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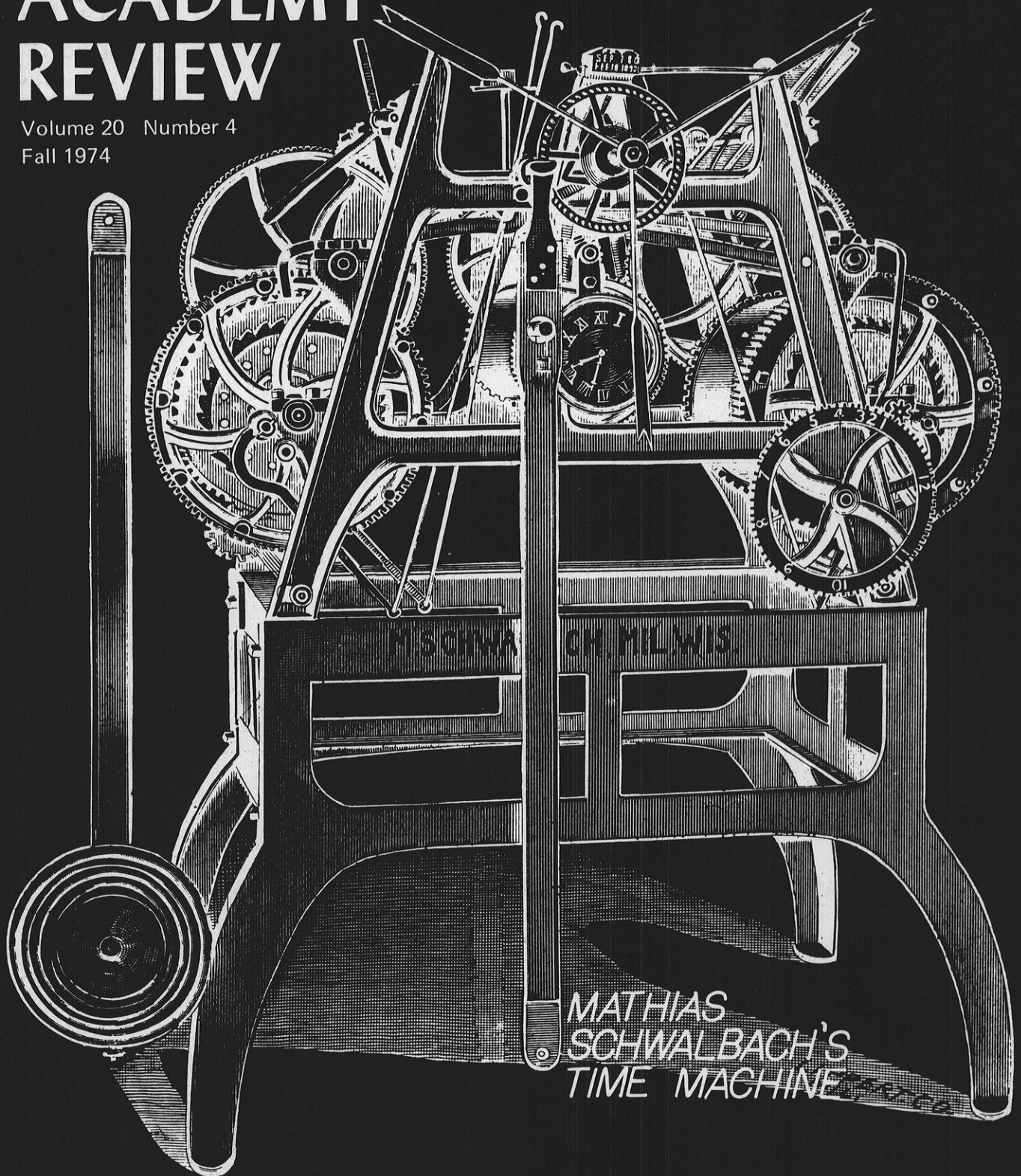
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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 20 Number 4
Fall 1974



There is much discussion these days about the health of the magazine business. Rising costs for printing, paper, and postage threaten to crimp already struggling budgets past their limits. And periodically, too, a major publication dies, adding to the rumors that the whole industry is dying, a thing of the past.

In the midst of this turmoil, the Wisconsin Academy Review, with this issue, completes Volume 20. And now, just as in 1954 when Volume 1 was published, we depend heavily upon the generosity of many people to "make ends meet."

For example, thirteen authors have contributed their time and expertise to provide the manuscripts which are found on these thirty-two pages. None of them has received anything more than our hearty thanks and a few copies of the magazine. The Escher Foundation kindly waived the traditional reproduction rights fees for the two M.C. Escher prints found on pages 2 and 5. And on pages 7, 9, and 11 are illustrations by Chris Sternberg, whose services I am sure we will be requesting again.

Readers who have suggestions for stories they would like to see included in the Review or manuscripts they would like to have considered for publication should feel free to contact me. With the continued support of Wisconsin writers, artists, and readers, you can be assured that the Wisconsin Academy Review is indeed alive and well.

—Monica A. Jaehnig
Managing Editor

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Published quarterly by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, Wi. 53705. Subscription price is \$4 a year in U.S. and Canada; elsewhere \$5 a year. Single copies \$1 each.

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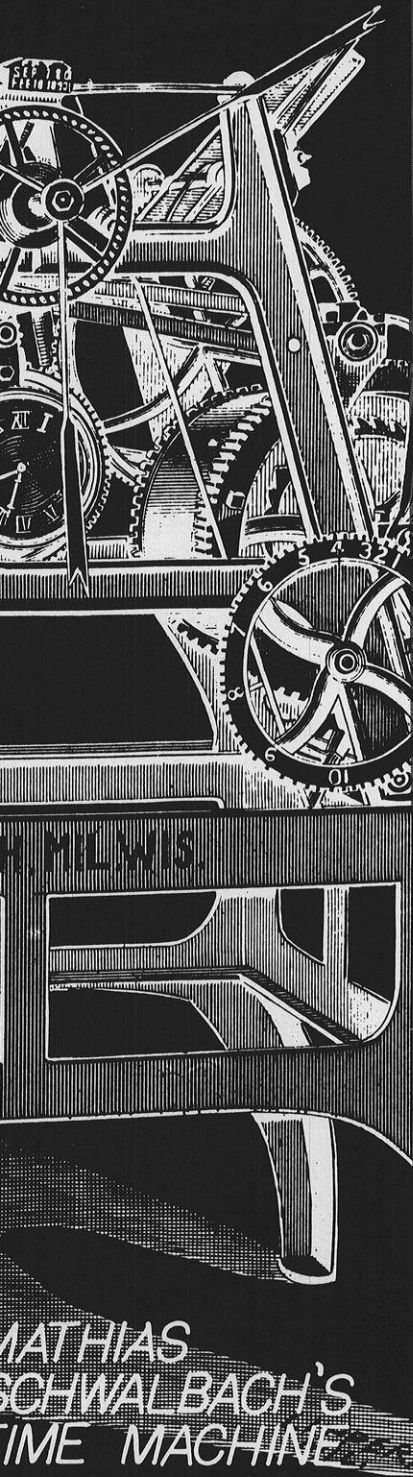
Second class postage paid at Madison, Wi. The date of this issue is September, 1974.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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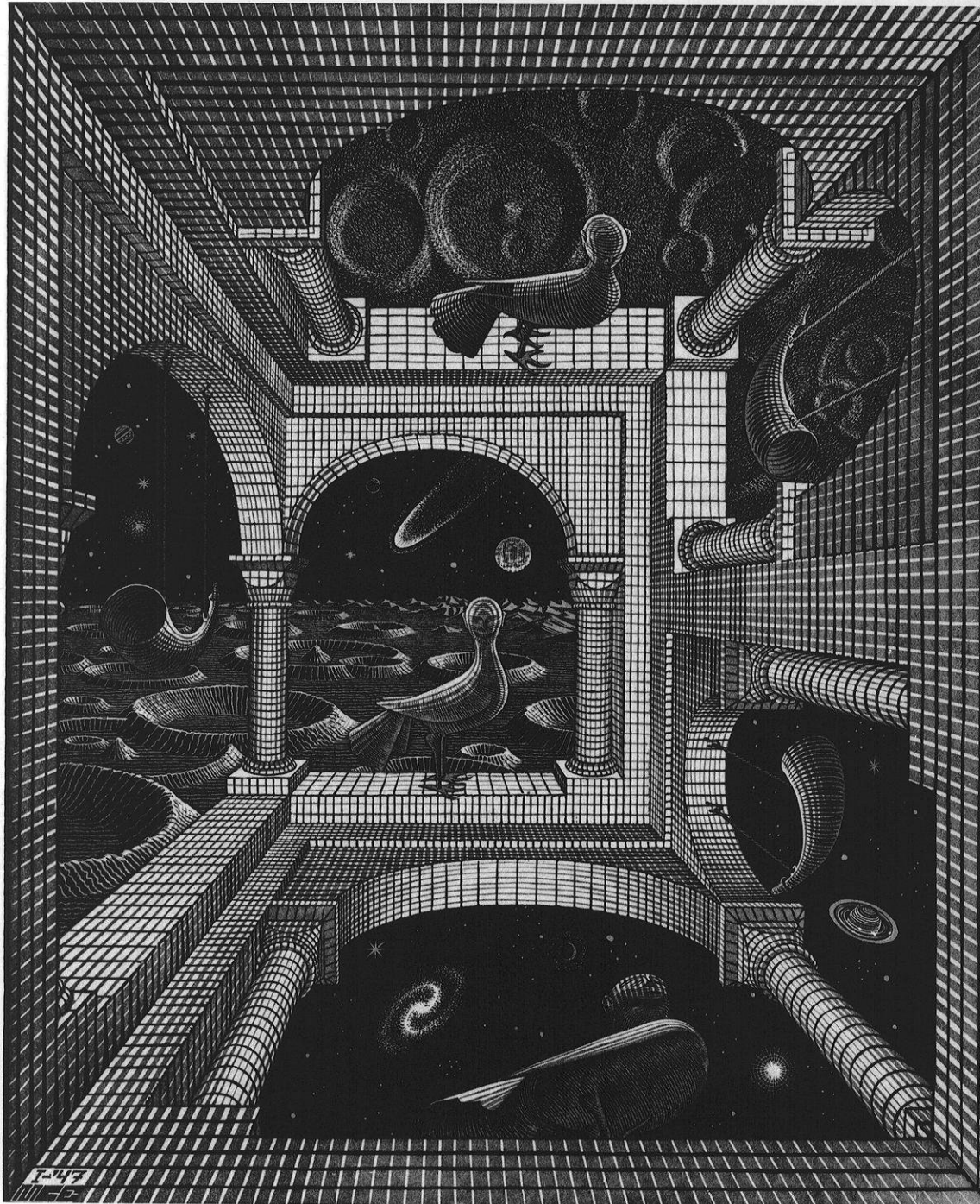
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A One-Eyed Glimpse of the Garden

By Gretchen Holstein-Schoff



In the modern vision, science and theology, though sharing a universe, exist in two separate worlds, each with its own perspectives and each seemingly impermeable to the other. The theme of shifting perspectives is one explored by artist M. C. Escher in "Another World." (Courtesy of the Escher Foundation, Haags Gemeentemuseum, The Hague.)

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye. — Lewis Carroll

As a student of language, I have long been fascinated by what Wallace Stevens called our “flawed words and stubborn sounds.” The imperfect, so hot in us, drives us in our struggling toward more precision, so that with each passing day of our knowledge explosion we are presented with a bigger knowledge pie, sliced into finer and finer pieces. Workaday academics, whose business is the pursuit of knowledge, must now more than ever make an extra effort if they seek to maintain some sort of holistic perspective. Laurels and depth of insight are earned through rigorous application to a specialty, frequently at the price of being able to communicate with fewer and fewer people. The Chaucerian hasn’t much to say to the Faulkner specialist, the medieval historian to the twentieth century European scholar, or the theoretical chemist to the applied.

If the communication thicket has grown higher between persons tending adjoining fields, it has become impenetrably thorny for those working in widely separated geographies of the academic landscape. It was C. P. Snow, standing with one foot in the humanistic field and the other in the scientific, who first described in ominous tones the depth and terror of the rift between scientists and humanists. The arguments of his now-classic essay are too familiar to warrant reiteration, describing as they did the blindered vision of the scientist who knows nothing of Shakespeare or Plato, and the humanist totally ignorant of the basic laws of thermodynamics or genetics.

Unfortunately, Snow’s description of the disease was so much stronger than his prescription for its remedy (at best, a kind of “We must all try harder”), that his essay has probably had the opposite of its intended effect, setting a permanent seal upon a popular cast of mind which is now convinced that scientists and humanists live in warring camps. On the one hand, a sizeable segment of the world shares an unspoken confidence that technology and science offer ultimately infallible problem-solving systems—systems which are both a wonder, with Armstrong on the moon, and a horror, in the age of nuclear and biological weapons. On the other, the humanists have found themselves squeezed onto a narrower and narrower strip of land, crying out for humanistic value systems, usually too late, after some new tidal wave of scientific advance has already begun its fatal sweep. The common assumption is that Snow and others like him, who speak the vocabularies of both the scientific and humanistic realms, are rare figures, furtively shuttling from the literary club to the laboratory.

Gretchen Holstein-Schoff is a lecturer in the Integrated Liberal Studies department of the University of Wisconsin-Madison. She was able to pursue her interest in “border conversation” during a one-year sabbatical spent at the University of Chicago Divinity School.

The truth is that shuttling like Snow’s takes an enormous amount of energy, a measure of genius, and a great deal of time—all scarce commodities. What most of us manage instead is the periodic raiding party into foreign territory. Cases in point abound—the scientist who plays a fine fiddle, the humanist who is a wild flower expert or bird watcher, the poet Robert Frost who claimed that the only magazine to which he subscribed was *Scientific American*. Most of these would readily admit that their forays into other fields are no more than casual dalliances or sanity savers from the perils of “too muchness.” For centuries, the shuttling technique has served us well, and in rare cases has produced true Renaissance types, the “men for all seasons” of the Leonardo strain.

All kinds of pundits and doomsayers have pointed in recent years to the phenomenon of fragmented, modern man. He has been painted in psychedelic hues by Toffler and Roszak, Plath and Kesey. He has been clinically observed by acute students of the human psyche—May, Menninger, Frankl. The “crise metaphysique” is as old as Oedipus and Job, but its forms change with our changing world views, and nowhere in recorded history has our world view changed as rapidly as it has in the last decade. Mass communication has forced the moonwalk and genetic engineering into the living rooms of millions who never read a scientific journal.

It is the business of historians of science to chronicle and pinpoint crucial scientific events in human history which affect world view. They have noted, how, in the twentieth century, scientists have been drawn inevitably into the great mechanisms of industry, war making, information retrieval, and medical research and have turned their hands to the problems these mechanisms present. Humanists, on the defensive, have hardened their battle lines, assumed a Luddite position, and turned their faces toward a nostalgic past, wishing for the clock to stop.

Garden variety citizens, whether they be academics, salesmen, grocers, or athletes, are buffeted on all sides. Every day presents us with the mind-numbing ambiguity of technical progress. I find myself loving the television (for bringing me Nureyev dancing at Israel’s twenty-fifth anniversary) and hating it (when I read that its rays might be harmful to my children). Every day presents us with the bitterness of ethical decisions so complex that there are no blacks or whites, but only vast areas of gray where one must choose the least evil rather than the greatest good. (Is it better, if you have only one donor, to give a transplant kidney to an eighteen-year-old boy whose potential is still unknown or to a famous sixty-five-year-old brain surgeon?) The best that most of us manage is a kind of brave hopefulness, a sense of humor, and a concerted effort not to think about it too much.

But as a teacher, a Christian, a wife, and a parent, I found that I *had* to think about it. I found every day too full of Alice-in-Wonderland strangeness, eating scientific cakes that made me grow so ungainly my head bumped the ceiling, drinking from philosophic and theological bottles that shrank me so frighteningly I feared I might disappear entirely. I lived in a world where two separate languages were being spoken; but I could not believe that scientists were all godless, nor that theologians and philosophers were all so subjective that facts did not touch them.

The privilege of a year's sabbatical to study issues in science and religion has led me into the study of a whole new language unlike any I have encountered before. I do not pretend to be either scientist or theologian, nor do I wish to repeat the nineteenth century battles of science and religion. I have read and listened to a remarkable collection of pioneers engaged for the past several decades in the process of hammering out a new lexicon to describe our world and our place in it. While it is a handy device to think of the scientist as involved in asking "How?" and of the theologian in asking "Why?" this distinction no longer serves to describe the border conversations in which the participants must, above all, admit that their existing languages are inadequate either to describe the depths of their insights or the limits and boundaries of their insights. A fundamental humility at the direct confrontation with mystery is at last driving theologians and scientists to discoveries of a mutual language, which in all its new syntax is provisional, dynamic, and in never-ending search for definition. The language they seek to create is not an effort to explain away Lazarus with descriptions of catatonic states, or to plug in a god-of-the-gaps to explain unsolved scientific riddles.

The language of border conversation is still primitive, a frail raft constructed with the lumber of conventional disciplines but nailed together with exploratory analogy and metaphor, then set adrift in search of companion passengers who find it seaworthy. Philosopher and scientist both stare at the yet unplumbed depths of fundamental seas. What is the end of something? Or its beginning? What does it mean to say "I am"?

The physicists were perhaps the first to discover the language void. When their comfortable Newtonian world pillars of space and time were swept away by Einstein's relativity and Heisenberg's uncertainty principle, the old questions of the nature of the material world had to be expressed in new ways. Heisenberg, in his autobiography, reiterates ceaselessly the idea that "atoms are not things." At the subatomic level, electrons cannot be described by their location, speed, energy, or size. If the propositions of theoretical physics now demand that we refer to probabilities and possibilities rather than to facts, then causal determinism is dead, not only in physics but in metaphysics as well.

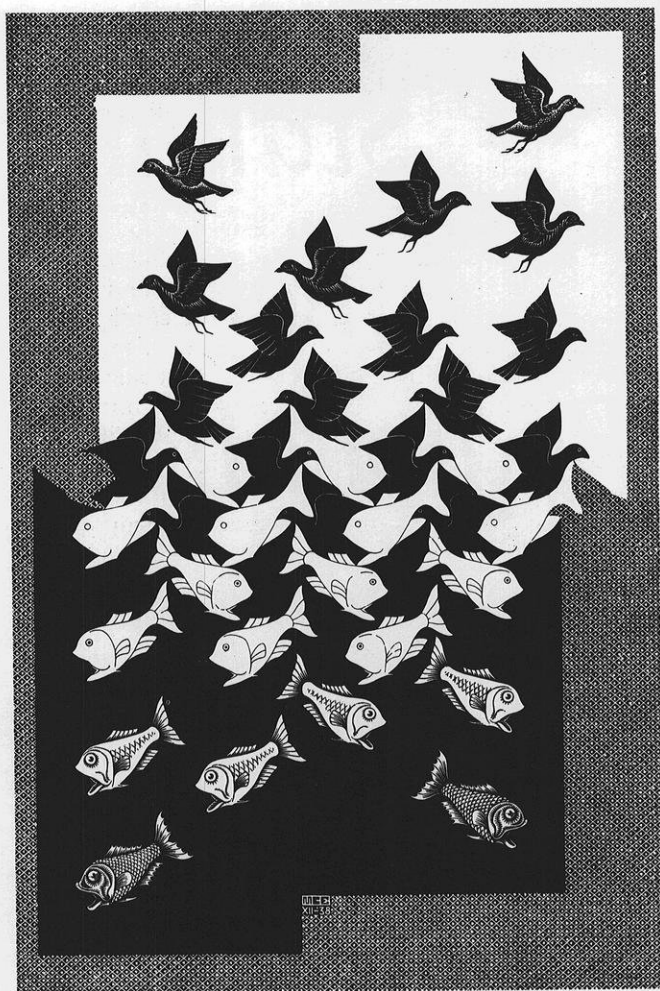
Perceptive theologians began to realize that their interpretive tasks were burdened by an unwieldy,

barnacle-encrusted vocabulary. It became increasingly difficult to make congruent the natural philosophy of Aquinas with the findings of modern science, to explain how his clockwork universe keeps losing parts and adding parts, ticking off eons as if they were milliseconds.

Stirrings of our mortal clay begun by Darwin reached the bone-cracking stage in the now-famous work of Urey and Miller. Their synthesis of the primeval soup, their work on proteins and amino acids, opened the door to modern research on the genesis of living matter. Although biochemistry is still in its relative infancy, its most sophisticated researchers have already found themselves in the same provisional language corner with the physicists. As the biochemist sees all living matter caught in a web of relationship, involved in a constant process of increasing complexification, and as the astrophysicist sees all living matter, as we know it, caught in the solar system of a dying sun, all objective language that uses words like "birth," "death," "ends," "beginnings," is thrown into confusion. Through the extended eyes of the telescope and microscope, scientists peer at galactic and microscopic space. But looking above the piles of data, they find that those data continually dispel particular ignorances, but only seem to deepen the mystery of the whole. Put another way, the scientific question of the "How?" remains forever in the grasp of the larger "Why?"

It is precisely at this intersection of the "How?" and "Why?" that scientists are carrying on their conversations with humanists.

At the outset, it must be emphasized that persons capable of, or even interested in, such border conversations seem to share certain qualities. They are, first of all, "fully baked"; they have worked in depth in their specialized disciplines and are esteemed for their competence by their peers. When the scientists speak, they are cognizant of the methods of scientific inquiry, of its usage of analogies and models in the creation of scientific theory, and of the undeniable influence of the observer upon the data. Lifetimes in laboratories have shown them that scientific inquiry is not the methodical quest generally supposed by the public; that just as often it depends upon the happy accident, the personal quirk of the scientist, or a keen eye for some phenomenon so minute or so grossly obvious that hundreds of others missed it. When the humanists speak, they are aware of the more intrinsically subjective nature of their inquiry—that the understanding of the human condition, whether it be sociological, historical, literary, or theological, uses symbolic language based upon philosophic assumptions in the observer. In short, those worth listening to, on either hand, speak from the richness and discipline of a particular tradition, and have moved into "border" conversation when they found the language of their tradition to be inadequate. This has been true of Heisenberg, Whitehead, and Dobzhansky; of Heim, Cobb, Sittler, and Pannenberg. To these must be added the roster of others who have combined in their formal educations both humanistic and scientific



A more hopeful view of the relationship of science and theology is afforded by "border conversationalists" who are attempting to interpret the two worlds and provide a new language of mutual understanding. "Sea and Sky II" by M. C. Escher, with its interplay of foreground and background, succeeds in intermingling two worlds and destroying the interface between. (Courtesy of the Escher Foundation, Haags Gemeentemuseum, The Hague.)

disciplines—Schilling, Barbour, Pollard.

A cameo instance of such a border conversation was a recent theological convention held in Chicago at which the first speaker was not a theologian or a parish minister but a biochemist. By means of slides and lecture, Dr. Clifford Matthews, a biochemist at the University of Illinois, drew together the history of modern biochemical research, from its brave beginnings in Pasteur's classic experiments to the constantly advancing research on the nature of living matter now being carried forward in genetics, physiology, and biochemistry. Regardless of the particular stance any of these sciences may take regarding the details of evolutionary process, the general direction is one of growth toward complexity and of continuous change whose final outcome is in the future and unknown. The working parish minister, whose stock in trade is the Edenic myth, the rainbow, and the empty tomb, looked at the weird geography of the electron microscope's world and at the reaches of the cosmos

seen by telescope and immeasurably stretched by space exploration. I cannot believe that the next time he spoke the words, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," or "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us" those familiar phrases had not taken on new dimensions.

It would be a dull person indeed who is not moved to some sort of philosophic speculation by such a view of mankind: the most complex and sentient of the biological mechanisms, but probably only a link in the great chain whose next member is yet unknown, living on a planet whose surface temperature, barring atomic holocaust or environmental catastrophe, will, by natural processes and within four billion years, be 4000 degrees.

For me, the compression of these two understandings into a single hour's presentation struck with peculiar force. My awe was compounded when I realized that the first speaker, Dr. Matthews, was there at the invitation of the second, Dr. Joseph Sittler. Sittler, one of America's most eminent theologians, began to speculate on the significance of modern scientific findings for theological understanding of such traditional doctrines as resurrection, incarnation, the Trinity, and the Holy Spirit. Unavoidably, his final words spoke of the "collective fate of mankind" as we know it. I came to realize that the theologian's quest for understanding the true nature of God and his dealings with men is irrevocably linked to what can be learned from the scientist about our biological being and our fading cosmos. These questions, whether they bear conventional religious tags or not, must occur to biochemists just as they do to philosophers, or they would find no reasons to get up in the morning, face another day, or bring children into the world.

If some Dali-esque artist were to draw a cross section of modern society's collective brain and the mind stuff which fills it, the temptation would be to paint a circle cut neatly down the middle by a thick wall. One half of the circle would be filled with scientists, engineers, and their tools—a telescope, a space ship, a computer, a microscope, the genetic code; the other half would be filled with lovers, sufferers, philosophers, artists, heroes, martyrs, with poems, music, painting, crosses, spires, thrones, and hermits' caves. I cannot believe that modern man must be resigned to using only one half of that circle at a time or that its central partition is so impenetrable that sounds cannot cross from one half to the other. The border conversationalists are trying to replace the thick wall of partition with a semipermeable membrane where diffusion between the two worlds can begin to take place.

I am also convinced that *Alice in Wonderland*, like all great children's books, was really written for adults. Alice's most important discovery as she shrank and grew in her wonderland, was that she could eventually manage, by careful alternation of cakes and drink, to make herself of proper size to fit her world. Her first clue came when, through a keyhole, she caught a one-eyed glimpse of the garden.

American desk dictionaries, good as they are, are always pressed for space and have to be selective. For obvious reasons they dare not neglect the "standard" words—those that will be printed in books or used in serious speech for the whole nation. So, in keeping to desk size, their problem becomes one of determining what they may most safely omit. The customary answer has been to leave out the words which characterize only one part of the country, the regional and local words. Although some are included, a much greater number than anybody realizes have been omitted. Even the "unabridged" dictionaries are abridged; their source is almost entirely the printed language. Thus many thousands of words and expressions that people speak every day of their lives in one part of the United States or another, but which there is little occasion to print, remain unrecorded and, outside their own section, largely unknown.

A word is a linguistic unit which transfers meaning from one speaker to another. It is just as real, just as much of an actuality, whether it happens to be written or spoken. Indeed, the prestige we give to literacy and the written word obscures the fact that language is primarily spoken and only secondarily written. Whether a word is used by only a small community or the entire nation, it is still exactly the same type of language unit, and the student of language, the dictionary maker, needs to know about it.

At the University of Wisconsin-Madison we are trying to fulfill a plan that originated eighty-five years ago: to compile a dictionary of all the regional and local words that are or have been recently used in one section or another of the United States but not throughout the entire nation. The *Dictionary of American Regional English (DARE)*, begun in 1965 under the writer's direction, is now getting close to publishing the first of three volumes which will be necessary to present, define, and illustrate our many thousands of regional words and expressions. With publication,

Stalking American Regionalisms

*A progress report on
the Dictionary of American
Regional English*

By Frederic G. Cassidy

the chief purpose for which the American Dialect Society was founded in 1889 will be fulfilled.

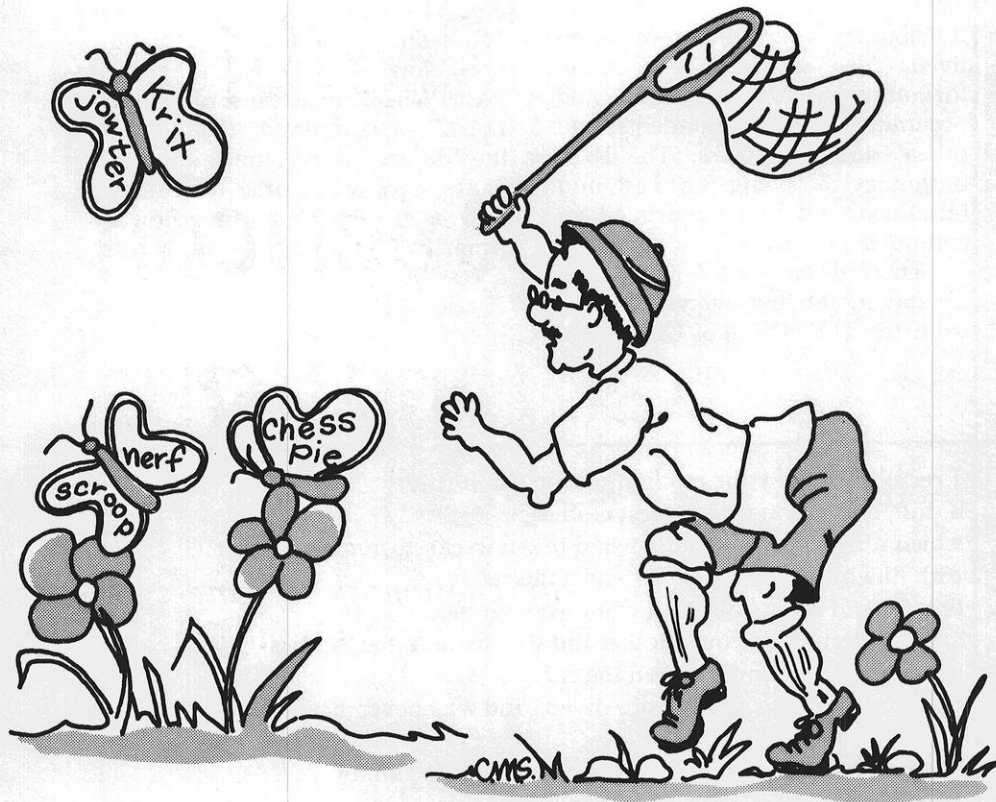
Some of these words, with old-country roots in England, Scotland, Ireland, are still preserved locally though gone from standard English—for example, a *besom* (as Shakespeare spelled it), pronounced "beezum," for a broom, found in West Virginia. Others are foreign words, naturalized in some sections of the United States but not in other parts of the English-speaking world—for example, a *chook* (from French *toque*) for a knitted woolen stocking-cap, used in northern Michigan; or *grass-onions* (translated from Norwegian) for chives, used in some Wisconsin communities. Still others are new, developed by traditional word-forming rules of the English language, though not generally adopted—for example to *aggress*, back-formed from *aggression*, and meaning something very close to *oppose*, *attack*: "She'll be

able to aggress all obstacles and overcome them," was heard in southeastern Minnesota.

These unfamiliar words and expressions used by Americans from other parts of the nation sound as strange to us as ours (of which we are often unaware) sound to them. How does the lexicographer find these usages? Some, of course, are in print in regional novels and stories, in diaries and letters, in biographies and travel accounts. Others are found in personal columns, especially in county and small-town newspapers written by and for local people. While these are not always trustworthy sources, they cannot be ignored, and *DARE* has excerpted several hundred such books.

We know, too, that the language of traditional trades—such as fishing, coal mining, tobacco-growing—has many terms known to everybody in the community where that trade occurs, though hardly heard outside. Everybody

Frederic G. Cassidy is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and director of the Dictionary of American Regional English project.



in southeastern Kentucky knows what *black-lung* is, yet we have found no record of it in current dictionaries. And before you dig a well, it's a good idea to call in the man who walks about your land with a forked stick between his forefingers until it suddenly turns over at the right spot. But whom do you send for—the *water-witch man*, the *dowser*, *water-finder*, or *diviner*? It all depends on where you are.

Better than books and newspapers are the many word lists published beginning in 1890 by members of the Dialect Society, in *Dialect Notes* and other journals—their contributions to the hoped-for dictionary. More than 40,000 words and expressions collected by them have gone into the *DARE* files. Several scholars interested in the study of American language have donated their private collections, and hundreds of members of the public from every state have sent in one or more items—sometimes things we had found nowhere else, but which certainly belong in the Dictionary.

In Maryland, for example, the

old Latin medical term *mania a potu*, meaning unconsciousness brought on by excessive drinking, is still found in the form *mania-porchia*. (In most places, people would talk about being "out cold," but that is slang, not a regionalism, and does not, like *mania-porchia*, qualify for inclusion in *DARE*.) When students informed me that New Yorkers do not stand in line to buy tickets, but *on line*, I checked on it—and it's true!

But these bits of data "from all over" could not by themselves have formed an adequate basis for the dictionary as we envision it. They are too random and too miscellaneous. We knew it would be essential to cover the entire country in proportion to the population, and to check on the usages of many different kinds of people. To do this we prepared a questionnaire covering the everyday activities and happenings that most people encounter, and for which we knew from former studies there were different words in different areas. The *Word Geography of the Atlantic States* has shown that if you want fish bait in Rhode

Island, you ask for *eas-worms*, in Connecticut for *angle dogs*, in New England generally, for *angle-worms*. Move down to Georgia and South Carolina and the common word is *earthworms*. From other sources we have picked up *redworms*, *rainworms* (common in the German settlement area of Wisconsin), *dew worms* (south of Lake Erie) and a number more.

About this and other items which had already proved to have regional or local variants we put questions—some 1,850 of them—into the *DARE* questionnaire. Then between 1965 and 1970 we sent "fieldworkers," mostly graduate students but also some well trained undergraduates and a few faculty members, to all fifty states where they asked the same questions, carefully phrased and not to be altered, in 1,002 chosen communities which, together, form a representative cross section of the long-settled and stable part of the nation. Regional language is by nature traditional; therefore we avoided communities which had undergone rapid or massive recent changes of population.

The number of variant answers to our questions gathered in this way is astonishing—many run into the hundreds. To give only one example, our question C33 asks, "What joking names do you have around here for an out of the way place, or a small unimportant place?" We got three hundred different responses, some of the most interesting being: *the sticks*, *no man's land*, *a wide spot in the road*, *a bad place in the road*, *dogtown*, *the backwoods*, *down the pike*, *the back side of nowhere*, *gooseville*, *hickville*, *in the brambles*, *a jerkwater place*, *four corners*, *plumb out of town*, *podunk*, *podock*, *squeedunk*, *the tules*, *that neck of the woods*, and so on. The current favorite is the *boondocks*, which was brought back from the Pacific by our armed forces during World War II and has since swept the country. It is no longer a regionalism—if it ever was—but a word used in every state.

These lists of variant terms will be of great value to the *DARE*

editors because they cover the whole country and give us a key to relative frequencies—which terms are common, which less well known, which perhaps rare. We plan to publish them as a “Data Summary,” to appear if possible in 1974, which, though printed first, will ultimately form the last volume of the Dictionary. The reader who wants fuller detail than can be found in the conventional treatment of any word will be referred to the Data Summary which

will include the age and educational bracket of the people who gave each response and the section of the country where each respondent lived. Also available will be information on the race, sex, and occupation of the respondents, and other “social” factors. The Data Summary is being sorted and tabulated and will be printed by computer processes.

Generous support for this project during the first five years came from the U.S. Office of Education;

thereafter the National Endowment for the Humanities provided funding. The University of Wisconsin-Madison, as “cooperating institution,” has also shared in this support. When, in a few more years, *DARE* is completed, the plan of the Dialect Society, made so many years ago, will come to fruition, and a neglected dimension of American English will be at last accessible to those interested.

Songs My Mother Taught Me

By Bea Cameron

Bea Cameron is a Madison poet whose published works include Clarifications, Snow-Wreath, and In The Blackened Rose.

I recall the time your mother got for her birthday
a doll, dressed in the prettiest clothes,
which a friend of her mother had taken weeks to make,
with finished seams, delicate embroideries,
bonnet and sash, collar all trimmed with lace,
and the first thing your mother did was to take the clothes
off the doll, and put them on the cat,
who leaped to the windowsill, dived, and was never heard from again.

I remember also how a friend of your father's family
arrived as a guest, after a day's riding,
and before he had even dismounted somebody asked him
“When are you going to go home?”
“Right now!” he answered, and gave the spurs to his horse,
and that was the last they ever saw of him.
That was how I learned to ask always “How long can you stay!”

“But what of the doll?” “Oh, the doll by itself
was nothing special . . . ”
Forever, sphered in your recollected voice,
Great-grandmother leans, horrified, out of the window,
wondering what on earth she will tell Mrs. Himady,
while Grandmother cries in fright and because an action
in the logic of play has had such consequences,
and the friends stand with arms and mouth agape,
staring at the retreating dustcloud, hearing the hoofbeats
fall over the edge of dismay,
and Uncle Al, who saved his money for fireworks
and on the dawn of the Fourth sneaked out to light just one,
and the whole bag caught fire,
remains transfixed in the rockets' day-bleached glare,
the sputter of snakes, backfiring roman candles,
while the family windows, blooming with sleep and astonishment
behold him, not magnifico, but fool.

What is it clamps on laughter
like felted hammers, a glove from behind, Mother?
What is it neither pity nor time repairs?

Like religion, an appreciation for and a love of the outdoors and wildlife does not come in a dazzling moment of revelation and inspiration, but, beginning in earliest childhood, grows strong with the years.

Unfortunately, many times, this first appreciation of a beautiful flower, of a duck flock riding an Arctic wind on a day of black, tumbling clouds is too often perverted by the hunter instinct. Then often—and sadly—the young child, once awed by the wonders of nature, is awed no longer by the chickadee perched on the very bill of his hunting cap, because he is in hot pursuit of the deer, eager only to make the final fatal shot, and then bending over the warm carcass, to search for the jugular with a knife to deliver the *coup de grace*.

I speak from experience. As a very young child during my brief age of innocence some of the most precious things of my life included a greeny apple tree, a trellis of American beauty roses, and the bronze ducklings which each spring chased bugs across the lawn of our Wisconsin home.

I abhorred and was horrified by killing, and there was a spring day when my father cracked an abandoned duck egg. When the living embryo could not be saved and when he killed it with a stick of firewood, I went to my room crying.

Through all the years, and to this day, I can see the piece of firewood come high and pause, silhouetted for a single instant against the blue sky; and then I can see it descend to mash to pulp the wet, helpless duckling already perfectly formed down to its shapely brown bill, its exquisitely webbed feet.

But I came of hunting stock, and there was much talk of hunting in our home. And my father would tell of the times (because my mother was much abed with illness) that he took me on his trapline. He would tell about how then, when I was yet unable to walk, he would wrap me in blankets and store me in the bow of the duck skiff and paddle along his trapline in the Great Shakey Marsh near Beaver Dam lake.

Mostly those days my father trapped muskrats which brought ten to fifteen cents the pelt, and since there were so many he skinned them immediately as they came from the trap and threw the fresh pelts over me until they almost filled the bow of the skiff.

Then, as my father would tell it again and again when I was older, he'd say, "and sometimes we couldn't find you because of the 'rats in the boat." And I would laugh, and so would anyone else who heard him tell it.

So even before my school days I remember I wanted to trap, because hadn't my father? And even before third grade I wanted to hunt, because when my father brought home ducks and prairie chickens wasn't there a gleam in my mother's eye, because wasn't the game a treat from the largely bread-and-potato meals of my father's struggling years? And didn't my father let me hold his gun, and at night didn't I watch him affectionately oil and rub the walnut stock until it shone like quick, bright fire in the light of the kerosene lamp?

Metamorphosis of a Hunter

By Mel Ellis



Wisconsin writer and Wisconsin Academy member Mel Ellis is one of the nation's best known nature writers. His syndicated column, "The Good Earth," appears in the Sunday Milwaukee Journal. Several of his books, including Wild Goose, Brother Goose and Flight of the White Wolf, were selected for Walt Disney film productions.

And didn't I have my own guns, even if they were only sticks? And didn't I crouch in a blind back of the outhouse, and when the sparrows came down to the crumbs I had spread, didn't I make believe they were ducks, and didn't I, with my toy gun, shoot them?

So gradually from such a beginning as makes all children creatures of innocence with a natural affection for puppies, small birds, and all such helpless things as stir the bedrock emotion of compassion, I gradually changed and became the hunter.

Now there is no shame in being the hunter. It is a most natural pursuit inherited from countless generations of forebears who would not have survived had they not been good hunters.

And I wanted to be a good hunter, because of all my heroes in those days, I admired most the man who could kill two ducks with one shot because he was not only a remarkable marksman, but a frugal provider of excellent fare at a minimum of cost.

Many is the time over a delicious stew of coots, I would hear my father say, "Five cents. That's all this meat cost. Five cents. I waited until the mudhens (he never called them coots) were in one big raft, and my first shot put eighteen down on the water."

And it was a marvelous thing, an almost heroic thing to get all that good meat and for only five cents—the cost of a single shotgun shell in those long, long ago times.

We were poor then. Success hadn't yet been visited upon my father. Many of our meals were a batter of flour, water and eggs fried and then sweetened with homemade jell or jam. So to suddenly have carcasses of ducks, prairie chickens, rabbits, and coots hanging on the back porch was like coming suddenly into money—real money!

So I begged my father to take me hunting, and sometimes he did. Then I would take along my toy wooden guns and, crouching with him in the marsh before sunrise, thrill to the sounds of mallards quacking, shiver at the sound of wings whipping overhead, be astounded at the size of the blue herons silhouetted against a grey sky.

Then when we came home and there were eight or fourteen ducks to hang on the back porch, I swelled with pride, and my dreams that night would have me the mighty hunter come to marsh and to forest and the high hill to kill meat so I could feed the family waiting and depending upon me.

Of course I couldn't wait until I was the legal age of twelve to begin my hunting. I had to hunt right away, but what to do about a gun? Well, in the attic stood an old Spanish-American War rifle, a monstrous and cumbersome weapon with a tremendous rabbit-eared cocking hammer; and my brother, who was a year younger, helped me haul it bumping and bouncing down the stairs and outside where we hid it behind the woodshed.

It was too big for one boy. So first he would carry the muzzle and I the stock, and then we would change about. The boy carrying the stock always got to aim the gun and pull the trigger. Of course, not having any ammunition, we had to be satisfied with making believe, dry firing, and imagining that the bird we shot at fell in flight, the cottontail somersaulted in death.

Then a boy from the other side of town who was five years older looked at the gun, and said: "I wonder. Maybe." Next day he was back with a .410-gauge shotgun shell; and miracle of miracles, it chambered, fit perfectly into the old Spanish War rifle.

So we scrounged and borrowed and begged and saved pennies until we had sixty-five cents for a box of .410-gauge shells. Then we were in business. So with one boy holding the muzzle, and the other holding the stock and aiming and pulling the trigger, we went hunting and by the time we were halfway through our box of shells we killed a sitting rabbit. Of course, we should have known better than to take the carcass home, but that was the big thrill to walk triumphantly through the door, the great hunter with meat for the table.

Mother was horrified. She hadn't, of course, realized that we had come by some ammunition. My father, however, betrayed himself with just a wisp of a smile; but nevertheless he returned the gun to the attic with a warning of dire consequences if we touched it again.

Yet to ease our sorrow, he brought home a BB gun. At twelve years of age, since father's garage business had begun to prosper, we got .410-gauge shotguns. It wasn't long before we graduated to the standard 12-gauge guns, weapon of most of the waterfowlers of the day.

We became hunters—good hunters—not in the sportsmanlike concept of only taking wing shots and never shooting anything which was at rest, but in the sense that we usually killed what we aimed at—never wasted a shell.

But we were just a little late. The time of the great duck flocks had passed. By then the prairie chickens had long fled that part of Wisconsin in which we lived and it was necessary to travel an incredible hundred miles to get such shooting. The bag limit, which had been twenty-five ducks when we were sprouts, had been reduced to fifteen. We heard rumors of such duck shortages as might eventually make some species extinct. And it was a fact that in the twenties we often came to our favorite marsh and returned home time and again without having seen a single duck or fired a single shot.

Even raccoons, which are so plentiful around my Wisconsin home today, were then in short supply. Beavers were being trapped to extinction. The prairie chicken was barely hanging on. Egrets thrilled us no more, since unbeknown to us, the

plume hunters had ravaged their flocks. Even blue herons became scarce because irate duck hunters, having no legal targets, began wholesale slaughter of the birds, wiping out entire rookeries. Wildlife had come upon a time of crisis, and there were too few to champion the cause of these species which seemed destined to follow the passenger pigeon into oblivion.

My hunting days temporarily ended then. I was packed off to a boarding school, and in fall when my gun should have been booming, I was learning that it was not only prudent but wise to save today if a man wanted any wildlife tomorrow. When I wasn't studying I was tramping the flatlands of northern Indiana and I never knew before how one wild place after another had been turned into a dump site.

The ugly dump sites surrounding some of the nearby heavily industrialized cities affected me deeply. After graduation, and a few depression years washing dishes and scrubbing floor, I finally made it to Sheboygan where I became a reporter on *The Press*.

For me it was a most fortunate connection. *The Sheboygan Press* in the thirties was a splendid example of dedication to the best conservation principles. I was overjoyed to be working for such a responsible paper, and it was then I resumed my hunting. Only now I discovered that it was more fun to sit in a duck blind and watch a marsh wren hunt for insects or a muskrat build its thatched house, than it was to shoot ducks.

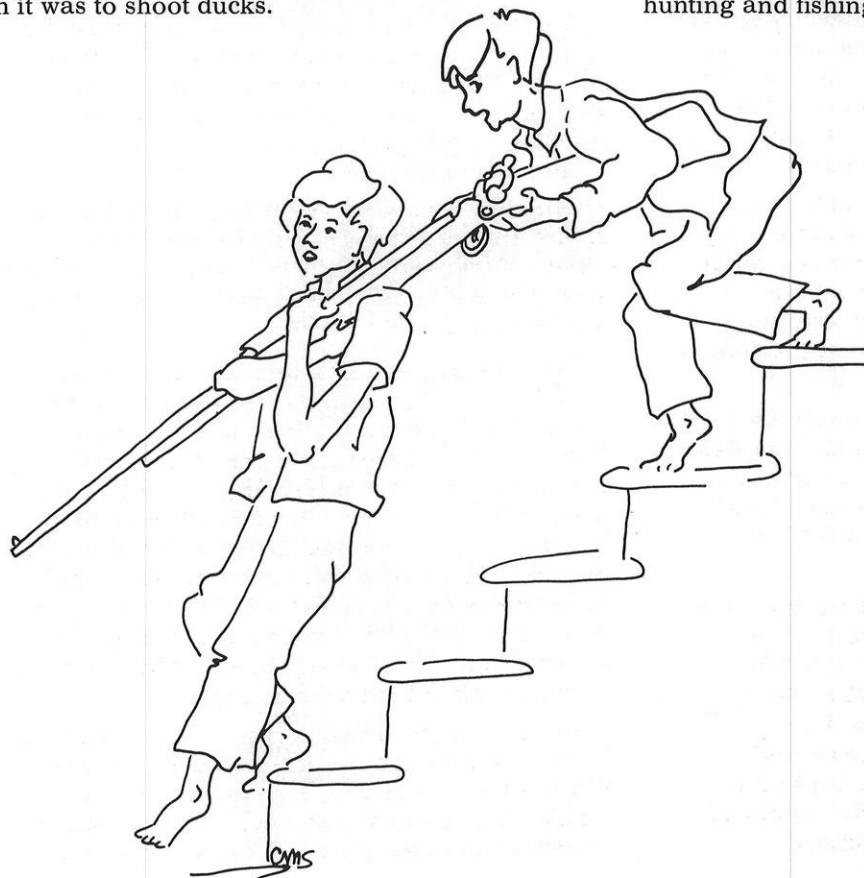
These then were the great formative years, not only in the metamorphosis of a writer and a hunter, but the great formative years of conservation with the likes of Aldo Leopold paving the way for the present ecological revolution.

It was a revelation and a deep source of satisfaction for me to be working for a publisher like Charles Broughton, who also happened to be a Democratic national committeeman and a tireless worker in the field of conservation. He fought for, and got, Terry Andrae park, a wild goose refuge at Horicon, a rich impoundment for wildlife along the Sheboygan river . . . many, many worthwhile projects.

I was inspired by Leopold, by a man named Dahlberg who wrote some of the first ecology text books . . . and so I began finding new prey on my hunting horizon. I began hunting for cleaner creeks, if only so I could fish for trout. I began hunting for great marshes, if only so I might shoot more ducks.

Then Broughton gave me a full page of the newspaper to do with what I wanted in the outdoor field. Since advertising was slack on Monday, that was the day I got my page. Still, the metamorphosis of the hunter was a long way from yielding a beautiful butterfly, and I'm afraid I turned my page into a hunting and fishing page instead of one devoted to conservation.

But things were stirring. Simultaneously across the country other newspapers were looking to the outdoors for news and features. Quite suddenly the hunting and fishing magazines gained new respect,



and I was pleased to see *Outdoors*, now defunct, take on nature writers who went afield only with binoculars.

Then one of the best things to happen to me, to Wisconsin, and to a nation of hunters and fishermen happened—a man named Gordon MacQuarrie came south from Superior to become outdoor editor of *The Milwaukee Journal* and contributor to many of the nation's leading magazines.

An avid hunter and fisherman, but even a more avid watcher of the wild, MacQuarrie conferred citizenship on chipmunks, crows, deer, coyotes, wrens, and even sparrows. He bestowed dignity on the lowly ant and the caterpillar, and wrote that animals needed no reason for existence other than an inalienable right to life such as man had previously described as only his heritage.

Still at Sheboygan, I came under MacQuarrie's spell, as did tens of thousands of people all across the country. It was in the thirties, and if the rod and gun had already come to play a lesser and lesser role in my outdoor life, Gordon's tales of setting up housekeeping in a duck blind just to enjoy the smells of the marsh, his stories of deer hunting in which he often hoped fervently the deer would escape the hunters widened my already expanding appreciation of the outdoors and the wild creatures inhabiting it.

Ultimately I moved to *The Milwaukee Journal*, though a long war intervened, and became a coworker with MacQuarrie. A few years before MacQuarrie died, I moved to the country to dig four spring-fed ponds, plant thousands upon thousands of trees, bring in hundreds of wild flowers dispossessed by freeways—create a miniature outdoor paradise, a microcosm of what a wilderness might be like if all the ecological laws necessary to a healthy and thriving environment were observed.

So it was that my love affair with the wild ones finally became a full blown marriage and in addition to the children in my house, you might on any day find squirrels and chipmunks, raccoons and seagulls, woodchucks or a crow. Gradually I found I'd rather hunt mushrooms than mallards, gather asparagus than fish muskies, sit and count bees and birds in passing . . . or watch a goose mother her goslings.

I was considerably relieved to be able to put the job as a rod-and-gun editor of *The Journal* behind me and turn to books. Now I could write about the boy who was saddened because when he killed a coyote, the coyote's pups starved. Now I could write about how a boy took a captive wolf back to the wilds and released it. I could write about a boy's friendship with a bear, about the ways of wildlings unmolested by man. And I did. I wrote one book after another, and my guns gathered dust. And what ammunition I had left became useless and I sank it into one of my ponds so it would be defused and could harm no one.

Only one rod-and-gun job still remained to me. I hadn't quit as associate editor of *Field and Stream*. But then I wrote a book, *Wild Goose, Brother Goose*, and as a result my name was removed from the masthead of the magazine. It seemed I had committed a really mortal sin! I had libeled the hunter, but of course, nobody made a point of mentioning for how many years it was the goose which had been libeled.

So at last I was free, and it was a relief because now not anyone could tell me how and what to write. So I wrote about the almost heroic struggles of Peg Leg Pete, a one-legged mallard. I wrote about how a "sidewalk Indian" rediscovered the wild ways. I wrote about dogs and farm boys and all the things I liked.

Except I still bought a sportsman's license, and I still bought a duck stamp. And sometimes I dusted off my guns, and sometimes I drove to the marsh where I had once had a duck blind to see how the northern birds were coming in. And I can tell you that the heritage which my hunting forebears passed along sometimes still sang piercingly on the night wind, and ran like rapid fire through my veins.

And even now I still awaken to hear the wild goose call, and then when I sleep again I dream that I am back in a goose pit trying to coax a wary gander into gun range, and I awaken with a start and my breathing has quickened and my heart is beating faster.

So perhaps the end of my affair with the wild ones has not yet been written. Because, though I'd run the man who killed one of my chipmunks right from here to hell and gone, I still come sometimes at dawn and, seeing a duck flock tail by on a high wind, wonder how it might feel again to swing a fast gun out ahead of them.

But maybe if you have never been a hunter you cannot understand about these things which send men out to kill. Maybe if the difference between eating bread or having a nice coot stew was one shotgun shell you might understand how it sometimes is with the hunter. And still, by the same token, if you have not formed some sincere friendships with the wild ones, likely you cannot understand either how some people can tolerate absolutely no killing—little matter the circumstances.

So for me, what will tomorrow bring? What about this metamorphosis of the writer, the hunter? Well, I've had the best part of a hunter's life, and also the best part of a dedicated nature lover's life. And whatever I do, this I know: I am glad it was my privilege to live on this earth. I am glad to have met the wild ones with a gun in my hands, and I am glad that I have met them offering nothing but life.

I am glad about it no matter how it turns out—whether I hunt or not—because I have discovered that in them, the wild ones, there is a little of me, and I am sure now that in me there is more than a little of the wild ones.

New Deal Art in Wisconsin

By Frank DeLoughery

Like other people in 1933, many artists were destitute and hungry. President Franklin D. Roosevelt authorized a Public Works of Art Project which, in a six month period, employed 3,749 artists and produced over fifteen thousand completed works. Available statistics on the number of Wisconsin artists employed on New Deal projects are incomplete, but there may have been several hundred.

Prior to the New Deal projects, the nearest substitutes for art in most schools and institutions were dreary pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and the Roman Coliseum. Today, schools and public buildings are adorned with sculptures and paintings, much of it New Deal, some quite valuable.

The artists employed on New Deal projects in Wisconsin were professionally trained in colleges and major art schools. Nearly every ranking artist of post depression years had gleaned some experience on New Deal projects. The freedom and encouragement offered by the programs helped bring American artists to the fore in the world of art after World War II.

The director of the Public Works of Art Project in Wisconsin in 1933-34 was Charlotte Russell Partridge, who also directed the Wisconsin Federal Art Project from 1935-39. A native of Minneapolis, Miss Partridge had studied and taught at a number of major institutions before joining the arts faculty at Milwaukee-Downer College in 1914. She was director of the Layton Art Gallery, and of the Layton School of Art, which she had founded in 1920.

Most Wisconsin artists in New Deal projects were associated with Layton or with the art department of the Milwaukee State Teachers' College. A relatively small number of graduates of the University of Wisconsin in Madison participated in some aspects of the federal programs.

One of the Wisconsin artists was Forest Flower, a poor frail boy from Portage High School, whose name was a joke to his schoolmates. As a protege of novelist Zona Gale he won several scholarships and awards for painting at Layton School of Art. His first professional assignment was in a Civilian Conservation Camp.

Frank DeLoughery is an archivist with the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. His special area of interest is the Works Progress Administration (WPA) and other Depression-era programs and events.

Charles Thwaites of Milwaukee worked in oil, watercolor, tempera, and mural design. Possibly one of Wisconsin's better known artists at the time, he had exhibited throughout the country. His works were hung in many public museums, galleries, and private collections.

The esteemed seventy-year-old Vladimir Shamberk had painted portraits of Pope Pius XI and of many European dignitaries for fees which often had exceeded five figures. For a hundred dollars a month, Shamberk painted for the Federal Art Project in the Cistercian Monastery at Okauchee.

Edmund Lewandowski, a graduate of Milwaukee's Kosciusko Junior High School, also had won many awards at Layton and nationally. His watercolor, *Lobster Markers*, in 1936 was included in a national exhibit of federal project art in the Phillips Memorial Art Gallery in Washington, D.C. Lewandowski succeeded Miss Partridge as director of the Layton School, a post he held until his resignation in 1972. In March of that same year he was awarded the "Man of the Year" title by Milwaukee's Foremost Civic Association.

Of the many controversies about New Deal art projects in Wisconsin perhaps the most interesting centered on the murals of Robert W. Schellin. The independent young native of Akron, Ohio, was a product of Milwaukee's East High School, and a 1933 graduate of art education at Milwaukee State Teachers' College. He had worked in evening classes at Layton, and carried off the Milwaukee Art Institute Medal, with a hundred dollar prize.

His colleague of that time, Frederick M. Logan, now professor of art education at the University of Wisconsin-Madison mentions two artists, Gustave Moeller and Myron C. Nutting, who greatly influenced Schellin's work at the time. Logan notes that, while Mexican muralists influenced most contemporary artists, Schellin's work had none of their harsh color or design. His colors were softly blended, the lines clear and graceful, even elegant.

Many young artists of the day were interpreting the life and scenes of their own environments. Schellin's milieu was Milwaukee in the Great Depression.

The mural was no pretty historical representation, but a social commentary, with nudes and dreary figures of workmen representing toil and depression

in an industrial setting. Looking down from above, representing opulence, leisure, and gaiety, were a well-dressed man and woman in possession of a cornucopia.

Boldly exhibited at the entrance to the auditorium in Milwaukee's State Teachers' College in 1935, the murals stirred indignant critics to accuse the college of encouraging radicalism in art. Earlier the school had been called a hotbed of radicalism in economics.

Concerning the controversy, a Milwaukee newspaper reporter wrote that faculty members who were not considered liberal had learned to keep quiet. But privately, the reporter continued, they expressed horror that hundreds of children in the campus practice school had to see the murals every day. "What's that, Mama?" the reporter quoted the words of a child whose mother hurried him past the painting.

The swirling controversy evoked many letters to the editor, among them a letter from Alfred G. Pelikan, director of art education in the Milwaukee schools. It was his responsibility to protect children from seeing the kind of art detrimental to them, he said. However, he maintained, the nude could be beautiful and appropriate in a painting. Children and adults should be educated to respect the human body as the Greeks had.

Pelikan's letter mentioned that the great masters had used nude figures in the portrayal of religious subjects. When we see Adam and Eve, Saint Sebastian, and other saints, shown in the nude, Pelikan suggested, we should temper our criticism.

The picture in a Milwaukee paper of two girls peeping at the murals behind a screen brought a biting response from the College's president, Frank D. Baker, who long had been a defender of freedom in the visual arts. The screens were placed to protect the uncompleted work, Baker wrote, accusing the paper of a willingness to degrade two girls to further what he called the paper's yellow propaganda.

Joseph A. Padway, the nation's leading labor lawyer, defended Schellin's murals as superior to those in the courthouse, which "depict nothing." Padway, who also was a regent of the College, insisted that the nude figures were only a minor part of the design and no different from nude studies at the Layton Gallery—or the world over. It was strange, Padway observed, that Schellin's work should be condemned for its criticism of capitalist society. The same criticism was seen everywhere—in literature, politics, screen, and trends of modern art.

Teaching methods had changed and children were being given a more realistic knowledge of the facts of life, was the comment of Howard Thomas, director of the College art department. The same children who saw the murals every day were being taught sex in the classroom by using chickens which hatched out real eggs.

At least a brassiere, one woman student suggested, could be painted on the female nude. Thomas countered that nudity is vulgar only when insincere, but Schellin's nudes were sincere.

Unmoved by the controversy at the time, Schellin still feels that his murals were criticized adversely as an excuse to attack the College. In retrospect he believes that he offended, perhaps by painting nude figures, but certainly by painting social inequity.

Now a member of the fine arts faculty at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Schellin tells with



Photo courtesy of Robert W. Schellin

Artist Robert W. Schellin posed before his Public Works of Art Project mural in 1935 before it became the focus of bitter controversy. The present state and location of the mural are unknown.

detached amusement of the very early days at the Teachers' College, when art students were required to sign a statement that they intended to teach art in schools. Once, at a commencement exercise, a woman graduate was reprimanded by the dean of women because she had walked across the campus arm-in-arm with a man. For women to bend over in public was unladylike; therefore, at the Teachers' College female students were forbidden to drink from the fountains in the halls.

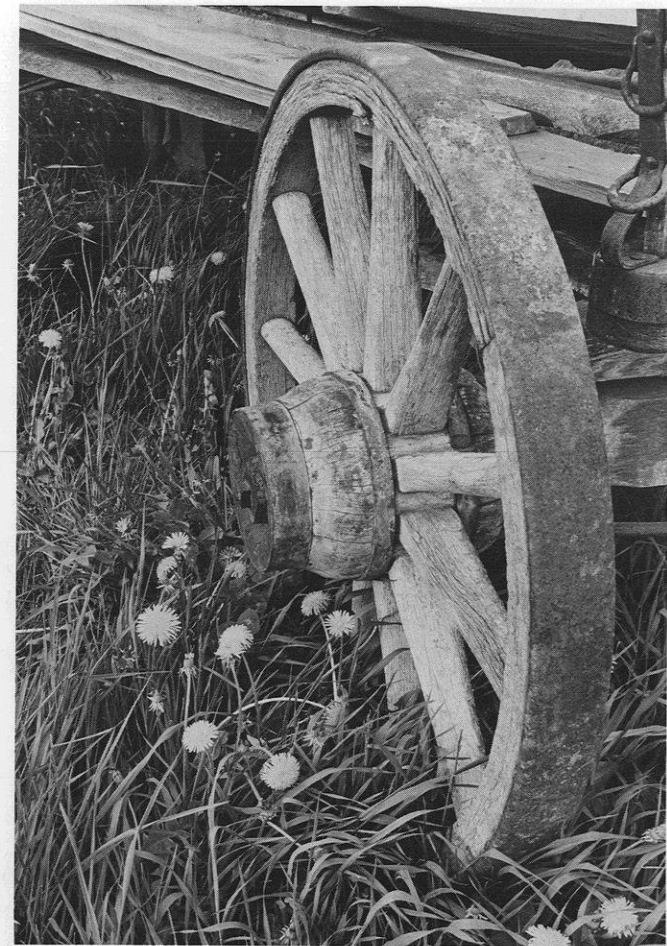
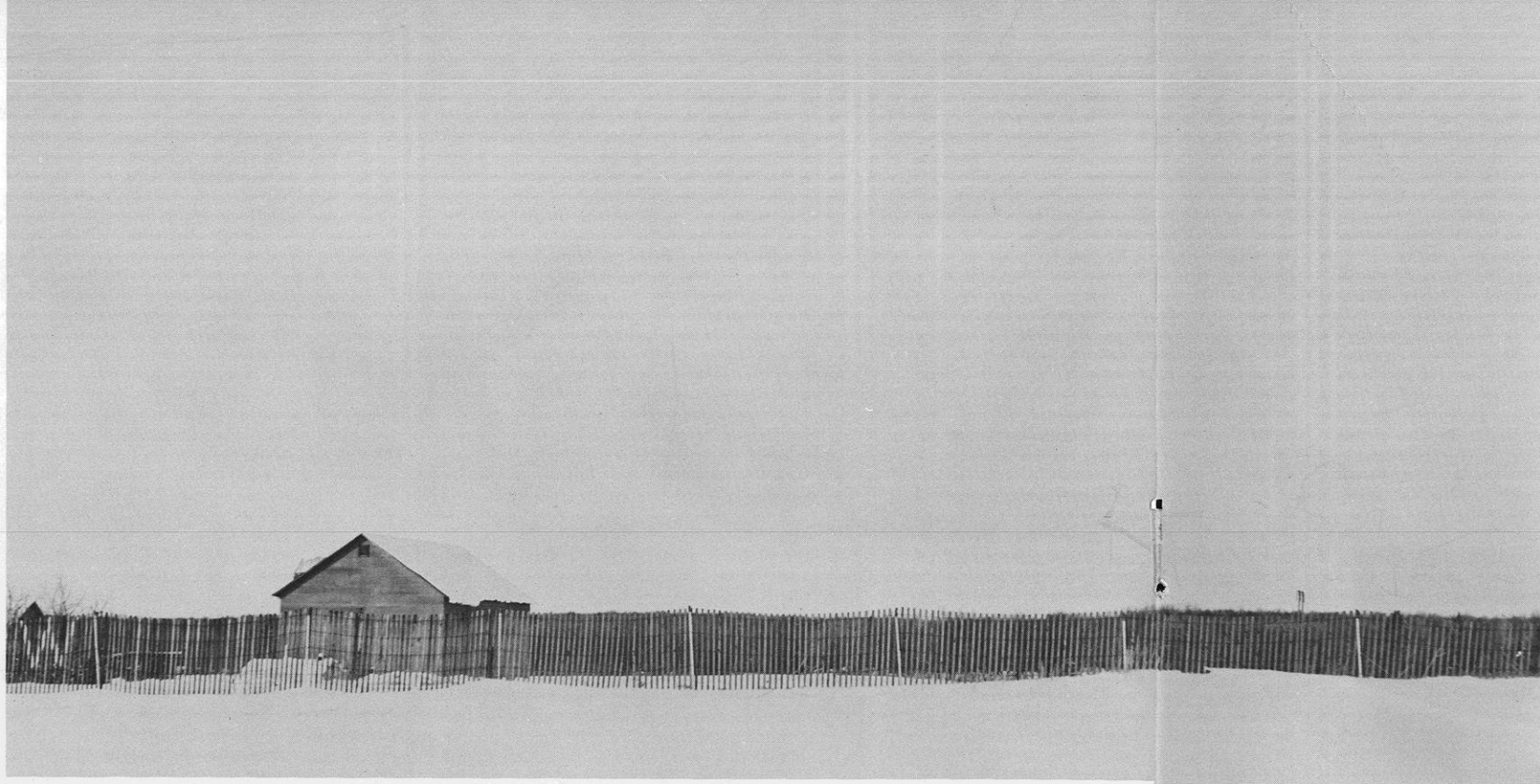
The schools have changed since then, and attitudes have changed. During the intervening years public awareness of New Deal art became dimmed. In 1967, however, Francis V. O'Connor was asked by the National Endowment for the Arts to investigate the effectiveness of the New Deal art projects. After a pilot survey in the Rocky Mountain states, a full-scale national survey of New Deal art was begun in 1972 under the direction of Karel Yasko, special assistant to the commissioner of the Public Buildings Service, and former State Architect of Wisconsin.

For a long generation, these New Deal art treasures have been neglected by their owner—the federal government. The current survey has discovered many of them.

The last Schellin saw of his murals, they had been taken down and rolled up on racks in a Mitchell Hall studio. Later, he thinks, they were taken to the attic of the building. He doesn't know what happened when they cleaned the attic.

*Wisconsin Photographers' Showcase:
Michael Knapstein*

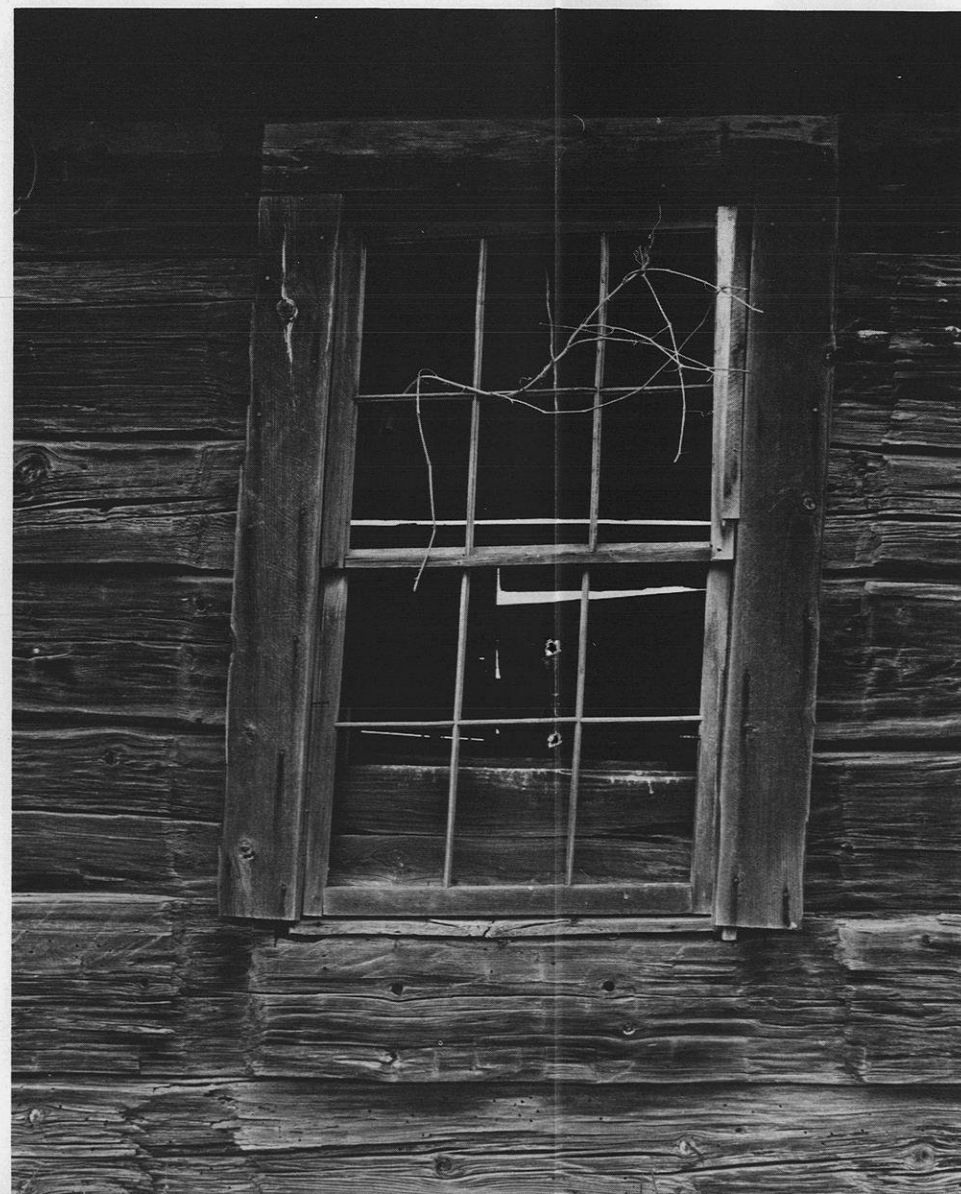


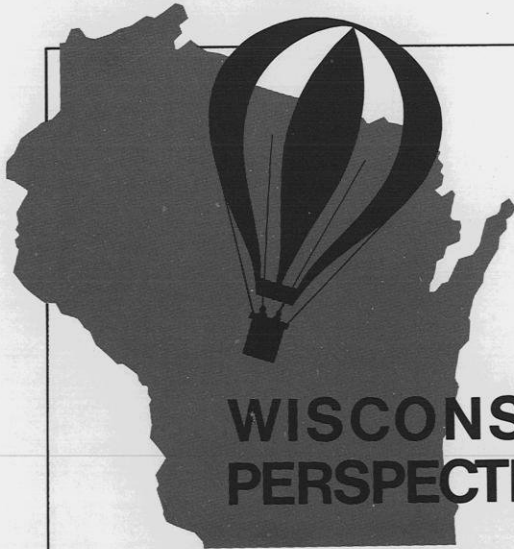


"Wisconsin Photographers' Showcase" will hopefully be a frequent, although irregular, feature department in the Wisconsin Academy Review. Through it we hope to provide promising photographers with the opportunity to have their work recognized and to provide our readers with the pleasure of fine photography.



Stevens Point photographer Michael Knapstein has been a frequent participant in and contributor to Wisconsin Junior Academy programs. He has received the WJA Award of Excellence in Photography at the state level and his photographs have appeared in EXCERPTS, the state-wide publication of the Junior Academy. His work reflects a sensitivity to his environment and a creative awareness of his visual surroundings that distinguishes his photographs from most of his high school peers and places him easily within the ranks of older, more experienced photographers.





WISCONSIN PERSPECTIVE

"Inter sílvas academí"

By Paul Vanderbilt

Before it was named Waukesha, the town was called Prairieville and the academy was Prairieville Academy. This is not the first building of the Academy (1841-1850 and subsequently as a separate institution), but the second, or first College building, built in 1851-52 and burned in 1885. And this is not quite the view reproduced in the 1893 pamphlet history of Carroll College, which shows a cut from the other angle, with a figure on horseback, a carriage, tiny students lounging on the lawn and at windows but not on the roof gallery, and minor differences of architectural detail. In specifying that this view is from an ambrotype (an early photographic process), the publisher would imply to us that his version is accurate. The College stood thirty-six feet by seventy-four feet and during the presidency of Dr. Savage, four classes (1857-1860) comprised a total of nineteen graduates.

Let us look at this college structure from two more or less symbolic points of view: as a monument, standing there squarely as though it were a smaller stone bearing an inscription to an extraordinary struggle for existence, and as a vault or storage battery from which was released an energetic if immature outpouring of literary and spiritual written effort.

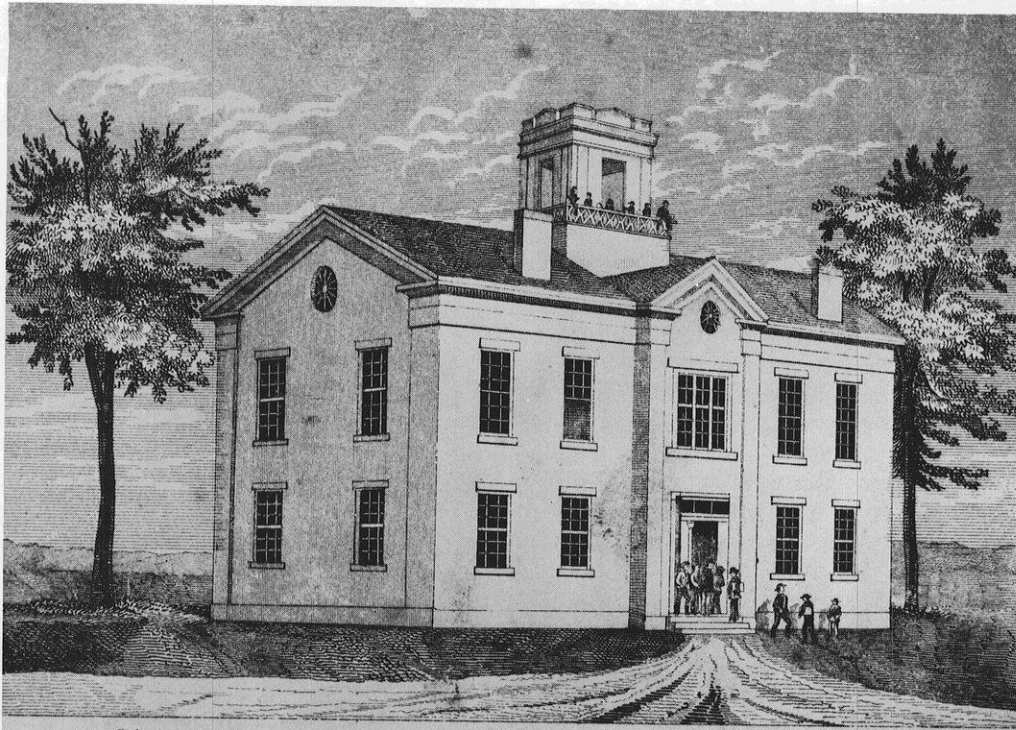
When the College was incorporated in 1846 and briefly took over the Academy, it was named for Charles Carroll of Carrollton, of Maryland, a generous, unprovincial gesture, on the theory that other signers of the Declaration of Independence had been so honored and that this practice should be extended. Though not so stated, one suspects a deliberate con-

cern for his name in extending the initial invitation to the presidency to Daniel Carroll of Philadelphia; he was told that he would thus become the "presiding genius over the literary interests of Wisconsin" (at \$1,000 per year, 1846), but he declined. There were two professors at the Academy: J. W. Sterling, later vice-president of the University of Wisconsin, and Eleazar Root, later the first president of the University's Board of Regents. Professor Root was principal of the Academy (the College would have a president) and he also held in his own name the lease on the building for seven years, with the stipulation that he at his own expense enclose the ground with a board fence. The two professors had salaries of \$800 per year. The financial uncertainties led to a split, the Academy holding the building, and the paper College holding only its charter. After some years as a private school, the old Academy became the German Evangelical Reformed Church, and was finally demolished in 1891 to make way for a new church.

The College, not yet truly a college, came under the control of the Presbytery of Wisconsin, Old School, and this church body was to then appoint all further trustees, nominate and elect officers and faculty, and raise the money. Some land, worth \$2,300, was locally donated, and for the money-raising job, Rev. John A. Savage was hired (at \$800 from the church plus \$400 out of what he raised). Another Root, the Reverend Lucius I., meanwhile conducted some solo classes in the church basement. Savage raised \$1,523 in 1851 and \$1,874 in 1852, partly from Waukesha citizens, but mainly from churches in the East where he went speaking and begging. The new building

shown in our illustration was occupied in 1853 and three faculty members were added in 1854. Faculty members resigned "with claims for services which they were disposed to press by legal measures." The College, broke and \$3,000 in debt, closed in 1861. Savage stayed on to raise more dribblets of money. In 1863 the College reopened, admitting both men and women students, and with a faculty of two men (\$800) and one woman (\$400), but closed again in 1865. The trustees then developed a curious arrange-

its very shape and detailing spelling out the clear arguments of cause and effect? Interestingly enough, in 1910, the Alumni Association published a full list of members, showing concisely what had happened to each: Washington Dolph, farmer; Edgar W. Camp, solicitor, AT & Santa Fe Ry.; Albert W. Park, mining machinery expert in Colorado; Edith T. Weed, priv. sec.contr.man., Am. Bridge Co., N.Y.; Maxwell Charles (better known as Max Carl) Otto, instructor in philosophy, University of Wisconsin, etc.



CARROLL COLLEGE, Waukesha.

Dr. J. A. Savage, Pres^{dt}.

Engraved by D. Johnston, Waukesha.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin Iconographic Collections

ment: they would provide free use of the building and furniture to an individual who would contract to operate the college on his own financial responsibility, raising and disbursing his own funds. The trustees agreed to make an application for support to the Presbyterian Board of Education, but nothing came of this. Walter L. Rankin (not a reverend, but a Princeton M.A.) and fifteen students somehow made a go of it.

Closing and reopening, changing administrations, operating only a preparatory school (called the academic department) and a first year of college, the institution stumbled along and did not become a full college until 1904. When the building in our illustration burned in 1885, a total loss, they realized less than \$3,000 from insurance. Does not this simple, solid structure (if buildings indeed have expressive character) look like that kind of resolute survival,

Their short-lived *Philomathæan Magazine* (1856-1857) is to my taste a typographic gem—delicate and dignified. And I. A. Lapham's copy, which the State Historical Society has, is beautifully bound. It is primarily philosophical, in the essay rather than the systematic sense, filled with short budding efforts on Educational Empiricism, Innate Ideas, Genius, Strictures on Existing Things, Death, Beauty, Truth, A Vision of the Future, and the like. I associate this effort with this kind of a building—not that the lines were necessarily written therein, but that the classic plain walls and regular windows were as blank white pages to be made to serve transmission and the structures of discipline to guide and control. Romantic ivy would dissipate it all.

Paul Vanderbilt is Curator Emeritus of the Iconographic Collections of The State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Mathias Schwalbach: Milwaukee's Master Mechanic, Inventor, and Tower Clock Maker

By Joseph G. Baier

Mathias Schwalbach has been recognized by several writers for his contributions as a master mechanic and inventor, primarily in connection with the early development of the sewing machine and the typewriter. But recognition for his major work as a church and tower clock manufacturer and an inventor of a related escapement mechanism is only now coming to the fore. The story of the typewriter has been told many times, and the part played by Christopher Latham Sholes, Carlos Glidden, Samuel Soule and James Densmore forms the major part of that story. But here and there, Mathias Schwalbach is given credit for his role as the fabricator of experimental parts and for certain design features, some of which were unique and patentable.

It was while searching for information on early American clocks and clockmakers that the writer discovered several Wisconsin residents who had been involved in clocks and clock mechanisms. Of these, Mathias Schwalbach made the greatest contributions over the longest period of time. During his lifetime he made and installed over fifty-five clocks in some eleven states, probably a record for a small manufacturer working independently and in a small shop.

Mathias Schwalbach was born in Germany on December 17,

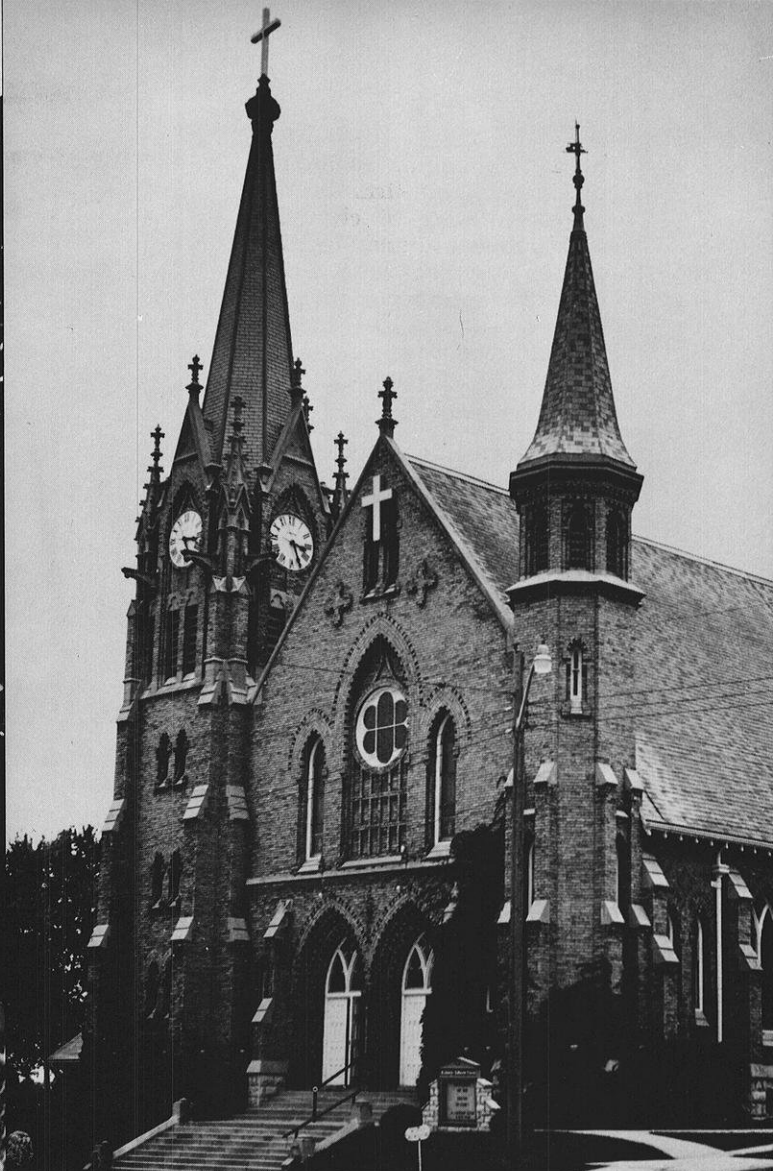
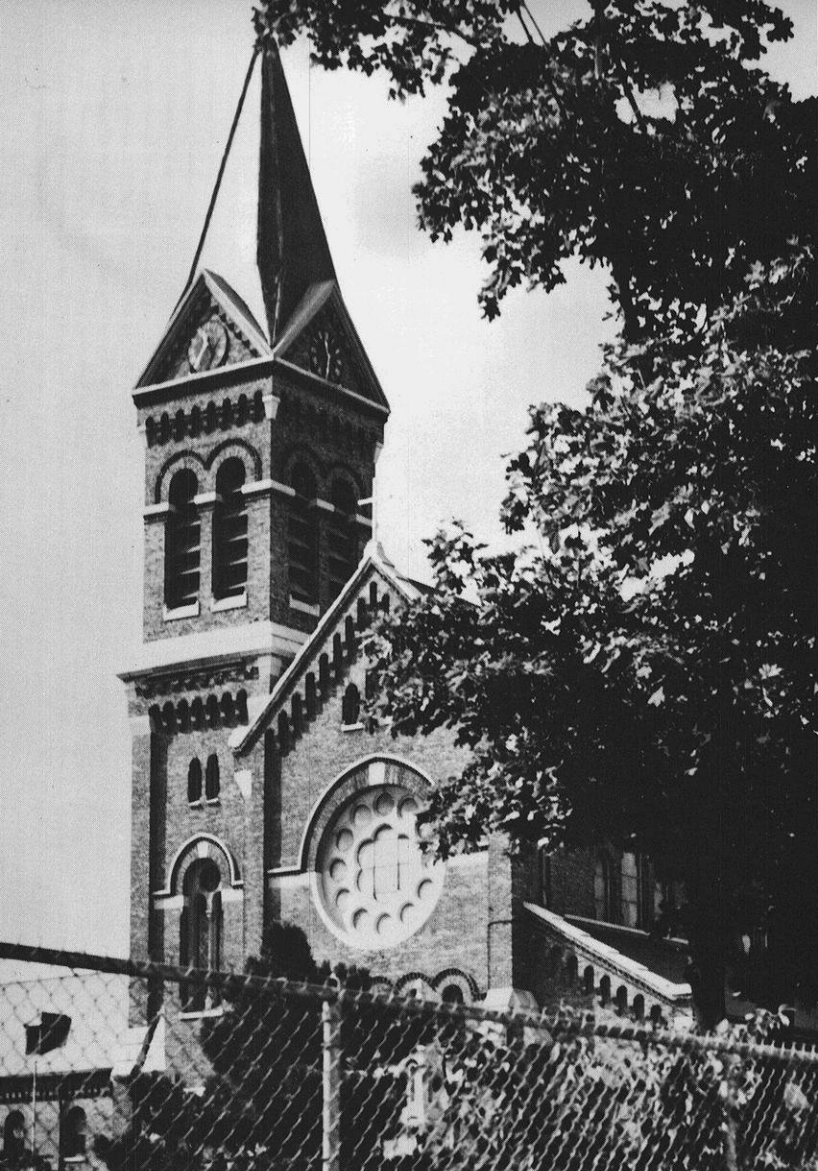
1834, and died in Milwaukee on February 29, 1920, at the age of eighty-six. He outlived three wives and fathered twenty-three children, many of whom died in infancy or early childhood. Several sons joined him and succeeded him in his machine shop and tower clock manufactory, a business which began in 1875 and continued until the depression of the late nineteen twenties.

Mathias Schwalbach arrived in Milwaukee in May of 1863 and located work in Kleinsteuber's Machine Shop, which was then at 322 West State Street. Frederick Heath, writing in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* on "The Typewriter in Wisconsin," states, "The old Kleinsteuber Machine Shop—it was located between third and fourth streets—was a favorite place for Milwaukee's early inventors and would-be inventors." Further, "at the kleinsteuber shop Sholes had the assistance of the head machinist Matthias Schwalbach, an able workman. . . . He was himself something of an inventor."

Also writing in the *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, Richard N.

Current, in his article "The Original Typewriter Enterprise," says, "to make their models, they, (Sholes, Soule and Glidden) hired one of Kleinsteuber's machinists, Matthias Schwalbach, who had got much of his experience as a blacksmith and tower clock maker in German." Current further states, "He (James Densmore, the founder and editor of Oshkosh's first newspaper) helped coordinate the efforts of several inventors—Sholes, Glidden, their machinist Matthias Schwalbach, and others . . ." in their work on the typewriter. Schwalbach said of himself, according to Current, "while he continued to work for Mr. Sholes for \$3.00 a day, during the winter of 1870, he took up the work independently in his home." And, again, Current says, "Working for them (Sholes, Glidden and Soule) was one of Kleinsteuber's men, Matthias Schwalbach, formerly a builder of tower clocks in the Rhine country. These four—Sholes, Glidden, Soule and Schwalbach—had constructed the writing machine that was displayed in the shop on that September day in 1867." A diorama of that event is on exhibit at the Milwaukee Public Museum

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Fifty-five tower clocks manufactured by Mathias Schwalbach were listed in the company catalog printed around 1907. Several are in existence today. At left, the clock of St.

Francis of Assisi Church in Milwaukee is still operating. The movement at St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church (right) in Jefferson was installed in 1905.

today and at the southwest corner of State Street at Fourth, is a plaque designating the location of Kleinsteuber's Shop and commemorating the invention, naming as well the four involved, including Mathias Schwalbach.

There is no doubt that Mathias played a significant role in the development of a workable typewriter, which, with the efforts of James Densmore, led eventually to an early arrangement with the Remingtons, of Ilion, New York, in the formation of the Remington Standard Typewriter Company. This story has been told very well. But what of the later life and major effort of Matthias Schwalbach?

Several references to Mathias Schwalbach and his tower clock work have been found.

A brief biographical sketch appears in the *History of Milwaukee, Wisconsin*, published in 1881:

M. Schwalbach, manufacturer of church and tower clocks, large and small models, and all kinds of small machinery; also a dealer in accordians, clocks and sewing machine fixtures, No. 1002 Galena Street; born in Prussia, December 17, 1834, came to America in 1857, and located in Albany, New York. He worked two years as journeyman in the machine business, and then moved to Syracuse, New York, where he engaged in the same business four years. In May, 1863, he came to Milwaukee, and was with C. F. Kleinsteuber nine years, establishing his present business in 1873. He has ob-

tained a number of patents for sewing machines, tower clocks and typewriters.

In the *Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche in Wisconsin*, published in 1899, on pages 1043 and 1044, there is the following paragraph:

Mr. Mathias Schwalbach belongs to the very best-known makers of tower-clocks. He has been carrying on his trade in Milwaukee very successfully for over a quarter century. What created an especially great fame for him is his ingenious invention of a mechanism which makes the clockwork into a reliable chronometer. The tower-clocks built by him in a solid and durable way have been distributed in all states of the

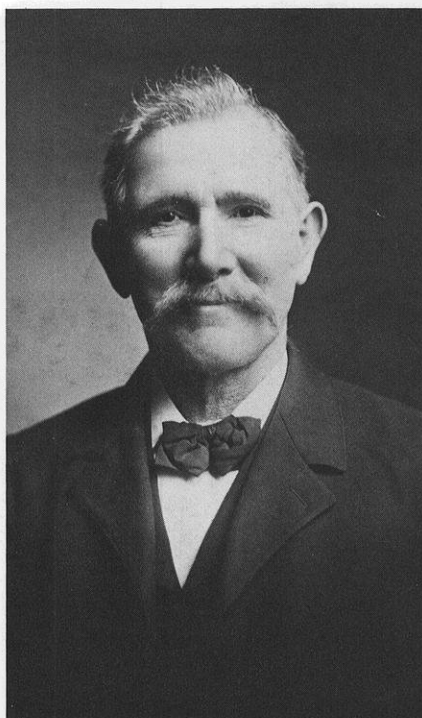
union. Above all, we find the products of his firm on numerous towers of churches and public institutes in Wisconsin. Mr. Schwalbach is a long-time member of the parish of St. Joseph in Milwaukee, and he is a member of several Catholic organizations.

A picture of the clock manufactory accompanies another reference to Schwalbach in *Milwaukee of To-day, The Cream City of the Lakes*, published in 1893.

One of the best skilled mechanics in Milwaukee is Mr. M. Schwalbach, manufacturer of the Star church and tower clocks, models, etc. Mr. Schwalbach, who was born in Germany, where he learned his trade, came to the United States in 1856 and five years later located in Milwaukee. Since 1870 he has been established in business, and for a time at 1002 Galena Street, removing six years ago to the building now occupied at 426 Ninth Street, which he owns and built. It is 22x60 feet in dimensions, two stories high with basement, and made conspicuous by a tower and clock. Every facility and convenience is provided for all purposes of business, including a five horse-power steam engine. Mr. Schwalbach manufactures to order large clocks for churches, towers, schoolhouses, public buildings, etc., and executes work for all parts of the country. He also manufactures all kinds of small machinery, also large and small wood and metal models, and attends to repairing. He is popularly known throughout this section, and is the leading recognized representative of his line of business in the Northwest, having secured several gold medals.

In the *Industrial History of Milwaukee*, published in 1883, on page 150, along with a picture of one of the Schwalbach movements, is the following:

Math. Schwalbach, Manufacturer of Tower Clocks. 1002 Galena Street. This clock is an improvement on Church



Despite the fact that he is most often associated with his work in developing the typewriter, Mathias Schwalbach made many major contributions to the art of manufacturing church and tower clocks. (Photo courtesy of Elmer Schwalbach.)

and Tower Clocks. The invention greatly simplifies the construction of this kind of clocks, and correspondingly cheapens the price, and at the same time increases the reliability of the clock and durability of the work. Any one can keep this clock in good order. The clock is seven feet high, four feet wide, and three and one half feet long. The striking part pulls a hammer from thirty to forty pounds; the quarter striking part from twenty to thirty pounds. Pendulum ball scales one hundred and twenty five pounds.

Other references to the tower clock and associated interests of Mathias Schwalbach are to be found in advertisements such as that in the *Erinnerungsblaetter aus der Geschichte der St. Josephs-Gemeinde*, published in 1905 as a part of the golden jubilee of the congregation. In that advertisement, on page 180, not only is there a reproduction of a clock movement, but in addition it is stated that window frames and

ventilators are made to order and automobiles are made and repaired. Mathias had many interests and specialities, and was even getting ready for the horseless buggy.

The most important item uncovered was a copy of the *Illustrated Catalog of M. Schwalbach & Sons, Manufacturers of Church and Tower Clocks* obtained through the courtesy of John Loehrer of Milwaukee, a grandson of Mathias. The catalog was printed around 1907. Its twenty-four pages describe the several clock models available for purchase and include testimonials certifying their reliability as timepieces. Some fifty-five clocks, identified according to model type, are recorded by city, state, and building, giving the name of the pastor or building owner at the time of installation. Of the clocks listed, nineteen are located in Milwaukee and suburbs; sixteen are in Wisconsin outside of the Milwaukee area; and twenty clocks are to be found in ten additional states, as far west as Oregon, and as far east as New York state. The listing shows the extent of the work of this small manufactory, small in comparison to the E. Howard and Seth Thomas companies so well known to horologists as tower clock manufacturers.

The Schwalbach catalog describes the many innovative features and special details associated with each type of movement, whether designed for time only, for time and hour strike, or to include a third train of wheels for quarter-hour strike. According to the catalog:

The Star clock is built of the best material. The shafts are made of steel and are polished. All gearings, wheels and pinions are cut gears. Every piece is made of the best material and is tempered hard where it is necessary. Three large brass wheels. The pendulum is 8 feet long. The clock pulls a hammer up to 60 pounds for the hour strike on two or three bells, every quarter hour. The quarters on two bells it strikes as follows: the first quarter it strikes one on each bell, one

Company Catalog List of M. Schwalbach & Sons Clocks -c.1910

Church or Building	Year	Move- ment	Condi- tion*	Church or Building	Year	Move- ment	Condi- tion*
Milwaukee							
Cross Lutheran Church 1821 N. 16th. St.	1905	3	(e)	Holy Trinity Church Kewaskum	—	3	
Holy Ghost Lutheran Church 606 W. Concordia Ave.	—	3	(c, e)	LaCrosse Cathedral LaCrosse	—	—	
Holy Trinity-Our Lady of Guadalupe 613 S. 4th St.	1890	1	(e)	St. Patrick's Church Mauston	—	—	
Notre Dame Convent N. Milwaukee & E. Knapp St.	1889	4	(f)	Holy Trinity Church Newburg	1903	3	
Sacred Hearts Church St. Martins	1893	2	(a)	St. Peter's Catholic Church Stevens Point	1897	3	
St. Casimir Parish 2618 N. Bremen St.	1900	2	(c, d)	St. Mary's Church Tomah	—	4	(c)
St. Cyril and Methodius Church 1547 W. Windlake Ave.	—	—	(c, d)	St. Thomas of Aquin Waterford	1899	4	(c)
St. Francis of Assisi Church 1927 N. 4th St.	1910	—	(c, d)	St. Henry's Catholic Church Watertown	—	—	(d)
St. Hyacinths Church 1414 W. Becher St.	1905	2	(e)	Outside Wisconsin			
St. Johns Ev. Lutheran Church 816 W. Vliet St.	1890	2	(g)	St. Hyacinth's Church LaSalle, Illinois	—	2	
St. Josephat's Congregation 2333 S. 6th St.	1901	2	(c, d)	St. Michael's Church Chicago, Illinois	1894	1	
St. Joseph's Congregation 11th & Cherry St.	—	—	(f)	St. Matthew's Church Mt. Vernon, Indiana	1890	4	
St. Lucas Ev. Lutheran Church 2605 S. Kinnickinnic Ave.	1901	3	(c, d)	St. Mary's Church Muscatine, Iowa	1904	3	
St. Matthew's Ev. Lutheran Church 10th & Garfield St.	1890	2	(f)	St. Joseph's Church Ellingwood, Kansas	—	2	
St. Michael's Congregation 1445 N. 24th St.	1892	2	(e)	Church of Immaculate Conception Earlington, Kentucky	1888	4	
St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran Church Tess Corners	—	—	(a)	First Reformed Church Grand Haven, Michigan	1890	4	
St. Stanislaus Church 524 W. Mitchell St.	1875	—	(e)	St. Mary's Church Westphalia, Michigan	1897	2	
St. Vincent de Paul Congregation 2114 W. Mitchell St.	—	2	(e)	Guardian Angel Church Chaska, Minnesota	1890	2	
Trinity Ev. Lutheran Church 2375 N. 4th. St.	—	4	(g)	Guardian Angel Church Chaska, Minnesota (To replace clock lost in fire)	1903	2	
Wisconsin				Holy Trinity Church New Ulm, Minnesota	—	2	
St. Joseph's Church Appleton	1898	2	(b)	St. John the Baptist Church Jordan, Minnesota	1890	2	
St. Mary's Church Brillion	—	3		St. Joseph's Church St. Joseph's, Minnesota	—	2	
St. Mary's Church Burlington	1889	2		St. Mary's Church New Munich, Minnesota	1897	3	
St. Mary's Church Chilton	—	4		St. Mary's Church Norwood, Minnesota	—	3	
St. John's Ev. Lutheran Church Jefferson	1905	3		St. Mary's Church Stillwater, Minnesota	1905	2	
Puerner Block Jefferson	1907	—		St. Peter and Paul Church Glencoe, Minnesota	—	4	
Juneau	1903	5		St. Mary of Rosary Church Buffalo, New York	1903	1	
Holy Cross Church Kaukauna	—	3		St. Augustin Church Minster, Ohio	1903	—	
				Mount Angel College Mt. Angel, Oregon	—	—	

* (a) = Original clock in use (b) = Movement may be original (c) = Clock electrified (d) = Original movement used in part (e) = Original clock removed (f) = Building demolished (g) = Original movement present, not in use

right after the other, at the second quarter two on each bell, at the third quarter three and at the fourth quarter four on each bell. The hour is struck on the large bell.

The Star Clock Company, as the manufactory came to be known, made five different movements, with variations to permit either thirty-hour runs between windings or to run for eight days. Other variations in design permitted the clocks to strike one or more bells of differing weights and tones, as well as to permit hour strike only or to include quarter-hour striking.

All clock movements were large and rugged because tower clocks are ordinarily subject to the vagaries of weather: temperature changes, moisture (whether rain, snow, or simply high humidity), along with dust and dirt in the air. Escape mechanisms must be designed to overcome these adverse situations if the clocks are to run at all, let alone keep time. That they do well as timekeepers is testimony to their excellent design features and construction. It is here that Mathias Schwalbach made some outstanding contributions to the art and was awarded patents for improvements in escapements.

The three patents issued to Schwalbach are of interest to the general reader primarily to demonstrate his innovative mechanical capabilities. He had experiences with the typewriter in designing and patenting the plan of pivoting the type bars in a circle, an arrangement in use today, as well as conceiving the spring motor, the key buttons and levers, and the means of connecting the latter with the type bars. But these inventions were performed as a member of a team. The tower clock inventions were his own creations even though he may have been encouraged by his earlier patents on the typewriter and the sewing machine to develop improvements for the escapements of clocks.

The first patent, granted on November 10, 1874, No. 156,677, is for an "Improvement in Clock Escapements." The invention was designed "to secure greater accura-

cy in the movement of the pendulum . . . by imparting a steady motion to the pendulum." The second patent, granted on September 7, 1880, No. 232,073, relates to an improvement on the first. It is for a "Clock Escapement." In the patent Schwalbach states, "Heretofore the motive power acted directly upon the pendulum with greater or less force, according to the heft of the weight . . . while in my improvement the motive power stands at rest while the pendulum vibrates many times . . ." after being impulsed. "The improvement over the first patent, to achieve this independence from the driving force was to attach a triangular escape wheel loosely to the shaft yet coupling the escape wheel to the shaft by means of a coiled spring given a preset tension. Using a set of levers, an impulse is imparted to the pendulum by the escape wheel" permitting "levers to be brought to bear upon the arm which imparts motion to the pendulum rather than gradually as in the original patent."

A third patent granted February 18, 1890, No. 421,622, also for a "Clock Escapement," relates to an improvement on the second patent. In this invention, "the motive power of the clock will be expended in simply rewinding" a coil spring at intervals, "said spring being wound to exactly the same tension previous to each impulse it imparts . . ." to the pendulum. "In consequence of the above-described operation the force applied to the scape wheel is at all times equal and independent of the . . . heft of the weight that drives the clock."

Many Schwalbach clocks are still in daily use, some in their original condition being wound daily or weekly depending on the movement type and the length of available drop for the weight cables. Often this depends on the dedication of the clock-tender and his ability to repair the mechanism to keep it in good running order. In most instances, however, the winding mechanisms have been electrified to make the clocks independent of daily care. In others the original movements have been



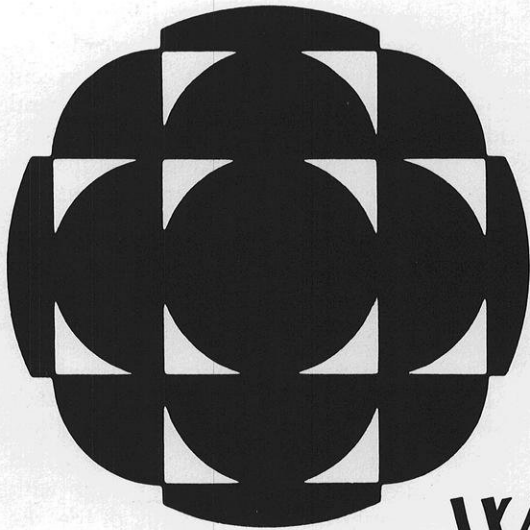
" . . . removing six years ago to the building now occupied at 426 Ninth Street, which he owns and built. It is . . . made conspicuous by a tower and clock."

completely disconnected and replaced with synchronous motors.

From the list one can gain some idea of the extent to which Mathias was able to obtain orders for clocks and to note the generally wide distribution of his work. It may be that the reader will have additional information concerning some of them. When the writer first made inquiry concerning Mathias Schwalbach the invariable answer given referred to his work in developing the typewriter. It is hoped that as a result of this article Mathias Schwalbach will be recognized properly for his more outstanding work as an inventor of escapements and builder of tower clocks, a work carried out in his own right for a period of over forty years.

* * *

I wish to express my appreciation to Professor Gerhardt Rauscher of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee for translating several paragraphs from the German; to Professor Frederick I. Olso, also of the UWM, for suggesting several references to the development of the typewriter; to August Wagner, National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors member of Milwaukee, for making available the copies of *Milwaukee of To-day* and the *Erinnerungsblaetter*; to John Loehrer for the copy of the Schwalbach catalog; and to Elmer Schwalbach for the photograph of Mathias.



The Wisconsin Humanities Committee:

What's It All About?

By Robert E. Najem

This is the second of a series of three articles dealing with programs and opportunities in the humanities in Wisconsin.

It's all about a very timely and much needed program. We've had Head Start, Title I, poverty programs, welfare agencies, crime legislation, and on and on. Many of these programs with noble objectives and sometimes poor execution have left us bewildered, frustrated, questioning, and perhaps even cynical.

So why do we come along with another Federal project, this time from the National Endowment for the Humanities? Simply because most programs have been working too much on the problems and not enough with people. We have to address ourselves now to the attitudes, values, ideals, goals, and social priorities we involve

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

in making decisions. And that is what the Wisconsin Humanities Committee is all about. It is an expression of trust in people, in discussion, and in the democratic process. It is not so much an attempt to solve problems *per se* as it is an attempt to get everyone possible probing contemporary public policy issues with a humanistic perspective.

It's all about the humanities as they relate to public policy issues. But what are these humanities of which we hear so much and really know so little? Language, literature, philosophy to be sure. But we can also add the social sciences if their central concern is the study of man. Anthropology and archaeology are easily a part of the definition if the focus is on how humans in the past have developed their cultures and life styles. Let's not forget religion and jurisprudence while we are at it. The

humanities have to do with man then, with a study of man's character and spirit, experiences and environment, ideas and values, problems and challenges. We are talking about people as rational, spiritual, and living beings. We are talking about the *human* in the word humanities.

It's all about humanists too. The Wisconsin Humanities Committee is attempting to help humanists focus their expertise on public policy issues. Professional humanists are always engaged in asking the great philosophical questions, pondering the meanderings of history, or analyzing the great works of literature. They help us understand not only the past, but also its importance in the present. We are not talking just about Durant, Toynbee, or Trilling, but are including the many humanists in all our universities and colleges.

The Wisconsin Humanities Committee is trying to bring the humanists with their expertise in the study of values together with people to discuss public policy issues. A town meeting, lecture series, workshop, conference—whatever format encourages a public discussion of current social issues—is in order. These could include human rights, health, ecology, education, economy, aging, urban and rural development or decline, crime, transportation, and other issues which often affect or are affected by public policies. Each of the fifty states has a humanities program; each one has a theme. In Wisconsin it's taxation.

It's all about taxation then. Our first impulse is to turn the whole question of taxation over to the political scientist and run. But with a little time and some thought, the focusing of the humanities on taxation becomes challenging, exciting, and illuminating. The Wisconsin Humanities Committee accepted the challenge. In 1973, after working with people from throughout the state, the Committee decided on the broad theme

of taxation. It then narrowed the focus to how monies were raised and spent. Finally, and most important, the need to discuss the human values which support our tax structure surfaced. "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending" evolved and was unanimously accepted as the theme. Everyone agreed it was most timely and much needed.

The stage has been set then for a series of talks throughout Wisconsin on the multiple facets of taxation. We could explore how they impinge on or facilitate our daily lives. In these discussions, humanists, minority groups, school administrators, civic organizations, journalists, media representatives, senior citizens, aldermen, extension agents, county board members, single parents, property owners—to suggest only a few—could creatively develop proposals. The general topic is taxation; the place could be anywhere and the audience just about anyone if humanists are present.

In the discussions so generated, the historian could contrast the fundamental differences in tax

policies between a democratic society and others. The professor of literature might probe recent novels of Bellow, Updike, and Vonnegut to explore contemporary American values and the tax structure and tax exemptions they suggest. The philosopher could ask the big questions, examine current priorities, and dramatize the discrepancies between our ideal values and working values. Should the property tax bear the brunt of supporting schools? Are the unmarried taxed too much? Should we have public supported day care centers? Together with people from every walk of life, the humanist will be able to center the value of history, literature, and philosophy in these and other issues such as welfare, court reform, women's rights, the energy crisis, pollution problems, education, transportation, and land use. These are some specific approaches to general tax questions.

Whatever the issue, the humanists will encourage us to be concerned about our value choices, our ethical judgments, and their ramifications. They will pose questions of rights and responsibilities. They will clarify issues through an historic perspective and suggest alternatives through comparisons or contrasts with events in other places.

This is the function of the humanist in any culture, but particularly in a democracy. In discussing "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending," the Wisconsin Humanities Committee invites the citizen and the humanist to participate in what may be some of the most important discussions of 1974 and 1975.

* * *

Editor's Note: Guidelines for proposal preparation are available by writing the Wisconsin Humanities Committee, 816 State Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53706, or by phoning (608) 262-0706. The theme "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending" will be in effect through fall, 1975.

Take This...

By Bea Cameron

Take this pain, I said to the words,
carry it away.

And when I looked up
they stood again at my shoulder.
I saw then that they had come to conduct me
through unaltering twilights:

past where a man stood singing
alone in a field of grass,
past the dead crouched
like urns, like beggars
without hands, along the raw-ripped road
down to the blue underground passage—
There was a woman guarding your chamber,
I gave her a letter for you,
did you hear, O did you hear.



Vis-a-Vis

On Executive Streaking

By James R. Batt

My wife and my son and daughter must envy those of their friends who can answer the question "What does your husband (dad) do for a living?" with a simple response of doctor, lawyer, plumber, professor, or what-have-you.

Let's face it, being the executive director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is several rungs up on the semantic ladder of abstractions. But then, I don't know that things were any clearer three years ago when I was assistant director for academic programs for the State of Wisconsin Coordinating Council for Higher Education—on leave from a position as assistant to the chancellor of the University of Wisconsin Center System.

The question opens a monologue of some duration, no doubt more than bargained for by the innocent inquirer. First comes the explanation of the Wisconsin Academy. That can't be done orally in the equivalent of a short paragraph. If attempted, it invariably leads to secondary questions: "Where are you located?" "What kind of programs do you sponsor?" "Who belongs?" That kind of thing. When we get our new general information brochure, I

fully intend to carry a number of them in my breast pocket for impromptu distribution. It's either that or throat lozenges at this stage.

But resolving the identity and nature of the Academy is only half the job; the other half being a verbal excursion into the responsibilities of executive directorship. Frankly, I wish they wouldn't press that point but, rather, would stand back and let the aura of a title of such magnitude quietly overwhelm them. Those who do react in such fashion provide me a harmless little pleasure.

Although employment of full-time staff is a relatively recent Academy innovation, the action by the Council in 1971 fulfilled a century-old intention. From the outset, and for the course of the next one hundred years, the elected officers of the Academy had to give more of their time and talents, by necessity, than might normally be expected of such positions. Dedication of the highest order was called for, and obtained, but not without the voicing of an occasional call for relief. Founder and first president J. W. Hoyt, writing in the 1870 Bulletin No. 1 of the Academy ("published . . . as occasion requires"), was constrained to observe the following in his description of a "Plan of Operations":

No institution of this or any other kind can be efficiently maintained without the means to employ and fairly compensate one or more competent and efficient officers, so that their whole time and energies may be consecrated to its work. The undersigned feels the more free to emphasize this declaration for the reason that his own services, as well as the services of a large majority of those who are now laboring, and who expect to labor, for the upbuilding and success of this Academy, are gratuitously rendered. It is manifest, however, that this gratuity of service cannot be expected of the two or three officers of whom constant and exclusive service will be demanded.

And so aspiration finally evolved into reality. An executive director was retained and the responsibilities and authority of the position were incorporated as Article IV, Section 7 of the Bylaws. It reads:

The Executive Director shall be appointed by and responsible to the Council and shall perform his responsibilities in cooperation with the officers of the Academy. He shall be

(Continued on page 33)

POINT OF INFLECTION

A GUEST COLUMN OF VIEWS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

By Katharine T. Bradley

The Arboretum: Madison's Special Green Patch

The University of Wisconsin Arboretum in Madison is a miracle of preservation in the middle of a developing metropolitan area. A joint community and University enterprise from the beginning, it owes its existence to the dedicated efforts of a number of people whose names can be found in the area today: the Jackson Oak, the Olbrich Entrance, the Longenecker Horticulture Gardens, the Leopold Pines, McCaffrey Drive, the Curtis and Greene Prairies.

Intended primarily as a teaching and research area for the University's Madison campus, the Arboretum has become as well a favorite place for nature-lovers who enjoy walking its twenty-four miles of trails. The marsh near the famous Duck Pond offers the best birding in the city. As a result of this and of the diversity of its plantings, more than 180,000 people a year visit the area, and only about one percent of these are University students in class situations, or are researchers in any of a dozen different fields of study.

Because the Arboretum's usefulness and management involve many distinct disciplines, its administration is handled by a University Arboretum Committee which includes members from a number of departments on the Madison campus. The committee chairman is responsible not to a dean, but directly to the chancellor, who also appoints the committee members. It is the committee's

obligation to formulate policies for the Arboretum's operation and management, and to engage an Arboretum director whose function is the administration of the staff and the implementation of the committee's policies.

As a result of the changing circumstances surrounding the Arboretum over the years since its inception in the late 1920s, the policies formulated by successive committees have had different emphases at different times. In 1934, when the Arboretum was officially dedicated, it contained 500 acres of land. Today it has 1,240. It was then still "out in the sticks," and was regarded primarily as wild acreage—an "Arboretum and Wildlife Refuge"—dedicated to conservation studies of every sort. It was at once remote and conveniently accessible to University personnel, and extensive research by important early figures like Aldo Leopold proceeded at that time. Its development as a collection of ecological communities representative of those to be found in the state of Wisconsin received great impetus when John T. Curtis, plant ecologist, succeeded Leopold as research director in 1948. As a result, the Arboretum today offers great variety within a relatively small space, including too some sixty acres of horticultural displays.

Partly because of this variety and partly because of its mid-city location, the Arboretum has ex-

perienced increasingly heavy usage by the Madison community for activities more commonly associated with public parks. Problems of gasoline availability also contribute to the steadily increasing number of visitors, especially in winter when snow on the ground now brings in hundreds of cross-country skiers every week.

These increasing public pressures have made it necessary to introduce regulations governing public behavior and the use of the property. The Arboretum committee's policy is to permit only those activities which are directly related to the Arboretum's unique qualities. Picnicking is not permitted, nor are activities of a purely recreational nature like kite-flying or frisbee-throwing. The public is welcome to walk in the areas. In fact, the deeds to many of the properties indicate that most of the Arboretum must always be open to the public. The enforcement of regulations needed to preserve the developing plant communities does require the presence of an Arboretum ranger whose job is to explain to the public the importance of staying on the trails, or why the prohibition of picnicking and dogs matters, as well as to report to University security officers any serious irregularities. We are lucky that most of our visitors want to protect the property as much as we do, and they are consequently receptive to requests to observe the rules.

The Arboretum's operating budget has kept it a pauper among the arboreta of the world, but it has been the fortunate recipient of many gifts, those received for the acquisition of property during its early days being generally the largest. Gifts continue to come to it, and three important ones have been received this year.

In order to support the Arboretum's program of guided tours and guide training, as well as the development of nature trails and guide services in other Dane County natural areas, the Evjue Foun-

Katharine T. Bradley is director of the University of Wisconsin Arboretum.

dation contributed \$1,500. This helps us reduce the pressures on the Arboretum by assisting children's groups to find appropriate outdoor experiences elsewhere. The tour program in the Arboretum itself now functions as an essentially self-supporting operation, for the Arboretum committee last winter decided that it could no longer spend Arboretum capital on the program, and that guide fees (at the rate of ten dollars per guide per tour) should be paid instead by the groups who use the guides' services. Other financing for the program, including a gift from our supportive organization, The Friends of the Arboretum, and some interest on the Arboretum trust funds, in addition to the Evjue Foundation gift, makes it possible for us to offer free public tours every Sunday during the active season from May until the middle of September. Besides enhancing the visiting public's pleasure in the property, these guided tours are helpful in educating our visitors in the special values and fragility of the area.

Another important gift of \$30,000 from the Rennebohm

Foundation will support the Arboretum ranger position, and as a result we expect to provide seven-day ranger coverage of the property for the next three years.

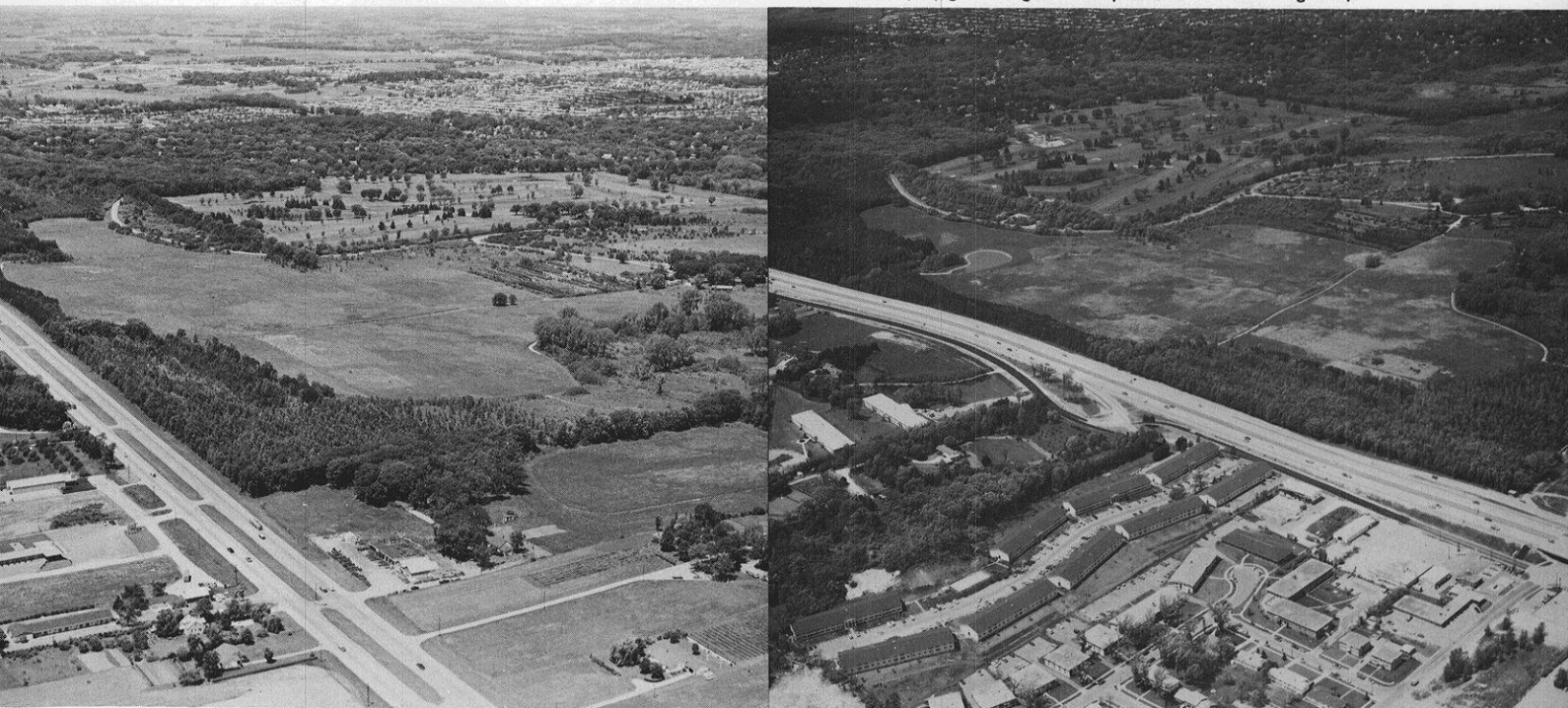
A third gift this year is a bequest to the University by William McKay, well-known Wisconsin nurseryman. Because of Mr. McKay's special interests, the University feels the use of this bequest in the Arboretum to be appropriate, and it will allow us to construct a new operating center. We shall finally be able to eliminate the forty-year-old shacks built in the early 1930s for a CCC camp which worked in the area. This new McKay Center will provide space not only for guide-training programs and for University and University Extension classes using the areas, but also for staff offices, and for researchers' work space. An important part of the building will be public reception and lounge facilities, something we have never had before.

Proposals for the building are now proceeding through the appropriate public agencies, and it is hoped that by late this fall we will have the architect's concepts.

We expect to locate the new McKay Center in the present administration area of the Arboretum, just beyond Professor Longenecker's lilacs.

The Arboretum's administration today is very much concerned with achieving balanced use of the properties. Three kinds of activity—University teaching, research, and public education in conjunction with managing our heavy visitor population—must be equitably provided for. Simultaneously, we must devote more crew time and more budget to the management of developing plant communities, so that plantings of an earlier generation can mature into the varied ecosystems originally planned. Public pressures for things like grass mowing and trash removal have led to neglect of these developing areas. The gifts we have received this year will help us to maintain our properties as well as support specific programs. The University of Wisconsin Arboretum in Madison is a very special place, and it appears that with care and attention—and money—we will be able to preserve it.

Photo courtesy Engineering Services, Wis. Division of Highways

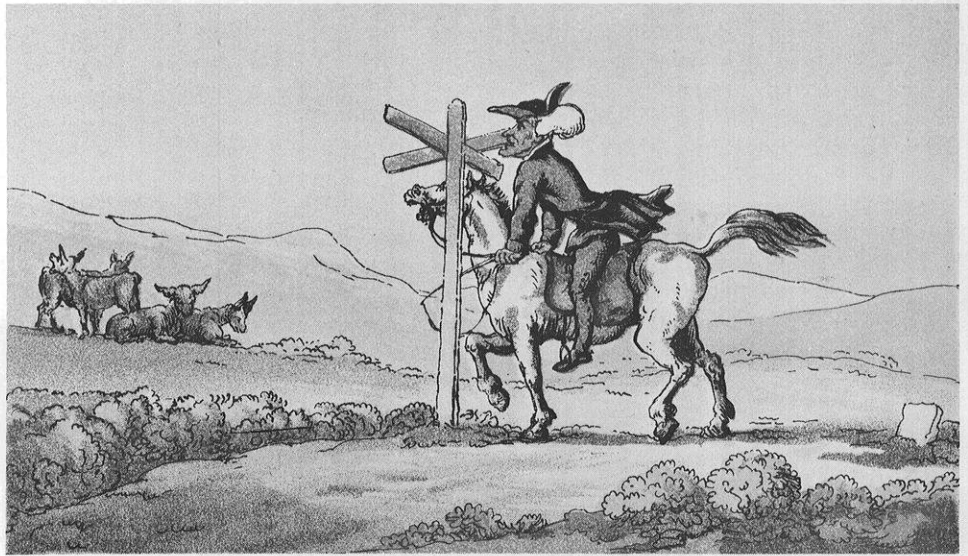


Rapid population growth has brought increasing pressures and problems to the University of Wisconsin Arboretum. These aerial photos document the encroachment of the city of Madison on the Arboretum between 1959 (left) and 1972 (right). In both photos, the sixty-acre expanse of the restored Curtis Prairie is bounded by pine plantations, oak woods and openings, and the Arboretum nursery. The Nakoma Golf Course is in the background.

SENDING & RECEIVING

A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

By Arthur Hove



On Finding One's Way

*I find that I have lost my way.
Oh what a wide expanse I see,
Without a wood, without a tree;
No one at hand, no house is near,
To tell the way or give good cheer;
For now a sign would be a treat,
To tell us we might drink and eat.*

So lamented Doctor Syntax two hundred years ago at the beginning of his tour "in search of the picturesque." His problem is a thoroughly modern one. Most of us need signs to make our way through our crowded and complex contemporary environment.

But, contrary to Doctor Syntax's experience, any traveler down the modern highway is besieged by signs. The road is well marked. Too well marked in most instances. Instead of sirens wailing from the rocks, the modern traveler has to resist the seductive beckonings of flashing lights that march through the air as they lure one to visit places where virtually every kind of desire can be fulfilled. One is implored to buy things or to do things in response to the messages emblazoned on billboards or other devices that quite often obscure the natural landscape to the point where they

create an environment all their own.

Ulysses lashed himself to the mast of his ship to resist the fatal temptation of the sirens' call. The modern traveler has almost no protection unless he can summon up an iron will to resist the hypnotic pull of the flashing lights and the flat but colorful billboard surfaces.

Road maps, of course, are indispensable as a guide to the modern motorist in much the same way that charts, astrolabe, and sextant were to the first navigators who overcame the geographic mysteries of the high seas. Besides indicating the shortest distance from here to there, road maps are the source of encyclopedic knowledge. They often tell you the name of the tree, bird, flower, animal, song, and governor of the state you are passing through or intend to visit. They reveal the location of parks, colleges, airports, forests, campsites, and fish hatcheries.

For the motorist who wants the security of even more detailed directions than those printed on the normal road map, your friendly automobile club will send you a trip ticket which features a step-by-

step unfolding of the route you should take if you want to proceed as painlessly as possible from Point A to Point B. You can flip the pages as the miles go by, secure in the knowledge that the trip ticket will forewarn you of detours and other hazards that may loom up on the horizon.

The armchair traveler can spend many free hours gazing at road maps and planning trips which may never be taken. Greater distances can be bridged and more exotic climes can be reached by consulting atlases or attractively colored travel booklets. Then there are tour brochures designed to entice you to spend money and leave the comfort of your living room to roam the high seas of adventure in the company of an attractive and personable guide who is fluent in all the Indo-European languages and who can charm the socks off a camel driver in the Khyber Pass at high noon.

If, however, you want to strike out on your own for an unfamiliar place—whether it be close to home or halfway around the world—there are guide books to help you explore the mystery of places ranging from Kankakee to Kat-

mandu. As a result, the names of Baedeker, Michelin, Fodor, Temple Fielding, Egon Ronay, AAA, and even Kilroy have become a part of the regular travel lexicon. The guidebook, therefore, gets tossed into the suitcase along with such other essentials as passport, toothbrush, and traveler's checks.

Even with all the maps, the guide books, and the scientifically engineered superhighways, it is still a sure bet that a significant percentage of drivers sailing along the freeway in an unfamiliar city will miss their turn. The natives all know where they are going. They weave in and out of the traffic like frolicking dolphins. The stranger, in the meantime, has to keep an eye on the road and glance at the side and rear view mirrors while anxiously searching for the turnoff sign. If he is lucky, the stranger will know in advance what the sign says and be in the correct lane when he has to make his move. Missing a turn usually means spending a few extra moments in a kind of highway purgatory. It means an unplanned and often unwanted scenic tour. It means traveling miles down the road before you can double back. And then there is a whole new set of signs to deal with on the way back.

Some of the signs are getting simpler. In a few years the familiar "No Parking" legend will be gone from the landscape, this particular remonstrance replaced by a letter *P* with a red slash through it. I'm sure you get the message and will soon grow to recognize that an arrow doubled over in pain with a similar red slash through it means "No U Turn." These new ideograms which are replacing our customary road signs have long been familiar to European drivers (even though the signs don't help them drive any better). The rationale behind the signs is that they are instantaneously recognizable. The message they project travels a split-second faster from the eye to the brain which then signals your muscles how to react to a particular situation on the road. This ideogram is particu-

larly effective because it requires no translation. It means the same thing in Spanish, Croatian, Swedish, and Urdu.

Similar signs have been a familiar part of the landscape of Western Civilization since the Middle Ages. Few people could read in earlier centuries, but most could recognize that the picture of a pair of scissors meant a tailor's shop, or that a scale indicated there was a moneychanger nearby. Modern consumers are familiar with the barber pole, the mortar and pestle of the pharmacist, and the three balls hanging over the door of the pawnshop. Perhaps the modern personification of the tradesman's sign can be found in the description of the optometrist's logo that appears in *The Great Gatsby*:

. . . above the gray land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleberg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleberg are blue and gigantic—their retinas are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a non-existent nose.

Business and industry, as a natural evolution from medieval commercial practices, have carefully cultivated a "corporate image" through the use of a readily identifiable logotype—a commonly identifiable sign which appears on products, packages, stationery, and product advertising.

Finding one's way is not always a case of using signs to pick your way through a landscape. Directions are often given to accomplish other goals. There is the cliché example of the beleaguered father confronted with a set of subliterate instructions and a boxful of parts to a swing set. Invariably, as the standing joke goes, father will not be up to the challenge. The density of the prose in the instructions defeats him—unless he happens to be a mechanical engineer who doesn't need the instructions in the first place, or a bureaucrat who is used to dealing with prose that has a high cholesterol content.

Confronted with the instructions, father can hardly identify Flange B, much less ascertain where it is supposed to fit together with the mass of parts that lie before him like the bones of a strange animal.

But it is not just children's devices that can stymie the potential do-it-yourselfer. More and more things come disassembled these days. It's supposed to be cheaper that way. Everything from wheelbarrows to dining room hutch comes in pieces that are to be put together in a logical sequence so that when complete they will look like the item pictured on the front of the box, or like what you saw on the showroom floor in the store.

Then there is the case of the TV commercials wherein we see the industrious ingredients of patent medicines racing along the highways and byways of your body. The more effective the pills, we are told, the faster their relief-giving ingredients will course to the troubled parts of your anatomy. The ingredients know their way. You can watch them on the television screen as they dash to put out the fire of a fever, relieve the throbbing pain of a sinus headache, or neutralize the discomforts that accompany overindulgence of food and drink.

If you are a literalist, it will be difficult to ever again swallow an aspirin or a cold capsule without subsequently experiencing a tingling sensation as those animated little granules move along your veins and arteries on the way to realize their destiny. If this makes you squeamish, then you may have some trouble following another television exhortation and let your fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages.

And then there is the response that a Ms. Gloria Monday once received from a surveyor whose equipment had broken down as he was making measurements for a roadway that would take people to a previously inaccessible area.

When asked why he had suspended work, the reply was obvious and descriptive of a universal reality.

"Sick transit Gloria Monday."

BOOK REVIEWS



Soaping the Cliffs

LEGENDS OF THE EARTH: THEIR GEOLOGIC ORIGINS by Dorothy B. Vitaliano; Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Indiana, 1973. 305 pp. \$12.50.

Take a professional geologist who has had a life-long interest in mythology, who knows several languages, who works with the Translation Center of the U. S. Geological Survey, and who has investigated many sites that are archeologically important and rich in legend, and you have the well-qualified writer of this book—Dorothy B. Vitaliano.

She belongs to the much-appreciated minority of scientists who share their knowledge and discoveries with the general public. As she states in her preface: "I firmly believe it is our obligation as scientists to explain our subjects in terms the nonscientist can understand. If we do not, who will?" And so this book is not only educational; it is enjoyable to read. That is, if you like geology and mythology and history—mostly ancient. Here these are mixed in the exploratory and explanatory science the author calls "geomythology." It is the study of the actual geologic origins of natural phenomena that have been explained in terms of myth or folklore (or sometimes even "fakelore").

Stories have been passed on, through early writings or by word of mouth, relating how certain striking landforms or other geologic features came to be—mountains, hills, boulders, lakes, rivers, canyons—or describing circumstances relating to geologic catastrophes, especially earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and floods.

The author tells these stories, interprets them, and gives their

derivation insofar as it is known. They fall into two main categories: etiological and euhemeristic.

The etiological ones are "explanatory myths," stories that are obviously made up out of thin air to account for geologic features or events. A short example: According to a North Frisian legend, the White Cliffs of Dover are white because of what happened when a giant's ship tried to pass through the narrow English Channel. It nearly became stuck, and to help it squeeze through the crew soaped its sides heavily. So much of the soap scraped onto the cliffs that they remained white forever, and waves dashing against them are usually foamy. The real reason for the cliffs' whiteness, of course, is that they are chalk.

There are three chapters of such made-up tales that purport to tell what caused certain landforms and certain phenomena associated with earthquakes and volcanoes. Ms. Vitaliano's repertory contains these geologically inspired tales from, it seems, all parts of the world—from Iceland to New Zealand, Scotland to Hawaii, the Cascades to the Dead Sea, the Rhine to the Congo. In each case, she first relates the explanatory story and then gives the true account of how the particular feature was formed or of what really occurred. She considers these purely invented stories less interesting than the second category, the euhemeristic ones; and the reader will agree.

Euhemerus was a Sicilian philosopher of about 300 B.C. who theorized that the gods of mythology were actually deified mortals. Euhemeristic myths and legends are those that are interpreted to be traditional accounts of historical persons and events. Those events on which authentic legends are based must have been catastrophic in order to give rise to narratives as dramatic and long-enduring as

many of these are. Interpreting the perhaps-true stories, and learning what prompted them, requires real detective work. Scientific techniques are used to locate the key events in place and time, and to search for confirming geological and archeological evidence.

In the chapter "The Deluge" the author recounts and analyzes various legends of the Flood that have come from many parts of the world, and tells why she believes there was not one world-wide flood but rather a number of regional ones.

Her greatest interest seems to lie in the book's concluding section which deals with the tremendous eruption of the volcano Santorin in the southern Aegean Sea. She examines the theories that this eruption and its repercussions may have been responsible for the decline of the Minoan civilization of nearby Crete, the plagues of Egypt, and various phenomena described in myths of the Mediterranean area. Also considered is the possibility that this island-destroying eruption may have been the source of the legend of the vanished island of Atlantis.

The author plainly debunks some myths, and presents pros and cons in scientific fashion while letting her own beliefs show through. She intimately knows her history and characters. Gods, goddesses, and classic figures of the ancient world enter frequently in the scenes she portrays. Included are brief discussions of the direction-finding sunstone used by the Vikings before the invention of the magnetic compass; the Piltdown and Beringer hoaxes; and Siberia's frozen Ice Age mammoths. There are good maps, diagrams and photos, a long list of references, and an index.

The author deserved a better job of editing than her book received. — *Gwen Schultz, Madison.*

Night Country Connections

THE WORKS OF LOVE by Wright Morris; University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1972. 269 pp. \$1.95. (A Bison Book edition reproduced from the first (1952) edition published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

A character in *The Works of Love* stops frying hamburgers to say: "You start out all alone, and that's how you end up."

The novel begins with a man, Will Brady, alone in the wilderness and ends with him alone in the wasteland. The time in between, in the clearing, in the moonlight, in the lobby, and even in the cloudland, deals with man's attempt to escape loneliness, to make a connection he cannot bear. Love is at the heart of the work.

Wright Morris dedicates *The Works of Love* to Loren Eiseley and Sherwood Anderson. It is interesting to note the dedication because Morris shares in the wonder Eiseley has for the human species still evolving, traveling through the night country. Equally, Morris realizes with Anderson that woman is the loser when man connects with woman.

Morris reveals something about Will Brady, about man:

It was in that house he had erysipelas, a painful, contagious disease, and a woman, his wife at the time, had taken care of him. Lovingly, as the doctor had said. A very strange word, he thought, and he had marveled at it. She had made him well, she had kept him clean, and when he was fit to be seen again, he had made love to a plump cigar-counter girl.

Morris details quite sensitively the fear and loneliness of woman: the woman who is closed and afraid wrapped in her bedsheets like a mummy and the woman who is open, vulnerable and therefore hurt by the insensitivities of man. Either way the connection is no good. The author also perceives man's sense of ownership; the woman is his, but she is "just my wife."

Sherwood Anderson did not know the answer to the problem of connection. He realized man used woman as an escape from loneliness and that woman was ultimately left with nothing. He urged woman: "Dare to be strong. Dare to love." He hoped the dare would be met. After all, the only other choice is defeat.

Morris describes the defeat: relationships devoid of honesty and dignity, hollow actions and resignation. The moments of wanting to look, to reach out, stifled.

Will Brady stumbles into one significant realization:

He couldn't really do much for her, somehow, but one thing he could do was wake up in the morning, roll on his back, and lie there listening to her. Sometimes he wondered if this might be another form of loving, one that women needed, just as men seemed to need the more obvious kind.

If man would listen and understand the woman who met the dare, men and women would not have to wish like William Blake:

Grown old in Love from Seven
till Seven times Seven
I oft have wished for Hell for
Ease from Heaven.

—Mark E. Lefebvre, Madison

Vis-A-Vis (Cont. from page 27)

in charge of the Academy of fices and shall manage the affairs of the Academy in accordance with procedures determined by the Council. He shall have responsibility for employment and dismissal of Academy staff, shall oversee the work of the Junior Academy Director and shall have custody of the Academy's Operating Fund. . . . The Executive Director shall pay from the Operating Fund all legitimate expenses incurred by the Academy . . . and shall periodically prepare reports and recommendations regarding Academy matters for consideration by the Council. He shall serve as a non-voting member of the Council and as an ex officio member of all Academy committees.

Well, yes—it is all that. But to the natural born probers it must be admitted that there are the less-impressive-but-equally-essential functions. As a staff, we may be wiry, but we're also thin. At this stage, that is as it should be. But, regardless of the occupant of the position, it means an executive director who isn't above carting down the bulk mail once in awhile, or changing a bulb now and then, or drafting a proposal for funding, working up an estate planning brochure, setting up and servicing a dozen or more committees, and locking up at the end of the day.

So you end the day and you end the week not at all safe in the knowledge that all that was to be done was indeed accomplished. Maybe it's sufficient to know that the Academy's J. W. Hoyts of today—the president, fellow officers, committees and membership in general—have been relieved of much of the detail and are freer to concentrate on policy formation, that along the way you've prompted them to that end.

Maybe that's more important than terminology and bylaws. And maybe that's what J. W. Hoyt himself really wanted.

Coming in the December REVIEW...

- * "Raw Data" by Daniel P. Kunene
- * "Horicon Marsh Shooting Clubs" by Robert G. Personius
- * "Madness and Creativity" by Kenneth J. Fleurant
- * "The Wisconsin Idea" by Paul J. Grogan
- * "Tall Grasses of Search" by Robert E. Gard
- * "The Winter Comes on" Photos by Herman Taylor
- * "National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center" by Robert E. Najem

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