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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

Volume 19 Number 4

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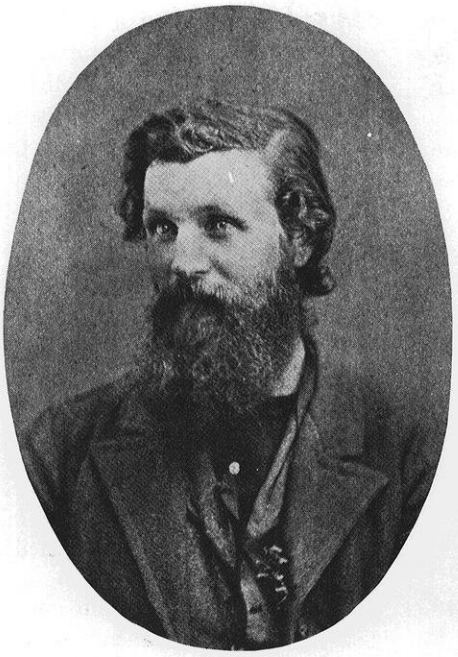


John Muir and John Tyndall

A Contrast in Mountaineers

by Gwen Schultz

As a mountaineer and outdoorsman, John Muir was exceptionally rugged, one of that stoical breed that travels light and faces raw Nature with hardly a cringe. Those who have heard of his exploits and traveled with him vicariously in his journals know he was among the hardiest of the hardy. But his sinewy strength, his daring, his endurance are more clearly realized when he is compared to another breed of mountaineer of his time, that which took fewer chances and did not stray far from the comforts of the valleys. Mountaineers of this latter type were clambering over the Alps during the same era Muir was scaling and exploring mountains in California and Alaska, and they were doing so in a style that, compared with Muir's, is both amazing and amusing.

John Tyndall, the famous British physicist, is chosen here to be representative of those mountaineers in contrast to Muir not only because he is an outstanding, typical example of them, but because – despite this difference in mountain climbing style – he was fundamentally like Muir in many ways. Besides, they came to know each other personally.

Like Muir, this other John of the Mountains was a skilled climber, true scientist, polished writer, and vivid describer of his own exploits, and he had a similar emotional zeal for the outdoors and for discovering Nature's secrets. Tyndall, the older, lived from 1820 to 1893; Muir from 1838 to 1914. Muir was a Scotsman by birth, Tyndall Irish. Tyndall studied in Germany and became professor of natural philosophy. At age eleven, Muir moved from glacier-scoured Scotland to glaciated Wisconsin where he developed his keen interest in plants and natural science, attended the university and taught school for a while. Then he left to lead a life of independent field research, going first to the South, then Cuba, Panama, and to California where he made his home. (One cannot say "settled down".) It was not the warm lowlands there that in-

trigued him but the rocky highlands. Then his love of mountains and glaciers drew him to Alaska.

Tyndall had read Muir and pronounced him the world's greatest authority on glacial action. And Muir had read and admired Tyndall's work. It was inevitable that someone should arrange a meeting of those two. The meeting occurred in 1872 when Tyndall visited California on a lecture tour. The men became friends. Tyndall gave Muir a barometer which he then sometimes carried into the mountains to measure altitude.

Had Tyndall not returned to Europe, had these men not been separated by an ocean and continent, one would expect they would have become close mountain-exploring companions. And yet, considering the contrast in their way of life and climbing styles, probably not.

This comparison is not meant to belittle Tyndall. It was said of him long after his death that no one knew the Alps better than he. Mount Tyndall on the crest of the Sierras in California is named for him. His writings and lectures about mountain climbing (and other subjects) are classics. His daring is demonstrated by the fact that he entered the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption. He was a prominent figure – in his own way – as was Muir.

The middle and late 1800's was a time when naturalists and members of newly emerging sciences like geology and biology were finding answers to many of Nature's riddles in the mountains where rocks and fossils were clearly exposed and where glaciers were still at work. When Muir was attracted to the mountains of America's West because of his interest in geology, vegetation and wildlife, most of those mountains were virtually unknown by people other than the natives, at least until the gold rush of the 1880's and 1890's.

The Alps, however, were being scrambled over by countless curious investigators from the well-populated areas surrounding them. The business of tourism had already sprung up there, and conveniences and guides were available. Mountain climbing was great sport for the general public as well as a necessary activity for competitive, inquisitive scientists. The period 1854 to 1865 is said to have been the "Classic Age" of mountaineering in the Alps, and after that most of the main summits in the Alps had been climbed.

Let us first look at Muir and his mode of travel.

He carried as little as possible on his mountain explorations. Being unincumbered, and agile and fleet as a mountain goat, he could, it was said, "slide up" a mountain. His energy seemed boundless; his needs were few. In his middle thirties when he was exploring and conquering the highest of the southern Sierras he said, "Give me a summer and a bunch of matches and a sack of meal and I will climb every mountain in the region." Writing of his hikes and climbs in the Sierras he made such comments as these in *The Yosemite:* "If I were so time-poor as to have only one day to spend in Yosemite I should start at daybreak, say at three o'clock in midsummer, with a pocketful of any sort of dry breakfast stuff . . ."; and "I made these Sierra trips, carrying only a sackful of bread with a little tea and sugar and was thus independent and free . . . ."

Muir liked traveling alone, for companions could cramp his style and slow him down. He might start on an expedition with friends but then often before long he would leave them in some reasonably comfortable camp or shelter and stride forth on his own to more difficult, dangerous reaches. He ventured into treacherous places where no one should go alone, or go at all. And he was little concerned about where he would spend the night. Many was the time he left camp tucking a piece of dry bread under his belt, in a hurry perhaps because a storm was brewing. He would not be trying to escape the storm but to be in it on some mountain side.

There was the time he left two companions in a valley of the Sierras while he went to the higher peaks, and this in risky October when one could be snowbound. He climbed alone to 11,000 feet and there made camp for the night beside a glacier basin. In *The Mountains of California* he wrote:

> A small lake nestles in the bottom of it, from which I got water for my tea, and a stormbeaten thicket near by furnished abundance of resiny firewood. . . .
>
> I made my bed in a nook of the pine-thicket, where the branches were pressed and crinkled overhead like a roof, and bent down around the sides . . . . I had to creep out many times to the fire during the night, for it was biting cold and I had no blankets.

In the morning the sky was clear and he headed for the mountain summit. He wrote: "Breakfast of bread and tea was soon made. I fastened a hard, durable crust to my belt by way of provision, in case I should be compelled to pass a night on the mountain top. . . ." At 12,800 feet he was scaling a smooth wall. He related:

> After gaining a point about halfway to the top, I was suddenly brought to a dead stop, with arms outspread, clinging close to the face of the rock, unable to move hand or foot either up or down. My doom appeared fixed. I must fall. There would be a moment of bewilderment, and then a lifeless rumble down the one general precipice to the glacier below.
>
> When this final danger flashed upon me, I became nerve-shaken for the first time since setting foot on the mountains, and my mind seemed to fill with a stifling smoke. But this terrible exlipse lasted only a moment, when life blazed forth again with preternatural clearness. I seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new sense. The other self, bygone experiences, Instinct, or Guardian Angel – call it what you will – came forward and assumed control.

It was dark as he traced his way back by the trend of canyons and the stars.

> Taking my bearings from these, I discovered the little pine thicket in which my nest was, and then I had a rest such as only a tired mountaineer may enjoy. After lying loose and lost for awhile, I made a sunrise fire, went down to the lake, dashed water on my head, and

dipped a cupful for tea. The revival brought about by bread and tea was as complete as the exhaustion from excessive enjoyment and toil.

He returned to his companions from whom he had been gone for three days and "they had already been weighing chances as to whether I would ever return".

In a letter to his sister Sarah in Wisconsin written from Yosemite Valley in 1873 Muir told of another of his wilderness adventures:

> I have just returned from the longest and hardest trip I have ever made in the mountains, having been gone over five weeks. . . . For two weeks I explored the glaciers of the summits east of here, sleeping among the snowy mountains without blankets and with but little to eat on account of its being so inaccessible. After my icy experiences it seems strange to be down here in so warm and flowery a climate.
>
> I will soon be off again . . . .
>
> The mountains are calling and I must go . . . .

In an ascent of Mount Whitney members of his party each took only a loaf of bread, a handful of tea and a tin cup, a block of beef about four inches in diameter, and *half* a blanket. One companion also carried a small bottle of spirits "for healing, sustaining, and fortifying uses," but Muir had no need or desire for alcohol.

One noon as he sat alone on a glacier eating a dry crust of bread he wrote this comment: "To dine with a glacier on a sunny day is a glorious thing and makes common feasts of meat and wine ridiculous."

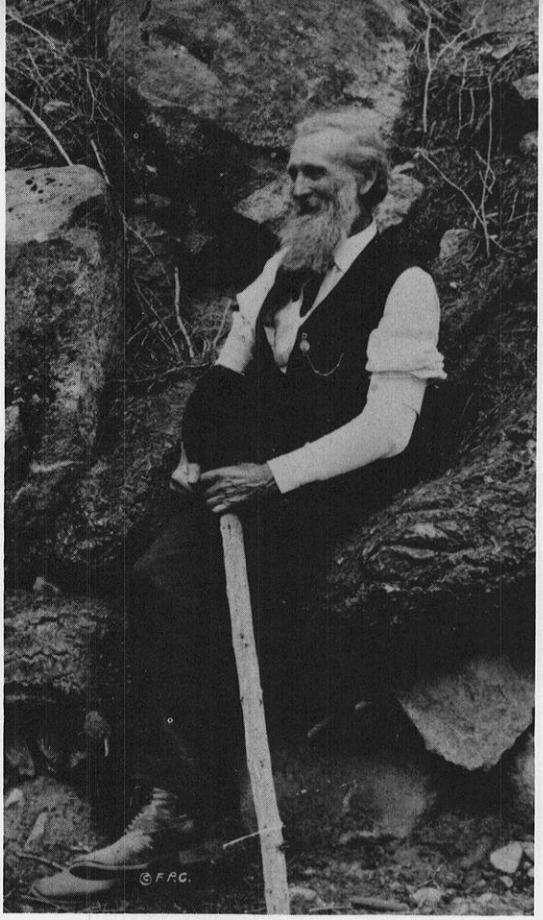
One person Muir did enjoy climbing with was the young missionary, S. Hall Young. In *Alaska Days with John Muir,* Young relates how one day in 1879 they secretly left a social gathering in an Alaskan port to climb the nearby peaks:

> I set the speeches a-going, and then slipped out to join the impatient Muir.
>
> "Take off your coat," he commanded, "and here's your supper."
>
> Pocketing two hardtack apiece we were off. . . .

There were not many who could keep up with Muir.

Going behind waterfalls was one of Muir's many death-defying feats – not just little falls but some of the greatest, like Yosemite.

> . . . I was eager to reach the extreme verge to see how it behaved in flying so far through the air. . . . The last incline down which the stream journeys so gracefully is so steep and smooth one must slip cautiously forward on hands and feet alongside the rushing water, which so near one's head is very exciting. But to gain a perfect view one must go yet farther, over a curving brow to a slight shelf on the extreme brink. This shelf, formed by the flaking off of a fold of granite is about three inches wide, just wide enough for a safe rest for one's heels. To me it seemed nerve-trying to slip to this narrow foothold and poise on the edge of such a precipice so close to the confusing whirl of the waters; and after casting longing glances over the shining brow of the fall and listening to its sublime psalm, I concluded not to attempt to go nearer, but, nevertheless, against reasonable judgment, I did. . . . In spite of myself I reached the little ledge, got my heels well set, and worked sidewise twenty or thirty feet to a point close to the out-plunging current. Here the view is perfectly free down into the heart of the bright irised throng of comet-like streamers into which the whole ponderous volume of the fall separates, two or three hundred feet below the brow. So glorious a display of pure wildness, acting at close range while cut off from all the world beside, is terribly impressive.



"I will soon be off again . . . . The mountains are calling and I must go . . . "

Thus we have a picture of John Muir subsisting on his climbs, and happily, with dry bread and sometimes tea (occasionally coffee) and little more for provisions; not worrying where or what his bed would be; sleeping in the cold with not even a blanket and complaining little about danger and adversity, or actually thrilling to the experience; performing death-defying acts with no one there to help or rescue him if need be.

Now let us look at John Tyndall in the Alps. There, guides were everywhere available. Tyndall usually started out from a hotel with a guide or several guides and someone to carry supplies. He also often climbed alone, but did not enjoy doing so as much as Muir did; nor feel as secure as he without companions.

"When the procession stood at ease, roped together . . . it was 3,122 feet long . . . . every man . . . had on his green veil and his blue goggles . . . and carried his umbrella (closed) in his right [hand] and his crutches slung at his back. —Mark Twain, *A Tramp Abroad.*

Consider, for example, Tyndall's ascent of the Finsteraarhorn in 1858. He was 38 then. Blankets, provisions, wood, and hay were sent on ahead by porters and he followed with guides and a companion who went part way up the mountain and then returned.

"At about three o'clock in the afternoon we quitted the hotel," Tyndall recorded, "and proceeded leisurely with our two guides up the slope. . . . Two hours' walking brought us near our place of rest; the porters had already reached it, and were now returning." His guides prepared the camp in a grotto while he viewed the sunset.

"I returned to the grotto, where supper was prepared and waiting for me . . . My boiling-water apparatus, which had just been used, was in the foreground; and telescopes, opera-glasses, haversacks [shoulder bags], wine-keg, bottles, and mattocks [axes], lay confusedly around. . . . The grotto was comfortable; the hay sufficient materially to modify the hardness of the rock, and my position at least sheltered and warm." But his guide snored and kept him awake.

Next day they successfully reached the peak. There Tyndall slept five minutes because of lack of sleep the night before, and then they descended to the hotel where – "I was affectionately welcomed . . . . had a warm bath, dined, went to bed, where I lay fast locked in sleep for eight hours . . . ."

Getting to the top of a mountain or some other high-altitude destination was usually an event for celebration. On one occasion Tyndall wrote that their party ended their survey "by pledging the health of Forbes and other explorers of the Alps." And "we consumed our cold mutton and champagne on the summit of the old Weissthor." Goodies had to be lugged up for these "picnics."

On another jaunt he and his guide set out to study a glacier, taking with them a telescope and opera-glass, as well as other articles of comfort and convenience. They found a sheltered grotto for the night, and while Tyndall examined an icefall his companion searched for firewood. They filled their saucepan with water from the glacier, boiled chocolate and made "a comfortable evening meal." Tyndall describes their setting:

> A fire was burning at the mouth of the grotto. . .; beside the fire sat my little companion, with a tall, conical, red night-cap drawn completely over his ears; our saucepan was bubbling on the fire . . . I had been recommended to take a bit of a tallow candle with me to rub my face with, as a protection against the sun; by the light of this we spread our rugs, lay down upon them. and wrapped them around us.

The next morning: "[W]e made our chocolate and breakfasted. My companion emptied the contents of a small brandy bottle into my flask. . . . We put the necessary food in our knapsacks and faced our task. . . ."

Finally they reached their destination. "Upon the very top of the col I spread my plaid, and with the appetites of hungary eagles we attacked our chicken and mutton."

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SENDING & RECEIVING

by Art Hove

Do You Read Me?

This new section of the WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW is entitled "Sending and Receiving" — the basic equation involved in all communication. In this and successive columns we hope to add a degree of fine-tuning to your perceptions about communications. In the process, we hope you will indulge in an occasional sending exercise so that we may benefit from the receiving. — A.H.

One has vague memories. Threads randomly woven through one's thoughts. Faint silver images radiating from a late-night TV screening—"Only Angels Have Wings." This, or one of any number of other films. They are, for the most part, interchangeable.

The vaguely remembered segment of film features a memorably horrible night. Weather has closed in over the Andes. Rain. Fog as thick as a gray flannel blanket. Cary Grant, courageously flying the mail from Buenos Aires to Lima, is somewhere up there in the soup. He is flying an open-cockpit biplane, wears a leather helmet, goggles, and a white silk scarf which signals that he is definitely a good guy. Cary constantly looks over the side of the plane, but he can see nothing other than the tiers of menacing dark clouds and the sheets of rain and blankets of fog that swirl and twist around him. His little plane bounces ludicrously and perilously around in the mess.

Meanwhile, back at the hanger (headquarters of Titicaca Airlines, an organization formed by a group of happy-go-lucky fliers who have come down to South America from the States), Thomas Mitchell sits and gazes intently at a radio set. He is holding a microphone that looks like a large metal lollipop. He looks as though he is about to lick the lollipop, but instead barks anxiously into it. "Silver Cloud Nine. Silver Cloud Nine. This is Lima Control. Do you read me? Do you read me?"

He pauses for a moment, repeats the query, and then snaps a switch on the radio set. No response to his anxious calls except a horrible scratching of static.

Cut to Cary Grant, still in the soup. The weather looks absolutely brutal. The noise of the storm and the roar of the plane's engine crescendo. The whole racket provides stiff competition for Thomas Mitchell's anxious plaints coming through the ether.

Cut again to Thomas Mitchell. He repeats his message. No response. Only the static and the sound of the storm outside lashing the hangar. Mitchell makes another try, meets with more static in response, then, with a scowl wrinkling his forehead, turns to Jean Arthur and exclaims, "I know he's up there somewhere. He's the best pilot in this whole hemisphere. If anybody can make it through this mess, Johnny can."

We are at least one up on Thomas Mitchell. We know Cary/Johnny is indeed still up there. A few tense moments later Mitchell and the apprehensive Jean Arthur come to share our knowledge. Above the static and the storm, the radio croaks out a faint acknowledgement. "Lima Control, this is Silver Cloud Nine. Go ahead."

From this point on, it is merely a matter of talking the best pilot in the hemisphere down through the threatening peaks of the shrouded Andes and onto the bumpy but secure Titicaca Airlines field outside Lima. The hemisphere's best pilot—backed up by the on-the-ground savvy of Thomas Mitchell, the loving concern of Jean Arthur, and a good communications system—has done it again.

The episode forms a parable for one of the crucial communication questions of the day: "Do You Read Me?" It is a question asked in a number of contexts. It is a question often provoked by the confusion generated by imprecise sending and receiving.

In a time when we are bombarded by images, the media has spawned creatures whose identity is almost totally contingent on the media. The progeny

(continued page 29)

Sun Rising Around Madison

by J. Wesley Miller

Non sine Sole Iris

The illustrations bordering these pages are representative of two things: the kind of student street art which today is current everywhere about the Madison university community, and one or both of that pair of motifs, the New Morning and the Rainbow, which in recent years have been so intimately associated with hopes for a new order of prosperity and peace founded upon living in respectful harmony with Nature.

These posters, signs and wall paintings are but the more evident and artistic part of that great harvest of student street literature which mushroomed in the late sixties in connection with opposition to the War in Vietnam. Technological advances in and the readier availability of mimeographed and photo offset printing also contributed to the burgeoning of the street literature medium which includes handbills, handouts, newsletters, picket signs, banners, stickers and buttons, as well. Today, although the student temper has changed markedly, the tradition of distinctive, usually anonymous, student-designed posters lives on in Madison more than in most university communities as one of the positive legacies of the anti-war movement. Virtually all student organizations and campus-oriented businesses rely to some extent upon 11" by 17" photo offset posters printed in black ink on any of the number of different colors of paper. Posters crowd not only bulletin boards and kiosks but all open posting spaces such as walls, fences, doors, windows, utility poles, trees, the sides of waste containers, and occasionally the railroad ties out to the UW Fieldhouse.

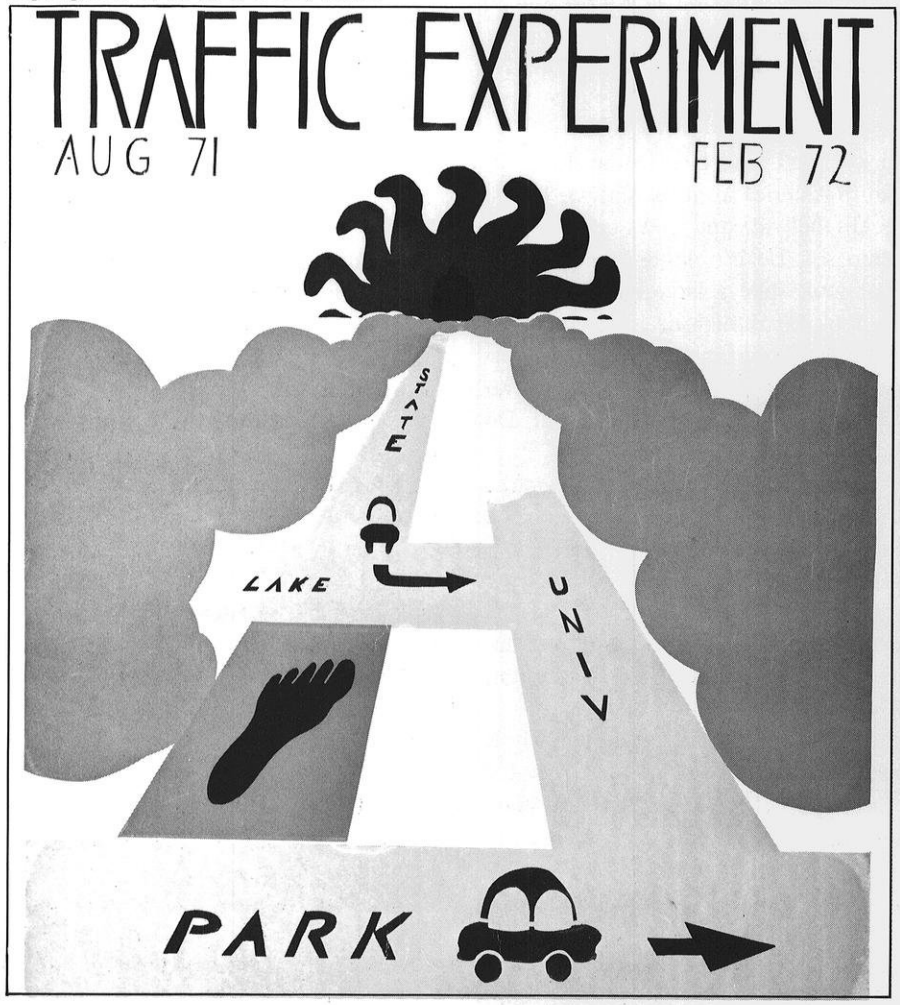


Fig. 1. *MPPC 6077.* Serigraph by New Walls. 20-1/2" x 24-1/2". Posted Summer 1971.

Fig. 2. Front entrance to Bigsby & Kruthers Discount Clothing Store. 502 State Street, as designed by Tammy Durrele. Photo by Hassan Virji.

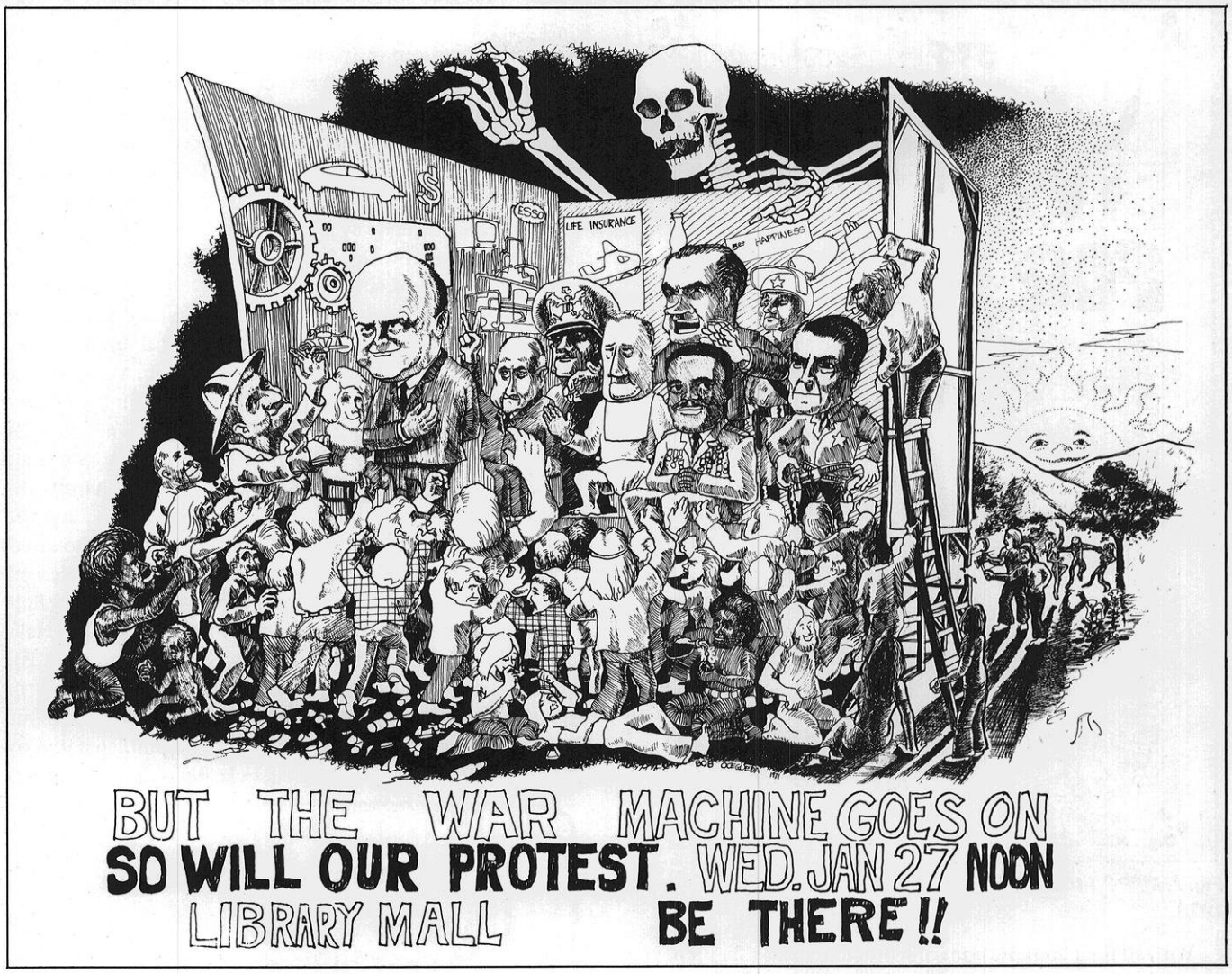
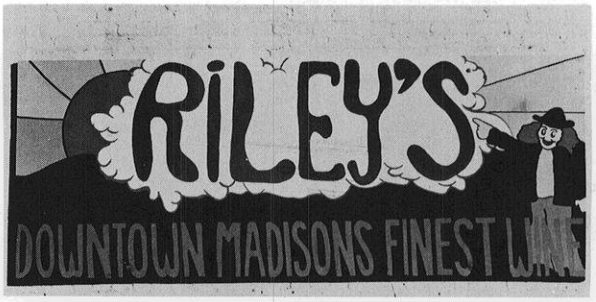


Fig. 3. *(above)MPPC 1311.* Photo offset. Drawn by Bob Ocegueda. 17" x 11". Posted 21 January 1971.

Fig. 4. *(right)* West sign of Riley's Wine and Liquor Store, 329 State Street, as designed by Sandra Webster.

Fig. 5. *(bottom left)* The van of Reuel Fish as decorated (incomplete) by Thomas Gibbon.

Fig. 6. *(bottom right)* East wall of the Campus Camera Shop, 827 University Avenue, as painted by New Walls, Summer 1972. Photos for Figs. 4, 5 & 6 by Hassan Virji.



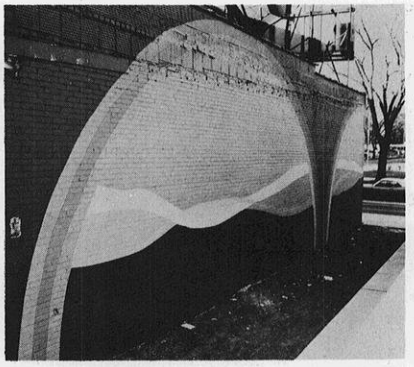


Fig. 7. *MPPC 11020.* Photo offset. 11" x 17". Posted 6 April 1973.

With all their connotations of truth, life, health, happiness and Nature's goodness, the New Morning and Sun motifs, and the Rainbow, a symbol for peace dating back at least to the end of the Flood, have been very much in prominence in recent years. Nationally these motifs have been memorably wedded in the works of Peter Max, in *The Yellow Submarine,* and currently in The Seven-Up Company's advertising. Locally they have appeared in everything from anti-war to yoga posters, in wall paintings (Fig. 6), in reverse-glass paintings (Fig. 2), in signs (Fig. 4) and even on the outside of Reuel Fish's van (Fig. 5). Bob Ocegueda's War Machine poster (Fig. 3) comprehends much of late sixties opposition to the War. To the right in the far distance a faintly visible personified sun smiles cheerfully over the horizon upon three nude figures (the Graces, perhaps) freely and joyfully dancing at middle ground in a pastoral world that echoes Eden and the Golden Age and connotes the peace and love that might be. But crowding across the better part of the poster from the left is the immense, powerful, pretentious and false War Machine. The political figures are easy enough to identify. The People, some with long hair and "funny" clothes and some quite "straight" looking, however vociferous, stand helpless to materially alter the obstacle before them or to break through to the "reality" from which the Establishment fences them out.

The Traffic Experiment serigraph (Fig. 1) reflects what many might call the more positive side of student activism. Issued in an edition of twenty to promote the experimental malling off of upper State Street in the fall of 1971, the poster was designed and executed by New Walls, a group of student artists who constructed two decorated kiosks for the mall and also did the rainbow wall painting (Fig. 6). An ecological concern is manifest in the luscious green of the foliage which frames the highway system and of the malled off upper end of State Street which bears the footprint. This, together with the orange-red sun rising over the statehouse dome, is the artists' way of saying that more trees along State Street will make for a nicer place to work, live and shop.

There is a sense of fulfillment in the Soglin Victory Bike Rally poster (Fig. 7). In many ways it is an ordinary poster. Printed in black on orange paper, the lettering is a mellowed graffitoism (for true graffitoism see The Orange Sunshine Track Club poster, Fig. 10) the drawing good but hardly distinctive. Yet the sun rising over the word "Sunday" and the tiny plants in the path of the bike, not to mention the intergalactic matter at the corners and elsewhere in the design, strikingly express the New Day and New Way that Mayor Soglin's constituents hope he will bring to Madison's City Hall.

In John Chritton's masterful Sly Stone poster (Fig. 8), rainbow, Rolls-Royce and an assemblage of heroin motifs combine to suggest the kinds of release some find in drug culture and in rock music. All this is nicely complemented by the WSA (Wisconsin Student Association) Store trademark

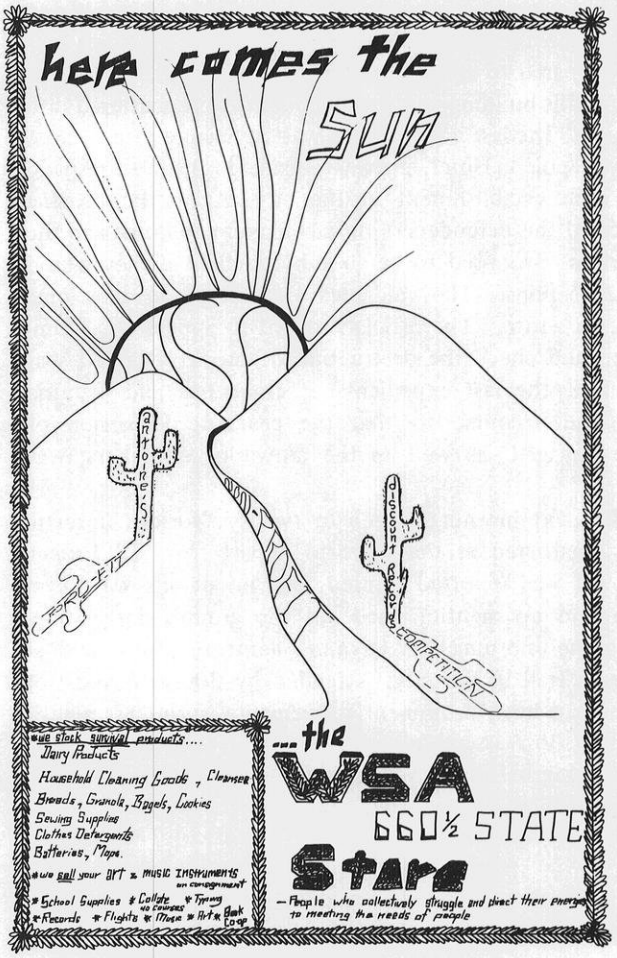
Fig. 8. *MPPC 6755.* Photo offset. Drawn and copyrighted 1972 by John Chritton. 11" x 17". Posted 19 January 1972.

Fig. 9. *(above) MPPC 6780.* Photo offset. 11" x 17". Posted Fall 1971.
Fig. 10. *(right top)* Author's private collection. *MPPC* has variant as 11158. Photo offset with hand coloring. 11" x 17". Posted 10 July 1973.
Fig. 11. *(right bottom)* Author's private collection. 11" x 17". Photo offset. Posted 7 February 1973.

with its letters organically related to one another and against an intergalactic background of the stars and the moon. The Sunflower Kitchen poster (Fig. 9) in red and yellow on white paper is a further example of organicism, depicting as it does the food cycle involving natural organic waste, the work of the sun, and the fruitful trees which reflect the influence of *art nouveau* in hippie iconography.

By now we have seen so many of those suns rising over fertile green valleys that they hardly catch our attention any more. The final poster, WSA's Here Comes the Sun (Fig. 11), posted 7 February 1973, is startlingly different. A frizzy or at least long haired sun *is* the WSA Store, and it shines not over a fertile green valley but over the dunes of the parched desert of the free enterprise, competition, and profit of State Street merchants. The poster is a reminder that by now even the New Morning motif has become a cliché, and some say it is a reminder too that the sun will never rise over a fertile green valley in this country again until there are a lot more changes made.

J. Wesley Miller of Springfield, Massachusetts is a private collector who is in the process of donating his collection of seventeen thousand items of Madison student street literature to the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Entitled The Madison People's Poster and Propaganda Collection *it covers definitively the period from 1970 through 1972 and is supplemented by earlier and more recent materials.*



Wisconsin's "Respectable" Vigilantes

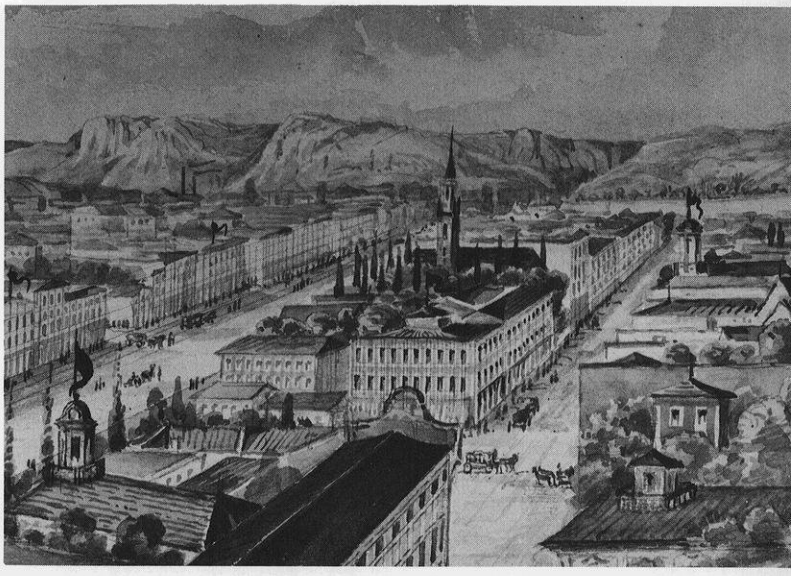
by Patrick B. Nolan

On the night of July 6, 1857 the streets of La Crosse, Wisconsin were crowded with men. Around ten o'clock on that warm summer night, 200 to 400 men gathered in the courthouse square. There they listened to speakers denounce the evils of brothels and prostitution and condemn the police and civic authorities of the young river town for laxness of duty in the face of a moral menace. No public notice calling them together had been issued, nor have we details on their initial organization. One newspaper noted that they met "by a general understanding" and affected a "thorough and perfect organization."

The vigilantes first went to a notorious house of ill-fame in the lower part of the city near the river, called on the inhabitants to leave, and then set it afire. No attempt was made to rescue any furniture or extinguish the blaze and the building burned to the ground. After watching the destruction of the first house, the men marched two miles north to a structure identified as "the St. Charles," where the "inmates," having received word of the danger, were preparing to evacuate. The girls and their pimps had moved the furniture outside in order to load it onto wagons; but the leaders of the mob, declaring the place to be a house of prostitution and a resort for blacklegs and villains, smashed the doors and windows and set it afire. Then they burned the piled-up furniture.

When the St. Charles was leveled, the vigilantes moved on to a small house on State Street, "near the residence of Mr. Flint," and surrounded it. Preparations were being made to fire it when the mayor and town marshall appeared and begged the crowd to disperse since the authorities were now prepared to act. After some debate, it was decided not to burn this building, but the inhabitants were scattered into the night. The last house visited was on Second Street, close to the Napoleon Hotel, and was considered the most respectable such establishment in the city. Again the marshal requested the defenders of moral virtue to go home and the proprietor promised to be gone by daylight if they would spare his house. The vigilantes agreed and, as one local historian wrote, "The officials sought to appease the Committee and check the destruction of property and it was not until the last expedients of eloquence and promise were had recourse to that the peaceful despersion of those engaged, as well as the crowd of onlookers, was secured."

The next morning fifteen or twenty "forlorn unfortunates" gathered at the levee to depart from La Crosse. One girl was reported injured, but no details were ever given and no mention made of the group's destination. The same morning, at 10 a.m., a meeting was held at Barron's Hall in the city. Attended by 300 men, most of whom had been prominent participants in the last night's burnings, this assembly regularized the procedure adopted the evening before. A Vigilance Committee was set up and a constitution and by-laws adopted. The officers elected before the raids were confirmed in office. The meeting



On July 6, 1857 the streets of LaCrosse, Wisconsin, were the scene of a massive vigilante movement aimed at burning out the city's brothels. Three years later, a young German artist, Franz Hoelzhuber sketched this somewhat calmer view of the city streets, now part of the iconographic collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

passed resolutions calling on the city officials to execute the laws if they wished to prevent further trouble; the vigilantes promised enforcement of the laws in any case.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the City Council met at special call of the mayor, who read an address noting that the city bordered on anarchy and calling upon the Council to act. That body promptly began by tacitly agreeing with the major point of the vigilantes: that the city police force was inadequate to its task. Consisting solely of the marshal, it was unable to cope with the disorder and crime La Crosse was experiencing. A night police force of ten men, identified by a large star on the left breast, was appointed with instructions to preserve peace and order throughout the city and to close all saloons promptly at 11 p.m. The Council also offered a $100 reward for information leading to the conviction of any of the incendiaries of the previous night. The session ended with the passage of a resolution noting that "the authorities have ample power to protect the citizens without any effort from others to take the law into their own hands" and calling on all residents to aid in preserving the peace.

The next few days in the life of La Crosse were enlivened by the charges and countercharges which flew between supporters of the vigilantes and those who favored more traditional methods of law enforcement. Politics entered the picture, both Republican and Democratic newspapers and politicians attempting to brand the other either as mobbites or supporters of whores and thieves. Public sympathy was split fairly evenly down the middle. People agreed that those who had taken part in the formation of the Committee of Vigilance and the assault on the brothels were respectable citizens, the leaders of the community, for as the *Independent Republican* noted,

> . . . it is rogues and villains who stand in fear of an outraged populace and not the virtuous. Mobs here are not the mobs of other nations – especially is this so in a small country town – they are composed usually of the best portions of the people . . . and the authorities being derelict in duty there is no other way for people to act . . .

The Albany, New York, *Journal* commented favorably on the work of the vigilantes and the Viroqua, Wisconsin, *North-Western Times* noted that if mob law was ever justifiable it was when the authorities neglected to clear out "such filth and groggeries."

The La Crosse *Independent Republican* quoted approvingly from an editorial in the Chicago *Daily Journal* which put the blame for vigilantism and mob rule on incompetent officers of the law. The laws on the books were good enough, but criminals were allowed to escape unpunished. More efficient police, sterner judges and less politics in law enforcement were needed, said the *Journal,* if a recourse to self-appointed vigilantism was to be avoided. The *Independent Republican* said that the people were obliged to rise up or be overrun with scoundrels.

In contrast, the forces of law and order, led by the La Crosse *National Democrat,* pointed out that such talk was subversive to constitutional government. The laws existed and only needed to be enforced. The city authorities stood willing to do their duty; but not one of the outraged, moral members of the community had seen fit to make a formal complaint. The City Council noted that it had received no petition asking for an abatement of nuisances. The members of the Vigilance Committee were drunks and and hypocrites, said the Democratic paper, interested in wild times and not caring about the disgrace which they brought upon the city.

A Winona, Minnesota newspaper observed the arrival of eight or more of the whores driven out of La Crosse and commented sourly, "We regret to announce such an acquisition to the population of our town, but we sincerely hope that no riot will ever disgrace the place." The Prairie du Chien *Courier* stated that a house of ill-fame was rumored to exist in that city and it hoped that the law and not vigilantes would remove it. The great danger of vigilantism, all agreed, was that it would lead to abuses greater than those it desired to remove; and, as soon as respect for law was gone, no man's life or property was safe. William Mulhern, writing to the editor of the Viroqua paper, noted that the anarchy and confusion would result in rule by brute force and concluded, "Let us rather be governed by the scepter of a despot than subscribe to the horrid excesses of mob law."

Within two weeks of the vigilante action at La Crosse, attempts were made by supporters of the prostitutes to gain revenge. Five houses belonging to men who backed the Vigilance Committee were set afire in different parts of town and only quick action prevented a general conflagration. These attempts at reprisal were cited by the vigilantes as additional reasons for forming a permanent Committee of Vigilance, since the villains were clearly desperate men.

By early August the excitement was over and the Committee dissolved. When several passengers were robbed on the steamer "Galena" at the La Crosse levee, papers called for the vigilantes to take action but none was forthcoming. Later in the summer a brothel reappeared in the city but complaints were made through the proper channels and the "wide-awake" marshal put the girls to flight. The *National Democrat* noted succinctly, "no houses burned."

The La Crosse vigilantes of 1857 were only one of many such private groups which formed themselves into law enforcement associations and sought to eradicate crime and moral lassitude from society. They are a little-studied part of the continuing effort by Americans to regulate their society in the interests of law and order.

Patrick Nolan is a former faculty member of the UW-River Falls history department.

Reid Gilbert: Portrait of an Artist

by Kay Price

Nestled against a backdrop of 170 acres of rolling woodland atop Wyoming Valley, near Spring Green, Valley Studio doesn't look like an ordinary farmhouse. And it isn't. Any idle passerby would take appreciative notice of the primitive elegance surrounding this converted house-barn with its natural board and batten siding blending into the surrounding environment.

Recently redesigned as a cultural arts workshop by architect Herbert Fritz, Jr., a protege of Frank Lloyd Wright, Valley Studio houses the Wisconsin Mime Company and School, which is directed by Dr. E. Reid Gilbert, a talented artist who firmly believes that Wyoming Valley can enjoy as fine an art institution as those found on 57th Street in New York City. "Art is the center of our lives and to neglect it is to neglect our lives," says Gilbert. "The United States thinks of art as a luxury; Appalachia is one of the few places in America where there is no separation of art and life."

Reid Gilbert would know. His roots are deep in the mountains of Appalachia, where his grandfather was a Primitive Baptist minister who traded horses and taught singing during the summer; his father, a preacher who worked days in a factory, was an excellent dancer, too.

Gilbert grew up in the mountains—learning to play his beloved dulcimer, to sing the centuries-old folk songs, to carve the mountain wood and to tell the enchanting folk tales of his people. However, his specialty is, and probably always will be, mime.

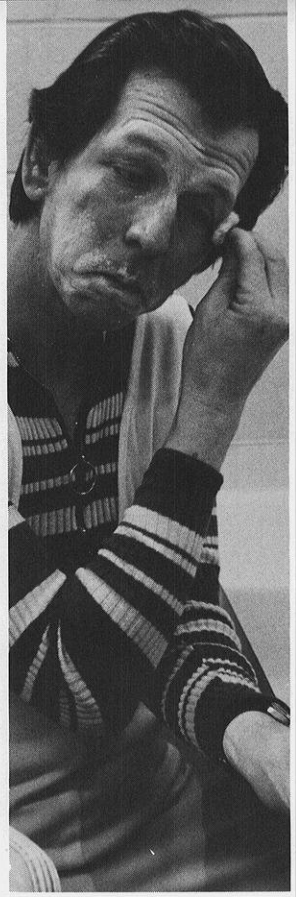
The art of mime is believed to have begun with the ancients, who imitated the movements of men and animals in hopes of becoming better hunters and warriors. Mime, the drama of silent movement, requires a disciplined physical training as well as a creative mental approach. It provides an excellent background for students of acting and dance, and found extensive use in the silent films. Often confused with pantomime, which emphasizes comedy and storytelling, mime uses both of these but is much more concerned with the manner of the character.

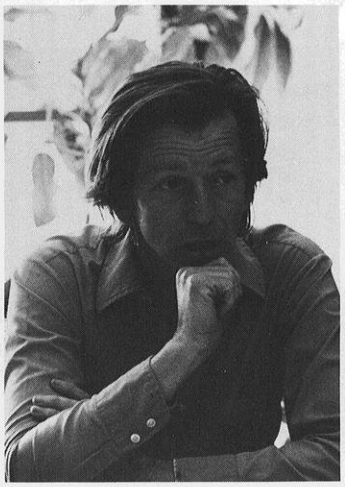
Mimes caress and create space that is more solid than reality. Respect for the absent object must always be present, for without that respect there can be no communication to the audience of that absent object.

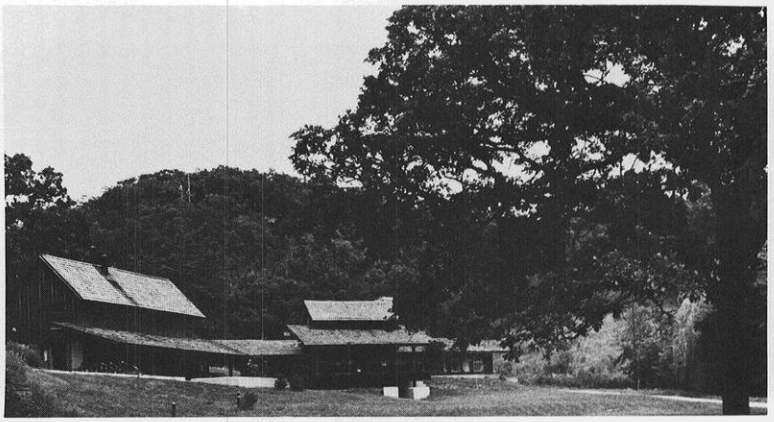
Without saying a word, Reid Gilbert speaks eloquently about life and death, men and women, the monumental and the mundane. His magic language is the graceful movement of his body, hands and face. Dr. Gilbert is considered to be one of the finest mimes in America. He lives in Madison and teaches the principles of mime at Valley Studio. He studied mime with Etienne Decroux, the mime purist who is striving to raise the image of mime to an art within its own right. (Decroux also instructed Marcel Marceau and Jean Louis Barault.)

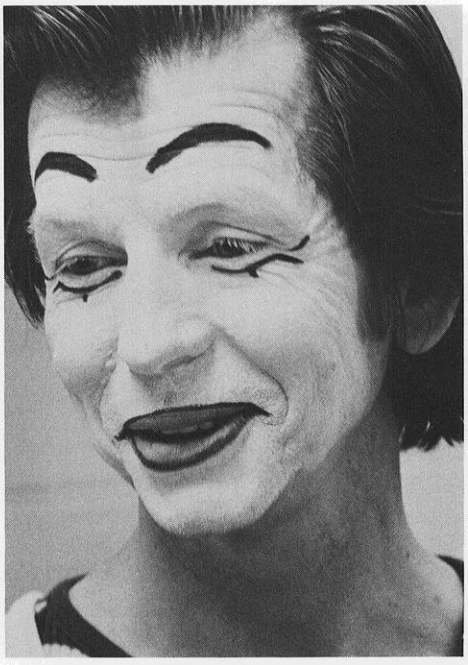
A gentle, soft-spoken man of slight build, Dr. Gilbert holds degrees from Brevard college, Duke University, Southern Methodist University, Union Theological Seminary and the University of Wisconsin, covering such areas as sociology, theology, religious drama and Asian theatre. He has taught at several colleges, including Lambuth College, the University of Wisconsin, Union College and the National School of Drama in India.

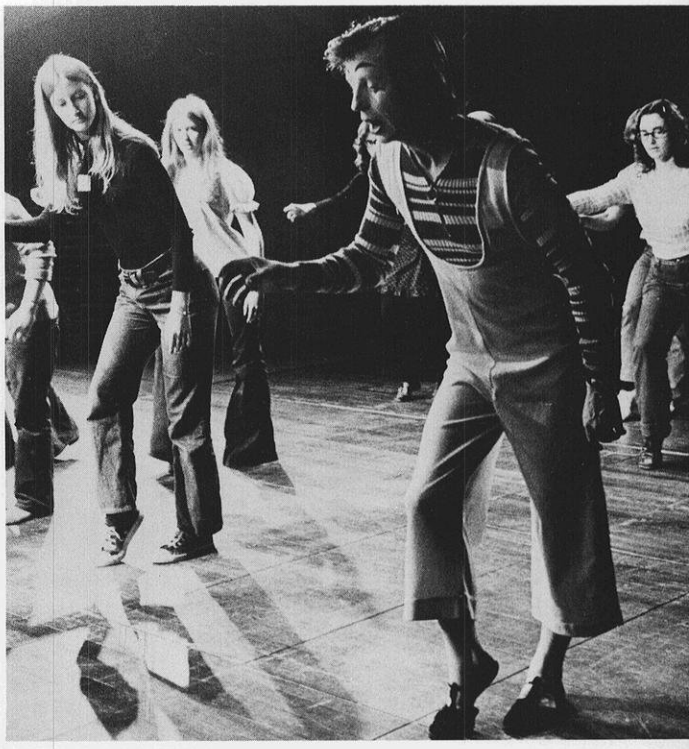
Gilbert identifies keenly with the problems of young people, who he feels suffer because they have no history.











Photos by David Herwaldt

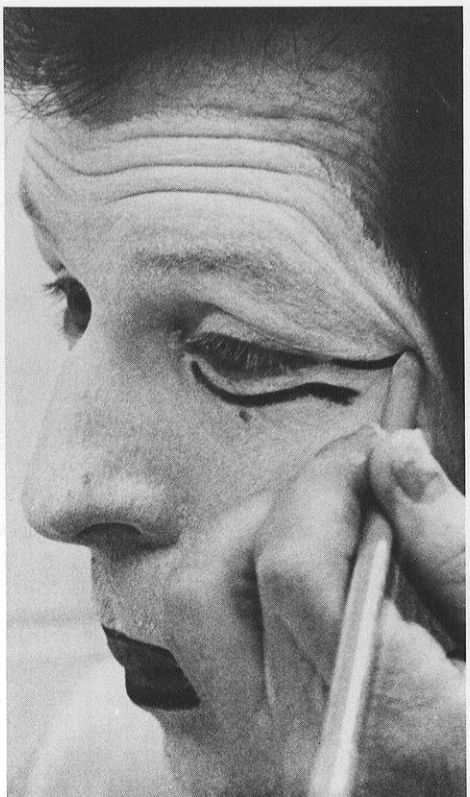


Photo by Bruce M. Fritz

Grandparents, isolated in nursing homes, are cut off from the grandchildren, unable to relate stories of their families and the past. "Even the ten year old is cut off from the eleven year old, and the children make up imaginary history as a substitute," says Gilbert.

He feels strongly that there should be an educational responsibility to prevent this dehumanizing of our children. "If you don't allow people to remember together who they are (which is what a celebration is), they will do the opposite, which is to dismember. This is what happened in Watts, where poverty prevented celebrating. Man extends by remembering – which, is constructive; dismembering produces slums," he adds.

Private study for Gilbert was encouragreed with the help of a Fulbright Fellowship for theatre research in India, in 1965, and a Rockefeller Fellowship, the Japanese Noh Project at the Institute of Advanced Studies in the Theatre Arts in New York, in 1964. "I wanted to go to India so badly I almost became a missionary to get there," said Gilbert laughing.

His community and state arts activities are equally impressive and include: founder and president of the Jackson Arts Council, 1967-68; chairman, Theatre Advisory Panels, Tennessee Arts Committee, 1968-69; guest director, Wisconsin Idea Theatre; director, Uplands Summer Arts Festival and School, 1969; dean of instruction, Arts in the Uplands School, 1968; drama critic, Middlesboro Daily News, Kentucky, 1959-62. The list of plays that Dr. Reid Gilbert has directed is literally without end and includes several he has written himself.

In 1969, with the help of Dr. Dean Connors, a Madison pathologist, Dr. Gilbert founded the Wisconsin Mime Company and school at Valley Studio, forming a corporation called Group 3.

Five full-time apprentices are presently studying, working and living at the mime school. There are regular daily movement classes held by the students and some formal classes; but Dr. Gilbert desires his students to be "production oriented" most of all. The students have worked out various skits and produced them at places such as the Dane County Home. Approximately ten hours a week of the students' time is spent working for the upkeep of Valley Studio, inside and out.

The farmhouse-barn combination has ten semiprivate rooms, a dance studio, paint studio, library, dark room and pottery kiln. Many double as classrooms. A new dorm has added sleeping room for a total of forty-five; eventually there will be room for sixty-five. Three massive concrete fireplaces dominate the atmosphere of Valley Studio. Plants, natural flower arrangements and books lend to the cozy environment and give the impression that each student adds a special, personal touch.

Group 3 is presently in the process of establishing a nonprofit organization which could accept tax-deductible donations. Dr. Gilbert explains, "People ask us to perform free of charge, for experience; they expect us to take on the financial and the professional responsibilities, and to ask us to do this is cruel. We are professionals and deserve to be paid just as doctors do."

Hopes for the future center on forming an Institute of International Arts for the purpose of training professional theatre and acting companies, especially in the field of Asian arts. "I would like sophisticated, talented professionals who can relate to the natural and social environment of southwestern Wisconsin, all interdependent on each other. I will always want to conduct workshops to keep in touch," says Gilbert.

Valley Studio is the ideal spot for quiet contemplation and concentrated study, where numerous and varied workshops are held throughout the year, focusing on such arresting topics as: landscape painting, photography, industrial and interior design, Asian theatre and Chinese shadow puppets, poetry writing, opera, voice, jewelry design, Appalachian weekend for the entire family, women's weekend and human interaction.

Some of the finest artists found in the midwest lecture and teach at these workshops. "We have been lucky so far in getting only excellent teachers. One of the most rewarding aspects is to work with people like Edna Meudt, a poet as indigenous to the area as can possibly be, who stimulates and inspires all the students with her poems about the Wyoming Valley," says Gilbert.

The Wisconsin Mime Company is as diversified as the art itself. New innovative programs are continually added with workshops and performances tailored to specific groups throughout the the United States. Gilbert often includes informal discussions to explain mime to his audience, and the performances are flexible, ranging from thirty minutes to two hours. Concentrated workshop sessions are tailored to students and groups interested in the performing arts. The purpose is to introduce students to mime through performances and participation. The touring mime troupe spends from one to five days at a school, theatre, or art center where mime workshops and performances are scheduled. "At the end of a day, spent in a school, I feel like a minstrel who comes unknown and leaves with a pack of friends," Gilbert said.

Last summer twenty-three participants, ages ten through twenty-five, spent six weeks studying opera, acting and mime at Valley Studio. The broad spectrum of ages appeared to work beautifully, and for the first time a real step was taken in gaining a commitment of both time and money for Valley Studio.

Perhaps Dr. Reid Gilbert is not far from realizing his dream of art flourishing in the rural communities of America. Yet, there is a faraway look that comes into his eyes when he talks of his Appalachian homeland: "It's strange about the mountains; you leave, but you never leave. You're always coming home, someday."

Those who know Reid Gilbert – the man, his dreams, and his accomplishments – can only hope that his transplant in Wisconsin will take root and flourish.

Kay Price writes frequently about the people and places in her home neighborhood of southwestern Wisconsin and has contributed to past issues of the Review.

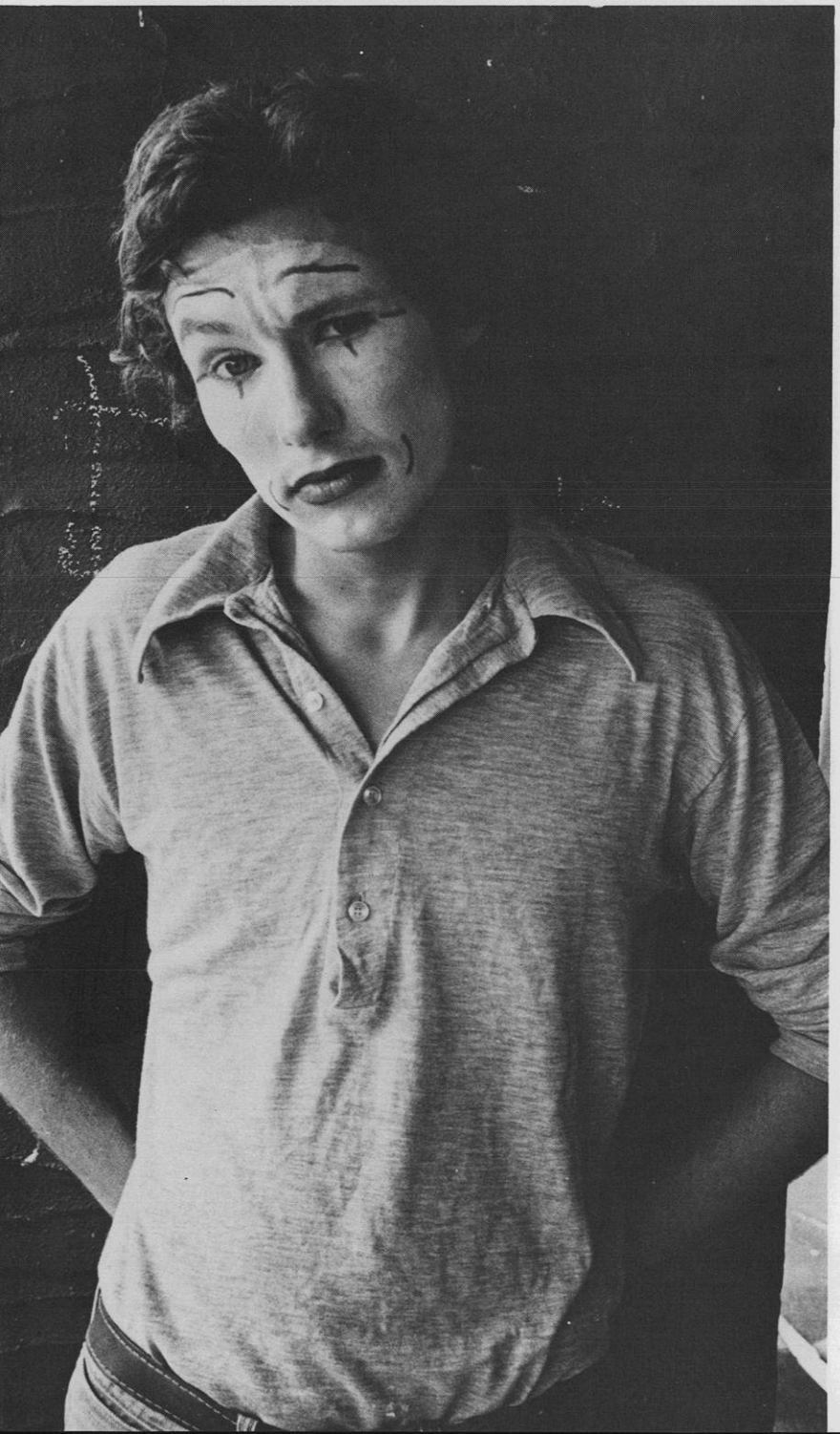
STREET MIME

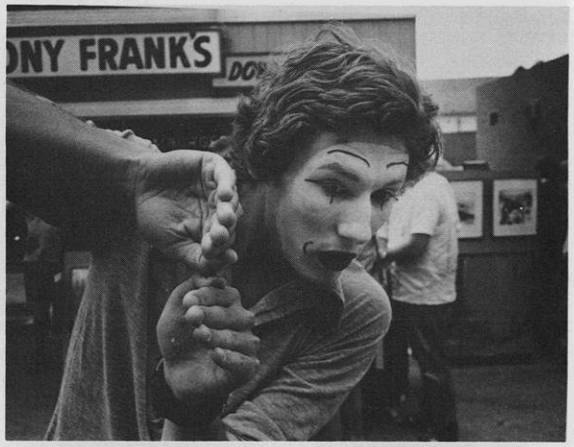
Silent acting. . .characters without any lines to speak. Communicating only with gestures, facial expressions and movement. Faces covered with white greasepaint impersonalize the actor and black eyebrows painted high on the forehead symbolize naivete. Alone or in small groups. . .performing skits or sketches, juggling, mimicry. . .

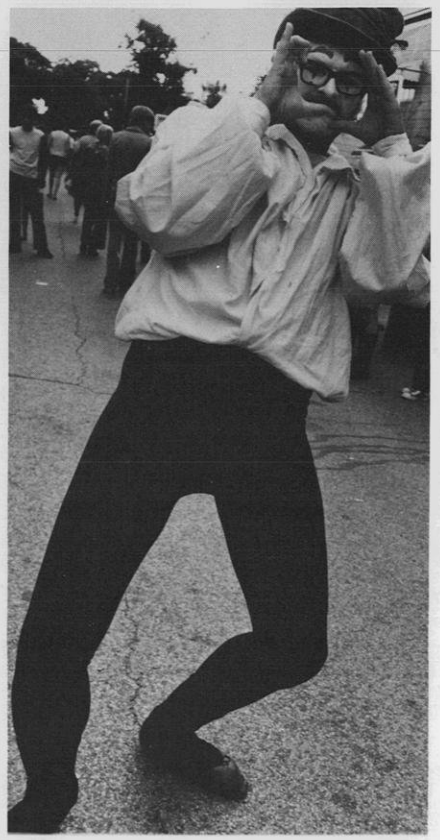
A white-faced mirror follows you about. The Three Stooges are reborn with white faces, hiding behind invisible walls and delivering non-connecting blows which cause much pain and grimacing — and laughter and merriment in the audience. Mime balloons filled with mime helium are handed to kids who don't quite know what to do with invisible, existing-only-in-the-mind-balloons.

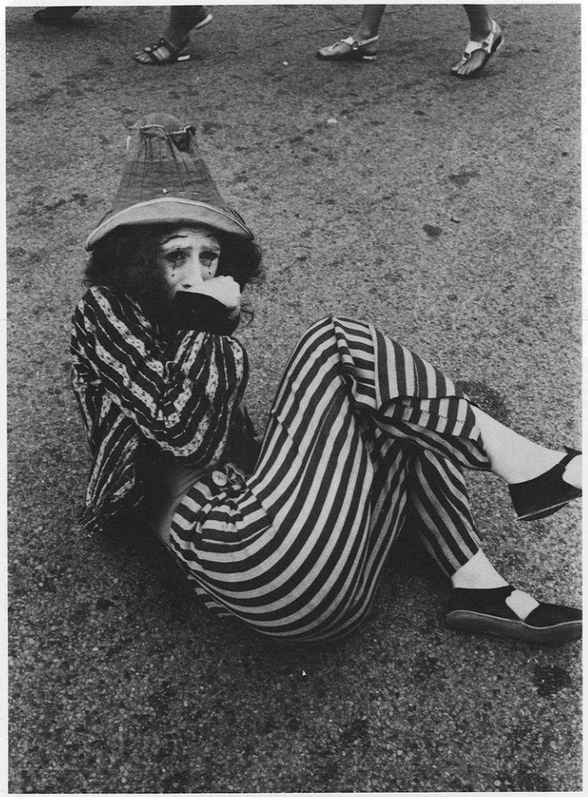
It's all madness, but it's acceptable madness, licensed madness. Licensed by the white greasepaint which serves as both an invitation and a warning: EXPECT ANYTHING FROM ME!

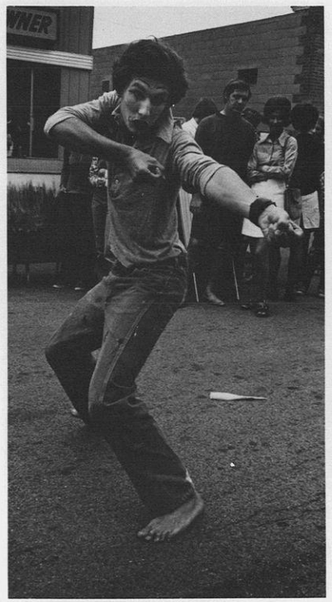
by David Herwaldt

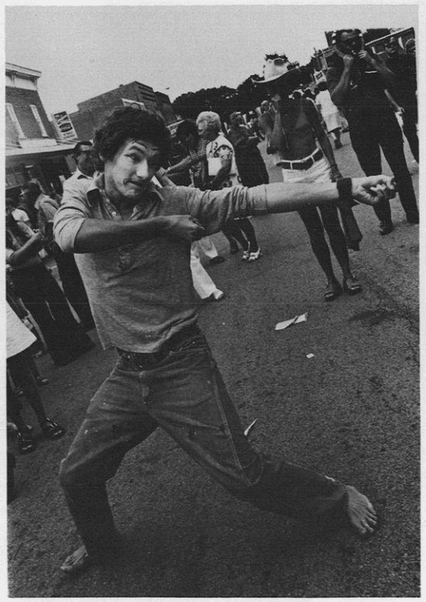


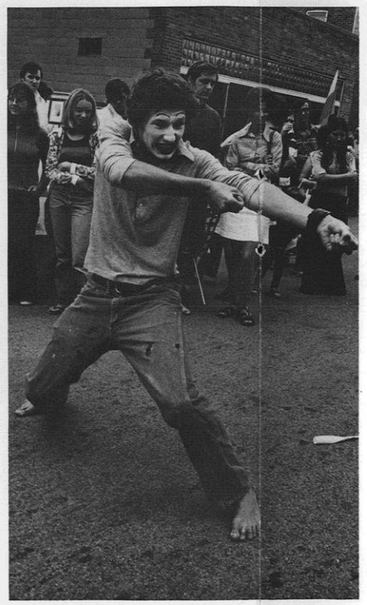


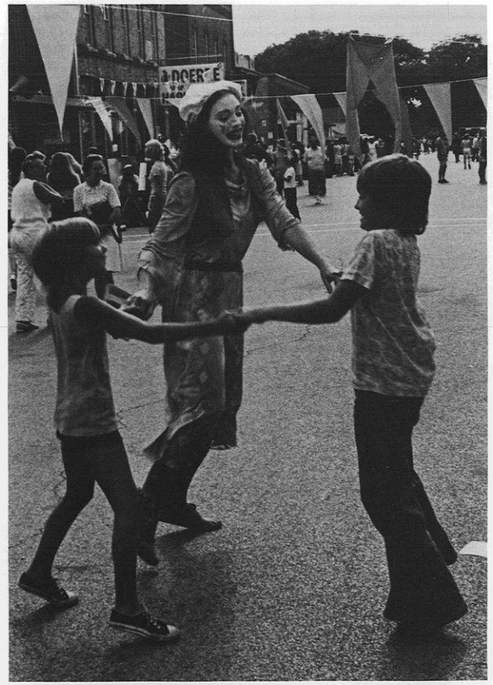




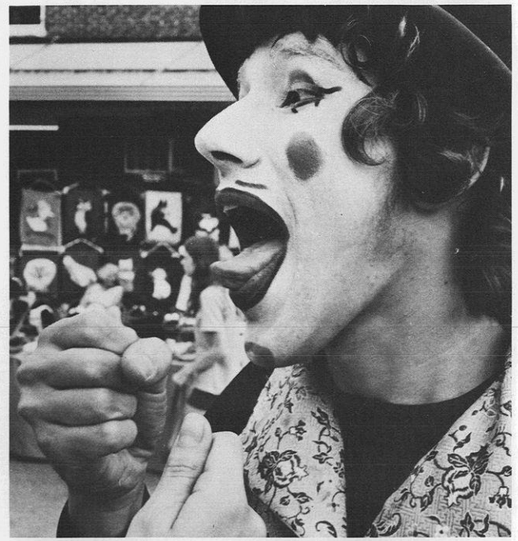


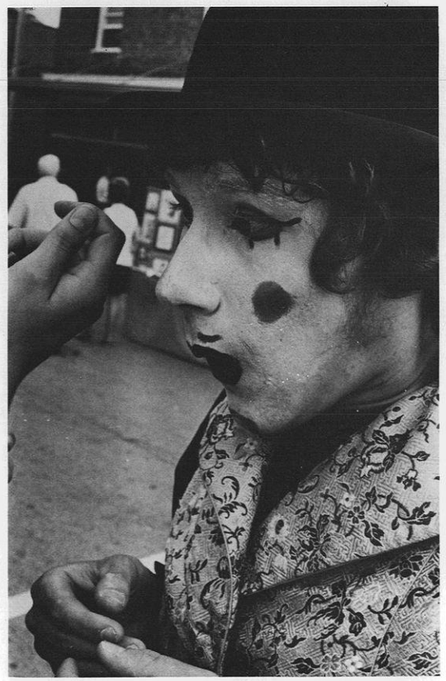


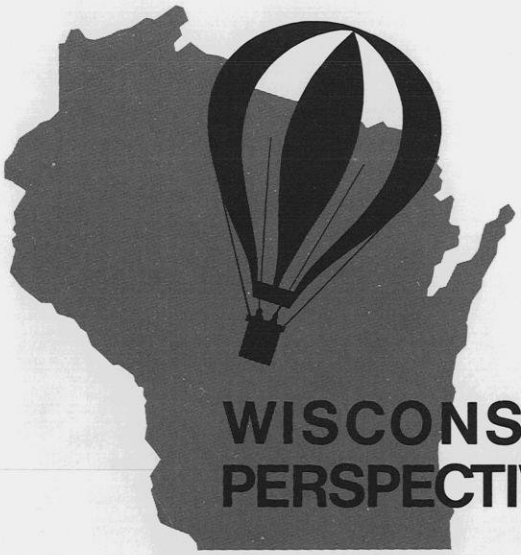




The scenes on these pages took place on July 15, 1973 at the Spring Green Arts Festival. The performers were students of Reid Gilbert at the Valley Studio. The photographer was David Herwaldt, currently a student of photography at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who had his first one-man show last August at the Focal Point Gallery in Madison.







Wisconsin Perspective brings to focus, through photographs and commentary, the sciences, arts and letters of earlier days in Wisconsin. It is prepared specifically for Academy use by the staff of The State Historical Society of Wisconsin. The author, Paul Vanderbilt, is curator emeritus of the iconographic collections.

Sand on the Chippewa

by Paul Vanderbilt

Yale University had at one time a Professor of Lumbering, Ralph Clement Bryant, who occupied a chair subsidized by the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. In 1914, he published a textbook, *Logging: The Principles and General Methods of Operation in the United States,* for use in "Forest Schools". We recommend the text to all readers of lumber camp lore and listeners to tape recordings of old jacks' reminiscences. While this note must not become a book review, we cannot resist praising this textbook as a model of its kind, from the standpoints of content coverage, information detail, bibliographical organization, glossary, indexing and other conventional criteria; and we must point in addition to its value as a counterbalance to the stereotype which, in later literature and legend, has popularized lumber industry workers as national folk-heroes, as similar stereotypes have fixed the images and expected behavior of prospectors, whalers, cowboys, private eyes, and others.

Professor Bryant's text has little to say about glamour and Paul Bunyan's name does not appear in his index. He rather gives perspective to the legend, even for non-technical readers, with tables of caloric values for seventeen different kinds of hay, and comparative drawings of varying patterns of saw teeth. He includes lists, readily translatable into bean-holes and flapjacks, of the kitchen utensils and tableware required to outfit a 60-man lumber camp, and specifies for a bunk house 250 cubic feet of air space and 25 square feet of floor space per man. But, given a choice, the average modern editor will select illustrations as inconsistent with standards of comfort, in fact as sordid, as possible. The textbook deals with the roles of flies and poorly cooked food in camp epidemics of disease while the ballads wring out tears over violent death far from home and Mother:

> We all got safe but a farmer boy,
> He came from near DePere;
> There he was out on that whirling jam,
> Just paralyzed with fear.
> Loud above the din and roar
> For help we heard him cry.
> We heard Bill mutter to himself,
> "I'll save that boy or die."

Our illustration, which may be familiar from frequent previous reproduction, shows a posed log-driving crew at work on the Chippewa River. It is undated, so far as we know, but is doubtless of the turn of the century, a superb photograph by A.A. Bish of Chippewa Falls, an enterprising and versatile cameraman, many of whose fine original glass plate negatives (not, however, including this one) are in the collections of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, along with this original contemporary print.

A driving crew's spring function was to keep the mass of logs, cut during the winter on perhaps inaccessible rough-water tributaries, moving downstream to the smoother rivers, the sorting ponds and the sawmills. A crew would be stationed at a trouble spot or would move from location to location in such strong and graceful dory-like boats, called, from their French-Canadian origin, "bateaux." The congested logs were sometimes handled from the bateaux, more often by climbing over or riding on the logs themselves. It would appear that the drivers in our illustration have been working on the mass of logs piled up in mid-stream, sometimes called a "center" since it has not caused a major jam of the main channel. They seem to have left their long pike poles sticking upright in the logs and come out in their boats to have their picture taken.

In practice, the driving operation was extremely dangerous, and injuries and fatalities were frequent. In rough going, the rapidly moving log on which a driver was balanced would hit an obstruction, he would be unable to jump safely to any adjacent log, would fall into the water and be crushed by the next onrushing monster. The men could constantly disengage small lots of logs momentarily jammed among rocks or shoreline obstructions, but every now and then, perhaps because of low water, an obstinate or unattended pile-up would grow into a dreaded log jam and tie up the entire drive, sometimes immobilizing logs for a mile or more upstream, a situation presumably the origin of the familiar commercial term "backlog." The most frequent engineering solution for a log jam was to construct a temporary dam at some narrow point just upstream from the tail of the jam, build up a reservoir of water behind the dam, and then suddenly break the dam, releasing a forceful rush of water which, passing underneath the piled up logs until it reached the head or principal obstruction, would massively raise the logs and disengage them.

The descriptive language may be simplistic, as here, or technical, as with Professor Bryant, or converted to the simple rhymes and almost unnatural poetic conventions of the ballads:

> But this day his luck seemed against him,
> For he got his foot caught in the jam;
> But he never once squealed till 'twas over,
> For Johnny had plenty of sand.
>
> We road her down to the dead water
> And worked till the sweat down did pour.
> We pulled his poor corpse from in under,
> But it looked like poor Johnny no more.
>
> Every bone in his body was broken,
> And his flesh hung in tatters and strings.
> We buried him down by the river,
> Where the lark and the whippoorwill sings.

Lichens Out of Wisconsin's Past

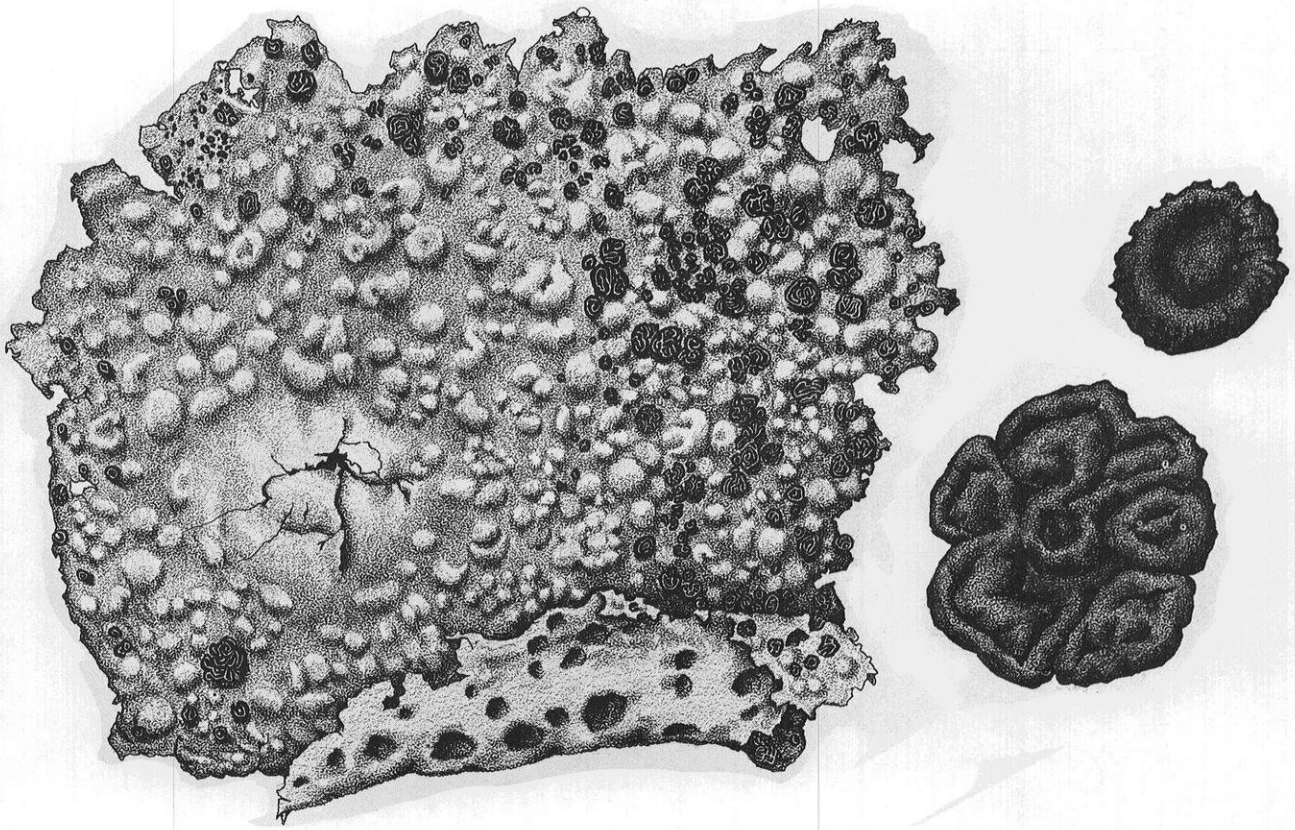
by John W. Thomson

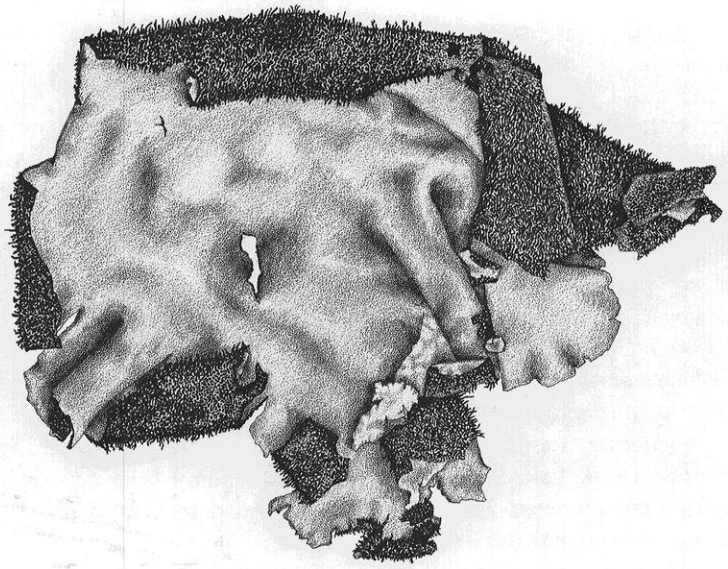
Perhaps the taxonomist is unique among the many kinds of his fellow scientists. His work demands that he study the accomplishments that preceded his own. Not only what is new, but what he can discover from the past, may be necessary for him to know. In studying the lichens of Wisconsin, those curious plants which are not really plants but unique partnerships of algae and fungi which have solved the problem of living together to structure living things of dual origin, the writer came upon sidelights of Wisconsin's past which bear repeating.

The first reference to lichens in Wisconsin is surprisingly from 312 years ago. Father René Ménard in October, 1660, was traveling to his newly assigned post on Chequamagon Bay on Lake Superior through what was then known as Outaouah County in central Wisconsin. In his reports to his superiors, Father Ménard mentions "Tripe de Roche, a kind of moss found on the rocks, which mixed with water served many times to keep the company from starving." These are the rock tripes, species of *Umbilicaria,* still to be found on acid rocks and sandstones in Wisconsin. As many an arctic explorer has testified, these are but a menu of last resort, to be eaten with a sauce of boiled leather from belts and boots from which the gelatin is also extracted for nutriment. The acids contained by the lichens are destructive to the digestive tract. One can imagine the severity of the hardships which faced Father Ménard that winter of 1660.

A long time elapsed before, in 1823, Lieutenant Stephen H. Long led an expedition to the source of the St. Peters River, Lake Winnepeek, Lake of the Woods, starting from Chicago, crossing into Wisconsin where the Pecatonica River crosses the border, and exiting at Prairie du Chien to continue northwestward to Canada. Since a botanist was unable to join the expedition, the New York zoologist, Thomas Say, carried out the task of collecting plants as well as zoological specimens. The plants, 130 species, including four lichens, were sent to Lewis de Schweinitz at Philadelphia for naming. If one thinks this a small number of plants, one has to realize that on such expeditions the explorer had to carry the food for the long trip, the entire supplies and equipment, and also return with the collections of the expedition. The burdens carried were no small ones; the portages were many and the hardships constant. It is quite typical of the scientific records of that time that for the vast area covered by the travelers it was deemed sufficient to list only the names of the plants they found, not a whit of information of where they were collected. So for the four lichens identified by de Schweinitz, a reindeer lichen, a pyxie cup lichen, the British soldiers lichen and the ranked tiers of a *Cladonia,* which was probably *C. verticillata,* it is possible, but not provable, that they were collected in southwestern Wisconsin. The report states "All these lichens are common everywhere."

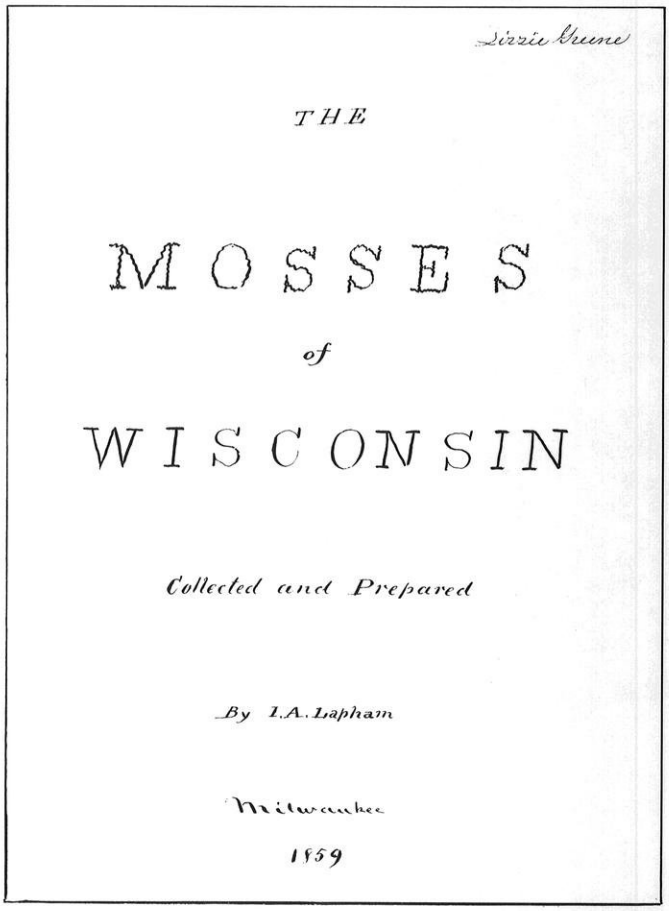
The next expedition to touch upon Wisconsin was that of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, during 1831 and 1832, exploring the sources of the Mississippi River. The collections of plants this time were made by the surgeon to the expeditions, Douglass Houghton, M.D. Again this is quite characteristic of the times. Doctors were expected to be able to find local plants with medicinal values; and botany, particularly plant taxonomy, was part of their training.





Above, the blistered rock tripe *(Lasallia papulosa)* is a lichen reported by Henry Schoolcraft from northern Wisconsin in 1831. The smooth rock tripe *(Umbilicaria mammulata)* shown at bottom is the commonest of the rock tripe lichens in Wisconsin sandstone and quartzitic rock outcrops. The drawings are by Bethia Brehmer, staff artist for the University of Wisconsin-Madison botany department. The artist is well known for her copperplate etchings.

With this early training many had a strong interest in plants and published the results of their studies. It may be remembered that the great botanist Linnaeus had a medical degree, not a degree in botany. "In 1831 the expedition kept to the south shore of Lake Superior to the mouth of the Mauvais or Bad River, in what is now Ashland County. It ascended the stream by the branch now known as the White River as far as practicable, making at this point a portage into a lake, called by the Indians "long water." This was probably the lake now known as Long Lake in the southern part of Bayfield County. From this lake a portage was made into the Namekagon River . . . ." The expedition left the state via the St. Croix River and after a portage to the Cedar River, down the Chippewa and Mississippi Rivers to Galena, Illinois.



Lizzie Krause

THE

MOSSES

of

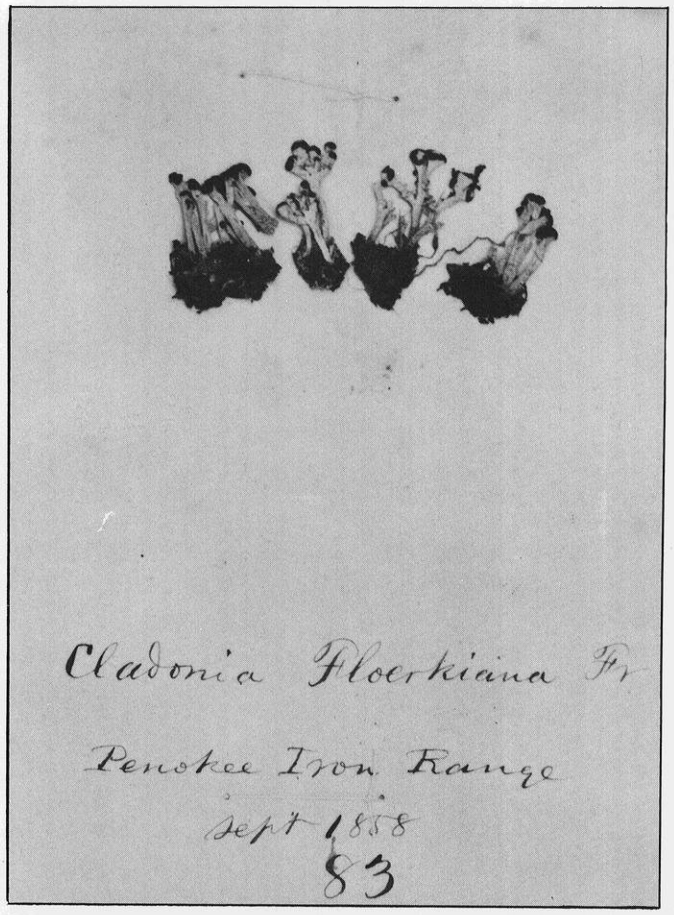
WISCONSIN

Collected and Prepared

By I.A. Lapham

Milwaukee

1859



Cladonia Floerkiana Fr

Penokee Iron Range

Sept 1858

83

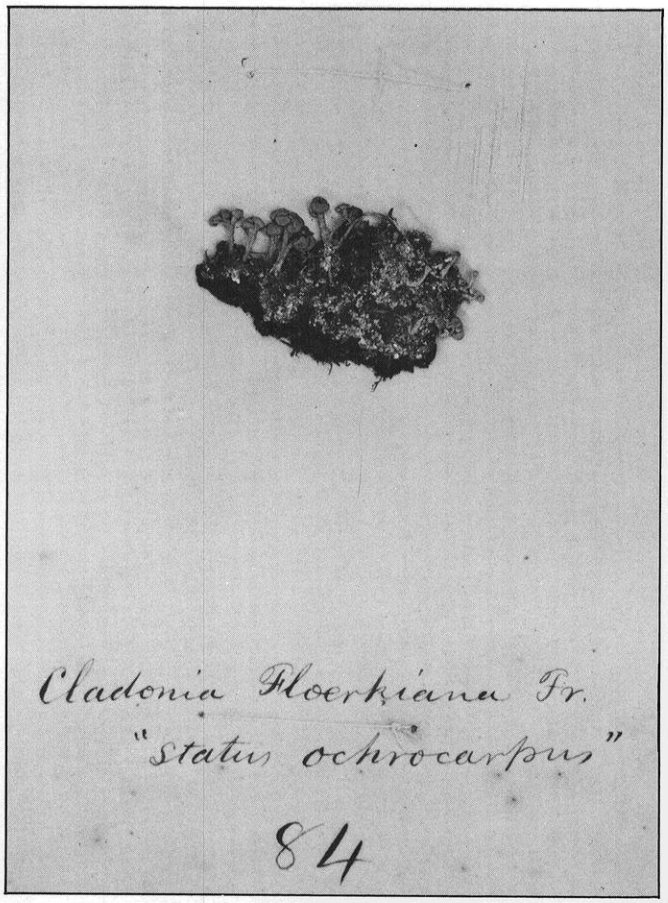
In 1964 a collection of lichens made in the mid-1800's by Increase A. Lapham was rediscovered among the archives of Milwaukee-Downer College. Shown are the title page and two entries made into the volume. Following

Three lichens were reported to have been found on this expedition: ***Cetraria islandica,*** the Iceland Moss Lichen, was reported from Lakes Superior and Michigan (it still exists on the sands of the Ridges Sanctuary at Baileys Harbor); *Gyrophora papulosa,* one of the rock tripes on Lake Superior; and ***Stereocaulon paschale,*** the eastern lichen, also from Lake Superior. In view of the expedition itinerary it seems very probable that these three specimens came from northern Wisconsin near the shore of Lake Superior.

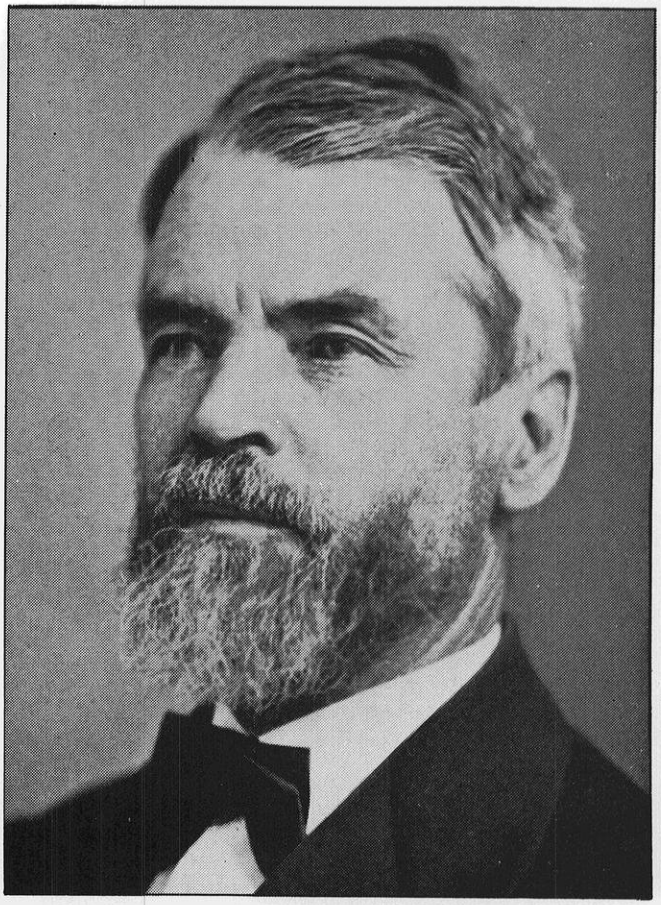
During the year 1848 another expedition, commanded by David Dale Owen, of the U. S. Geological Survey, conducted a geological survey of the "Northwest," which included Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and part of Nebraska. Through the influence of John Torrey, the New York botanist, C. C. Parry was appointed surgeon and botanist with the expedition, and played a similar role to that of Houghton in the previous expedition. The collection of plants this time was somewhat larger, 292 specimens, but only two were lichens. These were the same two which seemed to be attractive to so many of the early collectors, *"Cladonia rangiferina,* Reindeer moss from Falls of St. Croix, Lake Superior, and *Gyrophora muhlenbergii,* Tripe de Roche of the French voyagers from Falls of St. Croix."

In the Transactions of the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society for 1858-1859, published in 1860, there appeared an article by T. J. Hale, then a student at the University of Wisconsin, listing the plants added to those known in the state at the time of the large list previously published by Lapham in 1852. Apparently the identification of the mosses and lichens was done by Lapham alone. Hale included 26 lichens which added considerably to those few known from the state in the earlier papers. Because this was the largest list of lichens for Wisconsin to that date, it would be very desirable to know what the names really represented since so many changes in lichen taxonomy have occurred since that early date. Unfortunately the specimens in the Lapham herbarium were assumed to have perished in the Science Hall fire at the University of Wisconsin in 1884.

Almost any collector of plants soon finds that it is easier to collect plants than to find the time to get them studied and identified. Lichens are normally among the worst in this respect because



the custom of the day, plants were glued into the bound volume. Before this collection reappeared, it was assumed that all the specimens in the Lapham herbarium had perished in the Science Hall fire of 1884.



of the time needed to make microscopic sections, conduct chemical tests, and search a widely scattered literature. The greater part of the lichens which Parry had collected in 1848 remained unnamed until 1895 when Bruce Fink, then at Iowa published a list of 23 species based on Parry's specimens. The Parry specimens were from Minnesota and Wisconsin, but Fink was unable to determine from which state any given specimen came.

In 1894 and 1895 L. H. Pammel, a correspondent of Fink's from the Iowa Agricultural College, made a collection around La Crosse, Wisconsin. This included 20 species of lichens almost all of which had not been reported before for the state and most of them the difficult small crustose types. The number known from the state increased when Fink reported upon these in a paper of 1899. Fink collected intensively in Minnesota and Iowa and to a lesser degree in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. But strangely enough, he apparently never made any collections in Wisconsin. Pammel seems to have been his only collector from this state.

About 1899 Rodney H. True collected in the vicinity of Madison and submitted a thesis which listed some lichens but these specimens apparently disappeared over the years and this portion of the thesis was never published. L. S. Cheney collected intensively along the Wisconsin River during the summers of 1893 and 1894 from Lac Vieux Desert to Wisconsin Dells. His lichens were well named and are deposited in the herbarium of the University of Wisconsin but were never published upon. Sporadic collections were made by Rollin H. Denniston of the University of Wisconsin, and these too are in the herbarium but did not give inspiration for a special publication. The writer and his students since 1935 have been adding at a much more intensive rate to the collections from Wisconsin. Many of these have been reported upon in papers on the ecology of Wisconsin lichens and upon particular genera, although no general list has been prepared.

A surprising collection appeared on the scene in 1964 when Milwaukee-Downer College merged with Lawrence College to form Lawrence University. Among the archives of Milwaukee-Downer College being deposited with the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was a collection of plants in a bound volume entitled "The Mosses of Wisconsin/Collected and Prepared/

by I. A. Lapham, Milwaukee, 1859. This was deemed more suitable for the herbarium of the University and was so presented by the Historical Society. A very important collection which shows the lichens which Lapham had known had at last resurfaced; not all had been lost in the fire after all. There are 21 lichen specimens in the collection, numbers 79 through 100 of the 100 specimens. When these 21 specimens are compared with 26 species in the 1860 list published by Hale as being the list of lichens known by Lapham to be in Wisconsin, we find 11 in common. Many of the specimens in the collection have a general statement of where they were collected, "Prairies, Minnesota; Red River, Minnesota," etc., but some have no data. Eight of the latter are listed from Milwaukee in the Hale paper. Apparently Lapham did not think it necessary to state the locality of collection unless it was from some distance away from Milwaukee.

The existence of this collection in a bound volume reflects the custom of the period in which it was made. Early plant collections were not on loose sheets for ease of manipulation as they are in all herbaria today. Customarily the plants were glued into books. Often such books were sold to help defray the costs of an expedition. The origin of the Lapham collection was apparently a little different. In a separate publication by S. S. Sherman entitled *Increase Allen Lapham LL.D. – a Biographical Sketch,* Milwaukee, 1876, I found the following quotation which sheds light on the possible origin of the collection:

> "Following publication of the *Grasses of Wisconsin* in 1853, Lapham suggested to the Commissioner of Patents (Hon. Charles Mason of Iowa) the desirability and utility of a descriptive catalogue of all the native, naturalized and cultivated grasses of the United States, and that the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office might appropriately undertake the preparation of such a catalogue. The House Committee on Agriculture reported in favor of the proposed work and an appropriation was made. Dr. Lapham was invited to Washington . . . and undertook to collect specimens of all the species and principal varieties of grasses in the United States and Territories, and to arrange them in books suitable for distribution among State Societies and Agricultural Colleges . . ."

It would appear that the "Mosses of Wisconsin" volume was an extension of the grass book undertaking. Lapham was a remarkable man in his time. Geologist, botanist, zoologist, student of antiquities, founder of the U. S. Weather Bureau, Milwaukee citizen of many parts – how fascinating it is to think of this man sitting at the preparation of this neatly made collection over a hundred years ago with the aim of educating his fellow citizens in the beauties of mosses and lichens.

The volume bears the signature "Lizzie Greene" on the title page. Mrs. Thomas A. Greene was a member of a family long active in the affairs of Milwaukee-Downer College, and was herself elected a trustee in 1874 (of the predecessor Milwaukee Female College). Lapham had been a trustee from the earliest founding of the Normal Institute and High School in 1849 through the development of the Milwaukee Female College and was first president of the Board of Trustees of the latter from 1850 to 1863, continuing to serve as trustee until his death in 1875.

Perhaps instrumental in the acquisition of the collection was the student society of the Milwaukee Female College, the "Curious Society" which was founded in 1855 and apparently lasted until 1868-1869. Admission to this society was by a dollar, a book, an antiquity, or a curiosity for the collection. It was noted that the society received from Trustee president Increase Lapham a cabinet of botanical specimens. Whether this volume was included in the donation or whether it was through the intermediacy of Mrs. Greene is not clear. In any case the volume represents a treasure both botanical and historical from out of Wisconsin's past.

Lizzie Green

John W. Thomson, a noted authority on lichens, is professor of botany at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and served as WASAL president in 1967-68.

POINT OF INFLECTION

A GUEST COLUMN OF VIEWS ON THE ENVIRONMENT

by Walter A. Sherman

Common Sense & Pollution Controls

Recent pollution control orders have had extensive impact on many industries. Several Wisconsin pulp mills, including the whole mill of the Cornell Paper Board Products Division at Cornell, Wisconsin, have been forced to stop all operations because companies simply could not afford the cost.

There is a serious risk that these stringent new pollution restrictions will be so expensive that many of the remaining Wisconsin pulp and paper mills will also be forced to close. In addition, these orders are forcing the waste of valuable pulp mill by-products, electric power, fuel, and other natural resources.

More sensible methods of controlling industrial pollution are being developed and must continue to be developed. Giant strides have already been made in pollution abatement by most of the pulp and paper industry.

The Flambeau Paper Company believes that the Flambeau River, a one-mill stream from its headwaters down for a distance of over one hundred miles, offers a unique opportunity for the establishment of aqua-culture practices under controlled conditions as provided in the Federal Water Pollution Control Act Amendments of 1972.

We believe there is food value for fish and aquatic life in the limited amount of effluent now being allowed into the river. The real trick will be to separate from that effluent the part that has no real fish food value. It will take time, but it will enhance the practice of aqua-culture. Today, because of the pollution control efforts of Flambeau Paper Company for some thirty years, fishing is good downstream from the paper mill. Even brook trout, the fussiest of all fish, are being caught downstream from the mill.

Pollution control authorities, however, are ordering biological treatment of industrial wastes. This treatment destroys materials that have recoverable economic value and imposes an enormous demand for electric energy, fuel, and other nonrenewable natural resources.

For example, the biological treatment of Flambeau Paper Company's discharge, to comply with the proposed new restrictions, is calculated to require fifteen hundred kilowatts of electric power per hour or thirteen million kilowatt hours of electric power per year. This would require one million gallons of extremely scarce diesel fuel per year, an unpardonable waste.

The deadlines being set up by environmentalists and pollution-control authorities are so early that industries are not being allowed time to perfect alternative routes to compliance which would use less wasteful and less expensive methods.

Many alternate processes are in pilot plant stages of development. As a result of many years of research, the Institute of Paper Chemistry has developed several of these processes which have the potential to separate by-products from the water. The clean water can then be recycled into the pulping process and the by-products sold to pay part of the cost of recovery.

There is a chance that such processes can eventually achieve our national goal of zero-discharge. And they will use much less electric power, fuel, and other nonrenewable natural resources the biological processes now demanded by the pollution-control authorities.

Biological treatment also has other serious disadvantages. First, it produces huge amounts of biological slime. For example, the additional treatment of the discharges from Flambeau Paper Company to comply with the new pollution control orders would produce about one hundred twenty thousand pounds per year, a mammoth disposal problem that has not been solved. Moreover, the Wisconsin DNR has expressed objections to all the known disposal methods.

Secondly, biological treatment of industrial wastes cannot achieve the goal of zero-discharge. Wood lignin and the inorganic residues from pulping and bleaching cannot be destroyed or separated by biological treatment.

Thus, it is no longer merely a question of the industry being able to solve the pollution problem without being forced to shut down because of the cost. The question now is whether the reduction of pollution to comply with the new requirements is worth the waste of electric power, fuel, and other nonrenewable natural resources for biological treatment, and if the industry will be forced to abandon one pollution control system and replace it with another.

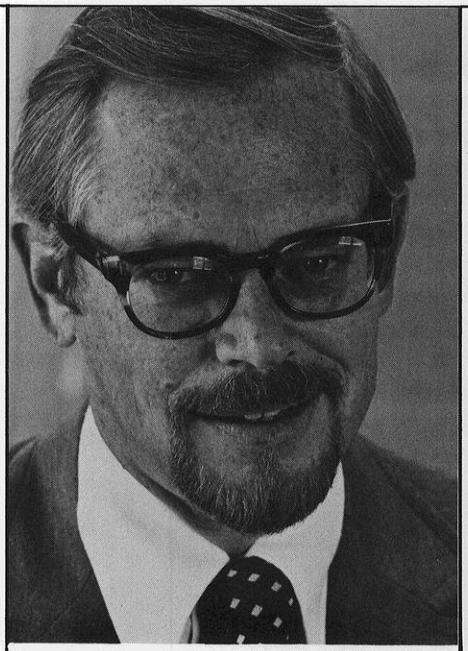
It has become most important to develop processes that will do a reasonable and adequate job of reducing pollution and to do it with the minimum waste of valuable materials. The recovery of useful materials from waste

water should be considered good conservation, and the sale of those by-products will add to the gross national product.

Future generations will criticize us more for the waste of nonrenewable fuel and natural resources than they will for the reasonable delays which may be required in solving our pollution problems in the most sensible manner. Research is on the verge of developing methods which will solve our serious pollution problems in an orderly and economical manner. Industry is making rapid progress in such developments and should be given the time necessary to allow the most sensible and economical solutions.

We can no longer afford the mistakes of forcing industry to install equipment which will be obsolete by the time industry starts to use it, and then forcing these installations to be abandoned and others installed in their place. The world's ecological balance can no longer afford biological treatment of pulp wastes because such treatment destroys valuable by-products and wastes scarce electric power, nonrenewable fuel, and natural resources.

Academy member Walter A. Sherman is vice president and assistant general manager of the Flambeau Paper Company Park Falls, Wisconsin.



Vis-a-Vis

By James R. Batt, executive director of the Wisconsin Academy.

The Academy's next door neighbor, just to the east of us here at 1922 University Avenue, is a delightful lady of Irish extraction. To her, our new offices are "just darlin'," "the talk of the neighborhood."

Well, that's all to the good. And it is, indeed, pleasantly diverting to peer out the handsome bay windows at our tidy little landscape of Korean boxwood, Siberian maple, ginkgo and June berry.

A lot of effort has gone into this, our first permanent home in 103 years – a lot of time, toil and love.

First and foremost was the thoughtful generosity of our colleague, the late Dr. Harry Steenbock. It was he who helped assure the future of the Academy through a bequest of such substance that we were able to acquire our own real estate without seriously jeopardizing the operating income derived from trust funds.

Immediate Past President Louis Busse was the driving force behind the move to buy or build an Academy office. Acting on his recommendation, the Council approved establishment of a Facilities Committee, with Robert J. Dicke as chairman, Forrest A. Todd, Lowell Gerretson, Elizabeth McCoy, Fred Zimmerman, and the then-President Busse and President-Elect Richard W. E. Perrin.

A number of possibilities were carefully investigated; it was Forrest Todd who first spotted the University Avenue site. Extensive remodeling was a necessity, however, and that meant additional costs. Then, in complete accord with her high character, Dr. McCoy quietly announced at one of our meetings that she was prepared to offer the Academy a financial contribution sufficient to cover basic remodeling costs.

And so, on a snowy, February afternoon, Louis Busse and I, acting with the authorization of the Council, signed the documents which transferred 1922 University Avenue to the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

What followed was a portrait of affection and dedication. Dick Perrin designed new bay windows for the building and kept a careful eye on everything from roofing to flooring. Louie Busse was everywhere, from basement to attic overseeing general construction and prudent use of project funds.

Then there was the Ad Hoc Committee on Landscaping, including Chairman John Thomson, Bob Hanson, Dr. McCoy, Norm Olson and Walter Scott. Members of that particular group, with the contributed consultation of Ed Hasselkus, laid out the plans for landscaping. John showed up with his rototiller, Hanson with a shovel, McCoy with a truck – and we were on our way to a green scene. Walter Scott singled out the two ginkgoes and the June berry as personal purchases on behalf of the Academy. John and Olive Thomson brought in the maple from their farm; Elizabeth McCoy did the same with lily plantings.

We made it the hard way, a way which makes it all the more meaningful. It has taken more than a century, but now there is a place to call our own.

Still, 1922 University Avenue is something more than an act of love and concern on the part of the membership. It is something more than carpets and drapes and furniture and landscaping. This place is our springboard to the future, a place for meeting and planning and doing – a place from which we intend to enhance and expand programming services for the membership and for the citizens of Wisconsin.

So much has gone into 1922 University Avenue. You have every right to expect that much more will come out of it.

Muir and Tyndall *(continued from page 4)*

It was common practice for Alps mountaineers to use colored goggles, umbrellas and silk face veils, and it can be assumed Tyndall availed himself of these protections.

In recounting his first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1857 Tyndall tells how the provisions were carried by porters, and at a stop part-way up the mountain he and his companion "had some refreshment," and were furnished with woolen leggings to keep out the snow, and a ladder to be used to cross chasms in the glacier and climb steep faces, and iron spikes to hold its ends firmly in the ice. When reaching the cabin where they would spend the night a rug was spread on the boards, clothes were dried, and chocolate and supper were prepared. In the morning breakfast included tea prepared the day before at the hotel. Tyndall did not find its taste to his liking.

With a guide, ropes, axes, batons, and spiked boots they proceeded upward. As they neared the summit their food and wine ran out and there was little brandy left. With a guide's help Tyndall and a friend made it to the top. When on the third day they reached "the safe earth" again they stopped at an inn, "where we had some excellent lemonade, equally choice cognac, fresh strawberries and cream. How sweet they were, and how beautiful we thought the peasant girl who served them! Our guide kept a little hotel, at which we halted, and found it clean and comfortable .... A warm bath before dinner refreshed all mightily."

Tyndall continued his glacier study there, "each day's work being wound up by an evening of perfect enjoyment. Roast mutton and fried potatoes were our incessant fare.... As the year advanced, moreover, and the grass sprouted with augmented vigour. . . the mutton, as predicted by our host, became more tender and juicy. We had also some capital Sallenches beer, cold as the glacier water, but effervescent as champagne."

In *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* Tyndall tells how he spent one night during his third assault on the Matterhorn in 1868:

> I lay for some hours in the warm sunshine, in presence of the Italian mountains, watching the mutations of the air. But when the sun sank the air became chill, and we all retired to the cabin. We had no fire, though warmth was much needed. A lover of the mountains, and of his kind, had contributed an india-rubber mattrass, on which I lay down, a light blanket being thrown over me, while the guides and porters were rolled up in sheepskins. The mattrass was a poor defence against the cold of the subjacent rock. I bore this for two hours, unwilling to disturb the guides, but at length it became intolerable. On learning my condition, however, the good fellows were soon alert, and, folding a sheepskin round me, restored me gradually to a pleasant temperature. I fell asleep, and found the guides preparing breakfast, and the morning well advanced, when I opened my eyes.

Tyndall described in detail the rigors of climbing mountains and glaciers, as Muir did. He was enthusiastic, capable, able to endure considerable hardship. But he was something of a gourmet and hypochondriac and was addicted to the creature comforts. His writings are full of complaints about his ailments and concern for his health, and any bruise or twinge was fully elaborated upon. Muir, on the other hand, was a Spartan in endurance and insensibility to pain, and he did not try to avoid hardship or danger. They were adventures he actively sought. His general disregard and understatement of danger, and his unconcern about facing it alone, are exemplified in his account of the time he was caught in an avalanche in Yosemite Valley:

> I set out early to climb by a side canyon to the top of a commanding ridge a little over three thousand feet above the Valley. On account of the looseness of the snow that blocked the canyon I knew the climb would require a long time, some three or four hours as I estimated; but it proved far more difficult than I had anticipated. Most of the way I sank waist deep, almost out of sight in some places.

It was sunset before he reached the top, and then because of his trampling in the snow an avalanche began.

> The wallowing ascent had taken nearly all day, the descent only about a minute. When the avalanche started I threw myself on my back and spread my arms to try to keep from sinking.... On no part of the rush was I buried. I was only moderately imbedded on the surface or at times a little below it, and covered with a veil of back-streaming dust particles; and as the whole mass beneath and about me joined in the flight there was no friction, though I was tossed here and there and lurched from side to side. When the avalanche swedged and came to rest I found myself on top of the crumpled pile without a bruise or scar. This was a fine experience.

Tyndall may have been good on a glacier, but Muir was superb. And he did not need a guide or a ladder.

In 1879 at age 41 he was in Alaska exploring glaciers. Dirt Glacier, noted for violent flood outbursts, intrigued him and he left the ship on which he was traveling shortly before sunset one August evening in order to examine it. The captain kindly loaned him a canoe and two of his Indian deck hands and arranged to pick them up the next day. Muir and the Indians camped for the night on the glacier's delta, the Indians choosing a sandpit to sleep in, Muir a level spot back of a log. The Indians were soon asleep but not Muir. He lingered by the fire listening to water roar in torrents from the glacier, and for a couple hours pretended to sleep. "Then, without waking the noisy sleepers," he wrote, "I arose, ate a piece of bread, and set out in my shirt-sleeves, determined to make the most of the time at my disposal." He scrambled through bouldery channels and thickets leading to the glacier until sunrise and by then was upon the glacier's bulging front. There he explored for about sixteen miles and then "I reluctantly turned back to meet the steamer, greatly regretting that I had not brought a week's supply of hardtack to allow me to explore the glacier to its head."

Next day he set out again, alone, to investigate the Big Stickeen Glacier. An Indian outfitted him with a canoe, some biscuits his wife baked, some dried salmon, a little sugar and tea, a blanket, and a piece of light sheeting for shelter from rain.

"When shall I expect you back?" asked the Indian.

Muir replied, "Oh, any time. I shall see as much as possible of the glacier, and I know not how long it will hold me."

"Well, but when will I come to look for you, if anything happens?" the Indian further inquired.... "Years ago Russian officers from Sitka went up the glacier from here and none ever returned. It's a mighty dangerous glacier. . . . You've no idea what ticklish deceiving traps are scattered over it."

"Yes, I have," said Muir. "I have seen glaciers before, though none so big as this one... Never mind me. I am used to caring for myself." And shouldering his bundle he trudged off.

He worked on the glacier all day. At one place it was necessary to cross a rushing glacier stream. He tried to ford it, bracing himself against the current with a pole in water up to his shoulders but could not make it. So he felled a tall spruce tree in such a way as to make a bridge, and though it was partly submerged he got across. At nightfall he made his way back through a rain-soaked, jungle-like thicket to where he had left his bundle of supplies. As he describes in *Travels in Alaska:*

> It was now near dark, and I made haste to make up my flimsy little tent. The ground was desperately rocky, I made out, however, to level down a strip large enough to lie on, and by means of slim alder stems bent over it and tied together soon had a home ... I managed to make a small fire out of wet twigs, got a cup of tea, stripped off my dripping clothing, wrapped myself in a blanket and lay brooding on the gains of the day and plans for the morrow, glad, rich, and almost comfortable.
>
> It was raining hard when I awoke, but I made up my mind to disregard the weather, put on my dripping clothes, glad to know it was fresh and clean; ate biscuits and a piece of dried salmon without attempting to make a tea fire; filled a bag with hardtack, slung it over my shoulder, and with my indispensable ice-axe plunged once more into the dripping jungle.

In the summer of 1890 he was in Alaska again, now at Glacier Bay. He was going to spend some time on the glacier now known as Muir Glacier. For his eleven-day trip he had built a three-foot sled of spruce boughs on which he lashed a sack of hardtack, a little tea and sugar, and a sleeping bag. Following an attack of grippe he had had a severe bronchial cough for three months, but still intended to camp on the glacier every night. Friends and Indians got him started and he continued alone. After several days out he wrote in his diary, "I got back to camp at 7.15, not tired. After my hardtack supper I could have climbed the mountain again and got back before sunrise, but dragging the sled tires me." The next night, again camping on the ice, he made this entry: "I am cozy and comfortable here resting in the midst of glorious ice scenery, though very tired. I made out to get a cup of tea by means of a few shavings and splinters whittled from the bottom board of my sled, and made a fire in a little can, a small campfire, the smallest I ever made or saw, yet it answered well enough as far as tea was concerned. I crept into my sack before eight o'clock as the wind was cold and my feet wet."

The following day he wrote:

> Strange that with such work and exposure one should know nothing of sore throats and of what are called colds. My heavy, thick-soled shoes ... are about worn out and my feet have been wet every night. But no harm comes of it, nothing but good. I succeeded in getting a warm breakfast in bed. I reached over the edge of my sled, got hold of a small cedar stick that I had been carrying, whittled a lot of thin shavings from it, stored them on my breast, then set fire to a piece of paper in a shallow tin can, added a pinch of shavings, held the cup of water that always stood at my bedside over the tiny blaze with one hand, and fed the fire by adding little pinches of shavings until the water boiled, then pulling my bread sack within reach, made a good warm breakfast, cooked and eaten in bed.

Alone he went through the ordeals of having to run from howling wolves, of an attack of snowblindness, of plunging into a waterfilled crevasse. After that last experience he crept into his sleeping bag as soon as he could and shivered away the night.

The next day was his last on the glacier and he began his diary entry:

> Dressing this rainy morning was a miserable job, but might have been worse. After wringing my sloppy underclothing, getting it on was far from pleasant. My eyes are better and I feel no bad effect from my icy bath. The last trace of my three months' cough is gone. No lowland grippe microbe could survive such experiences.

One main difference, then, between Muir and Tyndall was that personal hardships and rampages of Nature were miseries to Tyndall, as they are to most people, but did not bother Muir. He reveled in them. Also, one cannot imagine Muir, like Tyndall, conversing with companions about which wines or liquors would be best to take along; or having high-altitude meals that included two or three kinds of meat, fancy cheeses, honey, and ready-made tea brought up from the hotel; or being waited on by guides and porters; or complaining about aches and bruises. Nor can one imagine Tyndall risking his very life for the joy of watching a waterfall's spray, nor saying, as Muir did, "After my twelve-mile walk, I ate a cracker and planned the camp."

There were many like Tyndall in his area in his day. But in America, in all the world – there was only one John Muir!

Gwen Schultz is a writer with the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey. Among the books she has authored are Glaciers and the Ice Age *and, forthcoming,* Ice Age Lost.

SENDING & RECEIVING *(continued from page 5)*

ranges from Andy Warhol and his curious entourage to Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. It is difficult to remain impervious to the sight of the pasty-faced, silver-haired Warhol or the leering countenance of the frizzle-haired Hoffman. There is no question that we read them, but how we read them depends on our background, experience, and what each of us makes of their costumes and their gestures. The situation is confusing in more ways than one.

Gesture increasingly becomes the total context of a modern event. Mussolini's clenched fist salute is dusted off and adopted by those who represent an ideology supposedly at the opposite end of the political spectrum from Il Duce. Many popular books lead us to believe that we can actually read people like a book. No particular skills are required, of course, when it comes to reading Warhol and Hoffman. Their message is usually simple and specific. Their means of presenting it is particularly graphic. But most of us are less demonstrative when we transmit messages about ourselves to other people. This is where the new books tell us we need help if we are to survive the confusing collisions of people and ideologies in our contemporary society. The experts oblige us with the appropriate tests.

One is bewildered by the geometric increase in the number of titles dealing with "human interaction" that are casually propped up in bookracks in bus stations, airports, discount stores, and university bookstores. The books–like those late-night TV films–are interchangeable. They have a recurrent sameness about them, like Army field manuals, or cook books. The titles range from those teasers involved with the more basic touchy-feely aspects of interpersonal contact to considerably more ambitious efforts designed to assist you in gaining power and influence over others.

You can even secure handbooks that offer the promise of assisting you in achieving total orgasm. The bright potential here is dimmed somewhat by the realization that it's not quite the same as following instructions to put a piece of lawn furniture together. It could become a little cumbersome leafing through pages of directions while trying to concentrate on one's partner. Perhaps one would be better served by Omar's uncomplicated, yet time-tested, prescription:

> "A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
> A Jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread and Thou
> Beside me singing in the Wilderness . . ."

If you want to gain transcendent release through body massage, there is also a growing selection of titles, many of them titillatingly (no pun intended) illustrated to show just where to lay on your hands. If you prefer an autogenous approach, there are numerous books to help you literally tie yourself in knots as you push your mind toward a higher level of personal awareness. If you don't want to or can't go it alone, there are plenty of books to help you find yourself in a crowd by joining an encounter group.

The seminal book in this do-it-yourself approach is the late Dr. Eric Berne's *Games People Play.* After reading Dr. Berne's book, we should be able to readily identify those subconscious game plans that reveal the true motivation underlying people's behavior. Maybe so. But Dr. Berne's transactional analysis concepts seem more like the earnest romanticism of a Norman Vincent Peale or a Dale Carnegie updated and made respectably appealing to a technologically intimidated society through a clinical/scientific approach. There is a promise of greater self-reliance here, but there is also a disturbing hint of latent facism. The real idea seems to be gaining dominance over those people you interact with. Two recent titles for the earnest transactional analyst are *Born to Win* and *Winning with People.* The blurb for the former explains that it's not "just a book, it's a way of life." Another current title provides an echo of the same sentiment – *Apartment to Share: Everything You Need to Know to Win Today's Roommate Game.*

If one is less compulsive about winning and gaining dominance over others, and if he wants to seriously explore the significance of our behavior in social situations, he will be better served by consulting the works of sociologist Erving Goffman.

Through a series of books–including such titles as *Behavior in Public Places, The Presentation of Self in Everyday Life, Interaction Ritual,* and *Relations in Public*–Goffman presents a detailed choreography of the kind of behavior we manifest in public. Reading Goffman, sifting through his perceptive and copious examples, we become amazed to discover the subtlety and complexity of our interactions. We marvel at the bits of information that can be transmitted and fed back in any given encounter. To cite a typical Goffman example: "When an individual enters the presence of others, they commonly seek to acquire information about him already possessed. They will be interested in his general socio-economic status, his conception of self, his attitude toward them, his competence, his trustworthiness, etc. . . .Information about the individual helps to define the situation, enabling others to know in advance what we will expect of them and what they will expect of him. Informed in these ways, the others will know how best to act in order to call forth a desired response from him."

Instinctively we go about defining the way we expect ourselves to behave and to have others behave in various social contexts. The resultant "vulnerability of public life is what we are coming more and more to see, if only because we are becoming more and more aware of the areas and intricacies of mutual trust presupposed in public order." A major reason for this is that "almost all activity is socially situated; social life and public life are coterminous."

Then all the world *is* truly a stage. and, contrary to what some transaction-analysts would have you believe, the players do not always have the upper hand. As Goffman notes, "the arts of piercing an individual's effort at calcu-

lated unintentionality seem better developed than our capacity to manipulate our own behavior, so that regardless of how many steps have occurred in the information game, the witness is likely to have the advantage over the actor. . ." Or, as H. L. Mencken has observed, "there is a force within the liver and lights of man that is infinitely more potent than logic."

And that is probably why only angels have wings.

WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP, by Michael Lesy. Pantheon Books, New York, 1973. Unpaged. Cloth $15, paper $5.95.

A pitiless demon possessed them, brutalizing their spirits and bodies. Their dark, life-denying Calvinism fed and was fed by violent death, insanity, devastation by fire, incest, child-destroying disease and eternal, unremitting wretchedness. In some of their photographs, old people and sometimes even children have the baleful expressions of dementia, as if the camera's lens was a window into predestined hell.

These were our forebears in Wisconsin, specifically in Black River Falls and Jackson County, in the years from 1890 to 1910. Michael Lesy, a young historian who once attended the University of Wisconsin, assembled the book from snippets from the *Badger State Banner;* photographs by the town's photographer of that era; selections of germane prose by Glenway Wescott, Hamlin Garland and Edgar Lee Masters; contemporary admission reports of Mendota State Hospital; some reconstructed history of his own writing; and a long conclusion which seeks to tie the body of the book together.

The unrelievedly debased existences, as presented by Lesy, weave a brooding and bloody tapestry of paranoia and self-hate, of bleakness and hopelessness, of vileness and impoverishment of spirit such as is doubtful the Devil himself has seen. It is a surrealist achievement based on an *idee fixe.* As such, it is a fascinating production, a Poe-esque epic of frontier life turned bowels-out.

Frank Cooper and his son George were the newspaper editors who matter-of-factly reported the morbid local doings and supplemented what happened at home with accounts of similar events picked out of the state papers and culled from the wire services. Charles Van Schaick left 30,000 glass plate negatives from which some 200 of the 3,000 reviewed by Lesy were selected to give visual dimension to the Coopers' accounts. From two decades of reportage, Lesy has deliberately selected only such items as will support his close-focus thesis. Even so, one wonders whether the Coopers themselves weren't unconsciously selective, unhealthily preoccupied with the morbid.

But Van Schaick is something else. Try as he might, Lesy couldn't make the photographer perform the same, unvarying macabre task. For along with the forlorn aged and the demented middle-aged, we frequently find smiles and playfulness on the faces of the young and many of the old, even in spite of the stiff-bodied requirements of the contemporary camera. A mother lovingly fondles the naked, fat babe on her lap; a family picnic is obviously a joyous occasion. Some parents, at least, looked hopefully to the development and future of their children; else why the carefully coordinated costumes and the little hands clutching cymbals in a picture of a class production? Young men dressed as minstrels, others in a show of smiling bravado casually hold their cigars in prominent view. There are the mandolin players, lovers, well-equipped farmers, and the obviously prosperous, if smug, family group portraits. Some of Van Schaick's pictures have a surrealist quality of their own, but in a joyous vein.

Charley Van Schaick was not only a remarkable photographer, but, it seems, a happy one as well. How did he escape the Coopers' and Lesy's morbid preoccupations?

Could it be that, as tough as life was – and in many same and different ways still is – it wasn't so thoroughly shroud-enveloped as Lesy would have us believe? For my part, I think Lesy has postulated a full circle from a degree or two of uncertain arc. *–Dale O'Brien,* Wisconsin Week-End, *Spring Green.*

THE TENDER CARNIVORE AND THE SACRED GAME, by Paul Shepard. Charles Scribner & Sons, New York, 1973. $8.95.

Paul Shepard's book will shake down an avalanche of criticism. Some will praise his boldness in having gone so far; others will damn him for a senseless thesis and a fruitless prescription for ending the environmental crisis. As one of the latter, I believe this is the kind of work which explains why environmentalists are sometimes considered irrelevant.

His thesis is that the development of agricultural civilization was a historic calamity leading to an impoverished planet and a deformed humanity. Just after World War I, Oswald Spengler wrote *The Decline of the West,* touching off the modern attack on Western civilization. Shepard finishes it. He views the record of man since ancient Mesopotamia as a chain of ecological disasters. Calling farming "an ecological disease," he goes backward in time in search of humanity and finds it in the hunting and gathering way of life. In three long chapters on evolution and paleolithic culture he asserts that we were genetically stamped by the millenia of our hunting and gathering existence. Therefore, agri-culture is a deviation from the biological norms which natural selection has established for man. At the same time it is ecologically destructive and mind-dulling ("Peasant existence is the dullest life man ever lived.") Because he believes that "mankind unwittingly embraced a diseased era as the model of human life," Shepard is able to blame today's pathologies (war, insanity, heart disease, and environmental degradation) on the agri-cultural way of life.

Shepard is correct that it is wrong to-romanticize pre-industrial rural society, and it is true that major environmental degradation did occur in some Mediterranean lands in ancient times. But his oversimplified analysis of agricultural history is a caricature based partly on his mistake of projecting certain characteristics of contemporary commercial agriculture backward in time.

A second source of error is Shepard's assumption that nature knows best and

man, therefore, should not try to leave the earth a better place. I prefer the view of Alihodja, a fictional character in Ivo Andric's novel, *Bridge on the Drina.* He justified man's creative interaction with nature, "so that the world should be more beautiful and men live in it more easily." In an essay titled "Humanizing the Earth" which appeared in the June 1973 Rotarian, Rene Dubos pointed out that some areas of Europe have been carefully farmed for two thousand years without impoverishment, and he further suggested that man's interaction with nature "can indeed bring out potentialities of the earth which remain unexpressed in the state of wilderness."

Shepard's position submerges man in nature so that a conscious evolution of the two is not possible. His goal is a return to paleolithic culture, a revival of tribal society. He wants man to abandon agriculture and return to a world which was incapable of producing a Shakespeare, a Leonardo, a St. Francis and even more significantly, an Aldo Leopold or even a Paul Shepard, whose post-paleolithic knowledge about the biosphere shines through his philosophical and historical nonsense. This prescription for our survival is the weakest solution to our problems that I have seen.–*Kent D. Shifferd, Sigurd Olson Institute of Environmental Studies, Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin.*

ENVIRONMENT AND MAN, by Richard H. Wagner; W. W. Norton and Co., New York, Illust. 1971. 491 pp. $7.50.

The past several years have seen the publication of numerous symposium volumes and anthologies dealing with environmental problems. While many of these are useful treatises, most of them lack the homogeneity and balance that single authorship at its best can produce. *Environment and Man* presents such balance. In addition it has a comprehensiveness which is surprising in a work of this sort. While intended as a textbook for his course "Man and His Environment" at Pennsylvania State University, Professor Wagner's book is one which has great value for the general reader.

In a short review it is difficult to do justice to the comprehensiveness and informative quality of the book. The author sees the problem as one in which man, in his search for control and comfort, has unwittingly exceeded the earth's capacity for adjustment to a viable equilibrium. Unfortunately, the major segment of the human population still fails to realize the need to cooperate with nature, not to conquer it.

The tone of the book is one which inspires confidence in the author. It clearly and forcefully develops the nature of contemporary problems without becoming shrill or denunciatory It reveals the causes of the problems and their interrelationships and seeks to create an awareness for alternative solutions. My only criticisms are that one frequently wishes that there were fuller development of some of the subjects (but that would have led to a larger and less readable book) and the fact that the author sometimes shows a greater faith that matters are being brought under control than I am able to muster.

The book, which is printed on good quality recycled paper, is illustrated with well chosen pictures and diagrams, and carries very useful chapter bibliographies. It is useful for the novice wishing a sound introduction to environmental problems and to the specialist wishing sound understanding of particular subjects outside his immediate realm of expertise. –*Aaron J. Ihde, Professor of Chemistry, ILS, and History of Science, UW-Madison.*

PESTICIDES AND FRESHWATER FAUNA, by R. C. Muirhead-Thomson; Academic Press, New York, 1971. 248 pp. $10.00

Muirhead-Thomson has provided a valuable service to the multitude of agencies which are using pesticides in controlling problem aquatic animals. *Pesticides and Freshwater Fauna* gives criteria for measuring the toxicity of pesticides along with suggestions for proper selection of criteria and current usage. The text is particularly helpful to the field worker seeking information on the kinds of toxicants and their methods of use. The latter are presented clearly and with proper citation for further reference. Common experimental problems which may lead to biased or inconclusive results are mentioned. Obviously, the material was written by a competent researcher with first-hand experience. This competence is further translated into a valuable, readable text.

Some of the many problems encountered with the use of pesticides are illustrated by the author. The chapter dealing with the impact of of pesticides on aquatic invertebrates in nature enumerates many instances where spraying with insecticides led to unforeseen problems.

However, Muirhead-Thomson goes on to write that, "A general discussion of pesticides in relation to contamination of the environment as a whole is outside the scope of the present review . . . " This is regrettable. The author's honest reporting points out illustrations of the harmful or undesirable effects on "non-target" species of fish and other aquatic fauna. Since the whole area of toxicants in the environment has become suspect to the ecologist, environmentalist and to the informed public, it would be a service for Muirhead-Thomson to pull together his expertise in this matter. In the light of increased use of toxicants, we can hardly postpone looking at possible ecological ramifications. I would encourage the author to include a new chapter in the second edition which would discuss ecosystems analyses and apparent limitations of toxicants in dealing with aquatic resources.

This is not meant, however, to detract from Muirhead-Thomson's concise writing and generous survey of toxicants and their applications. Of special value in the text is the appendix with graphical formulae of representative piscicides, insecticides, molluscicides and herbicide-molluscicides. This is followed by a bibliography of approximately four hundred entries.

Pesticides and Freshwater Fauna is an important contribution in a rapidly expanding sector of our chemical economy. It deserves critical reading. – *George Becker, Professor of Biology, UW-Stevens Point.*

AFRICA AND THE WEST; INTELLECTUAL RESPONSES TO EUROPEAN CULTURE. Philip Curtin, ed. University of Wisconsin Press, Madison 1972. 259 pp. $12.50.

The theme of this book of essays is the changes in African idea systems brought about by contact with Europeans. The various African peoples were subjected to a massive assault on their ways of life – first by slaving and then by colonialism. The question this book addresses is, How did Africans respond to this assault intellectually? How did their perceptions of themselves, society, nature and the Europeans change? Given the importance and scope of this very tantalizing question, however, one comes away from the book disappointed. For although the essays are interesting taken singly, they do not together provide the breadth or depth of coverage that the title suggests. Not only is the geographical range limited to west and west-central Africa only, but also too many of the essays deal with elities not representative of the full range of African societies.

Seven essays are included – six deal with the intellectual responses of various African peoples, and the seventh is a competent comparative and theoretical summary by the editor. A variety of perspectives (anthropological, historical, literary) and levels of analysis (general population, elite, single individual) are included. Although this variety restricts comparability, a common pattern of response is seen – an initial receptiveness followed by increasing disenchantment with Europeans and their ways.

The two anthropological articles (James Fernandez on the Fang of Gabon, Cameroun, and Rio Muni; and Wyatt MacGaffey on the BaKongo) deal with mass responses. Both demonstrate the persistence of traditional world views. With the Fang a common response has been compartmentalization of traditional and Christian ideas for use in the appropriate situation. Some have been attracted to religious cults like Bwiti, which attempts to consolidate the two. One is reminded here of the peyote cult among American Indians. With the BaKongo the traditional dualistic and mythological conceptions have served as the framework within which experiences with Europeans have been interpreted. In other words, contemporary experiences have not broken down these conceptions, but continue to be perceived quite adequately in terms of the old categories.

Three more particularly historical articles deal with elites in three west African countries from the last half of the nineteenth century into the twentieth. Jean Herskovits writes about Yoruba captives who became partly westernized in Freetown, Sierra Leone, and later returned to their homeland. Leo Spitzer considers the Sierra Leone creole community and G. Wesley Johnson discusses the non-westernized but politically privileged elite (the *originaires*) of the Senegalese Coastal cities. The first two deal with the struggle for identity of individuals in these groups. Spitzer's article is particularly suggestive of the kind of struggle for historical and cultural identity experienced by contemporary black Americans.

The sixth essay is a literary analysis by Harold Scheub of three poems of Léopold Sédar Senghor, who was both poet and president of his country. This essay is the highlight of the book. Of necessity, most of us who strive to understand the world view of non-western peoples must rely on accounts and interpretations by others. But Senghor is a man fully conversant in the western idiom, describing for us through the medium of verse the marvelous richness of African views of man and nature. The result of reading the poems and Scheub's excellent analysis of them is a greatly deepened insight into the contrast between Africa and the West.

This book opens an important area of inquiry and whets the reader's appetite. Hopefully the banquet will be enriched by supplementary fare, not only from Africa but from other parts of the world as well. *–Patricia Shifferd, Department of Sociology and Anthropology, Northland College, Ashland, Wisconsin.*

BOW AND ARROW BIG GAME HUNTING IN WISCONSIN, by Otis Bersing; Quality Printing Co., Neenah, 1973. 52 pp. $1.95.

With this specific publication on big game hunting with bow and arrow, Wisconsin Academy member Otis Bersing has amplified his earlier book, *A Century of Wisconsin Deer* (1956). It is a "labor of love" from one who has been associated with bow and arrow deer hunting virtually since the first open season thirty-eight years ago.

Published with support and encouragement from the Wisconsin Bow Hunters Association, this book easily could become their most important reference guide. Starting with the history of bow hunting in the nation and in Wisconsin, it calls attention to the work of those who pioneered in this type of recreation. Roy I. Case of Racine is given a prominent place in the text.

Most important is the reference value of detailed records of deer and bear taken, by county, since the beginning. Many tables and maps are used, but the book also contains numerous photos and drawings. The largest harvests by county and the finest specimens are noted.

The discussion of "Criticism of Bow Hunting" and ways to improve the sport is very valuable. Information on law violations, comparison with gun hunter success, accidents, regulations and bow hunting organizations – all are there. This includes the fact that "the Wisconsin Conservation Commission opened the first special season in the United States. . ." Otis Bersing worked in this agency for thirty-two years and is now retired. With his background, he is well qualified to author this very valuable and excellent book, *Bow and Arrow Big Game Hunting in Wisconsin.* *– Walter E. Scott, Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, Madison.*

footnotes

1 It is our pleasure to introduce.... Mr. Art Hove, whose new column, "Sending & Receiving," makes its debut on page 5 of this issue.

The column, and Mr. Hove, will be a regular feature of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* — Art having accepted our invitation to take on the newly-created, volunteer position of Communications Editor. In this capacity, he will be responsible for the expansion of our book review section to a communications section eventually including selected coverage of other modes of creative and scholarly expression, e.g., theatre, film, magazines, radio, and TV.

Editor of the University of Wisconsin alumni magazine for a number of years, Art holds a master's degree in English from the UW-Madison campus where he currently serves as assistant to the chancellor. A widely-read man of ideas and the ability to express them, Art Hove is a most welcome addition to these pages.

We are pleased to have Art with us. Read him — and we are sure you will agree.

2 The photographs which appear on pages 11 - 17 are the work of a young Madison photographer, David Herwaldt. David arrived on the WASAL scene somewhat abruptly in April, 1972, with a blistering letter criticizing the categories and requirements for photographic entries in the Junior Academy Spring Festival for high school students. We met with Dave and explained that we could sympathize with his point of view, but that our problem was basically the lack of a person with photographic expertise to coordinate the sessions and workshops in photography.

Would HE be willing to turn his criticisms into action and work with the Junior Academy in future programming? Well, he was and he did... and the 1973 Spring Festival was far better for his help.

Out of this association and out of casual discussions and tossing of ideas has come the impetus for the photo essays found in this issue. We have enjoyed working with David these past months — and wish him all of the best in his studies at M.I.T. and in his future work.

And we wish you a happy visit to the world of mime through David's work.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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ABOUT OUR COVER . . .

Reid Gilbert's is a world of whiteface and silence–of gesture, facial expressions and graceful movement–a world where the "picture" is indeed worth a thousand words. Inside, on pages 12 through 17, visit the world of Reid Gilbert through the photographs of David Herwaldt and the writing of Kay Price.