For God, my teachers & other inspirations, including ancestors, parents & siblings, my son & his partner, FSPAs, Crd. R. Burke, many other nuns & priests, my college students/teachers & peers, plus all providers/sponsors, subjects, medics, counselors, archivists, publishers, media, book-sellers, buyers/readers, et.al., always.

“We must help hope return.”--Columnist Michael Gerson.

“Don’t lie; don’t cheat; don’t get too big for your breeches.”--David McCullough quoting Wright Brothers’ dad’s advice to sons Wilbur & Orville.

“We ask only that you honor her by standing up for that in which you believe.”--From Houston Chronicle obituary for Janet Shearon Armstrong, 1st wife of Korean War pilot/Moon astronaut Neil Armstrong, 6-27-18.

SA104 is DvJM’s 189th book, & w/ other writing & photos too by him, David Joseph Marcou is WI’s most prolific author.

Front Cover BW Photos Caption-Credit: Family Trio, Mayo Campus, LaX, ca. 2015 (DvJM).
Author's Note: I've been accused of plagiarism re: my writing only once in my life, & of copying someone else's work re: the design assignment cited in my preface; but I've written more than 100 million words in my life & I've taken hundreds of thousands of photos too, plus I edit the materials & suggest the sequences for nearly all my books my superb designers and printer-binders work on as well; it's likely at times--though very, very rarely--some things get repeated based on others' works. (Readers will find I've credited by name many tens of thousands of creative people whose works I've utilized in my own works.) It happens with all prolific authors especially, due to the use of a very large number of research contacts/sources; & I'm a very prolific author. I assure all my readers though, there's a very large number of my own original thoughts, skills, methods, & contents that go into all my works.--DvJM.

Photographer-Author's Preface, by David Joseph Marcou.

In autumn 1980, my first semester at the Missouri Journalism School, I got into a bind when I copied a friend's design for the final project of a graphics class. I was foolish for doing it, because I had a good eye for design (as my early photos just before then attest), but believed mistakenly I had to be a good draughtsman to fill in the photo-samples in design sketches. Being a good draughtsman would have helped the grade a bit, but I'd guess that wasn't the most crucial part of the design. My big fears of having to draw human figures dated back years, to when nuns taught me (12 years of that actually), who loved students who were good artists, not always youngsters like me who were good at some things, but clearly not drawing. I was a good practitioner of other uses of seeing/hearing, though.

In any case, when my design was found-out, I confessed to full responsibility immediately to take the blame away from my friend. Assistant Provost Roger Gafke, generally a Journalism professor, said I'd have to drop out of the class; I probably should have enrolled in it a later semester, because it was a requirement for my MA degree, but didn't. Future grades in other classes may have been affected by my design "experiment", but I can't say that for sure. I just know I kept working on my classes, and did some fairly decent, even laudable writing and photography, though my grades didn't always show that, always thinking I might have to earn another bachelor's degree rather than my original track master's.

Spring 1981, I worked on the student magazine (Vibrations) as amusements editor, and wrote/published a review of a book of poetry by Sam Hazo, “To Paris”. Then, that summer, I enrolled in back-to-back newspaper reporting classes. I reviewed arts first, including 5-6 plays at Arrow Rock's Lyceum Theatre. I borrowed my roommate's car each time I drove the 20 miles each way to and from Arrow Rock, and one day it wouldn't start for the trip back. I had no money for a mechanic, and there was no phone at our apartment, so I walked back to Columbia, finally cadging a ride for the last mile to our apartment by hitchhiking.

I also used the car to drive to Hannibal twice (ca. 100 miles each way) to take photos for a Missouri Life feature on Twain's hometown and for a Columbia Missourian feature too. Six of my Hannibal pics were published that November in ML, with my lead-photo being chosen in 2013 as one of ML's top 40 photos in its history. It was the first time I was paid for any of my journalism/photojournalism. Later that summer, I covered the university beat. Because the state budget was being cut significantly, including education, there was plenty to write about.

One day, I reported on a new MU student who had experienced a rather bad day at the MU
Financial Aids Office. He was hoping for some work-study aid at least, and maybe a small grant. He was told there was no job for him via Financial Aids. He could get a loan through a third-lender, but at an exorbitant interest rate.

When my report was published next day, I entered the news room early that morning and Diane Pabst was manning the main desk alone. She said my story had been published and that I’d done a very good job on it. I didn’t usually receive compliments from front-desk editors, so I thanked her, appreciating the comment.

I also reported on university administrators’ budget deliberations, including MU Chancellor Barbara Uehling. Another university-related report by me involved a worker-boycott/strike by the lowest-paid, full-time university employees. One day when I was sitting on the front steps of a Quadrangle Building, Chancellor Uehling stopped to chat. She was very kind and let me know the Journalism School did some very good work, so she appreciated my position. She’d move on to become Chancellor of UC-Santa Barbara, and I’ll always remember her as being very decent to everyone, including me. Barbara Uehling was a pioneer, the first female chancellor of a U.S. land-grant university (Missouri’s).

Also that summer, Missourian Editor George Kennedy asked me to cover a thunderstorm one day via interviewing the communications specialist for emergency operations in Columbia. Though I’d been outside in many kinds of weather as a newspaper carrier ages 10-13, I have long been fearful of electrical storms, because my mom always went to the basement of our home, usually with my young sisters, during such storms. However, my report “It Wasn’t Just Business As Usual” was a clearly-written, effective report on that day.

In August 1981, I was gearing up to fly to London end-of-month for my reporting internship at the London Sunday Times. I spoke with Prof. Ernie Morgan, campus moderator for the London Program, because my grades weren’t too good—though I had no trouble writing quality reports when I did them, but it was spotty finding good chances for me to write stories then (small town, many student-journalists), and I fell down a bit on numbers (a minimum number of reports was essential for good grades at MU). Prof. Morgan listened to my doubts, then stated clearly: “David, if you do not go to London next semester, you’ll regret it the rest of your life.” (I’d go to London, and never have regretted that.)

As the summer and August wore down, it became just one day before I embarked for London. I didn’t want to do any reporting that day, but wanted to collect my thoughts and get my gear together. Prof. Kennedy didn’t see things that way. He assigned me, one photographer and two Chinese reporters to collaborate on a report about student registration day for the MU autumn semester. Our Columbia Missourian report and photo told the story of registration fairly well.

Arriving in London the next couple days, I found a bed-and-breakfast to stay in a week while my group’s flat was arranged. I’ve written many times about my very memorable London semester, so I’ll just add here that I did not write the 12 stories I was required to do for a passing grade, because I was assisting my reporting-mates by taking photos for their stories; I was fairly new to photography and there were just too many tempting people and places to photograph to set my camera down regularly. In the coming years, though, I wrote extensively about people and places I’d met that London semester, doing a number of related books in fact, focusing mainly on Picture Post magazine, the UK’s most widely-read mag during WWII and a
few years thereafter.

I had, though, an enormous amount of stress on me when I returned from London, including bad grades and no money. I didn't receive the research aid I believed I'd receive at Mizzou to report on PP stars Bert Hardy and James Cameron. I roomed with my former MU roommate, but didn't have any rent-money to chip in. (I instead gave my roommate the camera I took my photo-portraits of Bert Hardy with, including my image of Bert with his dogs that's now part of the permanent photos collection of the British National Portrait Gallery.) Things snowballed and I had a nervous breakdown that affected me severely all of 1982 and on-and-off throughout the rest of the 1980s too. I'd return to La Crosse, my hometown, mid-1982, but had to spend 6 more weeks in-hospital that autumn. I lived in Madison near end of 1983, then returned to Mizzou to finish my BJ studies in Spring 1984; I did well there then, before heading to Seoul for my first full-time Journalism job, as chief English-Language copy-editor for the national news agency of South Korea, Yonhap. (I'd first been hired by the Blue Springs MO Examiner, but BSE reorganized and eliminated my position last-minute, resulting in the Seoul job; I'd edited an MA thesis of a Korean student about Yonhap as news gatekeeper.) I spent two sojourns in Korea, but wasn't able to take the right meds until two years after my return from Seoul, starting in 1989. I've been on my meds every night faithfully since then, and they've been very helpful.

One thing in addition to helping conceive my son in South Korea that I was pleased to have done, was to photograph St. Mother Teresa 3-4 hours at her convent in Anyang, 1-27-85. Four years later, I sent SMT a note to wish her good health during her bout with heart illness, and from 1989-1996, she sent me 18 personal letters I'm very grateful for. (I recently told fellow Aquinas HS'68 classmate Don DeBoer, who worked a long time for USPS, that it was either SMT writing/sending me those 18 letters or the Postmaster General!)

Back in the States fortunately, though full-time Journalism work was hard for me to come-by then, I did work enough jobs to build my resume and earn the trust of some top freelance Journalism and Archival clients too. Along the way, I taught adult extended ed classes for Western Tech College 1991-2002. And thankfully, my teaching led to my directing-editing group books that involved some good things, including national and state awards. They also led to my becoming Wisconsin's most prolific author, having authored and published more than 185 books so far, including my 100+ volumes of the Spirit of America book-series. Nearly all my SA books have been solo-authored by me, though the first volume was a notable group book, in which I directed-edited 115+ creative contributors. My 13-year-old son Matt was the fast, accurate typist for our 100,000-word text; there were also ca. 325 photos in SA1. Two-time Pulitzer-winning historian David McCullough later called SA1 a “sumptuous treasure trove” in his note to me.

Tens of thousands of people helped me get back on my feet after my tough first semester at Mizzou in 1980 and subsequent breakdown, in big ways and smaller ways too. They included the publisher of the Adams County (Wis.) Times/Friendship Reporter Dick Hannagan and my Mizzou adviser, Wisconsin-native Prof. Daryl Moen, who both gave me recommendations I needed to be hired by Western Tech College in 1991. Dick had hired me for three months in 1990 to be his weeklies’ vacation-relief editor. We had to part ways after my time was up there, but I was hired by Western Tech soon after that, and am still very grateful to both my references then. So many people stepping in to “help my hope return” after 1980 still make it
possible for my books, my other works, my family & friends, & me to be helpers of hope for others now too.--DvJMJ.

**The People of the Philippines: A Reason to Believe—Morning Calm, Vol.10, No.4, ca. Summer 1986, by David Joseph Marcou.**

“Our No.1 export is human power.”--Monette of Philippine Tourism Ministry.

It is warm in Manila today. The rains have stopped, the typhoon that killed more than 60 people is over and life is back to normal. That is fine with Filipinos. Too much cool rain is a bad thing and the farmers of this island state only need so much to make their sugar, banana and rice crops grow.

Today it is also warm because the Philippine Administration in power has helped make it that way. Yes, Corazon C. Aquino has been a success, as have her helpers. Indeed, she is the object of a very healthy and stable romance—not only with the world, but with Filipinos. The music and the books at the National Book Store indicate this well. Erich Segal, and Mills & Boon, are popular, and anyway Filipinos (as Alice Cruz of the book store says) “are romantic—sort of.”

Just how long this romance will go on is uncertain and the only thing many people have is a hope that life will soon be better. Perhaps that hope will prove to be enough—strapped to the backs and hearts of Filipinos, lovingly this time.

This reporter cannot help but marvel at this capacity among Filipinos to endure life’s ups and downs, patiently. Surely he and his companions (translator Lee Choo Surk and photographer Cho Moo Jung) have learned a great lesson from the people here. They are convinced at last that they are on the right path. They are happy and proud, then, to be Filipinos. No matter that the trade deficit is “awesome”; they are one people now.

One supervisor for Korean Air said it very nicely. He said, “We used to be divided. Two or three years ago, a man could shoot another man and no one would do anything. Today, people realize that the gun only holds six bullets and they do something.”

The people that matter most, though, really haven’t changed. They have always been courageous and fought back—the ordinary people, that is, like citizen Estarte, who was going to church from the fields when we met him.

The fact that 80% of Filipinos are Catholic and that they believe in social justice makes a difference. Indeed, this strong Catholicism makes Filipinos unique among Asians, as Nora Saba of the Manila Garden Hotel eloquently said.

There are two other facts of life Saba mentioned that make Filipinos stand out in Asia. For one thing, they are of a mixed race. The original population intermarried with Chinese, Indonesian, Malaysians and Spanish to make up a culture that seems more Latin American than Asian. For another thing, the people here are not arrogant. It is a comfortable feeling one gets walking the streets of Manila. The people are genuinely kind and humble. They could be vainglorious, after all, as a result of toppling the seemingly indomitable Ferdinand Marcos from power, but they are not. And their warmth is contagious. Tourists become friendly and humbler as a result of the contact.
But there is one other aspect of the Filipino way of life that separates them, this time from the rest of the modern world. Rianna Riego of the Manila Hilton called it the "balimbing spirit." (The balimbing is a fruit that looks the same no matter from what angle it is viewed.) That spirit, in fact, explains how apparently deeply committed “loyalists” could accept Mrs. Aquino with open arms once she came to power. According to Riego, the middle class in the Philippines will always shift its weight (as it does in the “transient” world of discos) to whomever the new leader is. (This reporter, incidentally, has chosen to write about the people here because this nation is powered by human beings—lively, emotive, warm human beings—who see their place rightly in the world and do not put on airs about their political prowess.)

In fact, it has been so nice dealing with our guides and contacts because they are comfortable talking about the “present administration” and the “former administration”. Nowhere is there much vindictiveness in the talk about Marcos. He might even be able to return to this place, if he actually would swear to being good and stick to his pledge, as an ordinary citizen, which would be a nice touch on his part. Many Filipinos would likely even give him a second chance.

At the Manila Hotel these days there is much talk about the Tolentino attempt to undermine the Aquino government (by their taking over that hotel recently 37 hours). The talk is more humorous than anything—about that “crazy man” Tolentino. What one finds in the talk too, though, is a compassion that makes Filipinos rare among Asians. There is very little sarcasm at work in it. Only decent thoughts about a troubled man—Tolentino. Already he has been forgiven for what he has done. The only people worried about the repercussions are one or two hotel managers who see ghosts where there are none when it comes to possible occupancy losses. But at the Manila Hotel, even the public relations people were laughing. The joke was a good-enough one.

“No man is an island,” the poet wrote, and now Filipinos—especially Ferdinand Marcos—know what he meant. For six months now, the Philippines have enjoyed the fruits of a bloodless revolution. Perhaps it is only Filipinos who could pull off such feats so marvelously. As Riego said of the incidents that led to the overthrow of Marcos, “No Filipino would kill another Filipino. They would always ask, ‘Was that my brother or my mother?’”

This time the people's voice was heard because aggression was put aside. Today, the fruits of that passive resistance can be seen in the faces of Filipinos. Mostly they are smiling faces—of workers and citizens, even the unemployed—for the people are happy and proud—proud to be residents of this much-praised developing nation.

But this hardly begins to describe the miracle that is the Philippines today (‘86). Today, there is freedom—almost total freedom of speech and a decent approach on freedom from want too. Indeed, the people are happy because they are free at last. Wherever we went—whether it was to a splendid Manila cathedral or to the government poverty camp of Los Banos—the people seemed content with their lot.

The people are not the only reason readers should visit the Philippines. From the Puerto Azul Hotel to Pagsangan Falls, the sights are magnificent. But this reporter must keep returning to the people because everywhere we went, we were met by the same open-enough minds, arms and hearts. It was thrilling to see a cigar-toting peasant woman (Antonia) smile. It was a joy to talk with Frances, a KAL accounting officer, who spoke of that great day, "especially with a lady in office".
We went many places to meet the people (from the lively night-spree Fire House to the Hacienda of Villa Escudero) and we were never disappointed. A sense of humor was always nearby to greet us. And the food and the music were good always and everywhere. At the Zigzag Club, we saw the children of the wealthy dancing their hearts out to the beat of Madonna, Phil Collins and the Stones. At the Manila Hotel, we enjoyed traditional entertainment and cuisine in the Manila Restaurant. At the Manila Garden, we lunched on Japanese fare and met and marveled at the wisdom of Nora Saba, its PR manager. Always, always, we were impressed by the patience and humor with which our questions/photos were met.

In a night club in the south of the main island, we were even treated to music our group greatly appreciated. For my South Korean associates, the national song of Korea was sung/played, “Arirang”; and for me, my request was granted, the singing/playing of “When the Saints Come Marching In.”

If you have never been to the Philippines, perhaps you do not believe this reporter’s account. Go to the Philippines however, and you’ll see what he means. Better yet, live a while in the Philippines and enjoy the rich feast that awaits you every day of your new life.—Ferdinand Marcos died in exile in 1989 in Honolulu, HI; his widow, Imelda, eventually returned to the Philippines, where she was elected to the Philippine Congress. My references to FM originally were a bit too sentimental; this version has been fine-tuned a bit. Nine Cho Moo Jung photos were published w/my original report in Morning Calm magazine.—DvJM, 2019.


LA CROSSE—Judith L. Kuipers, recently named the first female chancellor of the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse, believes that affirmative action can help create the diversity of viewpoint that is essential to a proper university experience.

“When one thinks globally, you rapidly realize that the majority of people in the world do not look like we do, do not speak like we do and have customs and values very different from ours,” said Kuipers.

“Therefore, if we’re going to act responsibly and productively in the world, we have to learn to understand and respect those differences,” she said in a recent interview.

A school can accomplish that end, Kuipers said, through affirmative enrollment and hiring.

“Affirmative action becomes important because you learn from others what those cultures are about. They [the members of other cultures] have to be there, be hired, come to school,” she said. “And so we’ve made a concerted effort to hire faculty and recruit students that come from other backgrounds.”

Kuipers, 54, the former dean of undergraduate studies at Oregon State University and vice president for academic affairs at California State University-Fresno, was the unanimous choice of the UW-System Board of Regents selection subcommittee for the $93,000-per-year job.

Michael Biechler, Fresno’s associate vice president for academic and personnel affairs, said
that the affirmative action program Kuipers developed there was a success.

In that program, Biechler said, the university's usual 60-day national search period was waived so that women and minorities would have greater opportunities to win a position at the school. About 19 minority and women faculty members were recruited last year at Fresno through the diversity effort.

"The 1990s will require a different leadership style, in both the corporate world and in education, as well as in other areas of human endeavor—like law and medicine," Kuipers said. "Cooperative and inclusive leadership styles are required."

Kuipers said the type of challenges awaiting her at La Crosse are not much different than those facing leaders of other academic institutions across the country.

"Obviously, state budgets cannot support the increasing cost of public education today," Kuipers said. "Therefore, the chancellor needs to lead external fund-raising efforts to make up that difference on the road to academic excellence."

Kuipers, the mother of one daughter and two sons, said she and her husband, Gerald, had been together for over three decades.

"I was married when I was 18-years-old, and my husband and I [have] been together in one form or another for 35 years," Kuipers said. "I like saying it better that way."

Kuipers is a graduate of Michigan State University, with a degree in Human Development and Early Education. She is the co-author of a book on education in the family.

Kuipers also enjoys writing poetry in her spare time, and has been including a poem in her Christmas letters for the past 25 years.

"Writing poetry is an advocation to express my feelings about life and the people I care about in life," Kuipers said.--One cropped DvJM photo-portrait of Judith Kuipers was originally published with this story by me/DvJM. Fine-tuned by me/DvJM too in 2019.


LA CROSSE--St. Rose Convent, the mother-house for the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration (FSPA), maintains the tradition for which it is named—the perpetual adoration of the exposed Blessed Sacrament. The congregation in recent months has been considering how they will carry on that tradition in the future, even examining the possibility of allowing lay people to join them in the perpetual adoration they began in 1878.

Surveys and considerable discussion, both locally and throughout the 25 states and five foreign countries where they are located, are helping the sisters to make a wise choice on possible modifications in their perpetual adoration tradition. When the sisters meet at the FSPA General Assembly this June [21-28], this topic will be one of the items on their agenda.

The FSPAs were founded in 1849, and since 1878 have been continuously worshiping the exposed Blessed Sacrament at St. Rose. The only hiatus in this worship have been Easter
Triduums—the time between Holy Thursday services and the Easter Vigil service—when the rules of the Catholic Church do not allow such worship.

Traditionally the sisters involved in the half-or one-hour perpetual adoration segments have been the Franciscans living at St. Rose. For many years that included FSPAs teaching at the former St. Wenceslaus, St. Mary’s, and Holy Cross schools. In recent years, it is chiefly the retired sisters who carry on the tradition. Since Oct. 22, twenty-three FSPAs living in other places in La Crosse have begun to take some daytime hours.

The invitation to these other sisters came after Sr. Blanche Klein, the chairperson for the order’s Eucharistic Perpetual Adoration Committee, shared information from that committee’s related survey of La Crosse sisters not living at St. Rose. Of about 100 sisters queried, 26 indicated the possibility of taking hours.

Sr. Audrey Gray, a retired administrator of the former St. Michael’s Home for Children, who lives in the La Crosse area, was among those who responded to the survey. Contacted in October, before her St. Rose worship times began, Sr. Gray said, “I feel honored. [Perpetual Adoration] has been a tradition of our community for more than 100 years, and it’s maintaining our community. I don’t think it would be possible for us to do what we have done without God’s help. Those prayers have an effect on our [people]. Every hour, we pray for the city and its inhabitants. To us, it’s an honor.”

Survey forms were also sent out to local pastors and to First Friday adorers. The latter group includes laypersons who have been coming to worship at St. Rose recently. Sr. Marla Lang, the FSPA president, said of these adorers, “They can come in anytime [to worship at St. Rose]. But we’re looking into whether or not it’s possible to include lay people as primary adorers. We’re going to[decide] something about that next June.”

Several First Friday adorers term their involvement at St. Rose “a privilege”. Of the 11 out of 36 who returned those surveys, several responders mentioned the value they place on prayer and their appreciation of the quiet atmosphere of the adoration chapel, as well as the solace they get from praying there. The First Friday adorers are mainly senior citizens, however, and worshiping more regularly is unfeasible for most of them.

Sr. Maria Friedman, FSPA communications director, said there are many reasons why her congregation is looking at its perpetual adoration tradition and may one day even ask laypersons to share in it.

“Realistically, 30 years down the line, it’s possible that having two sisters [worship] at all times could be very difficult, even impossible,” she said. “We need to look at the future and plan ahead.” She said there are some sisters who want to invite laypeople in just because they see perpetual adoration “as a gift to share.”

In 1878, there were 105 professed sisters in the entire FSPA community. Today, the community has 534 professed sisters. About 200 of them live in the city of La Crosse, with 98 of them retired at St. Rose Convent.

St. Rose is not only a center of perpetual adoration, but also is the cultural and administrative hub for the order.
The FSPAs have long known the value of perpetual adoration. Sr. Mileta Ludwig wrote about this in the book she published at the time of the 1949 centennial, “A Chapter of Franciscan History.” She wrote that, from 1849, when their order was founded, until 1878, at the start of their perpetual adoration, “the beacon light that had guided Mother [Superior] Antonia and her sisters..., the hope that had animated every heart and lightened every burden, was the anticipation of the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.”

In a recent FSPA survey, one lay responder noted, “[Perpetual Adoration] has to make a difference to our city and our area, just to realize someone is always praying for us in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.” Others note how it has nourished the prayer life of the community, contributed to the richness of the daily Eucharistic liturgies, and invited its members to a stance of adoration and an awareness of God’s presence in all people, in all of creation.

CBS newsman Charles Kuralt has attested to the stamina and integrity of these noble sisters. In 1978, he reported on the 100th anniversary of the congregation’s adoration. And in early 1995, at the Million Dollar Round Table Meeting held in Toronto, Kuralt stated, “‘Til the end of time’ is not an idea most of us think about very much, but I have visited the Chapel of Maria Angelorum a few times now, and the intention of these [FSPA] women has begun to sink in.... I am not Roman Catholic myself. But I know passion when I see it. And grace. And solemn, lifetime determination. And if I ever forget that such things exist in the world, I know now where I can go to be reminded.”--TR Editor Jerry Ruff wrote a sidebar published originally with this special report by me/DvJM. In addition, there may have been a 2nd sidebar published then too, written jointly by JR & DvJM. Also, ca. this 2019 re-publication, the FSPA’s Perpetual Adoration tradition was 141 years old & counting. A recent history of the FSPAs has been published too, by Sr. Malinda Gerke. To be sure, the FSPAs were my teachers throughout elementary and high school, 12 years total. They certainly inspired me to pray, along with my family & friends. But early on, it wasn’t easy for me to keep praying, because it seemed my prayers were not answered at all then; but as years have passed, I’ve learned how to pray better, and to assist my prayers with plenty of hard work to realize my dreams of documenting people accurately, fairly in words & photos.


LA CROSSE—Julia Esquivel, a 66-year-old poet, civil rights activist, and theologian from Guatemala who has been living in exile since 1980, gave a spirited presentation to more than 125 spectators in the Viterbo College Fine Arts Hall on Friday, June 21. The event occurred on the opening night of the General Assembly of the Franciscan Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, which ran from June 21-28.

Speaking through translators Srs. Cecilia Corcoran and Marie Des Jarlais—the directors of the FSPA-sponsored GATE Program based in Mexico, which brings tour groups to see first-hand the conditions of poor people in Guatemala, Mexico, and other countries—Esquivel told her listeners that the role of women in today’s church was set forth by Jesus Christ, who asked for food and water from a Samaritan woman, and gave her thanks and grace in return.

Esquivel pointed out that when a multitude had to be fed by Jesus from the five loaves and
two fishes offered by a young boy, our Lord’s gratitude was almost absurd.

“There were 5,000 grown men [to feed],” she said, but Christ showed a “profound gratitude for the child. For this little bit, he gave thanks. This little bit was multiplied and there were leftovers—lots of leftovers.”

She added, “This happens in the world if we would share, if we would give [others] food.”

Still living under death-threats every time she visits her homeland, a practice she began again in 1989 when she worked with Peace Brigade workers from the United States, Esquivel also spoke about the realities and the origins of the fratricide that has bloodied her country for centuries.

“I was not one of ‘the disappeared,’ because you don’t ever see them again,” she said, referring to those Guatemalans, many of them indigenous people, who have been abducted by Guatemalan security or paramilitary forces.

Esquivel was, however, abducted in the 1970s. “I [eventually] went into exile to save my life. I’ve never been a refugee,” said the woman who has lived in exile in Switzerland, Nicaragua, and now Mexico, “but I left [Guatemala] so I could tell what was happening.

“I saw children killed by the police and [I saw] the indigenous [Mayan] people killed, too. And I have received in my heart many stories of the suffering of the people there.”

She said almost 100,000 people were massacred in her country between 1981 and 1984. “This [history of atrocities] has happened under all the presidents of Guatemala, because the army does it [murders innocent people] and has the power to do it,… and the U.S. government supports it. It’s been happening for 500 years and more; it’s a conquest,” she said.

The holder of an honorary doctorate from the University of Berne in Switzerland, former teacher and magazine editor, Esquivel said, “I published my first poem in 1979; before that I wrote some poems for myself. The things that trouble me I wrote about, but I had to publish them so people would know what was happening inside Guatemala.”

One of her best poems is entitled “Eucharist” and begins, “You emptied yourself completely,/ Keeping nothing for yourself./ Now naked,/ Utterly stripped,/ You give yourself to us as bread to sustain us/ and wine that consoles us…./”

Esquivel’s sensitivity and faith shine through in other poems as well—poems about children, mothers, friends, and decent folk.

Sr. Jean Moore, chairperson of the General Assembly, introduced Esquivel and added positive comments throughout the night. She asked the audience to listen to the words of the main translator, Sr. Corcoran, but also to be aware of nonverbal signals surrounding Esquivel’s Spanish commentary.

Sr. Moore noted at a key point, “She [Esquivel] takes the most basic and the most ordinary things, and causes us to look into the Eucharist [to see more].”

After the 75-minute presentation, Esquivel signed copies of her books in the lobby. Always,
she was gracious, yet intense, and seemed to win many fans as a result.

One series of comments that gained an especially grateful response earlier, came when she spoke of the special skills mothers have: “The mother must put something on the table every
day, and the man is not always around. Sometimes they are drunkards. But the mother can't say
there is no food. That's not the way it is. I know women who will do anything to organize the
multiplication of the loaves and the fishes.”

Speaking for herself at one point, Sr. Des Jarlais said, “As a symbol of the Eucharist, everyone
is fed. But today food is often used as a weapon. With the Eucharist, everyone has a place,
everyone is respected. We can share our food, much as we share the Eucharist.”

That evening, nonperishable food offerings were accepted from the audience, to be shared
with needy food pantries.

Esquivel brought with her a specially woven fabric that adorned the table at which she and
Sr. Corcoran sat. Mainly burgundy and white, it showed the chalice and paten in a beautiful
repeating design. Esquivel said it represented the peoples’ wish to serve their brothers and
sisters daily.--One DvJM photo was published in the Times Review with this story by him/me.

David J. Marcou.

LA CROSSE--Louis Ferris, a native north-sider who is co-owner of the House of China
Restaurant at 206 Copeland Avenue, speaks six languages besides English, and his [business]
partner, Hui Duong, speaks four, including English. Between them, they account for 10
different languages, and often that pays dividends. Louie said, “That's a lot of languages. When
a group comes in from outside [this country], they feel comfortable.”

Older residents of the city know the building House of China operates in—it used to be the
Avalon Ballroom--an historical landmark. Big bands stopped there half a century ago. Louie
said, “People came here from all over. This is where people met their spouses, their friends.
This was THE PLACE for the Tri-State Area.” Later the building housed a Nino's Steakhouse,
but when the first owner of Nino's died, it soon closed. The structure was gutted; then, in 1985,
Louie and Hui opened House of China, and the rest is history. That history is accentuated by
authentic Chinese decorations, gorgeous ceiling tiles, and crafts in the lobby. Louie said, “I wish
I had a dollar for every customer who has rubbed the big Buddha's belly out front for good
luck.”

Hui's wife, Houng Kong, is a hostess, and her sister Ngo also is a hostess. They both work
seven days a week.

Louie does people favors, just like his fellow-workers. He helps friends get to doctor
appointments and he shovels sidewalks for people who can't. On the day they were interviewed,
Louie took Hui to a doctor's appointment. Louie said the staff at clinics and hospitals here still
have trouble understanding non-native English speakers, and he doesn't mind helping.

House of China serves a luncheon buffet seven days a week, and an evening buffet Fridays
and Saturdays. Hui said, “Business is good, both day and night.”
The two New Years (American and Chinese) are the busiest times of year,” said Louie. “When somebody graduates from high school or college in the Hmong community, they have their parties here.”

House of China serves four Chinese cuisines—Szechuan (the hottest), Hunan, Peking, and Cantonese. They include seafood, chicken, beef, and pork dishes, plus lo mein (soft noodles), egg foo young, and chop suey (an American invention). Louie said the meals are all prepared to individual taste. “Each one is done when the order comes in. It’s always fresh. If you want extra spice, you can eat it extra spicy; if you want it less hot, you can get it less hot.”

House of China’s restaurant seats up to 112 people; the lounge, 50; the party room, 56; the banquet room, 200. For more information, call (608-)784-2060.--One DvJM photo was also originally published with his story. Louis “Louie” Ferris attended school with my parents in the 1940s, and they’ve been lifelong friends. Louis, who served in the US military during the Korean War, is the biggest inspiration locally for the Park of Military Memorials on La Crosse’s north-side, which grounds used to be a city dump, where my Grandpa Marcou and I used to go together to dispose of refuse from his grocery store. I guess Louis brought those grounds up in the world when he got to work on things in intervening years.

Some Thoughts on the Relation of Culture and Art, A Journal Prepared for the Graduate Intro to American Studies Course Taught by Prof. Richard Horwitz, University of Iowa MA Program, 12-12-77 by David Joseph Marcou.

Author’s Note: This journal suggests my early studies in the theory of art in culture; it isn’t the most readable journal I’ve ever written; & when my professor in his comments at close asks who is the artist & what is the art object, I guess the closest thing to an artist & art object with me is my own vocation, writings & photos, which mainly came after 1977. Hopefully I’ve given ample evidence in my books, etc., of both artist and art object/s since 1977 especially. Keep in mind, tho I believe strongly in very accurate descriptions of life, I’ve been trained somewhat modestly in the sciences, much more-so in arts & humanities.--DvJM.

1--Literature as a product of history is open to all the onslaughts any other articulate or inarticulate symbol is, but those who tread there best be prepared: fiction is no good empirical model, though it is undeniably fact. Literature as a product of the imagination (universal) is ungovernable (general) in the end. It is open on this score to literary criticism, but even more so to expressive interpretations by others and should be prepared, like Science, to see its metaphors and “facts” lifted, distorted, derided, and disemboweled, sometimes to be imaginativelyreshaped./ History is a process of inquiry that lifts metaphor, under the auspices of Literature, and fact, under the aegis of Science, to distort, demobilize, or disembowel, only sometimes to reshape experience imaginatively.

2—”History must utilize some of the loose, rich concepts of common sense. It is not, because of its lack of precise, predictive concepts, less real, or even necessarily less valid or true, than the generalizing sciences. It is, in fact, closer to experienced reality and can be true to broader dimensions of reality.”(Paul Conkin)

3—The differences between the artist’s perception and the historian’s were never made more clear to me than in the Shaker films. The first film’s point of view was analogous to the artist’s:
it tried to handle impressions aesthetically. The artifacts, music and light, moreover, were fused into an organized whole which was meant to relate us reflexively to the Shaker setting through the eyes of the film-ist. His intention was quasi-artistic also, because it assumed we needed to know more about seeing rather than about the ways other people, the cultural group, saw. The second film elicited responses instead from its "subject" within a context that was relatively natural and spontaneous. The simple, "home-film" approach yielded a uniform and naturalistic clarity of texture that was not motivated by universals of design technique. Even the use of music in the second film was much more subject-oriented. Whereas in the first instance, the music of Copeland heightened and corroborated (with visual images) the impressionistic effects, in the second the music (background) seemed to emerge spontaneously, as the sister's songs, in a context that transliterated everyday life. Obviously the first film did convey something of the light and clarity in Shaker life while the second did evolve out of "impressionistic" responses—the different is in the density and degree of control. Thus, the former, in my opinion, is "artist"-controlled, the latter, subject-discursive. Number 2 was History that did reshape (without "recreating") experience imaginatively.

4—The social scientist needs to see the patterns in life, like us all. He cannot afford, however, to turn his pattern-making into an evasion of life, but needs to continually expose new perspectives in terms that have meaning for the human actors who lived those patterns. As a symbol-maker himself, the social scientist is "bound" by certain rules, the knowledge of which can help him enter into a general dialogue with the past that has not only empirical, but ontological, possibilities if he remains aware of the main limitation of any pattern-making or remaking, once again, that they are human products.

5—Language is, like any action, a bright, shiny bandit. When and where you least expect it, there he is, robbing you to penury. Yet we still try to cage the elusive one, the real trapper. We contemplate his structures, his conditions, his relations with the world. In the end he skips around and past us, or stops to stare us straight in the eye, and asks us for the goods (his identity) back—something we never took to begin with.

6—To say that a work of literary art has a certain critical inviolability is not to say that its extra-literary potential is slight. One of the most mundane, yet fruitful, of lessons the literary critic can teach us is the strategic reading of all literature. Although we may feel quite confident of our philosophic or sociologic reading of many texts, there is no reason to believe the psychologic or linguistic insights are not overlooked in the process (some psycho-sexual readings of the past twenty-five years notwithstanding).

7—For centuries artists and scientists have raged at each other's idiocies, yet hardly down strict, methodological lines. A Bronowski can show his appreciation for abstract art and apply it effectively to his view of history, while a group of literary critics can handle computer techniques to the benefit of their field. No, there is still something to the old notion of territorial imperatives—there will always be a question of primacy, and prejudice. Territory has to be defended after all—or does it?

8—There has been a tendency in the teaching of Literature to read whole systems (e.g., Social Darwinism in a London novel) of ideas out of fictional works. Such a practice can only seem unfair to the historian of ideas. On the other hand, one cannot fairly expect the student of literature to be concerned with the "regional" boundaries of art in any "empirical" way, except
as a by-product of a thoroughgoing “historicism” in the field of literary criticism.

9—Why is it that differing purpose breeds epistemological contentiousness? David Gordon writes in his introduction to a new work on literature and the unconscious: “When I began seven years ago the study that resulted in this book, it seemed necessary to reconcile Freud’s scientific determinism with literary humanism, but after the incursions of these literary anti-humanists, Freud may be seen as a staunch defender of the dignity of man.” The problem of social science and art has been more than a confusion of “archaeological” and critical (literary) aims, but a conscious effort to take art “for all its worth” in some places (on both “sides”). Unconsciously (along with movements like New Criticism), it has helped undermine the principle of literary criticism in its wider uses. But the assured differences between literary structure and culture pattern should not be flaunted as a banner for continued animosity between the different groups.

10—“Cultural differences in cognition reside more in the situations to which particular cognitive processes are applied than in the existence of a process in one cultural group and its absence in another” (Michael Cole/RH finds dubious and I can now see why--DvJM)

11—Even if someone were to prove to me that descriptive meaning equals ontological meaning, I could still not admit the metaphysical precedence of that description—which is where History gains its strength (mistakenly or not).

12—On the historical relation of art to culture: The history of ideas is only one area for investigation (and here more empirical techniques must be found, ones which can include the ideas-in-action of all people—this is the value of a Crick, Kelly, Cole, Dunlop). There has been an effort by anthropologists to locate operators that influence the marketing of art objects as well as the shaping of the object itself. As a result there has been much more emphasis of late on the cultural value of art. This emphasis need not obscure the question of aesthetic value. (In fact, aesthetic value might be more clearly delineated by some resource to its total cultural past.) What we need to know as cultural historians, however, is how aesthetic tradition relates to all other cultural factors to produce the work of art, thus making it a true culture-product. No aesthetic product, then, can be “pure” for our purposes. Add in all the social, economic, political, intellectual and “personal” factors, in an explanation that would make sense, not to any individual artist necessarily, but to the logic of the rule-system inherent in his action (which can only be defined in the end by recourse to the larger system of rules within which those personalized ones operate), and we begin to get a picture of how that meaning came to be and what it came to be. This may not alone make for very complete histories, but it is a way to begin the delineation of layers of cultural meaning by means not yet effectively attempted. M. Foucault and J. Maquet might help us at this point. Foucault’s “archaeological” approach sidesteps the work of art historians and historians of ideas who may wish to reconstitute some sort of “latent discourse” in a painting, the former recapturing “the murmur of his (artist’s) intentions, which are not transcribed into words, but into lines, surfaces, and colours,” that latter trying “to uncover the implicit philosophy that is supposed to form his view of the world”. The archaeological tack is different, conventional: it would aim “to discover whether space, distance, depth, colour, light, proportions, volumes, and contours were not, at the period in question, considered, named, enunciated, and conceptualized in a discursive practice; and whether the knowledge that this discursive practice gives rise to was not embodied perhaps in theories and speculations, in forms of teaching and codes of practice, but also in processes,
techniques, and even in the very gesture of the painter.” Thus could we see how artistic conventions “talk” to each other, and beyond this, how many kinds of conventions relate (derive or communicate meaning) to each other.

13—If Leo Marx wouldn’t have been so concerned with demonstrating aesthetic merit through time, he might have seen that “inherent” was not his key argument, but rather the “capacity to generate satisfactory emotional and intellectual responses” was. If we wanted to improve on his conception, then, we could say that the capacity in any work to generate responses is a function of the use of technical conventions (and rules-enacted) in the discursive patterns of the day. The process of pinpointing these “capacities” might be a most lengthy one, but it could give us a highly “textured” look at what the semantic discourse at large was like.

14—A definition of “aesthetic anthropology” that has been staring me in the face for the past month is finally just making some sense: “Aesthetic anthropology aims at bringing to light some precise relations between well-defined aesthetic and other cultural phenomena by means of empirical studies of concrete cases. A simple answer derived from an abstract principle cannot be expected. It is only after several limited studies that some generalizations may be attempted.” No longer do I see the methods of Maquet as ploys to “sciencify” the arts. It takes just this kind of situational precision and particular focus to clarify a work of art in all its cultural complexity. The game is not easy. But clearly there is hope. Maquet’s analysis of the interplay of cultural forces in post-Revolutionary Russia giving rise to naturalistic art may not be detailed enough here (I assume, though, that he went at this problem with as much intensity as his lengthy and most complex article would imply), but it clearly yields the cultural historian a scheme of reference: “Most of the features of socialist realism are easy to relate to Marxist doctrine (priority of action over contemplation), or to the situation of a government having to mobilize all of society’s resources (the utilization of subject matters, themes, visual explanations for propaganda purposes), or to the tendency of any bureaucracy to organize, control and censor. But why naturalism? A didactic purpose may require representational painting (non-figurative art does not always easily transmit “messages”), but naturalism is not the only representational style that is intellectually accessible;… the choice of naturalism was, in fact, a retreat to the nineteenth-century academic style. This is confirmed by the columns, pillars, Corinthian capitol, cornices, and monumental staircases of neoclassicism. This was a clear case where the very aesthetic of a style was dictated by a political regime (middleman). This is also where a very broad scheme of relation like Dunlop’s could be put to scientific use by comparing not only middle man and audience to artist, but artist to non-artist (i.e., artistic conventions to less aesthetic ones, for example, how the work of modest artisans was influenced by propagandistic factors). More importantly, though, Maquet gives us a frame for broader and narrower comparisons of phenomena (with the re-use of ideas like situation, shared convention, and culture-at-large patterns) than we before believed possible.

15—This anthropological approach has its limitations, but the one reason Maquet’s appealed to me was that he seemed aware of the limits of science particularly. It is precisely because he does not propound White’s “much more sophisticated brand of cultural materialism”, taking an explanatory position that is not enthusiastically “metaphysical” (White’s), that I came to have sympathy for him. His fluidity and flexibility are readily apparent and his handling of materials is so much more interdisciplinary, i.e., tolerant. In the end, his argument is compelling: “If an object betrays its cultural origins by its style, then certainly the creative activity of its author is molded to a larger extent by the cultural component than by the idiosyncratic one.” I still don’t
believe it's possible to isolate cultural from idiosyncratic components totally, but it is valuable to have guidelines at least that might point us toward a more realistic account of what lends art, as well as all other cultural activity, its meaning. Finally, it is clear that conventional expertise lies with the aesthetcian and art critic, but, if Maquet's right, their bias has been toward forms right along (his system, however, is a “constant configuration of aesthetic forms, unlike the critic's more “reflexive” dialogue). The history of ideas may be a vital link here, but its role must be more cautionary and restrained than in the past (i.e., in the history of art of Cultural history). From my point of view, though, the benefits of experimentation can not be overemphasized—there are few other ways left to go, at least now, it seems to me. But everyone has an interest in the outcome of the debate over cultural materialism. Art has been a peculiar sticking point and the resolution of some issues of emphasis could clear the way for a more realistic cultural history in this country. In the end, even literary critics have something at stake. As one poet writes: “It is rarely understood how such plays as Shakespeare's were written—or in fact how any work of value has been written, the practical bearing of which is that only as the work was produced; in that way alone can it be understood.”--Written originally by DvJM/me in 1977 & fine-tuned by me too, in 2019.

Prof. Rich Horwitz's comments for DvJM paper/course incl. RH's parenthetic expressions:

Excellent essay—in style as well as substance. I am particularly encouraged by your patience (e.g., #14), your view that there may yet be heroic achievement in grounded particulars (though, I still don't see why “regional” or “historicist” approaches must be avoided—isn't it just that they were done badly (e.g., in 1920's and early 30's). I think a key problem is #10 & #11, which dramatizes a problem that, I think again, need not be so bad if we are willing to grant an ontological contribution to more primary and elementary ethics (e.g., I agree with #11, but disagree with #10—can you see how?—even if I'm dead wrong? The balance, I think, is [to be found?] in a “primitive” ethic which is open to a fluid ontology—i.e., not moral relativism but moral intelligence. My only final comments are on your focus—the artist & art object: 1)“What are they? e.g., do they have special problems (e.g., vs. a bar room joke, or letter home, or Black hand-shake) & 2) Are they of special interest? Why? (I wish I knew). Thanks & good luck, Rich. (Paper & Course: A).