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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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September 1982
Volume 28, Number 4

Editorial

The Ghost of *Reviews* Past. . .

The *Review* is settling into a new pattern with two of the four yearly issues exploring a single topic and two issues containing a general mixture of poetry, fiction, and articles from the humanities. The December '81 issue was on mining, the March '82 issue on Wisconsin Indians. Now follow two issues of literature, history, and essays. Some of these are specifically about Wisconsin subjects—the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright, the writings of Aldo Leopold. Others are written by Wisconsin authors who explore the world—a now-vanished band of Eskimos at Chantry Inlet, two great architectural achievements in Constantinople-Istanbul and the men who built them. Although the *Review* is a regional magazine, we at the Academy understand that the world of the intellect knows no geographical bounds.

Even so, our focus is on this state. The December '82 issue will investigate the wondrous Wisconsin wetlands—what and where are they? what good do they do if left untouched? what good do they do if drained? The March '83 issue will present some of Wisconsin's nationally renowned painters and printmakers with essays on the state of the art in this state of these arts.

If this sounds like the ghost of *Reviews* past, present, and future, look closely at the section on "Covers Past": that present section simultaneously looks back to our early years and forward to next year's special on fine arts.

—Patricia Powell

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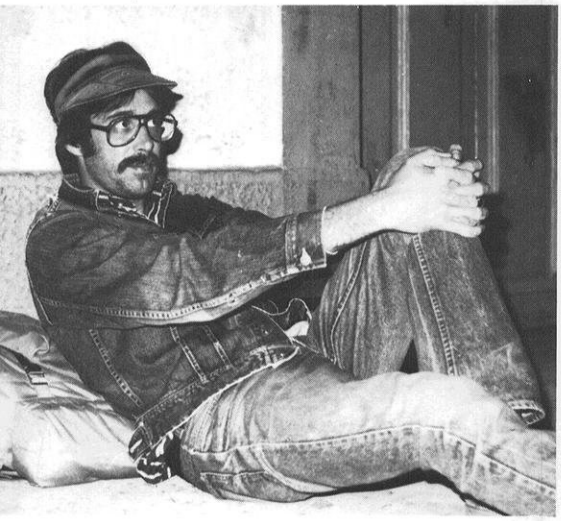
Authors and Artists

Clay Schoenfeld is chairman of the Center for Environmental Communications and Education Studies, a professor of journalism and mass communication, and director of Inter-College Programs at UW-Madison. He has written twenty books and numerous articles in the field of conservation. In 1982 Professor Schoenfeld was named "conservation educator of the year" by the National Wildlife Federation. During the 1940s he took undergraduate and graduate courses from Aldo Leopold.

Derwood Staeben



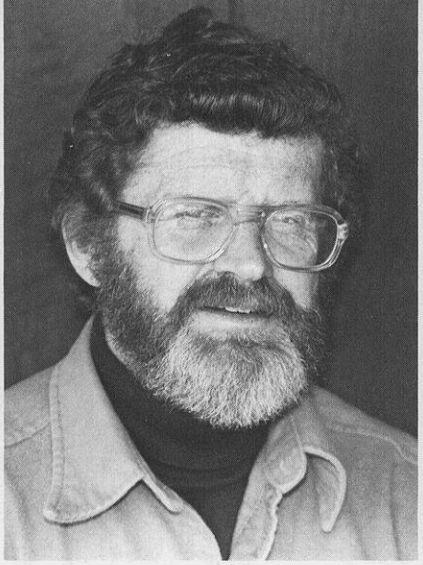
Derwood Staeben, a native of Milwaukee, has graduate degrees from the University of Oregon and UW-Madison in classical civilization. As a result of these interests he has traveled extensively in the Mediterranean where he has combined his love of archaeology with his skills in photography. Stimulated by Turkish hospitality during his initial trip through the country, he has returned twice to Turkey and studied its language and history. When not traveling or studying, Derwood works part time at the family business in Milwaukee.

Born in California in 1928, **Lee Crouse Weiss** attended the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland in 1946–47. From 1947 to 1955 she was a designer in San Francisco. After a second marriage to Leonard Weiss in 1956, she resumed an active interest in painting, studying briefly with N. Eric Oback and Alexander Nepote before beginning to exhibit in 1959. The Weisses and their four daughters moved to Madison in 1962. This watercolor is from Lee Weiss's book, *Watercolors II, The Seventies*, published in 1981.

Robert Najem is currently the statewide University Extension coordinator for letters and science programs. He has served in a variety of university roles, including dean of the Fox Valley campus and director of the National Humanities Series: Midwestern Center. Professor Najem has served as WASAL secretary-treasurer since 1979. He and his family live in Madison.

Reid Bryson is the director of the Institute for Environmental Studies of UW-Madison. Last year he served as president of WASAL. Born in Detroit, Professor Bryson 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 180 articles and 5 books.

Mary L. Meixner



Dennis Ribbens

A native Wisconsinite from Sheboygan, **Dennis Ribbens** is a graduate of Calvin College in Michigan, has the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees in English from UW-Madison and an M.A. in library science from UW-Madison. Having taught English in high schools and at Indiana University, he has been director of the library at Lawrence University for eleven years. Ribbens was one of the original members of the Wisconsin Library Association Literary Awards committee and the originator of the Banta Literary Award. He sponsored the first conference on Wisconsin writers at Lawrence in 1980. With a seventy-five acre farm of his own, Dennis Ribbens not only deals theoretically with decisions of man-land use but with ax and shovel in hand.

Robin S. Chapman is professor of communicative disorders at UW-Madison and the author of articles on child language acquisition.

Mary L. Meixner is presently professor in the College of Design at Iowa State University at Ames. She taught art history for seven years in Milwaukee at the old Milwaukee-Downer College. She recalls visits to Taliesin when A. Meyer of Watertown needed someone to drive him out to tune the musical instruments at Wright's home. Wright's name for Meyer was P. T.—"piano tuner," and he trusted him to prepare the Baldwin grand, the harp, and balalaika each spring before the caravan of brick-red Bantams wound into Wisconsin after the Wrights had wintered in Arizona.

continued on page 49

Fifty Years

of Aldo Leopold's *Game Management*

By Clay Schoenfeld

The year 1983 will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Aldo Leopold's monumental book, *Game Management*.

It is difficult today to recall the game management world of 1933. Leopold himself estimated that there were then less than sixty game research projects under way in the whole United States and in the universities only some twenty game researchers, all of them part-time. To aid them there were a few species monographs like Stoddard's *Bobwhite Quail* and a few local manuals such as the *Management of Upland Game Birds in Iowa*. But there was no "bible," no "Baedeker." *Game Management* was to change all that.

Leopold's comprehensive text was distinguished not only for being the first of its genre; it introduced three concepts that were to become the hallmarks of the Leopold approach to what today is called wildlife management.

First, the subject matter of the volume was hung not on a framework of species or land units but on ecological factors, because the object was "to portray the mechanism which produces all species on all lands rather than to prescribe the procedures for producing particular species or managing particular lands." Thus Leopold gave game management its first theoretical underpinning.

Second, Leopold eschewed "cookbook" techniques and emphasized rather the need for research and more research: "A game man must be by nature a scientific investigator. . . .The game manager must acquire the scientific point of view. . . .Facts about game must be found before they can be taught."

Third, there was already in evidence in *Game Management* the graceful prose and the ethical considerations that a later generation would come to find in *Sand County Almanac*:

> Twenty centuries of 'progress' have brought the average citizen a vote, a national anthem, a Ford, a bank account, and a high opinion of himself, but not the capacity to live in high density without befouling and denuding his environment, nor a conviction that such capacity, rather than such density, is the true test of whether he is civilized. The practice of game management may be one of the means of developing a culture which will meet this test.

Game Management was many years in the making. In the preface Leopold explains that his ecological "factors" or "influences" were first conceived "as a personal hobby" while in the employ of the USDA Forest Service in Arizona and New Mexico in 1910–25. The opportunity to test the set of ideas came during an assignment with the Sporting Arms and Ammunition Manufacturers' Institute in 1928–31 on a game survey of the northcentral states. Portions were presented in a series of lectures at the University of Wisconsin in 1929 and others in conservation journals in 1931.

Many books of the nature and stature of *Game Management* are solo contributions to a single scientific or technical field. It was given to Aldo Leopold, however, to reach wide popular acclaim as the author of *A Sand County Almanac and Sketches Here and There*, in manuscript at the time of his death in 1948 and published in 1949—what Stewart Udall was later to call "a noble elegy to the American

earth and a plea for a new land ethic"; its theme: "We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect."

Sand County Almanac, too, was many years in the making. According to files in the University of Wisconsin Archives, the first Leopold article to break into print was called "Game Conservation: A Warning, Also an Opportunity," in a 1916 issue of the state magazine *Arizona*, Leopold being a young USDA Forest Service staff member in the Southwest at the time. The title was prophetic; he would be promoting the cause of wildlife conservation all his life. Before Leopold came to Madison as associate director of the USDA Forest Products Laboratory in 1925, he had produced over fifty articles on such diverse topics as "the behavior of pintail ducks in a hailstorm" and "pioneers and gullies." Many other writings had appeared in *The Pine Cone*, the newsletter he created for the New Mexico Game Protective Association.

Once in Wisconsin, from 1925 to 1948 Aldo Leopold was to draw much of his raw materials from intimate tramps on his sand county acres near Baraboo, from his deep-digging researches as a pioneer professor of wildlife management at the University of Wisconsin, and from his quixotic adventures in the state conservation bureaucracy as a member of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission.

So, much of *Sand County Almanac* is literally a refinement of lines, paragraphs, and whole essays that had appeared in print between 1925 and 1947. For example, the seminal chapter in *Sand County*, "The Conservation Ethic," actually traces back to a remarkably prescient article contained in *The Journal of Forestry* so early as 1933.

His death in 1948 did not silence the Aldo Leopold pen. Collected and edited sympathetically by his son, Luna, unfinished Leopold manuscripts and field notes were published by Oxford in 1953 in a sequel titled *Round River*, a book that never quite caught on yet that contains some of the finest examples of Leopoldian prose. A later (1966) edition of *Sand County Almanac* does, however, include some of the best of *Round River*.

Is there any one piece that best illustrates all the luminous Leopold qualities? My candidate is "The Song of Gavilan," a lilting essay that made it into the austere *Journal of Wildlife Management* in 1940. From one perspective, "Gavilan" is an ecological treatise, a "lesson in botany." From another, an exciting deer hunting expedition, yet marvelously crafted like a fine painting. From a third perspective, a gentle yet lethal dart aimed at some of Professor Leopold's university colleagues. Above all, "Gavilan" leaps ahead to address a generation that would understand "the good life on any river will depend on the perception of its music," and will not depend merely on "an indefinite extension" of more people, more inventions, and more science.

That such essays delight and inspire millions today—nothing so presages the eventual universal acceptance of the Leopold ethic: "A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community; it is wrong when it tends otherwise."

Game Management is out-of-print now, but its scientific insights and philosophical arguments have illuminated the professional field of wildlife ecology and the broad conservation movement for fifty years.

The Gila Wilderness, the first, a living memorial. It was three card-carrying U.S. Forest Service foresters that conceived what is now the National Wilderness Preservation System—Arthur Carhart, Robert Marshall, and Leopold. Yet when Senator Hubert Humphrey introduced the original Wilderness Bill in 1959, it was opposed by the Forest Service. Aldo would undoubtedly have used a favorite expression: "It's enough to make a man bite off ten-penny nails!" In his later years he became increasingly uncomfortable with government bureaucracy. He placed his ultimate faith in the emergence of a personal "land ethic." Today's environmental movement draws much of its rationale from Leopold's writings.

An Aldo Leopold Album

Photos from the University of Wisconsin Archives
Captions by Clay Schoenfeld

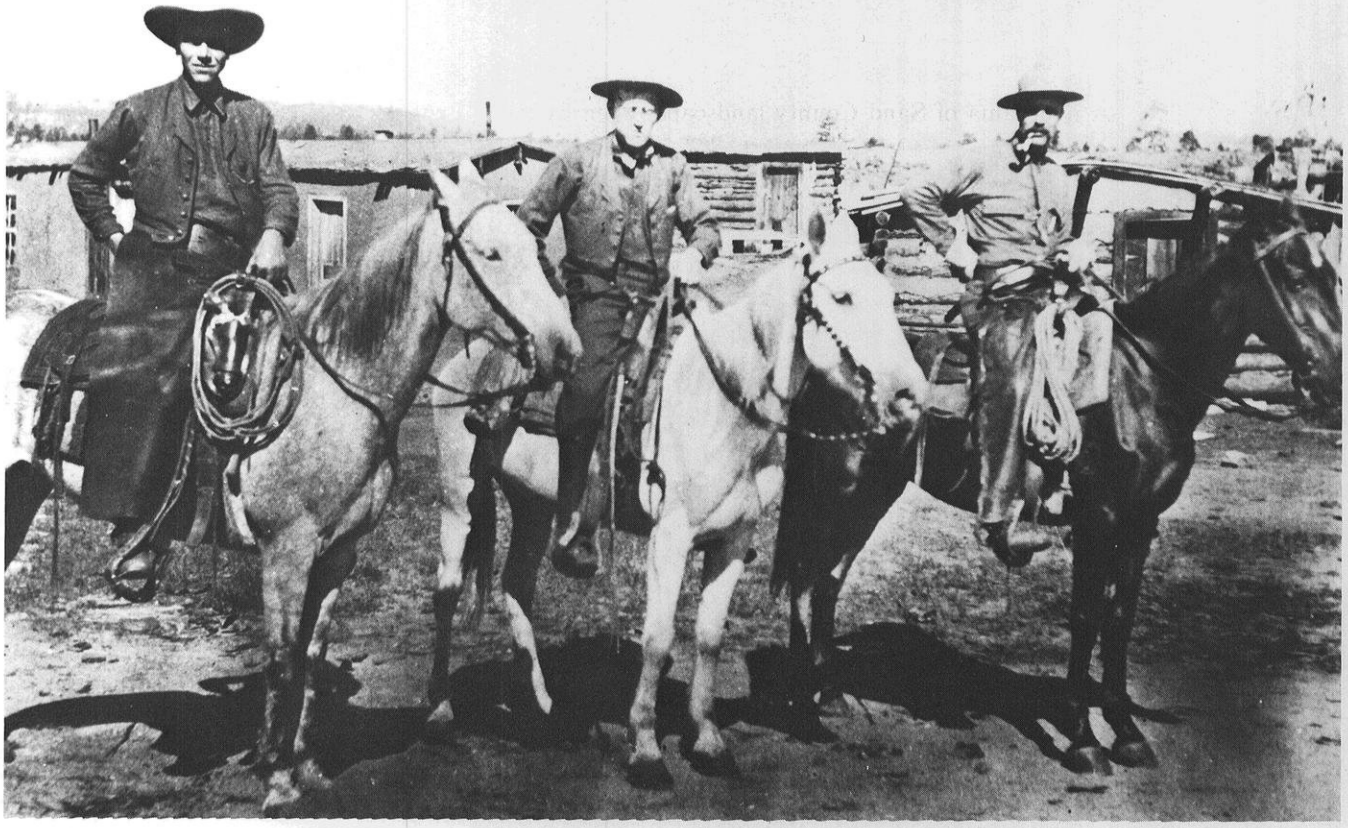
Photo by John D. Guthrie

Forest Assistant Leopold, A., on the Apache National Forest in the Southwest, 1910. Reared in the Mississippi River bottoms in Iowa and schooled at Yale, the young Aldo fell in love with the West and with a beautiful western girl of Spanish sheeprancher extraction, the "my Estella" to whom *Sand County Almanac* is dedicated. Aldo never lost the western flair. His approach to a University of Wisconsin classroom was always marked by the steady "click-click" of his hob-heeled boots as he strode down a corridor; his field attire was pure cowboy. Estella backstopped him all the way. So did a dog, invariably named "Flick."

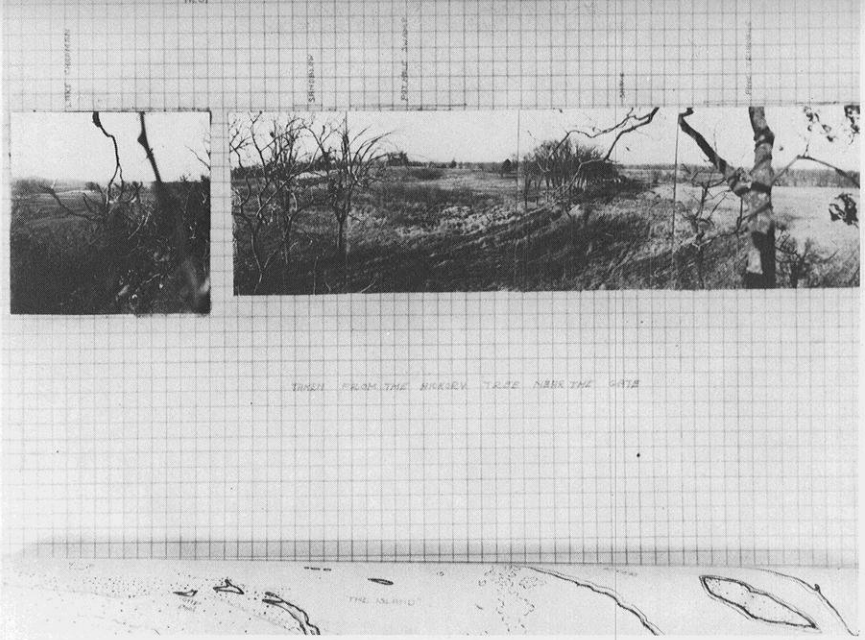
Photo by R. E. Marsh

An Apache National Forest crew has figuratively buried the cook at "Camp Indigestion." Party Chief Leopold is on the left flank with head bowed. A nice sense of humor was a Leopold trademark. An evening around a fire with the Leopold family was always filled with happy laughter and mellifluous Spanish guitar music. They collectively composed their own ballads.

The Carson National Forest Supervisory Force at Tres Predos, New Mexico, 1911. Leopold is tall-in-the-saddle at the left. A professional forester, Leopold rose rapidly in the ranks of the burgeoning U.S. Forest Service, becoming deputy director of the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, in the twenties. But increasingly his mind and heart turned to wildlife ecology, culminating in the publication of his landmark *Game Management* in 1933. Then he became professor of wildlife management at the University of Wisconsin, harbored initially in a broad-minded department of agricultural economics. Later he founded a department of his own. Since he lacked a Ph.D., today he could not rise to tenure rank in his own department.



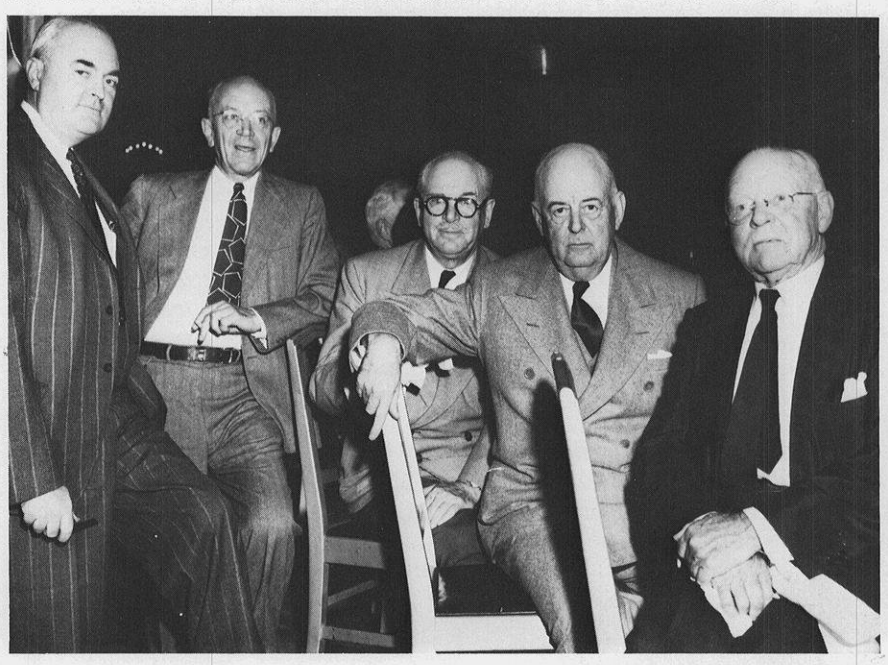
The Leopold Shack, as the family always called it, in "Sand County" the year the Leopolds purchased the abandoned farm, 1935. The Shack was actually an old chicken-shed. It is one of the anomalies of history that today the Leopolds could not fix up and occupy the building, thanks to environmental laws inspired by an "ecological conscience" rendered operational. The Shack sits on the floodplain of the Wisconsin River, and the Wisconsin Water Management Act of 1965 prohibits "improving" such riparian property. The act was drafted by a Leopold disciple.



From the Journal of Carl Leopold

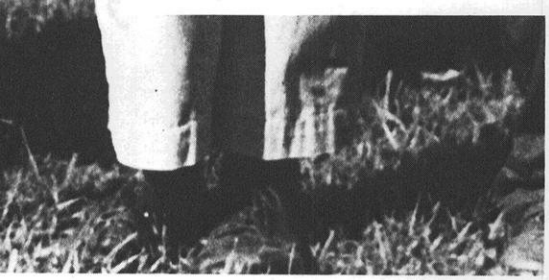
A panorama of Sand County landscape taken from the Leopold front gate in 1939. The Shack area was not just a retreat. It was a family laboratory of peace, happiness, and creativity as the Leopolds sought together to take a tract of worn-out land and bring it back to its original state of harmony. But the shack area was not a wildlife refuge, either. Aldo and his three boys harvested their share of grouse, woodcock, waterfowl, and deer with light shotguns and bows, as the inveterate hunters they all were.

Leopold (second from left) hobnobbing with big-shots at the 1940 North American Wildlife Conference in New York. At the right, Max McGraw of McGraw-Edison. Scion of a furniture manufacturing family, Leopold was at ease with business and businessmen. At one time he served as, of all things, secretary of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Chamber of Commerce. But Leopold was equally at ease with dirt farmers and lady gardenclubbers. No arm-chair conservationist, he was forever energizing public organizations, professional committees, and government programs. No Walden-pond-type Thoreau, Leopold was extremely adept at human relations, cultivating the support of diverse interest groups, particularly as a member of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission in the forties.



This is "The Professor," as his students invariably called him: an informal shot taken near his old Farm Place office on the UW campus *circa* 1940–41—"in unforgotten autumns gone too soon," as read the inscription to his 1933 treatise on *Game Management*. No halo, no pose, just a down-to-earth guy who could "think like a mountain," in the words of a Leopold essay.

To understand why Leopold chose each of these five titles at each of these times is to understand the conceptual and structural evolution of *A Sand County Almanac.*



A Sand County Almanac the making of a title

By Dennis Ribbens

Aldo Leopold never thought of his collection of essays under the title chosen by Oxford University Press, *A Sand County Alamanc.* The title he gave to the final 1947 manuscript was *Great Possessions*, taken from his favorite essay by that name. Earlier during the 1941–1947 period in which the book was written and assembled Leopold preferred other titles. At the outset *Conservation Ecology* seemed to be the best title. After a summer of serious attention to the essays in 1943 *Land Ecology* seemed a better choice. By spring of 1944 that title gave way to *Marshland Elegy and Other Essays*. A significant change in his thinking about his essays led to his preference of *Thinking Like A Mountain and Other Essays* by the summer of 1944. His final choice a few years later was *Great Possessions*. To understand why Leopold chose each of these five titles at each of these times is to understand the conceptual and structural evolution of *A Sand County Almanac*. It is also to understand the evolution of Leopold's thinking about what a nature book ought to be, about the right mix of nature observation and conservation argument, of example and precept, of field experience and philosophical reflection, of scientific fact and aesthetic delight and ethical value. Because *A Sand County Almanac* serves as the model for nature writing in our generation, Leopold's changing thought about the work as reflected in his various title choices deserves the attention of serious readers.

The idea of making a book for the general public out of some of his nontechnical essays seems not to have occurred to Leopold before 1941. In November of that year Leopold received a letter from Knopf broaching the subject of a possible nature book, one which was "a personal book recounting adventures in the field . . . [with] room for the author's opinions on ecology and conservation . . . worked into a framework of actual field experiences." (November 26, 1941) Thus at the very outset Leopold's consideration of a nature book was couched within the tension between a personal, narrative description of nature and a thoughtful, critical analysis of ecological issues. Up to that time Leopold's nontechnical essays had been overtly conservationist arguments reflecting a strong ecological perspective. That continuing interest led Leopold first to think of a collection of his essays under the title *Conservation Ecology*, a textbook title which largely ignored Knopf's interest in "a personal book recounting adventures in the field." But as Leopold began in 1943 to give more and more attention to writing new essays and to revising old ones, he began to place more emphasis on the use of natural description as a vehicle for conservation thought, though in the essays of that period explicit argument continued also to be found. By 1944 the title *Land Ecology* seemed better to reflect the descriptive focus of what Leopold continued to think of as ecological essays. (September 23, 1943) "Marshland Elegy" (*Marshland Elegy and Other Essays*) he considered the best example.

"Marshland Elegy" which dates from 1937, opens with an exquisite poetic portrayal of a marsh dawn. But the view is a distant one; the author stands outside of the crane marsh drama. As nonparticipant critic, he brings the history of the marshland to the destructive crescendo of the work of the "high priests of progress." Brilliantly, incisively, aloofly the author raises a crushing argument against conservation mismanagement. The essay which begins at lovely solar and geological dawn, ends with the prospect of an ecological doomsday, of geologic time come to its end. It is an elegy. And all because of private and government conservation blundering. It is an essay about nature; it is not a nature essay. The reader is led less to experience natural history than to understand its workings and to fear its outcome.

During this 1943–1944 period of much revising and writing, Leopold carried out a steady correspondence with Albert Hochbaum, artist and wildfowl expert. With him he also shared the essays he was working on. Hochbaum, a perceptive and candid man, combined praise and criticism of the essays:

> The lesson you wish to put across is the lesson that must be taught—preservation of the natural. Yet it is not easily taught if you put yourself above other men. That is why I mentioned your earlier attitude toward the wolf. The Bureau Chief had as much right to believe we should be rid of the Escudilla bear, or the government crews to plan roads for the crane marsh, as you had the right to plan the extermination of wolves in New Mexico. One gathers from parts of Escudilla and Marshland Elegy that you bear a grudge against these fellows for not thinking as you when, in your writings, you show that you once followed a similar pattern of thought. Your lesson is much stronger, then, if you try to show how your own attitude towards your environment has changed. (February 4, 1944)

In the June of 1944 Leopold sent these fifteen essays to Knopf: 1. Marshland Elegy, 2. Song of the Gavilan, 3. Guacamaja, 4. Escudilla, 5. Smoky Gold, 6. Odyssey, 7. Draba, 8. Great Possessions, 9. The Green Lagoons, 10. Illinois Bus Ride, 11. Pines Above the Snow, 12. Thinking Like A Mountain, 13. The Geese Return, [14. The Flambeau], and [15. Clandeboye]. Influenced by Hochbaum's advice, the title Leopold chose for this collection was *Thinking Like a Mountain and Other Essays*. In his cover letter Leopold said, "The object, which should need no elaboration if the essays are any good, is to convey an ecological view of land and conservation." (June 6, 1944) Knopf had initially asked for "a personal book recounting adventures in the field." (November 26, 1941) At first glance one might conclude that Leopold had attempted no accommodation between philosophical ecological essays and mere natural history. Such is, however, by no means the case. Conspicuously absent from the list are the three nonnarrative conservation essays from the 1930s: "Conservation Esthetic," "The Conservation Ethic," and "Wildlife in American Culture." Clearly Leopold's purpose in these thirteen essays (to which two more were added in August of 1944) was to popularize and to dramatize through actual events, in some cases through his own personal experiences, those same ecological and conservation issues which he had addressed in the earlier philosophic essays. But if on the one hand the more philosophical essays do not appear, neither on the other hand except incidentally do the more personal essays based on shack experiences. It is interesting to note that after ten years at the shack and after two-and-a-half years of serious thought about nature essays, Leopold used the shack experience in only two of the fifteen essays, "Great Possessions" and "Pines Above the Snow." (Unlike the 1947 draft, the 1944 draft of "The Geese Return" contained no shack reference.) Ecological preachment, made accessible to the public by means of described events and personal experiences, is the dominant essay type by 1944. "Draba" is a most notable exception, a gentle elegant description and implicit ecological argument.

This perspective in Leopold's essays is unmistakably evident in what he said to Knopf at that time about a title for the book. "I once thought to call it 'Marshland Elegy—And Other Essays,' but 'Thinking Like a Mountain—And Other Essays' now strikes me as better." (June 6, 1944) "Thinking Like a Mountain" and "Marshland Elegy" are similar in many ways. Both are what Leopold considered ecological essays. Both addressed important conservation issues but through event and example more than through reason and argument. Neither is mere natural history on the one hand nor exclusively philosophic examination on the other. But their differences are equally significant. "Thinking Like a Mountain" is a personal narrative. In place of "they" one finds "we" and "I." It is told by one humble enough to confess his own past ecological blunders. It is more profound and universal than "Marshland Elegy." Quietly speaking of the change in his own attitude, Leopold recognizes the need to reckon with the wisdom of the mountain. Instead of a diatribe on what has been done wrong, and instead of a doomsday ending as in "Elegy," it concludes with Thoreau's expression of hope, "In wildness is the salvation of the world."

Such a combining of field experience, wolf description, personal confession, and ecological concern for the future troubled the editors of Knopf. Their rejection of his essays led Leopold to examine even more closely what, in his view, a nature essay ought to be. By the end of 1944 Leopold acknowledged "Great Possessions" to be his best essay. Increasingly, Leopold's later writing turned to his own shack experiences. Increasingly in his essays ecological argument became implicit and personal interaction with nature explicit.

Indeed *Great Possessions* became Leopold's title choice for his final

1947 manuscript. What was included in that manuscript? How did it differ from the 1944 list? Why was *Great Possessions* selected as a title? The final manuscript changed in two directions. First of all, more personal narratives appeared, placed largely in Part I, "Sauk County Almanac." More philosophical analyses also appeared, all included in Part III, "The Upshot." Part II, "Essays Here and There" largely reflected the essay type dominant in 1944. In fact, ten of the sixteen Part II essays were included in the 1944 list of fifteen. All of Part III was new to the 1947 manuscript, although three of the four essays had first been published a decade earlier. The really new material appeared in Part I. In 1944 Leopold had yet to use the shack experience as a writing focus. But in the 1947 manuscript, of the twenty-one essays in Part I, "Sauk County Almanac," only four had appeared earlier as articles (compared with ten out of sixteen in Part II and three out of four in Part IV). Dated manuscript materials support the fact that only in the last few years of his life did Leopold turn seriously to writing shack based narrative descriptions. More and more he placed himself at the experiential center. "Great Possessions," an essay written in late 1943, reflects Leopold's last and deepest sense of what he wanted the book to be. The controlling elements in that essay are the thoughts and experiences of the Leopold "I," all done narratively, ironically at times, taking the reader along to share his dawn meditations on land possession. Do the county clerk's records have the last word on who owns what? How about the field sparrow, oriole, and indigo bunting? Doesn't man's aesthetic possession of land transcend legal parceling? In this quiet, descriptive essay one meets Leopold the phenologist, the lover of land, the man in search of harmony with his world. The essay dwells not on the past (neither on Leopold's nor on any other's ecological mistakes) nor on the future (neither on the time to change nor on the fact that time has run out), but on the present experienced moment. It ends not with a doomsday nor with Thoreau's statement on the future, but with breakfast. In this essay exposition is contingent upon narrated field experience. Leopold appears both as ecological example and as ecological preceptor, the convergence of which sets up Leopold as the standard by which you and I encounter nature. His coffee cup, his dog, and his eyes become our own.

Leopold's earlier ecological essays like "Marshland Elegy" were of a very different sort. So too were his earlier philosophical essays. But in the end Leopold firmly believed that his philosophical, his ecological, and his shack essays were all of one piece, providing different approaches to the same topic—man/land relations. Leopold never really did write "mere natural history." Man always stands central in what Leopold has to say about nature. The shack essays of Part I provide a field case in point, an example of right man/land relation. The philosophical essays of Part III debate the same issue. And the ecological essays of Part II provide strong arguments for right man/land relations through their analyses of how man has affected the earth in different places in our country. That varied approach and Leopold's late preference for the personal are reflected in his title choice *Great Possessions*.

But that title Oxford University Press considered unsellable. Even worse titles were suggested by some of the editorial team responsible for the manuscript after Leopold's death, titles like *Fast Losing Ground, Last Call, Two Steps Backward, This We Lose*, and others as well. (July 19, 1948) One of the editorial team, Alfred Etter, found either "Sand Country Almanac" or "Seasons in the Sand Country" a better heading for Part I than Leopold's choice, "Sauk County Almanac." (June 10, 1948) Out of those suggestions apparently grew the present puzzling Part I caption "A Sand County Almanac" and the book title itself *A Sand County Almanac*. That title, whether chosen on the basis of saleability, euphonics, or caprice, fails to prepare the reader for what the book really contains and fails to reflect the multifaceted approach Leopold took to his topic. *Great Possessions* does that better.■

Decoration day

The married children
got ready for
Memorial Day
by scrubbing patios
and grills
and checking
fishing rods and reels
and stocking up
on beer and brats.
Their mother called it
Decoration Day.
Her way
was cleaning cemetery urns
and filling them
with rich black soil,
planting geraniums
and vinca vines.
Because they didn't have
perpetual care
in the little
country graveyard
where her kin were,
she hauled
the old pushmower
in the car.
It took more strength
than her frail bones
could spare,
and as the ancient blades
crisscrossed the graves
of mother, father,
husband and infant son,
she asked herself
Who will tend the graves
when I am gone?
She should have known
her death would make
the children meet mortality
head on,
and moving ever closer
to the front,
they, too,
would mow the grass,
plant the geraniums
and vinca vines,
each knowing
they couldn't rest
beneath a blanket
of thistle
and dead grass.

Vera Valley

The Albanian-Italian-Madison Connection

Albanian village in Sicily, home of Madison immigrants.

The Story of Sarah Stassi

Collected by Angela Buongiorno

Since I came to Madison several years ago, I felt a curiosity, being Italian myself, to learn more about the origins of the local Italian community. To buy shoes for my children I often went to Stassi's shoe store on University Avenue, where I met Rosario Stassi who presented me to his mother, Sarah Stassi. Talking to them I discovered their interesting, culturally rich past. Their experience reflects much of the reality of early Italian immigrants in Madison, their adjustment and expectations. This is the story of Mrs. Sarah Stassi who came to Madison from Sicily at the age of nineteen. I have tried to report it faithfully as she told it to me. But I have also used documents which were generously provided to me by her son, Rosario, as well as his personal recollections. I am greatly indebted to Sarah Stassi and Rosario Stassi for the time they took to answer patiently my questions. Any errors or omissions remain my sole responsibility.

Sarah Parisi Stassi—Albanian, Italian, and Madisonian.

Postcard from relatives in the old village, before the name was changed to Piana degli Albanesi.

My name is Sarah Parisi Stassi; I am 85 years old. I was born in 1896 in a small town of Sicily called Piana degli Albanesi. I come from Sicily, but I am not really Sicilian. All the people in my village were of Albanian descent. When I was a little girl my father and mother told me a story which everybody in my village knew: In the late fifteenth century Albania was invaded by the Turks. George Castrioti, an Albanian hero, and his sons fought hard for nearly forty years against the Turks but were eventually defeated. In 1488 the King of Naples, to express his appreciation for the defense of Christianity against the infidel, offered Castrioti and his followers asylum in southern Italy. The offer was accepted; and Castrioti and his people, who were originally of Greek descent, settled in over eighty villages in southern Italy, including six within Sicily. Our village Piana degli Albanesi (the Albanian's valley) is one of them; it used to be called Piana dei Greci but the name was changed in the 1940s. Our main street is still named after Castrioti and at home we still speak our dialect, which is ancient Albanian, no longer spoken in modern Albania.

Our ancestors were originally Greek Orthodox, but upon arriving in Italy to show their appreciation, they agreed to the primacy of the pope. In return the pope allowed them to practice the Greek rite which differs from the Latin rite in that Greek or Albanian is used in the Mass instead of Latin. Otherwise, theologically, there is little difference between the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches. However, we kept many traditions and religious practices that are typical of Eastern Orthodox churches. For example when a girl marries, and during religious festivities, she wears a very colorful, ornamental gown that is passed down for generations, and along with it go special dances and music that are very ancient. I have a friend in Madison, Frances Paratore, who is still in possession of one of those gowns. Unfortunately, my mother sold hers before coming to the United States. The true Italians don't share these same traditions. Of course through the centuries we have been "Italianized." Our agricultural methods, dress, and food are much the same. We have always supported the Italian government, our schools were and are Italian. Still, we have retained some cultural differences, and these have sometimes been regarded with some suspicion, if not an open hostility, by the Italians, including the Sicilians. But we were and still are very proud of our past. This could be one of the reasons why we managed through five centuries to keep our stock relatively pure. The geographical isolation of many Albanian villages in southern Italy also certainly contributed to this.

I had to tell you this long and ancient story because, knowing our background, you will perhaps better understand us and how we adjusted to life in this country.

Economic conditions were very hard in Sicily at the end of the last century. Piana knew the same poverty and hopelessness as many other Sicilian villages. High taxes and general misery led many of my people from Piana to emigrate to the United States. In the beginning they headed for Louisiana, where some found work there in the sugar fields. Others moved north to Chicago where they worked for the railroad. From there they eventually came to Madison, having heard that higher salaries were paid here for the same kind of work.

My father left Piana alone in 1907; he was following a cousin of his who settled in Madison in 1902. There were quite a few men from Piana at the time, who used to live together, mostly on Regent, Murray, and Spring Streets. They remained a little apart from the true Sicilians who were also coming to Madison at that time. A small group of Lombards from northern Italy were coming too; they excelled in stone and terrazzo work. My father and many of his compatriots worked mostly for construction companies; my father worked for Icke. They built roads—University Avenue was largely built by them—and buildings. Their work was seasonal, and in the winter they did odd jobs, like shoveling snow for the city. My father lived in a room in an attic on Regent Street with eight other men from Piana. He sent money back to us, almost $200 a year. My mother, who was a dressmaker, and my three brothers and sisters lived all together. We had enough to live but were by no means prosperous. In 1911 my father came back, stayed with us for two years, and in 1913 left again. This time he took with him my older brother, who was seventeen and in danger of being recruited for World War I. They settled in Madison again, and at first they worked together for construction companies, until my brother found a job in a tobacco factory. He was a good dancer, my brother, and handsome too, and he soon married a Norwegian girl. I was a teenager at the time and engaged to Nicola, a boy from Piana, but my mother didn't want us to get married without the approval of my distant father.

Poverty and hopelessness in Sicily at the end of the last century led many to emigrate to the United States.

Many of our friends and relatives from Piana were leaving. There was nothing that kept us there, and so we left too in 1919 to join our father and brother in Madison. Three families from Piana left with us, one of them my fiance's family. I was glad he was leaving too. A guy from Palermo helped us with the papers; finally we were ready and on the 19th of December 1919 we sailed from Palermo on the "America-Argentina." We stopped in Spain and remained there in quarantine because a man in the ship had suddenly died. We waited inside the ship for what seemed to me a very long time. Some spent their time dancing, others crying. Finally we resumed our journey and in January we arrived in New York.

It was cold, I remember, and we were not properly dressed. A woman who spoke Italian headed us towards the railway station. Nicola and his family left a bit ahead of us, directed to Pittsburgh where some of their relatives were living. He promised to marry me once settled. Nicola gone, we took a train which brought us first to Chicago, then to Madison. My father, brother, his wife and other relatives came to meet us at the station. There was snow on the ground, deep snow, and I remember the cold. From the Northwestern station, which now houses Madison Gas & Electric, we took an electric tramway to Washington Avenue. From there we walked to the apartment on Park Street which my father had previously rented for us. That was America.

My mother found a job in a tobacco factory, I stayed home with my younger sisters. My very young sister attended school at Longfellow. It felt strange at first to be here, in Madison, but after a while I realized it was like living at home. In the neighborhood there were so many people from my village, Sicilians, Lombards. They all lived in big, very old houses. I have been told that at the very beginning of the century the part of Madison where we lived was like many other parts of the city, a worthless swamp. Slowly old buildings were appearing in the lowlands of the ninth ward. They came on wheels from the square and university areas. A lot of money was made at that time by business men who purchased those old dwellings which would otherwise have been torn down and moved them to where the Italian quarter was forming. A large house came then to serve several immigrant families.

In July 1920 Nicola finally came; we got married and went to live in Pittsburgh. But I was lonesome there, I missed my family, my friends, my street. Nicola was a good man; he understood and after two years we came back to Madison. Rosario, my first born, was two years old at the time. We rented a small apartment on Park Street, close to my family. Nicola was working for the Icke Construction Company. I stayed home at that time; Saverio was born soon after. I used to attend with my husband night classes at the Neighborhood House, a community center where they taught us English and got us ready for naturalization. Soon after we moved to another apartment on Regent Street where we remained a long time. I started working first in the kitchen of the Hotel Lorraine, then I found a good job at University Hospital as a cleaning woman. I worked there for thirty years. I was happy living on Regent Street. There was a club, the Italian Workingmen's Club, where many Albanians went and few Sicilians. The club still exists on Regent Street, and like in the old days it provides social services to its members. In addition, dances and other entertainment often take place there.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Neighborhood House held night classes in English and citizenship for Italian immigrants in the 1920s.

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The Victor Emmanuel III (king of Italy, 1900–46) marching band of Madison, about 1922.

I used to attend St. Joseph Catholic Church on Park Street which was so close to where we lived. Many Sicilians and Lombards went there and quite a few of their children attended the church's grade school. But the majority of the people from my village, the Albanians, did not attend St. Joseph. Back in Piana we had our own Greek Catholic Church with the Albanian rite; this may explain why many of our people did not join the Catholic church. In Piana besides three Greek Catholic churches, there were two Roman Catholic churches, because the town also had a small group of Italians. Some Albanians went to the two churches, mostly on festivity days. Still it was similar in many ways to our church, and to me it felt good to hear sermons in Italian conducted by an Italian immigrant priest. Many of my people did not join, at the beginning, any church. Some went to the Episcopal Church which more closely resembled our original church; sometimes I attended it too.

In 1922, however, a Methodist Church was built at the corner of Milton and South Lake streets. The Italian Methodist Church began to be organized in 1916, but it was in 1922 that a church was built and that a substantial congregation began to attend its services. The Sicilians' response was not hospitable, they resented it openly, but many Albanians found that the church suited their taste. The relative success that the church enjoyed for many years was largely due to the Albanian presence. There were certain things that vaguely resembled our religious practices. For example we were not surprised to see a Methodist reverend with a wife and children since our Greek Catholic priests back in Piana were also married and had children. In the communion we were also used to wine being received as well as bread. Besides, and often together with her evangelical work, the church had many side activities, somewhat like the "Neighborhood House." English and naturalization classes were often conducted by university volunteers: a deaconess taught cooking, sewing, and American methods of child care to Italian women. The church emphasized Americanization work and this helped many Albanians adjust to the new world. The Albanians had no parochial school; they had to attend American schools and so learned American values and patterns more quickly than the Sicilians attending St. Joseph.

The Methodist Church also helped in that purpose. It was under an Italian minister, Rev. Antonio Parroni, that the church enjoyed its greatest success. I have to mention briefly his story because I think it is unique. He was born in southern Italy, in the Abbruzzi, from a relatively wealthy family. He studied engineering at the University of Turin, then World War I came to interrupt his studies. He became an infantry officer, then a submarine commander. After the war he was sent to the United States to study advanced engineering. While in the United States he attended a Presbyterian prayer meeting. He was converted and in 1929 he came to Madison to head the Italian Methodist Church. He served there for thirty-one years, and everybody who knew him still remembers him as a very compassionate and understanding person. Rev. Parroni came during the Depression, a difficult time for everybody, particularly the immigrants, marked by unemployment, poverty and an increase in crime in our local community. Rev. Parroni understood well the situation: the people's needs were more important than the church's Christianization and Americanization goals. But at the same time the practical help he gave served naturally to integrate more fully the Italian immigrants in the community's life. Being a Methodist minister, he had many connections in town and he often used those connections to help people find jobs. For example, he convinced the president of the Madison Gisholt Company that they should hire Italians. He helped my husband, who was in the same mili-

At home we still speak our ancient Albanian dialect no longer spoken in modern Albania.

tary unit during the war, to find a good job at the Forest Products Laboratory as a maintenance man. He raised funds during Italian festivals organized by the church. He particularly understood the special problems of the young, who, after having learned American values in school, found themselves stuck in the "bush" unable to find jobs. He kept them busy, away from crime, as much as he could. He organized for them many activities, such as athletics and craft workshops. He tried to expose these youngsters to the external community that one day they might enter. Many a time he would drive them through the city in a borrowed truck; sometimes he would bring them to see new motion pictures in the theatres downtown.

My two oldest boys Rosario and Saverio regularly attended his church and participated in many of its activities. They permanently adopted Protestantism like the majority of second generation Albanians. I continued attending St. Joseph, but I often went to the Methodist Church with my husband. Even though the majority of the people attending the church were Albanians, other Italians took part, especially during the Depression, but very few joined permanently. Rev. Parroni extended his generosity to everybody, whether or not they attended his church, Italians and non-Italians, especially Jews who were quite numerous in the neighborhood. In later years many blacks who were entering the neighborhood also joined his church. The Albanians had a close relationship first with the Jews, then with the blacks.

Today the Italian Methodist Church in Milton Street no longer exists. It united with another church, and the two became known as Calvary Methodist located on the far south side of Madison. After the urban renewal project of the early sixties that dispersed much of the Italian community, Rev. Parroni returned to Italy, but in later years he came back to the United States. He now lives with his family in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. When he came back, the Italian community organized a big party for him.

Our house on Regent Street is now a parking lot. Many of my relatives' and friends' houses in that triangle area were torn down in the early sixties. The city gave us some money, not much, to buy apartments elsewhere. Just before the urban renewal we moved to the house I live in now on Highbury Street. My two sons, Rosario and Saverio, have their children's shoe store close to my house. I have two other children, Katherine and Joseph. Katherine lives in Madison, she attended business college and married a man of English descent. Sometimes she goes to the Episcopal Church. Joseph lives in Colorado and works for the Geological Survey. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin, married a girl of Norwegian descent, and is a fervent Catholic. Saverio is the only one who married an Albanian girl. He has a high school diploma and owns the shoe store together with Rosario. Rosario, my first born, married a girl of French-English descent, and he is now a grandfather. We still speak Albanese together. He attended the University of Wisconsin for two years, then the war came which interrupted his studies.

I am old now, and since Nicola died I feel a little lonesome. I try to keep busy though, and my children often stop by to see me. My daughter brings me every Sunday to Queen of Peace Church. Rosario and Saverio come to see me every night after they close the store. I like to do needlework, I still like to cook. Last year I went to visit my son who lives in Colorado, but after a while I got a little bored. My son has a big, beautiful house in a suburb but still it seems it has no street, no people around! I like my home, I like when my children take me around with the car downtown. Everytime I pass through Regent Street I have a feeling. . . .I don't know what. I don't know if I am happy or sad, and even though much has changed around those places, I still remember and have that feeling.

For more information about the Italian community of Madison see John A. Valentine, A Study in Institutional Americanization: The Assimilative History of the Italian-American Community in Madison, Wisconsin. Unpublished Master's thesis, University of Wisconsin. Madison, 1967.

A song of rain

Raindrops
cascading
down on the mountain
of doubts in myself

rain
adding weight to
this sense of depression
long useless hours of
stubbornly keeping
myself
to myself

drops
in free fall
dancing a foxtrot
on tiles of my roof
drumming the rhythm
enough is enough
believe in yourself.

Raindrops
retreating
leaving a molehill
of faith in myself.

Iefke Goldberger

Three able-bodied hunters with thirty-seven mouths to feed. How could they survive the loss of even one hunter?

Utkusiksalingmiut

By Reid Bryson

Let me tell you about my fishing contest with some Eskimos. Bob Ragotzkie and I had been making some soundings on a lake just south of Irby and Mangles Bay, in the Canadian north, practically at the northernmost point of the District of Keewatin. While we worked on the lake, Jim Larsen and John Thomson collected plant specimens, while Irwin Hiebert and our pilot, Rocky Parsons, just generally nosed about. We hadn't set up camp on our arrival from Baker Lake 400 miles to the south because we really couldn't tell whether a lake would be suitable for our research until we made some measurements.

We all finished up about four in the afternoon and started to think about a camp. Rocky didn't like the stony shore we had beached the Norseman on or the short north-south dimension of the lake if the wind picked up from the north. He suggested that we backtrack to the head of Chantry Inlet, where he had noticed that a group of Eskimos usually camped in summer, and camp with them. He hadn't ever stopped there, but thought maybe they were the same group he had seen fifty miles down the inlet in winter.

As we flew towards the head of the inlet, I thought of the Eskimos I had met at Point Barrow seven years before. They had really been a surprise to me. I had read several articles about Eskimos at one time or another, but they were about more isolated groups than those at Barrow. I certainly had not expected the first comment made to me by one of those people. A small group of us who had just arrived at the Naval Research Laboratory heard that there was a "picnic" going on at Barrow village in honor of the first whale of the season. We arrived shortly before midnight as the festivities were getting under way. Several Eskimos were demonstrating their skill on their version of the trampoline—a sheet of walrus hide held by a ring of people. I had to have a picture of that, so I set my borrowed cheap Argus camera to the light of the late June sun just over the northern horizon. As I prepared to shoot, a short, wizened Eskimo in a parka walked up and with a snaggle-toothed grin asked what exposure I was using. After I told him

what exposure and film, he thanked me, reached inside his parka to bring out his expensive Leica, set it, and we both took a picture!

A couple of days later, one of the Eskimos who worked at the lab had come in waving a large manila envelope and exclaiming that no one would beat him now. He gleefully removed an 8 by 10 color enlargement and showed it around. It was a close-up of the open mouth and fangs of a charging polar bear. Practically sticking into the bear's mouth was the out-of-focus muzzle of a rifle.

It seems they had been playing a kind of "chicken" game in pairs to see who could get the closest-up close-up of a charging bear. The one with the rifle couldn't shoot until after he heard the click of the camera. That's too rough a game for me! We all agreed that if anyone shot a closer-up picture, he probably wouldn't survive to get it developed.

The Chantry Inlet Eskimos were a quite different lot. Bill Irving, an Arctic anthropologist who worked several later expeditions with us, thought they were perhaps the most primitive group left in North America at the time—the Utkusiksalingmiut, or "People of the Soapstone Pot Place." He said they hunted seal down the inlet in winter and fished, where the Back River spilled into the inlet, in summer. This in itself made them different, for they were neither the typical marine mammal hunters of the coast nor the caribou hunters of the tundra.

As we circled the head of the inlet scouting out a safe landing area free of slightly submerged rocks, we could see seven canvas tents—the Eskimos were there. The Back River, about the size of the Missouri, widens into Franklin Lake before spilling over a drop of perhaps five feet into Chantry Inlet. I didn't realize at the time that Franklin Lake was named for the ill-fated Franklin Expedition that had perished in the general area in the 1840s. The tents were spread over a bare rocky area at the southeast end of the rapids, and we could see a number of Eskimos watching us circle and turn back to land.

There was no good shore to beach the Norseman on, but the wind was light as we nosed up to the boulders next to the tents. The whole band, about forty strong, must have been on the rocks to greet us, smiling their welcome. Rocky knew a few words of Eskimo from his years as a bush pilot in the north and indicated somehow that we wished to stay. An old, skinny, one-eyed man, who seemed to be the chief, turned and headed towards a grassy patch. Instantly the women picked up all our gear, heavy tent and all, and followed. I was too busy taking in the whole scene to really notice details of the Eskimo band or campsite at that point. I sure did later!

After we had set up our tent on a grassy spot just above the Eskimo tents, we got out our gasoline stove for dinner—but here was the whole band watching us! All forty of them. I put on a big pot of water for tea and broke out the pilot biscuits. The Eskimos watched quietly all the while. When the tea was ready and we indicated they were to join us, pandemonium broke loose. There was much chattering and dashing about to round up enough mugs, pans, etc. for nearly all to have a container for the tea—and ear-to-ear smiles. The smiles became even broader as we passed the sugar, especially on one old woman. But when I reached her, several intervened and waved me on. I never did figure that out. If she was diabetic, how did they know? There must have been some past event that convinced them she shouldn't have sugar.

While we were drinking tea, with rock-hard pilot biscuits, I had a chance to survey the composition of the band. There were five able-bodied adult males and one adult male hunchback. That included Old One-Eye who seemed to be the leader. The rest were women and young children. Why no teenagers? Had there been a series of bad winters ten or fifteen years earlier that had eliminated the children?

After the tea we passed around pieces of the chocolate bars we had brought. Now the smiles were those of old friends. Once again the old woman was denied participation in the sweets.

Breaking out the tobacco really did it. Once again there was hurrying to the tents to get pipes, some of soapstone, some of wood. This time the old woman was not denied. She cooed and chuckled as she savored the smoke. As a pipe smoker and packrat I must admit I coveted the soapstone pipes but didn't have sense enough to offer a trade. Wish I had.

After the tea party a little boy of eight or ten came over to me and held up a small snow knife made of two pieces of bone fastened together with bone pegs. I had never had such an experience before and didn't know quite what to do. Rocky said it was a gift; I took it, and not knowing quite what to do, handed the boy a handful of tea bags in exchange.

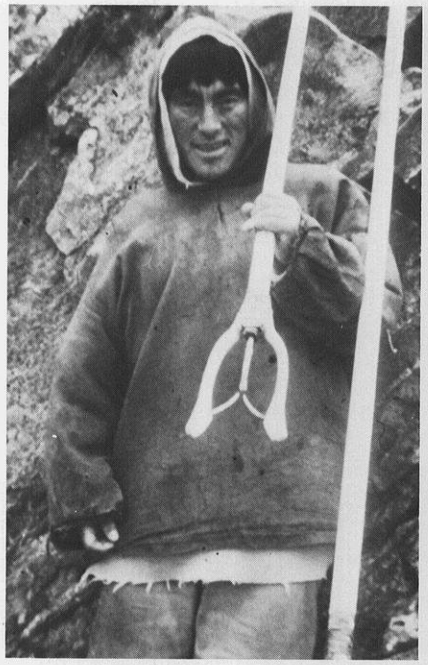
The promise of a tea party brings smiles all around as everyone scurries to find a suitable container.

I wondered what kind of bone they had used. I caught the attention of one of the adults and, pointing at the snow knife, simulated the horns of the musk-ox with my hands. After a few puzzled seconds the Eskimo grinned and indicating the swept back horns of the caribou, said "Tuktu, tuktu," then pointed at the snow knife while simultaneously indicating his clavicle.

Bob and I decided that since it was only midnight and still light, we would try some fishing. As we rigged our fly rod and spinning rod, Old One-Eye was both curious and amused. He took hold of the line just above Bob's streamer, squinted as he peered at the tiny lure and guffawed. He pointed at the water, indicated the large size of the fish, pointed at the lure, indicated its small size and bent double with laughter. We persisted. He pointed at the water, waved his hand like a swimming fish and, nesting his cheek on his hands, indicated that the fish were asleep. We persisted. No Eskimos followed us to the shore.

Bob's first cast hooked a lake trout. So did mine. As we landed them, the Eskimos came streaming down to the shore, chattering, and the contest was on. Old One-Eye detailed two of the men as their team, three-pointed fish spears appeared out of nowhere, and we immediately felt the pressure to produce.

What a fishing contest! In the first half hour we tied the world record for both Arctic char and grayling.



This fishing spear held by a successful fisherman is made of flexible caribou bone sides, metal barbs, and a driftwood handle.

Reid Bryson and Bob Ragotzkie with part of their midnight catch.

The Utkusikalingmiut encampment at Chantry Inlet.

As we landed our second catches, a char and another lake trout, the tension mounted. It subsided just as fast, but not entirely, when we threw our catch into a ring of rocks, a holding pond, at the water's edge. We weren't taking their fish away from them. With each nice catch, we would hold it up and grin. After all, in the first half hour we had tied the world record for both Arctic char and grayling. But every time we caught a whopper, our Eskimo opponents held up a bigger one they had speared.

After an hour or so we quit, apparently by some unspoken mutual consent. We had caught the most pounds of fish, but they had speared the largest. After the contest the Eskimos offered to trade their spears for our rods. Bob and I thought that wouldn't be practical because they couldn't repair the rods if they broke, so Bob gave them some spare Daredevils. They in turn gave him a bone lure with a hook that appeared to have been fashioned from a nail.

As we all turned in, six of us in our sleeping bags in a four-man tent, Old One-Eye approached the tent followed by three women. He peered into the tent, smiling. The smile faded and he sent the women back to their own tents. Apparently there wasn't room for us to accept the traditional Eskimo hospitality of a woman for the womanless visitor.

Next morning we packed up to leave. As I rolled up our tent, I discovered why the area we had camped on was so beautifully grassy. Did you ever try to wash your hands of the feces of dogs whose diet was entirely fish? It seems the grassy spot was where they often kept their dogs tethered.

Amidst broad smiles all around we shook hands with everyone, loaded the plane, and shoved off. Immediately the women moved back to our campsite, dug out the eggshells we had discarded, and devoured them on the spot. I've often wondered whether it was flavor, texture, or just lime that they were after.

On the flight back to Baker Lake, the closest base with aviation fuel *en route* to Churchill and commercial transport, I though of those Eskimos. Five adult males, one quite old, one hunchbacked. Three able-bodied hunters with thirty-seven mouths to feed. No teenagers to learn the hunting skills and replace a lost hunter. What had happened to the teenagers? How could they survive the loss of one hunter—a third of their food acquisition in winter, at least, when they lived on seal?

In Baker Lake we saw the Northern Affairs people who were responsible for the native peoples. There were few enough people in the settlement that every visitor met everyone. I asked whether they had visited the Utkusiksalingmiut and whether they didn't think the age and sex distribution unstable. They said they hadn't visited them yet, but intended to some day. Ten years later I asked them if they had ever visited the people on Chantrey Inlet. No, they hadn't, but they intended to. We told them to not bother.

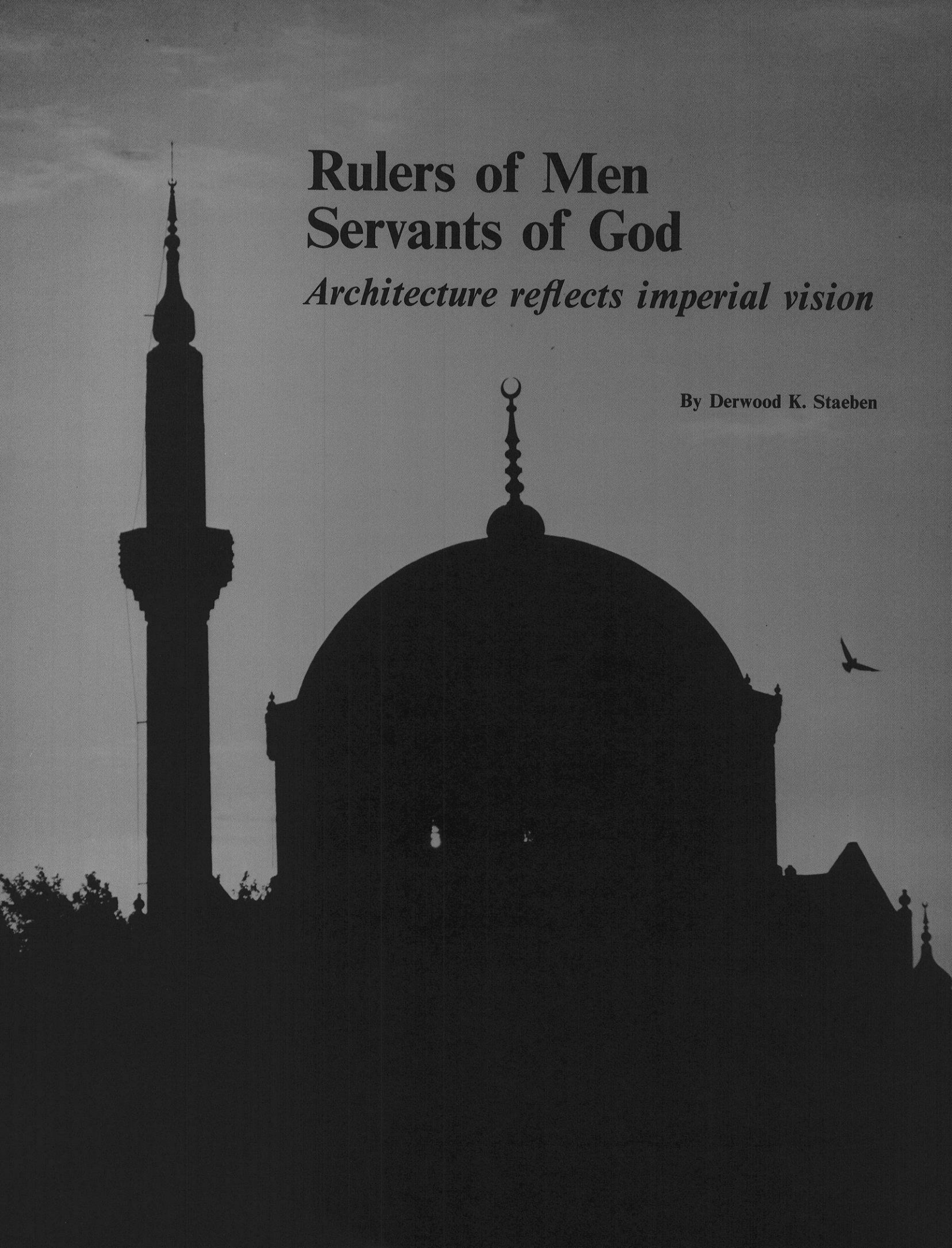
We hadn't camped with those Eskimos again in the ten years but had flown over their camp almost every summer. Their numbers had dwindled to twenty-two in two years, then seventeen, then eleven—and after the sixth year, to none.

I've often talked to Canadians who travel in the north and asked them about my Eskimo friends. They've usually heard of them but have never seen them. They are all convinced that the Eskimos are either still there or were taken out by the Department of Northern Affairs. I don't believe them.

I don't believe them any more than I believe those who say Farley Mowat lied about the Ihalmiut. In his book *The Desperate People*, Mowat had told of the Ihalmiut, reduced to a starving handful, begging to no avail at the Ennadai Aeradio station in 1958. He told how the remaining dozen adult Eskimos and a teenage girl, with one rifle among them, finally gave up and headed north, with no dogs, only to perish.

Between 1959 and 1970 I camped a number of times on the campsite the Ihalmiut had occupied at Ennadai. I pondered their abandoned dog sled and kayak, their scattering of a few bones and the simple bone toys made for small children now gone. I asked the radio men if they remembered those Eskimos, "Oh yes, we remember them. It was most unpleasant having them always staring in the windows when we were eating!" I suspect it was most unpleasant on the outside as well.

The caribou Eskimo are gone. Starved into oblivion in our era. The Utkusiksalingmiut are gone too. The world is poorer for their passing.■



Rulers of Men Servants of God

Architecture reflects imperial vision

By Derwood K. Staeben

Travel brochures, tourist posters, and book covers frequently show the silhouette of a mosque bathed in the orange glow of a setting sun. Such images evoke all the adventure and mystery of Anatolia and invite the wide-eyed viewer to sample the architectural splendors of Constantinople-Istanbul. The Great Church of the East, the Sancta Sophia, built by Byzantine Emperor Justinian the Great (483–565) and the Suleimaniye Mosque, built by the Ottoman Turkish Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent (1496–1566), are often chosen for this honor. In both cases an autocratic ruler raised an architectural monument to the glory of God—and to his own imperial majesty.

Although separated by a millenium, different faiths, and different cultures, the private and public lives of Emperor Justinian and Sultan Suleiman show astonishing similarities: both viewed their reigns as a sacred obligation to expand the imperial boundaries and hence their respective faiths; both therefore embarked on numerous military adventures to accomplish this; both relied on personal favorites of exceptional military, diplomatic, and artistic genius to translate their will into reality; both were deeply devoted to and influenced by independent and strong-willed wives; and both sought to express their greatness in monumental architecture. Although both men expanded the boundaries of their empires to the greatest limits (which covered almost the same geographical territory) and both mark the artistic zenith of their periods, they also nourished the seeds of decline: Justinian by bankrupting the treasury and Suleiman by falling prey to the courtly intrigues of his wife and thereby appointing an unworthy successor. Before examining the Sancta Sophia and the Suleimaniye Mosque, we might review the reigns of Justinian and Suleiman to understand why they have come down in history with the titles Great, Lawgiver, Magnificent, Codifier.

Justinian's dream

When Justinian ascended the throne in 527, the growing schism between East and West, begun by Emperor Constantine the Great when he transferred the capital from Rome to Byzantium a century and a half earlier and renamed it Constantinople, was further accentuated by military conflicts and doctrinal disputes.

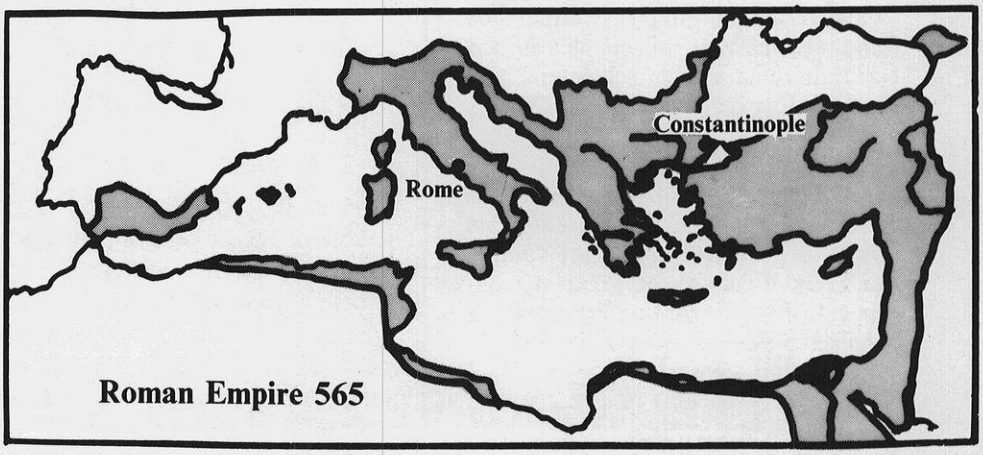
The loss of western provinces to invading barbarians who established their own kingdoms in Spain, Italy, and North Africa as well as the deepening division in the church forboded a turbulent period internally and externally for the new emperor. The imperial borders in the east were threatened by Persia and in the north by Germanic and Slavic tribes.

Religious heresy and schism plagued the Orthodox church, and attempts at reconciliation had ended in failure and persecution. Because Justinian considered himself the legitimate successor to the Roman emperors, he felt that it was his duty to reunite the lost provinces under his imperial rule and eliminate heresy within the church. As emperor and defender of the faith; he envisioned "one State, one Law, one Church."

To achieve this dream of political unity he dispatched his able general Belisarius to North Africa with a sufficient force to confront the Vandal kingdom. After several costly campaigns he succeeded in reclaiming most of North Africa and the Balearic Islands for the empire. Imperial armies under the command of Belisarius and the eunuch Narses reconquered the Italian peninsula and northern Italy south of the Alps. This union of East and West, however, was short-lived and the schism between the two was set for centuries to come with its dissolution. Justinian was unable to solve his difficulties with the Persians any better than his forebears. Border disputes continued, occasional incursions flared up, and at best a shaky truce maintained peace for a few years at a time.

Justinian Code

Although his military ambitions achieved only transitory results, Justinian left to posterity a code of laws so influential through time that he is named the Lawgiver. In 428 he commissioned learned jurists to reorganize and condense the confusing, enormous bulk of laws and imperial edicts handed down by magistrates and emperors for centuries. In one year the Codex was completed, a compilation in ten books of imperial constitutions from the time of Hadrian (Roman emperor 117–138) to his own. In 530 he ordered a review of all juridical literature so that its bulk could be reduced to a workable size. In 533 the Digestum, divided into fifty books, was published. Justinian, aware of the difficulties faced by legal students when confronted with so much legal literature, ordered a handbook of Civil Law to be written called the Institutiones. All further decrees issued after the revision of the Codex in 534 were called Novellae. Hence these four organs of law, the Codex, the Digestum, the Institutiones, and the Novellae became known by the twelfth century as Justinian's Code of Law, which extended his name and influence farther than his armies ever did.



Religious divisiveness

Following the precedent of Constantine the Great, Justinian also allowed his absolutist tendencies to extend into the spiritual domain of the church. When he ascended the throne, Christian heretical sects such as the Manicheans, Arians, Nestorians, and most important the Monophysites as well as Paganism were prevalent throughout the empire. Against the less nocuous heresies he adopted a policy of violent persecution. He closed the philosophic school of Paganism in Athens in 529, thereby removing its intellectual foundation.

The Monophysites in the eastern provinces of Syria, Egypt, and Palestine presented a greater challenge. Forced by the need for political stability and peace in the East and steered by the persuasive councils of his pro-Monophysite wife, the Empress Theodora, he tried to find some common ground of reconciliation.

This policy unfortunately conflicted with his desire to pacify the Roman pope and gain his support for military campaigns in the West. Since the Roman pope and his supporters were vehemently opposed to the Monophysite heresy, Justinian wavered from one faction to the other, sometimes deposing a heretical bishop and at other times exiling or imprisoning the pope. Desperate for a solution, he convened the Fifth Ecumenical Council in 553 to address the problems raised by the Nestorians and the Monophysites. The council was boycotted by the Roman pope, and its decrees were not even accepted by the Roman church until the end of the sixth century. In the end he failed to please either side and at the time of his death, the church remained as schismatic and troubled as before his ascension.

Architectural Triumph

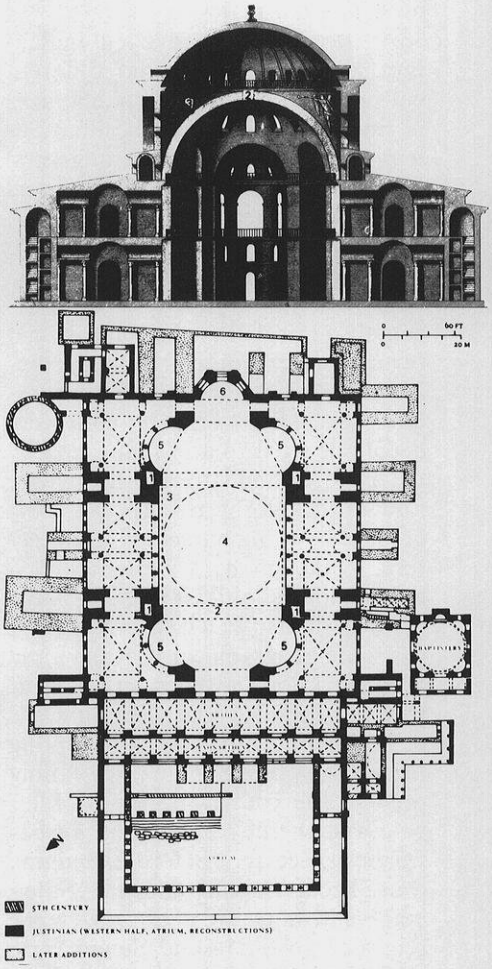
Although he failed to fulfill his dream of a united church, Justinian built the Sancta Sophia, the Church of Holy Wisdom, the greatest monument of the Byzantine Empire in its thousand-year life from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries.

The origins of the present-day church lie in the Nike revolt of 532, so named by the cry of the rebels, Nike or Victory, as they marched triumphantly through the streets. Political disputes between various factions and dynastic quarrels had erupted into open rebellion. Justinian, so intimidated by the violence he was on the point of abdication, was encouraged by his wife to suppress the rioters and retain his throne. He entrusted his safety to Belisarius who routed the rebels into the Hippodrome where 30,000 to 40,000 were slaughtered. In the course of the rioting the old church of Sancta Sophia, built by Constantine the Great in the fourth century, was burned to the ground.

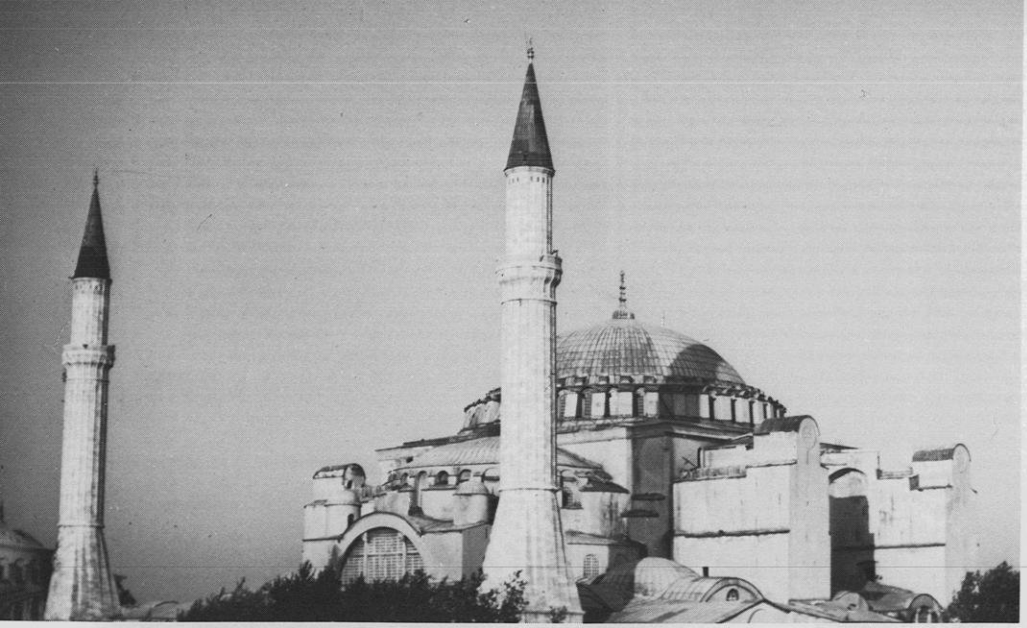
Immediately after the rebellion, Justinian embarked on a large-scale building program, possibly to divert the energies and the attention of the people toward the glory of God and thereby dissipate any rebellious tendencies, a not uncommon practice for dictators. In any event he mustered all the resources of the imperial treasury, quarries, and provinces for his grand project. For architects he chose two mathematicians, Anthemius of Tralles and Isidorus of Miletus. Their inexperience as architects is well attested to by the unique design and structural defects—the original dome collapsed in 558—of the Sancta Sophia. With such material resources at their command and with aid of 10,000 workers, they were able to complete the church in only five years. On the day of dedication, December 26, 537, Justinian—in a moment of self-aggrandizement—is said to have proclaimed, "Glory be to God who deemed me worthy of this deed. I have conquered thee, O Soloman."

The Great Church of the East

Anthemius and Isidorus, departing from the classic basilica design of western churches, conceived a new plan for orienting the interior space of a church. They retained the longitudinal axis of the basilica but focused all the interior space beneath the central dome. Earlier examples of the centralized dome may be found in a few palace churches and tombs of martyrs. **This centralization of space in the domical basilica became the dominant architectural model for Byzantine churches as well as many**



The core of the Sancta Sophia is a huge rectangle measuring 230 x 250 ft. Rising from the ground floor are four main piers (1) which support four connecting arches (2). These arches are joined by four curved triangular pendentives (3), which, together with the apices of the arches, form the circular base of the central dome (4). Expanding outward are two semi-domes, four conches (5), and a niche for the apse (6). The surrounding enclosure consists of arcaded aisles surmounted by arcaded galleries.



The Sancta Sophia, first a church and then a mosque, was declared a museum in 1934 and opened for restoration of Byzantine mosaics. Notice the Turkish minarets built after its conversion to a mosque.

Byzantine architecture begins with Justinian and produces its finest achievement under him.

Ottoman mosques. The core of the building is composed of four main and four auxiliary pillars surmounted by arches, dome, semi-domes, and conches, all enclosed by arcaded aisles and galleries.

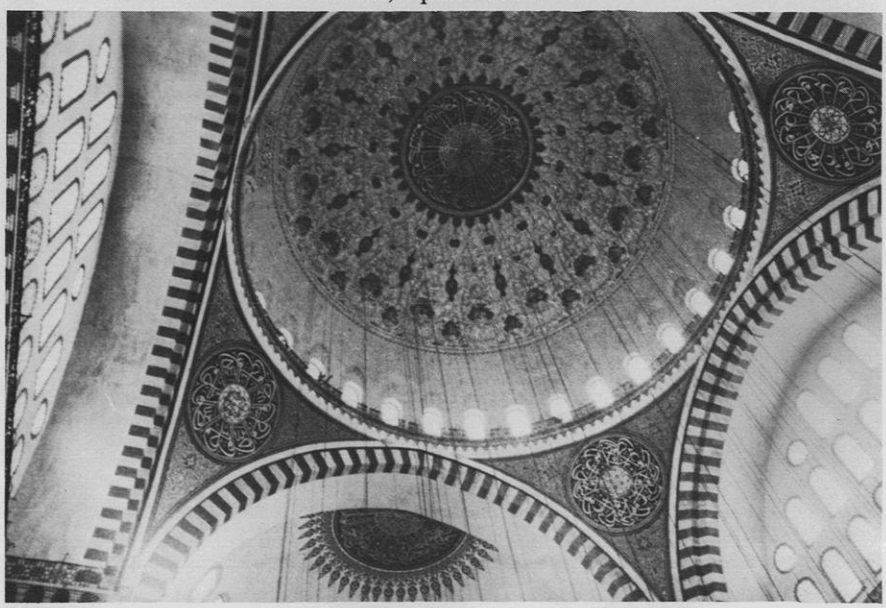
The effect of this centralized arrangement on the viewer is to inspire awe. Standing directly beneath the dome, one marvels at the circular rhythm of arches, niches, columns, and domes. Procopius, the imperial historian of Justinian, wrote of the dome that it "seems not to rest upon solid masonry, but to cover the space with its golden dome suspended from Heaven." Forty windows round the dome bathe the interior with light, while inside the dome itself was a mosaic of the face of Jesus Christ the All-Ruling.

The cold, gray slabs of marble in the floor give way to porphyry columns and pillars of gray and green marble, interlaced with veins of yellow and purple. With the destruction of most of the mosaics and the conversion of the church to a museum, much of the interior color, splendor, and sanctity is lost. Today the visitor must imagine the sunlight falling through multi-colored panes of glass, reflecting off shining mosaics, or the candlelight of hundreds of lamps, suspended from the ceiling, flickering along the walls to illuminate a nighttime procession. Today only the solemnity remains.

Although numerous theories have been put forward to explain the sudden adoption of the domical basilica, a very practical one may lie in the development of the liturgy in the Orthodox church. Unlike Roman churches where the congregation fills the nave, the Orthodox nave apparently served as a processional path for only the patriarch, clergy, emperor, and the imperial court. The laymen then were relegated to the aisles and galleries.

During the celebration of the mass, the ecclesiastical and imperial courts entered the church, proceeded down the nave and took up their respective positions, the former in the sanctuary and the latter in the imperial enclosure in the south aisle. At times the patriarch and emperor would appear together as part of the performance. In a sense they enacted a mystery play in which the patriarch and emperor represented the "two halves of God." To a sixth-century Christian the patriarch and clergy represented the spiritual hierarchy and the emperor and court the temporal hierarchy. Hence, the entire spatial arrangement of the church presents a microcosm of the divine wherein the earthly representatives of God perform the mass beneath the "canopy of Heaven," while the congregation viewed the proceedings from the sides.

The pendentive, a unique innovation of the Sancta Sophia, remained a dominant architectural feature in the centralized dome design. A triangular section which borders the arches to make a base for the dome, it replaces the earlier and awkward method of inscribing a circle on a square. An example of this may be found in the Pantheon in Rome, in which a circle is cut out of a flat, square roof.



Advance of Islam

The Sancta Sophia, surviving earthquakes and the collapse of its dome, served as the Great Church of the East and as the crowning artistic monument of the Byzantine Empire until the fall of Constantinople in 1453 to the Ottoman Turks. For several centuries Turkish nomadic tribes had made inroads into the Anatolian plateau, eroding Byzantine power. For a brief time in the eleventh and twelfth centuries one tribe established the Seljuk empire in central Anatolia, until it was destroyed by Mongol invaders.

The thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries saw the gradual rise of a new Turkish state named after its ruling family, Osmanli, corrupted in English to Ottoman. From Osman I to Mehmet II this infant state expanded its power and prestige to control most of Anatolia and all territories surrounding Constantinople. In effect the city had become an island, a vassal state within the Ottoman Islamic nation. Finally, on May 29, 1453, Sultan Mehmet II, after a seven-week siege and with the help of more than 100,000 soldiers, conquered the city itself, thereby fulfilling the words of the Prophet, "They shall conquer Qostantiniya. Glory be to the prince and the army which shall achieve." After the Turkish army breached the walls, the triumphant Sultan Mehmet, named Fatih or Conqueror, entered the Great Church and ordered that it be converted to a mosque. So ended the thousand-year span of the Byzantine Empire.

Rebirth of the imperial ideal

Mehmet, an enlightened and well-educated autocrat, wanted not only to preserve the cultural heritage of Constantinople but also to regenerate its greatness with an infusion of Turkish Islamic culture and spirit. He envisioned a cosmopolitan city in which many races and faiths could live together peacefully. His economic and political policies were aimed at rebuilding the capital which he renamed Istanbul, so that it would reflect the growing importance and majesty of the Ottoman Turks. This

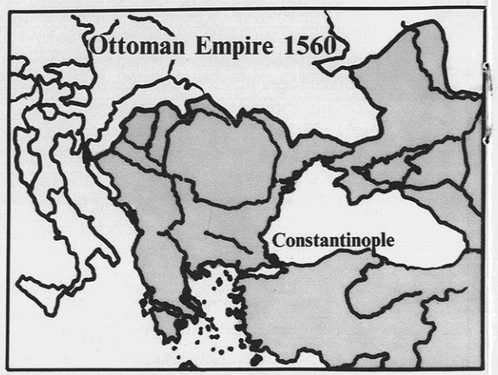
Located on the third of the seven hills of "New Rome," the Suleimaniye Mosque commands an excellent view of the Bosphorous and the Golden Horn.

nationalistic zeal was inherited by a later sultan a century and a half later. Like his forebear, Suleiman was also steeped in the traditions of Alexander the Great and was consequently driven to imitate his ideal of uniting East and West. Istanbul, with its unique location commanding the trade routes between Europe and Asia, would serve well as the capital of such an empire.

The Islamic tradition of the Gazi together with tales of the great Macedonian king helped fuel his ambitions for conquest. (A Gazi is a warrior who leads a holy war against the infidel in defense of the faith.) Ottoman expansion began with the gradual takeover of Anatolia by the sons of Osman. Recently converted to Islam, these Turks set out with all the fury of converts to conquer new lands for the faithful. The sultans, nourishing this ideal of the holy warrior, viewed themselves as Gazis. In fact Suleiman's father, Sultan Selim, had added Egypt and Syria to the imperial dominions. It remained for his son to push the frontiers into the heart of central Europe and the western Mediterranean, a task which he assumed immediately. In doing so Suleiman maintained this tradition of his ancestors by making new conquests and by spreading the words of the Prophet.

Suleiman the Gazi

When Suleiman ascended the throne in 1520, he was the tenth sultan in the dynasty of Osman. Since the number ten has mystical connotations in Islamic thought, his reign was heralded with the highest auspices and the greatest hopes, and



Christian princes and popes, unable to unite before the advance of Islamic armies, left central Europe a pawn on a bloody chessboard.

Suleiman the Lawgiver

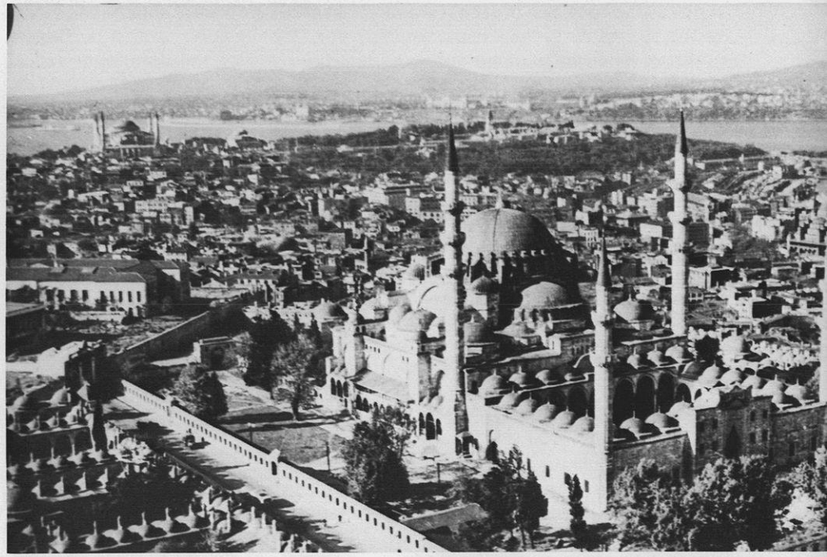
Suleiman has been known in the West since his own lifetime as Magnificent, but in Turkey he is called Suleiman Kanuni, or the Lawgiver, a word derived from the Greek word canon or law. Like Justinian he, too, is renowned for his canonical legislation as well as the splendor of his imperial reign.

The legal system had been encumbered by a massive accumulation of imperial laws and precedents, many of them unwritten, as well as tribal and religious laws. Ottoman rise to world power proceeded so rapidly and its expansion included so many nationalities that a new legal system to meet the needs of an empire was necessary. Thus Suleiman reorganized the existing laws and introduced new measures to provide better solutions to current problems. In doing so, he created a legal system that was effective until the nineteenth century.

Suleiman appointed a renowned judge who, in a short time, produced a new code called the "Confluence of the Seas," an imaginative reflection of the magnitude of his task. The sultan also introduced legislation to determine fines and penalties which, in some cases, led to more lenient punishment. He regulated all forms of taxation on Moslems as well as Christians and Jews to insure a steady flow rightly so because his military campaigns and legislative and religious reforms gave the final definitive shape to Ottoman boundaries, law, and society for several centuries to come.

Leading his armies personally, Suleiman, in a series of summer campaigns, siezed the island of Rhodes from the Knights of St. John and conquered Belgrade and most of Hungary. After soundly defeating a Christian army and besieging the walls of Vienna, he retreated to consolidate his hold on Hungary. At the same time Ottoman fleets under the command of the legendary Barbarossa harried the coast of North Africa, France, Italy, and the Balearic Islands, while other fleets harassed the Portugese in the Indian Ocean. Against the Turks' traditional enemies in Persia Suleiman conducted three campaigns to preserve control of Bagdad and the lower Mesopotamia with its access to the Persian Gulf. Although he had not fully achieved his military objectives when his armies were stopped before Vienna, his actions nevertheless placed Ottoman Turkey on the military and diplomatic chessboard of European nations until World War I.

This aerial view illustrates the monumental size of the Suleimaniye Mosque and its surrounding complex. In the background to the left, rising against the river, is the Sancta Sophia.



of wealth into the treasury. In all these efforts he cooperated with the Ulema, a religious body composed of judges, lawyers, priests, and teachers, to be certain that his legislation conformed with the sacred law of Islam, the Sheriat.

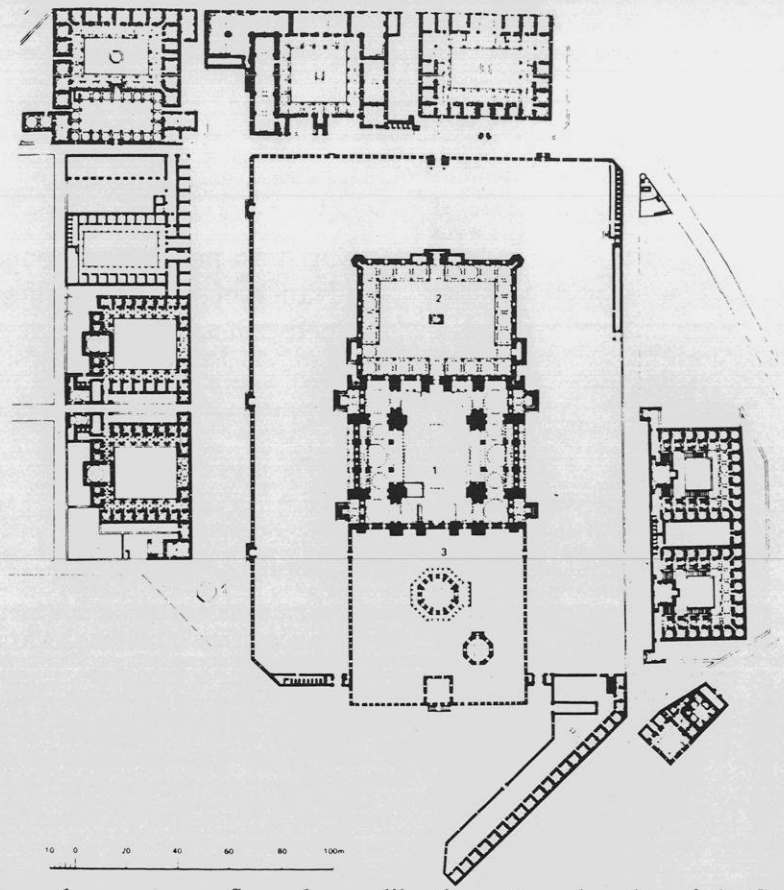
Role of Islam

Islam posits an absolute unity of faith and society in a communal sense, and, in fact, Ottoman military expansion and Islam became inseparable. **Islam provided the driving force and inspiration which fueled the martial spirits of the warriors, while the army served to conquer and convert new territories.** Turkish Islam was always militant, retaining the spirit of the nomadic holy warriors. As the empire, however, reached its natural geographical limits, Islam had to adapt to a more sedentary and cosmopolitan life-style, whereby it developed into a state institution.

Judges, lawyers, and teachers, educated in the Koran and the Sheriat were needed to administer to the judicial, spiritual, and educational needs of the community. To address this problem previous sultans had constructed universities to prepare and train people for civic duty. Suleiman was no less zealous in endowing new centers of learning. He, moreover, extended the powers of the Grand Mufti, the leader of the Ulema, while granting privileges and immunities to members of the clergy. Under Ottoman Turkey Islam, moreso than in any other Moslem nation, developed into an institution to provide for the communal welfare in a variety of legal and educational capacities.

As protector of Medina and Mecca, master of Bagdad and Damascus, Suleiman was the champion of Islam, protector of the faith and the sultan-caliph of Islam. The Moslem world looked to him as its temporal and spiritual leader. In view of this exalted position, he sought to immortalize himself in stone and marble, like his Christian predecessor.

When Suleiman came to power, there were only three major mosques in Istanbul, besides the converted Sancta Sophia. Later he built the Shehzade Mosque to honor his son and successor, Mehmet, who died in his youth. Now it was time to build a mosque to commemorate his own reign as previous sultans had done, one that would rival the Sancta Sophia in size and beauty and reflect the victory of Islam over the infidels.



Sinan chose a square floor plan, unlike the rectangular plan of the Sancta Sophia. Otherwise the interplay of pillars, arches, pendentives, dome, and semi-domes is similar: (1) the interior of the mosque; (2) courtyard and ablutions fountain; (3) Tomb of Suleiman the Magnificent. The surrounding buildings form the complex of educational, medical, and charitable centers.

Sinan, Renaissance man

For this undertaking he chose his master architect, Sinan. A contemporary of the Renaissance artist, Michelangelo, Sinan rose quickly through the ranks of the Janissaries to be appointed master architect. His career as such began in mid-life and ended only with his death in his nineties. In this short span of time he is accredited with the construction and renovation of over 300 mosques, related buildings, fountains, tombs, and bridges. His talent for engineering and building was probably first noticed by the sultan on one of his many military campaigns where a man of such skills was greatly needed.

Sinan, already sixty years old and an architect for only eleven years, began work on the Suleimaniye Mosque in 1550. With a corps of well-trained craftsmen and unlimited funds he completed his task in seven years in 1557. Suleiman reportedly visited the site regularly to inspect the progress and encourage the workers with rewards. On the day of completion Sinan, as tradition records, said to his master, "I have built for thee, O Padishah, a mosque which will remain on the face of the earth till the day of judgment. . ."

Suleimaniye Mosque

Sinan studied the floor plan of the Sancta Sophia carefully, but found it necessary to adapt the interior spatial arrangement for Islamic liturgy. Moslems worship shoulder to shoulder facing the mihrab, the wall niche which indicates the direction of Mecca, and the mimbar or pulpit from which the imam delivers the Friday sermon. The design, therefore, of the interior space

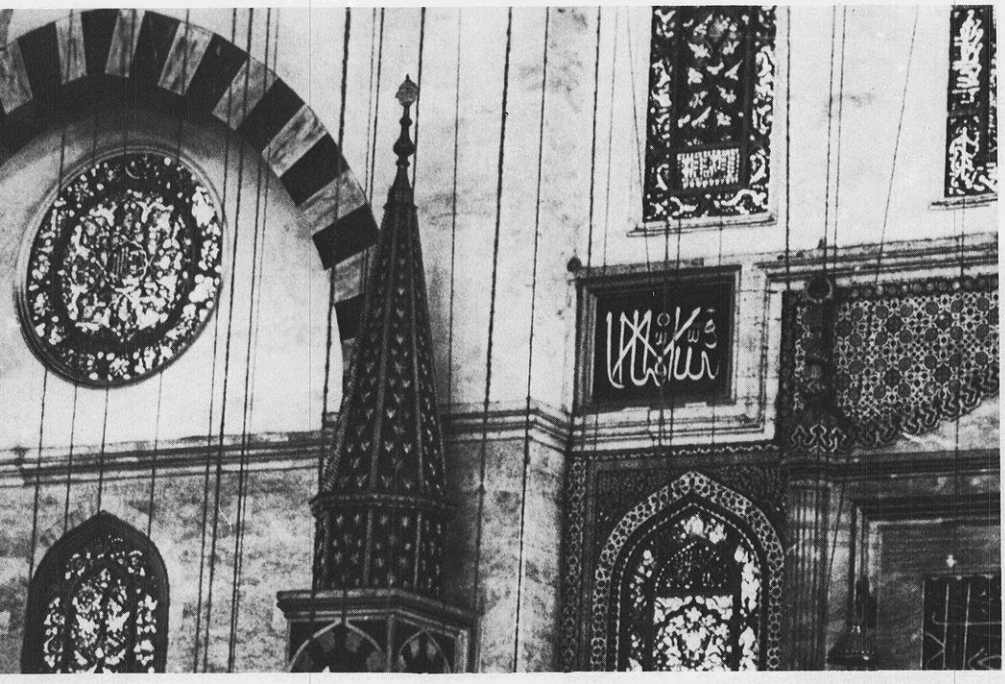
must allow as many worshippers as possible to line up in rows facing this wall. He accomplished this by using a square floor plan, instead of the rectangular as in the Sancta Sophia, and by eliminating the arcaded aisles and galleries which enclose so much interior space.

Although the exterior bears certain similarities to the Sancta Sophia, such as the centralized plan, use of domes and semi-domes, the effect on the inside is considerably different. Whereas the Byzantine church is designed so that almost half of the interior space is obstructed from full view by the aisles and galleries, the mosque is open and free of obstruction. Space seems to expand into infinity, while the very magnitude dwarfs the worshipper. A seventeenth-century Frankish visitor is recorded to have said in comparison, "that Aya Sofiya was a fine old building, larger than this, and very strong and solid for the age in which it was erected but that it could not in any manner vie with the elegance, the beauty, and perfection of this mosque. . ."

Unlike the Sancta Sophia, the Suleimaniye Mosque remains a place of worship as resplendent today as three centuries ago. The floor, covered with prayer rugs from wall to wall, lends a warmth to the interior. Thirty-two windows in the dome and numerous colored glass windows fill the center with light and reflect off the red and blue wall tiles from the famous Iznik factories. Reds and blues interlaced form the dominant colors. The ornate craftsmanship of the colored windows, originally executed by Ibrahim the Drunkard, won him forgiveness for his indulgence in forbidden liquor. Verses from the Koran and sacred names scripted in the dome and on the pendentives and walls represent some of the finest productions of Ottoman calligraphy. All in all the harmonious blend of the interior art is a perfect reflection of the outer harmony and unity of the shell.

Sinan built more than just a mosque. Unlike a Christian church, a mosque often is a complex of buildings serving the medical, educational, and social needs of the citizens. These adjacent buildings form the kulliye, or mosque complex, which includes several universities, hostels, baths, an asylum, a hospital, and soup-kitchens for the indigent. This community in itself, staffed and supported by hundreds of teachers, priests, and students providing charitable services and welfare, best illustrates the communal nature of Islam.

This interior view of the Suleimaniye Mosque illustrates Ottoman calligraphy, colored glass windows, and interlacing color patterns. The vertical lines are wires holding the many lamps as seen in the lower right. The conical shaped structure in the center is the top of the mimbar.



Empire builders

Separated by time, culture, and faith, the careers of Justinian the Great and Suleiman the Magnificent nevertheless reveal a similar spirit and temper in the breadth of their accomplishments and the depth of their visions. These empire builders, looking westward in space and forward in time yet steeped in the traditions of their people, reflect the spirit of their times, which in both cases coincides with the apogee of their empires in artistic achievement and military power. As their personalities dominated in war, law, and faith, so did they leave to posterity as physical remains of their glory two architectural triumphs which today dominate the skyline of Istanbul. In a sense they, too, are supremely representative of their times. Both incorporate traditional architectural features, and yet both are unique in design and magnitude which convey a sense of majesty to match the individual greatness of their builders. Such wealth and splendor in stone and marble will delight the tourist, the student of imperial architecture, and anyone who marvels at the glories of the past.

Suggested reading

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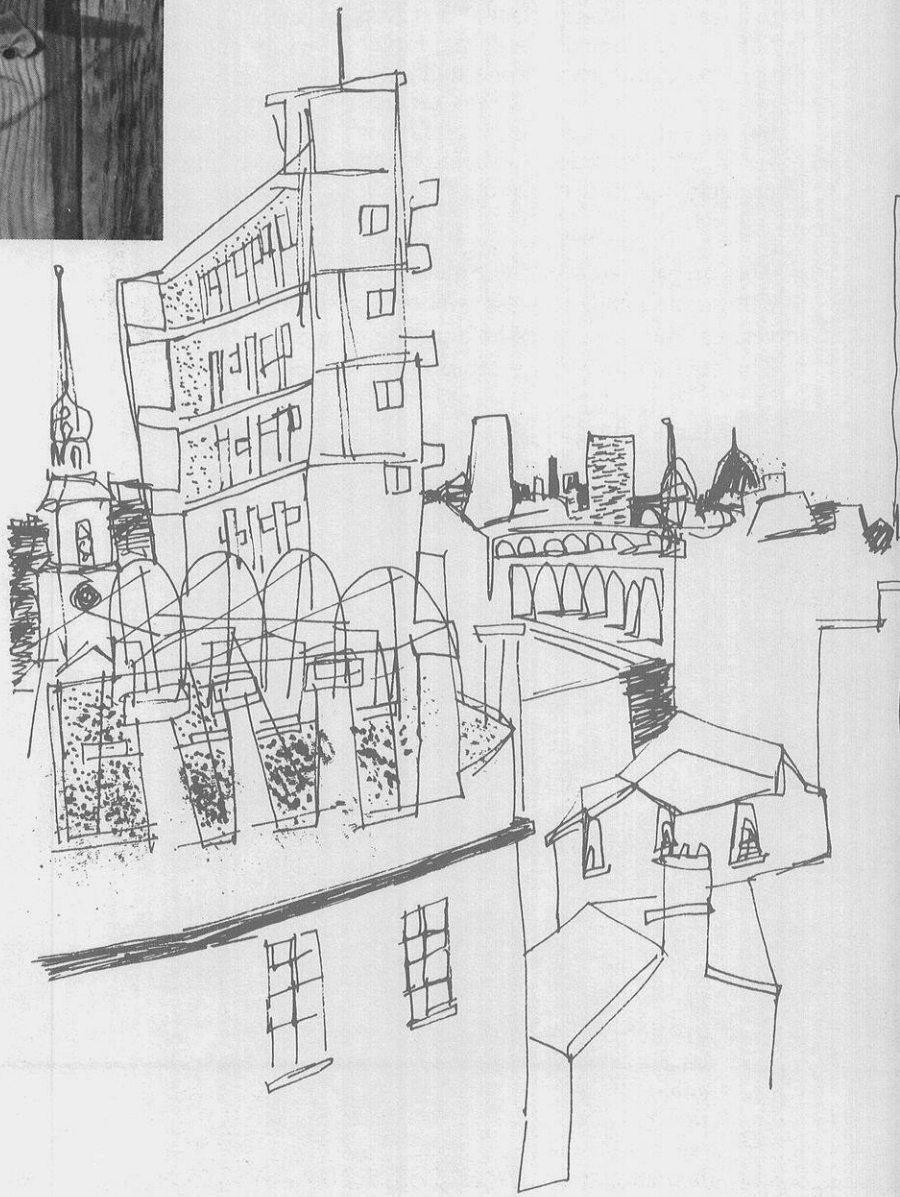
Remembrance
A sampling of art

In the first decade (1954–1963) of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* under editors Walter and Trudi Scott works by distinguished Wisconsin artists regularly appeared on the cover. From this *embarrassment of riches* we have chosen a few of these works of art to remind our readers of our particular literary past and of Wisconsin art history. The artists represented here are all still working and have firmly established national reputations. Aaron Bohrod is emeritus artist-in-residence and Santos Zingale and

Aaron Bohrod — Spring 1954
"A Lincoln Portrait" painting

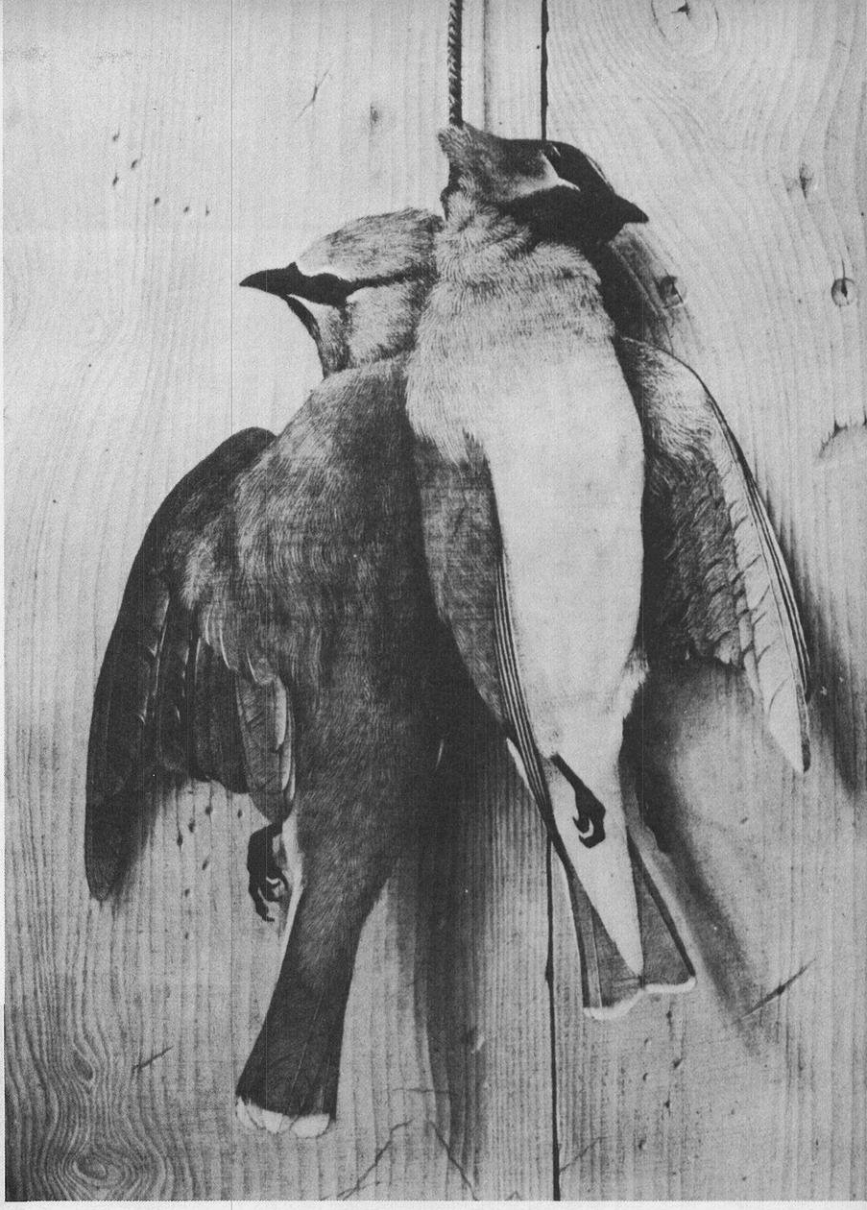


Warrington Colescott — Fall 1959
"London's New High Rise Apartments" drawing

# of Covers Past
from our first decade

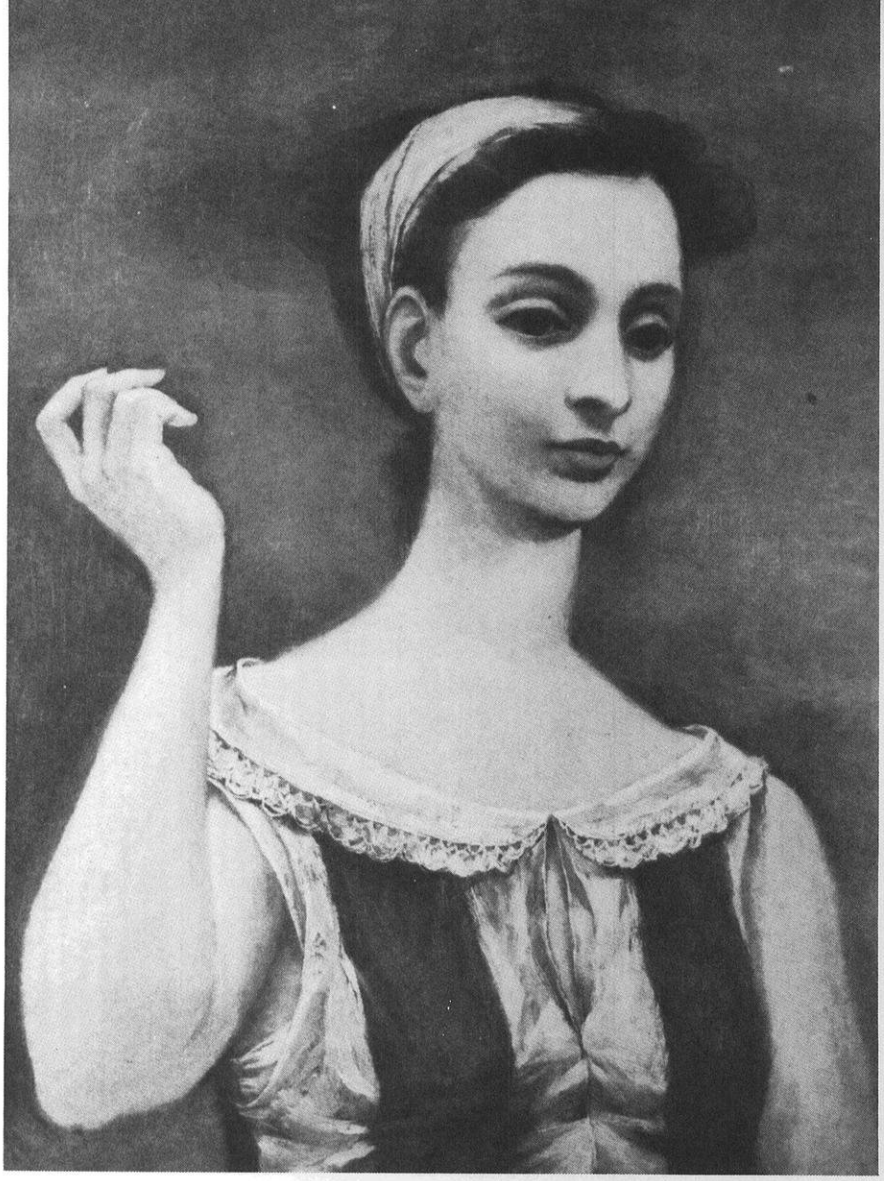
John Wilde are emeritus professors of art from UW-Madison. Robert Grilley, Gibson Byrd, Raymond Gloeckler, and Warrington Colescott are professors of art at UW-Madison. Schomer Lichtner lives and teaches in Milwaukee.

These cover artists were chosen and written up by Aaron Bohrod and Frederick Logan, emeritus professor of art from UW-Madison. The Review format was 5½ x 8½ for that ten years, and the art appears here just as it was reproduced on the covers.



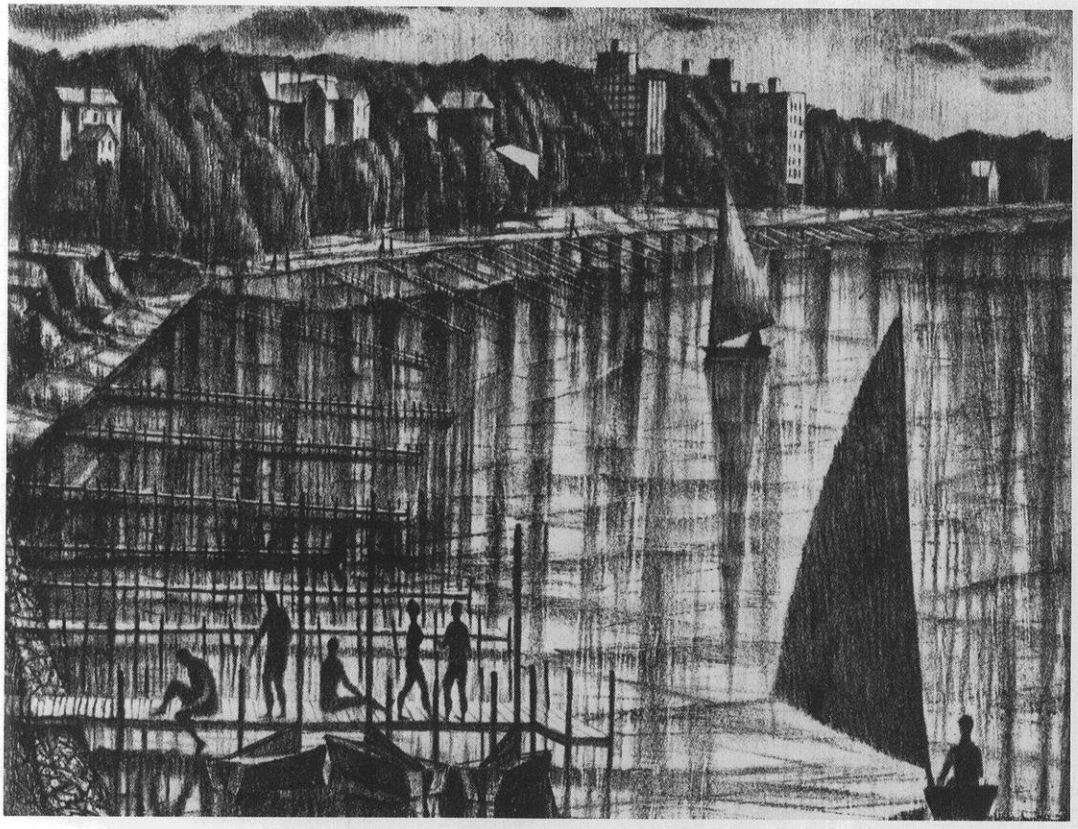
John H. Wilde — Summer 1957
"Still Life with Wax-wing" painting

Schomer Lichtner — Spring 1958
"Holy Hill" brush and ink



Robert Grilley — Spring 1955
"Girl with Lace Collar" painting

Santos Zingale — Winter 1960
"Lake Mendota" lithograph



D. Gibson Byrd — Winter 1958
"Hamburger Stand" painting

Raymond L. Gloeckler — Fall 1961
"Social Mogul" woodcut

Hardly A Many Splendor'd Thing

By Robert E. Najem

Introduction

The purpose of this paper is to suggest the richness, power, oftentimes destructiveness, and beauty of the love theme in selected plays and novels, particularly well-known works from the literature of Western civilization. Looking at these selections, we might readily conclude that love is not always a many splendored thing whether it be young, rejected, jealous, thwarted, uxorial, or adulterous. Sometimes it is a blend of so many emotions, it simply resists description. Other times this emotion is one of the great joys of life. The various categories are intended only to be suggestive. Concentration on a critical incident in a novel or a scene in a play will permit summarization of the essential characteristics of each subtheme.

I

Young Love

Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* has always been one of his best-known plays and continues to fascinate audiences young and old. Family feuds, duels, masked balls, secret rendezvous, sudden departures, sleeping draughts, intrigue—the play has all the makings of a Shakespearean comedy. But it is a tragedy. The Capulet and Montague feud hovers over our ill-starred lovers. Until the ball, Romeo languishes in unrequited love, uses ponderous language, and hides from everyone. Then Romeo and Juliet meet at the ball, their hearts stir, and they rush on to the great balcony scene. Beautiful poetry conveys the sudden, passionate, and overwhelming love of this young couple.

Once assured of his honorable intentions, Juliet commits herself without hesitation and the marriage takes place quickly thereafter. In fact, the whole plot takes only a few days.

Their love never knew quarrels, compromise, or banality, only the fear of loss. Juliet never suffered Antigone's hesitations, and once in love Romeo becomes the man of action. They accepted the consequences of being totally dedicated, unable to live without one another. Here is the great romantic love story, to some a many splendored thing, to others a tragedy brought about by their impetuous love and suicide.

In Anouilh's modern French version of Sophocles' *Antigone* we recognize the characters of the Greek play, now more human but no less universal in their appeal. The meeting between Antigone and Creon is one of the great dramatic confrontations of modern theater. Antigone, emerging from childhood and vibrantly alive to the natural world and life, faces her Uncle Creon, now old and weary of the affairs of state. The fated offspring of Oedipus insists upon symbolically burying her brother by throwing dirt upon his body. In so doing she breaks the law of Thebes and knowingly gives up marriage with the man she loves. Caught between loyalty to absolute values and her love of Creon's son, she opts for death. She refuses to compromise, to sacrifice the ideal for the temporal. Frantic, cajoling, patient, domineering, desperate, disbelieving, Creon tries to dissuade her to no avail. Antigone must honor the memory of her brother as well as maintain her love for Hemon at a pure and unsullied level. Antigone lashes out at Creon for compromising with the full fury of idealistic youth.

Creon urges marriage, the love of his son, children—some measures of human happiness. He points out the deceptions of her rebellious brother and the need for someone to do the dirty work, to steer the ship through the storm, but to no avail. He endures the tragedy of compromise, but Antigone chooses suicide rather than compromise. In the end, both Juliet and Antigone sever themselves from life, the one to remain true to her love of Romeo and the other to her love of absolutes.

II

Jealous Love

Racine's theater presents a formal cluster of characters with all the elegance of Louis XIV's Versailles; it also presents the human soul struggling and stumbling to control its baser instincts. One of Racine's central themes is love and its awesome power to destroy. There are few female characters who match Racine's portrayal of Phaedra's anguished and illegitimate love for her stepson. To the Greek legend, Racine added seventeenth-century Jansenism, the idea of a human being denied grace and consequently doomed to damnation.

Unlike Racine's earlier play *Andromaque* in which the action richochets from character to character, *Phèdre* has an incomparable dramatic unity. Everything contributes to her terrible but heroic tragedy. Thinking her husband dead, she allows her guilty love for her stepson to surface. They meet. Unconsciously, she slips from a description of her love for Theseus to her love for Hippolytus, from husband to stepson. She discards the formal *vous* and uses first the intimate and then the disdainful *tu*. She suffers enormously when rebuked and rejected by Hippolytus. And her plunge downward continues. Shamed, guilty, angry, and above all jealous on learning that Hippolytus loves Aricie, she falsely accuses him to her husband, who has suddenly returned like the wandering Ulysses. She commits suicide when she learns that Hippolytus died because of her.

While jealousy plays an important role in Phaedra's tortured odyssey toward self-destruction, this corrosive emotion is only one of many wrestling within her. In *Othello*, however, Iago carefully fans his lord's jealousy, which will soon weaken, then dominate, and finally destroy his love for Desdemona. And largely with a handkerchief! Iago devotes his subtle but misdirected intelligence to evil ends.

Shakespeare's mature women commit themselves totally to their love, and Desdemona is no exception. She has none of the prudish purity of a Beatrice. Fully aware of her actions, Desdemona exchanges filial duty for love's responsibility and a husband. She loves, admires, and honors her husband—then confusion, fear, anxiety, despair, and resignation take over. Such is her love that even from the grave she forgives the man who doubted her and murdered her.

It is a grim love story, as we watch the corruption and self-degradation of a good but gullible man. Great in the affairs of state and war, the noble Moor never realized the depth of Desdemona's love or the greatness of his loss until too late. Jealousy may indeed be a part of any love, but if nourished by an Iago, it becomes an ominously destructive emotion.

III

Thwarted Love

Violent love, brutal murder, pride, revenge—these are the themes of Euripides' play *Medea*. In this Greek tragedy the two central characters meet only three times. First, Medea vents her rage against her husband Jason for deserting her and their two children for another woman. Then, Medea pretends acceptance of Jason's second marriage in order to assure the future of her children; and finally, she crushes Jason with the weight of her horrendous vengeance. Euripides probes deeply into the heart of this outraged woman who betrayed her own people, murdered her brother to help Jason, left her homeland, and schemed for his benefit. Medea's love was a total commitment to her husband, who thwarts her passion and dishonors her by saying he did her a great service to bring her, "a barbarian," to live among the cultured Greeks.

By the end of this short but powerful play, Medea has crushed her arrogant mate. From the first few lines of the play, we learn she is a woman of fierce feelings, skilled in poisons, grandaughter of the sun god, Helios. By the time she escapes in her magic chariot, she has littered the bridal bedroom with the poisoned bodies of the new bride and her father and the chambers of her own home with the bloody bodies of her slain children. She avenges her dishonor; Jason is even prevented from burying his children, a sacred responsibility. We stand in awe and fear of a woman who kills her own children to crush her former husband. Her maternal struggle, anguish, vacillation yield to an overpowering hate. In their final meeting, she rebukes him for having never loved their offspring.

JASON

Oh, children I loved!

MEDEA

I loved them, you did not.

JASON

You loved them and killed them.

MEDEA

To make you feel pain.

JASON

Oh wretch that I am, how I long
To kiss the dear lips of my children!

MEDEA

Now you would speak to them, now you would kiss them,
Then you rejected them.

Euripides has laid bare a human soul whose great sorrow we can pity and whose violence we can fear.

Henrik Ibsen's Hedda Gabler is one of the most appalling characters of the stage. She is deceitful, conniving, petty, malicious, destructive, manipulative, but also and especially a thwarted and hopeless romantic. At the end of Act I, Hedda learns from her husband Tesman that the uncertainty of his university appointment will limit their income and consequently their ability to entertain and have a butler, a new piano, a horse. Her retort is angry and quick.

HEDDA (Walks about the room)

Well, at least I have one thing to amuse myself with.

TESMAN (Beaming)

Thank heaven for that. What is it Hedda, eh?

HEDDA (Looks at him with suppressed scorn)

My pistols, Jörgen.

Hedda's last act is to shoot herself in the head with one of these pistols: the supreme and final gesture of the romantic who wants to die "beautifully." Because of her inability to grow, to love others, to temper her hopeless and impossible dreams, she turns against everyone and ultimately against herself.

Unlike Emma Bovary who is hounded to her death by creditors or Anna Karenina who flees social ostracism and her uncontrollable jealousy, Hedda is simply unable to face the erosion of her dreams, the thwarting of her romantic impulses. Unable to find or inspire a great love, she settles for the very dull Tesman out of desperation. Confined to a provincial routine, she tries to arrange other people's lives and eventually provokes the suicide of Lovborg, a former admirer. When she realizes Lovborg's manuscript was inspired by another woman, she burns their intellectual offspring. She also refuses the responsibility of her own pregnancy. Thwarted in her desire to inspire a great love or a great work of literature or a heroic act, she ends her own life.

IV

Adulterous Love

Aristocratic, tragic, Russian, Anna Karenina moves us deeply. Bourgeois, pathetic, French, Emma Bovary fascinates the modern reader. Flaubert kept his artistic distance most of the time, while Tolstoy's fascination and involvement with his heroine are readily apparent. The one is poetic, the other realistic—two perspectives on adulterous love. With its appearance in 1857, *Madame Bovary* created a furor about the corruption of public morality. How, we might ask with the perspective of more than one hundred years, could the French have so reacted? Why indeed!

In a carefully constructed novel and with a not-always reliable, objective detachment, Flaubert traces the birth, progress, and death of a marriage. One evening shortly after their marriage, Emma sits at the table playing with the silverware. Charles, the country doctor, has finished his evening meal. Up early and strenuously involved all day, he falls asleep while Emma traces patterns on the tablecloth. Her thoughts are of poetry, faraway places, gallant love, romance, and candlelight. Convent-bred, nourished by impossible novels, unhappy on the farm, she accepted the first offer of marriage and now is utterly bored. Charles is completely unaware of his wife's growing despair. Family, church, and good works fail to satisfy Emma. Adulterous love, first with Rudolph the country rake and then with Leon the law clerk, ends disastrously. Eventually deserted by both and threatened by her creditors, she commits suicide.

Emma used three men to satisfy her impossible dreams and unrealistic expectations of love—a dull husband, a calculating country gentleman, and a willing law clerk. We observe sympathetically her anguished life but never share her feelings, as we do Anna's. In spite of their differences, Emma and Anna remain two memorable literary victims of adulterous love.

Surely Tolstoy's greatest novel and one of the great novels of all times, *Anna Karenina* poses basic philosophical questions, examines contradictory social mores,

and introduces a host of unforgettable characters. Young love, romantic love, uxorial love, promiscuous love, adulterous love, dutiful love, *l'amour passion*, contribute to the rich texture of this novel. Dominating the plot is the tragic love story of Anna and Vronsky. Early in the novel Anna emerges on the second-story landing of her brother's home where she is reconciling the estranged couple. She has met the dashing Vronsky earlier at the train station and is obviously aware of his charm. On the landing she is symbolically caught between her child sleeping above and the future lover below. Anna is a woman of beauty, charm, wit, intelligence. Eventually she leaves her husband, family, and social milieu for him. Vronsky develops into a generous and devoted lover willing to sacrifice his profession and way of life for the woman he loves. *Anna Karenina* presents the failure of this passionate attachment to survive Anna's sense of duty to her son. Unable to endure growing social ostracism and the awareness that her possessive and jealous love are driving Vronsky away, she commits suicide.

Although Tolstoy felt deeply her plight, he nonetheless built around and into the marriage of Levin and Kitty, an almost ideal couple in the story, his support for the traditional marriage where romantic love leads to uxorial love, children, stability, peace of mind, and a sense of purpose. Tolstoy lingers lovingly over their bethrothal and marriage ceremony while not neglecting the crises of young love; he celebrates the birth of their first child. This wholesome, nourishing relationship contrasts sharply with that of Kitty's sister Dolly and her promiscuous husband, Stiva. Dolly protects the hearth while Stiva indulges his senses. Tolstoy weaves all the intricate threads of this complex novel to conclude that love and marriage are essential to a stable society that will eventually punish an adulterous relationship.

V

Rejected Love

Hardy's novel, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, presents us with one of the most complex and tragic characters of literature. Michael Henchard is a man of fierce will, sudden rage, and strong guilt. Once frustrated, he lashes out by rejecting those whom he loves or needs. His destructive love must always control or subordinate the other person to serve his own needs and consequently brings him only sorrow. Early in the story this destructive pattern is set and repeats itself throughout the novel.

We first encounter Henchard and his wife and child approaching the village of Weydon-Priors in Upper Wessex. Hardy almost immediately presents the infamous "firmity scene" in which the drunken husband offers to sell his wife for five guineas. Despite her warnings and protestations, he accepts a sailor's offer, making the excuse that his young marriage has kept him from success and wealth. Having been rejected and humiliated, his wife throws her wedding ring at him defiantly and leaves with the sailor and child. Sober and remorseful the next day, Henchard begins the futile search for his family. He vows never to drink again for twenty-one years.

During those twenty-one years, his age at the time of the firmity incident, he prospers in the grain business and becomes mayor of Casterbridge. He develops new relationships and renews old ones. Henchard now lavishes attention on Farfrae, his business manager, and love on Lucetta, his intended, and Elizabeth, his supposedly long-lost daughter. This overwhelming, self-serving love will cause all of them to turn against him at one time or another and him against them. Henchard suffocates Farfrae with friendship, then attempts to kill him when Farfrae's carefully applied scientific know-how and prudent business methods assure him success in the grain market of Casterbridge and lead to Henchard's ruin. The circumstances change with Lucetta and Elizabeth, but the rage to harm and hurt and repent remains. Henchard's will is the final act of self-rejection and humankind.

> That Elizabeth-Jane Farfrae be not told of my death, or made to grieve on account of me.
> & that I be not bury'd in consecrated ground.
> & that no sexton be asked to toll the bell.
> & that nobody is wished to see my dead body.
> & that no murners walk behind me at my funeral.
> & that no flours be planted on my grave.
> & that no man remember me.
> To this I put my name. Michael Henchard.

How differently Hawthorne's heroine handles being rejected. Hester Prynne stands on the pillory in old Salem clutching her three-month-old child. There is a scarlet letter **A** "fantastically embroidered and illuminated upon her bosom." She is the adulterous woman sentenced to the scorn of the Puritan populace hovering about. Her external appearance does not betray her inner turmoil. She has been rejected by the community, by the man who fathered her child, and in a sense, too, by her husband who mysteriously appears in the crowd. Even though exhorted by Reverend Dimmesdale, the father of her child, to reveal his identity, she remains silent.

Unlike Henchard who when rejected becomes violent and destructive, Hester quietly retires to the edge of the forest to raise her child, socially ostracized and physically isolated from the community. She sews, tends the sick, performs acts of mercy—in fact, she becomes an indispensable member of the community.

From this rejected love grows a woman of compassion, a sensitive and caring mother, a socially responsible person.

Had it not been for her child, Hester would probably have founded a religious community, we are told. Seven years pass and late one stormy night she passes the pillory where Dimmesdale now stands, an emotional wreck unable to reveal his guilt or to stifle his burning conscience. Mounting the steps, Hester recognizes that he is on the verge of physical and mental collapse, a condition resulting from her husband's insidious desire for revenge, when he realized Dimmesdale to be the father of Pearl. Her attempts to thwart her husband and to encourage Dimmesdale's flight with her fail.

Finally Dimmesdale mounts the pillory a second time, publicly confesses his sin with Pearl and Hester at his side, and dies with melodramatic flourish. Some even claim to have seen an **A** on his exposed chest. Again Hester has been rejected, for they have sinned and cannot hope to spend their immortal life together. Again Hester picks up the pieces of her shattered life and recommits herself to her child and to others. In her old age she continues to help others:

> Women, more especially,—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion,—or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought,—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy!

She bore her shame, her sin, and sorrow to the grave, but her life stood out as a model of generous feelings and understanding for others, even though she was a tragic victim of her time.

VI

Barren / Fulfilled Love

Lorca's *Yerma* is the tragedy of an unfulfilled Spanish woman. Her village, bleached by the Mediterranean sun, exists timeless, remote, and primitive. It is governed by values whose origins are deeply imbedded in the past. After several years of marriage, she is still childless. She prays for pregnancy, she goes on a pilgrimage, she rages against her husband and her lot in life. She performs her domestic duties admirably. When her husband Juan suggests that they need only one another, her anger and sense of frustration know no abounds. Her womb must bear fruit or she has lost her reason for being. Sensing that he is a means to an end, Juan centers his life around his lands and herds. He is the resigned male, rejected and perhaps also rejecting.

Their union never develops into a mutually dependent and nourishing relationship. Her biological function denied, Yerma kills her husband in the final scene while lamenting bitterly that she has thereby killed her own child.

How different is Willa Cather's Antonia from Yerma! Standing in her garden with her childhood friend and looking over orchards and numerous offspring, Antonia commands our respect. Central to her character is a generous and loving nature. Her old friend and the narrator of the story, Jim Burden, is awed by this symbol of fertility and vitality. Unhappily married and childless, Jim surveys this caring family as memories of the past whelm up within him. He recognizes her heroic nature flowing with love for life and for others.

As a young immigrant she struggles with her family to survive the harsh winter. She does a "man's work" and grows strong with calloused hands. Her gentle father, however, cannot survive the social isolation and physical hardships of the prairie. A suicide, he lies at a crossroad in unconsecrated land. Later, as a young woman, Antonia lives in town as a servant rapidly learning manners and social graces, which enhance her innate generosity and zest for life. She sings, dances, lives, and loves. Years later "bowed but not beaten" in her garden with Jim Burden, she has survived childhood and adolescent trauma and found a good husband. Together they raise a large family and share love and laughter. Her well-provided food cellar suggests her rich emotional and loving nature. Antonia's love is indeed "a many splendor'd thing."

Conclusion

Voltaire is reported to have said, "Happy people have nothing to say." That comment could be an easy way to conclude this article but perhaps not completely appropriate. The theme of love in literature is almost inexhaustible and not always cheerless. Penelope's love for Ulysses never wavers. La Fontaine's "Deux Pigeons" are a model of fidelity and devotion. And there is always Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "How Do I Love Thee?" It all depends on what you are looking for.■

Pajaro dunes

There's a windswept dune inside me
that stubbornly blocks half the view
of a restless moving ocean

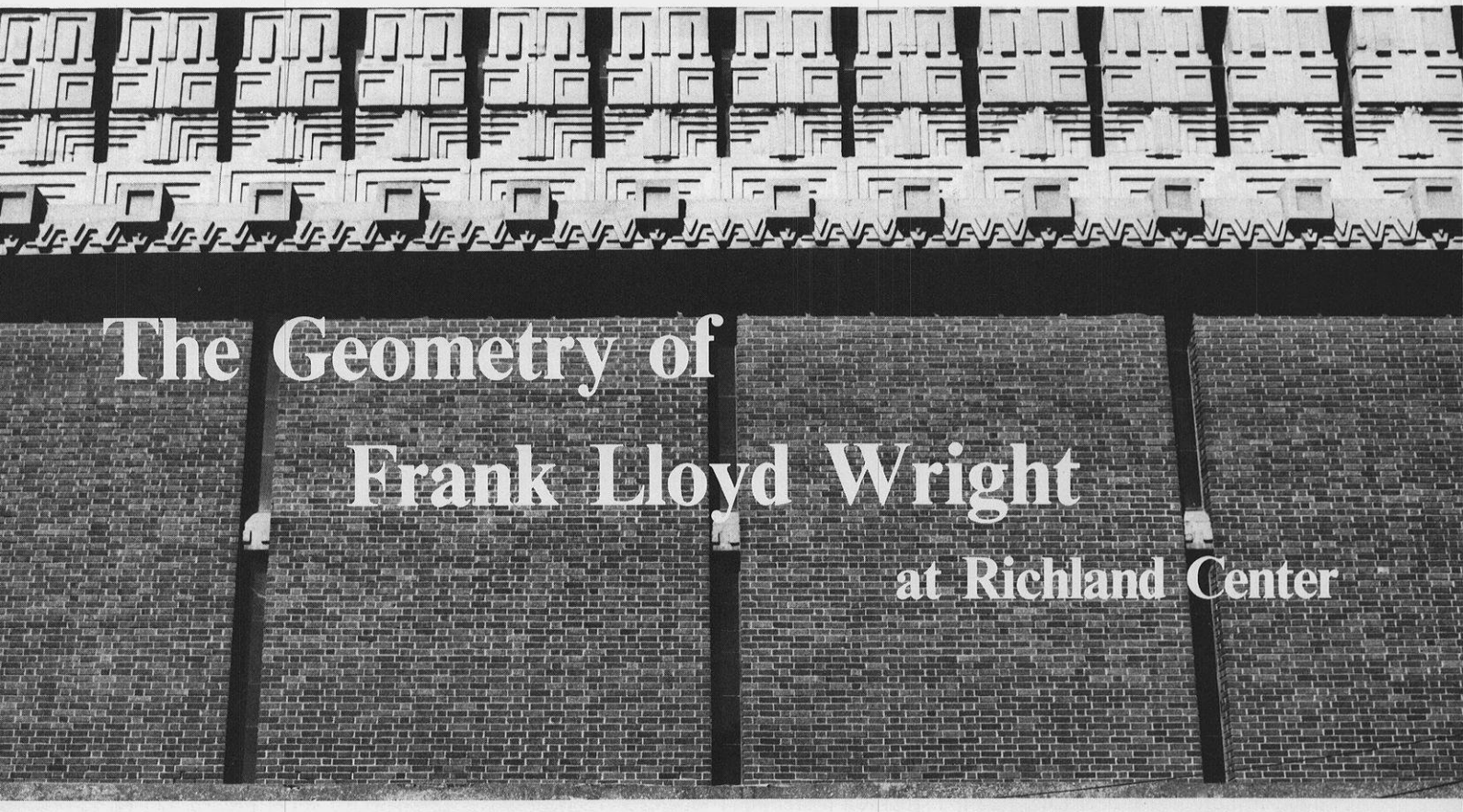
there's a sandy beach outside
where sandpipers will run all day
along the edge of retreating surf

there are heaving waves near the coast
where pelicans in flights of five
will dive into shoals of fish

there is salt in the air, in my nose
windswept dunes on my horizon
along with passing white boats

there's my past like a dune inside me
if I want to restore that view
I will have to undo half my life.

Iefke Goldberger



The Geometry of Frank Lloyd Wright at Richland Center

Photo by Frank Keillor

By M.L. Meixner

The inspiration which Frank Lloyd Wright found in Indian sources, whether pre-Columbian or native American, was to mature in the monumental Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, which secured his international fame and engulfed his energies from 1917 to 1922. When the hotel was demolished in 1968, only the entrance was preserved, to be reconstructed at the Meiji-mura open air architectural museum near Nagoyu, Japan, and opened in 1976. The Midway Gardens, begun in 1914 at the World's Fair midway site in south Chicago, was already demolished in 1929. A more modest and an uncompleted work was undertaken in Richland Center in 1915, the A. D. German Warehouse, now called The Warehouse. Today this building stands alone to represent Wright's precast concrete block invention in a non-domestic structure.

Renewed excitement over the unique importance of The Warehouse came first in 1972, when it was listed in the National Register of Historic Places with the intent that it would hold artifacts of regional southwestern Wisconsin history and local natural history as well as Wright materials. In June of 1976 the building opened at 300 Church Street as the Warehouse Museum. Its third level held Wright memorabilia, Wright-designed furniture from the Sondern House in Kansas City, Froebel toys, and photomurals from the Wright Foundation at Taliesin.

Richland Center is sixty miles west of Spring Green in the driftless area of Wisconsin, a site overlooked by the glacier twelve thousand years ago. "My grandfather came here when the Indians were still around, and my uncles and aunts owned practically this whole region," Wright recalled. His grandfather Richard once lived at Ixonia, a Welsh colony whose people gave Celtic names to their farms, *Coed Maur*—the big woods, *Tanybulch*—the brow of the hill, and the word Wright assumed for his Wisconsin home, *Taliesin*—the shining brow. It was at Taliesin that he again identified with a farming community after an early career designing in the prairie style in the suburban Chicago area.

Wright's association with Richland Center as a child was brief. His father, William C. Wright, was ordained as clergyman in August of 1863 at the Richland Center Baptist Society, one of his many occupations which included music teacher, politician, educator, and orator. The elder Wright

first came on Sundays from Lone Rock to preach but in 1867 brought his second wife Anna, then eight months pregnant, to live in Richland Center. On June 8, Frank was born.

Margaret Scott records that William Weston, Wright's longtime general foreman, was with Wright when he pointed to the corner of Seminary Street where the Carnegie Library stood and said, "I was born in this block, but I'm not sure which house."[1]

By March of 1869 the family had moved to McGregor, Iowa, where William Wright bought into a department store music section, although his financial sense was already questionable; the venture failed. By 1878 the Wrights had lived in five towns. William embraced Unitarianism and returned to Madison, a move which made it possible for Frank to spend summers at the Jones uncles' farms. But by 1885 his parents were divorced, and from this time forward Frank did not see his father. The legacy from his father he carried was not monetary, but it is clear in all of his writings that his father instilled in him a love of music, for its form and as a lifelong source of pleasure.

In Wright's life and work the decade in which The Warehouse was built, 1910–1920, cannot be clearly defined. His early work centered in suburban Chicago with triumphs in domestic architecture. The year 1914 brought personal tragedy.[2] He was at the site of a major commission, The Midway Gardens, when word came of the calamitous fire at Taliesin which took seven lives. Built in 1911 for his mother Anna, it had been expanded into a complex of home, farm, studio, gardens, and later, the Hillside school. He absorbed himself in rebuilding Taliesin, but financial and legal matters haunted him during these years. His two aunts who ran the Hillside school found enrollment decreased after the tragedy. In debt, ready to retire, they gave the school buildings with 150 acres of farmland to their nephew. Later that year Taliesin II stood completed in place of the ruins by fire of Taliesin I: "more stone, more wood, more work—a more harmonious use of them all. More workmen, more money, sacrifices, not only more creative work on my part but desperate efforts to find and eventually earn the necessary money."[3]

In 1913 Wright had received an invitation from Japan to create another major monument—the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, which he designed in 1916. In the next six years Wright traveled between America and Japan, fatigued, ill, often depressed, yet concentrating upon all aspects of his mission, from selecting the quarry for lava to the minutiae of interior design and tableware. The earnings he accumulated from the Imperial, Wright spent lavishly on oriental treasures, which he brought back in trainloads to Taliesin II.

Robert L. Sweeney, who issued a Frank Lloyd Wright bibliography in 1978, refers to the period 1910-1938 in Wright's life as one of "European acclaim—disillusionment at home." It was a time of personal hardship, of few commissions, and little recognition in the United States by historians or critics. After 1914 he became a writer and a teaching architect when the meagre work years were upon him.

The Warehouse

Where does a modest warehouse, the only warehouse Wright designed, fit into these restless years which included a world war? Wright does not mention it in his autobiography. Was it one of the pedestrian commissions toward which he was indifferent?

The Warehouse symbolized a link between Wright's regional American boyhood in southern Wisconsin where Indians had settled and the pre-Columbian Indians, who had lived centuries earlier, and whose sense of mass and monumentality in building arts he adapted to poured concrete and precast concrete block in the twentieth century. This "textile block" with designs imprinted at varying depths, forms the commanding frieze of The Warehouse facade.

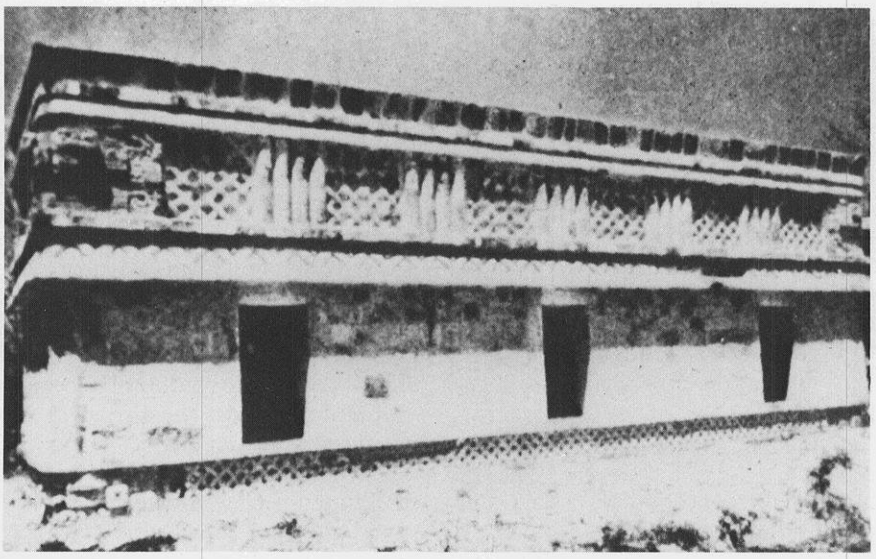
Albert D. German, a grocery merchant, already had a warehouse in Richland Center, but he wanted his friend Wright to design a vegetable warehouse for him on land beside the older structure. A concrete open-roofed passageway still unites them. It was under construction from 1915 to 1920.

Albert German, bankrupted, had to rent his unfinished warehouse for storage and offices, as a feed mill, a bowling pin factory, a speakeasy, and a furniture and ice cream warehouse. He once begged Wright not to go on with the building. In 1918 fire at a nearby hotel caused destruction of $100,000 worth of German's stock; in 1920 a minor fire, started inside The Warehouse when packages of matches ignited, caused German still more financial hardship.

In the complete catalogue of the architecture of Wright compiled by William Allen Storrer, The Warehouse is pictured on page 183 with a brief description:

> Though Wright was born in Richland Center, it was 48 years before a design of his was erected there. When it did come, it was this imposing cube of brick and cast-in-place concrete, a warehouse. Two-thirds of the main floor space is open for storage, obstructed only by widely spaced columns. Finely patterned block faces the top story which was reserved for cold storage. This structure, never fully completed, is now the Richland Museum.

The building is four stories of brick and concrete, each story 3,000 square feet, with a basement of equal dimensions. It rests on a pad of cork for stability and shock absorption. Instead of standard beams, Wright substituted concrete slabs supported by a grid of concrete columns built upon each other, smaller in size as they reached the fourth floor. Forming a system known as the Burton spiderweb, these massive columns support the floors and the roof so that no interior walls are necessary. Only at the ground level are the capitals of the columns, made with a special pebble aggregate, decorated with integral ornament. Wright found a cement contractor in Richland Center, John Daughhertee, "who could pour the pillars, ramps, and the floors."[4]



Yucatan Ruins, in William Walton, *Art and Architecture: World's Columbian Exposition.* (Philadelphia: George Barrie, 1893), p. li.

Inspirations

Three historians, Dimitri Tselos, Vincent Scully, Jr., and Henry Russell Hitchcock have emphasized the distinctiveness of The Warehouse. Tselos indicated that Wright turned from the Japanese design concepts of his early prairie style to pre-Columbian American art for features in his mature work.

Tselos thought that Wright had seen the full-size plaster casts of monumental sculpture and photographs of the ruins from the Yucatan in the anthropological buildings at the Chicago World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. Tselos compared The Warehouse to the Temple of the Lintels at Chichen Itza, showing that both bear a dominant geometric frieze on massive bodies with three narrow openings on the face. Wright used diagonal corner brackets for lights similar to the hooked tongue brackets protruding diagonally from the corners of Mayan temples. Tselos further believed that Wright had used Mayan features in drawings of buildings with stringcourses and decorative moldings as early as 1895.[5]

Vincent Scully Jr. concurs but, more importantly, claims that

> . . .the first clearly overt use of such forms occurs in the A. D. German Warehouse of 1915. Here the solid block is pierced by three narrow slits, above which a cast concrete mosaic models a rich attic with a pronounced outward batter, details which are directly matched in such a Mayan building as the Yucatan temple—maximum mass with minimal openings.[6]

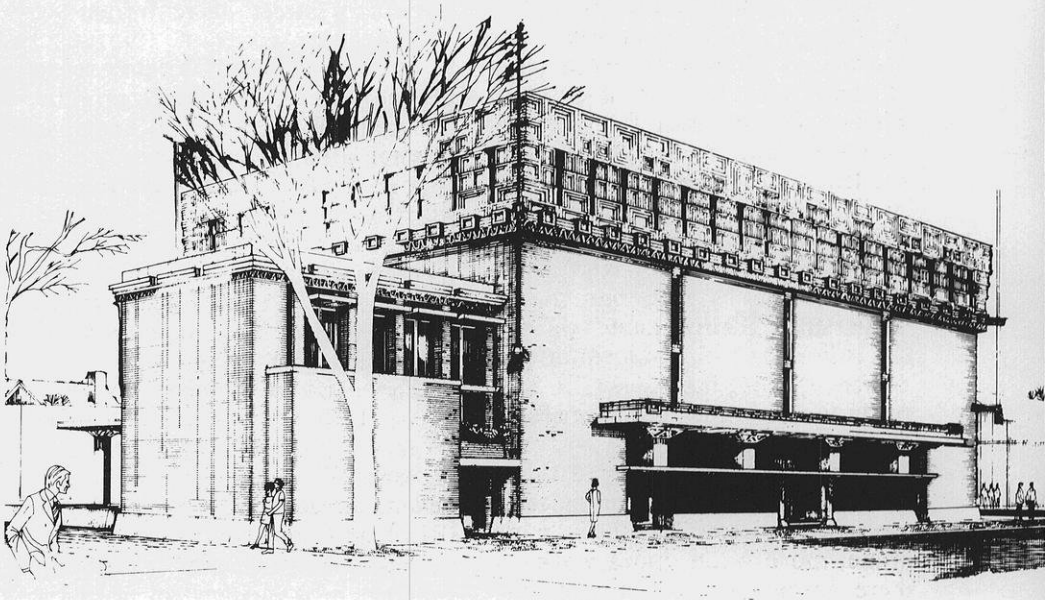
There are obvious parallels in the use of materials, mass, and decoration between Wright's three monumental buildings of this period—the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, the Midway Gardens in Chicago, and the A. D. German Warehouse in Richland Center. Wright discusses his intent in his autobiography:

> . . .long, low level lines and new rectangular masonry forms. . . .I meant to get back to first principles—pure form in everything: weave a masonry fabric in beautiful pattern in genuine materials and good construction.[7]

Henry-Russell Hitchcock found the cornice of The Warehouse finer than the patterned blocks of the Midway Gardens and the geometry of the patterns more severe than the patterns formed in lava by Japanese workmen at the Imperial. He further suggests that The Warehouse frieze hints at the pattern-textured surfaces Wright used in California block houses in the 1920s, such as the famous Aline Barnsdall "Hollyhock" house. Hitchcock notes:

> The concrete structure of The Warehouse is masked with sturdy walls of brick and capped with a very heavy and rich ornamental band of concrete blocks superbly contrasted with the blank walls below. This marked the change of function to cold storage on the upper story.[8]

There are fifty-two narrow windows in the frieze which provide this upper level with slits of light when viewed from the inside.



In 1969 a Chicago architect, Richard Blust, who had moved to Richland Center, acquired the building and obtained the original blueprints from the Wright Foundation at Taliesin, which confirmed that the entrance was never completed, nor was a rooftop garden and tearoom, nor a circular stairway and a small elevator meant to reach them. The plans for the roof garden included tons of dirt. Wired openings were found at regular intervals in the two-and-a-half foot parapet.

David Kopitzke described the entry, which had been boarded up in 1920, and completed in 1977: "this glass entryway is dominated by large lights of glass both above and below a 'midcanopy.' In the future we hope to be able to afford the two decorative pillars flanking the door. The rest of the facade was completed in 1920 and is in no need of restoration. The frieze is in excellent shape."[9]

Survival

The Warehouse has had tenuous survival. There have been no regular sources of funding. Richland County citizens organized the Richland Museum, Ltd. and maintained The Warehouse as a nonprofit corporation. The Richland Center Lion's Club and a state grant provided a small forty-two seat theatre for the first floor. But the project was haunted by the same problems which held back its completion in 1920—lack of funds.

In 1980 it was sold to Beth Caulkins and Harvey Glanzer of Minneapolis, who opened it June 20, 1982, with the intention of preserving a significant architectural monument through cultural and commercial coordination.

"In restoring, completing, and adapting The Warehouse to new uses we have made every effort not only to preserve Mr. Wright's original design as much as possible, but also to make all changes or additions in the *essence* of what Mr. Wright might do if he were alive today. Having worked most closely with Mr. Wright from 1932 until his death in 1959, I feel qualified to be the architect for this work.

The ultimate major addition to the building will be a new entrance to the building from a parking area in the rear. This rear side has been badly in need of repair and the proposed atrium here will do much to rectify the situation and bring the building 'up to date.' "

John H. Howe—in charge of interior design and renovation of The Warehouse.

Beth Caulkins opened spaces to the community and commercial shops. The little theatre is a tourist information center with slide presentations. The Frank Lloyd Wright Museum and an art gallery on the second level, will have access to a rooftop tearoom under construction. Throughout the building the concrete slab ceilings are painted white for the first time, with the heavy pillars left in their original form. From the rooftop the old Carnegie Library, on Seminary Street where Wright was born, can be seen.

In "A Testament" Wright wrote of his respect for the simple primitive integrity of form in pre-Columbian monuments.

> I remember how as a boy, primitive American Architecture—Toltec, Aztec, Mayan, Inca—stirred my wonder, excited my wishful admiration . . . these great American abstractions were all earth-architectures; gigantic masses of masonry raised up on great stone-paved terrain, all planned as one mountain, one vast plateau lying there or made into the great mountain ranges themselves; those vast areas of paved earth walled in by stone construction. . . .All this great, man-building took place with a splendid human sense of primitive resources and the majesty of what was then apprehended as Man's place in Nature. . . .There was architecture by powerful primitive manpower.[10]

The A. D. German Warehouse embodies these memories of an ancient time. It is significant as an experimental model of ideas which Wright projected into other buildings of this "natural" period of work. Its stolid form is set in the southern Wisconsin rolling farmlands where Wright was nurtured.

At Wright's death 168 of his 300 buildings in the Midwest were still standing, forty-three of them in Wisconsin. Some of these have now been razed. Others, such as The Warehouse, are being carefully restored to preserve our Wright heritage.

Notes

[1] Margaret Helen Scott, *Richland Center, Wisconsin: A History* (Richland Center: Richland County Publishers, 1972), p. 44.

[2] The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has a pamphlet, *Frank Lloyd Wright in Spring Green, 1911–1932* by Robert C. Twombley, which describes his private life and searches for its effect upon his work.

[3] Frank Lloyd Wright, *An Autobiography* (New York: Duell, Sloan, and Pearce, 1943), p. 190.

[4] Scott, p. 186. Scott notes that the original site was lots 1 and 4 in block 56 where a tavern-hotel was built, the second in early Richland Center.

[5] Dimitri Tselos, "Exotic Influences in the Architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright," *Magazine of Art* (April 1954), pp. 160–84.

[6] Vincent Scully, Jr., *Frank Lloyd Wright: Master of World Architecture* (New York: George Braziller, 1960), p. 24.

[7] *Autobiography*, p. 190.

[8] Henry-Russell Hitchock, *In the Nature of Materials* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1973), p. 70.

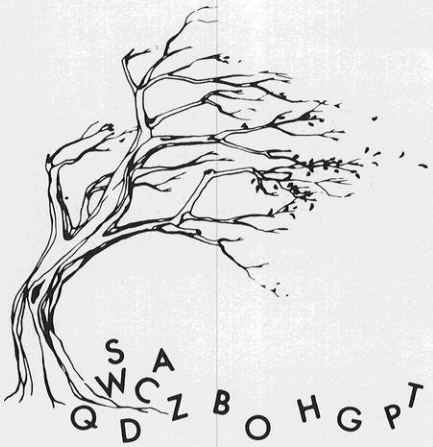
[9] David Kopitzke, in a letter to the author, December 1977.

[10] Frank Lloyd Wright, *A Testament* (New York: Horizon Press, 1957), pp. 111-12.■

Autumn haiku

Brittle cabbage leaves
guard against autumn wind
a singular heart

Lenore M. Coberly



Triptych from a Chicago Boyhood

By Arthur Hove

16-inch

The game was unceremoniously known as 16-inch. Occasionally it was referred to as indoor baseball because it got its start as a softball game that could be played inside without denting the walls or breaking the windows out of the gymnasium at the local YMCA.

The ball in question had a 16-inch diameter—a softball with a thyroid condition. Fresh out of the box, the ball had a shiny cover and the liveliness of a jackrabbit. After several innings of play, the bat lashings and the bouncing over turf or gravel began to take their toll. The kapok insides softened and the ball developed the consistency of a firm pillow. When it reached that stage, the bat would perceptibly dent the ball as you struck it; your fingers would sink in whenever you caught it or grasped it to throw.

The beauty of the game was that you didn't need any fancy paraphernalia to play it, just a bat, a ball, and enough flat space to provide a diamond and a modest-sized outfield. No other equipment was required. Bare hands were enough to grab the oversized ball. Gloves were for sissies.

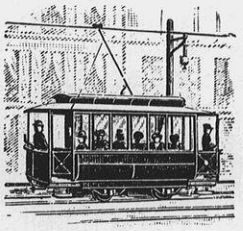
The most readily available place for a game in our neighborhood was the grade school yard—an expanse that extended for nearly half a square block. Although it offered plenty of space, the playing surface was not the customary stretch of greensward. The yard was covered with a fine washed gravel that scuffed the cover of the ball and produced rips in pants and shirts, or burns on the skin whenever you made a bold slide into a base. The small white gravel did have some utilitarian value. If the game got boring, you could always pick up a handful and search for the fossilized remnants of trilobites among the finely ground pieces.

The ball came sailing up at you like a big puff ball. The pitcher had to deliver it in an arc. Any pitch with a straight trajectory was called a ball, or "no pitch." The pitcher was not allowed to put any "stuff" on the ball as he tossed it toward the plate. His function was merely to deliver the ball so the batter could send it careening around the diamond. Strikeouts and walks were not a commonplace. Most batters got wood on the ball when they swung. But an extra player—a short center fielder—made the job of putting the ball where someone wasn't more difficult.

Because it was such a ready target, you were convinced the ball would sail out of sight once you hit it. But even if you did manage to meet it squarely, even the most prodigious hits would travel in a graceful parabola that would take the ball just over 250 feet from home plate. There were few towering home runs. You had to hit the ball far enough between the outfielders so you could round the bases faster than they could retrieve the ball. A high flyball gave the outfielders time enough to settle under it—or at least reach it on the first bounce.

Occasionally, in moments of reverie, I can close my eyes and see that very large scuffed-up sphere come floating toward me. I can remember the times when I swung, convinced I would send it far beyond the reach of even the fleetest outfielders. I also can remember the numerous times my mighty swing produced a routine bounce-out to the shortstop.

It has taken me nearly a generation to become philosophically and emotionally adjusted to the fact that life is more often filled with bounce-outs than home runs.



Streetcars

They were big orange colored boxes lumbering down the streets, threading their way north-south, east-west, or diagonally through the grid of the city. They ran on rails and took their power from overhead electric wires.

Current was tapped by a trolley that rode the wires as the streetcar shuttled back and forth along its route.

The streetcar had a crew of two—conductor and motorman. The motorman drove the car, controlling its speed by moving a key which regulated the amount of electricity flowing into the engine. When he wanted to stop the car, he cut back on the electricity and turned a crank to release sand onto the tracks.

The conductor stood on a platform at the rear of the car (it would be the motorman's compartment on the return trip) and collected fares and issued transfers as people got on. (You could get off at either end of the car, but you had to board at the rear.) The conductor signaled the motorman by pulling on a bell cord—one clink meant stop, two meant go ahead.

Although the streetcars were little more than an orange hulk when viewed from the outside, their interiors boasted a certain style. The seats were made of woven wicker or mohair. They had brass handles on the top so the backs could be flipped back and forth. There was no need to turn the car around once you reached the end of the line. The seat backs were simply flipped in the opposite direction as the conductor and motorman changed places. The flipping seats also made it possible for four people to sit facing each other, knee-to-knee, like in a restaurant.

Leather straps with shiny white handles hung at either end of the car for those who had to stand. When there were no passengers to grasp the handles, the straps swayed with the rocking motion of the car as it trundled over the tracks. Colorful advertisements formed a frieze of commercialism that ran along the curved ceiling of the car above the windows. Green shades which could be raised or lowered when you pinched a handle in the middle completed the interior decoration.

These mass transit behemoths were sources not only of transportation, but recreation. Their tremendous weight and their iron wheels rolling over steel rails could transform a penny into a circle of copper foil. Double-headed construction nails, slightly bent, were made into miniature scimitars when they were passed over by streetcar wheels.

The cars also were slow moving targets of opportunity, bearing the brunt of fusilades of snowballs or ripe tomatoes thrown from behind buildings or the late summer thicket of a Victory Garden.

Some nights, as the streetcar slowed for an intersection or before it gained full speed after picking up or discharging passengers, a figure would emerge from the shadows and dash toward the car. There would be a sudden flash along the trolley wires, and then the lights in the car would go dark. The conductor would step down from his platform and curse at the receding figure as he reached to set the trolley back on the wire.

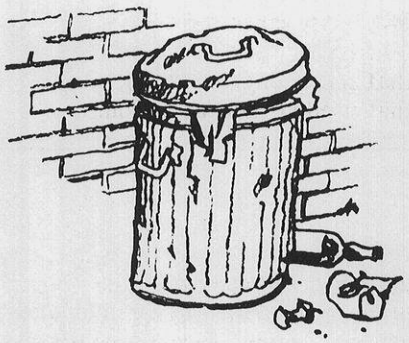
More brazen individuals operated in daylight. They would grab onto the grillwork of iron rods that covered the lower half of the windows and ride hanging like human barnacles on the outside until the conductor or motorman stopped the car and chased them off.

Sparks on the trolley wires were a common aspect of streetcars at any time of day, particularly when the cars passed through an intersection of wires that came together from other routes. The sparks were more sensational in the evening when they looked like miniature discharges of lightning that were accompanied by the snapping and crackling of arcing electricity rather than a roll of thunder.

In addition to the snapping and crackling, streetcars had other characteristic sounds. Wheels screeched and grated as they rolled over a bumpy section of track. Generators rumbled like a loudly purring cat when the car was stopped or as it started out.

Automobiles and trucks wove in and out like schools of playful fish as the cars rolled along their unswerving route in the center of the street. Passengers were protected from the weaving vehicles by raised cement "safety islands" stationed at the scheduled stops.

The streetcars died eventually—replaced by buses and personal autos. The tracks were ripped up, and the streetcars shunted off to some boneyard for mass transit dinosaurs. Still, they ride across the landscape of memory as one glances now and then at the flattened penny or the construction nail scimitar in the box with the marbles and the school safety patrol badge at the bottom of the desk drawer.



Garbage Cans

Fall. The air grew cool and darkness came shortly after supper, producing an atmosphere that encouraged forays into the neighborhood—odysseys in search of adventure, something to fill the time until ten o'clock when it was time to go in for the night.

It took a while to get the group assembled. Compatriots had to be called out of their homes, usually with a somewhat wistful "Yo-o-o Ed" or a special whistle. There was seldom anything prearranged beyond an informal agreement to do something after supper. The agenda was existential.

Once the group rendezvoused, decisions had to be made about the activity for the evening. This required an extended discussion conducted under a streetlight while leaning on a mailbox or sitting on the curb or a fire plug. After much talk, the concensus invariably was simply to move on and let adventure or diversion take care of itself. A check was made along Stony Island Avenue—a walk past a couple of neighborhood taverns, an ice cream shop, and a small grocery. Or, going in the opposite direction, there would be a pass through the schoolyard as the group moved toward

the drug store at 87th Street and Bennett Avenue. Sometimes there might be the suggestion to range farther afield and investigate what was happening around the busy intersection at 79th Street, Stony Island, and South Chicago Avenue.

As Halloween approached, the nightly excursions became more specifically oriented to galvanized garbage cans. The object was to tip them over, making enough racket in the process to alert people inside their bungalows or apartment buildings that something was going on outside that needed their attention.

Of course, the advantage of surprise was always in favor of the marauders in the alley. By the time the people in the houses or apartments realized what was happening, the marauders had made their strike and had enough of a head start to make it to the end of the alley and scatter—unless they were accidentally discovered by someone coming out of a house or parking a car in a garage.

Some garbage cans were sent aloft to rest on a garage roof. The noise and mess generated by that act proved to be more than just a momentary annoyance. Vows were made to lay for those kids and catch them the next time they came by. But the only real impediments to such mischief were large cement garbage receptacles which had a lid that opened to the alley. Tipping these, which were built like Maginot Line pillboxes, took considerable effort—and leverage. Their falling produced little racket. It made more sense just to reach in and pull out a sack of garbage, then slam down the metal lid a couple of times to make the obligatory noise. Then it was time to run like the wind to avoid capture.

The evening came to an end when the marauders felt their lungs begin to ache from all the sprinting up and down the alleys. That meant a final ritual to go through—the questioning that came on returning home. It was a litany which later provided a title for a popular book:

"Where did you go?"
"Out."
"What did you do?"
"Nothing."■

A mixed bouquet

These did I gather for you; though the gift
Is small, it was all that I had to offer, save
Love, and that you wished not at all. Both grave
And gay this handful, picked in the long day's drift
Into night; some should take root and flower; some
Will go with the light. First is the brook behind
My house: it will carry boats of the leafy kind
Beyond all knowing into the sea. Then come
The weathers of wooded places: the summer storm,
Strong with heat and wind-whipped trees; the peat
Moss smell of spring after rain; the single complete
Silence of rabbits across snow; the warm
Chatter of color and children in autumn. These
Have I loved, and are yours. Too late, I see you are these.

R. S. Chapman

My mouth was set for cherries

More red than green, these heavy branches weigh
Their fruit upon the porch where white tree bloomed
In January. Cherry, I'd said; assumed
The Long wood-walking days of that year's May
Had etched the face of every blossom.
Now
July brings plums. Can healing days have taught
So little? Plums: once I sought them, brought
Them home in heavy pails, exulting. Now
The sun moves on from May; the shadows fall
The other way. What gladdened morning lies
Behind; before, the brilliant day. The prize
Of reddened, ripened fruit against the wall.
Across my heart these heavy branches weigh;
One tried, the others fall to cats at play.

R. S. Chapman

BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

COMING HOME TO WISCONSIN by Robert E. Gard; Stanton & Lee Publishers, Madison, Wis., 1982. 222 pp. $9.95.

By Gwen Schultz

In *Coming Home to Wisconsin* Robert Gard has, in fact, given us two books: one is autobiography; the other may be described as interesting things about Wisconsin, things he wants to pass on as information or for posterity. The two themes are entwined, appearing in alternate chapters. This main body of the work is held between introductory and concluding sections in which Gard appraises his contributions to Wisconsin and expresses his warm feelings about the state, its people, and their heritage.

The autobiographical theme is a chronological narrative of how he left his Kansas home and found his way to Wisconsin. Most of the story takes place in Kansas. Gard poignantly tells of leaving his mom, dad, and the farm. We see a good lad sent out into the tough world by a well-meaning father during the Depression to make his own way and to find his dream. We see a facet, a formative phase, of Gard not generally known here—a youth learning to hold his own with ruffians, working with a road crew, and alone dealing with the hardships of life. The heart-touching story is made exciting with colorful male and female characters, lively action and dialog, and observations of a flood. After describing the Kansas period, Gard briefly tells of his graduate-school days at Cornell and his budding career. Only at the very end of the book does he arrive in Wisconsin.

That narrative about his youth is interrupted after each chapter by an unrelated commentary on some aspect of Wisconsin history (such as passenger pigeons, old trees, Indians, immigrants, and historic figures) or anecdotes and recollections of people he has known. The chapters are of comfortable length, short enough that one does not forget the autobiographical story while reading inserted chapters on different topics. This mix may be distracting, but it does add suspense to the story and keeps interest alive with a constant newness of subject matter.

Gard confesses that in the narrative about his young years in Kansas he has changed names, altered some incidents to enhance the story, and taken other liberties in the interest of drama. That section is told in folksy style, in the language and grammar of that time and place. In the other sections the style is conventional and more formal. Even there, Gard does not attempt to be scholarly. He admits relying often on "memory alone."

This book was taking form while Gard was president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters in 1977. During that year he had a cozy office at Steenbock Center which he called his "cave," a sanctuary he adopted as his "private place of seeing and telling," and there he chatted with visitors and collected his thoughts. That office had been occupied previously by Elizabeth McCoy and was alive with the spirit of the Academy. This writer was not aware of all that when she used that tiny, beautifully decorated room about a year later. Indeed, there are vibrations there. They permeate Gard's book of personal revelation and reflection.

It is the rare good fortune of a writer to be allowed by publisher and editor to write with abandon, as Gard has done—switching subjects and styles, rambling from topic to topic along any beckoning lane of thought. The result is relaxed, informative reading and new insights into Bob Gard.

Gwen Schultz is a geography professor, currently with the Wisconsin Geological & Natural History Survey, and freelance writer and publisher.

THE WISCONSIN GARDEN GUIDE by Jerry Minnich; Stanton and Lee, Madison, Wis., 1982. 321 pp. $14.95.

By Clarice Dunn

If I were asked which gardening authority I would like to have as a next door neighbor, without hesitation I would choose Jerry Minnich.

Sam Ogden's excellent book on organic gardening has a revered place

on my bookshelf, but I wonder how many busy gardeners could match his fastidiousness. I can just see him leaning over my back fence scowling pontifically while pointing an accusing finger at an errant weed.

The late beloved Ruth Stout, author of *How to Have a Green Thumb Without an Aching Back*, would likewise fall short of being a comfortable gardening neighbor. Lounging comfortably on a bale of hay, she'd watch me toil while insisting pleasantly that if I followed her year round complete mulching method, I'd have a far better garden from far less work.

Jerry Minnich's *Wisconsin Garden Guide* (new, revised, enlarged) combines Ogden's expertise with Stout's delightful readability and adds a further dimension—a distinctive literary style.

In addition to comprehensive knowledge of horticulture gleaned from eminent authorities plus the enduring wisdom of over-the-fence garden lore, the book is rich in literary allusions and a Thoreau type philosophy.

Let me give you just one example.

Minnich says ". . .I believe that the very act of growing one's own vegetables satisfies something deep within us—a desire for self sufficiency in a world where we have been made increasingly dependent on the services of people we've never met. If we can grow at least a part of our food to feed our family, then we can reaffirm our own sense of independence, in full spirit if not in total reality. For many of us, then, vegetable growing has a certain spiritual quality, one that every farmer has certainly felt at some time. And I think that quality makes better people of us."

In a lighter vein, he says:

"Flowers are beautiful to look at and to smell. Vegetables are beautiful to look at—and to eat!"

There you have it. Both bread and hyacinths. A dimension beyond the commendable utilitarian objective of achieving nutritional gains while cutting grocery bills.

When he discusses insect control sans environmental damage, Jerry Minnich drops his usual whimsical writing style and becomes dead serious. He expresses his deep concern for the health and safety of the universe and proceeds with abundant information on nontoxic methods for combatting insects and disease in the garden plot.

If there are still people on this planet who regard organic gardening as a hodge-podge of primitive laissez faire methods (or lack of method), *The Wisconsin Garden Guide* should dispel that myth. The book contains numerous maps, lists, and charts summarizing information on weather patterns affecting plant growth, average first and last frost dates, companion planting, succession planting, natural insect repellants, and recommended plant varieties for specific areas, purposes, and soil types.

One of the most reassuring aspects of the book is the author's open-ended attitude toward horticultural information. He never issues commandments. He merely suggests while gently urging an adventurous approach to gaining new gardening know-how through constant observation and experimentation. If you don't aspire to state fair quality produce, that's all right with him. For example, he advises mid-season sidedressing of vegetables for an excellent harvest but points out that without sidedressing you can still count on average results. Like the preacher who makes salvation seem eminently attainable to the average sinner.

Let me conclude by saying that *Wisconsin Garden Guide* is a beautiful book—beautiful enough for your living room coffeee table and certainly for gift giving to all your gardening friends.

Clarice Dunn is a Madison area freelance writer and a gardener.

LITERARY ROMANTICISM IN AMERICA edited by William L. Andrews; Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, La., 1981. 136 pp. $14.95.

By Sidney H. Bremer

William L. Andrews, an associate professor of English at UW-Madison, has edited an intriguing group of seven essays. The intrigue lies in tracing the various threads that join them—and occasionally break under the stress of hanging their rich diversity on "literary romanticism."

For the essays in *Literary Romanticism in America* challenge the parameters of what we've come to assume by "literary romanticism." Although the first two essays focus on those nineteenth-century authors who have long stood for romanticism and the romance in America—specifically, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Nathaniel Hawthorne—the third essay associates them with a half-dozen of their Afro-American contemporaries, especially Martin Delany and Frederick Douglass. These southern expatriates are, moreover, uneasy predecessors in turn for the moderns whom we most commonly call romantics, Anglo-American southerners represented by Thomas Wolfe, Allen Tate, and Walker Percy in the next three essays. And a final essay includes a Puritan and a federalist, Douglass again, and Horatio Alger, Spiro Agnew, and Richard Nixon, too, in what Andrews' fine Preface declares "that supreme American romance—the rise of the self-made man." All told it's a rich variety—even if only "his story" of American male romanticism, as John Seelye points out in the end.

The first three essays form the most coherent group because they share an implicit concern to make the American romantic tradition useable for minority persons. On the one hand, Clarence Gohdes and Arlin Turner present both Emerson and Hawthorne as proponents of diversity. Gohdes is eager—albeit pressed—to show that Emerson's romanticism is consistent in theory and practice, that it is a democratic idealism "hospitable to all nations," and that America should "export" it. Turner's excellent essay focuses on Hawthorne's concern to comprehend the ambiguities of "conflicting forces and divergent values" to make its point that Hawthorne witnessed as a skeptical participant, not an outsider, in his time and for ours. On the other hand, Andrews

makes a compelling and highly informative case that Afro-American authors in the 1850s shared romantic commitments to transcend narrow facticity and societal constraints on individuality. These mainstream commitments account, he argues, for their movement beyond the fugitive-slave formulas to establish a creative "legacy" for future minority authors.

The three essays on modern southern writers tug at the divergencies in romanticism the most. Louis Rubin's challenge to the class bias in the southern romantic canon stands out for me as the best essay in the book because it is the most self-reflective and tightly joined. Rubin poses Thomas Wolfe as a "passionate romantic"; but he argues that Wolfe's romanticism, unbounded by genteel restraint and expressive of working-class experience, set him apart from standard southern writers. Conversely C. Hugh Holman's essay on *The Fathers* links Allen Tate more to the European and historical than to the American and transcendental versions of romanticism. And Panthea Reid Broughton tackles head-on the romantic commitment to "wonder" that Andrews' Preface identifies along with "reflection" as the "essence" of romanticism, following Robert Spiller's rather loose construction. But Broughton uses Tony Tanner's more philosophic frame to dissociate Walker Percy from "the reign of wonder" by explicating his fiction's disdain for "the innocent" eye as a way to engage life.

As a wrap-up John Seelye's essay on the self-made man is frustrating. It picks up on another concern that threads its way through several of the essays—a concern to relate literary interpretation to life experience. But that is a yarn with many strands—the author's works *vis à vis* his or her life and times, the relationship of fiction to autobiography, and the lessons of literature for contemporary affairs—and they ravel furiously in Seelye's essay. It is hard, moreover, to come to clear terms with an essay that uses rhetorical slight-of-hand to insist that America's literary exemplars of the self-made man invite the tragic over-reach of a Richard Nixon because they conceal their own limitations with rhetorical slight-of-hand. Seelye overlays moral outrage with outrageous erudition. And he makes no attempt to articulate his concerns to the putative subject of *Literary Romanticism in America.*

Yes, the myth of the self-made man is a romance—as the Preface notes—but in a very different sense from Hawthornian romance. And historical fiction and passionate naiveté and philosophical idealism can all be romantic, too. But how do all these fit together? That question *Literary Romanticism in America* begs for itself and passes along to its reader. But it does offer the virtue of challenging diversity. To echo Rubin's discussion of Wolfe as a southern writer—if romantics as important as these don't fit any generalizations that we can devise for literary romanticism, then what should be suspect is not the romantics but the generalizations.

Sidney H. Bremer teaches American literature, urban studies, and women's studies at UW-Green Bay.

QUEEN ANNE'S LACE AND OTHER POEMS by Genevieve Smith Whitford; illustrated by Roberta Froncek; Harp Press, 822 Magdeline Dr., Madison, Wis. 53704, 1982. 53 pp. $8.50 hdbd.

By Hayward Allen

If Art is confession, poets are confessors extraordinaire. Poetry is the act of distilling images, ideas into words so perfectly chosen that readers must react. I may find one poem or phrase that plucks at my imagination or touches my emotions, but beyond that it is rare that I am overwhelmed by the truth of a poet's imagery.

What Genevieve Smith Whitford presents in *Queen Anne's Lace* throws my reluctance to take on poetry criticism back at me with quiet strength. Her art may be artifice but is never artificial. Her reality is rearranged but not denigrated. She succeeds because her honesty cannot be contrived. Her revelations are pristine, told with such clarity and simplicity as to humble the most suspicious and critical reader, myself. She shows me swiftly what it is to be a woman, a wife, a mother, a grandmother, and an artist laboring to send the gift of understanding to those people for whom she cares so deeply about, her family. She shows us how the aging of our bodies and maturing of our minds is part of the passing of time, and that what issues from those bodies are our children. They become our calendars and our mirrors.

Queen Anne's Lace and other poems deals with death, copes with life, but the volume mainly reflects the love she has stored within her during her long life. The poems are thoughts she kept privately, it seems, until her children grew up. Then she felt the irrepressible urge to express her mind, to quietly embrace theirs before the inevitable last goodbye must come.

Certainly, not all are perfect works, ideal expressions of intimacy. But never before have I felt the need to lay aside a thin book of poetry because the power of the artist to touch me was overwhelming and I couldn't go on for a while.

The strength of *Queen Anne's Lace and other poems* is aided by its gentle design, done well by Tad Froncek, very readable type and soft color. Roberta Froncek's portraits of Queen Anne's lace are most apt. Those who saw this book through its publication earn my appreciation for taste that matches text.

GUIDE TO WISCONSIN'S PARKS, FORESTS, RECREATION AREAS, AND TRAILS by Jim Umhoefer; Northword, P.O. Box 5634, Madison, Wis. 53705, 1982. 80 pp. $7.95 or $8.95 postpaid from publisher.

By Hayward Allen

"Escape to Wisconsin" is the call from car and truck bumpers and back windows. It's a far more positive cry of pride than the bellicose or belligerent statement of a decade ago: "We Like It Here!"

The invitation to escape the ordinary, the tedious, the daily routines by coming to Wisconsin certainly ap-

plies to us residents as much as to the out-of-staters being tempted. Jim Umhoefer has put together a book that can serve as a happy and imaginative guide to anyone who seeks to escape through our many parks, forests, and trails.

The *Guide to Wisconsin's Parks* is a personal potpourri of descriptions, suggestions, and interpretations of more than seventy places in the Badger State developed and cared for by the Department of Natural Resources (DNR). In fact Umhoefer endorses the DNR "Visitor's Guide" as a companion piece for the most up-to-date conditions of the state parks. The author does not provide specifications, requirements, or regulations in his own guide.

What he does offer, however, is an enthusiastic flow of general information, enough to give hikers, campers, fishermen, and photographers or nature lovers insight into each site. Sometimes there is an ebb in the excitement, either as Umhoefer pauses for historical reflection or when his experience with the place is limited or possibly less than positive. The author, who is also the work's photographer, cannot be blamed for nearly always walking on the sunny side of the mountain, but it would have been useful to learn some of the hardships that might be encountered. Likewise, the promise of an all season guide is not really kept, but in fairness, it would take a lifetime to visit all the forests, parks, trails, and recreation areas in the autumn, winter, spring, and summer. What appears are summer and winter rites of passage with some attention paid to spring flowers and fall colors.

The graphics of the guide tend toward busyness—distracting detail. There are maps, photographs, charts of varying sizes and degrees of clarity and information. The designer has tried, wherever possible, to keep the format consistent, readable, and with some visual resting places in a print-heavy volume.

If there appears to be a familiar feel to the *Guide to Wisconsin's Parks*, the outdoors reader knows his or her tracks from past publications. A word or two about Northword, the publishing house that has produced it. Jill Dean, the longtime editor and literary guide of *Wisconsin trails* and Tamarack Press, has branched out and has begun her own imprint, appropriately called Northword. Umhoefer's text is the first work to be published, thereby continuing Mrs. Dean's commitment to giving people who love the natural places of our state more reasons for their affection, exploration, and inspiration.

Hayward Allen is a Madison area media critic.

THE EDUCATION OF AN ORDINARY WOMAN by Lois Mark Stalvey; Atheneum, New York, 1982. 311 pp. $14.95.

By Ellen Morris Jacobson

Lois Mark Stalvey is no ordinary woman. Born in the Depression in Milwaukee, she survived her parents' divorce, the lovelessness and bleak genteel poverty of her grandfather's family, and her mother's indifference with a strong sense of her own worth. Through talent and determination and sheer nerve she became an advertising writer at seventeen, and at twenty, the owner of her own advertising agency. She works, gives up her career for marriage and children, becomes active in civil rights, writes a few books, has a nervous breakdown, attempts suicide, divorces her husband, and survives it all to begin a new career in middle age teaching journalism (without ever having been to college).

Her life should make a good story. In fact, an earlier book, *The Education of a WASP* (Morrow, 1970), which tells of her political awakening in the 1960s to the realities of prejudice and racism, has a kind of powerful suspense to it—the kind of suspense every autobiography should have if the reader is to become involved in the suffering and growing enlightenment of the narrator.

But this book, written with the retrospective focus of Stalvey's psychoanalysis is tiresome to read. The characters seem wooden, emotions are trivialized by hackneyed descriptions: "As I looked at his familiar face across the table. . .Why did I feel as if I were at the top of a roller coaster about to plunge?"—this after a proposal of marriage. The rhetoric suffers from overadjectivalization; we are spared no physical descriptions, yet it is almost impossible to remember any of them. Worse, the narrator suffers from an irritatingly smug false naiveté. She's amazed that any woman should complain of prejudicial treatment in the work force—why *she* never had any trouble. She's shocked to find that all her white Protestant neighbors object to integrating their upper middle class suburb—why not only some, but *all* of her best friends are black. Whatever Stalvey attempts she does competently, and often on the first try, whether it's living on a tight budget, sewing designer clothes, breast-feeding her babies, or working for civil rights. She's so awfully confident and competent that when the book gets to her time of deepest trouble and suffering, it's almost impossible to care. We know she'll make it alone—with a new lover and a new job.

The saddest fact about this book is that although it purports to be an exercise in self-discovery, Stalvey has missed out on a major insight into her own character. Her capacity for success and optimism derives, to some extent, from the ability, learned in early childhood, to close off feelings of trust and vulnerability. She never really questions her view of love as a kind of "temporary insanity." She always maintains control in her relationships with men by choosing men who love her more than she does them. It might have been interesting for her to address this paradox: she is strong, capable, successful against all odds *because* her mother never really loved her—not in spite of it.

Ellen Morris Jacobson is a freelance writer and photographer living in Madison.

THE CATCH by Iefke Goldberger; Sol Press, 2025 Dunn Place, Madison, Wis. 53713, 1982. 42 pp. $3.95.

THE LAST CAMP IN AMERICA

by Stephen M. Miller; Midwestern Writers' Publishing House, P.O. Box 8, Fairwater, Wis. 53931, 1982. 36 pp. $2.50.

LIKE A DREAM ON WAKING by Phyllis Walsh; Midwestern Writers' Publishing House, Fairwater, Wis., 1981. 14 pp. $1.75.

THE SHAPE OF WATER by Robert Spiess; Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, Wis. 53701, 1982. 47 pp. $3.50.

TILL HOPE CREATES by Ray Smith; The Kirk Press, 1811 Hammond, Superior, Wis. 54880, 1981. 20 pp. $2.00.

By Jeri McCormick

Iefke Goldberger takes the reader on journeys—over space, across time, and into the human interior. Her ordered arrangement of poems in this first book "starts at the beginning," putting us in touch with her early life and powerful World War II events. *The Catch*'s historical perspective sets its biographical and personal disclosures into a fuller context.

The book's first half is quite intense, sometimes grim, but we can accept the cumulative impact because of its truth. Thus "Out of their house came the parents first/ wordless, backs bent, faces grooved in sorrow" ("The Decision") is followed immediately by "Amsterdam, Student Round-up" with its "herd of young men, still unbroken in spirit/ handcuffed together against possible flight." Eventually the themes lighten and a playfulness emerges. The second half of the collection, while less even, shows a wide range of concerns and versatility in form. I came away from *The Catch* convinced that Goldberger has given much, has much yet to give.

The Last Camp in America focuses largely on the hunter's north woods and a recurring cast of characters. The lead poem's Jacinda, Reuben, and Otto are "having a swell time" in a cafe. When their pinball money runs out, "the manager's hands flutter like wings of a dying partridge." In a later poem, "Clare's heard about/ an unflattering photograph of Jacinda./ She'll do almost anything to see it./ Finally, getting the picture,/ her face freezes into the grin of a dead fox."

Other people work on Stephen Miller's sensibilities in "Lunch Counter": "She says the word/ Ice-fishing with five dead piano keys in her mouth./ I order one cup of coffee and get charged for two./ For over an hour Benny's been proving he can't/ play the tuba." Miller is one on whom nothing is lost. Not only does he see things; he further selects skillfully from what he's seen, using only what is necessary to build the poem. All of these works are short, some satisfyingly complete in three to five lines. Thus "The Hanging": "We marched outside the prison till dawn./ Later I slept in a hayfield,/ the smell of freshcut alfalfa in my throat."

Like a Dream on Waking presents twelve portraits, each rendered in less than thirty lines, each replete with what it takes to arouse empathy and become art. Phyllis Walsh has chosen interesting people to write about. Some haunt you with their aborted ambitions and lingering hope. "Grandmother" says "I wanted to be a dancer but there wasn't no way." "Star" cut a record once, sells Spudnuts now. She "keeps up her breathing exercises/ just in case."

The book's title is taken from "Dream of a Mild-Mannered Man," about the poet's father. The old man protests city plans for a sewage plant on his marsh: "city attorneys scolded/ you alone could not/ halt progress—/ you revolved your wide-/ brimmed hat round/ and round in rough/ farmer's hands/ like some dreamy schoolboy." In "Woodland Orchids," a woman is nursing her dying husband. She points out hepatica near her house, saying "Look specially round dying elms;/ they add something to the soil/ the orchids need."

The Shape of Water, Robert Spiess's fourth major publication, is again a fine assemblage of haiku—traditional and variants. As the title suggests, water imagery abounds, but we do not drown in it. That imagery is enhanced by the cover—an exquisite blue with silver lettering. The seasons serve as primary dividing themes. Within the spring segment is "Hawthorn blossoms;/ the orangutan/ sits in his outer cage." Summer, having inspired the largest number of poems, includes: "Far from the ghetto/ —his ear to a hollow oak/ murmurous with bees."

In addition to the seasonal groupings, the collection presents some longer poems, including the contemplative "to a T'ang poet" and an Adam and Eve alphabet primer. The latter is clever but less effective. And there are more haiku—some based on a travel theme. The Mexico poem is especially memorable: "Passing the clinic/ for street girls of Veracruz. . ./ thistle-flowers." The precision and conciseness of Spiess's best work is a delight. It can even be addictive.

Ray Smith chose his title from Shelley: "to hope till Hope creates/ From its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Most of these protest poems celebrate well-known figures—Neruda, Van Gogh, Black Elk, Crazy Horse. Some are based on prior accounts, e.g. the battle at Wounded Knee and Black Elk's words on Harney Peak. There is the familiar quote from Crazy Horse, "You cannot sell the earth/ on which the people walk." But Smith's selectivity and his personal language make *Till Hope Creates* unique, give its poems their own power. Of Crazy Horse, the poet writes, "He disappeared, the strange Oglala/ out of the small room where they knifed him,/ from the heaviness of his final hours/ into evening's wounds."

Spring in the slums is the inspiration for a Smith valentine: "This district understands the backyard way of birth,/ frost sharpness, wintry death./ Spring is gentle above the cocoon of joy opening/ timorously in these unsheltered lives." And "clannish implike/ children dam the gutter rivulets." Protest is powerful incentive for a writer, but the resulting work is hard to control and objectify without becoming abstract, hard to give a subtle, nonhackneyed rendering. Smith succeeds.

Jeri McCormick is a Madison poet who teaches creative writing in area senior centers.

AN UPLANDS READER II edited by Edna Meudt; art editor, Betsy Strand; The Uplands Writers, Inc., P.O. Box 112, Dodgeville, Wis. 53533, 1981. 176 pp. $10.85.

By John Edward Westburg

This second volume of *An Upland Reader*, the first published in 1979, contains the works of about fifty writers and about thirty artists and photographers from the uplands of the southwestern corner of Wisconsin.

One aspect of the uplanders' distinctiveness is their literature. From this triangular-shaped region most of the literary figures of Wisconsin have emerged—Hamlin Garland, Zona Gale, Aldo Leopold, Mark Shorer, August Derleth, Ben Logan, Herbert Kubly, and others.

A vigorous literary spirit persists in seeking incarnation in the uplands. Note for example most recently, *Poetry Out of Wisconsin* (Mardi Fries and Jeri McCormick, editors; Madison: The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, 1980) and the two volumes of *An Upland Reader*.

The literary contributors to *An Uplands Reader* II are well known among the library, literary, and professorial and editorial circles of Wisconsin. I think that most of them compete qualitatively with the regional writers of any state in the American union, including those of California and New York.

Those whose work is represented in *An Uplands Reader* II constitute an informal coterie in that they enjoy more than just a nodding acquaintance with one another and in that the focal spirit of this coterie is Edna Meudt of Dodgeville. Mrs. Meudt, a farmer's widow, lives on a farm which once belonged to Governor Henry Dodge and has been passed on to her. Now in her mid-seventies, having reared a large family, Mrs. Meudt devotes her life to farming and literature.

An Uplands Reader II is one of Mrs. Meudt's many successes. Here she has brought together a mix of experienced and novice writers, her literary coterie. Among the more experienced are Herbert Kubly of New Glarus, author of *An American in Italy* and other award-winning books; newspaper columnist and feature writer Gary Peterson also of New Glarus; E. Reid Gilbert, director of Valley Studio for Mime, Spring Green, and professor of English; Vincent Kavaloski of UW-Richland Center; Gianfranco Pagnucci, Dante specialist and often-published poet; Bill Dyke of Mineral Point, essayist, radio and TV commentator, and former mayor of Madison. There are also some posthumously published works by Wisconsin writers Margaret Lee, Harry Johnson, Zona Gale, and August Derleth.

All of the prose in *An Upland Reader* II has a historical or geographical bearing upon the various localities of the uplands. Some does, however, touch upon more distant lands, such as "A Journey in Place" that relates episodes about Italy and "An Arabian Letter to Sheik Al-Ma'an" with references to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. Typical of the topics of the upland prose are "Ninety-Nine Years" about a defunct short railroad; "Saga of the Forgotten Churchyard" about a cholera epidemic that struck Iowa County; "Master Mason of Devon" about a Welsh stone mason who came to work in Mineral Point; and "Pelf, Power, and Pomp" about a wealthy fur-trading family in Prairie du Chien.

The short fiction also deals with local upland events, such as Edna Meudt's horror story "Grizz" and Jayne Watkins' "The Blue-Eyed Stranger."

The poetry also reflects the life and feelings of the uplanders; much of the poetry is of above average quality, sincere, and accurate in sentiment, description, and action. As a whole *An Uplands Reader* II is a window that opens up to show us the literary life of a little-known region in American culture; it is solid, informative, entertaining, beautiful, authentic.

John Edward Westburg lives in Fennimore, writes poetry, and publishes chapbooks and North American Mentor magazine.■

Authors

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Lenore McComas Coberly was born and educated in Lincoln County, West Virginia. She and her husband came to Wisconsin as graduate students following World War II. They have four children. Since 1980 she has taught creative writing for the Creative Arts Over Sixty Project. Her poetry has appeared in such disparate publications as *Chemical Engineering Progress* and *Nanjing Dachua* in the People's Republic of China. Currently at work on two nonfiction books, including a collection of the poems of the late Mildred Kraeger, she is credentials chairman of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.

Vera Valley has lived in Peshtigo since 1948. Her poems have appeared in *Wisconsin Trails*, *Good Old Days Magazine*, and *Marinette County Outdoorsman* and won prizes in the Near North Fair Creative Writing Contest. A grandmother, she has built a miniature ten-room Victorian mansion and furniture to fill the ballroom, theatre, library, art gallery, and the usual rooms.

Iefke Goldberger, born of Dutch parents in Spain, was educated in Utrecht, The Hague, and Amsterdam. She has worked as a teacher, guide, translator, librarian and was a member of the Fulbright faculty in the Netherlands for several years. She moved to California in 1957 and to Wisconsin in 1960. Her poetry has appeared in such journals as the *Jump River Review*, the *Piedmont Literary Review*, and *Lynx*. She published her first book of poetry, *The Catch*, in January of this year.

Angela Buongiorno was born in Rome. She came to Madison in 1975 when her husband accepted an appointment at the university. They have two children, Francesco age eight and Jean-Paul age six. She is interested in history, literature, and enjoys writing poetry.

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