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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Cover: Lilian Steichen Sandburg, Milwaukee, 1910. Photograph courtesy Helga Sandburg

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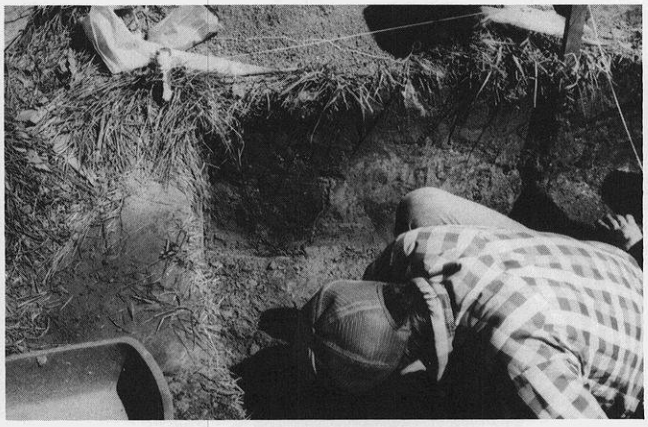

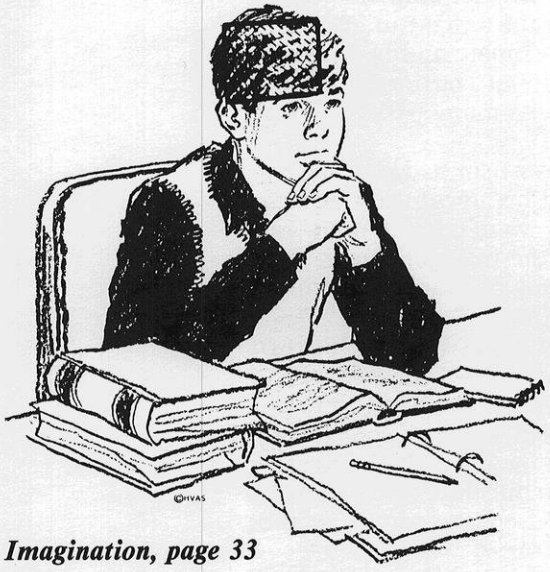

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Editorial Wisconsin connections

Despite her reluctance to acknowledge Wisconsin, we are always pleased to point out that Georgia O'Keeffe was born in Sun Prairie, Wisconsin in 1887. A centennial exhibition of her work is now touring the country with over 100 of her oils, watercolors, pastels, and drawings including many which have rarely been exhibited. Cocurated by potter Juan Hamilton, the companion of her last thirteen years (she died in 1986), the exhibition focuses on her work from 1910 through the 1940s. It opened November 1, 1987 at the National Gallery of Art, moved to the Art Institute of Chicago until June 26, then will go to the Dallas Museum of Art July-October, and will close at the Metropolitan Museum of Art November-February.

Another Wisconsin artist, connected to O'Keeffe through Alfred Stieglitz and his "291" Gallery in New York, photographer Edward Steichen was honored on his 109th birthday with an exhibition at the University of Milwaukee Art Museum from March 27- May 8, 1988. In the closing ceremony a courtyard was dedicated to his memory with his third wife, Joanna, and his daughter, Kate, in attendance. See article exploring the Steichen-Sandburg Wisconsin connection on p. 4.

And despite Wisconsin's ambivalence about architect Frank Lloyd Wright, he did claim the state. A national touring exhibit, "Frank Lloyd Wright: In the Realm of Ideas," opened at the Dallas Museum of Art January-April, traveled to the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of American History in Washington (June-September,1988) the Center for the Fine Arts in Miami (January-March 1989), the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago (June-September 1989), and will close the two-year tour at the Scottsdale Center for the Arts in Arizona (January-March 1990).

The Elvehjem Museum of Art on the UW-Madison campus will exhibit "Frank Lloyd Wright in Madison: Eight Decades of Artistic and Social Interaction," from September 2-November 6, 1988.

Brendan Gill's recent book on Wright, *Many Masks,* is reviewed in this issue, and I recently heard Mr. Gill talk at the Pabst Theatre in Milwaukee on Wright and on architectural history and historic preservation. Gill graduated from Yale in 1936 and went to work for the *New Yorker* where he has spent his career as contributing editor and as drama critic. Gill, now in his seventies, said that this was his first trip to Milwaukee. Given a tour that afternoon of the Pabst Mansion and driven around the city, he had a few compliments about the city but cautioned the preservationists present to fight to "forbid sky walks which lead us to live in an artificial climate and betray the nature of the city." He noted that his native city of Hartford, Connecticut, has in common with Milwaukee the many parks laid out by Frederick Law Olmsted.

Mr. Gill mentioned that many people in Wisconsin had felt uncomfortable about Wright's braggadocio and his unconventional life, but with the embarrassing man out of the way, were coming more and more to admire his architecture. He admitted the irony of being sponsored by the preservation group, the Friends of Frank Lloyd Wright in Wisconsin, since Wright was the antithesis of a preservationist, always happy to tear down anything to put up his own building.

Gill spoke of the victories and defeats of historic preservation in New York City in which he had participated. His talk was sponsored by Wisconsin Heritages, Inc., Wisconsin Trust for Historic Preservation, the UW-Milwaukee School of Architecture and Urban Planning, and the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, as well as the Friends of FLW.

Patricia Powell

Authors

Janet Shaw

Photo by Brent Nicastro

Anthony Bukoski's stories have appeared in *Cut Bank, Southern Humanities Review, Cimarron Review, Writers' Forum, Kansas Quarterly*, and elsewhere. His first book, *Twelve Below Zero* (1986), won a special achievement award from the Wisconsin Library Association. He is assistant professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Superior.

John Cameron is emeritus professor and founder of the department of medical physics at UW-Madison. He holds a B.S. from the University of Chicago in mathematics and an M.S. and Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin in physics. He has served as president of the American Association of Physicists in Medicine and was awarded the Wisconsin Academy Citation for distinguished achievement in 1979.

Lenore Coberly is coeditor of *Heartland Journal* and teaches writing in the Dane County Creative Arts Over Sixty program. She finds that the sixth decade of her life has been especially productive; she is currently at work on a collection of short stories and recently finished a novel.

Brent Dozier has published poems in *Abraxas, San Fernando Journal, The Gryphon, Southern Humanities Review*, and elsewhere. Originally from Alabama, he now lives in Madison.

Thomas Fey is a resident of Monroe, Wisconsin, where he has been researching the early history of southwestern Wisconsin as an avocation. He located the area of the de Mun cabin in 1983.

David Graham, a native of upstate New York, recently moved to Wisconsin following six years in Virginia and North Carolina. In 1986 he published his first book of poems, *Magic Shows,* with Cleveland State University Poetry Center; his chapbook, *Common Waters*, won the 1986 Flume Press Chapbook Award. He is assistant professor of English at Ripon College.

V. Craig Jordan is professor of human oncology and pharmacology at UW-Madison. He is an H. I. Romnes Fellow of the UW and director of the University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center Breast Cancer Program. He is a scientific consultant for the American Cancer Society and a member of the European School of Oncology Breast Cancer Task Force.

Faith B. Miracle moved to the Madison area from Milwaukee late in 1980. Since 1982 she had been administrator for the Wisconsin Library Association, where she also edits a monthly series of Wisconsin book reviews for state newspapers. She is project director for Let's Talk About It In Wisconsin and A Sense of Place in History and Literature, two book discussion programs involving libraries, adult readers, and the humanities.

Patricia Powell has been editor of the *Review* since 1980. She enjoys hiking over obscure archaeological sites throughout the Mediterranean with her husband, Barry. While this issue is being printed, they are touring Cyprus, Israel, and the Greek islands of Chios and Lesbos, off the coast of western Turkey.

Janet Shaw and her husband, Bob, make their home in Ridgeway, Wisconsin. She's published four books for children in the American Girl Collection from Pleasant Company, a novel, *Taking Leave*, from Viking Press, a collection of short stories, *Some of the Things I Did Not Do*, from the University of Illinois Press, and two books of poetry, along with numerous short stories and poems in magazines and journals. She has taught at UW-Madison and at Edgewood College. She has three children, one dog, and a pick-up truck.

John Stark is a Madison attorney who holds a Ph.D. in English literature from UW-Madison.

Donald E. Thompson is professor of anthropology at UW-Madison, where he specializes in Latin American archaeology and ethnohistory, historical archaeology, and primitive art and iconography. He has previously written articles for the *Review* on Peruvian archaeology (32:3) and, with Lynn Noel, on the history of morris dancing (33:2).

Ah, Milwaukee . . . I got my bearings there.
The rest of my life has been the unrolling
of a scene that started up in Wisconsin.

Carl Sandburg, *Historical Messenger*
June 1953, Vol. 9, No. 2

Carl Sandburg and the Steichens The Wisconsin Years

By Faith B. Miracle

On December 29, 1907, Carl Sandburg, then calling himself Charles, checked in at 344 N. Sixth Street in Milwaukee to report on his new job as organizer for the Wisconsin Social-Democratic party. On that same day, party member Lilian Steichen, younger sister of photographer Edward Steichen, was ending her Christmas visit with her parents in Menomonee Falls and returning to her teaching position in Princeton, Illinois. She stopped in at party headquarters to say goodbye to her socialist friends and met, by chance, the new party organizer. They talked for a while. He walked her to the trolley. She gave him her address in Princeton, and he promised to send her some samples of his writing. Six months later they were married in Milwaukee after a spirited exchange of remarkable letters.

The three Sandburg daughters—Margaret, Janet, Helga—were aware over the years of a box of letters treasured by their mother. Two of the daughters have made the contents available for all of us to read, study, and enjoy. *A Great and Glorious Romance* by Helga Sandburg, the youngest daughter, was published in 1978. This book represents her poignant search for identity through an understanding of her gifted parents and uncle. And now, published in 1987, we have *The Poet and the Dream Girl*, the love letters of Carl and Lilian. Edited by Margaret Sandburg, the eldest daughter and family archivist, this book contains 135 letters written between January and June 1908, while Lilian was teaching English and expression to high school students in Princeton and Carl was stumping parts of Wisconsin on behalf of the Social-Democrats.

While the letters are interesting for many reasons, they first and foremost tell a love story in language often poetic and passionate. During this six-month period, Carl and Lilian were together only twice, and it was through the written word that they became intimately acquainted. On April 30, 1908, four months after they met, he wrote to her:

> The Soul of You, all that Sea of Surging Thought & Tinted Dreams t[ha]t is in you, all the sky of love and earth of beauty in you, I know from your letters. (*Dream Girl*, p. 155)

At the time of their first meeting, Carl had received his formal education at Lombard College in his home town, Galesburg, Illinois. He had worked a number of odd jobs, traveled the country in boxcars, done some writing and public speaking, and was seriously looking for his niche in life. His Swedish immigrant parents were anxious for him to settle down and find steady employment. His first paid speaking engagement had been in Racine in 1906, and it was there that he came to the attention of the Wisconsin Social-Democrats. For his part, Carl was attracted to them because they seemed more moderate than the national party. He said Winfield R. Gaylord of Milwaukee gave him the first information he had about a socialist movement that was "practical and constructive." (*Ever the Winds*, p. 163) It was Gaylord who convinced him to move to Wisconsin.

Carl's assignment on his new job in 1907 was to work the Lake Shore and Fox Valley districts of the state, recruiting members and support for the party. He made his home in Oshkosh at 248 Wisconsin Avenue, and his territory included Two Rivers, Mishicot, Manitowoc, Sheboygan, New Holstein, Kiel, Plymouth, Fond du Lac, Campbellsport, West Bend, Appleton, Oconto. He traveled most often by train, but a letter to his sister during this period was written "on a sleigh stage crossing Green Bay from Mari[n]ette to Sturgeon Bay." (*Great and Glorious*, p. 115)

Lilian Steichen also was the child of immigrant peasant parents. Jean-Pierre and Marie Steichen had em-

Marie Steichen and Lilian Steichen Sandburg on the porch at the Menomonee Falls farm. Photograph courtesy Margaret Sandburg.

igrated from Luxembourg to Hancock, Michigan in 1880 with their eighteen-month-old son Edward. Throughout Lilian's childhood the old country tongue was spoken in the Steichen home, and she considered English to be an acquired language. Once, when Carl chided her for writing about "arduous labor" rather than "hard work," she explained that her English was "bookish" because she learned it mostly through reading. (*Dream Girl*, p. 92)

After Jean-Pierre's health was broken in the copper mines, Marie supported her family by operating a millinery shop in Hancock. Caught up in the spirit of the American dream, she envisioned great things for her two precocious children, and she sent Edward at age nine to Pio Nono school near Milwaukee. One year later the rest of the family moved to Milwaukee, and Marie set up her millinery shop at North Third and West Walnut streets. A check of city directories reveals that the Steichen family moved several times during their early years in Milwaukee. Later they lived on Water Street, and Edward had a studio there. All of the addresses listed were on the near north side of the city.

An interesting twist of fate was partly responsible for this move to Milwaukee. Edward had turned in an art assignment which was praised by the teachers at Pio Nono, and word reached Marie in Hancock that her son had talent. Weary of the rough mining-town atmosphere which prevailed in Hancock at the time and now convinced Edward could be a great artist, she relocated her family and business so he could study with the best art teachers available. Edward, in fact, had traced the pictures which brought him recognition. Trapped by his own deception, he quickly set about teaching himself to draw and to learn what he could about art. Many years later, Helga, writing about her flamboyant and elegant Uncle Ed, marveled at his success. This immigrant boy, who had sold vegetables on the streets of Hancock as a child, was to rock the international art world at age twenty-two with his departure from conventional photographic style and his perfectionist attention to composition and lighting. Among the Steichen archives at the Museum of Modern Art in New York is an old scrapbook of newspaper clippings about Edward, carefully collected over the years by Marie. In 1963, thirty years after her death, Edward wrote his autobiography, *A Life In Photography*, and dedicated it to "my mother . . . with homage, gratitude, respect, admiration, and love." He felt he owed much of his success to his mother's faith in him.

One cannot consider the lives of Carl and Lilian without including part of Edward's story, for his success had a profound effect on Lilian, and the three—Carl, Lilian, and Edward—shared a lifetime of mutual love and respect. At his ninetieth birthday party, Edward, seated beside Lilian, banged his cane on the floor and said, "I shouldn't be sitting here, Carl should. There are some men who should live forever—Carl was one." (*Great and Glorious*, p. 314)

Lilian Steichen Sandburg and her flock of chickens on Hawley Road in Milwaukee, 1910. Lilian maintained a lifelong interest in animal husbandry, which was shared by her three daughters. She eventually developed a prize-winning goat herd, recognized as one of the best in the country. Photograph courtesy Helga Sandburg.

Edward was sixteen in 1895 when he bought his first camera. Of the fifty pictures taken with his first roll of film, only one turned out. Today it remains a classic in art photography. It is titled "My Little Sister" and, slightly blurred, has the look of a painting. In it Lilian, age twelve, is dressed in white, her long black hair caught at the nape of her neck. She is seated at the fringe-draped piano, hands in proper form resting on the keys. Among the many photos on top of the piano is one of Napoleon.

In keeping with Marie's ambitions, Edward became a four-year apprentice at Milwaukee's American Fine Art Company, a lithographic firm. He studied with Milwaukee artists Robert Shade and Richard Lorenz who gave him "the real inspiration and a foundation." (*Master Prints*, p. 12) His fascination for photography took him time after time to the end of the trolley line where he roamed the fields and woods around Milwaukee, creating blurred images of ponds and trees by intentionally moving the camera or putting water on the lens. His photography, which was to become part of the symbolist movement, had the quality of the impressionist paintings of the 1870s and 1880s.

In 1900 Edward attended a recital in Milwaukee given by Ignace Paderewski and seized the opportunity to do a lithograph of a great artist. The lithograph was placed in a window of Gimbel's department store and purchased by Mrs. Arthur Robinson, in whose parlor Edward was to have his first solo exhibit of photography. Later that year, at age twenty-one, he sailed for Paris to study art.

Edward had long realized that his younger sister was brilliant and had encouraged her to be independent, to find her own destiny. Lilian listened, believed, and rebelled against life as a milliner's helper. She went off to Canada to study at a Catholic girl's school, and in 1900, the year Edward left for Paris, she passed exams enabling her to enter the University of Illinois. Later she transferred to the University of Chicago and graduated with a degree in philosophy and honors in English and Latin. Marie's hopes for her children were being realized far beyond her dreams.

Shortly after the turn of the century the Steichens bought a small farm with a "dear little white house" near Menomonee Falls where Jean-Pierre could raise corn and potatoes, and where on hot summer nights Lilian and Marie could sleep in the orchard. Lilian described the area as flat country, with the Klinger and Keiper farms on either side, the Zimmer's across the road. There were some patches of woods; mainly, it was pasture land and cultivated fields. "But there's the sky and the wide horizon and the Open Road! . . . Abundantly enough for glad hearts!" (*Dream Girl*, p. 26) Today, though development of the general area has crept close, the immediate neighborhood of the home at W156-N6767 Pilgrim Road is much as it was when the Steichens lived there.

Meanwhile, Edward was energized by his adventures in Europe. In 1902 he wrote to a friend:

> There are trees in the Villa de Medicis that are so full of sap and growth that they have put great iron bands around them to keep them from bursting—I feel that way myself! (*Master Prints*, p. 38)

That same year his photograph titled "The Black Vase" became the first photograph to be placed in a national collection of art. It was purchased by the Belgian government and hung in the National Gallery in Brussels.

Inspired by Edward's success, Lilian began to write. She attended concerts and plays and became active in Milwaukee politics. Often, she and Marie were the only women present at the Social-Democratic party meetings. Among their friends were Victor Berger, Emil Seidel, and Charles Whitnall. The two women stayed with Whitnall during their trips to Milwaukee, and, apparently, he felt deep affection for the Steichens, particularly Lilian. Her letters suggest concern about breaking the news to him when she and Carl decided to marry. As a young

man Edward's "greatest aspiration was to paint a Christ" with Whitnall as the model, inspired by Whitnall's sorrowful expression. (*Dream Girl*, p. 53) The painting was never done. (Whitnall Park, over 600 acres of hills, woods, and gardens, located in Hales Corners just south of Milwaukee, was named for Charles.)

Lilian became a dedicated party worker. She translated socialist pamphlets and articles from German to English, English to German. In later years, thinking back to that day in December 1907 when they met, Carl would describe a young woman with "midnight black hair" who, he suspected, was smarter than he was. (*Winds of Chance*, p. xi)

And so we come to the time of the letters. The first is dated January 17, 1908:

> Dear Mr. Sandburg, . . . Do tell me how you contrive to be a moral philosopher and a political agitator at one and the same time—and especially how you contrive to write such Poet's English one minute and the plain vernacular the next. The combination is baffling . . . Yours Cordially, Lilian Steichen (*Dream Girl*, p. 9)

That was the beginning. Carl had met his match. Helga tells us, "He was gone, my father, after that, caught in the web of love. . . ." (*Great and Glorious*, p. 107)

Letters flew back and forth between Princeton and various points in Wisconsin, sometimes two a day, with postscript added to postscript. It seemed neither could say all that was pressing to be said. By February Lilian was thinking of spring break and a possible meeting:

> I told you—didn't I?—that my home is in the country—a little farm—four acres—3 miles from Menomonee Falls—about 15 miles from Milwaukee. If you should be in Mil. at any time during my vacation, I should be so glad to see you there or to have you come to see us at the farm. (*Dream Girl*, p. 11)

They discussed literature in their letters. Lilian read the German writers—Heine, Hauptmann, Sudermann. Carl's mentor was Walt Whitman. Whitman was a newspaperman-turned-poet, as Carl was to become, who learned about people from personal contact as a journalist. Whitman's beat was Manhattan; Carl's was small-town Wisconsin and eventually Milwaukee. In 1915 Carl was to express his affinity for the working man in his acclaimed Chicago poems. Both Carl and Lilian read Robert Louis Stevenson and Thorstein Veblen (under whom Lilian had studied while in Chicago). Carl wrote to Lilian, "Anybody that can put it down in black and white 'I—I love Heine!' has mounted far towards the summits of freedom." (*Dream Girl*, p. 48) They wrote of their respective parents: both had mothers more gifted than the men they had married—in fact, Carl's father, a

Jean-Pierre Steichen, Margaret and Carl Sandburg at the farm in Menomonee Falls, 1911. Photograph courtesy Margaret Sandburg.

Margaret Sandburg with her uncle, Edward J. Steichen. **Photograph courtesy Margaret Sandburg.**

blacksmith, signed his name with an x. They discovered many similarities in their backgrounds and attitudes.

But passion could not be subdued to wait for a face-to-face meeting. On March 16 Lilian wrote:

> Dear Charles Sandburg, . . . I have been conscious in rare poignant moments in my life of something very beautiful deep deep within . . . so finely attuned was that heart of yours, you caught the fine vibrant note from the depths. (*Dream Girl*, p. 35)

Carl visited the farm the end of March. Lilian met him with horse and buggy at the Brookfield station, and on the way home they were caught in a wild thunderstorm. For the rest of their lives they referred to it as their "great ride," "the Baptismal rain." The intensity of the wind and lightning matched the intensity of their pent-up feelings, and they responded to the storm with abandon and celebration. They were together at the farm for a week, and Edward, home from Paris for his birthday, spent some time there with them. Carl and Lilian romped in the woods like children, took long walks hand in hand, and planned their future together. It was during this time that she began calling him Carl, his given name, and he began calling her Paula, derived from *Paus'l*, an affectionate nickname used by her family. After that, Helga tells us, all his love poems would have the same title: Paula.

Back in Princeton after spring vacation, Lilian went for long walks alone—the milliner's daughter hatless, her rain-muddied skirts sweeping the tall grass in the fields near town. She dreamed of Carl and wrote letters—one more than fifty pages long—and relived the week at the farm. She wrote Carl on April 10:

> I see you going up the narrow stairs candle in hand—saying good-night and good-night—your eyes full of love. (*Dream Girl*, p. 75)

It is interesting to read of Lilian's influence on Carl's writing. In spite of her concern for her stilted English, she tactfully began to give him pointers:

> . . . I believe I wouldn't say "Handsome buildings." I'd substitute "grand" or something of that sort. (*Dream Girl*, p. 15)

Carl took it well. He called her a literary stylist and a pundit. When he considered giving up poetry, she protested:

> [Y]ou discover to me the only poetry that has ever satisfied me since I learned to think twentieth century thoughts. (*Dream Girl*, p. 15)

She continued to criticize and encourage. Years after they were married, in a letter written from a hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan, where she was helping Margaret through a serious illness, Lilian wrote that she would have plenty of time to go over carefully the manuscript of Carl's second book of Rootabaga stories.

During that spring of 1908 they steadfastly looked to the future. Together they hoped to change the world, to leave something of themselves in payment for the happiness they had found in each other—the "S-S molecule" at the service of human kind. Carl plotted a book to be written by the two of them to include some of Lilian's "paragraphic essays, with a Steichen print of the two of us facing the eternities. . . ."(*Dream Girl*, p. 112)

Carl was drawn to Lake Michigan, which he referred to as a sea. His letters tell of hikes along the shore, often at night when the crashing whitecaps were highlighted by stars and the jagged ridges of pines were black against the sky. The waves provided a cadence for his steps, and the beauty of the shoreline with its "varying humors," the lights of Two Rivers or

Sheboygan or Manitowoc in the distance, inspired him.

Spring 1908 found Carl and Lilian rapturous in their love, considering where they might live after their marriage. On April 21 he wrote from Two Rivers:

> The district has so much of natural beauty, Lilian. That was one of the things that attracted me up here. All nationalities are represented in it. You will find wilderness unspoiled in Oconto. You will find civilization at its best and worst along the Fox River—black choking industrialism, and libraries, concerts, women's clubs and art from Schuman-Heink to 5 cent vaudeville. All big, pulsing, turbulent, panoramic. . . . (*Dream Girl*, p. 115)

That same night, after a walk on the dunes, in yet another letter he wrote:

> Ten thousand love-birds, sweet-throated and red-plumed, were in my Soul, in the garden of my under-life. There on ten-thousand branches they slept as in night-time. You came and they awoke . . . a dawn burst on them—a long night was ended. God! how they sang. (*Dream Girl*, p. 118)

On April 23 she wrote to him, perhaps with more spontaneity, but with equal intensity:

> Oh, Life and Life!—I must look long and long at the stars, and turn my face to the wind and the rain beating down hard on me, and listen to the rushing of winds and waves and the deep rumble of thunder, proud and solemn music—that so my Soul may biggen and the Love within have a better chance to grow as it so yearns to! . . . I feel the Love pounding and throbbing and pressing and yearning and hammering against all the walls of my soul! (*Dream Girl*, p. 128)

They planned their wedding, wondering what warm springtime would do to "two hearts that were mad in chilly March." (*Dream Girl*, p. 229) On June 13, 1908, they were married. Carl was thirty, Lilian, twenty-five. She spent that summer at the farm while he traveled his district, and they moved to Appleton in the fall. Carl was involved in Eugene Debs's campaign for president, traveling more than ever. To fight loneliness—"tears and tears"—Lilian studied poultry farming at the Appleton Public Library. Carl, overworked, exhausted, and discouraged about his writing, again considered giving up poetry. Again, Lilian encouraged him to continue:

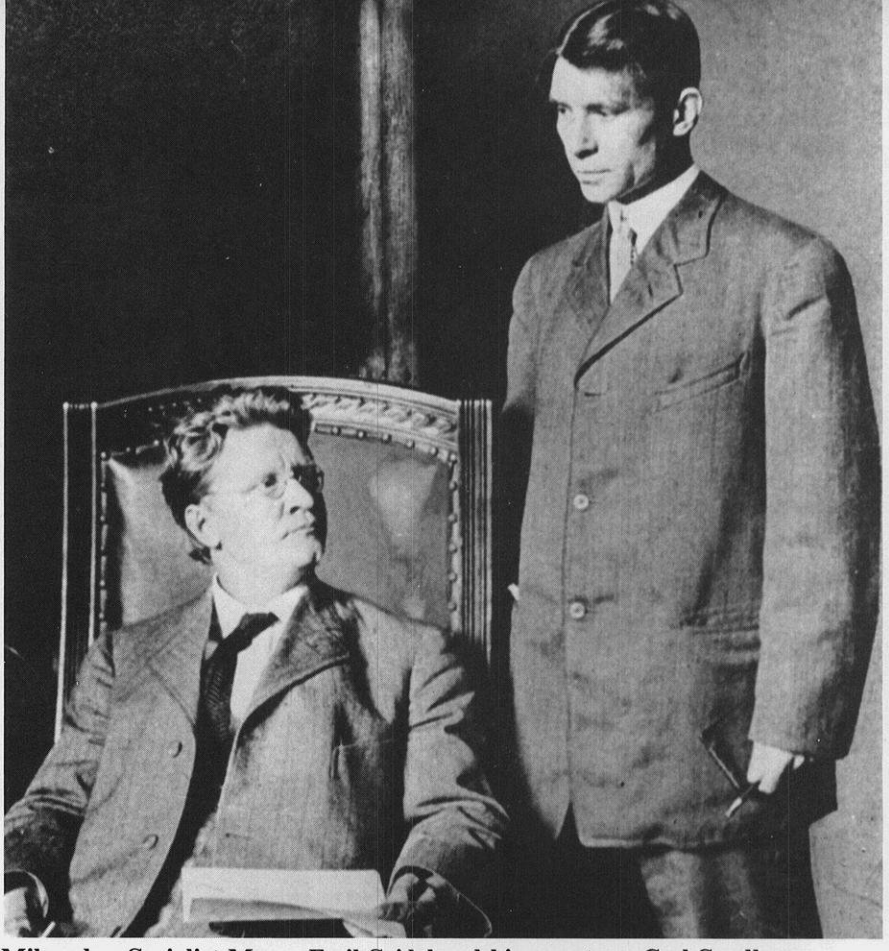
> The Poems are great, Carl. It would be "all wrong" to give them up. We must give the Poet every chance! If we can only assure ourselves enuff leisure for this—you will arrive. (*Great and Glorious*, p. 168)

In June 1909 they moved to Milwaukee and Carl wrote for the Milwaukee newspapers. Both Lilian and Carl became interested in the Wisconsin Tuberculosis Society, and Carl traveled to forty-five cities in the state on behalf of the fight against TB. At that time, Kenosha was the city in Wisconsin hardest hit by the disease. When the Socialists took office in the spring of 1910, Carl became secretary to Mayor Emil Seidel. The Sandburgs moved to a small house on Hawley Road where Lilian had space to raise chickens, and her adventures made a September, 1910 edition of *The Milwaukee Journal*:

> Not the least of Mrs. Sandburg's summer worries were street car fatalities. Fifteen of her chickens were sacrificed on the steel rails in front of the house.

It was during this period that Carl decided writing would be the major focus of his life, and Lilian vowed to create the environment to make this possible. With typical Steichen spunk, however, she declared that while he would have the career and her role would be that of homemaker, they were to be considered equals.

In June 1911 Margaret was born at what was then Misericordia Hos-



Milwaukee Socialist Mayor Emil Seidel and his secretary, Carl Sandburg, 1910.
Photograph courtesy Milwaukee County Historical Society.

pital. Lilian took the baby to the farm for the summer to enjoy "the full sweep of sky and wide fields and open meadows." (*Great and Glorious*, p. 186) She and Marie canned fruit from the orchard and vegetables from Jean Pierre's garden. Money was a problem.

In 1912 Carl was offered a job on a Chicago newspaper, and the Sandburgs moved to Illinois. By this time their ardent idealism had been infused with realism, the result of a degree of disillusionment with the political process. Ties with Wisconsin remained strong, however. Helga, reliving her childhood, tells us, ". . . my mother takes my sisters and me up over the Wisconsin border where the lake country begins and where the love of water and sand becomes a part of us." (*Great and Glorious*, p. 310)

Carl lived to be eighty-nine. Edward and Lilian were both ninety-three when they died. In Helga's search for the true story of her family she found love, genius, pain. In her Uncle Ed she found "romance, sensibility, sweetness, gaiety." In her mother she found "firmness and beauty." As for her father, everything revolved around him, and when he died "the wheel stood still." (*Great and Glorious*, pp. 314-15)

Now the correspondence which nurtured this extraordinary relationship can find its place in American letters.

Author's note

Libraries provide great opportunities for serendipity. A few years ago during a leisurely ramble amongst the stacks at Madison Public Library, I noticed a book by Helga Sandburg unfamiliar to me. Recalling my past enjoyment of her rich prose, I pulled *A Great and Glorious Romance* from the shelf and was immediately drawn into the book by the stunning Steichen photos of Carl Sandburg and Lilian Steichen Sandburg on the jacket. While I had known of Sandburg's brief period as secretary to former Milwaukee Mayor Emil Seidel, it was through Helga's moving book about her parents that I came to realize the extent of his Wisconsin connection.

The former Steichen home as it looks today, located on Pilgrim Road south of Good Hope Road in Menomonee Falls. Photograph by Faith B. Miracle.

Recently, in a quest for photos to accompany this article, I wrote to Margaret Sandburg and was surprised when she responded immediately and enthusiastically by phone. She expressed appreciation that Wisconsin was acknowledging her father's years here as significant ones and expressed disappointment that this acknowledgement had been somewhat neglected in the past. She said they indeed were "influential and important" years in the development of her father as a person and as a writer. She graciously agreed to share photos from the family collection and put me in touch with Helga, who generously provided the charming photo of Lilian and the chickens.

Margaret is currently at work editing her parents' later letters. The love letters didn't stop when they married, she said. Penelope Niven of Hendersonville, North Carolina, is writing what Margaret considers to be a major biography of Carl Sandburg, to be published in 1990 or 1991. There will be a large section devoted to the Wisconsin years, according to Margaret.

I want to express sincere gratitude to both Margaret and Helga Sandburg for their interest and cooperation.

For Further Reading

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The Real World

By Janet Shaw

"This here would be your eastern boundary," Dale told Martin, pushing the brim of his red cap up with his thumb as he nosed his gray Toronado towards the right side ditch. "The orange stake marks it. Now, spot that big hickory on the ridge and you'll see the lot line. We're talking *land* here."

Martin shifted the pup on his knees, rolled his window half-way down, and squinted into the noon sun reflected off November snow—the orange stake, a grove of apple trees gone raggy, a hillside of white birch, then scrub oak along the ridge—forty acres Dale was determined to sell him. A few weeks ago when Martin stepped uncertainly into the ersatz log cabin, Country Day Realty, Dale was the only salesman on duty, a skinny guy in jeans, cowboy boots, and brown-rimmed glasses. He'd taken over the job of educating Martin in Wisconsin real estate.

"You're looking at grouse country," Dale said. "And wild turkey! Four maybe five hundred deer graze through here. It's bird-dog heaven."

Martin held his pup to see: she nosed into the wind, trembling, her tail flopping against his blue ski parka. He could smell the sour fallen apples and the sweet stink of rotten leaves in the creek along the road. "No condos here, Babe. No sidewalks, no fireplugs. It's the real world," he whispered against her soft ear.

Dale put the plat map in Martin's free hand. "The line runs six-hundred yards along the road to that tractor road below the meadow. We'll walk in from there." His narrow, cheerful, sharp-nosed face reminded Martin of a terrier's. Since he'd bought the pup, he'd found himself using dog metaphors more and more.

He gazed at the wiry red brambles, the windfalls covering the slope up into the birch woods, pale timothy in the meadow showing through the light snow—it could be his if he chose. He could buy a chain saw. He could put up a cabin at the top of that meadow, or on the ridge. Every weekend, as soon as he left his law office in Chicago, he'd drive here with the pup and learn to live closer to nature. "Nature heals," his shrink, O'Keefe, had said confidently.

As Dale drove slowly around the bend, they passed a rust-spotted pick-up truck pulled in to the fence, a single line of footprints leading up the hill beyond. Wisconsin plates, a hand-painted mountain with a sunset on the door, a gun rack behind the driver's seat.

"Deer hunter?" Martin said.

"Bow hunter, maybe. No danger to us, but gun season opens in another week. When it does, look out! The woods are full of hunters. Deer on every car, deer hanging in every barn lot."

"If this were mine they wouldn't hunt here." The strength of his conviction surprised him. So this is what owning land meant: he'd want to protect it.

"Got to post it, then. Folks get used to hunting unposted land."

Martin hugged Babe and rolled up his window. If he bought the property, he'd get those orange No Hunting signs, nails, and a hammer; he'd walk his borders and "post it." The plan pleased him—a man has these small powers.

Dale swung off the gravel and into the tractor road. At the muddy creek crossing he gunned it, the Toronado lurched, tilted, the rear wheels spun, and the car swayed to a standstill. He shoved into reverse, but the wheels wailed in the soft mud. Stuck fast.

Dale whooshed out a breath that clouded his glasses. Yanking a tan parka over his navy jacket, he stepped out beside the car. Martin pulled on his ski hat and crawled out the other side with the pup. Mired in to the hubcaps in the rear.

"What now?" Martin said.

Dale slapped the hood with his yellow work gloves, then pulled them on. "We'll get someone to give us a pull later. I should get a four-wheel drive, but I love these big machines. Put the wife in front, the kiddies in the back, and we drive into town feeling grand."

It was difficult for Martin to imagine Dale as a husband and father. In his unironed shirt and wrinkled polyester jacket he seemed as alone as a man could be. "Will you phone for a tow?"

Dale grinned. "What have I been telling you? This is the country, not the city. Anyone will give us a hand. Let's go take a look-see first."

Tipped into the black weeds, the Toronado reminded Martin of a dinosaur giving up its mortal struggle in a tar pit. "You're in charge."

Dale stepped over the small stream. "Come on. Now I'm going to show you what you've got here," he said in a gentle voice a man might use when demonstrating a woman's delicious possibilities to her.

Martin bent over and set the pup on the snow. She poised, one paw lifted, her tail a crisp white comma. He hadn't had her off her leash outside before, and for a long moment she didn't feel her freedom. Then she bounded once, twice, snuffed the snow, and darted toward the pick-up sitting in its dark shadow by the fence. At his whistle she skidded a half-circle and ran back. "That's the way!" he told her as she leaped the narrow stream. She was such a cute pup, English setter, one black eye and a whole lot of black and tan spots on her belly and chest. Her high-stepping prance up the bank lifted his spirits until he felt himself grin. "Run, Babe! Let her rip!"

She bounced along by Dale's boots as he tramped up the tractor road.

Before Martin followed, he screwed together the two pieces of the walking staff he'd brought yesterday. It had a leather grip and a compass on the top—forty bucks, but a necessary purchase. He'd been a tennis and squash player until his knees went—first, the cartilage, then arthritis, now this pain all the way up into his hips. At forty-five he felt like a cripple. That connected somehow to his divorce last year, to Caroline's departure for Palo Alto with her new man, a biker and rock-climber, she insisted on telling Martin. She'd persuaded Robbie to move west with her; a new "lifestyle" would cheer him up, she said. *Robbie*—Martin missed him painfully. In memory he was doing his homework on Martin's computer, thick blond hair like his mother's over his forehead, earphones on for his music.

Testing his balance on the staff, Martin imagined bringing Robbie here when he visited in June. If Martin bought now, he'd have paths cut through the woods by then. They could split firewood together and camp with a tent until he got a cabin built. A sixteen-year-old city boy would love the pup and the land, wouldn't he? He and Robbie could share something more real than Appleworks and video movies. With the staff, Martin made his way over the stream and headed across the field after Dale and the pup.

Although the sun was high, Martin's breath clouded at his lips. He turned up his collar and pulled his hat lower. Dale talked as he went, his hood snugged over his baseball cap. The pup bounded against Dale's bowed legs, then rushed back to leap at Martin's. "Backhoe, that's what you need," Dale was saying. "Clear those stumps out of the spring, then get a dozer to make a dam. You got a pond. With a pond, you got ducks. Increase your investment by a third."

Martin wasn't thinking about increasing his investment. He had to concentrate to stay steady on the tractor road. And mostly he watched the pup. She sniffed at the deer tracks under the apple trees, then splashed up the hill through the light snow after their trace. When he leaned down to accept the twig she brought, he saw that in spite of her activity she already shook from cold.

"Come here, Babe." He unzipped his parka and shoved her inside. Her heart racketed against his palm; she swiped her tongue at his ear under his wool cap. As he trudged on after Dale's receding back, she was a specific heat against his chest. "Sweet baby," he murmured against her muzzle. "Do you like it here?"

Dale left the meadow and took a path into a ravine. He was still talking, though Martin could catch only a word now and then. He didn't care; he'd explore the property later on if he decided to buy. He had as much time as anyone could need, too much time—acres of it stretched out around him on all sides, like the snow-covered land.

When he stepped into the shadowy ravine after Dale, he saw someone coming towards them down the trail from the opposite direction. The figure paused under an evergreen, then came on. It was a kid in an oversized camouflage jacket, a fatigue hat pulled down low. He carried a hunting bow and a quiver of arrows over his shoulder.

Dale stopped to wait, his hands jammed under his armpits. The kid walked slowly, head down. He and Martin reached Dale at the same time. "Hi, there," the kid said in a raspy voice. He tried a smile that didn't come off, left his mouth lopsided. The boy was younger than he'd looked from a distance, Martin thought—maybe fourteen or fifteen.

"Who gave you permission to hunt here? Dale said.

"Mr. Ripp. He said I could." Under the brim of his fatigue cap, the boy's eyebrows were a straight, dark line. He looked down at his army boots.

"That would be Vernon Ripp," Dale told Martin. "His land lies along this parcel to the west."

"Right." Martin buried his hands into his coat pockets and let Dale do the talking.

"Well, that permission's not his to give. The Bank of Dodgeville owns this land, and I'm showing it to Mr. Boardman here," Dale said.

The boy nodded, then suddenly blushed, a rash flaming up over his throat and chin. The blush reminded Martin of how easily Robbie was embarrassed, how extreme his reactions. He'd been the same way as a kid, and teased for it.

"Can I hunt here?" The boy looked up quickly, his eyes a flash of pale blue.

"What would your name be?" Dale was still the boss.

"Nathan Pohlkamp."

"Of the Pohlkamps over near Ridgeway?"

"Jim Pohlkamp's my dad."

Now Dale laughed, the sound echoing off the rocky outcropping nearby. "Well, sure! And you look like Jim, too! I bet your dad thinks you're in school today, don't he?"

Now the boy laughed, relieved, and Martin heard his own gruff laughter join theirs. Three guys in the woods, that's all. Something came loose from around his ribs like a too-tight band letting go.

"Can you take a deer with that bow?" he asked the boy.

"Could. Never have, but sure could." He blushed again, lighter this time.

"Give it a go, then. We won't stop you," Martin said, as though he already owned the place. The pup pawed his shoulder, and he set her back in the snow.

The boy crouched and held his reddened hands to her; she licked them with what Martin recognized as ecstacy—probably tasting oil and salt and maybe the scent of other dogs. "What a beauty!" the boy said. "Look at her straight tail! You hunt birds, Mr. Boardman?"

Martin shook his head. "She's just a companion."

The pup licked between the boy's fingers, the knobby wrists below the sleeves of the jacket, then went for his ears. "Even if you don't hunt, you should have her trained so you can watch her work," he said. "They are just so pretty on a point."

"That your pick-up down on the road?" Dale was stamping his feet to keep the circulation going.

"Yessir."

"You've got a driver's license?" Then Martin wished he hadn't asked—maybe the boy was just small for his age, like Robbie.

"Got a permit."

"I mired my Toronado in down by Ripp's road. Think you could give me a pull later?" Dale said.

"Sure thing. I got a chain."

Dale winked at Martin as if showing him how things were done out here. "We're going up on the ridge. Meet you down there in half an hour."

"Right." The boy lifted the pup away from his legs. "I'm going to walk the border by Mr. Ripp's cornfield. I'll meet you by the road." Then he was loping down the path, probably relieved to get away so quickly. At his nape his brown hair curled over his collar like a girl's.

"His dad, Jim Pohlkamp, a good man." Dale started up the path again. "He's got a bulldozer. You could hire him to crown that tractor road so the water would run off the sides, and you could get into your property all year long."

The pup leaped and flung herself up the hillside. Martin stabbed his staff through the snow, hauled himself along. Dale went on with his lesson. "You'd be at home here soon enough, if that's what you're thinking. The trick is use the local men. Arenson says he's digging your well, then Swain says he's laying gravel on your road. Pretty soon everyone knows this is the Boardman place. They see you buying steaks and milk in Festge's and you're a neighbor."

The pup disappeared into a hillock of snow and spurted out, huffing.

When Martin saw two low, dark shapes streak out of the woods above them, he thought first of wolves. They were dogs, big ones. Their fierce cries sent the pup scrambling up his leg like a squirrel and into his arms. "Wild dogs?"

Dale slung a stone at them. "Farm dogs is all."

But as if he'd rehearsed, Martin unscrewed his staff and held the top of it for a club. The dogs came on, teeth bared, electric with challenge, like hounds plunging upon him in a dream. A few feet away they veered off into the scrub oak—a German shepherd mix and a black one with a lean, wolf's face.

Cradling the pup as she tried to burrow into his parka again, Martin grasped his club more tightly. A six-foot fence would keep them out, he thought; he'd put up a fence before he had a cabin, if he had to. Get a rifle, if he had to. He didn't know what he was getting into, that was the thing. He had a lot to learn.

Dale climbed over the rusty wire, his bowed legs working like pincers as he scaled the top. Then he shoved down on the bottom strand with his boot and heaved on the upper so Martin could squeeze through. Dale was still talking, an encyclopedia. "See the steam rising from those depressions in the snow? Deer been sleeping here in the sun. They come up to the ridge because scents rise. They get a whiff of us before we see them." He squinted into the undergrowth, a raw-faced man who looked forty, but was probably ten years younger. Weather could age a man, Martin thought, but so could sorrow.

"Now, here's the cabin site I promised you." Dale spread his arms wide, slowly, as if opening heavy shutters. "You're up above the wet bottomland, you got the view, electric line right down there, enough soil to get a good perc test for septic. Take my word, it's what you're looking for."

Martin turned and looked. They'd climbed the spine of the ridge and stood under a wide-branched red oak. On all sides birch trees clustered, white against the whiter snow, and beyond them the hill fell away to the wooded valleys. Directly south rested an upland meadow that reminded Martin of a scene on a Christmas card. It made his throat ache with what felt like nostalgia, although he'd rarely been in the country. Maybe he remembered an illustration in one of Robbie's picture books, or one from his own childhood—better times. He'd come a long way to get here again. As he looked, two deer stepped delicately out of the shadows of the woods and into the far side of the meadow. Then, just as quickly, they leaped back into the trees, the afterimage of their white flags staying on his sight like a camera flash. The pup snuffled at his boots and he picked her up again. He realized that now, right now, he was happy—the kind of unreflective, childlike happiness he'd thought his bouts of depression had obscured forever. O'Keefe was right: a man could start over, and do better the second time.

As they tramped back down the path, Dale didn't talk so much. Once he said, "We'll get us a burger at the High Point Inn. Best burger you'll ever have. A burger and a beer, right?" And later he said, "I used to walk a whole lot faster before I got this emphysema. I say Agent Orange. The doctors say they don't know." Then he kept quiet.

Snow sifting down from the black alder branches showered into the collar of Martin's parka. Coming down from the ridge, he got a look at a cliff where a shallow cave suggested the mystery of Indians, of primitive life. A city man, how had he come to this place? O'Keefe's urging to make new plans, an ad in the paper, an impulse. No, it was the pup. She'd made him want to feel the dirt and rock under his feet, made him want to sniff this planet, Earth, as she did, and make it his home. It was a romantic notion, one he'd never share with O'Keefe, and its extravagance pleased him.

Into the lowland meadow, he saw the kid coming down the steep hill on the far side. Carelessly, he skidded and slipped, digging his boot heels into the leaves and snow. Good legs, Martin thought, thin but sinewy—a distance runner's legs. The boy jumped a log and bumped a sapling, like the pup's clumsy enthusiasm, like Robbie caroming across the schoolyard on his skateboard—falls and bruises, nothing to the young. He smiled to see the boy so anxious to be on time—city kids were cooler.

Before they reached the road, the boy had his truck backed up to the bumper of the mired-in Toronado. "Yo!" Dale called as they joined him. He was dragging a chain from the wooden box nailed in the truck bed and didn't answer. Concentrating. Martin admired the sure way he engaged the chain, then tested it. At that age Martin had been like that—eager to get it right, to join the world of proficient men. When you grew up you discovered how little anyone really knew.

The boy swung into the pick-up, Dale climbed into the Toronado and put her in gear. Martin stood to the side to watch, the pup nosing into the windfalls by the creek. He wished Caroline could see him now. "You're afraid of change!" she'd accused him. "You won't risk anything new!" To her he'd been as stuck as Dale's car. But that was after the fights began and her new reasons why the marriage wasn't working out, could never work out. "Why change when I like what I've got!" he shouted back at her. By then he'd wanted to leave, too, but he wasn't able to admit that to her. "You can't keep me in your fist, Martin!" she cried. "Let go!" She stood at their bedroom window that morning, and he imagined she faded already into the light behind her.

Curves marked in the snow by wild turkey wings reminded him of her hair. O'Keefe told him to "forget the past, look to the future." He should. His spirits had been so high only a few minutes ago; now they sank again. He pulled off his gloves and rubbed his eyes.

And heard the pup's cry, as sustained as an injured child's, over the whine of wheels in mud.

"Cut the engine!" he yelled to the boy. "Cut it!"

Martin went down to his knees, then to his belly. She'd chased the noise and the truck wheels had caught her.

He lifted her out. Her ribs were crushed. She'd live until this breath was gone, that's all. Nothing could be done, nothing, though he had the panicky urge to pick her up in his arms and run, just run.

Dale crouched beside him. The boy slid out of the truck and knelt. "I thought you had her, Mr. Boardman!" he whispered. "I didn't even look!"

Martin put his face next to her bloody muzzle. Terribly, she licked him. Her yelps went on and on, grew fainter, stopped. Though he thought he heard an echo of them from the hill.

He sat back on his heels. A crow cawed from a locust tree.

"Jesus," Dale said softly. "These things happen. But you can get another pup." He got a greasy tan towel from the trunk of his car and handed it to Martin.

He wrapped her, a double handful of rags. Something wobbled in his chest, like Robbie's gyroscope turning in wider and wider arcs until it wound down and tumbled to a stop. He laid the bundle in by the spare tire.

"I'm so sorry. I never thought to look."

Martin turned toward the breathy voice. The boy's lips were white, his eyes swollen with unshed tears. Martin considered putting his arm around the boy's shoulders. Instead, he seized his elbow. "It's not your fault. Not at all."

The boy shook his head.

"She was mine and I didn't look after her. *I'm* to blame.

Dale closed the trunk, a clap like a door slamming shut in a wind.

Martin hung on to the boy's bony elbow. "Look, we're going to stop nearby for a hamburger and a drink. I want you to join us."

"We're going to the High Point," Dale added quickly, as though he'd been waiting for his cue. "As long as you skipped school, you might as well have a beer, right? I'll pay, so your old man can blame me."

The boy didn't answer. But after a moment he got his breath under control and climbed back into his truck. "Let me get you out of here first," he said.

Martin unscrewed his staff as the truck dragged the Toronado out of the mud and back up onto the gravel. Dale got in and leaned across to open his door for him. "What's wanted here is whiskey," Dale said. Martin eased in his bad legs. The leather leash lay on the floor by his feet. Dale waited until the boy pulled ahead; then they followed the pick-up down the road through the branched shadows of the overhanging oaks, the birches on the hillside glittering like shafts of sunlight.

Poetry by David Graham

A Murmur for Lord Elgin

Your spirit is too weak, my Lord.
Not even the Surprise Symphony
could wake you now, old explorer, thief.
Your famous legal looting? Today
just a hard-to-find entry
at the foot of the page. Did you weep
over brave Hector? Did you love
those time-smeared arms, those lopped pricks?
Sick eagle, you take your place
in that roster of men sublimed
to language itself—Jean Nicot (who brought
tobacco to France, hence *nicotine*),
Dr. Thomas Bowdler, Etienne de Silhouette,
Judge Lynch, Captain Boycott, Rudolph Diesel—
men who became less than the sound
of their names, biographies sinking
like clams in sand. What dizzy pain,
what unwilling sleep: the several weathers
of age. No matter how classic your gaze,
no matter how generous a museum I make
of your name, everything I say
is goodbye, one artifact to another.

I Forget Grandmother

I forget translucent candies
melting a long time on my tongue,
scent of Grandmother's handbag

captured in tissues she would pull
to wipe my face on entering
St. John's. Various family

friends, grown loud with drink, slip backwards
down our drive, never to return:
college roommate, army pals,

brothers of my parents' childhood
friends—whole army of forgetting
forgotten. No, I don't recall

them, names or blank faces agleam
with sweat and insect lotion.
I can't bring back the patio

where we sat far into the dark
clinking ice in glasses, smelling
night emerge from its root cellar,

rich mulch of our turning earth.
I'm making this up as I go,
Grandmother, chalking word after

fuzzy word on a blackboard
I know will gleam deep black again
by morning—you smell the same now

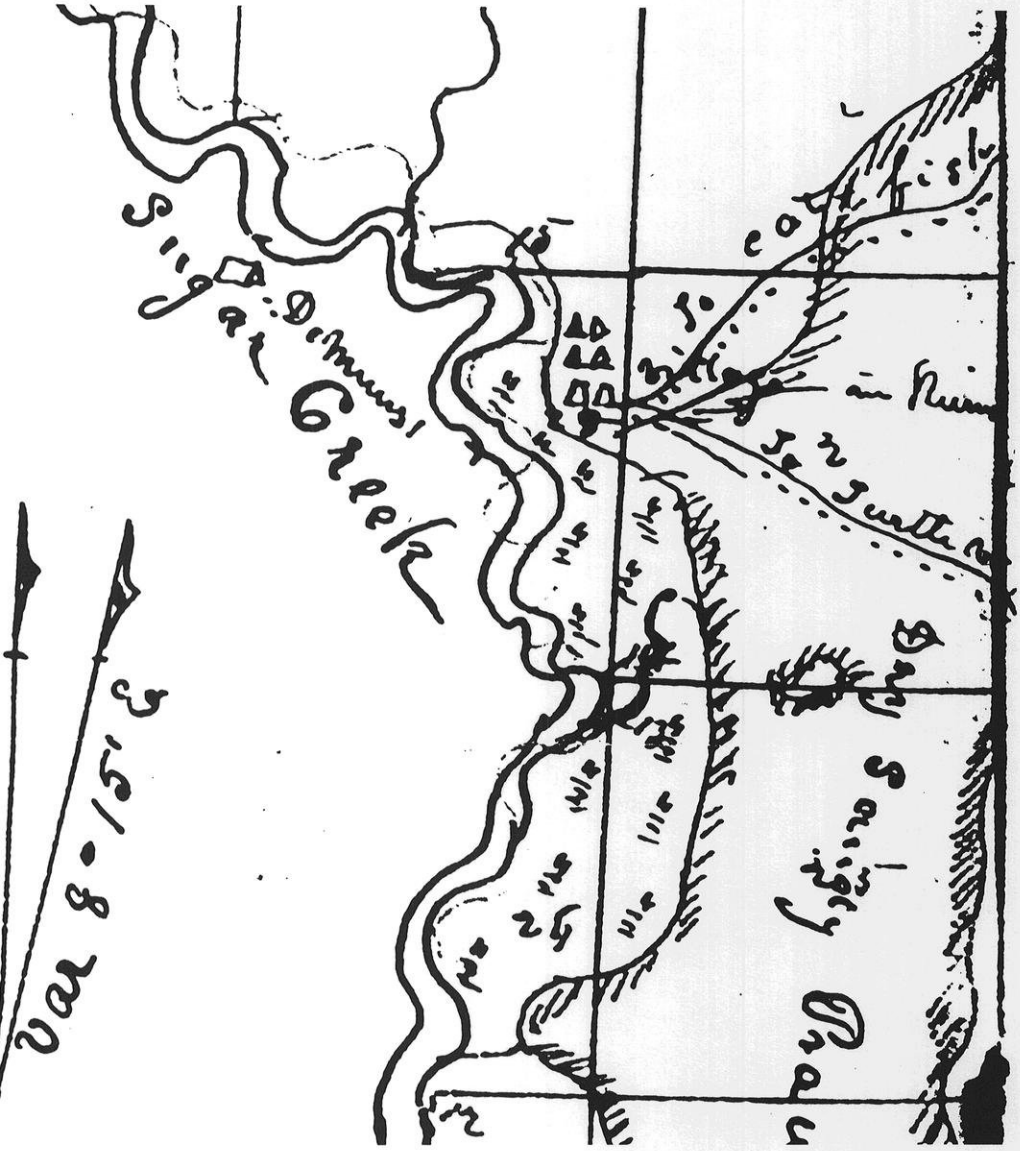
as your trim handbag—not at all,
or only so much as a stone
dropped years ago into a well

smells to the one who let it go.

Jules De Mun's Cabin:

A French Fur Trader on the Sugar River, Wisconsin

By Donald E. Thompson and Thomas Fey



Enlargement of part of the sketchmap in the 1834 notebook of surveyor George W. Harrison. East of Sugar Creek [River], White Breast's village is labeled as "in ruins." De Mun's cabin is shown on the west. Harrison had surveyed the west side of the river in 1832, and that year's sketchmap marked the road [sic] as well as the cabin and various topographic features.

In the fall of 1831, as the fur trade era was ending east of the Mississippi because of the decline of the beaver and the opening of land to settlers, Jules de Mun built a trading post on the Sugar River in southern Wisconsin. One hundred and fifty-five years later in the early fall of 1986 the authors, aided by local amateur archaeologists and students from the University of Wisconsin-Madison, laid out a grid and started excavating a series of one meter squares in an area we thought likely to be the location of de Mun's cabin. Beginning just below the sod we encountered charcoal, cut nails, and other artifacts consistent with a trader's post and a date in the 1830s. We would like to address these questions here, at least in a preliminary way: Who was Jules de Mun? Why was he here? What is the evidence that we have located the site of his cabin? What happened when he left?

According to various published accounts Jules Louis René de Mun was born at Port-au-Prince, island of Santo Domingo (now Haiti) in the French West Indies on 25 April, 1782. His father, Alexandre Jacques de Mun had moved to Santo Domingo, where he owned a plantation, from France, where he was *Chevalier* of the King's Body Guard and a member of an aristocratic family.

Excavation in progress in a meter square pit. Strings and stakes mark the grid from which the squares were selected for excavation. Many enthusiastic local amateur archaeologists volunteered to help; without their aid we would have accomplished much less. After careful excavation with mason's trowels all dirt was screened.

The de Muns trace their ancestry back to the twelfth century in southwestern France, where there is still a small town named Mun.

As a youngster Jules, along with his brother, Auguste, was left in France to be educated. Meanwhile, in the 1790s, the unrest, uprisings, and final revolt in Haiti forced his parents to flee to England. The boys in turn narrowly escaped to England during the French Revolution (dressed as peasant children, practically in the shadow of the guillotine beheading Robespierre according to one perhaps somewhat romanticized account).

As a young man of around twenty, Jules returned to the New World about 1803, where he grew coffee in Cuba. He was joined first by his brothers, then by his mother (nee Marie Madeleine Le Meilleur) in 1808, following the death of his father in England. By his own statement, he was trying to recuperate the losses suffered by his family earlier in Santo Domingo. In August of 1808 he apparently swore allegiance to Spain [to Ferdinand VII?] and was granted permission to remain in Cuba. (The details from the secondary sources available to us are confusing on this point, citing Ferdinand VI who died before Jules was born. Ferdinand VII is more likely but had been forcibly replaced by Joseph, Napoleon's brother, by the time Jules would have been swearing allegiance in Cuba. Perhaps the Cuban authorities did not recognize Joseph; perhaps the news had not arrived yet.)

Less than a year later, however, Jules was in the Baltimore-Philadelphia area where he spent about a year before settling in the French community in St. Louis early in 1812. Later that spring he married fifteen-year-old Isabelle Gratiot, described as well educated and mannered and the most beautiful woman in St. Louis. She was the daughter of Charles Gratiot, whose family members, like de Mun's, were aristocratic refugees from France, and Victoire Chouteau, whose family founded St. Louis and was active in the fur trade of the Upper Mississippi. It was at this point that Jules de Mun entered the fur trade. Both sides of his wife's family were important in the commercial life of St. Louis; indeed his father-in-law, Charles Gratiot, had once been associated with the Northwest Fur Company in Montreal.

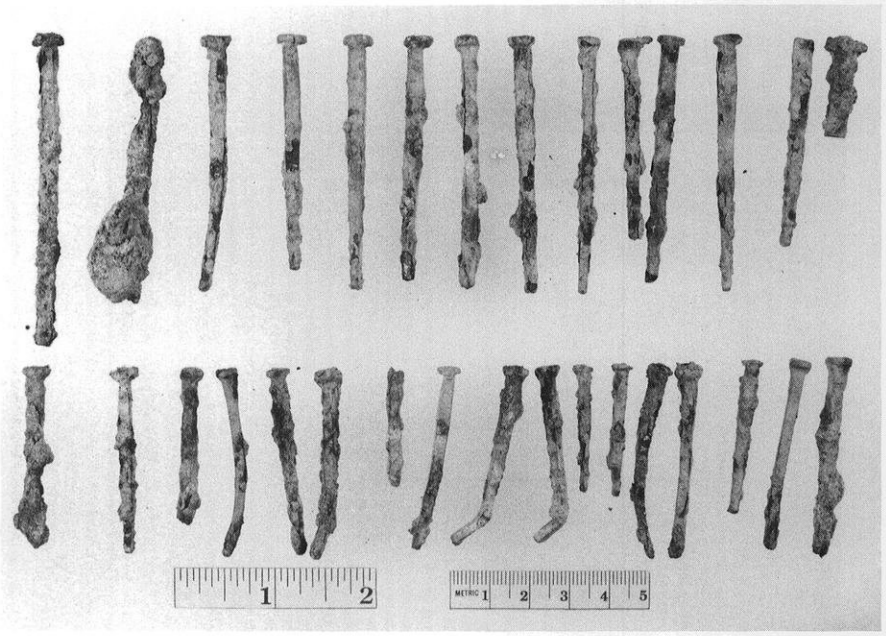
In 1815 Jules de Mun joined his wife's first cousin, Auguste Pierre Chouteau on an ill-fated trading expedition to the headwaters of the Arkansas River, a trip for which we have some excellent documentation in the published letters and journal entries by Jules. At that time Spain claimed all of the southwest. Upon hearing that a party of French were encroaching on their territory they sent out troops to capture them. De Mun, Chouteau, and the men were taken to Santa Fe and thrown into prison in irons.

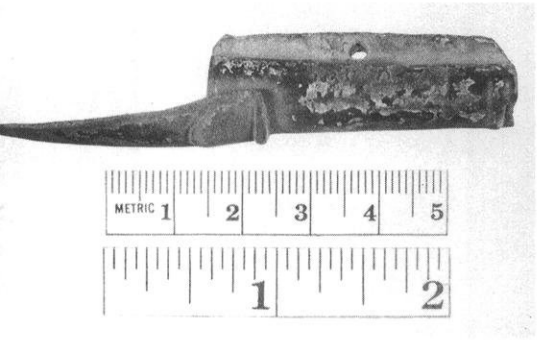
As de Mun wrote about his trial at the Governor's Palace, which still stands in Santa Fe:

> Many questions were asked, but particularly why we had stayed so long in Spanish dominions. I answered that, being on the Arkansas river, we did not consider ourselves in the domains of Spain, as we had license to go as far as said river. The president [of the court] denied that our government had a right to give such a license, and entered into such a rage that it prevented his speaking, contenting himself with striking his fist several times on the table, saying, "Gentlemen we must have this man shot."

Fortunately, a new governor was installed before the sentence took place and de Mun and his party were sent packing back to St. Louis upon the worst horses that the Spanish would spare. Their goods and furs were also confiscated, a loss of two years of trade, estimated at 30,000 dollars.

He returned to St. Louis to a hero's welcome but presumably broke and riding one of the scrawny horses allowed each released captive. A year later he and his family returned to Cuba, where they remained for about ten years growing





Above: Selection of cut nails from one square. There appear to be roughly three sizes. Hand-wrought nails also occur, especially in larger sizes. Below: Rampipe to hold the ramrod for a muzzle-loading gun. It is distinctive in style, and Robert Camardo, who is working on the identification of both the found and listed artifacts from the de Mun site, has matched it with better quality trade guns from Birmingham, England, dating to 1789 and 1820.

coffee. In 1830 they returned to St. Louis. The reason for their return is as yet uncertain. Isabelle's family ties to St. Louis may have been a factor, as may the political corruption in Cuba and the growing opposition to Spanish rule in the wake of the wars of independence on the mainland. It was shortly after his return that Jules de Mun had his brief and puzzling association with southern Wisconsin.

By 1831 the southwest section of Wisconsin was teeming with lead miners. Among the successful ones was Jules de Mun's brother-in-law, Henry Gratiot. Gratiot had a few years previously learned of a rich lead area from the Winnebago Indians and was busy mining and smelting the ore at his new settlement of Gratiot's Grove, located just over the Wisconsin line about twelve miles north of Galena. Henry Gratiot held a position as Indian subagent to the Winnebago and probably introduced de Mun to the Indians. De Mun took up residence in an abandoned miner's cabin, Skinner's Diggings, a few miles north of present day Monroe, Wisconsin. He had likely received information from Gratiot about prospects for trade with the Winnebago in the still largely unsettled woods and prairies to the east of Gratiot's Grove.

On October 11, 1831, H. [Henry] Gratiot wrote Jules a letter addressed to Skinner's Grove in which he says:

> Owing to the inclemency of the weather we have not sent a wagon to Galena. Mr. [William S.] Hamilton is going to send a load of lead in immediately and promises to take your goods as far as his house. The wagon will pass here [Gratiot's Grove] and I will send you tobacco, powder, etc.,etc. P.S. Don't forget to send three of your best buckskins by first conveyance.

Five days later, Jules wrote from Skinner's Old Place [Grove] to his twelve-year-old daughter Louise, back in St. Louis, warning her of the hardships of frontier life:

> I think often, dear child, of the idea that you had of spending the winter with me [at the trading post]. I believe that you are a lot better off making your way to St. Louis. I am here about 20 miles away from any other dwelling in company with Monsieur Gallois, my cook. He is an old soldier, the dirtiest man that has ever existed and I assure you we must have a good stomach and good appetite for the eating of his fried potatoes. Soon I am going to move. I am going to build a house on a pretty little river [the Sugar River] twelve miles from here.

From these letters as well as from surveyors' maps it is clear that the main route to de Mun's future cabin was overland from Galena to Gratiot's Grove to Hamilton's diggings to Skinner's Grove to de Mun's. This overland route by horse and wagon contrasts sharply with the standard picture of fur trade as mainly by canoe. The prairie and oak savanna countryside permitted relatively easy travel by horse and wagon. De Mun probably stayed at Hamilton's himself en route to

Skinner's, though this is not stated in any of the documents available to us to date. In any case he would have gone to Hamilton's to pick up the goods mentioned in Gratiot's letter.

Hamilton's Diggings, later Fort Hamilton, near modern Wiota, was the lead mining and smelting establishment of William S. Hamilton, youngest son of Alexander Hamilton. Just seven months previous to these letters, in March of 1831, Juliette M. Kinzie, with her Indian agent husband, John, and party, had taken refuge from a storm at Hamilton's on their cross-country trip from Fort Winnebago (Portage) to Fort Dearborn (Chicago). In her fascinating book, *Waubun: The Early Day in the Northwest*, she provides a vivid description of travel in this part of the state in 1831, the appearance of Hamilton's cabins, the people working there, and Hamilton himself.

Skinner's Old Place or Grove, where Jules was staying, has also been located, but no serious research beyond survey has yet been undertaken there. Most interesting are the numerous pock mark-like depressions over the area, the remains of the "diggings" for lead. There are also a few piles of tailings.

About twelve miles east of Skinner's Grove on the Sugar River Jules de Mun built his cabin. Fortunately, in early 1832 and again in 1834 the area was surveyed by George W. Harrison, who briefly commanded the militia at Fort Hamilton, and his notebooks and maps have survived. Despite the preliminary nature of the maps and the probable meander shifts of the river, it is possible to make a good estimation of the general location of where the cabin would have stood.

Not only do the early maps and the accompanying notes provide a basis for locating the cabin but they also plot the local trails and in passing indicate one of the reasons de Mun may have chosen to build where he did. The Winnebago chief, White Breast, had a village of eight to ten long lodges about three fourths of a mile downstream on the east bank of the river. In 1831 territory to the east of the Sugar still belonged to the Indians. De Mun built on the west side because, according to the treaty of 1829 at Prairie du Chien, this had been ceded by the Winnebagos. According to law, no traders should live in an Indian village or in their territory. So de Mun was separated by the river from his clients. Nothing prevented Indians from living around a trader, however, so some Winnebago families set up their wigwams around the trading post, as is shown in an early survey map.

Above: Glass with several patterns present, probably blown into a three-piece mold. The piece on the lower right may have been affected by the later fire. Below: These glass fragments include the neck of a flask. In this shallow, plowed site, there could be later pieces represented in the collection, but most of the artifacts are certainly consistent with a date in the 1830s.

After we had located the general area of the cabin, informal surface use of a metal detector yielded artifacts such as a strike-a-light (firesteel) which were in keeping with a traders post. Subsequently we examined the site in detail, laid out a metric grid, and selected a series of meter squares for excavation. The choices were based on topographic irregularities suggesting human activity. These squares were excavated, with the landowner's permission, over a series of fall weekends in 1986 and 1987.

Our first concern was to see if indeed the cabin was located where the maps, landforms, and recovered artifacts seemed to suggest

it was. We first excavated a trench, one meter wide and four meters long, across what seemed to be a potential wall location. At about the middle of the trench the excavated material shifted from relatively sterile soil to black earth with a high carbon content and a much higher density of artifacts, including numerous cut-iron nails and some hand-wrought ones, findings which suggested interior construction. At the juncture of the sterile and richer zones and nearby on either side were numerous fragments of friable burned clay, some apparently bearing the impressions of wood—in short, what we are interpreting as log wall chinking that had been preserved by partial firing.

None of the excavations has yielded evidence of foundations. We have therefore concluded that the logs were laid directly on the ground, that the chimney was of wattle and daub and that the floor was earthen, interpretations which are consistent with a cabin that was built in a hurry late in the season when the winter's firewood still had to be collected. Like most trading posts, the cabin was, in any case, probably intended to be temporary, good for two or three seasons at most. Because the area has been plowed, we will probably never be able to outline the cabin exactly, though we can tell in a general way whether we are excavating inside or outside of it. For the same reason the very precise location of artifacts is probably not significant, and the site can be treated as a single vertical excavation unit.

We have also decided that the cabin burned down at quite a high temperature. We reached this conclusion on the basis of the high charcoal content of the soil, the partially fired chinking, and the presence among the artifacts of broken glass that had been warped by heat and pieces of china, the glazed surfaces of which had undergone color shifts and been "crazed" or cracked by intense heat, a sort of refiring.

Some of the recovered artifacts in keeping with a trader's cabin include: the strike-a-light (firesteel), a piece of a trap, a clasp knife, a small hammer head, a ramrod pipe, what is probably the front plate of a padlock, an iron dutch oven lid fragment, a file, and quite a number of metal artifacts of less certain function such as a ring which could have been part of a trap chain, a pintle possibly serving as a door hinge, and large headed wrought clinched nails which could have been part of the door construction. Some of the artifacts came from excavations in the cabin; others were found several meters away.

More domestic in nature are the bone button fragments and sherds of several kinds of imported English china. The fragments of glass include one piece which is very thin and may be hand blown and numerous pieces which were blown

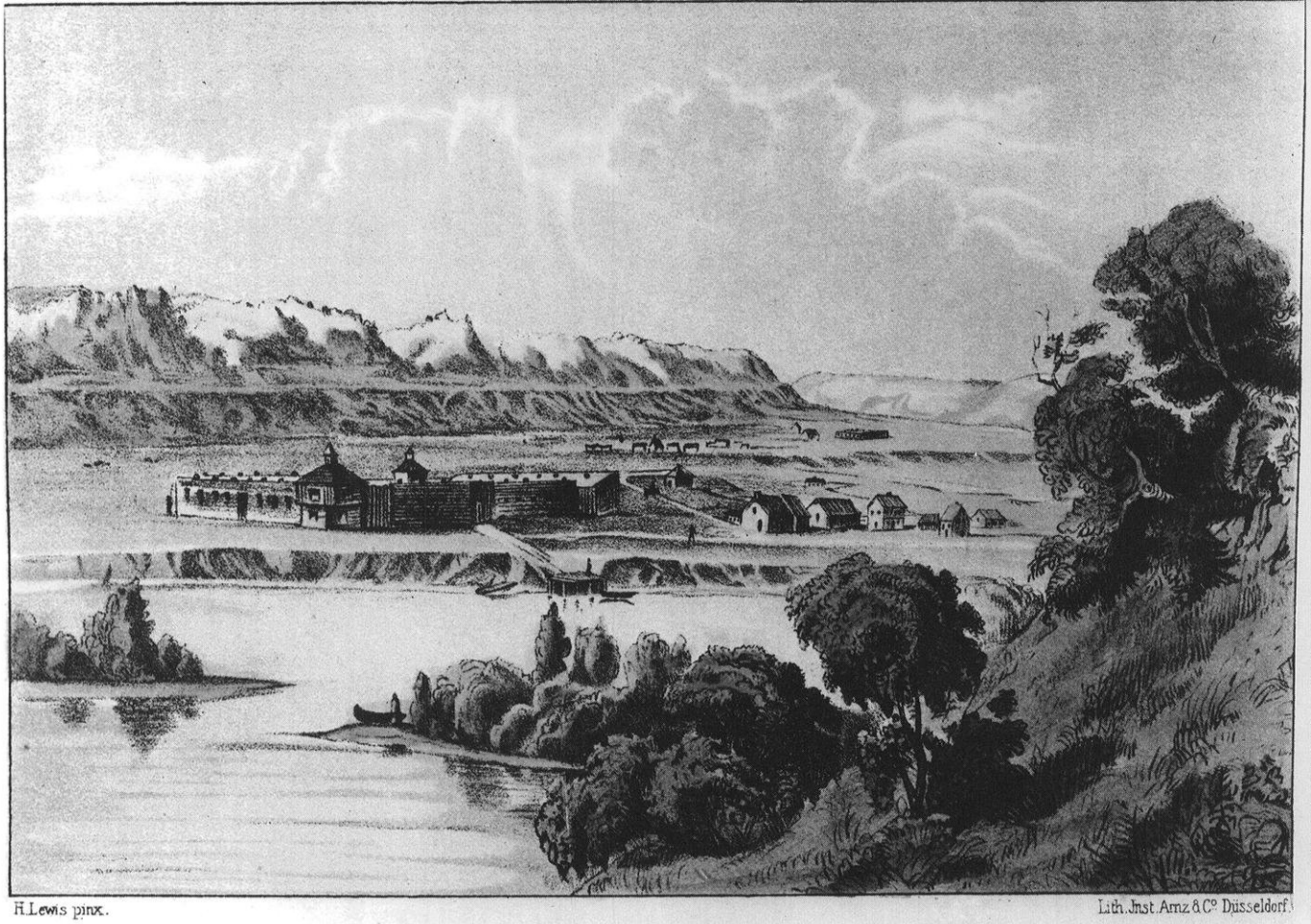
Above: Clay pipe and stem. The two may not belong together. Unfortunately we have not yet been able to make out the mark on the bowl. Below: Buttons of two kinds, both apparently of bone.

into decorated molds. All this bespeaks a certain measure of luxury in the wilderness, a keeping up of appearances, visual and psychological, appropriate to a man of de Mun's lineage. More ordinary and expected are the fragments of clay pipes. Notable by their absence so far are beads of any kind.

After wintering over, Jules de Mun left his cabin at the end of April 1832. We do not yet know what he took with him, though such a list may well exist, but we do have an inventory of what he left behind, probably compiled as a list of losses. The end of April, of course, would be a logical time for a trader to be taking his winter's collection of pelts out to market, but it may be no coincidence that he abandoned his cabin just over three weeks after Black Hawk crossed the Mississippi, putting all of southwestern Wisconsin on the defensive, including the fortification of Hamilton's place. (Today, one may contemplate an outdoor painting of Fort Hamilton in downtown Wiota, but the authors would not care to vouch for its accuracy.)

The inventory, which, perhaps significantly, is not in the de Mun collection but in the P. Chouteau Maffitt one, is a long list of goods valued at a total of $1219.79. It includes not only trade goods such as blankets, yarn, thread, firesteels, Indian awls, finger rings, gunflints, [gun] powder, hoes, kettles of both iron and tin, both black and white beads, tomahawks, and muskrat traps of two sizes; but also skins, including muskrat, raccoon, deer, mink, gray wolf, otter and bufaloe [sic]! The otter skins were the most valuable (12 at $5.00 each) and the muskrat, the most numerous (1708 at .25 each). Beaver, absent from the list, had been virtually hunted out of southern Wisconsin by this date. The trading house and furniture are also listed and valued at $70.00 and $20.00, respectively. The list includes neither personal goods such as clothing nor household items such as glass, china, or tableware, suggesting that the list represents purely a commercial rather than a total inventory.

Above: Pintle, possibly serving as a door hinge. The long nails appear to be hand wrought. Below: Iron artifacts of uncertain function. The piece on the left appears to be a small hammer head, but, on the basis of an examination of the photos, Gary Schluter, an artistic blacksmith, suggests it might possibly have been a hot punch hardie, a blacksmith's tool.



PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WISCONSIN
in 1830

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The general lack of these listed goods in the excavations to date, which include fourteen one-meter square pits and a number of small holes associated with metal detector scans, suggests that the cabin was looted and perhaps burned immediately thereafter, very likely during the turmoil surrounding Black Hawk's War. Jules de Mun himself, probably under the sting of yet another loss, another bout of commercial bad luck, gave up the adventurous life for the settled one of a salaried bureaucrat. He ended his days on August 15, 1843, as Recorder of Deeds of the County of St. Louis, having served previously as Register of the United States Land Office at St. Louis and as Secretary and Translator to the United States Board of Commissioners dealing with the titles of French and Spanish land claims. He was survived by his wife, Isabelle, and five daughters.

This brief story is only in its preliminary outline form. There is more to be done with the documents we have: the inventory, a bill of lading of goods shipped to de Mun and what appears to be an expense account. There are other documents we have not yet examined and perhaps others we have not yet even found. Further archaeological work should be undertaken in the area of the cabin, in one or more of the surrounding wigwams, and across the river at White Breast's village to see if any of the trade goods are to be found there. Perhaps even some work at Skinner's Grove and Fort Hamilton would be fruitful. No matter what comes of our future work, it should add interesting details to the history of southern Wisconsin in the early 1830s and to the lives of the exciting characters who lived and made that history.

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The Moon of the Grass Fires

By Anthony Bukoski

Joseph Lyle thought of the dead as he worked on the baker's cabinet. It was a beautiful old piece of furniture with frosted glass doors in front, five small wooden drawers beneath them, and near the bottom two large bins. In one, his grandmother had stored flour, pouring in twenty-five pound bags. The other was a divided bin where she kept potatoes on one side, onions on the other. Some drawers had contained coffee and spices and perhaps a few dead secrets, he thought.

In the glass-encased drawers with their metal door openers, in the deep bins, in the empty spaces inside: there Joseph Lyle hoped to find his past. He'd been through every drawer, taking out the spools of thread, bottles of shoe polish, and ice cube trays that had accumulated in them over the years. Now he was going to refinish the cabinet.

"Mister, they must've painted it every year," a furniture stripper told him. "Looks like they had good paint then, too." The fellow wanted $140.00 to hang it in a vat of paint remover for as long as it took to clean the paint off. "It's the last one I'll do for the money," he'd said.

That's when Joseph Lyle decided to strip it and refinish it himself. It would be his retirement project. He'd open the basement windows for ventilation, brush on some paint remover, then scrape the old layers off with a putty knife. He wondered what he'd find.

He didn't know whom to blame for the linoleum, but someone over the years (his wife or daughter, or maybe his father who had lived with them a while), someone had secured atop the little counter a piece of dark green linoleum. It'd probably happened when he was off on business, and he hadn't noticed because the cabinet was shoved into a basement corner. The linoleum was the first thing to go. Under the tin stripping that held it down, he found dead flour bugs. How long had they been there, thirty years? Somehow flour had gotten inside the stripping and the bugs had followed, and there'd been no way, short of removing it, to clean under the metal.

When he'd peeled off the stripping and the linoleum and thrown them out, the phone upstairs rang. He'd begun taking the stairs more carefully since retiring. He felt okay, but retirement meant time for a man to slow down.

It was his wife, Helen, who'd gone to Florida for a few weeks to visit their daughter.

"Everything's fine here. Everything okay there?" he asked.

"We're all fine here. Are you okay?"

"I'm okay. Is Meg okay?" he asked.

"We're fine," Helen said.

"I'm getting to the baker's cabinet, Helen, in the corner of the basement."

"Be careful down there. Is it damp?"

"It's not bad in the basement. Outside it's sunny. The leaves are turning beautifully. I've got a lot of raking to do, though. It'll keep me busy. I asked a furniture stripper to quote me a price."

"Are you eating okay?" Helen said. "I worry about you."

"I'm eating okay," he said. "The big thing is the cabinet."

The baker's cabinet—it was called a Hoosier cabinet—was as tall as a man, as tall as Joseph Lyle himself when he stood up. After the first full day of stripping old surface paint, he realized the paint went deeper than he cared to go. But the furniture stripper had raised his price.

"It's not worth it for me to do it for nothing less, Mister," he said, "though it's beautiful antique work."

Joseph Lyle was sorry he'd even begun now. Down in the basement he'd watch the paint remover bubble on the paint, then he'd go after a spot with the putty knife. It was a long hard afternoon's work. He wondered about the layers of paint and the wood beneath. Who'd first painted them? Someone, maybe his great-grandmother before he was born. Maybe on a winter afternoon with firewood snapping in the stove she'd undertaken her project, the first even strokes of white matching the blizzard outside. Over the decades who could say how often the cabinet had been painted? Why, he thought, wiping away at the front legs, the thing had stood unused for so long its history couldn't mean much to anyone. No one had asked about it. Even he had thought of it only rarely when he'd been working.

In the years since she'd died, Joseph had found his mother's "smoking dish" in one of the drawers, a tin plate with ash burned into the center. The old people lived and died, and when his relatives passed away he felt sorry sure enough, but their going never really hurt as much as it should, he thought. He'd been bothered

by his father's death and his aunts' and uncles' deaths. But funeral days came and went, and then the days were recalled only occasionally in conversations or when something like the cabinet or smoking dish reminded him. Maybe it was because he was always so busy back then. Now autumn was come over the fields and there was this heirloom. What sorrow had been deferred when he was young: would it come twice as hard when he was old?

He found himself missing them now. With Helen out of the house, Meg gone, the place where he'd grown up was quiet. Sometimes he'd come in and call out the names of the dead. It was silly, but when he was by himself, he'd talk as though someone could be there in the sunlit dust upstairs or in the wing chair in the living room. Certainly no one was ever home.

He remembered his mother asking, "Just once, Joseph, once." They were in the kitchen.

"Dad says no," he'd said.

"You can do it for me," his mother had said. He was eight or nine. A life had passed since then. With her death, he'd felt differently than when the other people died.

"For me, Joseph."

It was autumn, a fine afternoon. She'd wanted him to get something for her at the store. He was on his way out.

"No, I can't."

He couldn't understand why she hadn't pulled on a coat and walked to the store herself. "Please, go after it for me," she'd said.

He remembered the smell of grass fires. But for that slight haze in the distance, how blue the sky was, he recalled.

Now so many years later as he raked leaves from the apple tree, he remembered his mother, too. Now in retirement these dreams of her came to him just as the grass fires' smoke came over the fields, and he remembered how he'd stood in the kitchen facing her. "No," he'd said and gone out.

He picked up an apple from the yard. On his tree, half would always be yellow and half red, and they weren't as round or as large as he'd like. Every fall he'd thrown most of them out in the field or let the birds get them. Now that there was time he'd try one again. His grandfather's tree, it'd been there as long as Joseph Lyle could remember—and he'd never tasted many apples from it. Now he rubbed one on his sleeve and bit into it.

He didn't hurry for the phone this time any more than the last. He was retired, taking things easy.

"Dad?" It was Meg in Florida. "Sorry I didn't talk to you yesterday. I was really busy," she said.

"I was outside now," he said.

"How's retirement?"

"Fine. I was outside being retired. Guess what? I'm having an apple."

"Wish I could join you. Aren't they good? You never used to eat them."

"How's your ma."

"Oh, fine. We're watching the baby. I hear you're working on the cabinet."

"After all these years I thought I'd better get to it."

"Good," said Meg. "I'll let you get back to it."

"Not right now, Meg. I'm not working on it right now. I've been out raking leaves and apples. Did I tell you I'm having an apple?"

"Enjoy it. You deserve it."

"The air smells like fire. It's the leaves burning. It's good, the best time of year up here. Remember?"

"You deserve it," Meg said. She hung up.

"Meg?" he said.

Now under the moon of the grass fires he worked in the yard, and as though he could get strength from them, he ate enough apples to last a lifetime. Smoke hung over the fields, the apples on Joseph Lyle's tree ripened, and the grass in the yard cracked underfoot. The moon of the grass fires returned. It would do so for a few days. It was a harvest moon that rose very early over the fall smoke. The moon gave the farmers extra light to work by. When Joseph Lyle tired of the yard work or of looking up at the autumn sky, he went to bed. Winter would be coming in another couple of months, he thought.

These were nights he couldn't sleep, nights when the moon followed him into his bedroom. If he felt good, he'd go downstairs and open the curtains to let in some light. The apple tree and the cabinet were all the company he had these nights. Using only the orange moonlight through the window, he tried with his putty knife to scrape away the paint and to get to the wood grain.

Long ago he'd stood in the kitchen. His mother was leaning on the table, and he stood on the porch putting on his jacket. His father was at work. She'd tried to get him to run an errand.

"He don't want me to, Dad don't," he'd said.

"Oh, Joe, walk down for me . . . take a minute out of your day. I'm having a difficult time catching my breath."

She had asthma. She'd pour out a small amount of the powder on a plate, light a match to it, and inhale the thick green smoke.

"I'm out, Joe. Go to the store."

"I can't."

"Why?"

It was who might have seen her, he thought many years later, that's why she wouldn't get it herself. Either she couldn't have walked so far in her condition, or she would've been embarrassed having someone see her buying it, he thought. None of this made sense. His dad had asked the druggist not to sell the medication. His dad said, "Don't go if she asks you to, Joe, and I'm at work." Joseph Lyle thought of this as the layers of paint came off under his knife.

The harvest moon streamed through the window and shined on the cabinet's windows. Sixty or seventy years stood between him and the wood. There was a kind of grief of wood. If each year had secrets like this! he thought. He worked at the paint, rubbed it. Under all this he was a harvest farmer, he thought.

In the smoking powder there'd been something addicting. She'd used it a long time before a new doctor made her stop. "There's belladonna in it," the doctor told his father. Joseph Lyle sometimes couldn't remember the name. She hadn't made a fuss in the kitchen, just asked him to get it for her.

"I'm out, son. I need it to help breathe."

It was hard saying no.

"Don't tell your dad," she said.

Her breathing never improved. Many years later she lay dying in a hospital. He was alone in the room with her. She was old, her face flushed from the violence of the coughing. No one could help her, he'd thought in the hospital room. She was looking up, wanting him to hold her hand. He'd crumpled the napkin he had wiped her mouth with and thrown it across the room. When he stepped out a minute, the coughing stopped. He couldn't understand what she'd been telling him.

"Ma, I want you to get better," he'd been saying all along.

Now the moon over the fields was very bright. Now all these years later he thought of calling Helen, his wife, in Florida, but it was 4 a.m.

Each day was more beautiful than the last for Joseph Lyle. The maple tree in the yard turned red and gold, and when a breeze blew, the tree shimmered in sunlight. It was a delicate time, he thought as he kept up with his cabinet and yard work. With the two bins out, he'd stripped the entire front part. The rich pale wood, what his great-grandmother had covered over with paint long ago, was smooth to the touch now. He could sit for hours rubbing his hand over it. The old people, they were dead, but here he could stay and remember. Maybe the pain comes years later, he thought. Maybe it comes when the paint is gone.

Not very much was said about his mother's addiction after that. Perhaps it wasn't so bad. She'd stopped using the smoking powder and no one talked about it, and to him it was a vague memory. Maybe now that he was retired the pain he deferred when he was younger would come back . . . now that he had time, now that he was retired.

He felt sad. Through the basement window he looked up at the blue autumn sky, thinking he'd work on the cabinet, but instead he began pulling out the small drawers, hoping to find something in them. He didn't know where the tin plate could be, but he wished to have it, the burnt part, to smell again the thick, bitter dream of childhood.

He was speaking to no one. There was no one inside the house to hear. "I'm home . . . I," he said. "I'll be up in a minute. Do you want anything from down here?"

He rubbed his hands over the wood of the cabinet. He talked to his mother. He kept talking to her as he made lunch. He told his aunts and uncles that he had more time to think of them now that he was retired. He wondered if they heard. "I'll be in the yard," he said.

Later, at supper, he thought again of his mother. It was the same kitchen as when he was eight. He had some crackers and soup, some milk , and an apple for supper. He had a row of apples from his grandfather's tree lined up on the sink. "I did what Dad told me," Joseph Lyle said, though no one was home. He wasn't talking to Meg or Helen.

He stood on the porch pulling on his jacket; the soup bowl from supper lay in the sink. "I didn't ever want to let you down," he was saying.

"Please, Joseph." He remembered his mother. "Take a minute, run to the store for me." He wished he were young.

"I can't."

No matter how you deferred payment on something,it came back.

"I won't," he said aloud, and the sound of his voice startled him.

He'd never paint the cabinet, he thought. He'd sand it and brush it off. Then with all its flaws visible in the grain, with all his family's flaws and shortcomings right there before him, he'd varnish it. The varnish would protect the wood for another hundred years. He wasn't quite ready yet, though. He'd put it off a while longer—maybe an hour, maybe a couple of days. He'd rake leaves first and think about things, autumn things.

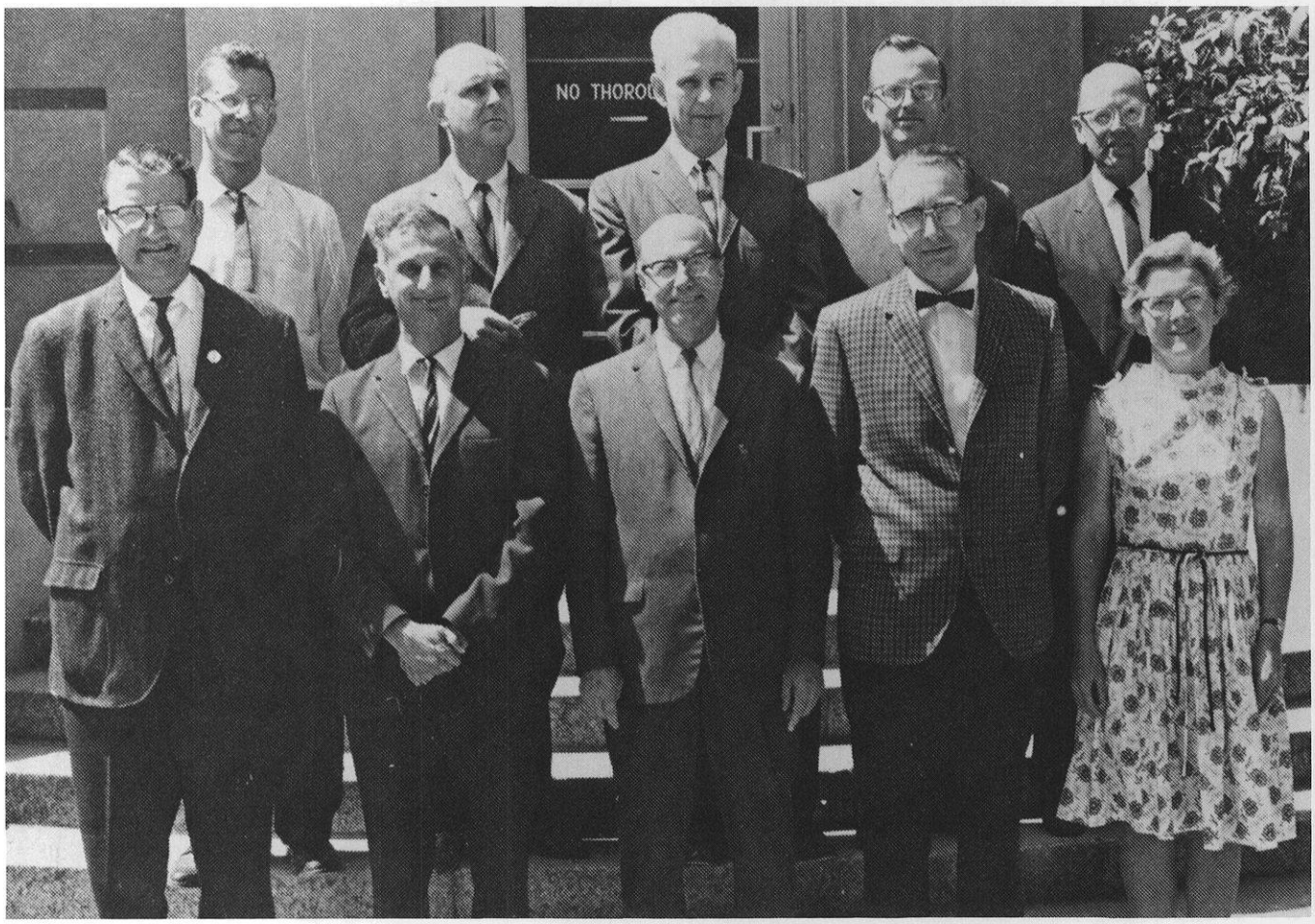
Nobody died in summer, not in the Lyle family. They died late in spring or when the ground was so hard grave diggers had to plow the snow, then thaw a section with torches. His mother died on All Soul's Day; his father in another year six days after Christmas. In winter there'd been assorted deaths and disappointments. Always during the bitter season Joseph Lyle could count on them. But not in summer, he thought. So he had made it this far.

Now fall had come, now the moon of the grass fires. He wondered how long he could defer payment when this evening the moon hung right down at the very end of the street. He'd been raking leaves, listening to music drift over the air (it'd be the high school band preparing for homecoming, he thought) when it took him quite by surprise. It was so huge, so yellow-eyed and aged intruding itself at the end of the street, that he put down his rake and started walking toward it as if the moon had at last something very special to tell him. The younger neighbors in the new houses saw him going purposefully up toward the moon, and they wondered, each of them, what it was he saw that they didn't.□

Harold P. Rusch, M.D. and UW-Madison
A Tale of Two Cancer Centers

By V. Craig Jordan

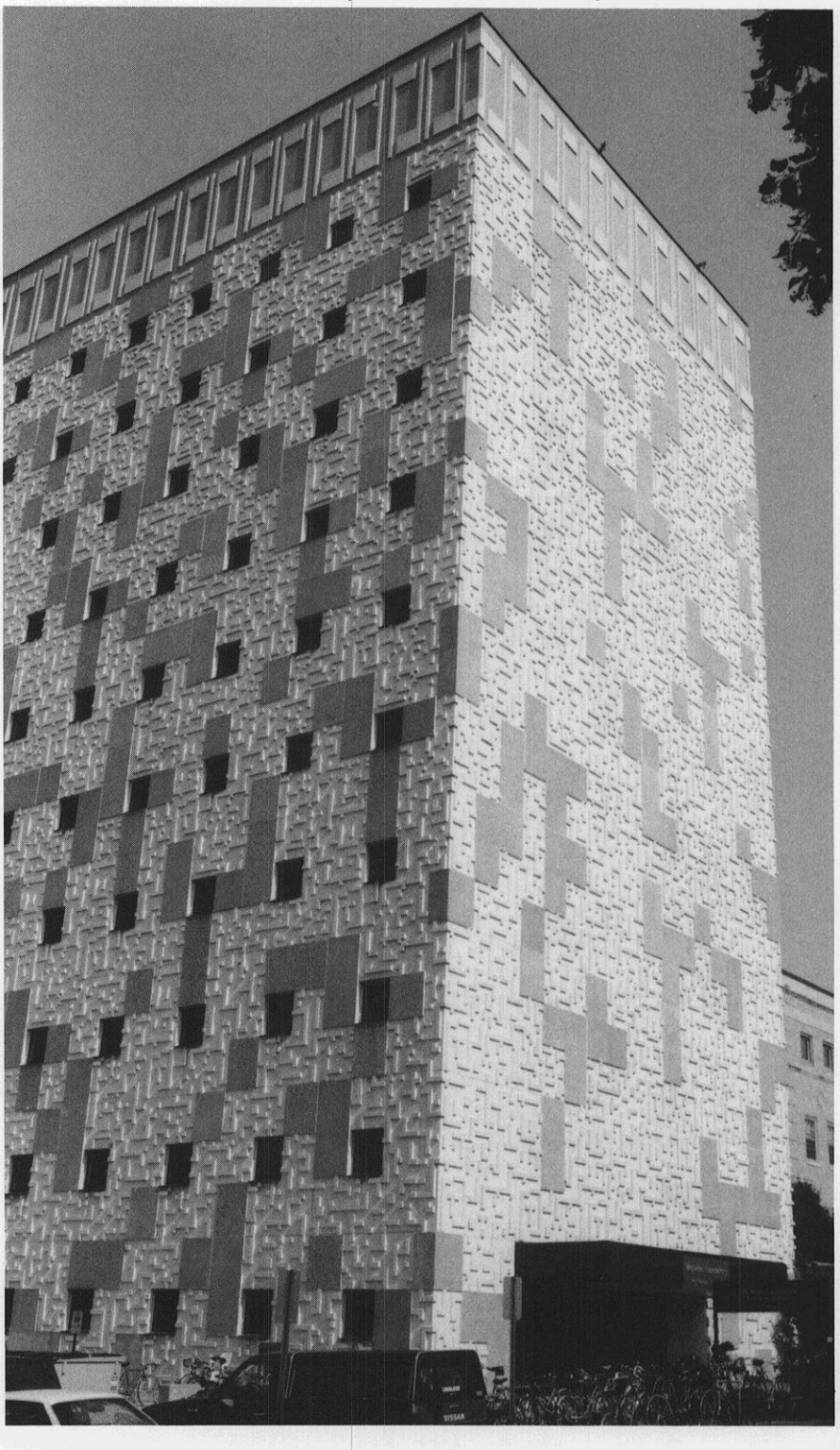
The faculty of the McArdle Laboratory for Cancer Research in 1964. Front row left to right: Van Potter, Charles Heidelberger, Harold Rusch, James Miller, Elizabeth Miller. Back row left to right: Howard Temin, Waclaw Szybalski, Gerald Mueller, Henry Pitot, Roswell Boutwell.



Harold P. Rusch has performed for his native state two major services: the development of the McArdle Laboratory for Cancer Research and the University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center. The character of their research is very different, but their common goal is to understand the development of cancer and to control the process. Harold Rusch started studying the causes of cancer in 1935 and became the first director of the McArdle Laboratory in 1946. His faculty in the late 1950s and 1960s played a critical role in the understanding of the biochemical events that convert a normal cell to a cancer cell (carcinogenesis).

In 1972 Dr. Henry Pitot, an experimental pathologist, became the second and current director of the McArdle Laboratory for Cancer Research, and Dr. Rusch accepted the appointment as the first director of the Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center. Harold Rusch saw the need to focus research upon the treatment of cancer in order to bring the latest advances from the laboratory to the aid of the patient. However, his involvement with the Clinical Cancer Center began inadvertently when, in 1970, he was appointed to a Senate Committee of Consultants to study the feasibility of establishing a national program for the conquest of cancer. This committee developed recommendations which became the basis of the National Cancer Act passed by both Houses of Congress in December 1971. One of the provisions was to establish fifteen new comprehensive cancer centers to provide the latest methods for the diagnosis and therapy of cancer. In July 1973, the University of Wisconsin secured one of the first six grants to establish a comprehensive cancer center. Dr. Rusch's skill in choosing outstanding scientists and clinical investigators to become tenured faculty at the two cancer centers is the hallmark of his achievement. Harold Rusch's selfless determination to create excellent research environments acted

The McArdle Laboratory for Cancer Research.



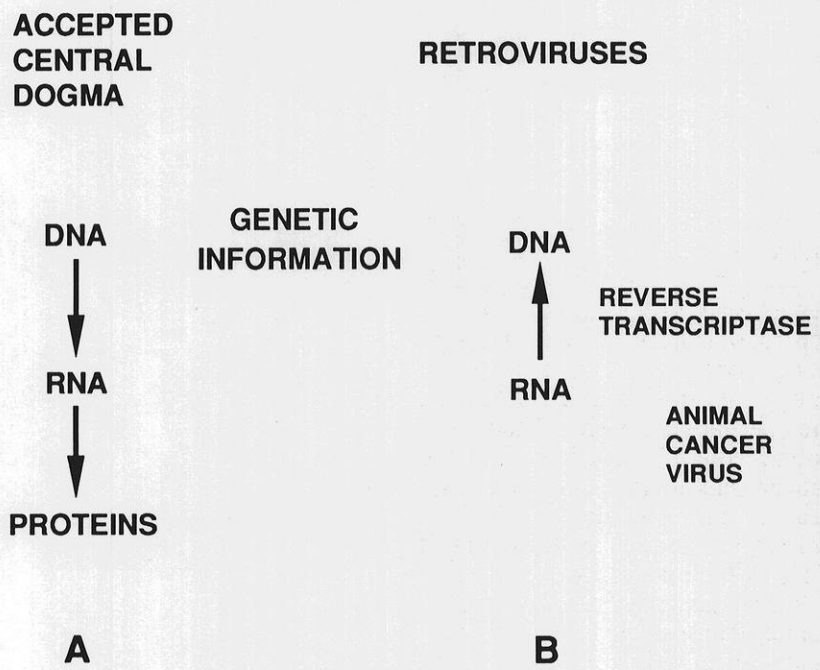
as a catalyst which led to the success and recognition of the faculty.

The aim of this article is to call attention to some of the work and great discoveries which have sprung from Wisconsin's cancer centers in Madison. Space limitations prevent my documenting every successful project; it would require a book to describe work of each of the dozens of laboratories. I want to pick out points of contact between the cancer centers which are not readily visible.

The faculty of the McArdle Laboratory in 1964 were the giants of their generation. Howard Temin attracted attention early in his career by stating that the macromolecule called RNA, which acts as the template to make new proteins (Fig. 1) can, under some circumstances, act as a template to make DNA, the storehouse of genetic information in the cell nucleus. The previous decade had seen the development of the central dogma of DNA being transcribed to RNA to be translated into proteins. The suggestion that the process could be reversed from RNA was initially not universally accepted. However, the discovery of the enzyme "reverse transcriptase" secured the Nobel Prize for Howard Temin in 1975. Thus, cancer-causing RNA viruses in animals, which carry the message for reverse transcriptase, can alter the genetic apparatus of a target cell to cause cancer.

Equally exciting studies on chemical carcinogenesis were conducted by the husband and wife team of James and Elizabeth Miller. Their discovery of the activation of cancer-causing agents that bind to proteins and DNA in the cell is fundamental to our understanding of the way some food dyes (now withdrawn) or tar from cigarette smoke can cause cancer. Dr. Ros Boutwell took the process one step further by suggesting a two-stage process for carcinogenesis: initiation, when the cancer-causing agent alters the DNA, and promotion, where the damaged genetic material is consolidated into the cell through replication. This completes the trans-

Fig. 1. A: Flow diagram of the way genetic information stored in DNA is transcribed to produce the messenger molecule RNA which is then translated to produce proteins in the cell. B: Animal cancer viruses that only contain RNA (ribonucleic acid) can invade normal cells and produce an enzyme reverse transcriptase (a protein) that can make the genetic information DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid).



Forty years ago Harold Rusch, armed with a dream and an iron will, assembled the pieces to establish two cancer centers.

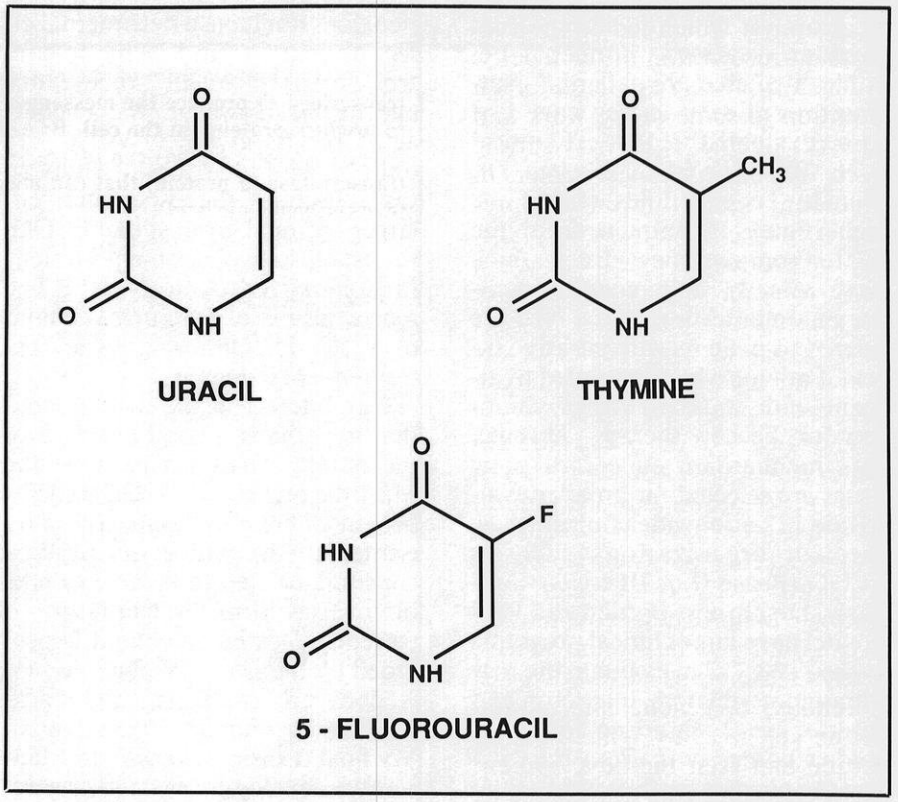


Fig. 2. Thymine, one of the building blocks of DNA is made from uracil in cells. The drug 5-fluorouracil is very similar to uracil and prevents the manufacture of thymine. The drug may also fool the cells' biochemistry and be incorporated into RNA in error. As a result of these actions the cancer cells die.

formation from a normal to a malignant cell.

In contrast, Dr. Charles Heidelberger focused his research on the control of cancer. He reasoned that since dividing cancer cells incorporate lots of thymine into DNA, then perhaps a closely related compound could be used to fool the cancer cells to incorporate a toxic drug, and they would die. Dr. Heidelberger made 5-fluorouracil (5FU) which proved to be an effective anticancer agent. Dr. Heidelberger demonstrated that 5FU prevents cancer cells from synthesizing thymine from uracil (Fig.2); without thymine the cancer cells cannot synthesize new DNA and they die. Subsequent clinical studies at the UW Hospital demonstrated the value of 5FU as a cancer therapy. The drug is now available throughout the world.

These discoveries at the McArdle Laboratory in the 1960s highlighted the need to develop a clinical cancer center. In 1974 the National Cancer Institute (NCI) awarded a six million dollar grant, and the state of Wisconsin provided an additional 2.3 million dollars for the construction of a new addition to the new University of Wisconsin Hospital and Clinics. An additional $839,000 was awarded by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation for the construction of animal facilities and a similar amount from the NCI to equip the building. The K4 tower in the UW Hospital is the home of the University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center. Departmental status was granted by the university on July 15, 1975, and the move to the new facilities was completed in 1979.

The center has established programs in breast cancer, immunomodulation, urologic cancer, and cancer prevention. This is achieved by bringing together interdisciplinary teams of scientists and clinicians with training in pharmacology, endocrinology, cell biology, radiobiology, radiotherapy, medical oncology, and surgery. The department has both a fellowship program to train new medical oncologists and a unique Ph.D. and postdoctoral program in human cancer biology for scientists. The current faculty in the department of human oncology consists of thirty-five M.D.s and Ph.D.s with 240 additional staff.

Dr. Paul P. Carbone, a medical oncologist, was recruited from the National Cancer Institute (NCI) to succeed Harold Rusch as chairman of the department of human oncology and director of the University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center (UWCCC). He has built up and strengthened the scientific and clinical programs. Paul Carbone is internationally known for the development of cancer chemotherapy treatments and has been recognized recently by the presentation of the American Cancer Society Silver Medal, their highest award. Paul Carbone is also the chairman of the Eastern Cooperative Oncology Group (ECOG), which has headquarters in Madison. The group is a consortium of hospitals and universities around the United States which evaluates new therapeutic agents for the treatment of cancer through grants from the NCI.

How do new anticancer drugs or treatment concepts become available to patients? New drugs for clinical testing have first to be evaluated in Phase I clinical trials. The UWCCC, through Dr. Donald Trump, holds one of the eight Phase I contracts from the NCI. Promising new drugs which have already undergone preliminary animal testing by the NCI are offered to patients with curative intent. Patients who have failed treatment with standard drugs volunteer for the new therapy. Through this mechanism successful new drugs are selected for broader evaluation in nationwide clinical trials, through organizations such as ECOG (Phase II or III trials). Similarly, Drs. Ernest Borden and Paul Sondel have large clinical programs at the UWCCC to evaluate the new immunomodulators, interferon and interleukin-2. Funding for these studies comes both from the NCI and the pharmaceutical industry. It is hoped that the new biological agents will encourage the body's defense mechanisms to attack the cancer cells and produce a cure.

New treatment strategies are also evaluated by ECOG. Tamoxifen is a nonsteroidal antiestrogen used for breast cancer therapy, and ECOG was one of the first groups in America to evaluate its activity against breast cancer. The drug is now the first line endocrine therapy for advanced breast cancer. However, the drug has very few side effects, so treatment can be started in women after a mastectomy in order to control recurrence of the disease (adjuvant therapy). Based upon laboratory studies in animal models we found that tamoxifen is a tumoristatic agent and should be given for extended periods to control the recurrence. Dr. Douglass Tormey (a medical oncologist who obtained a Ph.D. from the McArdle Laboratory with Dr. G. C. Mueller) and I initiated a clinical study of long-term tamoxifen therapy following chemotherapy, in women after mastectomy. The results, after nine years of treatment with tamoxifen are extremely encouraging. Tamoxifen does not have a detrimental effect on patients and seems to control breast cancer recurrence effectively. However, the encouraging results at the UWCCC can only be viewed as a pilot study so that it becomes the responsibility of larger national groups, like ECOG, to test this new treatment strategy in randomized clinical trials. The recent results of the current round of worldwide clinical trials are extremely encouraging.

Our interest in the drug tamoxifen is perhaps a good example of the points of contact between the McArdle and the UWCCC to bring benefit to patients. When I was recruited to the University of Wisconsin, I wanted to be able to take discoveries from the laboratory to patients. This environment is provided by the UWCCC, but alone it is does not create the right academic environment for a scientist. My final decision to come to Madison to develop a breast cancer research program was based upon the resources of outstanding faculty. Good scientific research requires a critical mass of productive faculty.

Gerald C. Mueller started his career at UW-Madison working as a premed student in Harold Rusch's laboratory. Dr. Mueller was fascinated by hormones, particularly estrogens, and his laboratory became fertile ground for study. One of his postdoctoral fellows, Jack Gorski, subsequently worked out the mechanisms of estrogen action in estrogen target tissues (e.g., uterus) (fig. 3) which was later applied to breast cancer cells. Jack Gorski is professor of biochemistry at UW-Madison, and his productive laboratory, along with Gerry Mueller's at McArdle, provides the invaluable resource of basic knowledge necessary to conduct broad-based research into drugs like tamoxifen that inhibit estrogen-stimulated cancer growth.

It should be stressed, though, that the points of contact between the UWCCC and McArdle are in fact numerous and almost impossible to list fully. Harold Rusch's dream to use basic research to benefit patients is becoming a reality. Dr. Ajit Verma, who trained with Dr. Boutwell at McArdle, is developing a

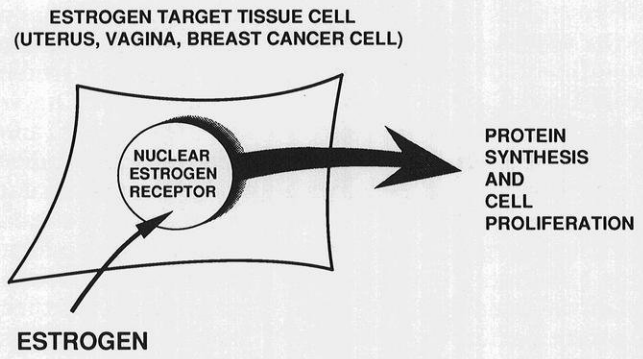


Fig. 3. A simplified model to explain estrogen action. Estrogens are made in the ovaries and are transported throughout the body to stimulate biochemical events in target tissues. Breast cancer cells often contain estrogen receptors (a protein) that bind estrogen to initiate protein synthesis (via RNA synthesis). The breast cancer cells then proliferate uncontrollably. Tamoxifen blocks the estrogen receptor to stop the binding of estrogen. This stops the cells from dividing.

The University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center at the north end of the UW Hospital and Clinics.

laboratory/clinical program to evaluate the use of inhibitors of tumor promotion. The aim is to develop preventative agents for cancer. In fact, the first steps are being taken in this direction. Tamoxifen is being considered as a preventive for breast cancer. Dr. Richard Love is conducting a large clinical toxicity study (Wisconsin Tamoxifen Study) to evaluate the suitability of this antiestrogen before any further development can be considered. Dr. Catherine Reznikoff, who worked with Dr. Heidelberger, has established a unique program to grow normal human bladder epithelial cells in the laboratory and transform them to cancer cells. Once this process is understood in *human* cells, then treatments to prevent bladder cancer can be developed. Dr. Bruce Dolnick, a molecular biologist, has shown that the drug 5FU can incorporate into RNA. This could be an additional mechanism to complement Dr. Heidelberger's earlier studies with the anticancer agent. Dr. George T. Bryan has focused his career on bladder carcinogensis to discover the carcinogenic potential of saccharine, and with Drs. Pamucku and Erturk from Turkey, to discover a whole variety of environmental carcinogens. Dr. Guillermo Ramirez, a medical oncologist, has focused his career on the testing of new drugs for the treatment of cancer and the development of the clinical programs at the cancer center. Dr. Ray Brown, a postdoctoral fellow at the McArdle with the Millers in the early 1950s, has studied vitamin and amino acid metabolism in patients with cancer.

The radiobiology group at UWCCC has established an international reputation in the study of radiation-induced carcinogenesis. Dr. Kelly Clifton has developed a strong link with scientists in Japan and was invited to become the scientific director of the Hiroshima Research Institute established by the Atomic Bomb Commission after World War II. The goal of the institute is to establish new research programs in radiobiology and cancer research and continue to study the epidemiology of the atom bomb survivors in Japan. Dr. Boutwell assumed the responsibilities as the director of the Institute in Hiroshima upon his retirement from the McArdle Laboratory. Dr. Michael Gould, who trained with Dr. Clifton, has helped to foster the close ties of the UWCCC with Japanese cancer research units; he studies the development of human breast cancer through chemical carcinogenesis, in order to discover preventative agents for cancer. Dr. Timothy Mulcahy, another radio-

The leaders of the University of Wisconsin Clinical Cancer Center: Paul P. Carbone (left), the current director; Harold P. Rusch (center), the founding director; and Timothy Kinsella (right), the chairman of the department of human oncology.

biologist who trained with Dr. Clifton, studies drugs which might sensitize cancer cells to the killing effects of radiotherapy; he has an internationally recognized program with French scientists to develop new anticancer drugs that bind to DNA.

To consolidate the research in radiation carcinogenesis, the UWCCC has recruited Jack Fowler, the current director of the world-famous Gray Laboratory in England, to be a visiting professor for the next few years. Similarly, Dr. Timothy Kinsella has recently been selected to join the department of human oncology from the National Cancer Institute (NCI) to develop and to strengthen the radiotherapy program at the UWCCC. He developed a nationally recognized program for interoperative radiotherapy at the NCI. Dr. Kinsella assumed the responsibility as chairman of the department on September 1, 1987.

Forty years ago Harold Rusch, armed with a dream and an iron will, assembled the pieces to establish two cancer centers. Where there was nothing, he created a unique mechanism to study cancer and to bring the latest findings to the patients. To achieve his goal he had one simple rule: you go out and find the best people and hire them, then ensure that they have every possible resource to aid them in the process of discovery. Dr. Henry Pitot, director of the McArdle and member of the National Cancer Advisory Board, and Dr. Paul Carbone, director of the UWCCC and Lasker Award winner for his contributions in the development of combination chemotherapy, will guide the two cancer centers into the next decade and consolidate their international reputation for excellence into the next century.

Further Reading

Harold P. Rusch. *Something Attempted, Something Done.* Madison: Wisconsin Medical Alumni Association, 1984.

V. Craig Jordan, ed. *Estrogen/Antiestrogen Action and Breast Cancer Therapy.* Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1986.

For other articles on cancer research at the University of Wisconsin, see: Paul C. Carbone, "Progress in Cancer Treatment," and Harold P. Rusch, "The Fight Against Cancer at the University of Wisconsin," both in *Wisconsin Academy Review 31(1).*□

L'Ordre est le plaisir de la raison,
mais le desordre est la delice de l'imagination.
Paul Claudel

Imagination and knowledge are necessary for creativity.
John Cameron

A Proposed Model for Imagination and Creativity

By John Cameron

In this paper I propose a model for imagination and creativity based on known physical and chemical principles. The model does not depend on a detailed understanding of the memory or reasoning powers of the brain. I suggest the use of pulsed magnetic fields to improve the imagination. I describe a simple type of computer imagination. I describe an analogy between imagination and mutations in plants and animals. I suggest a possible inverse relation between memory and imagination. Finally, I discuss some possible experiments.

Aristotle believed that the brain has three internal senses: memory, reasoning, and imagination. Memory and reasoning require order. Imagination, as Claudel suggests, may require disorder. Imagination has played a dominant role in scientific advances. In *The Scientific Imagination: Case Studies* author Gerald Holton muses: "Considering the progress made in the sciences themselves over the past three centuries, it is remarkable how little consensus has developed on how the scientific imagination functions." Einstein said that his greatest gift was his fantasies and that imagination is more important than knowledge. Memory and reasoning (or logic) are often modeled by analogy to modern computer functions. It may be possible to model a simple type of imagination on a computer, as I will describe later.

Many articles in the popular literature discuss how to increase creativity, but they often do not even mention imagination. A common suggestion is to gather all the facts about a particular problem and then make yourself comfortable until the creative solution comes to you. I believe that you are waiting for your imagination to find a new combination of neural connections to solve the problem.

Definition of terms

Imagination is not easy to define or measure. By imagination I mean that characteristic of brain function that spontaneously, without conscious effort, results in new combinations of brain patterns, whether consciously or subconsciously. Imagination alone does not solve problems or produce new insights. Most products of our imagination, like most mutations, produce no useful results, except possibly to entertain the person who imagines

them. Some products of imagination may be harmful to society. Imagination *and* knowledge are necessary for creativity.

Imagination solves problems which have been "on our minds." The solution often "pops" into our mind without our being aware that our subconscious imagination has been working on it. It is quite common for our imagination to solve a problem while we are sleeping or in another mentally relaxed state such as jogging or taking a shower.

Imagination is difficult to define rigorously. It is thus difficult to measure quantitatively. Most people will agree that some members of society are more imaginative than others, such as inventors, artists, poets, novelists. Similarly we all know individuals who are intelligent but whom we would describe as being relatively unimaginative.

The word imagination comes from the word image, but it does not require a visual image. A creative musician such as Beethoven could imagine combinations of musical sounds. He continued to create new musical compositions long after he became deaf. Einstein did not form a mental image of relativity.

Creativity is the production of new scientific ideas, inventions, works of literature, art, etc. whether or not they are original. Creation can happen spontaneously more than once. It is quite common for two scientists, such as Darwin and Wallace, to have the same creative idea. The Nobel Prize is often divided among several scientists for this reason. Imagination is the raw material that must be combined with knowledge to produce creativity. To be creative in a field requires knowledge in that field.

Imagination has several accepted meanings. For this article I wish to restrict the meaning to new combinations of brain patterns, whether or not these combinations make sense. I exclude the use of imagination that is primarily a function of the memory, such as to imagine a beautiful day.

In our dreams and fantasies we often are aware of our imagination. However, it is likely that much of our imagination (and creativity) takes place in our subconscious, since many people find solutions to their problems without being consciously aware of how the creative solution was obtained.

Some individuals use special techniques to enhance their imagination and thus improve their creativity. When Thomas Edison was working on a new invention, he was said to study a problem intensely and then await a solution while relaxing in an easy chair, trying to keep himself in a state of being half-awake and half-asleep. To avoid falling into a sound sleep, he held a heavy weight in each hand. If he fell asleep his muscles would relax allowing the weights to clatter to the floor and wake him up. The brilliant theoretical physicist Richard Feynman, who died in February of this year, disclosed that he often solved problems while walking in the dark. Feynman was awarded the 1965 Nobel Prize for diagrams of quantum electrodynamic interactions.

A good example of spontaneous creativity is found in the *Collected Papers of Enrico Fermi* (University of Chicago Press, 1978). Fermi received the 1938 Nobel Prize for physics for demonstrating the importance of slow (moderated) neutrons for the production of induced radioactivity. He had been having little luck in producing radioactivity with neutrons. He had planned to insert a lead filter in the neutron beam (which would have had no effect):

> . . . when finally, with some reluctance, I was going to put it in its place, I said to myself: "No, I do not want this piece of lead here, what I want is a piece of paraffin." It was just like that with no advance warning, no conscious prior reasoning. I immediately took some odd pieces of paraffin . . . and placed it where the piece of lead was to have been.

The results of this crucial experiment led directly to the important discovery of moderated neutrons, which led to atomic bombs and nuclear energy.

The source of imagination

Philosophically many of us think of the human mind as a unique biological phenomenon that is beyond scientific explanation. We think of the mind in the same way that many people in the last century thought of the human body—created by God and outside the natural laws of cause and effect.

Darwin changed the thinking of many people about evolution when he published *On the Origin of Species* in 1859. Although Darwin did not explicitly discuss the origin of humans, by extrapolation we became part of a natural progression from lower animals based on "genetic accidents" or mutations.

I propose that in an analogous way the evolution of ideas resulted from "neural accidents" or imagination. Thus a new idea from our imagination could be called an "idea mutation." Darwin did not describe the cause of the accidents that led to evolution, but geneticists make clear that mutations are basically random. They may have several possible physical and chemical causes. For a particular mutation it is not possible to know the specific cause.

The electrical structure of the brain

In the human brain there are estimated to be over one thousand electrical connections (synapses) for each of the ten billion or more brain cells (neurones). The growth of our body from the time of conception was controlled by instructions contained in the DNA molecules of our genes. However, the large number of electrical connections (synapses) in our brain would require far more instructions that can be carried by our genes. Thus much of the "wiring" of our brain is accidental. Even identical twins will not have identical electrical connections in their brains.

Is imagination a neural accident, a mutation, a result of crossed "wires" in the brain?

Communication within the brain

Our brain cells and our nervous system communicate by means of electrical pulses called action potentials. An action potential lasts about one-thousandth of a second and has a potential of about one-tenth of a volt. Such an electrical pulse can activate a synapse and be transmitted to the next neurone. However, a weaker pulse can also activate the synapse. The minimum voltage that can activate a synapse is called the "threshold" value. This value depends on the physical and chemical conditions at the synapse. It is reasonable to assume that the threshold will have a different average value for different individuals.

Electrical noise in the brain

All electrical circuits have random electrical activity we call electrical noise. This is of the same general nature as the static on the radio or the "snow" on the TV screen. Communication scientists are very aware of noise limitation in transmitting information. They know that electrical noise increases with temperature. In our complex electrical brain there must also be random electrical noise which I call "brain noise." I propose that this brain noise plays a fundamental role in our imagination. It seems likely that occasionally one of these noise pulses will pass through a synapse and connect two parts of the brain together. The resulting connection is like a random connection between two telephones; like most wrong numbers the result is generally not useful. In that sense the random electrical connection in the brain is analogous to the random molecular change that leads to a mutation. Most mutations, like most products of our imagination, lead to useless or even negative results.

During normal waking activities nerve signals from our senses dominate brain function. Under relaxed conditions the brain noise will have an opportunity to connect various parts of the brain together in a more or less random way.

Now let us consider the combination of a low threshold for the synapses with the presence of this brain noise. Individuals with lower synapse thresholds will have more imagination than individuals with higher thresholds. It is reasonable to expect that the threshold will be affected by the microscopic physical and chemical conditions near the synapses. Thus, a psychedelic drug may lower the average threshold of synapses in the brain and result in a type of imagination called hallucinations.

Similarly, our diet may have an effect on our imagination since it might affect the chemical conditions at the synapses. It is often said that "fish is good for the brain." Since fish has more potassium than meat, and potassium is an important element in nerve function, it might have an effect on brain function. I have found no evidence that the effect has been studied.

Raising the body temperature increases the brain noise and thus increases the imagination. An example of an important idea that occurred during a fever is the British naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace's conception of "the survival of the fittest" during a malarial fever attack in January 1858. Daniel Boorstin tells the story in *The Discoverers* (Random House 1983, 473-74): "I waited anxiously for the termination of my fit so that I might make notes for a paper on the subject." Wallace sent his paper to Darwin a few days later and asked him to submit it for publication. Darwin had independently sketched out the same theory in 1852 and had been collecting documentation. Darwin proposed to give full credit to Wallace, but friends persuaded him to collaborate with Wallace in a joint presentation to the Linnaean Society on July 1, 1858. Darwin continued with his documentation and published *On the Origin of Species* in 1859.

Pulsed magnetic fields may have an effect on the imagination, since they induce electric currents and thus effectively increase the "electrical noise" in the brain. Large magnetic pulses have been shown to have an effect on some functions of the brain. The question is, will smaller pulsed magnetic fields (e.g., 5mT and 2kHz) improve our imagination? The technique is simple, painless, and, as far as we know, harmless.

Proposed research on the model

Research on imagination is not easy. As I mentioned, there is no accepted definition of imagination nor tests to measure it quantitatively. Despite this severe limitation, it would be useful to see if pulsed magnetic fields have an effect on other measurable parameters of brain function, even if they have no obvious relation to imagination. If we find no evidence for an effect on parameters, such as short term memory, simple problem solving, or low level vision, it would indicate that the brain is not easily affected by an artificial increase of "brain noise." On the other hand, if an effect is observed it could indicate that added noise might also have an effect on imagination. I have found no studies of the effect of random magnetic pulses on brain function of animals or man. There has been considerable research on the biological effects of low frequency electromagnetic radiation.

As I suggested earlier, dreams are a type of imagination. It would be possible to do research on dreams using pulsed magnetic fields. It would be relatively simple to do a double-blind study. The subject and the evaluator would be unaware of the presence or absence of the added noise. The noise could be added to the left or right brain or both sides. We might find that magnetically induced noise on one side of the brain is more important than on the other side.

Research could be done using pulsed magnetic fields on animals, such as rats or mice that have been trained in some manner. The presence of additional brain noise would be expected to increase their error rate.

Computer imagination

While computers have no imagination, a primitive type of "computer imagination" called "simulated annealing" has been demonstrated in the solution of the "traveling salesman" problem. The problem is to find the shortest route for a salesman to visit each of many cities, such as the capitals of the forty-eight contiguous states. The computer searches for and finds a possible solution; however, it is not usually the best solution. The program, in a sense, adds noise and asks the computer to try again. This process is repeated many times until the best solutions is found. Like solutions from our imagination, simulated annealing does not guarantee that the best solution is obtained. These experiments were reported in *Science 220* (May 1983, 671-80).

Memory versus imagination

In "On the Biological Basis of Imagination," *The Scientific Monthly*, June 1946, author R. W. Gerard asks rhetorically, "What gives one man a vivid imagination but a poor memory, another an encyclopedic memory but dull imagination? And when that answer is at hand science will indeed have established the biological basis of imagination." I do not believe there exists "a biological basis of imagination" since "biology" is a word that hides our lack of understanding of the basic physics and chemistry of living things. However, the brain noise model of imagination may give us a clue to the physical explanation of the question Gerard posed. The model suggests that adding noise to the brain decreases the memory.

When computers, tape recorders, or other recording devices store information in memory, the presence of noise works against a good recording. Individuals with a lot of imagination might also let more noise into their memory circuits because of the low thresholds at the synapses. Conversely, persons with little imagination (high synapse thresholds) would be expected to have less interference from noise in their memories. This suggests that students who get the best grades (basically an evaluation of memory) will on average have less imagination than students with lower grades. Medical students need a good memory to get into and through medical school. If this argument is correct, physicians will have less than average imaginations. If we assume that imagination is a necessary requirement for research, the lack of physicians entering research may be partly attributable to this effect. From the viewpoint of the patient, the effect is desirable: Who wants a doctor with a poor memory and a good imagination?

Summary and conclusions

All functions of the brain, including our imagination, are controlled by the fundamental laws of nature. In the brain electrical phenomena play an important role. The brain functions primarily by electrical pulses. All electrical circuits have random electrical noise. The proposed model of imagination suggests that the chemical and physical conditions found in each of our brains may let more or less of this noise into the brain circuits to connect various parts of the brain together to produce new combinations of stored knowledge. These new combinations are analogous to mutations in evolution. Like most mutations, most products of our imagination are not productive. Survival of the fittest resulted in the gradual improvement of species; so also the selection of useful "mutations of ideas" in human brains resulted in the creation of the many useful (and some not so useful) developments that we refer to as civilization.

The proposed model has been partially suggested by French diplomat and poet Paul Claudel in the quote at the beginning of the article. He states that order is the pleasure of reason, but disorder is the delight of imagination. Brain noise can certainly be considered disorder. Claudel did not go on to attribute creativity to imagination, but this is a logical extension of his thought.

Pulsed magnetic fields applied to the brain might improve the imagination. I propose no direct test of the model because of the difficulty of defining and measuring imagination. However, I suggest quantitative tests to evaluate the effects of magnetic pulses (increased brain noise) on other brain functions. These functions are not directly related to imagination, but a decrease in short term memory is suggested by the model.

Research with pulsed magnetic fields has these significant advantages: the equipment needed is simple and inexpensive; there has been no demonstrated harm to animals or humans from much larger magnetic pulses; and there is no obvious sensory response to pulsed magnetic fields, and thus the technique can be used in a true blind or double blind manner, where neither the subject nor the evaluator is aware of the experimental conditions at any time.

Human imagination is one of the most important characteristics of the human brain. We should investigate it using all available physical and chemical techniques. □

Six for the Lily in the Early Autumn

1.
A river of blackbirds,
rustling, urging one another on with
hoarse, sweet cries.
I saw them flowing away beyond the horizon,
of a late September afternoon. I noted
they were as one, one entity—
not one of them was lonely.
I bedeck the face of Mariana, with desultory leaves.

2.
With the carmine/rouge
running to sienna prayer feather
of a mountain ash leaf.
alongside her black, invisible hair;
it brushes her sweet cheek.

3.
By her other cheek I place the leaf
of a Lavalle tree. Soft, gamboge, it
strokes her face timidly, adoringly.
her bitten, sensual lips are pursed.

4.
I wish I had been among them.
they await the kiss of the Spirit,
the Paraclete—She is Bride
to the Wind.

5.
O Lily of Quito, in your Jesuit blacks,
on your deathbed inviolate,
compulsory prayers rise up for you,
from their fly-ways, immemorial.
they are not afraid.

6.
Her long-lashed, foreshadowed eyelids,
the wingtips of an Aphrodite, closed
upon her sweet cheeks, pressing them lightly,
I close the book on her mortifications.
with the feather of a hawk.

Brent Dozier

Below: The coffee pot features the hexagon honey comb with the bee, alfalfa, and an alsike clover border just above the base. The reverse side shows the gold initial *A* with white sweet clover. The coffee pot is 13" high and weighs 58 troy ounces. The bases of all the pieces have the Lamerie-style gadroon and shell border.

Tradition And Innovation In A Wisconsin Silver Service

By Patricia Powell

In the Milwaukee Art Museum's decorative arts department near a 1770 silver coffee pot by Thomas Shields of Philadelphia and a 1760 silver porringer by Paul Revere II of Boston is a 1947-1952 six-piece silver service manufactured by the Watson Silver Company of Attleboro, Massachusetts. This unusual presentation silver was commissioned by Carl Aeppler, honey processor of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, in 1947 to honor the bee keeping industry. How it came into being and how it came to be in the Milwaukee Art Museum is an interesting story.

Left: This photograph of the complete service of "bee silver" shows the 15" diameter tray which weighs 39 troy ounces and the candelabra, each 15 1/2" high and each weighing 53 troy ounces, as well as the coffee pot, creamer, and sugar bowl. The total silver in the set weighs 258 troy ounces.

Carl Aeppler was born in 1891 in Menasha. Upon graduating from Alma High School in 1911 he served with the U.S. Naval Reserve on the Great Lakes. He worked his way through the University of Wisconsin in agronomy and married Hazel Eymer. In 1918 they moved to Oconomowoc and began raising bees; they also operated a beekeeping supply business and planted apple orchards. In 1931 the Aepplers went into the honey-packing business under the brand name of Land O'Lakes Honey. This honey was served on the dining tables of trains, ships, and planes. During World War II Land O'Lakes supplied 90 percent of the honey for the armed forces and the lend-lease program of aid to our European allies. It continued to supply honey to Europe after the war through the Marshall Plan.

Aeppler was not only an astute businessman, he also had a strong interest in commercial art and designed his own honey labels and containers, for which he was given the silver award in the All-America Packaging Competition in 1937.

As the Aeppler enterprises with the bee and honeycomb trademark prospered, Carl and Hazel shared the fruits of their labor. For over thirty years Land O'Lakes supplied honey to the Skid Row Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago; they donated funds for a church and pipe organ and an orphanage in La Jolla, California, for a mission in China, and land for Our Savior's Lutheran Church in Oconomowoc. These donations were made anonymously with the dedication plaques reading "through the help and diligence of the honey bee in this and other lands."

In 1947 Aeppler took his drawings of honey bees and the plants they collect nectar from and a preliminary design to the Watson Silver Company and commissioned a coffee service plus candelabra. His daughter Mary-Ellen Koehler of Oconomowoc believes that he had been inspired by the silver services of the USS Wisconsin and the USS Missouri. From 1946 to 1952 William T. Brown, the chief designer, and Edward Straker, the chase decorator, worked on the silver set which depicts white sweet clover, alsike clover, alfalfa, basswood, orange blossom, and the honey bee and comb trademark. As the silver pieces were finished, Carl presented them to Hazel.

Carl Aeppler died of a heart attack at age eighty in 1971. Hazel Aeppler died in 1977. Their daughter Mary Ellen and her husband John Koehler donated the silver to the Milwaukee Art Museum in 1986, "so that the world could enjoy it, as we realize it was intended to honor the beekeeping industry worldwide."

Presentation silver

Silver has traditionally been used as to mark momentous events, from the great state ceremonials to individual recognitions. Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1887 was celebrated in numerous ways, but the officers of the combined military forces commissioned Alfred Gilbert to design a silver centerpiece to present to the Queen with epergne, parcel gilt, mother-of-pearl and geological specimens symbolizing Britannia's realm. In 1897 the Brigade of Guards had Gilbert design a silver-plated rosewater ewer surmounted by a model of St. George and the Dragon for presentation to the Duke and Duchess of York.

Above: The creamer features basswood flora and alsike clover border above the base. The creamer is 6 1/2" and weighs 20 troy ounces.

Above left: The sugar and cover depict the orange blossom with the alsike clover border just above the base. It is 7 1/2" high and weights 35 troy ounces.

But large silver pieces replete with relevant, if sometimes unaesthetic, symbols were also designed for military heroes, civic leaders, company presidents. Silver was designed to commemorate individual acts of heroism, superior athletic abilities such as the impressive nineteenth century English racing trophies now found in museums, or to celebrate personal occasions such as marriages and births.

U.S. Admiral George Dewey's triumph over the Spanish, and subsequent capture of Manila, Philippines, was cast in silver in a loving cup made in 1899 by the Gorham Manufacturing Company of Providence, Rhode Island out of 70,000 dimes contributed by people across the country. The eight-foot high cup abounds with patriotic symbols, including an American Eagle, a Winged Victory, a laurel wreath, and a portrait medallion of Admiral Dewey.

One unusual silver presentation piece now in the Yale University Museum is a fireman's trumpet, from about 1850, presented to the foreman of a New York City fire brigade which had heroically rescued four people trapped in a burning building. The scene of the fire is depicted in repousseé on the speaking trumpet, with contemporary fire-fighting equipment, sheets of water, an encircling fire hose, and Neptune, the Roman god of the sea.

The owners of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal in 1830 presented company president James Fisher a silver urn for his service. Made by the Philadelphia firm of Thomas Fletcher and Sidney Gardiner, the 21" high, two-handled urn was decorated with twisted vines, grape leaf borders, acanthus leaves, and toped by Neptune.

If the idea of casting bees and clover in silver on a coffee pot seems odd at first, we can easily discover analogies for flora and fauna and trademarks in presentation silver. What we are not likely to find displayed in museums or illustrated in books is another silver set with these exact motifs, which would appear to qualify this as a unique silver service.□

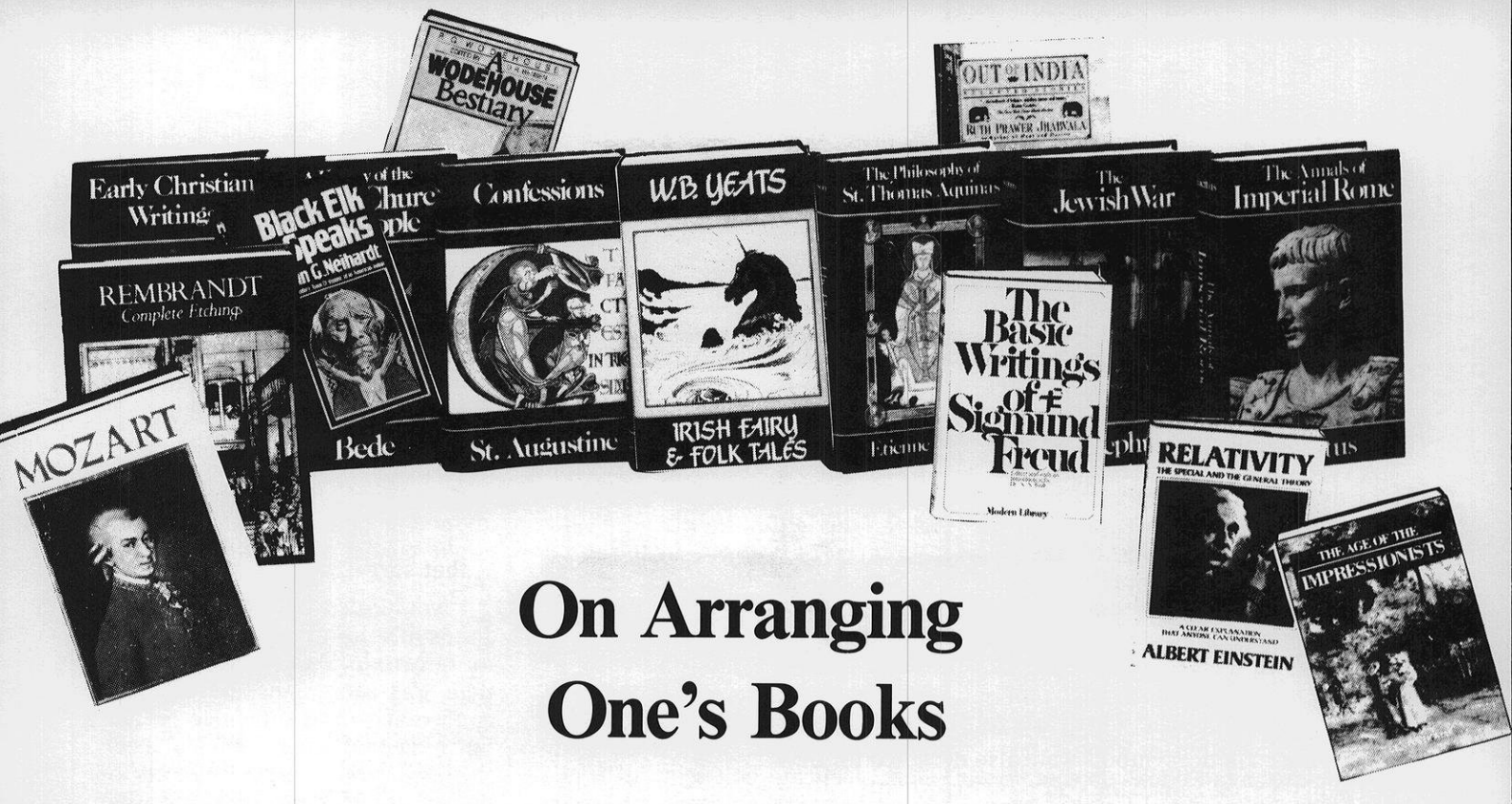
Inspiration and creation

By Barbara Brown Lee, Director of Education
Milwaukee Art Museum

Of interest to me is the fact that this mid-twentieth century American silver service was inspired by eighteenth century English forms. Carl Aeppler commissioned the Watson Silver Company of Attleboro, Massachusetts, in 1947 to create the presentation silver to honor the bee keeping industry. The chief designer was William T. Brown and the chase decorator was Edward Straker, men who had learned their art in England.

The basic shapes of the vessels were cast or spun on a lathe over a wooden chuck from Watson Company stock patterns probably from around 1900-1920. The floral and faunal forms were probably modeled in wax by Straker after the original drawings of Aeppler with modifications made by Brown. They were then cast in silver using the "lost wax" process.

The coffee pot, sugar bowl, and creamer use an inverted pyriform body (a pear shape) supported on a molded circular base which has been decorated with an applied Lamerie-style gadroon and shell work border, applied overall with various plants and honey bees in low relief and with chased details.



On Arranging One's Books

By John Stark

A friend once told me that he had witnessed Fort Sill's commanding officer imperiously enter the base library, react petulantly to the chaos he perceived, and order that before his next inspection the books be organized, beginning with the bookcase alongside the entrance, by size. Every time that I have moved since then, as soon as I have carried all the boxes of books into the correct room and assembled the shelves, I have remembered that anecdote. Even when my books are in place I occasionally remember it again; at those times it reminds me that arranging one's books is subtle, even a philosophical, problem.

I do not believe that a library's order exactly reflects, and therefore reveals to those who fathom it, the world's order, although two of the more brilliant twentieth-century writers of fiction have suggested that. One of them, Jorge Luis Borges, begins "The Library of Babel," for example, by referring to "the universe (which others call the Library)." Anyone can discern the Library's oppressively regular physical structure, but its meaning perplexes everyone. It appears to be "unlimited" but cyclical: "the same volumes were repeated in the same disorder." That minimal pattern provides little solace, however, because of the volumes' disorderly relation to one another and the individual volumes' random, often incomprehensible contents. Therefore, the Library symbolizes an inhospitable universe organized only in a trivial sense and virtually meaningless.

In *The Name of the Rose* Umberto Eco proceeds one step beyond Borges and does so consciously, be-

cause he names the character who best comprehends the library in that novel Jorge of Burgos, an allusion to his source. Eco sets this novel, an intellectually sophisticated murder mystery, in an abbey during the Middle Ages, and he soon indicates that the abbey's library is the most useful clue. Jorge, although he later is revealed to be the villain, correctly tells the detective that "the library is a great labyrinth, sign of the labyrinth of the world." The detective eventually apprehends the order of the library's rooms—they constitute a map of the known world—and then that of the books, which are in the room that represents the part of the world where they were written or should have been written (all books on rhetoric, for example, should have been written in Ireland). This library is, like Borges's, ordered but also, unlike Borges's, comprehensible. In fact, the detective's search for order in the library not only helps him solve the mystery but also allows Eco to cast considerable light on medieval intellectual, social, political, and religious life.

I do believe, however, that the order of a personal library reflects the order of the owner's mind. A masterpiece from the beginning of the novel's history suggests that possibility. By carefully reading the scene in which the barber and the curate burn many of Don Quixote's books one can see that the erstwhile knight had arranged his library in a rudimentary order. The two book burners first find his chivalric romances, which are all big books, and then his poetic works, which are all little books, so those two kinds must have been segregated. Here is a double order: by subject matter and (a foreshadowing of the madness of Fort Sill's commander) by size. Order is not invariably good, however; the bizarre order of Don Quixote's library reflects his addled mind. He has too few kinds of books to arrange and has done so too simply and irrationally, just as he monomaniacally interprets all his experiences according to his chivalric romances.

Working back to the "real" world, albeit doing so by means of books, I remember E. M. Forster's library. Near the beginning of "In My Library" he misleadingly states that it is "rather a muddle," and he describes a charming disorder. Later, however, he acknowledges several principles of organization that he used. One is that he placed all his "volumes of gravity" in the same bookcase. Another is that he represented his admiration for Gibbon, Shakespeare, and Austen by obtaining more than one copy of their books and putting them in several rooms so that when he was home he would always be near them. Delicate balancing of muddle and order characterizes Forster, who in *Passage to India* introduces his hyperorderly English characters to India's muddle and who in *Aspects of the Novel,* citing Henry James as an example, warns about "the sacrifices an author must make if he wants his pattern and nothing else to triumph." That novelistic strategy and that remark are both predictable from Forster's arrangement of his library. I wonder what other clues to his mind one could have found there.

I would love to examine two long since dispersed personal libraries for clues about their owners' minds. Montaigne temporarily retreated to one, the library in his country estate's tower, in 1571 to determine that which he undeniably knew. Because he loved to quote other authors his readers can deduce many of the books in that library. He certainly had numerous books by Greek and Roman authors, particularly such sages as Plutarch, Seneca, and Cicero. The arrangement of his books, however, is a puzzle the solution to which I would love to have, not only because any clue to Montaigne is valuable but also because his method of reading indicates that that arrangement would be revealing. Montaigne confessed that, rather than reading entire books, he extracted information or ideas from them and then set them aside. Because he thought of books as repositories of meaning, he probably arranged them according to the kinds of meaning they furnished, and because he, like Descartes in the next century, was desperately seeking certitude, he must have been absolutely serious about the meanings he could discover and about the pattern of meanings he could create, for example by arranging his books.

I would also like to see Samuel Johnson's library. He was much more certain about his knowledge than was Montaigne, but he, too, confessed to the difficulty he had finishing books, and he had been thinking about arrangements of books long before he had acquired very many. For example, he grew up in his father's bookshop and his first major writing project was a catalogue of Lord Harley's immense library. He also knew that books were useless if one could not find the right one. He had turned over thousands of them to obtain quotations for his dictionary, and he had once told Boswell that he was examining the backs of Mr. Cambridge's books because "knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves or we know where we can find information upon it." Johnson, although notorious for his personal slovenliness, especially of dress, must have had a meticulously ordered book collection so that he could find the information that he needed.

Book arrangements are important because books are not merely "those things that look like blocks but come apart on one side," as F. Scott Fitzgerald once facetiously called them, but are important. They may not reflect the universe's order, but they offer the best clues that humans have found to that order and, more important, to the meanings of human existence. Arranging them efficaciously may make those meanings a bit more accessible.□

Rainy Season, Philippines, 1987

Lenore M. Coberly

Early Evening on Campus

Waves of gray cloud, one upon one,
move slowly from the south.
Acacias nod, lift, nod again.
Umbrellas open against the rain,
copying shape and function
of ancient trees.
Jeepneys, horns engaged,
swathed in plastic,
overflow with laughing students.
The rain comes and goes.

Quezon City

Three days in Quezon City
and rain never stops
(except when I'm asleep,
they tell me).

I eat rice and say *salamet.*
I am as white as the grain
and too big for such
a gentle word.
"How do you say it
in English?" they ask.
"Thank you," I say.
"*Salamet,*" they smile,
eyes brown as northern bread.

Rain begins as we
stand under the acacia,
laughing and waiting.

The rain stops.
We smile at the sun
playing on a gardenia hedge.

I Want to Go to America

she tells me
as she rinses my hair
with hot water from a jar.
You could take me,
she says, I would
be your private hairdresser.
I couldn't afford you, I say.
You wouldn't have to, she tells me,
not in America.

American on a Morning Walk

Goats play
on the concrete parking lot.
I look at the mother,
ears pointed, stiff in alarm.
It is me she fears.

Hotel workers lounge
about the kitchen door.
"Good morning, Mum."
I look around,
there is no mum but me.

A guard with a gun
walks to the melon patch
where giant leaves
give sanctuary to rats.
Seeing me, he stops
and gazes benign
across a field.

Students are laughing
on the way to class.
Laughter quiets
as I enter.

I am as visible and passing
as the moss rose
pink and yellow for a day
in the tropical sun.

Memory

Through tropical haze,
across a yard where
it is always raking time,
I see the Philippine flag
flying over a university campus
jealously claimed
by jungle growth.

I remember news reports—
Marines, led by gallant Philippine Scouts,
today took a remote outpost
in the lush green jungles of Luzon.
Casualties were heavy—
and a boy from Mud River,
just graduated from high school,
and I weep
as if forty years had not passed.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

MANY MASKS: A LIFE OF FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT by Brendan Gill. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1987. 544 pp $24.95.

By Ron McCrea

To utter the name Frank Lloyd Wright in Wisconsin is to invite an argument. *Many Masks: A Life of Frank Lloyd Wright* is likely to stir up many more.

Like Wright himself, this biography is an item readers seem inclined either to love or hate. *The New York Times* reviewer hated *Many Masks*, calling it "petty and mean-spirited" and suggesting that Brendan Gill is a stalking-horse for backward tendencies in architecture.

The *San Francisco Chronicle* reviewer hated *Many Masks* for its "sneering cocktail chatter about a very great man." (The news here is that sneering cocktail chatter is out of fashion in San Francisco.)

Chicago Tribune critic Paul Gapp, on the other hand, loved *Many Masks*, calling it "beyond argument the liveliest, most astringent and eminently readable biography of Frank Lloyd Wright yet published." Perhaps one's appreciation of the book gets larger as one gets nearer to Oak Park and Wisconsin. Or, perhaps it is more natural for a writer employed by "The World's Greatest Newspaper" to feel kinship with the architect who insisted *he* was the greatest.

To be sure, there is plenty in *Many Masks* to make people angry. Those close to Taliesin must be incensed by Gill's characterization of the Fellowship as a collection of unpaid servants supporting a "grandee," dominated by a Gurdjieffian "cult within a cult" and probably responsible for what Gill calls the "bauble-like" designs of Wright's final years.

Domino's Pizza magnate and Wrightiana collector Thomas Monaghan must be sharpening his pizza cutter after being described obliquely but unsubtly as an "ignorant millionaire acting as [a] vacuum cleaner in the wake of fashion."

Fans of individual Wright buildings may wince at seeing the Marin County Civic Center called "a shopping mall," the Susan Dana house "a gargantuan folly," Unity Temple "a Mayan handball court" or the Guggenheim Museum "a gigantic wind-up toy."

And readers of this *Review* may dislike the idea that, "to this day, [Wright] is remembered [in Wisconsin] largely for having failed to pay his bills, for wearing outlandish clothes, and for conducting an irregular married life."

Nevertheless, Gill's book is refreshing when it tries to uncover the truth and separate facts from the fictions that Wright, a habitual fabulist, perpetrated about himself throughout his long life. *Many Masks* succeeds at this task; it is packed with revelations—beginning with the revelation that Wright was first called Frank Lincoln Wright.

Gill is less effective when he makes judgments about people and buildings; but his judgments, while sometimes self-indulgent, distracting and mean-spirited, are no more outrageous than any that Wright used to toss off. Wright devotees are more likely to be angered by Gill's statements of fact and his provocative speculations than by his bitchy asides.

Does anyone doubt the truth of Gill's statement about Wisconsin? Wright was often bitter about his native state because it never commissioned a building from him and the University of Wisconsin never gave him an honorary degree.

But Wisconsin, outside his circle of admirers, was also understandably bitter about Wright. He was an immodest man in a modest state. He had deserted his wife and children and was not merely unrepentant but loudly self-righteous about it. He was cavalier about debts in a society that took faithful payment as a measure of integrity. He dressed like a dandy and flaunted luxuries in rural communities where farm families were barely scraping by. He scolded paying customers like the City of Madison and scoffed at the intelligence of the "average" citi-

zen—except when that average citizen happened to vote for one of his projects.

Given all this, one is tempted to say that the current renaissance of interest and appreciation for Wright and his buildings in Wisconsin—as evidenced by the grand retrospective show planned for Madison at the Elvehjem Museum of Art in September—is possible in part because Wright himself is no longer around to sour the atmosphere.

The lifelong tensions between Wright's talent and his temperament, between his drive for self-fulfillment and his flirtations with self-destruction are the story in *Many Masks*. About Wright's talent the author has no doubt. Wright was so superior that he could be called America's greatest architect simply on the basis of his *unbuilt* projects, according to Gill.

As for the built projects, Gill observes: "Even a casual visitor to a Wright house is almost certain to feel a certain expansion of spirit . . . Perhaps it isn't an exaggeration to say that one feels in a Wright house that one has gained, at least for the time being, what Henry James called the sense of an 'increased fitness to live.' "

But while Gill is awed by Wright's artistry, he is baffled and often dismayed by the architect's impulses to bend the truth, to brag, to use people, to hurt those who tried to help, to exasperate clients, and to court financial ruin with a "superlatively careless extravagance, practiced tirelessly around the clock."

Did these habits advance or retard Wright's creativity? Were they essential to the process or tragically unnecessary? Gill is ambivalent. On the one hand, he marvels at how Wright manipulated his mystique and employed fantasies to stir clients' imaginations. ("He was an elixir, delectable and addictive.")

But on the other hand, he bemoans the "self-aggrandizing, self-destructive demon" in Wright that "courted failure as ardently as it courted success." Here, one hears the author offstage intoning, "If only . . .if only." If only Wright had been more responsible. If only he had not been so vain. If only he had been better with money. If only he had stayed with Louis Sullivan. If only he had followed his own principles of architecture all the time. If only he had kept his mouth shut.

This exercise is not only academic but mistaken. It is unlikely that a more orderly Wright would have had the same impact on twentieth-century architecture (or the public's interest in architects) that the defiant rebel did. As the master himself once said to Gill: "I had to make a noise in the world, in order to gain as much of the world's attention as I could. Otherwise, I would have had a lot of work on paper and only a little of it coming up out of the ground in bricks and mortar."

Wright's noise in the world left great music on the landscape. It echoes with us still.

Ron McCrea, a writer-in-residence of the Wisconsin Academy, is writing a book on Frank Lloyd Wright and Japan.

INTRODUCTION TO WISCONSIN ARCHAEOLOGY: BACKGROUND FOR CULTURAL RESOURCE PLANNING edited by William Green, James B. Stoltman and Alice B. Kehoe. Special Issue of the WISCONSIN ARCHAEOLOGIST, Vol. 67, no. 3-4. Milwaukee: The Wisconsin Archaeological Society (Published in cooperation with The Historic Preservation Division, State Historical Society of Wisconsin and The Wisconsin Archaeological Survey), 1986. 395 pp. $10.00 paper.

By Donald E. Thompson

This volume, which has been in preparation for a long time, is an absolute must for persons interested in the history and prehistory of Wisconsin or indeed of the western Great Lakes area. It is the only relatively up-to-date summary of Wisconsin archaeology, and, in the words of editor William Green in the the preface: "Its intended audience is everyone who is interested in these people, their artifacts, and their customs." This is important; it is not a case of professionals writing exclusively for other professionals, as so often happens in the journals and monographs. It is written for all interested persons, and although there is some variation in the level of the writing, it succeeds in addressing the interested nonspecialist.

The work is divided into nine chapters. The first two discuss archaeology in general and the history of Wisconsin archaeology, an especially useful beginning for the general reader and the amateur archaeologist. These are followed by a chapter each on the Paleo-Indian and Archaic traditions. The following Woodland tradition chapter is subdivided after an introduction into four sections: early, middle, late (effigy mound) and other late developments, each by different authors. There then follow chapters on the Mississippian tradition: Oneota and on the Middle Mississippian site of Aztalan. Chapter 8 discusses Upper Mississippi and Middle Mississippi relationships. The volume concludes with a chapter on the historic period in Wisconsin archaeology. The emphasis here is on Indian contact sites prior to 1820. Purely European historical archaeology is not stressed, except for certain important sites associated with the fur trade.

The various chapters and sections are written by acknowledged experts representing the major academic institutions and museums in Wisconsin and neighboring states. The sources of the authors' university degrees reflect a similar distribution.

The coverage in this introduction to Wisconsin archaeology is not completely even, but there is no reason why it need be. Aztalan is

Wisconsin's best known site and deserves a chapter to itself. Effigy Mound Culture is its most visible and warrants like treatment. The degree of detail presented varies somewhat from author to author, but not disconcertingly so. There are even occasional refreshing admissions of ignorance. William Hurley, for example, concludes his chapter on effigy mounds with the comment: "Thus, regarding the purpose of mound construction and which tribe or tribes built these mounds, we are no further along than [Increase] Lapham was in 1855." He concludes that same paragraph with the commendably whimsical suggestion: "Maybe we should follow the suggestion of the late Wisconsin amateur archaeologist, Dr. E. G. Bruder, and look to the stars and seek our answers in those constellations which would have been visible to the naked eye." I would suggest going one step further and looking not only at the stars but also at the black clouds in the Milky Way, the negative figures or "Cosmic Rorschachs" as one person termed them. Elsewhere in the world these "constellations" eluded Europeans for generations because they were so foreign to Western European notions of heavenly configurations.

Although there is again some slight variation from chapter to chapter, the reproduction quality of the numerous photographs, drawings, plans, and maps is excellent. Inside the cover is an overall time chart of stages and phases to which one can refer. But if there is one final thing to which I would draw special attention, it is the annotated bibliography accompanying each chapter. For one thing, these references are more up-to-date than the articles themselves; for another, they provide an excellent means for going into greater detail on any topic of particular interest to the reader. I repeat, this work is basic for anyone concerned with Wisconsin history and/or prehistory.

Donald E. Thompson is professor of anthropology at the UW-Madison.

VINCE: A PERSONAL BIOGRAPHY OF VINCE LOMBARDI by Michael O'Brien. New York: William Morrow & Company, 1987. 457 pp. $19.95.

By Myron G. Kuhlman

The author, professor of history at the University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley, spent almost eight years researching and writing this book. The time was well spent, for it enabled him to understand his subject, the legendary Vince Lombardi. The early part of this book traces the development of Lombardi's character, personality, and philosophy which was influenced greatly by some of the strong personalities in his life.

Harry Lombardi, Vince's father was a stocky, powerfully built man who intimidated people with his brusque manner and volatile temper. Yet, underneath he was kind and loving. Despite the harsh discipline and verbal abuse, Vince developed a similar temperament.

Reverend Ignatius Cox, ethics professor at Fordham, left an indelible impression on Vince's mind. In his lectures he stressed the importance of character, morality, perfection, will, authority, tradition, God's preeminence, and the dignity of the individual. Vince adopted these principles as the basis of his value system.

Jim Crowley, Lombardi's coach at Fordham, was a master at analyzing the opponent's offense and devising a defense to stop it. His Rockne-like locker room pep talks were exhilarating to Vince. It was here under assistant coach Frank Leahy that Lombardi learned the fundamentals of blocking and tackling which he later espoused.

Colonel Red Blaik, at West Point, was Vince's model of character and leadership. He learned the concept of rule blocking and practicing a few key plays to perfection and the advantage of film study. It was here he refined his ability to organize, discipline, and inspire a team.

The apprenticeship with the New York Giants was Lombardi's introduction to professional football and particularly the difference in handling college and professional players.

Lombardi was frustrated with his inability to land a major college coaching job, especially at West Point. Although he was reluctant to leave the New York area, he was ecstatic about the Green Bay job. Here Vince molded the twenty years of apprenticeship into a coaching philosophy which transformed the Packers from a last place team in 1958 to six conference titles, five league championships, and finally, in 1967, his second consecutive Super Bowl.

The book is unique in that it concentrates on the behavioral and motivational aspects of Lombardi's success rather than the tactical performance on the gridiron. Vince was an excellent teacher. He won the confidence of his players because of the thorough way he explained his football system from proper execution to the potential success for each play.

Motivational strategies occupied Lombardi's mind most of the time. One of the main reasons Vince was able to motivate his players was his capacity to understand each of his players as individuals, their weaknesses and strengths, and to select the best approach to make them perform at their ultimate potential.

Lombardi looked for evidence of dedication and desire in his players. With teams in the league so evenly matched, the intensity of execution often made the difference between victory and defeat.

The physical and emotional strain of winning three consecutive championships caused Lombardi to retire from coaching after the 1967 season. However, he was unhappy in his noncoaching capacity with the Packers. Thus, when the opportunity arose in 1969 to obtain stock in an NFL team and to get back east, Lombardi grabbed the opportunity to become the coach of the Washington Redskins. He never had the chance to transform the Redskins into champions, as he had with the Packers, because of his un-

Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Belle La Follette at Bob's funeral, 1925, between sons Robert (left) and Philip.

timely death on September 3, 1970.

This book, like no other, explores Lombardi's strengths and weaknesses thoroughly. He was a man of contradictions. Although he worked hard to control his temper, he was only partially successful, and his emotional outbursts kept his relations with the media uneven, at best. His strengths far outweighed his weaknesses. He was intelligent and organized. His character and integrity were exemplary.

Since his death the great majority of his players, in spite of having been subjected to his pronounced mood changes, have expressed admiration and affection for him.

Myron G. Kuhlman, born in Wisconsin Rapids and educated at the University of Wisconsin, now lives in Beaumont, Texas where he scouts for the Green Bay Packers.

BELLE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF BELLE CASE LA FOLLETTE
by Lucy Freeman, Sherry La Follette, and George A. Zabriskie. New York: Beaufort Books, 1986. 253 pp. $18.95.

By Jocelyn Riley

Sherry La Follette, one of the three coauthors of the first full-length published biography of Belle Case La Follette, is the daughter of Philip and Isabel La Follette and the granddaughter of "Old Bob" and Belle. She writes in the epilogue to this book that having famous grandparents is not always easy. "As a young woman I remarked to a cousin that our mutual grandparents could not be perfect, because nobody was. To which she responded, 'Well, they were!' " Sherry La Follette seems to feel that other people might agree with such an assessment and takes care to try to convince her readers that she is not attempting to write the life of a saint. But she seems deep down to agree with her cousin. "In researching this book," Sherry La Follette writes, "it soon became clear that Belle might come across as too perfect. We looked hard for chinks in her crystal-pure character. The one negative we could find was that both she and Bob demanded an unachievable standard of perfection for the next generation."

Sherry La Follette seems ambivalent about just how perfect her grandparents may have been. The only really startling "revelation" of this biography (also expressed in the epilogue) is Sherry La Follette's remarkable contention that "from my own medical history I believe Grandfather suffered from manic-depression." She adds that "the illness is basically biological, caused by a chemical imbalance that is usually inherited. I immediately thought of Grandfather. Even the name—La Follette— means 'a little crazy.' How far back, I wondered, has this been going on?!" Because the biography is ostensibly about Belle, not Bob, Sherry La Follette adds that she feels her grandmother

agreed with her diagnosis, in fact if not in terminology. In support of her point of view, she quotes Belle's words that "Bob habitually overtaxed his strength, always keeping in harness until exhaustion or illness compelled him to stop."

Both the epilogue and the biography as a whole concentrate more on "Fighting Bob" La Follette than on Belle. Out of seventeen chapters, only three ("Young Belle of Baraboo," "Editor and Columnist, 1909-1911," and "Belle Battles for Her Own Causes, 1912-1914") are specifically about Belle. The other fourteen chapters chronicle Bob's life, with a nod here and there at what Belle was doing during each phase of Bob's career. In a particularly unfortunate historical irony, Belle Case La Follette's would-be biographer has made her subject (Belle's life) almost peripheral to the story she is really telling (Bob's life).

Belle Case La Follette was a woman who was not about to be written out of history, at least in her own lifetime. *Belle*, in fact, draws heavily on the first 300 pages (all written by Belle) of the monumental biography, *Robert M. La Follette: A Biography*, which was eventually completed by Belle's daughter Fola and published by Macmillan in 1953. As she wrote her biography of her husband after his death in 1925, Belle made the story of her own life an integral part of the story she wrote about Bob. But because she died in 1931 in the midst of her work, she wrote only twenty-six of the seventy-two chapters in the biography and ended with the year 1910 (fifteen years before Bob's death and twenty-one years before her own). Belle's manuscript ends with the unfinished sentence, "Brandeis told me . . . ," which is printed like that in the published biography. Fola La Follette wrote the remainder of the book based on her mother's research, but Fola could not reconstruct details of conversations like the one between Belle and Brandeis.

Unfortunately for later biographers, no one but Belle could say what she intended to write that Brandeis told her. Another source for this kind of vivid detail about Belle's life is Bob's autobiography, published in 1911 and 1912. Sherry La Follette includes anecdotes from Bob's autobiography such as the time a Supreme Court justice complimented him on a brief that Belle (also trained as a lawyer) had actually written. "[The brief] is one of the best briefs submitted to the court in years, and in writing the opinion I quoted liberally from it because it was so admirably reasoned and so clearly stated," the justice said to Bob.

The authors of Belle's biography include this anecdote and others like it. But they seem to have trouble finding enough appropriate anecdotes about Belle and sifting the wheat from the chaff. The earlier chapters are better written and more interesting than the later ones because they draw so heavily on works already written by Bob and Belle. But at the end of the book, outrageously unimportant details like the price of a cottage Belle rented for one of her sons ($16.50 a month) are included for no apparent reason. Once the narrative structure provided by Belle herself in her own biography of Bob/autobiography can no longer help them, the authors struggle to maintain any kind of story line at all.

More disturbing are the book's errors, which range from grammatical howlers and misspelled names to erroneous dates. On the very first page of chapter 1, for example, the authors write that "in the early 1800's . . . it was possible to see a silver dollar laying [sic] on the bottom of Green Bay through sixty feet of water." Gordon Sinykin's name is misspelled as "Sinykan." Most telling in a biography purporting to be about Belle is the reference in the bibliography to the Library of Congress's "Robert M. La Follette Family Papers, 1855-1925." Those dates are the dates of Bob La Follette's life, but they are not the dates of the collection, which includes materials up through the 1970s. Belle Case La Follette's papers (which were donated in 1931, after her death) include about 25,000 items, including many things written in the six years between her husband's death and her own.

Despite its flaws, though, this first commercially published full-length biography of Belle Case La Follette serves the admirable purpose of bringing an accomplished and influential, but forgotten, woman to the attention of the general public. A biography of Belle is long overdue. She was the first woman to graduate from UW-Madison's law school, an articulate spokeswoman for universal suffrage, a prolific writer and editor, and a devoted wife and mother of four children. She could have been the first woman U.S. Senator had she not declined to run for her husband's uncompleted term after his death. Belle's own story of her life (in the biography of her husband) is out of print and the hundreds of articles she wrote for *La Follette's Magazine* are available only on microfilm. This biography at least helps to keep Belle Case La Follette from being completely forgotten.

Jocelyn Riley is the producer of the audiovisual program "Belle: The Life and Writings of Belle Case La Follette" and "Her Own Words: Pioneer Women's Diaries."

Book Reviews: the sequel

Readers who like to keep up with books by Wisconsin authors or on Wisconsin subjects should be aware that the Wisconsin Academy began a new journal in 1987 devoted exclusively to reviewing Wisconsin books, the *Wisconsin Academy Review of Books*. Volume 1 was published in September 1987; volume 2 will be published September 15, 1988 and available from the Academy for $5.00 per copy postpaid until July 1 and for $6.00 per copy postpaid thereafter. Each volume contains reviews of twenty-five to thirty recent publications.

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