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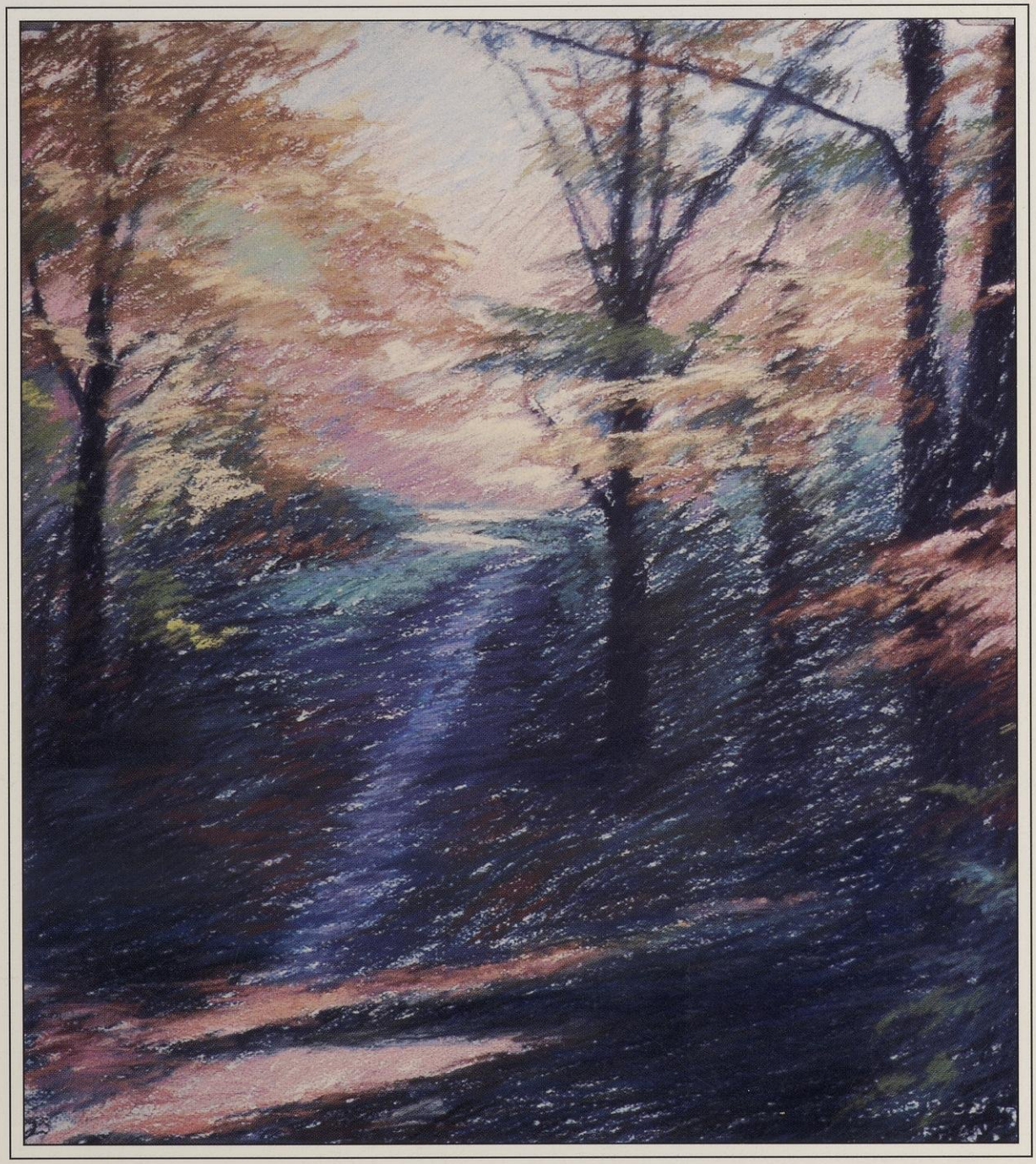
THE KETTLE MORAINE
ASTRONOMY • WISCONSIN WRITERS

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE



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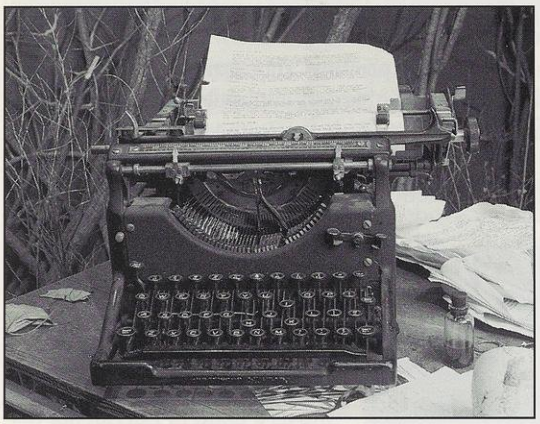

Photo from "The Illustrated Diary of Doris Koppleman" by Sara Belleau.

Front cover: Kettle Moraine #1 *by Denise Presnell-Weidner. Pastel on paper, 19 1/4 x 17 1/4 inches, 1995. Cover art funded in part by the Walter and Trudi Scott* Review *fund.*

Back cover: Kettle Moraine #3 *by Denise Presnell-Weidner. Oil on canvas, 39 x 65 inches, 1995.*

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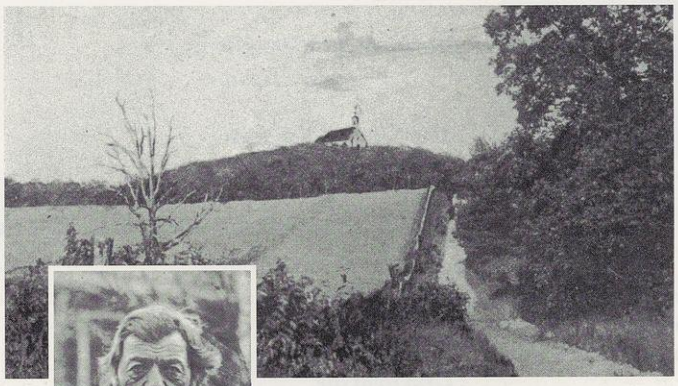
The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters was chartered by the State Legislature on March 16, 1870, as a membership organization serving the people of Wisconsin. Its mission is to encourage investigation in the sciences, arts, and letters and to disseminate information and share knowledge.

Editor's Notes

When those venerable gentlemen, our founders, established the Wisconsin Academy in 1870, they planned for the new organization to be a place where ideas and information relating to various disciplines could converge. Specific words were included in the organization's name which would reflect an interdisciplinary philosophy: it was to be an academy of *sciences, arts,* and *letters*. Through the medium of this publication, we try to comply with this long-ago, yet enduring, vision, and in this issue we examine Wisconsin's Kettle Moraine area through various lenses: art (both paintings and photography), letters (a fictional diary), and a pragmatic environmental report.

Last June, at the Wisconsin Academy's 125th anniversary celebration, the organization was challenged by keynote speaker and former congressman Henry Reuss to address a number of issues, among them the fate of the unprotected Kettle Moraine corridor in Washington and Waukesha counties. With typical Reuss dispatch, a task force of experts was appointed (they are listed elsewhere in these pages) with Academy president Ody Fish and Academy fellow Henry Reuss as co-chairs. The report and recommendations of this task force have been widely distributed as a separate printed piece, and the text in its entirety appears in our "Inside the Academy" department.



Holy Hill in the Kettle Moraine, circa 1908. Inset: John Piek, one of the first trustees of Holy Hill. Courtesy LeCount & LeCount Publishers.

Also last summer, at the John Michael Kohler Art Center in Sheboygan, I viewed an installation which was inspired by the artist's familiarity with the Northern Kettle Moraine Forest. With the permission of the artist, Sara Belleau, and the Kohler Art Center which commissioned the work, we present here a print version of this multi-media creation. It's not the same as being there—maybe not even the next best thing—but within the limitations of the printed page we think it is still an engaging work.

We open and close the issue (front and back covers) with painted images by artist Denise Presnell-Weidner. They reflect her impressions of this special part of our state—the Kettle Moraine—which captivates so many of us.

Who among us has raised his or her eyes to a nighttime sky of starry wonders and not been awed or humbled, perhaps compelled to learn more about the universe? With heavenly discoveries making front-page news, amateur stargazers have many opportunities to increase understanding—both through direct vision as well as through cyber-vision, where images captured by the Hubble Telescope can be accessed through the Internet. Astronomer John Mathis helps us sort it out and better understand our role as humans in the vastness of it all.

Our sibling journal, *Transactions*, is presently soliciting short fiction (a maximum of 3500–4000 words) for an anthology which will be a companion volume to the *Wisconsin Poetry* collection, now in its second printing. (For guidelines, contact the Academy office.) Wisconsin writers continue to enrich and challenge us with their fiction and poetry. In this issue of the *Review* we call your attention to some of these writers: Jane Hamilton, with a critique of her fiction by Jack Stark; Ron Wallace on the subject of poetry; Norbert Blei writing about fellow writer and poet David Kherdian; and in the nonfiction department, excerpts from Agate Nesaule's published memoir of her lost life as a child in Latvia, her displaced life in temporary camps during World War II, and her found life in America. Poet Thomas Davis and photographer Thomas Oates merge their considerable talents to create a verbal and visual feature on Taliesin.

I'd like to say a word about the Wisconsin Academy fellows, a prestigious group of individuals who also comply with the wishes of our founders by representing many disciplines. Five members of that distinguished body can be found in the pages of this issue: poet Ron Wallace, one of our newest fellows; Ruth DeYoung Kohler, director of the art museum which commissioned the work of artist/writer Sara Belleau; Henry Reuss, co-chair of the Academy's Kettle Moraine Task Force, and Paul Hayes, member of the task force; and Father Francis Paul Prucha, whose book *Broadax & Bayonet: The Role of the United States Army in the Development of the Northwest, 1815–1860* is reviewed by our old friend Hayward Allen.

In recent issues we've sampled the work of Academy fellows Alfred Bader, Sol Burstein, James Crow, Frances Hamerstrom, and Fannie Taylor; also artists Warrington Colescott, Lee Weiss, and John Wilde. We are grateful for their expertise and their contributions, and we hope to feature the work of other Academy fellows in future issues.

Faith B. Miracle

Wisconsin Academy Gallery summer schedule:

June: "Wright's Monona Terrace: A Work in Progress"
July: David Lundahl, photography
August: Dale Malner, installation

CONTRIBUTORS

▶ Sara Belleau, Plymouth, is challenged by the limited story-telling ability of the photographic medium and so develops stage sets for the viewing of her photographs. These sets have resulted in entire installations such as the Doris Koppleman interactive exhibit seen last summer at the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan. She earned her undergraduate degree from the Minneapolis College of Art and Design and her M.F.A. degree from the Tyler School of Art at Temple University in Philadelphia. Her work also has been exhibited at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts and the Minneapolis College of Art and Design. The Wisconsin Academy gallery will be showing her photographs in 1997.

▶ Peter Blewett teaches at Cardinal Stritch College in Milwaukee. He has published poems in *The Literary Review*, *Poetry East*, *The Seattle Review*, and *The Cream City Review*. Currently, he is editing *The Thracian Wonder*, an English Renaissance play.

▶ Jan Chronister has lived in Maple for the past twenty-two years and is a native of Milwaukee. She is married with two teenage children and holds a master's degree in education from the University of Minnesota.

▶ Thomas Davis, Shawano, is a published poet and dramatic reader of poetry. He also serves as the vice president of academic affairs for the College of the Menominee Nation in Keshena, one of the state's two Native American colleges. His poetry appears in a chapbook titled *Sustaining the Forest, the People, and the Spirit*.

▶ Christian Knoeller is assistant professor of English at the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in more than ten literary journals and in his chapbook *Song in Brown Bear Country*. He is currently completing a study on classroom discussions of literature and a college textbook on the teaching of creative writing in conjunction with the study of literature in secondary schools. He received his Ph.D. from the University of California, Berkeley.

▶ John Mathis is a professor of astronomy at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He has a B.S. degree from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a doctorate in astronomy from CalTech. Besides holding his position on the University of Wisconsin faculty since 1959, he has been active in the International Astronomical Union and has received a Senior Scientist Award from the Alexander von Humboldt Foundation of Germany.

▶ Agate Nesaule is a professor of English and women's studies at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater. At the age of seven, she and her family fled their home in Latvia during World War II. She spent the next five years in more than a dozen displaced persons camps, until the family emigrated to Indianapolis in 1950. Her book, *A Woman in Amber*, reflects her wartime experiences and her process of recovery. She attended Indiana University as an undergraduate and received her Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in twentieth-century English and American literature.

▶ Thomas Oates is president of Spalding University in Louisville. Before moving to Kentucky, he was director of the Cooperative Association of States for Scholarships (U.S. Operations) program at the Center for Intercultural Education and Development at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C. Prior to serving in Washington, Oates was dean at the University of Wisconsin Center–Richland at Richland Center.

▶ Denise Presnell-Weidner is a painter and a professor of art at Lakeland College in Sheboygan. She received her art training from the University of Nebraska in Lincoln and at Pennsylvania State College. She moved to Wisconsin seven years ago, and was visually attracted to the variety in Wisconsin's landscape. The Kettle Moraine area in particular has provided a unique opportunity to experience visual and physical variety for her as an artist and nature lover. Her work has been exhibited widely throughout the country and can be seen at the Grace Chosy Gallery in Madison and at other galleries in Wisconsin.

▶ Jack Stark is an attorney with the Legislative Reference Bureau in Madison. In addition to his law degree he holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of Wisconsin–Madison and, before enrolling in law school, taught at Kent State University and the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire. He has published several books and numerous articles, including a feature article in the current *Wisconsin Blue Book*.

▶ Ronald Wallace is a professor of English and director of the Creative Writing Program at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. His collections of poetry include *Plums, Stones, Kisses & Hooks*; *Tunes for Bears to Dance To*; *People and Dog in the Sun*; *The Making of Happiness*; and his most recent work, *Time's Fancy*. In addition, he has published three books of criticism, four poetry chapbooks, and edited an anthology. He has contributed poems, stories, and essays to numerous publications. He grew up in St. Louis and came to Wisconsin in 1972 after receiving his Ph.D. from the University of Michigan. He and his family life in Madison and at their forty-acre farm in Richland County. Wallace was elected an Academy fellow in 1996.

▶ Clifford Wood is a professor emeritus from the University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh. He currently lives in a stilt house on Estero Island in southwest Florida. Despite his southern habitation, he continues to write about his "homing instinct" for the north woods. He has been published recently in Wisconsin-related journals such as *Modern Haiku*, *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, *Wisconsin Review*, *Fox Cry*, and *The Beloit Poetry Journal*.

The Universe and Humanity

by John Mathis

These are not ordinary times in the science of astronomy. We are in the midst of an explosion of astronomical observations from both Earth's surface and from space. The information resulting from these observations pertains to some of the most fundamental questions that we humans can ask: What are our celestial origins? Are we alone in the universe, or simply one manifestation of life out of many? What is likely to be the fate of the Earth and the Sun?

This revolution in our observations of the cosmos has been occurring for roughly twenty years, approximately starting from the enormously successful flights of the Voyager and Mariner spacecraft (together visiting every planet in the solar system except Pluto) or the Viking missions to Mars. For stellar astronomers the revolution involved the launch of satellites with telescopes observing the skies over virtually the entire range of celestial radiations, most of which are invisible to human eyes. These observations included X-rays, gamma rays (the most energetic form of radiation), infrared, and ultraviolet light. All of these are blocked by Earth's atmosphere and so can never be observed by telescopes of any size from the ground.

The observations have led to an enormous increase in our understanding of the nature of almost every celestial object; there is no way we could have guessed what the spacecraft actually saw. We now have the Hubble Space Telescope in operation, returning wonderful

A Hubble Space Telescope view of the process that will be the fate of the sun in about 5 billion years. The layers surrounding the dying star in the center are rapidly expanding outwards, creating the complicated loops and other features when they encounter slower gas that has previously been shed by the same star. The Earth will have been incorporated into the aging sun before this stage occurs. This object has been named NGC6543 by astronomers.

data from both images and also spectra (the division of the light into separate wavelengths or colors).

The revolution is by no means confined to data from space. Today there are telescopes operating on Hawaii, operating with visible light, that employ ten-meter mirrors (about thirty-three feet). The Europeans are building four eight-meter telescopes, and we will soon add two more of that class ourselves. Huge radio telescopes have been built and are crucial to understanding many of the most interesting celestial bodies.

This flood of information cries out for interpretation, and so we are in the best possible state for scientists; we have the data needed to solve our celestial puzzles, but by and large we haven't been clever enough to reach the answers. These times are as exciting to professional astronomers as they are to the readers of *Time* magazine when it describes the latest astronomical discoveries.

This revolution will probably continue for another two or three decades, but it inevitably will come to an end. The costs of present astronomy are a few billion dollars annually (the vast majority being for space projects)—substantial by some standards but bearable by several wealthy nations. Within a few decades I suspect that the next generation of instruments needed to continue the information explosion at anything like its present scale will simply be too costly for even any consortium of nations. Without the return of data to serve as grist for new ideas and theories, astronomy might become more speculative and much less satisfying than at present, as it was before the present information explosion.

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One of the topics that sounds exotic is the presence of black holes. They are not so mysterious as popularly believed. I now feel fairly confident that black holes have been observed in two very different types of objects. First, let's discuss what a black hole is and isn't.

In 1916 Albert Einstein enunciated his General Theory of Relativity, completely changing our conception of gravity, space, and time. Among many other things, the theory predicted that gravity acts upon light just as it does for material bodies. In 1919, the very small gravitational effect on light by the Sun's gravity was measured (by the bending of starlight during a total solar eclipse) and was exactly what Einstein had predicted. Since then, the predictions of his theory have been tested countless times and in many ways; in every case, his theory, the oldest and simplest, has been proven correct while several others, usually more complicated, have been disproved. Many of the quantitative predictions of the theory are being tested by binary pulsars, where two dense neutron stars are locked together in a tight gravitational embrace. In such systems, effects are seen that beautifully confirm some details of Einstein's theory.

It seems reasonable that if the Sun slightly bends light that grazes its surface, stronger gravity bends it more. Einstein's theory predicts that light can be bent so much by very strong gravity that it can't escape that gravity, and we have a black hole. The situation is fairly analogous to our throwing a rock upward on the Earth--the rock's path is bent by Earth's gravity so that the rock falls back to the surface.

So, if no light can escape black holes, how can we possibly observe them? Fortunately we can see gas that is being tremendously compressed by the increasing gravity as it falls into the hole. What happens to the gas when it is compressed? It gets hot--extremely hot!--and emits X-rays. These X-rays can been observed by orbiting telescopes, and we now know that there is plenty of extremely hot gas (millions of degrees) in some locations in the universe.

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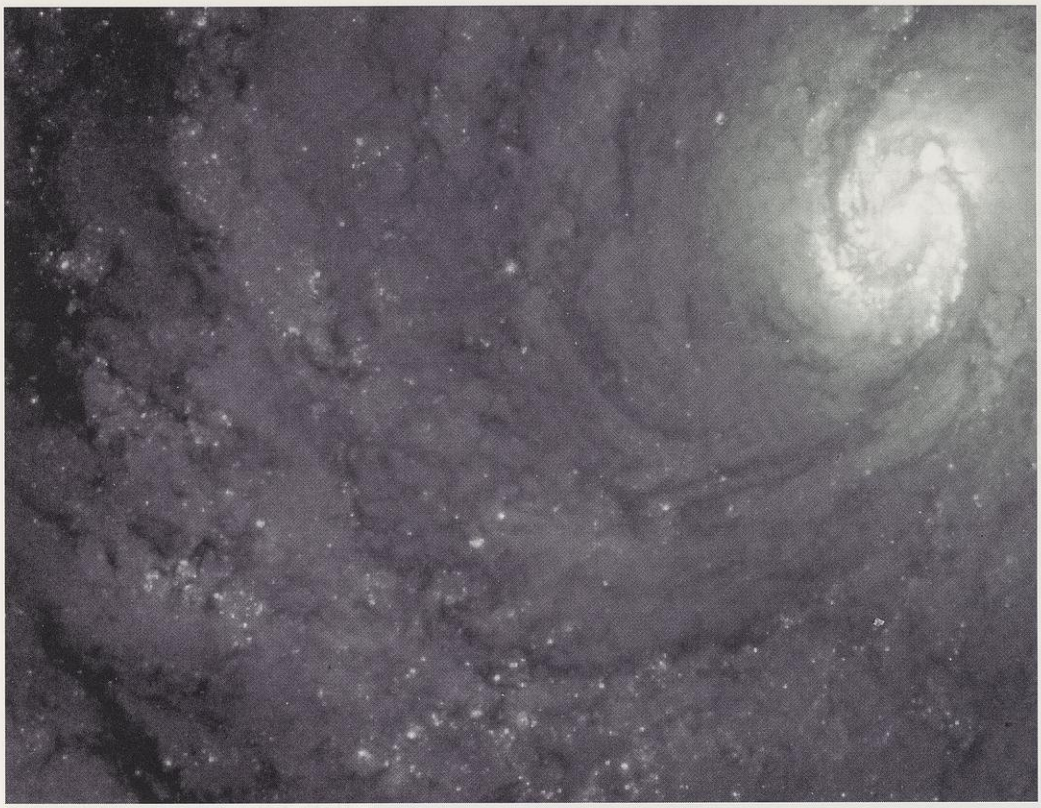
But, alas, we cannot simply conclude that every X-ray source is a black hole! There are two other kinds of objects that possess huge gravity because they are both massive and also physically small. These are (a) the neutron stars, in a sense giant atomic nuclei, that have about the mass of the Sun but are no larger than the city of Madison; and (b) the so-called white dwarf stars, with about a solar mass and the size of Earth. Both have crushing gravity on their surfaces, enough to heat any infalling gas to the temperatures we observe. However, they have another property that is the key to distinguishing them from black holes: They cannot have masses more than about two solar masses (the white dwarf only about 1.4), or else their own gravity crushes them to black holes. The key, then, for finding black holes is to find X-rays emitted as gas falls into objects that *are more massive than two solar masses*. In this case we can be confident that only a black hole can be providing the huge gravity to heat the gas.

There are several binary star systems that seem to fulfill the condition that the X-ray-emitting body is so massive it must be a black hole. My own favorite is in the nearest galaxy besides our own, the "Large Magellanic Cloud," visible only from the southern hemisphere of Earth. The compact object in a certain binary star X-ray source in it has about eight solar masses and hence *must* be a black hole. There are also good candidates in our own galaxy, the best of which is a bright X-ray source in the constellation of Cygnus.

Stars are not the only X-ray emitters. An almost certain candidate for another black hole, this time with millions of solar masses, is at the center of a very large galaxy in the Virgo cluster of galaxies, some fifty million light years away. The Hubble Space Telescope had determined that there are very rapid motions of stars and gases right next to a bright spot at the center of the galaxy. With the Hubble's superior optics (being above the interference of Earth's atmosphere), the motions of the stars show that there must be a black hole in the galaxy's center.



The spiral galaxy Messier 100, in the constellation Coma Berences, is a member of the huge Virgo cluster of galaxies. It is a rotating system of gas and stars similar to our galaxy, the Milky Way, with some 200 billion solar masses. The light left the galaxy about 300 million years ago when only simple life forms existed on Earth. This photo, which appears courtesy the Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore, was obtained with NASA's Hubble Space Telescope.

Our local department at the University of Wisconsin–Madison has actually been a leader in the present astronomical revolution. Our main emphasis has been on building instruments for use in space. One of the first satellite observatories was partly a University of Wisconsin–Madison project. One of the five main instruments for the Hubble Space Telescope was designed and largely built here. Recently a NASA shuttle flight carried a University of Wisconsin instrument, designed to measure the polarization of ultraviolet light from space, for the second time. Its results are interesting and are still being analyzed. Other staff in the department study the nature of hot stars and the powerful winds they expel into space, the nature of the very thin gas and solid particles that permeate the space between the stars.

❦

Let us now consider the possible effects astronomical observations have had on the role of humanity in the universe. In my opinion, the greatest effect by far that astronomy has had on human thinking is a very familiar one, dating back to 1543. In that year a Polish Catholic canon named Nicholas Copernicus published the belief that the motions of the Sun and planets through the sky could be understood vastly more easily on a model with the Sun at the center of the solar system, with the Earth revolving about it just as the other planets do. A system based on Greek principles of thought had been accepted for some 2000 years. It placed Earth at the center of the universe, as we actually seem to observe when we look out at the starry skies. However, the motions of the planets were troublesome in this system, and Copernicus's radical suggestion made them vastly simpler.

The philosophical and social implications of moving humankind from the center of the universe to the surface of a rather minor planet (merely the third of the six then known) were quite obvious. These changes relating to the importance of humans—the notion that humans were not in the center of it all—were vigorously resisted at that time by the clergy.

With a powerful modern telescope we could count perhaps a hundred billion galaxies, each consisting of several hundred billion stars, if we had the time to do so. Most of these galaxies are so distant that they would appear only as faint smudges, but if we assume that each of them contains the same number of stars as exist in local galaxies, we can estimate the numbers of stars that we detect in the heavens. The number, of course, is staggering.

Let's use an analogy to picture it. Suppose these stars are represented by all of the water in the Earth's oceans; then how much water would each individual star have to contribute? The answer is *one tablespoon!*

Given these numbers of stars, how common are planets? That is a question on which NASA and others have been hard at work. Until recently, I would have answered with an argument that still appeals to me but depends only upon probability. We see stars that are now in the process of being formed; they all have the disk-like collection of gas and stones that we think composed our early solar system, out of which the planets formed. Thus, it seems that our solar system was formed by a common process, seen to be operating today around other stars. Astronomers have long felt that planetary systems are overwhelmingly likely to be present around many of the stars we

The deepest view of the Universe yet taken, consisting of 276 separate images by the Hubble Space Telescope, superimposed. The brightest object, showing four "spikes" introduced by the telescope optics, is a star a million times fainter than the faintest our naked eyes can see. The faintest objects are galaxies from which the light left about five billion years before the Earth and Sun were formed, ten billion times fainter than our eyes can see. Courtesy the Space Telescope Science Institute, Baltimore.

see, but none had been detected until recently. Now there is convincing evidence of planets orbiting four different stars, and probably many more will be discovered shortly.

These planetary systems are not seen directly, as we see the other planets in our solar system at night. Instead, modern equipment allows astronomers to measure the rather tiny motion that the planet's gravity forces upon the central star. The star and planet act as if they were partners balanced on an old-fashioned seesaw, so that when one moves in one direction the other star moves oppositely. Since the star is so much more massive than any planet, it barely moves as the planet circles it in an orbit. With modern instruments, the periodic shift of the absorption lines in the spectrum of the star can now be used to exhibit the star's motion of only a few meters per second, like a fast human running! Thus we can "see" the planet through its effect on the star. Naturally, this method of detecting planets favors large ones, and three of the four known planetary systems contain planets comparable to Jupiter, the Sun's largest.

One of the planetary systems has a mass eight times Jupiter's, at a distance from an ordinary solar-like star (named Seventy Virginis, from a list of stars in the constellation of Virgo) such that the planet should have a temperature capable of sustaining liquid water on its surface. Maybe an object like this could have oceans, although such a prospect is not guaranteed because the atmosphere of a planet has a huge effect on the surface conditions. Surely the large mass of the planet relative to Earth will have a major effect on the chemical composition of the atmosphere, so we should not imagine that anything like a sister planet to Earth, complete with intelligent life, has been discovered.

The other systems also have massive planets. In one the planet is much closer to the star than even Mercury within the solar system. Astronomers wonder how such a massive planet could form so close to its parent star. In another the opposite is true; the planet is about three and one-half times the mass of Jupiter and twice as far from it as Jupiter is from the Sun, at about the distance of Saturn.

The final example of planets is a system of *three* planets around a particular star, found convincingly only last year. The innermost one is only one-fourth the mass of our moon; the second one is about 1.31 Earth masses, located at about one-third the distance of the Earth-Sun distance (slightly inside Mercury's orbit in our solar system); the outer one so far detected is 1.41 Earth masses at half the Earth-Sun distance, between Mercury and Venus. The central star of this system is a pulsar, or neutron star, formed in the violent collapse of the core of a previous massive star. The planets in this system then, are unlikely to have any form of life on them, although we should always be cautious about quoting probabilities for an event as obscure as the origin of life.

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Astronomy has, for many years, provided a rather good picture of the ages of various objects. Various lines of reasoning indicate that the universe is between ten and twenty billion years old (this is the time since the "Big Bang," considered likely to have started the present universal expansion.) This time is probably not comprehensible to us, so we again consider an analogy. Let us imagine that the age of the universe (which we approximate as fifteen billion years) is shrunk to only one year. Then

Earth, being about five billion years old, came into existence after two-thirds of the year, or about September 1. Life appeared on Earth soon thereafter, September 15 or so, judging from the oldest fossil records in rocks; but life did not emerge from the oceans until about December 15. Dinosaurs disappeared on December 30, about 3 pm; not much time left!

The early hominids, with both human and distinctly nonhuman characteristics, appeared only on December 31, at 11 pm, and our species, *homo sapiens*, appeared about *six minutes from the end of the year*. As a species, we have just arrived on the Earth! Recorded history (fifteen thousand years) is in the last thirty seconds, and a long life (one-hundred years) is one-fifth of a second. It is clear that as a species we have just appeared on the scene and that we are evolving relatively rapidly. Biological evolution should change our species "soon" (on a cosmic scale), even if we do not destroy ourselves.

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While it is important for us to place ourselves in the proper context of time and place, astronomy can perhaps teach us a more important lesson. We see cosmic phenomena that seem bizarre and are extremely far away in physical conditions from those that we can reproduce in our Earth-bound laboratories. Yet to my surprise *there seem to be no phenomena that are hopeless to explain by our ordinary laws of physics*. We can say, "the universe is knowable." That is not to say that we know it now or understand it; heavens no! There is little we understand in complete detail, and there are a few things that really mystify us. But there is nothing that seems to be *miraculous* in terms of our present physics. I include the phenomenon of life in this statement; our bodies and our minds are subject to "ordinary" laws of chemistry, even if the molecules involved are horrendously complicated. The universe seems rational, even impersonal, and perhaps will be understandable to our distant progeny at some distant future time.

The fact that Nature seems knowable does not in any sense make it less beautiful or awesome. In fact, I think the opposite: knowing some of the details and mysteries regarding galaxies makes them seem even more exotic and beautiful than they would be as simply arrangements of light and color.

My feeling of universal rationality was strongly reinforced by an event that occurred on the evening of February 23, 1987, at 5:19:01 p.m. (Central Standard Time). I and all others were completely unaware of it at the time, but it amazed me like few other events have.

What occurred is the passage of a cloud of subatomic particles, called neutrinos, across the Earth. They originated from the explosion of a distant star in the neighboring galaxy, the Large Magellanic Cloud. Traveling at the speed of light (they are probably not ordinary particles, but behave something like light itself), they had taken about 160,000 years to get to us. Neutrinos are strange in that they have almost no interactions with matter, so they are very difficult to detect. Nevertheless, in their passage across the Earth some nineteen of the neutrinos were absorbed in tanks of ultra-pure water, deep within mines in both the United States and Japan. Their absorption led to light being emitted, recorded in turn by sensitive photo-tubes mounted in the utter darkness of the water tanks.

Those neutrinos were produced because a massive star collapsed in only a few thousandths of a second. The star, unable to support itself against gravity, fell inward and heated its interior parts to a million million degrees, with densities greater than even neutron stars. The neutrinos are produced in that superhot, super-dense gas. The absorption of a few percent of the neutrinos by the outer layers of the star blows those layers outward into space at a speed of ten thousand kilometers per second--a supernova. Several hours after the collapse, the outer layers of the star started their violent expansion and the star became by far the most luminous in its galaxy or in ours.

These events impressed me so much because they had been predicted before the news of the explosion reached us. The prediction was based on the ordinary laws of physics obtained here on Earth. If there were any conditions that I would think would look miraculous or unpredictable, it would be these, completely impossible to duplicate, even approximately, here on Earth. Yet, Nature followed its usual laws, surely to the great detriment of any planets surrounding the star.

I am not stating that we can know all of the *details* of the universe--scientists are only trying to discover the basic physical laws that govern those details. Maybe someday we will be knowledgeable enough and patient enough to determine those laws from observations and experiments to be performed in the future. Nevertheless, I doubt that we will ever be able to *calculate* the behavior of some simple systems--say, motions of cream being dribbled into a swirling cup of coffee. Many such experiments are exquisitely sensitive to exactly what is taking place at the molecular level, and an infinitesimal change in the beginning of the process has a major effect on the details of the later phases.

This statement that the universe is knowable has an important influence on my thinking about humanity: I feel that we must make the best of our opportunities and must resolve our own difficulties. There is a great need for ethical behavior, both from us as individuals and from all of our societal organizations. It is up to us to glean from our own intelligence a sensible plan for our future. We must conduct ourselves to ensure that this planet can contain and continue the abundance of life, not only in the short run with which we are usually preoccupied, but also for the long haul. It is up to us, individually and collectively, to meet that challenge. ❧

"To Tell One's Name": The Audience for Poetry

by Ronald Wallace

I first became aware of the power of poetry more than thirty-five years ago, when I was fifteen, in a ninth-grade English class in St. Louis, Missouri. Our teacher—we'll call her Mrs. Ellis—was a rather humorless woman who had a difficult time controlling a rather rowdy class. However, I am grateful to her for something she did that changed my life.

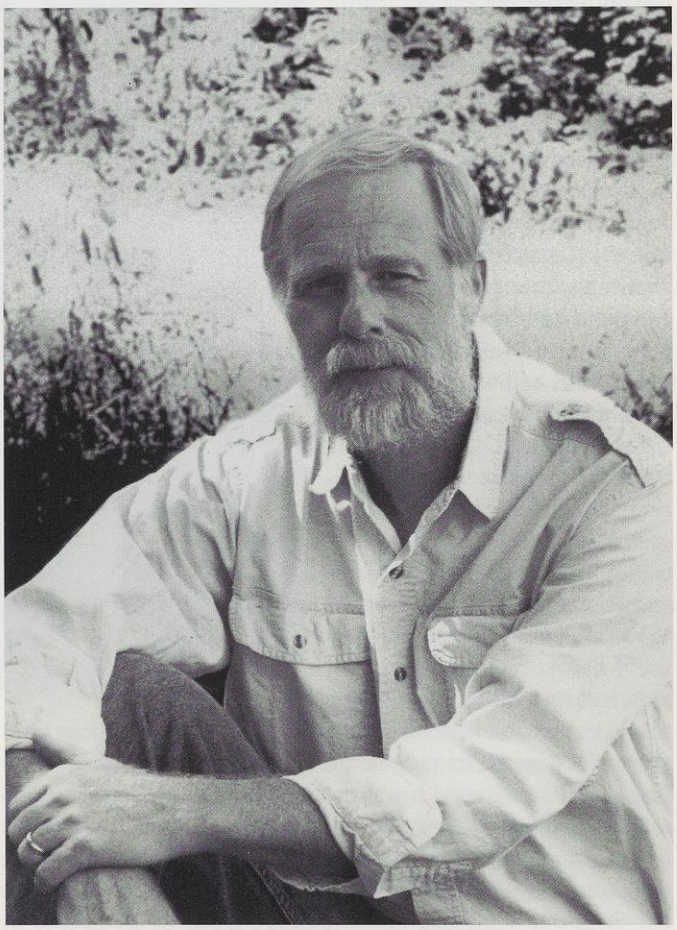
On this particular day in the fall of ninth grade, Mrs. Ellis had been having an especially difficult time with the class. It was a sweltering day—90 degrees and 90 percent humidity, and the school wasn't air-conditioned; it was the last class of the day, and the students were growing unruly and impatient. Bob, the class clown, was doing his best to drive Mrs. Ellis crazy (and he was having some success). Toward the end of the day, unable to think of any other way to keep us occupied, Mrs. Ellis went to her enormous wardrobe in the corner, pulled out some gray decaying mimeographed sheets, and passed them out for silent reading. And then she put her head on her desk and went to sleep.

Since I had nothing better to do at this point, I read the mimeographed sheet. It was a poem by Emily Dickinson. And as I read it a strange thing happened. The class and its laughter faded. Bob the clown faded. Even our teacher, asleep on her desk, faded, and I was left in the presence of the rare and strange, feeling (as I would later learn Dickinson herself put it) as if the top of my head were taken off. I didn't understand the poem, but I felt its power—its joy and exhilaration and surprise and whimsy—and when the bell rang, I didn't hear it.

Here's the poem I read that day:

We play at Paste—
Till qualified, for Pearl—
Then, drop the Paste—
And deem ourself a fool—

The Shapes—though—were similar—
And our new Hands
Learned *Gem*-Tactics—
Practicing *Sands*—



Ronald Wallace

This is, of course, a poem about art, which contrasts the beginning artist with the more accomplished or master artist. Dickinson is saying that we must practice and do a lot of basic things before we can expect to create something really good. You work with paste first, before you can work with pearl. But the shapes you make out of paste are similar to those you make in pearl, and therefore working with paste prepares you for working with pearl; it teaches you gem-tactics. The poem has many applications, not just to the jeweler's or artist's craft, but to any human activity in which practice makes perfect.

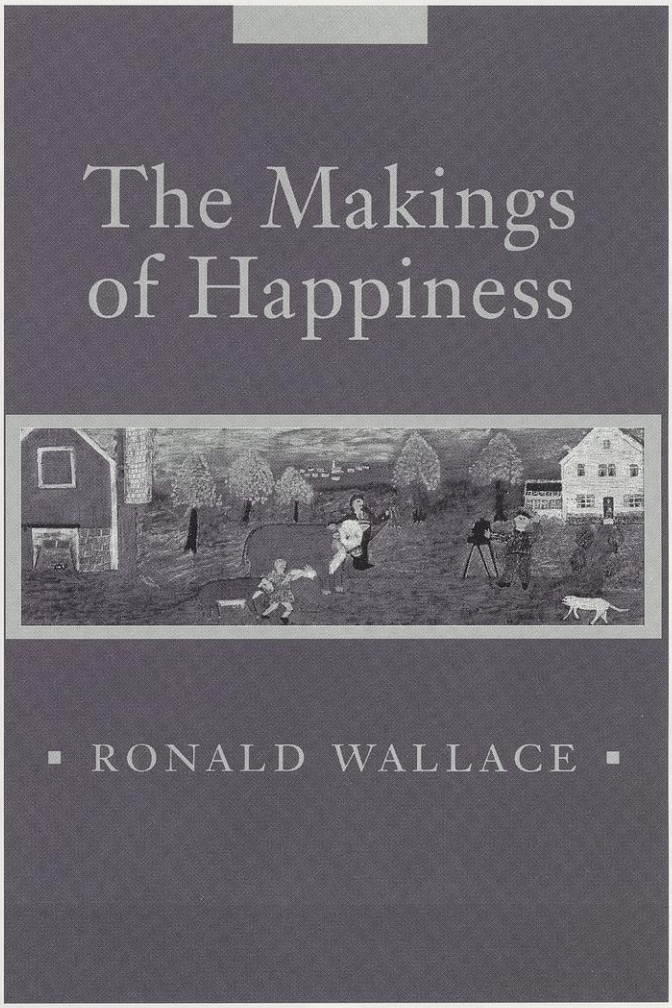
The idea is not profound, but the *idea* is not what appealed to me at the age of fifteen. What did "take the top of my head

off" was the way in which Dickinson stated that theme: the odd use of words that didn't quite rhyme ("Pearl/fool"); the shifting rhythms of the lines; the terseness and economy; the strange phrase "practicing sands." I knew that there were things going on in this poem of which I was unaware, but I also knew that I was in the presence of something rare and strange that was going to make a difference in my life.

Of course, in the years since, I've read and reread this poem, and taught it, and I think I understand it better: how she uses the simple monosyllabic "play" when she's talking about the beginner, and the multisyllabic "qualified" when she's talking about the master; how the word "practicing" at the end anagrammatically incorporates the word "tactics." To learn "tactics" you have to "practice," and through wordplay she suggests that theme.

And just when I thought I knew all there was to know about this little gem of a poem, I learned something else. Last year when I was reading the poem with some fifth graders from Chicago who were visiting campus, one girl raised her hand and pointed out that oysters make pearls from little grains of sand and maybe that's what Dickinson meant by "practicing sands." Of course! Why had I not seen that in thirty-five years? In fact, these kids had no trouble at all with this poem that sometimes baffles my college freshmen; the fifth graders hadn't learned yet to fear and dislike poetry. It was just fun and play for them. Which makes me think that maybe Dickinson is also saying that we have to remember, as adults, as masters, that whatever we do must retain an element of play. It's not foolish to remember that the shapes of adulthood and work are similar to the shapes of childhood and play.

I didn't know all this when I read the poem in ninth grade; I was just exhilarated and amazed and bedazzled and giddy and wanted to talk with somebody about the poem. I hurried out into the schoolyard and quickly learned that a love of poetry was something I was going to have to keep secret. My friends not only didn't want to hear about it; they were prepared to reject and ridicule me because of it.



So I wrote poetry in secret; I read poetry in secret. And here I am thirty-five years later in a world where I am told that many people don't read poetry and don't particularly want to hear it read. In fact, most of my colleagues in the English department don't read much contemporary poetry, nor does my wife, nor do my daughters. And many readers in the great world out there, if they think of poetry at all, think of it as a joke.

On my office door in Madison, for the delight and edification of passersby, I've posted a number of cartoons. All are based on two familiar premises: that poets make no money and have no popular audience. The problems of market and audience have been so perennial for poets that they have gained the status of a popular joke, a convention known even to people who neither read poetry nor think much about it. So when an organization such as the Wisconsin Library Association selects a book of poetry for a major award, it means a lot; it's a way of celebrating poetry, of affirming the continuing importance of poetry in a world that often devalues it.

❦

If poetry is devalued today, it continues to retain a vestige of two of its original, and very important, functions—as a mnemonic device and as magic. Before the invention of the printing press, people had to remember their stories, and stories are easier to remember if they're in a set meter and rhyme. Thus, scops could recite entire book-length epics. Poetry as incantation or magic was also important as a means of influencing thought, even attempting to control the world.

The advent of the printing press and science and technology depleted poetry of some of its power (printing was a more efficient mnemonic device, and we stopped believing in magic), though, as I point out to my students, some of the mnemonic and magic elements of poetry are still with us today. I ask my students how many of them think they can recite a dozen poems from memory; and when none raises a hand, we do a little group demonstration. I supply the first line of a famous "poem" and they complete it: "Thirty days hath September . . . ;" "*i* before

e . . .;" "Baa black sheep have you any wool? . . .;" "For all you do . . . " And then I ask them why they sit out at the Badger football games chanting, "Push 'em back, push 'em back, waaay back!" The answer, of course, is because they hope to influence the outcome of the game magically, through the poetry of their chant.

Poetry is still a central part of our culture, evident, for example, in advertising, popular music, rap, religion, political rhetoric. But why don't people read poetry? The blame is often put on technology—television and movies have taken over the narrative energies that once went into poetry. If you want to be entertained with a story, television and film or possibly a novel seem more immediately accessible. Poetry is perceived to be difficult.

This is partly technology's fault, and it's partly poetry's fault. The modernist poetry of the first half of the twentieth century, as powerful and important as it was with its emphasis on impersonality, intellectual difficulty, ambiguity, paradox, disjunction, technical experimentation, allusion, and free verse, effectively removed poetry from the popular audience into the academy where it was studied. And, in fact, postmodern literary theorists have continued to privilege modes of disruption, discontinuity, inconsistency, erasure, and incoherence, seeing poems sometimes as riddles, intricate constructions that can be described without reference to the attitudes of a speaker.

A handful of contemporary poets have continued in this direction, writing poems that are more about language itself than anything else, poems (and this shows my bias) that can't really be read by an ordinary reader. Poets like Michael Palmer, Lynn Hejinian, Ron Silliman, and other so-called L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets have done intellectually interesting work, but they haven't helped dispel the notion that poetry is inaccessible to the average intelligent reader.

The poets I'm most interested in, and there are a lot of them, are poets who embrace the personal, the simple, the clear, the straightforward, the accessible. Many of these poets are exploring traditional forms and humor as a way of renewing poetry and possibly reaching a larger audience. I'm thinking of poets like Mary Oliver, Rita Dove, Ted Kooser, Maxine Kumin, Mona Van Duyn, Kelly Cherry, Tony Hoagland, Phil Dacey, Marilyn Nelson Waniek, David Clewell, Ed Ochester, Mark Doty, Max Garland, Roberta Hill Whiteman, and Susan Mitchell, among many others.

Mainstream American poetry is, in fact, incredibly varied, but it is not primarily a poetry of discontinuity and simultaneity, but of continuity and sequentiality. It is not typically a poetry of surface difficulty, or opacity and complexity, but of surface clarity and accessibility. Dave Smith, an important poet and critic and editor of *The Southern Review*, explains in his book *Local Assays* that this does not mean "easy verse, transparent speech," but it does suggest "a poem of ordinary human experience enacted dramatically." When asked by Larry Levis in an interview, "But maybe there is a special way in which people who read you as a poet think they're really getting you," Donald Justice, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet now in Florida replied, "Actually, I would like to keep that true. When I say *I* in a poem, I would like to be saying what I really do think and believe and have done or seen or experienced."

So one promising direction in American poetry, I think, is just this embrace of the personal voice, clear accessible language, the sense that you're hearing what the poet really does think and believe and has done or seen or experienced.

The poets I'm most interested in, and there are a lot of them, are poets who embrace the personal, the simple, the clear, the straightforward, the accessible.

❦

This is not, of course, to suggest that poetry should be artless, should just be good prose broken up into lines. In fact, a second direction in American poetry, related to the first, is, as I have suggested, a return to an exploration of traditional forms. I became interested in traditional forms some years ago, before it was a "movement" in contemporary poetry (The New Formalists), when I had a kind of epiphany, one of those revelations you get every once in awhile that change how you look at things.

In 1981 I had just published my first book, *Plums, Stones, Kisses & Hooks*, with the University of Missouri Press and sent copies to some of my relatives in Iowa—a high school baseball coach, a laundromat owner, a realtor, a beautician. They thanked me for the book and said that they liked it but of course they didn't really understand this modern poetry. Now my first, and rather snobbish, response was pride. Of course: I was a Ph.D., a professor; I was smarter than they were; they couldn't understand things I could understand.

But then, after some thought, I had my revelation. My relatives weren't saying that they couldn't understand the poems, which were, after all, simply celebrations of the natural world, dramatizations of my conflicts with my father who had multiple sclerosis, anecdotes about my daughters and my travels. What they were really saying was that they didn't understand how I could call this poetry. It didn't rhyme. It didn't have a set meter. It wasn't in a form. For them, free verse seemed just loose and sloppy and prosy. Again, I thought that they just needed to be educated, that free verse was of course preferable to those tired outdated traditional forms of their past. Traditional poetry was for light verse and greeting cards.

But shortly thereafter I was invited to be a panelist at an event sponsored by a group of retired persons. Sitting up front, observing the audience as the featured speaker talked about poetry and recited several poems of A.E. Housman (a poet

who's not much read or discussed anymore), I completed my revelation. Here's the first stanza of the Housman poem:

When I was one-and-twenty-
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

As the speaker recited the poem, a magical thing happened. Most of the two hundred people in the audience began mouthing the words silently to themselves. I could read their lips as the speaker began the second stanza:

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

We all knew this poem; it was a part of our lives, impressed deep in our consciousnesses. And we knew it because it was direct and was in rhyme and meter and had an element of humor. This audience of people in their sixties and seventies may not have been able to recite any free verse. But they knew these rhyming quatrains, and probably many more.

I began to think that maybe my relatives were smarter than I had thought; maybe they had something there. Maybe we poets had given up some important elements of poetry when we embraced free verse so single-mindedly. So although I had grown up thinking that free verse was the only kind of poetry worth writing, and would have been incredulous had anyone told me that one day I'd be considered a New Formalist, I started experimenting with forms, partly as a reaction to the tyranny of free verse.

There were other reasons for my interest in traditional forms, however. Most readers are probably familiar with Robert Frost's famous complaint that "writing free verse is like playing tennis without a net." The standard answer to that complaint is one I used to make myself, that it's *hard* to play tennis without a net because you have to *imagine* the net. A free-verse poet imagines the net, invents a new form each time he or she writes a new poem. But now I think that Frost maybe knew what he was talking about. Frost also insisted that "poetry is play, if you forget that you're a fraud." Poetry is a game, a serious game, but not a solemn game. And serious games have boundaries, rules, restrictions, limits—nets. I've found great pleasure in playing within the boundaries of formal verse, in testing the limits, in bouncing slams off the top of the net and hitting the chalk line and sneaking in illegal shots when no one was looking. So I turned to formal verse because it was *fun*.

But I also came to see how tapping into a long tradition helped me as a poet. Free verse has only been around for a few decades; formal verse has been around for centuries. And every time I write a sonnet (and I just completed a project of writing one each day for a year), it's not just my sonnet on the page. My sonnet resonates with all the sonnets ever written—Shakespeare, Spenser, Petrarch, Keats, Wordsworth, all pulse through the form itself. There's great energy there to be tapped into.

Finally, I've also found that formal verse helps *generate* poems. Technique is discovery. That is, the sometimes bizarre requirements of a traditional form can push a poem in a direction totally unlike that in which the poet had thought he or she was going. I found when I was writing free verse that I was rarely surprised anymore—I pretty much knew where my poems were going. With forms, I never knew, because the form had a life of its own, taking me into new places, surprising me.

One surprise for me was that I was now able to write some political poems. One of the standard lines of attack against The New Formalist movement is that forms themselves are politically reactionary—aren't politically correct. I've always thought of myself as being politically correct, so I was annoyed at being labeled conservative and reactionary just because I wrote sonnets. If the critics looked a bit more carefully, however, they'd see that a number of the New Formalists are using forms to explore very liberal ideas. Marilyn Nelson Waniek uses forms to explore her African-American heritage; Marilyn Hacker has written a sonnet sequence about a lesbian love affair; I've written sestinas about nuclear proliferation and ballades about animal rights.

Of course, the new formalism is not the old formalism. The New Formalists have learned something from free verse, and their formal poems read like good conversation, employing accessible language, simple subject matter, and strong evocative imagery. The best New Formalist poem, I think, is a poem that seems as natural and inevitable as free verse. The greatest compliment a reader can pay me is to read one of my poems, and like it, and not realize it's in a form.

So the personal accessible voice, and the renewed interest in traditional forms may begin to reach a wider audience.

❦

A third direction in American poetry, and one that too many poets and critics have dismissed, is that of humor. There is, actually, a long tradition of humor in American literature in general, a tradition that scholars and teachers have downplayed because of a misunderstanding of humor as somehow not serious. Humor is, in fact, one defining characteristic of American writing—and American humor is arguably different from any other culture's humor. I've written three books on the subject—one on Henry James, one on contemporary American novels,

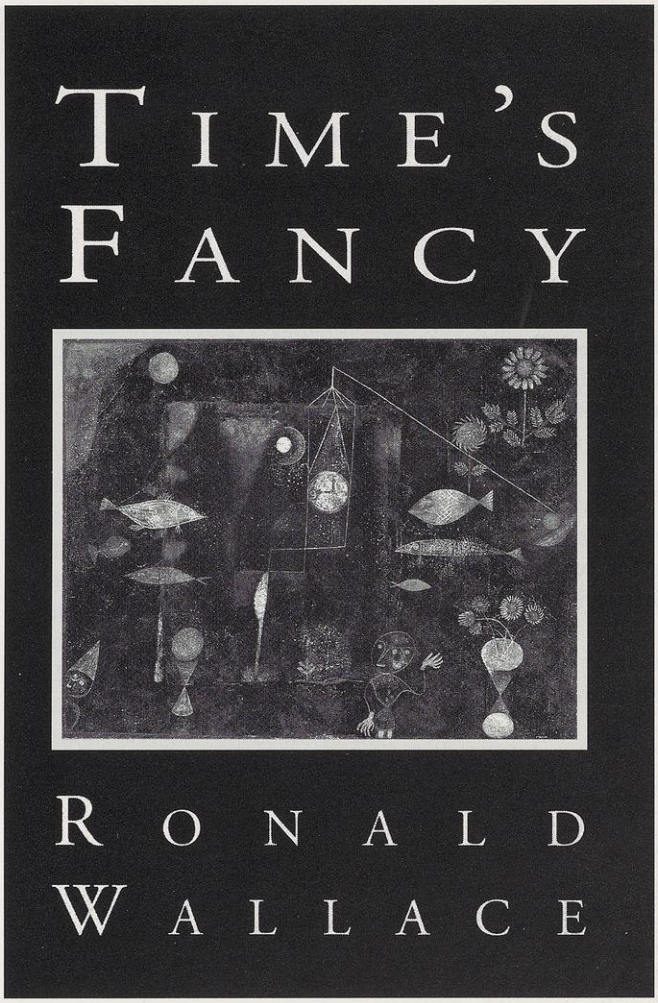
and one on humor in American poetry called *God Be With the Clown*. It's a vast subject; but to simplify, I see two major voices in American humorous poetry—one that grows out of Walt Whitman and one that grows out of Emily Dickinson, both highly comic serious poets. Whitman's comic voice is one of boast and swagger, the comedy of hyperbole and exaggeration and self-aggrandizement. Here's Whitman at his comic best from section twenty-four of "Song of Myself":

> Through me forbidden voices,
> Voices of sexes and lusts, voices veil'd and I remove the veil,
> Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigur'd.
>
> I do not press my fingers across my mouth,
> I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart,
> Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.
>
> I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
> Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.
>
> Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd from,
> the scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer,
> This head more than churches, bibles, and all the creeds.
>
> If I worship one thing more than another it shall be the spread of my own body, or any part of it.
> . . . . . .
> I dote on myself, there is that lot of me and all so luscious.

Dickinson's comic voice is in some ways the opposite of Whitman's; Dickinson's is that of wit and slyness, the comedy of understatement and deflation and self-deprecation. Here's a familiar example of Dickinson's comic voice:

> I'm Nobody! Who are you?
> Are you—Nobody—Too?
> Then there's a pair of us?
> Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!
>
> How dreary—to be—Somebody!
> How public—like a Frog—
> To tell one's name—the livelong June—
> To an admiring bog!

The personal accessible voice, the experiments with traditional form, and the humor that I've suggested are characteristic of much of the best contemporary poetry, thus have their roots in Whitman and Dickinson. And although some poets today (myself included, at times) optimistically think that a return to these roots may increase the audience for poetry, perhaps we should, with Dickinson, just celebrate our good fortune at having even one like-minded reader.



Can poetry matter? For Whitman and Dickinson, for the great modernist poets of the early twentieth century, and for the audiences that have embraced them over the years, poetry has mattered to the point where some have believed that poetry might even take the place of religion, that poetry might save us. Heading into the twenty-first century, we may no longer have such elevated notions of poetry; poetry may not be able to save us. But if poetry can't save us, it's at least one thing that makes us worth saving. ❧

This is a version of an acceptance speech given by the author at the 1994 annual conference of the Wisconsin Library Association, at which time his collection of poems, Time's Fancy, *received the Banta Award for the best book published by a Wisconsin writer in 1994. Quotes from* The Complete Works of Emily Dickinson, *edited by Thomas H. Johnson, courtesy Little, Brown and Company. Quotes from* Leaves of Grass *by Walt Whitman courtesy Prometheus Books. Quotes from "When I Was One and Twenty" by A.E. Housman courtesy Penguin Books.*

The Resurrection and the Light

Because, after the age of twenty-two, my father
couldn't move a step without a cane,
then crutches, then a wheelchair, and worse,
I rise each morning, twice his age, and run

four slow miles through a congregation of corn,
past the foolish shit-bespattered cows,
to the country church, its stern spire
piercing the bright side of heaven

where my father thought he'd take up
residence one day, in white robes and light
on his feet as some celestial Fred Astaire.
He's buried there.

So every morning the slow dead wake up
and all the mired cows take flight.

Cricket

*Ooooh, you've got gigantic cockroaches
in here!* the girls shout. They're fifteen,
out to the country for the first time and
unnerved by insects, chickens, cows, and dirt.
I hear a shoe clapped like a hammer
to the floor, getting that misapprehension
unmistakably nailed down.

How fear and inexperience become us.
How wealth and ease send our small wits
packing, or keep us always out at recess
from the school of hard knocks, armed
to the teeth with self–deception.

I could go on. I've had my own
rattlers in the backyard, bats in the belfry,
monsters in the closet, wolves behind the door.
Nevertheless, when I scrape the broken cricket,
all rust and silence, contorted residue of song,
off the kitchen floor, I say a small
elegiac for our history, for us all.

The Astronomy of Loss

I bumbled through the night
with its sudden encumbrances
of door frame, wheelbarrow, and pump,
lugging my clumsy instrument.
Out here in the country
there is dark enough to see
the planets and farthest galaxies—
M31 in Andromeda, Hercules' globular cluster,
the rings of Saturn and moons of Jupiter
spoon in the cup of my scope.

If everything lopes across the field
of vision, it isn't the universe moving,
it's us, hurrying past
to our separate destinations,
thumbprints smudged on the glass,
the heat of our perceptions just
a matter of spin and tilt.

The lights in the house are out.
Their familiar constellations
grow faint with distance as midnight
snaps on its black lens cap
and packs up. As if change
were a precision instrument
of polished mirror and glass,
and loss the only landscape
that could be dependably called up.

Pastoral

They say it was an absence of cows
that brought this old barn down,
twisted the stone foundation
against itself until the king beams,
swaybacked and woozy, cracked under
the strain of so much dry air.
Moisture, our neighbor farmer,
leaning back on his heels, said. *Moisture*

and heat would have saved it. Sweet
Jesus! What must it take,
in these late days of our ransacked
lives, to save what's left of longings
on which we put everything down?
Who'll off to market, singing *cows, cows?*

The Physics of Marriage

I know that the gold in this ring
is the offspring of the explosion
of some dark star ten billion years ago
when the atoms went shimmering off on
their long voyage that would pause here
to flicker on your finger as if
it were somehow substantial, and not
just a casual addition of electrons

in a probably indifferent emptiness.
What theory is there to explain us?
How we accelerate through our half-lives
toward these moments of exquisite collision
making what new particles visible
to the most untutored, elementary eye?

Quick Bright Things

And it is in September that beauty,
forsaking its tenacious footholds,
the durable and clumsy insistencies of summer,
takes its most tenuous shapes—
swallowtail, aster, cricket, and switchgrass—
as if to tell us it doesn't care
to put up the slightest resistance, as if
to say delicacy, evanescence, and meekness
are an end in themselves, and radiance flows
to those who with grace and disinterest
let go.

May the armed potatoes hunker
in their bunkers of dark, the roots and tubers,
rammed into their silos, give no ground,
the skunks and weasels hold their tedious sleep
against heaven, we'll go with the sweet
scent of wood smoke, the brief season of leaf-
mold and midge, the short-lived, the perishable
quick bright thing. Against the permanence
of darkness and silence, we'll spin out
a tenuous deliquescence. We'll sing.

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Jane Hamilton's Increasing Complexity

by Jack Stark

One of the more pleasing recent phenomena in Wisconsin literature is Jane Hamilton. An unassuming person who, with her husband, operates an apple orchard in Racine County, she has quickly risen to the stature of a popular and highly regarded writer. Her first novel, The Book of Ruth *(Ticknor and Fields, 1988), won the PEN/Hemingway Award for the best first novel of the year. Her second novel,* A Map of the World *(Doubleday, 1994), impressed book reviewers and appeared briefly on the best-seller list of* The New York Times. *It is also heartening that she uses Wisconsin material.* The Book of Ruth *is set just over the Illinois border, but Wisconsin details, such as references to Highway 12 and Honey Creek (the village just to the west of the Hamilton-Ela apple orchard) suggest that the setting really is Wisconsin thinly disguised. Most of the action of* A Map of the World *takes place in meticulously described settings in Racine County. Perhaps most pleasing of all, her second novel is significantly more complex and incisive than her first, suggesting that readers can expect her to write even better novels.*

The Book of Ruth is the story of a young woman and the small circle in which she lives: her woebegone and self-pitying mother, May; her husband, Ruby, who, like Ruth, is mentally limited; her son, Justy, and a few others, most of whom lead lives of loud desperation. After Ruby rapes Ruth—an act that to her is more confusing than hurtful—they marry and move in with her mother. The relationship between Ruby and May deteriorates as Ruby becomes more interested in alcohol, drugs, and television and less interested in employment. Ruth, who ordinarily plays the role of peacemaker, precipitates an incident that ends in extreme violence. Ruth survives to meditate as effectively as she can about the meaning of her experience and to envision a better life.

This novel's title, because it is identical to that of a biblical book, suggests that *The Book of Ruth* has an important religious theme. Critics have interpreted that biblical story variously, sometimes with a feminist spin. It is about a Moabite woman who, after the death of her Jewish husband and father-in-law, settles in Bethlehem with her mother-in-law and marries another Jew, Boaz, whose descendants include King David and Jesus. That story has little in common with the novel. The plots are dissimilar. The major characters in Hamilton's novel attend church, and Ruth refers to angels and believes some religious doctrines. However, she bitterly disavows other doctrines and curses her minister when he tries to comfort her. Thus, the biblical reference in the novel's title leads readers down a false trail.

Perhaps most pleasing of all, her second novel is significantly more complex and incisive than her first, suggesting that readers can expect her to write even better novels.

The real significance of the title is its pointing to the heroine's name. Hamilton waits until four pages before the novel's end to reveal that name. After that long delay, the appearance of the heroine's name startles the reader and suggests that something of great import is about to be revealed. This literary device resembles Dante's mentioning his main character's name (which is the same as his own) only once, nearly two-thirds of the way through *The Divine Comedy* (Purgatory, XXX, 55). Beatrice speaks it and then begins instructing the character in divine truth. Ruth points out that her name means pity and compassion. In this novel those two virtues are Hamilton's primary recommended responses to the squalor—moral and otherwise—that she painstakingly describes. Noble as those virtues are, they do not seem quite sufficient.

Except for the rage that stimulates Ruby's violent actions, Ruth lives up to her name. In fact, she does a better job at it as

her life becomes more onerous. An example of the early, weaker form of her compassion is her admission that the reasons why she married Ruby were not only love, a desire to have a baby, and a desire to emulate others who were marrying, but also pity: "I could tell he needed a girl to cook him good food and buy him clean undershirts." Her pity (as well as her later willingness to stick by him despite his behavior), along with his emotional instability, portend (but of course do not excuse) the abuse that she will suffer at his hands. This early version of compassion is attenuated and is mixed with other less mature and less admirable motives, although it is also mixed with love.

Later her forbearance becomes virtually saint-like and at times almost seems to be a sufficient response to her afflictions. Ruth, despite her limitations, recognizes Ruby's faults. However, she excuses them, and Hamilton makes that response seem compassionate and pitying, not naive. Similarly, Ruth usually can tolerate her mother's repetitive annoying behavior. Most of her friends are seriously flawed, but she remains loyal to them. Her patience does know limits: she finally cannot tolerate her unctuous and insincere minister and her brilliant brother, who flees the family as soon as he can and returns as infrequently as he can, although he, too, demonstrates pity after Ruth's suffering intensifies. In short, Hamilton draws Ruth as pitying and compassionate but not beyond the bounds of credibility. Thus, in regard to those two qualities, she seems worthy of emulation.

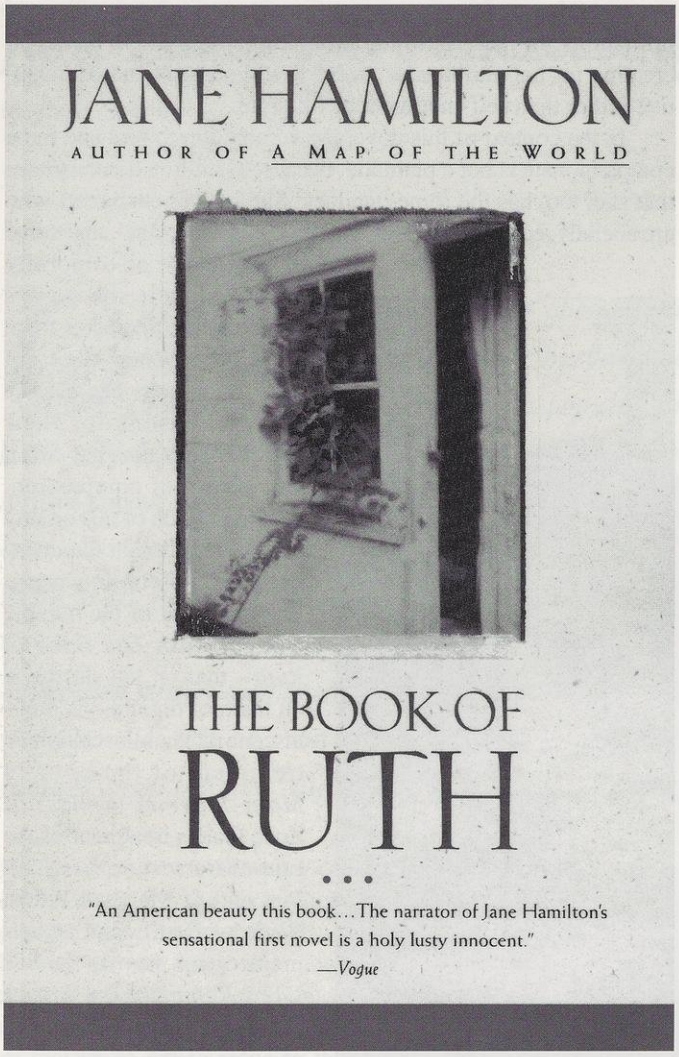
Robert Willard

Jane Hamilton.

By choosing both, on the one hand, to have Ruth enunciate the "moral of the story," that pity and compassion are necessary, and almost always to make her behave in accordance with those virtues; and, on the other hand, to make Ruth mildly mentally disabled and the narrator, Hamilton sets a difficult technical problem for herself. The author falters once, when Ruth improbably does very well at a spelling bee. However, Ruth's exposure to first-rate literature when she plays tapes of books for a blind person makes her occasionally fancy diction (e.g., "sibling" and "astounding") and her insights into the behavior of others credible. To a lesser extent, Ruth's relation, mainly epistolary, with her Aunt Sid accounts for the portions of her narrative that at first do not seem to jibe with her intellectual limitations. In fact, Hamilton turns a necessity into a virtue by creating for her narrator an eccentric style, a style that is inventive rather than self-indulgent or illiterate.

In the context of this novel the admonition to pity and to be compassionate is not a platitude, because Hamilton demonstrates that she, too, has the same qualities. She creates characters who are socially, economically, and intellectually marginal, and some of whom are also morally marginal; but she grants them dignity. She takes them seriously. When they act ignobly, a reader can usually discern reasons for their actions, reasons that often are worthy of compassion. Her possession of this quality places Hamilton in the mainstream of Wisconsin writing. Her treatment of the humble characters in *The Book of Ruth*—that is, her bestowal on them of dignity—is reminiscent of Hamlin Garland's treatment of the poor in *Main-Traveled Roads*; of Zona Gale's treatment of the title character in *Miss Lulu Bett* and of Marshall Pitt in *Birth*; of Ben Logan's treatment of his family in *The Land Remembers*; and of Glenway Wescott's portrayal of some of the characters in his early work (but decidedly not in *Good-Bye Wisconsin*).

Most of the characters in *The Book of Ruth* need compassion and pity for two kinds of reasons. One kind is their individual afflictions. For example, May's first husband, whom she loved, died young at war, and her second husband abruptly abandoned her and Ruth. The second, and more significant, kind of reason is more general. Examples go beyond poverty and intellectual and emotional problems. The characters are separated from nature. May grew up on a farm but lives in a desolate village. Ruby futilely tries to connect to nature by building bird houses. Ruth is attracted immediately to Ruby when she first sees him, floating on an inner tube in the middle of the lake and seeming to her like a bizarre, aquatic god. She chides the minister to "kneel down sometime in early spring and sniff a bloodroot. Just because you can't take it all in with your senses doesn't mean the earth is half-baked. It's ideal, if you don't count the humans." Her final affliction is a long stay in an urban hospital, totally disconnected from nature.



The other general reason why most of the characters in the novel need pity and compassion is that they lack intellectual baggage and culture. Ruth has acquired some of the former by listening to tapes of books with the blind woman. Dickens, in particular his empathy with the downtrodden, has influenced her. She also has an exemplar in her Aunt Sid, a high school music teacher who leads a cultivated life and has developed a strong relationship with Ruth. They correspond and occasionally visit each other, and Aunt Sid takes Ruth in when no one else is left to do so. The taped books give Ruth insight into her condition, and Aunt Sid gives her surcease from that condition, a glimpse of other possibilities and sympathy. These benefits are limited, however, and the other characters have nothing like them. Their lot is confusion and entrapment in a way of life to which they cam discern no alternatives, much less ways of achieving alternatives.

The Book of Ruth is a strong first novel, original and technically sound. In it Jane Hamilton deals with important themes. Her development of those themes and the worldview that informs the novel are impressive for a young writer; she was only thirty-one when the book was published. More important, *The Book of Ruth* provided evidence that the technical and intellectual dimensions of her work would develop apace. That happened.

❦

It happened in *A Map of the World* (1994), her next and most recent novel. That book is the story of Alice Goodwin, a farm wife and part-time school nurse, whose negligent care of a child leads to tragedy and who is seriously victimized by a vindictive woman. Alice's husband and two young daughters and her best friend suffer with her. This novel is longer than *The Book of Ruth*. It is also more profound and more intellectually complex.

Its title refers to a map of an imaginary world that Alice had drawn when she was a child and had saved. Although it took considerable effort, the map depicts a simple world. That world is also imaginary—its creator constructed it exactly as she wished. Unfortunately, as Alice learns the hard way, the real world is neither simple nor made-to-order. Rather, it is complex and beyond control. As Machiavelli writes in *The Prince*, one cannot control the flood of fortune; one can merely build dikes that will minimally divert it. Hamilton's ability to portray such a world running on its own momentum is the clinching evidence that her vision has become more complex. It also is a major reason why *A Map of the World* is an even better novel than *The Book of Ruth*.

The first disaster in this novel is an accident, although it is worth noting that one of the activities that distracted Alice while it happened (thus making it unlikely that she could prevent it) was the act of examining her map of the world, as if to reassure herself that the world is simple and controllable. She is about to learn that the world is neither. The accident stirs up the other townspeople, especially the pathetic woman who sets out to destroy Alice.

This problem may not have happened, and certainly would not have proceeded so far, if the Goodwins had not been aliens. They operate the only farm in the area and are surrounded by a sterile subdivision. They have moved in from outside the state. One of their first visitors is an African-American who has dreadlocks and a strange automobile. Such details make the plot credible. Because of the empathy that readers have for the Goodwins, the details also make the point that to some extent we are all aliens and thus potential victims of the weaknesses of those among whom we live.

Not only are some outcomes beyond the characters' control but also their causes are not recognizable when they occur. Alice learns that minor negligence and a concatenation of forces—not intentional, clear-cut actions—have drastically changed her life. The drift of events is identified in the novel's opening: "I used to think if you fell from grace it was more likely than not the result of one stupendous error, or else an unfortunate accident. I hadn't learned that it can happen so gradually you don't lose your stomach or hurt yourself in the landing. You don't necessarily sense the motion."

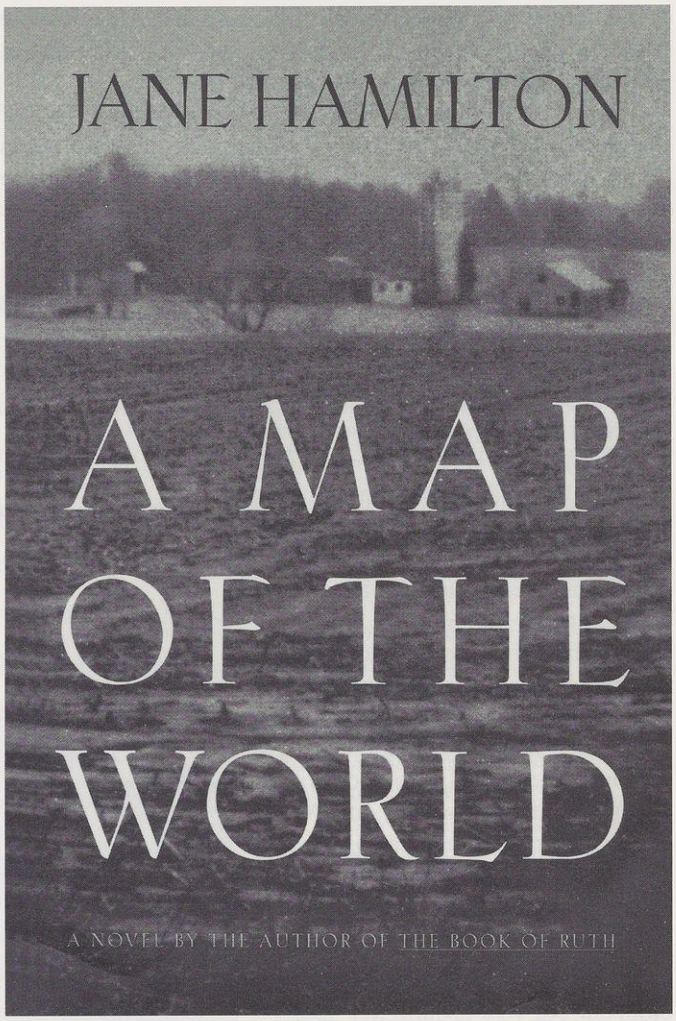
Alice's negligence begins a totally unpredictable sequence of events influenced by factors which at first do not seem to be connected to it. A world that has such a cause-and-effect system is difficult to fathom; a fictional world that has such a system is both difficult to create and an accurate replica of the real world.

Hamilton adds another layer of complexity by demonstrating that not only are the causes of events difficult to identify and to prevent, but also that persons perceive events differently. She makes this point most obviously by using Alice to narrate the first and last sections of the novel and by using Alice's husband, Howard, to narrate the middle section. Because they know different things and perceive things in different ways, their conceptions of events are different.

Hamilton also makes her point about varying perceptions by describing Alice's trial. I suspect that many readers are caught up in that description, partly because they are curious about its outcome, partly because they empathize with Alice (due to Hamilton's skillful portrayal of her), and partly because of its realism: Hamilton has learned a good deal about criminal law and procedure and trial tactics. If readers step back from the narrative, however, they may realize that this trial, like all others, is the telling of two stories, which are based on the same events. Hamilton tells her story of the two attorneys telling their stories. Trials are designed to resolve disputes, not to elucidate Truth. Hamilton makes it clear that the story told by Alice's attorney is closer to the truth, but at the same time she indicates that Truth is elusive because perceptions of it vary and are not totally reliable.

Nature is more complicated in *A Map of the World* than it is in *The Book of Ruth*. In Hamilton's first novel, nature is elemental and, although contact with it can be lost, it is clearly positive. In her second novel nature provides solace to Alice and Howard. They swim in the pond or contemplate the night sky when things go awry. Howard is drawn to the land and needs to use it to provide food for others. His job tending the dairy herd at a Chicago zoo, which he has at the novel's end, is a disturbing contrast to running his own dairy farm, which he does when the novel begins. For the Goodwins at the novel's end, nature becomes an exhibit, not a place in which one can live meaningfully. Moreover, drought, weeds, and sick animals plague the Goodwins' farming. Alice thinks of someone who cruelly beats her as a force of nature.

History, too, is complex, because it is difficult to remain connected to it. For all of the characters except Howard it barely exists. He, however, learns about local history and is fascinated by an old trunk, which he found in their farm house's attic and which contains items left by previous owners of the farm. Among them is a log that includes a laconic entry describing the death of a farmer's son from a broken neck. Despite this *memento mori* from the historical record, Howard thinks that the trunk is valuable: "The past seemed to flow into the present, in some instances taking over the here and now. It was all the traces that made me feel the quickness of passing time, of passing generations." He saved the trunk and the historical evidence



in it, but he leaves the farm, so that for him the historical continuity is broken. Alice, however, wanted to throw away or give away the trunk's contents. The subdivisions which multiply around them seem to destroy the past, further diminishing the meaning of the characters' lives.

The relations among the characters are more complex than they are in *The Book of Ruth*. There are three main relationships: Howard's with Alice, and the relationship of each with their neighbor Teresa. Howard and Alice clearly love one another, although they, especially Howard, are not very expressive. Each perplexes the other. Alice acts in ways that surprise him, mainly because she is under great stress. Alice cannot understand Howard's attachment to the farm and farming and his fascination with the trunk in the attic. The final scene underscores the puzzling nature of their relation. Alice admits that "I couldn't have said what it was he needed to tell me," and she feels forgiveness—for grievances that are unarticulated except for a vague reference to many betrayals—toward him. Ruby and Ruth in *The Book of Ruth*, despite their limited intelligence, understand each other and express themselves volubly.

However, the relationship between Howard and Alice is more credible, because Hamilton bases it on her recognition that in marriages each spouse fails fully to know the other.

Howard's relation to Teresa is ambiguous because both of the characters wish it to be so. At one point, Howard needs Teresa's help with the children; and, less obviously to him, he needs the emotional support that she is skilled in giving, but he hesitates to admit those needs. Teresa, a quintessential caregiver, willingly provides both kinds of support, but she hides her attachment to Howard. For a long time they dance around one another, Teresa feeding Howard and caring for his daughters, Howard awkwardly expressing his appreciation and acting as if she is merely a kind neighbor. At one point, however, they loosen up and physically—in a very restrained way—express their affection. After that they begin to withdraw from each other. Their reticence and the complex mixture of their motives is carefully and realistically limned.

In the brief scene before Alice's troubles begin and in Alice's recollections of their prior relationship, Alice and Teresa have an unambiguous relationship. They simply are good friends. Teresa's outgoing nature and Alice's sensitivity are a perfect match. The accident strains and complicates their friendship. Some of the old relationship remains, but Alice's guilt and Teresa's grief and her efforts to refrain from blaming Alice irreversibly alter their situation. She even expresses trust in Alice. After the Goodwins move from the farm, they have minimal and awkward contact. Their troubles, as well as Teresa's attraction to Howard (which Alice does not know about but perhaps senses) prove to be too much for the relationship to bear. In short, their relationship is complicated because it changes, mainly due to events which they cannot control; they cannot prevent changes.

The vindictive woman and her son at first appear to be completely uncomplicated: twisted persons. However, the portrait of each changes slightly as the novel progresses. The change in the boy Robby occurs because of information about his mother's open and uninhibited affairs, which make his sullenness and deviousness a bit more excusable. The mother, Ms. Mackessy, appears to change very late in the book, because Alice interprets her motives in a new way: "I know very well the urge to protect your failings, a need so strong you make up a different world to inhabit." That common defense mechanism, which is revealed because Alice at least partially forgives her tormenter, does not excuse Ms. Mackessy's behavior, but it makes her a more well-developed character and thus more complicated, perhaps even less hateful.

The law and its two main representatives, prosecutor Susan Dirks and defense attorney Raferty, are also complicated. The law functions as it should. The process, however, is not pretty and its costs, both financial and emotional, are steep. Susan Dirks is not evil, but she has been duped by the Mackessys; the charge should not have been brought. Alice is repelled by Raferty's litigator-like will to win and his crudity, but she is grateful for his loyalty and effectiveness. The law is not portrayed as a pristine institution that dispenses justice for free. It is not a *deus ex machina* that arrives on stage at the end to set things right. Like the human beings who work in it—and because human beings work in it—the law, too, is both admirable in a way and profoundly flawed.

Here is a Wisconsin writer, Jane Hamilton, to delight those of us who are interested in that branch of literature. Her two novels are well worth reading.

Here is a Wisconsin writer, Jane Hamilton, to delight those of us who are interested in that branch of literature. Her two novels are well worth reading. Even better, she is rapidly developing and is still young enough so that we can expect a long sequence of fine work from her. I hope she will continue to use Wisconsin material in her writing, so that we can learn from her even more about the ways in which we live in this state. ❧

Mothers and Daughters

by Agate Nesaule

My mother did come back. She came back the following morning, escorted by a Russian officer. The soldiers had taken her outside to shoot her. I do not know what the charge was, or if they needed one, but some formalities about shooting civilians must have existed because they did not take her directly to the open area by the oak. They half dragged her, half pushed her to the main building, where soldiers, prostitutes and a few officers were spending the night. She had a glimpse of Ōmite working in the kitchen.

They took her into a hallway and kept her waiting there for most of the night. Shouts and singing came from the dining room and reception hall. She knew some of the songs so she started humming one—something, anything to make the soldier guarding her see that she was human. She tried to talk him into letting her go, but he ordered her sharply to hold her tongue.

She was taken to Pastor Braun's study. All the mirrors in the reception hall had been smashed, all the paintings on the walls were slashed. The bathroom door was wide open and two soldiers were playing with the taps, turning them off and on. A third was washing his feet in the toilet. Through another door that had been left ajar, she could see a soldier moving on top of a naked woman. The woman's wide-open eyes looked past the soldier to the blank wall ahead.

Agate Nesaule

Most of the soldiers in this unit were Mongolian peasants for whom mirrors, running water and electricity were new. My mother had known people like them during her childhood in Siberia. She used to talk about them loving and caressing their horses but striking their women and about their wearing heavy dark clothing during the summer, which they said kept out the heat. Another story she told was about a peasant who kept trying to bring daylight into his windowless hut in a bucket. She knew their language, but otherwise she did not have much in common with them.

She was left in Pastor Braun's study and made to wait again. A young soldier prodded her when she tried to sit down, but otherwise ignored her. The shouts of the soldiers grew louder, they were drinking more and more vodka. The drunker they got, the more dangerous they would be.

Finally a senior officer arrived. He was accompanied by the soldier who had taken the old woman's teeth. Aggrieved and angry, the soldier accused my mother of attacking the conquering army. He was indignant his comrades had not shot her on the spot.

My mother began talking. It is one of the things I most admire about her, that at this moment she could talk, that she knew the language and that she knew what to say.

She was also helped by a fortuitous circumstance. The officer was city-bred and educated, so that the false teeth appeared to him in a different light. But even more than that, he had lived near Omsk, as had my mother as a child. They knew some of the same streets, some of the same shops, some of the same

A Woman in Amber: Healing the Trauma of War and Exile by Agage Nesaule. Soho Press (New York, ISBN 1–56947–046–4), 1995. 285 pages. $24.00 hardcover. Excerpt from Chapter 7 reprinted with permission.

people. He had gone to the same school as my mother's brothers. He did not hold my mother's Russian past against her, even though she and her parents had fled the country following the Revolution, and they had been members of the landowning class standing in the way of economic justice. Instead, the officer and she speculated about what had happened to some of the teachers at the school, and he told her that the mill her parents had built was still in operation. Both of them spoke with longing of the flowering meadows and dark forests.

He ordered the soldiers to release her. My mother knew that her safety would last only as long as the walk through the doors, so she persuaded him to help her further. He allowed her to find Õmite and Aunt Hermine, who were dozing in the kitchen, and then escorted them himself.

"The conditions in the basement are terrible," my mother told him, "rape, looting, brutality."

"That's against the regulations," he said. Whether he believed her or not, he agreed to take us elsewhere. A different unit of soldiers was occupying the orphanage and it might be safer there. He took all of us, including our cousin Astrida and Aunt Hermine, along the lake to the village orphanage.

At least, that is what my mother once told me happened while she was gone, and I try to believe her. I remember walking on the sandy path with my mother and a Russian officer. When I try to visualize the reunion with my mother and my grandmother, I can remember very little, though it must have been overwhelmingly joyous. All I can see is the moment when she came through the basement door. Her face was flushed, she drew her coat tightly around herself and she dropped her eyes. She looked ashamed, the way that Hilda had, though perhaps I am only imagining it.

❦

We are in the dining hall of the orphanage, where the Russian officer has brought us. It is not a real shelter since it is above ground, but it feels enclosed because the shattered windows are boarded up and the guns and planes have receded. There are only women and girls here, more girls than in the basement. The girls are dressed alike, in dark blue uniforms with white collars and black pinafores. A few are my age, about seven, but most are older. Three elderly nuns are on a bench in front of them; they are reciting the rosary. The girls are sitting close together, quietly.

There are not as many soldiers here, but otherwise it looks the same. The floor is littered with mud-smeared clothes and papers. Shards of crystal and china crunch under their muddy black boots. The soldiers stomp on faces in photographs taken at weddings and christenings. The girls draw into themselves, just like the women in the basement, but there is no partition. My mother whispers that these soldiers are not Mongolians, and perhaps that is another difference.

The author's mother, Valda Nesaule, in Latvia c.1930. This "mourning photo" was taken after Valda's younger sister had died of tuberculosis.

The women and girls stare at us, we do not belong here either, but they make room for us on one of the benches. We sit down and spread the old blanket over our legs. We wait. The soldiers come in and out, they talk and gesture with their guns, their boots are exactly the same. But they allow us to have water from a bucket with a common cup, and they do not interfere with anyone going to the bathroom to the side. The officer has given my mother a loaf of bread and we devour it. I can feel the orphans watching us hungrily.

We are overwhelmingly tired, we have never been so exhausted. We try to make ourselves comfortable on the hard bench, but there is no back to lean against. I close my eyes and rest my head against my mother. I am no longer trembling. It is more peaceful here.

But then the door bursts open and yet more soldiers push into the room. They are the same as the soldiers in the basement, Mongolians. I would recognize the slanted eyes, the dark glistening skin and the high cheekbones anywhere. They survey the huddled women briefly, then stare at the orphan girls. The nuns spread their arms in front of them. Their white hoods flutter. A soldier takes a step forward, then stops.

The soldiers inspect those of us on the other benches. Dark hands with blackened fingernails reach towards us; they grab a woman by the hair in order to get a better look at her face. She shrinks away from the soldier, she tries to knot herself up, but he yanks her face towards him with dirty hands. He presses his knee into her lap to straighten her, so that they can decide whether she is the one they want.

"God will punish you," says a nun. Her face is impassive; only her hood trembles. The soldiers do not seem to hear nor would they understand her if they did. They pull the woman, who is trying to stay doubled up, towards the door.

And then something miraculous happens. Another woman, who looks like the sister of the one who has been seized, steps to the piano in the corner of the room. She seats herself, opens it, begins to play. A melody fills the air. She is playing "Die Lorelei."

> "I don't know what it means
> that I am so sad
> A fairy tale from old times
> haunts my mind . . . "

It is a lovely, plaintive melody, strangely appropriate.

Startled, the soldiers turn towards her. They have not expected this. Their grip on the other sister lightens; one of them lets his hands drop altogether. They stand frozen in the middle of the room, listening to the music. The woman at the piano finishes the first verse and starts another.

Their eyes on the playing woman, the soldiers release her sister. They follow her hands on the piano, they listen intently, they move into the melody themselves.

The young woman left standing in the middle of the floor takes a slow, tentative step backwards, away from the soldiers. They glance at her without interest, they do not try to stop her. Their eyes are on the hands making the music. Slowly, slowly, afraid to startle them, the victim creeps back to her seat. She has gained a few minutes of reprieve—is it too much to hope that she has escaped altogether? She draws into herself again, folds herself up. They will have to force her to straighten anew.

Her sister keeps playing. She plays "Die Lorelei" several times, and when she notices their attention wandering, she begins a waltz. She plays waltzes, mazurkas, marches and hymns. The soldiers grow tired of listening standing up, so one by one they drop to the floor. They form a circle around the woman at the piano. Their chins rest on their knees, their faces are rapt with attention, they watch the woman's hands gliding over the keys.

Other soldiers come bursting in, ready for violence, but the melodies filling the air and the mesmerized faces of the other soldiers stop them. They stand uncertainly for a few minutes, they lay down their guns, they rest on the ground. They take off their helmets, they loosen the collars of their uniforms, their bodies become pliant, they sway gently together.

The woman plays and plays, and the soldiers listen. When she tires, she nods to her sister, who slides onto the piano bench next to her. Together they play a duet, moving easily into the double melodies they must have practiced as girls. They do not allow the music to cease for an instant. Music can stay anger and hate.

Agate (right) with her sister, Beate, and grandmother Ōmite in 1946, three months after escaping starvation in East Germany.

When the exhausted woman gets up, her sister takes over and continues playing. A soldier grasps the tired woman's elbow and jams her fingers back on the keys; he looks angry at the discordant chords. But her sister goes on playing until he understands that the music will continue, so he lets the tired woman go back to her seat. Her sister plays until she can no more, and then another woman glides across the room and onto the piano bench. Chopin and Mozart flow through the room; the soldiers are quiet.

My mother takes her turn playing. She plays a Russian folk song, and the soldiers nudge each other delightedly. They shout at her to play it again. The soldiers who took her from the basement may be in the circle by the piano, their dark skins and impassive faces are so alike. I am afraid to meet their gaze, so that I cannot tell them apart, but if they are, they do not interfere with my mother's playing. They groan when she stops, but subside when another woman plays "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

While the women are able to play, while the soldiers are willing to listen, we are safer than we have been. The women play all the melodies their mothers made them practice as girls. They play until twilight descends.

When the soldiers begin to grow bored and restless, they wander away in twos and threes, looking for someplace else to go. The rain has diminished to an intermittent drizzle, but it is still cold. Only a few soldiers remain in the dining hall, and when darkness comes, even the last two leave. It would be a good time to sleep. Though I am repeatedly startled into wide-awake terror because I believe I hear soldiers returning, I doze for much of the night. ❧

The Song of Taliesin

by Thomas Davis

1

This is the center—where the fireplace rises, stone
On stone, into the sloping ceiling, inner stones
Charred black by countless morning fires; lintel stone,
Clay colored, massive, square above the morning flames,
An anchor, root, foundation for the song of stone
And space that flows into the early morning light
Which spills onto the oak wood floors, the furniture,
The oriental pots and plates and statues strung
Around the room like rare and priceless deep-sea pearls.
The space explodes with inner vistas, angles thrust
Into the slope of angles, point and counterpoint,
Until, at last, above the ancient panel painted blue
And white and gold, above the wooden cabinets,
The stonework, rough and natural, climbs toward a ledge
Beside three western windows where a Shinto god
Looks down upon this room of earth and light and space
And art and stone.

2

Outside the window, down the hill's
Steep slopes, beyond the brush and trees that spill their life
Onto the valley's meadow floor, five geese swim regally
Upon the pond. The profile of the tree-dark hill
That gently rises to the east is cast upon
The waters. Stillness shines reflected light back to the sun.

This is the song, man's song, upon, into the hill;
The other hills about this hill sing other, older songs
That rise in point and counterpoint against, into
The stone that rises out of earth, above the pond—
An inner space that holds inside a morning fire.

3

The plate glass windows lay in molten crystal pools
On charred, hot courtyard stone. The man stared, scarred,
At smoking ruins. Isaiah strode about the sky
As lightning danced away into the eastern hills:

"Therefore, as a tongue of fire consumes stubble,
And dry grass collapses into flame,
So their root will become like rot and their blossoms blow away like dust."

And in the dark—The smoke and ash, destruction, death,
Despair, an anguish hot as any fire, a sense
Of doom, a searing of the spirit, soul:

"That lurid crowd! During the terrible destruction the crowd stood on the hilltop, faces lurid, lit by flame. Some few were sympathetic. Others half sympathizing were convinced of terrible doom. Some were already sneering at the fool who imagined Taliesin could come back after all that had happened before. Others stood there stolidly—entertained?"

4

Behind the house, below the hilltop, near the two
Blue pools, a garden, filled with phlox, impatiens, white
And yellow daisies, spider plants, and other flowers die
Into the fall. The roofs about the courtyard rise,
A symphony of levels, vistas blocked, revealed,

And outlined by the ever-rising texture of the stone.
A huge, black oriental bell hangs from an oak
Tree branch as shadows stretch into the light

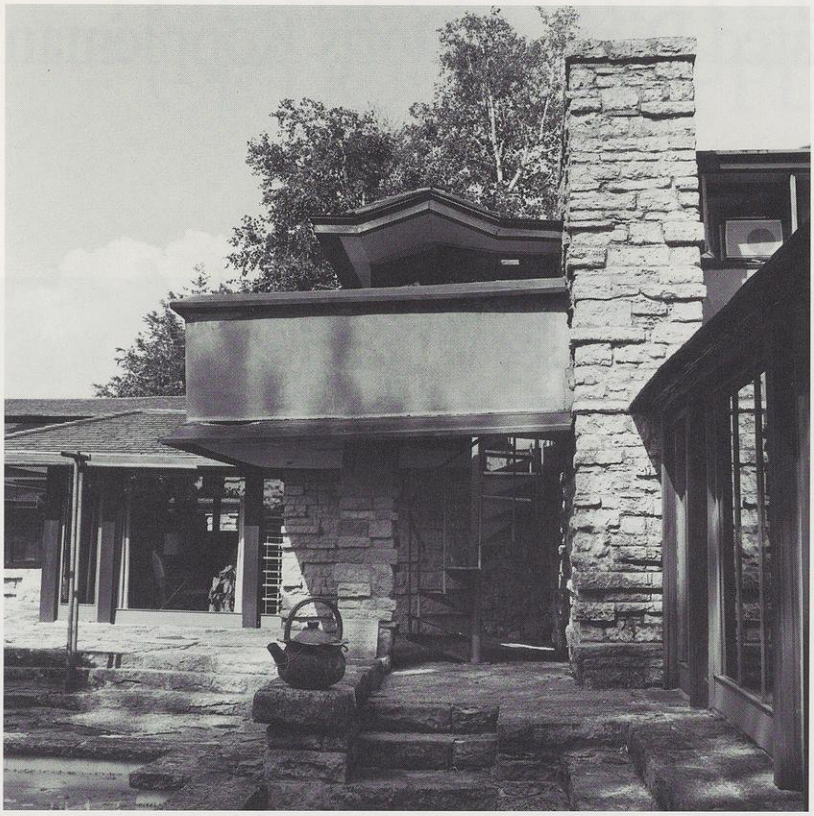
That crowns the hill with sun. And from this hilltop, from
The dark green oak leaves, the hillside runs into a vale
Like other hills beyond, the evening shadows long
With night defeating, melding with the ending day.

This house is earth and fire and water, of the hill
Not on the hill, a song that accents earth and rings
Into the song of Taliesin, home and farm and school.

This is the center. From this place the song goes out
Across the hills, onto the prairie, out toward
The mountains and the forests and the deserts, bold
And brash, American.

I sit inside the song
And feel it ebbing, surging with its waves and tides
Into the world. The blackness from the fire is gone.
The stones sing point and counterpoint to all the songs

Quotes from The Bible *and Frank Lloyd Wright's* Autobiography.



Photos of Taliesin by Thomas R. Oates.

About "The Illustrated Diary of Doris Koppleman":

In the spring and summer of 1995 the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan featured an installation by Sara Belleau in which she created an environment and invented a character. The fictional character, Doris Koppleman, is a native of Sheboygan County who, since the death of her parents, has lived in isolation in the Kettle Moraine Forest where she repays her debt to the woodland creatures by feeding them and mending their wounds.

The installation at the Kohler Arts Center included a wooded area and the shack in which the fictional Doris lives. Photographs illustrating Doris's activities were displayed in light boxes, and there were clues along the forest path which led gallery visitors through what art historian Judith Wilson described as a "realm of dreams and desire, magic and mystery," a land of "spiritual vision and intuition."

By combining photographs with typewritten text and creating the isolated forest setting, artist Sara Belleau enabled gallery visitors to become active participants in the fantasy world which Doris Koppleman and the wild creatures of the forest share.

We are pleased to give this concept an added life in print by reproducing photos and diary text.

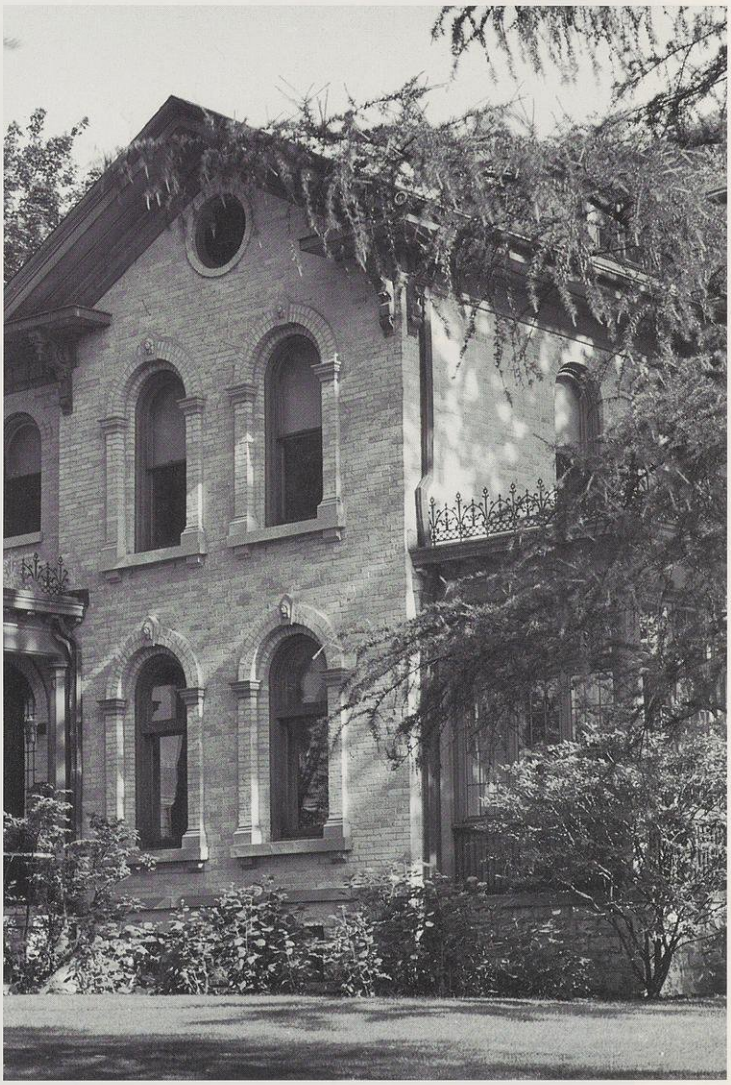
❦

The John Michael Kohler Arts Center is located in the Italian villa-style home in Sheboygan built by John Michael Kohler in 1882. In 1966 it was converted into a community arts center and deeded to the Sheboygan Arts Foundation. An addition was added in 1970.

From its inception, the center was to be considered a "doing" arts center as well as a center for viewing, and the Doris Koppleman installation by Sara Belleau was very much in keeping with this intention.

Today the center offers regular exhibits, workshops, concerts, and plays; also classes in painting, ceramics, printmaking, metalwork, weaving, drama, dance, and preschool art.

In 1972 Ruth DeYoung Kohler, granddaughter of John Michael Kohler, was named director of the center, continuing a long tradition of Kohler family interest in the arts. In 1989 she was elected a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy.
—The editor



John Michael Kohler Arts Center

THE ILLUSTRATED DIARY OF DORIS KOPPLEMAN

by Sara Belleau

March 3, 1956

Only about half the number of people come to Mom's funeral as Dad's. And Paul didn't even bother to show up. I might have been madder if he did anyways. At church Father Dietz didn't have much to say about her. A womans life is not worth as much as a mans, especially on a farm. And farm people learn not to expect much from the world so they're not much surprised when something bad happens. At the cemetary everyone seemed more interested in seeing how deep the frost line was in the hole where the casket goes down, even Fred and Arnie. Thats the way it goes around here especially now that its almost spring. Their lives depend on what they put in and pull out of that frozen dirt.

March 7, 1956

I have been trying to clean the house and sort through Ma's bundles. there is so much garbage. There is nothing here for me no more. 3 barn cats, 27 cows, a dozen grade heifers and a bunch of machinery I don't know how to run. Fred come by after the funeral and said he wants to rentsome land and take over some of the herd. Fine with me. I remember once paul says to me that he could turn this place into a garden of Eden. He don't know what it takes. Me and him would of had a life of slavery. I hope he rots anyway.

March 10, 1956

Arnie and Fred come by early and said they was going to take two dry cows to the butcher. One of them must of put up quite a fuss and landed in the manure pit. What a sight. It was like it was in quick sand we tried using a plank for it to walk up but she would'nt budge. She was almost up to her neck in manure. Finally Fred threw a rope around her neck and tried to pull her out with the farm tractor. Her neck broke and she died right there . Arnie hauled her out and washed her off and then slit her neck. They went and took her to the butcher anyway. Seeing that cow in the manure pit remined me too much of what my life is like.

March 13, 1956

I went to Sheboygan and met Grace at the palladium for a show. She said she was real sorry about my Ma. I told her how Paul didn't show up. Then she says Paul told her to tell me he wants me to give him back the bracelet he gave me for an engagement present. Grace could tell I was burning up so's she says You tell him you smelted it down and bought your self a enormous RCA television. No, I says, tell him I traded it in for a Buick. that will get him going.

March 18, 1956

I was still mad about the bracelet so's I went out drinking with Grace and Lena. We got to a tavern by Cascade and wayne and Will Hoetsch was there. There was good dancing and that Wayne bought

Me a cheese burger. I was getting too drunk to dance and waynes started dancing with Lena so I drove home. I started thinking about what a hell hole I'm in and it was freezing because the stove went out. I started to makee a big fire and then, I don't Know I started putting dish rags on the stove and some of the chair cushions and then I went outside and waited to see the whole house catch on fire but nothing happened. Them dish rags was probly too wdamp. I wanted to go back to the tavern and see wayne but I droped my purse somewheres outside that had my car keys in it so's I started walking back to town. I took the short cut through the woods. I must of been real drunk. I walked for what seemed a long time but I new I hadn't gotten very far. I triped on a log and landed on the ground. My body was so heavy I couldn't get back up. I laid there in the dark and I could hear my heart beat. I thought about that cow and Paul and how satisfied my mom was before she died and how all the blood and shit gets mixed together. It started to snow and I new that if I didn't get up I could die from the cold but I didn't care. If I died Fred would come to my funeral and get right down on his hands and knees and measure the frost line in my casket hole. The snow was melting on my face and my skin was like metal. I felt small shaddows moving on me. and I fell into a hard sleep that I couldn't get out of. When I woke up the sun was very bright and there was new snow. I got up and walked toward home I could see on my coat there were hairs all over it. Grey and red and brown animal hairs.

March 25, 1956

I have been sleeping in the tool shed. I can't live in that house. It wears me down just to look inside. I took a walk today and left a gift near where those animals saved me.

March 27, 1956

I have moved into the tool shed. I don't never want to go back in that house again. I got evrything out of it that I will ever need.

March 29, 1956

I have been living in the tool shed since Sunday. Fred come by and brought me a nice potato and a pork chop. He says I can't go on living in a tool shed. He thinks I should ask Grace if I can share her apartment and get a good job typing for a lawyer. He thinks I am beside my self with grief because of my parents passing and my being 30 years old and not married yet. He don't know. I don't never even think about my parents passing. Its a relief to have it all finally over. Ma was sick for so Long and then she started to make them bundles. She would find a sock a spoon a page from a calandar and then wrap it all in wax paper and tie it up with some bailing twine. I would have to spend half the morning trying to find the missing can opener. It was starting to make me go batty. Then one day I finally seen what she was doing. She was just trying to make everything neat and clean so's that she could die and not worry about leaving everything in a mess behind. That is what she really wanted so's I let

her bundel everything in sight. I even brought things down from the attic just so's she could wrap them up. Pretty soon bundles was everywheres. The whole livingroom was full almost to the ceiling. I could'nt stand it no more so's one day I says Mom ! you did it ! This is wonder full. Everything in the house is finally bundeled ! I'm glad I did that. she seemed so proud of her self. After that she laid in bed an listened to the radio. She got in some peacfull days before she went.

Arnie and Fred can think whatever they want. Maybe its good they think I'm acting this crazy out of grief. Then they won't ask me to explain everything I do.

April 16 1956

I have been going to where the animals saved me everyday. finally today I seen the fox. He walked around in a circle and then left. Now I know I should ~~move into~~ the woods

May 2, 1956

The weather is getting warmer. I have taken apart half the tool shed and draged it board by board into the woods. I am going to put it back up again . It is taking me longer than I thought it would. the nails are so tight.

May 10, 1956

It took me all week to hammer the shed back together. The roof was real hard. two Racoons have been hanging around watching me. I gave them some of my Jam sandwich.

June 4, 1956

I went to mead Library and took out some Zane Grey books on Grace's card. I plan to eat jam sandwiches and read for the rest of my life.

June 12, 1956

It's been real hot. I am reading lots of books and sleeping in the afternoon. Diferent biographys are very interesting. people sure make a mess of their lives. It don't seem many people end up the way they thought they would

June 23, 1956

I get up early and eat breakfast in the field some days. There are a lot of rabbits out there they come by me every morning and sit until it gets to hot.

July 12, 1956

I am in a sour mood. I wasted the whole morning thinking about Paul.

July?

I picked 10 quarts of raspberries. I went in the house but only in the basement to get some canning jars. Between me and the racoons we are going threw a pint of jam a day. I have spent to-day and yesterday making jam. I hope this batch will hold us for a while.

August 15, 1956

I went to see a movie with Grace and Lena at the theater on 8th street I love to look at those painted stars on the ceiling. Maybe I will paint some stars on the ceiling of the shed. Grace says wayne asked her where I been all summer. I thi nk Grace is wondering too. I says I been waiting for thhe lawyers and the insurence men to get done with figuring out my inheitence sos's I could buy the Riess mansion. Lena's eyes popped out three miles. Now I got them wispering in the washroom.

September 30, 1956

My hands got blisters on top of thereselves. I chopped 3 cords of dead fall for my cooking wood. Fred says I should move back into the house before it gets cold. I told him he could move in there and get away from Arnie for once and they could quit sniping at each other. He says he'll think about it. I hope he does I could use the rent money.

October 1, 1956

I have read 31 books so far add 12 National Geographics. They are real good and the pictures are very interesting. I am glad that I don't have to travel anywheres and meet people and try to speakktheir language I have a hard enough time figuring out people I've known all my life.

October 12, 1956

It is getting colder at night. The woods is beautiful with lots of colore colored leaves. I made two small pillows already for those racoons because I don't know when theyr start their winter sleep. It will be lonely hefe with out them all winter.

October 23, 1956

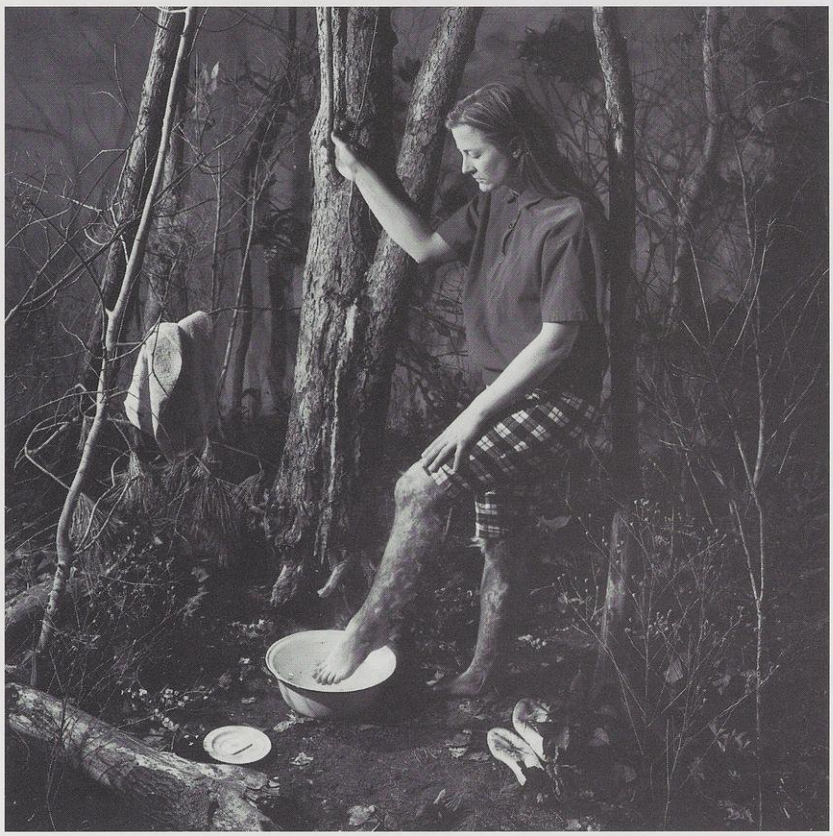
Sometimes i wish I gouldgouss instinct the way the anima ls do. I don't k know what I should do with my life. some days I feel okay but I'm still so tired. I don't know how I enaded up here its not like anything really bad ever happened to me. Its just that I got worn down like the way water can smooth down a stone over time.

November 2, 1956

I was in the shed this morning and I heard a goat bleeting real loud out side so's I run out and there is a 6 point white tail buck there with a arrow sticking out its back. I never knew a deer could make a sound even. I pulled out the arrow it was only in a little ways and put a bandage and some micurichrome on it. The deer will be fine.Its a good thing he knew where to come. I am going to have to keep some more lst aid supplies around here. I had completly forgot about hunting season.

November 5, 1956

Arnie and Fred are T'd at me because I put up NO HUNTING signs everywher They said a lot of my dads friends and theirs have always hunted here. I says well if they're such good friends then how come they didn't even sho



show up at your sister's funeral? They didn't say much after that. I bet people have been asking them about me. I should put up a big sign on the road that says DORIS KOPPLEMAN IS RICH NOW - SHE LIVES IN THE REISS MANS MANSION AND HAS A ENORMOUS TELEVISION!

November 26, 1956

I am feeding 3 baby mice that are the size of jelly beans. The mother did not come back to-day. She probly became dinner for that loud owl Ive been hearing. The mice are too small to even drink out of a dolls bottle so's I am letting them suck on strings dipped in milk. I can run some strings out of a bowl and it works like a wick. It looks like I have a minature Sinclair station in here.

November 28, 1956

I must be getting used to the cold. It was only 15 degrees last night but I didn't feel cold. maybe I'm getting fatter and that helps keep the heat in.

December 5, 1956

I have been alone for so long now that I am wondering if I am going to forget how to talk. It seems hard for me to control my voice. It cracks all the time and goesEE$_{ee}$e$_{ee}$e$_{e}$e$_{e}$e$_{ee}$ if I say tea or bee or see. My vocal cords must be getting weak. I can't decide if it would bother me if I lost my voice completly or not. It would make it easier if I never had to explain anything to anyone. Fred and Arnie says I should move bac back in the house before it get any colder. I still don't feel cold but I'm going to get them to haul out one of the wood stoves in case I start to.

December 12, 1956

I tried on all my skirts and they all fit sos I don't think I am getting fatter. My legs and arms seem like they have more hairs on them maybe thats why I don't feel too cold.

December 19, 1956

I thought about Paul last night but it is for the last time.

January 1, 1957

This is a new year. I took some kerosene out to the ice on the [redacted] pond and wrote GOOD BYE 1956 and then lighteded it on fire. I was going to write HELLO 1957 but I run out of fuel so's it said GOOD BYE 1956 HELL. That was so funny I even laughed out loud till my stomach hurt but it felt good like I had suddenly taken a bath.

January 4, 1957

my legs are hairier than a mans and my voice is almost all gone. I don't cknow what I should do about it.

January 8, 1957

I am busy springing the traps on the river. Also I'm taking any live animals and bandaging their leg sores. I have saved a few this way but some are dead already. I have a small female otter with a bone coming out of her paw. I am going to town with Fred this afternoon to get supplies. I am worried he knows what I'm up to. I don't want to have a argument with him because I want to go to the cafe and have a cheeseburger and a cup of coffee. Also the plymouth library is open from 1-3 and I can get a animal 1st aid book.

I sang Home on the range 6 times this morning to exercise my voice

January 9, 1957
The animal 1st aid books was not very helpful but I got some good supplei form Adams pharmacy. This morning I found a dead possom in a frap so's I took apart its leg and put it back together for practice before I operated on the otter. I put the bone back where its supposed to be and sewed up the skin. I made a splint and used some candle drippings to make a cast.

January 10, 1957

the otter is sleeping in a box by the stove. I keep wondering if she is breathing.

January 12, 1957
the otter is looking better today. She has been trying to peek over the top of her box.

January 13, 1957

the otter knawed off the candle wax and part of the bandage. I had a real hard time trying to make a new one.

January 15, 1957

N ever keep a otter in a house, they are as crazy as monkeys. The shed looks like a tornado hit it.

January 26, 1957

I let her go . It was time. I am going to miss having her around. She is the first thing I have really car ed about for a long time.

January 28, 1957

The otter must of missed me too she came by today and I made us some oat meal with brown sugar. I was glad she came by.

February 1, 1957

There was a lot of snow last night. I'm not feeling too good my throat h hurts.

February 3, 1957

I am feeling worse and worse. Either I am boiling hot or freezing cold.

February ?, 1957

I woke up today . I think I was asleep for a long time. I'm feeling alot better. I remember being taken somewhere far away. It was night and everything was quiet and I could see fields from high up, I have never felt so light. I traveled along ways but when I got there I felt like I wanted to go back right away. I heard some odd ratteling noises that woke me up. The noise was the trees knocking ice off theirselves. I must of sleeped right through a ice storm. My door was stuck shut and I could see the trees was as sparkly as a chandalier. For the fist time now since fall I felt real cold so's I made some tea from blackeyed susan heads and melted snow. I put a fire in the stove and looked out the windo all day. I felt like I was that girl in her house after it had landed by Oz.

February 15, 1957

I was asleep for nine days.

February, 16, 1957

I needed to get some things so's I drove to Sheboygan and looked for Grace. I didn't find her till almost dinner time and we was both starved so's we went to kneevers and had a enormous supper. She's been going around with Will Hoetsch he gave her a heart shaped charm for her bracelet on valentines day. She wanted to go out dancing yet but I says I had just gotten over being sick. I told her about my otter and she seemed impressed.

March 2nd, 1957

Arnie says he'll rent the house from me. He'll give me a little bit every month and make sure the house don't fall apart. He's going to put in central heat and rip out the woodwork and put up some nice panneling in the livingroom. That should really improve the house and at least make it more modern. Fred says under the plaster is part of a log cabin. I believe it.

March 10, 1957

I ordered over 300 maple seedlings and 400 pine seedlings. I am going to plant the field between the woods and the house with them that way the woods can grow and when I've had enough I can move back in the house. I'm not in no hurry.

March 14, 1957

Today I seen two black birds swoop down and attack a sparrow they pecked so hard they tore the wings right off it. Things go in and out of balance with people and animals all the time its hard to know when to move forward or when to go back. The trick is to stay close to what feels right I guess. I lived with my mom and Dad all my life but they never taught me as much about living as being in the woods is. There are things about me that I never realized was in me before. If I had decided to have

Had a easier life I wouldn't of learned as much as I have.

March 16th, 1957

theres been so much rain I have tarps on the roof and on the floor of the shed. Theres mud everywheres and my clothes and boots have black mold spots on them. Everything will have to be soaked in bleach and dried but the air is so damp nothing will dry in it.

March 20fth, 1957

I almost smacked right into wayne Hoetch to-day coming out of Adams Pharmacy my heart must of skipped a beat and I got all red in the face. He askedm me if I wanted to go out with him and his brother and Grace next week and i says ok. He s got real problems with his heard he says they got bad lungs and now 9 heifer calfs have died of pnuemonia. I says to him wayne Iknow i should mind my own buisness but cows don't have bad lungs . they just can't take all that barn air cows are mant to be out in pastures where they can breathe fresh air and if he'd get them out of the barn they do a heck of alot better. I bet it works too. I wish somethmes I could act like a lady when I am around a man but thatis a part of me that is missing.

March 25 th, 1957

I went out dancing with grace and Will and Wayne. I had to borrow a dress from Grace because mine are all moulded. We had a good time. scoop the Loop was on and we really cut up the floor. Wayne asked me if I miss farming. I think he is fishing around about me. it was real late when I drove home there was so much fog alls I could see was the road and the mist in the head lights. that is pretty much how I have been living my life not being able to see far enough but moving on ahead anyways. it sure is good I know where I am going now or else I could have gone all the way to the edge of Wisconsin and not known where I'd been at all.

How to Design a Supercomputer

When a voice echoing down the corridor derailed
his thoughts, after silently pondering a single

fork in a labyrinth of hypothetical circuits to no
avail, he would begin again digging the tunnel

without aim that led from the cellar under his house
toward the lake, as if to escape the prison of

his intellect, as if to dislodge a riddle of its own
making with the insistent sound of spade

against ground. Some thought this labor
senseless and scoffed at his foolishness,

until he emerged from that burrow,
eyes narrowed with knowing.

Christian Knoeller

Everbearing

Flanking the barn's stony approach
a shadowed patch of raspberry thrives,
thicket so dense dusk crouches,
a feral cat among the stalks.

In a dry season, the first harvest
is barren: not so much as a single
blossom. Yet the delicate, yellow
petals emerge as summer ends

ready to rush to ripeness. Already,
frost has begun its slow march
south, while geese wing toward
waterways they recognize surely

as I turn up the drive. The distance
from garden to hearth is staggering:
berries dissolving on the tongue,
autumn quickening the blood.

Christian Knoeller

At the Table

Saffron crocus stamen threads
color bread Buddhist yellow,
moor me like salt-encrusted ropes
to the pedestal my grandmother
served from on holidays.

From that table
silken cords of conversation
connected me to eastern islands
where traveling aunts
found ancestral gravestones.

In my veins I feel the kitestring tug
that pulled hardy Welsh
to Wisconsin's Wyoming valley.

Where bands of ancient limestone,
unscoured by ice,
wrinkle horizon's shining brow.

Muffin hills frame towns
hopefully named—
rich land, black earth, spring green.
Minds never far from footfelt goodness,
reins in hand, ready to plant.

My aunts work in factories now,
beat down by corporate farms.
They drive past brown city snowbanks
like crumbs on grandma's white cloth.

Jan Chronister

Blood Ties

My three brothers attended the ball.
The oldest wore his tarantula mustache,
although the invitation clearly indicated
black tie only. It was enough to make
my father weep, and poor man, he's been dead
for so long, these thirty years.

My youngest brother sang an old drinking song
that he learned at the heels of our grandfather.
I can't tell you how moving the whole thing was.

My other brother, the dog, kept us up
all night with his barking. The dancers
asked us to take him home. But how could we,
we could never be so cruel. The world's shame
still surprises us. Send one of us home;
send all of us. For what should we be,
to deny one of our own kind?

Oh brother, you needn't whimper anymore,
although the skies like windows open you
into some strange kingdom where brothers play
even though the streets have grown dark.
We will come calling for you while the earth
shakes beneath our feet. We will not sacrifice
you though clearly the evening's program
calls for it. Come and sit beside your brothers,
we will make up the family photo
and hang it in our homes so we can tell
our children that they too have ancestors.

Peter Blewett

Landing

Framed in the window
at thirty-three thousand feet
the peninsula
barely rises from the gulf —
a shimmering gift of ice
still trapped in the north
withholding its tendril streams
from the parent sea.

Unwound by the airplane wing
all day a scroll of rivers
has wrinkled southward
peeling away its tribute
from places we've lived —
from granite Wisconsin hills
and loam soils of the Midwest.

We've followed the earth
past its alluvial plain
to slowly touch down
on an intimate new sand
growing from the oldest grains.

Clifford Wood

Return Trip

I slip without words
into your new element
a warm pool at night

Neighboring palm fronds
scatter a rising moonlight
to catch your whiteness

I follow a glint
of earring the wind-chime sound
of ripple on tile

Then suddenly close
I sense your touch drawing me
to our youth once more —
to your deep Geneva lake,
upstream to my river source

Clifford Wood

BROADAX & BAYONET: The Role of the United States Army in the Development of the Northwest, 1815–1860 by Francis Paul Prucha. University of Nebraska Press, 1995. 263 pages, $12 softcover.

by Hayward Allen

Francis Paul Prucha, S.J., Marquette University emeritus professor of history and fellow of the Wisconsin Academy, first published *Broadax & Bayonet* in 1953. Before that time, as University of Wisconsin–Madison Professor Edward Coffman states in his introduction to this 1995 edition, we tended to view military history through brawny binoculars of men in battle. With Prucha's entry, the literature that sought to describe what armies did when they were not fighting increased by 50 percent. Only Bell Irvin Wiley's *Johnny Reb* and *Billy Yank* had enabled history readers to experience the social and domestic lives of soldiers. Prucha was the vanguard of what would become a veritable troop of writers pursuing military diaries and journals across the continent to reveal what life was like in our frontier encampments and forts.

In his preface, Prucha denotes the difficulty he had in finding a term to describe militarily that part of the United States that included contemporary Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and northern Illinois. "Northwest frontier is the most suitable term," he wrote as he defined the spatial parameters of his study; as for the temporal aspect, he chose to cover the span of years between the War of 1812 and the Civil War. His early chapters deal with "setting the stage and describing the actors," and the subsequent sections elaborate on the role of the military as a law-enforcement agency. The remainder of the book concentrates on "the army's physical attack upon the wilderness; . . . the economic stimulus provided by the army's demand for goods and service; . . . the scientific contributions of the Western officers, and finally to the part the army posts played in the social development of the region."

Students new to Wisconsin history will find the latter chapters full of familiar names of places, of people after which places were named, and individuals who will go on to become major players in our national history. For those veterans who may recall *Broadax & Bayonet* from earlier days, it will become apparent how contemporary was Prucha's vision four decades ago as he opened our eyes to what life was like as road builders, conflict mediators, farmers, rudimentary scientists, and daily toilers dressed in U.S. Army uniforms.

While it may be natural to romanticize the gallant soldier in wartime, saving his country, saving a fair damsel, riding a charging steed, locked in deadly battle with a fierce enemy, it is no easy job to make peacetime soldiering glamorous. Prucha did not gild the lily, or dandelion in this case. His revelations of the demeanor and attitude of the common soldier are as honest as they are bleak, for the average enlistee was a scofflaw at best. The officers' ranks fared better because of a West Point heritage, but frontier doldrums surely played havoc with many dreams of military careers.

The fact that the Wisconsin Territory was the outer edge of the United States is often obscured by our Badger statehood, and Prucha is constant in his pursuit of those aspects of the military that reveal this frontier in its true wilderness. The exploration of headwaters, the ongoing intercession with Indian affairs, the harvesting of natural resources, the establishment of communications and commerce—all were of military significance and elemental to the protection of and provision to the slowly encroaching forces of American civilization and culture. It is no accident that a fair number of Prucha's thirteen forts of yesteryear are still significant sites of human habitation and protection. Fort Dearborn is, of course, where Chicago has grown; and Fort Snelling is buried under greater Minneapolis-St.Paul, while Fort Howard (now Green Bay) and Fort Des Moines command their places yet. Fort Crawford is Prairie du Chien, and Fort Winnebago became Portage.

The author concludes: "The soldiers made a pioneer attack upon a wild and almost trackless region. And they came to uphold the authority of the United States government, to provide a milieu of peace and law in which orderly development could take place. Before they withdrew, the wilderness had been transformed." Because of Prucha's efforts forty-odd years ago, and thanks to Nebraska's reissuing of *Broadax & Bayonets*, we can lay greater value to where we live today.

Hayward Allen, formerly of Madison, now lives and writes in Sedona, Arizona.

TIME'S FANCY by Ronald Wallace. Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1994. 75 pages, $10.95 softcover.

by Patricia Powell

This is Wallace's second book in the Pitt Poetry Series, the first being his 1987 *People and Dog in the Sun*, and his fifth collection of poetry. Wallace directs the creative writing program at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and edits the University of Wisconsin Press poetry series.

At fifty he has become more introspective, perhaps even more melancholy—certainly, as his title indicates, more concerned with the effect of time on perception. As he notes wryly in "The Theory of Relativity," "Suppose you'd never known that at forty / boredom and rage would replace desire . . ."

Always presenting himself as an autobiographical poet, he again offers us loving poems about his wife, daughter, father; but his perspective has changed for this collection. In *Time's Fancy*, such poems about his father as "Hardware" and "The Resurrection and the Light" use a memory as an occasion to look through time, to see how his father's fate shaped his own life: "Because after the age of twenty-two, my father / couldn't move a step without a cane, / then crutches, then a wheelchair, and worse, / I rise each morning, twice his age, and run." This is far from the earlier raw pain in such poems as "Dying," "Intensive Care," and "Grief" from his 1981 book, *Plums,*

Stones, Kisses & Hooks, in which the emotion itself was the kernel of the poem.

Poems about a father's tender protectiveness for his daughters, such as "At the Horicon Marsh" and "Triumphs of a Three-Year-Old" (from the *Plums* collection) have evolved into a poem in this new volume called "Running": "Jogging with my daughter to the point / through the bleak, denuded trees, / . . . And I think of this heartless season / when all of nature seems dead / set against us. And I don't know / what to tell her, I simply don't know."

As a lyric poet he may fashion his poems from personal experiences, but he uses formal poetic devices to express them, including ballades and a couple of notable canzoni: "Egrets" and "Siesta Key." In a highly restrictive form—a stanza of twelve lines, where the last word in line one is repeated in lines three and four, six, seven, and eight—Wallace appears light and playful although intensely controlled. It is a pleasure to see such craftsmanship.

Ron Wallace's poems appeal to academics through their technique, to other poets through the finely wrought words, and to the casual reader for the telling moments of life encapsulated.

Patricia Powell is editor for the Elvehjem Museum of Art at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

MY RACINE by David Kherdian. Forkroads Press, Box 150, Spencertown, NY 12165. 85 pages, $10 softcover.

by Norbert Blei

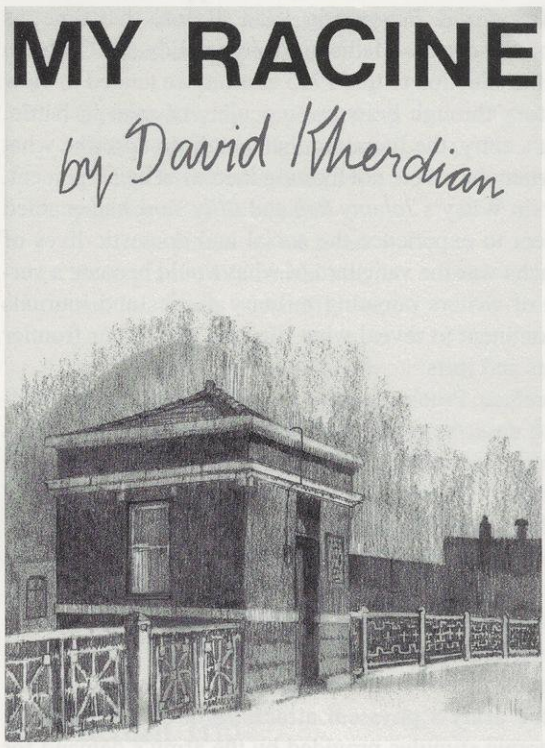
I first came across David Kherdian in *I Remember Root River* (1981) and then lost sight of him. Kherdian and I had something in common: neighborhoods. I came out of ethnic (Slavic) Chicago and moved to Wisconsin in 1969; he came out of ethnic (Armenian) Racine and left Wisconsin for . . . who knows where? But neither of us ever left home.

All I knew or loved about the Armenians was a writer named William Saroyan who had a tremendous influence upon me. Whose sense of being totally alive and engaged as a writer I revered. Whose book of stories, *The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze*, and novel, *My Name is Aram*, I both worshipped and taught.

Now suddenly there was Kherdian—only the second Armenian writer I had ever heard of—with this same Saroyan sense of life, love of people, ethnic tradition, detailing his own home turf: Racine in southeastern Wisconsin. It was all there in *I Remember Root River*: Dafje Vartan, the tambourine man who played at weddings; Studey, the childhood bully; teachers, friends, relatives, the grape arbor, Horlick's Malted Milk, and Root River itself. Ethnic Americana, where many of us came from and, in some ways, would never leave.

I wanted to write him, one neighborhood kid/writer to another, tell him thanks for the memories, and ask if he knew Saroyan, who had a blurb on the back of Kherdian's book: "A poet with an authentic voice and style, with universal appeal." Which I would have killed for. But time passed and I lost track of the Armenian writer from Racine. Anyhow, rumor had it he had left Dairyland for the East or West Coast. I never heard his name mentioned amongst Wisconsin's literati.

"A prophet without honor in his own village?" To some extent. Writers are frequently lost or forgotten by the homefolk. Yet, he's made—and continues to make—his mark here. And there are some in Racine who keep his work and name alive.



A copy of his latest book, *My Racine*, came into my hands recently. A true and honest book of poems filled with a love of a place and people he cannot get out of his blood . . . "I didn't want to protect myself / by seeking perfection against the / accidental onslaughts of time—" he says. He hones everything down, all his words and images—from playing marbles as a child, to fishing, the love of old friends—to a pure reverence for time-past and how it shapes his life and our own.

Before *My Racine*, there was a book called *Friends: A Memoir*. And before that, *Asking a River*. In fact, Kherdian has been diligently at work on a whole shelf of books he calls his *Root River Cycle*. ($10 each, Forkroads, Box 150, Spencertown, NY 12165.)

Last year he was chosen one of Wisconsin's Notable Authors by the Wisconsin Library Association. His literary history with this place goes back to 1972 when he helped edit and publish a benchmark anthology of Milwaukee poets, *Brewing*. He once followed Saroyan to Fresno, now lives in New York; but home is where the poetry lies: Racine, Wisconsin.

Artist/teacher/publisher Norbert Blei lives and writes and paints in Door County, where he now operates Cross+Roads Press. He contributed an essay to the recently published Wisconsin's Rustic Roads.

ONE-ROOM COUNTRY SCHOOLS: HISTORY AND RECOLLECTIONS FROM WISCONSIN by Jerry Apps. Amherst Press, 1996. 228 pages, illustrated, $18.95 softcover.

by Amy Anderson

The past becomes present in this vivid history presented to us by Jerry Apps, former president of the Wisconsin Academy. The author provides his readers an array of photographs, recollections, and personal anecdotes that invoke days of rural Wisconsin schoolhouse life for the modern reader.

Apps starts his nostalgic journey by relating his own first experiences with the country school in 1939, when he was five years old and taking his first steps down to his schoolhouse west of Wild Rose. He then incorporates history of the early years in Wisconsin education, starting with the first organized school in 1791 in Green Bay, and discusses early theories on education.

With chapters such as "Lessons That Were Learned," "Here Comes Santa Claus," and "Recess," this work charmingly gives the details of life in a one-room school. To do this, Apps has relied on the stories of numerous teachers and students from schools across the state, and highlighted these often-humorous stories with class pictures, shots of various schools, and schooltime memorabilia such as report cards and pages from early primers. An appendix on the rules to recess games adds to this lighthearted approach.

The social values of this time period ring through the text, as the author informs us of the strict moral guidelines for teachers, as well as the students' cooperation in doing chores to keep these schools running. Almost every aspect of these schools, from the normal schools where teachers were trained to their function as community centers, is described in clear, familiar prose.

One of the most appealing features of this book is its positive look at the student's experience attending a country schoolhouse. Even what might be considered more negative aspects, such as the long walks to school, are given an upbeat treatment. Instead of stressing the danger in allowing small children to walk miles through a Wisconsin blizzard, Apps emphasizes the potential for contemplation and appreciation of nature that the trip to school brought for many students.

This positive treatment serves to create a counter argument for elimination of the one-room schoolhouses when the author discusses the years of educational reform in the "Consolidation" chapter. By this point in the narrative, even the most cosmopolitan reader has built up an emotional attachment to the schools and not only feels remorse for the end of this era, but understands what has been lost. Apps ends by outlining some of the most important lessons given to us by the one-room schoolhouse culture.

One-Room Country Schools will appeal to educators and people who were involved in Wisconsin's one-room schools. This engaging book will also be appreciated by historians and by anyone with a bit of nostalgia for a simpler past.

Amy Anderson is a Wisconsin Academy editorial intern and an English major at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA: THE NATION'S CHURCH IN A CHANGING CITY by Deborah Mathias Gough. University of Pennsylvania Press, 1995. 425 pages, $29.95 cloth; $14.95 softcover.

by Hayward Allen

Deborah Gough is the director of advising and academic testing at the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire. Her exhaustive study of Philadelphia's Christ Church, which celebrates its tricentennial anniversary, evolved from her doctoral thesis. Contrary to many institutional biographers who offer up dry collections of historical minutiae, Gough tackles the task with verve and a sincere appreciation of the swirling currents of American history that have carried Christ Church through three hundred years. The result is a fascinating, multifaceted portrait of a place where a multitude of generations have worshiped, prayed, and sought spiritual peace.

Christ Church, Philadelphia is like a rich tapestry that allows one to witness the chronicles of change that ebbed and flowed around the institution, the same inspired revolutions and resolutions that are part and parcel of the American experiment. For the thirty-nine Anglican founders of Christ Church began building in 1695 on the premise of religious freedom, situated as they are in a Quaker colony. All they had was their Bible and the Book of Common Prayer.

With the coming of the American Revolution, rebels and royalists shared pews. Christ Church also survived the War of 1812, and under the leadership of Bishop William White (1779–1836), there came the American Book of Prayer, a different kind of church music and confirmation, Sunday school, and the commitment to humanitarian relief to Philadelphians, from prostitutes to prisoners. Under Bishop White's leadership, as Gough points out, Christ Church was proof positive of the City of Brotherly Love, as parishioners were involved in such causes as a medical clinic, a hospital for the deaf, encouraging women's groups, and the movement to abolish slavery.

The church was able to weather the political and economic storms that often raged around its place on the map and the declining enrollments and programs worn theadbare, in part because of its being a place travelers and tourists have always visited, thereby guaranteeing structural preservation. Its parishioners always had history to hang onto as they struggled to keep the membership going. As the church ventures into its fourth century, Gough believes that the humanitarian and spiritual themes that have endured will inspire their continuation. "Christ Church has a tradition of accepting diversity and scorning rigidity or exclusivity of any kind," she writes. "Toleration and concern for others has been . . . ever present . . . in its history."

Hayward Allen is a writer and reviewer now living in Sedona, Arizona.

Report of Kettle Moraine Task Force

The Story of Wisconsin's Kettle Moraine

A nation behaves well if the natural resources and assets which one generation turns over to the next are increased and not impaired in value.

Theodore Roosevelt

Jerome Bugel

Holy Hill Moraine

A wooded ridge runs for 90 miles, from Glenbeulah on the north to Whitewater Lakes on the south, in Sheboygan, Fond du Lac, Washington, Waukesha, and Walworth counties. This is the world-famous Kettle Moraine, a pile of glacial debris left by the retreating Wisconsin Glacier about 10,000 years ago between the Lake Michigan and the Green Bay lobes. It is full of spectacular moraines, kettle-holes, kames, drumlins, crevasse fillings, glacial spillways, and eskers.

Because its soil is unsuitable for most farming, the Kettle Moraine remained much as it was when the first settlers saw it. In the 1930s, farsighted citizens of Wisconsin, public and private, determined to save the Kettle Moraine from the gravel quarries and summer cottages that even then were threatening to engulf it. They created the Kettle Moraine State Forest, originally intended to span the entire 90 miles from north to south.

Today the Kettle Moraine State Forest northern and southern units, each 25 miles long and a mile or two in width, are substantially completed and one of the Midwest's most-used and best-loved natural resources. But the 40-mile stretch in between is almost one-half privately owned, and therefore lacks both protection against destructive forestry, quarrying, and wetlands practices, and an integrated management policy. Sadly, this 40-mile stretch contains some of the most notable geological and scenic features of all the Kettle Moraines—the Kewaskum-West Bend-Green Bay Lobe; Fox Hill near Cedar Lake; Little Switzerland in Slinger; Powder Hill at Pike Lake; Holy Hill; Loew's Lake and the nearby Irish Lakes, large parts of which are owned by The Nature Conservancy and Boy Scouts of America; the Hogsback Road crevasse filling; the Oconomowoc, Bark, and Scuppernong rivers; Hartland Marsh; Lapham Peak; the Glacial Drumlin Trail; and the Scuppernong Creek-Hunter's Lake area. Along the way are many historic and ethnic reminders—the Irish in Town of Erin; the Germans at Slinger; the Welsh at Wales; the Yankees in Delafield; and the Norwegians in western Merton, Erin, and the "Skoponong" settlement at LaGrange.

To be sure, about one-half of the 40-mile stretch—18.3 miles—is protected through ownership by state, county, or local government, or by a foundation. But some 21.7 miles of the moraines in Washington and Waukesha counties, five segments in number, averaging .5 mile to 1 mile in width, lack effective protection. From north to south, these five unprotected segments are:

1. **Kewaskum Moraine,** 4.5 miles between the Northern Kettle Moraine State Forest at County Trunk Highway (CTH) H in Washington County, and City of West Bend's Glacial Parkway on CTH D and Ridge Run County Park. The Ice Age Trail does not yet exist here.
2. **Cedar Lake Moraine**, 4.2 miles between Girl Scouts' Lucas Lake camp at Paradise Drive and State Highway (STH) 41 at Slinger. The Ice Age Trail does not yet exist here.
3. **Holy Hill Moraine**, 5.7 miles from City of Slinger and Pike Lake State Park to the Department of Natural Resources' Loew's Lake unit. By agreement with private landowners, a fine segment of the Ice Age Trail exists here.
4. **Bark River**, 4 miles, from Waukesha CTH E at the southeastern end of Waukesha County Monches Park to the City of Hartland at CTH K. The Ice Age Trail does not yet exist in the Bark River segment; it does traverse the Village of Hartland, Hartland Marsh, the private developments south of Hartland, Nagawaukee County Park, the Waukesha County Lakes Trail, the city of Delafield, Lapham Peak State Park, and the Glacial Drumlin State Trail—all of them protected.
5. **Scuppernong Creek**, 3.5 miles, from Glacial Drumlin Trail at CTH C to the northern border of Southern Kettle Moraine State Forest. The Ice Age Trail, with some problems, exists here.

Today, legitimate but competing uses continue to convert portions of the unprotected Kettle Moraine in such a way as to interrupt its physical continuity on a piecemeal basis. These activities include logging as well as development of subdivisions, gravel pits, and highways. The task force agrees that, although such uses are not only inevitable but necessary, public recreation, environmental integrity, and aesthetics represent the highest and best use of essential portions of the Kettle Moraine.

The very characteristics that make areas the most desirable for development may be harmed in the course of development. Care must be taken to conserve those most precious features and the values which they represent

The core of this five-segment, 21.7-mile stretch addressed by the task force constitutes the official trail corridor for the Ice Age National/Wisconsin Scenic Trail, as approved by the state Natural Resources Board and the National Park Service for Waukesha County in 1994, and for Washington County (if the process remains on schedule) in 1996.

Total protection for the 90-mile Kettle Moraine, including the 40-mile gap, was envisaged by the Southeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission's (SEWRPC) farsighted Planning Report No. 27 of November, 1977, "A Regional Park and Open Space Plan for Southeastern Wisconsin–2000." That report recommended that the 90-mile Kettle Moraine be basically held in public ownership for the entire width of the moraines, narrowing to state-owned environmental corridors at least 200 feet in width generally in the five segments just listed. In some ways, the report's recommendations have been improved upon in the almost 20 years since 1977; for instance, the state has assumed responsibility for the Loew's Lake unit in Washington County, mentioned only as a desirable public area in the 1977 report. (In many other ways, the report's recommendations have been disregarded, and opportunities have thus been lost: for example, the report recommended state acquisition of a Paradise Lake park in Washington County—unfortunately, a road not followed.) But the SEWRPC's report is at the heart of the recommendations that this task force now makes.

The task force has concluded that there remains, provided comprehensive action is taken now, a last clear chance to consolidate gains in the whole Kettle Moraine 90-mile area, and particularly to protect the 40-mile gap in the middle—in a nutshell, for all governmental bodies to complete present public forests and parks, and for the Department of Natural Resources to assume overall responsibility for saving the priceless forests, land-forms, and wetlands in the 40-mile gap between the two present Kettle Moraine state forests.

Recommendations for Protecting the Kettle Moraine

The first rule of intelligent tinkering is to save all the parts.

Aldo Leopold

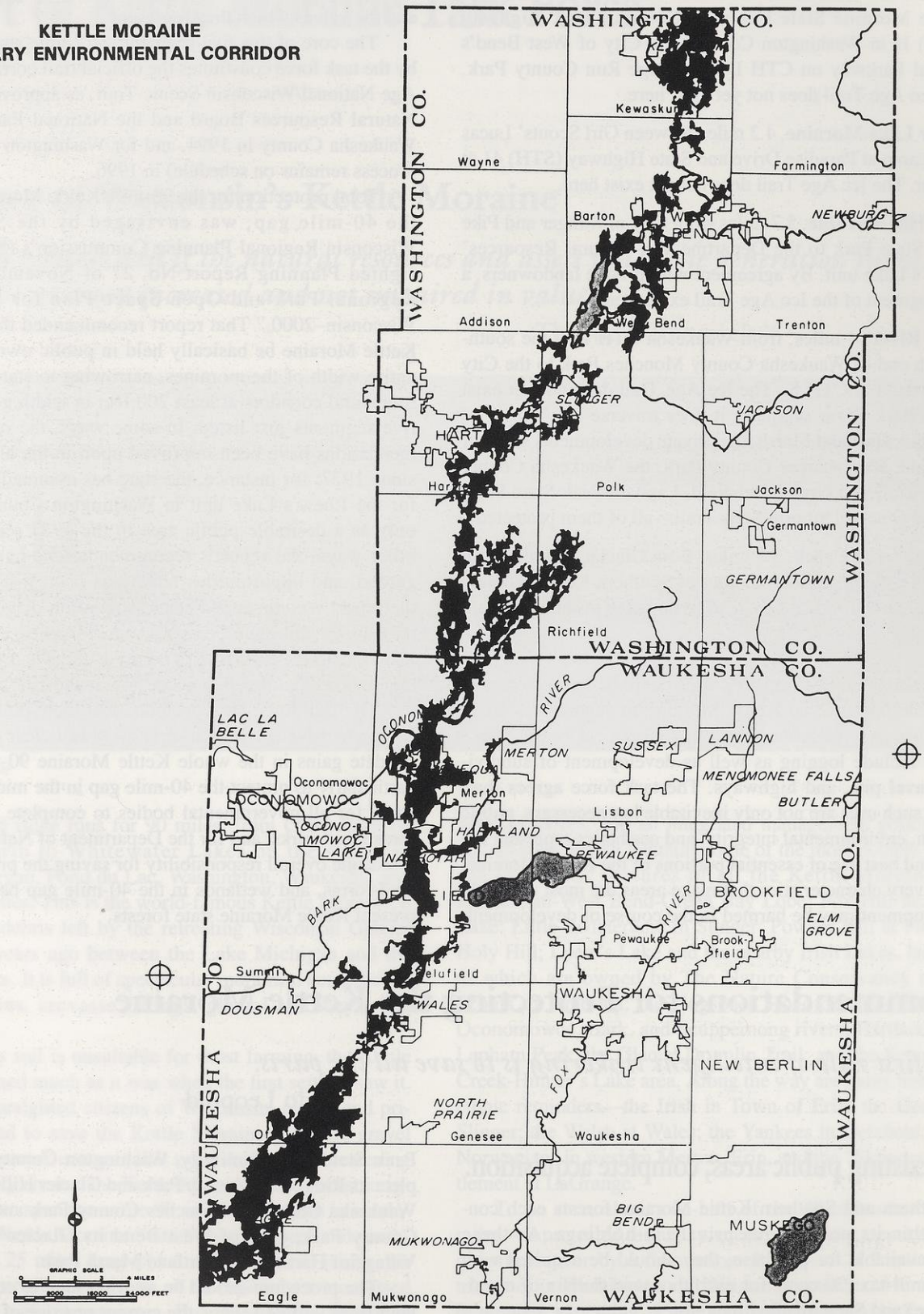
1. In existing public areas, complete acquisition.

The Northern and Southern Kettle Moraine forests each contains within its project area private in-holdings. As these become available for purchase, they should be acquired with forestry mill-tax (20 cents for each thousand dollars of equalized value) and Stewardship funds.

The DNR should also complete its holdings within the gap—Pike Lake State Park, Loew's Lake unit, and Lapham Peak State Park. Similarly, Washington County should complete its Ridge Run County Park and Glacier Hills County Park; Waukesha County its Monches County Park and Nagawaukee County Park; City of West Bend its Glacier Parkway; and Village of Hartland its Hartland Marsh Park.

The procedure should be as at present: to acquire tracts of land from willing sellers, the current practice of both the DNR and the local governments concerned. As the DNR sets forth in its guidelines for the Loew's Lake unit:

KETTLE MORAINE
PRIMARY ENVIRONMENTAL CORRIDOR



Source: SEWRPC.

Jerome Biegel

Bark River

This will help preserve the rural character of the valley and minimize residential development within the project boundary . . . It is not the desire of the Department to acquire small parcels with residences. However, there are some included in the project boundary. This will have no impact on the landowners involved except to give them the potential for another buyer when they decide to sell their property. It also gives the Department an opportunity to pursue acquisition of parcels as they come on the market.

2. In the presently unprotected 21.7-mile Kewaskum Moraine, Cedar Lake Moraine, Holy Hill Moraine, Bark River, and Scuppernong Creek corridors, the DNR should:

a. Pursue land acquisition where available.

To purchase the fee simple or easement required for the Ice Age Trail, the Ice Age Foundation has available its own financial resources, and in addition state Stewardship funding under Wis. Stat. 23.293.(4), 23.293(5), and 23.175.

But trail acquisition involves simply the few feet—usually 200—necessary to accommodate the Ice Age Trail. For the much larger area contained in the DNR-approved trail corridor, Wis. Stat. 23.09 provides Stewardship funds for acquisition by the DNR itself of lands within DNR project areas, which, pursuant to Wis. Stat. 23.17(2), include the trail itself "plus the lands adjacent to each side of that trail."

In addition to the Ice Age Trail corridor, opportunities for DNR acquisition of 5 additional miles as state forest lands exist at the ends of the 40-mile gap. The DNR should add to its project areas for the Northern and Southern Kettle Moraine State Forests, respectively, (1) the 4.5-mile Kewaskum Moraine extending from the Northern Kettle Moraine State Forest at CTH H south to the City of West Bend's Glacial Parkway on CTH D; and (2) the .5-mile undeveloped, forested segment between the Southern Kettle Moraine State Forest north to Ottawa Presbyterian Church. Both areas are of a quality comparable to the two existing state forests.

The remaining presently unprotected 16.7 miles will have to rely for their protection on acquisitions for the Ice Age Trail and on conservation easements by cooperating landowners.

b. Generate citizen involvement through landowners' and residents' conservation communities.

To ensure the broadest citizen participation, we recommend that the DNR encourage the formation of "conservation communities" made up of landowners and residents in each of the five unprotected corridors, totalling 21.7 miles, listed above. Such encouragement should take the form of convening annual meetings of each conservation community, furnishing a meeting site where necessary, and acting in a secretarial capacity. These conservation communities—the kind of local democracies envisaged by Thomas Jefferson—could alert their members to threats to the corridor, enable landowners to join together to place conservation easements of forest and wildlife protection on their properties, and generally furnish a forum for landowners, residents, and other interested citizens or groups.

There are several precedents for these conservation communities. One is the Residents' Committee to Protect the Adirondacks that has for years successfully served a similar function in New York State. Another is the Lower Wisconsin River State Riverway Board [Wis. Stat. Sec. 15.3(6)], created in 1989 to review applications for structure and timber harvesting on the lower Wisconsin; most of its members must be citizens who live along the river. A third precedent is the Wisconsin Conservation Congress, an independent citizens' group (created by Wis. Stat. 15.3480) convened by the DNR to advise it.

c. Develop procedures for protecting against potentially harmful uses of private land, such as clear-cutting forests, quarrying land-forms, and destroying wetlands.

In addition to acquiring lands in fee simple ownership, as described above in Recommendation 2(a), the DNR should encourage private landowners, both within the trail corridor and nearby, to place conservation easements, pursuant to Wis. Stat. 700.40, on such of their holdings as have strong natural value. The purpose of these conservation easements would be to preserve the natural condition of such lands—specifically, their forests, land-forms, and wetlands. The value of these conservation easements for income tax deduction purposes is their fair market value; a landowner willing to make a gift of the easement is entitled to a federal and state income tax deduction. The DNR should furnish prospective donors with appropriate legal forms for conservation easements.

But what if the above recommendations—for DNR purchases, conservation community efforts, and DNR-inspired conservation easements—prove unavailing, and proposals by developers, quarry operators, or wetland drainers threaten crucial Kettle Moraine forest, land-form, or wetland? For such cases, the DNR should request appropriate zoning and land-use action (including conditioning the platting of lands on proper protection of natural resources) from Waukesha and Washington counties, and from their incorporated municipalities.

Here again, precedents abound. New York State, through its Adirondack Park Agency, has long applied similar land-use regulations to private in-holdings in Adirondack State Park. The Lower Wisconsin Riverway Board, created by Wis. Stat. 15.07, 15.345(6), regulates buildings and forest cover on and near the river. A third precedent gives the DNR power to impose land-use controls, where localities have failed to do so, on the lower St. Croix River [Wis. Stat. 30.27]. All such regulations, of course, must be consistent with the U.S. Constitution, Amendment V: "Nor shall private property be taken in public use, without just compensation."

3. Centralize administration of the 40-mile gap under the DNR.

The DNR should undertake overall responsibility for the proposed 40-mile Kettle Moraine conservancy, since the entire Kettle Moraine—a biological, geological, and geographical entity—is of statewide interest.

The Northern and Southern Kettle Moraine State Forests are already under direct DNR management, as are Pike Lake State Park, Loew's Lake unit, and Lapham Peak State Park. Other public but non-state-owned segments, such as Ridge Run County Park and Monches County Park, should be the subject of DNR coordination of county and local government management. Likewise, the DNR should maintain liaison with the public and private-sector entities mentioned in Recommendation 4, below.

The Ice Age Trail, which is the primary responsibility of the Ice Age Park and Trail Foundation, is already subject to DNR coordination because of the trail's status as a state as well as federal trail.

Cooperation with private activities in the 21.7-mile corridor will be facilitated through the DNR's role, described above, in the proposed five conservation communities.

This overall coordination by the DNR is consistent with the original 90-mile concept of the Kettle Moraine as a continuous forested greenway, recognizing that the greenway narrows to a slender trail where it passes through communities like Slinger, Hartland, and Delafield, or through farmland or developed areas inappropriate for inclusion. It follows the recommendation of SEWRPC's 1977 report for 90-mile DNR supervision.

This pattern of state responsibility for a dappled, public-private, 50/50 area has worked well for a century in New York's Adirondack State Park. The Wisconsin DNR, moreover, has a long and constructive history of operating as a team with private citizens, most notably with respect to the Wisconsin Conservation Congress [Wis. Stat. 15.348], a private citizens' group that advises the Natural Resources Board on conservation matters.

4. Involve in the action all the relevant players.

While the primary responsibility to implement these recommendations lies with the Natural Resources Board and the

DNR, a number of other organizations, public or independent-sector, should have a piece of the action:

a. **The Ice Age Park and Trail Foundation** should, as soon as possible, complete the trail in Waukesha and Washington counties and obtain official certification and marking from the National Park Service.

b. **The Nature Conservancy,** which already owns large areas in the Irish Lakes wetland complex containing Beck, McConville, Murphy, and Malloy lakes in the Town of Erin in Washington County, should continue efforts to develop a project design for this area and designate for the Nature Conservancy's "last great places" or ecosystem reserve status the sources and upper watersheds of the Oconomowoc and Bark rivers, as it has done for a similar watershed in Ohio.

c. **The Cedar Lake Conservation Foundation and the Waukesha Land Conservancy, Inc.**, which have been assembling strategic parcels in Washington and Waukesha counties, should coordinate their plans with the other organizations involved in the Kettle Moraine.

d. **The Wisconsin Chapter of the Sierra Club**, which played a role in protecting John Muir's boyhood homesite in Marquette County, should consider the Kettle Moraine for inclusion in the club's Critical Ecoregions Program. Launched in 1994, the program currently includes 21 areas in North America deemed suitable for "conservation biology" natural habitat for plants and animals. For such an area to be viable, the club postulates "large wilderness cores, buffer zones, and biological corridors . . . to provide secure routes between cores, enabling wide-ranging plant and animal species to disperse and facilitating genetic exchange between populations." While the Kettle Moraine's corridor is interrupted by major highways such as I–94 and STHs 45, 33, 41, 60, 16, and 18, and by several developed communities, this does not necessarily prevent considering it as a 90-mile long ecoregion where bird, animal, and plant populations have a chance to survive.

e. **The Audubon Society** should continue its constructive role in acquiring critical biological areas in and around the Kettle Moraine.

f. **The State Historical Society of Wisconsin** should consider additional historic site designations in the Kettle Moraine based on historic, ethnic, and cultural significance.

g. **The Natural Areas Preservation Council** [Wis. Stat. 15.347(4) and 23.26], which advises the DNR on the protection for natural areas of biological, archaeological, and geological interest, should consider adding to its exemplary list of protected areas certain others in the Kettle Moraine, such as the old mill house at Funk's Dam and the Fontanne-Lunt estate in Waukesha County (now apparently in protective hands), and the Hogsback Road crevasse filling, the Friess Lake tamarack swamp, and the state's largest sugar maple in Washington County.

h. **The State Trails Council** [Wis. Stat. 15.347(16) and 23.175(2)(c)], which advises the DNR on the planning and acquisition of state trails, could well consider new hiking and biking trails to connect the great population centers on the Lake Michigan shores of southeastern Wisconsin with the Kettle Moraine.

i. **The Non-Metallic Mining Council** [Wis.Stat. 15.347(18)], whose nine members "representing ecological, scientific and environmental viewpoints" advise the DNR on quarrying, should develop standards for preserving the essential glacial landforms, particularly in the Kettle Moraine.

j. **The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters** should make up-dated progress reports on the implementation of these task force recommendations.

When the first settlers arrived in the Kettle Moraine a century and a half ago, a squirrel could leap tree-to-tree the 90 miles from Glenbeulah to Whitewater Lakes without touching the ground. With concerted public and private effort, a Kettle Moraine conservancy could make an approximation of this its goal for the year 2000.

Task Force Members

Arnold Alanen, Madison, landscape historian

Nina Leopold Bradley, Baraboo, ecologist

Richard Cates, Madison, outdoorsman/attorney

Paul Hayes, Cedarburg, science/environmental writer

LeRoy Lee, Madison, Wisconsin Academy executive director

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Donald Reed, Waukesha, biologist

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Marion (Barney) Viste, Wausau, outdoors enthusiast

Sprague Vonier, Milwaukee, retired TV executive; part-time Kettle Moraine farmer

Co-chairmen

Ody Fish, Pewaukee, Wisconsin Academy president/ private investor

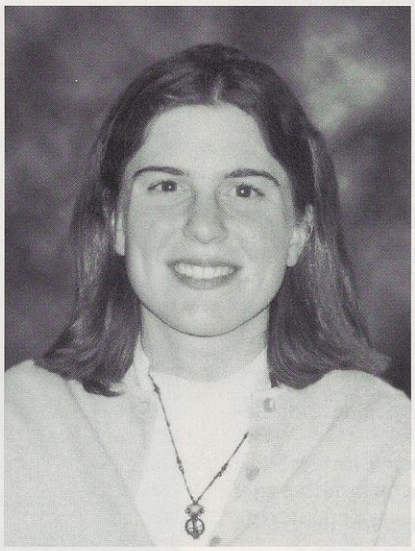
Henry Reuss, North Lake, retired U.S. congressman

Learning about Commas and Culture: My Experience as an Editorial Intern

by Amy Anderson

I first became acquainted with the Wisconsin Academy on a winter afternoon in my "Writing for the Marketplace" class at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. We had spent the first semester learning different "tricks of the trade": tips for successful business writing, how to craft a simple technical manual, the bare bones of putting together a resume—in short, the skills that would help this class of fifteen English majors get writing jobs in the real world.

The second semester, though, was to be the pinnacle of the course—the coveted internship that would make us more marketable, knowledgeable workers. Carol Tarr, our advisor, had come in to describe the internship opportunities open to us. And there was a variety—marketing positions with insurance companies, book jacket writers for a publishing house, promotional materials people for the Madison Civic Center.



Amy Anderson

As I sat there looking through the pile of information, one publication caught my eye. Its smooth satin cover stock felt nice in my hands, and the *trompe l'oeil* featured painting of a bird's nest and ethnic dolls got my attention. I thought to myself: "The *Wisconsin Academy Review*?" "A Journal of Wisconsin Culture?" To think that Wisconsin had its own culture was a foreign idea to me, as an Illinois native who believed Wisconsin culture started at the Tommy Bartlett water ski show and ended at the House on the Rock. I had to look inside.

Flipping through the pages, the tastefully done layout and engaging visuals appealed to me. Since I was looking for a publishing internship, this felt like it could be the one. Besides, I could use a little cultural exposure. So I requested the Wisconsin Academy as one of my top choices and waited for my assignment.

When I was informed that I would be the Wisconsin Academy intern, my advisor gave me the phone number of a Faith Miracle. I was immediately excited. Working with someone named Faith Miracle, how could I go wrong?

My first task surprised me: I was to help staff members judge letters written by schoolchildren for a national Weekly Reader contest! Junior high school students had written letters to authors describing how their books had affected the readers personally. It was incredible to see how much these children had already gotten from books, and selecting winners from the entries was a challenge.

Understandably, not all of my duties as editorial intern have been quite as interesting as my first few days, but it's always sort of a thrill to get "the inside scoop" on how a place operates. And to work one-on-one with a *real editor* has been a treat, as Faith takes time to explain the process of putting a magazine together—from generating article ideas to coaxing reprint permissions from eastern publishing houses to getting all the commas in the right places. She's rescheduled meetings with the layout people so that I could come along; she's brought me with her to the State Historical Society Film Library to pick out stills for the magazine. I sometimes feel like a spoiled child, skipping school to run secret errands with Auntie.

I've benefited from my time with the Academy. Not only can I now recognize names of some of the many Wisconsin writers and painters (Norbert Blei, Jane Hamilton, Ron Wallace, Aaron Bohrod, Neil Bohrod, Tom Uttech, the list goes on and on), but I feel better about my ability to scan copy for errors and to decide where an article needs to be clarified. I've helped Faith evaluate manuscripts for possible publication, and been involved with other Wisconsin Academy publications (besides the *Review*). Also, I've been working on other projects that will help fill out my writing portfolio, such as a newsletter article and a book review.

Other college graduates might complain about the ominous job market, but I'm not too worried. More than anything else, my editorial internship has made me hopeful for a successful future in the literary world.❧

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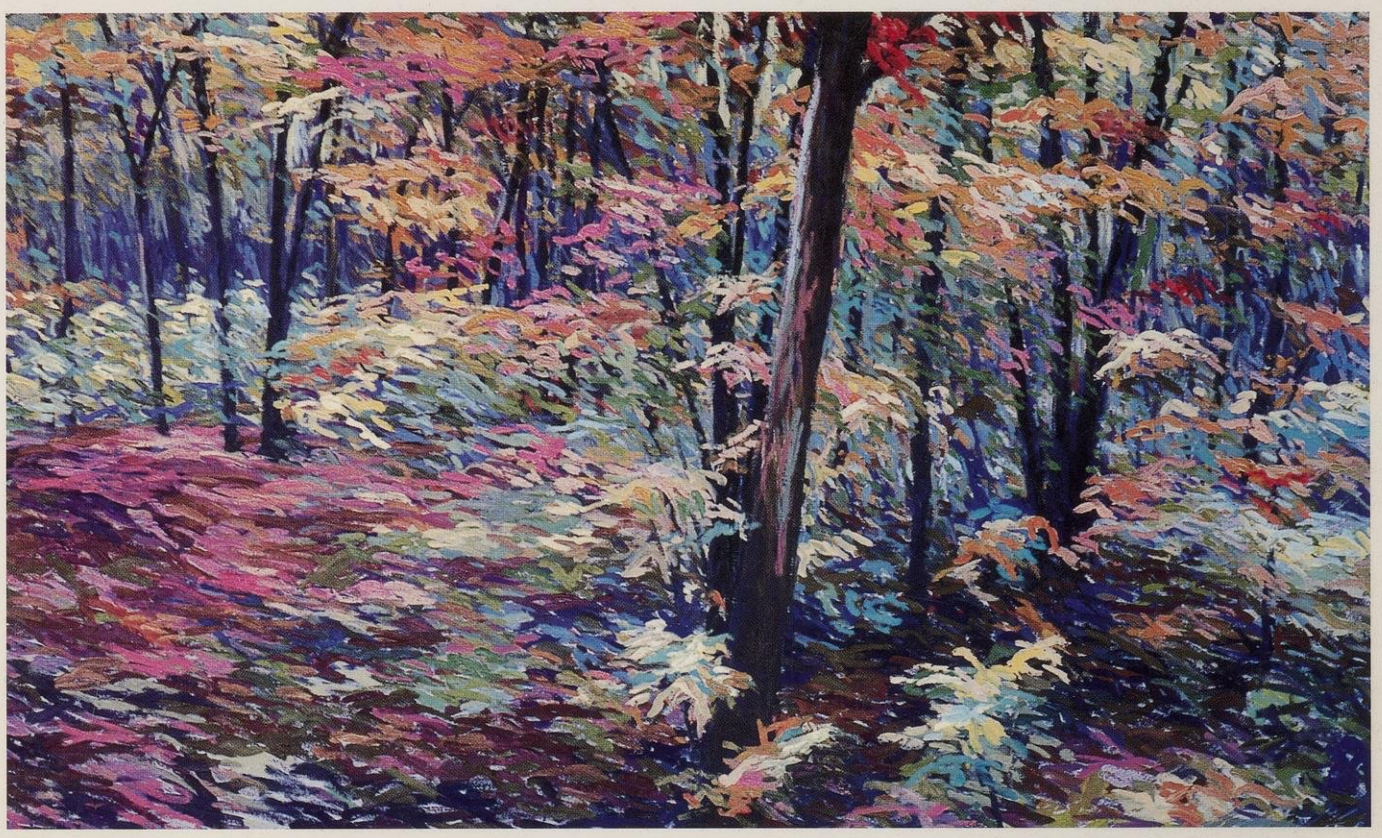

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