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GEORGE CATLIN AND WISCONSIN
PIONEERING ENERGY SOURCES

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

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Col. Henry Dodge, commander, U.S. Dragoons *(detail) by George Catlin. One of several portraits of Dodge by Catlin. Courtesy State Historial Society of Iowa.*

COVER: The Great Chief (Tcha-kauks-o-ko-maugh), *Menominee boy by George Catlin, 1836. Oil on canvas, 21 1/2 x 16 3/4 inches. Courtesy National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution. Gift of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Jr.*

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Editor's Notes

Remember when Joseph Campbell told us to follow our bliss? It was an appealing idea, but how could we. It is a notion to perhaps think about but on which few can act. In many ways, however, this issue of the *Review* is very much about Campbell's advice—about seizing an idea and following a dream.

Perhaps as much as anyone, George Catlin, the renowned painter of Indian people and their landscapes (and the first to petition for a national park in America, though Congress did not act on it during his lifetime), fervently latched on to a dream and followed it. For almost fifty years his energy was focused on wilderness and native people, and his near obsession rarely wavered in spite of hardship, disappointment, and defeat. Even during his final days, physically weakened by age and ill health, he paced the floor and longed to plan yet one more journey. He thought he would be fine if only he could return to the wilderness, palette and brushes in hand; if only he could once again follow his bliss. It is a remarkable story about which volumes already have been written. It is condensed greatly here, with a special emphasis on Catlin's Wisconsin connection.

The Catlin theme for this issue reflects the Campbell philosophy on a much simpler level—it also is the result of connecting with an idea and enthusiastically becoming engaged in the process. It all began on a cold day last winter when Erik Brynildson ended a discussion by announcing he had just bought an old house in Green Lake where he planned to relocate his offices. In studying the abstract he discovered that in 1846–49 the property had been purchased by the Darts, who were relatives of George Catlin, and later was owned by Catlin's nephew James C. Catlin. *Really,* I asked? Erik led me to the published Catlin letters, many of them exchanged with the Dart relatives in Wisconsin, and the opportunity for an article seemed obvious. He urged me to write it and also put me in touch with Professor Wilson Hall, our guest essayist from Georgia, who, like Catlin, finds his bliss in wilderness places.

On behalf of the Wisconsin Academy and readers of the *Review* I especially want to express gratitude to those whose generosity made possible the special color section of Catlin art: the Oneida Tribe of Indians of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Indian Education Association, Tom Bliffert, and the Great Lakes Inter-Tribal Council.

• The Oneidas were part of the original Iroquois federation in New York, and the tribe relocated in Wisconsin after the United States troops, under order of General George Washington, sought revenge against the Iroquois for siding with the British. In his *Letters and Notes* (Vol. II), Catlin describes the Oneida reserve near Utica as having been "destroyed by the wars with the whites—by whiskey and small-pox, numbering at present but five or six hundred, and living in the most miserable poverty . . . the present chief is known by the name of Bread . . . a talented man, well educated." The portrait of Bread which appears in the color section was done early in Catlin's career, probably 1831, before the Oneida nation relocated. (In an 1837 document, Catlin places Bread in Wisconsin, west of Green Bay.)

Today, the Oneida people are contributing members of Wisconsin's economy and culture and were generous in helping with this Catlin project. Rick Hill, chairman of the Oneida Nation of Wisconsin, states: "I am pleased to see the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters featuring portraits of Native Americans, 500 years after Columbus. I hope this type of exposure will stimulate further appreciation of Native American people and our history." We hope so too, Chairman Hill, and thank you.

• The Wisconsin Indian Education Association is a non-profit, community-based membership organization acting as an advocate on behalf of the Wisconsin tribal community. In particular it is concerned with issues affecting the education of American Indian students in programs which extend from early childhood through graduate school. The association office is located in Keshena on the Menominee Indian Reservation. Our sincere appreciation to Alan Caldwell and the Wisconsin Indian Education Association board for supporting this effort.

• Tom Bliffert of Milwaukee is a longtime member and a former vice-president of the Wisconsin Academy. He has been generous with his support and frequently offers suggestions for articles and projects. The Catlin story whetted his interest, and his contribution helped make the special color section of Catlin art a reality. Thank you for your continued participation, Tom.

• The Great Lakes Inter-Tribal Council, with headquarters in Lac du Flambeau, was formed in 1961 and at this time represents the shared concerns of eleven member tribes in Wisconsin and one in Michigan. The council offers the services of attorneys and small business consultants, monitors the radon situation, and gives special attention to health and welfare issues in an attempt to build a healthier Native American population. Thank you, and best wishes for success in your work.

Help and encouragement came from many sources. I want to thank the busy staffs at the Smithsonian Institution, the University of California Press at Berkeley, the Neville Public Museum of Brown County, the Caestecker Public Library in Green Lake, and other organizations and individuals who provided photos and/or research assistance. As usual, the staff and holdings at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin were rich resources.

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Also in this issue we turn to other pioneering efforts with roots in Wisconsin; we explore the concepts of two historic homes which offer ideas for alternate energy use as we look to the next

Continued on page 52

Education in the 90s: Nurturing Change

CONTRIBUTORS

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▼ John Bates is a naturalist who lives in Mercer. His articles have been published by newspapers and magazines and his poems have appeared in such journals as *The Northern Review, Oxford Magazine,* and *Aurora.*

▼ Margaret Benbow, Madison, has contributed to the *Review* in the past and has recently completed a collection of poems titled *The Hot Red Theatre of the Day.* Her work has been widely published in such literary journals as *Antioch Review, Kenyon Review, Prairie Schooner,* and *Poetry.* Her poems have appeared in two anthologies, *Wisconsin Poetry* (published by the Wisconsin Academy) and *The Journey Home.*

▼ Roger Blobaum is executive director of the Michael Fields Agricultural Institute in East Troy, Wisconsin, and the director of the Washington, D.C., office of the World Sustainable Agriculture Association. He is a member of the National Sustainable Agriculture Council and chair of the Organic Food Act Implementation Working Group. He has an M.S. in communications from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and was a Capitol reporter for the Associated Press in Madison. He later served as press secretary to Senator Gaylord Nelson.

▼ Erik Brynildson has contributed to this journal in the past, but this is the first time his poetry appears in the *Review.* He is a landscape architect and consulting ecologist and owns Daycholah Designs in Green Lake, where his offices are located in a nineteenth-century building once owned by members of Eliza Catlin Dart's family.

▼ Porter Butts (1903-1991) was the first director of the University of Wisconsin-Madison Memorial Union, where he "enriched the lives of thousands through his philosophy, vision, and wisdom about life and learning outside of the classroom." He served as director from 1927 until his retirement in 1968, and in April 1992 the Memorial Union's main exhibition gallery was renamed the Porter Butts Gallery in his honor. Today the Wisconsin Union art collection is one of the largest collections of original Wisconsin art in the state.

▼ Larry Edgerton has taught for the Division of University Outreach Communication Program of the University of Wisconsin-Madison for more than ten years. He holds a Ph.D. from the university and teaches writing in the Academic Advancement Program. He is a consultant for area businesses and his poems have appeared in *Beloit Poetry Journal, Arizona Quarterly*, and the Wisconsin Academy anthology *Wisconsin Poetry.* Stories are forthcoming in *Other Voices* and *Farmers' Market.*

▼ Wilson Hall received a B.A. in English from Auburn University, an M.A. in English from the University of Alabama, and a Ph.D. in American studies from Emory University. He is professor of English at Shorter College in Rome, Georgia, and is preparing a biography of George Catlin for publication by the University of Texas Press. His major area of ongoing research is "the study of the spiritual and psychological significance of the wilderness experience" as described by Thoreau, Emerson, Muir, and others.

▼ Liz Hammond, Eau Claire, was born on the east coast and has lived in Wisconsin for the past five years. She has a B.A. in English and is currently employed as a legal secretary. She has written articles for Eau Claire's *Leader-Telegram* and several religious magazines, and her poems have appeared in the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar.*

▼ Ann Larson has been curator of Hearthstone in Appleton since 1989. She graduated from the University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire and received an M.A. in history/museum studies from Cooperstown, New York. She previously worked for Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and the Kenosha County Historical Society Museum.

▼ Rusty McKenzie is an art therapist and poet who lives and writes on the north shore of Lake Winnebago and sometimes on a small Bahamian out-island. She finds her voice in wind and water and sometimes under rocks. Her poems have appeared in *Wisconsin Review, Rag Mag, Fox Cry*, and *Columbia Review*, and she has just completed a collection of poems called *Never Far From Water.*

▼ Judith Strasser, Madison, is a producer and interviewer for *To the Best of our Knowledge*, heard on Wisconsin Public Radio and other stations around the country. She also owns Kaleidoscope Media Services, a writing/consulting business, and her articles have appeared in such publications as *The Christian Science Monitor, Mademoiselle,* and *The New York Times.* Her poetry has appeared in anthologies and journals, and her fiction and essays have been included in collections on Japanese-American relations and on battered women.

▼ Denise Sweet is assistant professor at the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay where she teaches poetry, fiction, and American Indian literature. Her work has been widely published in journals and anthologies and her first collection of poems, *Know By Heart*, has just been published by Rhiannon Press. She is a member of the Ojibwa tribe enrolled at the White Earth reservation in Minnesota and is vice president-letters for the Wisconsin Academy.

▼ Frank Utpatel (1908-1980) worked for almost fifty years in his studio overlooking Black Earth Creek in Mazomanie. His engravings, which number more than 300, appeared in eighteen of August Derleth's books, among others. His work is part of collections at the Library of Congress and in art museums in the United States and England.

George Catlin and the First Americans

by Faith B. Miracle

St. Louis was well established as the Gateway to the West when the young painter George Catlin arrived there in 1830. It had been the starting point in 1804 for Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, to be followed by countless others—traders, trappers, soldiers, and settlers—whose dreams were churning with the spirit of adventure. Eager eyes turned toward the upper reaches of the Missouri River and the irresistible lands to the west.

Years later, in 1846, Francis Parkman was among travelers who embarked from St. Louis to head west aboard the steamship *Radnor*. He had ample time to observe the Missouri River:

> The Missouri is constantly changing its course, wearing away its banks on one side, while it forms new ones on the other. . . . Islands are formed, and then washed away, and while the old forests on one side are undermined and swept off, a young growth springs from the new soil upon the other (*The Oregon Trail,* 1882, p. 2,).

Metaphorically, in 1830 George Catlin was prophesying something similar as he foresaw the displacement of Indian nations by white homesteaders and the destruction of the prairie through development and enterprise. The intent, in fact, had become official in 1802 when Congress passed legislation titled "An Act making an appropriation for extending the external commerce of the United States." The law fostered settlement of the interior of the country and specifically targeted land bordering both the Missouri and Columbia rivers. When Andrew Jackson became president in 1829, settlement of the West and removal of the Indians were high on the national agenda. By the time George Catlin arrived in St. Louis, his consuming ambition was to capture tribal scenes on canvas before the villages and perhaps even the Indians themselves were destroyed by the frenzied movement west.

Opportunity came his way during the summer of 1830 when the legendary William Clark, by then superintendent of Indian affairs in the West and responsible for all who lived and traveled in the western territories, invited Catlin to join his party on a trip up the Mississippi River to Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien. Much to the consternation of the protective Catlin family back home in the East, George welcomed the chance to venture into the wilderness. He was devoted to his parents, siblings, wife, and children, but his commitment to the Indian people was to become a life-long passion.

In Prairie du Chien that summer of 1830 he was able to observe representatives of the Ioway, Missouri, Sauk, Omaha, and Fox tribes. He also witnessed the manipulative nature of treaty negotiations, and his resolve to be champion of the Indians deepened:

> [The] history and customs of such a people, preserved by pictorial illustrations, are themes worthy the life-time of one man, and nothing short of the loss of my life, shall prevent me from visiting their country, and of becoming their historian (*Letters and Notes*, Vol. I, p. 2).

For the next six years Catlin spent much of his time in Indian country, getting acquainted with languages, customs, personalities, and the prairie landscape itself. By 1839, when he left for England, he had completed more than five hundred paintings and collected Indian artifacts amounting to an eight-ton traveling museum. During those six years Catlin experienced incredible beauty, intense suffering, high hopes, and cruel disappointment; eventually he would know tragic loss and despair. During his lifetime he would be ignored by his countrymen, discredited by his detractors, scoffed at by art critics, and rebuffed by Congress; he also would be courted by nobility, considered the father of American ethnology by his admirers, and looked upon as mentor by many historians and painters.

. . . nothing short of the loss of my life, shall prevent me from visiting their country, and of becoming their historian

Through it all, members of his family in Wisconsin were part of the drama.

Early life

George Catlin was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, on July 26, 1796, the fifth of fourteen children in the family of Putnam and Polly Catlin. In spite of the size of their family, Putnam and Polly actively participated in the lives of their children; in fact,

George Catlin, 1849. Painted by William H. Fisk. Courtesy National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution.

Old Bear, a medicine man *(Mandan), by George Catlin. Painted at the Mandan village in 1832. Oil on canvas, 29 x 24 inches. Courtesy National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

they displayed what might today appear to be an almost suffocating involvement. Even after the children left home, long instructional letters on everything from manners to health to grammar went forth from the parents to wherever the young Catlins happened to be.

George loved nature and liked to draw as a young child. He went off to school in Connecticut to become a lawyer like his father but spent his time illustrating the margins of textbooks rather than noting points of law. Putnam, acting in character, kept up a steady stream of letters to George, hoping for the best. Here, for example, is an excerpt from a letter Putnam wrote to George on August 4, 1817:

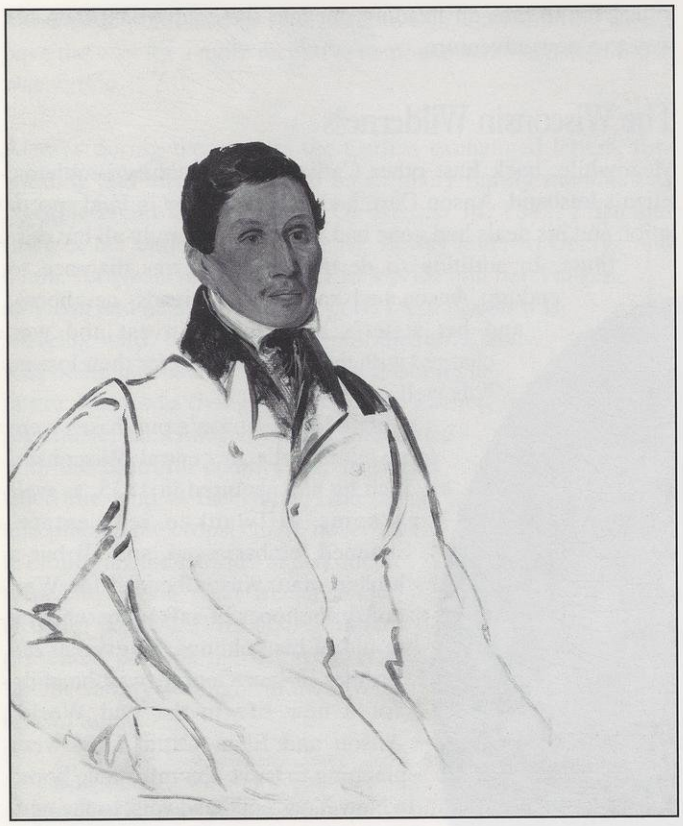
> I call on you now, while so far removed from me and the family you love, to recollect the advice I have so often and so pressingly given you . . . When allurements to vice assault you, instantly think of me, think of home, think of your sisters, your brothers—think of yourself, and you will escape every snare (Roehm, p. 15).

After practicing law for four years, a bored and rebellious George abandoned the charade, surprisingly with the resigned blessings of his doting father, and in 1823, at the age of twenty-seven, he moved to Philadelphia to become a portrait painter. Though in later years he preferred to say he was unschooled in art, he apparently studied for a time with the famous early American portraitist Thomas Sully. He also was influenced by the paintings which hung in the Peale Museum in Philadelphia and in general by the enthusiasm for art which pervaded the city.

At first Catlin concentrated on miniatures and later attracted commissions for larger portraits. His success was marginal, and critics were not kind. At some point in the mid-1800s he met a delegation of Indians who had stopped in Philadelphia on their way to Washington, and his response was immediate and lasting: Here was the subject to which he would dedicate his talent and his very life. Catlin always was frank about his motivation. He was interested in the Indian people, and altruism was part of his compulsion; but he made no secret of the fact that he felt this great project eventually would bring him fame and fortune. During the balance of the 1820s Catlin painted the eastern Indians: Senecas, Iroquois, Mohawks, and Ottawas.

In 1828 he married Clara Gregory of Albany, New York. Clara was twenty years old, beautiful, and wealthy, and the entire Catlin clan—in particular George's favorite sister, Eliza—welcomed her into the closely-knit family. For the rest of their lives, these brothers and sisters, in-laws, nieces and nephews, and, of course, the parents would support each other both in spirit and financially with amazing loyalty and resolve. Putnam Catlin remained the contact point, the center of the family to whom every one turned for news, and he wielded his instructional and moralizing pen for as long as he lived.

There is something of a paradox here in the protection shown by parents toward a son, by now in his thirties, who was to spend years of his life in the raw wilderness among people of a culture vastly different from the eastern society in which he was born and raised. When George suddenly left his wife in New York to seek adventure in St. Louis in 1830, the family was stunned but remained stalwart. On June 23, 1831, Putnam wrote, "You must consider me the same anxious parent I have always been" (Roehm, P. 52). As for Clara, she sought comfort from her own parents and strengthened her relationship with the Catlins,



John W. Quinney (The Dish), a missionary preacher *(Stockbridge), by George Catlin. Probably painted at Green Bay in 1836. Oil on canvas mounted on aluminum, 29 x 24 inches. Courtesy National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

Du-cor-re-a, chief of the tribe, and his family *(Winnebago), by George Catlin. Probably painted at Prairie du Chien, 1830 or 1831. Courtesy National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

particularly Eliza. The friendship with Eliza was a bond that would remain strong until Clara's untimely death in 1845.

Indian Country and the Great Plan

George Catlin's itinerary during his years with the western Indians is not entirely clear—while he wrote copiously about his trips in his *Letters and Notes*, his accounts at times were conflicting and contradictory. He made trips back East to see his family and to spend time with Clara; children were born; a child died; his brothers and sisters experienced various crises; his parents worried and wrote letters.

He was on the steamship *Yellowstone* in 1832 when it became the first ship to traverse the Missouri River as far as Fort Union in what is now eastern Montana. It was on his return trip by canoe that he visited the Mandan village and observed their unusual sacred rituals, later documented in his famous book *O-Kee-Pa*. In the summer of 1834 he accompanied a troop of dragoons led by Colonel Henry Dodge to the Southwest, deep into Comanche territory. He returned alone on horseback across the plains, ill with fever. It took him months to recover.

Clara traveled with him in 1835 when his whimsy took him up and down the Mississippi River where she could enjoy modest comfort aboard a steamship. It was on this trip that George again visited Prairie du Chien on his way from New Orleans to Fort Snelling, and Clara extended her stay in Prairie du Chien while George explored the area by canoe.

In 1836 he traveled from Mackinaw through Green Bay and Portage to Prairie du Chien and up the Mississippi River once again to Fort Snelling, where he set out cross-country to visit the great pipestone quarry, in what is now western Minnesota, and collect specimens. Few white men had entered this territory held sacred by all Indian nations. Again there is a paradox here: Though Catlin professed a staunch respect for all Indian people, he ignored their plea not to violate their trust and set foot on this sacred ground. Ironically, today we call the red stone quarried there catlinite, named for him.

Throughout these years of travel, George made keen observations which he sketched on plain grey-brown paper, later to be reworked as oil paintings which were to fulfill his great dream of being the artistic historian of the

Plains Indians. His plan was to approach Congress and attempt to sell his collection to the government so that it would remain forever a part of the national archives. In this way he would satisfy his altruistic vision; he hoped fame and fortune would naturally follow.

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In April 1838 Catlin opened his Indian Gallery exhibition in Washington's Old Theatre. He was confident that viewers—in particular members of Congress—would recognize national treasures when they saw them and that congressional action would result in the purchase of his collection. He had approached Washington officials as early as 1829 with an outline of his plan, and throughout the years of sketching and painting he remained constant in his hope that his work would eventually become a national monument to the Indian people. In 1838 and 1839 resolutions were introduced but failed in spite of support from such influential statesmen as Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

There were a number of political reasons why Congress remained unsympathetic and uninterested. Catlin had criticized fur traders for their treatment of the Indians, accusing them of being a demoralizing influence. He had gone head to head with the powerful American Fur Company, John Jacob Astor's group, because of their readiness to supply alcohol to the Indians in spite of the fact it had been against the law to do so since 1834. Politically, this was at a time when the southern states hoped to expand slavery to the west and, in fact, enslave the Indians. They were not interested in monuments in the form of paintings that would arouse empathy among white citizens, nor did they want to jeopardize their careers by offending the wealthy slave owners. Most military men were hostile toward the Indians and were likewise opposed to glorifying the Native culture though acquisition of Catlin's gallery. Catlin repeatedly had been vocal in his charges that the government was treating the Indians unfairly. Finally, as a result of land-buying mania and over-investment, the country was trying to pull itself out of the panic of 1837. (The bankruptcy law of 1840 was passed as a result of this crisis.) There was little money available for art.

It is no surprise, then, that Catlin found his attempts to sell his gallery rebuffed by Congress. As a defensive strategy, he threatened to take his treasures abroad where they might well be purchased by foreign powers and thus lost forever to the United States. Right up to the eve of his actual departure for England he continued to bargain, but in vain. On November 25, 1839, Catlin, with his gallery intact, found himself heading out into the cold Atlantic on his way to a new adventure.

Clara Gregory Catlin, 1828. Miniature, painted by George Catlin. Courtesy National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

The Wisconsin Wilderness

Meanwhile, back East other Catlins were beset by problems. Eliza's husband, Anson Dart, had put his money in land speculation and his deals had gone bad, leaving the family all but destitute. In addition to destitution there was disgrace to endure: Anson had encouraged friends, neighbors, and his sister's husband to invest and was charged with the responsibility for their losses, as well.

Included in Anson's purchases were some pine lands in central Wisconsin, which he had acquired in 1835, as well as some Milwaukee real estate. Shunned, embarrassed, and all but a broken man, Anson headed for Wisconsin in hopes of salvaging what he could of his holdings. So even as his brother-in-law George was heading for a new life in the Old World, Anson and Eliza Catlin Dart were planning to leave a comfortable home in New York and head west to the new frontier. They would be among the first white settlers in the area around Green Lake and founders of the city now called Green Lake.

On November 10, 1840, Eliza wrote her younger brother Francis Catlin urging him to leave the East and join them in Wisconsin in the spring. Though they had little money, life seemed good. She wrote of huge rutabagas and "turnips as large as a dinner plate," of fat fish and an abundance of prairie hens. She wished all the family could see the beautiful country (Roehm, pp. 198-9). But that was before hard winter set in.

Accounts of the hardships faced by Eliza, Anson, and their children are grim. On January 4, 1841, Putnam Catlin wrote from his home in Pennsylvania to son George in England:

> I rec'd a letter from our friend Dart last week dated the 8th of Dec, his situation is indeed pitiful, though they are all well. He went too soon and too far into the Wilderness, winter has arrived on them, their house unfinished for the want of boards & money . . . he is destitute of neighbours, without a cow . . . Gracious Heaven! what a change in that family . . . (Roehm, pp. 201-2).

In England, George and Clara were busy traveling with the Indian Gallery and enjoying critical and financial success. They hoped to return to America soon and again offer the collection to Congress, now that it had received fame abroad. George's *Letters and*

Notes were published in 1841, and he was confident this would pave the way for a more receptive response in the legislature. He was wrong.

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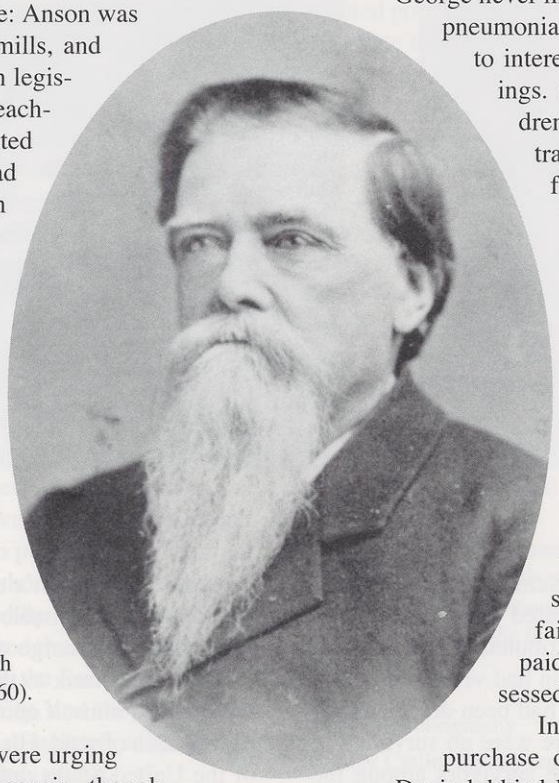
Always during these years the Catlins exchanged letters, forwarding and circulating them so as many family members as possible could keep in touch. On August 14, 1842, Eliza and three of her children wrote a long, newsy letter to George and Clara. It reveals much about Eliza's pride and her Yankee stoicism and need to present a good face: Anson was working hard, building and repairing mills, and was being considered for the Wisconsin legislature; Mary was living in Green Bay, teaching music; the children were all delighted with the beautiful country; the boys had tilled the land at the Green Lake farm and planted the crops, "there never was a family so industrious and so determined to regain what we have lost" (Roehm p. 257). Eliza's son Putnam presented perhaps the strongest case for the family's delight in their Wisconsin home:

> Uncle George we well know has travelled all over this western world but I am sure here is one little spot of say thirty or forty miles square he did not see or he could not have left it. It is admitted by all to be the paradise of Wisconsin if not the U.S. . . . Oh how I do wish you could live beside us . . . (Roehm p. 260).



By the spring of 1843 the Darts were urging George and Clara to join them in Wisconsin, though times were still hard and everyone suffered during the harsh winters. But in general they enjoyed good health and high hopes for the future. On May 14, 1843, Anson wrote to George:

> Now Sir, what do you say to the propposition that you leave Europe without delay and come to Wisconsin. I know the change would be to the advantage of yourself and family . . . we have got precisely the spot . . . consult on this matter with Clara and make up your mind with as little delay as possible (Roehm, p. 264).

The Darts also continued their attempt to lure Francis Catlin and his wife to Green Lake. On August 16, 1843, Eliza wrote to her mother urging that Francis be encouraged to save his money and move to Wisconsin as soon as possible, suggesting they come through Green Bay rather than Milwaukee "as there is ague and fever between here and Millwakie." (Eliza's letters also mention much "cholery" in Milwaukee and Watertown.) Francis Catlin, the youngest sibling, moved to Wisconsin in 1844, and a letter from George postmarked London, May 18, 1844, caught up with Francis in Green Lake. George wrote, "If Clay is next President, I shall sell my Collection for money, or for (perhaps 100,000 acres of) wild land (ha?), and then we may make a swell in Wisconsin" (Roehm, p. 269).

Francis Catlin during the 1870s. Courtesy Marjorie Catlin Stevenson, his great-granddaughter (Eugene, Oregon).

Great Troubles

George never made it back to Wisconsin. Clara died of pneumonia in 1845 while they were in Paris hoping to interest King Louis Philippe in some paintings. George was left with four small children. It was the beginning of a series of tragedies in his life from which he never fully recovered, and the pain was felt in Wisconsin. Eliza no longer could hope that her sister-in-law Clara would be her neighbor. Later that year the Darts sold their farm and moved into the nearby village (intially named Dartford, changed to Green Lake in 1907).

During the summer of 1846 George's only son, age three and also named George, died of typhoid fever. In France revolution was brewing, and Louis Philippe reneged on the commission for paintings, which George in good faith had already completed. Louis never paid for the work; Catlin eventually repossessed the paintings.

In 1849 Congress again considered the purchase of Catlin's Indian Gallery. Jefferson Davis lobbied hard against passage of the resolution, and it was voted down in both the House and the Senate. The South still wanted Indian lands for slave states.

On July 20, 1852, George went to debtors' prison in London, and his three little girls were taken to America by Clara's brother. The Indian Gallery was put up for auction, and industrialist Joseph Harrison of Philadelphia bought the paintings and shipped them back to America, where for years they remained undiscovered in Harrison's boiler factory. Catlin had now lost everything: his wife, his children, his gallery. He was ill, destitute, and disillusioned.

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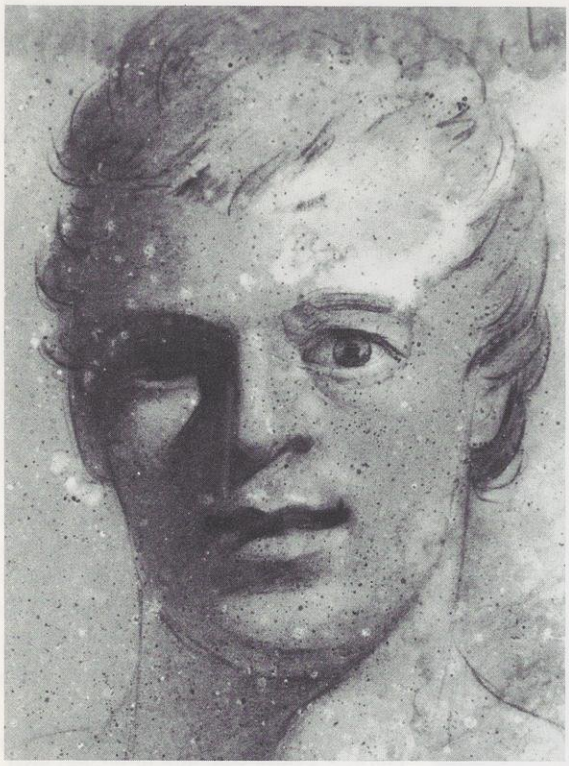
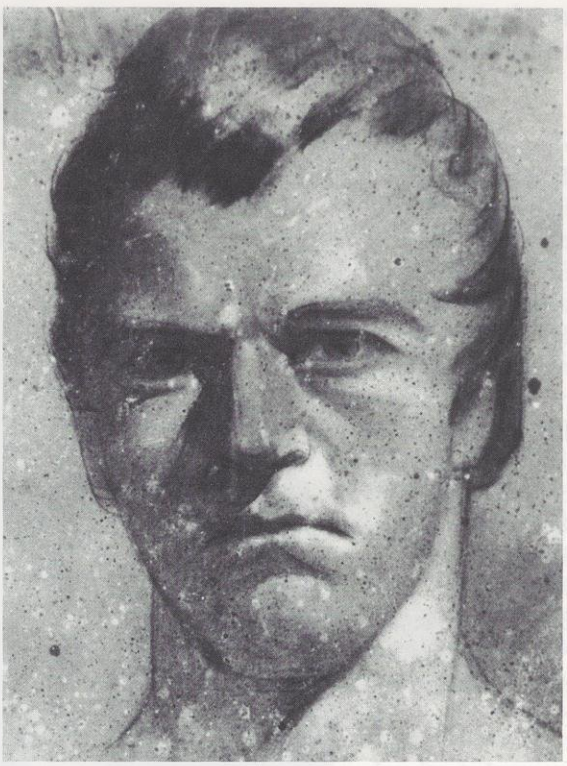
There was another Wisconsin connection in George Catlin's life which, unlike his warm relationship with his family, was unpleasant and worrisome. Early in Catlin's career he had established a friendship with Henry Schoolcraft, Indian Agent for Wisconsin Territory, and Schoolcraft had written an endorsement of Catlin's Indian Gallery. But a disagreement between the two developed into a long-standing feud and resulted in Schoolcraft accusing





Two self-portrait sketches, probably done in 1821, two years before Catlin went to Philadelphia. Part of a collection of twenty-two self-portraits expressing such emotions as composure, wonder, contempt, rage. These two sketches are titled Joy *and* Hatred. *Courtesy Neville Public Museum of Brown County.*

Catlin of falsifying Mandan Indian ceremonial rituals in his book *O-Kee-Pa*. The accusations appeared in a government-sponsored publication, which was distributed throughout the country and abroad. Not long after Catlin had visited the Mandan village in the early 1830s, the tribe had been decimated by smallpox, and Schoolcraft assumed there were no survivors to verify the paintings. In fact, there were survivors among the Mandans. In addition, the tortures had been witnessed by Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, who had briefly lived with the Mandans. Eventually, the accuracy of the paintings was upheld, but not before much damage had been done to Catlin's reputation. When Catlin tried to clear his name officially, Washington was preoccupied with the impeachment of Andrew Johnson and couldn't be bothered. It was just one more misfortune among many for the artist.

The Later Years

By 1852 the remaining members of the Catlin family, except for George, were living in Wisconsin. Brother Richard and his wife, Darwina, were in Ripon; brother Henry was in Dartford where Eliza was now living alone. (In 1850 Anson had been appointed an Indian agent by the Secretary of the Interior and had been sent to Oregon. He and Eliza remained apart for the rest of their lives.) Francis was in northwestern Wisconsin—Zachery Taylor had appointed him register of the land office for the District of Lands at Willow River (now Hudson).

In 1853 Anson's travels took him to Europe, and he tried to find George. Unable to locate him, and learning only that when last seen George was ill, Anson assumed he was dead and sent the news back to the family in Wisconsin. In fact, George had revived himself enough to travel, this time to South America in search of gold. His journeys took him up the western coast of the United States, into Alaska, and over into Siberia. While Anson was searching for him in Europe, he was busy producing a new collection of paintings of the Indian people he met and their environment. He found no gold, but there were hints of a fleeting romance with a young Indian woman. The records are somewhat confusing, but the journeys resulted in two additional publications and a new collection of paintings.

❦

In 1868 Francis Catlin, wearing a fifteen-year-old overcoat, traveled from Hudson, Wisconsin, to Brussels, Belgium, for a reunion with the brother he had not seen in twenty-nine years. He found George totally deaf, living in a single room with a cage of white mice for company. The brothers talked, laughed, baked apples, and roasted chestnuts; Francis explored Brussels and made notes in a 3x6-inch notebook. (His small journal survives.) It was an important reunion for George—he had no money and needed the help of his Wisconsin brothers. He wanted to return home and become reacquainted with the daughters he had not seen since they were children.

That day came as 1870 was drawing to a close, and he paid for his boat ticket with money sent from Ripon by his prosperous broth-

er Richard. Catlin had been gone for more than thirty years. He was almost seventy-five years old.

❦

Still hoping to connect with Congress, Catlin decided to establish himself in Washington, D.C., and New York City. When the original oil paintings had been confiscated in London in 1852, he had managed to hold on to the drawings made while traveling in the West during the 1830s. Using these sketches, he was able to replace the old paintings. In 1871 his old friend Joseph Henry, who had become director of the Smithsonian Institution, invited him to exhibit his re-worked paintings at the National Museum in Washington and provided him with living quarters "high in one of the building's turrets, where the old artist could live with his dreams" (Roehm, p. 410).

In October 1872 Catlin became ill and moved in with his daughters in New Jersey. He died on December 23, 1872, and was buried near Clara and his small son in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. His grave remained unmarked for almost a century until, according to the May 18, 1961, edition of the *New York Times*, a group of admirers and historians provided a headstone.

Catlin's daughters approached Congress after his death and offered the re-painted Indian Gallery to the government for $50,000. The resolution was drafted and introduced by Carl Schurz, but Congress still wasn't interested. The country was recovering from the Civil War and art was low priority. Joseph Harrison, the Philadelphia investor who purchased the original Catlin Indian Gallery in London, died shortly after Catlin, and the old paintings finally were discovered by Harrison's heirs in the boiler plant where they had been stored those many years. In 1879 the original paintings were given to the Smithsonian Institution by members of the Harrison family, and they remain in the Smithsonian collection today. The re-painted collection is now housed nearby in the National Gallery of Art.

Catlin and Wisconsin Today

There are many reminders of the Catlin family in Wisconsin, not the least of which is the town of Green Lake itself. Richard Catlin's elegant home still stands in Ripon and is in the hands of owners who value its history. Remnants of the mills and dams built by Eliza Catlin Dart's husband and sons still can be seen around Green Lake. Twenty-two self-portrait sketches done by George Catlin as a young man, probably in 1821, are in the archives at the Neville Public Museum in Green Bay.

Two early oil paintings, also done before his journeys into Indian country, are among the Catlin pieces in the collection of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin in Madison. One is a portrait of Governor DeWitt Clinton of New York, the other is of President James Madison. The State Historical Society of Wisconsin collection also includes an 1836 oil portrait of Eleazor Williams and a pencil and charcoal drawing of the Reverend Moses Meeker, member of the territorial legislature. Another early Catlin portrait hangs in the historical museum in Green Lake. It is an oil painting of Anson Dart, done while the Catlins and Darts all lived in the East. And, delightfully, the Catlin family published letters can be found in some of the libraries in the state, edited by Marjorie Catlin Roehm, granddaughter of Francis Catlin.

❦

George Catlin was neither the first nor the best artist to choose the American Indian as his principal subject. Others before him painted portraits of Indian chiefs as they came to Washington to negotiate treaties. Such artists as Alfred Jacob Miller, John Mix Stanley, and Karl Bodmer exhibited technical skills beyond the ability of Catlin. James Otto Lewis, Seth Eastman, and Peter Rindisbacher also painted Native American scenes in Wisconsin. But Catlin was the first painter of stature to venture deep into the West to record the Indian people in their villages—at play, in ceremony, during the hunt—before the white settlers began the massive westward movement which would displace them. He was the most prolific and the first to attract wide attention in America and Europe

Much has been written about Catlin's contribution to art and ethnology. Scholars don't always agree. Catlin himself, despite a healthy ego, said his work was intended to be a record rather than fine art. Perhaps Marjorie Catlin Roehm offered the most practical appraisal of her great-uncle's place in history:

> It is a pity that the dream of his youth could not have been realized before he died, but his works will go on through the years to come, and be both inspiration and education to all who are, and ever will be, interested in the first Americans (Roehm, p. 413).

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Settlement of Green Lake County

by Richard Dart

In 1906 the president of the Ripon Historical Society, the Reverend Samuel T. Kidder of McGregor, Iowa, interviewed Richard Dart, son of Anson and Eliza Catlin Dart and nephew of painter George Catlin. Richard, who was born May 12, 1828, in New York City, recalled his family's early days in Wisconsin.

About the last of April, 1840, my father, Anson Dart, started southward from Green Bay with Samuel W. Beall to explore the Green Lake country, which, having been purchased from the Winnebago Indians, had been surveyed in 1839 and opened to the market in 1840. . . . There was at this time no heavy timber around the lake, except at the foot, in the marshes—only what we called "clay openings," burned over each autumn by the prairie fires.

• • •

[The] house, of two rooms and a little attic, stood half a mile south of Sand Bluff. We kept our boat secure from the wash of the waves, either in the bay west of Sand Bluff or at the Cove where the Spring Grove resort now is, three miles low. The building was not all finished at once, but by slow degrees. We had in stock two barrels of flour, one barrel of pork, four barrels of potatoes, a few groceries, and $4 in money. We also had salt, pepper, Indian (or maple) sugar, but no butter or delicacies. We soon got out of salt and other things, and to restock meant a journey to Green Bay. The nearest settler of our nationality was at Fond du Lac.

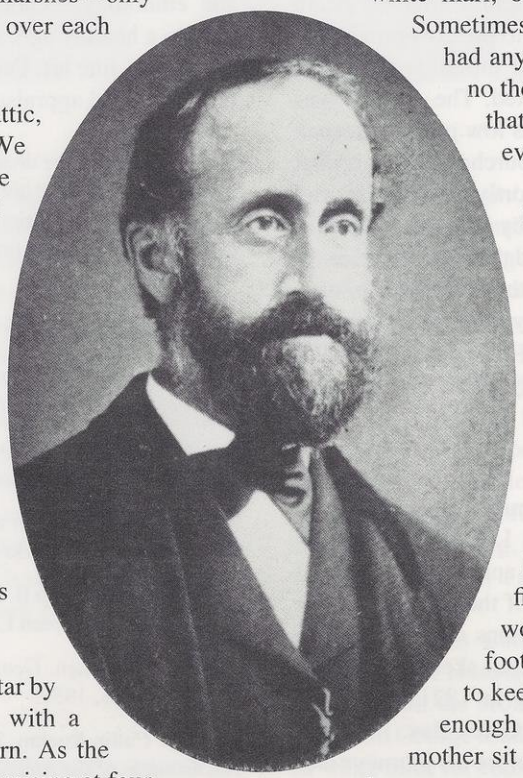
• • •

There being no mill, we made a huge mortar by boring out a hard, white-oak log, and, with a heavy hickory pestle, we ground our corn. As the mortar held but two quarts, it was only by rising at four o'clock that we could get enough meal pounded for a breakfast Johnnie-cake. The coarser part we boiled as samp, for dinner, and had cornmeal fried for supper, with neither milk nor butter.

• • •

When mother came, only two sides of the house were up. One side was partly open the first winter, except for a carpet hung up. Wolves and other wild animals would come and peer through the cracks at the firelight. Sometimes the stick chimney caught fire, and to prevent this occurring too frequently we had to keep it well plastered over with clay.

Even after the house was finished it was very cold, for the joints were not too tight. We tried to plaster up the cracks with white marl, but when dry this came crumbling off. Sometimes we used old newspapers, as far as we had any, to paste over the cracks. While we had no thermometer to measure the cold, I am sure that the winter of 1843-44 was the worst we ever experienced.



Richard Dart, 1909. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Very early that season, two and a half feet of snow fell. Then came a January thaw, followed by fine weather, like Indian summer. Then more snow came, and clear cold weather with sharp, cutting winds. Many wild animals were starved and frozen, and it was known in pioneer annals as the "great bitter winter." To add to the strangeness of it all, there was seen in the west a great comet, whose tail seemed to touch the ground. We nearly froze in our rudely-built house, for we had no stove—only a big fire-place, where in twenty-four hours we would sometimes burn two cords of four-foot wood. It took hard work for the boys just to keep the fire going. Nor did we always have enough food; again and again I have seen my mother sit down at the table and eat nothing, since there was not enough to go around.

• • •

I wish I could adequately describe the prairie flowers. Every month during spring and summer they grew in endless variety—such fields of changing beauty, I never saw before. It was a flower-garden everywhere. You could gather a bouquet any time, that couldn't be equalled in any greenhouse of New York

or Chicago. There were double ladyslippers, shooting-stars, field-lilies, etc., etc. Some of them still linger beside the railway tracks. We tried over and over to transplant them, but only the shooting-stars would stand the change. There was also the tea-plant, whose leaves we dried for tea. When in blossom, the oak and clay openings, for miles around, were white with it, like buckwheat. We also had splendid wild honey from the bee-trees.

• • •

We learned to talk the Winnebago dialect, and used to ask Big Soldier what the Indian mounds were, and what they were for. He had but one answer, "Winter wigwams."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, places rounded up high to camp on in winter, where the water will easily run off."

There were trees on some of these mounds, a foot and a half in diameter, yet he always said "winter wigwams." We plowed up in our fields white flint arrowheads and pieces of pottery, which were just as great a curiosity to him as to us. His tribe had no such white flints or pottery. He explained the irregular, effigy-mounds, as having been built so as to run their wigwams off on arms, and not have them on one line, but in various groups. There is no doubt that the modern Indians so used these mounds, and they seemed to know of no other use or origin. Still, some of them did contain burial places.

• • •

When we came from Green Bay in 1840, the trader James Knaggs was at Oshkosh, and there were a few settlers at Fond du Lac, and scattered about on isolated farmsteads. Waupun and Watertown were but just begun.

I have heard my father tell of his first trip to Milwaukee, through the woods. He borrowed an old horse from Le Roy and followed an Indian trail past Beaver Dam and through the Watertown woods. He had nearly reached the latter settlement on Rock River, when about sundown he came to a little shanty and clearing, and found there was a sawmill with a perpendicular saw. The proprietor was Pete Rogan, who offered him the mill-plant at a nominal sum, saying that he was land poor and wanted to get away. Father did not accept his offer, but was afterwards sorry that he did not.

Anson Dart, from a daguerreotype. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Eliza Catlin Dart, age 47, after five years of pioneering in Wisconsin. Courtesy Marjorie C. Stevenson.

The first election in Marquette County was held in the autumn of 1842 at our plank house, south of Green Lake. There were present Anson Dart, his sons George and Putnam, Pete Le Roy and his son, and William Bazeley, tenant on Beall's place. These constituted the entire polling list. [Note: This area was part of Marquette County until Green Lake County was officially established in 1858.]

• • •

In 1848 father threw himself with ardor into the presidential campaign, and upon the success of the Whigs received in 1851 the appointment of superintendent of Indian affairs in Oregon, with a salary of $8 per day. Just about this time the village of Dartford was formed and named for him. A lawyer named Hamilton was so angry upon learning of the new enterprise, that he went down to Madison and got the name changed to Arcade; but the townspeople hearing of it in time, sent a delegation to preserve the name Dartford.

Father took my second brother, Putnam, with him to Oregon as his private secretary, and another brother to help him. They each had to pay $700 for fare from New York to San Francisco, by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Mother, my two sisters, one brother and I lived on at Dartford, but father never came back there to live. He had various political appointments, and after coming back from Oregon was in Europe for two years. He died August 12, 1879 at Washington, D.C.

Mother and I were finally the only ones of the family left at Dartford, and she later went back to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, where she died at the age of sixty-eight. ❧

From Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, *1910. Reprinted with permission.*

Psychological Necessity for Wilderness in the Life of George Catlin

by Wilson Hall

In December 1872, George Catlin, world-famous Indian painter and ethnologist, settled for his last days into the home of his daughters in Jersey City, New Jersey. He was penniless and extremely deaf. His life's work, which he called the Indian Gallery, was mortgaged and stored beyond his redemption in a locomotive manufacturer's leaking warehouse in Philadelphia; and his re-creation of it (which he called cartoons) and the paintings from his South American travels were on temporary display in the Smithsonian Institution. His hopes that the Congress would purchase the collection were not likely to be realized.

Catlin and his Indian guide approaching buffalo under white wolf skins, *1846-1848. Courtesy the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

A road ended in New Jersey that began in 1796 in Pennsylvania and wound through the vast wilderness areas of North, Central, and South America, and passed through some of the most civilized cities of Europe and Great Britain. At seventy-six, ill beyond recovery, and a near stranger to his family, he paced the floor of his daughters' home saying, "Oh, if I was down in the valley of the Amazon I could walk off this weakness" (Roehm, p. 411). On the 23rd of December he died, talking constantly of his Indian Gallery and longing to return to the wilderness of the Amazon.

There was something innate in Catlin's nature which drew him to wilderness, and this part of his nature opposed the training from his father, who impressed upon him that he must honor the Catlin name and make a place for himself in the civilized world. This conflict of opposing drives in Catlin, when examined by the model of Carl Jung's psyche (*Structure and Dynamics*), produces some interesting thoughts concerning the relevancy of wilderness not only to Catlin's basic nature but also to the basic nature of all people: namely, that contact with nature is essential for the healthy development and individuation of the psyche.

. . . all that was of value in his youth suddenly became the value and hope for his future and produced a direction that his life must take in order to quell the agitation in his soul and give him peace.

By Jung's view, the mind is a closed energy system in which the flow of psychic energy is innately urged from the unconscious into the ego where it is perceived in meaningful images. The end of this flow of psychic energy, as with all energy, is entropy; but its effect, unlike entropy, is a finished personality, developed according to the innate and individual pattern proceeding from the unconscious. Along the way, in talented individuals, art may be created. Often in conflict with the will of the ego, the unconscious, according to Jung, is always dominant. If the will attempts to stem or thwart the flow from the unconscious, neurosis or psychosis may result. The result also may be total shattering of the personality. However, when the will opens to the flow of psychic energy, the result can be harmonious and fully developed life.

Catlin's psychic system found a homeostatic flow of his psychic energy only when he was in wilderness. It is impossible to name specifically the thing in Catlin's psyche which demanded wilderness. It would be comforting to say that there is an archetype or some constellation of archetypes which encouraged it as there are for motherhood and family. But probably the safest thing to say is only what Jung (1873) has said of himself, that he "had to obey an inner law which was imposed on [him] and left [him] no freedom of choice" and that "a creative person . . . is captive and driven by his daimon" (*Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, p. 357). For Catlin an innate passion for wilderness was his daimon.

In order to study the psyche of Catlin, let us examine two major events in his psychic life: The first occurred at thirty-one, when he re-directed his life from civilization to wilderness, and a second shortly afterward, when he underwent a transforming experience among the Indians along the Missouri River. A third event, one similar to the first, which occurred when he was in his fifties and trapped again in civilization, will be examined briefly as a verification of the first.

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Prior to the event in his thirties, Catlin had lived in both wilderness and civilization. Soon after his birth in Wilkes-Barre, he moved with his family into the wilderness along the Susquehanna River of upper Pennsylvania and lower New York. During these years young Catlin ran free on his father's plantation, and during the most impressionable decade of these years came under the tutorage of a frontiersman named John Darrow, who taught the boy all the things he would need to know to travel the wilderness areas from Tierra del Fuego to the Behring Straits and from the East to the western regions of the United States. Just as importantly, Darrow furnished him at that important age a role model, an object for the projection of his psyche. How important Darrow was to him is reflected in the emotional references which Catlin makes about him in all his autobiographical works, even into his old age when he wrote:

> Oh, how beautiful to my young and aspiring vision the cautious and graceful movements of this stalking teacher! What pupil ever watched the magic touches of his master's pencil with more admiration than I watched the movements of this master-hunter as he led me through the forests and rocks and ravines of the mountain side? No time or circumstances have ever yet effected the slightest impression then made upon my youthful mind, nor will they leave me while recollections last (*Last Rambles*, p. 13).

George's father impressed on all the Catlin children the importance of finding a place in the civilized world, and George, when he was sent away to law school at the age of twenty-one, gave his best effort to fulfilling his father's dream. But unlike his older brother Charles and his sister Clara, George was not able to abandon the lifestyle which he had acquired as a child in the wilderness. When he returned from school and entered a law practice with his brother, his life should have settled down to a routine much like Charles: a daily procession of legal work punctuated by holidays for fishing and hunting. But in reality this new profession brought to a head the conflict of his two opposing life styles, which his stay in law school had made him aware of, and produced a crisis which would continue for another eight to ten years.

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Erik Erikson described this kind of crisis when he wrote:

> I have called the major crisis of adolescence the identity crisis; it occurs in that period of the life cycle when each youth must

The Six, chief of the Plains Ojibwa, *1832. Courtesy the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

> forge for himself some central perspective and direction, some working unity, out of the effective remnants of his childhood and the hopes of his anticipated adulthood; he must detect some meaningful resemblance between what he has come to see in himself and what his sharpened awareness tells him others judge and expect him to be (*Young Man Luther*, p. 14).

While Erikson associates this particular crisis with adolescence, its onset seems to have evaded Catlin until he was twenty-one. Such a prolonged adolescence came about because of two things: the dominance of a father who could influence his son's profession, even after the son had reached majority, and the fact that during all those early wilderness years Catlin's unconscious never encountered a major confrontation and thus enjoyed an uninterrupted homeostatic flow of psychic energy.

Catlin's letters from law school (Smithsonian; Roehm) indicate that he knew he was subjugating his will to his father's, but he became aware of a crisis only when he realized that his interest in law was being usurped by an activity enjoyed in his youth which he thought he had abandoned: painting. He recorded in *Life Among the Indians* that during court sessions he "covered nearly every inch of the lawyers table (and even encroached upon the judge's bench) with penknife, pen and ink, and pencil sketches of judges, juries, and culprits" (Vol. 1, p. v). His unconscious, obviously, was rejecting the profession of law. Luckily for Catlin's psychological growth, his solution to the conflict was to acquiesce to the interloping interest and abandon law. He described his decision.

> I was admitted to the bar—and practiced the law, as a sort of *Nimrodical* lawyer, in my native land, for the term of two or three years; when I very deliberately sold my law library and all (save my rifle and fishing-tackle), and converting their proceeds into brushes and paint pots; I commenced the art of painting in Philadelphia, without teacher or adviser (*Letters and Notes*, Vol. 1, p. 2).

It is significant to a study of the development of Catlin's psyche to note that he did not sell his gun and tackle, for these are the tools of the man of the wilderness, and the unconscious knew what the ego did not know: that the pursuit of art was not the true solution to the crisis.

His new life as a portrait painter was rewarding enough financially and socially, but in personal satisfaction George found it no more enjoyable than practicing law and his inner agitation continued. He wrote that his "mind was continually reaching for some branch of enterprise of the art, on which to devote a whole life-time of enthusiasm" (*Letters and Notes*, Vol. 1, p 2). The cause for his dissatisfaction, of course, lay in his separation

from wilderness. Like the guns and fishing tackle which he had packed in a closet, he packed into his subconscious the wilderness experiences of his youth, the lessons of Darrow, and the freedom to be himself. Suppressed there, they waited for a day when something would key their release and they could speak.

These experiences and lessons spoke in Philadelphia in 1827, when Catlin was a successful painter, and when they spoke, it was a dramatic, life-changing experience. As Erikson described, all that was of value in his youth suddenly became the value and hope for his future and produced a direction that his life must take in order to quell the agitation in his soul and give him peace. The event, which inspired his decision for the future, occurred when

> a delegation of some ten or fifteen noble and dignified-looking Indians, from the wilds of the "Far West," suddenly arrived in the city, arrayed and equipped in all their classic beauty—with shield and helmet,—with tunic and manteau,—tinted and tasselled off, exactly for the painter's palette (Vol. 1, p. 2).

In the wilderness of the American West, among the American Indians, Catlin found again homeostatic flow of psychic energy, the peace and satisfaction of his youth.

The force of such a life-transforming experience and the complete dedication of his life to the change is greatly akin to a religious experience and indicates a dedication to something deep within himself, something which had lain unsatisfied until that moment. How deeply he felt committed to this voice from the unconscious is told in the opening pages of his *Letters and Notes* when he stated emphatically:

> I had fully resolved—I opened my views to my friends and relations, but got not one advocate or abettor. I tried fairly and faithfully, but it was in vain to reason with those whose anxieties were ready to fabricate every difficulty and danger that could be imagined, without being able to understand or appreciate the extent or importance of my designs, and I broke from them all,—from my wife and my aged parents,—myself my only adviser and protector (Vol. 1, p.3).

Once his unconscious spoke, it would not be denied. It took charge of his life, and, once freed from the civilized world by his decision to become historian to the Indians, it furnished him abundant energy for fatiguing travel, for joy and artistic creation. Catlin could not have understood the psychology of his decision, yet he was intensely aware that something inside himself was responding to his decision and that happiness was the result, for he wrote of that event,

> There was something inexpressibly delightful in the above resolve, which was to bring me amidst such living models for my brush; and at the same time to place in my hands again, for my living and protection, the objects of my heart . . . [my rifle and fishing-pole]; which had long been laid by to rust and decay in the city, without the remotest prospect of again contributing to my amusement (Vol. 1, p. 2-3).

In the wilderness of the American West, among the American Indians, Catlin found again homeostatic flow of psychic energy, the peace and satisfaction of his youth.

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The second event occurred early in Catlin's western travels and indicated an even deeper transformation than the first. The event began while Catlin was visiting an old Minataree chief. Admitting that he did not approve of horse racing, Catlin found that he wished to attend a day of such racing among some Indians across the river. The old chief offered the use of his boat, and the service of his wife to swim and pull the boat across the river. In the middle of the river, the boat was met by a group of nude young Indian maidens who took the boat from the old woman and cavorted with it, spinning it around and around—pretending to keep it from shore—until Catlin offered them some awls from his pocket and strings of glass beads which he put around their necks. Taken ashore, he walked inland to the place where the races were in progress. Here he met Yellow Moccasin, "quite an old man," who was chief of this group and who allowed Catlin to participate in the activities.

Toward the end of the day and feeling sorry for a young girl who had lost all her goods betting on her brother who constantly lost in the races, Catlin found an old horse that could not beat the brother's horse, wagered heavily with the sister that he could win the race, and asked to be allowed to ride. When the two riders and witnesses arrived at the beginning of the race course and were preparing to ride back toward the crowd at the finish line, Catlin encountered a problem with his civilized clothing. He claims that only then did he notice that all the Indians had been riding all day unclothed and barebacked, and so rather than insult them, he acquiesced to ride the same way, "entirely denuded" and on "a naked horse" (*Letters and Notes*, Vol. 1, p. 198).

As Catlin goes on to describe the effect of the race on himself, it is easy to read his psychological rebirth in it:

> Reader! did you ever imagine that in the middle of a man's life there could be a thought or a feeling so new to him, as to throw him instantly back to infancy; with a new world and a new genius before him—started afresh, to navigate and breathe the elements of naked and untasted liberty, which clothe him in their cool and silken robes that float about him; and wafting their life-inspiring folds to his inmost lungs? If you never have been inspired with such a feeling, and have been in the habit of believing that you have thought of, and imagined a little of every thing, try for a moment, to disrobe your mind and your body, and help

> me through feelings to which I cannot give utterance. Imagine yourselves as I was, with my trembling little horse underneath me, and the cool atmosphere that was floating about, and ready, more closely and familiarly to embrace me, as it did, at the next moment, when we "were off," and struggling for the goal and the prize (Vol. 1, p. 198).

For perhaps the first time in his life, Catlin had a sense of being *truly* wild. He was as near to reaching humanity's primitive state as he could ever come: completely nude, on horseback, racing across the open prairie, knee-to-knee with a native born to it. No wonder he felt reborn, even to the point of feeling "a new world and a new genius" before him.

How easy for an analyst regarding the narrated description of that event to read that the two old men represented the old self of Catlin which was about to undergo a rebirth, that the river was the division between the old life and the new, that the old wife, representing Catlin's old anima, could only take him half way across and the young maidens, representing his newly developing anima, must coyly and innocently conduct him to the new side. Having met his old self again across the river, he turned to the young Indian who could not win a race (which was himself struggling to be free from civilization) and by means of the young sister, induced him to race against the civilized self—for it is the feminine or anima which must conduct him to any profound change, and the race was the means to this end.

Divested of all his clothing he was reduced to his natural state, and the horse represented his animal nature. Once the race was underway, it was the two selves of Catlin at contest for the rest of his life, and the old Catlin—wanting to lose, planning and betting to lose, seeing that he was, indeed, about to lose, and aware of his nakedness—turned aside before the horses crossed the finish line in order to hide his nakedness from the crowd. And the new Catlin, the wild man, naked, and free of any of civilization's trappings, crossed the line to the cheers of the crowd of welcoming natives. The race itself was, obviously, the means by which Catlin's unconscious communicated to his ego the change that had already occurred there.

Catlin's narrative of the event reveals the ego's perception of what occurred, and his writing of it acknowledges the change:

> I have become so much Indian of late that my pencil has lost all appetite for subjects that savor of tameness (*Letters and Notes*, Vol. 2, p. 37).

From the time of the horse race onward, Catlin was more naturally at home in the wilderness than he had ever been before, more at peace.

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After Catlin had been some fifteen years in England and Europe, he underwent an experience similar to his earlier one in Philadelphia. He had gone to England for a short stay, hoping that the threat to sell his art collection in England would force the United States Congress to purchase it for the Smithsonian Institution. He wanted also to please his father by establishing an international reputation as a painter and ethnologist, to make some money from his lectures and books, and to develop some worldwide sympathy for the plight of the American Indians. Beginning in London on a high note of success, circumstances and bad judgment eventually brought him to the depths of economic and emotional depression.

Besides the physical hardships of living and his tragic personal losses, Catlin suffered also from the suppression of his passion for wilderness, worse than he had suffered in Philadelphia and New York during his youth. Later in his life, when he was at the lowest point emotionally, he met in Paris a German naturalist and a French botanist on their way to South America to do research. They recognized Catlin immediately as the famous American artist, ethnologist, and man of the wilderness, and they asked him to accompany them, offering to pay half his expenses. At that moment, the suppressed voice of the unconscious spoke again, just as it had in Philadelphia; and listening, he was galvanized with a powerful surge of his old energy.

In his writings after he arrives in the jungles of South America, it is obvious that Catlin's spirit and sense of adventure has returned

The energy is manifested in his letters which follow this event and revealed in his enthusiasm for new work and his determination to return to wilderness in spite of any obstacle. In his unpublished letter to Sir Thomas Phillipps, a man on whom he had always been able to depend for money, the importance of wilderness to Catlin was expressed in the pleading line, "I could live more in one such year than most men could in 5" (Gilcrease, March 9, 1854), and in another unpublished letter to Sir Thomas, whose debts prevented him from lending money to Catlin, Catlin's terrible drive to get back into wilderness was made obvious when he wrote: "I do not know how to relinquish my plan to South America nor do I yet see how I am to go" (Gilcrease, March 24, 1854).

In his writings after he arrives in the jungles of South America, it is obvious that Catlin's spirit and sense of adventure has returned, for he wrote:

> Who is the happiest man in the world just at this time? Why, Doctor Hentz, while he is gathering these beautiful plants and lovely flowers, and packing them in his large books. And who the next happiest? Why, I, of course, who am putting these beautiful scenes into my portfolio . . . . (*Last Rambles*, p. 224).

Perhaps modesty prevented him from claiming the first position for himself, but it is clear that he is intensely happy to be again in wilderness.

❦

For all of the next decade he lost himself in wilderness again. But more importantly, the psychological process of individuation which had been in abeyance for the past decade and a half, began again and continued, just as it had in the North American wilderness; and the thing which he had needed and looked for in the North American wilderness he found again in the South American wilderness. He found the essence of his wild nature reflected in the pristine environment, the jungle people, and in the activities and experiences in which he participated.

In his book on that period, he described an event which showed that he had come to realize the essential wild nature which arose from his unconscious. Standing on the deck of an Amazon steam boat which had been drawn to shore for repairs, he noticed that a group of Indians camped on the shore recognized him. Immediately he recognized them as a tribe with whom he had hunted turtle eggs months before, and he went ashore where they welcomed him with warm embraces and much shouting. He wrote of that moment:

> Oh how pleasing such meetings are to me! how I love to feel the gladdened souls of native men, moved by natural, human impulse, uninfluenced by fashion or a mercenary motive! Mine, I know, has something native remaining in it yet. (*Life Among the Indians*, p. 306).

One cannot avoid the question of what Catlin's life would have been like if there had been no wilderness to which he could escape. Perhaps the letters from the twenty-five years which he spent in civilization tell us that story—years of stress, headaches, disappointing work, heartbreak, and failure. Perhaps he would have internalized his need for wilderness, and it would have found expression in vague, unintelligible paintings. Perhaps he would have become like his brother Henry (a miserable, unsuccessful farmer who eventually disappeared from the family's notice).

The fact that wilderness brought about the individuation of Catlin's psyche is seen in the final product of his life's work, a collection of books, artifacts, and paintings which reflect his

Madame Ferrebault's Prairie, above Prairie du Chien, *1835-1836. Courtesy the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.*

mind. His artistic theme was the human brotherhood of the Indians, not raising them to Euro-American standards in order to manifest it, but showing their oneness with their "civilized" brothers even in their esoteric dress and wild, paradisiacal environment.

When the paintings were finished he arranged to show them in a rectangular hall "125 feet in length and forty feet in breadth," covering the entire surface from floor to ceiling, after which he pronounced them "done," adding that "where ever it goes, to Berlin, to Russia, or to my native land, I have the satisfaction of leaving it a finished work" (Roehm, p. 405). In this mode, with Catlin at the center to observe what his mind and talent have created, it forms a mandala; and in this respect it is an intriguing exercise to compare his work with Jung's Bollingen or his last dream of "a big, round block of stone in a high bare place and on it . . . inscribed: This shall be a sign unto you of wholeness and oneness" (Hanna, p. 347)—for Catlin, in order to know a finished psyche, had to have also a unified image of what his mind possessed.

Catlin and his horse Charley, encamped on the prairie at sunrise *(sketch), 1834.* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians, *Vol. II, by George Catlin, 1841. Courtesy Dover Publications.*

If the necessity for wilderness in order to accomplish individuation is unique to Catlin, then a probe of his psyche leads nowhere. But it is my belief that such a necessity is not unique to him. Jung's journey into Africa and India were essential to his individuation. It was essential to the individuation process of Charles Lindbergh that he spend the latter part of his life in worldwide nature conservation efforts, and it was essential to John Muir, Richard Byrd, Theodore Roosevelt, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Aldo Leopold, Edwin Church, Ansel Adams—the list is endless. I believe that for every articulate person, who finds wilderness essential in the development of his or her life, there are also hundreds—perhaps thousands—of people who, just as importantly, find it essential and whose only expression is rafting, hiking, bird watching, fishing, or hunting. It would be enlightening, indeed, to examine the maturing process of the psyches of these writers and artists in the light of what they have written, painted, or revealed in other ways about wilderness. Here might be yet another ultimate reason not to erase wilderness from the face of the earth. ❧

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A Voice from White Earth: Prose and Poetry

by Denise Sweet

American Indian Writing

I think many times when people decide they want to take a look at American Indian literature, they may have had some contact in their public school education or perhaps even in the university with the works of James Fenimore Cooper, Walt Whitman, William Faulkner, William Carlos Williams, and even contemporaries such as Adrienne Rich, who were very much influenced by the aesthetic traditions of Native expression embodied in oral narrative. Then somehow we disappoint them in contemporary style and contemporary tone, and in our expression as Native people because we don't suit their sensibilities as to what they think Native American literature ought to be. We are telling them, perhaps, something that they are not prepared to receive. I think somehow we have to be strong and proactive in our expression and sort of resist the literary mafia that wants us to write in a certain way and be a certain way as writers.

• • •

In children's literature it is very timely and somewhat fashionable now to acknowledge the stewardship, the obligation we have on this earth, the water planet, and I think it would be very appropriate for us as writers to take a look at those opportunities to present this in children's literature. How do those stories present a way of how the world is and how the world ought to be; and we as writers can help our children take a look at those stories and prepare them in written form, and then the educators can take them to the classroom and not only benefit our children but non-Indian children as well. Joe Bruchac's books, *Keepers of the Earth* and *Keepers of the Animals,* are excellent examples of how stories derived from the oral tradition can be presented in written form.

I would say that as writers we can offer our services as readers and provide critiques and reviews and offer suggestions for applications for children's literature in the classroom. We can point out whether or not it is presented in a form which may have a bias, either from the standpoint of gender or in terms of suggesting a pan-Indian kind of presentation.

• • •

Denise Sweet

For my master's thesis I focused on the secular narratives of the Lake Superior Ojibwa elders, and oftentimes I would have a tape recorder and tablet ready and my pencils sharpened, all ready for a story. What would happen is that I would go to the elders' houses and pretty soon I would find myself driving them to the grocery store or taking out the garbage or hoeing the garden or pulling in the boat from the dock or helping them winter the harvest. Then a story would come, eventually, but first you had to get the work done. That was an important lesson for me as a writer to understand how patience works into the process, and you can't just sit down at the computer or typewriter and capture those histories or biographies. You have to spend time with the people. You have to establish trust. You have to establish a sense of the familiar with them so they know your frame of reference is somewhat like theirs and they feel comfortable with you in talking about some difficult times.

• • •

I feel the Indian protagonist is changing, and I feel much more comfortable talking about the Indian hero or heroine these days. You know, when *Ceremony* and *House Made of Dawn* first hit the streets, it seemed as though there was some sort of pathos we couldn't shake. Like flypaper. We were still struggling this endless struggle with contact and trying to work together with the predominant society and somehow having to retreat. When I take a look at some of the protagonists in some of the newer novels, I don't know that the central character is faced with that same dilemma—whether or not they are going to bottom out or just sell out, or become totally integrated as we are taught as Indian people: body, mind, and spirit. And so I think the central characters are not faced with the dilemma of survival, whether of spirit or emotion, but they are faced with the same kinds of confrontations and the same kinds of challenges to their identities, whether it is in the university, or the courtroom, or at the boat landings.

From American Indian Voices: A Regional Literary Symposium, *based on a conference held at Wingspread in Racine in September 1991 coordinated by the Robert E. Gard Wisconsin Idea Foundation.*

POEMS

Dancing the Rice

The fall season enters the rhythms of our pace
leaves gather like whorls on a spindle of wind
twisting and coiling around our feet;

the old man sits in front of the fire stirring
and singing low in whispers to himself, tossing
the rice slowly in the bottom of the black pot;

the good grain, manomin, turns slowly from green
to darkened fibers in the heat, we watch it turn
small swirls of steam wisp away from the parching;

the helper, a young man, slowly slips into moccasins
recalls that they belonged to his grandmother, and once
were too small for his feet—but they grew with him;

when we dance, he says, we caress the earth
we carry power in the way we present ourselves
as dancers, as singers, bringing the rice home;

this power enters each stem of manomin
but it must be a gentle step, the padding of feet
against the good grain; they hold our dreams

and we must be slow and gentle when we dance the rice
or they can quickly turn to broken stems and then to dust
then we have nothing and the manomin will not return.

He lowers himself into the barrel of parched rice
placing is feet gently against the heated grain
slowly lifting one foot, and twisting the other

he shifts his hips side to side; hoisting his weight
on the sides of the barrel, he gently kneads the grain
pressing each step in a circle against the barrel's bottom

"Everything tries to go in a circle. Everything in nature.
You and me. Yuh." The old man watches while the rice is tossed
from the basket into the air—tiny whirlwinds of chaff spring

forth like dervishes released from a magic lamp. The wind
sails them away from the winnowed rice—the grain chinks against
the birchbark basket in cadence with the dropping wrists and

the young man's swaying black hair—it is a dance of sweet and
gentle love—warming hearts and pleasing the old man who watches
and sees in circles, our survival embodied in the winds of October.

Shiela Reaves

Still Born
(for Toni)

Pearl-white, we bathed you,
cocooned in soft flannel folds,
and delivered you like an effigy
to the nurse, her head shook once as
she touched your chest, your starfish hands,
your tiny head, elongated and wet with anguish.

The coolant in the room begins to hiss
(you would've shivered and cried for home—
there, a bassinet, gauzed in ivory lace
and a rocking chair wait, heaping with gifts,
one, a t-shirt that reads, "Spoiled Rotten"—)

But, what did it feel like, the burden
of mottled birth unto cold, wet, sheets?
Ghost-like and timid, what did you feel?
The paralysis of silence, cold steel
against your spine, your body caging
tiny murmurs of warmth, a stubborn secret?

As the spasms boil within an amniotic river,
a gray-green meconium swaddles you
your tiny neck, swollen and collared,
drops the weight gladly into gloved hands
reluctance is your only grace
your birth, an empty, still relief.

Your sparrow-heart collapsed in dark ponds
of blood. Lovely pearl, did you feel her
legs quiver around you, their hands struggle
to resurrect you? Did you hear the sputter
of the aspirator? Or the sharp ping of
the surgical knife as it hit the floor?

Would you have carried us, let us reconcile
the seconds of your life into years just once?
We would press these lips against your chest
till the heart-tones leapt across the screen
like silvery sprites—instead, a harsh, blank,
lunatic silence levels the walls around us.

Constellations

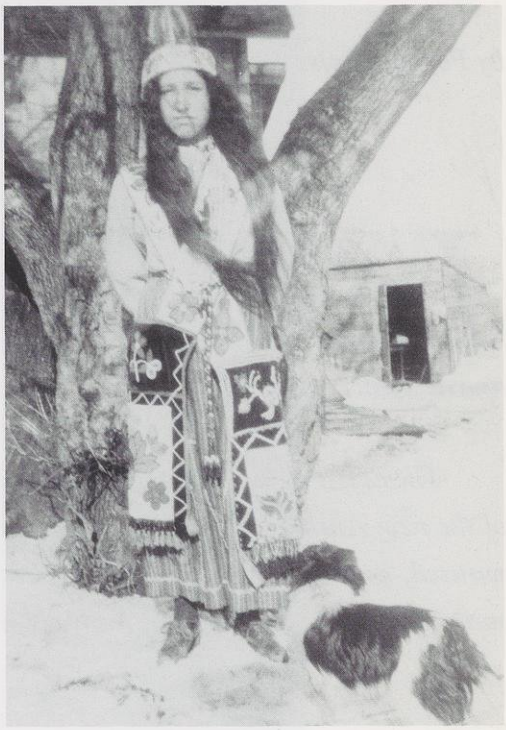
. . . They had to name, they had to remember, or things would not be named and remembered if they did not do it—Carlos Fuentes

These are the new stories, our response
to the sorrow of light arriving and dying
the stellar maps of story and myth where
writers find their way back to beginnings
riding like black satin horses charging
the silvery landscape. This is to remember

Our wounded and dead. This is to remember
the names we've given away or never received.
This is to love the forgotten.

Wingspread

What Moves, Moves



Aunt Julia Beaulieu, age 19, at the White Earth reservation in Minnesota. She now enters her 101st winter.

The summer I became a young woman, it so happened that my Aunt Julia was staying with my family in Polk County. Once, after an early morning walk in the woods, she came home with a fistful of gnarled roots that are found in swamps or gullies. From it, she brewed a dark liquid that looked much like coffee and had the taste appeal of, perhaps, gunmetal. "This is a woman's tea," she told me, "a cure-all for troubles associated with *that* time." Later Aunt Julia helped me into bed, tucking a blanket around my body. She said, "Just sleep now," and so I did.

• • •

Part of who I am today as a writer has been shaped and formed by this old woman. Our elders teach and entertain by story and recollection of their life experiences. Their words are imparted with an inherent humor and intelligence, sensibilities that have helped them to overcome some incredibly difficult encounters with the federal government—allotment, relocation, termination, assimilation. How else can one manage to survive and be sane without such sensibilities, particularly if you are a native of this continent?

The same sensibilities are a part of the consciousness of the creative writing process. It has been said before by many poets that their work helps them to bring order and beauty to a world fraught with chaos and adversity. The Lakotah people have a phrase which, roughly translated, states, "What moves, moves." A good story by an oldtimer or a well-wrought poem presented to an audience by its writer has a tremendous effect—one that moves us to reconsider our perceptions of the world and its creatures. Such words are entertaining, of course, but beyond that, they are also moving to us in a very special and fundamental way.

Poems and oral narratives help us to grow as thinking human beings—if powerful enough, they may even cause us to take action; and that, of course, has been the intent of communication since time began. My hope is that my poetry will contribute, somehow, to that active, growing process—the same sort of simple miracle we witness at the moment the sun rises to greet us, or when the stars so graciously come out to light the path to our dreams.

And so it is. ❧

The Painter Reporters

by Porter Butts

In 1836, Wisconsin's birth year as a territory, George Catlin of Pennsylvania was traveling the Fox-Wisconsin River route from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien by canoe, painting Indians, flying "to the rescue of their looks and their modes . . . that they may rise from the 'stain on a painter's palette,' and live again upon canvas and stand forth for centuries yet to come."

• • •

The artist as reporter was not peculiar to the era of western conquest. The consuming curiosity in the facts of the new American world made it inevitable from the beginning that the services of a pictorialist should be wanted, and that the first incursions of art into the wilderness should come, therefore, by way of the painter making records for patrons hundreds or thousands of miles removed.

Columbus brought a painter with him on one of his voyages, according to Washington Irving, and the Spanish, French, English, and Dutch explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries quite commonly employed the services of engravers and painters to give evidence of the nature of the New World to anxious backers and patron kings. New subjects were introduced by their work, but scarcely a new art form or approach. The engravings that survive show nudes in the Greco-Roman classic poses then in fashion, Europeans made over into Indians by the addition of beads, bows, feathers, and tatoo.

It is in this respect that the painting of the reporters of the western frontier differs. They put their hands to their task with no predisposition, not to say training, to paint one way or the other by reason of a fixed art tradition. They were, before everything else, topographers and delineators, sent by the government or, as with Catlin, self-appointed and committed by conscience, to make a record of the facts.

This process of scrupulously taking nature as the starting point, unembarrassed by requirements of style, while primitive in its outcome, made of these painters on the frontier the pictorial discoverers not only of a new region but, unwittingly no doubt, contributors to the discovery of a distinctively American note of reality in painting.

• • •

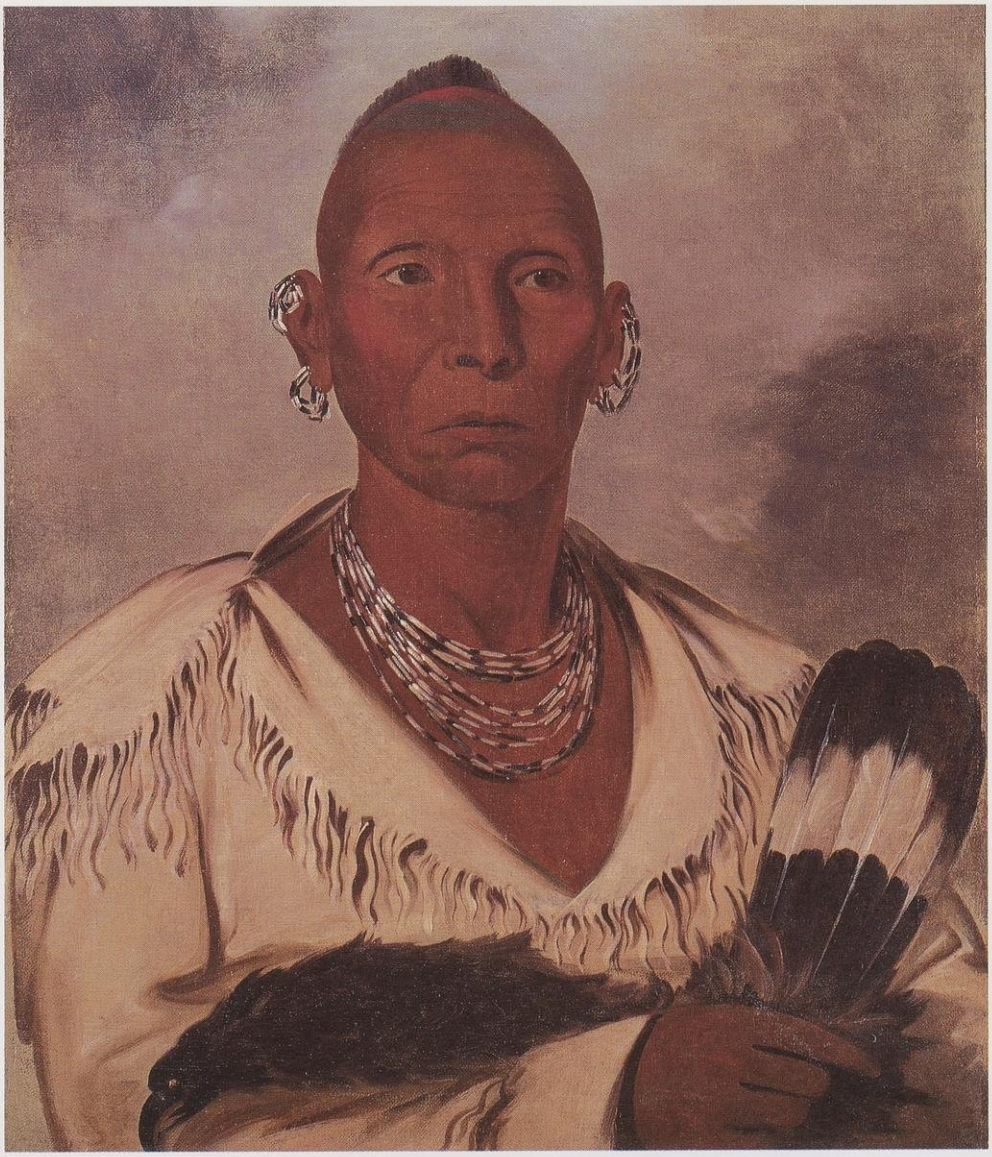
In his writing as in his self-portrait sketches, Catlin shows he was making tentative explorations of a spiritual and emotional frontier, while traversing the geographical frontier. From Fort Union, Dakota, in 1832, he wrote:

> If I am here losing the benefit of the fleeting fashions of the day and neglecting that elegant polish which the world says an artist should draw from continual intercourse with the polite world, yet have I this consolation, that in this country I am entirely divested of those dangerous steps and allurements which beset an artist in fashionable life, and have little to steal my thoughts away from the contemplation of the beautiful models that are about me. If, also, I have not here the benefit of that feeling of emulation which is the life and spur to the arts where artists are associates together, yet am I surrounded by living models of such elegance and beauty that I feel an unceasing excitement of a much higher order—the certainty that I am drawing knowledge from the true source.

Excerpts from Art In Wisconsin, *written by Porter Butts in 1936 when he was director of the Memorial Union, University of Wisconsin-Madison.*

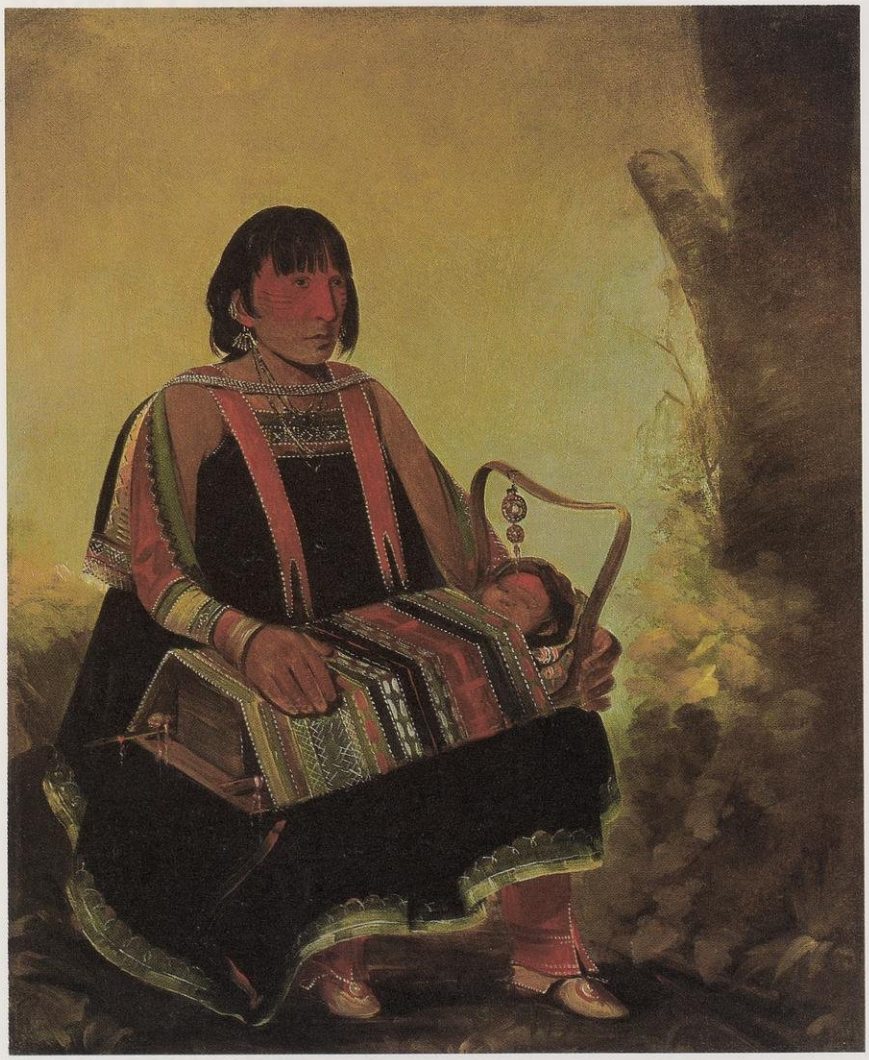
All photos courtesy the National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution. Unless otherwise indicated, all original art works are gifts of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Jr.

Our sincere thanks to the Oneida Tribe of Indians of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Indian Education Association, Tom Bliffert, and the Great Lakes Inter-Tribal Council whose contributions made possible this special color section of art by George Catlin



ABOVE: Black Hawk, prominent Sauk chief, *1832. Oil on canvas, 29 x 24 inches. Gift of Mrs. Sarah Harrison.*

LEFT: Dying buffalo bull in a snowdrift, *1837-1839. Oil on canvas mounted on aluminum, 20 x 27 1/2 inches.*



OPPOSITE PAGE: Bread, chief of the tribe. *Oneida, 1831. Oil on canvas, 21 1/4 x 16 1/2 inches.*

TOP LEFT: Ju-ah-kis-gaw, woman with her child in cradle. *Ojibwa, 1835. Oil on canvas, 29 x 24 inches.*

ABOVE: The Owl, an old chief. *Menominee, painted at Green Bay, in Fort Howard, 1836. Oil on canvas, 29 x 24 inches.*

LEFT: View on the Wisconsin River, Winnebago shooting ducks, *1836-1837. Sketched during Catlin's journey to the Pipestone Quarry. Oil on canvas, 19 12 x 27 5/8 inches.*

ABOVE: Thunderer (a boy) and White Weasel (a girl). *Kiowa, 1834. Oil on canvas, 29 x 24 inches.*

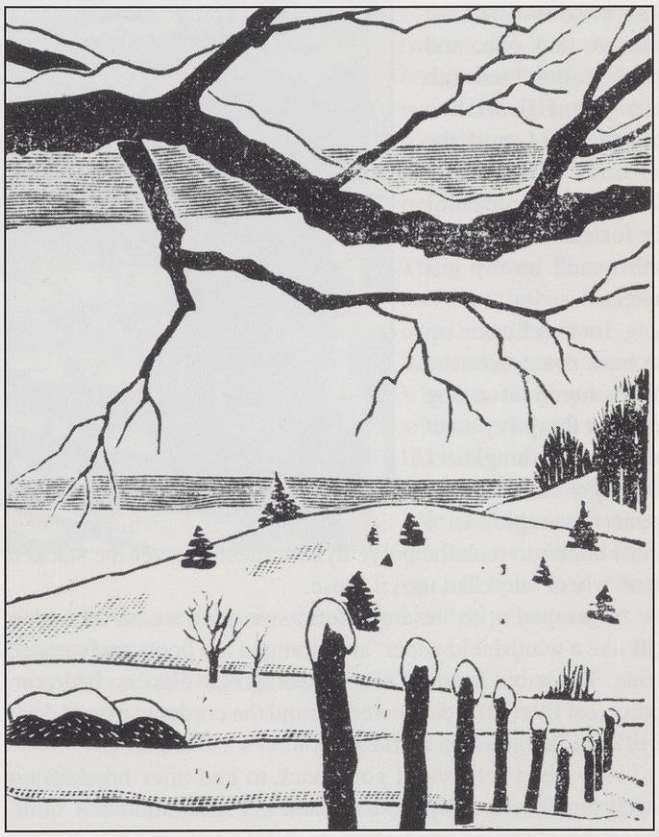
LEFT: Prairie bluffs burning, *1832. Oil on canvas mounted on aluminum, 11 1/4 x 14 1/2 inches.*

Eagle Days

by Larry Edgerton

The snow started up again—big cheerful flakes the size of dimes. The woods were hushed and sealed off, far from any city or worry. I was hiking along the Wisconsin River, hoping to spot an eagle. And then I finally saw one. My first, what Rosie and I had been waiting for all fall.

It was a mature bald eagle: about five hundred feet up, white-crested, white-tailed, with a huge, gravy-brown wingspan, casually circling over the dam where the black river hadn't frozen, with no more effort than a leaf drifting through space. It would flap and soar, like a kid on a bike pumping and then coasting, and then execute sharp steep dives—as though down through a phone booth.



"Look, Ira—there's our eagle," I told my son, and turned so he could see. He was riding on my back in a pack. "Ea-gle," I said. I was exhilarated.

"*Eel,*" Ira said over my shoulder.

The eagle was all business suddenly as it honed in and snatched a fish that had been sucked through the dam turbines, probably a carp or walleye, and flapped up onto a naked cottonwood, where it anchored the fish and ripped open its belly.

I pulled the eagle into focus with my binoculars. A stern yellow eye in that old man's fierce profile seemed to stare back at me and nobody else as though we shared a secret.

Waiting there upright, folded up like a cocoon, the eagle looked like a big clothespin stuck in a branch, like it could wait forever in the falling snow if it wanted to. I wondered if it had a mate somewhere.

I studied the head, the burly clumps of feathers, the rawboned talons. Except for its eye, the eagle looked stuffed, it was so still.

And then, no warning, it unpacked its wings and lifted off, climbing over my head and towards the hills, maybe after a rabbit. The hills were the colors of a camouflage suit—olive, rust, black, bone white. The dark conifers up on the ridges looked like they'd been through a fire.

I started back into the woods, headed for the cabin, thinking about the lone eagle. Most of the eagles were due to arrive soon and would winter along the river. The little town across the river was holding its annual "Eagle Days."

Along the way, to rest an arthritic knee, I paused against a trunk and slipped the Kelty pack off my shoulders. I examined my son's face: Ira, eighteen months old, was pink and ivory inside the puckered hood of his parka. His eyes were open, waiting for me. He was usually a sunny soul, and true to form he grinned. "Hey, buddy," I said.

Everything was perfect.

I thought about how next year Ira would be trundling along at my side, a steady trooper who'd learn early not to startle the eagles—or the deer, the coons and possums and muskrats that made their homes around our cabin.

Well, we lived in a four-room cabin on a low bluff over the river, Ira, Rosie, and me. The cabin was small but drafty; I had stuffed the attic crawlspace with foam panels and caulked the windows and nailed up lath and plastic, but wind still crept

in and we were using a wood stove whose heat didn't travel far despite its scalding iron skin.

I felt bad for Rosie, who donned sweaters, longjohns, and double pairs of wool socks but who lately couldn't find warmth anywhere in the cabin. The chill hit her harder than Ira or me. If we'd had a toilet, she never would have emerged from the cabin.

Her dream was to soak in our own hot bath. A real one, and not a galvanized tub that you fill with a teakettle. But until the ground thawed I couldn't run pipes or dig for a septic tank. A bath would be my gift to her.

Ira and I came up the back route, past the snowy hump of a dog pen and the privy with the leaking shingles. I was eager to tell Rosie about the eagle, so I didn't bother to tuck the polyethylene sheeting over the stacked wood where wind had torn it loose.

I scraped open the front door, sweeping a path through a drift like a windshield wiper, and stomped my boots and stepped inside. The cabin smelled of table scrapings, diapers, bedroom bodies, cat litter. The cat peered around the corner at us and darted off; it liked to sleep with Rosie.

My heart fell: she'd gone back to bed after breakfast—buried under two sleeping bags and her grandmother's quilt. The cat crawled over her hip and curled around until it fashioned a nook behind her knees. I slipped Ira out of the pack and walked him across the bed. " Say Hi Mom," I told him. I was afraid she might be depressed again.

"Hi Momp!" he said, but Rosie didn't open her eyes right away.

Now she gazed at us.

"Ira and I saw an eagle down by the river."

"That's good," she said. "So they're finally here."

"You don't sound very excited."

"I'm excited," she said, though she didn't seem to be.

"Did you know it's after eleven?"

"No." She looked terribly young, and scrawny and holloweyed like a coal miner's wife. Her nose was red and cracked from the colds.

"This place could use some air and sunlight," I said.

"Oh Bobby, please don't open the windows again."

"Hey, it's up to thirty today," I said, and she sat back with Ira while I searched for a diaper instead of opening the windows. She was still wearing her flannel nightgown—and tights and ankle warmers.

Ira squealed when I unpinned his diaper. His butt was red and sore and moist. Rosie corked his mouth with a pacifier. He'd been fine all morning without it, out in the woods with me.

"We got any clean ones?"

"I didn't have the energy."

"No sweat. We can do laundry in town and check out Eagle Days."

She pulled Ira back down in bed, under a sleeping bag. Again she closed her eyes. Ira watched me over his pacifier. I hated the thing.

"Rosie?"

"Can't we wait until tomorrow?"I stood by the bed, suddenly aware of my feet and hands, wanting this to be over. "Come on," I said, trying to tickle her. "Think eagles." But she turned onto her stomach.

"Just plan to laze away the day?"

"Bobby, you're not my dad. You know I have a bad cold."

"But you're always sick," I told her, regretting what I'd said, but my feelings had been hurt. I leaned over for a conciliatory kiss. Her lips were dry, like an old woman's. How long could she be like this?

"Try not to drink too much in town," Rosie said as I zipped up my coat.

I said that I never did.

❦

I drove in with a load of laundry, a voice in my head. It said Ira and I might be better off on our own. Then I told myself to quit whining about temporary problems. Rosie meant everything. I couldn't seriously imagine a life without her. When spring came, she'd be fine.

And back in Chicago buying the cabin had been as much Rosie's idea as mine. She agreed that it would be a fresh start after the problems we'd had. We'd vacationed up here for a month in the summer, when it was for sale, when the crickets sang through open screens.

I'd taught math in an inner-city school. I drew out my early retirement money and we bought the cabin from a farmer who used it for fishing. With the money left over, I didn't have to work for a year. Next fall I looked forward to teaching, but I hoped in a rural school where the kids might be less sad.

We'd purchased a bird book, another on wildlife in the north woods, guides to trees and wild flowers; a geology manual to learn about the glacier that had halted just a few miles above us. Rosie was quick at spotting birds. All fall we'd talked excitedly about the arrival of the eagles.

But as the first snows fell and cold seeped into our little house, and though I did all I could to block the drafts, as Rosie heaped on the layers but still shivered, she lost interest in the woods and birds and didn't want to follow me down to the river to watch for the first eagle. She said there were dishes to wash up, turkey to strip off the carcass for the cat. She wouldn't hold still for me to touch her. She took to sleeping through the day.

At night, to keep myself out of some bar, I sat at the table and redid calculations I'd taught my ninth-graders; if she wasn't sleeping, Rosie dug through old photographs and read junk fiction and, choking the cabin with her cigarettes, wrote in her notebook that she concealed in a special place. She grew skinnier than ever—so bony that her skin looked shiny. Jane, my first wife, the woman I'd left for Rosie, was plump and garrulous. Sometimes I missed her funny outpourings and called her from a wayside or truck stop to hear her latest about our three children—the oldest boy was almost Rosie's age.

In town I packed five washers with our clothes and while they spun dry traveled through the eagle tourists to the bar next door where old guys played cards and you had to wait for the bartender to finish up his hand. Sports trophies and handlettered signs hid most of the pine paneling. I drank three short beers in a row. On the fourth a woman in her late thirties drove up out front in a white Jeep whose back end was jammed with fishing rods and guns encased in canvas. She wore khaki and flannel, and she was tall and pretty like many Scandinavians up north. The outdoors agreed with her face, which was tanned and a little lined.

She sat down two stools away. The bartender got right to his feet. "Sharon," he said. "Wilbur," she replied. He popped open the cooler for a bottle of Miller Lite. Knew what she drank. A regular. They bitched about the eagle-watchers in town. "Much ado about nothing," the bartender said—an old-timer with veiny stubbled jowls and sunken lips, wearing a clean white apron folded at his waist. He said he'd rather make a Spandex sighting—and they both chuckled. I liked her high spirits. She looked like nothing could get her down.

We fell into one of those conversations after he returned to his card game. She said she'd seen Rosie and Ira and me in the supermarket. She asked straight out if I was Jewish. "That and your hair," she was saying. "I wish I had curly hair. That gray makes you look real distinguished."

I moved down the two stools and we soon bought each other beers. I was feeling mine—two o'clock, no lunch, the sun through the window bright in my face. We found a lot to laugh about. Then it was three-thirty, and the clothes had long dried. Our legs were grazing, and she was a person who touched your arm when she talked to you. I liked how she was lining up the bottles of Miller Lite, the only indication of the beer a glitter in her eye. Despite her ridicule of the bird-watchers, she knew a great deal about eagles and their habits.

"So what's next on the agenda?" she asked at last.

I shrugged.

"My island has a helluva view, you want to observe them up close."

It was too easy, just a matter of getting myself up and trailing her out of the bar, letting my hand rest on her shoulder.

"Maybe I'd better get back to my laundry."

She met my eyes, smiled a little. We were saying more than our mouths permitted. "Well, happy Eagle Days," she wished me, loudly—she tended to talk in a loud voice. When I was in the men's, I'd heard her over the jukebox razzing Wilbur.

I bought coffee to go at a pizza place and the buzz slipping away, reflecting with some guilt on what had just happened, folded up the diapers, my shirts, Rosie's colored underwear.

❦

The cabin's front room was spookily quiet and disarrayed when I pushed through the door with the laundry bags. Something shell shocked greeted me: a wet towel wadded up on the couch, another on the floor, a long spill of gauze, the wide unclasped roll of Johnson and Johnson's tape, an island of lonely sound—the radio playing rock oldies for itself. How the slanting late light innocently burned down through the narrow window but the rest of the room so shadowy—shabby, tangled, cluttered in the dark near the wood stove with Ira's toys.

My stomach flopped around, feeling panic. I had witnessed this scene when I was married to Jane, coming home from school. Minutes before my dad had collapsed on the card table, sorting stamps for his collection, and I'd opened the door into a movie set of frozen chaos.

"Rosie? *Rosie!*"

The cat wrapped itself around my feet. I got into the van and slowly followed the one-lane gravel the jangling lit-up snowplow had cleared up to Art's place.

Our neighbor was Art Thundercloud, a handsome young Winnebago about half a mile down the river, at the turnoff for the yuppie winery; he lived by himself in a trailer and for his living cut firewood. We were good customers. Sometimes I joined Art out in the woods with his Lab, Girl.

His pickup was out front, parked at a slant—the snow around the cinder block steps trampled and dirty and pocked with dog prints.

"Hey, Bobby," he said, looking startled to see me but he opened the door wide.

And then with relief I spotted Rosie and Ira. Ira was holding himself steady using Girl's back. Girl was excited and looking around at Ira over her glossy black shoulder, panting, her eyes merry.

Rosie held up her arm. It was puffily wrapped along the forearm with an Ace bandage.

She answered my stare: "That damn stove. I was playing cars with Ira and backed into it." She laughed. I hadn't seen her laugh in a while—forgot how terrific her laugh could make her look. "Did you know Art used to be a medic?" I hadn't seen her this lively for weeks.

"Good thing it's nothing serious," Art said. He always spoke humbly, amiably. He seemed to have worked out a peace for himself, though once when he got pissed at a tree he almost took off his hand by letting the chain saw rear up over his head.

"Art, what was that you put on it?"

"Old Indian remedy," Art told Rosie. "Unguentine." He grinned, and flicked his long hair out of his face. When he looked at Rosie, I saw how uneasy he was around her. I knew that she interested him. He had trouble keeping his eyes on or off her face. Now he gruffly shouted at Girl to remove her mouth from Ira's wrist. Ira's eyes were wide with emotion at the sight of his hand lodged in Girl's jaws. He didn't know which direction he should go—laugh or cry. You could see his forehead at the crossroads.

"You folks like some coffee?"

"Thanks, but I feel pretty out of it," Rosie said. She touched the Ace bandage. "Think this will scar?" she asked Art.

"Probably not. Not if you scrub it, keep it clean."

"That'll hurt."

"Yeah, well no shit," Art said, and we all laughed. "Get Bobby to scrub it if you can't."

Rosie said, "I might regret that." She was grinning but I thought she was serious, too.

I scooped up Ira, and Art gingerly helped Rosie into her big parka that was ribbed like a mattress. I told him to drop by that night if he wanted. I'd rented a couple of Westerns, the old ones that he liked. He wasn't offended by the treatment of Indians. I half wanted to catch him sneaking looks at Rosie. It would balance my actions in town.

Out in the van Rosie said, "I forgot to tell you! We saw a pair of eagles, Art and me. They flew way down close to his trailer and kept swooping over, like they knew us. Art's allowed to keep eagle feathers because he's an Indian. He said he'd give me one sometime."

"It'd be against the law."

"Not if it was a present, surely."

"Maybe not," I said. "I wish we could've seen our first eagle together."

When she said nothing, I told her, "Art's got a crush on you."

"Yeah, right," she said. She was gazing out her window.

In the back, in his car seat, Ira was talking to himself.

"Did it hurt?"

"What?"

"Getting *burned.*"

"I didn't even notice at first," she said.

"So how's your cold?"

"You really care?"

"Of course I care."

She fell quiet, seemed lost like when she wrote in her notebook. "It's okay," she said finally.

That night a snow storm blew up around our cabin and Art didn't come over to view the Westerns. I sat at the table redoing math problems, wondering where the latest draft was coming from, wishing I'd brought back a six-pack, and Rosie watched *Red River* all by herself and wept at the end and admitted that she was weeping because Montgomery Clift had been so young and beautiful before all his real-life troubles started. I tried to comfort her, but she got up to see why Ira was crying. In bed I drew the sleeping bags and the old quilt up to our chins and put my arm around her bony ribs. "Careful of my burn," she warned, and she put it outside the covers for safety.

"You'll get cold," I warned back.

"It doesn't matter," she said, from a distance. She was very still now in my arms. The wind wailed through the pines. Where did eagles go for shelter?

I held her, smelling wood smoke in her hair, feeling her icy toes on my calf. But she lay in my arms as limp as a rag doll and made no move to fit herself into the hills and valleys of my body when, remembering that perfect morning—the eagle coasting down along the river, Ira's happy laugh, the quiet snowfall in the woods—I slipped closer for warmth. ❧

Wood engravings by Frank Utpatel.

The "Solar Hemicycle" Revisited: It's Still Showing the Way

by Donald W. Aitken

Introduction

In the winter of 1943–44, Frank Lloyd Wright developed his second pioneering residential design for Herbert and Katherine Jacobs of Madison. In 1937 they had built what has since become known as Wright's Usonia I design (also known as Jacobs I), the first of his influential Usonian series. The 1943–44 design, referred to in the literature as Jacobs II but named by Wright the "Solar Hemicycle" (the only design of his ever to carry the solar description explicitly), was a truly passive solar concept and launched yet another series of important designs.

The Solar Hemicycle, constructed from 1946 through 1948, stands today as still representing one of the best design solutions for passive (natural) solar architecture ever conceived. This particular design approach is termed "direct gain" because the solar heating results from sunshine directly admitted through south-facing windows into the house interior. But this was only one of its features, for it was also designed to be sheltered by shape and landscaping from cold winter winds which can come in southern Wisconsin from either the north or southwest and to be as self-cooling as possible without air conditioning in the uncomfortably hot Wisconsin summers. It truly can be described as "an environmental house."

Jacobs I (Usonia I)

Wright's first design for the Jacobses used an adaptation of the Korean-style radiant floor heating that he had experienced in Japan, allowing Wright to use the first Jacobs house as a test bed for the similar floor heating system that he was also specifying

Photo by Donald W. Aitken.

Exterior view of the Solar Hemicycle in the present reconstructed condition, showing the wind-deflecting sunken garden.

The main floor of the Solar Hemicycle from the east (kitchen) end, showing the direct-gain solar heating at work. Also apparent is the major exposed thermal mass, the open volume of the main floor, the low ceiling produced by the mezzanine level, and the open front of the mezzanine level to promote two-story thermal circulation. Copyright Ezra Stoller, ESTO. Used by permission.

at the time for the Johnson Wax administration building. The result was the first radiant floor residence in the United States, with hot water circulating in pipes buried at the base of the concrete slab floor. This allowed the house to operate at a cooler (and hence more comfortable and energy-conserving) air temperature. (At normal room temperatures, the dominant form of heat transfer of the human body is by radiant energy.)

Nighttime radiant floor heating also emulates the thermal effect of daytime solar heating with a directly sunlit masonry floor, so that thermal energy circulation characteristics of the house do not change substantially from solar to backup heating. This became especially important in the two-story design of the subsequent Solar Hemicycle.

The experience of living in an intimate relationship with their own garden while also enjoying a distant view of open countryside had a far-reaching effect on the Jacobses. But eventually the suburbs crept up and their view of fields and distant hills became one of encroaching houses. And so they moved.

Jacobs II (The Solar Hemicycle)

The Concept

To escape the advancing urban surroundings and to reduce their expenses by living off the land, Herbert and Katherine Jacobs asked Wright to design a new house for them in the country, where he had suggested they build in the first place.

It was understood by architect and client alike that many of the successful features of Usonia I were to be included in the new design, and the Jacobses had definite ideas of their own about practicality: they wanted something without great spaces to be heated during the winter, such as thirteen-foot ceilings and mezzanines, "as attractive as they may be"—features which actually were part of an original plan submitted by Wright.

Now *there* was a Wright-sized challenge! The new task would be to not compromise on anything architecturally, but to come up with a design that would be within the budgetary constraints and energy cost concerns laid out by the Jacobses. Wright's solution was brilliant: He designed a strikingly beautiful, direct-gain passive solar home. The design did not include thirteen-foot ceilings, but it did incorporate fourteen-foot windows and a mezzanine.

The Design

The Solar Hemicycle is a two-story concept, semicircular in plan, with a single concave arc of fourteen-foot high glass spanning both stories and opening southward to the southern Wisconsin prairie. The north, east, and west sides are bermed up to the height of the clerestory windows on the second floor. The southern elevation of the house opens onto a sunken garden, which completes the circular plan of the design.

The extensive earth berming deflects cold winter winds that come in from the north. The partial "airfoil" section of the combination of the house and the berms deflects cold winter winds that, as stated previously, can also come from the southwesterly direction. The eddy currents set up in the sunken garden further deflect the winds blowing over the house from either direction, dramatically reducing the direct wind exposure of the high glass as well as placing the glass doors that are at either end of the south arc in regions of still air, regardless of the wind.

The interior features a concrete floor slab for direct absorption and conversion of the incident radiant solar energy. The rear and end walls are constructed of Wisconsin limestone in two "shells," with vermiculite insulation placed between them above the berm line, and loose rubble and scrap thrown in to the spaces below the level of the berming. The irregular interior limestone walls provide enhanced surface area for thermal energy exchange to accomplish effective thermal energy storage and interior temperature stabilization. Direct-gain solar heating and lateral heat distribution is facilitated by the lack of dividing walls on the ground floor, with the division between spaces accomplished by the effect of the curvilinear nature of the plan.

The second floor, containing the five bedrooms, is a balcony, or mezzanine, suspended from the roof joists and thus not

needing support from below. Vertical heat distribution is promoted by the open front of the mezzanine and by its placement right over the areas of the lower spaces illuminated by sunshine. The mezzanine-level bedrooms have large entry openings, with curtains (rather than doors) that are left open during the day to further promote the effective distribution of thermal energy upstairs. An ample stairwell provides a sufficient air return to the ground floor to complete the convective loop.

Summer cooling is aided by the adequate shading overhangs over the south-facing glass, as well as by the massive external earth-berming and interior exposed thermal mass. Summer daytime ventilation and nocturnal cooling are promoted by the operable glass doors in the south facade; by the operable, always shaded slot windows at the east and west ends of the house; and by the continuous band of ventilating clerestory windows along the entire upper portion of the bedroom north walls. "Stack effect" ventilation assist is also provided by the relationship between downstairs doors and windows and upstairs clerestory windows.

The mezzanine bedroom level. The balcony is suspended from the roof joists, leaving the main floor clear of structural support members. The December winter sun reaches the top of the balcony railing. Copyright Ezra Stoller, ESTO. Used by permission.

Performance

Evaluating the thermal performance of the house produces apparent conflicts in interpretation among the original owner-builders (who were both adequately comfortable and satisfied), later occupants (who were neither), and the current occupants (who enjoy the benefits of a house that has been upgraded with today's insulating materials and technologies that were not available in the 1940s). This paper reviews the performance of the house in its present thermally improved condition.

The thermal improvements in the 1980s restoration included replacing all of the single-glazed windows with double glazing supplemented by interior retractable thermal curtains on all of the tall south windows; caulking and sealing all joints; insulating the outside roofing surface with 3.5 inches of urethane board; completely replacing the radiant floor slab with a new one containing synthetic piping and insulated below with one inch of styrofoam board; and replacing the old oil-fired radiant floor boiler with a new higher-efficiency gas-fired unit, supplemented by a new high efficiency gas-fired air furnace.

This conversion resulted in a structure that meets today's standards of sound thermal construction, with the exception of the stone rear and end walls, both above and below ground, which could not be reinsulated.

Fortunately, the current owners retained all of their energy bills, yielding a valuable opportunity to assess the solar performance of the upgraded house under conditions of actual use in the Wisconsin climate. Energy bills for the period August 1989 through February 1992 have been analyzed and have demonstrated that the upgraded house is realizing a furnace energy saving (also termed the "solar savings fraction," or SSF) of about 53 percent for the southern Wisconsin heating season. There is a close numerical coincidence between the measured solar performance and the average amount of time that the sun shines ("percent sun") on a month-by-month basis, which suggests that the house receives and utilizes solar energy equivalent to approximately twenty-four hours of required heat from each sunny day throughout the winter. The evidence further demonstrates that the solar energy collection and the storage features of the house dynamically match the changing climate demand on the structure through the deep winter months.

The numerical performance analysis is presented in Table I with descriptions of sources of the listed values. The primary sources of actual data are the energy bills provided by the current owners and the concurrently measured outside air temperature, expressed in the convenient form of "degree days," that is, in the sum of the accumulated daily temperature differences between inside and outside, yielding a climate description that is proportional to the actual heating demand of the house. The apparent solar input to the house was deduced by subtraction of the fuel-source heating contributions (corrected for efficiency losses) from calculated values for the thermal energy demand of the house.

Calculations were based on the normal American Society of Heating, Refrigerating and Air Conditioning Engineers heat-loss calculation methodology, using the owners' thermostatic set points to determine average static temperature differences

across building surfaces. Totals were summed for degree-day dependent above-ground surfaces and degree-day independent heat-loss values for the extensively bermed exterior surfaces. While these calculations are not as accurate as dynamic computer simulations, they are generally within about 10 percent of the more accurate approaches and, consequently, reveal the information sought in this article to a sufficient degree of accuracy to support the performance conclusions. Of course, the dynamic interaction of the solar energy with the actual home energy use is contained in the measured energy bills.

The analysis supports the conclusion that the outstanding solar success of this pioneering design, according to all contemporary standards of performance and comfort, has been verified.

Heating analysis

The current occupants have elected to live at energy-frugal temperatures, but nevertheless not at levels which would sacrifice comfort. They report that they keep the floor thermostat at 63 to 64 degrees Fahrenheit from 4:00 to 10:00 p.m. and at 60 to 61 degrees at other times, with the floor serving the purpose of radiant comfort control (induced retention of body heat), not house heating.

The heated air provides a quick warmup in the morning. It is set to go to 66 degrees at 6:30 a.m., then to drop to 63 degrees at 8:30; up to 66 degrees again in the evening, and back to 61 degrees after 11:30 p.m. On weekends they keep the interior air at 65 degrees and find it to be comfortable, a testimony to the benefits of the slightly warmed floor and the other radiant energy controls provided by the massive interior limestone surfaces.

The gas-fired furnace is rated at about 94 percent efficiency, while the gas-fired boiler for the radiant floor is rated at about 80 percent efficiency. Allowing for duct and piping losses and possible filter efficiency reductions, and taking into account the inability to disaggregate the boiler energy use from that of the furnace suggests an assumed average combined system efficiency of 80 percent for heat delivered into the house under conditions of actual use. Interior gains were estimated by normal procedures for a family of two, and taken into account.

These statistics, then, set the conditions for the interpretation of the reported energy consumption values of the house and for the related calculations to reveal the apparent solar savings fraction. The deduced solar performance yields a season-long solar savings fraction of about 53 percent, which is quite a remarkable achievement for a direct-gain solar design with 26.8 percent unprotected glazing in the Wisconsin climate.

The study showed that the house is able to retain enough solar energy for twenty-four hours of heating following a sunny day, even in the coldest winter months. In practice, though, while neither furnace runs between 8:30 a.m. and 4:00 p.m. on sunny winter days, even when it is very cold out (subzero), they do not stay off for the full night. It is nevertheless clear from the data that the extensive interior thermal mass storage reduces the furnace load over longer periods, leading to the equivalent of twenty-four hours of heat storage for every sunny day. As the weather gets cooler from fall to winter, the more favorable geometry of the progressively lowering sun (along with the enhancement of the reflection off the snow) delivers just enough extra energy to compensate, on the average, for the increased heat loss. The reverse occurs heading into the spring months.

Aside from the coldest winter months (November through February), the increasing occurrence of warmer days in October and again in March, April, and May leads to increasing heat input from ventilation. What is really being deduced and interpreted from the energy bills is consequently the total non-fossil fuel input, which is certainly dominated by the direct solar gain during the coldest months, but which is supplemented by solar thermal energy in the air delivered by ventilation (open doors and windows) to the interior mass elements during the transition months.

It is obvious that maximum performance improvement

TABLE I: SOLAR HEMICYCLE, MEASURED AND CALCULATED PERFORMANCE

Month	Degree Days [a]	Percent Sun [b]	Calculated Thermal Energy Demand (Therms) [c]	Measured Auxiliary Energy (Therms) [d]	Solar Energy Used (Therms) [e]	SSF [f]	No. of Yrs. Averaged
Sep	1187	56	113.3	0.0	113.3	1.0	3
Oct	475	56	198.3	69.8	129.1	.645	3
Nov	889	41	317.5	173.4	144.2	.454	3
Dec	1371	38	459.7	254.4	205.3	.447	3
Jan	1292	44	436.9	221.6	180.6	.440	3
Feb	1062	49	364.8	211.0	153.9	.422	2 (g)
Mar	835	52	303.8	155.0	148.8	.490	1 (h)
Apr	493	53	200.4	79.2	121.2	.605	2 (i)
May	261	64	136.8	30.0	106.8	.781	2 (i)

(a) Degree days concurrent with reported energy use periods (8/89 - 2/92), National Weather Service Data, Madison, Wisconsin.

(b) 59-year average (American Society of Heating, Refrigerating and Air Conditioning Engineers Transactions).

(c) One therm is 100,000 BTUs. Values calculated with measured degree days, allowing for internal gains.

(d) Energy delivered into the house, from actual energy bills, corrected for non-space heating uses and furnace efficiencies.

(e) Determined by subtracting auxiliary energy from calculated thermal energy demand.

(f) Solar Savings Fraction (SSF) as normally defined—the fraction of furnace energy saved by solar.

(g) No data reported for February 1991.

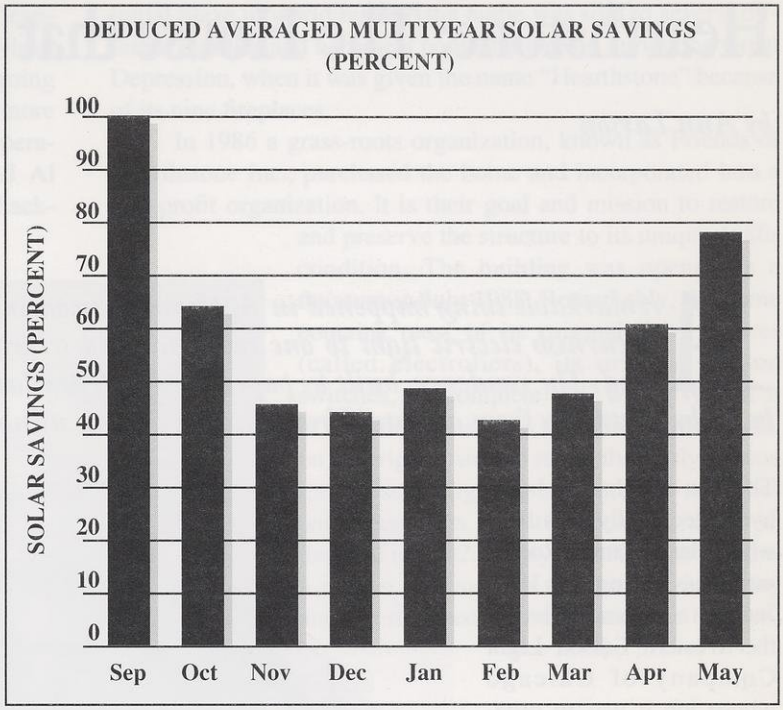
(h) Spurious data reported for March 1991 and paper prepared before availability of March 1992 data.

(i) Paper prepared before availability of April and May 1992 data.

would have resulted from placing insulation between the stone wall shells, which was not feasible. Had that been accomplished in the beginning, however, the addition of the later thermal improvements would have produced a serious overheating problem, requiring winter shading to control the solar gain, and thus reducing the calculated performance even under this most optimum of thermal conditions. This circumstance would also completely destroy Wright's architectural concept of visual integration of the interior with the outside at all times and from all places in the house.

Cooling analysis

The recent installation of electrically driven heat-pump air conditioning allows an approximate estimation of the natural cooling performance of the house as well. The electric energy bills were plotted for the same period (August 1989 through February 1992) and indicated that the air conditioner removed about 25 percent of the total heat gains for the same period, gains which include both the solar radiation input and the non-solar inputs through the building skin on hot days. This demonstrates that the effectively designed shading and natural axial and stack-effect ventilation, supported by the massive interior heat-exchanging surfaces, provided for comfort according to today's standards while offsetting 75 percent of what otherwise would have been an energy load on the mechanical air conditioner. This was corroborated by the occupants, who stated that they only choose to run the air conditioner on days that exceed 85 degrees Fahrenheit outside with concurrent high humidity.



Conclusion

While this analysis is not totally rigorous, it is sufficiently grounded in measured experience to confirm the observation that the Solar Hemicycle may be classified as a remarkably successful solar design concept. It cleverly avoids many of the pitfalls of solar architecture while beautifully solving many of the problems inherent in the direct-gain approach to solar heating. But if this satisfactory performance, according to today's requirements of assured comfort, is only now being achieved in the thermally improved configuration, what was it like for the original owner-builders?

The Jacobses actually lived in the Solar Hemicycle the way people should expect to live in solar homes if they want to realize, in practice, the full economic and comfort potential of the benefits of such designs. They "zoned" their daily activities according to the natural interior thermal zones of the house at different times of the day and in different seasons and weather conditions. Their style of living suited them well and yielded sun-warmed satisfactions in stunningly beautiful surroundings. Theirs was a house which they had indeed been able to afford to build and that performed to their wishes and expectations, and the manner in which they lived in it actually produced heating bills they could pay within their budget limitations. All of their design objectives as clients were met.

The experience of the Jacobses, the positive responses of the current occupants with regard to their comfort, and the favorable calculations based on available statistics demonstrate that the Solar Hemicycle is an excellent solar design solution according to today's standards as well. And now that it is insulated according to today's energy-conserving criteria, the performance meets or exceeds contemporary solar architecture expectations for the Wisconsin climate.

Frank Lloyd Wright admired the livability and other interior qualities of the Solar Hemicycle variation of his Usonian design sufficiently to extend many of its concepts in various forms into possibly twenty subsequent designs, plus five additional hemicycle variations on three of those later designs. Counting the Jacobs II original, twelve of those design variations were constructed. Not all of them were as "pure" solar buildings as the Solar Hemicycle, and one of them, placed in the northern Florida climate, was oriented northward so as not to be "solar" at all, in the interest of a more climate-appropriate response. ❧

This article is a distillation of two research papers published by the author in the Proceedings of the National Passive Solar Conferences of 1989 and 1992. *The author, who is also the son-in-law of Katherine Jacobs and the late Herbert Jacobs, wishes to thank Katherine Jacobs, Elizabeth Jacobs Aitken, and Susan Jacobs Lockhart, who contributed first-hand insights into the experience of living in the Solar Hemicycle; the current owners of Jacobs II for their invaluable contribution to the research which made this article possible; and numerous other individuals and institutions for their help and support.*

Hearthstone: The House that Helped Light the World

by Ann Larson

A remarkable thing happened in Appleton, Wisconsin, in September 1882: Water power was harnessed to furnish electric light to one residence and several paper mills—the first successful attempt of its kind. The residence, built by paper baron Henry James Rogers, became the first home in the world to be lit by electricity from a central hydroelectric station using the Edison system.

The idea of lighting a home hydroelectrically was born when Henry James Rogers went bass fishing with H. E. Jacobs, a representative of the Western Edison Light Company of Chicago whose job it was to organize "isolated" companies for Edison in the Middle West. Rogers, president of the Appleton Paper and Pulp Company, the Appleton Gas Company, and the First National Bank, among other companies, returned to Appleton and convinced local investors A. L. Smith, H. D. Smith, and Charles Beveridge to try the experiment. Thomas Edison had organized the Edison Electric Light Company in 1878, and by 1879 had invented a commercially successful electric light bulb with a carbon filament. The bulb was called "incandescent."

Hearthstone as it appeared in 1887. The home was built between 1880 and 1882 by the Henry James Rogers family and became the first residence in the world to be lit electrically from a central hydroelectric station, using the Edison system.

The world's first Edison Central Hydroelectric Station brought light to Appleton on Saturday, September 30, 1882. An Edison type K dynamo (generator) had been installed in the beater room of the Appleton Paper and Pulp Company, which was the mill owned by H. J. Rogers and located on the Fox River. The dynamo was rated at 12 1\2 kilowatts, which was capable of lighting 250 lamps (bulbs).

A series of twenty-foot poles, similar to today's telephone poles, ran from the mill to the back of Rogers's new Queen Anne home on the river bluff above the mill. They supported copper wire which provided the house with electrical power. Whether the wire was insulated or not has never been established. (Often bare copper wire was used as a conductor at this early stage of development.) Edison incandescent lamps, powered by the dynamo, brightened the windows of the Appleton Paper and Pulp Company, the Vulcan Paper Plant, and the H. J. Rogers home. The Edison pear-shaped lamps were said to burn "as bright as day."

The *Appleton Post* explained on October 5, 1882:

> The electric lamp consists of a pear-shaped glass, exhausted of air, into which is sealed a filament of carbonized bamboo, slightly thicker than horse hair. This filament, becoming incandescent by the passage of the current of electricity through it, emits a beautiful soft white light, absolutely steady and constant and equaling in intensity, or exceeding if desired, the illuminating power of a gas jet of the best quality.

The *Appleton Crescent* of October 7, 1882, continued:

> These bulbs are connected with the wire and the current may be turned on and off as readily as a gas burner. Each lamp will burn 600 hours, and can be renewed easily, but at some considerable expense, of course. The price for the same amount of light as that of gas will be substantially the same. The electric light may entirely supersede the use of gas as an illuminator in our city, but that remains to be seen hereafter.

Because of the varying load on the paper mill beaters (the machines that mulched up the soggy paper mixture), the first generator ran irregularly, causing the lights to glow unduly dim

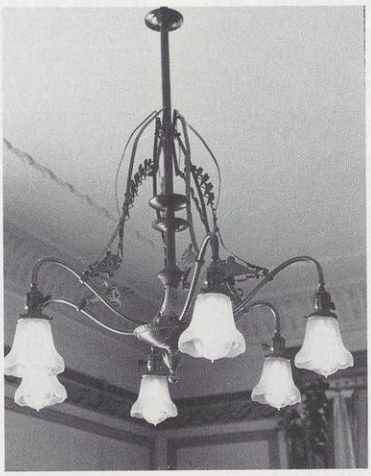
or bright. Several weeks later, equipment was moved to a lean-to shed attached to the mill. The lean-to had its own water wheel and thus was unaffected by the varying load of paper going through the beater room, and the light became somewhat more dependable. Because voltage regulators did not exist, the operators, Will Kurz (superintendent), Edward O'Keefe, and Al Langstadt, used their eyes to gauge the proper brightness. Lacking a meter system for service accountability, customers were charged per-lamp, per-month. Service ran from dusk to dawn only and it cost no more to leave lamps burning, so they were often left on all night.

The incandescent bulb was approximately fifty watts. According to Edison scholars, this wattage was similar to modern seven- to ten-watt bulbs and had an orange glow. Early light shades were designed so that the light bulb extended below the shade to expose and highlight the bulb.

On November 11, 1882, Rogers wrote to the Western Edison Light Company expressing his satisfaction with the lamps in his home. "Gentlemen," he wrote,

> I have used 50 lamps in my residence and have used them about 60 days. I am pleased with them beyond expression and do not see how they can be improved upon. No heat no smoke no vitiated air and the light steady and pleasant in every way and more economical than gas and quite as reliable.

Henry James Rogers, initial investor in the Appleton Edison Electric Light Company.



One of several electroliers remaining in use at Hearthstone. The reproduction Edison bulbs extend beyond the shade, as they were originally intended to.

A second Edison type K dynamo was purchased in 1882 and placed in its own building along Vulcan Street in Appleton. On November 25 that dynamo lit the homes of A. L. and H. D. Smith, the other Edison investors. By December 5th, 1882, five or six mills, a blast furnace, and three or four more homes were lit with Edison bulbs. The central station plant in Rogers's mill was the second Edison Central Station for incandescent lighting in the world, but it has the distinction to have been the first operated by water power. (The first central plant was Edison's steam powered Pearl Street Station in New York City.)

By 1886 the Fox River Valley witnessed the rapid growth of electrical use with the purchase of two additional generators and the introduction of an electric street railway. Today, a replica of the Vulcan Street Central Station is located in Appleton on South Lawe Street.

The Henry Rogers family (Henry, Cremora, and daughter Kitty) lived in their grand Victorian home until 1893. After its initial blaze in world history, the home was sold to several different families and became a popular tea room during the Great Depression, when it was given the name "Hearthstone" because of its nine fireplaces.

In 1986 a grass-roots organization, known as Friends of Hearthstone Inc., purchased the home and incorporated into a non-profit organization. It is their goal and mission to restore and preserve the structure to its unique 1880s condition. The building was opened as a museum in July 1988. Remarkably, the home contains most of its original light fixtures (called electroliers), its original Edison switches, and complete 1882 wiring system. It is the only remaining structure in the world, on its original site, to retain this early Edison incandescent lighting system. The switches and electroliers are still operating much as they did in 1882. Today, Hearthstone remains a unique statement of mechanical ingenuity and late nineteenth-century aesthetic taste. ❧

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[Editor's note: The two newspapers merged in 1920 and became the *Appleton Post-Crescent*.]

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Report from Rio: Focus on Sustainable Agriculture

by Roger Blobaum

In June of this year, in the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, I attended the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development as the accredited representative of the World Sustainable Agriculture Association. This event, the largest United Nations-sponsored meeting ever held, is usually referred to by insiders as UNCED. It is better known to everyone else as the Earth Summit.

This was not only an international extravaganza involving more than 100 heads of state and official delegations from 170 nations. This event was the culmination of a two-year process that also included active participation by representatives of hundreds of nongovernmental organizations (NGOs). This long participatory process helped produce both a spirit of cooperation and consensus-based commitment.

My report on what happened is offered from the perspective of someone who focused almost exclusively on sustainable agriculture. As a member of the International Sustainable Agriculture Task Group, I was directly involved during March and April in five weeks of preparatory meetings in New York. These meetings, which were both official and otherwise, were referred to as Prepcom IV. I also helped organize the International Forum on Sustainable Agriculture which was part of the two-week NGO Global Forum in Rio. This forum for nongovernmental organizations took place simultaneously with the formal and ceremonial events where official speeches were made and official documents were signed.

More than 300 representatives of NGOs from more than forty countries worked together in these two sustainable agriculture groups in New York and Rio. There was a feeling of shared purpose and almost total agreement on the principles of agricultural sustainability. A long list of environmental and other organizations with official United Nations observer status participated in the Earth Summit process, and more than 1,000 new NGOs were accredited and became actively involved in environmental issues on the world scene. We were referred to by some as a new generation of environmental diplomats who are learning how to be effective in influencing United Nations delegations, United Nations agencies, and the United Nations process itself.

What we saw for the first time in this process was widespread questioning on the world stage by NGOs of the policies of national governments. NGOs discovered they could influence their own governments through this activism, challenging them to be responsible. The United States delegation, for example, was one of the least supportive of the concept of sustainable agriculture. Our working group, in fact, had to turn to delegations from other countries for help in thwarting an attempt by the United States government delegation to weaken sustainable agriculture commitments in the documents being prepared for Rio. This move on the part of our government was not unexpected, however. The official 424-page report to the United Nations prepared by United States government agencies included only seven paragraphs on sustainable agriculture—and you had to go all the way to page 320 to find that!

Although thousands of media people covered the Earth Summit, many stories were never reported. Those controlling the process, for example, refused to permit any official discussion of militarism as a source of environmental damage. The official managers also tried to suppress discussions of poverty, affluence, materialism, and similar issues. But the NGOs kept these issues from being suppressed by organizing conferences, forums, and other events during the five-week preparatory period in New York. In addition, important issues such as sustainable agriculture and food security were developed further at the NGO Global Forum in Rio. The scope of the Earth Summit debate was broadened and the United Nations process enriched by this unofficial activity.

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To make this report more specific, I want to describe briefly how sustainable agriculture NGOs capitalized on four opportunities to make a difference at the New York preparatory meetings.

After seeing the draft language on sustainable agriculture, we submitted twenty-five strengthening amendments. These proposed changes were submitted through official channels and distributed as well to all delegations. About half of these changes were accepted in one form or another. Several delegations, mainly from Northern Europe, helped us—from the inside—on sustainable agriculture issues.

Our second big opportunity came when the United States delegation introduced a package of potentially damaging amendments and described them as being non-controversial. We discovered that the suggested changes were both controversial and damaging, and we appealed to other delegations for help.

Our government's attempt to have the Earth Summit go on record as saying free trade would solve the problems of sus-

tainability was defeated. So was the attempt to cross out all references to farmers' rights to the benefits of biotechnology while preserving all the rights of industry. The United States amendment package also would have deleted all references to overuse of chemicals.

We had another intervention opportunity when an attempt was made to dilute the role of farmer organizations. NGOs were able to get permission for a representative of the International Federation of Agricultural Producers to address the delegates, and thus the important role farmers and their organizations must play in the global shift to sustainable agriculture was ably detailed. As a result, the language describing the role of farmer organizations was rescued.

Finally, we lobbied successfully for including a call for an international ecological agriculture network in Agenda 21, the Earth Summit plan of action. The language approved in Rio requires the United Nations to provide at least $10 million a year in network support. The Earth Summit documents call on international and regional agencies to "help develop information available through NGOs and promote an international ecological agriculture network to accelerate development and implementation of ecological agriculture practices."

We also won the support of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, usually referred to as the FAO, for the network. Phillipe Mohler, director of FAO's sustainable agriculture program, attended some of our meetings and seemed to be personally committed to this new initiative.

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I want to turn now briefly to the NGO Global Forum, a two-week event in Rio that took place at the same time as the official summit. NGOs, including those working on sustainable agriculture, presented more than 300 programs in temporary meeting structures in Flamengo Park in downtown Rio. Many focused on international sustainable agriculture initiatives, further discussion of the international ecological agriculture network, and preparation of a sustainable agriculture "treaty."

The treaties were prepared by NGO committees and debated by all of us. They provided a vehicle for bringing us together around a set of principles and our own plan of action. The treaty process and its outcome were indeed impressive. The sustainable agriculture treaty states that there is an urgent need to "break the dominant predatory model of agriculture in favor of new patterns of sustainability that are equitable and participatory, to guarantee the full control of the means of production in the hands of people who work the land, insuring them a permanent source of income and high levels of productivity."

Our treaty commits sustainable agriculture organizations from around the world to work together for:

1) development and enhancement of sustainable farming systems;
2) restoration of degraded agroecological and cultural systems;
3) development and promotion of regional food self-sufficiency;
4) development of alternative sources of sustainable agriculture information;
5) increased farmer participation in setting agricultural research and funding priorities;
6) levying of taxes on pesticides, and
7) action to cut pesticide use and speed up the transition to biological pest control methods.

The word "organic" does not appear, as far as I can tell, in any of the official Earth Summit documents. But the United Nations Development Project came through with a report that concludes that organic agriculture presents an attractive alternative to current nonsustainable practices in developing countries. The report, released in Rio, does not claim that organic farming is a miracle solution. What it does conclude is that "the available material tends to support the conclusion that both in high potential areas and in marginal lands, organic agriculture offers agronomically feasible solutions for problems of environmental sustainability."

❦

The call for sustainable agriculture is clearly stated throughout the official documents of the Earth Summit. The Rio Declaration on Environment and Development states that development must occur on a sustainable basis to meet the needs of present and future generations. Those of us involved in this process believe the Earth Summit's 700-page plan of action marks a historic new commitment to sustainable agriculture by the United Nations and all nations. We feel it is a mandate for a global transformation of agriculture. Many of us involved in this process believed at the beginning that the Earth Summit would be unsuccessful due to lack of support for the environment by the industrialized countries. What we had not counted on was the moral high ground taken by many developing countries. This turned out to be an important difference in the process.

I believe much was accomplished, especially with regard to agriculture. The willingness of such nations as Germany and Japan to make large commitments to fund follow-up activities set an important precedent. I understand that the International Federation of Agricultural Producers, which represents seventy farm organizations from around the world, has already responded by adopting a new sustainable agriculture agenda. United States farm groups holding membership in the federation include the American Farm Bureau Federation, National Farmers Union, and National Farmers Organization.

I believe also that we have entered a new era of global environmental protection. The challenge now is to make certain the commitments set forth in the Earth Summit plan of action, including those involving sustainable agriculture, are financially supported and implemented. ❧

This article is based on a paper which was presented at the Michael Fields Agricultural Institute in East Troy on July 15, 1992.

The Beacon Above the Tide

(a memory from the Ridges Road lighthouse, Door County, 1986)

Celestially charged
A lance of light pierces the benthos;
Refracting, ascending, bursting to become
A Caspian tern over Moonlight Bay.

Embers chill in a Toft Point dune.
Dawn finds fewer orchids still.
People come more, life blooms less.
Along Niagaran shores
Few can be as a flower in sun,
A chunk of pine adrift.

Beyond the gray cuesta,
Warmed by a rising wind,
A lone tern banks and flaps
Soaring into pelagic peace.

Written as a memorial to James Hall Zimmerman by a student, colleague, and friend, September 30, 1992.

Erik Brynildson

Riding the Dolphin

Windows foggy with the breath
of cats singing to November stars.
Night birds hum and snore
while ghost crabs drum the beach
opening the sea.

Steam pours from the pasta pot,
the tea kettle and the sheets
in which we roll until it seems
we swim under water, and time
hangs on the back of a chair
like a piece of string.

Rusty McKenzie

The Reaper's Yield

If you should call
when the earth is turned
and the black dampness
clings to my breath
then I would not be surprized.
If you should call
when the yellowed grass
lies in sodden, melted puddles
and the fetid sweetness
of manured fields fills the air
then I would expect it
to be so.
If you should call
when the regal whiteness
is wiped from the land
leaving only the pale washed sky
to cover the naked furrows
then I will have been waiting
to hear from you.

Liz Hammond

THOUGHTS FROM THE OLD GROWTH

Succession

The duff under the great pines
has a spring to it,
and the earth when
I tamp my boot echoes
hollow years
of pungent turpines and soft descents.
Groves of young sugar maples
wait suspended at knee height
for a sky opening,
and wait,
sometimes eighty years.
Lightning and heartrot are urged
to proceed, to force the pines over.
One day one falls,
a reverberating ancient arc,
in a snapping of bones,
like a dinosaur pulling through tar,
like the earth shaking off.
And then the Whumpf!
of a million breaths exhausted,
pine dust columning through
the spotlight of sun,
announcing a grand opening.
John BatesThoughts from the Old Growth

Pine Voices

I look across the marsh
to the river behind it
where the old pines rise
like long feathers
scattered in random fall winds.
Across river, the camp road,
with blackberries narrowing its scar
leads me to the base
of an ancient white pine.
Here years of needle duff have settled
three feet above the forest floor.
I pat the plates of bark and ask
how and why it escaped,
and than you, and
how many owls have clutched
open branches in the moon?
The wind rises
and finds voice in this pine,
a rushing like a hare racing
over powder snow,
like a mother
comforting a waking baby, sshhh,
sshhh, like gentle waves
falling back along
a fine sand beach.

John Bates

Carol's Baptism: Reflections of a Sister

The tiny dough goddess wore white,
a four-foot swoon of lace and lawn.
Put on the floor, she climbed my leg
with the speed of a king snake.
Put in my arms, she batted my face
with feet like Cloud Ear mushrooms.
I breathed in her flowery powders. The service began.

A raving hag with skin like tree bark
dropped in on Sleeping Beauty's baptism, and so
as the minister said magical dangerous words
I studied the congregation, looked hard and looked twice.
If Malevola cropped up she'd meet her doom.
I would butt her silly, I'd bite her rooty toe,
I would be praised for saving Baby,
I would get new red clothes.

The service ended.
The baby, pomaded with grace,
was given a frosting bud from her cake.
I horsed around tombstones
and a boy said I was trampling sacred dead babies.
I lowered my head and knocked him flat,
pretending I was driving his eyeballs
through the back of his skull
like the big brother in "Billy Goats Gruff."
Then his mother said I was *desperate* and *despicable*
that I would never be a *good girl,*
she slapped my face with her shorty gloves on,
the hoof of diablo burned between my eyes.

Meanwhile my mother purified Carol.
The Crisco rose was scrubbed from her hand.
Pearline powders glistened on the little queen.
She was swagged in new lace
and hived in a wicker basket, beneath a tree.

Sadly I studied this good girl.
Invisible stars ringed her forehead
in the hot red theatre of the day.
Her six months breathed white flowers.
My five bad years were iridescent, oily with sin.
There was no help for it.

So I did my monster walk. Everyone cried out
Don't frighten Baby but Carol laughed.
She saw me as I was,
her breakneck breakheart familiar, grimed with tears,
yet she held out the hands like pink mushrooms
and palmed my face like a prize.

In our safe green house made of curly shadows
my heart shed its sad black-sheep wool.

Margaret Benbow

For Sale: Formerly Heileman's Grocery

Why would the locals want the maple counter,
smoothed by tin cans, loose change, their grandmothers'
sweaty palms? Or the pot-bellied, coal-burning
stove? They know too much: the Missus cleaning
whitefish, wearing her John Deere cap; the hard times
after they opened the Sturgeon Bay A&P; Heileman's heart
that landed him face down on the 50-pound flour sacks.

They know that their kids, who drink too much
because there's nothing else to do, will leave
for jobs in the Fox Valley or head down to Madison
for school. They won't want penny candies
from Mrs. Heileman's antique case, or salt
for the cows and horses, or Spam from the cinder-block
walls fringed with chicory and Queen Anne's lace.

The sign puts it to people hauling RVs and boat trailers
north along Highway 42: MAKE OFFER! Retire
to a bait shop, a gallery of watercolor seagulls
and acrylic fishing shacks, a restaurant that serves
cherry pie on handthrown ceramic plates. Relieve us
of the empty shelves, the fear, the withered artichokes
trucked up each summer to lure the Chicago tourists in.

Judith Strasser

Frank Lloyd Wright Remembered

edited by Patrick J. Meehan. Washington: The Preservation Press, 1991, 254 pp. $29.95.

by John 0. Holzhueter

Frank Lloyd Wright and Carl Sandburg. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Patrick Meehan is no stranger to the popular and scholarly publishing industry that has arisen around Frank Lloyd Wright, who is now far more celebrated nationally and internationally than he was during his long lifetime (1867-1959).

Meehan aimed his first Wright book at the scholarly world—a guide to research resources about the architect. He then turned to more popular publication, drawing upon the enormous quantity of unpublished (or rare publications of) oral texts by Wright—conversations and talks or speeches—which became the next two books. Now he has combed the archives and resources he knows so well and has produced a volume that combines three of Wright's oral presentations with forty reminiscences by architects, clients, apprentices, friends and acquaintances, and family members, some of them created specially for this book, some borrowed from tapes and earlier publications.

The result does indeed fulfill the book jacket's claim: "A sentimental and intriguing look at America's most famous architect." But from the point of view of both scholar and buff, the book is likely to disappoint.

On the positive side, both will find new nuggets here and there because Meehan has avoided trotting out the anecdotal chestnuts and instead adds new ones. But Meehan usually neglects to explain why these selections are important—why they merit publication. Most stand pretty well on their own, but the reader has to draw on prior knowledge to provide most of the context.

On the negative side, Meehan gives the misleading impression that some of his selections constitute oral history, meaning that they have been drawn from interviews with persons who knew Wright. A fact unknown to most (and unappreciated by many), oral history has become a discipline in its own stead. It shares some traits with interview but goes far beyond that medium to gather and transmit knowledge. It is the systematic exploration of a topic through autobiography—the subject's telling of his or her life's story with respect to, for instance, Frank Lloyd Wright.

Meehan and many others in the Wright publishing industry are correct in supposing that a single anecdote can illuminate some aspect of Wright. But by eliminating the surrounding richness, they squander the potential of true oral history for both scholar and buff, and they mislead both interviewees and readers into thinking that such products *really are* oral history, that this kind of interview suffices for the *real thing*. In that respect, their work actually can prevent or harm serious scholarship, which ultimately works against buffs' interests as well.

Having said that, I confess that I will soon find myself referring in a talk to one of Meehan's selections, not as a story, but as evidence of Wright's keen interest in religious and moral thought and its connection to architecture. Said Wright about the buildings for the planned Air Force Academy in Colorado: "It should be like going to church" (p. 25); and "Do not say [the problem] is mechanical; it is moral" (p. 27).

If the advice was good enough for Wright about architecture, it ought to be good enough for writers and assemblers of literature about Wright, too. Would that we all would adhere to it, and what a pity that most of us will fall short.

John O. Holtzheter has worked for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin since 1964 in editorial, research, and writing capacities.

The Tall Uncut

by Pete Fromm. Santa Barbara: John Daniel and Company, 1992. 163 pp. $9.95.

by Richard Boudreau

Though *The Tall Uncut* is described as Montana fiction, some of the seventeen stories in this collection are set elsewhere, and at least two reveal the author's ties to Wisconsin. Pete Fromm was born in Mequon, graduated from Shorewood High School, and returns to the Milwaukee area frequently. He moved to Montana in 1976 and is presently a professional outdoorsman and writer in Great Falls.

The two stories that draw on Fromm's experiences in Wisconsin are "Trash Fish" and "Eulogy." In the first, out of a mingling of a quiet lake with rotting dock, an unmarried uncle with bottle, and the landing of a large sucker comes a revelation of a ruing without end and a cruelty without redemption. And in the second a battered canoe and the mildewed fishing equipment of a father, a hated father, turn a decade of bitterness into a moment of truth, an epiphany involving human alienation and human loss.

Many of the stories do involve the outdoors—turkey, duck, deer hunting; fishing; canoeing; poaching—and some of

his descriptions are so tangible. But it's not just about the outdoors. A handful of these stories first appeared in literary journals, and they are serious stories, probing human interrelationships, hewing to reality, bumping along over the difficulties of life. And there are tragedies—the short "Self Inflicted," about a suicide, and "Jump Shooting," about the lingering death of a spouse, for example.

It is people that the stories are really about. The turkey shooting in "Spring" is about learning to cope with cancer. "Breathing on the Third Stroke" is not about swimming, but about a floundering marriage. "Storm Clouds" is not about trout fishing but about a man ending an affair and going back. And "Bone Yard" is not about a warden nailing poachers but about nailing himself.

Nor is the title story about the great forests of the north before their systematic destruction. It's about the tissue of lies invented by a woman abandoned by her husband so that she had something to give her daughter in place of a father, prevarications she could not help but continue for her grandson, who was at first gullible but who turned on her, ironically, only after he himself had entered the tall uncut of the Northwest.

It's a strong collection, and more is on the way. "Eulogy" will appear in the spring issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review;* a new collection of stories—with more Wisconsin stories than this—is in the works. And next year, *Scholastic* will publish *Monkey Tag,* a novel about growing up in Milwaukee.

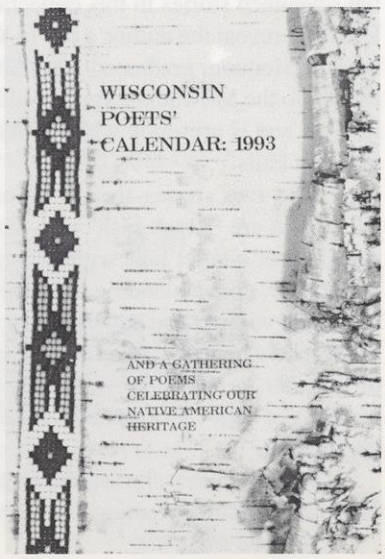
Richard Boudreau is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-La Crosse and editor of The Literary Heritage of Wisconsin, *Volume 1: Beginnings to 1925.*

Wisconsin Poets' Calendar: 1993

Edited by Lenore McComas Coberly. Madison: Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, 1992. $8.95, soft cover.

by Jim Stephens

In 1982 Tom and Mary Montag conceived the idea of doing the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar,* and they continued the annual edition through 1984. In 1987 the project was bequeathed to the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, which has continued the publication. Each year a different fellowship member has edited the hundred or so poems of the *Calendar.*



Lenore Coberly, editor of the 1993 edition (the tenth), has continued the practice of arranging the poems seasonally so that they are facing the week-by-week calendar. One can read of fading poinsettias during the first weeks of January, returning robins and raspberry bushes in April, carnival rides and nuzzling cows in July, the inward-curling petals of wild aster during October. So the *Calendar* is a reflection of the always-changing life of Wisconsin.

This year, editor Coberly wished to provide more depth, as she writes in her introduction, "for the dreams of a truly civil society can nurture." She does this by including a gathering of twenty poems celebrating Wisconsin's Native American heritage. In doing so, Coberly expresses a particular gratitude for the traditional spiritual qualities inherent in Wisconsin, while reflecting the ever-growing cultural relationships that contemporary residents of our state are now experiencing.

The 1993 *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar* once again is to serve as a helpful companion as one travels through the year. Widely available in state bookstores, or through the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets (P.O. Box 795, Green Bay, WI 54305), it offers a great idea for a holiday gift.

Jim Stephens is a Madison poet and editor.

Beyond the Thin Line

by Robert E. Gard. Madison: Prairie Oak Press,1992. $17.95, hard cover.

by Clarence De Spain

There are some hauntingly beautiful passages in Robert Gard's recently published *Beyond the Thin Line.* There are also some nerveracking images.

The book, a novel based on the lives of three (perhaps more) persons Gard has known, is a concise 148-page treatment of a deciding episode in the life of Harry McDare, a man afflicted with that perplexing twentieth-century original, Alzheimer's Disease. Basically, it is the story of the night, a Christmas Eve, Harry ventured *Beyond the Thin Line.* However, the definition does not do justice to the kaleidoscope of fractured images, juxtapositions of time, place, and person that make up the last half of this emotionally jarring literary treatment of a disease capable of bringing down the strongest among us.

There are other points of view—a nurse (Cathy) and a friend (Ruth) also afflicted—but mainly it is Harry's story. We get to know him (and Ruth) through memory both recited and reported. And it is within these memories that Gard reminds us we are all seekers of a never-to-be-regained past. He says of Harry: "Harry grew to a kind of rambler, loving the morning walks along the river and across the wet meadows and over the small hidden crevices among the bluffs where he could rest and think." Of Ruth: "She remembered the days in her father's store, and the smells of the store: the dried fruit, the cheese, the many kinds of heavy outdoor clothing that hung on racks." And of that other

shadow character, Home: "Deep in the awareness or the dimming of awareness is always the self-made portrait of home."

In the short chapters that make up *Beyond the Thin Line,* heartache and rejoicing, triumph and defeat at times occur almost simultaneously. And like a line of holiday lights on the verge of shorting out they sometimes glow with hope, sometimes flicker with fear, but in the end somehow relocate the spark that is life and carry on.

Robert Gard, founder of the Wisconsin Idea Theatre, has produced an electrifying drama about people. He has given them a stage filled with both light and shadow. And he has delayed their final curtain long enough for us to bask in the joy of their presence. This is NOT a scientific treatise on a morose subject: it IS a good novel.

Clarence De Spain is a psychologist and part-time instructor at Madison Area Technical College.

The Rose Jar: The Autobiography of Edna Meudt

by Edna Meudt. Madison: North Country Press, 1990. 252 pp. Hard cover, $17.95.

by Jeri McCormick

As one who knew Edna eighteen years—indeed, it was she who taught the first poetry workshop I attended—I cannot approach her legacy of words as an impartial reader. Edna cast so strong a presence when she was among us that she sits with me now, tough and curious.

The title is wonderfully appropriate. It comes directly from Edna's experience and serves as a unifying metaphor. The rose jar, beautifully reproduced on the book's cover, was a

> petaled anthology of bridal bouquets
> and boutonnieres
> anniversary and baptismal
> forget-me-nots
> orchids of prom and casket spray.

But it was not always a treasured receptacle.

Edna's father brought the jar home from an auction as a gift to his wife, who saw it as a foolish purchase, not the cooking pot she'd asked for. So she smashed the lid; then, "holding only the knob, her contrition began." Through all of this, Edna the child looked on, contemplating ways to be in the world.

The reader shares a number of such human dramas from Edna's eighty-two years, all set in Wisconsin's Wyoming Valley and Dodgeville Uplands. Her voice is strong and honest as she recounts the foibles and triumphs she saw and felt along the way. Her spirituality is present—as farm wife, mother of four, teacher, editor, and poet; and, above all, as woman of courage. As a biographer of self, she does not shrink from painful moments.

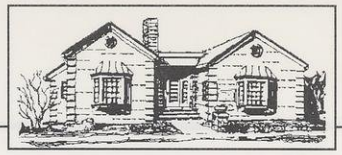
Her chapter "The Halcyon Over the Waves" describes her wedding day. Just out of high school in 1924, Edna succumbed to various pressures and married a man she didn't love. This is not news to those who knew her, but the prose amplifies the oral accounts: "The bride wore black: a wool serge dress, cloche, shoes, and hose . . . The sky was like a mirror backed with black." After a long evening walk and solitary musings on a park bench, "The girl who I was went in to her bridegroom as for centuries on centuries, billions of girls have done." Her first son was conceived that night.

Edna's poetry preceded this autobiography in five collections, represented here with several of the Kristin poems (Kristen was her name at birth and into childhood) and other favorites. They complement the prose. In both prose and poetry, childhood and emerging adulthood are especially deep and vivid while the decades of midlife and late adulthood move by more quickly. Poignant times are included, though, such as the day she met Father Dan, the Catholic priest who meant so much to her. Later, she tells of his death and the wrenching loss that followed.

This is a short biography—250 pages, 75 of them poems, some with photographs. Edna chose the highlights and treated them sparingly. Poet Jim Stephens, editor of this work, contributed his artistic judgment, and their combined selectivity is admirable. Much as I might wish Edna had told more about her life, I fear that more would have lessened the book's intensity. In this respect, Edna adhered to one of her basic teachings—know when you've said enough.

The Rose Jar says enough. And because it does, new light is cast on one of Wisconsin's formidable literary figures.

Jeri McCormick is a Madison poet with recent publications in Kentucky Poetry Review, Transactions, Iowa Woman, *and* Cumberland Review. *She teaches creative writing in senior centers and is co-author of Writers Have No Age, a text for teaching older adults to write.*



A Garden of Activity

by LeRoy R. Lee and Richard J. Daniels

The first academy was a garden. It was founded in ancient Greece by the philosopher Plato. The Wisconsin Academy's facility, pictured at the top of this page, may not easily compare to a garden; but in that the Academy's building has the appearance of a small, old French colonial house with two wings, two small-paned bay windows, and double-peaked roofs, there is the suggestion of an interior of quietude similar to that found in a garden.

The quietude of Plato's garden concealed a level of intellectual activity that may never be matched. The seeming quietude of the Wisconsin Academy's little building conceals a vital, dynamic, multi-faceted organization. The seven categories listed in the following summary of programs reflect the diverse nature of the Wisconsin Academy, and the activities within these categories illustrate its vital, dynamic nature.

SUBSIDIARY ORGANIZATIONS

Center for the Advancement of Science, Mathematics, and Technology Education (CASE)
Promotes quality K-12 science, mathematics, and technology education in Wisconsin through cooperative involvement of business, education, and government.

Robert E. Gard Wisconsin Idea Foundation
Established in 1980. Coordinates such conferences as "American Indian Voices: A Regional Symposium" and presents an annual award for excellence by a contemporary Wisconsin artist or writer. The Wisconsin Academy acts as fiscal agent and staff.

Wisconsin Academy Foundation
Established in 1989. Foundation is the development arm of the Wisconsin Academy.

Wisconsin Center For The Book
Established in 1986. Brings together interested members of the book community in Wisconsin; affiliated with the Center for the Book at the Library of Congress in Washington; sponsors special book and reading events.

Wisconsin Elementary and Middle Level Science Teachers (WEST)
Enhances science education and public appreciation of science education

PUBLICATIONS

American Indian Voices
Excerpts from a regional literary symposium (Gard Foundation) held at Wingspread involving editors and writers from the Woodlands and Plains Indian tribes.

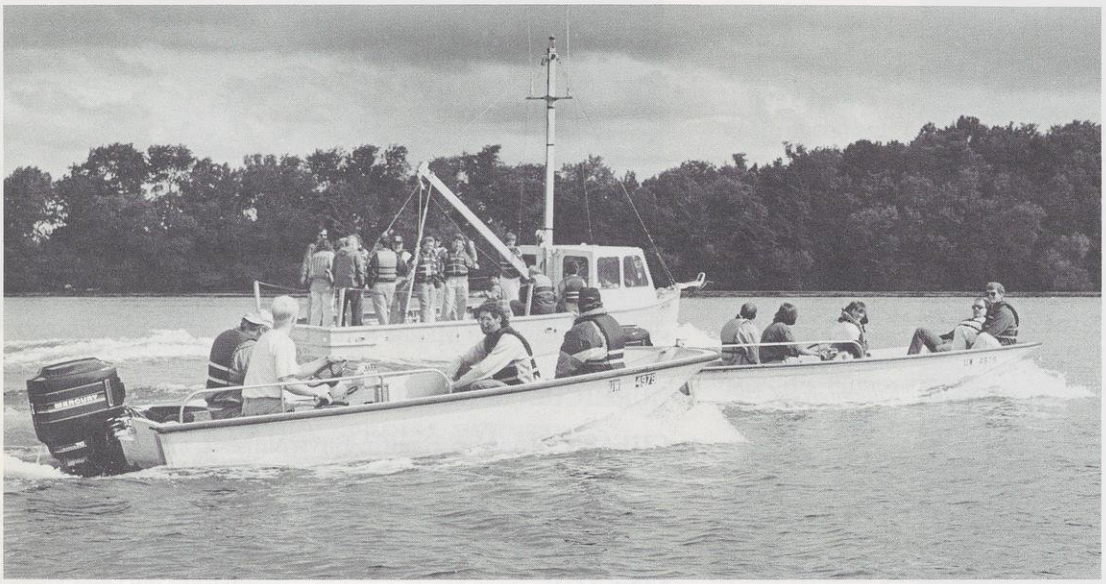
CASELinks
Newsletter of the Center for the Advancement of Science, Mathematics, and Technology Education.

Chippewa Treaty Rights: The Reserved Rights of Wisconsin's Chippewa Indians in Historical Perspective **by Ronald N. Satz**
Special edition of *Transactions;* received the 1992 Award of Merit from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Conference Proceedings
Abstracts from papers presented at the Wisconsin Academy annual conference on subjects ranging from science to history to literature.

Crossing the Great Divide **by Jean Feraca**
A book of poems about family heritage and the landscape of Italy.

Dancing With A Cowboy **by Sara Lindsay Rath**
A book of poems about "family, old loves, memories, and regret."

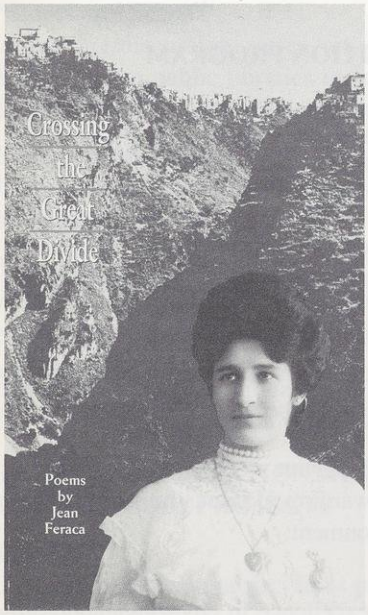


Members of the Earth Science Resource Associates program spend some time with the University of Wisconsin-Madison Center for Limnology to gain experience in research methods. Photo by Henry A. Koshollek.

Inside The Academy
A bimonthly newsletter about Wisconsin Academy activities and people.

Kaleidoscope
A publication for parents and teachers of grades K-3 designed to help integrate science and language arts. Available by subscription and sold as annual sets.

"Notable Wisconsin Children's Authors"
A brochure which features biographical and bibliographical information on selected Wisconsin authors of books for children. Produced by the Wisconsin Center for the Book.



Crossing the Great Divide. *Poems by Jean Feraca*

Partnerships in Math, Science, and Technology Education: A Framework
A report which provides a basis upon which partnerships can be formed among business, government, education, and community organizations.

Transactions
Annual scholarly journal of criticism and research in Wisconsin. Published continuously since 1870 and distributed to 642 libraries worldwide.

Wisconsin Community of the Book: A Directory
Provides information about not-for-profit statewide organizations which focus on books, literacy, and book arts. Produced by the Wisconsin Center for the Book.

WESTword
Newsletter of the Wisconsin Elementary and Middle Level Science Teachers.

Wisconsin Academy Review
Quarterly journal of Wisconsin culture written for the general reader. Includes nonfiction, fiction, commentary, art, poetry, and reviews—all with a Wisconsin connection. Published since 1954.

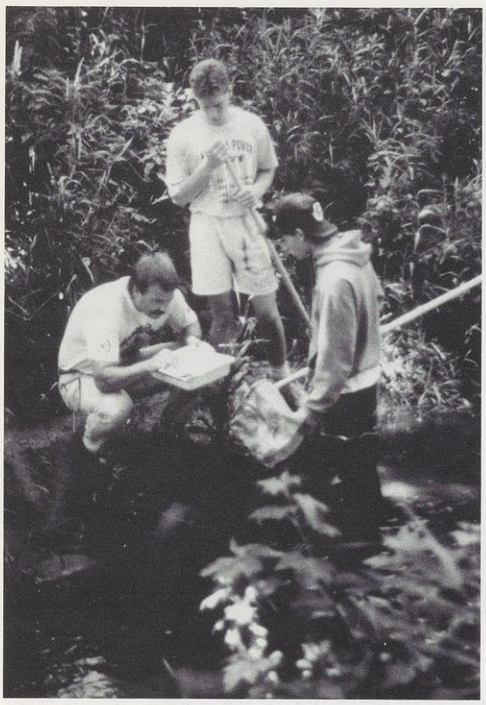
***Wisconsin Poetry* edited by Bruce Taylor**
Poetry anthology featuring the work of sixty-five poets from around the state. Special edition of *Transactions*

Posters and art prints
• *Centre & Circumference* by Nancy Burkert. Wisconsin Academy poster, full color. Original image in brush and watercolor. Poster size, 18 x 24 inches.
• *Lifeguard* by Robert Burkert. Two-color lithograph, umber black and cobalt, 1986. 15 x 22 1/2 inches.
• *Laurel in Silver* by Patrick Farrell. Wisconsin Academy poster, full color. Original image in oil. Poster size, 25 1/2 x 19 1/2 inches.

YOUTH PROGRAM

Kid's Choice
A program for students grades 4-8 to encourage critical thinking and a sense of literary quality as they read current literature and conduct discussions via telecommunications.

Chris Nelson



Augusta science teacher Paul Tweed, left, and students Bradee Johnson and Josh Kildahl, right, examine acquatic insects collected from Thompson Valley Creek near Augusta. Tweed participates in the Wisconsin Academy's field investigations program.

Madison Youth Arts Festival
Selects, recognizes, and features quality youth performances at a statewide festival held annually in Madison. The Wisconsin Academy acts as fiscal agent

Summer Environmental Institutes
Provides students with direct experience in the geology, ecology, and history of various areas of the United States. Program began in 1971

Wisconsin Science Congress
An annual presentation of science research by high school students. Program began in 1947.

TEACHER ENRICHMENT PROGRAM

Earthwatch
Six teachers are selected to participate in science-related expeditions to various parts of the world.

Earth Science Resource Associates (ESRA)
Designed to create working relationships between high school science teachers and university geoscientists with the goal of improving earth science instruction. A materials collection and human resource database is being established.

Field Experiences for Science Teachers (FEST)
Designed to enrich participants' experience and expertise and develop leadership ability.

Field Investigations-Research by Science Teachers (FIRST)
Teachers, with the mentorship of scientists at universities, colleges, and public agencies, conduct original field research and report on their work at conferences.

Science Workshops
A variety of workshops held in relation to *Kaleidoscope,* West-Superior Disks (see Curriculum Development category), and other science programs.

WEST Saturday Science
Presentations, workshops, and exhibits. Sponsored by Wisconsin Elementary and Middle School Science Teachers (WEST).

CURRICULUM DEVELOPMENT

CHEM (Chemicals, Health, Environment, and Me)
Program aimed at teachers of grades 5 and 6. Sponsored in conjunction with the Exxon Foundation and Lawrence Hall of Science at the University of California-Berkeley.

LINKAGE
Program identifies school, business, and government partnerships; designed to encourage quality in science, mathematics, and technology education. A program of CASE.

Project 2061
A national curriculum project with one of the six sites at McFarland. The Wisconsin Academy acts as the fiscal agent and, through CASE, provides consultation and operation of the telecommunication network.

WEST-Superior Disks
Teaching units developed by science teachers and placed on computer disks to allow for local adaptation. Distributed nationwide.

AWARDS AND RECOGNITION PROGRAM

Dresen Award
An annual award for excellence in photography and community service. First presented in 1990.

Fellows
Program consists of no more than fifty Wisconsin individuals who have made significant intellectual or cultural contributions to the state.

Forest Stearns Award
An award for the best paper on the subject of the environment presented at the Wisconsin Academy annual conference.

Lois Almon Small Grants Program
An annual solicitation and awarding of grants up to $1,000 for research relating to the environment.

MacQuarrie Award
An annual award given for excellence in environmental communications.

Laurel in Silver *by Patrick Farrell.*

CONFERENCES & OTHER SPECIAL EVENTS

Gallery
Exhibitions of work by a different Wisconsin artist each month. An opening reception is held for each artist, and occasional gallery talks are presented.

Annual Conference
Presentations of contributed research papers on science, art, history, and literature.

Discover Wisconsin Writers Week
Special events in October include promotion of Wisconsin writers to public, academic, and school libraries; also to selected book stores and media. Offered through the Wisconsin Center for the Book.

Evenings With The Academy
Talks/discussions on various topics of interest to members and the general public.

"Roots and Seeds"
A reading/discussion series on American Indian literature offered in ten public libraries in cooperation with local museums. Coordinated by the Wisconsin Center for the Book

Science/Mathematics/Technology Conference
Curriculum directors confer about quality elementary science and mathematics programs.

Wingspread Conference
An invitational statewide conference to re-think the vision of science, mathematics, and technology education in Wisconsin.

WESTfest
A conference for science educators. Sponsored by WEST.

TELECOMMUNICATIONS AND OTHER MEDIA PROJECTS

CASEnet
Telecommunication project links participants in programs conducted by CASE.

SHARE
Computer "pen pal" links teachers with teachers, students with students, and classrooms with classrooms.

Hmong New Year Video Project
Video documents the Hmong New Year celebration in Wisconsin.

Hmong Student Project
Trains students in the use of video for the purpose of documenting interviews with their relatives. Focuses on traditions and their experiences in Wisconsin.

Wild by Law
Video on wilderness and the land ethic for public television produced by Florentine Films. Features profiles of Aldo Leopold and other environmental leaders.

Cambodians in the United States
Video produced by Florentine Films in English and Cambodian languages.

Knute Rockne and the Meaning of Sports in America
Video produced by Florentine Films.

[Note: The Wisconsin Academy acts as fiscal agent for the projects with Florentine Films.]

WISMATE
Telecommunications project links seventeen fifth-grade classrooms with each other and three scientists to promote discussion on various science instructional topics ❧

Zane Williams

The Wisconsin Academy today

LeRoy R. Lee is executive director and Richard J. Daniels is associate director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Continued from Page 2

century. Both Frank Lloyd Wright, with his passive solar energy concept of almost fifty years ago, and Henry James Rogers, with his nineteenth-century vision for hydroelectric power, are examples of the Campbell principle. And in a related vein we have commentary from one Wisconsin citizen who attended the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro. Readers will also sense a hint of the Campbell principle in the work of Denise Sweet and in the fiction by Larry Edgerton.

❦

Again in an appreciation mode, I want to thank members of the *Review* editorial committee who are completing their terms: Martha Bergland, Martyn Dibben, and Paul Hayes of Milwaukee; Karlyn Holman, Washburn; and Bruce Taylor, Eau Claire. Thank you for sharing your expertise.

During a rush of gratitude we don't always remember to thank people close to home, and I want to do just that. So thank you to the Wisconsin Academy council for support and encouragement; to LeRoy Lee, our executive director, who provides a favorable environment for creativity and expression; to Richard Daniels, our new associate director, who responded to my wish for a color section and contacted those who funded it; and finally to my congenial colleagues at the Academy who put up with me through deadlines and offer help when help is needed.

Faith B. Miracle

Publication Announcement

Proceedings of the conference on *Human Values and the Environment*, held at the University of Wisconsin-Madison in October, are now being edited and will be published by the Wisconsin Academy for distribution early in 1993. The conference, which was sponsored by the Institute for Environmental Studies at the university, explored environmental issues from the perspectives of a variety of belief systems. Humanists and religious scholors from around the country shared their philosophies. Among the viewpoints represented were Buddhist, Native American, Islamic, Mennonite, Jewish, ecofeminist, and Christian. The keynote speech, titled "When the Dawn Comes Up Like Thunder: Looking Toward the 21st Century," was presented by Professor Gretchen Schoff of Madison.

Printed proceedings are $20. Audio and video tapes, featuring two speakers each, are available for $8 and $16, respectively. For additional information, contact Faith B. Miracle at the Wisconsin Academy, (608) 263-1692. ❧

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