For God & all the editors who have hired me over the years; and for the countless subjects covered by my own works & the works of those whom I’ve edited too.

“People are people around the world.”—Dick Markos, St. Elias Orthodox Church, LaX.

“Those who seek beauty will find it.”—Bill Cunningham, photographer-writer.

“New media provides an addictive level of brain stimulus. It kills time for the bored. It makes the unimportant seem important and connects individuals into communities that are very real.”—Mark Bourrie.

SA113 is DvJM’s 198th book overall so far, & w/other writings & photos by him too, David Joseph Marcou is Wisconsin’s most prolific author.

David Joseph Marcou, ca. 2008 (Photo by Life Touch for the Cathedral of St. Joseph the Workman)

Cover BW Photo Captions-Credits: Lucy with Book, Canonbury Day Centre, London, England, ca. Oct. 1981 (DvJM); My Son, Matt, w/His First Earned Photo Cash, ca. 1996 (DvJM)

There is a story that on the day of St. Thomas More's execution in 1535, Anne Boleyn came upon one of Hans Holbein's portraits of the ex-official in the palace. Seized with anger or remorse, she snatched it from the wall crying, “Oh me, the man seems to be still alive!” Now, this story may be apocryphal, but it expresses the queen's resentment against More, who'd been the key opponent of King Henry VIII's divorce from Catherine of Aragon and marriage to Anne. If he were to remain in England via the English Reformation, Holbein needed to please.

Derek Wilson does a masterful job of delineating the many socioeconomic, spiritual, and painterly considerations that went into Holbein's work—in Germany, France, Switzerland and England. He also largely sympathizes with the Reformation. He says that Holbein, who was born in Augsburg, Germany, in 1497, the son of Hans Holbein the Elder, worked not only for Thomas More and More's good friend, Erasmus, but also for Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn, and their court, partly for spiritual reasons. Moreover, Wilson praises Boleyn for getting Henry to “see the light” re: the European Reformation. And after Anne's execution, the backing of Thomas Cromwell, Henry's top henchman, made facilitated Holbein's painting Henry's portrait even as England found itself further adrift from the Roman Catholic world it once adhered to.

Great as his Tudor portraits are, though, Holbein had prepared for them by painting countless religious and secular images before on Continent. Besides his portraits of Henry VIII and More, he also painted the intense “Christ in His Tomb”(ca.1521), the marvelous “Madonna of the Burgermeister Meyer”(ca.1526), and a portrait of his family(ca.1528), plus created the designs for many altarpieces, ceremonial works, and various famous books' art of the Reformation.

Holbein long thought that his greatest work was done in England. The inscription to a sketch credited to him, of a woman and four small children who may have been his “family” from an affair there, refers to Ecclesiasticus 24. There Wisdom says, “I have taken root in a privileged people; in the Lords' property, his inheritance./ I have grown tall as a cedar of Lebanon.../ I am like a vine putting out graceful shoots, my blossoms bear the fruit of glory and wealth....”

Hans Holbein died in England in October 1543, at age 45, probably a victim of the plague. Significantly, his burial place is unknown. The same year, Nicolaus Copernicus published his "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium", which argued that the sun was the center of the universe, not the earth. Wilson says both innovators focused on reality. Wilson's work adds greatly to our knowledge of Holbein, then, who'd been less-known as a spiritual humanist. But the Britain-results of Holbein's work are overly emphasized, since Holbein worked mainly on-continent. A few more of the latter images could have stood up here too.--DvJM.


As a descendant, according to good archives, of the Canadian explorer Louis Joliet, who led the Joliet-Marquette Expedition that traditionally marked the first time Caucasians viewed the Upper Mississippi River (1673), I was very interested as I began reading “Bush Runner,” a biography by prolific Canadian Prof./Author Mark Bourrie about Pierre Esprit Radisson--whose “only school” was hard-knocks wilderness travel and survival, but who was a talented letter and memoirs writer, reading and writing many languages, though he wasn't always as accurate writing-wise as he might have been –a slightly older (than Joliet) French-born adventurer who some say saw the Upper Mississippi before Joliet & Fr. Marquette.
Radisson, who proved legally in Britain later in life, that he originated the idea for the Hudson Bay Company and was the first person with his brother-in-law to begin to realize his dreams for it, is thought to possibly have been traveling with that relative, Medard Chouart de Groseilliers, at least close to the Mississippi River in present-day Minnesota &/or Wisconsin in 1658-1660. The pair were more immediately interested in commerce than Joliet-Marquette, but stole and took credit for some things not theirs, as well as traded and gave things away. In any case, the sheer physical courage of all those explorers was remarkable, plus that of the Indigenous Peoples they interacted with.

Born in Avignon, France, then Papal headquarters, and moving to Canada as a small child, Radisson was captured by the Iroquois near Montreal ca.1652 ca.age 16, and accepted as an Iroquois adoptee/warrior. He'd spend his life of about 84 years switching allegiances between tribes, countries, religions often, regaling kings and other rich notables with lively adventure-stories, which included some meals of human flesh and many near-death experiences, living thru deathly cold winters and present in London during the Great Plague and Great London Fire. It turns famed diarist of that 1666 fire and that plague's devastation in Britain (1665-1666), Samuel Pepys, a collector of such things, held onto the original manuscript of Radisson's western journals; that manuscript was re-discovered two centuries later, and published for the first time in the 20th century.

Prof. Bourrie seems torn between seeing Radisson as a genius of improvisation and survivalism, and/or an outright con-man, murderer, and thief. (On a related note, the Feast of the Dead among Indigenous Peoples was of interest, i.e., many tribes would break meat and bread together seemingly peaceably, not long before many resumed their life-and-death conflicts versus each other.) If Radisson and Groseilliers did view the Upper Mississippi before 1673, neither man apparently left personally-created maps of it, and Radisson especially often struggled to figure out geographic locations (his Indian guides wouldn't always give him accurate data, intentionally) and he failed to give exact descriptions of that river, something his literary skills could have done if he'd seen it and it registered with him, unlike Joliet and Marquette, who knew how to chart latitude and longitude via the use of astrolabe and compass and noting other details accurately along the way too. Joliet lost his personal journal, maps, and almost his life, canoeing back to Quebec in the devilish Lachine Rapids near Montreal, which bedeviled Radisson and his allies too, but Fr. Marquette's Journal (published first in French in 1681 including a fairly accurate map of the Mississippi River) survives; that Jesuit himself passed soon-after-expedition from dysentery. Joliet later wrote up his memories of the expedition and re-created some of his maps too; as an artist and cartographer, the apparent Joliet map I've seen of that expedition is generally accurate and skillfully rendered. The point of being the first Caucasians to find sites in America was to see if they could “stay found” as my brother Dan, also a writer, says. The Upper Mississippi River stayed found after Joliet & Marquette staked claims. (Tangentially, once, when having a hard time gaining concessions, Radisson was granted rights to kill seals on Anticosti by the King, then the world's biggest privately-owned island after Louis XIV gifted it to Joliet.)

Radisson was married often, apparently sometimes to prove the validity of his peace-pacts with Indigenous Peoples. He seems to have fathered at least six children, including with English and French wives. Near the end of a career of incredible ups and downs, in which he never rose in social rank except early as an Iroquois adoptee, and didn't have big audiences for his writings but did have the ear and pocketbook of very wealthy sponsors, Radisson proved to a British court at Westminster that he'd founded the famed trading firm Hudson Bay Company. The directors of that company never gave him full-credit for that, but did pay him a very modest pension late in life, which continued for his final wife, Elizabeth, after his passing.

Though he loved traveling in Canada, etc. and centuries later, having an international hotel chain headquartered in Minnetonka, MN named for him, Radisson was buried at St. Clement Danes Church near Drury Lane, London; it was badly damaged during WWII's Nazi air-blitz, then refurbished and is
now dedicated to the Royal Air Force. It's neat, then, the composer of the Canadian National Anthem, from Quebec where Joliet was born & where he played organ in the Cathedral and taught at university, has Radisson genes in his makeup, Calixa Lavallee. I'm fairly proud to have Louis Joliet genes in my makeup and in my son's too as far as official documents show, since Joliet's body was not found when he went missing in 1700. (Also, I did take good photos of Covent Garden in 1981 from the roof of the Drury Lane Theatre and in a building nearby, etc., after fellow Mizzou-writer Dan Higgins arranged for us to be there.)


This paperback reprint of the 1996 hardcover bestseller is the most readable religious biography to have emerged from Britain in many years. It is a tell-all-pull-only-a-few-punches story of how Lord Robert Runcie, the Archbishop of Canterbury from 1980-1991, asked Humphrey Carpenter to write his biography, and of how the author proceeded for five years to interview Runcie and the ex-prelate's family and associates (whom he quotes at length), after which Runcie gave grudging approval to the book.

Here, we read of Runcie's early years in 1920s Liverpool, growing up in a working class family with upper-middle class aspirations. Eventually, he was won over to religious belief, not by his unconventional parents, who didn't worship God, but by one of his sisters, Kathleen Runcie Inglis. Later, Runcie decided he wanted to be an Oxford man, drawn by its intellectual ferment and social possibilities; but first he had to serve in the military.

After winning the Military Cross with the Scottish Guards in World War II, Runcie returned home and decided on the clerical life, because it was “the easy answer”. After spending time at both Oxford and Cambridge, he was ordained a curate on Christmas Eve, 1950. Eventually, he met and married Rosalind "Lindy" Turner, a socially gifted pianist.

After becoming Bishop of St. Albans in 1970, Runcie's rise was meteoric. He became ever more popular within the Anglican Church, and finally accepted the job of Archbishop of Canterbury after taking six weeks to decide on it. He soon became known as a world-traveler, regularly checking on Anglican Communion dioceses around the globe. Along the way, his own unconventional marriage became news in the tabloids, because his wife was not a typical prelate's wife, as did his risky ecumenical meeting with Pope John Paul II in 1982 England, his dealings with Arab kidnappers in Lebanon through Terry Waite, the suicide of one of his draft writers, and his "fence-sitting" re: women's ordination (which he saw as inevitably coming).

Carpenter paints a picture here of Archbishop Runcie as a deeply divided man, who may have suffered some sexual indiscretions, even as archbishop (something Carpenter strongly hints at but never proves), and yet one who remains respectable despite this. Inclined to be liberal, Archbishop Runcie still was cautious about many things in the 1980s; and despite much tabloid ugliness and his decline in popularity during that time, Queen Elizabeth and Lady Thatcher both have expressed their admiration for him often.

"The Reluctant Archbishop" is not standard biography, but the author would not have been able to do justice to the intrigue in British state-religion if it were. In any case, he brings to light an enigmatic subject's career and conscience, as he had done earlier with his biographies of J.R.R. Tolkien, Jesus, and C.S. Lewis and his circle. We should be grateful that Humphrey Carpenter, the son of a former Bishop of Oxford, has done a good job again despite his avowed agnosticism.--DvJM.

There is great drama in Korea these days. Besides the famine in North Korea to which Westerners are responding, there is also the age-old struggle of democratic forces versus authoritarian remnants in both Koreas. And to accent these issues, that noble, battered warrior, Kim Dae-Jung, is making yet another run at the South Korean presidency this month. President Kim Young-Sam, who was elected in 1992, is not seeking re-election, and unlike 1987, when the two Kims opposed each other and were defeated by the third candidate, Roh Tae-Woo, Kim Dae-Jung has a fighting chance this time.

These three books explain the key elements of Kim Dae-Jung’s struggles and philosophy. The “sleeper” of the three is Mrs. Kim Dae-Jung’s “My Love, My Country,” but all three reveal the depths of Korea’s dilemmas and hopes. George Totten III, chief editor of “A New Beginning,” and Rhee Tong-Chin, translator of the other two books, are to be specially commended.

“A New Beginning” is the complex tale of this son of South Cholla Province (southwest Korea), his faults and failings, his strengths and triumphs. Even at 72, his best years lie ahead. Kim was born to lead, if not always in office, then by example. Involved early on in the shipping and newspaper publishing businesses, he was eventually elected to the National Assembly. A convert to Roman Catholicism in the 1960s, he is grateful for his faith (he would be the first Catholic president of Korea; his Methodist wife, Lee Hee-Ho, is a descendant of the Yi Dynasty). Kim claims no truck with radicals, but he loves the young. His wife writes that he was in jail when the Kwangju Uprising occurred (1980) and didn’t learn of it until later.

Still, Kim Dae-Jung has been a dissident since his student days under Japanese rule. His baptismal name is Thomas More, and his favorite U.S. president is Abraham Lincoln, because Lincoln forgave the South even before America’s Civil War ended. Kim admits he has sinned often, and says his chief nemeses, former South Korean Presidents Park Chung-Hee and Chun Doo-Hwan, deserve forgiveness too. Even a man Chun had tortured who fingered Kim for Kwangju has apparently been forgiven by Kim.

Kim has suffered greatly. He was at various times hounded, imprisoned, nearly assassinated, forced into exile (including American), kidnapped, condemned to death, house arrested, and released, but has always bounced back, ever more dedicated to democracy. Miraculously, he also has run for president often, been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize, earned his Ph.D. from the Diplomatic Academy of the Foreign Ministry in Russia in 1992, served as a graduate fellow at Harvard and Cambridge, and made his family happy.

The candidate’s commitment to reconciliation with the North drives his political vision. “Kim Dae-Jung’s ‘Three-Stage’ Approach to Korean Reunification” is a sound plan for joining the two sides. Kim says their shared history of 5,000 years gives them ample cause to reunite—with the Confederation first, then a Federation, and last, the Federal State of Unification. Kim claims the anti-communism of Park and Chun was paranoid; but he forgets somewhat the [precipitating] cause of the Korean War: communist attack. But Kim differs from Northerners. He believes in “Three Nos”: no violence between/within the two sides, no communism, and no anti-Americanism. He laments lack of data on Northern religions, lauding Southern openness.

Kim’s renewal dates back to 1962, when he married Lee. And in “My Love, My Country,” Ms. Lee, the Scarritt College (in Nashville) alum, writes of another crucial time, again under Chun: “On September 17, 1980,… my husband was handed the death sentence…. Cardinal Stephen Kim called the following day….
He assured me that he was praying for all of us. I was truly grateful. The very thought of phoning us required extraordinary courage in those days. Similar calls came in from the United States. But not one phone call came from my husband's former political colleagues. The sentence was later commuted by Chun. Lee writes, “Both of us realized anew that without the benediction of Jesus Christ's crucifixion, we are nothing but an insignificant existence.”

Kim Dae-Jung received an honorary doctorate from the Catholic University in 1992, because he and his family have been significant to many, especially to the Risen Christ. On December 19, 1997 Kim Dae-Jung was elected president of South Korea. He was the first opposition-party candidate to be elected president of that country since its foundation in 1948, as well as being the first Catholic head of state on the Korean Peninsula in its 5,000-year history. President Kim Dae-Jung met with North Korean President Kim Jong-II in June 2000 for the first North-South presidential summit on the peninsula; Kim Dae-Jung won the Nobel Peace Prize later that year. He served out his full 7-year term as president, and passed on Aug. 18, 2009. One of my Korean roommates (Prof. Cho Soon-Sung) visited Mr. Kim daily when the latter was under house arrest in Seoul, ca. Early 1985. I tried to get a photo-session with Mr. Kim, but it couldn't be arranged. I worked for the national news agency then, Yonhap. DvJM.


LA CROSSE—In December 1992, five young gang members from the Minneapolis-St. Paul area and another from Milwaukee broke into a pawn shop and stole a variety of firearms. Soon after, two members of that gang were tried in Circuit Court here as adults, both convicted. The case raised public fears about the threat of gangs to this community of 50,000 residents. The Gang Resistance Education and Training program, sponsored by La Crosse Police Department and supported by the La Crosse School District, is intended to fight the formation of gangs.

“The advent of GREAT is another pro-active program to prevent crime by educating young people” in elementary and middle schools, said the program's director, Lt. Doug Groth, also deputy commander of LPD's Community Services Bureau. “History speaks for itself. Punitive measures do not always prevent crime. Recidivism rates do not always decrease due to arrests.”

GREAT has been introduced to fourth and sixth grades here. Five GREAT officers on the city's police force go into schools to teach eight lessons on topics like basic rights, prejudice, self-esteem and drugs to young people who might take part in gangs and crime. Along with the work of the GREAT officers, proactive liaison officers also keep office hours in schools.

The burglary of the Northside Pawn Shop was carried out by six gang members, two of whom were tried locally. Ter Yang, who was a resident of Minneapolis then but once lived in La Crosse, was convicted of burglary and firearms theft; Phong Vang of St. Paul was convicted of similar counts and as a felon in possession of firearm. Yang was later convicted of concealment of firearms in another weapons burglary in Feb. 1993 at Holmen Pawn Shop, just north of La Crosse. Both men are serving time in state prisons. The four others who took part in the first robbery were all 15. Three were put on probation, and the youth from Milwaukee, who'd run away from home to Twin Cities, was sent to Lincoln Hills School in Irma.

La Crosse County Assistant District Attorney Todd Bjerke, who helped prosecute both cases, said mobile gang members were causing problems around the state, especially in Wausau, Eau Claire, Green Bay, Madison, Milwaukee and La Crosse. “This is what gangs do,” he said. “They travel around a lot to commit crimes.”
Cultural differences between gangs are presenting problems for local law enforcement personnel, Groth said. "Experience tells us and I've heard rumors too, that we're starting to have conflicts between Anglo-Saxons and Southeastern Asian kids. None of these kids have been identified as hard-core gang members, but the potential is there.

Dennis Tucker, director of the La Crosse Area Hmong Mutual Assistance Association, said greater awareness of cultural issues could stem the tide of gang formations in the area. "To work on the gang issues," he said, "you really have to look at individual gang members—to see why youth gangs are formed and how greatly the issues of racism and prejudice come into play."

GREAT began in 1991 when representatives from the US Department of Justice's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms contacted law enforcement agencies in the Phoenix area to design and implement a gang-resistance program. To date, 24 agencies in five states have been trained to present the core curriculum in classrooms.

La Crosse Police Chief Edward Kondracki, who assigned the first GREAT officers in the Milwaukee PD, noted that he had met the founder of GREAT at the FBI Academy a few years ago and "planted the seed" in Milwaukee for the state's first program of this type. "When I came to La Crosse, I knew it was the perfect program for a city this size," he said.

In fact, La Crosse was the first city its size in the upper Midwest to create a local GREAT program. Add in the community education efforts of the Drug Abuse Resistance Education, and Crime Stoppers, programs of the La Crosse Police Department, and a lot is being done here to stem the tide of crime. Crime Stoppers is essentially a series of radio and TV spots that briefly re-enact crimes, so that witnesses to local crimes gain fresh insights into those situations. When something relevant is remembered, tipsters can phone in their information anonymously and sometimes receive rewards. Since April 1984, when the program was instituted locally, Crime Stoppers has paid rewards totaling $65,920, and recovered stolen property, narcotics, and narcotics-related seizures of about $570,000. --DvJM.


Heralded as the prequel to Larry Watson's national best seller, "Montana 1948," this novel is the story of the Hayden family of Montana, 1899 through 1937, when the West was still wild. Julian Hayden is patriarch of a family that has become the law of Mercer County, Mont. He arrives in the area in 1899 and eventually becomes sheriff. But even before that happens, we see how his family—including Julian's wife, Enid, and their oldest son, Frank—struggles mightily with the legacies of their fame and their region.

The first section of "Justice" is titled "Outside the Jurisdiction," and it takes place in 1924. While on a hunting trip in blizzard conditions, Wesley, Frank and two high-school buddies run into trouble in North Dakota when they try to pick up two Indian women. One of the young women is hurt, although the boys didn't mean to harm her, and the non-Hayden high-school buddies end up getting spanked hard by the local authorities in a snow-drifted alley. (This incident is a harbinger of the abuse of an Indian woman that is at the heart of "Montana 1948").

In the next section, the narrative retreats to 1899 and then follows the family chronologically until 1937. Along the way, we see Julian and Wesley married to two very different women. Enid Hayden is subservient to her husband, high-strung and not given to small talk or the easy handling of work. Gail Hayden is more sociable, given to doubts about her husband and unhappy when Wesley refuses to hold their son, Carl David Hayden, when he is born in 1937. It is this child, known as David, who narrates "Montana 1948"
We also see how baseball is played in 1899, how justice is obtained under less than ideal circumstances, how tempers are contained and not so contained, how shows of force can become humorous, how flirtations become not so innocent, and how truth becomes the victim of town gossips. And we come to fall in love with the smaller decencies that people have learned to live with as well, like the maintenance of law and order in times and places that are not a bit hospitable to either.

Watson, a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point, beautifully orchestrates timing, characters, settings, dialogue and scope into a closely spun “big sky” narrative, though the book is only 226 pages. The Hayden name is law in Montana since that family answers big challenges. Bolstered by the better elements of Bentrock, and able to cajole or out-man the worst elements of the town, the Hayden father-son combination may not be the best duo ever to strap on law-enforcing leather, but they are compelling peace officers in other ways. And the Hayden women are long-suffering enough to make them heroic.—DvJM.


Sganarelle steams! He is no longer a reasonable man. His honor has been compromised, his marriage jeopardized, his manhood undermined. He does not know why. Like a wheezing locomotive, he hems and haws his way through one doubtful debacle after another—all in the throes of a condition resembling nasal thrombosis. He has no one to blame but himself. “My honor. Let it babble, let it buzz in my heard for the good it does.”

But Sganarelle does much good. As the major character in 1 of 3 Moliere one-act plays now being performed by the Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre, he entertains us. In the midst of “Classic Comics,” this man of men strikes terror in our hearts and, finally, he gives us cause to wonder. It makes little difference that Sganarelle has no cause to lose faith in his wife, no incentive to disrespect his fellow citizens and no serious reason to doubt his own virility. Moliere’s “Imaginary Cuckold” is the man capitally offended. As such he has every right to do what he might otherwise have undone, while contributing to a memorable mosaic of performances.

In “The Flying Doctor” there is another Sganarelle: one somewhat shrewder than the first. Perhaps because he is the servant, the proverbial eyes, ears, and nose of his master. In any event, he is the device by which the good Valere wins a daughter away from her money-loving father. What is magnificent about this Sganarelle, however, is his cunning and crude self-interest. He is perhaps the purest dramatic example of the servant of license. Witness the seamy ploys by which he divides himself in two, passing himself off here as a good doctor, there as the doctor’s slightly evil, gay “brother” Narcissi. More than other characters of this type, he gives his sleaziness a human credibility and use. In Christopher Reilly’s depiction, this Sganarelle moves with the ease of an eel. He is a perfectly slippery specimen.

Jean Baptiste Poulin, the master French playwright, posed these variations on a type for one reason: to represent the supreme irrationality of the human condition. And, since his technique involved the use of characters who presented veneers sympathetically, the Lyceum has chosen plays that pit actors and actresses against different images of themselves. In the process, they have enhanced the underlying theme of life’s potential interchangeability. What adds credibility to the Lyceum’s presentation is the successful match&clash of roles played within the three one-acts. All three plays and their players emerge in varied styles, all suited to their purposes.

In “The Flying Doctor”, the style of comedia del arte is apt for a Senecan theme of servant deception and mingled parts. The highly stylized activity engages the viewer in a world of vital antiquities. The insufficient
training of part of the cast was not a major drawback. At the outset, Jeff Matthews’ radiance as Valere drew the audience quickly into a pleasing 17th century world. In “Sganarelle” or “The Imaginary Cuckold,” the 18th century Restoration style worked well with the outraged spouse theme. Charlie Leader’s rantings as Sganarelle put one in mind of what the great 18th century comedians must have brought to their audiences. In “Ridiculous Young Ladies,” the Noel Coward-like veneer was suited to language and story of “high style.” Two beautiful, but cloistered cousins emerge from their rare literary world when the prospect of sexual adventure approaches in the form of two servants, who just happen to be working for the girls’ staid suitors. In the end, the young women are returned to the more subdued life of practical romance, their imaginations satisfied for the moment.

“Young Ladies” is the least developed of the three plays. The closeness of period might be an explanation. Also, the stylization of high comedy requires great timing and ensemble tightness. Later in the season, “Ladies” could be the equal of “Cuckold” and “Doctor.” Overall, though, audiences will appreciate the experimental risk taken by this company of young artists. They might even feel like joining in the epilogue at the conclusion of the second play. That result is worth waiting for, and “Classic Comics” is an evening of one-acts worth seeing.—Jean Baptiste Poulin’s pen-name was Moliere.—DvJM.


In the forsaken, modern gothic manor of the aging detective writer there are objects. Everywhere objects. There are objects to mislead, objects to purvey, objects to possess, objects to kill a rival with—all have weight in the balance of the game. Yet two objects occupy the time of Andrew Wyke, betrayed lover, and his opponent, dull-to-deceptive Milo Tindle. Naturally, they’re murder and love. Therein lies the rub.

“Sleuth” doesn’t make many bones about it. Just a body’s worth or two. If anything is redeeming in the gruesome fact, it’s that people don’t get hurt, except in the end. And there is a message: if you play the game, be prepared for the weight. Andrew Schaffer’s play, in repertory at Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre through August 20, is a suspense thriller of a kind alien even to the wily Wyke. In it, a game of murderous charades is played, and guess who isn’t winning.

Andrew Wyke simply wants his wife back. What could be easier than that? He can’t have her; Milo’s seeing to that. In fact, Milo goes so far as to feign a death and cop a role or two in outwitting the resourceful homebody, played by Charlie Leader. Wyke is a wasted writer. His trouble is that he sees everything through purple eyes. His tales are forever colored with foolish police and bumbling detectives, and with none of life’s truth or imagination. He’s a great inventor, but never a creator—except miserably, in the life and death struggles of his mind.

Milo, the man his wife will marry, has it all. Just watch his slick transformations throughout this marathon wit session. He is more than a shrewd contestant, more than a great marital prospect, more than an incomparable character in a play—he is the riddler himself. Michael Bollinger is perfectly adept in the part. Moving from a seemingly elemental Milo, he becomes the seedy Inspector Plodder, Columbo’s Anglo-Saxon cousin, then two local police officers, then back to good old Milo, this time with an interesting twist.

“Sleuth” isn’t a morality play. If anything, it derives it sinewy swirl from those pre-Shakespearean revenge plays where people get killed malignantly, bloodily, but almost without malice. Murder there follows fits of passion or intrigue. One thing here. The hand that strikes quickly is a deliberate hand. It’s nothing personal, you see, just a matter of necessity. Which is to say, “Sleuth” is British to the core./ Some plays are made to be read; some seen; and some heard. Others are made to be acted. “Sleuth” is definitely in the acting mode.—DvJM.
Guys and Dolls’ Wows ‘Em—Columbia Missourian, 7-3-81, p. 4C, Reviewed by David J. Marcou.–“I ain’t gonna waste no evening in that hallelujah joint.”–Harry the Horse.

In an era of video and computer mastery, the chances that a throwback to the [onset of the] television age could hold and sustain an audience seems slight indeed. Nathan Detroit likes the odds, and his contributions to “Guys and Dolls” demonstrate the results of this latest Lyceum Theatre gamble. The show is the best yet out of Arrow Rock, and the fact that spontaneity was at a premium in Wednesday’s matinee performance is good news from those who used to worship at the shrine of live TV. Not that everything was free-flowing in this revival of a show that predates the Eisenhower years. “Guys” began slowly and got stuck at points along the way. But by the end, it was as bright and alive as any twisted tale of New York street life could be.

The twists arise from the shady backgrounds of the characters. So nefarious are they that names like Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Harry the Horse and Big Julie now live in the hearts and mythos of infamy—[but] benevolently, to say the least. The tale revolves around the romance and adventures of Detroit and his girl Adelaide. There’s this crap game. And two or three guys just have to play. What separates Nathan Detroit from the rest is that his doll doesn’t want him to play. But Nathan can’t help himself. Gratefully, he marries Adelaide in the end and that makes up for all his shenanigans.

The songs, of course, help the play. For those familiar with tunes such as “A Bushel and a Peck,” “Luck Be a Lady,” “If I Were a Bell” and “Marry the Man Today,” then that may not be news. For those tho are not, the vocal and dramatic output of Charlie Leader, Tim Shew, Dee Bollinger and Gigi Skoubis should be a pleasant surprise. Playing the leads, Michael Bollinger and Cheryl Bricker as Nathan and his doll lend themselves to emotions both mundane and moving. When the pair convert mellifluous chit-chat, petty spats and everlasting contention over a dice-vice, into song, there is cause for rejoicing. The climactic “Sue Me” is unmatched in its sentimental expression of everyday hopes and eternal needs.

Other irresistible fragments of ordinary living emerge in the big game, Miss Adelaide’s and Sarah Brown’s dream scene and several sundown conversions by the Salvation Army. And where else in modern drama can you witness the laying low of a figure as smooth and as smoothly as Sky Masterson? So why shouldn’t “Guys” be able to do now what it did in 1950, i.e. evoke a seamy romance? There may be good reason if one looks hard. But for those who enjoy live entertainment, there will be little trouble in taking in the crème de la crème of the Lyceum season to date. “Guys” is playing in repertory through Aug. 22.–DvJM.

Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre: Actor Pamela Woodruff—Missourian 7-17-81p. 6C by David Marcou.

This summer Pamela Woodruff has had to bring her own sense of freedom to bear on a role that many young actresses only wonder at—Blanche in Tennessee Williams’ “Streetcar Named Desire,” which is in repertory at the Arrow Rock Lyceum Theatre. The Boston-born 23-year-old claims a fondness for the works of the southern playwright. And there is an evanescence in the plays that appeals to the woman.

“I think the death of [Blanche’s] family is a cue for me—and living in the South when I was a child, and then moving to the Midwest and being torn away from some things that I thought were so beautiful. I never wanted to leave, even though there [also] were horrible things happening in the South that I was aware of when I was a child, and wanted to change.”

Ms. Woodruff’s recent move from New York wasn’t so traumatic. Even the culture magnet has limits, she says. “Everything you can imagine is there. It’s a wonderful city, I love that city, but sometimes I just hate it and had to get out. I had the feeling of claustrophobia sometimes.” What attracts her to Arrow Rock is clear in her mind: “It’s in the middle of all this grass and these trees, horses and pigs. And that’s really been fun. And it’s so relaxing.” Ms. Woodruff also mentions the old friends she has here. Given her $80-a-week non-
union wage, apparently the combination of these factors is enough.

Ms. Woodruff’s work in New York did not make her rich. Having given up a waitress job after one shift, for instance, she was almost broke. One day a photographer approached her at the Picasso exhibit. He ended up asking her to pose as a bridal model for Henry Vendel’s Fifth Avenue store. For Ms. Woodruff, it was a windfall. “I worked three hours for those three jobs and to make the same kind of money in the theatre I would have to work four weeks,” she says. Despite the easy money in fashion, she says she will continue with her stage work. Ms. Woodruff has also written a play that may be produced at the Loeb Theatre in Boston this fall. But she insists, “My discipline is in acting and not in writing.” Listening to her now in the confining, double-bunk quarters of the actresses’ dormitory, one senses that she doesn’t mind making home fluid—existing half-way between professional acceptance and personal success. Yet she says there comes a point when even the best ideas have to be translated into action.

In the fall, Ms. Woodruff plans to return to experimental theatre in New York or to work with another repertory group in the Midwest. “Streetcar” was performed late in summer, which did not fit my reviewing calendar at the Missourian, hence a profile on Ms. Woodruff herself. Also, Wikipedia states the Lyceum Theatre was established in 1960, and is Missouri’s oldest-surviving repertory theatre. —DvJM.


Ralph McGill, the late syndicated columnist and a progressive Southerner, told a University of Kentucky audience during the civil-rights crisis [of the 1950s & 1960s] that the Eisenhower administration was only reluctantly dealing with it in 1959: “There comes a time when you must stand and fight for what you believe, for what you know is right and true—or else tuck tail and run.” John Egerton has not tucked his tail and run in “Speak Now Against the Day”. He has, instead, fought for what he believes in: the righteousness/truth of civil rights in this land.

But why, one might ask, fight for civil rights any longer in the United States? Surely, Oprah is worth a billion dollars, and nearly everywhere one goes, black Americans have their civil rights [don't they?] Both these phenomena may appear true, but the civil-rights movement was about something more than the color of a person’s skin. It was about equality for all human beings, black or white, red or yellow. It was about the greatness of the American nation.

In this detailed, thoughtful and provocative study of the years immediately preceding the civil-rights movement in the United States, when a black Gandhi—Martin Luther King Jr.—was in the making, Egerton rehearses the defeats and the triumphs for equal rights in the America of the 1930s, ’40s and early ’50s, when most citizens were struggling with their prejudices.

Here, Egerton comments painstakingly on the role of New Dealers in bringing the issues of equal rights and “separate but equal” methods of achieving those rights into play—before the landmark Brown vs. Board of Education Supreme Court decision of 1954—the same people who forgot about anti-lynching bills when America went reactionary in 1938.

But Egerton does not stop with the New Dealers. He goes on to outline the early efforts by blacks to organize successful self-help and interracial groups during the 1930s, such as the Southern Tenant Farmers Union. He notes the efforts of people in many walks of life to make the whole United States a better place to live: clergymen like Martin Luther King Sr.; social organizations like the YMCA and YWCA; education leaders like Mary McLeod Bethune and Benjamin Chandler; writers like Langston Hughes, Richard Wright
and James Weldon Johnson; President Harry Truman; and [everyday] working folk in the South, black and white.

The author takes his title from Nobel Laureate William Faulkner’s warning to his native South: “We speak now against the day when our Southern people who will resist to the last these inevitable changes in social relations, who, when they have been forced to accept what they at one time might have accepted with dignity and good will, will say, ‘Why didn’t someone tell us this before? Tell us this in time?’”

“Speak Now Against the Day” is a first-rate history of the people and events that would soon make civil rights crucial to America. Egerton and his subject deserve attention and our thanks.—Though John Egerton was unhappy with the Eisenhower Administration’s civil-rights record, Pres. Eisenhower appointed Earl Warren as chief justice of the Supreme Court right before that court ruled for blacks in landmark Brown vs. Board of Education 1954. Also, Eisenhower ordered federal troops to end segregation of Little Rock, Ark. HS in 1957. Gov. Orval Faubus had ordered the National Guard in to prevent black students from entering school; but Eisenhower federalized NG and ordered it assist students entry instead, which began Sept. 23, 1957. On Sept. 24, Dwight ordered Army’s 101st Airborne in to protect all students.—DvJM.

“Witnessing History with a Camera: Ralph Morse Gets ‘er Done”, Included Previously in the David Joseph Marcou Book on Photographic History “The Photographic Spirit”.

He was a fit, wiry 51-year-old “Life” mag staffer then, but Ralph Morse recalls the day his photos helped make history in July 1969. He’d set up a remote camera beside liftoff pad at Cape Canaveral and was shooting added pics from a helicopter. The spacecraft lifting off that July 16th was none other than what would be the first successful manned moon-landing launch-vehicle, Apollo 11. Astronauts would walk on the moon for the first time, four days later.

In March that year, because he was “Life’s” staffer assigned to the early years of the space program, Morse had photographed the families of the three Apollo 11 astronauts, posed around a model of the moon. Neil Armstrong, Edwin “Buzz” Aldrin, and Michael Collins have been notable people for many years after the first manned moon-landing, though they’ve been hard to get interviews and photos from, other than what “Life’s” Morse and his colleagues got, early.

As the rocket blasted off, Morse’s remote-controlled unit took 5 stills that would be used as a sequence across a two-page spread in “Life.” It’s a dramatic sequence, because the camera was incredibly close to the rocket. Because Ralph Morse photographed US astronauts, including the seven original Mercury astronauts, Mercury’s John Glenn dubbed him the “eighth astronaut”.

That notable day in 1969 was not Ralph Morse’s only historic picture-taking day. He also got an exclusive for “Life” in 1942, when he photographed the takeoff of a plane at the start of the Doolittle Raids. In addition, he was with US Marines at Guadalcanal that year. Former “Life” colleague John Loengard, who photographed and was also a picture editor for that magazine, explained that Morse was a civilian war correspondent in World War II, and got to the places he did, because he was assigned to “Life.” Later, Morse would photograph Gen. Eisenhower famously flashing a Victory Sign at the German surrender ceremony in 1945. And Ralph Morse would also photograph, truly iconically, Jackie Robinson stealing home. In addition, he photographed Babe Ruth’s final day in a Yankee uniform, though Nat Fein, a Morse colleague, got the most iconic photo that day, with Babe waving to the crowd, No. 3’s back to the camera. Another space program view by RM, which made a Life cover, is his portrait of light-waves showing contours of an AF trooper’s head, how space-helmet shapes/sizes were assessed.

In his 90s, ensconced in Delray, Fla., Morse reflected about his images’ place in history. “Though they’re
all important, because we were chronicle-izing the era, you’re excited at the moment [for getting a good shot], and then you go on to do the next work. History tells you of [each photo’s] importance, gradually.” Morse was a “Life” staffer 1942-72, when the magazine first closed and was transferred to “Time” then, til 1988. I was introduced to Mr. Morse years ago via John Loengard. I’d written about JL for “Smithsonian” mag. Both men have taken part in anthologies I’ve directed/edited. Then-Life Ed. G. Hunt said, “If LIFE could afford only one photographer, it would have to be Ralph Morse.” Now, Ralph Morse likes to see his family, but no longer owns a camera; “if I did, every grandmother would want me to take pictures of their grandchildren.” He likes grandkids, though.--Ralph Morse passed 12-7-14.--DvJM