking. This person who invented the alphabet, I call "the adapter."

Dating the alphabet

The Greek alphabet was invented apparently around 800 B.C. To arrive at this date, we take the earliest pieces of alphabetic writing, dated by ceramic stratigraphy, and then go back one or two generations. Because the Greeks historically wrote on every kind of object and especially loved to scratch someone's name or an insult on pieces of ceramic ware, they could not have been literate for very long without leaving imperishable specimens of their writing.

Where, then, was the adapter working? Where did he see Phoenician writing?

Dated to around 775-750 B.C., the earliest dated examples of Greek alphabetic writing are found scratched on sherds from Lefkandi, a major Iron Age archaeological site between the villages of Chalcis and Eretria on the island of Euboea, east of the Greek mainland. Of all known sites from the Greek Dark Ages the site at Lefkandi is the most extraordinary, from the wealth of its burials, the ambition of its architecture, and the clear testimony to direct trade connections with the Levant. It looks as if the Lefkandians had participated, with the Chalcidians, in founding the earli-



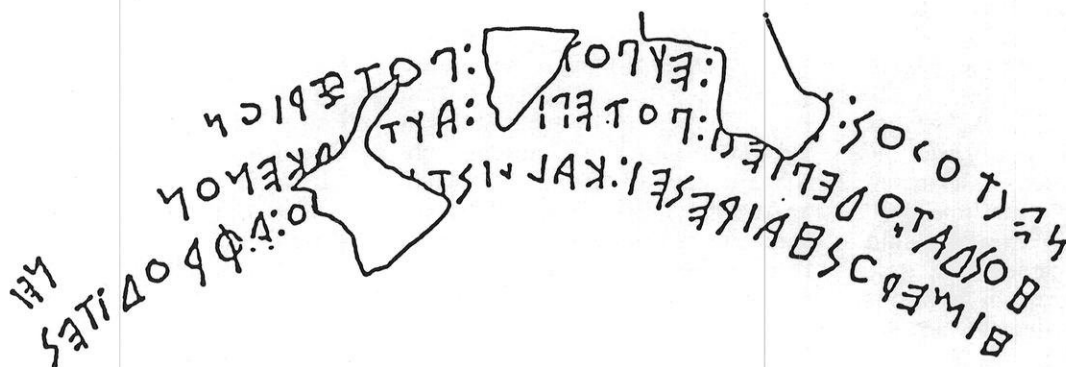
est Greek colonies in the far west, the Bay of Naples on the island of Pithekoussai (now Ischia) where they mined metal ores. The settlement on Pithekoussai began sometime in the late ninth or early eighth century B.C. In the cemetery of this mining colony, just as in the home town in Euboia, are found some of the earliest Greek alphabetic writing.

The Chalcidians who settled Pithekoussai, Lefkandians perhaps among them, also had a permanent trading colony at the same time at the other end of the Mediterranean

Sea, a place now called Al Mina in northern Syria. Chalcidian pottery has also been found at the Greek city of Salamis, on polyglot Cyprus, a way station between Al Mina and Euboia. In Al Mina and in Kition, Cyprus, there were Phoenicians and a good opportunity for Euboian traders to meet them.

In the Euboian social circle we have the economic and social environment of the earliest Greek alphabetic literacy, where the adapter must have lived. Whether the adapter made his invention in Syria, in Al Mina, or on the island of Cy-

prus, or on the island of Euboia, or someplace else, we can never know, because we are concerned with the private act of a single person, working alone. Except for a slight reform of three letter values made by someone around 600 B.C., and by the addition of the sign *omega* to the end of the alphabetic series (*omega* is just an *omicron* written with a gap in it), no substantive changes were made to the Greek alphabet after the moment of its creation. The Greek alphabet sprang fully formed from the head of its fashioner.



 <--- Νέστορος : ἐξίμῃ : εὖποτ[ον] : ποτέριον

 <--- ὅς δ' ἂν τῷδε πῖσι : ποτερί[ο] : αὐτίκα κῆνον

 <--- ἕμερος ἑαρέσει : καλλιστε[φά]γο : Ἀφροδίτες

I am the delicious cup of Nestor,
 Whoever drinks from this cup, straightway that man
 the desire of beautiful-crowned Aphrodite will seize.

The Cup of Nestor inscription, with Europe's first literary allusion

Material and textual evidence

A highly interesting example of the earliest Greek alphabetic writing comes from Pithekoussai in the Bay of Naples, a Euboian outpost. It is a three-line graffito on a clay cup, dating to around 730 B.C.. Anybody, even today, could pronounce these lines with minimal instruction, without having any idea what they mean. This is a cardinal feature of alphabetic writing—that you can pronounce it without knowing what it means, whereas with earlier writings like Egyptian you can often understand the meaning without having any idea what the language behind the writ-

ing sounds like.

This extremely old Greek alphabetic inscription seems to be a relic from an eighth-century B.C. drinking party. It's a joke. The first line, "I am the delicious cup of Nestor," is a play on a common practice of scratching one's name on a cup. We find some extremely early examples of this practice. But this fellow, who writes his name on a cup, is supposed to be the great Nestor of Homer's *Iliad*, an old man always boasting in the midst of the Trojan War about the three generations of men he has seen, and the days when war really was war, when he, Nestor, fought with the Lapiths against the Centaurs.

There's a scene in the *Iliad* (11.632) where Nestor is offering to Patroclus, Achilles' best friend, a drink in Nestor's tent. Out comes Nestor's cup, a fancy goblet with nails of gold, double stems, and the likenesses of two doves perching to drink. So massive is this cup of Nestor, Homer tells us, that when it is full—this is Homer's joke—a man could barely budge it, except for old Nestor who tossed it off with no problem. Homer is parodying a common epic boast where some warrior picks up a rock to bash out his enemy's brains, a rock so big that not two ordinary men could lift it. But for hero so-and-so, it was no problem to pick up this rock.

This inscription is found in the cemetery of the earliest Greek colony in the west, a remote island. Yet this cup was inscribed at the end of a 400-year-old Dark Age that had engulfed Greek society after the Bronze Age. The people living in distant Italy knew the *Iliad* well enough to make a joke out of it and expect to have it understood. The Cup of Nestor inscription contains not only one of the oldest examples of alphabetic writing in the world, but Europe's first literary allusion.

The next two lines of the Cup of Nestor inscription are skillful dactylic hexameters, Homer's meter. I think we have one man writing these words on the cup, but three composers. In the first line the host of the drinking party has parodied a common practice, namely to write your name on a cup, by his joke about Nestor. This "sets up the game." Now the second diner spins out a perfect hexameter by parodying another kind of cup inscription (of which we also have examples) where someone writes a curse on a cup: "Whoever steals me will—go blind or turn green or some other awful thing." After the second diner's "whoever steals me . . ." the third diner is expected to pronounce his own doom: a pleasant sexual experience! This was good fun 2,800 years ago and still is. Although literacy in Greece was then confined to a few individuals, someone scratched this on a cup.

In alphabetic writing like this we hear the sound of men singing poetry. The Greek alphabet was a wonderful invention with a great future, but it was not an inevitable invention. The alphabet was, in fact, an internal restructuring of the way writing worked. There was never a necessity that the Greeks invent the alphabet, a highly idiosyncratic form of writing when compared to other writing traditions.

When we survey the material remains of early Greek writing, we find that Greek literacy at the very beginning flourished in a world socially noble, temperamentally given over to contests of various kinds,

and much like the world that Homer describes for us in the *Odyssey* when he sings of King Alcinous and his wonderful house on island Phaeacia, where Odysseus stops in his wanderings. On Phaeacia there is lots to eat and drink, and outside on the playing field athletes compete, or trade insults, or boast of their prowess. And in the palace on Phaeacia, Homer tells us, the oral poet Demodocus strums his lyre and tells a racy story about the time that Aphrodite was caught in the act of adultery with the handsome god of war, Ares. Demodocus also sings of the Trojan war and of quarrels between the captains, and of how Troy fell.

This poetic world, described by Homer in the *Odyssey*, though certainly fancified, fits very well with the world that we may infer from the few surviving remains of early Greek writing. There's one big difference; Homer never speaks of writing.

Early examples of alphabetic writing are graffiti. While not a single intelligible graffito survives written in the famous Linear B syllabic script from Bronze Age Greece (which also recorded the Greek language written on clay tablets), by contrast not a single accounting document survives in early alphabetic Greece. Writing in alphabetic Greece is in the hands of different people from those who wrote in the Greek Bronze Age, when the primary function of writing was to keep track of economic information, for which purpose the spoken language with its syntax and rhythm was simply not required. In alphabetic Greece, on the other hand, a primary function of writing was to record the sound of spoken language, especially rhythmical language.

The casual relation between early alphabetic writing and the hard, imperishable objects upon which, alone, examples of it have survived, such as the Cup of Nestor inscription, make certain that writing in the very early period served its own purpose in its own sphere

of expression, where the natural medium for recording was a flexible, perishable substance. This substance is likely to have been Egyptian papyrus imported into Greece through Eastern emporia, like Al Mina, where the model for the alphabet may have been found. From time to time someone has noticed that it is possible to write on a cup, pot, or stone, but these are unnatural media for the writing.

What *was* being written on the flexible medium, of which all actual examples have been lost? Hexameters, certainly. We are amazed at the sophisticated level of expression in archaic Greek inscriptions, coming from a time when we might expect simple expression. But if alphabetic writing was invented specifically *in order to record epic song*, this would explain why the writing begins as a sophisticated tool. The Greek alphabet was an invention that enabled the writer to get down on paper the sounds of the human voice.

What did those Euboians carry with them written on papyrus, when they sailed in open boats through Scylla and Charybdis, the Straits of Messina, 800 years before Christ? According to an interpretation of the Cup of Nestor inscription, they carried with them a copy of Homer's *Iliad*. For the view that early literate Greek travelers used writing to keep their books, there has never been a trace of evidence.

Recording of the poems

In the need to record the Greek hexameter we have found the historical cause for the origin of a writing which is not satisfied with reminding a native speaker of words in a language he already knows. There are no native speakers of the Greek hexameter, made up of a hodgepodge of grammatical and dialectal forms. Greek hexameters cannot be recorded without an alphabet. The rhythms of the hexametric line are carried in the ar-

rangement of the vowels. It is certainly possible to record Greek in a syllabary—it was done so twice in history, in Linear B and in a related syllabary used on Cyprus—but it is *not* possible to recreate the sounds of a Greek hexameter from a syllabic notation.

If the adapter invented his system to record metrical verse, what metrical verse? Could Homer have inspired the adapter to his discovery? Can we place Homer and the adapter together? We noted earlier that Homer and the invention of writing do come at nearly the same time.

There is no chronological evidence that would conflict with a conclusion that around 800 B.C. Homer dictated to the adapter the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. If this sounds romantic, let us then say that it did not happen. We must then conclude that a new writing, invented in order to record hexametric verse, was inspired by an unknown poet—or poets—who disappeared without a trace, while within fifty years at most, and perhaps at the very same time, the same writing was utilized for the recording of 28,000 lines of complicated verse composed by the greatest poet in the history of culture. *Reductio ad absurdum*.

If we are looking for Homer's audience, we will not find in history a better fit than the courtly world of eighth-century B.C. Euboia. The Euboians had seen Semitic writing in the Levant. One of Homer's traditional songs is about a man who returned from the far West to his own native land; Ithaka (home of Odysseus) is, in fact, a port on the Italian journey. Homer's other song is about warfare on a windy plain. The earliest historical war in Greece was fought between Chalcis and Eretria over the Lelantine Plain sometime in the eighth century. On the Lelantine plain we find our earliest writing. Hesiod, near contemporary of Homer, also an oral poet, also committed to writing in the earliest days of Greek literacy, sang at the funeral games of Amphidamas, in Chalcis in Euboia, accord-

ing to Hesiod's own testimony (*Works and Days*, 651ff.).

When an illiterate man asks a literate man what he is doing with reed and papyrus, the literate man will indicate that he is in some way encoding human speech in graphic signs. This is likely to have been the explanation given to the adapter by his Phoenician informant. If the adapter wanted these "talking signs" so that he could write down the words of a famous poet, he soon discovered that he'd been deceived—the Phoenicians were famous for their treachery—because the Phoenician syllabary was incapable of the task. But by assigning vocalic qualities to some of the Phoenician signs, the adapter made his invention.

Let us say that the adapter went to Homer, whom he had heard sing. The adapter is likely to have been a wealthy man, perhaps a successful trader, someone who could afford to buy a large quantity of papyrus, and who could command the poet's respect. The many weeks necessary for the recording by dictation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in a new writing technology were unique conditions in the history of the poetic tradition within which Homer stood. This moment was never repeatable—it was unique. Homer's slow dictation to the adapter favored the creation of poems so long and so complex that they never could have been part of the poet's ordinary repertoire. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* had never before, or after, been sung in just this way, with maximum extension. That is why literary scholars have had such a hard time finding parallels for these poems.

The creation of the poems was a collaborative effort, then, sprung from the concourse of the adapter's new technology with the master wielder of an ancient tradition of oral verse-making. And so the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* came into being in the forms in which we have them, neither fitting what we expect from an oral tradition, nor fitting what we expect from a literate tradition.

These original written texts did exist—that is how we have the poems today. First there was only the adapter's copy. When the adapter invented the alphabet, only he could read his new writing. But the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were copied, and with the copying went the learning of the writing itself, and the spread of alphabetic literacy, far and wide, with astounding speed, even jumping over language barriers to record non-Greek languages such as Etruscan and Phrygian. But in Greece, for a long time the alphabet served principally only the purpose for which it had been designed, to record verse. The alphabet, and the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* that the alphabet had made possible, swiftly changed the character of Greek civilization—indeed, of human civilization. We cannot separate the invention of the alphabet from the need to record metrical verse, and we cannot separate the earliest recorded Greek metrical verse from Homer.

The Greeks never forgot this man who invented the alphabet. The ancient Greeks said a man named Palamedes, son of Nauplius, invented the alphabet. Palamedes is prominent in non-Homeric accounts of the Trojan war, where stories about him often have something to do with writing. One source has Palamedes born in Euboia; another says that Palamedes invented the alphabet by adding letters to a set of signs invented by the Phoenician Cadmus. If Palamedes *was* the adapter's name, and the adapter wrote down Homer, we would expect Homer to be silent about Palamedes. And he is. A Byzantine commentary claims that Palamedes was an epic poet, and that Homer envied him for his poetic powers. The Greeks really knew one thing about Palamedes, son of Nauplius: he was so clever that he devised a way to write down Greek speech. We would expect a man to be remembered—who through his cleverness had done just that. ■

Poems by Kenneth Pobo

Pardeeville

Some places you just stop
for a bologna sandwich
in the park by a cannon
stuffed with burger wrappers.
Then you go on
to Madison, Milwaukee,
Chicago.

Postcards, no.
It just isn't done
to send one
from Pardeeville.
Wishing you were here?

But air smells like hay
some farmer's been pitching
deep into dusk. Wind
rattles a clothesline,
disturbs an Oriental poppy,

a red ember lighting
dreams you have once
you get "somewhere."

A Stretch of Road Between Scandinavia and Iola

What luck! I remembered to bring
my fifty-minute Herb Alpert mix—
any road is possible when horns
are feisty and frivolous.
If my car were to break down
I'd be mugged by goldenrod,
lied to by blue jays. So what?
This is wonderful land—earth is always
wanting to brag up some flower, to drop
a feather on a creek.

Live here? What? Are you kidding?
I have never been one to give myself
completely to oaks, wind, and clouds.
So, I stitch towns up neatly,
just like my old relatives taught me.

By tomorrow I'll be safe in my locks,
telling stories on the phone,
spreading inaccuracies again.

The Wisconsin School of the Air

By Ralph W. Johnson

In mid-September 1931 Harold B. McCarty announced to the WHA Radio staff: "We're going to have a School of the Air. It will start on the fifth of October." In three weeks the first week's programming was prepared, which set the pattern for decades to come.

Fifty-five years later, "Mac" McCarty met with several long-time WHA staff members to reminisce about the Wisconsin School of the Air. Much of the following is taken from that reunion of April 17, 1986.

Karl Schmidt asked McCarty, "Why did you start the School of the Air?"

"I'd heard they had one at Ohio, and both 'Pop' Gordon and Fannie Steve had done experimental series of five or six broadcasts over WIBA for Madison schools. 'Pop' said, 'These poor one-room rural and state-graded teachers go to two years of normal school; they have to teach music and art and nature study and civics and everything else in addition to the three R's.' I knew Judith Waller had started school broadcasting in Chicago for WMAQ; so I saw Judith and got so fired up in the summer of 1931 that I decided to start our own school as early as possible. We couldn't decide whether we were broadcasting to elementary school or high school, but then high schools couldn't get around the schedule difficulty. We

Monday,	9:35am	You and Your Government—Governor Philip F. LaFollette (Direct from the State Capitol.)
	2:10pm	Counseling and Guidance: Three Questions of Importance to Students—Frank O. Holt, registrar, University of Wisconsin.
Tuesday,	9:35am	Dramatization and Stories for Young Children—Carrie Rasmussen, Auditorium Teacher, Longfellow School, Madison.
	2:10pm	Wisconsin History: Coming of the White Man—Edgar G. Doudna, State Board of Normal School Regents.
Wednesday,	9:35am	Let's Sing—Professor Edgar B. Gordon, University of Wisconsin.
	2:10pm	Art Appreciation: How Can the Study of Art Increase the Joy of Living?—Walter R. Agard, University of Wisconsin Professor of Classics and Vice President, Madison Art Association.
Thursday,	9:35am	Birds in Autumn and Winter—Professor R. H. Denniston, University of Wisconsin.
	2:10pm	What Makes a House a Home?—Kathryn Counsell, Home Economics Instructor, Lowell School, Madison.
Friday,	9:35am	Health and Safety—Fannie M. Steve, Director of Health Education, Madison Schools.
	2:10pm	The Poetry Club—Charlotte Wood, Department of English, University of Wisconsin.

All photographs are courtesy of Wisconsin Public Radio.



School of the Air reunion recorded at Vilas Communication Hall on April 17, 1986 in the Philo Buck Studio. Left to right: Karl Schmidt, Ken Ohst, Jack Stiehl, Liz Carlson, Ernest Engberg, Mary Lou Engberg, Harold B. McCarty

set up ten programs the first week which went on for years. The framework had been established."

Schmidt then asked McCarty, "Did you get a good response right away?"

"Yes, really did. It's hard to imagine because Wisconsin is an innovator in education, but in 1931 there were still over 4,000 one-room rural schools in this state. The rest had begun merger and consolidation. These poor teachers with two years of normal school were eager for the instructional programs. Our first survey indicated something like 8,000 listeners."

Edgar B. "Pop" Gordon had been with the University of Wisconsin since 1917 and had given the first lecture course, "Appreciation of Music," over the new station WHA in 1921, ten years before that first School of the Air broadcast in 1931. He could hardly have guessed that he would be teaching music by radio for the next twenty-four years. Nor could he have known that he was to be the radio teacher over

those years to more than one million children!

Eventually there were yearly radio festivals where children came to Madison to sing the songs they had learned by radio. McCarty recalled those events: "We started over at Music Hall, but then moved out to the Stock Pavilion and year after year would fill that to capacity, so that one year we booked the Field House. I'll never forget the aftermath of that; there must have been five thousand children there that time, and the program went on as usual. "Pop" Gordon valiantly tried to keep them up to tempo. But after it was all over and the hay racks and the trucks and buses and vans had left town, I breathed a sigh of relief that we got them all in and out safely. The NBC man, head of engineering, was standing there shaking his head. I asked what was the matter. He said, 'These songs will be rolling around in this barn this time next week!' The reverberation in that old Field House is so bad!"

Although Gordon's first program was called "Let's Sing," for most of those twenty-four years (1931-1955) it was called "Journeys in Musicland." Decades later, after the Gordon years, the School of the Air music programs were again called "Let's Sing." Professor Gordon received no compensation for the radio work he did for Wisconsin children.

The teacher of another long-running radio program who was heard on that first broadcast was Mrs. Fannie Steve, director of health education for the Madison schools. Her program "Rhythm and Games" was heard for thirty-five years (1931-1966).

One teacher whose programs were heard for over thirty years wrote scripts which were read by McCarty and others for several years before he went on the air himself. James Schwalbach was teaching at Washington High School in Milwaukee when he began sending his scripts for the "Let's Draw" series to Madison.

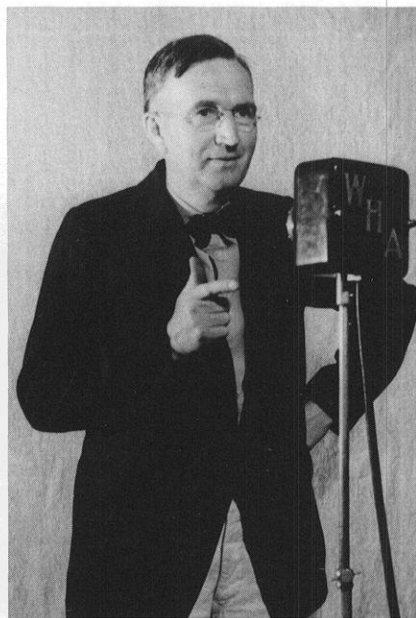
A fourth personality was Wakelin McNeel whose program "Afield With Ranger Mac" was heard for twenty-one years, (1933-1954). As "Ranger Mac," he always closed the program with these words: "May the Great Spirit put sunshine in your heart today and forever more—heap much!" McNeel was followed by Robert Ellarson whose program called "Wonderful World of Nature" was heard for twenty-five years and is being heard in schools today as produced by Scott Craven.

These pioneer programs were largely one-voiced productions with an announcer and music. A tradition of script-writing had begun. Karl Schmidt recalled: "By the time I came in 1941, almost everything was scripted. Some did their own scripts like Wakelin McNeel, but he still passed his script to Arlene McKellar or to a script editor to proof."

Script-writing for radio became a major activity. Liz Carlson recalled her earlier experience: "I had started as a teenager in a local commercial radio station, but we never did fully scripted productions. It was continuity writing, which really meant writing commercials. So by the time I came in 1951, as a graduate student, I wrote 'News of the Week,' and I couldn't believe what I had stumbled into—an opportunity to learn all these skills. WHA was the only place I knew in the country where I could learn and practice script-writing."

Karl Schmidt related the following: "At a script conference the producer or director would anticipate some of the problems, suggest a different transition or a place where it might be difficult. And then the director would go to the casting files and pull names appropriate for the program. It would not be unusual to have a hundred and fifty students try out for parts every semester. From that perhaps forty would work pretty regularly, just for the experience."

"The formats were as varied as anything that came along in broadcasting techniques. We had some access to CBC [Canadian Broad-



Ranger Mac: Wakelin McNeel

casting Corporation] models and to BBC [British Broadcasting Corporation] models, and we used to pore over these recordings avidly looking for techniques, new ways to make a transition, to effect a curtain, to build a scene. But it was definitely a group effort, and we were all in it together in the same way you are in a stage play. We did use drama. We got very sophisticated with program forms, such as 'Adventures in Our Town,' which was as ambitious as 'One Man's Family' ever was.

"We got criticism and suggestions from each other in a marvelous way. And the value of that style of work was attested to by the fact that you could go anywhere in American radio and find somebody who had been at WHA. The influence was prevalent throughout the country."

"School of the Air was the hub around which everything else grew because it was the rationale for the whole station. We could never have put as many script writers into the operation just for the general cultural work."

They not only wrote program scripts but the student man-

uals as well. Manual count was the way numbers of enrollments were calculated. A regular ritual in which almost everyone at the station participated was the wrapping and mailing of the manuals and songbooks under McCarty's supervision. The manual count showed that listeners increased from that estimate of 8,000 in 1931 to about 70,000 in 1938 and 289,000 in 1960.

Public support for the School of the Air was crucial for public broadcasting in the state in the mid-1950s. H. B. McCarty recalls: "Two or three times we were on the brink of extinction. That came after we had proposed a television network, and the organized lobby campaigned against us and raised so many doubts about costs that the chairman of the Joint Finance Committee [of the Wisconsin Legislature], pushed by a number of people, thought this was a good chance to abolish the whole business. It was proposed at that time that not only the FM network and the proposed television network be squashed but even old, venerable WHA be abolished. But the uprising was so strong that he backed down. I'll never forget the chairman calling me in after the vote had been taken and our continuance had been assured. 'Let me show you this. Here are over four thousand and no two letters alike.' This was an astounding thing to the legislature accustomed to getting multiple copies of the same message from many people."

Public and political support, after threats of extinction, came in the same period as did outside financial support in the form of production grants for special program series. Grants from the National Association of Educational Broadcasters supported from thirteen to thirty programs typically twenty to twenty-five minutes in length. The 1950s also marked the use of the tape recorder with the many new opportunities offered in tape editing. More complex programs using actualities were produced along with the traditional one-voice-with-music formats.

A School of the Air catalog includes "The Author is You," "Lives of Man," "Book Trails," "Music Time," "The Darker Brother," "New World, New Lives," "Everywhere/Everything," "Old Stories and New Ideas," "Footsteps of the Free," "Reckoning With Boris," "Ideas and the News," "Tools," "It Happened When," "We Are the Other People," "Let's Ask Dr. Tenney," "What Is Science?" "Let's Draw," "When Men Are Free," "Let's Find Out," "Wisconsin on the Move," "Let's Sing," "Wonderful World of Nature," "Let's Write," "World of Music," "Listening to My Feelings," and "Worlds of Art." A complete list of SOA programs would be almost impossible to compile.

The following list of writers, actors, narrators, readers, producers, musicians, and administrators is also incomplete but appropriate for this article: J. Helen Stanley, Joyce Yeager Bartell, Rome Copeman, Mel and Liz Carlson, Ray Stanley, Gerald Bartell, Karl Schmidt, Frederick Fuller, Don Voegeli, Arlene McKellar, Claire Kentzler, Ken Ohst, Carol Cowan, Bill Harley, Mike Curry, Harold Engel, Lynn Rhodes, Ben Park, Warren Wooldridge, Elyda Morphy, Bob Homme,



"Rhythm and Games" with Fannie Steve

"Rhythm and Games" host Fannie Steve and schoolchildren in the WHA studio



Richard C. Church, Wayne Klaxton, Libby Monshien, Roy Vogel-
man, Norm Michie, Betty Ripley,
Helen Frey, Ruth Plakius, Lloyd
Liedke, Orien Dalley, Norman
Clayton, Lois Dick, Jean Nelson,
Ralph Johnson, Helen Tuten, Beth
Elpern, Jane Katims, and Maureen
Applegate.

What happened to the School of
the Air? Has it disappeared? There
has been much change in the past
twenty years. The brief history
which follows is based on the *Sta-
tus Report on Instructional Radio*
by the Educational Communica-
tions Board.



"Journeys in Music Land" with Edgar "Pop" Gordon

"Let's Draw" with James Schwalbach



By the end of the 1950s, the number of school districts had been greatly reduced, and more of Wisconsin's students were attending integrated K-12 schools. Even so, requests from teachers for School of the Air schedules, teacher guides, and student songbooks remained high.

In 1954, the University of Wisconsin-Madison, which also operated WHA-AM and FM and the state radio network, received a license to operate an educational television station, WHA-TV.

During the 1960s, the Instructional Television Laboratory conducted research to determine whether radio or television was

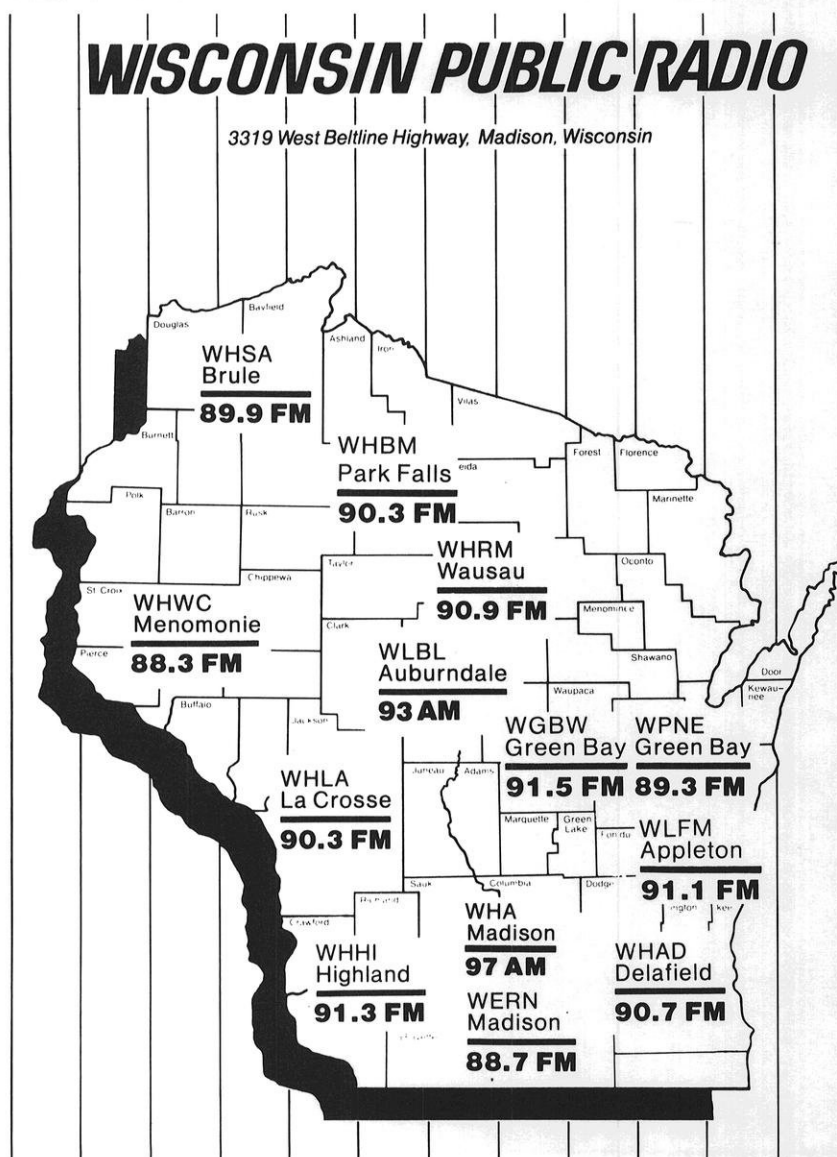
more appropriate for different subjects. Three series produced in both audio and video mode using the same scripts and the same people were "Let's Ask Dr. Tenney," a popular health series; "Let's Draw;" and "Ideas in the News." Television seemed to be the best medium for the health series, since visuals enhanced students' learning about body parts. Students who listened to the radio series for "Let's Draw" showed greater imagination than those using the television series where several examples of techniques were shown. The art of students viewing the television programs tended to replicate and be limited to the examples and tech-

niques shown on television. Radio was infinitely superior to television for developing children's imaginations. Radio was also significantly stronger than television in helping students develop abstract concepts such as democracy, culture, and justice.

In 1972, a newly created independent agency, the Educational Communications Board (ECB), assumed responsibility for the operation and programming of the Wisconsin Educational Radio Network. In the fall of 1972, Wisconsin School of the Air became a part of the ECB's School Services, which provided both television and radio programming for schools.

During the 1970s and early 80s, WHA continued to produce radio programs for schools. In addition to continuing "Book Trails," "Wonderful World of Nature," and "The Author Is You," (new series each year), other series were developed, including "Changing Roles of Government," "Music & Me," "Hum, Strum and Drum," "Up to Your Ears," "Grandpa's Sidecar," "Kate's Place," "Let's Visit Wisconsin," and "Under Henry's Tree."

By the late 1970s, public radio was making dramatic changes, and scheduling the school radio service became increasingly difficult. In 1978-79, the ECB and WHA joined to study alternative distribution systems for school radio programming and the use of subcarrier frequencies (SCA). The study in the Madison and Wausau areas indicated that the SCA signal did not have sufficient quality and strength to distribute audio instructional materials. During the following biennial budget period—1981-83—money was received to improve the SCA signal. In the fall of 1984, the school radio service became a subscription service; schools leased a SCA receiver and teacher guides for the radio series. Instructional radio is still functioning on the SCA, with about sixteen hours of programming transmitted each week, to 25-30 percent of Wisconsin public school districts and private schools.



WHA Radio Awards

Beginning with an Ohio State Award in 1937 for a School of the Air production, WHA has garnered numerous awards that include Peabody Awards, Armstrong Awards, Gabriel Awards, more than fifty additional Ohio State Awards, CPB Awards, Madison and Milwaukee Press Clubs, Wisconsin UPI Awards.

In 1979, the WHA Radio EARPLAY Project received the Prix Italia, the highest international award for radio, for the production of the Arthur Kopit play "Wings." EARPLAY was the first American radio organization to win this distinguished international award.

Audio programs from two Annenberg/Corporation for Public Broadcasting Courses, "Introduction to Sociology" and "American History II" (1987) have won Ohio State Awards. Also "American History II" (1987) and "Modern Literature I" (1988) won Meritorious Independent Study Awards from the National University Continuing Education Association (NUCEA).

Chronological Notes

WHA & Wisconsin Public Radio

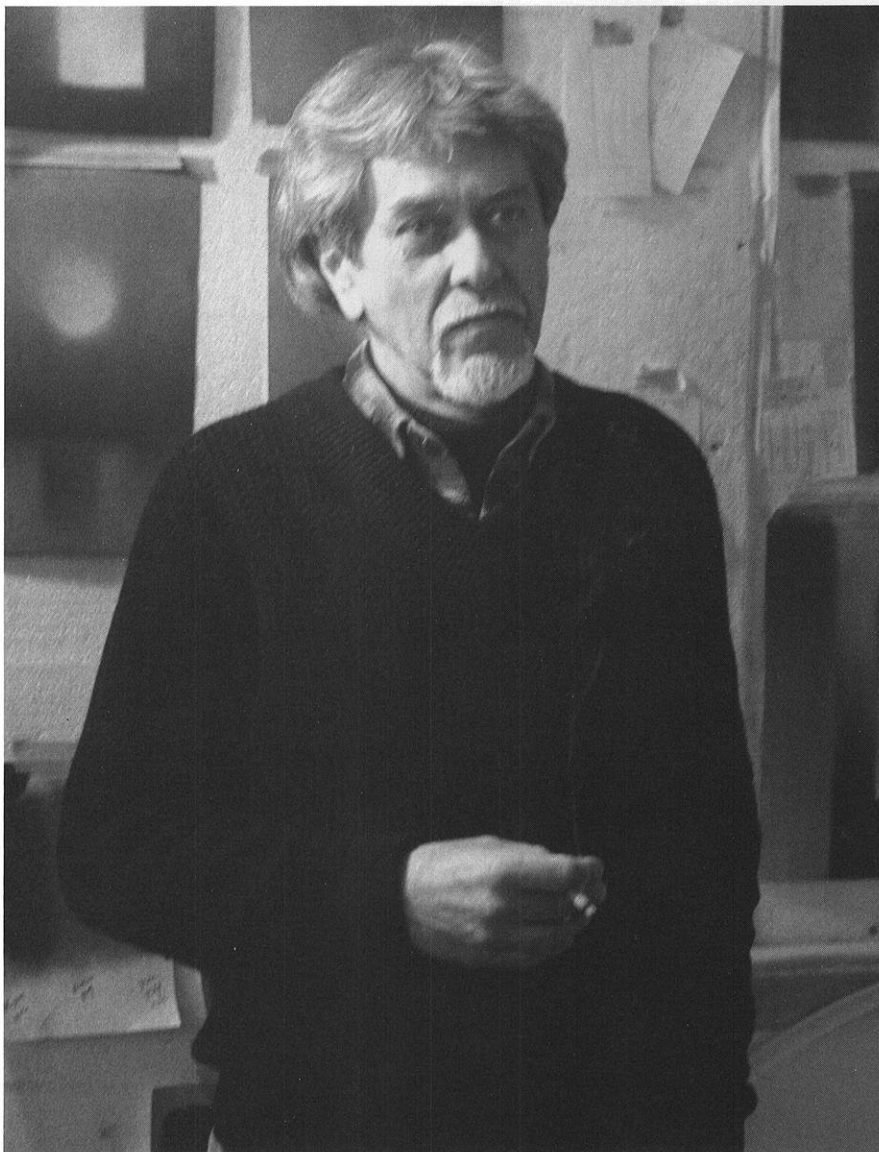
1902	Wireless experimenting begun at University of Wisconsin
1917	First experimental telephonic broadcasts by station 9XM from UW Physics Department
1922	9XM call letters change to WHA
1931	Harold B. McCarty becomes program director, WHA begins Wisconsin School of the Air
1934	WHA moves to Radio Hall
1947	Inauguration of WHA-FM, first station of proposed statewide network
1948-1952	Stations WHAD, WHKW, WHWC, WHLA, WHHI and WWSA go on the air
1967	FM network becomes first in the country to use SCA (subcarrier broadcasting)
1968	Public service programming expands with a radio/TV effort on Milwaukee's Inner Core
1969	WHA Radio receives large grant from the new Corporation for Public Broadcasting
1972	WHA Radio and Television move to Vilas Communication Hall
1979	Dual service (news/information and music/arts) begins as Wisconsin Public Radio
1982	First of multi-year Annenberg/CPB grants awarded
1988	Station WHBM (in honor of H. B. McCarty) goes on the air

What began nearly sixty years ago still exists although through a different means of transmission, under a different title, and through a different state agency. It began in the Depression with little money and without an institutional mandate, as Harold McCarty recalled at that 1986 reunion: "This has been interesting to realize the importance that the School of the Air had for local public radio. Yet we were not commissioned by the university to do this; it was not a university function. Nor were we officially commissioned by the State Department of Public Instruction. John Callahan [State Superintendent] would give a general endorsement when I'd present our plan for the School of the Air each year and propose to use his staff who had helped with the planning. But we were not an official part of the State Department of Public Instruction concerned about elementary education. It provided such wonderful opportunity and had considerable effect on the rest of our operations. Good old School of the Air!"

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James Gallagher in his studio. Photo by Marylu Raushenbush.



Galleria: James Gallagher

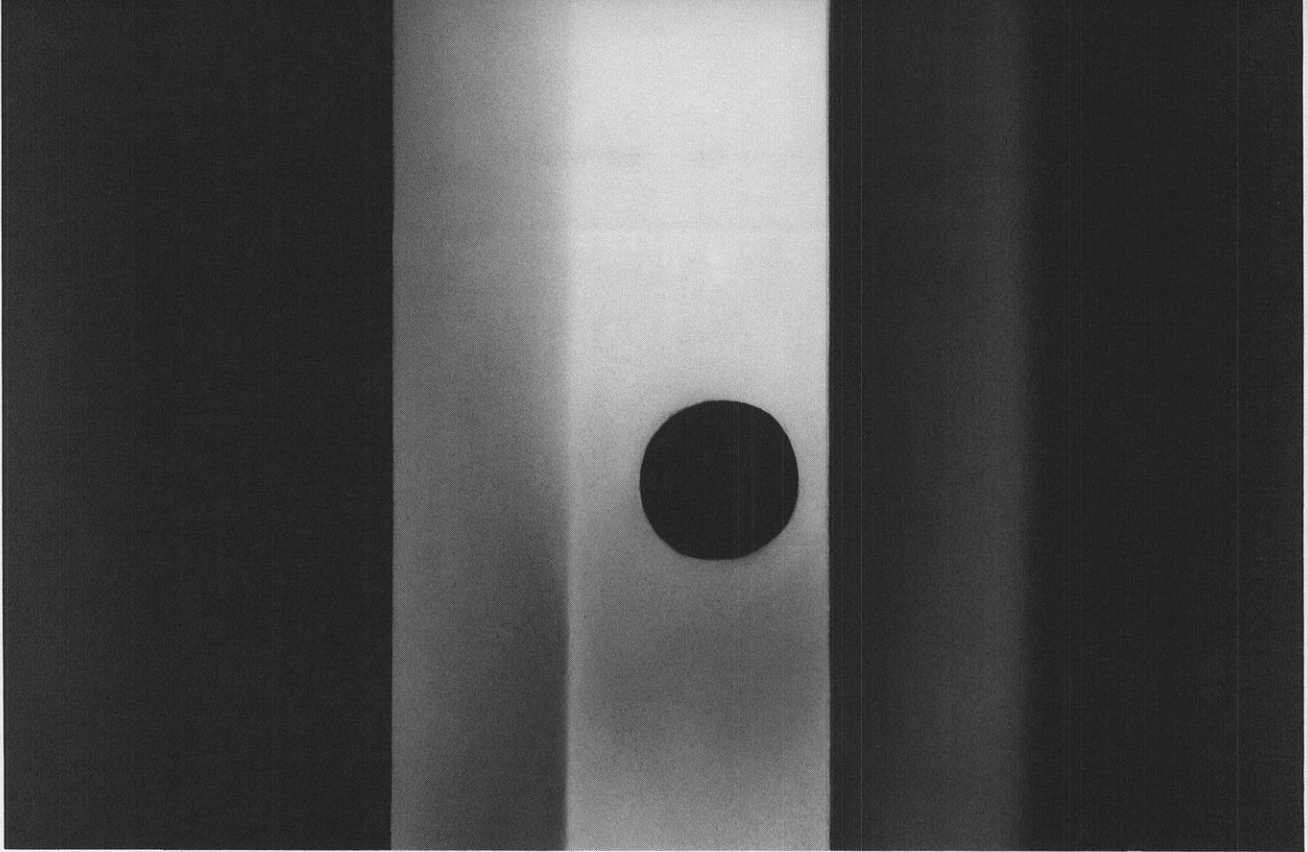
By Warrington Colescott

Scratch most artists and you smell the blood of an entrepreneur. Artists in the mainstream learn by early career that the production of objects is a minor part of the profession. Marketing (packaging, product viability, media research, etc.) is where it is at. If you don't believe me, take an artist to lunch some day, or, more economically, interrupt two artists having lunch. Notice, between the chablis and the decaf and the breath mints those auction catalogues, the money market statements, the pamphlets on art and the law.

Now, let us tiptoe back from this crass scene and enter a Spartan world, the world of the nonhustler, the artist who lives to make art, a visionary in the cut of Van Gogh, Morandi, and Paul Klee. There is such an artist in this state, living in Middleton, and his name is James Gallagher.

Gallagher occupies a tiny apartment with an adjacent studio that he made with his own hands from the shell of a barn on property owned by Marshall Erdman, his benevolent landlord and occasional patron. He has lived there since 1972, when he fled New York and returned to the area of his schooling. He was offered the Erdman rental and also permission to develop the derelict barn into a work studio. There it sits today, in the Middleton woods, a simple structure with an expanse of north skylights, a thirty-foot ceiling, a storage loggia—an interior familiar to the tenement studios of Montparnasse.

It is comforting to visit with Gallagher, for you know then that a fine and rare tradition still exists, the obsessive artist, single-minded, magnificently stubborn, dealing cautiously with the real world to keep it from interfering with a compulsive need to create. A little money is necessary to put food and drink on the table and cheap gas in the car, to allow the frugal pleasure of cigarette smoke; taxes must be dealt with to keep the government



James Gallagher, *study for JANUS*, 1989. Pastel on Arches paper, 21 1/4" x 14 3/4"

away. Daylight hours are spent in the house of soft, cold light, on the high stool in front of the easel, at the drafting table rubbing the rich pastel spectrum deep into the grain of the paper.

Gallagher is a master of his dusty realm of pastel, which positions him even further from the art mainstream, awash in zippy monoprints and acrylic impastos. Watch Gallagher at his easel, surrounded by chromatic rows of chalk, his stained fingers, the puffs of translucent dust, little thalo green jets sparkling in the sun, the multihued dust ground into his skin. A pastel painting is a most difficult and demanding medium. It will not be hurried. Effects must be built, layered, reduced, erased, restated, and in the end-product some part of all of the structural steps is apparent. It is not easy to view Gallagher's work. He has no gallery, no sales rep. If you want to see his work, call him and make an appointment. Otherwise, one must take advantage of his rare shows in the state, usually in alternative galleries. The last such opportunity was at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in November 1988. It was a crowded opening. The papers on the walls shimmered and glowed. Gallagher's friends and

patrons filled the rooms.

He is not a loner. Like Edvard Munch and Rolf Nesch, as the studio light fades, Gallagher's gregarious instincts strengthen, and the artist will drive to Madison, to the art openings, the cafe life, the theater, and the tavern—quite often to the 602 Club, that ancient center of university social discourse. A witty man, Gallagher is usually found in the company of those who enjoy the art of conversation: artists, social scientists, and sportsmen.

James Gallagher was born in southside Milwaukee, fifty-eight years ago, his mother a devotee of her flower garden, his father a truck driver. Gallagher remembers wryly the elaborate protective clothing his father wore when he was hauling a load of coal, remarkably like the protection Gallagher wears against his dusty art medium. Gallagher entered the university at Madison on an athletic scholarship in track; he was drafted after his junior year and spent two years in Germany as an army clerk-typist. Europe was both jarring and nurturing. There was a romantic involvement with a German dancer. Gallagher traveled with her to various of her engagements, and they visited the major European museums, includ-

ing the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, where Rembrandt's painting made an impact.

He returned to Madison in 1956, finished his undergraduate work and stayed as a graduate student to take a Master of Fine Arts degree. His first pastels date from this period.

His next six years were spent in that most competitive of art capitals, New York. It proved to be a struggle. The pressure toward increasing his income was inexorable. To hang onto his studio he accepted design jobs, illustration, commercial art, knowing that the real price he was paying was the time necessary to survive as an artist. Eventually he refused to pay that price and returned to Wisconsin.

Today he goes his own way, a uniquely self-assured figure. Superficially he seems to be without ambition; he keeps no resume, but he has a vision, and every day he defines that vision for himself on French paper in pastel chalk, tacking the finished sheets on his walls, storing them in portfolios, selling a few to friends. Like James Ensor and others who come to mind, James Gallagher is the artist as a noncompetitor, the artist as his own resource. ■



BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

THE HISTORY OF WISCONSIN, VOLUME 6: CONTINUITY AND CHANGE, 1940-1965 by William F. Thompson. Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1988. 830 pp. \$35.00.

By James J. Lorence

Like its predecessor volumes in the *History of Wisconsin* series, William F. Thompson's *Continuity and Change, 1940-1965* is encyclopedic in scope and detail. As a consequence, its appearance will be welcomed by teachers and scholars engaged in both instruction and research in the field of Wisconsin history. Especially helpful to professionals will be the masterful synthesis achieved by the author, given the sometimes chaotic strains of the state's economic, social, and political development in the post-war era. Thompson has done an important service by bringing order to the story of the recent past, a period largely neglected by Wisconsin historians.

The volume's central theme is conveyed by its subtitle, *Continuity and Change*, a reference to the interaction and tension between traditional values and characteristics and the innovations wrought by the disruptive changes that began with World War II. Thompson skillfully grounds his interpretation in an analysis of the established ethno-

cultural, economic, and political roots of modern trends. Advancing from a perceptive portrait of an introspective, rather provincial pre-war society, he successfully describes the sweeping impact of World War II on the state's people and institutions.

Nowhere were these changes more graphically evident than in the dramatic economic alterations forced by total war. Amply discussed are the many changes in the central area of agriculture, including mechanization and the organizational developments that climaxed with the establishment of the powerful Associated Milk Producers Incorporated (AMPI). While continuity with the state's agricultural history is clear, the author's emphasis remains on the innovation of the 1950s and 1960s. In contrast the history of Wisconsin manufacturing was characterized by stability and steady growth, which the author argues was not achieved without considerable government intervention. Thompson strikes an informed balance in assessing the always thorny questions of taxation, entrepreneurial cupidity, and Wisconsin's business climate, which appears to have been more receptive than its critics acknowledged.

Equally convincing is the author's assertion that one critical factor in understanding modern Wisconsin is an awareness of the strength and persistence of ethnicity. The power of ethnic traditions and values shaped the evolution of

both cultural and political history after World War II. Even more revealing, however, is the new ground broken in the excellent chapter dealing with racial minorities in Wisconsin. Thompson is frank in confronting the reality of racial conflict, whether encountered in the form of Jim Crow practices and discrimination, Japanese relocation, or latent anti-Semitism. He concludes that Wisconsinites did not avoid bigotry or a rather persistent tendency to blame the victim for his/her woes. Moreover, discussion of the theme of unrest and protest represents an important contribution to our knowledge of recent Wisconsin history; it has been handled with fairness and sensitivity.

Although economic trends are fully covered, the heart of Thompson's work lies in his strong treatment of politics in Wisconsin since the defeat of Philip F. LaFollette in the general liberal-Progressive electoral disaster of 1938. The last half of the volume is composed of an exhaustive and insightful analysis of the transition from one-party Republican rule through the revival of the Democratic Party to the emergence of Wisconsin as a competitive two-party state. Revealing a thorough command of the relevant literature, the author begins with a knowledgeable description of the consolidation of Republican power between 1938 and 1947. Not only does he display a solid understanding of the economic and ethnic bases of Wisconsin voter pref-

erences, but the coverage of the Republican Party's internal dynamics is outstanding. In this chapter and throughout, Thompson's thesis rests heavily on the controlling influence of factionalism in the dominant party during the 1940s and 1950s. Finally, his account of the pivotal 1946 election is extensive and judicious.

What follows is a competent, if standard, treatment of the legislative history of the Heil-Goodland years, highlighted by an interesting analysis of the 1946 school bus referendum that divided the state's religious community. Beyond the importance of factionalism, the clearest theme to emerge is the residual power of rural political influence, a central factor on the Wisconsin political scene long after urbanization had transformed the state's demographic character.

Returning to the theme of Republican factionalism, Thompson moves into a thoughtful examination of GOP dominance in the 1950s, which ironically ended in the majority party's "self-immolation." Paralleling the strong coverage of self-destructive Republicanism is an equally solid treatment of the Democratic Organizing Committee and the rise of the modern Democratic Party of Wisconsin, which was captured by the young Progressives set adrift in the wake of Bob LaFollette's disastrous return to the Republican Party in 1946. A notable feature of this analysis is an even-handed assessment of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, which maintains balance while acknowledging the powerful opposition generated by the Wisconsin demagogue.

The final segment of the book documents the rapid growth of government functions and spending since the 1950s. Thompson's major theme in analyzing recent political trends remains the persistence of urban-rural tension, which surfaced in the controversies over court reorganization, legislative reapportionment, and daylight saving time. The volume draws to a conclusion with the first comprehensive syn-

thesis of the bruising political battles of the early 1960s, beginning with the key Democratic victories in the election of 1960. In Thompson's view, the state had achieved two-party status as the decade opened, a judgment confirmed by the struggles of the Nelson and Reynolds administrations, especially in the area of budgetary and tax policy.

As is true of previous series entries, the factual detail offered by Thompson and the editors can occasionally be overwhelming. Similarly, on economic and social developments, there is at times a tendency for state and national trends to blur. But these characteristics, inherent in the series format, pose only minor problems in a work that offers so much to so many.

In his reconstruction of economic, social, and political history, Thompson has set a high standard in both research and historical analysis. The documentation is exhaustive, and the author has consulted virtually all of the relevant secondary material available. Equally impressive is the remarkable deftness with which he has organized the data to tell a story of interest to both scholars and general readers. *Continuity and Change* admirably fills a gap in our knowledge of Wisconsin's past, and all students of the state's history will profit from a careful reading. In some respects, it represents a breakthrough in the interpretation of modern political trends in Wisconsin.

James J. Lorence is professor of history at UW Center-Marathon County.

GRANT WOOD: A STUDY IN AMERICAN ART AND CULTURE by James Dennis. Columbia: The University of Missouri Press, 1986. 256 pp. \$55.00 cloth; \$29.95 paper.

By Anne E. Biebel

As occurred with the first major advances of agricultural industriali-

zation in the 1930s, economic uncertainty again plagues those who run small family farms and who contribute to the sustenance of the small towns of middle-America. Grant Wood's paintings of the 1930s, such as the well-known *American Gothic*, portray an earlier, almost mythic midwestern agrarian life as it recedes into the historic past. His work holds an appeal similar to Garrison Keillor's Lake Wobegon tales, which describe middle-American small town life in a way that derives its substance from the "provincial" values of a previous generation. Both attain universality through an assertion of the particular, which in each case has been regionally defined.

James Dennis's *Grant Wood* was first published in 1975. At that time, according to Karel Ann Marling, the author of the foreword to the reprint edition, Dennis was breaking ground by using a methodology that considered paintings within their cultural environment. In Marling's evaluation, Dennis was bold in undertaking a serious study of an artist who was considered "a minor league painter from a highly suspect era." Fifteen years have passed and Grant Wood has come into his own. Following a major retrospective exhibition that traveled the country in 1983-84, Dennis's book was reprinted partly as a result of the interest this show generated. Within this context it is difficult to understand that Dennis should have as his objectives with the 1986 edition to "rescue Wood's art from neglect" and to "free him from a regionalist stereotype that held such art [to be] a misled provincialism that deserved no serious art historical attention." By the time of the reprint, the significance of both issues had waned.

As the first published full-scale art historic monograph on Grant Wood and his paintings, Dennis's overall treatment of his subject is to be commended. In fluid descriptive prose, he provides a well-balanced and well-illustrated discussion of the artist's life and works

that aptly blends biography and art criticism. As Marling points out, Dennis's treatment of Wood as a consumer and generator of the material culture of his time is consistent with the nature of the artist's paintings, which take local material culture as their subject. But within all of this, Dennis offers only a somewhat apologetic definition of the theme that gave Wood and his contemporary painters John Steuart Curry and Thomas Hart Benton the label "regionalist."

Dennis devotes several chapters of his book to discussing the irrelevance of the term "regionalist" as it applies to these painters. In Wood's case Dennis argues that the painter was artistically self-conscious in his shift towards an emphasis of the regional environment and that after several extended visits to France in the 1920s he was not a home-spun, naive painter operating solely out of provincial consciousness. In Dennis's analysis, Wood was not successful in meeting a plausible "regional" objective partly because his representations are not specific to their time since they do not include the appropriately mechanized farming equipment.

Because he negates the concept of regionalism, Dennis does not explore the pervasive interdisciplinary interest in regionalist approaches that marked Wood's time. With the industrial manufacture of automobiles, telephones, and radios, regional methodology gained prominence in such diverse areas as geology, economics, education, city planning, transportation, literature, and the arts. By not looking broadly enough at the theme with which Wood identified, Dennis is unable to establish a working definition of this concept as it applied to the three painters. At times, Dennis seems to be writing for the New York critics and transplanted European academicians (including textbook author H. W. Janson) prominent following World War II, who claimed to see fascist ideology expressed in the works of the American painters. These influential

voices denigrated the concept of regionalist painting as antithetical to modern abstract painting, which they regarded as an important culmination in their analysis of the history of Western art.

Had Dennis himself adopted a more regional approach, he would not have had to look far for events that paralleled Wood's interest in the theme. For instance, Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesin Fellowship, established the same year as Wood's Stone City Colony, shared with Wood's school a commitment to urban decentralization accompanied by a strongly regional emphasis in cultural concerns. Topical through the forties, "American Regionalism" was the subject of a symposium held at the University of Wisconsin in 1949. The papers, published in 1951 (a year that Dennis notes marks a decade since "the demise of regionalism"), included contributions from Merle Curti, Howard Odum, and Rexford Newcomb, and University of Wisconsin art historian John F. Kienitz, who wrote that it should now be "impossible for those who come after in this field, either to take regionalism lightly as a constant phenomena . . . or to deny its importance as one of the main sources of creative inspiration."

With the passage of time, regionalism can shake the yoke of distaste that it carried through the fifties and sixties. Regionalism is an eminently American concept that gained prominence in assorted disciplines just when advances in transportation and communication gave almost every American ready dominion over a vast continent. As a national phenomenon, it was an issue that the aesthetic attitude of the influential European expatriates could not accommodate. But their preeminence allowed them to set standards that molded the sensibility of the following generation, bringing Dennis to treat Wood's sound (if somewhat self-conscious) ideology in apologetic terms.

Though one might take issue with Dennis's denial of the historic significance of the concept of region-

alism as it applies to Grant Wood, his book remains highly recommended. Dennis tells his story well and substantiates his views thoroughly. By challenging an earlier analysis, Dennis reminds us that it is for each generation to offer their interpretation of art and culture. In the case of Grant Wood, we are only now coming to have the historic distance that allows for the broader contextual analysis that will show Wood to have undertaken a theme that was appropriate to his time and place.

Anne E. Biebel is currently working on a book about Madison architect William V. Kaeser.

THE FARM WEST OF MARS
by Justin Isherwood. Minocqua, WI: Heartland Press, 1988. 221 pp. \$14.95.

By Richard Boudreau

It's been a long time coming. It was six years ago that Justin Isherwood won the first Robert Gard Foundation award on the strength of a portion of the manuscript. One chapter, "The Cruiser," appeared in the January/February *Wisconsin Trails* in 1984; elements and portions of others have appeared elsewhere; and this reviewer heard him deliver his humorous meanderings about bib overalls at the Wisconsin Academy Annual Conference in Wausau in 1986.

Isherwood is a potato farmer in mid-state, just southeast of Plover, and that's the setting—if anything on earth is—for this delightfully idiosyncratic telling. The first chapter goes by way of locating the farm and the readers in that part of the universe just west of Mars, and it's very much directional. North was mostly Wiggy's Woods; east was the Liberty Corners kirk of the Methodees stretching out to Valley Up, Valley Down, and Valley Over;

south by southwest was the Buena Vista Marsh; the "Boney Vieux" west was Whittaker's Woods.

Settings have their influence, of course, but it's the characters here that intrigue. Grandpa Fletcher lived on what he still called "the stage road," for, he said, "People oughta know the world hadn't always been pneumatic tires and winter plowed." Uncle Jim held out against internally combusted machinery till his death for the simple reason that his brother, the narrator's pa, gave in, bought a tractor in 1940, and gave up horses. Uncle Nate, the great talker, had a voice with "the power of mid-channel river current, it pulled whoever was close right in." Old Man Wiggy gave himself to howling like a wolf winter nights and was said to have a bladder problem, else why were there all those you-know-what markings at strategic locations in the woods. Old Slab, Harold Edwards's dog, not only attended a township meeting but also had his vote against a dog-tax recorded in the official proceedings.

And the events: raising a barn is graphically told (with slight adjustments for color) in a Scots dialect that raises picturesqueness to new heights, eating by the volunteers at such a congregate passing all expectation: "Manners at a barn raising board is extinguishment"; the accident perpetrated by the curious out to see that same Old Slab driving a tractor: result—one heifer-dented roof on a new Studebaker; the fortuitous collision of a Werner Von Braun book with the century-old *Symposium of Chinese Culture* (with illustrations): result—three or four tentative rumblings, say of about hand grenade intensity, and one huge, earth-shattering eruption, all experiments in rocket launching (naming their heifer Sputnik foretold all); and playing football with dead chickens—if said chickens had reached the proper state of rigor—on a Sunday afternoon, "the only secure liberty in our lives."

Isherwood's deep chuckling humor comes not only from such ele-

ments but from the wry turns and picturesque twists of the way they are delivered. Besides honey, manure becomes "the field elixir," and the odors that drift over with the right wind from the Wisconsin Rapids paper mills are part of "the extracurricular taints of existence." A section of a country lane that disintegrates each spring rests on "two hundred feet of openly consumptive soil." Of the seating at the church, the narrator notes, "sitting close to the pulpit was considered uppity cosmologically speaking"; of the disappointment of the prurient narrator at the bull's "service": "I expected clouds and thunder and it didn't even sprinkle"; at the antics of heifers: "dodging so hard their own shadow is lamed and limps along after the original owner."

The time is the decade following World War II, the growing-up years of the narrator, one of the "manure pitchers, potato pickers, and silage slingers" in the muck of mid-state. In justifying to his three sons (narrator is number two) the detested assignment of eternally fixing fence, the pa pointed out that they weren't human beings yet. "Nobody, he said, starts right off as a human being." You have to earn it, develop into it. That's what this story is about: a young whippersnapper hell-bent for excitement, running the gauntlet of prepubertal shenanigans up to the time of awakening—and there's no doubt the book ends with an awakening.

It's the voice of that boy, that narrator—a born storyteller—that lifts this book to such heights. "The Barn" and "The Cruiser" are memorable dramatic monologues in Highlander dialect; and nothing can beat Wiggy's comparing a wolf to a Duesenberg. The narrator—and Isherwood behind him—is what makes this work so well. Is it a novel? Why argue a theological point when it's all so entertaining?

It's been a long time coming, this story of the "alloy of man and a half section of dirt," and it's been worth the wait. Without question. A sequel is threatened; let's hope it doesn't take another six years.

Richard Boudreau, former vice president for letters for the Wisconsin Academy, is editor of an anthology of Wisconsin literature.

WHMSHW [What His Mother's Son Hath Wrought] by John H. Wilde. Mount Horeb, WI: Perishable Press Limited, [1989]. n.p. 24 col. pl. \$25.00.

By Robert A. McCabe

This publication is a limited retrospective of artist John Wilde's paintings, privately printed in an edition of 1000 copies of which 125 are case-bound and signed. The soft cover book is 27.5 cm x 19.5 cm, of four Smythe-sewn signatures. The paper cover without title is the color of Grey Poupon. A highlighted ink sketch on the front cover extends over the spine and onto the rear cover. That sketch is the preliminary drawing for plate 20 of the 24 numbered colored plates. Each is titled, dated, and measured; all are in oil with the paint-receiving surface identified and listed only in an unlabeled table of contents. The two kinds of paper used in the book (both of good quality) are specified in the colophon. Why text is found below some half-page plates and not others, only the editor knows. Titles of the plates where they are shown would have been helpful. Despite some obvious unconventional aspects in format, the resulting uniqueness should excite the reader.

If I were to title this book, it would read: A brief retrospective of John Wilde's art: the paintings and diary of a free spirit.

The artist's precision draftsmanship could have made him an excellent *trompe l'oeil* painter had he chosen to exploit that mode of graphic expression. Only the oval plate 2 displays such an exercise. Fine as it is, it lacks the glow of a William Michael Harnett (1848-1892) still life (e.g. *Still Life With Violin*, 1885). However, there are few artists even today who can

claim to be in the same class with the old master.

Two plates (3 and 6) demonstrate better than any others the artist's competence with all the skills of an accomplished artist. Plate 3, "A Wedding Portrait," presumably of his deceased first wife, is accompanied by a very braggadocioal paragraph on the quality of the painting. Wilde says, in part: "It is a great drawing—no denying it." "One of my great good friends once told me that it [the drawing] is equal to those of Raphael. I believe it is, and, for its time, perhaps even superior." That was exalted praise coming from a great good friend and from the artist himself. Raphael was taught by Michelangelo so the lineage is one any artist could envy. The painting is indeed Raphael-like, and I agree with Wilde that it is a great drawing (and painting).

J.W. abhors large canvases, although his plate 8, *The Way Things Seem To Be*, gives the impression of a large canvas viewed through the reverse optics of a pair of binoculars. In that somewhat cluttered painting can be found the precursors of several larger paintings executed at a later date, some of which are not shown in this book.

Two paintings had an overall reddish cast, like some of my forty-year-old Ansco-chrome slides. While reddish hue does not injure plate 6, a handsome geometric perspective of the interior of a house, *Still Life with Melons* (plate 7) becomes muted, but the composition and drafting will detain the viewer's eye.

Unlike the artist as a person, his twenty-four paintings shown here contain no direct humor or even a whimsical touch. Perhaps it is difficult to be cute with serious painting.

J.W. sometimes painted a "series" of canvases on a given subject, as if he regarded each painting like a chapter in a book, and stopped the series when he had "said" all he wanted to. Examples from five such series are here presented.

J.W.'s use of the apple as the object of the still-life paintings por-

trayed here (plates 15 and 19) and other in his Apple Series will compare favorably with those of any of America's still life painters of fruits of the orchard, including the excellent canvas by L. W. Prentice (1851-1935) *Apples in a Tin Pail*. Wilde's exquisitely executed *Royal Plums with Blue Leaves* (plate 23) is of that same genre.

A number of apparently favorite objects appears in his paintings; some are important to a painting, others are just there. For example, a female nude appears in seventeen of the twenty-four paintings; a monadnock and skeletal bones of animals in six; varicolored spheres in five; an apple and insects in four; a crayfish claw in three; and an ear syringe and a discarded condom twice each.

Fame and what merits fame are challenged, as if fame were a minor byproduct of talent. The artist is sensitive to how famous he is likely to become. "Will I be known in art history as the thin paint master of the mid-late 20th century?" he asks. To be so regarded would be the ultimate fame for an artist and for J.W. not out of the question.

However one regards the Wilde paintings, the one aspect of his artwork that rises above criticism is his ability to draw. I regard that skill as absolutely essential to the making of a great graphic artist.

Although he lays no claim to being a naturalist, he is indeed. Wildlife and wildflowers he calls by their first names, and his delight in gardening is much more than producing the essential parts of a good meal.

The artist claims rapport (adoration for) with Brueghel, Bosch, and Botticelli, "the thin-paint boys." I found no similarity between several Brueghel paintings and those of Wilde other than the apparent use of thin oils. With the eccentric Bosch, there is great similarity; both astutely painted the fanciful with a barbed brush, in that each painted bitter satire on human frailties. J.W.'s technique for depicting facial features bears close resemblance to that of Botticelli, at

least in Wilde's early paintings.

The text is really a diary of personal thoughts and reactions to John Wilde's world, where entries span over forty years (and I suspect not originally meant for public scrutiny). Although the artist regards these thumbnail essays as "notes," they appear to be written compulsively sometimes in anger, disgust, or passion. They are also expressions of philosophy, railings against human foible and pseudo artists, sometimes with a biting cynicism not always reflected in his delicate flight-of-fancy paintings. It is as if he were tutored by the cynic Ambrose Bierce. His outbursts against persons, institutions, and ideas are not irascible; instead they are couched in salty indignation. Again I am led to believe that his words were not necessarily meant for public consumption. Not all text is associated with the nearby plate.

He suffers art critics lightly, although his own comments on graphic techniques of others are critiques of a high order.

Although the artist is depicted in several paintings, there is no better portrait of him than that written between the lines of the narrative or in the subtle nuances of his other canvases. John H. Wilde is a world-class artist, as this brief retrospective will attest.

Robert A. McCabe is professor emeritus of the UW-Madison Department of Wildlife Ecology.

THE LEISURE PEN by Joyce S. Steward and Mary K. Croft. Plover, WI: Keepsake Publishers, 1988. 202 pp. \$10.95. (Available from the publisher, P.O. Box 21, Plover, WI 54467; add .55 tax plus \$1.50 shipping.)

By Lenore M. Coberly

Older adults who wish to write, whether alone or in a group, will

find this book a valuable tool. It will help writers to get started and instruct them as they continue. The authors, both emeritus professors, know both how to teach and how to live fully as older adults.

There is, in approaching writing with older adults, the question of why we should write. Some will say, it is therapy, and medical evidence is available to support this contention. It aids memory, enhances language use, and gives a reason for being, often with the added benefit of group involvement.

Others will say, writing is writing, and only the pursuit of excellence will bring real satisfaction. These advocates of a writing, as opposed to a therapy, approach consider giving older writers credit for writing that is poor to be paternalistic and demeaning.

Somewhere between is the notion that writing is work that gives great satisfaction and not a little fun, both in solitude and with fellow-writers. Therapy is no part of it except in the sense that it happens. We go to hear a great symphony orchestra and are lifted out of our everyday world and leave feeling healed. But how dreary, advocates of this view of writing would say, to call it therapy.

This book seems not quite to come down in the middle with the working writers, but the authors are respectful of and hopeful for older writers. If the book errs, it is in being more concerned with technique than with content. Older adults must find what they want to say, as all writers must. Some of the analysis of pieces of writing seem more aimed at critical reading than at writing. The authors may be first teachers and only second writers.

It will be easy for me to recommend this book to my own writing students, and I know I will use it myself as a teacher, which is perhaps all I should have said at the beginning! The authors advocate examining oneself to find why writing is important, and they offer great encouragement to those who undertake this fascinating job late in life.

Lenore M. Coberly is editor of Heartland Journal, a teacher of writing, and coauthor of Writers Have No Age, Haworth Press.

NEW ROADS, OLD TOWNS

edited by Gianfranco Pagnucci. Platteville: University of Wisconsin-Platteville, 1988. unnumbered pages. \$4.95 plus \$1.20 postage from the English Department, UW-Platteville, 1 University Plaza, Platteville, WI 53818.

By Marian Paust

This collection of poems is by four well-known southern Wisconsin authors who bring fresh approaches to their area-subjects. These poems all, through different approaches, reflect a personal affection for Wisconsin.

We follow David Steingass, the first poet, into a landscape of "furbearing trout" and view through his eyes the last buffalo moving "... stiff-kneed, like shaggy tombstones/ their tepee-sized hides/ barely concealed." Steingass has written two books, contributed to anthologies, and was the first recipient of the Paulette Chandler award of excellence given by the Council for Wisconsin Writers. He lives in Madison.

Angela Peckenpaugh spreads out small-town life for us with all its country goodness detailed. She makes us sit with her on her porch and share with her petunias which rainbow her yard. Peckenpaugh lives in Milwaukee and teaches English at UW-Whitewater and has produced five poetry books.

Edna Meudt expresses much love, appreciation, and knowledge of her world around her; she has a clear sense of history. Her poem "Irony on the Bounty" with a Hitchcock touch, is an especially remarkable example of the craftsmanship of the poems included in this volume. Meudt also has five poetry books to her credit and was named a Wisconsin Notable Author by the Wisconsin Library As-

sociation. She lives in Dodgeville.

Gianfranco Pagnucci also writes about what he knows best—farm life and the allure of his surroundings. His sense of history is personal. I love the pull of his spring season: "If they had their way, these redwings would drive us back/ while the white, white marsh beyond/ won't sit still, and the cedar fence, our only/ banner, doesn't have dominion..." Pagnucci teaches English at UW-Platteville and has produced four books. He is poetry editor of *Acorn*.

Marian Paust writes poetry and lives in Richland Center.

Recently Received Books

John Bennett, *Beyond These Creatures Dragons Wait*. Green Bay, WI: Snow Leopard Press (526 Karen Lane, 54301), 1988. 81 pp. \$7.50, poetry

R. S. Chapman, *Distance, Rate, Time*. Madison: Fireweed Press (P.O. Box 482, 53701), 1989. 22 pp. poetry

Sheldon Danziger and John F. Witte, *State Policy Choices: The Wisconsin Experience*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1988. 294 pp. Analysis of state policy making in a dozen essays from many disciplines

Frederick Douglass, *My Bondage and My Freedom*. Edited and with an introduction by William L. Andrews. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1987. 307 pp. \$34.95 cloth; \$10.95 paper. A reprint of the 1855 classic of African-American literature

Victoria Ford, *Following the Swan*. Madison: Fireweed Press, 1988. 48 pp. poetry

Frances Hamerstrom, *Wild Food Cookbook*. Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1988. 144 pp. \$15.95. how to cook foods as diverse as ferns and mushrooms and snapping turtle and woodcock

Pat Middleton. *Discover! America's Great River Road: Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Illinois*. Stoddard, WI: Heritage Press (Route 1, 54658), 1988. 210 pp. \$9.95 (add \$1.50 for postage and tax when ordering from publisher). guidebook to heritage, natural history, and recreational resources of the Upper Mississippi River Valley

George L. Mosse. *Nationalism and Sexuality: Middle-Class Morality and Sexual Norms in Modern Europe*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1985. 232 pp.

Robert C. Ostergren. *A Community Transplanted*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1988. 400 pp. \$45.00 cloth; \$19.95 paper. The Trans-Atlantic Experience of a Swedish Immigrant Settlement in the Upper Middle West, 1835-1915

Remembering Derleth: All About Augie, 1909-1971, edited by Bill Dyke. Sauk City, WI: The August Derleth Society, 1988. 112 pp. \$7.00 (Postpaid from 3333 Westview Lane, Madison, WI 53713, checks payable to August Derleth Society)

Deborah Route. *The Luck of the Living*. Calcutta: A Writers Workshop Publication, 1987. 60 pp. \$10.95 cloth. (Available from the author at 260 N. Elm, Platteville, WI 53818; add \$1.25 for shipping) poetry

Anthony H. Simon. *Teaching Windows of the Mind*. Menasha: Andor Publishing Co., 1988. 125 pp. \$5.95 (Add \$1.00 postage from publisher, P.O. Box 67, 54952). study of the teaching-learning process in American schools

Joseph Wisenfarth. *Gothic Manners and the Classic English Novel*. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1988. 235 pp. \$27.50. study of the classic novels of nineteenth and twentieth century from Bakhtinian premises

Authors

Warrington Colescott is emeritus professor of art at UW-Madison and frequent contributor to "Galleria."

Nancy Eichsteadt received her M.A. from UW-Madison in theatre and communication; however, most of her graduate work was done at the Yale School of Drama. She has taught English at UW-Milwaukee and has published short stories and plays. She served as executive director of Milwaukee's United Performing Arts Fund and as director of the Bay Players of Whitefish Bay. She and her husband own the public relations firm On Target Marketing.

Reinhold Grimm joined the UW-Madison faculty in 1967, after having taught at Erlangen and Frankfurt universities in West Germany. Vilas Research Professor of Comparative Literature and German, he has published ten books and more than a hundred articles, mostly in German. He is editor-in-chief of *Monatshefte*.

Joan Johannes has B.S. and M.S.T. degrees from UW-Stevens Point and teaches English at Lincoln High School in Wisconsin Rapids. Her poetry and prose have been published in *Cat Fancy*, *The Ball State Forum*, *Barney Street*, and *English Journal*. She and her husband Jeffrey live in Port Edwards, Wisconsin.

Ralph W. Johnson is executive producer for adult education at WHA Radio and professor of educational communications in UW-Extension. He received both bachelor's and master's of music from the University of Michigan.

Kenneth Pobo teaches English at Widener University in Chester, Pennsylvania, and is poetry editor of *Widener Review*. He received a Ph.D. in English from UW-Milwaukee and lived in Milwaukee for six years.

Barry B. Powell, professor and chairman of classics at UW-Madison, received his B.A. and Ph.D. from the University of California-Berkeley and his M.A. from Harvard University. His book on Homer and the alphabet will be published by Cambridge University Press in 1990.

Marylou Raushenbush is a Madison photographer who has created series of photographs of artists and of women.

Kay Saunders organizes creative writing classes for older adults in extended-care facilities. She has written two poetry books, one non-fiction book, and one book for children.

Donna E. Shalala became professor of political science and educational policy studies and chancellor of UW-Madison in January 1988. Born in Cleveland, Shalala earned her undergraduate degree in history from Western College in Oxford, Ohio in 1962 and joined the Peace Corps, serving two years in Iran. After receiving her Ph.D. from Syracuse University in 1970, she taught political science at the City University of New York, Yale University, and Columbia University. During the Carter administration she served as assistant secretary for policy development and research in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development. Before moving to Madison, she served as president of Hunter College in New York. She is a member of the National Academy of Education.

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