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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Cover photograph by Erik Brynildson of the lilacs on John Muir's Fountain Lake Farm in Marquette County. The still blooming and fragrant pair of old world purple lilacs were brought over from Dunbar, Scotland, and planted in late April or early May 1849. John's sister Sarah did the digging; the farm became hers after her marriage to David Galloway in 1857 when the Muirs moved to Hickory Hill Farm.

The color cover is provided by the Walter and Trudi Scott Review fund.

Editorial — Exploring Legends

In this 150th anniversary year of John Muir's birth we offer two articles, by Erik Brynildson and George Bresnick, which touch on aspects of his life and career, and we note an article on Muir's early years in Wisconsin by Millie Stanley in the March 1988 issue (34:2). We so emphasize the role Wisconsin played in nurturing the young Muir that we may forget the claims other regions have on him. A couple of years ago in Martinez, California, we visited the Muir home (just off Muir Blvd. past the Muir condos) where we were dismayed to realize that many California Muir admirers are unaware of his Wisconsin years, although they readily acknowledge the Scottish origin. (Martinez is sister city to Dunbar, Scotland, where John Muir was born.) The cofounder of the Sierra Club, the father of the National Park system, the creator of Yosemite and Sequoia—he did much of his work in California. But we can all be grateful for whatever varied experiences formed the man who preserved so many of our natural treasures.

A young musician friend encouraged us to attend a concert in which he felt privileged to participate that was held during the Madison Festival of the Lakes. The concert was the première of jazz musician Roscoe Mitchell's classical compositions, and many fine musicians from UW-Madison's School of Music faculty were performing. The major orchestral work of the evening, "Variations and Sketches from the Bamboo Terrace," was most satisfying, but we found some of the chamber works puzzling and asked our friend about their appeal to the musicians. He was full of praise for the innovative ways Mitchell uses instruments as he "tries for new timbres" and "pushes music into the future." He somewhat condescendingly compared my response to the way audiences have always received the new music, from their horror at Beethoven's symphonies to their

riots at Stravinsky's premiere of "Le Sacre du Printemps." Audiences always do lag behind artists and must be aurally or visually educated to understand a new form.

This inability of the audience to respond immediately to the novel was also experienced by the artists featured in two important exhibitions which we attended this fall: "Frank Lloyd Wright and Madison" at the Elvehjem Museum of Art, University of Wisconsin-Madison and "The Art of Paul Gauguin" at the Art Institute of Chicago. Both Wright and Gauguin worked outside the accepted conventions of their media, and both were controversial, as men and as artists. The Wright exhibition demonstrates vividly how the controversy surrounding the man blocked the realization of his ideas; most of his designs in Madison were not built. We asked Elvehjem Director Russell Panczenko about public response to the Wright exhibition, which is among the museum's most ambitious. He said that he was gratified by the record attendance but somewhat surprised by the animosity Wright still arouses in people in Wisconsin. He found, particularly on radio talk shows about the exhibition, public response to the work was clearly subordinate to the response to the personality.

If audiences were once shocked by the personal life and art of Gauguin, we are now free to appreciate his work. The Gauguin (1848-1903) exhibition is large and lush—230 paintings, drawings, prints, and ceramic sculptures. Yet even after eight decades of modern art, the colors and images of these works have enough primitive power to thrill, if not shock, an audience.

Shock value as a virtue is a rather late arrival in the history of art, and even moderns who worship originality must eventually fall back on more traditional values of technique, proportion, occasionally even beauty or quality to sift the good from the merely novel.

Patricia Powell

Letter to the editor



Dear Editor:

I look forward to each issue of the *Review*, at least in the years since you have become editor. The varied content and special thematic issues have made this periodical one of increased importance. Given these standards I wonder why you chose to publish "Some Wisconsin Private Presses" by Emerson G. Wulling. [September 1988] There are a number of problems with this article that range from mistakes (transcription, etc.) to conceptual errors. In the bibliography Gretchen Lagana's brief bibliography is credited to Gretchen Lange, while the subtitle for *Book Publishing in Wisconsin* is given incorrectly. All of the citations are incomplete or otherwise erroneous.

The list of private presses in Wisconsin, a very difficult job of compilation for anyone, contains various mistakes as well as conceptual errors, errors that go to the heart of what troubles me about this piece. The author does not define the private press but refers us to some definition, i.e. "Three other presses in Wisconsin demonstrate some common characteristics of the private press." Without a definition it is hard to criticize Wulling's choices, but does anyone really think that Kitchen Sink Press is an appropriate choice?

Last, Wulling spends much of his time describing presses widely separated in time and in the sources for their aesthetic and intellectual stimulation, without informing us about the role, if any, of the private press in Wisconsin. The private press in Wisconsin deserves a critical and historical examination, but this falls considerably short.

James P. Danky
Newspaper and Periodicals
Librarian
State Historical Society of
Wisconsin

Authors

Margaret Savides Benbow won the George B. Hill Award in Poetry four times as an undergraduate at UW-Madison. Since then her poems have appeared frequently in anthologies and literary magazines, including *Poetry* and the *Kenyon Review*. In 1986 her poem "Fool for Love" won the second prize in the Denny Award, a national contest. In 1987 she won the Wildwood Prize.

George H. Bresnick, professor of ophthalmology at UW-Madison, joined the faculty in 1971. Born in Boston, he attended Harvard College and New York University Medical School. His interests in Emerson, Thoreau, and the New England Transcendentalists date to high school days when he attended the Boston Latin School on whose walls were inscribed the names of its eminent alumni: John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and numerous others. His research activities are divided between studying the problems of retinal diseases (caused by diabetes, aging, and hereditary factors) and reconstructing Madison history as it existed in the mid to late nineteenth century. He is currently working on biographical material relating to the life and literary works of John Muir.

Erik R. Brynildson, a landscape architect, specializes in historic landscape restorations and wildlife habitat improvement. He is a graduate of UW-Madison and currently resides on and is restoring a 17.11-acre portion of Fountain Lake Farm that includes the Muir building sites. He is completing thesis work for an M.S.L.A. degree at UW-Madison.

Anthony Bukoski, an assistant professor of English at UW-Superior, is also a member of Superior's Thaddeus Kosciuszko Fraternal Aid Society. His first book, *Twelve Below Zero* (1986), won a special achievement award from the Wisconsin Library Association.

Warrington Colescott is emeritus professor of art, UW-Madison and frequent contributor to "Galleria."

Daniel F. Cooper received his B.A. from UW-Eau Claire, his M.A. from the University of Minnesota, and is currently working on his Ph.D. in English language and literature. He began writing fiction in 1984 while working for the Fond du Lac Reporter, and his stories have appeared in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, *Streamlines*, and *Minnesota Ink*. Cooper is at work on a novel set in Mexico and spends much of his summers writing in the cafes near the ice cream stand of some fame.

Francis D. Hole, professor emeritus of soil science and geography, holds a B.A. in geology and biology from Earlham College, M.A. in French from Haverford College, and Ph.D. in geology and soil science from UW-Madison. He was on the faculty at UW-Madison for thirty-seven years, retiring in 1983. He values the opportunities he has had to map and study soils of Wisconsin. He enjoys sharing his observations about the "soil that supports us" through the media of prose, poetry, song, drama, and color slides.

Peter C. Merrill is an associate professor of languages and linguistics at Florida Atlantic University in Boca Raton, Florida. He holds a Ph.D. in linguistics from Columbia University. His interest in Julius Segall grew out of a more general interest in German immigrant culture in the United States. He has published several articles on German-American writers and artists, including one on Richard Lorenz in the *Review* (32:2).

Rachael Popowich has a B.A. in theatre and plans to earn a graduate degree in the same field. She directed and designed some costumes for the last two M.O.M. plays. She is costume coordinator and an apprentice dance teacher for Oak Apple Morris and also performs English country and Scottish country dancing.

Harvey Taylor is occasionally employed as a longshoreperson at Milwaukee's port. He regularly performs poems and songs and has published three books of poetry.

Donald E. Thompson is professor of anthropology at UW-Madison, where he specializes in the Peruvian Andes, historical archaeology, and primitive art and iconography. He has written articles for the *Review* on Peruvian archaeology (32:3), with Lynn Noel on the history of morris dancing (33:2), and with Thomas Fey on the fur trade in southern Wisconsin (34:3). He is currently squire of Oak Apple Morris and active in Scottish country, English country, and New England contra dancing.



John Muir at age 23. Photograph taken in 1861 at Madison.

Courtesy UW-Madison Archives.

Restoring the Fountain of John Muir's Youth

By Erik R. Brynildson

As a boy in Dunbar, Scotland, John Muir read of a wonder-filled country with boundless forests full of mysterious good things: trees full of sweet sugar growing in soils filled with gold, where hawks, ospreys, eagles, and passenger pigeons darkened the sky like storm clouds, and millions of birds' nests were scattered about the entire wild, happy land. Still in his tenth year, John, with his father Daniel, sister Sarah, and brother David "sailed away from Glasgow, carefree as thistle seeds on the wings of the winds, toward the glorious paradise over the sea." Five other members

of the Muir family stayed in Scotland until a homestead was readied. The transatlantic voyage lasted six and a half weeks, and as the sailing vessel approached the New World mainland, the immigrants aboard watched "whales, dolphins, porpoises and countless seabirds." Daniel Muir originally intended to settle in the "backwoods of Upper Canada," but after listening to grain merchants tell of the abundant wheat harvests in the "western States like Wisconsin and Michigan," he was persuaded to venture there. After they arrived in Milwaukee by steamer, a wheat farmer from Fort Winnebago, near Por-

tage, Wisconsin, agreed to haul the family with their "formidable load of stuff" to the little town of Kingston in Green Lake County, a distance of about 100 miles, for thirty dollars. Once they were in Kingston, a local land agent told Daniel Muir of Alexander Gray, a farmer who could help him locate a suitable farmstead site. After a few days, a "fine quarter-section of land was found, in a sunny open woods beside a lake." Daniel Muir left his family at the Gray farm and, with the help of some other area homesteaders, erected a small log shanty of bark-clad bur oak and hewn white oak. John Muir wrote:

To this charming hut, in the sunny woods, overlooking a flowery glacier meadow and a lake rimmed with water lilies, we were hauled by an ox-team across trackless *Carex* swamps and low rolling hills sparsely dotted with round-headed oaks . . . This sudden splash into pure wildness—baptism in Nature’s warm heart—how utterly happy it made us . . . Everything new and pure in the very prime of spring when Nature’s pulses were beating highest and mysteriously keeping time with our own. Young hearts, young leaves, flowers, animals, the winds and the streams and the sparkling lake, all wildly, gladly rejoicing together. Oh, that glorious Wisconsin wilderness!

The Wisconsin Territory had received statehood status less than a year before the Muirs’ arrival in the spring of 1849. Their chosen region, known then as “the District of the Sands,” was an unsettled landscape mosaic of riverine wetlands and kettle lakes, dry to wet prairies, and oak-hickory savanna. Ecologically, Daniel Muir could not have selected a richer place for son John’s nursery and perhaps a poorer place for a farm. The Buffalo Township, in south-central Marquette County, lies within what is known as Wisconsin’s sand counties. This is the area that Aldo Leopold referred to as “poor *land*, but rich *country*.” Leopold’s sandy Wisconsin River farm, with its now famous shack, is less than thirty miles west of the Muir farm.

Due to the many bubbling springs or fountainheads located in the “garden meadow” just downslope from the Muir homesite, all of which feed the lake beyond, Daniel Muir named the lake Fountain Lake and the farm Fountain Lake Farm.

Soon after the Muirs arrived, John, the eldest son at eleven, was sent out to clearcut the savanna and break the prairie sod. Not yet tall enough to see over the handles of the moldboard plow, he learned to till a straight furrow by watching



Sketch of Fountain Lake farmhouse by John Muir from *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, used with permission of Houghton Mifflin.

the horse’s mane. By the autumn of 1849, a substantial frame farmhouse was completed. Some dour desire for aloofness and independence, likely brought down from feudal times, prompted Scotch immigrants to build their houses far from the road and always on a hill with a wide view. The carpenters described the Fountain Lake farmhouse as “a palace of a house, with 8 full rooms—the best and fanciest in the Town of Buffalo.” Those same carpenters, John Muir later recalled, “noticed how the sedges sunk beneath their feet, and thought that if they should ever break through the bouncy mat, they would probably be well on their way to California before touching bottom.”

Upon completion of the “fancy house,” the “softer side” of the Muir family, consisting of mother Anne Gilrye-Muir and children Margaret (Maggie), Daniel Jr., twins Mary and Anna (Annie), arrived in pioneer Marquette County. One more child, Joanna, was later born at Fountain Lake Farm. Eventually, a group of simple farm buildings surrounded the house, and another quarter-section of land to the

northeast was acquired, increasing Fountain Lake Farm to 320 acres.

When John Muir was seventeen, his father again purchased more land. The fragile sandy soils of Fountain Lake Farm gave out under the intensive growing of winter wheat. And in a chain of sequences somewhat like that of the “House That Jack Built,” the Muirs had felled the trees that housed the birds that would have eaten the larvae that grew into the bugs that ate the wheat. As John was later fond of saying, “everything is hitched to everything else.” In his autobiography *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, published in 1913, just a year prior to his death, John Muir recalled the move to the second Muir farm:

After 8 years of this dreary work of clearing the Fountain Lake Farm, fencing it and getting it in perfect order, building a frame house and the necessary out-buildings for the cattle and horses,—after all this had been victoriously accomplished, and we had made out to escape with life; father bought a half-section

of wild land about 4 or 5 miles to the southeast and began all over again to clear and fence and break up other fields for a new farm, doubling all the stunting, heartbreaking chopping, grubbing, stump-digging, rail-splitting, fence-building, barn-building, house-building, and so forth . . . We called our second farm Hickory Hill Farm, from its many fine hickory trees and the long gentle slope leading up to it. Compared with Fountain Lake Farm it lay high and dry. The land was better (for farming), but it had no living water, no spring or stream or meadow or lake.

When the Muirs moved to Hickory Hill Farm in 1857, Sarah Muir had just married David Galloway, and together they took over the Fountain Lake Farm. With the move to Hickory Hill, John longed for the original farm with all its natural delights. He would regularly walk back to “botanize” and saunter about the lake and spring meadow. After receiving his first formal lesson in botany at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, he rushed back to his precious boyhood meadow to apply the new knowledge. Later, as an independent man, he tried several times to purchase and preserve that portion of the Fountain Lake Farm containing his sacred garden. Each time he was unsuccessful, which seems ironic when one considers the fact that John Muir, perhaps more than any other person, was responsible for the acquisition and preservation of millions of acres of national parklands and wilderness reserves.

Aldo Leopold, in his classic *A Sand County Almanac*, mentions Muir’s pioneer attempts at saving pure wildness for its own sake. In the essay “Good Oak,” Leopold gives a cultural chronology while sawing through eighty years of oak growth to fell a recent storm casualty. When he reaches the point where the tree is finally severed—the very core of the “good oak,” he writes:

The saw now severs 1865, the pith year of our oak. In that year, John Muir offered to buy from his brother-in-law, who then owned the home farm 30 miles east of my oak, a sanctuary for the wildflowers that had gladdened his youth. His brother-in-law declined to part with the land, but he could not suppress the idea: 1865 still stands in Wisconsin history as the birthyear of mercy for things natural, wild, and free.

A year before *A Sand County Almanac* was published, Leopold wrote a letter to Wisconsin Conservation Department (WCD) Director Ernie Swift proposing that the old Muir farm on Fountain Lake be designated as Wisconsin’s first state natural area. One week after the letter was written, Leopold died, on John Muir’s birthday, April 21, in 1948. Three years later the state got its first natural area at Parfrey’s Glen in Sauk County, an effort spearheaded by UW-Madison botanist Norman Fassett. Another famed ecologist of the “golden era in ecology” at the university had an active interest in Fountain Lake

Farm and its natural virtues. Botanist John Curtis, who wrote the “bible of Wisconsin plant ecology,” *The Vegetation of Wisconsin*, maintained a research site on a portion of the Fountain Lake Farm “home 80.” Curtis monitored plant community dynamics on a remnant of wet-mesic prairie adjacent to Fountain Lake. In the mid-1950s, another UW-Madison botanist, Hugh Iltis, completed a botanical inventory of the site, identifying over 300 species around the farm and lake area. At the same time, a local grassroots preservation effort was underway to protect Fountain Lake and its surrounding landscape in perpetuity. As a result, in May, 1957, the first forty acres of Muir Memorial County Park were dedicated. John Muir’s granddaughter gave the keynote speech.

The initial acreage for Muir Memorial Park was dedicated in May 1957. The ceremony featured a granddaughter of John Muir, shown here at the microphone. Photo by Sylvester Adrian.



Since that time, the park has gradually grown to its present size of 162 acres and contains all the peripheral lands surrounding 30-acre Fountain Lake. Also within the boundaries of John Muir Memorial Park are all but 17.11 acres of the Muirs' "home 80," the southerly half of the original quarter-section that included the Muir farmhouse and outbuildings. John Muir's inspirational boyhood meadow, with its network of bubbling fountains, along with a fen and shoreline bog mat, was designated as a state scientific and natural area in 1972. Little stewardship has been displayed since designation, and several portions of the area need attention. Regular burning, extirpated species reintroduction, and the hand-removal of invading woody vegetation would restore the site to a presettlement condition.

It was the boyhood "garden meadow" that most influenced Muir throughout his life. As a boy, he would climb atop the roof of the bur-oak shanty and watch courting cranes dance as a river of passenger pigeons roared by overhead. John Muir later journeyed around the world, but his memories often took him home:

When we first saw Fountain lake meadow, on a sultry evening, sprinkled with millions of lightning bugs throbbing with light, the effect was so strange and beautiful that it seemed far too marvelous to be real . . . Once I saw a splendid display of glowworms in the foothills of Calcutta, but glorious as it appeared in pure starry radiance, it was far less impressive than the extravagant, abounding, quivering, dancing fire on our Wisconsin meadow.

On a gentle south-facing slope just above this "firefly meadow" was located the Muir's Fountain Lake Farm homesite. Since late 1986, I have owned this 17.11 acre piece, the only portion of the original Muir "home 80" that is not publicly owned.



Doorstep stone to the Muir Fountain Lake farmhouse "cellarway," about 1920. Photo courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

The sand prairie sod, tilled in youth by the "father of our national parks" and cofounder of the Sierra Club, has remained fallow since 1949, when a small yield of corn was harvested. Then in 1960, like so many prairie places throughout the sands, another monoculture was planted in the old furrows. Twenty-seven years later I clearcut this dense crop of red pine (*Pinus resinosa*) to prepare the site for a return to the spring of 1849. A commercial operator removed and burned all the pine stumpage and slash, then rough-discd the prairie-savanna seed bed. In mid-May, 1988, a local farmer fine-tilled the site, and a few days later it was hand-planted by volunteers. Future stewardship efforts will include the control of black locust (*Robinia pseudoacacia*) and cypress spurge (*Euphorbia cyparissas*), a Muir garden escapee. Burning and mowing rotations will be designed and im-

plemented to enhance not only botanical species, but the whole flowing community.

In mid-summer, 1988, the Mecan River Youth Conservation Corps (YCC) cut and piled hundreds of eastern red cedar (*Juniperus virginianus*) trees in an adjacent Marquette County-owned old field to encourage grassland components. Miles of barbed wire have also been removed from the area. In September, 1988, approximately 200 bobwhite quail were released at selected sites around the farm environs. Numerous wood duck, kestrel, screech owl, squirrel, house wren, and bluebird nest-boxes have been placed at appropriate locations. Courtship song-perches to facilitate prairie avifauna were sculpted from the stems of eastern red cedars. Many of the historic views, especially those enjoyed by John Muir from his boyhood farmyard out onto his form-

ative meadow, have been restored by clearcutting obstructive vegetation.

I also have special interest in reintroducing prairie chicken to the region. Such attempts represent the frontier of modern landscape ecology and need trial-and-error experimentation. Resuscitating land is a complex and intricate undertaking. Our prairie foundation, the rich black mollisols and the “poor” dry sands, was fed and formed by more than the roots of silphium and bluestem. These soils were enriched by passenger pigeon guano, bison dung, and the bones of old Winnebagos as well. Native landscape restoration efforts must not stop with pretty prairie facades—we must breathe life back into them too! The boom of the prairie grouse and the yip-yapping of fox pups must be included.

The pair of lilacs that once flanked the Muir’s bur-oak shanty, planted in the spring of 1849 by John Muir’s sister Sarah, still bloom along the approach lane to my small residence. In addition to the lilacs, several enormous silver maple trees, originally planted by the Muir family to provide the sunny farmyard with fast-growing shade, still filter the light from the existing house. This dwelling was built in 1947 and sits directly atop the Muir farmhouse cellar depression site. Thus, it is identically site-oriented to the original Muir home. The Muir pioneer plantings, I believe, are priceless. Stewardship burns in fields adjacent to the historic homestead site must take optimal precautions to insure against runaway fires.

Fountain Lake Farm in 1952 with then-owner Archie Schmitz in the foreground. For years the site was a regular stop for tourists on the Meridian Route bus excursions. Photo courtesy of Erwin Schmitz.



The United Presbyterian Church was erected in 1865 between the two Muir farms. From its pine pulpit, John’s father Daniel Muir delivered “fire and brimstone” lay sermons. Photo by author.



While the dream shared by Muir and Leopold to restore and preserve the Fountain Lake Farm evolves toward reality, another of Muir's heartfelt desires never realized in his lifetime has been reborn in this sesquicentennial year of his birth. Earlier this year, Department of Interior Secretary Donald Hodel proposed a plan to dismantle the O'Shaunessy dam that floods Hetch Hetchy Valley within Yosemite National Park. The damming of Hetch Hetchy Valley, a place John Muir described as being equally as magnificent as Yosemite Valley, was the last major battle he fought. The loss, according to Muir biographers, was a great personal trauma for Muir and perhaps shortened his life. Hodel's proposal to remove the dam and restore the valley represents an unprecedented step forward for us as a culture. To admit our ecological mistakes and subsequently to correct our historical atrocities toward nature signifies genuine growth as a people. The Hetch Hetchy restoration could symbolize a new era in ecological awareness and sensitivity. If realized, the project would set the pioneer standard for a new frontier in the rehabilitation of Earth. It would further represent an enlightenment in our understanding of where and how we, as a single species, belong.

We believe that all the Muir farm buildings were gone shortly after the turn of the century. The last passenger pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoo in the autumn of 1914; John Muir died that following Christmas eve.

These humble sands are indeed "poor" agriculturally; it's simply harder to fill a silo in sand. They do yield fewer bushels of tangibles per acre, but, I believe, yield bumper-crops of intangibles like landscape perception and compassion for all life. Their richness is in their poverty. Muir, as well as Leopold, came to understand the sand and the secrets it holds. The sand has been the salvation of wildness,

In September 1987, I drafted a proposal to designate the Muir Memorial Park and the privately owned homesite acreage as a national historic site. The proposal was unanimously endorsed by the fourth World Wilderness Congress, which met in Estes Park, Colorado last fall. The proposal was also approved by the Marquette County Board in January, 1988, and then won the enthusiastic support of U.S. Senator Robert Kasten. Both Wisconsin U.S. senators, Kasten and William Proxmire, as well as Representative Thomas Petri, have given the idea their strong backing, and recently they cosponsored an appropriation of \$30,000.00 for the National Park Service (NPS) to conduct a new areas feasibility study. NPS Director William Penn Mott, has called the project the "number one priority facing staff in the NPS Omaha regional office."

In 1985, the local John Muir Chapter of the Sierra Club led a drive to acquire a twenty-seven acre parcel that immediately adjoins both the Muir Park and the Fountain Lake Farm "home 80." The piece was then deeded to The Nature Conservancy and will eventually be donated to Marquette County to increase the park acreage from 135 to 162. Across the county highway from Muir Memorial Park is the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Upper Fox River National Sandhill Crane Refuge. This area supports the greatest density of nesting sandhills in Marquette County, the county which consistently ranks highest in the annual statewide crane count. At present, I am coordinating an effort to add several hundred additional acres to the existing refuge. With the assistance of the Cleveland, Ohio office of the Trust for Public Land, we hope to have secured these lands by late 1988.



This aerial view, taken in 1955, shows Fountain Lake and adjoining environs. The Muir homestead was located in the middle-left portion of the photo. Photo by Fred Trenk.

a wildness still heard when the March mist is cracked by a bugling crane.

It is a special privilege to be a part of the place so dear to John Muir. Even today, one can sense the power of the place and its historical sacredness. There are times when the spirit of "John of the Mountains" can still be felt in the sand underfoot. In late 1895, in a speech to the Sierra Club in San Francisco, Muir recalled the evolution of his preservation ethic:

Saving bits of pure wilderness was a fond, favorite notion of mine long before I heard of national parks. When my father came from Scotland, he settled in a fine region of Wisconsin, beside a small glacier lake bordered with white pond lilies. And on the north side of the lake, just below our house, there was a carex meadow full of charming flowers

...

And when I was about to wander away on my long rambles, I was sorry to leave the precious meadow unprotected; therefore I said to my brother-in-law, who by then owned it, "Sell me the 40 acres of lake meadow, and keep it fenced and never allow cattle or hogs to break into it, and I will gladly pay you whatever you say."

I want to keep it untrampled for the sake of its ferns and flowers, and even if I should never see it again, the beauty of its lilies and orchids is so pressed into my mind, I shall always enjoy looking back at them in imagination, even across seas and continents, and perhaps after I am dead.

All quotations are from *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, by John Muir, published in 1913 by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, or from Muir's articles published primarily in *Century*, *Scribner's* or in *Overland Monthly Magazine*. ■

These species Muir wrote about finding on the Fountain Lake Farm are now absent from that area; many other plants and animals not specifically mentioned in John Muir's writings are long gone as well.

Locally extirpated plants

Wild rice
Lady's slipper orchid (rose-white)
Indian moccasin orchid (yellow)
Grass pink orchid
Rose pogonia orchid
Huckleberry
Cranberry

Locally extirpated animals

Gray fox
Winnebago and Menominee Indian
Black bear
Prairie grouse
Common loon
Bullfrog
Eastern hognose snake

Extinct animals

Passenger pigeon



In 1947 a local farmer built this house on the site of the Muir cellar depression. Photo courtesy Erwin Schmitz.

Fool for Love

He wrote haikus to "her delicate Victorian silences,
her little geisha feet." He meant me and never knew
I hissed *mistaken identity*, mentally swung hagfish
and heaved them in his face, kicked him with dolls' feet
and slapped him silly.

I always wanted to be like the wild women in old movies
who have whole storm systems of black hair,
who are earthy and hotten things up
and whose great talent is in letting themselves
go, go, go. (Oh, let it be me,
Dolores del Rio in *Bird of Paradise*
when with star-shaped tears and not one word
she slowly chews the pomegranate,
then puts her lips to the feverish lips of Joel McCrea
and pushes the fruit into his mouth: one last look:
then goes away, doomed, gorgeous,
to throw herself into the volcano.)

Young men in old movies are fools for love.
Heathcliff smashes his fist through glass.
King Kong's eyes run rivers as Fay Wray
sits in his hand for the last time.
John Garfield rides beside Ann Sheridan in a dusty coupé,
looks her up and down, "I'm crazy about ya, baby,"
and lustily cracks his gum.
Then, too, there is Valentino advancing
with rich Latino menace, through fogs of patchouli,
toward that woolly lamb Agnes Ayres:
"Why—why have you brought me here?"
He narrows his eyes and wonderfully replies,
"Mon Dieu! Are you not woman enough
to know?"

Fumbling among perfumes, I choose Tabu.
In the ad, it is clear the man and woman (in evening dress)
have been playing some noble ravishing phrase from Beethoven
and now his hands crush her strapping shoulders,
her neck rears like a pulsing snake.

I quote Mick Jagger to myself,
and then Camus:

It's all right to let yourself go
if you can get yourself back

*Sometimes to suppress a dive
leaves one strangely aching.*

All around me the high flyers plummet past.
The neighbor girl colors her grand fall
with severe strokes of black and white,
"Friday night I went out for cigarettes, met Chad,
Monday morning I woke up on Pine Island—
oh God, it's all a blank."
She draws on a cigarette, leaving me
to envious surmise.
Her irises range around, pure goofball
and yet marbled with lovely colors from the moon
and from Pine Island,
drugged lilac, blackest thorn.

I curse my little geisha feet
that never climbed a diving board.
Furiously I revise my script,
adjust for age and climate, determined that *someday*
I too shall have my splashy steamy plunge.

When I am an old burning loaf of a woman
(perhaps in Europe, where ripeness is all)
I will look into the eyes of some hairy attendant
who makes my bed, and counts my bones.
He will measure out my nitroglycerine,
give me little sips. "Are you comfortable?"
I'll ignore him, smell a rose. He'll say,
"What more can I do?" At last:
I'll give him a *film noir* look and hiss,
"Mon Dieu, are you not man enough to know?
Read my Lips."

Margaret Savides Benbow



Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882).
Drawn by T. De Codezo, 1882.
Courtesy State Historical Society of
Wisconsin

Ralph Waldo Emerson in Madison, Wisconsin Transcendentalism to Wilderness Conservation

By George H. Bresnick

The transplanted New Englanders eagerly awaited the arrival in Madison of their intellectual progenitor, Ralph Waldo Emerson, the Concord sage who had placed American intellectual endeavors on a firm native footing. The date was January 26, 1867, and Emerson, on one of his periodic lecture tours through the Midwest, was delayed one day in Milwaukee by the heavy snow that postponed his Madison-bound train. These trips, which represented Emerson's major source of financial livelihood, were

a mixed blessing: they took him away from his family, but allowed him to renew acquaintances among the pioneers of frontier America. Emerson must have appealed to these hardy individualists, with his Yankee demeanor and stalwart philosophy, typified in his essay "Self Reliance." Many of them had given up the security of New England hamlets for the hardships and uncertainties of the West. Nostalgic reminders of their New England roots were in evidence in Madison, however; familiar foods were available at the New England Bakery on

Main Street between Webster and Butler, where 'cakes, brown bread and Boston crackers' were advertised, and the New England Boarding House on Webster between Pinckney and King streets provided lodgings.

The extent to which the Madisonians identified with New England can be gleaned from a note in the *Wisconsin State Journal* published in Madison December 23, 1866, two weeks before Emerson's visit. The subheading announces the "Anniversary Supper of the New England Society" in

Madison, celebrating Forefathers' Day, the commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims in Plymouth on December 21, 1620. Held at the Vilas House Hotel at the corner of Main and Wisconsin Avenue, it was a festive, well-attended event; the meal was sumptuous and the drinks flowed freely. J. H. Carpenter, chairman of the Celebration Committee, read excerpts from letters received from prominent New England figures. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote from Massachusetts, "... hoping that the transplanted institutions of New England may thrive as vigorously [in Madison] as on their native rock." From Joseph Hawley, governor of Connecticut, came a proselytizing message,

The influence exerted upon the West by New England men and ideas, great as it is acknowledged to be, is not likely to be overestimated, and it is exceedingly pleasant for us who stay at the old homesteads to see that it is not forgotten by our absent friends.

It is in this context, reminiscent of the Hellenizing zeal of ancient Greeks in Asia Minor, that we should view the appearance of Emerson on Wisconsin soil.

Prominent among those who would meet Emerson on his visit to Madison were two outstanding women who have been nearly forgotten in Madison history: one was a link to Emerson's early Transcendentalist roots and the other would facilitate his meeting in the California wilderness with a spiritual kinsman. The former was Marianne Ripley, one of the cofounders of the Brook Farm utopian community in the rural outskirts of Boston; the latter was Jeanne Smith Carr, botanist and nurturing muse to the naturalist and conservationist John Muir. These two women and their connections with Emerson are the main subjects of this historical sketch.

Marianne Ripley was born in the western Massachusetts town of Greenfield in 1797. Her fa-

ther, Jerome Ripley, was a distant cousin of Emerson through Emerson's maternal step-grandfather, the Reverend Ezra Ripley, a scion among Concord families, who resided in the Old Manse which still stands in Concord overlooking the "... rude bridge where was fired the shot heard 'round the world." The Old Manse later was the temporary home of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was one of the original members of the Brook Farm community, an experience which he later fictionalized in *The Blithedale Romance*. Marianne's brother George Ripley had been ordained a Unitarian minister in 1826 after graduation from Harvard College and the Cambridge Divinity School. Because of deep philosophical differences with the established Unitarian Church, he left the ministry in 1840, in the wake of Transcendentalism and the Socialist fervor that swept liberal Christian intellectual circles in the 1830s and 1840s.

With a small band of idealistic romantics, George Ripley bought a tract of land in West Roxbury and established a relatively short-lived but long-remembered utopian community, modeled in part on the socialist principles of Fourierism. Urging Emerson to join Brook Farm, Ripley wrote to him in 1840:

Our objects, as you know, are to insure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists; to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible in the same individual; ... to do away with the necessity of menial services, by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all; and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent, and cultivated persons, whose relations with each other would permit a more simple and wholesome life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions. (Frothingham, 307-12, Nov. 9, 1840)

Emerson, after considerable soul-searching, declined to accept Ripley's invitation to join the com-

munity. He confided with typical self-criticism to his brother William:

I am very discontented with many of my present ways & bent on mending them; but not as favorably disposed to his [Ripley's] Community of 10 or 12 families as to a more private reform ... Can I not get the same advantages at home without pulling down my house? Ah my dear brother that is the very question we now consider. (Rusk, 2:364-65, Dec. 2, 1840)

Writing in his journal, he was more of the skeptic and individualist:

I wish to be convinced, to be thawed, to be made nobly mad by the kindlings before my eyes of a new dawn of human piety. But this scheme was arithmetic and comfort ... And not once could I be inflamed—but sat aloof & thoughtless ... I do not wish to remove from my present prison to a prison a little larger. I wish to break all prisons. I have not conquered my own house ... Moreover to join this body would be to traverse all my long trumpeted theory ... that one man is a counterpoise to a city ... that his solitude is more prevalent & beneficent than the concert of the crowds. (Emerson, Journals, 5:473-74, Oct. 17, 1840)

Although its financial success did not match its supporters' enthusiasm, the experiment did gain international renown; as Ripley noted in a March 26, 1866 letter to his sister Marianne in Madison,

... it is just 25 years ... since we packed up our souls and our bodies in Mr. Ellis' old wagon and went out to Brook Farm. Who would have thought that such a strange and eventful history was to be the consequence ... (Brigham papers, SHSW)

Marianne Ripley's personal commitment to the Brook Farm project is attested to, in part, by her financial contribution at its inception; she was one of the original ten shareholders, and as such, participated in the group meetings to es-

establish the policies and goals of the community. More important, she served as the young children's teacher at the boarding school established across the road from the grounds of the Brook Farm property and was listed in the 1841 Charter of Brook Farm as one of the directors of education along with Sophia Ripley (George's wife) and Charles A. Dana. (Frothingham, 112-17) The school was of considerable consequence to the community, as a source of much needed income as well as a means to educate the next generation in the principles of the association. Miss Ripley's reputation among the students was that of a fairly strict disciplinarian, and because of this and her tall, erect stature, she was dubbed in good humor by a community wag as "your Perpendicular Majesty," and by the children as "the grenadier." (Sears, 7) However, her somewhat forbidding public personality belied the extreme inner warmth and affection with which she regarded the children, as revealed in her later correspondence.

Although Marianne's personal relationship with Emerson is not well documented, she undoubtedly had frequent contact with him during his visits to her brother George in Boston and at some of the events marking the inception of New England Transcendentalism as a movement. In 1836, prior to the Brook Farm experiment, George Ripley, Emerson, and a few other like-minded individuals formed a literary club that became known as the Transcendental Club; they subscribed to the spiritual philosophy of Samuel Taylor Coleridge as opposed to the sensual empiricism of John Locke, and admired the English writer Thomas Carlyle and such German Romantics as Goethe. The first official meeting of the club was held at George Ripley's home in Boston on September 19, 1836, and some subsequent meetings were held there as well. Those invited included such Boston literary luminaries as Bronson Alcott (Louisa May's father, founder of the con-

troversial Temple School and later of the also short-lived utopian community, Fruitlands) and Margaret Fuller (the outspoken feminist and literary critic) as well as others disenchanted by the philosophical rigidity of orthodox Unitarianism. Out of these gatherings developed the Transcendentalist movement, and its literary journal, *The Dial*, edited by Fuller, Emerson, and George Ripley. Marianne Ripley may have attended some of the Transcendental Club meetings (Swift, 8), but proof is lacking. We know from a letter (from Sarah Ripley to John Dwight, Feb. 15, 1840) now in the Boston Public Library that she was present at some of Margaret Fuller's Conversations, a popular focal point for Boston's liberal intellectuals, held at Elizabeth Peabody's book shop on Beacon Hill.

After Brook Farm failed financially in 1847, George and Sophia Ripley moved to New York, where George later joined the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune* and its abolitionist activist editor, Horace Greeley. Marianne opened a school in Concord, Massachusetts in 1848, but later joined George and Sophia in New York. The subsequent outbreak of the Civil War, with its attendant suffering and horrors, had a more profound psychological effect on the civilian population than we at such a distance of time might appreciate. Both Sophia and Marianne suffered severe depressions during the war. Sophia died in 1861. Marianne left New York at the conclusion of the war, and after a stay with her family in Greenfield, Massachusetts, moved with some trepidation to Madison, Wisconsin in 1865. There she joined her widowed sister, Elizabeth Ripley Brigham. Marianne had visited Elizabeth in Madison in 1840 and was so impressed with its beauty that she had determined some day to live there.

The Brighams like the Ripleys were a Greenfield family. Ebenezer Brigham migrated west and became the first white settler in Dane County; his lead mine and farm in Blue Mounds, Wisconsin are still

owned and inhabited by descendants of his brother David Brigham. David had married Elizabeth Ripley in Greenfield, and the couple moved to Madison in 1839. David graduated from Harvard (1810), practiced law in Greenfield, and later became a senior member of the Wisconsin Bar in Madison. David died in 1843, and Elizabeth later lived with her daughter, Marianne, and her husband Horace G. Bliss, a bookseller and stationer, on Butler Street between Main and Wilson. It was to this house that Marianne Ripley came in 1865. The Blisses and Elizabeth Brigham had lived in Jackson, Michigan in the 1850s, and Elizabeth, in a letter to her son Jerome Ripley Brigham, described a lecture that Emerson had given there on February 1, 1854. After the lecture Horace Bliss had a conversation with Emerson, who spoke with high regard about "Aunt Marianne" Ripley. (Brigham papers, SHSW)

An indication of Marianne's warm personality can be found in her support of George Ripley's second wife, Louisa Augusta, of Austrian birth, whom other members of George's family apparently were slow to accept. In one of her letters to Louisa in New York, Marianne, in referring to Emerson, must have advised her not to be put off by his cold exterior, because Louisa responded, after meeting Emerson at a dinner party at her New York apartment:

You ask me whether I will take your side and acknowledge that Mr. Emerson has a heart . . . he spoke very kindly of his children which led me to the conclusion that he is a very good father, and this fact alone shows that there is a heart within. (Louisa to Marianne, Feb. 27, 1866, Brigham papers, SHSW)

George Ripley echoed these sentiments, when he wrote to Marianne in Madison later from a trip to Europe, stating that Emerson had mellowed considerably in recent years. (Frothingham, 255, Feb. 12, 1867)

In letters to her son Jerome, Elizabeth Brigham speaks of Emerson's lecture in Jackson, Michigan: (Feb 7, 1854) "Emerson's lectures before the young men's association last week were very well received. The audience was not large, but attentive. The subject was 'Power.' Mr. Bliss said he had never been more interested in a lecture . . . But you have heard him before this, I suppose, and can judge for yourself." (March 1, 1854) "Wish you had seen & heard Mr. Emerson. Mr. Bliss called upon him & enquired after eastern friends. He spoke in high terms of Aunt Marianne. . . ." Letters courtesy of Mrs. Elizabeth Brigham Rooney, Brigham Farm, Blud Mounds, Wisconsin.

Jackson Feb. 7th 1854

My dear son,

You have before this
received a letter from
Jackson +

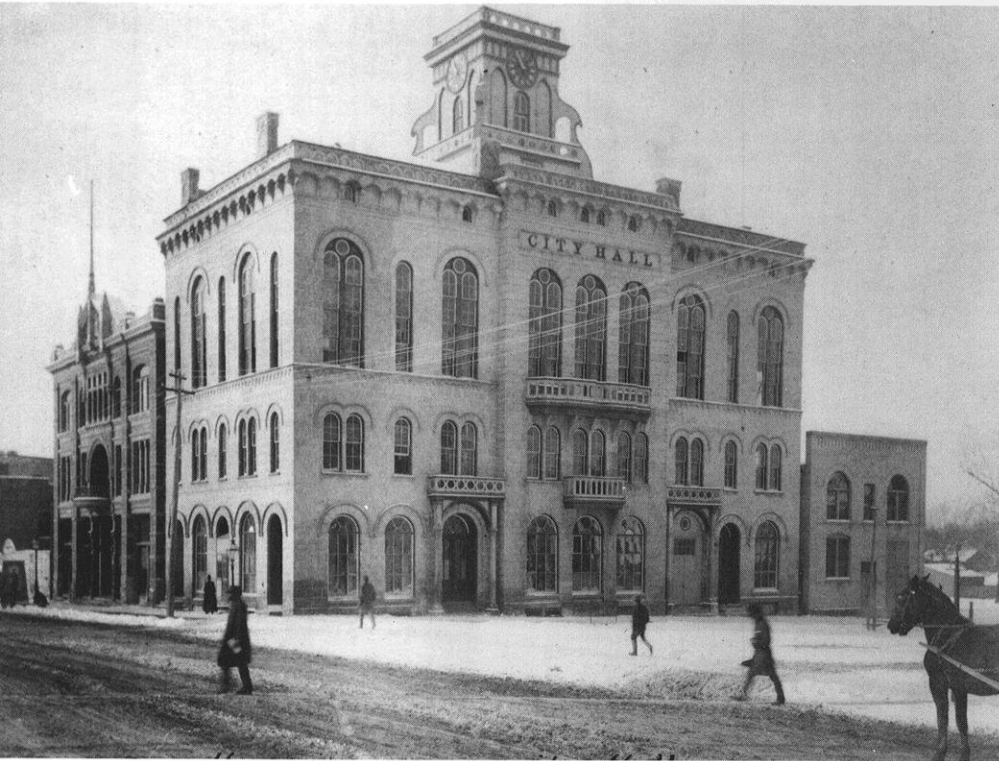
Wish you had seen & heard Mr. Emerson.
Mr. Bliss called upon him & enquired after
eastern friends. He spoke in high terms of Aunt
Marianne. We have since heard J. G. Searle. He
was not in good health & in some measure
disappointed the expectations of his hearers.
Mr. M. G. & Mrs. Gibson of our family
have decided to open a law office in
you to leave some time next month.
Mr. Brigham I understand is to take
Gibson's place in the office of Higby, Tote & Co.
How are Christine & her husband & babies?
I should love to see them all. Do you hear
whether Mrs. Budget had left the country?
I regret that she could not have visited her
western friends. Did you see Mrs. James
Albrecht & she has quite recently been visiting
in Milwaukee - I think you would be pleased
with her.

With much love from all
I remain very affectionately
Your brother

In January, 1867, Emerson was due to arrive in Madison. Marianne had spent several days before Friday, January 25th in Milwaukee attending a meeting of liberal Unitarian ministers and lay people convened to form the Wisconsin and Minnesota Conference of Unitarian Churches. She had helped to establish the first Unitarian Society in Madison and was so enraptured with the liberal Christian doctrines that her brother George had warned her that the religion "... is better for you than any medicine, though I do not advise you to take Liberal Christianity as a drug." (Frothingham, 255) So intent was she on not missing Emerson's lecture the next day in Madison that she managed to catch the night train from Milwaukee to Madison on Friday despite the inclement weather and heavy snow fall, not realizing that Emerson himself had failed to reach Madison until Saturday, a day later than his scheduled arrival. It was with a touch of dry New England humor that the front page of the *Wisconsin State Journal* for Saturday morning contained a poem by Ralph Waldo Emerson entitled "The Snowstorm," along with an explanation inside that Emerson had telegraphed his delay, caused by the 'snow blockade,' but that the trains were now running on time, and he was expected to arrive at 4 p.m.

Emerson was met at the train terminal by Horace Rublee, publisher with David Atwood of the *Wisconsin State Journal*. Rublee, a leader of Wisconsin's Republican Party and a strong supporter of Abraham Lincoln in his successful bid for the presidency in 1860, was born in Berkshire, Vermont in 1829. He was also a friend of the Ripley and Brigham families and corresponded extensively with Marianne's nephew Jerome Ripley Brigham (Elizabeth Franklin Brigham's son) in Milwaukee, mostly regarding state Republican Party issues.

In their sleigh ride up King Street on the way to the lecture, Emerson brought greetings from Milwaukee



The old city hall of Madison, Wisconsin, where Emerson lectured in 1867. Photograph (circa 1890) shows Fuller Opera House at left. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

from Marianne Ripley, apparently unaware that Marianne had returned the preceding evening and was waiting to listen to his lecture to the Madison Institute at City Hall on Wisconsin Avenue and Mifflin Street. The lecture entitled "Society" was well received by an enthusiastic crowd, according to a *Wisconsin State Journal* article most likely written by Rublee. The subject matter was "manners, dress, hospitality, social intercourse and the proper conduct of life." It was, however, his personal presence and bearing that probably most captivated his audience that night.

He bears his years [age 63] well. His brown hair is scarcely touched with gray . . . And his slight stoop is rather that of the student than of the old man . . . In his general physical configuration he is a genuine Yankee, tall, lean and angular . . . His face is thin and his features marked

and prominent. The nose, in particular, is conspicuous, a prodigious promontory, of the Roman type with ample nostrils . . . His head looks small, but with a good development of the portion which phrenologists assign to the perceptive and reflective faculties . . . He has a peculiarly pleasant smile, and a fine, sonorous, flexible, sympathetic voice. (*Wisconsin State Journal* January 27, 1867)

Marianne's enthusiasm that evening is reflected in a letter from her brother George in February 1867: "What a treat it was to you, to be sure, to meet the seraphic R.W.E. way up there in your end of the earth!" (Frothingham, 255)

Even more exciting for Marianne was Emerson's agreement to give the sermon to her budding Unitarian Society on Sunday on the subject of eternal life, a sermon which

Marianne described as "... a very profound dissertation on Immortality. I have never heard anything on the subject finer than this . . ." (Marianne to Jerome Brigham, Jan. 30, 1867, Brigham papers, SHSW). We don't know the extent to which Emerson reminisced with Marianne about the early days of Transcendentalism in Boston and at Brook Farm. She does describe the pleasure of talking to him and hearing news about George and Louisa, whom Emerson had just visited in New York. It is not clear where Emerson's sermon was held. The Unitarians at this time were renting space for their services at the Church of the Messiah on Webster Street, with Rev. Marshall G. Kimball as pastor, and that is probably where Emerson's sermon was delivered. As an aside, one month after Emerson's sermon, a lecture by Rev. Robert Collyer was advertised in the *Wisconsin State Journal* also to be given at the Unitarian Church; Collyer, a friend of Emerson and a Unitarian minister in Chicago, had been asked to take the place of Theodore Parker, a founding father of the Unitarian Society in America and minister at the West Roxbury Unitarian Church, to which in the 1840s the more religiously inclined at Brook Farm would walk in order to attend Sabbath services.

Emerson's sermon to the Unitarians on Sunday was a last-minute arrangement, and probably for that reason it did not attract a very large gathering. It was also unfortunate that another Emerson admirer and friend, the well-known classics professor at the University of Wisconsin James Davie Butler was unable to attend, since he was scheduled on the same day to present the sermon at the Baptist Church.

Emerson himself described his Saturday night lecture as a success and commented to his wife by letter that members of the state legislature were able to attend, since the legislature was at that time not in session. Unfortunately, Emerson gives little other information about those he contacted during his Madison stay, except regarding a brief



Gravestone of Marianne Ripley (1797-1868) in Forest Hill Cemetery, Madison.

visit to the university on Monday, which will be described later in this article.

Marianne and her sister Elizabeth had dreamed of starting a kindergarten together in Madison, but Marianne died in May 1868. She is buried in the Brigham family plot at Forest Hill Cemetery (Madison), near the monument to Ebenezer Brigham and next to David Brigham and to her sister Elizabeth. Her simple white marble tombstone is a reflection of the modesty of her quiet life, dedicated to the education of the children she loved. The stone itself was designed with her quiet grace in mind by her nephew Jerome. Her brother George had written the following to Jerome shortly after her death:

Monument should be decent and handsome, but anything beyond the average in display or elegance would be as repugnant to Aunt M's feelings as it was to wear the cloak we brought her from Paris. (George to Jerome, Sept. 12, 1868, Brigham papers, SHSW)

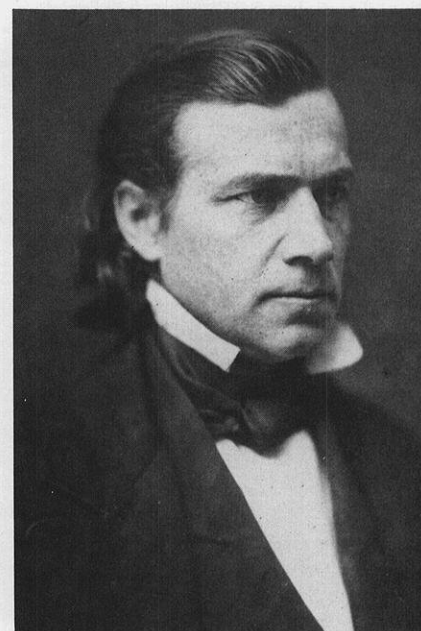
Her role as a supporter of the Transcendentalist movement should be recognized and remembered, although this recognition was not something that she needed or wanted. When Marianne died, editor Horace Rublee wrote the very flattering obituary in the May 7, 1868 *Wisconsin State Journal*, in which he documented her contributions to the Transcendentalist movement, a tribute for which George Ripley was very grateful. (George to Jerome, May 12, 1868, Brigham papers, SHSW)

There are no notations for Jeanne Carr in Emerson's notebooks before January 1867; how he knew her is unclear. Jeanne Caroline Smith Carr was born in Castleton, Vermont in 1825, to Albert and Caroline Smith; her father was a physician. She attended the Castleton Seminary for Girls, where an early interest in botany was fostered by the school principal, Lucius Fayette Clark, an inspiring teacher who taught her techniques of botanical specimen collection and identification. Many years later she wrote a tribute to Clark as an enthusiastic and energetic teacher, to whom she owed "... my love of woods and walking ... [he] encouraged our exploration into the wonders of the natural world," a role that she was to play in the education of John Muir. (*Vermont Historical Society Bulletin* 26:199-205) The link between Jeanne Smith and Emerson may have been her future husband, Ezra Slocum Carr, born in Stephentown, N.Y. in Rensselaer County and educated at Rensselaer Polytechnical School in natural sciences and medical studies. Ezra Carr in 1842 was appointed to the faculty of the Castleton Medical College, a prominent homeopathic medical institution of the time, and there he met Jeanne Smith, a vivacious and energetic young woman; the couple eloped in 1844. Carr taught chemistry at Albany Medical College from 1851 until 1856 when they moved to Madison where Carr, at the urging of Chancellor Lathrop who had traveled to New York to attract him to Madison, was appointed professor of chemistry and later of natural history at the six-year old University of Wisconsin. Carr was one of



Jeanne Caroline Smith Carr (1825-1903). Carte-de-visite by Dunham & Lathrop, Oakland, California. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Ezra Slocum Carr (1819-1894). Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin



only five professors at the University in 1856.

Professor Carr's activities in Vermont and in Albany indicate interests that later would influence his young student at the University of Wisconsin, John Muir. As a Vermont state legislator he advocated a geological survey for the state and argued for more liberal provisions for public education. Carr once in Albany lectured on useful scientific subjects to the working men of the city, reinforcing his belief that American education required more practical courses. Carr was also a friend of Louis Agassiz, the Swiss-born Harvard professor of geology, whose theories of glaciation Muir would later apply to geological studies in the Sierras. Agassiz was a member of Ralph Waldo Emerson's inner circle of literary and scientific friends, and it may well have been through Agassiz that the Carrs became personally acquainted with Emerson in new England.

Jeanne Carr pursued her botanical interests in Wisconsin, and, as an agent for the Wisconsin State Agricultural Society, in September 1860 went to the State Agricultural Fair on the grounds of the university to view the incredible inventions of John Muir, who came from the farmlands outside of Montello in Marquette County. After spending his early childhood in Scotland, Muir had moved to Wisconsin with his family. At a young age he began to devise complex pieces of handmade wooden machines which performed such tasks as automatically moving his book into position at his desk at a predetermined time to help him study more efficiently. A restored example of this original piece of work is on permanent display on the ground level of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

So impressed was Mrs. Carr with Muir's ingenuity and inventiveness that she encouraged him to enter the university, where he studied, among other things, chemistry and geology with her husband and classics with one of the university's favorite professors, James Davie Butler. Although Muir displayed

At this January 1867 meeting in Madison Jeanne Carr recommended to Emerson that Rev. Brooks might be a worthy person to edit the journals of Henry David Thoreau, who had died in Concord, May 6, 1862, before many of his personal writings could be developed into publishable form. The publication of the journals had become a major preoccupation for Emerson, who felt a profound personal commitment to the task. The esteem in which Emerson held Mrs. Carr's opinions can be seen in a letter he wrote to Benjamin Wiley, a Chicago banker and great admirer of Thoreau, one week after leaving Madison; Emerson mused,

Perhaps only Rev. Mr. Brooks of Hamilton College in Madison N.Y. is I learn from Mrs. Carr at Wisconsin University, Madison, Wisc. the second Thoreau, who she thinks is fit to edit the "Field Notes" of the first. Him I have not yet seen. (Rusk, vol. 5:494, Feb. 6, 1867)

Emerson was somewhat confused in his recollections; the Rev. Mr. Brooks mentioned by Jeanne Carr was almost certainly Walter R. Brooks, a Baptist pastor connected with Madison University (now Colgate University) in Hamilton, N.Y. and later a lecturer in natural history at that institution. (Williams) The Carrs knew Brooks from the years 1856 to 1858 when he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Madison, Wisconsin. Like Professor Carr, Brooks's classroom in Hamilton was less the laboratory and more the out-of-doors, and he managed to reconcile Darwinism and Christianity by characterizing "evolution as the method of God." Brooks's ideas were published posthumously in 1889 as a collection of sermons and writings entitled *God in Nature and Life*, a copy of which can be found in the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, affixed with an original letter from his wife to Daniel L. Durrie, Esq., stating that "Mrs. Dr. Carr of Pasadena Cal. has suggested to me to place in the Library at Madison a volume [by] my late husband. . . ." Emerson apparently never contacted Rev. Brooks; the editing of the journals was ultimately done by Thoreau's close friend and traveling companion, Harrison Gray Otis Blake, and published by Houghton Mifflin in four volumes in a form that Blake thought reflected Thoreau's original purpose. The volumes were organized according to the seasons: Early Spring in Massachusetts (1881), Summer (1884), Winter (1888), and Autumn (1892).

It is possible that Rev. Brooks is also being alluded to in a letter that John Muir wrote to Mrs. Carr from Yosemite, in which he stated, "Your Brooksonian letters I have read with a great deal of interest. They are so full of the spice and poetry of unmingled Nature, and in many places they express my own present feelings very fully. (Badè, 1:226, July 29, 1870)

considerable mechanical talents, Jeanne Carr encouraged him in botanical subjects, and together they collected and catalogued many hitherto undescribed species of wild flora in Wisconsin. Muir also spent memorable hours in the Carr sandstone home at number 114 West Gilman Street, a house which still stands at its original location. (The house had been built in 1856-57 by

Julius T. White, secretary of the Wisconsin State Insurance Company; the Carrs purchased it in 1859.) The Carr home provided Muir a different environment from the strict, austere atmosphere in the Marquette County farmhouse ruled over by his dour and at times seemingly cruel Scots father, Daniel. John Muir in a letter to Jeanne Carr in September of 1865 recalled

During Emerson's visit to Madison in 1867, Jeanne Carr gave him a speech by an American Indian named Red Jacket, or Sagoyewatha, which Emerson noted in his journal was similar to a speech by Red Jacket that he already had. (Emerson, Journal, 10:183, Feb. 13, 1867) During the week following his visit to Madison, Emerson visited a Sioux Indian village in Faribault, Minnesota, where he was ushered into the tent and treated as an honored guest. To reassure his daughter Ellen that he was not likely to be harmed in this remote northern outpost, he wrote that all the able-bodied Indian males had been deported to Nebraska, apparently for fears of a potentially bloody uprising. Emerson was a defender of human rights as evidenced by his anti-slavery position. His sentiments in favor of American Indian rights had constrained him to make a rare public political speech in Concord in April 1838 in which he decried a federal governmental attempt to deny the Cherokees lands legally given to them by treaty.



Red Jacket, Sagoyewatha (1758?-1830). Copy of a painting by George Catlin. Red Jacket, a chief of the Senecas, met in counsel with George Washington in 1792 and liked to be painted wearing the medallion commemorating that occasion.

... that delightful kernel of your house, your library, with its portraits of scientific men upon its walls and such bountiful store of their sheaves into the blossoms and verdure of your little kingdom of plants, luxuriant and happy as if opening their leaves under the open sky of the most flower-loving zone of the world. (Badè, 1:143, Sept. 13, 1865)

In June 1863, Muir left the University of Wisconsin, and in March 1864 he left the state for "botanizing" and for work in Canada, partly as a result of his distaste for the horrors of the Civil War, that were evident to him on a daily basis in the military barracks and in the Confederate prison at Camp Randall. After the end of the war he went to Indianapolis where he worked in a carriage factory. During these at times lonely days away from family and old friends he began a lifelong correspondence with Jeanne Carr, in which he related his adventures and revealed some of his innermost feelings to a depth that he rarely if ever expressed in writing to any other person. She wrote him tender and encouraging letters that were a great source of solace and inspiration during his difficult formative years as naturalist and conservationist. It seems likely that without the guidance and nurture of Jeanne Carr, John Muir would not have taken the direction that he did and might not have received the adulation that he ultimately earned.

We don't know if the Carrs attended Emerson's Saturday night lecture or his Sunday sermon, but Emerson did meet with Jeanne Carr at the university on Monday morning, guided on a tour of the State Historical Society and the university by Horace Rublee. (*Wisconsin State Journal* Jan. 28, 1867)

Four years after Emerson's Madison lecture Jeanne Carr arranged a meeting in Yosemite Valley between John Muir and Ralph Waldo Emerson, an encounter that led to considerable correspondence and mutual admiration. After a short stop in Madison during the sum-



John Muir (1838-1914). Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

mer of 1867, Muir began the trek, his "Thousand-mile Walk to the Gulf," that eventually led to California and to his extensive investigations of the flora and geological features of the Sierras, particularly the Yosemite region. The Carrs also moved to California because of Ezra Carr's political disputes with a new administration at the University of Wisconsin. They first lived in Oakland in 1868, where Ezra joined the faculty at the newly formed University of California, and Jeanne taught high school botany and became a landscape architect; she was known on the University of California campus for the extensive plantings of trees and other flora, gleaned in part from Muir's collection at Yosemite.

When in 1871 Emerson planned a trip to the West, he included Jeanne Carr on his list of old friends to visit. She wrote to Muir at Yosemite in rhapsodic terms: "The old singer . . . [would soon be] . . . in the places where we have sung his song." (Wolfe, 145) Emerson arrived at the Carrs' house in May 1871, and Jeanne handed him a letter of introduction to John Muir and encouraged Emerson to visit this "remarkable young man." Emerson arrived at Yosemite on

May 5th, and the meeting between the two men is well documented in Muir's writings as well as in the journals of such other men in the Emerson entourage as J. B. Thayer. So impressed was Emerson with Muir that only one month after their initial meeting, he included his name on a list entitled My Men that included such outstanding figures as Thomas Carlyle, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Henry David Thoreau.

Jeanne Carr acknowledged to Muir that Emerson was their "inspirational muse"; Emerson sent Muir one of his own sources of inspiration, a book entitled "Observations on the Growth of the Mind," by Sampson Reed, a Boston Swedenborgian whom Emerson had first read in 1826, and whom he recommended to Muir. Emerson had described the book to his brother William as ". . . the best thing since Plato of Plato's kind, for novelty & wealth of truth." (Rusk, 1:176, Sept. 29, 1826) Emerson's enthusiasm for the book, which helped shape his own notions of intuition as the source of knowledge, caused him to send it to Thomas Carlyle in England in 1834 and to Muir almost forty years later. One senses the spark of Enlightenment being passed from the seasoned mind of Emerson to the raw intellect of Muir, from the civilization of Concord to the wilderness of California. In a lively exchange of letters Emerson encouraged Muir to come east and join the faculty of one of the leading eastern universities. Muir opted to stay in what he termed the "University of the Wilderness."

The person responsible for bringing these two kindred spirits together and for inspiring John Muir to become one of the nation's first and perhaps most renowned conservationists was Jeanne Smith Carr. The seed for this union was planted in Madison, Wisconsin on a blustery day in January 1867. Jeanne Carr continued to contribute to Muir's development as a naturalist and writer, and she published articles in California

magazines on such diverse subjects as a biographical recollection of Muir, California Indian missions and crafts, and local botanical studies. The Carrs were pioneer settlers in Pasadena, California. She died in Templeton, California on December 14, 1903 at the age of seventy-eight.

Dedicated to The Boston Latin School, alma mater both to Emerson and the author, where the seeds of New England Transcendentalism were planted.

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Fiction

Envy

By Daniel F. Cooper

In Patzcuaro at the main plaza with tall trees that lend their shade everywhere but the central fountain, there is an ice cream stand of some fame. Three Tarascan women hover before big cardboard buckets of ice cream and sherbet like hummingbirds before flowers. They pack the milk paste into plastic containers and thrust a small wooden spoon inside. The youngest woman is frozen in the act of exchanging a handful of colorful currency with a customer. Her Indian face is smooth, the color of dark honey, and her smile makes her cheeks even more pudgy.

Janet Cross set her camera back on the worn red-checked tablecloth and brushed away flies. She was thinking of the walk through the crowded marketplace that had brought her to the cafe. There she had seen two emaciated mongrels prowling impatiently near a butcher stand. She watched the butcher finish a cut and toss the offal to the pavement where it lay in the afternoon sun. The dogs fought viciously for it, their snarls filling the air, and Janet watched horrified yet fascinated while the hungrier, more vehement of the two drove the other away and dragged the intestines a few paces before devouring them.

She sipped the warm sweet coffee before her and tried to push the memory away. From her wicker basket she removed a faded, wrinkled photograph of her brother David. In the photo he was six years old, smiling, hiding behind the big maple tree in their back yard. It was supposed to evoke the smell of freshly mown grass, the feeling of sunlight on her face, the sound of children playing. Instead it gave off the smell of ammonia and disinfectant and echoed the steady blip-blip of an EKG machine and the rattle of metal trays.



"Please, senorita."

Startled, Janet looked down into the face of a young Tarascan boy, and her mind fused the photo and her vision into David, a David with short, bristly black hair and big eyes the color and sheen of chestnut irises.

"Please, senorita."

He held out a flimsy cardboard box containing small packages of chewing gum and continued to stare at her with a look he had perfected over the few years of his life, and even as Janet gave him six gold-colored coins ridiculously heavy for their value, she sensed the pride and scorn behind the sad face.

She took two packages, and a young girl came beside the boy with her own outstretched box of gum. They were obviously brother and sister, and while they waited expectantly, Janet was again struck by their resemblance to David.

"Are you hungry?" she asked them in Spanish, and as they stared at her, bewildered that anyone could ask a question with such an obvious answer, she handed them a basket of *bolillos* and a dish of strawberry jam.

They hesitated only a moment, then cracked open the hard bread rolls and loaded them with jam, eyeing Janet all the time. They ate quickly and Janet took their picture: happy, they grinned at her with the red-speckled jam smeared over their cheeks.

Still they waited, smiling, hoping the unexpected generosity would continue. Janet smiled back and said, "Go on, that's all there is," and they retreated a few paces, still hopeful, then reluctantly walked away. Janet finished her coffee and stared across the plaza at her grandfather, Refugio Gomez. Picking up the camera, she turned the telephoto lens. He was lifted from a stone bench, brought toward her with astonishing speed and deposited so close to her, she could see the

fine lines and folds of dark skin on the back of his neck, interlaced in strange irregular patterns like the web of a crazed spider. She moved the lens over his white translucent hair to the dark eyes that were also framed by wrinkles. Beneath his hawk-nose was a perfect white moustache and goatee outlining pale pursed lips. He was concentrating intently on the sketch pad resting under his potbelly, sagging comfortably beneath a loose white cotton shirt. His hands were the same color and texture as the leather goods she had seen in the market. The fingers were long and delicate and held the fat pencil close to its charcoal tip. Janet watched them hoist smooth, straight vertical lines, connecting them with quick confident strokes, reconstructing the sixteenth-century church that he took in with rapid rhythmic glances, the charcoal leaping from the brilliant white paper in its shiny blackness that reminded her of resin and tar.

She refocused on his face, and as she prepared to take the picture, something moved into the background. It was a legless beggar sitting on a low, wheeled platform that he moved by pushing off the ground with his hands. In the camera lens his lips moved silently, revealing a mouthful of missing teeth. Her finger on the shutter release, Janet hesitated. She watched her grandfather fish some coins out of his pocket and put them in the beggar's hands without ever taking his eyes off the drawing. The beggar blessed him and moved off, awkwardly pushing himself along among the legs of passersby on the busy square. Janet still had her grandfather in the frame and took the picture, then put the camera carefully in her bag.

As she collected her things, five elderly Indian women strolled past wrapped in dark-blue *rebozos*. They all wore their coarse black hair pulled tightly back in long braids dropping straight down the center of their backs, their faces darker and more weathered than her grandfather's. Janet touched a hand to her own face and felt the perspiration there. It is unfair really, she thought, how wrinkles make men look wise but merely make women old and ugly. Except for David who, in his chemically violated twenty-four-year-old-body, had looked a hundred years old.

She paid for the food, stepped out from the *portales* and crossed the sunlit cobblestone street to the plaza. More and more people had drifted there as the Sunday afternoon wore on, and now it was charged with activity. She passed two old men on a metal bench carrying on a lively argument, gesturing vividly while vendors of different crafts hawked their wares on the corners. A stream of soap bubbles drifted past, popping one by one, until the last floated over her head, a window of sunlight on its fragile membrane. To Janet's left the hollow cough and rasp of a machete on sugar cane echoed from where a girl in a yellow shift shaved off long slivers of bark, curling in on themselves from the tall bamboolike pole.

Janet reached the fountain and watched a mother help her toddler stand on the rim. He was fascinated by two horses drinking out of the fountain, their snouts immersed in the insect-mottled water, their manes trailing down in dusty braids while their thick plume-like tails flicked rhythmically at flies. The mother kept a firm grip on her young son all the time, and she and Janet exchanged smiles. The pool reflected fat slow-moving clouds, and the little boy was silhouetted against their white bellies.

She continued on, averting her eyes from a group of teenage boys strutting past, serenading her with embarrassingly loud whistles until she gave them a withering look. One of them mumbled something, and there was a burst of collective laughter that made her angry.

She came up behind her grandfather, quietly she thought. But without lifting his pencil from the page he said to her in Spanish, "You're popular here, my life."

Janet smiled despite herself. "Still, it is a bit rude, Abo."

"Don't mind them, angel. They're just being boys."

"I know." She looked over his shoulder. "Your drawing is going well."

"No, I can't get the cupola quite right." He lifted the pencil and looked up at her, smiling. "You look so much like your mother. Will you sit for me sometime?"

"Of course, if you really want me to."

"Yes, I do." He looked back at his sketchbook and began drawing again.

"Did you take some good photos?" he asked.

"I think so."

"Tell me, what is it about photography you love so much?"

Janet sat down beside him and thought. "I like it because it gives you reality the way it is. It's a way to preserve moments that don't lie or distort like memory does. Isn't that why you draw and paint?"

"No, on the contrary, I'm not interested in reality. Look at this. What I want to do is make the cupola a little bigger, a little more grand. I want to narrow those spires and make them taller. And I don't want to show how the wall is crumbling over there on the right. What I want is an illusion based on reality. I want to go reality one better."

"But then you're lying to yourself, Abo."

"Perhaps. But it seems to me that your camera does the same thing."

"How? It distorts nothing, exaggerates nothing."

"The camera's greatest flaw is that it gives precisely that illusion while committing the sin of omission."

"I don't understand."

"I mean that what you leave out of a photograph is every bit as important as the photograph itself. And what you leave out is what distorts or exaggerates. And that is why photography can never present reality. It can only represent—like any other form of art."

"Maybe, but I still trust it more than any other art."

She looked at her watch. "We should leave soon, if we're going to make the last bus."

"Yes, I just want to fill in a few more details before the light goes."

Listening to the soft scratching of pencil on paper, Janet looked at the blocky Romanesque church, its yellow-tiled dome glowing like amber in the fading light. Tourists milled about in the fenced-off courtyard, and two women, tightly bound in dark shawls and veils, crawled on their hands and knees across uneven flagstones toward the church entrance. They moved at an imperceptible pace. Nobody seemed to pay them any attention.

"What are those women doing?"

"What women?"

"There. Crawling toward the church."

"That's an act of self-mortification before going to confession or praying for a great favor."

Janet was repulsed but decided to say nothing.

"Why don't you take a look inside while I finish drawing?"

"No. I'd rather sit here and watch you work."

"It's really quite beautiful inside. You should go."

"I'd rather not, Abo."

He continued to sketch, slowly, then lifted the pencil and said, "Janeta, I know what you're feeling, but couldn't you go to church for your mother's sake? She's had such a rough time."

"Abo . . ."

"It would mean a lot to her."

"I can't, Abo. I don't believe anymore."

"Not believe? That's crazy."

"It's not crazy when you watch your brother waste away every day for two years and every day you pray and every day he gets worse."

Her grandfather looked at her strangely and said, "You know, Janeta, I was a doctor for over forty years. I watched many people die, and I had to tell many people they were going to die. Yet in all that time, I never ceased to be amazed by how surprised these people were that their time had come. Genuinely surprised, as if death were something for others, as if they had expected to receive some Divine exemption."

"But a twenty-four-year-old man, Abo . . . a young man, still a boy really . . ."

And her mind went back to that time a month before he died, when she visited David at the hospital and he was quiet, withdrawn. He laughed once, glanced at her, then stared straight ahead at the wall, and Janet was shocked anew at how sunken his cheeks were. "Want to hear something funny, Jan?" he said in his hoarse voice. "I'm still a virgin." He forced another laugh. "Pretty stupid thing to worry about now, isn't it?" And Janet sat on the bed and said, "I'll find someone for you. I will . . ." but he touched her face with his hand and said, "It's too late. The treatments, you know." And Janet burst into tears, while David rocked her in his arms, comforting her.

". . . pays no attention to age, my love," her grand-

father was saying. "And remember this: death itself is not sad. The pain and suffering that sometimes precede it, yes, but death itself is a beautiful moment: the beginning of eternal life."

It sounded so true the way he said it. How wonderful to have such unquestioning faith, she thought. "You really believe that, Abo?"

"How could I not? How could I have lost patients, despite all my skill, and not believe it? And how can you not believe when David could?"

"You weren't there, Abo. I watched the cancer destroy his faith and mine, too."

"But your mother said he died happy. That he believed right to the end."

"Of course, she convinced herself of that. But I'm telling you that my brother died with no faith in any afterlife or in any God."

"I can't believe that."

"All right. But that doesn't change how I feel about things. Look at those two old women. Thinking they have to bloody their hands and knees to be forgiven. What possible sins could they have?"

Very carefully, Refugio put his pencils away in their case, flipped the top of his sketch pad back and put his hand on her shoulder. "Don't think that just because people are old they stop sinning. On the contrary. Sometimes I think the weight of a lifetime of mistakes is too much to bear."

"But to abuse themselves, Grandfather . . ."

"Some people need to punish themselves to believe they can be forgiven. Just like you. No, don't laugh. I see what you're doing and why you're so unhappy. And it's all so senseless when all you need to start feeling better is to begin praying again, to go to church again. And think of the happiness it would bring your mother. Hasn't she been through enough?"

Janet pulled away and stood up. For the first time in her life she was close to losing her temper with her grandfather. When she and her mother had come to Morelia after David's death, she had felt overwhelmed by an entourage of relatives whom she hadn't seen since her childhood, and she gravitated to her grandfather who was quiet and undemanding. They had taken several day trips by bus together to surrounding towns like this one, and she felt a solace in his company. While he drew or painted, she wandered about with her camera. She believed he would understand her feelings regarding religion, and now she was angry and disappointed.

"We'd better start back if we're going to make that bus," she said.

He stood up and fell in step with her. As they crossed the street, she looked through the wide entrance to the church. The old women were still ten feet from the door, crawling slowly toward it.

"Go inside, my life," her grandfather persisted. "There's a beautiful sculpture of the Virgin that was made by the Tarascans in the seventeenth century. She has performed many miracles, cured many illnesses."

Janet could not keep from uttering a scoffing, abrasive laugh. "Abo, you've been a doctor for many years. Tell me truthfully: have you ever witnessed a miracle?"

"I've witnessed the miracle of birth many times."

"No, I mean a real miracle. Something that couldn't be explained by science."

He remained silent and looked not at her but at the church.

"I didn't think so," she said.

When he turned to look at her, she could see he was angry. "And if I said yes, would you believe me?"

"No."

"Then let's go."

They turned the corner and started down a curving street that led to the bus depot. The sidewalks were narrow, and Refugio stepped into the street to give Janet the sidewalk. Most of the shops were closed except for a few that sold curios of straw and lacquered wood. Janet was about to speak when there were quick footsteps behind them.

"Excuse me, please, *senor, senorita.*"

A smiling young Indian—short, stout, with thick curly hair—had stepped between them. He was wearing a T-shirt with *Dallas Cowboys* emblazoned on the front and a pair of old blue jeans. From his upraised hands were suspended two brightly colored bundles which he dangled between Janet and her grandfather.

"Hammocks," Janet said, with a look of pleasant surprise.

"Yes, *senorita.* Hammocks. Excellent quality. Understand?"

"The *senorita* teaches Spanish," Refugio said, amused.

"Ah, pardon me. But you are American, yes?"

"American, Mexican, both neither."

The young man looked puzzled, and Janet laughed and felt the laughter loosen the anger that had been gripping her. Her grandfather was smiling, too.

"What's your name?" she asked him.

"Angel Sereno, *senorita,* at your service."

"Okay, Angel. Why should I buy a hammock from you?"

"Because it is of the finest quality, *senorita,*" he said eagerly, spreading the webby, multicolored mesh for her to examine.

"Feel how soft. Genuine polyester."

Janet suppressed another urge to laugh and took hold of the fabric. It was very soft, so soft that she had serious doubts about its durability. But as she held the end, and the young man unrolled the hammock to its full length, she remembered the hammock her family had when she and David were children. He father had strung it up between a birch and a chestnut tree in their backyard, and she would lie in it after swimming lessons in the summer. David had loved it, too. They had many shouting matches over its use until their parents made them take turns. It was a good thing

they only had two children, Janet thought. And now it stretched out before her, this rediscovered piece of her childhood: red, yellow, blue, and green. Something lost long ago in a small town in Wisconsin had resurfaced twenty years later in a small town in Mexico.

"How much?" she asked.

"Anyone else would want at least 12,000 pesos, *senorita,* but because I like you, I'll sell it to you for 9,000. A gift, 9,000, *senorita.* Tell me, is that expensive or cheap. Well? Expensive or cheap?"

"Cheap."

"That's right. And you're an American. You *know* what cheap is."

This time both Janet and her grandfather laughed, and the young man looked hurt. She touched his arm reassuringly and said, "I'll take it." The man gave her the hammock, took her money, and made a small bow all in one smooth motion.

"Goodbye," he said and ran back to the plaza.

Janet and Refugio continued walking to the bus station, Janet with the hammock tucked firmly under her arm. How can everything change, just like that, she wondered.

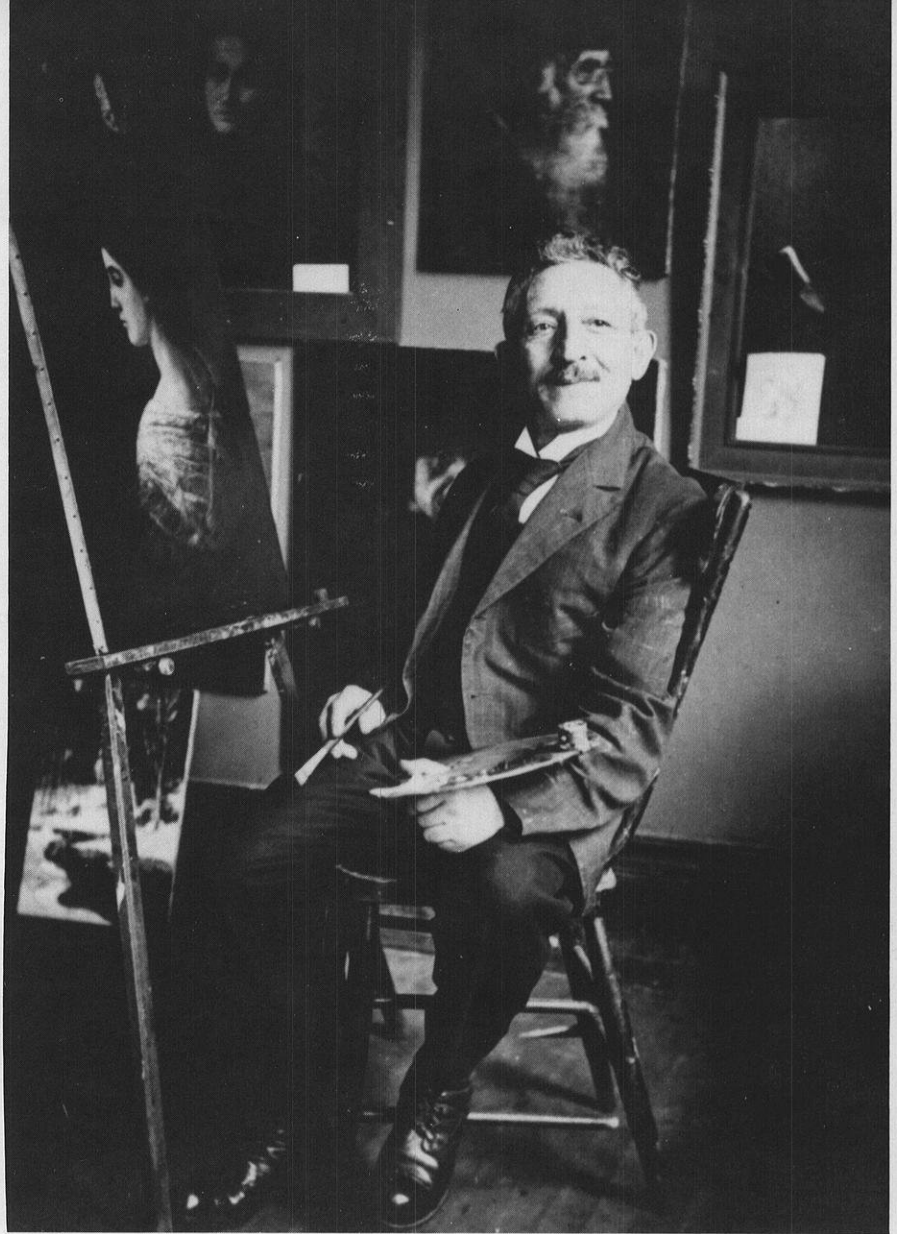
Later, the bus rumbled along the mountain road, its headlights on in anticipation of the night. Janet and Refugio sat side by side, their quarrel forgotten, he telling her the history of the region and stories of years ago when he made house calls on horseback. Janet had put the rolled-up hammock behind her head as a pillow, and she watched the country roll past while her grandfather talked. The bus floated through a sea of pigs that plodded forward stubbornly, snub-nosed, their fat bellies looking like barrels assembled by some drunken cooper, and then around the next curve the driver laid on the horn to scatter a herd of goats—thin, bearded, with those strange rectangular irises—narrowly missing the last straggler, a lame female who hobbled out of the way, teats slung low to the ground.

Her grandfather dozed off. It was quite dark now, and in the distance she could see the fires of little villages. The bus slowed just enough to let a man swing aboard and then swayed wildly on. He was a muscular young man with a handsome, gently pitted face, black hair, and moustache. In his hands he carried a battered guitar that had been kept serviceable with generous amounts of glue and heavy string. He walked to the center of the bus, strummed several loud chords, and began to sing. It was a song of the country, of the *campesinos*, a song of love found and love lost, and each verse was linked by a bridge of three crippled chords. Her grandfather, eyes still closed, hummed along. Somewhere in the back, a woman sang along to the man's mellow bass voice. As Janet listened, she took the faded photograph of David from her basket and looked again at the same smile he had worn on his face when he died. It was the most peaceful smile she had ever seen. Facing the window, silently, Janet wept, more bitterly than ever before. ■

Julius Segall (1860-1925) arrived in the United States from Germany at the age of fourteen and settled in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. As a young man he returned to Germany to study art at the Munich Academy and was active as a professional artist for the rest of his life. His varied output includes portraits, landscapes, religious subjects, still lifes, and genre painting. Segall seldom exhibited work at public exhibitions, but was well enough known nationally to merit obituary articles in the *New York Times* and the *American Art Annual*. Segall certainly deserves more attention than he has generally received, and the present article accordingly seeks to bring together some background information about his career.

Segall was born January 4, 1860 in the village of Nakel an der Netze in the Prussian province of Posen, now a part of Poland. His father was Ludwig Segall, and his mother, Johanna Bratsch Segall, died a month after he was born; his father later remarried. Segall immigrated to the United States in 1872 with his father and stepmother and five other children. Julius had at least two sisters, one of whom was still living in 1942. One brother, the printer Hugo Segall, was living at the same Milwaukee address as Julius in 1878; the artist Arthur I. Segall, whose name appears in the Milwaukee city directory for 1899, was probably also a brother.

Julius appears in the Milwaukee city directory for the first time in 1877. From then until 1879 he was a boarder at 618 Third Street and was variously employed as a clerk, peddler, and jeweler. His father, a watchmaker, had a jewelry store in Milwaukee, where Julius probably worked. The 1880 directory gives his occupation as student and indicates that he was then living at 505 Chestnut Street.



Julius Segall was five feet two inches tall. A professional artist for fifty-five years, Segall was also an amateur poet and author. (Photo courtesy of Rita Segall Pscheidt)

By Peter C. Merrill

Julius Segall

Immigrant Artist in Wisconsin

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In July 1881 Segall left Milwaukee to study art in Munich. On the way he visited his birthplace in Posen, where he was greeted at the station by his uncle, aunt, and a female cousin. He later wrote an account of this visit for a German-language newspaper in Milwaukee.

Segall registered as a student at the Royal Academy in Munich on October 10, 1881. Among the artists with whom he was acquainted in Munich were the San Francisco painter Toby Edward Rosenthal (1848-1917) and the Milwaukee painter Robert Schade (1861-1912). By the fall of 1883 Segall was back in Milwaukee; Schade returned about the same time, and the two young artists each acquired studio space in the Iron Block on Wisconsin Avenue. The Iron Block, named for its unusual metal facade, was constructed in 1860-61 and is still standing. The portrait artist Conrad Heyd (1841-1912) and the wood engraver William Brah (1850-1916) also had studios there during the 1880s.

Two other local artists with whom Segall was acquainted were Friedrich Wehle (1831-1901) and Frank Enders (1860-1921). Enders, like Segall, had received his training at the Munich Academy. The lithographer Louis Kurz (1883-1921) was apparently a close friend, as Segall painted two portraits of Kurz which he kept for himself. Kurz, an Austrian who was twenty-five years older than Segall, left Milwaukee for Chicago in 1878.

Segall is often mentioned by the *Milwaukee Sentinel* during the 1880s. News items for 1883, for example, reported that he had completed a pen drawing of an Indian scene and that he was working on a picture entitled *Hamlet*. The *Sentinel* had this to report on August 12:

Mr. Segall's studio is filled with efforts of all conceivable things. He has still-lives and landscapes and marine subjects and what-nots enough to stock a gallery, but yet he works away untiringly. He will rush out an order for seven dozen blazing show-pictures, and



Segall's wife, Regina, was born in Bucovina, now part of Rumania. Segall painted this rural scene during a visit to the region. (Photo courtesy of Rita Segall Pscheidt)

then fall to painting the sentimental face of a Netherland beauty. Between times he is not loth to expatiate upon the beauties of a Venus de Medici or Milo.

Other news items in 1884 reported on a painting entitled *Dutch Mandolin Player*, a still life symbolizing music, and two large landscapes done on commission. In July 1884 the *Sentinel* reported that Segall was working on a portrait of the actress Bertha Fiebach. Later that summer it mentioned that he had been commissioned to do a miniature portrait of a child and that he had recently painted an ideal female head as well as several small landscapes. A news item on February 14, 1886, gave the following information:

Mr. Segall has painted a portrait of himself, and a large picture entitled "Sad Tidings." It shows a woman in blue who has just finished reading a letter, which she holds listlessly in her hand. The artist has had the painting photographed.

Segall was married in Milwaukee on December 30, 1889 to Regina Werner (1869-1927). One of the

witnesses to the ceremony was Segall's friend and fellow artist, Robert Schade. Regina was born in the Austrian province of Bucovina, now a part of Rumania. Segall and his wife were both of Jewish descent, but the marriage was a civil ceremony performed by a justice of the peace. Their two children were Rose, born in 1890, and Edward, born in 1892.

In 1890 Segall and his wife moved to St. Paul, Minnesota, where they remained until 1903. Before leaving Milwaukee, Segall had given instruction to a few private pupils. In St. Paul he taught drawing and painting at Hamline University for two years. In St. Paul Segall and his family lived for three years at 50 West Fifth Street, but moved in 1895 to a residence at Bunker Street south of downtown St. Paul. His studio in St. Paul was in the Globe Building at 36 East 4th Street.

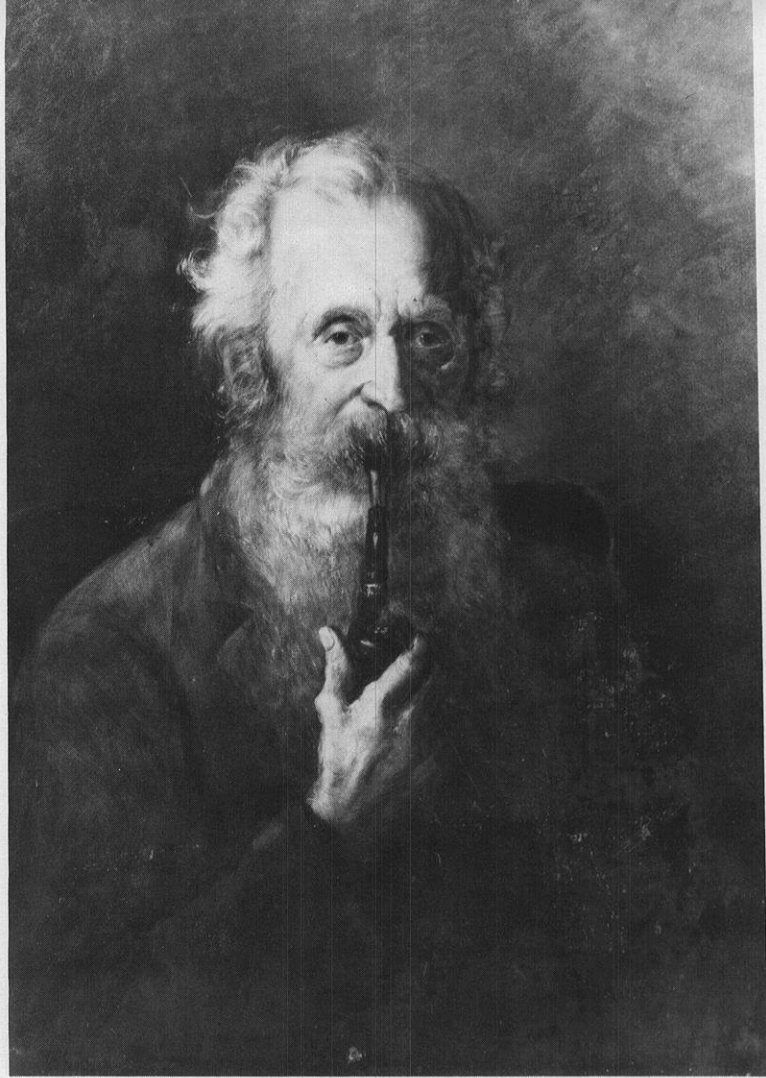
After spending the winter in Munich with his wife and two children, Segall returned to Milwaukee in 1904 and eventually established a studio on the fifth floor of the Mack Building at 69 Wisconsin Avenue. He remained in Milwaukee and continued to use this studio for

the rest of his life. Late in life he gave private instruction to the artist and designer Max Pagel (1904-1958).

Segall made five trips back to Europe for periods of study and painting. The first such trip began in 1881 when he went to study in Munich. On later trips to Europe he visited Karlsrube and Venice, Russia and Rumania. One of his trips was made following his departure from St. Paul in 1903, and his last trip was reportedly made shortly before the First World War.

Segall's best known painting is *Der alte Heinrich* (Old Henry), a portrait of a white-haired man with a full beard who is smoking a pipe. The model for this painting was a Milwaukee street peddler who used to act regularly as Santa Claus for Gimbels department store. The painting is now in the collection of the Milwaukee Art Museum. Segall frequently painted genre portraits of a similar type, an example being *The Skat Player* at Ratzsch's Restaurant in Milwaukee. For *Praying Jew*, which Segall painted in Munich at the turn of the century, his model was a Jewish cigarette peddler. *The Morning Prayer* (1900) is one of several Segall paintings depicting women in peasant dress. Although Segall's main source of income probably came from formal portraits, his range of subject matter was considerable. *Dogs in a Field*, which depicts two hunting dogs, recalls the work of Segall's contemporary Edmund Osthaus (1859-1928). This painting, which was at one time owned by Milwaukee's Socialist Mayor Daniel W. Hoan, is now at the Milwaukee Art Museum.

As a nonprofessional activity, Segall wrote German verse which he contributed to the *Freidenker* and the *Germania-Herold* in Milwaukee. Several of his poems were reportedly set to music, and some were translated into English by Segall's friend and literary mentor, the German-born poet and dramatist Otto Soubbron (1846-1917). Segall



Der alte Heinrich, 1911, oil on canvas, 32" x 26". (Photo courtesy of Milwaukee Art Museum, gift of Mrs. Regina Segall, presented in memoriam.)

Dogs in a Field, undated, oil on canvas, 12 1/16" x 18". (Photo courtesy of Milwaukee Art Museum, gift of Hon. Daniel W. Hoan.)





Untitled mythological scene (undated), oil on canvas, approximately 12" x 21". Signed J. Segall at lower left. (Photo courtesy of Marc David, Limited, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.)

admired Soubron and contributed a short commemorative poem to the *Freidenker* on the occasion of Soubron's seventieth birthday. Segall also wrote plays in German, some of which were staged evidently by amateur players, as there is no record of any of his plays having been performed by any professional theater company in Milwaukee. He also wrote critical essays for the German-language press. His most ambitious literary work, however, is his book *Gedichte* (1920), a privately published volume of verse. The poems are usually philosophical, many of them reflecting Segall's pacifist reaction to the First World War. Martin Fuchs, who had known Segall when both were contributors to the *Freidenker*, gave a sympathetic assessment of the book, stressing the optimism of Segall's poetry. Fuchs had this to say about Segall himself in the Chicago *Sonntagspost* (December 12, 1920):

He had the heart of a child. He was a dreamer who did not see people the way they were, but as he would have liked to see them. An almost unshakable trust in the goodness of man burst forth from everything he said.

Fuchs was not the only observer who saw Segall as a dreamer. A newspaper reporter who interviewed Segall in 1917 used similar

language to describe him in the Milwaukee *Evening Wisconsin* (March 30, 1917) article entitled, "World is Hate-Crazy, Says Milwaukee Artist." He was a Socialist throughout his life and was at one time a contributor to the Socialist newspaper *Vorwärts* in Milwaukee. In the economic sphere, he was alarmed by the rise in food prices during the First World War and favored the creation of a state price control commission. His preference for a civil marriage ceremony and the fact that he contributed to the *Freidenker*, a free-thought periodical, suggest that he was probably a free thinker. But although he was not religiously observant, he was without prejudice toward those who were. He admired the tradition of Christian religious art and depicted Christian devotional subjects in a number of paintings, while in other paintings he reveals a sensitivity toward Jewish cultural values.

Segall died at his home in Milwaukee on January 20, 1925 and was buried in a family plot at Spring Hill Cemetery in Milwaukee. His tombstone bears the following German inscription:

Ein edler Mensch, ein Künstler./ So war dein ganzes Erdenwallen./ Nun ist's vorbei. Die Nebel fallen./ Doch was du schufst lebt

ewig fort./ Nun ruhe sanft am schlichten Ort.

A noble human being, an artist./ Such was your life's pilgrimage./ Now it is past. The mists fall./ But what you created lives on forever./ Now rest in peace at this homely place.

Segall's passing was noted by obituary articles in a number of Milwaukee newspapers. A year after the artist's death the Milwaukee Art Institute held a memorial exhibition featuring forty of his paintings.

Although few of Segall's paintings are now to be found in public collections, several works are known to exist. Many of these are owned by Segall's descendants or by private collectors, one of whom was the late Edward G. Robinson. One of his paintings is now at St. Rita's Catholic Church in Milwaukee and another is at Temple Shaarei Tefila in Los Angeles. Paintings by Segall also appear from time to time at auction galleries and other art dealers.

Segall's art is rooted in the Munich realism of the late nineteenth century and in his admiration for the great masters, such as Van Dyck. His work appears to have been little influenced by impressionism or by any other modern trend. As an artist Segall was neither important nor influential. He was, however, a competent craftsman and a thorough professional. I hope that future critics will find time to give his work a more careful appraisal than has been done heretofore.

I wish to acknowledge the assistance I received from Julius Segall's granddaughters, Rita Segall Pscheidt and Rainbow Johnson. Mrs. Pscheidt graciously made available family photographs and papers so that copies of these could be permanently deposited in the research collection of the Milwaukee County Historical Society. Rainbow Johnson was kind enough to provide me with a copy of Julius Segall's Gedichte. ■

In Comes I What Ain't Been Yet

Mumming In the Midwest

By Donald E. Thompson and Rachel Popowich

The bizarrely dressed fool dashed into a small space in the crowd and began shouting:
Room! Room! Room!
Room, room, brave gallants all;
Give us room to rhyme.
We'll show you some activity
About this Christmas time.
Activity of youth; activity of age;
Activity that has never been seen
Or played upon a stage.

The startled people moved back; the fool finished his lines and was followed by other colorfully dressed performers acting out a short, puzzling mummers' play. The date was the weekend closest to Twelfth-night; the occasion, the Minnesota Sword Dance and Mumming Ale; and the settings, a brewery, a public library, an anthropology hall of a museum, and a series of shopping centers in Minneapolis-St. Paul, the Twin Cities. Madison's Mad Oak Mummers, a subsidiary of Oak Apple Morris, was Wisconsin's only representative. But what exactly were the Mad Oak Mummers performing in that space cleared by the fool?

History

These folk plays enacted at the mumming Ale (the name derives from the practice of drinking ale at these festivals) by the Twin City and guest teams from various midwestern cities were originally performed in communities in the British Isles, though a few are also recorded from the east coasts of Canada and the United States. In their exhaustive 1967 geographical index of recorded performances Cawte, Helm, and Peacock list over a thousand communities from England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland in which plays were at some time performed. In

In a M.O.M. performance in a Twin City Mall the fool prances. Actors not involved in a scene stand quietly back in a semi-circle around the action.



only thirty-eight of these places, the majority in Ireland, were they still performed in the 1960s, a figure which does not include revivals. The disruptions of village life caused by urban growth and two world wars probably contributed heavily to this marked decline.

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre claims 3000 texts have been recovered. The texts of the plays come from two major sources: chapbooks and personal collections. Printed chapbooks—cheap, popular publications—included folk play texts as early as the late eigh-

teenth century, but most plays were collected and printed in the nineteenth century. Robert Leach suggests that the publication of these chapbooks may have been a response to the population shift from country to town and the desire to keep traditions from being forgotten in the process. The collections were made by dedicated folklorists, mainly well-educated amateurs, who wrote down plays as they saw them performed or obtained them by interviewing actors. R.J.E. Tiddy, for example, studied classics and later became a fellow and lecturer at Trinity College, Oxford. Yet his major interest lay in English literature and folk customs, including folk dance and mumming. His book of texts and interpretations of mummers' plays, published posthumously, represents research carried out before World War I, during which he was killed. One of the most extensive collections of mumming material was assembled by Thomas Ordish, a civil servant, beginning in 1890. Cawte et al. drew heavily on this collection to assemble their *Index*, as did Alan Brody for his dissertation, later published as a book. Plays and commentaries on them have also frequently appeared in the pages of such journals as *English Dance and Song*.

The common theme running through the plays involves the death of a character and his revival by a quack doctor. There are three major variations on this theme: the **hero-combat play** in which a boastful challenge, most often between St. George and the Turkish Knight, results in a fight in which one of them (it doesn't seem to matter who) is killed and later cured by a quack doctor; the **wooing or bridal**

play in which suitors of a fair lady are rejected in favor of the fool, followed by a fight, death, and cure as in the hero-combat play; and the **sword dance play** in which a person is executed or beheaded at the climax of a longsword dance by the lock of swords around his neck and is subsequently revived. Music, highly choreographed dance, and a play are combined in the sword dance play. Songs and informal dance steps may be incorporated into the first two variants.

The plays have numerous variations in their lines and a startling array of possible characters, both among the central and peripheral figures. Thus St. George may be King George. The Turkish Knight may become Bold Slasher or even Turkey Snipe. Cawte et al. mention a play in which Hector, Achilles, and a physician appear with lines identical to a mummers' play and note that "many texts included historical figures—Lord Nelson, General Wolfe, Napoleon, etc. and a twentieth-century version from Staffordshire is reported to have included Donald Duck." Roles which are minor today were not necessarily so in earlier versions of the plays.

Those who have never seen one of these plays may nonetheless have read of them. A mummers' play introduces the protagonists early in Thomas Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, and a sword dance play is central to the plot of Ngaio Marsh's murder mystery, *The Death of a Fool*. The Wisconsin Academy has even played a role, so to speak, in the mumming scene; in 1907 Arthur Beatty published an important article, "The St. George or Mummers' Play: A Study in the Protology of the Drama," in the *Transactions*, vol. 15, pt. 2. Striking parallels have also been noted to folk plays from various other European countries and even from other cultures around the world.

Although mummers' plays are seldom produced in a commercial theatre, the plays encompass several elements and accouterments of the "legitimate" theater: actors, scripts, costumes, props. Actors in



A Twin City mumming group acts in the anthropology hall of a museum. The cast wears a traditional costume of strips of cloth sewn onto their garments. Their faces are also hidden, perhaps originally to protect anonymity.

mummers' plays are rarely professionally trained; traditionally the plays are performed by "locals" who gather once or twice a year for the sole purpose of putting on the play, and in many cases each actor plays the same part year after year. The traditional audience would know the story and attend the performance to continue a familiar seasonal tradition or to see how a particular group interprets the story.

The scripts used for mummers' plays are a nineteenth-century addition; before then the plays were passed on orally. This was not as difficult a task as it might seem, since the plays run only about ten minutes and are mostly in rhyme. The costumes are the most varied aspect of a mummers' play, ranging from the traditional cloth or paper strips which cover the whole body to a superman outfit. The more "modern" a group is, the more likely that the costumes will be creative and striking. Props, too, vary greatly from group to group. Almost every character has at least one prop and some, like the doctor, may have several; in fact, often much of the stage business depends on the number and variety of props: stethoscopes, sunglasses, rubber chick-

ens, bottles of beer, party favors, swords, etc.

Makeup is not generally used in mummers' plays. One purpose of makeup is to define more clearly the actor's normal features from a distance, but mummers' plays are usually performed in a small space for an audience that is also small and fairly close. Since the traditional costume made of long strips of cloth or paper covered the entire body, including the face, there was no reason to use makeup. Covering the face with paper or cloth, like wearing masks or blackening the face, is part of a strong tradition of anonymity. Historically the performers were disguised, and therefore anonymous, although this was probably just a locally respected convention since most actors played the same role year after year and their identities were probably known. Sometimes the voice was also disguised, and the lines chanted to make identification more difficult. This tradition of disguise permitted the performers to introduce social commentary with some degree of impunity; some of the scripts have had topical subjects and local characters inserted into them. It is possible, though there is no sup-

porting evidence, that early mummers' plays were a secular counterpart to the church drama which began to appear in Western Europe in the late tenth century. If this is the case, the plays might very well have incorporated criticism of the church and, by extension, the rest of society.

Lighting and sets are not generally used in mummers' plays. They are bulky and time consuming to set up, which does not fit with the movable, spontaneous quality of the performances and the lack of space in pubs and houses. The absence of lighting and sets forces the performers to rely on their own abilities to create a mood or a special effect. In this respect they face the same problems as do other folk performers and also, to a lesser degree, Shakespearean and classical Greek actors.

Mummers' plays are a challenge to produce and a joy to watch because of their incredible variety. Since they lack specific stage directions, the interpretation depends on the actors.

Interpretations

Conflicting theories have been published about the history and meaning of these mummers' plays. The scripts we have today were collected in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries because of the interest in folk customs at that time. Until then the roles had been passed from actor to actor, which makes sense since most of the players were probably illiterate. The oldest references to these plays date back only to the early eighteenth century, yet some students of the plays think they are much older. Brody, Helm, and many earlier writers believe that the plays are a remnant of a pre-Christian fertility rite which was either related to ancient sacrifice (e.g., king killing) or celebrated the winter solstice; that the battle, death, and cure, for example, are a symbolic reenactment of the passing of the longest night—the death of winter and the year's rebirth as spring. The Yuletide performances of many of the plays support this

theory and even plays performed in spring are in keeping, if not with the astronomy, then at least with the actual arrival of spring weather and flora.

Others such as Steve Roud in his review of Helm's book challenge this interpretation, claiming that the plays should not be viewed as degenerate survivals of an ancient ritual, that the origins are both unknowable and irrelevant, and that what is important is what the plays mean to the actors and audiences today. This approach is in accord with the British School of Social Anthropology. They also point out that the characters are mostly Christian and that the actors perform primarily to collect tips at a lean time of year. Almost all writers draw on comparisons with literary sources including legitimate theater

and miracle or morality plays, either to help support a recent origin for the plays or to show how the ancient ritual was corrupted. The Introduction to the *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes* even notes a correlation between some mumming lines and some nursery rhymes, but it seems more likely that the rhymes came from the plays witnessed by wide-eyed children than the reverse.

Mumming play put on by M.O.M. for a UW class in primitive art. The three-person Dragon boasts before the fight with St. George: "In comes I, the Dragon bold,/ I have breath of fire and jaws of gold./ My body's made of iron;/ My head is made of steel;/ My claws are made of gold lame;/ No man can make me feel."
Photo by Susan Kepces.



Contemporary production

No matter what their origins or history, however, the plays were constantly evolving locally; characters and lines were being added, dropped, and changed. The published plays represent only one moment in their development; in a certain sense, publication froze their natural evolution. Moreover, lack of early written records makes it impossible to reconstruct their origins or history before the late eighteenth century.

In keeping with the evolving nature of the plays, Mad Oak Mummers has added characters and changed texts slightly to make the plays more up-to-date and oriented to the Midwest. For example, the fool follows his opening lines quoted at the beginning by:

In winter, in Wisconsin,
When icy blows the breeze
And people feed their vehicles
With Prestone antifreeze,
We come to bring you action,
Drama, poetry, and more.
We plan to do it quickly,
Lest you kick us out the door.
And if you don't believe me,
What I say,
Step in, Mad Oak,
And clear the way.

The form of these lines is quite in keeping with mummers' plays, but obviously some of the references are local. The Mad Oak, a talking oak tree, is a new character whose name and lines pun on the group's name and also that of the parent group, Oak Apple Morris. The tree provides the mistletoe, a parasite of oak trees, which cures the dead combatant after the quack doctor has failed. This rewriting of folklore to fit conceptions of what should have been—rather than what is—was done quite consciously—a nod to neo-Druidism and a bow to James G. Frazer (the nineteenth-century authority on primitive religion, who wrote *The Golden Bough*, which is, in fact, mistletoe). The new role is also consistent with revitalization movements which tend to be highly syncretic and rein-

terpretive. It is an attempt to keep magic alive in the age of the bottom line.

In one of our plays we used a dragon to fight St. George rather than the Turkish Knight or Bold Slasher. This was consistent with the hagiography, but dragons are rare in mummers' plays though



M.O.M. performs in a Twin City Mall. St. George, in cape, tights, running shorts, dark glasses, and shield, issues his boastful challenge, either the lines quoted in the text or perhaps: "I am St. George, the noble knight,/ Come from foreign lands to fight." Or, "I'll hash her [the Dragon] and smash her as small as flies/ And send her to Jamaica to make mince pies."

many versions of St. George's lines refer to his previous fight with a dragon, e.g:

I fought the fiery dragon,
And drove him to the slaughter,
And by these means I won
The king of Egypt's daughter.

The more usual fight with the Turkish Knight seems to reflect the age of chivalry and the crusades, but dragons are certainly known from early saints' plays; and as Darryll Grantley points out in his article "Producing Miracles" in *Aspects of Early English Drama*, dragons could be very complex and sophisticated stage props. By using a dragon we refer to an earlier style of drama, where the dragon is the symbol of paganism, and, like the plays themselves, he is revived. The shift away from saints' stories could well be related to the suppression of "popery" under Oliver Cromwell and like-minded puritans.

In another, wooing-type, play we added a folklorist/anthropologist who interrupted the play from time to time with a commentary given in prose in contrast to the meter and rhyme of the lines of the rest of the cast. He was dressed in gray flannels, white shirt, conservative tie, and dark blue blazer with brass buttons and a Harvard College crest on the pocket. The commentary was essentially correct and hence told puzzled audiences something about mummers' plays, but at the same time it was humorously pedantic and boring and thus satirized an overly academic approach to living theater. The folklorist was simultaneously apart from the play and a part of it. Early in the play the other characters froze as he spoke, later they yawned and snored, later yet the dying fool tried to interact with him, and finally the rest of the cast told him to shut up. As the players exited, he left arm in arm with the quack doctor. Obviously part of the message was to enjoy the play for itself and not to get too analytical and academic; the other part suggested that these plays were fascinating events and were well worth thinking about.

At a M.O.M. performance in a Twin City shopping center in the foreground the Fool is asking the Doctor what she can cure which will lead to the lines quoted in the text. The Doctor's Horse stands to the right and the Dragon lies dead behind. In the background stand the Oak Tree and St. George with his shield.

The doctor, who fails to heal in our version, traditionally plays a parodic, ham-it-up role. His usual answer to the question, "What can you cure, Doctor?" runs: "I can cure the itch, the stitch, / The palsy and the gout, / Pains within and pains without." Recently, the following was added: "Halitosis, bellyache, water on the knee, / Influenza, tired blood, shin splints, and V.D." Similarly, around the interchange over payment, there are references to H.M.O.s, paying by credit card and "Care for your carbons?" The exchange at the end of the doctor's scene is typical: Doctor: "That will be 10 more Pounds." Fool: "But he's still dead." Doctor: (pompously) "His condition is stable."

It is impossible to predict the evolutionary course the plays might have taken had they never been written down and had they continued to be performed in all their original places under similar conditions. As it is, they almost died out and are now enjoying a revival, but a revival, at least in the New World, by a different kind of social group performing them for different reasons in quite different settings to a different kind of audience. There is reason enough to perform them as they were at the time they were written down as a kind of period piece, a glimpse into the past; but there is also sufficient reason to adapt them to these new conditions. The plot with its possible or imputed metaphorical meanings remains the same, and that wonderful carnivalesque quality can be enjoyed as much today as it was in the past—perhaps even more so.



Selected Sources

Bob Pegg in *Rites and Riots: Folk Customs of Britain and Europe* (Poole, Blandford Press, 1981) and Brian Shule in *The National Trust Guide to Traditional Customs of Britain* (Exeter, Webb and Bower, 1985) discuss and illustrate mumming in the broader context of British folk customs.

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These sources cite additional bibliography including many articles and texts of plays published in *Folklore* since 1890 and the journals of the English Folk Dance and Song Society since 1899. ■

The soil has more to say to us each day than we are capable of receiving and finding words for. Walt Whitman wrote: "The press of my foot to the earth springs a hundred affections. They scorn the best I can do to relate them."

Terra Vibrata

By Francis D. Hole

T*erra firma* is a term well embedded in our vocabulary. It signifies the "firm and stable earth" that Pilgrim William Bradford described as "the proper element" for those grateful passengers who had survived the perils and miseries of the "vast and furious ocean," in his history of Plymouth Plantation (1620-1647).

Terra vibrata is a new term which refers to the tremulous soil beneath our feet, with emphasis on the dynamics of soil landscapes. Polish farmers have traditionally used the name *Rendzina*, meaning "trembling soil," for a native black earth that is shallow over limestone. A moving plow blade makes a noisy commotion as it bumps against limestone fragments and the bedrock itself. The trembling of the soil is unmistakable.

Introducing the dark root-domain to light-dwellers

The purpose of this essay is to explore in an enjoyable manner the nature and extent of vibratory phenomena, both natural and artificial, in the soils which support life on land. The topic of soil vibrations is not only interesting in itself but also has the advantage of leading us in imagination down into the world of lively darkness, which we human beings tend to ignore—to our loss. We are people of the light who are inexperienced in the dark root-domain, where responses are made by roots that determine whether plants and animals and people of the leaf-domain will continue to live and in what state of health they will be.

Certain categories of movements in the soil are not naturally detectable by human beings. Among these are molecular, atomic, and subatomic vibrations in rock debris and plant and animal materials from which soil has formed. Contrary to popular belief, these vibrations would not be stilled even at absolute zero. Brownian movement of minute particles goes on in water films in soil, because invisible water

When we become aware of the vibrational motions of water molecules and films, of air, roots, and organisms in soil, we call it *terra vibrata*.

Soil shaking by trees

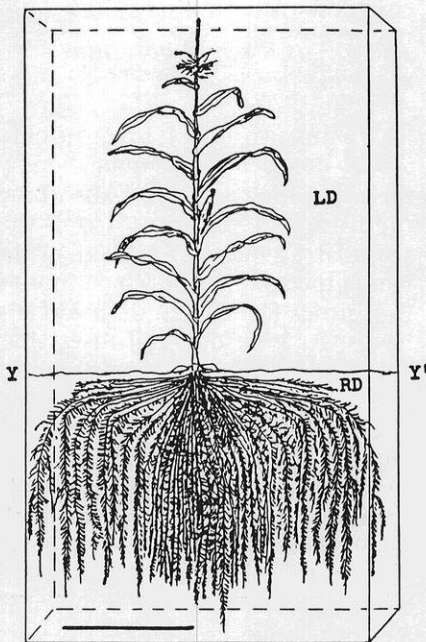
molecules bump against the particles which can be seen with the aid of a microscope. Metabolic rhythms of respiration and circulation of fluids go on in living plant and animal tissues in soils.

At a very different scale are the unnoticed, twice-daily earth tides that may have an amplitude of 30 centimeters (one foot), depending on latitude and other factors. Below the soil proper, where deep wells penetrate into aquifers (porous, water-bearing strata), ground water levels drop when an earth tide crests and dilates the aquifer, and rise between crests, as earth materials settle back to a state of closer packing. The soil rides on top of the imperceptible earth tides.

Pulsation of soil air in response to weather events is less regular. Above the water table (the surface of the zone of saturation) channels contain air which is influenced by the passage of air masses above. Alternating high and low pressures in the atmosphere tend to pump air in and out of the soil. Rainfall can displace air temporarily in naturally well-drained soils. I have heard the soft hissing of air as it was being expelled by a flood of water dropped on a pasture by a thunder storm. The subsequent gradual reentry of air as the water soaked away into roots and subsoil was inaudible to me. A burrow system made in soil by gophers (*Geomyidae*) may have several openings at different elevations on a hillside. Winds blow with varying intensities across the separate entry ways, causing pulsations of oxygen-rich external air to move into and through the burrows. It is a natural air-conditioning system that provides one kind of gentle movement of air in and out of soil.

At times a forest acts as a soil-shaking machine. This is most evident in wetland soils, where shallow, unstable platelike root systems develop over high water tables. The swaying of trees in a wind storm has been observed to pump air in and out of the soil at a speed of 0.5 meters per second and to vibrate the water table itself through an amplitude of 5 centimeters. The site in question is in a wetland near Helsinki, Finland. Winds at speeds of 5 to 10 meters per second cause vibrations of roots with amplitudes of 2 to 10 millimeters upward on the windward side of a tree and as much as 3 millimeters downward on the leeward side. The surrounding soil is shaken correspondingly. Foresters have concluded that a root may undergo vibratory motion tens of thousands of times in the course of a year. Many small roots are broken in the process, and new roots grow at the breaks. It is likely that fungal infections in the roots are favored by this sort of injury. Deflection of a tree by an animal can quake the soil, during the warm season when the ground is not frozen and particularly in unstable wetlands. For instance, the male white-tailed deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*) in Georgia rub their antlers and heads against saplings just prior to the breeding season. A very different phenomenon is the pressure against stems of trees (*Pinus ponderosa*) by deep, creeping snow blankets on slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

A very slow-motion shoving of the soil goes on over periods of thousands of years in forests as enlarging root masses push aside soil, which is thereby heaved in different directions, back and forth, by suc-



Sketch of a complete plant of *Zea mays* which is ninety days old. The box is a delineated ecosystem of which 44 percent by volume is soil (below surface Y-Y'), termed root-domain (RD), as distinguished from leaf-domain (LD). The bar, lower left, represents one meter.

cessive trees. One is impressed by the magnitude of such long-term earth moving in ancient, undisturbed sequoia (*Sequoiadendron giganteum*) stands in which mature trees measure 8 meters in diameter.

Soil disturbance by earthquakes

Published soil survey reports for counties along the San Andreas Fault in California omit reference to effects of earthquakes on soils. When people became concerned about the choice of sites of nuclear power plants, soil scientists began to make detailed comparisons between internal fabrics of

mass wasting of soil materials, including earthen dams of reservoirs, may be correlated with seismic events. Where lakes freeze in cold seasons, expansion and contraction of the ice sheets in response to changes in temperature cause rupture of the ice. Resulting vibrations shake the lake basins. Volcanic eruptions are commonly accompanied by tremors. Movements of magma and lava deep in a volcano may generate harmonic (continuous) seismic waves. Collapse of caverns and mines shakes the overlying soil, altering its internal fabric and land form.

“Nature (that which we observe through the senses) makes abstractions for us, deciding what range of vibrations we are to see and hear, what things we notice and remember.”

—A. N. Whitehead, *Concept of Nature*

bodies of soil that have been cut through by land slippage (faulting) and those bodies that contain no evidence of having been faulted. The earthquake-affected soils showed a loss of blocky structure and of numbers of large pores, an increase in linear arrangement of sand in seams, a rotation of linear features, and point-centered disturbances including liquefaction features measuring 2 meters in width and 1 meter in depth, in which high pressure jets of ground water have obviously churned the soil from below. Entire soil landscapes may be changed by earthquakes. One thousand earthquakes occurred in a three-month period in 1811-1812 in the greatest earthquake sequence ever experienced in the U.S., leaving raised and sunken lands, fissures, sinks, sand blows, landslides, and rearranged patterns of alluvial soils in a 130,000 square kilometer (50,000 square mile) area stretching from Cairo, Illinois to Memphis, Tennessee. In mountainous areas

Soil vibration islands and corridors

Meteorologists tell us that many cities are “heat islands,” with microclimates that are warmer than the prevailing macroclimate around them. Cities may also be considered to be soil vibration islands, when one considers the shaking of the ground that goes on in urban areas in response to surface and subway train and motorized vehicular traffic, airport activity, pedestrian walking and jogging, demolition and construction, tremors produced by countless stationary engines and motors, and emergency and alarm systems. Corridors of traffic, and hence of vibrations, extend across country between urban areas. Snowmobiles, of which Wisconsin had between two and three hundred thousand as early as 1974, have confronted wildlife, vegetative cover, and the soil itself with a new regime of tremors.

Rural and wilderness areas have always had corridors and islands of soil shaking. Galloping of buffalo, elk, antelope, horses, and trampling by cattle, sheep, goats, pigs can be impressive. Among the native animals that signal by thumping the soil are the rabbit and the beaver. Woodpeckers drum on dead trees and send some vibrations down into root systems. Dashing waves and waterfalls provide the energy to shake the ground along sea coasts, lake margins, and white water rivers. Avalanches, landslides, sudden movements of glaciers, rock falls and tree falls, storms, and volcanic explosions are special cases. Lightning strikes are common in many mountainous regions. Military testing and warfare produce islands and corridors of trembling soils.

The soil as a sound-absorbing medium

Many tremors are quickly dampened and quenched by the soil, which is a sound-absorbing medium, so different from the sound-transmitting oceans, in which the song of the whale travels four times faster than do bird calls in air. At least one soil insect has succeeded in preventing the soil from burying its song. The mole cricket (*Grylletalpa vinese*) builds a burrow with a double megaphone-shaped opening at the surface of the ground. One meter above the opening the volume of the song has been recorded at 92 decibels. On a still day the Morse codelike sound was audible above ground 600 meters away. It is probable that this sound rarely leaves any direct trace in the fabric of the soil, but it must affect behavior of other mole crickets in a way to promote the excavation of more burrows, which are special features of the soil fabric. Presumably great numbers of soil animals are aware of soil vibrations. Many earthworms must try to escape from an approaching mole which is vigorously digging toward them, but enough of them fail to ensure ample nourishment for the mole.

Pseudovibrations: slow-motion cycles of soil disturbance and change

The term vibration as used by physicists connotes a periodic motion of particles of an elastic body or medium in alternately opposite directions with respect to a position of equilibrium. The airborne song of the mole cricket fits this definition better than do seismic tremors in soil, because of the capacity of soil to dampen sound. Pseudovibration is a term suggested here for irregular, slow-motion changes or disturbances in soil. One already mentioned is the gradual pushing of soil this way and that by successive sequoia trees over periods of thousands of years, as root systems expand in volume. Another is the intermittent flow of air in and out of an animal burrow that has multiple openings exposed to gusts of wind. The slow rise and slower collapse of large termite and ant mounds over the decades in natural ecosystems constitute a cycle of growth and disappearance of individual micro-landforms.

As viewed from above, many soil landscapes of humid regions are seen as mosaics of wetlands and intervening well-drained uplands. The boundaries between the two components of terrain are not static, but shift up-slope during decades of unusually abundant rainfall and down-slope during prolonged droughts. In effect, ecologically critical soil boundaries vibrate back and forth through the centuries. The work of soil mappers is never done so long as there is climatic change. For example, Devil's and Stump lakes in North Dakota have expanded and contracted significantly as have adjacent soil bodies. The levels of these connected lakes have fluctuated as much as 15 meters during the Holocene (the last 10,000 years). From 1867 to 1940 their levels dropped 11 meters, reducing the total area of water from 670 square kilometers to 114 square kilometers, with a change in water quality from fresh (fish were abundant) to brackish (no fish present). Bodies of

We people of the light need to surround ourselves with images of the creative realm of darkness, the supporting soil on which we tread.

bordering salt-affected soils have alternately expanded and narrowed with corresponding reduction or increase in salinity during the Holocene.

Many of those very small soil particles, measuring less than 0.002 millimeter or 1/25,000th inch in diameter, that we call clay, have a capacity to shrink on drying and to expand on wetting. When puddles of rainwater dry up, the shrinking mud commonly separates by means of cracks into numerous polygons, each with five to seven or more sides. On rewetting, the polygons swell back together again. A slow-motion picture of the repeating process would show vibration of boundaries of the cracks as they open and shut. Entire landscapes of clayey soils crack in this manner over vast areas, in response to severe drought. The cracks swell shut again, after corrective rains. Freeze-thaw cycles produced similar patterns in soils of the tundra.

Significance of soil vibrations

Soil tremors have not seemed important to students and users of soils, except in the cases of the *Rendzina* of Polish farms and "quaking bogs" in taiga and tundra regions. Ecological considerations alone would justify systematic observation of soil vibrations, if problems of finding installation sites for public utilities did not. As we have noted, foresters in Finland have studied the effect of storm stress on tree roots and surrounding soil, because the rupture of small roots promotes fungal infection of the trees, with resulting reduction in forest yield. The roles of soil vibra-

tions as environmental signals to soil animals, as means of communication among animals, and the action of vibrations in forming and obliterating microfeatures in soil are largely unexamined. We do not know all the effects on soil and soil organisms of vibrations produced by the impact on bare soil of raindrops measuring about 5 millimeters in diameter and traveling about 32 kilometers per hour, each drop creating by radial water jets a cavity about 10 millimeters in diameter and 0.5 millimeters deep, nor of the impact of hail stones and of the much rarer meteoroids, such as the cold one that fell at Colby, Wisconsin on July 14, 1917.

At any rate, the concept of *terra vibrata* is a useful complement to the concept of *terra firma*. The fragility of the soil resource, which is of increasing concern to students of sustainable ecosystems, is related to the capacity of soil to behave in a tremulous manner.

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Polish Ship-Jumpers In Duluth-Superior Harbor

By Anthony Bukoski

Polish vessels frequently call in Duluth-Superior. Fifteen times ships of Polish registry visited in 1987; 111 between 1977 and 1987. When, on July 15, 1987, two middle-aged sailors left the Pomorze Zachodnie with my assistance, that made eight Polish sailors defecting in the harbor in two years. Sailors seeking political asylum have left the Ziemia Opolska, Ziemia Bialostocka, Ziemia Gnieźnińska, and the Pomorze Zachodnie. As the two I helped left, they called their captain a "communist," saying he made shipboard life intolerable.

Most foreign seamen who have visas and the master's permission may come ashore legally in the United States, though sailors from

Syria, Albania, Cuba, Iran, and six other countries must remain aboard ship. In our harbor on June 10, 1988, two Syrians on the Greek Freighter Alikrator were kept aboard by a security guard at dockside, and a few days earlier a Syrian on the Missaliki was confined to ship, but "the Coast Guard rarely calls for security guards to police unwelcome foreign nationals," though it sometimes confines sailors with criminal records or those who have jumped ship, were caught, repatriated, and later sailed back to the United States (*The Duluth News-Tribune*, 9 June 1988).

I assisted the two Poles, who had decided to leave ship well before my arrival, because they were from the "old country" of my ancestors. Thus, after a fashion, we were

countrymen. Though emotionally and spiritually my immigrant grandparents may have remained Poles, legally they became Polish-Americans by coming here. Each year of their lives—and certainly of my parents' and mine—the old country faded from memory. Only once, in fact, had I, a second-generation Polish-American, ever met a Pole. With my grandparents gone, Poland became hardly more than a country about whose social and political conditions I now occasionally read.

Michael Novak has written in *The Rise of the Unmeltable Ethnics* (Macmillan, 1971) that we Americans

are not trapped by our past, or victims of it. We are in many

ways free from it, even "enlightened" from it. But we are also the fruit of it. We did not spring full-blown like some Venus from the sea . . . Below the threshold of the rational or the fully conscious, our instincts and sensibilities lead backwards to the predilections of our forebears.

Though we have become "Americanized," he says, particular gestures and actions, to say nothing of certain music or foods, still resonate to us over centuries. While American life may go far toward erasing a consciousness of the past, it cannot do so completely. "When a person thinks, more than one generation's passions and images think in him," writes Novak. "Besides a person's own private history, choices, and conscious desires, there operate in him the metaphors, memories, instincts, tastes, and values of a historical people." My experience on July 15, 1987 corroborates this. I probably would not have gone as eagerly to see a French, Greek, or Chinese freighter at the docks. Though sightseers may view the ships as they pass through Duluth-Superior's ship canals, to go to the docks to watch them take on flax seed or wheat for Stettin or Amsterdam is a different matter altogether. I went because the Pomorze Zachodnie was Polish. Ocean-going vessels are impressive. This one on whose bow was painted a white eagle, the symbol of Poland, who flew the Polish colors aft, and whose name meant "Western, or Westerly Sea Coast," was especially so to me.

That afternoon the two seamen, having embraced some of the crew, descended the Pomorze Zachodnie's gangway. Walking between the grain elevators and the ship, they yelled at the captain who, high in the bow, ordered them to return. When they asked me to call them a taxi (the sailors thinking their accents would arouse suspicion), I told them I would drive them wherever they wished. From the Harvest States grain elevator to the Thaddeus Kosciuszko Fraternal Lodge, where Polish seamen congregate, is

less than a mile. No one that afternoon in the club at 1701 Broadway spoke Polish, forcing us to communicate through gestures and a few common Polish and English words. When I telephoned the Office of Immigration and Naturalization (INS), officials there told me it was late in the day, the office would be closing, and the sailors were my responsibility until morning. The two, who had left a heavy seabag and three or four duffel bags in the car, remained calm, saying they were not hungry so much as tired and thirsty. They were uncertain where to seek help next, but considered going to the police station, *policja* in Polish, or to another Polish vessel.

I drove them from the club to the Ziemia Suwalska, a Polish ship taking on grain at the Peavey Elevator several miles from the Pomorze Zachodnie. One seaman stayed ashore while the other, Bogdan, and I went aboard the Ziemia Suwalska (meaning "Territory of Suwalskie," as Ziemia Bialostocka means "Territory or Region of Bialystok," and so on). I was unsure why they wished to go there, though there was some talk of their sailing back aboard this ship whose captain, I believe, was sympathetic to them. The Ziemia Suwalska was preparing to leave for Montreal. Their business completed, Janusz and Bogdan did not wait for her departure, however, which meant that at least until another Polish ship arrived in port, they would have to remain in the United States.

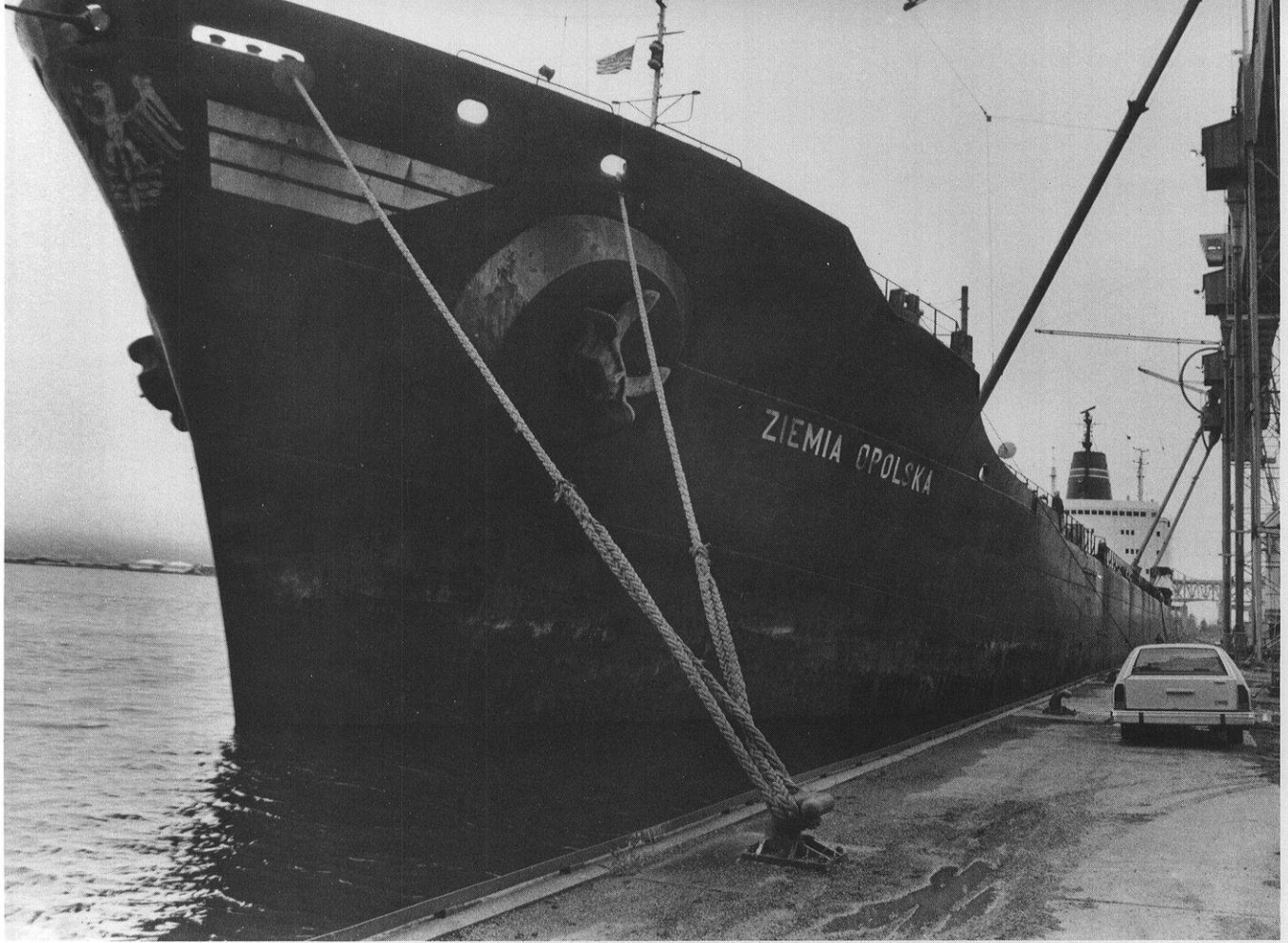
That evening after dinner I took them by *Szkola Wojciecha*, the Polish grade school I had attended, then to my house. A modest, two-story, gray-shingled frame house, it was built early in the century and stands in a neighborhood of blue collar workers' homes a half-mile from ore and oil docks and from the flour mill where my great-grandfather and father once worked, my father himself having been a merchant seaman. The sailors were unaccustomed to so large a house, I understood them to mean, and were impressed with mine, al-

though by American standards it is hardly impressive.

Later I found them lodgings with a Polish emigré who runs a motel on East Second Street in Superior. Because the motel was full, she put them in a tiny camper-trailer without toilet facilities which was parked out back. In the morning at the sailors' behest I drove them to the Office of Immigration and Naturalization. On the way to Duluth we saw that the Pomorze Zachodnie and Ziemia Suwalska had sailed. The last I saw of Bogdan and Janusz was their being searched and interrogated by INS officials in the Federal Building—that is, until June 1988, when I saw Janusz on a downtown Duluth street. He had lasted a year; his English had improved, though marginally; and Bogdan, he said, was still in the country.

This is my side of the story, my grandparents' and mine, for I am a product of a journey that went from Poland through Ellis Island here to Superior, Wisconsin. The journey of two Poles, Bogdan and Janusz, ended, or began, here too, a century after that of my grandparents. Thus our meeting at the gangway of a Polish ship on July 15, 1987 has become for me a kind of matrix of meaning and identity. As Bogdan and Janusz debarked to a new country, I have embarked, at least spiritually and emotionally, to a very old one, in the process discovering, or rediscovering, my ethnic past.

In the days following the defection, Duluth's newspaper ran several stories. On the front page of the July 17, 1987 issue appears this headline: "2 Polish sailors defect from ship/ may seek political asylum." The article reports that with Bogdan's and Janusz's defections, "seven people have deserted Polish ships in the Twin Ports during the past year." (Eight had defected by then. A year earlier a Polish seaman's defection "attracted no publicity whatsoever." *The Evening Telegram*, 22 September 1987.) On August 23, 1988 during renewed



Courtesy of the Duluth News-Tribune

trouble in Poland, four more persons left the Polish ship *Ziemia Gnieźnieńska* in Superior: two ship's officers and one of the officer's wives and three and a half year old son. Not counting the recent defectors in its calculations, the July 17, 1987 *Tribune* article goes on to say that the five [sic] earlier defectors were still living in Duluth-Superior and "thought to be seeking permanent residence in the United States." Asylum applicants, according to an inspector with the immigration office in Duluth who is quoted in the article, have to prove "they would suffer some sort of persecution if they returned home . . . [t]he pursuit of economic opportunity" being insufficient grounds to allow them to stay. Ship jumpers, he said, become eligible for permanent resident status one year after being granted conditional asylum, though during the year they are "in limbo" and can be deported.

A related article appearing in the next day's Duluth paper, "Poland's improved conditions strain sailors' bid for asylum," discusses the difficulties the sailors, Bogdan and Janusz, might encounter "in their quest to become Americans," especially since President Reagan had removed economic sanctions on Poland in response to Polish President Jaruzelski's gradual liberalization of government and freeing of political prisoners in the fall of 1986. As Poland's human rights climate improved, the defectors' chances of staying decreased. "To be granting asylum [to the Polish defectors] would be a sore point" in view of the then-recent changes in Poland, according to Leonard Polakiewicz, an assistant professor in the University of Minnesota's Department of Russian and Eastern European Studies (*The Duluth News-Tribune*, 18 July 1987).

Since the previous summer, such

accounts of defectors had become common, with newspaper headlines reading "3 missing from docked Polish ship," "Second time this year: case of 3 Poles seeking asylum not an isolated incident in port" (*The Superior Evening Telegram*), or "Immigration mum on ship jumpers." Beneath a photo of the Polish ship *Ziemia Opolska* in one article stands a chart labeled "Applications and approval rates for asylum July 1980 to March 1986." It lists the number of asylum applications from such countries as Iran, Nicaragua, and Haiti. Of 8,903 Polish applications in the six-year period, the chart shows 2,556 were approved.

A front-page story in the Friday, September 26, 1986 *Duluth News-Tribune* offers a different view of things, however. In the lower right-hand corner appears the headline, "Seamen don't leap at chance to jump." The rest of the story, along

with a photo of the *Ziemia Bialostocka*, which had passed the *Ziemia Opolska* east of Sault Ste. Marie the previous Monday, fills half of page 7A inside. It deals with life aboard ship where "the food is good, and the pay is good by Polish standards," with why the crew of the *Ziemia Bialostocka*, which was in port, would resist jumping ship (although one crew member had defected in July that year in Superior), and with their attitude towards the *Ziemia Opolska*'s recent defectors who, the crew members said, were "young and probably well-educated, with few family ties in Poland." Sailors interviewed on the *Ziemia Bialostocka* said:

It would be easy to walk away from the ship . . . but they had families waiting back in Poland. And they wouldn't know what to do or whom to trust here . . ."

"I'm too tired. I have too many children . . ." said the ship's electrician, when asked why he didn't try to stay in America. "Maybe when I was younger."

One crewman said it would be like "a cat in a sack," with nowhere to turn in a strange land with a strange language. Most of the crew said it was too late in life for them to do something so daring.

This was the *Ziemia Bialostocka*'s second trip to Superior in two months. In October 1986, a month after the *Ziemia Bialostocka* and the *Ziemia Opolska* sailed, a Polish seaman left the *Ziemia Gnieźnieńska*. Then in August 1988 four left the *Ziemia Gnieźnieńska*.

It is, of course, difficult, if not impossible, to ascribe personal motives to the sailors' defections. Ostensibly, they defected for political reasons, though no doubt some may have done so on impulse or because Duluth-Superior at a particular time was convenient to them. The *News-Tribune* of August 25, 1988 reported that the four most recent ship-jumpers did so for political reasons, though how can one say

this with any certainty? Last year, Bogdan, I know, was visibly upset with the *Pomorze Zachodnie*'s captain, though again how can I say with assurance that it was for political reasons? Janusz's reluctance to let me use his last name in this article for fear of reprisal against his family, however, suggests the burden under which defectors live. An immigration official told me of another Pole who had marched in support of Solidarity and had no desire to defect here, yet was convinced to do so by a letter from his mother saying government agents were watching his house; this also appears to be the case with the four recent defectors from the *Ziemia Gnieźnieńska*. My dealings with another Pole have been in the same vein. Recently, a seaman on the *Ziemia Tarnowska* told me resignedly that it was not the Polish people but the Polish "system" responsible for the country's troubles. Finally, my commerce with the Polish government may suggest their position: my calls to the Polish Consulate General in Chicago inquiring about ship jumpers for this paper were never returned, despite assurances they would be.

It is safer to propose what makes this harbor attractive to Polish sailors than to attempt assigning motives to their actions. "Duluth-Superior," says Dan Sydow, a vessel agent with the shipping agency Federal Marine, "is one of the best ports in America to jump ship because we're sympathetic to sailors." Many Twin Ports families are, or have been, associated with the lakes trade as longshoremen, sailors, or in various other capacities. (In early June of this year alone, for instance, the *Tarnowska* was in port and the *Ziemia Chelminska* upbound from the Soo to take on grain in Superior.) In larger maritime cities with more diversified economies and interests, harbor activities may not be as noticeable or as important to the general population who, as a result, may be less concerned with, or sympathetic toward, visiting nationals.

In Duluth-Superior, furthermore, approximately 4,000 people claim Polish ancestry, while approximately another 7,000 claim Polish and one other, say Italian, ancestry, according to the *1980 Census of Population and Housing—Duluth-Superior Census Tracts*. "[T]he large Polish community here is well-known in the motherland," *The News-Tribune* has written, which may make the port attractive to defecting Poles. Moreover, the Polish ships' political officers may not have been as vigilant here where, prior to 1986, few Polish sailors had jumped ship. James Baumann of the U.S. Border Patrol office in Duluth knows of only one other Polish defector since his office opened in 1976. This, coupled with the break in normal shipboard routine during the ships' frequent port calls along the Great Lakes, may make jumping ship a compelling possibility. Finally, Brenda Otterson of Lutheran Social Services in Duluth recalls when one of eight Polish seamen she assisted had looked out her office window at the foggy harbor and said the scene reminded him of Poland.

Whatever the reason—whether on impulse, or because of the Polish-American community here, or the two cities' sympathies toward lake and harbor—to my knowledge Polish sailors have been well treated, although on at least several occasions INS has been less than happy to hear of the defections. When I telephoned on July 15, 1987, notifying them I had with me two Poles seeking asylum, INS offered no assistance, telling me to bring in Bogdan and Janusz the next morning. I learned only later that the Border Patrol—the uniformed enforcement division of INS—would have seen the sailors the same day. Why did INS not tell me? Another time Douglas Finn, the chairman of the county board, and Paul Grymala, Jr., then-president of Superior's Thaddeus Kosciuszko Fraternal Aid Society, had to telephone the office of Congressman David Obey to intercede with INS on some Polish sailors' behalf. In my case anyway,

I suspect INS officials could not be inconvenienced so late in the day. A representative told me Polish sailors were "in" in Superior, that "everyone wanted one," and so Bogdan and Janusz were mine to take care of. Ordinarily, INS in Duluth consults the district office in St. Paul, which then telephones the State Department in Washington, D.C. for advice before themselves (the INS in St. Paul) adjudicating the case. With Bogdan and Janusz nothing would be done until the next day.

Such instances notwithstanding, Polish defectors have found assistance at Superior's Polish Club and within the Polish-American community. INS has no money to lodge or feed defectors, so that responsibility devolves upon individuals and volunteer organizations. In the

past two years, the Ordean Sharing Fund and the Koino Center in Duluth have provided emergency financial help and temporary lodging; various food cooperatives, food; and the Duluth Community Health Center, free medical assistance. Brenda Otterson has found sailors places to stay while their applications for asylum were processed. She has also found translators in the community, though until Polish defectors are granted conditional asylum status, she must work as a volunteer and not under the aegis of Lutheran Social Services. Depending on Poland's political and human rights climate, a sailor's application may be denied and the sailor repatriated, though this has not happened to Bogdan, Janusz, and the others. Once they are granted official asylee status,

they may apply for social security cards and, if work-authorized, find employment. The wait for citizenship is five years.

One year after defecting Bogdan and Janusz are now able to seek employment. Because their English was improving slowly, they decided to live with different families where they could practice English and not rely on each other's Polish. Two other defectors are working in a motel and a restaurant in Duluth. In a small way they are adding to the nation's ethnic fabric. Their presence has already enriched us, I think. As Michael Novak has written, "More deeply than Americans have been taught to recognize, their own particular pasts live on in their present judgments and actions." Recently arrived, thus less Americanized, these seamen bring a perspective which can enable all of us to recall better where we came from. "Mile widziany," I said to Janusz when I saw him in Duluth. "Welcome." He was happy to see me as my own grandparents a century before would have been delighted to see a new American friend.

Of my own journey: now that I have embarked, where will it take me? "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past," wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald, that most American of authors.

Portions of this paper were presented in June 1988 at the 46th Annual Meeting of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences of America, held in Washington, D.C. I am grateful to Don Wright of the Seaway Port Authority of Duluth, to Mary Grandmaison and Rod King of the Immigration and Naturalization Service's Duluth office, to Dan Sydow of Federal Marine, and to Brenda Otterson of the Lutheran Social Services for the information they provided, and to Robert Jodon of The Duluth News-Tribune for permission to reprint photographs. ■

The Origin of A Sparkle

Ed was in the barn, milking,
when lightning entered an open door and
killed several cows,
knocking him and the others unconscious.

Once, while plowing a field,
he was zapped right out of the tractor,
then came to on the ground,
feeling "tingly" all over . . .

Another time, he was opening a pasture gate
when that long, zig-zag finger tapped him . . .

Lots of water has gone downstream
since we swapped stories along the river,
and I've forgotten the details
of two more strikes . . .

But I'll always remember
the light
in his eyes.

Harvey Taylor

Galleria: Les Klug—Artist

By Warrington Colescott

Last February friends of Les Klug gathered in Middleton for a quiet goodbye to the photographer who had died in a solitary accident at his rural home. The hall was crowded; Les had many friends. There were farmers and architects, printmakers, educators, writers, athletes, merchants and potters, a spectrum of individuals who valued this intensely creative man. In an unplanned sequence people stood and spoke in appreciation of his character and life as they had experienced him. The testimonial picture that emerged was of a large man, large in interests and talents, warm in his relationships, dedicated to following his vision as an artist through his creative medium, the camera.

Klug was born in Rhinelander in 1930, graduating from Rhinelander Union High School in 1948 and going on to the University of Wisconsin at Madison where he studied chemistry and psychology. He had been interested in photography since childhood, when he was given a Kodak Brownie. He loved to take portrait shots and did all of the photography for his high school yearbook, the Hodag. In his camera work he was self-taught; there had been no instruction available. At Madison he finally took a course in photojournalism offered in the school of agriculture, the only course on the Madison campus at that time. He later commented: "Photography became a journey of discovery for me, as I learned by doing and accident." After his seventh undergraduate semester he dropped out of the university without taking a degree. Within the year

he was in the army, and in the classic military tradition of bizarre use of conscripts Les was assigned to the military police. He reappeared at the university in the sixties, chemistry and psychology now subordinate to his camera. For him, photography was "neither a vocation nor avocation, but something more than either." He had returned to the school of education, as a photographer and technician to develop a photomedia laboratory.

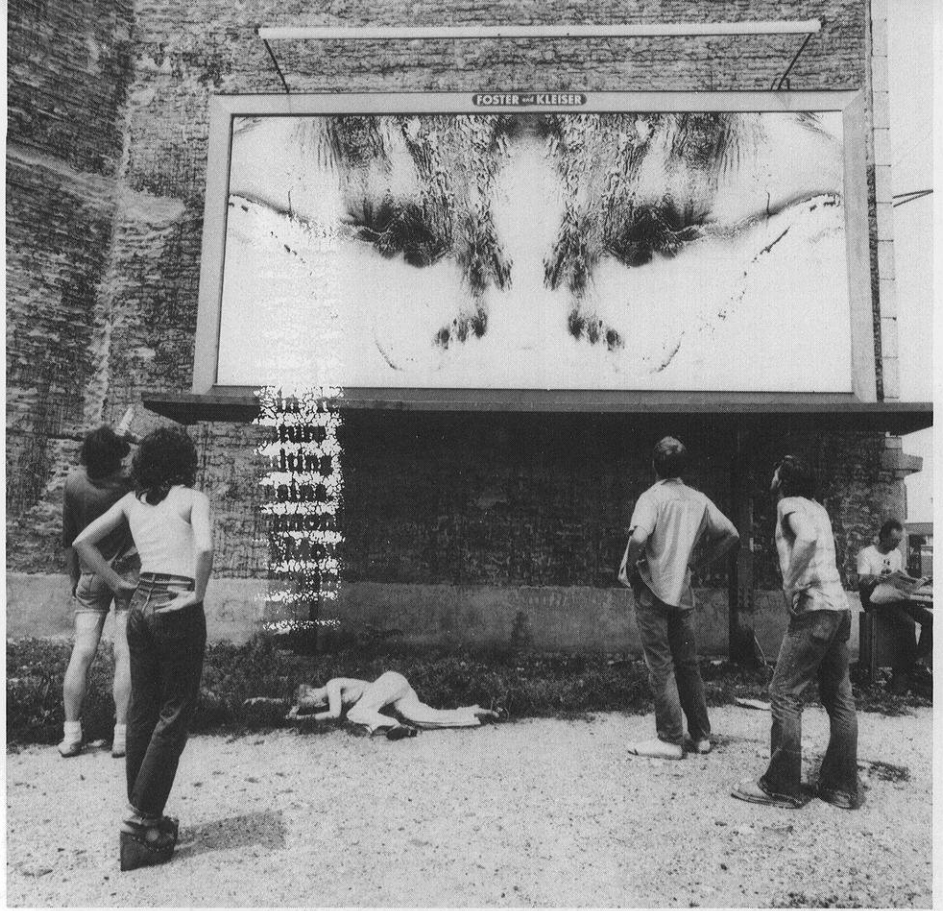
His facility was housed in the education building, as was the art department. Les became friendly with the art staff, particularly those teaching printmaking and sculpture. He writes: "I found my techniques were more closely related to the graphic arts than to traditional photographic styles. The picture or negative became the starting point, something to be used, to be manipulated to create an image, not the end result." Les had also opened a photography gallery on University Avenue, one of a pioneering few galleries in a university community where art was discussed but seldom collected.

In 1970 he moved to Chicago, accepting a position at Northeastern Illinois University, to head a photography resource center. He wrote at this time, "As long as I am employed, photography can remain a strictly private adventure." As with many artists before him, the private adventure was becoming public. Immediately after his fortieth birthday Les Klug made his decision and quit at Northeastern, to make photography his only profession, to focus all of his strength on creating with his camera and his darkroom the hybrid images that

flooded his mind. It was necessary to keep body and soul together, of course, and to feed the expensive equipment and supply appetite of his new vocation. He states,

The art fairs, of which I was ignorant, were beginning to accept photography. An Evanston friend asked me as a favor to exhibit at the Evanston Art Fair. I did. I received first prize in graphics and sales equaled what had been a month's salary, and I was invited to another fair where I again received first in graphics and sold the equivalent of two months' salary. With this success and a somewhat misleading concept of art fairs I soon found myself locked into and dependant on art fairs. Since this was a series of sporadic paydays it meant a reduction of living standards to accommodate the independence to work as I desired.

Klug's rented loft in Chicago was rough but organized, an efficient work place of tacked-together light-fast stations, neatly labeled storage areas, jumbles of cameras and lighting standards, props and staging gadgetry, costumes and oddments of a collector of contemptibles that might find their way into his camera-play. A nude mannikin held a frozen gesture on the stairway landing, and the treacherous stairs led down to the street door with its three sets of burglar-proof locks and chains. Although possibly uninsurable, the studio was productive and quickly became notable in the Chicago area. The exposure of Klug's work at art fairs, the awards and publicity opened doors to galleries and museums. He was collected and



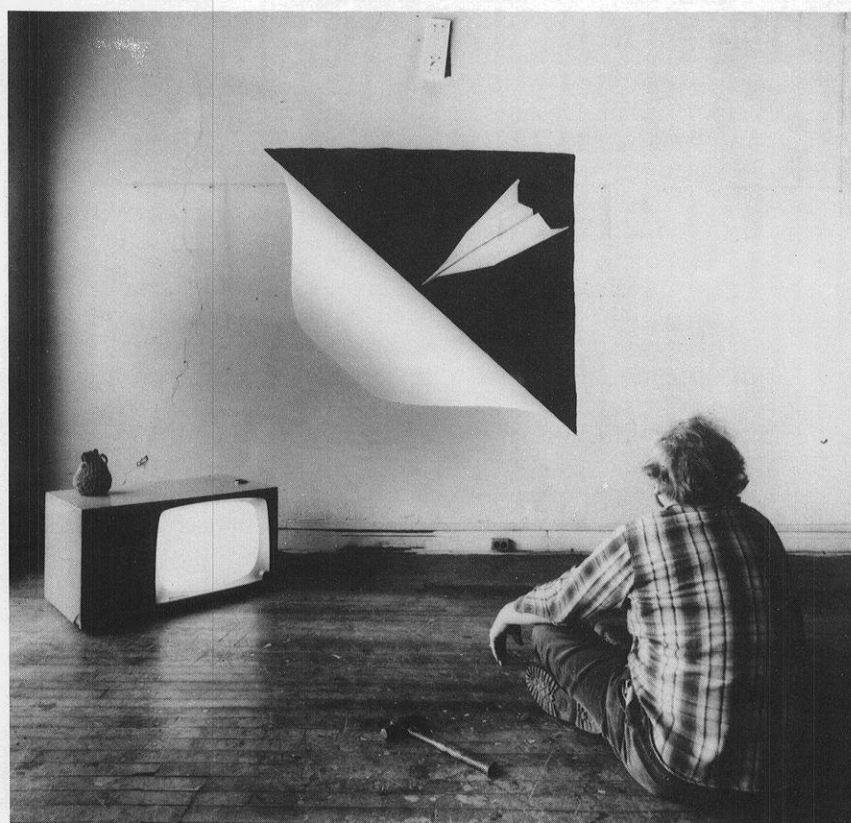


shown. Seeing himself as a graphic artist, Les entered competitive shows previously limited to images drawn or painted. He became a regular exhibitor at the Chicago and Vicinity show at the Art Institute (winning the Pauline Palmer award in 1976), had one-man shows at the Madison Art Center, at the University of Chicago, at Columbia College, in curator-selected groups at the Milwaukee Art Museum, at the Illinois State Museum in Springfield, at the Evanston Art Center. His photographs were purchased for the collections of Beloit College, Northwestern University, the Boston Art Institute, and for corporate collections such as Kemper Insurance and Borg-Warner.

While he had gained prestige and attention, his income remained unpredictable, and life in Chicago was a struggle. The art fairs were a labor-intensive, exhausting necessity. His studio was in a neighborhood with built-in hazards. Photo equipment commands a high price and is easily resold. Three sets of locks are no guarantee: there were break-ins and losses. In October of 1981 Les Klug moved back to Wisconsin to a farm near Arena.

The last seven years of his life were among his most experimental and productive. Dazzled by the landscape, bemused with the contrast between his urban years and the rural present, he reacted with sardonic whimsy, and the photos of this period alternate between a disturbing surrealism and a sequence of dead-pan manipulations of models and props, superimposed over natural or contrived phenomena. His technical controls are flawless, subordinated to the wit of the images, the sequences, the non-sense narratives.

Les Klug is finally archival. I think it would amuse him to hear that description. The archive is packed and should inspire a provocative research in the years to come. ■





BOOK MARKS/WISCONSIN

COMPANION TO A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC edited by J. Baird Callicott. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1987. ix + 288 pp. \$22.50 cloth.

By Peter Losin

This volume (hereafter *Companion*), edited by a member of the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point's Philosophy Department and its College of Natural Resources, contains a number of previously published essays along with some newly written and rewritten material. The finished product presents Aldo Leopold and his best-known work from a variety of points of view—philosophical, biographical, historical, literary-critical, and practical. It brings together some fine work by some of the country's most able Leopold scholars and is a welcome addition to the Leopold literature.

Companion's most notable feature is Part II—"The Book." In "The Making of *A Sand County Almanac*" Dennis Ribbens traces the history of Leopold's efforts to get his book published. The letters back and forth between Leopold and prospective publishers, and between Leopold and friends and advisors, tell us some important things about the genesis of "The Book," and about Leopold's purposes in putting it together, e.g., why he insisted on keeping sections such as the familiar essays which comprise "The Upshot" when publishers recommended their excision. In "The Conflicts of an Ecological Conscience," an essay Callicott describes as being "in my opinion the most insightful study of *A Sand County Almanac* as a whole, ever made," Peter Fritzell analyzes "The Book" as a literary whole, calling

attention to its deep tensions and ambiguities, some of which Callicott tries to resolve in his own essays later in *Companion*. Both Ribbens's and Fritzell's essays bring much-needed light to the problems of interpreting "The Book" and are among the most interesting essays in the book.

In Part I, "The Author," Curt Meine and Susan Flader—both of whom have published their own book-length discussions of Leopold—offer useful analyses of Leopold's boyhood and his central Wisconsin "shack experiences." Roderick Nash's discussion in "Aldo Leopold's Intellectual Heritage," on the other hand, is thin and superficial, and, as Callicott points out in his introduction, seriously distorts the basis of Leopold's "land ethic."

More sophisticated analyses of the substance of the "land ethic" appear in Part III, "The Upshot." In "Building 'The Land Ethic'" Meine teases out different strands in what he calls "Leopold's most important essay"; and his analysis of how these strands were woven together by Leopold displays well the care with which Leopold worked. *Sand County* is much more than an eloquent nature book; it is a carefully conceived, subtly crafted whole, and "The Land Ethic" is a carefully wrought part of that whole. Callicott's "Conceptual Foundations of the Land Ethic" is a useful corrective to Nash's superficial and misleading analysis.

In "The Land Aesthetic" Callicott suggests that "natural . . . aesthetics is a persistent concern" of Leopold. This is worth dwelling on. The ubiquity and variety of perceptual terms in *Sand County* is striking. Leopold writes of a "refined taste in natural objects," of a

"taste for country," of "habits of the human eye," of "the superficial eye," of "our ability to perceive quality in nature" and the fact that "ecological science has wrought a change in the mental eye." He laments the tendency of "biological education" to dull one's impressions of one's surroundings by filling one's mind with unimportant details. And duck hunting is, in the last analysis, an "aesthetic exercise."

Callicott illustrates very nicely Leopold's conception of the role of ecological understanding in one's perception of nature. "Ecological science has wrought a change in the mental eye"—where Daniel Boone saw only "facts" and "attributes" one can now see "origins" and "functions" and "mechanisms." Hence Leopold's belief that essential to the "recreational process" is

perception of the natural processes by which the land and the living things upon it have achieved their characteristic forms (evolution) and by which they maintain their existence (ecology).

Callicott rightly points out the relative neglect "natural aesthetics" has suffered at the hands of philosophers and suggests that the visual bias of much "artificial aesthetics" may be partly responsible for this neglect. Visual terms form a large part of the aesthetic vocabulary of *Sand County*; but there are *aural* terms (recall the first sentences of "January" and "November" and some of the titles of sections in *Sand County*: "The Choral Copse," "Marshland Elegy," "Song of the Gavilan," "Goose Music"); *olfactory* ones (consider Leopold's reference to his dog's "educated nose" searching for "olfactory gold," and finding "the olfactory

poems that who-knows-what silent creatures have written in the summer night"); and *tactile* ones (e.g., having one's shins warmed by the oak one has split, feeling the sun as it rises in the morning). One of the things that contributes to the force and durability of *Sand County* is the close attention Leopold gives to sensory details in his descriptions of the land. Callicott is to be thanked for calling attention to this aspect of Leopold's work; and those who want to explore the full range of Leopold's thought would do well to pursue his lead.

I think that the most important essays in this collection and the ones which will prove most beneficial to those interested in Leopold and his impact on environmental thought are those focused most closely on Leopold's written work. Interpreting a work as many-layered as *A Sand County Almanac* is difficult, and to have attention drawn to its structure, organization, and genesis cannot but help in that process. It is a testimony to the lasting value of Leopold's writings that they repay critical attention of the sort this book offers.

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MOTHERS IN THE

FATHERLAND by Claudia Koonz. New York: St. Martin's Press, 1987. 556 pp. \$25.00.

By Vibeke Lehmann

Claudia Koonz, a Wisconsin native from Wisconsin Rapids and currently professor of history at the College of Holy Cross in Massachusetts, has written what is to date the most comprehensive and authoritative work on women's roles and activities in the Third Reich and their responses to Nazi policies and directives which affected all aspects of family and social life. Although over fifty thousand works have been published on Nazi Ger-

many, historians have largely ignored the role and conditions of women in the Hitler years. This book, based on eight years of scholarly research, studies not only the women who said no to Hitler and those who, like the Jews, had no choice, but those who affirmed the Nazi regime and propagated its principles, even when this stance meant intrusion of the state into the most private aspects of family life.

The work examines the complex relationship between race and sex in Nazi Germany and explores the paradoxes of social policies which were designed to reorganize male-female relationships and family life. The hypocrisy behind the elaborate scheme of Hitler and his leaders to weave a harmonious "Volksgemeinschaft" is exposed; this plan for separate spheres for the sexes with exalted values of motherhood, civic responsibility, and the sanctity of the family unraveled as Hitler prepared for war. These values had validity only as long as they conformed with whatever the Nazi leaders dictated as national priorities; women soon had to move from the tasks of "Kinder, Kirche, und Küche" to the low-paying jobs in war production factories. The major portion of the book, however, concentrates on prewar conditions. Its extensive material is presented in a broad context of interest both to the scholar and the general reader concerned with women's status in modern society, social history, and the impact of misogyny and anti-Semitism on public life. The book has almost a hundred pages of footnotes and an extensive bibliography. Direct quotes from letters and diaries as well as personal interviews give the reader a keen sense of immediacy and insight into what German women were thinking and doing while their men were tending to affairs of state and building the thousand-year Reich.

About two thirds of the book is devoted to women's roles and activities in the Weimar years and during the Depression. The focus in particular is upon the various social and religious women's organizations which consisted mainly of

middle-class women. The political groups with many women members—e.g., labor unions, socialists, and communists—are described in later chapters on the resistance to the Nazi regime. The book is successful in describing the internal politics of middle-class organizations such as the German Women's Organizations (BDF), the Protestant Women's League (Frauenbund), and the Catholic German Women's League (KDF). When these groups faced the choice of either becoming "Nazified"—i.e., realigning their goals with those of Hitler and swearing loyalty to the party—or being dissolved, most chose to align themselves with the new requirements. Various local female Nazi leaders fought for national recognition and the place at the top of the newly consolidated women's Nazi organization (Frauenwerk). Koonz makes it clear that individual Aryan women or women's groups acted no differently than the majority of the German population who went along with Hitler. Voting records show that women supported the Nazis during their quick rise to power from 1930-1932 as strongly as did men. They opted to collaborate with the Nazi state which, ironically, exploited them, denied them (with a few exceptions) access to political power, banned them from the professions and the universities, deprived them of birth control, underpaid them at the work place, indoctrinated their children, and finally took away their husbands and sons to the front. Koonz sees this acquiescent behavior partly as a reaction to the politically turbulent years following World War I, to the unemployment of the Depression (Hitler gave them work), and the sudden emancipation of women, who got the vote in 1918, not as the result of a concerted struggle but as an outcome of Germany's defeat. Most women longed for stability and order, almost at any cost. They also saw the newly emancipated woman as a threat to traditional family values. They sought protection from emancipation and recognition in their wifely and moth-

erly roles inside the traditional and mainly conservative social and religious organizations. Although these groups had well-established welfare functions, they had been largely ignored by the early Nazi leaders, who had such low regard for women's intellect that they attributed little importance to their activities—a situation which, however, changed significantly after Hitler seized dictatorial power in 1933. Women and men enthusiastically joined the party, and a young, opportunistic woman quickly outmaneuvered her party rivals and was given the task of organizing German women in working for the Nazi objectives and the responsibility for indoctrinating German girls in the ideology of the German "master race." This woman was Gertrud Scholtz-Klink, who had the leadership qualities necessary for this mammoth task: she was the widow of a Nazi martyr, mother of four, typical Aryan in appearance, and had bureaucratic talents. She was prepared to render total obedience to the party in return for power over women in her exclusive sphere.

Claudia Koonz introduces this ominous person in her book preface, where she gives the account of a personal interview with the "Reichfrauenführerin" in 1981. We perceive quickly that this woman has remained a Nazi, still proud of her accomplishments, and still with no insight or understanding of the consequence of her work; her speech is steeped in platitudes, and she adeptly rationalizes her actions. She self-righteously castigates the current German government for limiting her freedom to extol the Nazi past, albeit a "sanitized" version of Nazism, as the author soon realizes. With a pleasant smile and while sipping tea, Scholtz-Klink explains her reason for speaking out after forty years. "The newspapers," she says, "had presented such a biased view of the Nazi years. German youth of today should have the right to reclaim those aspects of Hitler's state of which they can be proud." When confronted with the fact of Nazi brutality, she turns to

the usual pious excuses of not knowing of or not having been involved in such actions and, anyway, Scholtz-Klink was reassured in her knowledge that the measures against the Jews were "legal." "Even if you don't agree with a law personally, you still obey it. Otherwise life would be chaos," she added. At this point, images from the Adolf Eichmann trial are evoked in the reader's mind. Scholtz-Klink, however, does concede that some of Hitler's notions "seem extreme" in retrospect, but the only guilt she is ready to accept is for being "too idealistic" and having "unrealistic aspirations." Scholtz-Klink compares herself with Albert Speer, Hitler's minister for armament, whose recently published memoirs had convinced her that she too should speak out after many years of silence. She fails to perceive a fundamental difference between the two of them: Speer accepted responsibility for his actions and realized his guilt; Scholtz-Klink has remained arrogant and unreconstructed.

The last third of the book deals with active resistance to the Nazi regime and with the Jewish question; the focus is on the women who dared to say no amidst the majority of the population who went along with the brutal regime and if disillusioned did no more than grumble. Koonz could find only a few written records of active resistance, partly due to the fact that keeping any form of records which contained actual names was most dangerous. After the mass arrests in 1933 of socialists, communists, labor union leaders, and Jehovah's Witnesses, opponents of the regime met in small groups, mainly to reinforce their faith, not to plot organized resistance and open revolt; such steps would have led to immediate arrest. Koonz draws some moving portraits of women resisters, most of whom did not survive the Hitler period. Their work inside Germany consisted mostly of underground communications, secret rescue networks, and distribution of banned literature and news. Most Nazi opponents who

did not flee Germany felt powerless and sapped of morale and concentrated their efforts on merely surviving.

The persecution of the Jews is seen through the eyes of women who describe how the increasingly severe measures, at first aimed at Jewish social, political, educational, and economic life, soon threatened their very survival and made it impossible to remain in Germany. The struggle to emigrate and the desperate steps for survival are evoked through small vignettes of great impact.

The interview with Gertrud Scholtz-Klink in the preface is juxtaposed to the epilogue interview with a Jewish woman who survived Auschwitz. She made a conscious choice to return and settle in post-war Germany in spite of the fact that the Nazis eliminated her entire family. She has made her peace with Germany and come to terms with her painful memories; she has, however, no illusions about man's (or woman's) capacity for evil; she knows all too well that some people, like Scholtz-Klink, never learn from history.

The overwhelming question of individual and collective guilt inevitably must be addressed, and Koonz reaches the conclusions that very few German women deliberately chose to exert brutal force and commit atrocities; the majority can, however, be rightfully accused of so-called spectator guilt, which translates into an inner indifference toward witnessed evil. Koonz's thought-provoking and scholarly work succeeds in showing that even though women's history to a large extent is micro-history and often ordinary, it cannot be disregarded if one seeks to understand how war and genocide were allowed to happen.

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