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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Published Quarterly by the Wisconsin
Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

June 1981
Volume 27, Number 3

Encouragement and guidelines for contributors

A recent meeting with the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets reminded me that it has been a while since the *Review* sent out a call for contributions. We actively seek original, previously unpublished poetry and fiction by Wisconsin writers. We are looking for high quality black-and-white photographs and line art. We use non-fiction articles on any aspect of science, art, or literature, but especially Wisconsin-connected research and criticism. (Outline of proposed article with query is suggested.) Stories and articles should be between one-thousand and three-thousand words. Material should be well researched but written for a general audience with minimal documentation. Book reviews of Wisconsin authors or by Wisconsin publishers should be five-hundred to eight-hundred words. Contributors will receive free copies of the issue in which their work appears. Manuscripts and art will be returned if accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. The Academy and its publications are dedicated to making available information about sciences, arts, and letters; to do this, we must rely on our contributors.

—Patricia Powell

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On the cover: Water Planes by Tom Drake

Authors and Artists



Reid Bryson

Ann Johnson's woodcuts in this issue reflect a potters interest in design and surface decoration. She taught at UW-Oshkosh before moving to Flagstaff, Arizona, where she has a pottery studio.

Clarice Dunn's fascinating tale of life and education in a Japanese relocation camp in World War II, "Heart Mountain: A School Behind Barbed Wire," (December 1980) has been selected as winner in a national journalism contest. The Educational Press Association of America has announced that the *Wisconsin Academy Review* will receive the 1980 distinguished achievement award for Clarice Dunn's feature story. We are pleased to have the recognition for the author and for the magazine.

Clarice Dunn



Reid Bryson was born in Detroit, received a B.A. in geology and an honorary D.Sc. from Denison University, and a Ph.D. in meteorology from the University of Chicago. He joined the faculty of UW-Madison in 1946 and started its meteorology department in 1948. He has taught geology, geography, oceanography, meteorology, and climatology, and has written more than 170 articles and 5 books. His current appointment is as director of the Institute for Environmental Studies. He is the 1981 president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters.

Six authors contributed to the special tribute on Walter and Trudi Scott. **R. Bruce Allison**, owner-operator of Allison Tree Care and Consulting Service in Madison, is on the board of governors of the International Society of Arboriculture and president-elect of the Wisconsin Arborist Association. In 1980 he edited and published *Wisconsin Champion Trees*, which has a preface by Walter Scott. Putting into action his strong interests in theatre arts and creative writing, **Robert Gard** established the Wisconsin Idea Theatre Conference (1945), the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association (1948), the Rhinelander School of the Arts (1965), and Wisconsin House, a publishing house devoted to Wisconsin subjects (1968). An Academy past president and ardent regionalist, Bob Gard has done much to justify Walter Scott's expectations of the newcomer. **Robert A. McCabe**, professor of wildlife at UW-Madison, is a past president (1979) of the Wisconsin Academy. He is now much involved with his farm and his Irish program—he acts as consultant to the Irish government on the big game program in national parks. **Norman C. Olson**, markets research officer of Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company in Milwaukee, has served the Academy as president (1970-71) and treasurer. He has strong interest in the arts, especially Oriental and English Renaissance. His own pen-and-ink drawings have been exhibited at the Academy and have appeared in the *Review*. **Gordon D. Orr, Jr.** a fellow of the American Institute of Architects, is the campus architect at UW-Madison. Active in Historic Madison, he is an enthusiastic fisherman and wilderness camper. **Daniel Trainer**, professor of wildlife at UW-Madison until he became dean of the College of Natural Resources at UW-Stevens Point, has done extensive research on wildlife diseases. He was vice-president for the sciences of the Wisconsin Academy in 1973.

Zachary Cooper was born in Brunswick, a seaport/resort town located off the southeast coast of Georgia. After serving two years with the US Armed Forces in West Germany, he attended Ohio State University and later the UW-Madison where he earned a Masters Degree in History and a Ph.D. in Education.

He has taught Afro-American History, has conducted research on the history of blacks in rural Wisconsin for the State Historical Society, and has evaluated American history textbooks for racial bias. In addition, he has coordinated a Drop-Out Prevention Project for the Madison Public Schools and, most recently, coordinated a pretraining program designed to prepare applicants for taking the Madison Fire Department's firefighters examinations. Presently he is assisting in the development of a documentary film on the 1967 Milwaukee riots for the Governor's Minority Initiatives Office.

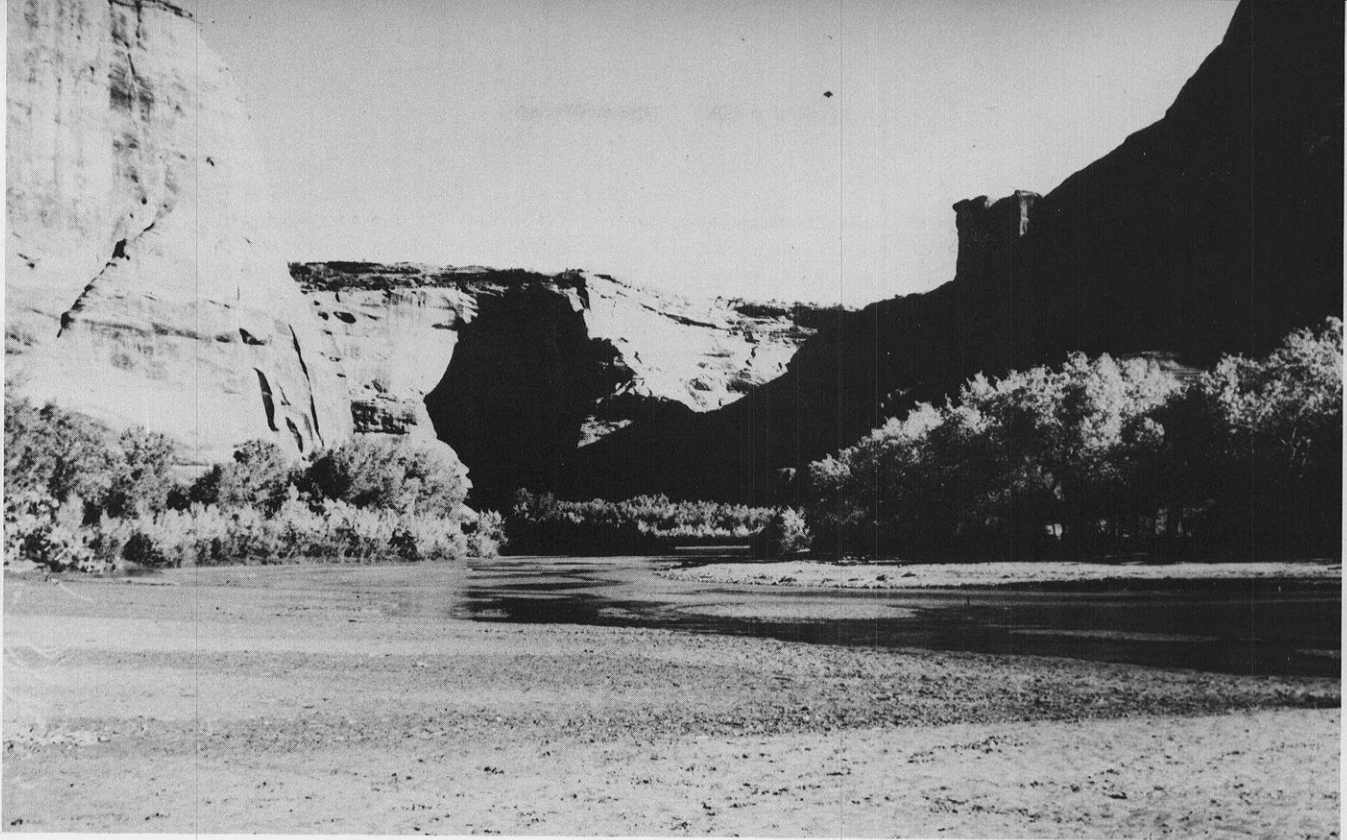


Zachary Cooper

John McGovern received his Ph.D. in chemical engineering and worked at Forest Products Laboratory and in private industry before becoming a professor (now emeritus) of forestry at UW-Madison. Involved in paper technology, he rediscovered the ancient Middle Eastern process of making papyrus, a result of his longstanding interests in the history of writing and archeology.

Tom Drake is a Madison broadcast journalist and freelance photographer.

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Cottonwoods in Canyon de Chelly, Arizona

Ancient Climes And Faraway Times

By Reid A. Bryson

"The more we looked at cases of significant climatic change, the more we found that there were significant cultural repercussions . . . In addition to the internal and political forces discussed by Spengler and Toynbee, there appears to be a powerful environmental influence on the affairs of people."

Brown as the canyon walls around her
Lovely as spring was the Indian maid.
Shyly she smiled at the youth beside her
Shaping the cane under cottonwood shade.

Slowly, with love, the steps were taken.
Slowly, with love, the flute was made.
Deep the tone and rich the timbre,
Gaily, with love, the flute was played.

Loving and laughing the seed was planted,
Nurtured with care the corn grew high.
Swiftly the enemy arrow came tearing.
Slowly the vultures darkened the sky.

Slowly, with love, the bones were planted
Slowly, with love, the flute laid by.
Slowly, with time, the house walls crumbled
Silent—no laughter or children's bright cry.

A thousand years the flute was silent.
A thousand years the dust lay dry.
A thousand years the flute was hidden
Under the azure western sky.

Slowly, slowly the scientist sifted,
Carefully searching by old pueblo walls.
Gently the flute is once again lifted.
Once more, sweetly, the flute-song calls.

Cañon del Muerto, canyon of death,
Was it a young man stopped in his prime?
Was it a shaman who crafted the flute?
Or was it an ancient bidding his time?

What is this strange melodious magic?
What is its message, absurd or sublime?
Why does the flute keep calling me sadly,
Echoing, echoing, down canyons of time?

When I was quite young, I read about the excavation of the flute found in a cliff dwelling in Cañon del Muerto. At that time I had never seen anything but the flat lake bottom on which Detroit is located or the low morainic deposits nearby. When I saw pictures of the gorgeous southwestern canyons and the abodes of strange ancient peoples I wanted to travel to those faraway times. When I read of the archaeologist shaking the dust from a perfectly preserved flute and sounding a note which echoed through the canyon, it echoed in my mind as well—and does to this day.

As an undergraduate I studied geology and mathematics. World War II made a meteorologist out of me, and the best postwar opportunities made me a quondam oceanographer, limnologist, and geographer. Still I wondered how those people lived, what they experienced, why they disappeared.

By 1960 when the University of Wisconsin meteorology department which I had founded in 1948 was fully mature, I could stand no longer the incessant questions just below consciousness in my mind. I put away my other research and devoted my attention to the ancient climes and faraway times.

Climate Change in Europe

In 1962 I chaired a conference on the climates of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. Those centuries were picked because there was evidence of important climatic differences between these two times, evidence that had historic significance. The historians, archaeologists, geologists, geographers, and meteorologists each presented their data. Pall Bergthorsson of Iceland presented a thousand-year history, reconstructed from old chronicles, of Icelandic mean temperatures and the extent and duration of sea ice. His basic pattern has held up against more recent data. The historians told of great hardship in the fourteenth century because the clay soils of the English midlands and parts of Denmark were too wet to be worked by farmers.

About the same time in western Europe there were widespread outbreaks of a terrible affliction known then as St. Anthony's Fire. Whole villages would see visions, act insane, and die convulsively. Hands and feet would turn black, rot, and be sloughed off. Pregnant females aborted. We now know that their disease was caused by the fungus *Claviceps purpurea*, the ergot blight of grain, which is especially prevalent with warm, continuously damp weather. The drug ergot, produced by the fungus, contracts the capillaries

and produces the gangrene. It also produces convulsions and abortion. The people had no other grain and suffered from chronic ergotism. When their grain was stored, still damp, a kind of fermentation of the blighted kernels took place which produced LSD. The hallucinations resulted when the stored grain was used. Modern diagnosis of St. Anthony's Fire as chronic ergotism was thus not certain until the two effects were separated in the 1950s.

This gave me a hint. I thought that the kind of weather that must have prevailed in Europe was what the Germans call "Westwetter." This is a steady onshore flow of moist Atlantic air which might be thought of as associated with a slight southward shift of the jetstream and westerly winds from the position they had held during a previous sunnier, warmer time.

Climate Changes in America

Since the atmosphere is dynamically interconnected, what happens in Europe must have associated changes in America. Did the west winds shift southward there too?

Soil Evidence

Beyond the sharp northern border of the boreal forest of southern Canada, in the "barrens" or tundra, I had noticed that there were fossil forest soils under the grey-brown soils characteristic of the tundra. The forest had once extended scores of miles farther north and had retreated. My associates and I dug dozens of pits looking for and sampling the fossil soils. Forest fires had left bits of charcoal that we could date by the radiocarbon method. Finally we pieced together a forest history.

The forest had migrated north on the heels of the retreating Laurentide ice sheet until about 5500 years ago. Then it stopped at certainly the most northerly position it has attained in the last 10,000 years. About 3600 years ago the tree line retreated southward to a position well south of the present position. By the twelfth century A.D. it was halfway between its present position and the maximum position, then it abruptly retreated southward. In the forest soils there were Indian artifacts; in the tundra soils there were Eskimo artifacts.

What did these fossil soils mean? After years of study I found that the northern border of the forest was the southern edge of prevailing Arctic air in summer and the southern edge of the forest marks the dominant position of the Arctic air advance in winter. So the sudden retreat

southward of the forest in the twelfth century, as shown by the fossil soils, did mark a southward shift of air currents in North America.

Using modern data I could reconstruct the pattern of summer rainfall shift in the United States that one would expect with a small southward expansion of the circumpolar west winds—the circumpolar vortex. But was that pattern applicable to the end of the twelfth century? I believe that nature contains the answer to most such questions—if one phrases the questions correctly and is willing to learn the language of the answer. So we dug some holes in the ground to find out.

Cultural Evidence

From the reconstruction based on modern data we "predicted" backwards that there should have been a prolonged severe drought in what is now the Dakotas, much of Nebraska, Iowa, parts of Minnesota, Missouri, and Illinois starting about 1200 A.D. or so. Reasoning that we should find evidence of changes in the nature of the food supply if such a drought had occurred, Professor David Baerreis and I looked for an appropriate location for excavation. The villages of Mill Creek culture of northwestern Iowa seemed appropriate. They had been a farming-hunting people, seemingly spanning the right time horizon, and the sites were near the short grass-tall prairie border.

Carefully sampling the trash of the Mill Creek villages, identifying and counting the animal bones and plant pollen, potsherds, and tools, we found a clear answer. Before the drought there had been prairie on the uplands and oak woods on the stream terraces above the cornfields in the bottoms. Ninety-seven percent of the meat had come from woods browsers—deer. After 1200 A.D. the prairie had turned to short grass, the terraces were no longer wooded, and only such trees as cottonwoods and willows lined the stream bank. The meat diet had changed to sixty-seven percent bison—a grasslands grazer. The villages, clearly disrupted by the drought, lasted through two centuries of probably intermittent drought then were abandoned. The evidence suggests that shortly thereafter the rains returned, but the people were gone.

Farther west, in more sensitive locations, hundreds of villages of corn farmers had died with the onset of the drought, and the drifting silt and sand had buried the sites. One of the groups that disappeared is known to archaeologists as the Upper Republicans, after the river valley in which they had lived. Actually, it ap-

pears that those people didn't necessarily disappear; they may have moved to the south, to Texas and Oklahoma.

Our reconstruction of how the rainfall might have changed around 1200 A.D. indicated that while the northern plains had dried, parts of the panhandles of Texas and Oklahoma should have become wetter, perhaps enough to raise maize without irrigation. Farming villages were known in the area but had not been dated well enough. We hypothesized that they would not date *prior* to about 1200 A.D. and that the abandoned villages to the north would not show occupancy *after* that date. Many radiocarbon dates later both suppositions were confirmed—and the Panhandle Aspect people did have Upper Republican affinities. It appeared that a migration had occurred.

Other tests gave added confirmation of the approximate correctness of our map of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century rainfall anomalies in mid-America, and it is a pattern well worth remembering today. The drought patterns of 1974 and 1976 were very similar.

During this study I kept looking for clues about the environment of the ancient flute-maker in Cañon del Muerto, but unfortunately the Colorado Plateau area is too complex climatically for our analysis to be very definitive.

In looking at the fossil pollen from the Mill Creek excavations, I became frustrated with the nonquantitative nature of the data. To be sure, the data were quantitative in terms of how many pollen grains of each type or taxon were present, but what was the climate? Did it contain information on the drought in centimeters of rain? Recalling a geological study by Professor John Imbrie on the identification of sea-bottom communities by statistical techniques, my students and I developed a method for converting quantitative plant information gleaned from excavations into quantitative climate information. From the distribution of the modern "pollen rain" and the distribution of modern climate we developed a statistical calibration of the pollen array in terms of the climate. Then we made the usual geological transfer from the space domain to the time domain to interpret the fossil pollen arrays. Nature *did* contain the answers we wanted—we just had to decipher the code. And the answers were quite precise.

Now that we had some good analytical tools, we could read the record of the past with more certainty and speed. We worked on the role of drought in the decline of Mycenae around 1200 B.C. Plato had suggested this problem in the *Timaeus*

by having an Egyptian priest tell Solon that every so often a disaster would come along that would wipe out Greek culture to such an extent that they would lose the art of writing. (Linear A and B?) Professor Rhys Carpenter at Bryn Mawr had suggested drought in the case of Mycenae. We were able to show that such a prolonged drought was technically possible, and quite probable, at the right time.

We studied the Indus culture and found that at its height the monsoon rains were good and reliable. We also found that the monsoons had failed about 1900 B.C., the freshwater lakes of the area had turned salt and evaporated, and the culture had disappeared concurrently. Moreover, the failure of the rains appeared to last about 700 years!

The more we looked at cases of significant climatic change, the more we found that there were significant cultural repercussions. To sum it all up, one of my students and I did a statistical analysis of all dated indications of climatic change that we could find. There were a relatively small number of significant times of global climatic variation. Then we analyzed the times of beginning and ending of all objectively dated cultures. Once again, there were globally significant times of cultural change—and generally these times came just after the times of climatic change. In addition to the internal and political forces discussed by Spengler and Toynbee, there appears to be a powerful environmental influence on the affairs of people.

Past is Key to Future

However, there is a cost for everything, including a cost of understanding.

While studying the environmental past and delighting in each new piece of evidence discovered or technique invented, I repeatedly had to refer to the present climatic state. I had to use the present to calibrate the past. The "Doctrine of Uniformitarianism" that I had learned as a geology student had said that the present is the key to the past. Gradually it dawned on me that the past must also be the key to the future. I had learned some of the lessons of climatic history:

(1) The climate can change rapidly, from glacial to postglacial climate in a century or so; (2) A changed climate could *stay* changed for a long time—two centuries of drought in the American Midwest, seven centuries of monsoon failure in northwest India; (3) Climatic changes in various parts of the world were interlinked, colder in the North Atlantic,

for example, meant drought in India and West Africa, and so on; and (4) Even rather small climatic changes could so modify the economic base of peoples that their culture might not recognizably survive.

I noticed that the drift of the climate toward a cooler pattern that had started about 1945-1950 had taken a new turn—the old patterns of atmospheric circulation to which we had all become accustomed in the middle of this century were being replaced by patterns characteristic of the last century.

That was disquieting, for we had learned that the last century was part of a longer period—from about 1550 A.D. to 1900 A.D.—that is called "the Little Ice Age" or Neoboreal period. That was a time of more frequent hardship in Europe, near depopulation of Iceland, the Irish potato famine, starvation at frequent intervals in India—a time of turmoil for which our confident twentieth-century society is not prepared.

In 1972 the world started to become aware of the problem as crop failures due to flood, drought, and frost appeared simultaneously in many countries. Would this be the beginning of a rapid climate change that would rock the cultures of the world? What would be the consequences now that the world was at or near population saturation? Would desperate nations use nuclear power to obtain food? I have known few peaceful moments since, for the question of what happened to a long-ago flute-maker became a question of what would happen to my family, friends, and nation.

Climate Prediction

I turned all my spare energy and what I had learned to the problem of climatic prediction. I tried to get scientists to aid in the search for predictive methods and to get politicians to consider the policy implications of changing climate. Many responded, but climate was now a "hot" issue, with many special interests involved. The small group of experienced professional climatologists was swelled by dozens of "instant experts."

I was subjected, publicly, to considerable abuse by colleagues who maintained that climate always changed slowly and that climatic prediction was impossible. One asked how I could possibly have so much climatic insight. It was like asking how I could be sure I had ten fingers! That bothered me so much that in the middle of one sleepless night I wrote a poem about why I understood the climate. While that was satisfying personally, it didn't provide the scientific answers.

I'm an earth-man who knows
the song of the wind.
The land is my lover,
the sun is my friend.

I roar with the tempest,
I chat with the breeze.
I dance with the flowers,
commune with the trees.

I awake with the springtime.
I grow with the rain.
I'm a mountain-giant,
a dwarf on the plain.

I laugh with the burble
of fresh mountain rill.
I sigh with the beauty
of cool waters still.

I soar with the eagle,
I dive with the loon.
I brave with the headland
and drift with the dune.

Among all my peers
I'm a very strange man,
for an eon to me
is a very short span.

I follow a flute
from a faraway time
and open my heart
in stanzas of rhyme.

Reid Bryson



Hyalite Canyon, Montana, *I sigh with the beauty of cool waters still*

“We can determine the joint effects of Man and Nature in cooling the atmosphere and calculate the outcome of various scenarios for the future. . . .”

Writing the Equation

Writing the equation which describes the general trend of temperature in each hemisphere in terms of the controlling variables only took three years, for I had already started on it in 1968. Since it is your future too, let me explain it in abbreviated form.

We know that the sun drives the atmosphere and that the accumulation of solar energy at the earth's surface depends on how much energy reaches the ground from the sun each year and how readily it can be reradiated out to space. The sun's radiation is almost constant at the top of the atmosphere, but materials such as dust, smoke, and other aerosols in the atmosphere can screen out sunlight.

One source of such dust is volcanic eruptions. Their number and intensity vary with time. There were a lot of large eruptions in the 1880s, then a calmer period; then more, including Pelee, Soufriere, and Katmai in the 1904-1912 pe-

riod, followed by a steady rapid decline in volcanic activity. In 1955 Bezymannya in Kamchatka erupted, and then a series in the 1960s and 1970s and 1980s, including the famous Agung eruption in Bali in 1963, and Mount St. Helens in 1980. These all changed the transparency of the atmosphere and reduced the solar energy reaching the ground. Earlier periods of eruption were also unusually cold periods in the Northern Hemisphere.

However, I mentioned the beginning of a cooling period in 1945-1950, before the volcanos had once more become active. Why did the temperature start to decline before the volcanos became active? Well, there *is* something new on earth—a “human volcano.” When the industrial revolution became worldwide, starting about 1930, pollution rapidly increased. When pesticides and antibiotics ignited the population explosion, more and more people overworked marginal lands to produce food and clouds of dust



in the semiarid land. And more and more tropical farmers burned brush to clear fields on a faster rotation rate—producing about sixty-million tons of smoke per year. In fact, the particulate air pollution produced by the Third World countries is about equal to the total industrial pollution. Altogether, this has become an important addition to the average volcanic output and is now a factor in climatic change.

Use of fossil fuels also increased the carbon dioxide content of the atmosphere, and that tends to keep the heat in by impeding its radiation to space—the greenhouse effect.

Putting these effects together in an equation, we can simulate the actual behavior of the mean hemispheric temperature over the past century. We can also determine the joint effects of Man and Nature in cooling the hemisphere and calculate the outcome of various scenarios for the future behavior of people and volcanos.

But there is still a problem. Superimposed on the general trends of climate

there is a year-by-year fluctuation of considerable magnitude. That is the variation to which individuals could respond, if they only knew six months or a year in advance.

One restless night followed after another until finally, half asleep and half awake, there ran through my brain a phrase from the last poem, “song of the wind . . . song of the wind.” I sat bolt upright and wide awake. I *knew* the dominant chord of the song of the wind! I had seen it written in hundreds of tree ring series, in lake deposits, in scores of climatic records. It had to be the slow, complex, multi-frequency wobble of the earth’s axis and the tides. In the months since then, we have been able to outline the elements of the theory and establish the nature of the atmospheric compensation for the wobble of the solid earth and of the atmospheric tides. We have shown that these are probably major causes of the variation of climate year by year that is superimposed on the slower trends. We predicted the end of the English drought of 1976 and the eastern U.S. cold of 1977 correctly, and in a first test, have shown that we *can* predict rainfall a year ahead about as well as the monthly forecasts in the paper. (Other attempts to relate climate to the “pole wobble” and tides had been made in the last fifty years. What was new was the multi-note chord and its resonances.)

An enormous amount of work remains to be done, testing and proving, extending and modifying. But the problem is there, and if my calculations are correct, time is short. At least time is short in terms of how rapidly science, technology, and policy can progress and short in terms of how rapidly the population explosion can be controlled.

Tomorrow’s Faraway Time

What of the future? Of the varied scenarios we have tried, all indicate times of climatic trouble in the coming decade. If the world population were not pressing hard on the world capacity to produce food, there would still be local problems of crop failure, of agricultural boom and bust. However, world food reserves are dangerously low, such that a single year’s climatically produced crop variation could wipe them out. Population grows at about eighty-five to ninety million per year. Does agriculture keep up? If it did, reserves would not be dwindling. There are better years and worse years, but the trend of reserves has been downward, with concomitant changes in food prices such that those most in need are least able to buy.

“Energy from fossil fuels, including uranium, is finite and nonrenewable. We can see the end. We must ultimately eat sunlight.”

Theoretical Solutions

How about all that unused, potentially arable land that there is supposed to be? (Well, we *could* grow crops in Antarctica with enough capital investment!) I am told by experts that on the average an acre of new land will feed one person, so we need eighty-five million new acres every year (about seventeen times the new acres we have been bringing into production). I am also told by experts that preparation of such land costs 1,000 to 2,000 dollars per acre (worldwide average). This then would require 85 to 170 billion dollars of capital *every year*. Even Congress shudders at that figure, which doesn’t even include the other infrastructure costs.

How about the Green Revolution that was supposed to end hunger? The yield of the high-yielding varieties has been declining, and indeed the world average grain yield has been declining or steady since 1972!

How about a technological breakthrough? Most present development of agricultural technology is energy intensive. For example, no crop grown in Japan yields more than eighty percent, in energy, of the fuel energy input. Some are as low as five percent in efficiency. In the U.S. each calorie on your plate costs nine to eleven calories of fossil fuel. Energy from fossil fuels, including uranium, is finite and nonrenewable. We can see the end. We must ultimately eat sunlight, not fossil fuel.

There must be a solution. I have great faith in rationality, but the people of the world must adopt rationality as a way of life—soon. In a nuclear weapon world nations which are desperate and have nothing to lose are dangerous neighbors. Time *is* short, and the stakes are the world.

“Time is short, and the stakes are the world.”

If we have the will, we can meet the challenge of the future. Earth is smudged, scruffy in places, and getting a bit worn. It will take care and effort to take the right turn at the crossroads before us—to avoid the road of no return. In this effort the community of scholars has a special role. Let us make that community one where there is no fear of complex problems and unpalatable answers. Let it be one where science is applied to humane problems and where the humanities guide and counsel scientists as well as poets. Let it be a community where both love and rationality are fostered, but let it be one where dreams do not die and spirits can soar. □

A wolf-wind wails in the wilds of time,
a red dawn colors the sky.
The grass turns brown, the beasts grow lean,
the blossoms wither and die.
We earth-men know what the omens foretell,
but power-men wrangle and vie.

Gather in, earth-men
trim down your flocks,
Hark to the counsel
of trees and of rocks.

Gather your blood-friends
(Let power-men glower!)
For yours is the harvest
of Terra's deep power.

Pampa de la Joya, Peru, *I drift with the dunes*

Reid Bryson



Two Black Settlements In Rural Wisconsin

By Zachary Cooper

Photographs from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

WISCONSIN: NEGRO POPULATION - 1870

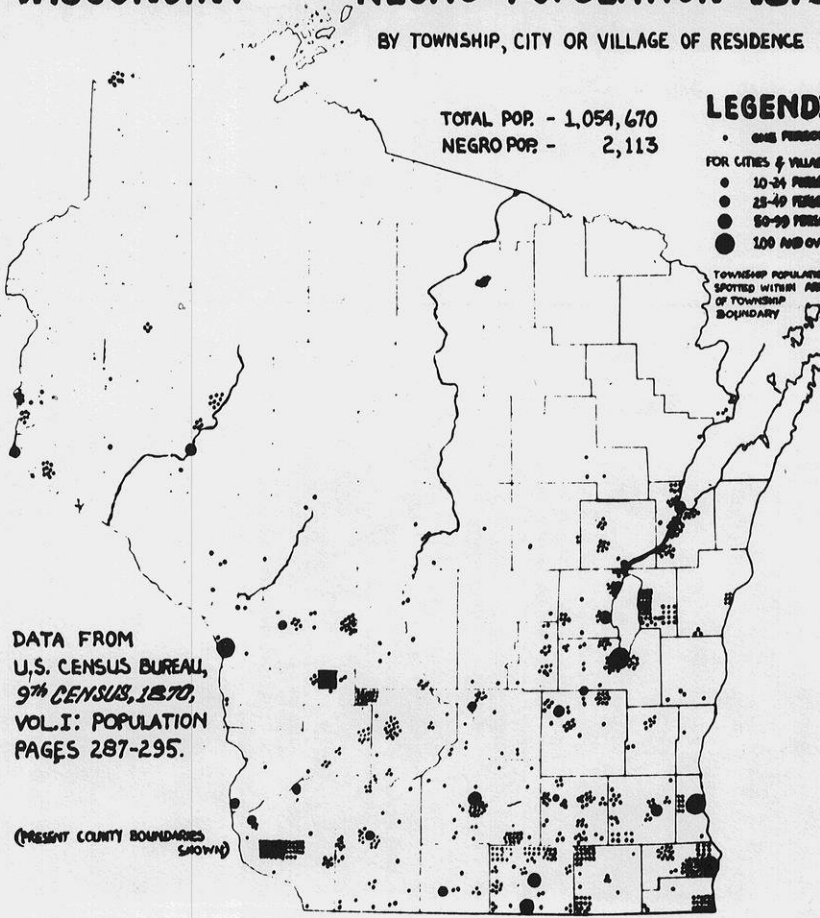
BY TOWNSHIP, CITY OR VILLAGE OF RESIDENCE

TOTAL POP. - 1,054,670
NEGRO POP. - 2,113

LEGEND:

- ONE PERSON
- FOR CITIES & VILLAGES
- 10-24 PERSONS
- 25-49 PERSONS
- 50-99 PERSONS
- 100 AND OVER

TOWNSHIP POPULATION SPOTTED WITHIN AREA OF TOWNSHIP BOUNDARY



DATA FROM
U.S. CENSUS BUREAU,
9th CENSUS, 1870,
VOL. I: POPULATION
PAGES 287-295.

(PRESENT COUNTY BOUNDARIES SHOWN)

Long before Wisconsin was established as a state, blacks played a significant but historically unrecognized role in its development. Black participation in the growth and development of Wisconsin can be traced back at least to the 1700s when, serving as trappers, guides, and interpreters they accompanied French explorers and fur traders into the area. Later, when the British gained control of the territory, they held the same positions and also served as soldiers. They played an important role in the establishment of many Wisconsin communities. Marinette was founded in 1791 by two black fur traders. In the early 1840s, free blacks, who were encouraged to come to Calumet County by Moses Stanton, a black, led to the founding in 1845 of the present city of Chilton, formerly called Stantonville. A black man named Jackson established the town of Freedom in Outagamie County.

Today, most blacks live in urban areas; however, in the nineteenth century many of them lived in rural areas scattered throughout the state. Two of the largest Wisconsin farming communities which blacks pioneered before the Civil War were Cheyenne Valley community, located in the Town of Forest near Hillsboro in Vernon County, and Pleasant Ridge community, located in Beetown near Lancaster in Grant County.

The Cheyenne Valley community's origin may be traced back to the arrival of its first permanent settler, Walden Stewart, a free black, in 1855. Stewart came from the South, as did many black immigrants to Wisconsin at that time. He was born in North Carolina and had moved to Illinois, where he and his family lived for twenty years, before moving on to Vernon County when he was sixty.

Between 1855 and 1859, five other free black families, including Wesley Barton from Alton, Illinois, joined the Stewarts in Vernon County. Barton Corners, now called Burr Corners, was originally named after Wesley Barton, the community's pioneer and first postmaster appointed in 1859.

Besides the prospect of cheap, fertile land and educational opportunities, the choice of Wisconsin as a new home may have been partially the result of the state's efforts to protect black citizens from the perils of the Fugitive Slave Act. Most Wisconsinites objected to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, which allowed slave catchers to enter free states with the intention of capturing escaped slaves and, in some instances, of kidnapping free blacks. The Wisconsin Supreme Court eventually defied the federal government by declaring the Fugitive Slave Act unconstitutional.

After the Civil War more blacks migrated to the rich and fertile farmland of Cheyenne Valley. Among those new arrivals in 1879 was Thomas Shivers, his sister Mary, and a brother Ashley. Although born in slavery on a Tennessee plantation in 1854, Thomas had acquired some schooling, which enabled him to apply innovative techniques in the farming of his 260 acres of land. He bought the first farm tractor in the area and by 1920 had installed a hot and cold water system and an electric light and power system in his home. Alga Shivers, one of his four sons, built a round barn on his farm and supervised the construction of several others in the area.

Within a decade after the outbreak of the Civil War, sixty-two black inhabitants comprising eleven families had settled in the Cheyenne Valley community. Twenty years later the population of the community continued to grow and prosper. Spatial integration of their farms with their white neighbors resulted in intermarriages between blacks and the Norwegians, Irish, and Bohemians who settled in the area. The wide range of occupational opportunities (farming as well as lumbering and its related trades) contributed to the flourishing of the community.



Courtesy Minnie Owens Drake

Wesley Barton, pioneer settler in Cheyenne Valley

Round barn on Shivers' farm in Cheyenne Valley community



Courtesy Flora Shivers



Cheyenne Valley's Eastman school (1905) attended by both races

Courtesy Otis Arms

The strength and prosperity of the community was based not only upon a positive economic climate, but also upon the cohesiveness and integration of its social and civic institutions. The Free Methodist Church served both black and white. The schools were completely integrated. Material support for both, including land and building construction, was donated by both black and white members of the community. Such mutually cooperative efforts were not limited to the public realm but were also reflected in a strong and binding social fabric which had its more formal expression in dances and picnics, yearly events enjoyed and supported by the community at large.

The origin of the Pleasant Ridge community goes back to 1848. It was the year the Shepards arrived by ox team from Haymarket, Virginia. The Shepard family included Charles, his wife and children, his brother Isaac, and Sarah Brown, the only member of the group who had not been freed. Isaac later returned to Virginia and purchased her freedom and that of her two children for a thousand dollars.

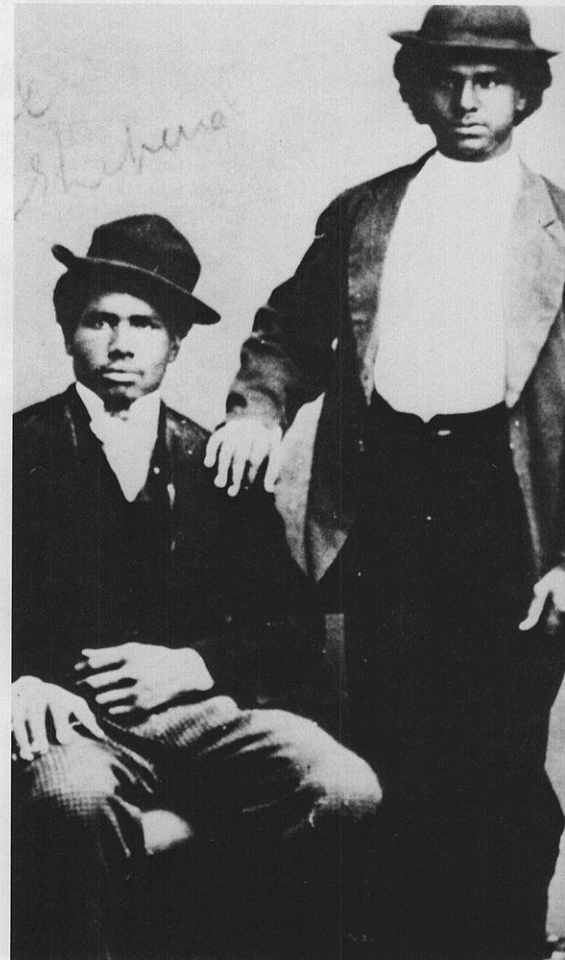
Like many immigrants to Wisconsin, the Shepards worked for a few years to earn enough money to purchase land. By the mid-fifties they were able to buy farmland at a dollar-fifty per acre. Thus, the Shepard family was the first of several black families drawn to Wisconsin by the

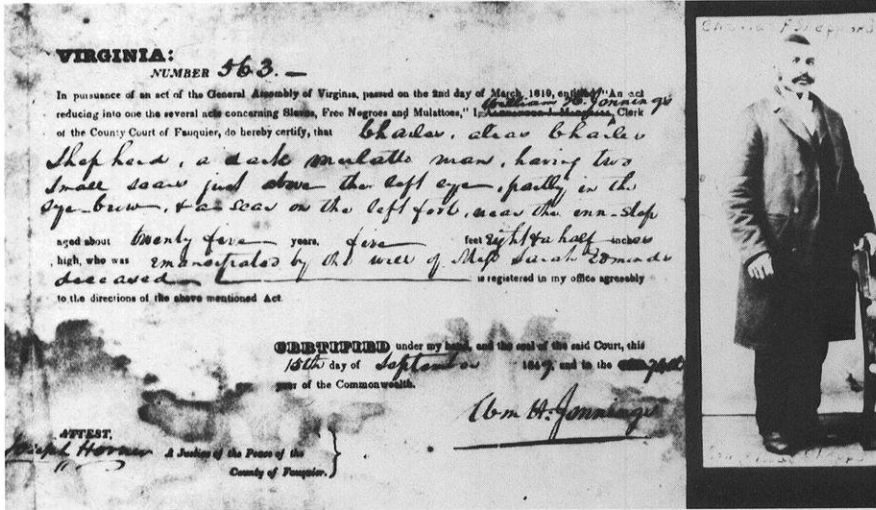
prospect of freedom who bought land and settled in Pleasant Ridge before the end of the Civil War.

In 1861 after the outbreak of the Civil War, the Grimes family arrived from Missouri followed by the Greene family. John Greene and his family, despite benevolent treatment accorded them by their owner, made repeated attempts and finally succeeded in escaping from their Missouri slave home in 1863. They valued highly the freedom to farm their own land, to raise and maintain a family, and to educate their children. A Platteville newspaper in 1936 quoted his son Thomas Greene as saying, "I saw too many families broken up on the auction block. A strong man or a good wench would bring a thousand dollars each, while owners would often give away a mammy's children to get rid of them."

After the Civil War Samuel Gadling from Tennessee and Samuel Craig from Missouri immigrated to Pleasant Ridge. Consequently, by 1895 the community consisted of these six families: the Greenses, Shepards, Gadlings, Grimeses, Richmonds, and Craigs. Farming remained the main source of income. The southwest area had once supported lead mining, but this natural resource had been exhausted. Little opportunity existed in the area for the development and promotion of trades and skills other than those directly tied to agricultural productions.

Isaac Shepard and his brother Charles, pioneer settlers in the Pleasant Ridge community





Charles Shepard and the identification paper required of all freed slaves

Greene Family Collection



Thomas Greene escaped from slavery in 1863 and settled in Pleasant Ridge in Grant County

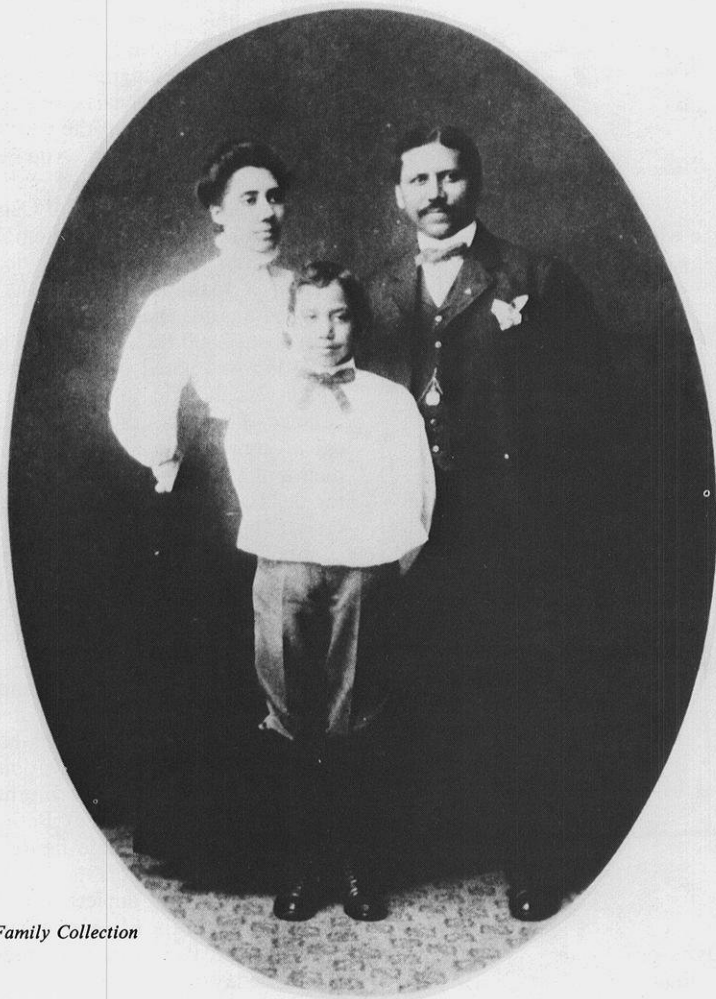


Grain and livestock were raised on the Greene family farm

Greene Family Collection



District 5 schoolhouse at Pleasant Ridge built in 1883



Lester Greene, his sister Hattie and son

Concern for the education of the children led Isaac Shepard to donate land for the Pleasant Ridge school. The school was integrated and had both black and white teachers. Most went on to graduate from Lancaster High School and several, including Sarah Greene, attended college.

Both black and white settlers joined in the building of the Church of the United Brethren in 1882. Worship previously had been held in the school.

Lester Greene was educated as a teacher and graduated from a Baptist college in Macon, Missouri. When he returned to the Pleasant Ridge community, he was unable to find a teaching position, but he finally found work as a porter on the railroad. Coming into frequent contact with wealthy businessmen, he was given advice on how to invest his money. Successful investments made him a wealthy man.

This brief exploration of the historical record reveals that the role of blacks in the development of Wisconsin was an integral and viable one. Like their white neighbors, they established rural communities based on an agricultural economy. However, the survival record of the two communities differs and can be traced to a number of factors. Members of the Pleasant Ridge settlement, because of the limited marriage pool, left the area to marry and raise families. Education ironically contributed to the population decline of the settlement, since the scarcity of local job opportunities made it necessary to seek employment elsewhere. In contrast, the Cheyenne Valley community had a broader-based economy with an active lumbering industry and related trades. There was also far greater social integration and interracial marriage. Thus by the turn of the century, the Pleasant Ridge settlement had begun to decline, while Cheyenne Valley continued to develop and expand.

Black settlement in rural Wisconsin demonstrated two significant features. One was the energy, persistence, and eventual success of those black people who chose to reside here. The other was the acceptance by the white community of these nonwhite pioneers. The interaction between blacks and whites was testament to the good sense of the people involved. Opportunities were abundant for those men and women willing to work hard to transform Wisconsin into the kind of state it is today. □

Ever wonder why a scale stands for justice? The symbol has a venerable history in the Western world.

Weighed in the Balance

By John N. McGovern

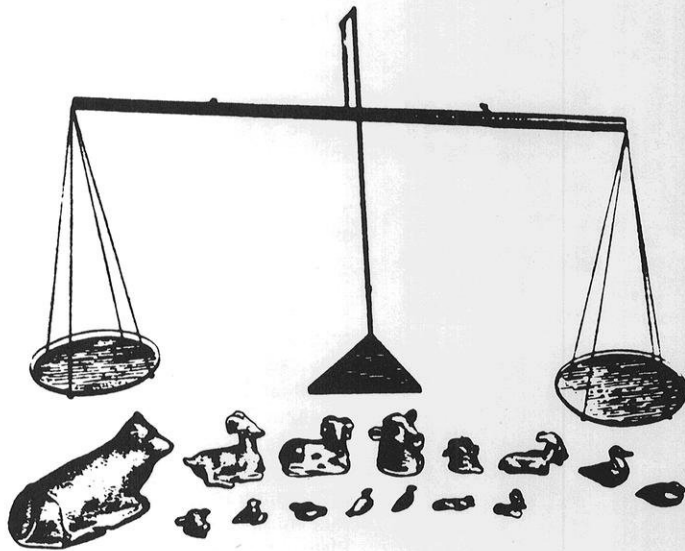


Fig. 1 Egyptian wooden balance with bronze animal and bird weights; El-Amarna; about 1350 B.C.

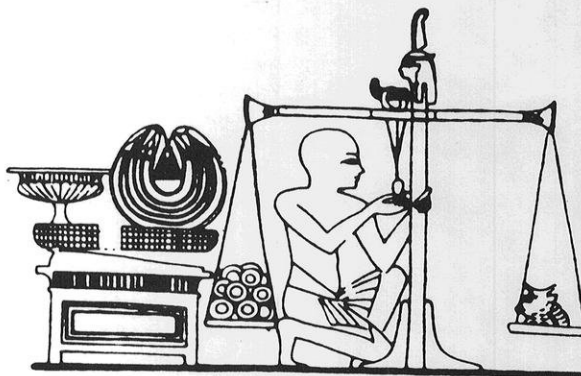


Fig. 2 A jeweler's balance of Dynasty XVIII; from a tomb at Thebes; about 1350 B.C.

Beam-balance scales using known weights of animal shapes (fig. 1) were used in the Middle East as early as the seventh millennium B.C.; this was an application of the principle of the lever. A prehistoric balance of red limestone and weights were found at Naqada, Egypt, dating from the fifth millennium B.C. These early Egyptian balances were used primarily for weighing precious metals (fig. 2). The modern analytical balance is but a refinement of the Middle East-Egyptian invention.

The concept of being weighed in the balance is probably of Egyptian origin, dating from the IVth Dynasty (third millennium B.C.). Illustrations of the weighing of the heart appear in coffin paintings and papyri of the Book of the Dead as early as the mid-second millennium. The ceremonial scene from the Papyri of Ani is one such illustration (fig. 3). The supplicant's heart, which seems to be equivalent to the man's moral nature, is weighed on giant scales against the feather, which symbolizes Maat or truth, law, justice, order. Anubis guards the balance and behind him is Thoth, scribe of the gods, who records the judgment. *Amām*, devourer of rejected hearts waits in the background in the event the man's moral nature is found wanting. Apparently if the scale balances, the dead man is said to be "justified" in the eyes of Osiris, god of the dead. The whole scene emphasizes the Egyptian belief that after death the acts of a man are judged, the moral weighed against the immoral.

In about 2000 B.C. in Babylonia a constellation was noted in the southern sky which was thought to outline a scale or balance. This was adopted as an astrological sign to be associated with the month of the judgment of the living and the dead when the gods established their fates. This constellation became Libra (symbol ♎ from the Egyptian hieroglyph for horizon), the seventh sign of the zodiac (September 22-October 23). The zodiac, the path of the main planets in the solar system, was invented by the Babylonians about 450 B.C., and a cuneiform tablet dated 419 B.C. depicting a horoscope with its Libra sign, has been found in archeological excavations. The zodiac in the mosaic floor in the sixth century A.D. synagogue at Beth Alpha in Israel depicts a female figure apparently with a crown of stars holding a scales. The complex depictions of the zodiac by artists of the fifteenth century and the astrological figures and interpretations of today employing Libra reflect the Babylonian use of scales for deciding an individual's fate.



Fig. 3 The weighing of the heart of the scribe Ani in the presence of the gods; the Papyrus of Ani; about 1500 B.C.

Fig. 4 Saint Michael; polychrome on wood; Ghirlandaio; about 1500 A.D.

Courtesy Portland Art Museum

The idea of expressing traits of human nature figuratively as weighing them in the balance is found in the Old Testament many times: justice (Job 31:6), integrity in correct weighing (Proverbs 11:1), fairness (Proverbs 20:23), and vanity (Psalms 20:23). In Revelations 6:5 the rider of the black horse is said to be holding in his hand a balance with which to apportion fair rewards of grain according to a day's work. Albrecht Durer (1471-1528) depicted this scene in a striking wood engraving. In Christian art the balance has been represented as a symbol of final judgment by the Archangel Michael holding a sword in one hand and a scale in the other for weighing the souls of the dead against the Day of Judgment (fig. 4).



Fig. 5 Wooden statue of Justice about six feet high; probably from the Skillins' workshop in Boston; about 1800 A.D.

Courtesy National Gallery of Art



In Greek mythology the golden scales are ascribed to Zeus and his consort Themis in their overseeing of law and order and weighing the destinies of people. Themis herself, who was a Titan daughter of Uranus and Gaea (Heaven and Earth), is the goddess of divine justice and is pictured in art as a woman of sober appearance holding a scale in one hand and a sword or the cornucopia of hospitality in the other (fig. 5). Themis is sometimes represented as a blindfolded figure to indicate that justice is impartial. A daughter of Zeus and Themis, Dikē, also known as the Roman Astraea, moderates legal justice and in art is shown carrying scales and wearing a crown of stars. Astraea ascended from earth to the heavens to become the constellation Virgo and the sixth sign of the zodiac after she became disenchanted with warring mankind in the Age of Bronze.

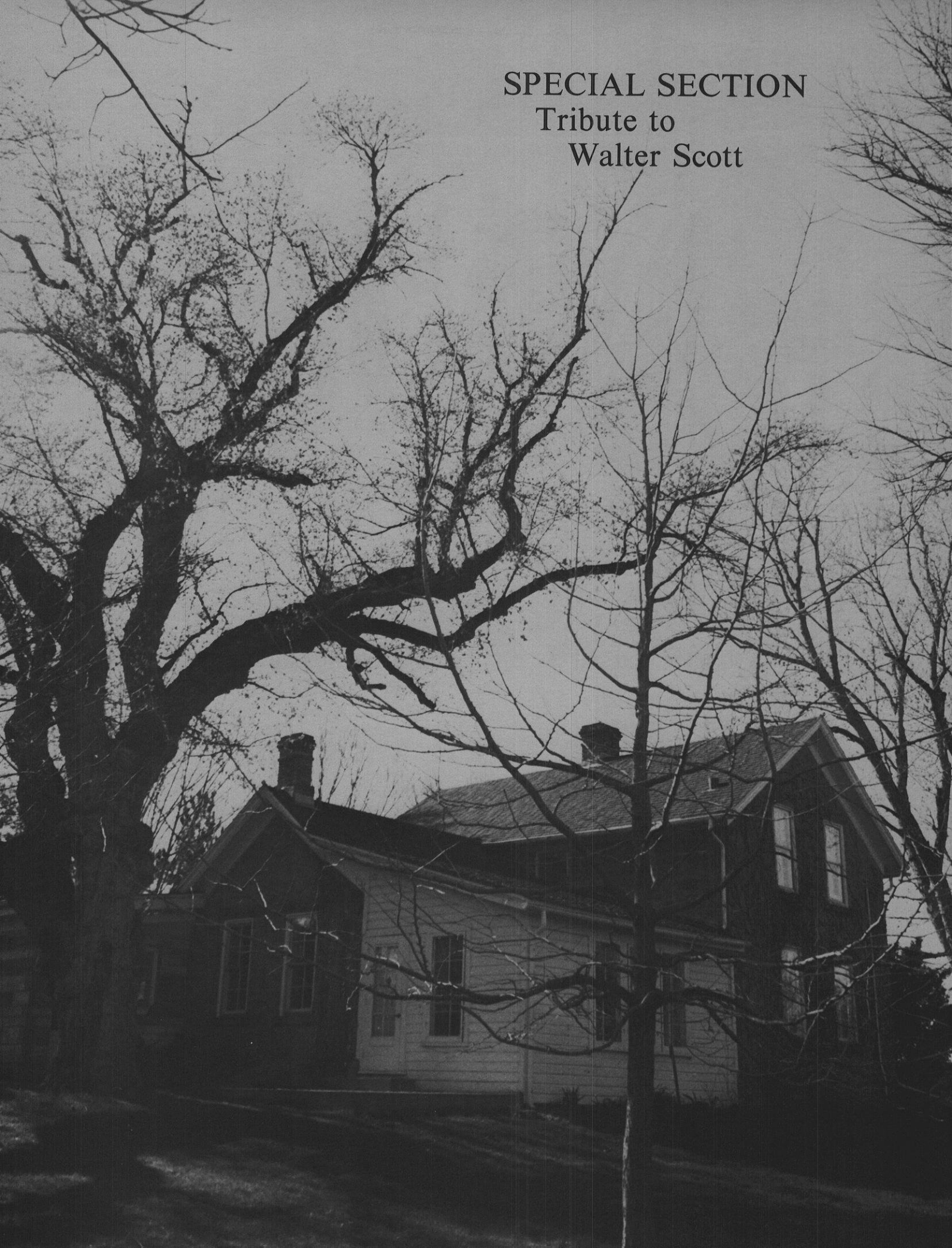
“There appeared the fingers of a man’s hand and wrote Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin . . .” (the Aramaic words mean numbered, numbered, weighed, divided) on the wall of Nebuchadnezzar’s Palace during Belshazzar’s feast at the time of the Babylonian captivity (586–38 B.C.). Daniel interpreted these words to mean that Belshazzar and his kingdom were weighed in the balance and found wanting, that the king would perish and the kingdom be divided, as indeed happened (Daniel 5:27).

From the introduction to this biblical banquet scene, we have the apocalyptic phrase “handwriting on the wall” as well as “weighed in the balance and found wanting.” From the symbolism of the balance beam scales in Western history also come such familiar expressions as “hanging in the balance,” “to tip the scales,” and the cliché of “blind justice.”

The iconography of justice has for so long made use of the scales that the image provides instant recognition of the concept throughout the Western world. Early Roman coins and modern Mexican coins which feature the lady justice holding the scales both strive to convey that the coins are minted by a “just government.” Courtrooms and newsrooms throughout this country display the lady with the scales to convince us of their just impartiality. From 3000 B.C. we have a consistent and uninterrupted history of the equation of justice with the scales. □

Figures 1 and 2 are reprinted with permission from *A History of Technology*, vol. 1, edited by Charles Singer (Oxford, 1954).

SPECIAL SECTION
Tribute to
Walter Scott



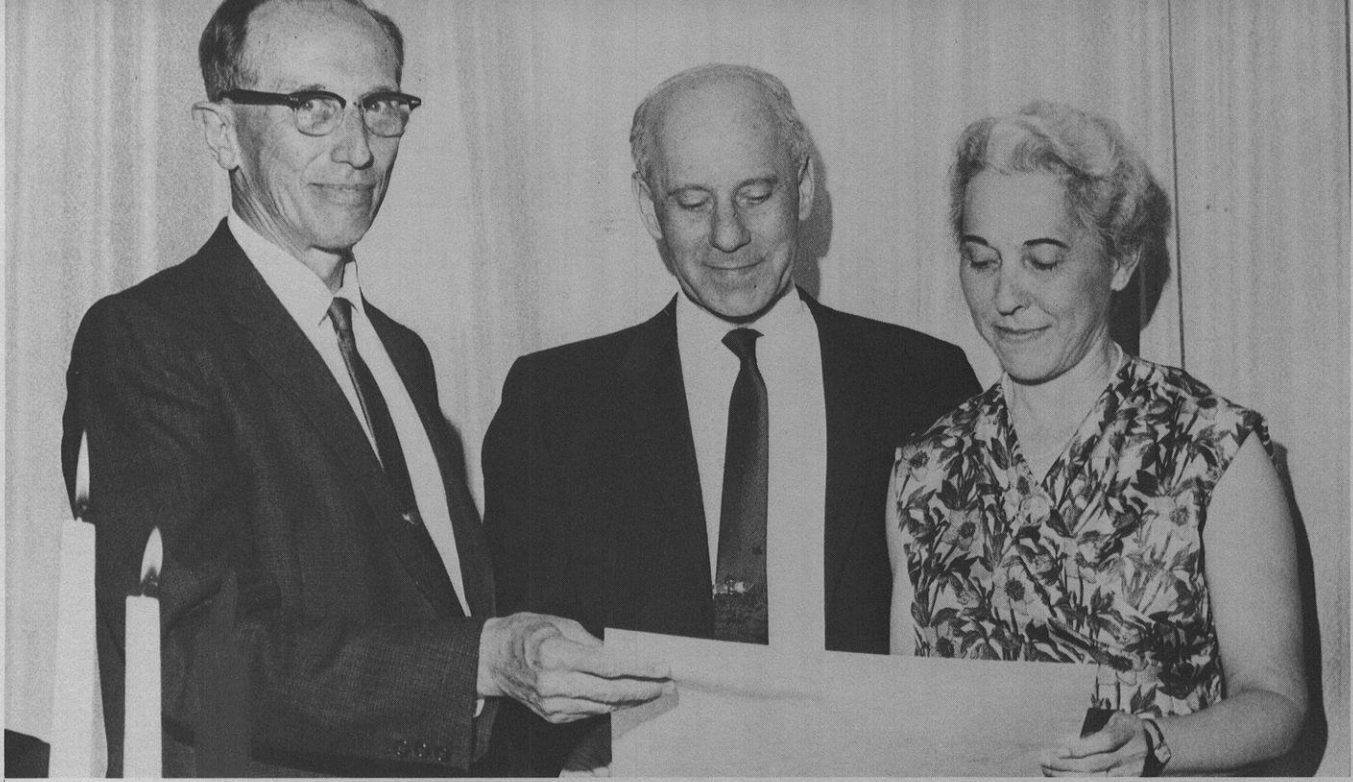


Photo courtesy Appleton Post-Crescent

Carl Welty presents the Scotts the Wisconsin Academy Distinguished Service Award at the annual meeting at Lawrence University in 1966

1981 MacQuarrie Award Presentation

Walter and Trudi Scott have won the gratitude of the citizens of Wisconsin for their years of efforts to improve the conditions of human and natural life. Perhaps no other couple in the state has demonstrated the same level of devotion to the traditions, the state of the land, the concern for the wildlife, wetlands, waterways, and fields that the Scotts have shown. As founders and editors of the publications *Wisconsin Academy Review* of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters and the *Passenger Pigeon* of the Wisconsin Ornithological Society and authors of numerous articles on the environment, their accumulated record of effort and achievement constitutes a choice resource for those interested in the history of conservation and the institutions developed to further natural history. The Scotts are thus preeminently qualified for the MacQuarrie Award which is given for outstanding achievement in environmental communications. It is with great pleasure that the Council of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters makes this distinguished award to the Scotts. Presented on April 25, 1981, with love and respect.

On the cover: Hickory Hill House, a Greek Revival style house built in 1842 on Madison's West Side a few blocks from Lake Mendota. Now the home of Walter and Trudi Scott, the house was designated a landmark in 1976 by the Madison Landmarks commission.

The *Review* Honors its Founders by Pat Powell

I first met Walter Scott when he came to the State Historical Society library to check out the sales shelves of duplicate books. As a librarian I only had contact with Scott the collector of rare and old books about Wisconsin. All the staff there were familiar with his gentle manner, sweet smile, and genuine excitement at finding a new addition to his collection. When I came to the *Review* I saw another side of Walter, for it was he and Trudi who founded the *Review* in 1954 and did the editing and writing of most of the journal for its first ten years. But it wasn't until recently that I realized what a complex person he is. In our special section of tribute six men speak of the Walter Scott they know, and his many facets begin to sparkle with natural brilliance as he is turned, examined, and appreciated from several viewpoints.

In honoring Walter with a distinguished service citation in 1966, a Centennial award in 1970, and now with the Gordon MacQuarrie Award, the Academy has joined other state organizations in recognizing Scott's achievements. To mention just a few of the awards he has received, he was given the American Motors Conservation award in 1967, the University of Wisconsin Outstanding Environmentalist award in 1976, the Distinguished Service Award of the Wisconsin Natural Resources Council in 1975, and the Wisconsin Wildlife Federation Conservationist of the Year in 1975 as well as recognition for his outstanding service by Historic Madison, the Izaak Walton League, the Dane County Conservation League, the Soil Conservation Society of America, and Nature Conservancy. This makes us begin to realize how much he has done for how many.

He Who Plants an Oak Walter Scott—Lover of Trees

By R. Bruce Allison

If trees could clap, they would be giving Walter Scott a standing ovation right now, applauding his lifetime of faithful service to their cause. Wisconsin trees never had a better friend than Walter. He has unsparingly used his considerable verbal and writing skills, his position in state government, and his creative energy as an advocate for tree appreciation and protection. When I think of Walter, I see him cruising the urban forest of his neighborhood wrapping his steel tape measure around the trunks of likely specimens, seeking not board feet but candidates for the big tree record book. I see him writing articles and giving speeches encouraging the preservation of significant Wisconsin trees. I see him pouring over stacks of state history books seeking tidbits of information which would establish a tree as famous or historic. And I see him in his own backyard arboretum planting yet another exotic species or digging up a seedling as a present to a favored guest.

Such appreciation and advocacy for trees is remarkable and unusual but not unique. Walter has many precedents from which to draw inspiration. Consider Oliver Wendell Holmes conversing with fellow boarders in *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*:

"I wonder how my great trees are coming on this summer?"

"Where are your great trees, Sir?" said the divinity-student.

"Oh, all around about New England. I call all trees mine that I have put my wedding-ring on, and I have as many tree-wives as Brigham Young has human ones."

"One set's as green as the other," exclaimed a boarder, who has never been identified.

"They're all Bloomers," said the young fellow called John.

(I should have rebuked this trifling with language, if our landlady's daughter had not asked me just then what I meant by putting my wedding-ring on a tree.)

"Why, measuring it with my thirty-foot tape, my dear," said I, "I have worn a tape almost out on the rough barks of our old New England elms and other big trees."

Walter Scott began putting his "wedding-ring" on Wisconsin trees forty years ago, measuring trunk circumferences to determine their eligibility for the big tree record book. It was in 1941 after the American Forestry Association initiated a big tree contest that Fred. G. Wilson, the Wisconsin Conservation Department's chief of cooperative forestry, was put in charge of the Wisconsin program to collect information on record trees. Walter enthusiastically measured and submitted nominations until he was drafted into the army in 1943. In 1946 upon returning to the WCD, he inherited the job of big tree record book keeper and remained in charge of it for twenty-eight years until his retirement in 1974.

This champion tree program is more than an exercise in megalomania, of course. Its purpose is to focus attention on trees, considering them as pleasing, inspiring, and worthy companions in our environment. Oliver Wendell Holmes goes on:

"Don't you want to hear me talk trees a little now? That is one of my specialties."

(So they all agreed that they should like to hear me talk about trees.)

"I want you to understand, in the first place, that I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular. Now, if you expect me to hold forth in a "scientific" way about my tree-loves, to talk, for instance, of the *Ulmus Americana*, and describe the ciliated edges of the samara, and all that, you are an anserine individual, and I must refer you to a dull friend who will discourse to you of such matters. What should you think of a lover who should describe the idol of his

heart in the language of science. . . .

"No, my friends, I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sun-shades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge, but limited organisms. . . ."

Like the whales, also "huge, but limited organisms," trees are often endangered by human callousness. In his article, "Preserving Wisconsin's Historical and Scenic Trees," (*Lore—Milwaukee Public Museum*, vol. 3, no. 4, Autumn 1953, pp. 98-104) Walter tells the tragic stories of magnificent specimen trees that were cut down unjustly, such as a giant hackberry that was felled in 1950 over the local residents' objections, to widen highway 30. As William Blake stated (in a "Letter to Dr. Trusler"): "The tree that moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way." But Scott also tells stories with happier endings, like that of the Dean Oak whose owner, Charles K. Dean of Boscobel, bequeathed his favorite tree the land on which it grew so that no future owner could abuse it.

Walter, in identifying historic trees and encouraging their preservation, carries on a Wisconsin tradition. Increase Lapham, the state's earliest scientist and scholar wrote in 1856:

Trees, beside being useful, are ornamental; they enter largely into the material of the landscape-gardener. Desolate indeed would be our dwellings were their environs entirely treeless. They are associated with our early recollections and become in a great degree companions of our lives; and we unconsciously form strong attachments for such as grow near our homes, thus increasing our love of home, and improving our hearts.

("The Oak Trees of Wisconsin," *Wisconsin Farmer and Northwestern Cultivator*, Madison, vol. 8, no. 2, February 1856, pp. 62-65)

Lapham, as chairman of Wisconsin's first Forestry Commission in 1867, again counseled tree preservation in the "Report on the Disastereous Effects of the Destruction of Forest Trees, now going on so rapidly in the State of Wisconsin."

Ernest Brunken, secretary of the special Forestry Commission which drafted the legislation to establish the state's original forestry program in 1898 also

saw the importance of identifying and preserving specimen trees. In his article, "Some Remarkable Trees in the Vicinity of Milwaukee," (*Bulletin of Wisconsin Natural History Society*, Milwaukee, vol. 1, no. 1, January 1900), he writes of notable trees and suggests that "it would be well if a record of them was made by people interested in fine trees."

Walter has done his share of recording such trees. In December 1974, school children studying the history of Walter's home neighborhood along the southwestern shore of Lake Mendota, asked his help in locating large oaks that might have "witnessed" the retreat of Black Hawk and his followers in July 1832. Walter went one step further and spent the Christmas-New Year's holiday conducting an extensive survey of the trees within a one-mile radius. He measured and recorded over 700 trees, then compared his observations with those made in 1835 by the original government surveyors. Not only did he locate the large and historic trees as requested, but he also came to some interesting conclusions on the changes in vegetation that had occurred during the 140-year interval. ("The Heritage of the Spring Harbor-Mendota Beach Heights Neighborhood, Dane County, Wisconsin," *Botanical Club of Wisconsin Newsletter*, vol. 7, no. 2, April 1975)

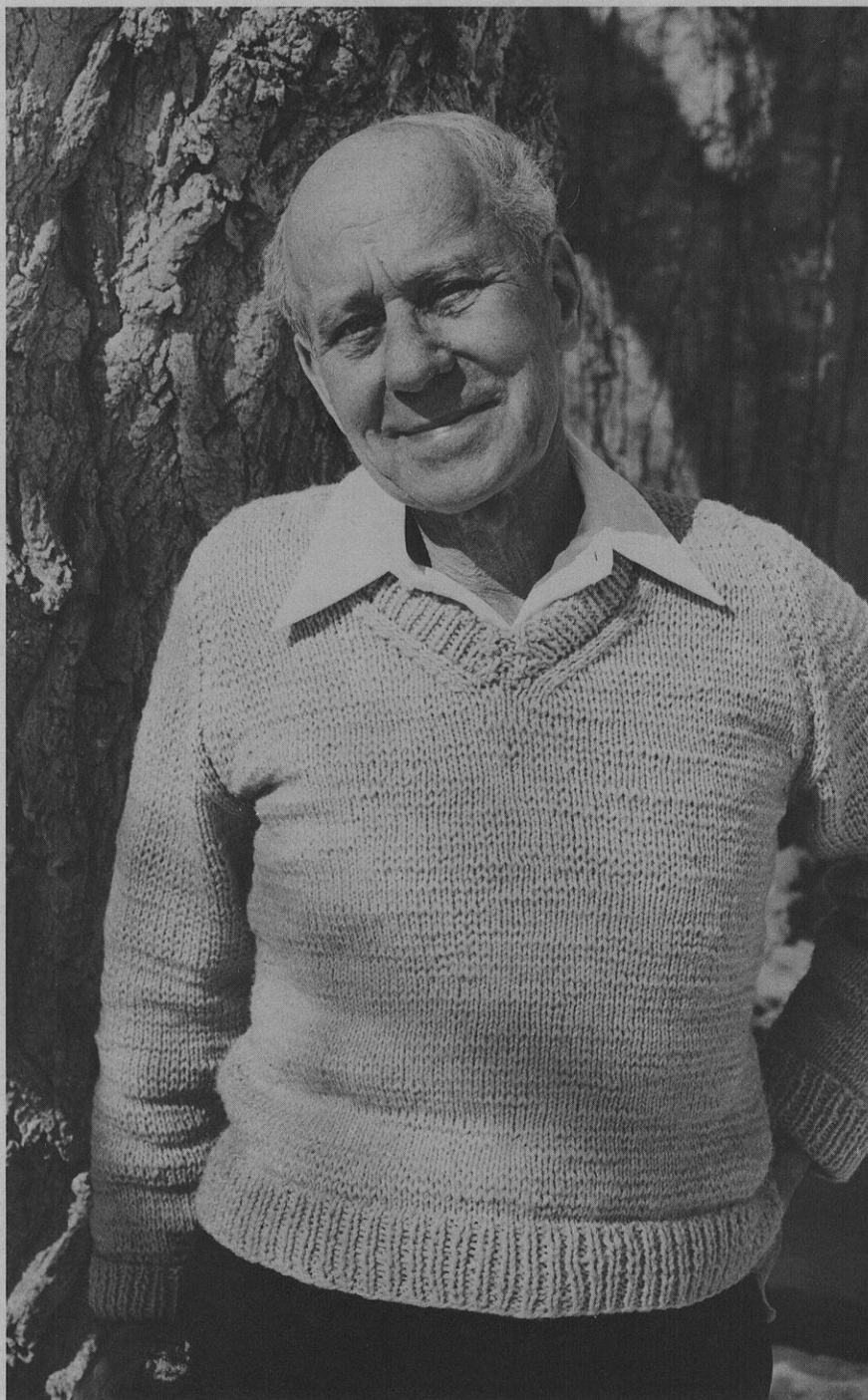
The following year he rose to the challenge of the American Bicentennial and conducted a survey of the oak trees within an eight-mile radius of the state capitol in search of bicentennial trees. His list upon completion totaled 365 oaks. ("Our Oldest Oaks—A Living Heritage," *The Capital Times*, August 11, 1976, pp. 53-54)

It is not surprising that Walter, when pressed by a newspaper reporter last Arbor Day, chose oak as his favorite Wisconsin tree. And it is not that he is unfamiliar with other species—his backyard arboretum at Hickory Hill House contains over 100 different species. Yet I can believe that it is oak which he enjoys planting most, for, as Washington Irving observed long ago in *Forest Trees*:

He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, or enjoy its shelter: but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields.

Walter poses in front of his box elder at Hickory Hill House, 1980

B-Wolfgang Hoffman



A Note About A Great And Curious Friend

By Robert E. Gard

Many years ago when I first had come to Wisconsin, I was paid an unexpected visit in my Science Hall office by a gentleman of middle height, slender, wide mouth, a rather large head, eyes filled with what seemed to me to be a depthless kind of interest, and something else. I soon identified what it was: curiosity. I believe, even at that long-ago time when I was new in Wisconsin (with dreams of literary and dramatic development), and he was a game management superintendent for the then Department of Wisconsin Conservation, that he had more general interest in the state than anyone. First of all he wanted to know what I planned to do in Wisconsin. He explained that he was deeply concerned with the cultural welfare of the Wisconsin people, and that, even as he had a deep feeling for the wildlife and the condition of the Wisconsin woods and wetlands, so he hoped that he might be of some assistance to those who had a desire to write poetry or to express themselves in art.

Had I been better informed about the unusual people who had lived in Wisconsin, I would have immediately known that I was in the presence of one who had a sense of state service and a sense of duty to his fellowman beyond most. I would somehow have known that I was talking to a unique individual and that he and I would remain close friends from that moment forward. I recall that he mentioned during that first visit that he was keenly interested in some of the pioneers who had collected the earliest information on state geology, botany, agriculture, soils, and lake ecology. At that time, I, a newcomer, was impressed with what seemed to be an outstanding Wisconsin spirit of concern for people and of a certain multi-national character stamped on the settlement of the land, and of the ethnic character which still flavored the state. But I knew little about individuals this visitor described: Increase Allen Lapham was one, I remember, first scientist and author of what was apparently the first book in hard covers to be published in the Territory (Hale, Milwaukee, 1944), *A Geographical and Topographical De-*

scription of Wisconsin, which informed so many of the early settlers in America and Europe about the land in which they dreamed of making homes. I remember, I believe, that it was my visitor (who by this time had identified himself as Walter E. Scott of the Department of Conservation), who told me about Lapham's discovery of weather prediction and his long research to show officers of the federal government that lives could have been saved on the Great Lakes by storm predictions. And Scott told me about Philo Romyne Hoy, physician of Racine, tireless collector and friend of Lapham, who with Lapham identified the insect life and flora and preserved a monumental record of Wisconsin wild birds. Curiosity—that was what Scott was talking about, the curiosity that led a few early residents to take note of the condition of the land in which they pioneered, to record the physical state, wildlife, and plants which grew in early-day profusion upon the prairies and within the woodlands and marshes.

I was soon to learn that Walter Scott was himself of this noble breed of curiosity-motivated persons who preserve so much for future generations. That was why he wanted to know what I was going to do in Wisconsin. I thought it was a somewhat brash question at the time; but later on I understood what he meant. He wanted to know what I was going to do to help carry forward the traditions set by Lapham and Hoy and others. In our first meeting I fumbled and stumbled in trying to articulate my purposes, but he never let up. We had many subsequent visits. Always he was after me to know what I had been doing. Where had I gone? What had I written about Wisconsin?

I suppose it was Scott, among others, who gave me the endless urge to keep recording what I saw and felt about the state and her people. I am sure that he and I both knew that I was no Increase Lapham, but he insisted that I join the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, that I join with him and others to encourage deeper, more important

studies of the state, to stimulate writing and art of credit to our whole tradition which early recognized such aspects as vital.

God knows, Walter Scott, I have tried. I never tried at one tenth the level of the effort you made. I never dreamed how much you knew about what I was doing . . . it wasn't until you, Walter, had retired in 1975, that I began to find in my mailbox complete files of publications which I myself had stimulated: ("Creative Wisconsin," "Pen and Plow," "Wisconsin Idea Theatre Quarterly"). I did not have complete files myself, but here you came, Scott, retiree from Conservation (DNR now, of course) giving me back items which you had been preserving since I had arrived in the state. How did you do it?

I was to learn that I was not the only protegee over whom you watched with such critical eye. There were others, maybe hundreds, who began, in those years of the late 1970s to receive packages of publications in their mailboxes—usually a small card was thrust in somewhere: "Compliments of Walter Scott. You did it! Good luck!"

I suppose Scott has now dispersed his vast library. It must have been worth a fortune, but I would bet that many of the rare items have gone back to persons with whom programs were associated. Scott knew about them all. His house on Hickory Hill was unquestionably the foremost "rare book and publication" house in Wisconsin. He was a friend of anyone who (1) loved Wisconsin (2) was trying against odds (3) respected the past (4) wanted a better life and carefully preserved land.

No more space for tribute is needed. I look upon what I have done in Wisconsin, minor though it may be, as a small tribute to Scott who certainly did what he could to keep me at it. In the human history of Wisconsin he deserves a cenotaph a hundred feet high. But that would be too ostentatious for Walter. The memory of this great man in many human hearts is what will count. He is one of the great men of Wisconsin.

Walter E. Scott: Ornithologist

By Robert A. McCabe

The Boy Scouts of America can claim that it has helped mold the lives of athletes, TV personalities, and a president, among others; and among the others was Walter E. Scott whose effort to obtain a bird-study merit badge in 1925 resulted in a lifelong interest and activity in the field of ornithology. Later he became an instructor in bird study at a Milwaukee Boy Scout camp in Waukesha county. Here he also developed a nature study museum that brought him in contact with such birdmen as Owen Gromme and Murl Deusing of the Milwaukee Public Museum.

At Kalamazoo College (Michigan) he majored in biology. He reported seeing 124 species of birds between February 3 and May 27, 1933 in Kalamazoo. He continued to a MSc degree at K.C. Bird banding was also one of Walter's ornithological activities, and in 1937 he became a member of the American Ornithologists' Union. He holds that membership today.

His entire professional life has been with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, a career that began in 1934 as a game warden with the then Wisconsin Conservation Department. Two years later he was transferred to the Game Management Division where he took charge of the Wisconsin Pittman-Robertson research program on wildlife. Since then he has served in a variety of positions in the DNR. In the years prior to retirement (1975) he was the assistant to the director (now secretary) where his knowledge of conservation matters played a substantial role in decision making. Of particular importance was Walter's expertise in the history of the conservation movement in Wisconsin.

To sustain his interest in birds, he joined the Madison Bird Club and was one of a small cadre of ornithologists from that club who spawned the idea of a statewide bird group. Even before there were any articles of organization, an interim slate of officers was selected from the Madison Bird Club. Walter Scott was the editor of its monthly bulletin called *The Passenger Pigeon*. Volume One, Number One is dated January 1939. A constitution and bylaws and first slate of officers for the newly formed society were not drawn up until May 1939. Walter Scott played a major role in the formation of the society as one of its founders and con-

tributed substantially over the years to the success of its journal. He continued as editor for five years, and the publication carrying the original name is still the quarterly journal of the organization known as the *Wisconsin Society for Ornithology*. In 1949 he served as the WSO president.

One of his major contributions to ornithology was a leading role in the dedication of a monument to the Passenger Pigeon erected in Wyalusing State Park in 1947 by the WSO. He was involved in the concept and in developing the program, including the editing of a special publication on that historical event entitled *Silent Wings*. It includes one of Aldo Leopold's best known essays, "On a Monument to the Pigeon."

Walter was also a member of the Kumlilien Club, a Madison bird club extant between 1935 and 1960, and participated actively during its tenure.

During his professional career, Walter Scott accumulated a library on history and natural history including works in ornithology. In recent years he has given much of this valuable library to educational institutions such as the departmental collection of the Department of Wild-

life Ecology at U.W. Generosity has been a Scott hallmark, for he has given freely of his time, energy, and worldly goods to furthering knowledge in the field of conservation, natural history, and in particular his first love, the study of birds.

He and his wife Trudi have recently completed a comprehensive bibliography of Wisconsin birds, part of which will accompany the text of *Birds of Wisconsin* by Sam Robbins (U.W. Press, soon to be released). Eleven complete draft copies of the bibliography have been distributed to libraries and to DNR. To that bibliography he has contributed over sixty articles on a variety of subjects directly or indirectly concerning ornithology.

Walter Scott never relinquished his interest in birds even when duty guided his pen into other areas. The Scott home on Hickory Hill is not only a house with a legacy of local history, it has been a haven for birds, encouraged by a never-empty bird feeder.

The WASAL salutes Walter E. Scott as a man of many endearing attributes. He has been an Academy president with a sense of history and has always been a kind and considerate gentleman who enjoys people as well as birds of passage.

Walter and Trudi in 1970



Walter and WASAL

By Norman Olson

As soon as one hears the name Walter E. Scott, two adjectives come to mind: dedicated and efficient. His dedication to WASAL is and has been complete and completely unselfish. So much so in fact that officers, council members, and committee members through the years have always turned to him to test the temper of their motivation in any proposed activity.

Whether filling the enormously responsible job of Centennial Chairman, or merely sitting in at an Academy council meeting, Walter is alert to the implications of every action performed or contemplated. It is always a pleasant experience to see him come into a meeting room, slightly leaning forward, radiating the urgency with which he and his wife Trudi, have always regarded Academy business. But part of the urgency is converted immediately into a friendly smile, hand shake, and "hello" to everyone there.

As soon as he is seated, he produces a legal-size yellow tablet. Next he takes the cap from a large businesslike pen. (We see at once that it is a fountain pen, not one of those new-fangled ball-point pens with their greasy, unreliable inks.) At the top of the page he writes the what, where, and when of the meeting and is almost impatient to get down to business.

Walter takes meticulous notes. Secretaries of WASAL may come and go, but the detailed record of items discussed and business transacted is laid up somewhere in the archives of Hickory Hill. What a history of the Academy is there! Memory is unreliable. Walter's detailed notes over the years are documentation for what really happened.

Most members of the Academy are authorities in their chosen fields. They supply a plethora of knowledge in the sciences, or the arts, or the humanities. To which of these disciplines does Walter belong? The answer is "None." Why? Because, paradoxically, all of these disciplines belong to *him!*

I suppose one would have to say that primarily he is a scientist. His life work and several of his hobbies are permanently bonded to the so-called natural sciences.

But to identify him solely as a scientist would be like categorizing Increase Lapham a "weather man." The Academy functions in a somewhat relaxed manner, with a rotation of its presidents to insure

that none of its three "departments" is neglected. Whatever star of the three is in the ascendant, Walter is able to participate creatively and administratively.

No sketch of Walter and his extended role of leadership-service to the Academy would be complete without mention of his ability to articulate his thoughts precisely at its meetings. He lets his fellow members know exactly where he stands. Should your viewpoint differ from his, it will usually be profitable to review your data in the light of his logic.

Walter Scott—Preservationist And Voyageur

By Gordon D. Orr, Jr.

It seems as though I have known Walter Scott for years and years; he is that kind of man. Immediately you have that feeling of having shared experiences and ideas, and it is just natural that you would with the warm feeling of valued friendship.

Walter's interest in historic preservation brought us together when the Taychopera Foundation was established in Madison, as the first group to express concern for the built environment—that it be preserved and lovingly used. As the City of Madison became more deeply involved in preservation, it became apparent that the city did need a general historical society to fill a void in its activities. Both Walter and I were asked to join in the organizing activities, and the colleagues on the committee worked under Walter's guidance, as chairman, to draft the bylaws, petition the State Historical Society, and fulfill the obligations of incorporation. His leadership brought Historic Madison, Inc. into being, and we all enjoyed working with Walter in this venture.

Shortly after the organization was launched, I was asked to edit the *Journal of Historic Madison*, and I sought Walter's assistance. After all, he had ably demonstrated his ability at publication with the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. This began a six year association of Walter, Cleo Sonnedecker, and myself. We enjoyed each other's company as we debated merits of manuscripts, as we challenged our board to increase the scope of publication, and as we saw the final product leave the press room. Walter liked contributing to the publication, and his

Standing beside Walter in his long years of service to the Academy is his wife, Trudi. They make a team that has given more to the Academy in loving service than has ever been done by anyone in the past. A logical prediction is that it will never be equalled in the future. For those who might aspire to attain a record of such heights of accomplishment, it must be pointed out that their record of service continues on—and on.

regular column on "Four Lakes Notes and Anecdotes" was applauded time and time again by our readers. He searched the archives at the State Historical Society to provide us with good illustrations. As we selected the illustrations for Jim Marshal's article on the Madison Park System, Walter was ecstatic about a photo with a wild turkey by the edge of a park. To insure its inclusion in the article, he generously offered to obtain another photo with a canoe in the lagoon to make a fair trade with me. Walter bubbled with ideas for the publication, and it became a better magazine because of him.

Walter introduced me to a group of his friends who shared common bonds of a love for the outdoors; during the five dinner meetings a year of the Voyageurs, we talked and listened to fishing exploits, avalanche research, wilderness trips, history of the fur-trading voyageurs of Canada, and yes, Wisconsin, too!

Trudi and Walter were generous in opening their home and grounds to visits by the membership of Historic Madison. Their pride in Hickory Hill made that nomination as a Madison Landmark one of the most complete that had ever been presented before the city.

I have known Walter for a relatively short period, perhaps but a decade, and yet if other friends have had similar or grander experiences, I can only imagine how great theirs has been. We have many ways of measuring our lives, and I must think that one of my blessings has been the opportunity to work with Walter Scott.

My Reflections on Walter Scott—Environmentalist

By Daniel O. Trainer

If Wisconsin had a Hall of Fame for Conservationists, the name of Walter Scott would occupy a prominent spot. His contributions, both direct and indirect, to conservation and the natural resources of Wisconsin have been numerous and outstanding.

Walter was educated as a biologist and practiced this profession during the early phases of his career. Later he obtained graduate degrees in philosophy and political science, and these disciplines were integrated into subsequent phases of his career. The multi-disciplinary education and training were reflected in his environmental philosophy as well as his resource management problems and their solution.

Without a doubt, Walter Scott has a deep commitment to and has made significant contributions towards providing Wisconsin with a quality environment. This is well documented in the countless articles which he has authored for both popular and scientific publications. His multi-disciplinary articles include such diverse subjects as water resources, watershed management, water legislation, biology, wildlife management, forestry, law enforcement, and conservation administration. He has a special interest in Wisconsin history and has published on the history of the lumbering industry, the history of trapping and fishing, the history of conservation organizations, the history of conservation wardens, and even the history of Wisconsin record trees.

In addition to this love for writing and the importance of these contributions, Walter has also contributed to conservation literature by serving as editor for the *Passenger Pigeon*; the *Wisconsin Academy Review*; the *Gordon MacQuarrie Foundation* for Conservation Communications; and the formal publications of several state and national organizations. In addition he served as secretary-treasurer of the Association of Midwest Fish and Game Commissioners, the conservation coordinator for the Outdoor Recreation Act Program, and secretary of the Wisconsin Council of State Agencies.

As an employee of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources for thirty

years, Walter served his state as conservation warden, game management supervisor, editor, and administrative assistant to the director of the Department. This variety of responsibilities and activities provided him with a holistic view of the DNR and their environment responsibilities.

Even his hobbies encompassed natural resources and its management; his library consists of more than 5,000 books which were collected over a period of forty years. His home bulged with these publications, and since retirement he has been casing these books and donating them to various libraries throughout the state so that others can benefit from the knowledge, the philosophy, and experiences contained in them. Almost 1,000 books and publications have been given to the College of Natural Resources, UW-Stevens Point, where they are found in the "Walter Scott Wildlife Collection" in the College of Natural Resources. These rare and exciting books provide young people and researchers an opportunity to benefit from what has preceded them in the environmental area. First-hand experiences can be shared with authors such as Theodore Roosevelt, Durward Allen, George Grinnel, Izaak Walton, and Aldo Leopold which allow the student to experience the thrill of waterfowling in the 1950s, falconry in the 1700s, angling in the 1830s, and studying the environmental ethics of Native Americans prior to the arrival of Europeans. Such a gift is not limited to the University; it is for Wisconsin and its future.

The professional expertise and commitment of Walter Scott to Wisconsin and its environment has been recognized by his peers, and he has served as president of the Wisconsin Society of Ornithology; the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters; the Gordon MacQuarrie Foundation; the Madison Chapter of the American Society of Public Administrators; as well as an officer in numerous other professional organizations. Walter has been and still is an active member of more than seventy organizations. He has written hundreds of publications, and edited numerous journals, won numerable awards, and provided sound ecological and political direc-

tion to state leaders; all of which has contributed significantly to Wisconsin and its leadership role in environmental management. He was a true civil servant who always was working for Wisconsin and its people.

Walter Scott was not the headline grabber, but rather the headline maker. For example, environmental education became a new and exciting discipline in the early 1970s, yet Walter was expounding on the philosophy and need for integrated resource management and ecological approach in education long before the term was coined. Similar foresight existed in the area of water resources, watershed management, and water quality. He was aware of and promoting environmental quality and integrated resource management long before the environmental movement of the sixties. Here is a man with a vision and appreciation of our environment.

His love and respect for Wisconsin and its environment will live forever in his writings, through his editing, and via his gifts. A major concern of Walter's has been that as a result of constant population pressures we must work harder and harder to insure future generations a quality environment, such as we inherited. He practiced what he preached and Wisconsin is much better because of him.

Walter Scott was an environmentalist before his time: a leader in the development of sound management programs in integrated resource management, wild river preservation, the control of DDT, the development of outdoor recreation programs, and water resource protection. His historical perspective provided him with an outstanding environmental conscience and his entire life was dedicated to Wisconsin and its natural resources. There is no one who has worked harder to make Wisconsin a better place to live.

Perhaps the highest compliment I could pay this man is to report that during my many years in Wisconsin in conservation and environmental circles, I have yet to meet an individual who did not respect and like Walter Scott. This hard-earned trust is living testimonial to the key role that he has played in Wisconsin's environmental history. We all benefit from his legacy. □

Old Camp

By Justin Isherwood



Most farms have at least one, a corner run a little wild, forty acres on its own recognizance.

Laziness had something to do with it, but not laziness precisely. There was other ground to clear, tree by tree and stump by shoveled-out stump. And roots to pick. The ground was infested with roots—thick ones you had to chop at, the axe dulling against the sand and gravel. Did no good to sharpen, it was dull so quick again. A kind of meanness got ahold of you. Sharp didn't matter, just hammer away. Beat them loose, pound them out. The damn roots infected and poisoned a man. Roots heaved at and roots pulled, and root-ruined shoulders, the muscle jerked loose, sockets jammed, bones chipped. Roots lamed a man, leaving him out of balance like an unhinged door, bitter at what he had to do to get a piece of land; all 'cause of those damn roots, those goddamn roots.

Grandmother called it old camp. Her face suggested more the countenance of tree or rock than person. With a memory, a depth of awareness that seemed a cold subterranean conduction of things past, like a large fieldstone rolled out by the plow to hiss and spill vapors on the warm loam.

Old camp was crooked ground run to

swamp grass and cattails in the swales, crowfoot, sweet fern, and sand burrs on the ridges. For sandland it was stony, the price of being in the morning shadow of the Buena Vista hills. A good place to let be. Some part may have been duty, an unwritten, inarticulate code that some place be left alone. Not even in dreams to take a plow, disc or quack-digger to it. A tithe to something never quite fit to words. Something to do with Indians, glaciers, and those goddamn roots.

A creek claimed one full edge of old camp. Across the stream was a tamarack swamp. Tamarack wasn't of much use except for occasional shed rafters, and then only if hurry counted for more than nice, and if you didn't mind the roof spitting out the nails after a few hot summers. The tannery did buy tamarack bark though.

Old camp and the swamp came into the family on account of the tamarack. They said times were hard. Sure, the family got along all right, there was food and firewood; it was cash money that was absent. The crop had been successful enough, but wheat wasn't worth anything nor were the potatoes. Tamarack came in handy. Everybody did it. Strip the bark, lay it in pitchy bundles and tie together with string, then haul it to town to ship to a Milwaukee tannery.

The low ground parcels were government lots and had been so since the treaty days. Nobody was dumb enough to buy them, you didn't need to own them. Commerce, thence, in tamarack properties was at a minimum. Which was about when the government land agent found the tamarack had been taken without proper benefit of wedlock. He lay hold of the idea that each farmer in the proximity would be politely asked to buy a forty or two, or three, kinda judging from the newness of the window curtains. In the next couple of years every near farm duly recorded the addition of one or several government parcels in the assessment rolls.

The house where I was raised was typical of Wisconsin farm country: two stories, white clapboard, three chimneys, stone basement, a wood shed later converted to a car garage. The house was divided; my parents had half, my grandparents half, that domain referred to as "the other part." The boundary line was two double doors with four inlaid pine panels and brass knobs.

Breakfast was the time to be in "the other part." My parents' side had its bottle-gas stove, square blond furniture and television set. "The other part" was ruled by a wood-burning kitchen stove, furniture of oak stained almost black, heavy

furniture that wasn't moved around much. A pine rocking chair permanently installed by the south window and an awkward stuffed chair done in purple by the bookshelf and reading lamp.

In the mornings while Grandma waited in her coat for the stove to grip the air in the kitchen, she'd tell us stories letting her voice run unattended.

Indians lived on the back forty when she moved here, members of a tribe with a reservation on the upper Wolf. An unspoken agreement implied they could stay on the back forty if they liked; the low ground wasn't farmable anyway, and the Indians kept an eye on the heifers and didn't really bother anybody. They did ask for rides to town and would trade cranberries, blueberries and blackberries for chickens and lame, two-tit cows.

"Grandpa would go to old camp on Sunday mornings saying the fences needed repair or a calving cow was missing. He had a tendency to go before church so I'd have to go myself, though he'd get the rig ready. I didn't mind his missing church, he would have done that anyway. It was that he came home different. Affected somehow; with a vacant look to his face, he'd look up from his plate and focus his eyes on something beyond and behind me. Or if he was watching me, it was like he was sighting through a gun barrel. He reeked of tobacco and his pants were dusty. He was for awhile like a stranger in my house and at my table.

"So I took the rig myself. Church and he never quite saw eye to eye. Oh, he liked to talk afterwards and smoke on the church steps in the sunlight. I always gave him a look like it wasn't to be done on the premises.

"In the early days I was afraid that an Indian lived in the woodpile. Not that I ever said so. I'd make him get firewood most times and always if some was needed after dark. A lot of women were afraid of Indians and woodpiles; a regular disease it was in the township. If he was late coming in from the barn, he'd find me breathless and pale from getting the wood myself. Once he said he watched me from the barn as I snuck up on the pile and grabbed a couple sticks, then ran madly back to the house. Some menfolk took the whole pile apart to prove there wasn't a savage hiding in there. But there were men who wouldn't visit their woods alone.

"He went to the old camp pretty regular on the Sunday mornings of spring, which was the worst time to be in church. The place so cold from being unheated all week your feet hurt. Then the fire in the stove would take hold making it so hot with the sun coming in the windows that shoes showed damp from the sweat running down your body and legs. The men in their wool suits, buttoned up vests, and starched collars. Women suffered too, the clothes glued to them. Because it was church no one bothered with the

stove, though we all watched it as the chimney pipe glowed. The air around the pipe wiggled with the heat. A picture of the Last Supper seen around the pipe shook so badly the figures left their chairs to dance, the stove pipe made their sad mouths break into laughter.

"Indian children laughed alot. He saw them down by the creek, splashing in the water, the snow hardly gone. The water was too cold even in summer to stay in for long, but the women would go wash themselves there. They weren't afraid of being naked. Not like white folks. He said they were pretty in the sunlight, like wild creatures, not all fettered up in corsets and underwear. Their wet brown bodies ricocheted the light. The cold water made their breasts tight, their nipples black like pools of swamp water. He thought it was pretty the way their legs joined the body. He never saw me that way, I mean whole. Now I think it was a shame and a waste.

"You could see old camp from the house," she said. "The smoke rising straight up in the still evening air, smoke of cooking fires. With darkness the fires on the sand ridges could be seen, like stars hugged tight to the ground. They left all of a sudden. At first I was pleased, pleased to be rid of them. Now I miss them. Miss the light of their campfires. They made stars seem close, closer than they are now."

She has been dead a long time, he even longer. Buried in the township cemetery by the river where it makes a hard west turn to the rapids. Across the road from the cemetery is a sand bluff called yellow banks, an Indian buryin' ground. If such things matter at all, they must like it that way, the comfortable presence of brown-bodied people.

It is easy to envision old camp in the mornings before the mists slip away. And put bark lodges and fire circles on the sand ridges above the creek. A good, dry camp, close to water, plenty of pople for quick fires. In the spring when fog gathers in the low ground and slowly envelopes the ridges, then it seems the Indians have returned. The spell enhanced by a squeaky flight of ducks and the amorous hollerings of sand-hill cranes from the swamp. There are spring holes in the swamp no wider across than a man. Some so deep and black it is hard to find a stick long enough to touch the bottom and invisible when leaves skim the surface. A man can be lost in these pools, taken whole, never seen or heard from again.

I have bathed in the creek. Its cold numbs the feet and squeezes out a shout when the pale body touches the water. The laughter is spontaneous. □



The Digital Revolution: Computers, Information, and Society

By Richard L. Roe

It took an 1848 gold seeker about ninety days to get to California from the East Coast. Today, a traveler can fly from New York to California in five hours. In 1950 an office of bookkeepers and clerks took several weeks to produce a company's quarterly report. Today a computer can complete the job overnight.

Task-time, whether for work or pleasure has shrunk. We measure travel time in hours and days instead of months. A computer can do arithmetic problems in nanoseconds (billionths of a second) instead of the "give me a few minutes" with pad and paper.

If you call an airline company to book a flight to San Francisco, your reservation is recorded immediately and your bill calculated in minutes by one individual. If you see an expensive sweater in a store window and need cash you may go to a "Redi-Teller," insert your card, punch the right numbers, get your money, and go make your purchase. This is the high speed digital computer in action.

Instant credit and fast travel service symbolize the role of computer technology in our daily lives. Yet the computer and its relatives are only in their childhood. New uses for the machine appear daily. The rate at which the computer revolution is overtaking us makes it necessary to understand what this tool can do and how it works.

The first operating computer came along in World War II. Scientists and engineers built the machine for the U.S. Army, who used it to calculate artillery trajectories. Computers remained a curiosity, used only to solve esoteric problems in science, well into the 1950s. These early models, with their valves and vacuum tubes, were too bulky and balky for everyday use. The application of transistor and semiconductor technology in the late 1950s marked the take-off point in the data processing business. The scale of the instrument has shrunk from a floor of a building to desk-top size in less than twenty-five years. Computer technology was once available only to large organizations. Today, an individual can purchase certain models that are in the same price range as a stereo system. In fact, they share common components.

At first, people used computers to solve particular problems. As the market expanded, businesses and government bought

computers and related equipment for bookkeeping and counting. Number-crunching remains the most common use of the machine. In the process, we have seen the emergence of large-scale data banks. Our bank accounts, tax reports, and credit card accounts are the elements of some of these data banks.

Civil libertarians have raised questions about the use of data banks. They are subject to abuse: The records are not always secure. Skilled programmers have already invaded such systems for their own profit. Restrictions on private and public investigators remain uncertain. Public officials have tried to use such files for political purposes.

Even without computers political police all over the world have been able to use card index systems to find "enemies." Totalitarian regimes have functioned effectively without modern electronics. Today with the vast data banks at our disposal, the issue is the privacy of the individual versus the legitimate needs of society. Can you remember how many forms you have filled out which asked for your social security number? That number is the one unique identifier which data banks use to tell one Jones from another. Since many data bases are already linked by telephone or through satellite, the potential exists for investigators to merge individual files illegally and learn a great deal about anyone.

Data bases illustrate one trend associated with computers. They have a tendency to pull operating power to the center. In this sense, computer technology reinforces the growth of big governments and big businesses. Within organizations, the gathering of operational information migrates to the top. One analyst argues that top management has used the computer to take more power into its own hands leaving less responsibility to the middle and lower echelons. This is precisely what is wrong with many of our large institutions.

At least one business analyst sees management being inundated by numbers. As a result, too much attention is paid to day-to-day problems and long range strategic planning has suffered. Government also has gathered a surfeit of data, all of which, of course, awaits further study. Being bogged down in numbers and information is a common malady. Knowl-

edge, as a result, fragments into minute specializations. Walls have grown around very small areas of expertise.

The computer has contributed to the growing bulk of information and, in turn, overspecialization. But the gathering of huge amounts of undigested information is a misuse of the machine's capacity. While the machine functions effectively as a super clerk, it is flexible enough to be used selectively for problem solving. One hedge against being overwhelmed by data is careful judgment. The key to the problem is choosing wisely.

The linkage of computer technology with others will continue to have a profound impact on our lives. It will not only affect us as consumers, but will influence the ways in which we work, study, and play. One industry which illustrates the manifold implications of computerization is the daily newspaper.

Newspapers and computers

Papers from Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, to Los Angeles to Madison have switched to computer-based operations. This has changed how newspapers work. It has begun to transform their contents and how they disseminate information. While few of us have worked for newspapers, the events taking place in this business typify the collisions between traditional practices and technological innovation.

Anthony Smith, in his recent book, *Goodbye Gutenberg: The Newspaper Revolution of the 1980s* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980), argues that newspaper adoption of computers came from a convergence of organizational, market, and print technology factors. Once the process began, publishers had to "rethink" all aspects of the daily paper.

By the mid-1960s most metropolitan dailies had become large corporate empires operating as near-monopolies. Costs and advertising losses had driven many famous but smaller papers into extinction. National chains had bought independent papers in smaller cities. The computer revolution in newspapers took place while business was becoming centralized. At first, it enhanced this centralization. As the technology evolves, however, this will change and has already begun to do so.

There was more involved in computerization than questions of production costs. Publishers saw the nature of their markets shifting. Central city and older suburb populations declined. Competition from suburban dailies and weekly shoppers, as well as from other media, for advertising dollars led managers to look

for new ways to meet their competition. This market factor, and the ways in which publishers chose to confront it, has changed the content of papers and will continue to do so in the future.

Internally the adoption of computer technology and the newer print technology made drastic changes in the organization of work. The long newspaper strikes of the 1960s and 1970s revolved around the question of jobs and automation. Typesetters and pressmen lost their jobs as reporters, editors, and keyboard operators learned to set type at video display terminals. White collar positions in the pressroom disappeared. People in advertising and circulation saw their job functions altered.

While the internal impact of computer adoption on a newspaper seems far removed from us, every industry using these instruments has found similar changes taking place. Traditionally strict divisions of labor break down or are discarded.

Two other trends in newspaper publishing indicate what is taking place throughout the information industry. One has to do with specific marketing techniques, the other with special editions.

Marketing has turned to social science for selling techniques. One of the hottest items in the marketer's kit is called "demographics." Consultants find that successful selling comes from designating particular markets by age, sex, occupation, leisure preferences, income, and lifestyles. This approach has much to do with the explosion in special interest magazines over the last ten years. Newspapers use the services of demographic firms to help them pinpoint new audiences. It has made a difference in feature article writing and in advertising. In turn, papers

have supplied their own advertisers with similar marketing tips.

"Zoning" is the use of special editions for different locations. The *Wall Street Journal* publishes editions for each region in the country. For dailies, this includes not only local news pages to replace those from the central city, but more in-depth reporting on the values and interests of people living in suburbs and outlying areas.

Specific marketing strategies and trends in professional reporting are producing daily papers increasingly different from those of ten or twenty years ago. The complexity of the operation has led to a decentralization in editorial control. Central offices found they needed to give outlying offices more leeway in producing special sections and even in promotion and advertising. Business analysts argue that decentralization is a coming and necessary trend among corporate enterprises. Rapid communications and computer-based data bases are factors in this predicted trend.

The efficient use of very selective material is the driving force behind the demographics industry, alluded to earlier. The February 1981 issue of *American Demographics* reports on more than twenty-five firms specializing in delivering population data. If you wanted to start a discount store in the La Crosse area, for example, these firms could supply you with a packet of figures and graphics succinctly describing what kind of market you would be operating in. This is a sophisticated use of the large data banks based on the U.S. Census and a catalog of survey research materials.

The newspaper, too, is turning into a kind of data bank or electronic library.

Today local papers receive enormous quantities of information from news services via satellites. Much of this information is currently discarded. Potentially it can be stored and made available for retrieval by home-based computers over telephone lines.

What effect all of this will have remains to be seen. Because the computer and electronics revolution is accelerating so rapidly, futurists believe we will have a culture in the next two or three decades as radically different from 1960 or 1970 as urban-industrial society was radically different from the world of 1750.

Basic computer principles

The high speed digital computer is a sophisticated instrument. Yet the underlying principles of the machine's operation are relatively simple. If you understand how to operate a bumper jack, a flat tire at night on a back road becomes an irritation rather than a disaster—provided you have spare. Understanding the operating principles of a computer helps make it more accessible and less awesome.

Any computer has to receive instructions and data in some kind of logical order. The data and the logic need to be encoded into a machine-readable format. This requires a number system and a logic system which can be converted back into ones which users can understand.

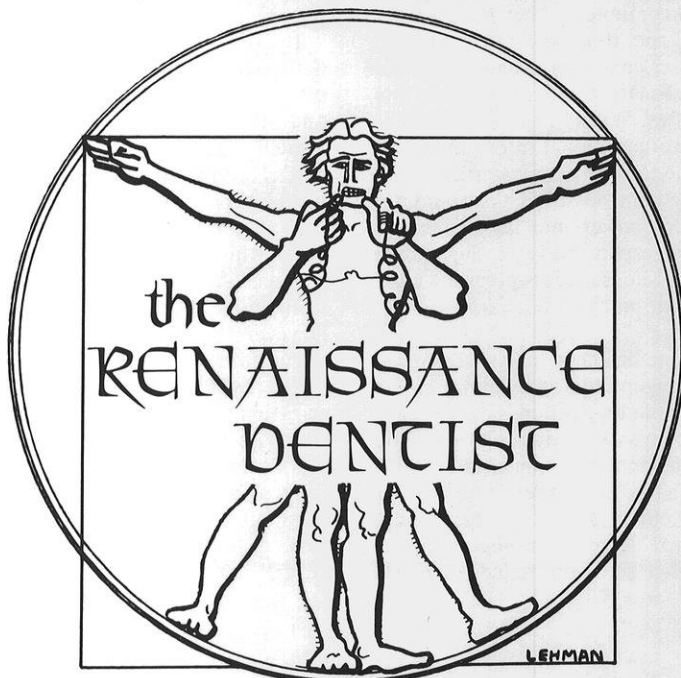
Binary numbers

The position of a wall switch is either on or off. Turning it on keeps us from tripping in the dark. Turning it off saves energy. The on-off wall switch is in a binary state: It only has two positions. The numbers used for computers are binary. The system is made up of just two digits: 0 and 1. The advantage of binary numbers is we can use them to express any two-state system: on-off, true-false, high-low.

As in any other number system we can add, subtract, multiply, and divide binary numbers. The rules of binary arithmetic are the same as those for the decimal system.

One important rule to remember is the one for carrying. When 1 is added to the most significant digit the result is 0 carry. In the decimal system 9 is the most significant digit. Adding 1 to 9 gives 10. In binary 1 is the most significant digit. When we add 1 to 1 the result is 10:

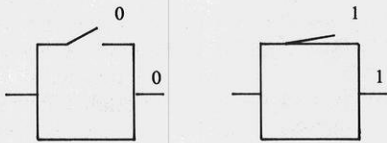
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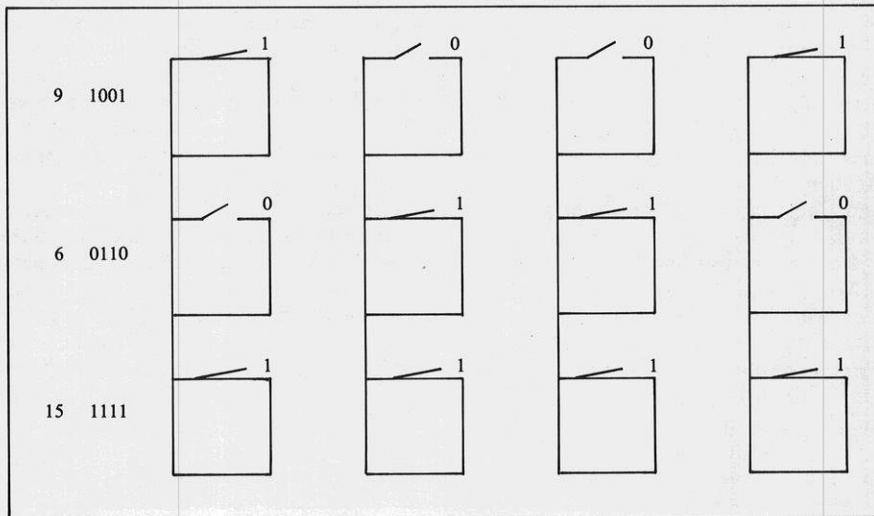
To convert a binary number to a base-ten number, we can use its place value. In decimals, the place values are 10^0 (units), 10^1 (tens), 10^2 (hundreds), and so on. Since binary means base-two, then each position expresses a power of two. We can multiply each one by the appropriate power of two, sum the results, and obtain our decimal number. Thus, we have a number system appropriate for switching and convertible to the one we use.

Switches

Suppose we have an electric circuit with a switch. When the line switch is open the current is blocked and there is no output. When the line switch is closed current flows, and we have an output. We can assign a value of 0 when the switch is open and a value of 1 when the switch is closed. When there is no current the output is 0. When there is current, in the absence of other conditions, we can say the output is "1". See the figure below.



Then, suppose we have a bank with several switches, with each switch in one of two states, a second bank of switches to be added to the first, and a third bank to express the result. By connecting the lines in each bank we can do a simulated addition.



NOT			OR			AND		
A	not	A	A	B	C (A+B)	A	B	C (AxB)
0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
1	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0
		0	0	1	1	0	1	0
		1	1	1	1	1	1	1

The point here is that a computer "adds" by using circuits which function like switches. By sending electrical pulses from an input gate which will eventually go to an output line, we can count and add.

Computer logic

Computers use a logic system designed by the nineteenth century British mathematician George Boole. Boolean algebra consists of sets of symbolic statements which can be evaluated as true or false. This system has become the mainstay of circuit logic.

The three simplest forms of Boolean logic are the OR statement, the AND statement, and the NOT statement. The inclusive OR statement says that if either A or B is true then C is true (or $A + B$ if you like). The AND statement says that if both A and B are true then C is true (or $A \times B$). The NOT statement says if A then not A; in other words A is inverted. We can construct truth tables from these statements. At this point, we can substitute binary numbers for the values true and false. By convention true is 1 and false is 0.

These results follow the rules of arithmetic. We can make a circuit which combines OR, AND, and NOT switches. If both A and B are 1, which adds to 10,

the OR gives us 1, the NOT (the inverter) gives the 0, the AND puts the 1 in the carry position.

These logical statements are the building blocks for what are called logic gates. Logic gates use transistors to represent high or low voltages, with high voltages being 1 and low voltages represented by 0.

Engineers use these logical statements to design systems of circuits. Over the last twenty-five years or so these have evolved from electronic valves and vacuum tube systems to microelectric semiconductor transistors. These tiny circuits have drastically cut the cost of making computers, reduced them in size, and represent a truly elegant form of modern technology.

We are now in the years of the digital revolution. The evolution of computer technology is bringing this product within financial reach of any citizen. All computers have the potential to become part of a larger information network, as telephones are part of network. It will change what we can learn. Other applications will soon change how we work and how things are made. The speed with which these changes are now and will be taking place means we need to understand what this tool can do and how it works. The potential for misuse is enormous—which makes this technology of interest to all. We are cursed to live in interesting times.

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In my view

by Carl Hoffman



The Madison Problem

Wisconsin's capital has always haunted me. Mention the word "Madison," and my mind reels through a dozen images: the four lakes, the floodlit Capitol, the swarming bars and restaurants. Ron VanderKelen is in there, slinging passes, and so is Bob LaFollette, slinging hell at the rail barons.

But most of all, the word Madison conjures up the sixties, the days of acid rock and the Viet Nam war, when the city was a national protest center and the spring riots were anticipated as eagerly as the homecoming parade. To me, those were the days when Madison was most Madison, a buzzing stronghold of cultural creativity and political ferment.

The place hummed. Between Bascom Hall and the square Yippies harangued and troubadours serenaded. Sidewalk vendors with wooden pushcarts hawked T-shirts, records, and all-natural cookies. Philosophy professors held impromptu seminars on Immanuel Kant, and there was always a gray-haired panhandler down the block who was eager to detail his views on socialism in the United States for the price of a cup of coffee. The place was a New World Symphony of energy and ideas, and if the politicians, both left and right, were occasionally a little shrill, that was what free speech was all about; and if the turn-of-the-century architecture and stunning lakeside vistas

cast an aura of fantasy over the entire city, that was part of its charm.

Madison was fantasyland, a theme park for ideas, for people in motion. No one doubted that on that brilliant spring morning when the Revolution finally arrived with peace and justice and toleration for everybody, its first stop would be Madison.

Time passes, of course.

I went back recently for a night, and things had changed. There weren't as many people around; State Street didn't seem so lively. Maybe it was the cold weather, or maybe it was an off-night, or maybe I was expecting too much, but the city seemed subdued, perhaps a bit somber. Hoping to cheer myself, I attended a showing of *The War at Home*, a film about Madison's Viet Nam protest movement. It had been nominated for an Academy Award for best documentary, and I went in eager to relive the good old days.

I came out disgruntled, aggravated.

Which is not to say it's a bad movie. *The War at Home* recounts the Madison crusade from the early demonstrations in 1964 to the climactic Sterling Hall bombing in 1970, in which a researcher was killed. News footage of rallies and riots is intercut with present-day interviews of many of the era's key figures: Senator Gaylord Nelson, activist-turned-Madi-

son-mayor Paul Soglin, radical Karleton Armstrong, the man who planted the Sterling bomb. But much as I sympathized with the antiwar movement, I found *The War at Home* maddening. It cheated; it stacked the deck. The film gave evidence that Madison's oldtime intellectual vigor has hardened into a narrow-mindedness, a new orthodoxy.

To cite just one set of examples: only those who think right are given footage in the movie. Few conservatives are interviewed, and none are unregenerate. The Madison campus police chief seems bemused and puzzled that he ran into such a hornet's nest, and Karleton Armstrong's father, in probably the most moving seconds of the film, says he would have done the same as his son if he had known then what he knows now.

These are legitimate and heartfelt positions, of course. But they aren't the *only* positions. Just for the sake of fairness I would like to have seen an unreconstructed hawk, someone who's still convinced the U.S. did the right thing in Indochina. This kind of dissenting voice is a standard ploy in documentaries and has been used devastatingly in masterpieces like Marcel Ophüls' *The Sorrow and the Pity*.

What's more, with a few exceptions like senators Nelson and Eugene McCarthy, all the national politicians in the film are shown up as fools. This ridicule is not confined just to obvious targets like presidents Johnson and Nixon, and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara; the saddest treatment is accorded Hubert Humphrey, in retrospect the one man who might have brought an early end to the war had he been elected president in 1968. He's shown trying to make himself heard over catcalls during a speech at UW. The filmmakers, caught by their tunnel vision, have refused to acknowledge how confusing the Viet Nam issue was from up close, how much rhetorical overkill flew from doves as well as hawks. They don't even indicate there could have been two sides to the question.

I left Madison the next day, more aware than ever of my mixed feelings about the city, of its clamoring vitality with an undercurrent of eccentricity, almost crankiness. But I might have forgotten the whole thing if not for a news story which appeared about that time and was reprinted in papers throughout the state. It seems that the capital has developed a nasty reputation for political heckling. Governor George Wallace, for instance, was greeted in 1976 by demonstrators wearing masks of Arthur Bremer, Wallace's would-be assassin; Sena-



Photos by Barry Powell



tor Henry Jackson was spit on in 1978. As a result of such incidents, the two major-party presidential candidates had to resort to stand-in speakers to campaign for them in Madison in 1980; neither President Carter nor Governor Reagan dared to show up in person.

I couldn't help linking this story with *The War at Home*.

An important (i.e., headline-grabbing) minority of Madison's populace has always possessed a tremendous reserve of self-confidence. Its sense of we're-right-and-you-ought-to-own-up-and-do-things-our-way is part of a tradition older than losing to Ohio State; it's been around at least as long as Bascom Hall. Read LaFollette's *Autobiography* and you'll find self-righteousness oozing out between the lines. This confidence has on occasion served the capital well; the Progressive crusade and the nonviolent anti-war movement are the most obvious examples. But it doesn't wear in less exciting times, like the late 1970s and early 1980s, when the issues aren't so earth-shaking and there are no barricades to man. At

least one sociological study has commented on some Madisonians' propensity for self-righteous hatred, the kind that divides people into warring camps over relatively small controversies. It's this moralism that's the source of the city's crankiness, the sick-joke demonstrations; lacking a fight for a high moral purpose, Madison will go out and manufacture one.

In short, the capital isn't happy unless it's unhappy.

Two dangers are inherent in all this, one to the world outside, one to Madison itself. The first is obvious: those of us who don't live in the capital might stop listening to what it has to say. This would be an error because Madison remains a wellspring for ideas and lifestyles which profoundly influences not only Wisconsin but also the Midwest. Losing Madison would be losing a vital, creative judge of what's going on in the world. The candidates' boycott should put us on notice.

Worse is the peril facing Madison itself: narcissism. The heckling incidents and *The War at Home* demonstrate smugness, self-congratulation, exactly the Establishment attitudes the city protested so vehemently during the Viet Nam years. The *UW Daily Cardinal's* article on the candidates' boycott took quiet pride in Madison's new reputation for intolerance; *The War at Home* revels in the protest tradition to the exclusion of charity and journalistic balance. In short, the city has betrayed the ideals of toleration and justice which made the sixties such an exciting time. Its concept of a more perfect society has ossified into a rigid canon of ideas that proscribes anything outside itself.

Much as I hate to say it, Madison seems bent on destroying its own role of social arbiter.

Yet how I love that place. How I love its possibilities. If I close my eyes it's 1969, and the air is full of laughter and hope and ideas. But when I open them again I come on guard, start rationing my love in sparing bits, because the capital is taking its nickname more and more literally: Mad City. Something new is in the air these days in Madison, something ugly and dangerous. □

Editor's Note: The column head "In my view" is used to designate an opinion piece and to set it apart from other presumably balanced, well-researched non-fiction. Its purpose is to cause the reader to think. The opinions expressed here or in other articles do not reflect the policy of the Wisconsin Academy.

WINDFALLS



Edifice Rex

By Arthur Hove

The traveling salesman returns home to discover his wife in bed—flustered and in a state of dishabille. Further inspection reveals a stranger cowering in the bedroom closet. When the salesman asks why he is there, the interloper sheepishly responds, “Everybody’s gotta be someplace.”

It is an old joke, a staple among Jewish comedians playing the Borscht Belt in New York’s Catskill mountains. As is the case with most jokes, there is an underlying truism in its punch line. Everyone does have to be someplace at any given time. The place we occupy is important to us—consciously or unconsciously.

While we are here (passing this way but once), each of us occupies our requisite amount of space. There is, as a result, a natural human need to have space defined in finite terms. As some modern behaviorists have pointed out, much of our daily dealing with one another involves the conquest or protection of territory. We share large spaces as we come together with others to experience a human commonality. At the same time, we need the freedom to seek out our private retreats, those places where we can go to experience our individuality, to let our imaginations loose. Such places can be ostentatious palaces or humble corners where one can hide away for a moment and be totally absorbed in an exploration of selfhood. Without such retreats, we have difficulty understanding what it means to be a unique individual. W.H. Auden hinted at such schizophrenia when he noted that “Private faces in public places / Are wiser and nicer / Than public faces in private places.”

Before this century, there were fewer of us extant at any given moment. Space was not considered a problem. Things have gotten more crowded throughout this century as the world’s population increases along Malthusian lines. Some social engineering is required if we are to avoid the anarchy that emerges when people are crowded together into areas that creak under the press of humanity.

In dealing with this reality, architects have tried to design affordable structures that offer space to accommodate our commerce, our leisure, and our numbers. Governments and businesses are sensitive to the need for properly managed space. Such awareness can be observed in the edifices we construct as the representations of our civilization.

In America, the evolution of our architecture in this century has been—on the surface, at least—something of a stunning achievement. Our cities, both large and mid-size, are filled with soaring buildings which rise up out of the landscape as marvelous crystalline structures promising serenity, style, and fulfillment. These same cities are ringed with shopping malls that are celebrations to the virtues of consumption. It’s all bright and shiny and plush. The good life personified.

The skyscraper has replaced the Gothic cathedral as our structural tribute to a force that lies beyond the realm of human comprehension. These new buildings are marvelous boxes with delicate glass skins and a steel superstructure that provides an opportunity to rise above the gravitational limits of the more ponderous stone and brick.

The skyscraper’s design has dominated our recent past and, yet, as *New York Times* critic Paul Goldberger has pointed out, our perspectives are changing. “It is a curious moment in the history of skyscraper design,” he notes. “The glass boxes of the 1950s and 60s. . .are as out of fashion now as a Victorian train station was 20 years ago; their coolness and austerity are unsatisfying to a time that seems to want something more sensual, more visually active and more connected to the life of the surrounding city.”

This connection between human life and form and structure is, of course, the principal concern of the architect. As the elementary school textbooks point out, one of the basic human needs is shelter, someplace that provides protection from the elements and, sometimes, our fellow humans. Throughout our evolution we have moved from the cave to the high-rise condominium. In the process, the building has become king. Edifice Rex.

Technology obviously has been a significant handmaiden to change. As in most other aspects of human development, it is difficult to say we have achieved any discernable “progress” over the millennia in our passage from wattle hut to geodesic dome. There merely has been a transition—change to accommodate man’s constantly shifting perception of himself and the world he lives in.

More and more there is another component to architecture that influences development—the cost per square foot increment. As resources grow scarcer and construction costs increase, those who design and build buildings are subject to a form of economic tyranny which often

forces them to take the path of least resistance, to get the most for the least expenditure. The result invariably becomes the architecture of compromise; the human dimensions are reduced to a formula—so many square feet per person.

In our boxes of steel or anodized aluminum and glass the human merely becomes another element in the overall design, something to be factored into the equation, but with no more ultimate value than the construction materials.

What is taken away in one sense is given back in another. The concession—usually most conspicuous in our modern hotels or shopping malls—is some form of large open space replete with running water and plants to make you think you have been transported to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon or some lush forest primeval. Such space generally has a fancy name—like “atrium” or “concourse.” In spite of the carefully designed manipulation of space, it is difficult to find a corner of intimacy or warmth in such places.

Still, the buildings rise on the landscape with a seeming will of their own. They are like a crystalline network spread by spores from one big city to the next. Even towns of middling size have scaled-down versions to demonstrate their civic awareness of the contemporary.

Yet, for all their breathtaking conquest of vertical space, these buildings seem distant and removed from who we are and what we are. The architect has carefully transformed the materials into a geomet-

ric pattern. In the process, humans and their particular needs and idiosyncracies become all but coincidental to the design. The technology has left something out.

As Robert Hughes commented in his recent television series, *The Shock of the New*: “What seems obvious now was rank heresy to the modern movement: the fact that societies cannot be architecturally ‘purified’ without a thousand gyrating invasions of freedom; that the architects’ moral character, as it were, includes the duty to work with the real world and its inherited content.”

It is a gross and unfair generalization to say that all modern buildings are sterile and devoid of redeeming qualities. It is disturbing, however, to note that so many of them are.

A recent and encouraging alternative to the rise of those glittering new structures of steel and glass has been the recycling of older buildings which have a distinctive architectural character. Many have recognized the need to preserve unique architectural examples from the past in order to understand our present. Laws have been passed to save noble structures from the wrecker’s ball. Preservation groups have been organized for everything from lying down in front of the developer’s bulldozers to raising funds to protect dignified structures of the past from the ravages of time and progress.

Buildings, no matter how complete they may seem, are subject to change. Humans have an innate penchant for altering their physical environment to suit

their immediate tastes and psychic needs. Changes are made to reflect the individual—whether it be the addition of pictures on the wall, plants, furniture, color, or bric-a-brac that has some personal association.

The modifications, like most things in life, range from the ridiculous to the sublime, from the improvements soldiers make in their defensive bunkers to the decorative flourishes the rich lavish on their fashionable apartments. The changes are sometimes superficial, reflecting modifications in style rather than substance. Something more genuine is required to put one’s personal stamp on a place. According to Edgar Guest sermonizing, “It takes a heap o’ livin’ in a house to make it home.”

But some places will never feel like home, no matter what is done to them. Critics have perceived the source of the problem. Ada Louise Huxtable recently commented that

Architects may vow fealty to lasting values, but they are terribly susceptible to passing styles. In the 50s and 60s there was Brutalism, which looked very much the way it sounds—a macho flexing of artistic muscles in reinforced concrete, with fiercely articulated joints and great rough slabs—a kind of pumping-iron style. In the later 60s and 70s, Brutalism was followed by High Tech—a style that emphasized sleek glass, aluminum, or porcelain enamel skins held taut and flat in metal frames with mechanical details celebrating refined technology.

Another uncategorized architectural development has occurred in recent years. This one is closer to ground level. Some commentators, in noting it, have decried the homogenized sludge of fast food emporiums and motels that dot our landscape like so many toadstools. But the scale and design of these buildings is understandable and functional. They provide an anchor of reassurance in an otherwise turbulent social environment. To many an anxious traveler, they are a beacon on the horizon. What they dispense is known, predictable, and within human comprehension and identification.

Regardless of our personal orientation, we all have a built-in Edifice Complex—the natural compulsion to find and occupy a space that affords shelter at the same time it satisfies our deeper craving for some kind of connection with the world around us. We also need something that helps us cope with the often messy and perpetually unfinished business of life.

Thank God for closets.□

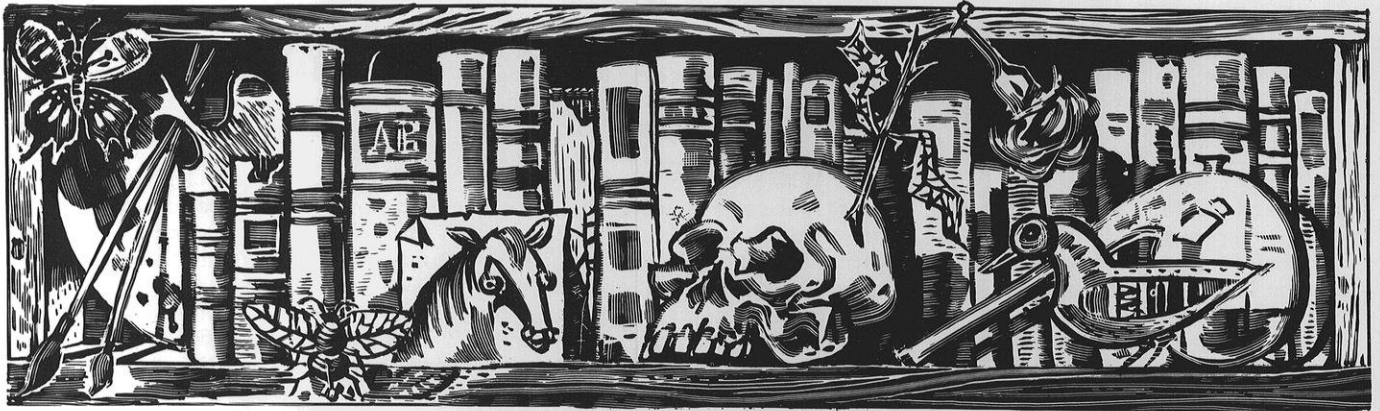
from *R's Poetica*
Three Possibilities on the Sonnet

O, the sonnet is a wily creature,
Slippery as a woman who knows her own
Mind. Us poets got to stretch to reach her.
Soothing rhythms and gentle words, a tone
Fine enough to woo even the toughest
Alone won't do. Fourteen lines and proper
Rhymes entice her, but throw in a stuffed fish
For confusion; confusion won't top her
Either, but it helps. O, such a poem
Is a five-legged toad, a rare critter—
If you want to have her and take her home,
A thirteen-inch toad-sticker will git 'er,
But, goodness, be quick. Else think the sonnet
A hat, three-cornered, feathered, and don it.

On Couplets

The problem with couplets is that
Couplets, honey, ain't where it's at.

Tom Montag



BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

AND HER NAME SHALL BE DEMETER edited by Ellen Kort; Legend of the Unicorn Press, Appleton, Wis., 1981. 37 pp. \$4.00.

By Lenore M. Coberly

Beginning with a quote from Theocritus about the "fair-robed Demeter," goddess of the harvest, this anthology is a celebration not only of the fruits of the harvests in the lives of fourteen women poets but of what they made of them.

The fourteen live and write in the Fox River Valley. Some are native to the region and all, even those once alien, are glad to be there. The sensitive photographs of each poet done by Ellen Kort attest to a wide range of age and style. The content of the poems reflects these differences, but the consistent free verse form is a little disappointing. Structured forms, rhyme, and careful metre are reappearing in American poetry, slowly to be sure, but enough to make me suspect that a certain boredom with sameness is reasonable.

Helen Fahrbach, in a sophisticated poem, "Snow, You Must Be Woman" is frankly feminine in comparing ice to "diamonds with your furs." With very different intent Dorothy Dalton is philosophical about time spent on family work when she asks of the woman writer, "Could it have been / the essence squeezed from slender time / that made your touch / so warm, and so believable?"

A moving love poem by Jo Gehl is called "to gene on valentines day 1977." She writes, "secure at last / having ditched the games / and misused the rules / to rewrite the roles / until there is no need for them at all / and we move together / entwined / better than we / (or Arthur

Murray) / ever dreamed would be possible." I am not sure why she foregoes punctuation and capitalization.

A nice size to hold in your hand, the book is well laid out and printed. The pages are glued, not sewn, however, so that it is difficult not to break the spine. Ellen Kort's introduction and illustrations greatly facilitate understanding the importance of these poems and the truths they help each reader to find.

Nancy Ore, June Zwickey, Estella Lauter, Linda Wereley, Mary Ellen Ducklow, Helen Fahrbach, Joyce Povolny, Kay Saunders, Leone Weber, Jo Gehl, Marie Dolan, Dorothy Atalla, Marian Gabert, and Dorothy Dalton "are interested in their growth and change . . . and are willing to risk that long and thoughtful look inside themselves." I would add that they have done it with honesty and art.

Lenore M. Coberly is credentials chairman of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.

POETRY OUT OF WISCONSIN edited by Mardi Fries and Jeri McCormick; The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, 2609 Scofield St., Madison, Wis. 53704. 1980. 320 pp. \$9.95; paper \$5.95.

By Arthur Hove

We know who writes poetry these days—almost everybody, particularly if one judges by the range of poets whose efforts are represented in this volume. There is the expected complement of academics: professors, school teachers, librarians, and editors. But there are others: a bellman, medical technologist, retired mail

carrier, night auditor and desk clerk, social worker, dental hygienist, folk dancer, attorney, cartoonist, biologist, potter, loss prevention manager, maker of toy animals, retired banker, country and western singer, construction laborer, music therapist, garbageman, and pine needle basketweaver.

In spite of the number and diversity of such a congregation, we are uncertain about who reads poetry these days. Almost no one, if we are to judge by the sales of contemporary poetry volumes. Commercial publishers blanch at the mention of poetry collections. A large percentage of contemporary poets, consequently, are published by small presses or through some form of subsidy—usually a grant awarded by a federal or state arts commission or private foundation.

Like similar anthologies published in other states, inclusiveness seems to have taken precedence over excellence in this volume. This is understandable considering the publisher—a fellowship, after all, is supposed to embrace as many like-minded souls as possible.

The problem is that their desire to be inclusive prevents us from gaining a more comprehensive sampling of poems from the better Wisconsin poets represented here.

The editors explain their standards in the introduction. A "superior poem," they say, is one that "wallops us with the recognition of its meaning and pulls a piece of our own wisdom out of us." Unfortunately, there are few wallops here. Instead, there is a fairly heavy dosage of sameness. The weather and the seasons, for instance, become pervasive metaphors for the inexorable realities of life. Sunlight, wind, soil (particularly loam), clouds, snowflakes, flora, and fauna are loaded

with metaphysical significance. Pathetic fallacy is sometimes rampant.

There also is a considerable outpouring of melancholy connected with the changing of the generations. People grow old and helpless; and then they die. The following generation recognizes the essence of its own mortality as it observes the deterioration of its elders.

The volume is further characterized by a strain of Midwest gothic and occasional leanings toward soft core eroticism. Humor intrudes now and then, but not in the form of a wallop, just a chuckle.

The good poems in this collection reveal the poet dealing with the particular and universal aspects of his or her life in a language that reflects a distinctive style and sensibility. More space should have been given to those Wisconsin poets who are obviously capable of creating a range of sustained poetic insight through several poems.

As one of the represented poets notes, "Perspective is the key to majesty." This anthology would have gained a greater impact and focus through more careful editorial distillation and a more discerning perspective.

Arthur Hove is a poetry consultant for the Review and writes a regular column on language and communication.

JOHN MUIR: TO YOSEMITE AND BEYOND edited by Robert Engberg and Donald Wesling; The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wis., 1980. 171 pp. \$5.95.

By Dennis Ribbens

Shortly before his death, John Muir began work on an autobiography. In *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth* he recalled his Wisconsin years (1849-63) as Marquette County farmboy and University of Wisconsin student ending with his departure "for the University of the Wilderness." Although some notes were left, Muir did not live to continue his autobiography. *To Yosemite and Beyond* successfully continues the Muir chronicle from 1863-75.

By means of selections from Muir's writings, it covers that critical transitional period beginning with Muir as factory inventor unsatisfied with self and work, through his determination "to devote the rest of my life to the study of the inventions of God" after an accident causing temporary blindness (1867), to his arrival at Yosemite after poor health frustrated his South America plans (1868).

The majority of the book covers those years during which his experiences in the Yosemite area, that Wilderness University, led to an evolving certainty about himself and his work. By 1869 Muir committed himself to study the mountains. By 1871 he felt secure in that decision. By 1875 Muir sensed an end of such concentrated scientific study and an increasing need "to live only to entice people to look at Nature's loveliness."

One cannot overemphasize these Yosemite years. The book's contribution is not so much the unfolding of Muir the geologist, botanist, poet, theologian, ecologist, and humanitarian, but the highlighting of the emerging land ethic of our country's most important conservationist. For Muir epitomized the Leopoldian combination of knowledge of and love for land.

Fortunately the University of Wisconsin Press has recognized the importance of John Muir for our time by reprinting several Muir titles and now by publishing *To Yosemite and Beyond*, a work which demonstrates well how scholarship can productively manipulate and even add to established canon. What it lacks in seasoned autobiographical recall, it more than gains in immediacy from early letters, unpublished notes, articles, and journals. Descriptions of Muir by contemporaries are also included. The editorial work cannot be praised too highly. Besides making Muir's dispersed writings accessible, the book marvelously reflects his spirit, his uncertainties, his dedication and brilliance, his love of creation and creator. Muir would have liked the book. Its pace, the placement and relationship of the parts, and the helpful commentary make for exciting reading. One reads eagerly and is moved. And that after all is what Muir wanted.

The twenty-page introduction is as fine a short biographical/critical piece on Muir as I have ever read. And the initial chronology and concluding bibliography and index increase the book's utility.

The encapsulating of Muir's transition from vocational uncertainty, to scientific study, to broader ethical and ecological concern constitutes the great contribution of this book. After *My Boyhood and Youth* and Linnie Marsh Wolfe's biography, this is the Muir book to buy.

STRICTLY FOR THE CHICKENS by Frances Hamerstrom; The Iowa State University Press, Ames, Iowa, 1980. 174 pp. \$11.95.

By Dennis Ribbens

The author and her husband, both students of Aldo Leopold and internationally known ornithologists, have for the past four decades studied prairie chickens near Plainfield (Waushara County), Wisconsin. About birds of prey Fran Hamerstrom has written with distinction. Her several children's books have some merit.

Strictly For the Chickens, however, has little to recommend it, partly because of what it is and partly because of what it is not. Simply put, it is the anecdotal memoir of the author's experiences while living in rural central Wisconsin. The author dominates the work. Especially the early pages stress the contrast between the author's genteel New England girlhood and the exaggerated rigors of central Wisconsin. And although scattered portions of the work concentrate on prairie chicken behavior and on the locale and circumstances of the author's work, the overall narrative draws attention less to the events themselves than to the author's reactions to them. The book talks about snowshoeing, banding birds, and providing lodging for hundreds of people; but the narrative style rarely permits the reader to experience those events directly. From the author's prevailing viewpoint the reader is introduced to country life, to the study of prairie chickens, to the people living in that area, and to the more than 7,000 boomers who helped each spring in the observation of the prairie chicken mating grounds. The reader travels with the author to Germany to study grouse, only to learn how it happened that Fran is mistaken for a local. About the grouse one learns nothing.

The book has no sustaining theme, no unifying focus. It consists of disjointed, self-conscious recollections, as if snippets from a diary, a random recall of events. The tone is frequently cynical and aloof, especially in the portrayals of central Wisconsin residents. Portions are annoyingly pretentious.

Unfortunately the book is not an example of the "ethological bent" the author claims for herself. Although the reader learns snatches about blinds, imping, mating, and landscape, this is much less a nature book than a what-I-learned-while-living-in-the-country book. As the frivolous title indicates, it offers no significant systematic environmental statement.

If you want to read what Fran Hamerstrom thought about the things she did and about the people she met, this book is for you. Public libraries should buy it. But if you seek the mature assessment of the life work of a brilliant ornithologist, look elsewhere. And that is the pity. For

the author, gifted and rich in experience, has much to tell us about both her and our relationship to the earth. With the help of a tough editor, her next book may do just that.

Dennis Ribbens is the library director at Lawrence University.

MILLS OF WISCONSIN and the Midwest by Jerry Apps and Allen Strang; Tamarack Press, Madison, Wis., 1980. 128 pp. \$12.50.

By Sara Rath

The Little Wolf River ran through my hometown in Waupaca County, and just below the dam, on the opposite side of the river from my grandpa's lumberyard, stood Esche's Mill. It was a landmark. Farmers from all around pulled up daily in their pickup trucks with sacks of grain. But to us town kids, the mill stood for more than milling: we learned to swim in the millpond; we skated there, too, careful to stay away from the place near the dam where chunks of ice were sawed for the icehouse; we watched men spear sturgeon down by the mill, and we fished for bluegills in the millpond from rowboats anchored out among the stumps. The building itself was imposing. It stood at least three stories tall and had an unusual mansard roof. The smell inside was sweet from the grist. According to old-timers, the mill ground a lot of flour during WWI, but in the days of my childhood it was a mysterious place that I went inside only with my grandfather, to get oats for his horses.

As with a lot of things in Wisconsin's small towns, however, the sweeping hand of progress is taking its toll. The old mill is scheduled to be razed. It saddens me to think of that space across the bridge without the old mill, and I can imagine some child, years into the future, asking, "Why do they call this lake a millpond, anyway?"

Well, there's a nice sketch of Esche's Mill on page 52 of the book, *Mills of Wisconsin*. As in their earlier collaboration, *Barns of Wisconsin* (Tamarack Press, 1977), Jerry Apps and Allen Strang have put together a compendium of unique rural Wisconsin buildings. It was a similar glance backward that prompted Jerry Apps to write this book in the first place. He, too, grew up in central Wisconsin, and he went to the local mill with his father every week in a 1936 Plymouth with sacks of corn and oats piled where the back seat used to be.

Being a curious kid, I often wandered around the mill, watching the belts and pulleys, listening to the hum of the attrition mill as it ground corn and oats, and feeling the huge old building vibrate as it responded to all the machinery within it . . . But I never learned what actually happened inside the forbidden areas of this old mill. One of the incentives for writing this book was to find out.

Mills of Wisconsin examines grist mills in particular and describes in detail the various methods of milling. Apps claims that the book is not intended to be a guidebook to mills of the Midwest, but he lists twenty-seven flour mills and four sawmills that can be visited. Rather, he says, this book means to "discuss milling and mills from the perspectives of mechanics and poetry, economics and aesthetics, reality and myth." Allen Strang's evocative pencil sketches and colorful paintings help make this a meaningful book for anyone who grew up in rural Wisconsin and remembers a mill . . . or for those who wish they had.

Sara Rath lives in Madison and is a published poet and freelance writer.

THE CHIPPEWAS OF LAKE SUPERIOR by E. J. Danziger, Jr.; The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1979. 263 pp. \$14.95.

By Barry B. Powell

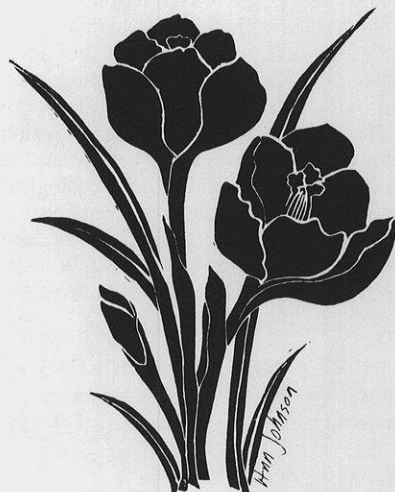
Three of the great Indian language divisions were found among Wisconsin's Indians: Siouan, including the Santee Sioux and the Winnebago; Iroquoian, including the Huron and the Oneida, who arrived in the 1800s; and Algonquian,

which includes the Potawatomi, Sauk, Fox, Kickapoo, Menomoni, and the Chippewa (or Ojibwa). In many respects the Chippewas are the most complicated and the most storied of all these tribes, are in fact the inspiration for the popular and sentimental image of the bronze-armed brave silently paddling over a steel-blue lake in a birchbark canoe, celebrated by Longfellow in his forgettable lines: "By the shore of Gitche Gumee, / By the shining Big-Sea-Water, / Stood the wigwam of Nokomis / Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis, / Dark behind it rose the forest, / Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees / . . ." Much of this Longfellow developed from stories recorded by Henry Rowe Schoolcraft (1793-1864), Indian agent among the Chippewa at Sault Ste. Marie and a pioneer in the systematic description of aboriginal American cultures. *Gitche Gumee (Kitchigami)* is the Chippewa name for Lake Superior and *wigwam* too is an Algonquian word. Edmund Danziger sets out in this book to tell the story of the Chippewa tribe from the days of the earliest white contact in 1641, when the Jesuits first found them on the St. Mary's River, up to the present day.

The Chippewas seem to have come to Wisconsin sometime in the 1500s, driven west by the rampaging Iroquois, to whom the Dutch had given European arms. Skirting around Lake Michigan, the Chippewa ended up on the shores of Lake Michigan's upper peninsula and on the south shore of Lake Superior. There in the desperate wilderness they eked a precarious existence from hunting, the gathering of wild rice, and fishing.

In fact the primitive life of the Chippewa was irrevocably disrupted by 1670, by which time they devoted most of their economic activity to the gathering of furs to trade to the French in return for European trade goods, without which they were already incapable of sustaining life. From then on their story is one of dislocation, disease, warfare, maladjustment, alcoholism, suicide, and hopelessly inept attempts by the American government to make of this woodland people efficient smallholders; as if any human being could sustain himself from crops grown in the bitter cold, sand, and marshy unyielding landscape of northern Wisconsin.

Danziger records the depressing story in meticulous detail. He includes many tables of statistics, impossible to read, and refers methodically to arcane government documents. For a specialist in the sociology of the American Indians, therefore, the book will be attractive, and is the best book, as far as I know, on this single tribe.



For the general reader, however, the book is spoiled by its lacklustre style and endless recital of economic statistics. Furthermore Danziger speaks from an ill-disguised bias, namely that the Chippewa were somehow more right in their wish to adhere to Chippewa culture (which, if it was anything, was certainly always changing) than was the greedy and oppressive Euro-American in his ungenerous desire to impose upon the Indians coercive assimilation. At basis, though Danziger may not grasp this, the problem between the Chippewa and the Americans was a certain attitude toward land: the Indian's refusal to consider it as alienable and the white man's insistence on so regarding it. However admirable or lovely the Indian's position might be, what, practically speaking, were the chances that it could in any form have prevailed? Danziger, in effect, would accord the Indian's view equal time; but history is more complex, and more ruthless, than that. What surprises is that the Chippewa survived; the white man could have exterminated this conquered race.

Barry B. Powell, associate professor of Classics at the UW-Madison, is a student of the history of culture; he has had a lifelong interest in the American Indian.

THE HUNTING SHACK by Gunnard Landers; Arbor House, New York, 1979. 218 pp. \$8.95

By Richard Boudreau

Two hunters have been killed, one of them a young girl, inside of three years. All of them presumed accidents, but all of them in areas and at times your own group has hunted. Then someone tries to kill you, and there can be no doubt that it is someone from your own bunch, someone who sleeps and eats and drinks with you in that shack to which every November you've been coming for twenty-five years.

What would you do? Blow the whistle, call in the sheriff? What evidence do you have besides your story and your suspicions? Tell one of your hunting partners? Which one could you trust? Get the hell out of there? What about your obligations to the rest of your group—or to other hunters in the future?

Norm Petrie, expert woodsman and hunter and Korean vet, stays. And this is the absorbing tracing of his plodding, methodical stalking of the stalker in ever-tightening circles as Norm tries to bring his quarry to bay. But at any given moment their relative positions might be reversed, and what Petrie bags finally is

tragedy, for his companions, for himself.

But the novel isn't just a Wisconsin elaboration of "The Most Dangerous Game." Through flashbacks and memories and thoughts the reader does his own probing of the psyches of Norm Petrie—and of the murderer. Neither is a flat lead figure with a rifle like the toy soldiers kids used to play with; each is a fully drawn, complex character of amalgamated feelings, quirks of character, and a past whose crosshairs bracket the present.

Norm, for example, is at that passage in life where he feels his mortality and wonders what else goes when his strength goes—like an old buck: "All that remained were memories and time—precious, disappearing time. Someday it would happen: a blizzard, starvation, coyotes, a chance bullet. There was no glory in death, only the fact of it—that and the end of time." And Landers adds, "You too, Norm."

The book is a shocker; of that there is little doubt. Beginning a novel with gripping events is not difficult; sustaining that emotional hammerlock on the reader to the last taut page is. Yet Landers is up to both, though at some cost in believability as we near the end.

Regardless. *The Hunting Shack* is a fine first novel. Landers is a welcome addition to the growing number of adept practitioners of the long narrative in Wisconsin.

Richard Boudreau teaches English, specializing in Wisconsin writers, at UW-La Crosse.

HOLLOW PITS—SUNKEN SHIPS: THE STORY OF WISCONSIN'S SUNKEN STONE FLEET by Alan Rowe; Rowe Publications, 3906 N. 69th St. Milwaukee, Wis. 53216, 1979. 63 pp. \$5.95.

A DIVER'S GUIDE TO HISTORIC WISCONSIN LAKES by Alan Rowe; Rowe Publications, Milwaukee, Wis., 1980. 3 vols., 54 pp. each, \$5.25 each, \$13.75 set. (Book One, LOST ICE HOUSES; Book Two, OLD RESORTS; Book Three, FORGOTTEN LOGGING CAMPS)

By Terry L. Shoptaugh

As a diver, Alan Rowe has an obvious fondness for sunken ships and the harbors in which they rest. As a man with an unquenchable curiosity for local history, Rowe also obviously enjoys seeking out details with which to give personality to the rotting hulls under the water. Together, the diver and researcher combine to render in *Hollow Pits—Sunken Ships* an account of the Stone Fleet, a little known chapter in Wisconsin's commercial history.

The Stone Fleet was a varied assortment of outdated schooners, barges, and steamers converted for the purpose of carrying limestone cut from the cliffs lining the shores of Sturgeon Bay, in Door County. In this age of steel and concrete, there are few who appreciate the importance that limestone once had in construction. Fewer still know that Sturgeon Bay and the Stone Fleet once supplied tons of the stone for the Great Lakes area or that the Bay quarries were thriving sources of employment and commerce from the beginning of this century to the time of the Depression. Indeed, much of the evidence of the old limestone trade is discernible only to those with a keen eye and an inquisitive mind. And, in the case of the Stone Fleet, those inquiries must be extended below the waters of the Bay.

This is what Rowe has done. He writes of the origins of the Stone Fleet, drawn from the older vessels of the Great Lakes' ports; of the rebuilding that allowed such ships to withstand the tremendous strains of the limestone loads; of the trials and dangers involved in the business; and finally of the decline of the trade and the decay and disappearance of the forgotten ships. Rowe's narrative moves from his findings of the fleet's activities to his own investigations under the surface of Sturgeon Bay. His story is not artfully told, and some readers might be discouraged



by the disjointed and often redundant result of his attempt to mix history with personal observation. But there is much to be found in this volume on the local history of the Bay area, enough to be worth the effort of looking at the small book. One cannot help but be impressed with the ingenuity of local businessmen who for thirty years overcame the hazards of the unstable enterprise of shipping limestone. The quarry workers and barge crews should also be remembered for their determination in seeing through a difficult and all too frequently hazardous task. As Rowe claims, their accomplishments deserve to be placed in the records of Wisconsin history.

Hollow Pits—Sunken Ships contains a number of hand-drawn sketches and illustrations, as well as some photographs of the Stone Fleet during its service in the Sturgeon Bay area. These would be of some use to those who might be traveling in Door County and who would like to see for themselves the site of the Fleet's activities.

Similarly, the three volume *Diver's Guide to Historic Wisconsin Lakes* might be of interest to more persons than the divers for whom it was intended. In each of these there is an abundance of sketches marking the locations of old logging camps, ice houses, and resorts, some of which are still standing. Thus, the above-water tourist might like these little maps for ramblings about the state, in search of Wisconsin's many-sided past. These booklets contain almost no narrative aside from a brief introduction and comment on the sites and the sketches. As there are no substantial remarks about the history of the sites, potential readers should not be misled into thinking otherwise.

Terry Shoptaugh is a graduate student at UW-Madison and collector of local history.

PLAYING FROM MEMORY by David Milofsky; Simon and Schuster, New York, 1981. 270 pp. \$12.95.

By Hayward Allen

Lurking in the cruel shadows of David Milofsky's *Playing from Memory* is one of the most insidious characters in recent literature. Coldly, relentlessly, the demon drains the creative life from a sensitive artist. Ben Seidler, classical musician, is slowly crippled, almost languorously dragged further and farther away from his only gift to others: performing. *Playing from Memory* has all the elements of classical tragedy: from fatal flaw to agonizing death. Except Ben Seidler com-

mitted no crime worthy of the penalty of multiple sclerosis, possibly the single disease that can have its own personality in development, probably the one disease most cruel to performing artists.

"The name of the disease," a doctor tells the violinist

refers to the fact that the patient usually experiences multiple attacks, followed by periods of remission. . . . You'll have another attack . . . then another one, and another, each leaving you progressively worse. . . . At first you'll use a cane, then a wheelchair. . . . Sometimes the blindness comes back. . . . You'll probably have trouble with your bladder, and your arms will stiffen up. . . . You might have some problems with speech and hearing, but I'm talking years from now.

No quick exit. It is those years that constitute the main part of *Playing from Memory*, as we witness Ben's sad disintegration as a performer, a husband, a father, a man.

Yet it is not a maudlin novel, despite these things. It is no sentimental paean to a dying artist. MS is the catalyst that develops the chemistry between Ben and his sculptress wife Dory, his father Moshe, his children and students, and his fellow players of the Casa Bella Quartet.

Ben spent ten years, one-quarter of his life with the Casa Bella and its paternal/tyrannical leader, Heinz Ober. This intense, praiseworthy, and punishing career began when Ben was a boy, who, despite Moshe's desire for a doctor in the family, turned out to be a remarkable musician. Milofsky introduces Ben to Ober in a dusty, noisy musicians' union hiring hall in New York in the mid-forties. Seidler is honored by the invitation to join the Casa Bella, noted for its special handling of musical programs. "Do you know," Ben tells his son, "we used to play our entire repertoire, ninety-five string quartets, from memory? We never used a

score in concert, never had any music in front of us when we played."

If this sounds like the style of the Pro Arte Quartet, long artists-in-residence of UW-Madison, it is no accident. David Milofsky's father, Bernard, a Milwaukee fiddler of high calibre, played viola for the Pro Arte for many years.

Playing From Memory is Milofsky's first published novel. The storyline, the many settings in Madison and Milwaukee, the crisp dialogue, the life as a musician all ring true and as cleanly as a crystal bell. The use of MS as a device, actually a character itself, is masterful because of its reality, its poignancy.

If there are problems, and there are always problems with first novels, it lies in characterizations of Ben and Dory. While all around them flow a literal menagerie of well-executed secondary characters, the two primary ones never really achieve the third dimension, especially Ben. There are glimpses of his full characterization, but these are not sustained or consistent.

Dory's depth, or lack of it, is due in part to the literary style Milofsky chose to use for her voice: a diary. Here his newness to the novel is most apparent. Where Ben's depiction emerges from straight, third-person narrative, Dory's pops up as pages in a secret journal she keeps. The approach lessens our appreciation of her strengths and weaknesses because of her own limited view of life around her. Pitting opinion against omniscience is an unfair battle.

As a whole, however, *Playing from Memory* more than holds its own as a novel, a story told with sensitivity, uniqueness, insight, and a wealth of Wisconsinian. Besides it follows, quite nicely, last year's musical novel from Madison, Kelly Cherry's *Augusta Plays*, which dealt with a flutist.

Hayward Allen is a Madison area cultural commentator.



Afternoon Suns

There are different
Afternoon suns.

One bakes the desert suburbs
In Albuquerque
With flat brightness,

But in Eagle River
Another slants past
The birch and maple
Making shadows
To print the ground
With just a lesser warmth.

And in the corn fields
Half across the sky
In Illinois and Kansas
Fires dance
The long leaves curl.

Along the far wide beach
At Misery Bay
I walk
Hooded in the north wind
In the sun.

Tom Walton

Ancient Music

I knew that music
Way before
The blues horn cried
On Basin Street.
I knew that music.

Heart and the muscle
Music
Singing
In the blood.
Such ancient blues.

Slavery
And shoeshine
And tap dance
Rhythm
The oldest news.

I knew the ancient music
Way before the blues.

Tom Walton

Seagull

I wade
The narrow
River's mouth
Choked with sand
And run
Imprinting steps
Along the water's spread

And all at once
There is the whitened
Breast cage of a gull
With feathers on a thin wing
Moving in the slight shore wind.

Tom Walton

Still life: bouquet of spring flowers

In sun
rose lacquer polishes the tulip to a glow;
the glow is silent, only eyes can hear.

The jonquil stands erect in her surprise.
An open golden bell has made her mouth.
For eyes alone, the jonquil's silent O.

And that tall many-flowered one—
don't know the name but Spring has
shot along its hollow stem
bursting the palegreen of its highest branchlets,
lofting explosions of white fireworks
silently. Hear, still, the warm applause
of Sun?

P. Y.
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Plumeria

At the airport R.H. gave me a lei.
Blossoms the color of Guernsey cream
two days later are browning lightly
still frilled about
with the most delicate scent . . .

Who could believe
their stubby parentree,
thick splayed fingers
holding a few thick leaves . . .

P. Y.
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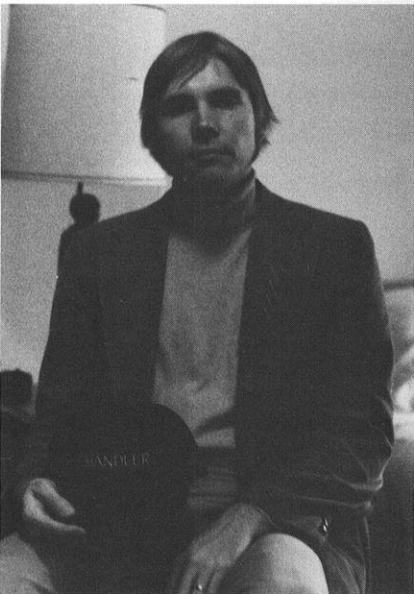
continued from page 2



Tom Walton

Carl Hoffman was born in Racine, did undergraduate work at the University of Iowa, and received his MFA in fiction writing last year from the University of Alabama, where, among other things, he helped field Bear Bryant's "Crimson Tide" football team by tutoring some of the members in the finer points of transformational grammar. Currently, Hoffman is a lecturer at UW-Parkside.

Carl Hoffman



Tom Walton began his teaching in 1940 in the one-room rural Misery Bay School at Toivola, Michigan. His love of nature developed through long walks on beaches and in woods in northern Michigan and Wisconsin. Living in a 150-year-old homestead, Mary Buth Farm, located in Germantown, Wisconsin, greatly influenced his poetry and his teaching. He has taught at Northern Michigan University, Boston University, and Syracuse University as a visiting professor and at present is professor of cultural foundations at UW-Milwaukee.

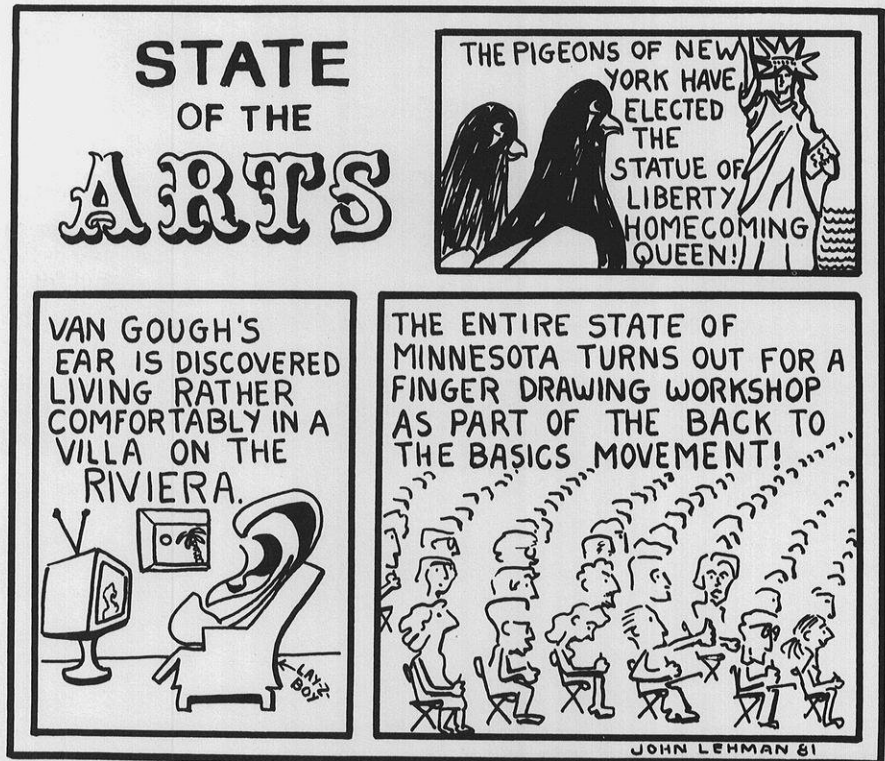
Richard Roe is a research analyst with the state of Wisconsin. He is a member of the Madison Area Writers and the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.

Tom Montag, his wife Mary, their daughters Jenifer and Jessica, are happy prisoners of the big red house in Fairwater. Tom and Mary are editors and publishers of the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar: 1982*, the magazine *Midwestern Letters*, and books and pamphlets issuing from Midwestern Writers' Publishing House. Montag's most recent collections of poetry are *This Gathering Season* (Juniper Press, 1980) and *Between Zen and Midwestern: 16 Poems* (salt works press, 1981).

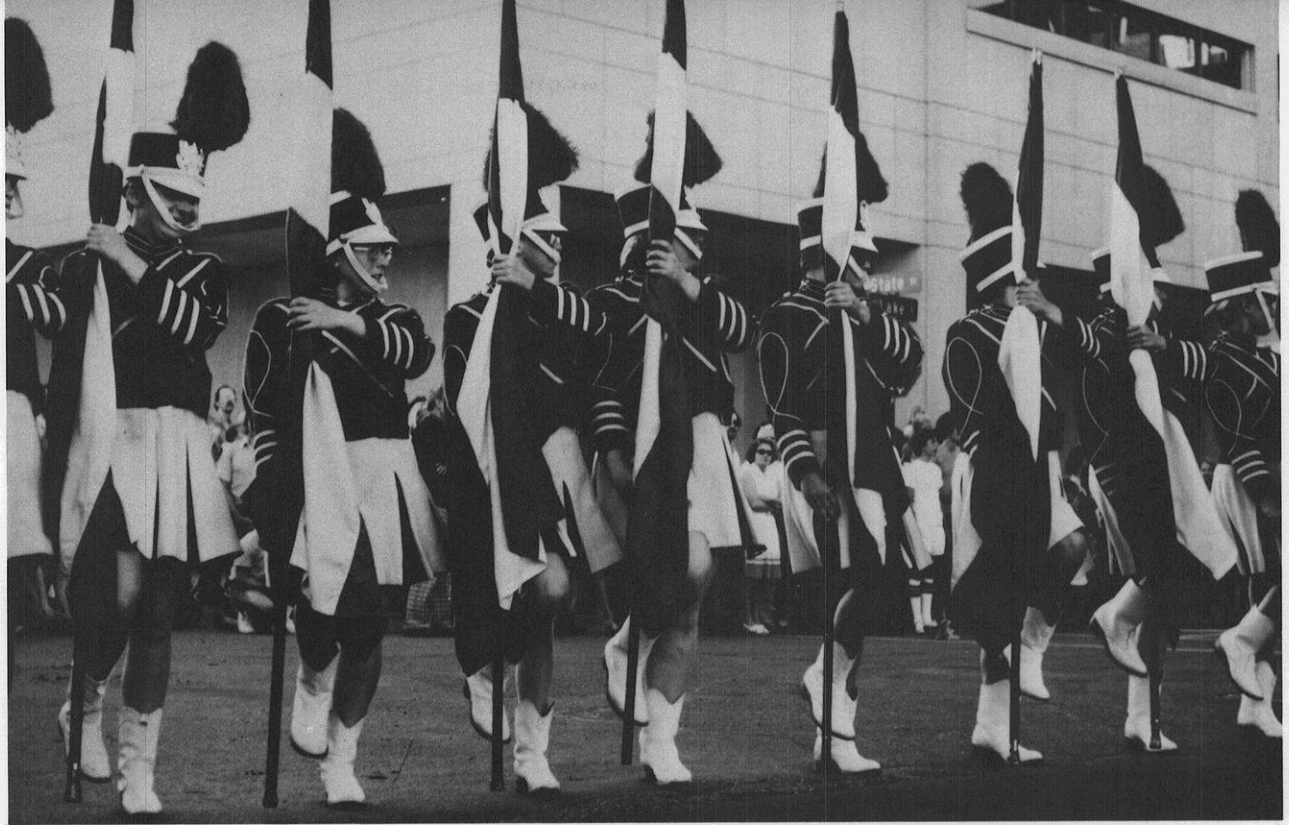
Phyllis S. Young (P.Y.) grew up in central Maine among bear, moose, and a few people, so allegiance to Wisconsin, where she has lived for many years, is divided. Her introduction to poetry writing was in the sophomore year of high school: an English teacher with floating sleeves felt the best way to teach poetry was to have the whole class compose sonnets. "One of us liked this approach," she says. "My brief fame came later in college with first place (a sonnet) in an all-New England student competition." More poems have appeared long ago in the *Christian Science Monitor* and a few articles elsewhere. "Laziness, bad typing, a busy family, and daily routine" have held writing to sporadic Christmas verse until recently, when Madison's University League "gave me a program to fill. I continue to be grateful for that impetus."

Justin Isherwood is a writer living in Plover, Wisconsin. His articles and fiction have appeared in many Wisconsin publications; his story, "Old Camp" is illustrated by an old friend, Jim McEvoy, botanist and graphics artist at DNR.

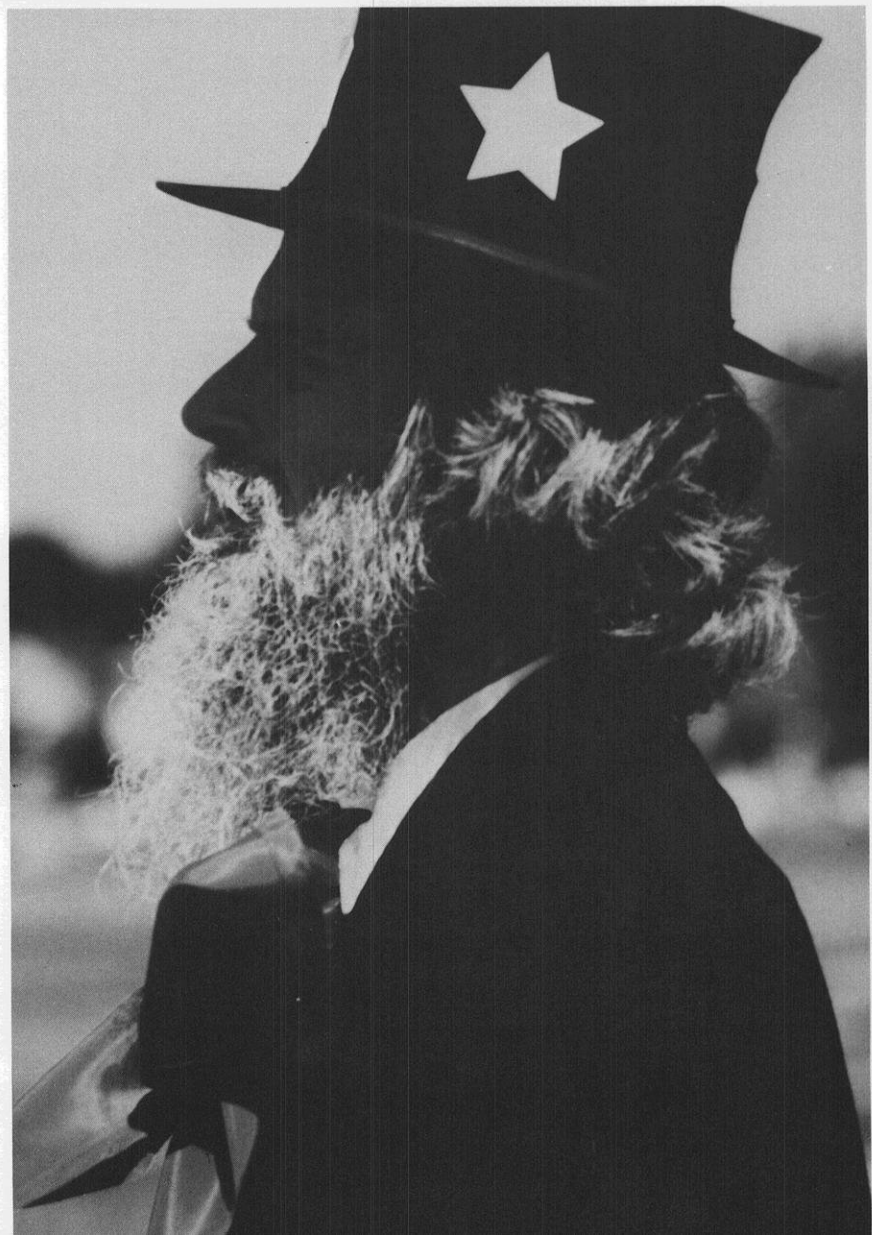
John Lehman's cartoons can be seen in many local and regional publications. He also writes poetry and refinishes antiques.



JOHN LEHMAN 81



**Sights of a Festive
Fourth of July**



Photographs by Barry Powell

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