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UNDERWATER ARCHAEOLOGY • NATURAL SCIENCE
THE ARTS & CRAFTS MOVEMENT IN WISCONSIN

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Spring 1999 Volume 45, Number 2

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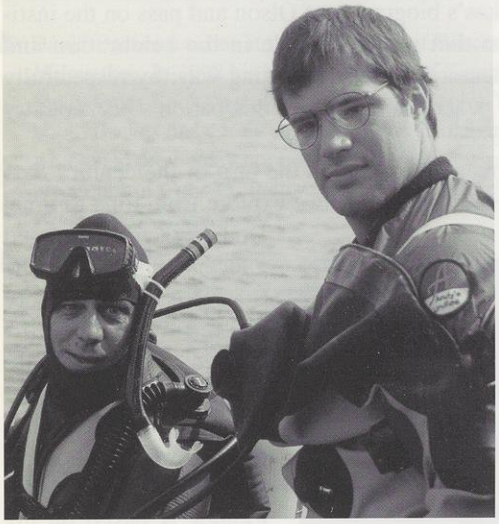

Tony Ripple

Greg Lloyd (left) and Jeff Gray. Lloyd prepares to dive at the site where his great-great-grandfather died when the schooner Lucerne *sank in Lake Superior in 1886.*

FRONT COVER: I Shall Digest Them Into Schemes *by Martha Glowacki. Wood, glass, bones, iron, brass, and graphite, 18 x 18 x 6 inches, 1997.*

BACK COVER: From the Book of Secrets: Passage. *Wood, brass, copper, graphite, 17 x 17 x 5 inches, 1997. This work expresses the artist's thoughts about death and the continuation of life.*

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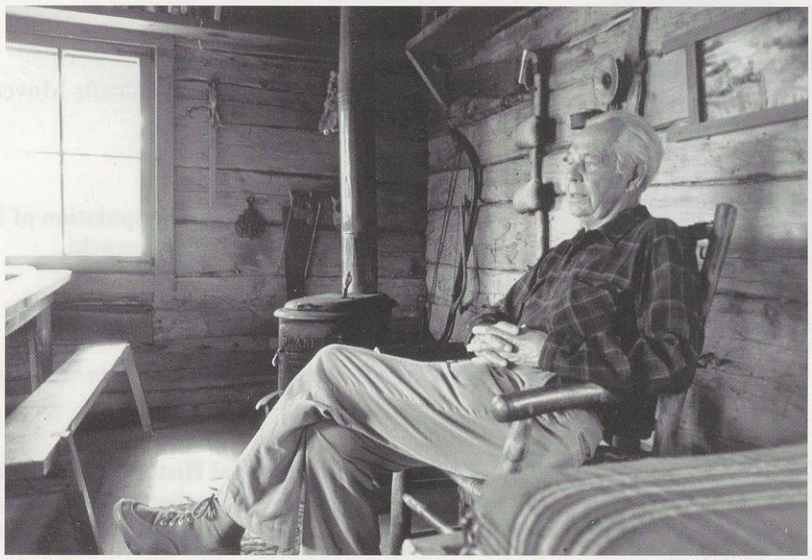
The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters was chartered by the State Legislature on March 16, 1870, as a membership organization serving the people of Wisconsin. Its mission is to encourage investigation in the sciences, arts, and letters and to disseminate information and share knowledge.

Editor's Notes

As one after another of Wisconsin's venerable institutions observe milestone anniversaries, the name Increase A. Lapham appears. Lapham, who was an early president of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, a founder of the Wisconsin Academy in 1870, and the Academy's first editor (in whose steps I humbly walk), played an important role in the development of the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium, which turns 150 years old in 1999 along with the university that houses it. Hugh Iltis and Theodore Cochrane have chronicled the herbarium's sesquicentennial story for this issue of the *Review*.

Jeff Gray's chilling account of the schooner *Lucerne*'s final run in November 1886 again calls Lapham's name to mind. In 1858 Lapham began thinking of a storm-warning system for ships on the Great Lakes, and he commenced charting weather activity. In 1869 he petitioned Congress to establish a weather service, impressing them with the number of lives lost on the lakes, and his efforts resulted in President Ulysses S. Grant's creation of the U.S. Weather Service. In November 1870 Lapham himself telegraphed the first official weather prediction in the United States.



Don Albrecht

Sigurd F. Olson at Listening Point, 1981. Courtesy Sigurd Olson Environmental Institute.

Alas, the system didn't work for the *Lucerne*. The ship went down in violent weather on Lake Superior, and its wreckage is now an underwater museum. The tragedy becomes less a mystery when one considers late Canadian musician Stan Rogers's lyrics from his classic song "White Squall"; he warns young sailors not to take the lakes for granted, for "they can go from calm to a hundred knots so fast they seem enchanted." It was true, apparently, for the *Lucerne*, and it's still true today; as we go to press, the search continues for a boat recently lost in Lake Michigan.

I again encountered the spirit of Lapham in Martha Glowacki's sculpture and in her present-day interpretations of old "cabinets of curiosity." Her approach to creating art by finding inspiration in natural history specimens, in scientific illustration, and in the history of science is very much in keeping with the philosophy of the Wisconsin Academy and that time-honored convergence of science, art, and literature.

This year the Sigurd Olson Environmental Institute at Northland College, Ashland, will be joining conservationists and concerned citizens throughout the country in observing the centennial of Olson's birth (April 4, 1899). We offer an excerpt from David Backes's biography of Olson and pass on the institute's suggestion that we participate in the celebration and salute Olson's memory in the most fitting way: by respectfully "seeking out the peace and beauty of this nation's backcountry and wilderness areas."

There is increasing interest in the turn-of-the-century Arts and Crafts Movement, a subject we explore from time to time. Douglas Kendall curated a recent exhibition at the State Historical Society Museum which confirmed the active role Wisconsin men and women played in this fascinating movement. Douglas's feature in the *Review* is based on his research in preparation for that exhibition. Such major Wisconsin figures as Gustav Stickley, Frank Lloyd Wright, and George Niedecken were involved in the movement, as well as lesser-known artisans who nonetheless left their artistic imprints on the state.

In the "Inside the Academy" department we warmly welcome a voice from our esteemed ancestor-in-culture, the Smithsonian Institution. Last summer, during our state's sesquicentennial celebration, Wisconsin was featured at the Smithsonian Folklife Festival on the National Mall in Washington. Secretary I. Michael Heyman extended that association by coming to Stevens Point last fall for the First Governor's Cultural Conference convened by a coalition which included the Wisconsin Academy. We appreciate the opportunity to publish the text of Secretary Heyman's keynote message.

Poetry and a fine piece of biographical fiction complete this issue.

Faith B. Miracle

WISCONSIN ACADEMY GALLERY SCHEDULE

March:	Sonya Clark, craft
April:	John Wickenberg, painting and drawing
May:	Michelle Grabner, painting

CONTRIBUTORS

▶ David Backes teaches at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. In 1998 his book on the life of Sigurd Olson won the Small Press Book Award for the best biography. While writing the book, Backes had access to Olson's private papers and diaries, which had previously not been available to researchers. He is also the author of *Canoe Country: An Embattled Wilderness* and *The Wilderness Companion*.

▶ B.J. Best of West Bend is a graduate of Drake University in Des Moines, received the university's annual poetry prize both in 1997 and 1998, and was active with its two literary magazines as writer and editor. "Wisconsin people, places, and imagery are driving forces for my poetry and contain special energy and presence for me."

▶ Peter Blewett coordinates the writing program at Cardinal Stritch University in Milwaukee. He edits *plumtrees*, a magazine of dissatisfaction. His work has recently appeared in numerous journals, including *North Dakota Quarterly*.

▶ Theodore S. Cochrane was born and raised in Beloit but has lived and worked in Madison for the past forty years. He received his M.S. degree in botany from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 1983 and has been curator of the herbarium there since 1970. His research has focused on the identification and distribution of the Wisconsin flora, Neotropical Capparaceae, and North American *Carex*. For the past fifteen years he has been working with Hugh H. Iltis and Mexican colleagues at the University of Guadalajara on the flora of the Sierra de Manantlán Biosphere Reserve.

▶ Mary L. Downs, a former accountant, lives in Appleton where she is a processor's assistant with LEAVEN, a volunteer organization aiding people in crisis. Her poems have appeared in *Fox Cry* (University of Wisconsin–Fox Valley Center), *CO* (California State Poetry Society), *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, and elsewhere.

▶ R. Virgil (Ron) Ellis is an editor, publisher, and widely recognized poet. He is also a well-known performance poet and has appeared throughout the state and beyond. His books and albums include *The Blue Train, Wind Gauge, Open My Eyes,* and *Lunar Crescent Wrench*. He lives in Cambridge (Wisconsin) and formerly taught English at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater.

▶ Martha Glowacki was born in Milwaukee and now lives in Sauk City. She holds a B.S. degree in arts education and an M.F.A. degree in art from the University of Wisconsin–Madison. She has received numerous grants and awards and her work has been shown at such galleries as the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Blackfish Gallery in Portland, Oregon. Her work was selected by Stephen Fleischman, director of the Madison Art Center, for the "Curator's Choice" project on the Wisconsin Academy's website <www.wisc.edu/wisacad/>.

▶ Jefferson J. Gray holds an M.A. degree from East Carolina University in Greenville, North Carolina, in underwater archaeology and maritime history and a B.A. degree in archaeology from Beloit College. He currently is the acting state underwater archaeologist for the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

▶ Hugh H. Iltis was born in Brno, Czechoslovakia, emigrated to the United States in 1939, and received his Ph.D. from the Missouri Botanical Garden–Washington University, St. Louis, in 1952. He has devoted his life to the study of the flora of Wisconsin, the Neotropical species of the Caper Family (Capparaceae), and *Zea*, the genus of the cultivated maize and the ancestral teosintes. As co-describer of the fourth known species of *Zea,* namely *Z. diploperennis,* Iltis became godfather to the establishment of the Sierra de Manantlán Biosphere Reserve. A strong advocate of Biophilia, the gene-based human need for contact with nature and natural patterns, and a well-known fighter for nature preservation and population control, he was a professor of botany at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and the director of the herbarium from 1955 to 1993. Now emeritus, he is still active in the herbarium.

▶ Douglas Kendall has been curator of domestic life at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin since 1993. He received his master's degree from the Winterthur Program in Early American Culture at the University of Delaware in 1985 and his doctorate in American and New England studies from Boston University in 1994. He also has written and lectured on early twentieth-century photographer and antiquarian Wallace Nutting and the Colonial Revival.

▶ Frank Lusson grew up in northern Wisconsin, graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison with a degree in law, and spent his career as a corporate attorney in Madison. For the past several years he has been working with Professor Laurel Yourke of the University of Wisconsin Outreach Creative Writing Workshop.

▶ Sigurd Olson (1899–1982) was born in Chicago and grew up in northern Wisconsin. He became active in conservation movements during the 1920s and remained a dedicated ecologist until his death. His environmental convictions resulted in a successful writing career, and recently the University of Minnesota Press has reprinted in paperback many of Olson's books.

▶ Kelly Sievers of Portland, Oregon, was born in Green Bay and grew up in Milwaukee. Her poems and short stories have been widely published in reviews, literary journals, and anthologies. In 1994 she received a fellowship from a nonprofit corporation which supports "Writing and the West"; in 1995 her chapbook titled *Making Room* was awarded a prize in an Oregon literary competition; and in 1997 she received a prize for poetry from *Seattle Review*.

▶ Tina Yapelli is professor of art and director of the University Art Gallery at San Diego State University. In 1994, while she was curator of exhibitions at the Madison Art Center, she organized an exhibition of Martha Glowacki's sculpture titled "Curiosities of Earth and Sky."

Submerged in History: Wisconsin's Underwater Archaeology

by Jefferson J. Gray

"Captain George Lloyd, we are here today to pay our respects to you and your crew. We are happy that we have found your resting place on the Lucerne, *and hope and pray that you have found eternal peace in heaven. From your great-grandson William George."*

"From your great-great-grandson Gregory William."

"From your great-great-great-grandson Gregory David."

These words echoed over the sound of three flower bouquets slapping the calm water of Lake Superior. Three generations of Lloyds, anchored above a shipwreck, paid homage to their ancestor 112 years after his death. While researching the family genealogy, the Lloyds discovered that Gregory Lloyd served as captain on the schooner *Lucerne*. The family traveled from Ohio and Pennsylvania to the final resting place of the *Lucerne* in the Apostle Islands of Lake Superior. Gregory William, led by an underwater archaeologist from the State Historical Society of Wisconsin (SHSW), suited up in scuba gear to visit the ship his great, great grandfather went down with. This peaceful, sunny afternoon in August 1998 was dramatically different from the final voyage of the *Lucerne* in November 1886.

Tony Ripple

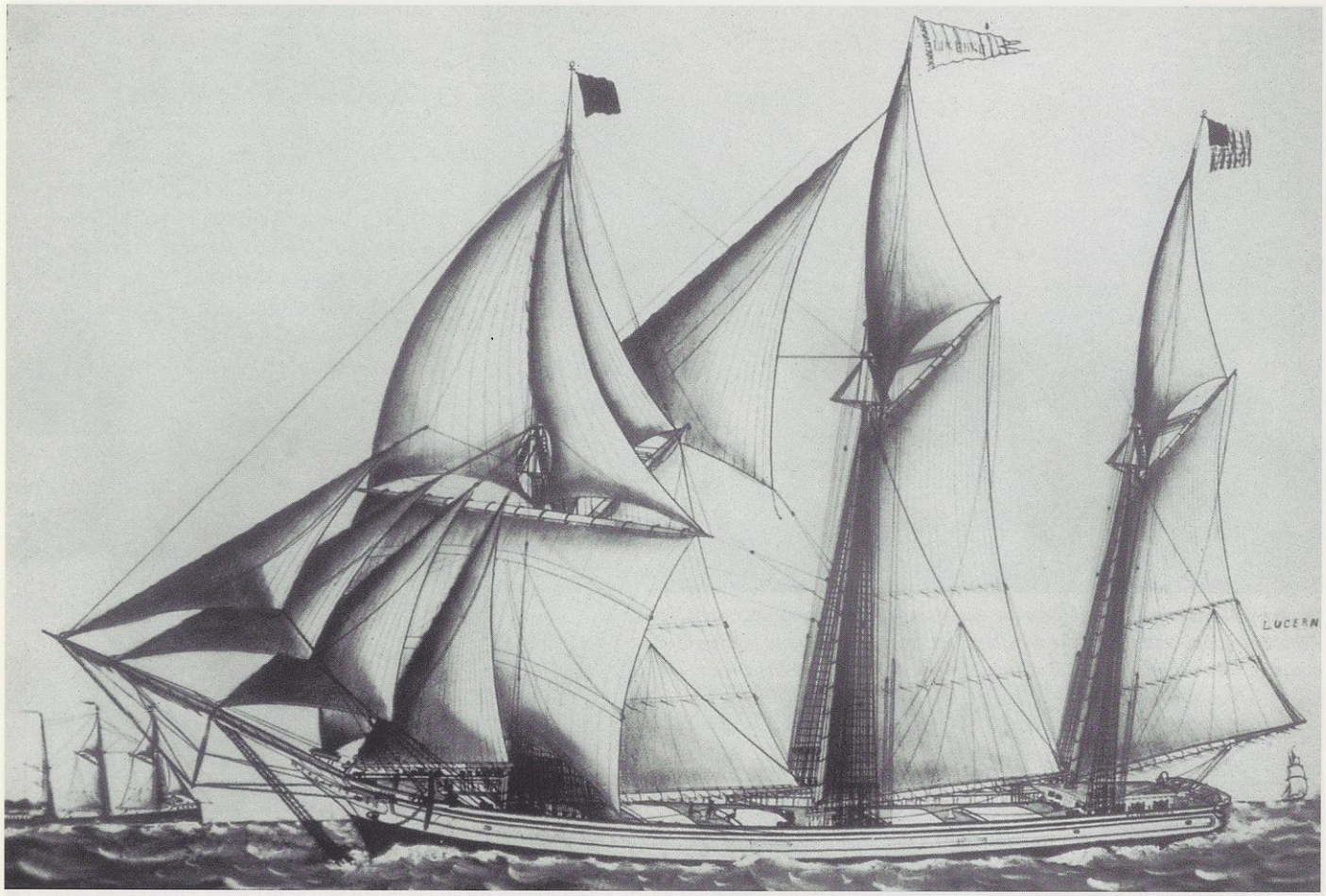
Three generations of Lloyds gathered above the wreck of the Lucerne *in the Apostle Islands in a ceremony for their ancestor Captain George Lloyd. LEFT TO RIGHT: William George, Gregory William, and Gregory David.*

Constructed in 1873 by Parsons & Humble of Tonawanda, New York, the *Lucerne*, nearly 200 feet in length, was a large schooner. Built for speed to compete in the grain trade between Chicago and Buffalo, this three-masted schooner had a sharp, elegant clipper bow and could carry 52,000 bushels of corn in a single trip. Sold in 1886, the *Lucerne*'s new owners transferred the vessel into the iron ore trade of Lake Superior, where it did not survive its first season.

On November 12, 1886, the *Lucerne* took on 1,256 tons of iron ore at Ashland, Wisconsin, somewhat lighter than the usual load of 1,380 tons. This may have been a precaution due to Lake Superior's rough autumn weather. Captain Lloyd, having full confidence in his crew and ship, sailed the *Lucerne* out of Ashland on the evening of November 15 instead of following the common practice of opting for a tow. According to the *Marine Record*, Captain Lloyd "preferred to sail her out of Ashland" and "declared he would rather go out with her under canvas than under the tow of any steamer." The trip to Cleveland was the *Lucerne*'s last scheduled run of the season and, unfortunately, her last voyage ever. With no sign of the impending snowstorm, Captain Lloyd unsuspectingly launched the *Lucerne* into a vicious northeaster that swept Lake Superior.

When the storm struck, the *Lucerne* was far from the shelter of Chequamegon Bay and heading northeast up the exposed Michigan coastline toward the Keweenaw Peninsula. Around 4 p.m. on November 16, the steamer *Fred Kelly* spotted the *Lucerne* rolling and pitching in heavy seas off Ontonagon, Michigan. Later that night, the mate of the *Kelly* saw the schooner turning about in the heavy snow squall and gale-force winds, evidently running back toward the protective shelter of Chequamegon Bay. This was the last sighting of the *Lucerne* afloat. The storm's furry continued for the next forty-eight hours.

On the morning of November 19, the La Pointe lightkeeper discovered the ship off Long Island in Lake Superior, sixty miles west of its last sighting and only a few miles from the entrance to Chequamegon Bay. He found only two of the



The Lucerne *was a large, three-masted schooner. Defined as a sailing vessel with two or more masts rigged fore and aft, schooners were the workhorses of the Great Lakes during the nineteenth century. Their fore and aft rigs and boxy hulls allowed schooners to carry a maximum cargo with minimum crew. Courtesy the Milwaukee Public Library.*

Lucerne's masts above water. Three men were discovered lashed in the rigging, covered with one to six inches of ice. Most likely, they had climbed the masts in an attempt to escape Lake Superior's freezing water. Two other bodies later washed ashore. There were no survivors, and several crewmen were never found, including Captain Lloyd.

❦

For nearly a century, the circumstances surrounding the *Lucerne*'s destruction remained a mystery. This began to change when a group of amateur archaeologists, led by LaMonte Florentz, first studied the wreck in the 1970s. In 1990 a team of professional underwater archaeologists, headed by David Cooper of the SHSW, returned to the *Lucerne* for an in-depth survey of the wreck. These two investigations revealed much about life and death on a Great Lakes schooner and helped recreate the days between her last sighting by the *Kelly* crew and her discovery by the lightkeeper.

Built for speed to compete in the grain trade between Chicago and Buffalo, this three-masted schooner had a sharp, elegant clipper bow and could carry 52,000 bushels of corn in a single trip.

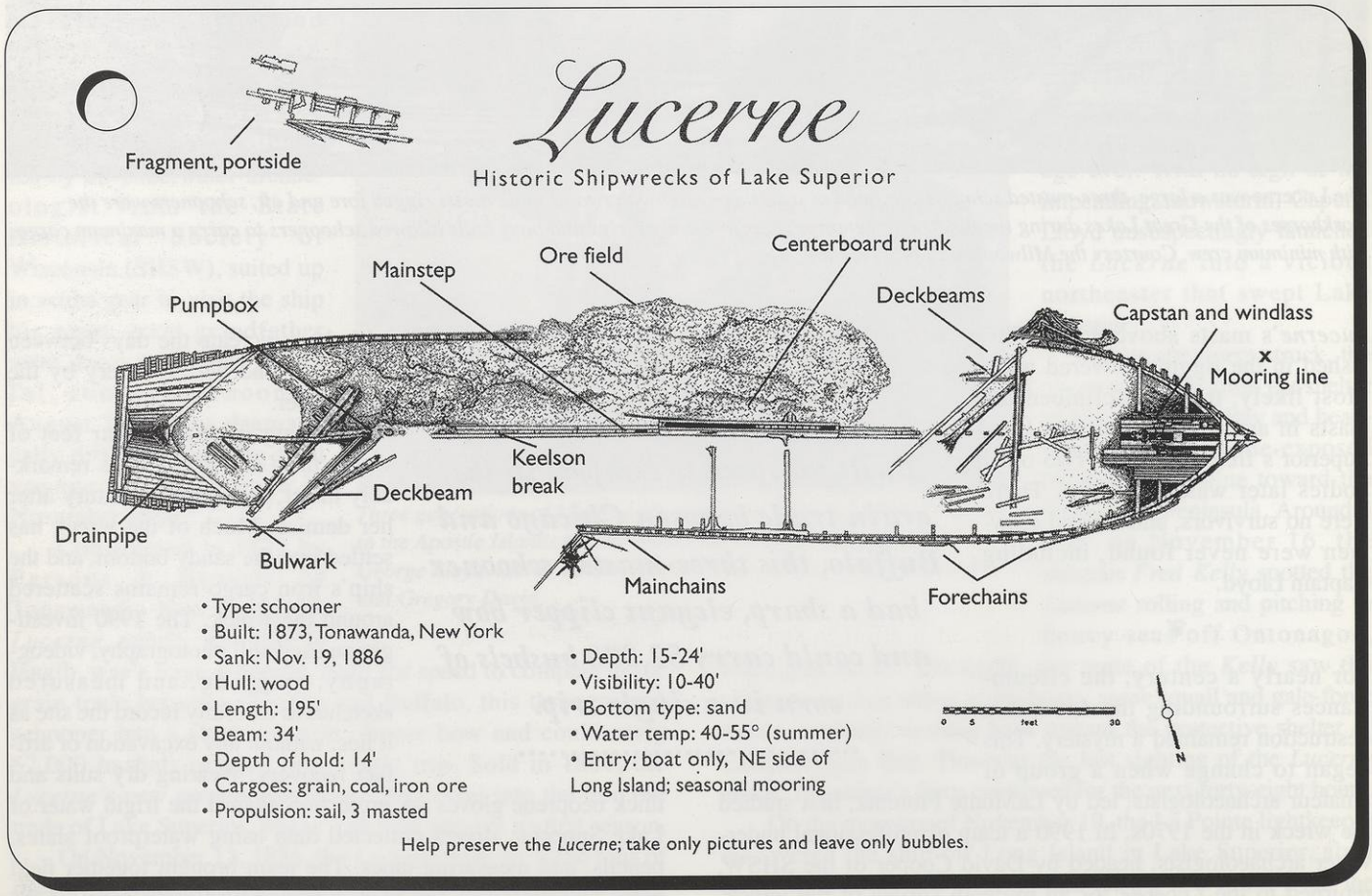
Resting in twenty-four feet of water, the *Lucerne*'s hull is remarkably intact, more than a century after her demise. Much of the wreck has settled into the sandy bottom, and the ship's iron cargo remains scattered around the wreck. The 1990 investigation used still photography, videography, mapping, and measured sketches to carefully record the site as it lies, without any excavation or artifact recovery. Wearing dry suits and thick neoprene gloves for protection against the frigid water of Lake Superior, divers collected data using waterproof slates, pencils, and measuring tapes. The team brought together field notes and drafted a site plan, a scaled bird's-eye view of the wreck. The detailed documentation provided insight into life

Allen Brown

Gregory Lloyd examines the iron bar that is wedged into the Lucerne's *windless. Archaeological analysis of the windless has revealed valuable information about the final hours of the schooner. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.*

aboard the *Lucerne*, as well as its construction and operation.

Without written or oral accounts, archaeology also offers the only details of the *Lucerne*'s final hours. As Captain Lloyd and his crew labored toward Chequamegon Bay, they likely were uncertain of the ship's position in what the *Marine Record* reported as "one of the most severe snow storms that ever descended upon the northwest lakes." Fearful of running aground, Captain Lloyd may have dropped anchor in an attempt to ride out the storm. Heavy anchor gear enables vessels to hold position when battling heavy weather. Divers from the 1970s study reported charred furniture fragments in the ship's stove, which implies the ship may have been at anchor for some time, with the crew trying to keep warm in the arctic weather. Perhaps the anchors dragged or



Waterproof dive card of the Lucerne *represents how the vessel looks today. The keelson break, centerboard trunk, and windless locations can be identified on the drawing.*

State Historical Society of Wisconsin archaeologists and volunteers often use simple tools such as pencils, slates, and measuring tapes to document underwater sites. These investigations reveal data not recorded in the historical record and provide a better understanding of our maritime heritage. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

were critically delayed in dropping, allowing the storm to push the schooner towards the shoal.

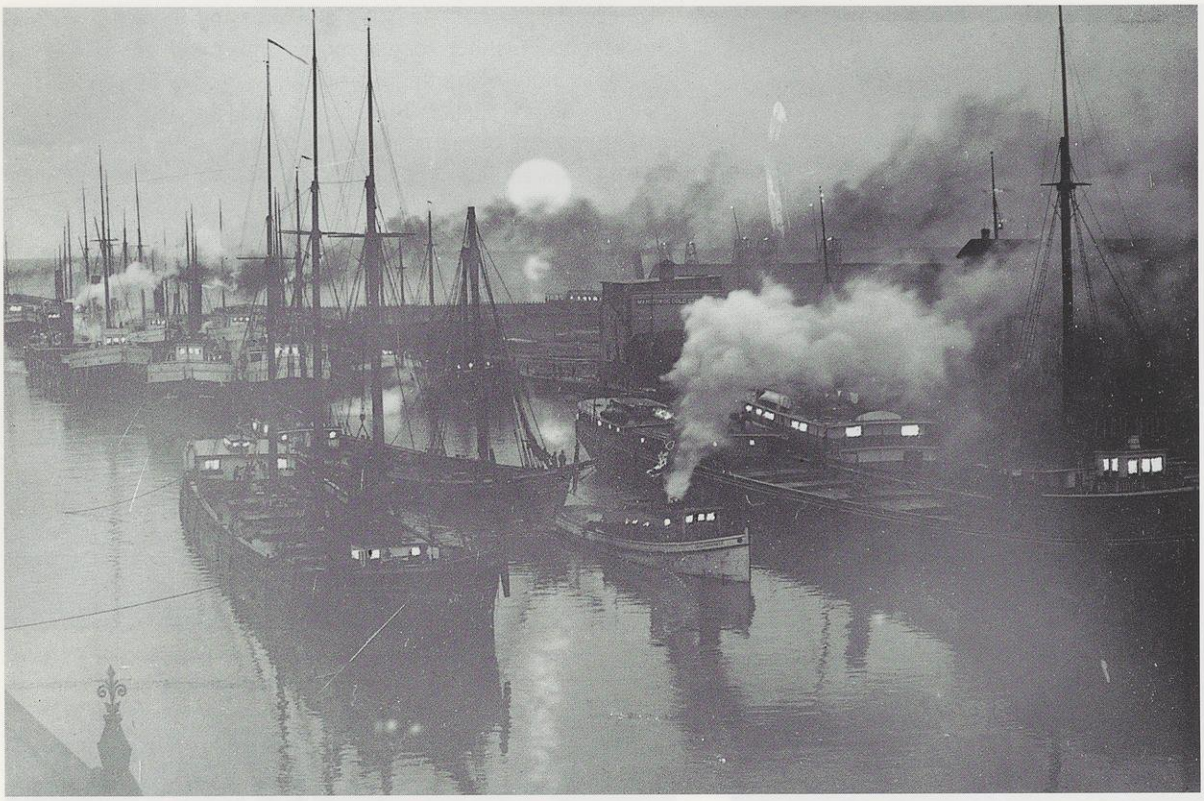
An examination of the windless, a device used to raise or lower the vessel's anchor, revealed another clue to the archaeologists. A four-and-a-half-foot iron bar wedged into the windless indicates that some problem existed with the *Lucerne*'s ground tackle. Water gushing through the open hawsepipes may have frozen the windless. The iron bar may have been used to free the frozen windless to allow the anchor to drop or to halt the uncontrollable release of anchor chain. In either scenario, the bar may reveal an unsuccessful, last-ditch effort to stop the *Lucerne* from running aground. The ship was pushed backwards by the storm, and, ultimately, its centerboard was driven into the sand, rendering the vessel helpless. Today it is evident, because the centerboard is designed to swing into its trunk if the vessel strikes bottom while making way. The *Lucerne*'s centerboard was in the down position either to provide added stability or due to a malfunctioning winch. Had the crew realized the schooner's proximity to Long Island, it is unlikely the centerboard would have been intentionally left down. The storm pounded the *Lucerne*, twisting and stressing the schooner and quickly opening her seams and snapping her spine. This is clearly seen today by the two breaks in her keelsons. The historical record indicates that, in the end, the ship went down quite suddenly; of the men found frozen in the masts, one was barefoot and another was without a coat.

❦

The *Lucerne* account illustrates how archaeology can open windows to the past that would otherwise remain shut. Shipwrecks are unique sites that contain a wealth of historical and archeological data. They not only feature a ship, a magnificent artifact, but often still hold the cargo, personal items, tools, utensils, and

Wrecks on the lakebed are time capsules, cultural museums frozen in history.

State Historical Society of Wisconsin archaeologists work on a 2,000-year-old dugout canoe discovered in Kenosha. The canoe, along with another discovered in Tomah, are being conserved by the society so they can be put on exhibition.



Manitowoc harbor, illustrating when schooners and steamers ruled the Great Lakes. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

other telling items. Shipwrecks humanize history. In addition to the role of vessels in the nation's economy, shipwrecks acquaint us with the ordinary men and women, the builders, sailors, and longshoremen, who were the lifeblood of the shipping industry. Their stories are often missing from the written record, but archaeology gives them a voice.

Wrecks on the lakebed are time capsules, cultural museums frozen in history. The act of removing artifacts from the site robs the ship of much of its historic integrity and permanently lessens its recreational and educational value. Looters have stripped countless wrecks of their artifacts and fittings, leaving just the vessels' structure. The cold, fresh water of the area acts as a natural refrigerator, resulting in an unmatched level of preservation. However, these artifacts face rapid deterioration when pulled from the stable underwater environment. Many looted artifacts rot away in basements and garages without proper documentation, analysis, or conservation. Once the artifacts are removed from the wreck, the information they hold is lost forever, leaving chapters of untold stories of maritime history.

Wisconsin's lakes and rivers played a vital role in the state's development. The state flag serves as a reminder—the prominently placed sailor and anchor illustrate Wisconsin's strong tie to its maritime resources. With Lake Michigan to the east, Lake Superior to the north, and the Mississippi River forming the western border, Wisconsin sits in a unique geographic position within the United States. Bordering on the continent's two greatest inland waterways, Wisconsin exploits the Great Lakes and their east-west thoroughfare to the Atlantic, and the Mississippi River and its north-south access to the Gulf of Mexico. Individually, these waterways provide Wisconsin with a natural corridor for efficient transportation and economic gain by drastically cutting shipment time and costs and by connecting cities and people separated by hundreds, even thousands, of miles. Compounded, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River make Wisconsin the maritime crossroads of North America.

The significance of Wisconsin's waterways is best illustrated through an examination of nineteenth-century land transportation. During much of the nineteenth century, traveling across land remained an arduous task. George Rogers Taylor in *The Transportation Revolution* described the hardships of early nineteenth-century overland travel and the primitive state of many roads:

> [Roads] were hardly more than broad paths through the forest. In wet places they presented a line of ruts with frequent mud holes, and where dry, a powdered surface of deep dust. The largest stones and stumps were removed only so far as absolutely necessary to permit passage. An early act provided that stumps left in the road should not be more than a foot high (p. 15).

The harsh conditions of the landscape made traveling across land an expensive and labor-intensive activity. In favorable weather, a messenger often made a 100-mile journey in one to two days;

adverse weather, however, could make many roads practically impassable. The limited cargo capacities and the high costs of horses and drivers made wagons uneconomical for moving bulky goods any distance. Even when the railroads offered a shipping alternative, the waterways still proved to be more efficient in many trades. At the beginning of the twentieth century, it cost 4.42 cents to move a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York by water, while the same load cost 9.98 cents over rail.

Marine transportation made the rapid growth of the nineteenth century possible. In 1840 no Great Lakes city west of Buffalo had a population larger than 10,000; but twenty years later, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Cleveland all surpassed 45,000, and Chicago had climbed to over 100,000. Commerce on the Great Lakes followed this growth trend. In 1841 lake trade totaled $65 million; while just ten years later, the number rose to over $300 million. Water was the most convenient, efficient, and, in some cases, the *only* means to move people, natural resources, agricultural stuffs, and goods. "The laws of physics favor water carriage of bulky goods," wrote historian K. Jack Bauer, "since the force necessary to move a floating body through the water is appreciably less than that needed to push it through any other medium" (p. xii). Today, the mammoth Great Lakes carriers sailing in and out of Wisconsin's ports remain a testament to the efficiency of waterborne shipping.

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It is probable that a greater number of monuments of the skill and industry of man will, in the course of the ages, be collected together in the bed of the ocean than will exist at any other time on the surface of the continents.

Charles Lyell, 1872

The U.S. Abandoned Shipwreck Act of 1987 conceded ownership and management responsibilities of historic shipwrecks to the states in whose boundaries the shipwrecks lie. Realizing the importance of these resources, the state legislature moved to protect them by augmenting the SHSW's Historic Preservation Office with a program to identify, evaluate, and preserve the underwater archaeological resources in Wisconsin. Working under the office of the state archaeologist, Wisconsin's underwater archaeology program became the first full-time project of its kind on the Great Lakes.

Since 1988, the SHSW has been studying and protecting the underwater archaeological resources that lie beneath Wisconsin's 14,000 inland lakes, its thousands of miles of rivers and streams, and the Great Lakes. Working in partnership with other public institutions, private businesses, and dozens of volunteers, the underwater archaeology program has conducted investigations on nearly eighty underwater archaeological sites throughout the state. These range from a Native American fish weir in the Yahara River in Dane County to an inundated eighteenth-century fur trade post in Vilas County, and from an 1840s schooner in Door County to a 372-foot steel bulk carrier in Lake Superior. Fifteen shipwrecks have been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, a designation that affords additional protection to the sites. All told, over 700 shipwrecks and thousands of other archaeological sites lie in the 22 percent of the state that is submerged.

In addition to the historic and archaeological value, these sites have tremendous recreational appeal. The Great Lakes are recognized worldwide for their shipwrecks because of the sheer number and variety of well-preserved wrecks. Realizing the enormous public interest in the wrecks, the SHSW educates divers and non-divers alike. For example, the SHSW and the University of Wisconsin Sea Grant Institute worked together to highlight the shipwrecks of Lake Superior with the "Ice-Water Mansions" project. Waterproof shipwreck guides and a companion website, <www.seagrant.wisc.edu/shipwrecks>, feature seven wrecks of Lake Superior and explore Wisconsin's maritime heritage beneath the waves. A similar initiative for Lake Michigan is underway. These materials are incorporated into a larger effort to develop "maritime trails" around the state. Working with local communities, the SHSW is creating trails that will feature shipwrecks and other maritime resources located above and below the waves.

Wisconsin's underwater archaeology program became the first full-time project of its kind on the Great Lakes.

The underwater sites belong to the people of Wisconsin and are protected by the state to ensure continued enjoyment and education for future generations. Preserved by the water on which they once served, shipwrecks like the *Lucerne* provide an opportunity to take a trip back in time, when schooners and steamers ruled the Great Lakes. ❧

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Careful

by Kelly Sievers

My mother and her sister, Pamela, were divers. Not the Olympic kind who dive off narrow boards suspended over clean, blue pools. But cliff divers, like the young boys in Mexico, or the boys who used to dive from the palisades into the Hudson River when tour boats passed. The cliffs my mother and her sister dove from were in the Baraboo Range in central Wisconsin, great purple humps of sandstone that bounded three sides of Indian Lake where my grandparents owned a resort. The cliffs had names: Princess with Papoose, Wolf's Head, and Fat Man Sitting.

In my favorite photo, Pauline, my mother, is twelve; Pamela is ten. Holding hands, they pose on the summit of Wolf's Head. My mother is looking down toward a deep pool in the lake, but Pamela is smiling, waving at the camera, as if calling out, "What do you think, isn't this just the greatest fun?"

Every July in my early childhood I visited Pamela and my grandparents at Indian Lake resort. I traveled by train with my parents from San Diego, where we had settled after my father left the Navy. In 1957, when I was eleven, I was sent by train with a family friend to visit alone, because my mother was expecting to deliver my brother, Dean. It was the last summer my grandparents ran the resort and the year that Pamela, who was twenty-eight, died.

The resort's lodge was a huge, brooding log cabin. Its front door had an iron-lipped handle I could not operate until the summer I arrived as an eleven-year-old.

When I entered the lodge I hesitated, as everyone always did, at the edge of its broad, dark room. My eyes adjusted to the darkness: rafters crisscrossed high above my head, stout logs bulged into the room, and a long wooden table ruled. At the far end was a fireplace so big my father had once stood in it and looked up the chimney.

Green-shaded kerosene lamps sat at intervals along the dining table; guests leaned into small pools of light. They found comfort in dinnertime conversations, in my grandmother's fried pike and German potato salad.

My grandmother was a sturdy woman who could bake French butter pastries or haul great logs to feed a fire. My grandfather had hands the size of large frying pans. I thought he could fix anything.

Aunt Pamela was the kind of aunt who winked at you and launched smoke rings. She took guests on tours of the Dells, on river trips, and fishing. Once a week she played her accordion at The Circus Wagon in Baraboo, and sometimes she drove to Waupun and played at the state prison.

Sitting on the edge of her bed in her nightgown, Pamela played "The Music Goes Round and Round" and "The Beer Barrel Polka" for me. I danced in circles around her room. When I tried to stretch my arms around her accordion, Aunt Pamela placed my fingers on the keys and showed me how to play "You Are My Sunshine." Art Stern and his Whistle Boys taught her how to play. "They're still my favorites," she said.

When Pamela turned seventeen she became famous within the family for finding dance pavilions to visit. My mother told me Pamela sneaked out and drove to Lake Delton, Beaver Dam, and as far away as Waupaca. When Pamela got excited about something, there was no stopping her.

"So you still sneak out at night?" I asked her. I liked to picture her slipping into the night through an open window, one hand carrying her dance shoes. I liked to study her perfect nose and her high cheekbones, which were Grandpa Henry's and mine. When she spoke, she tilted her chin slightly upward. She either talked all the time, or was silent; there was never an in-between with Pamela.

"No, I don't have to sneak out any more," she laughed. She told me it was best, however, to do things you want to do as soon as you think of them. She told me about men: "A man should like music and keep his shoes polished. Never judge a man before you know the story of his past." When she grew quiet I held her hand and twirled the rings on her fingers.

I slept in one of seven bedrooms constructed within the lodge. No bedroom was built with a ceiling. The summer I was eleven I lay awake and listened. I heard words, murmurs, whispers, wheezes, and snores. If someone let out a laugh or a cry in the night, I could hear it but could never be sure where it was coming from.

Most days Aunt Pamela and I swam to a wooden raft anchored in the middle of the lake. I would lie on my stomach next to her and stare up at Fat Man Sitting. She taught me to see the way his round legs sank deep into the water. "Your mother found his caves," she said.

I knew my mother found the caves, because she was the only one who would open her eyes underwater. I had heard the story. "I'm the one who looked up at Fat Man Sitting and said, 'Let's dive from up there,'" Pamela said. "Your mother didn't really want to do it. We held hands so I wouldn't swim into the caves and get lost. That's how we learned to dive, holding hands."

Looking up at Fat Man Sitting, I knew I couldn't dive from him. I was not a diver; I was a swimmer. I could slip into any water and skim across the top of it like a thin stone. But I wouldn't dive.

What might my head hit down there? I was afraid of heights, afraid of time alone in the air. Aunt Pamela taught me how to dive. She crouched with me on the edge of the raft, bent over, so our fingers almost felt the water. She showed me how my arms would always protect my head. I rolled into the water, like a barrel.

I knew my mother found the caves, because she was the only one who would open her eyes underwater.

When I sat in the chair atop the second story of the raft she called to me, "Watch my arms. Bend your knees, like this." When she dove I sat forward in my seat and followed the quick curve of her until she vanished beneath the water's surface. I continued to roll into the water.

One July night we swam out to the raft pressing through murky water with quick strokes. Pamela stripped off her suit and flung it to the top of the raft. "What are you doing?" I yelled.

"Skinny dipping! Try it!" I hung onto the ladder and watched as Pamela climbed to the top story and stood on the diving platform. In the moon's light, her wet belly, breasts, and thighs shimmered. Looking up at her, I felt as if something in me was exposed.

When she threw herself into the air, arched and pointed, nearly flying, I fumbled out of my suit and tied it to the raft's edge. I climbed the first ladder and then the second. Standing on the diving platform I didn't think about where my head would hit, the slap of water, or time alone in the air. I thought about Aunt Pamela and I let go. My arms hit water, my hair streamed back; water touched me everywhere in a way I had never been touched.

On opening day at the Winnebago County Fair, Pamela took a picture of me posing atop a tractor-size wheel of Wisconsin cheese. I took a picture of her eating a whipped cream pastry, cream oozing over its edges. We went on rides: crack the whip, the carousel, the ferris wheel.

We went through The Old Mill four times. Our boat bumped against gloomy walls, water sloshed in, as we wound through a dark, curving tunnel. The only lights were illuminated scenes, set into the walls. Blue lights lit a tiny ice rink with skaters. An orange sun glowed above a desert mountain. Every time we passed the scenes we praised them as if we had never seen them before. Aunt Pamela told me we were in the tunnel of love.

I decided that Pamela was in love while waiting for sleep in my lodge room. I learned how to snatch words from the darkness above my bed and string them together: Chicago, older, years, learning, love. One night I was sure I heard my grandmother say, "Rosie, she calls him Rosie."

When we bought tickets for our fourth ride through the tunnel it was the last of our money and I got an uneasy feeling that something was not right. It was a feeling I remembered having when my piano teacher stopped the lesson and said, "When Agnes died I couldn't play the piano for a whole year." Or the feeling I had when my grandmother's friend Phoebe invited me into her house for cookies and told me about her sister, Alvina. "Alvina," she said, "had been a bad girl. Did I know what a bad girl was?"

At the tunnel of love's exit, bright lights shone on a donkey who kicked his legs and shrilled, HEE HAW. Each time Pamela and I saw him, we screamed. As our last ride ended, I forgot all my worries about why we chose to float the tunnels four times. When the exit doors crashed open, Pamela and I were riding on a wave of water, laughing and screaming wildly.

"August, Rosie's coming in August," Aunt Pamela announced. As July ended she often sat in one of the green lawn chairs in front of the lodge, facing the lake. I lay in the grass beside her, tracing the bump on the cliff that was the bundled Papoose. Pamela rocked back and forth in her chair. She wore wedged canvas sandals that she slipped on and off her feet, pushing and pulling the elastic band over her heel with one toe. I watched her slip her sandals on and off, on and off, and waited for her to talk. When I waited long enough she told me things.

His name was Harold Rosenmerckle. She visited Rosie, not in Chicago, but in Milwaukee. They stayed at the Pfister Hotel and it had a grand staircase in the lobby. He took her to The Black Hills in South Dakota. She revealed the ring he bought her. On its gold band were pink flowers with green leaves. "It's Black Hills gold," she said. A brooch she wore—a bear with a pearl for a belly—Rosie bought in Russia.

"Handsome is a nice thing for a man to be, Annie," she said, "But exciting is more important. Rosie is exciting. He's been to Paris and to Berlin—before the war."

Aunt Pamela finally showed me a picture of him. Rosie was wearing a Panama hat and a double-breasted suit. There was a cigar in his mouth and potted palm trees behind him. Underneath the picture he wrote, "Chicago, 1933. Don't I look like a banana salesman or a Chicago gangster?"

No one knew if Rosie was a Chicago gangster or not. No one knew much about Rosie at all; August would be his second visit to the lodge. During his first he boasted of an import-export business sale, a need for rest.

Rosie arrived at the lodge that summer in August, just as Aunt Pamela had told me he would. I was back in San Diego. Rosie told my grandfather he wanted to stay in one of the new cottages. Business had been good after the war, and my grandfather built four one-room cottages about 200 feet from the lodge. The cottages had kerosene stoves and outhouses. Rosie spent all of August in cottage number three. He was to go back to Chicago after Labor Day.

One night during the first week of September, my grandmother looked up from the kitchen sink where she was filling the second pot of after-dinner coffee. All the guests were inside because it was cool. The sun had set behind Princess with Papoose, leaving an orange glow in the sky. Pamela and Rosie left cottage number three wearing their bathing suits and sandals. Rosie wore his Panama hat. They were holding hands, running down to the lake.

"Chicago, 1933. Don't I look like a banana salesman or a Chicago gangster?"

Pamela told the police that she and Rosie jumped off of Fat Man Sitting because Rosie wouldn't dive. They held hands, but she lost hold of him in mid-air. When she came to the surface, he wasn't there. She dove and dove. But it was too late, too dark. Rosie's body disappeared into the deep water caves.

For some time I dreamt I found Rosie swimming around in the caves under Fat Man Sitting. He was wearing his Panama hat and had a cigar in his mouth. I would grab him around the neck and swim up, up, up, toward a white light on the surface. He never spoke to me. My dream would end with a full moon shining on Rosie's white belly.

In late September Pamela moved into cottage number three. My grandparents protested; a winter of big snow was predicted. Snow would drift high between the cottages and the lodge. But

moving to the cottage was all Pamela wanted to do. She stayed in the cottage all day, pulling on her boots, throwing a coat over her shoulders each night to run to the lodge for dinner.

In the week before her twenty-ninth birthday in October, there was an explosion in cottage number three. Pamela was killed. No one understood why the kerosene heater blew up. "It had been tampered with," is what my grandfather finally said. I listened to the story over and over. My mother telling me, my mother telling my father, my mother telling her friends, always the same story. "Did Aunt Pamela leave a note, a letter?" I asked. The family never found a note. One night I looked up the word *tamper* in the dictionary and settled on its darkest meaning: *to engage in underhand dealings*.

After everything happened the family learned Rosie was a married man. He served time at the state prison in Waupun, and he had a habit of hiding empty bottles of Jack Daniels beneath his bed.

In the spring after Pamela's death, my grandparents sold the resort. My mother made her last visit to the lodge alone, bringing home one green-shaded kerosene lamp she set on a table in the front hallway and three photo albums she placed on the attic stairs. I stole a few pictures of Pamela from the albums, carried them in my pockets, or slipped them into my prayer book. One was a picture taken after Pamela and my mother dove for Eleanor Roosevelt; it appeared in the *Wisconsin Post Journal* in 1939. Mrs. Roosevelt is wearing sturdy shoes, a dress that buttons to the neck, and a hat with a veil tangled in her hair. She has her arms draped carefully around the two girls whose wet skin shines. Pamela has one arm around Mrs. Roosevelt's waist.

"Pamela was a little wild," my mother told me, "but she had a big heart." Did I have a big heart? I studied photographs of her for hours, looking for hints of myself. I stained my cheekbones bright pink, undid my pony tail, assumed my wild pose. It's not my cheekbones that make me look like her, I thought, it's my chin. And I'd raise my chin, look at it from the side, holding a mirror. But even if I was just a little bit wild, I couldn't see it.

I couldn't see it because after Pamela died, life became careful. "Be careful. Calm down," were my mother's words. "Watch yourself, think about what you're doing," were always my father's words. Carefulness floated over me, rained on me, seeped into my skin. I accepted it like a good girl. I wore it in my saddle shoes.

Carefulness floated over me, rained on me, seeped into my skin. I accepted it like a good girl. I wore it in my saddle shoes.

My grandparents moved to San Diego and lived down the street from us. It seemed as if everyone wanted to be as far away as possible from Pamela and everything that happened. I kept her as close as I could; pictures in my pockets and prayer book became soft and ragged.

When my mother spoke of her sister she often said, "I will never understand how things could have turned out so differently for us." I would squint and scowl at her, finding it harder to believe, as time passed, that my mother had ever dove.

As I grew, a kind of restlessness would sometimes spiral up in me. I would swing my legs back and forth, not knowing when their force would wind down. "Can't you sit still?" my mother would ask. I would sigh loudly, whether in church or in the dark cavern of a movie theater, knowing what I really wanted to do: laugh or scream wildly, ride a wave of water, crash through a tunnel door.

I learned to let a little wildness within me uncoil slowly. Each year I let it unfurl, a small circle of my life opened into a larger one.

I never told my mother my dream of Aunt Pamela. In my dream Aunt Pamela is rocking in a green lawn chair on the hill in front of the lodge. She is holding a child, telling the child that everything is all right. "I know what a good girl is," she says to the child, "And I know you are a good girl." In the dream I am sometimes the child, sometimes Aunt Pamela. ❧

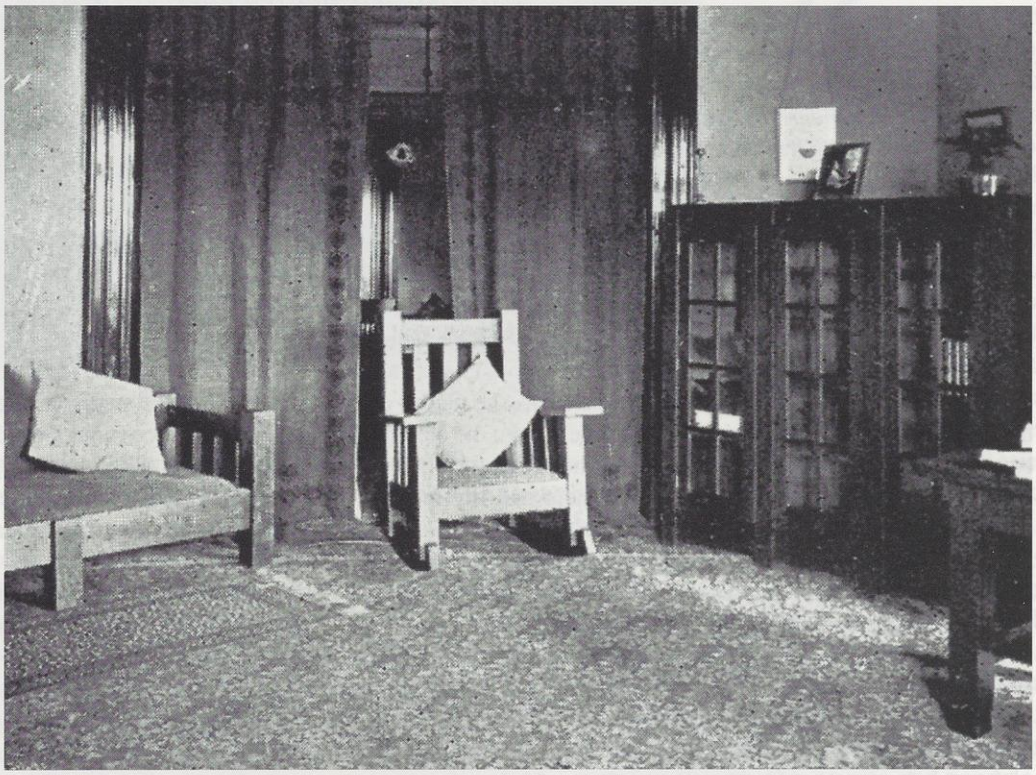
Of Craftsmen and Consumer: Wisconsin and the Arts and Crafts Movement, 1885–1940

by Douglas Kendall

Introduction: Defining a Movement

As nineteenth-century industrialization threatened the creativity, individuality, and traditional work practices of folks who produced goods by hand, some people sought to preserve and promote the values of craftsmanship. This effort, called the Arts and Crafts Movement, had a profound impact on Wisconsin. Some of the state's citizens became influential figures in the movement, while others were supportive by purchasing or learning to make handcrafted goods.

Although the movement opposed mass production, Arts and Crafts designs found their way to large factories and department stores, and many Wisconsinites became ready consumers of Arts and Crafts-inspired goods ranging from houses to vases. After Arts and Crafts designs passed from popular fashion, many Wisconsinites kept the principles of the movement alive in college craft shops, urban work projects, and individual homes.



Student dormitory room in Tainter Hall, Stout Institute, Menomonie, 1915–1920. The institute's catalog emphasized that dorm rooms were equipped with furniture made by students in cabinetmaking classes. The settee, library table, and bookcases in this view are typical of the Arts and Crafts style popularized by Gustav Stickley and others in the early twentieth century.

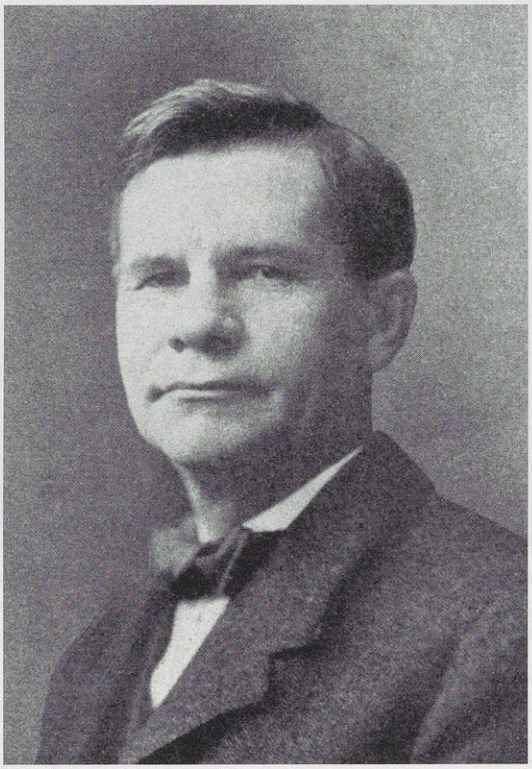
By the mid-nineteenth century, the Industrial Revolution had transformed the British economy and had made significant inroads in the United States as well. Steam engines fostered the mechanization of many industries and promoted the rapid transportation of raw materials and finished goods. Large-scale factories, owned by capitalists and operated by large numbers of relatively unskilled laborers, displaced the smaller shops of master craftsmen and their skilled assistants. Factory work became increasingly specialized and repetitive, and individual workers lost control over the products they made and the environments and schedules in which they labored.

The Arts and Crafts Movement began in Great Britain in the mid-nineteenth century as a reaction of intellectuals against what they viewed as the dehumanization of their society in the wake of the Industrial Revolution (Cumming and Kaplan).

John Ruskin (1819–1900) championed the work of the individual hand craftsman at a time when industrial mass production was drastically changing British economy and society. He asserted that the decorative arts deserved the respect usually reserved for painting, sculpture, and architecture, and he called for a closer relationship between the work of designers and craftsmen.

William Morris (1834–1896) was born into a well-to-do English family. At Oxford in the 1850s, he joined a group of

undergraduates enamored of an idealized Middle Ages and heavily influenced by John Ruskin and others. Inspired by medieval craftsmanship and guilds, Morris embarked on a multi-faceted career, beginning with the construction and furnishing of his own residence in 1859, from which emerged a collaborative of like-minded friends: Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Company. This firm designed and made wallpapers, rugs, furniture, stained glass, and tapestry. Morris strove to see "Ruskin's love of the hand wrought roughness of the crafts . . . applied to modern commerce."



Gustav Stickley, circa 1912.

Ruskin, Morris, and their followers were united by a common set of ideals which they advocated as antidotes to the effects of industrialization:

- design unity: the elimination of boundaries between the fine and decorative arts and the establishment of harmony among architect, interior designer, and craftsman;
- joy in labor: the revaluation of the work of the craftsman in the face of increased mechanization and specialization of work;
- individualism: a return of autonomy to the individual craftsman and a belief in the restorative power of craftsmanship for the individual; and
- regionalism: a belief that architecture and interior design should draw inspiration from local history and vernacular traditions and use local materials whenever possible (Cumming and Kaplan).

The Arts and Crafts Movement did not advocate a particular style. The individuals and firms that subscribed to one or more of the movement's principles worked in a variety of styles, from the naturalistic forms of some art pottery to the straight lines of "Mission" furniture. While Ruskin and Morris drew their primary inspiration from an idealized conception of medieval European aesthetics, other Arts and Crafts practitioners were inspired as well by the pre-industrial design traditions of Japan, the Middle East, and the Americas.

Arts and Crafts theorists promoted an idealized image of the individual artist and craftsperson—skilled and independent, yet anonymous and cooperative.

Arts and Crafts Influences Come to Wisconsin

While the American Arts and Crafts Movement is commonly associated with the turn of the twentieth century, English Arts and Crafts ideals and products had begun to appear in Wisconsin by the 1880s. Wisconsinites purchased Eastlake-style furniture and English-made ceramics, constructed buildings whose architecture reflected Owen Jones's *Grammar of Ornament*, and commissioned interior decorators influenced by William Morris. Wisconsinites also established schools to give young people the experience of handcraftsmanship.

Nineteenth-century Americans had been accustomed to importing large quantities of English ceramics, so it is not surprising that Arts and Crafts decorative ideals began to appear in the United States in the products of Doulton, Wedgwood, and other English potters. Charles Eastlake, a British designer, influenced American furniture of the 1870s and 1880s with his philosophy that beauty is inherent in simplicity and utility. He favored the use of straight lines in furniture design and opposed the "dishonest" use of veneer. Eastlake's geometric and botanical designs recalled the ideas of Owen Jones and were adopted by manufacturers of stylish American furniture. Eastlake's designs in turn influenced later Arts and Crafts furniture styles.

Harvey Ellis, a native of Rochester, New York, worked in the Minneapolis office of architect Leroy Buffington in the late 1880s and early 1890s. Ellis's work on the Mabel Tainter Memorial building and on several homes in Menomonie show the influence of Owen Jones's theories about ornament and an admiration for the Romanesque Revival architecture of H.H. Richardson. Architects throughout Wisconsin demonstrated these influences in their work.

James H. Stout, a wealthy lumber baron, established manual training in Menomonie schools in 1891. He later funded the establishment of an industrial arts college, now the University of Wisconsin–Stout. Echoing Ruskin, Stout saw manual training as

a "means for a wider mental development. When the pupil goes from his text-book to the shop he does not substitute manual work for mental, but simply substitutes one kind of mental work for another." While Stout implied the inherent dignity of manual labor, he disagreed with the aims of Ruskin and Morris to overturn the industrial system. Rather, he saw manual training as a means of providing good workers for that system.

Susan Frackelton decorating pottery in Milwaukee. This photo originally appeared in the Chicago Times Herald *in February 1901 as part of an article on Frackelton's display at the Pan American Exposition in Buffalo. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.*

The Figure of the Artisan

Arts and Crafts theorists promoted an idealized image of the individual artist and craftsperson—skilled and independent, yet anonymous and cooperative. This image held a strong appeal for people who, like John Ruskin and William Morris, felt uneasy about the new industrial economy and their place in it. The Arts and Crafts Movement also attracted middle-class women who sought ways to expand their social roles beyond those normally associated with their gender. A number of Wisconsinites played important roles in the movement and in its adaptation to American conditions. In addition, important Arts and Crafts leaders outside Wisconsin worked within the state. As these individuals rose to prominence, their work helped increase public awareness of the movement.

Susan Frackelton (1848–1932), Ceramicist

Milwaukee native Susan Frackelton was educated in private schools in her home town and in New York and studied painting under noted Milwaukee artist Heinrich Vianden. After she became the buyer for her husband's wholesale crockery, china, and glass store, she experimented with the art of painting china by hand and with making stoneware from Milwaukee clays. By 1881 she had begun to exhibit her hand-painted porcelain nationally. By 1886 she had patented a gas-fired kiln and had published *Tried by Fire*, a manual for china painters. She organized several classes and schools in porcelain decoration and general design and founded the National League of Mineral Painters in 1892. Frackelton earned nine prize medals for her exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 and received awards at the Paris Exposition of 1900 and the Pan-American Exposition of 1901. The following year she moved to Chicago, where she took up book illumination and lectured on the arts and crafts (Weedon).

Frank Lloyd Wright (1867–1959), Architect

The relationship of Frank Lloyd Wright with the Arts and Crafts Movement is not easily defined. While he accepted John Ruskin's notion that a building's architecture and furnishings must be harmonized, he rejected the claim that handicraft was superior to machine work. Indeed, Wright asserted that the machine could free the craftsman from drudgery and encourage a new age of creativity. Although he wrote disdainfully of Arts and Crafts-inspired Mission furniture, he recommended it to clients who could not afford his own designs. As a leader of the Prairie School of architecture, Wright promoted the Arts and Crafts principle that architecture should draw inspiration from regional history and tradition and should incorporate local materials.

George Mann Niedecken (1878–1945), Interior Designer

George Mann Niedecken studied at the Wisconsin Art Institute and the Art Institute of Chicago and began his career as a landscape painter. In 1907, after working with Frank Lloyd Wright in his Oak Park studio, he founded his own interior design firm, Niedecken-Walbridge Company. Niedecken was influenced by the Prairie School of architecture and by the Austrian Secessionists, who espoused many of the principles of the British Arts and Crafts Movement and were themselves inspired by the Scottish designer Charles Rennie Mackintosh (Robertson/Marvel, Maher).

A second-generation German American, Niedecken found many clients among Milwaukee's German community, including Adam Mayer, brother of prominent Milwaukee artist Louis Mayer. The furnishings that Niedecken designed for Mayer demonstrate Secessionist influences and the design unity advocated by the Arts and Crafts Movement.

Esther Mabel Frame (1879–1972), Metalsmith

Esther Mabel Frame, a teacher at Milwaukee-Downer College, became a prominent Wisconsin crafts worker. As was ceramicist Susan Frackelton, Frame was born into a well-to-do family; her father was chairman of the Waukesha National Bank and her brothers were lawyers and bankers.

Helen Van Vechten and William Ellis, Book Designers and Printers

William Morris's Kelmscott Press inspired a number of American imitators, the most famous of which was the Roycroft Press, founded in East Aurora, New York, by Elbert Hubbard. The Philosopher Press of Wausau, operated by Helen Van Vechten and William Ellis, specialized in small editions, which were set by hand, and featured high-quality papers and carefully designed typefaces. As did Hubbard, Van Vechten and Ellis produced a periodical, *The Philosopher*.

Although the Arts and Crafts Movement initially had its greatest impact in the United States among the upper middle class, its influence broadened to a much larger segment of American society.

Crafts for the Consumer

Although the Arts and Crafts Movement initially had its greatest impact in the United States among the upper middle class, its influence broadened to a much larger segment of American society. Ironically, the movement's success depended on the willingness of American Arts and Crafts promoters to abandon their opposition to large-scale production. The furniture of Gustav Stickley, the metal works of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft shops, and the ceramics of Wisconsin's Pauline Pottery were sold in department stores nationwide. Consumers ordered machine-made objects with Arts and Crafts designs through mass market, mail-order catalogs such as Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. At the same time, Gustav Stickley, Frank Lloyd Wright, and others promoted the application of Arts and Crafts design principles to housing that many Americans could afford. The "Craftsman" bungalow and its many variations assumed a prominent place in Wisconsin architecture by the 1920s.

Furniture

About 1900 Gustav Stickley (1858–1942), a native of Osceola, introduced the simple, straight-line furniture that came to be most associated with the American Arts and Crafts Movement. Other firms, including those of Charles Limbert and Elbert Hubbard, soon began to sell their own versions of so-called Mission furniture. By 1904 the straight-line style was popular enough to be the featured furniture line in the Montgomery Ward catalog.

Although they reflected the aesthetics of handcraftsmanship, most American Arts and Crafts furniture was machine-made in factories. Stickley and Hubbard both paid homage to William Morris and other English founders of the Arts and Crafts Movement, but mass production and marketing forced a separation from the movement's origins. Tellingly, a 1907 Sears catalog incorrectly attributed the invention of the Morris chair to "William Morris, a New England Yankee."

(Whi X 27281)

Pauline Pottery buildings at Edgerton, 1890. The buildings shown here were acquired in the spring of 1888 and adapted for the production of art pottery and porous battery cups, the latter made for the Bell Telephone Company. Four kilns were constructed by John Sargent of Cincinnati. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Ceramics

Ceramics artists were among the first Americans to emulate the British Arts and Crafts Movement. Maria Longworth Nichols of Cincinnati, inspired by displays of British and French pottery and porcelain at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, began a pottery named Rookwood in 1880. By the early 1900s, Rookwood and other art potteries had begun to sell considerable amounts of wares through department and specialty stores across the country. As ceramic art became commercialized, the products of many American art potteries found their way into Wisconsin homes.

Pauline Pottery

Pauline Jacobus (1840–1930) of Chicago became interested in china painting about 1880. She studied at Rookwood and returned to Chicago to open that city's first art pottery in 1883. Space constraints and the difficulty of obtaining clay led her to relocate to Edgerton in 1888. By that time, she was selling her wares to Tiffany and Company, Marshall Field, and Kimball's of Boston. Jacobus, like Susan Frackelton, took part in all aspects of making pottery, including washing, molding, throwing, casting, glazing, and decorating. She employed potters and decorators as well as a sales agent, Wilder Pickard, who expanded distribution well beyond the few large department stores that had first carried Jacobus's wares. The Pauline Pottery closed in 1893, but Jacobus continued to create pottery on a small scale until about 1910.

Pauline Jacobus's enterprise had attracted a number of potters and ceramic artists to Edgerton. Danish immigrants Thorwald Samson and Louis Ipson worked briefly for Pauline, then in 1892 formed the American (later Edgerton) Art Clay Works, which made terra-cotta figures. Samson and Ipson left that firm in 1903 to found Norse Pottery, where they produced ceramics that looked like bronze artifacts from medieval Norway. Norse moved to Rockford, Illinois, in 1909.

After the closing of the Pauline Pottery in 1893, some of its employees, including Eugenia Hutchinson, worked independently. In 1894 Wilder Pickard established a porcelain decorating business in Edgerton where he employed some of Pauline's decorators. By 1897 Pickard had moved to Chicago and eventually became a large-scale importer of porcelain.

The Aftermath

The American Arts and Crafts Movement ended between 1915 and 1920. Elbert Hubbard's death on the *Lusitania* and Gustav Stickley's bankruptcy deprived the movement of its best-known promoters. Frank Lloyd Wright and other Prairie School designers moved further from Arts and Crafts ideals after this period, while Mission and Arts and Crafts furnishings disappeared from mail-order catalogs.

In Wisconsin and elsewhere, however, the Arts and Crafts Movement continued to exert influence well after its fall from popularity. Perhaps inspired by Gustav Stickley's do-it-yourself projects or by John Ruskin's ideals of joy in labor and individualism, men and women felt empowered to create their own handicrafts.

The notion of handicraft as a therapeutic hobby was one of the chief legacies of the Arts and Crafts Movement in the United States. Individuals throughout Wisconsin engaged in china painting, furniture making, and other pursuits to provide an outlet for their artistic yearnings. While Americans tended to ignore those Arts and Crafts tenets which questioned the existing social and economic order, they did accept the notions that training in the manual crafts was an important way to mold productive citizens and that individual self-expression through the arts and crafts could help relieve the tensions inherent in modern society (Lears).

(WHi) X3 24400

Nathaniel Dexter and students in the pottery shop at Northland College in Ashland, 1930–1941. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

The Northland College Craft Shop

In 1930 Nathaniel Dexter established a student self-help program at Northland College in Ashland that produced a variety of handcrafted objects, including furniture and metalwork. Dexter modeled the craft shop after Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shops. In keeping with the original principles of the Arts and Crafts Movement, Northland made use of regionally available materials (copper and pine), created rustic furniture appropriate for its north woods locale, and used a regional symbol, the pine tree, as its trademark.

The Milwaukee Handicraft Project

During the Great Depression of the 1930s, the federal government formed the Works Progress Administration (WPA) to create jobs through a variety of work-relief programs. One such program was the Milwaukee Handicraft Project, founded in 1935 to provide employment primarily for women in the Milwaukee area. Teacher Elsa Ulbricht operated the project according to Arts and Crafts principles she had learned three decades earlier as a student at the Wisconsin School of Art. The popular press hailed the Milwaukee Handicraft Project as a worthwhile employment program, and professional design journals acclaimed its products, which included dolls, toys, textile art, furniture, and bound books. The project employed 1,350 persons at its peak and a total of over 5,000 workers between 1935 and 1942. After the dissolution of the WPA during World War II, Milwaukee County continued to support the handicraft project for many years (Quinn, et al.).

(Wh) X3 39663

Students hammering copper at the Northland College craft shop, Ashland, 1930–1941. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Epilogue

Today the Arts and Crafts Movement continues to influence those who make and purchase handcrafted objects in Wisconsin and throughout the nation. A new generation of artisans balances the Arts and Crafts philosophy of individual craftsmanship with the need to make a living in a world of mass production. Conversely, many Wisconsin consumers are drawn to such products as handmade pottery, furniture, and metalwork as antidotes to the mass-produced articles that pervade their lives. Furthermore, many Wisconsinites engage in some form of handicraft as an outlet for creativity and self-fulfillment. For all of these folks—commercial craftspeople, consumers, and hobbyists alike—principles formulated by John Ruskin and William Morris over a century ago still resonate. ❧

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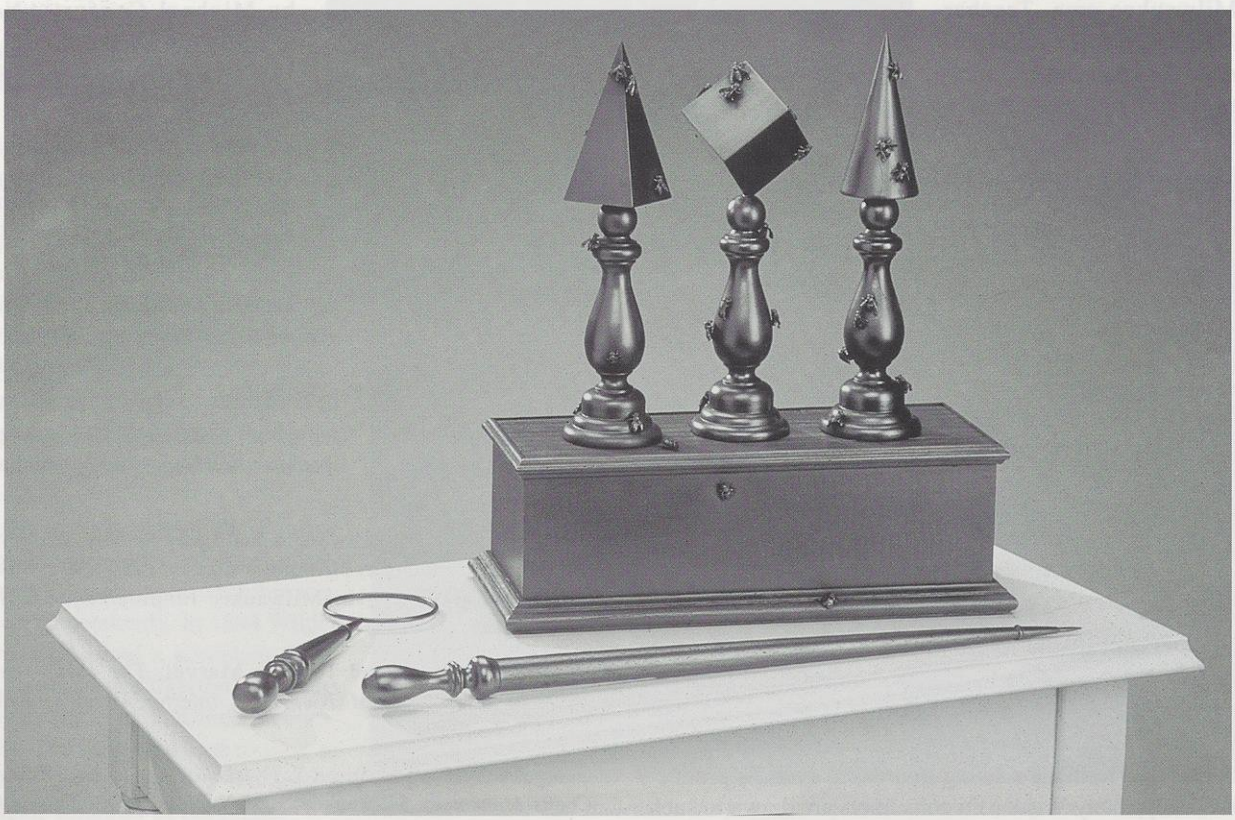
Imagery, Alchemy, and Manipulation of Nature: The Sculpture of Martha Glowacki

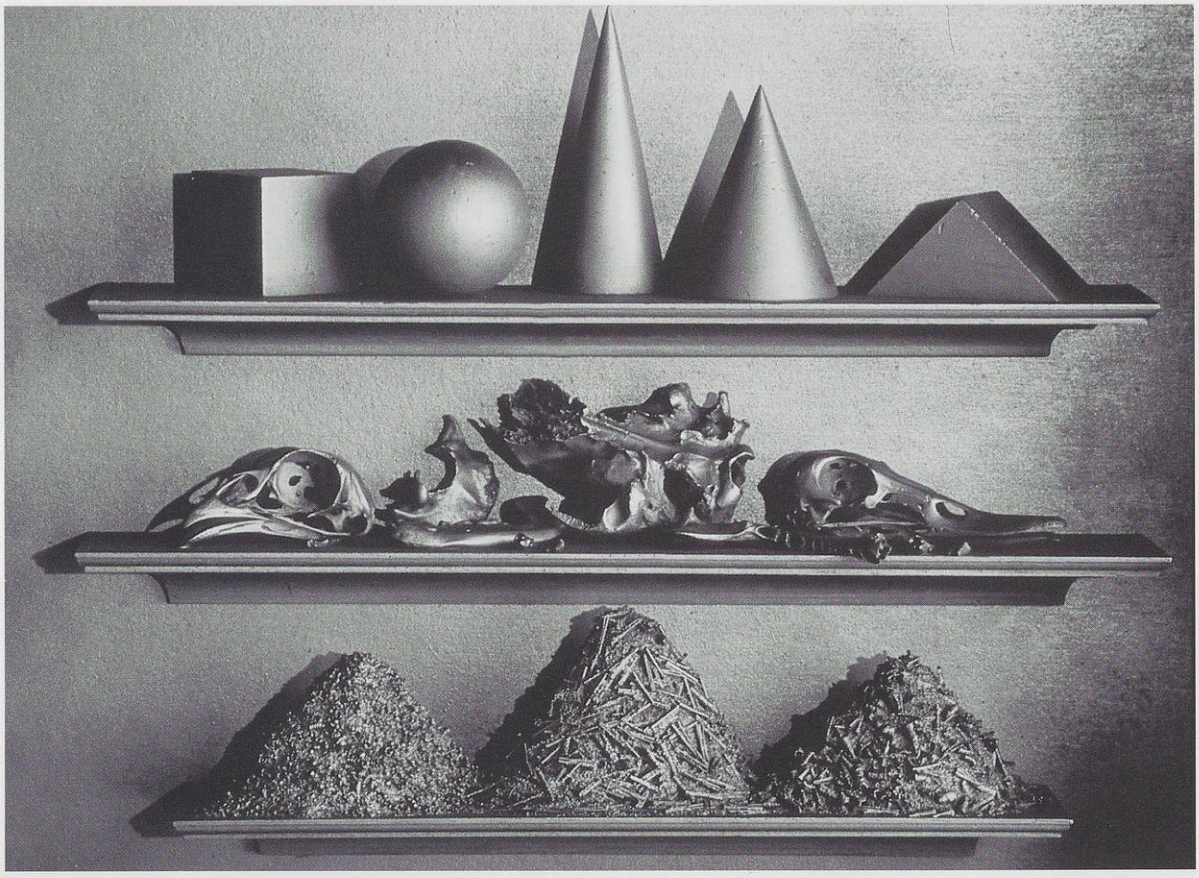
by Tina Yapelli

For me, the power of scientific illustration and natural history specimens often resides in the juxtaposition of beauty with physical decay. As Arthur Danto wrote in his essay "Beauty and Morality," a typical human response to death is to use beauty as 'a kind of catalyst, transforming raw grief into tranquil sadness . . . by putting the loss into a philosophical perspective.' My intent with these pieces is to use beauty in the creation of art to better understand and express my own feelings about the transience of life. I would hope that this sculpture touches on universal human feelings as well.

Martha Glowacki



Private Science: The Importance of Form. *Wood, bronze, pigments, 40 x 26 x 12 inches, 1996. The cone, pyramid, and cube are covered with cast bronze honeybees, the quintessential builders of geometric forms in nature and symbols of social order and industry.*



I Shall Digest Them Into Schemes *(detail, see front cover). This work comprises three shelves of objects which are reminiscent of early "cabinets of curiosities." The geometric solids, bones, and heaps of minerals represent the order and beauty of form found in the natural world. Collection of Cindy and Michael Dalzell.*

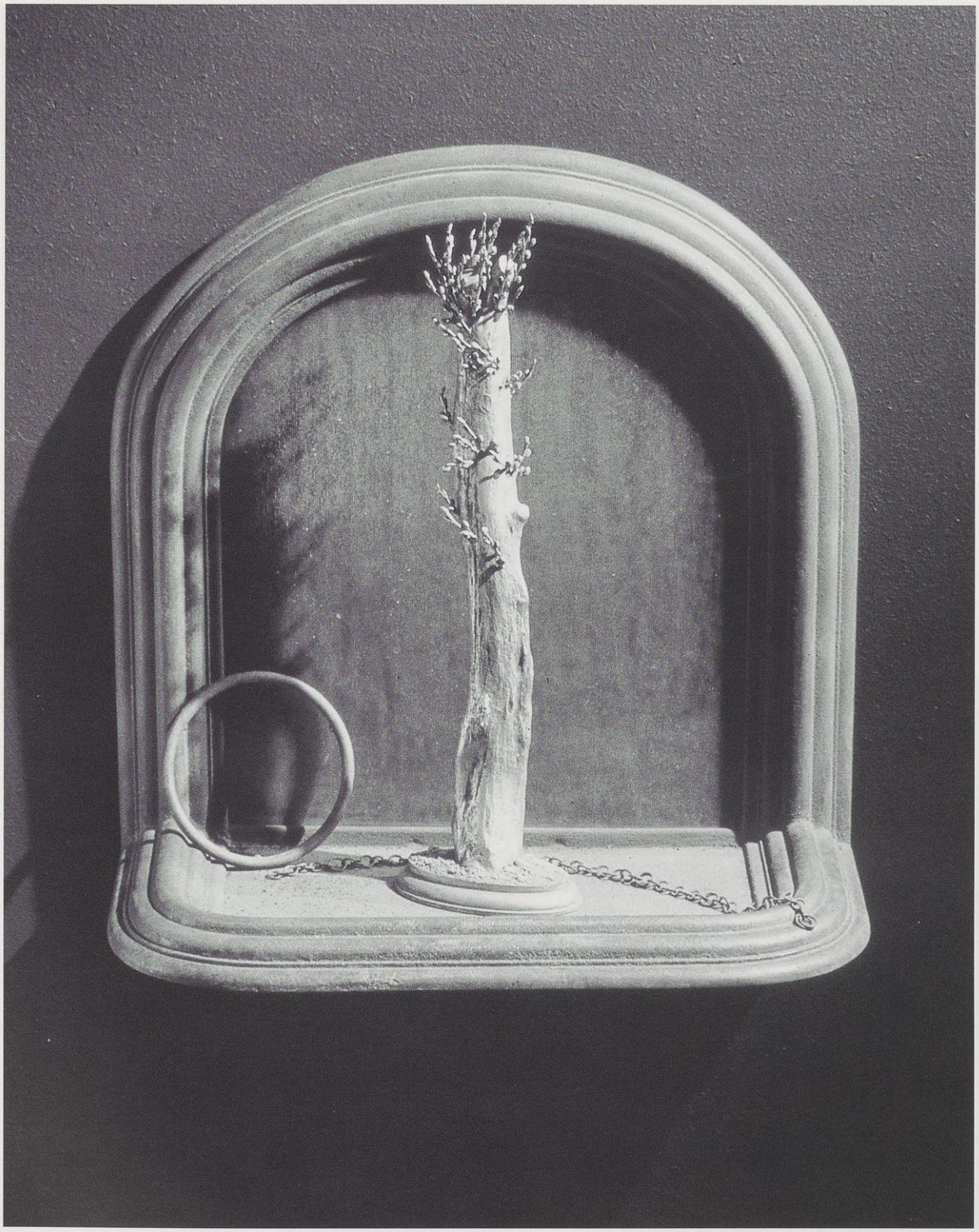
The desire to know and to understand is a quintessential aspect of the human mind. The more unfathomable the subject of inquiry, the more rigorous the attempt to comprehend. Certainly, the night skies, the cycles of nature, and the physical composition of the planet intrigued our ancestors, who developed myths to explain the creation of Earth and sky and the behavior of their unpredictable forces. These myths served as a means to grasp the unknown and render it less frightening by ascribing human form or attributes to environmental phenomena.

Out of the construction of myth grew the investigations of science. Early astronomers employed figures of Greek mythology to chart the cosmos, grouping stars together to form such constellations as Orion the Hunter and Cassiopeia, Queen of Ethiopia. Deriving from humankind's need to impose order on apparent chaos, the organization and naming of heavenly bodies gave these scientists a sense of taming the galaxies. Similarly, horticulture and metallurgy were developed in order to know, to influence, and to control how the universe functions.

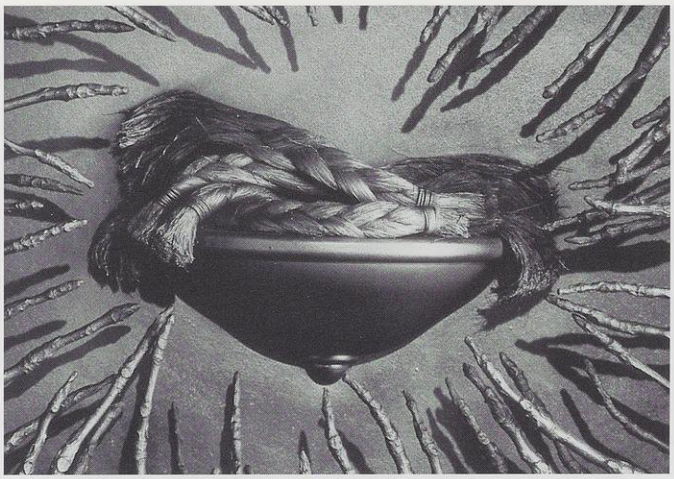
Martha Glowacki's sculptures reveal the influence of these branches of study. A volume of antique celestial charts, a sixteenth-century mining treatise, and a catalog of early fruit-gardening books lend their imagery to her work. From each of these publications she has extracted the visual patterns of a system that seeks to reconfigure the natural world. Her intent is to depict the mapping and manipulation of nature as a metaphor for society's examination and manipulation of human nature. Ultimately, her deepest interest is the intrapersonal. Humankind's endeavors to define the forces of Earth and sky symbolize the individual's efforts to know, to influence, and to control the forces within one's self.

How does one map the unknown: outer space, the mind, the spirit? The mutability of scientific truth and knowledge expressed in Glowacki's sculptures has its human counterpart. Images of change—the pruning of a tree, the distillation of metal, the flow of cosmic energy—serve as metaphors for personal transformation, a continued redefining of the self and one's values and beliefs. As early sky gazers marked the position and path of stars and planets, Glowacki plots the individual's evolving place in the physical and spiritual worlds. ❧

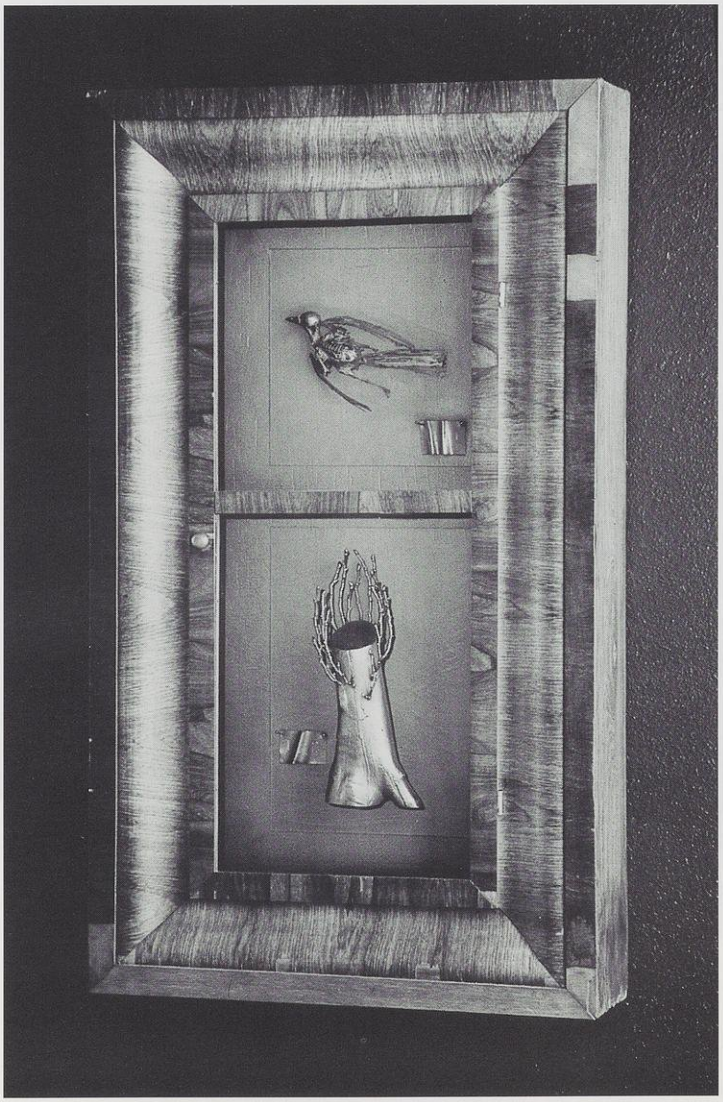
All photos, with the exception of Resurgence, *are by Jim Wildeman.*

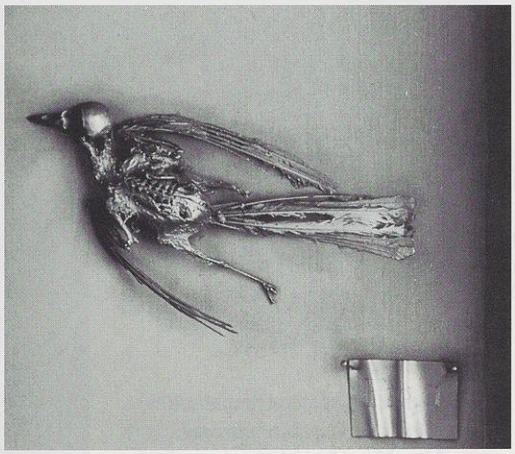


Resurgence. *Cast iron, glass, bronze, wood, pigments, 19 x 19 x 9 1/2 inches, 1996. This piece derives from the history of horticulture and from the use of garden and landscape symbology in religious and philosophical thought. The severely pruned tree signifies the enduring strength of the natural world. Collection of Paula and David Kraemer.*



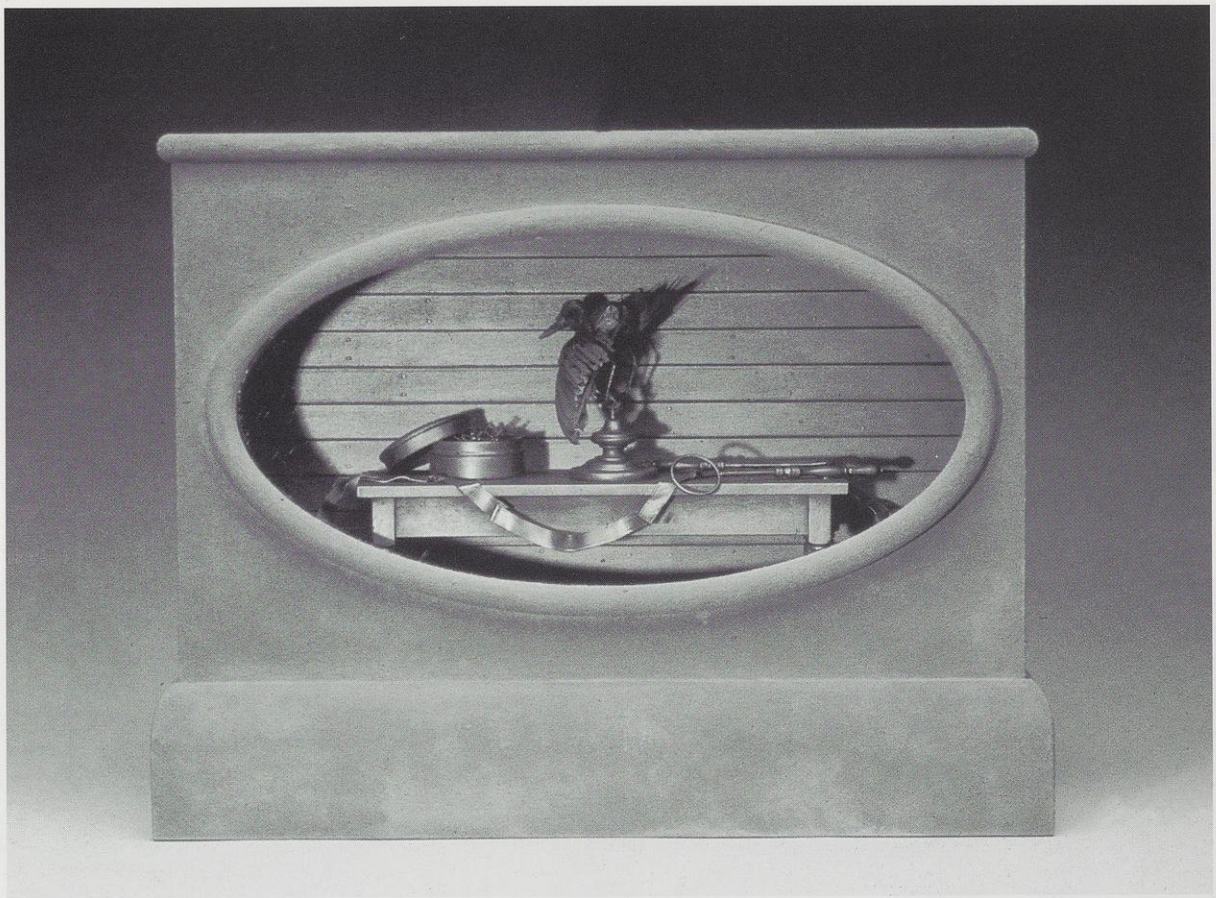
From the Book of Secrets: Passage *(detail, see back cover). Wood, glass, copper, graphite, 17 x 17 x 5 inches, 1997*





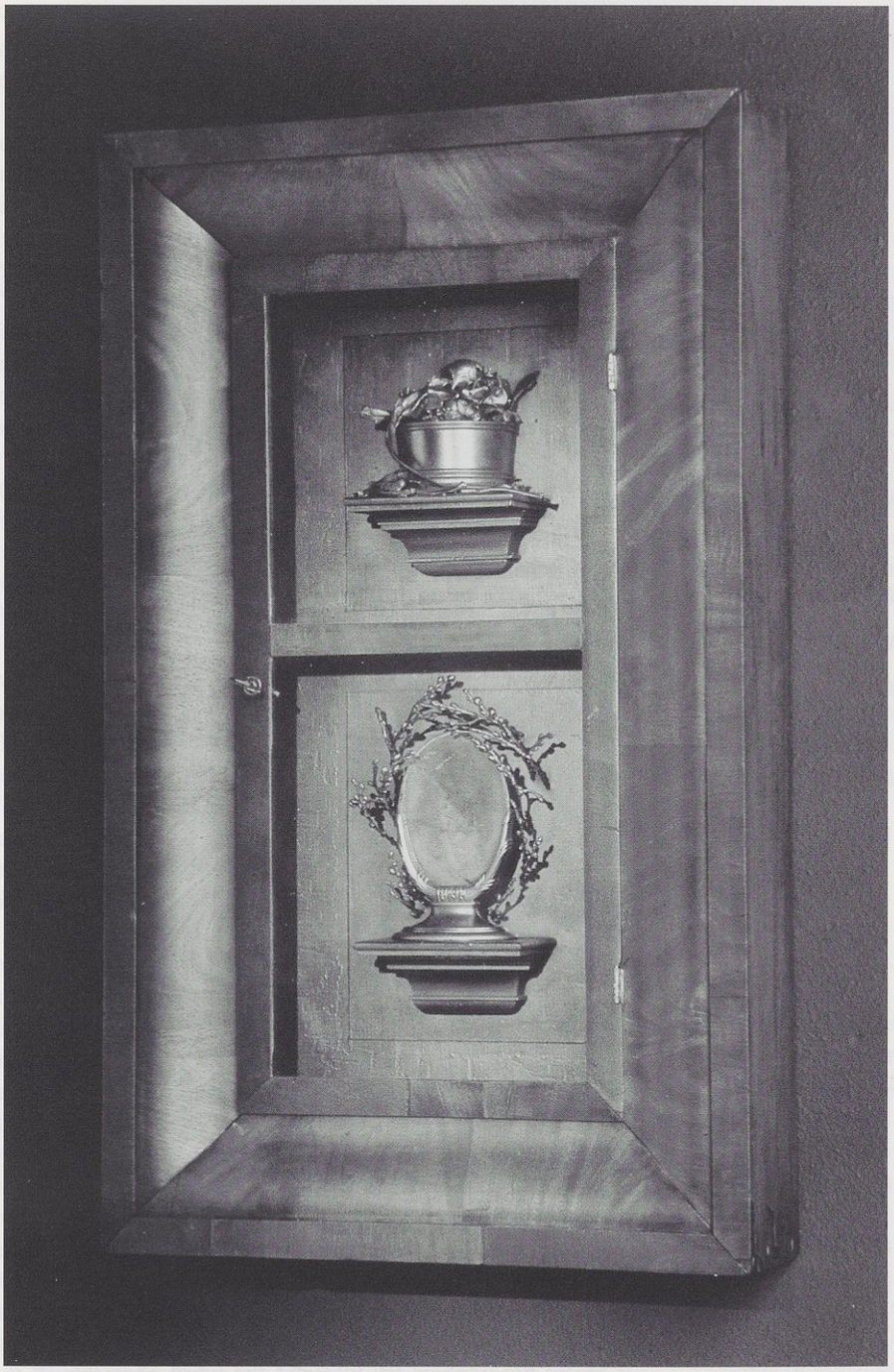
Two Proofs. *Wood, bronze, glass, bird carcass, and graphite, 29 x 17 x 4 1/2 inches, 1997. This work reveals a hopeful view of the culmination of our physical selves. The carcass of the bird appears to fly; the tree stump has generated new growth.*

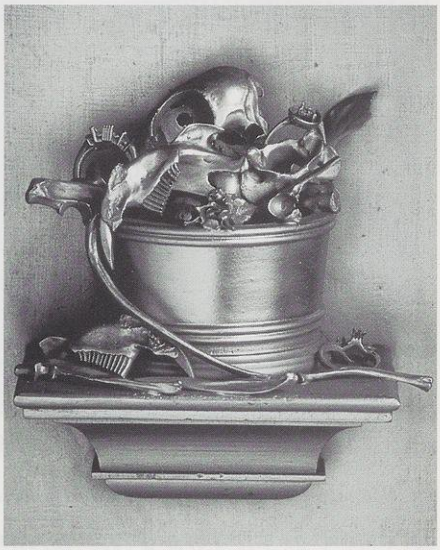
Two Proofs *(detail)*.



Philosophical Tableau (Preparations). *Wood, metal, glass, bird carcass, graphite, 15 x 19 x 6 1/2 inches, 1998. The bird carcass is in an animated, life-like stance. It is surrounded by objects that allude to taxidermy tools and, as many nineteenth-century museum specimens of birds were presented, it is perched on a formal stand.*

Philosophical Tableau (Preparations) *(detail).*





The Nature of Regret. *Wood, metal, glass, bones, 26 x 15 1/2 x 4 inches, 1998. This sculpture contains vanitas images of the beauty and transience of life. The cup filled with bones and finger rings without their gemstones is juxtaposed with a small mirror surrounded by budding branches.*

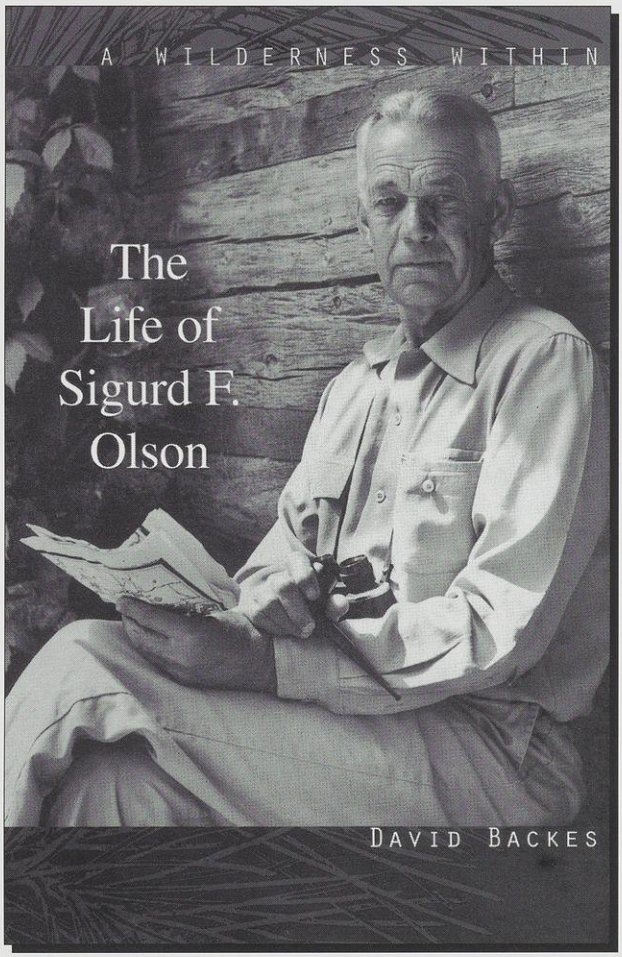
The Nature of Regret *(detail).*

The Making of a Myth

Excerpts from A Wilderness Within: The Life of Sigurd F. Olson

by David Backes

Sigurd Olson once told a friend that despite his growing reputation as an author in the late 1950s and early 1960s, and despite his role in battles over the canoe country, many people in his hometown had little idea of how he spent his days. Sometimes a former student or another Ely acquaintance would come up to him at Zup's grocery store or the First Presbyterian Church or somewhere else downtown and, after exchanging a few pleasantries, would ask, "By the way, Mr. Olson, what do you do with your time now that you're retired from the junior college? You must find it boring." "Yes," Sigurd would answer, "but it isn't so bad."



To the extent that such encounters actually occurred, they probably provided Olson with a healthy dose of humility at a time when his life was anything *but* boring. His books were read on public radio, his portrait was taken by Alfred Eisenstaedt for *Life* magazine, and awards almost routinely came his way. Among U.S. and Canadian conservationists, among members of Congress who sat on committees overseeing America's wildlands, among the federal employees who managed the lands and the journalists who wrote about them, and among the growing numbers of North Americans who enjoyed reading nature books, Sigurd Olson achieved celebrity status during the 1960s. By the 1970s he was an icon, his name and image a potent symbol for a new generation of Americans who called themselves environmentalists rather than conservationists.

Sigurd's popularity was not simply due to his poetic writing style or his spiritual philosophy or his effective handling of conservation issues. These things were part of it, but there was something else, too. His friends recognized it, even if they found it hard to describe. "It's sometimes gnomish, often mystical," said Charley Woodbury of the National Parks Association, "it's fleeting in and out, but it's there always."

Careful biographers try to avoid the word *charisma*; it is overused and exposes them to the charge that they have become too close to their subjects. But in Olson's case, the word seems to apply. There was something in his bearing—a combination of gracefulness, poise, confidence, and an engaging voice—that had a strong effect on people.

University of Minnesota Press, 111 Third Ave. South, Suite 290, Minneapolis, MN 55401–2520, 1997. $24.95 hardcover, 387 pages. ISBN 0–8166–2842–4

Former Minnesota governor Elmer L. Andersen, who got to know Olson well during the 1960s, recalled, "Sig conveyed a religious fervor and a depth of conviction that no one else I know succeeded in generating. Others could win adherence; he produced disciples." The same could be said of a handful of other prominent conservationists and environmentalists after World War II, including David Brower, Ralph Nader, and Barry Commoner. But disciple producers, like Old Testament prophets, tend to be divisive, creating enemies and upsetting their friends. Olson had no enemies, except perhaps in Ely. There is no question that he stirred intense anger among those who hated wilderness restrictions in the canoe country, and that anger not infrequently led to ostracism and other forms of boorish behavior. At the same time, the only people in Ely who hated *him* because of his wilderness activism were people who did not know him personally.

The Olson family, circa 1915, taken when the family was living in Ashland. LEFT TO RIGHT: Lawrence J. Olson, father; Sigurd F. Olson, about sixteen years old; Ida May (Cederholm) Olson, mother; and the youngest brother, Leonard Olson. Missing is the eldest brother, Kenneth Olson.

Ely's political leaders, who fought Olson many times over wilderness issues, at times even expressed warmth and admiration for him. In 1972, for example, Mayor J.P. Grahek, who had battled Olson for two decades, declared July 19 "Sig Olson Day," saying, "In many ways Sigurd Olson is a great man. You don't have to agree with some of the things he has advocated to recognize his quality and his worth as a writer."

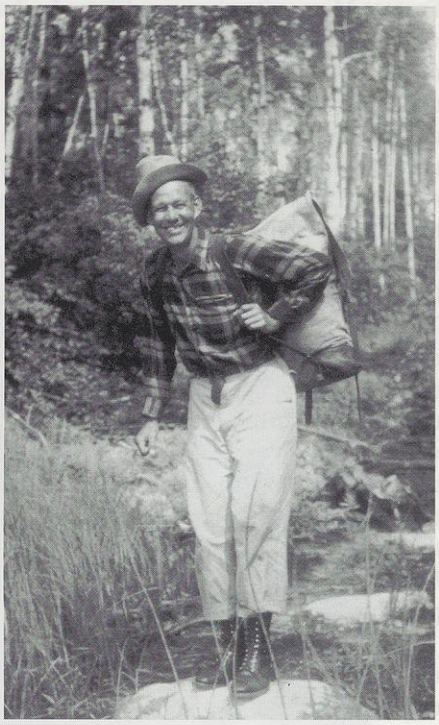
What separated Sigurd Olson from most disciple producers was his gentleness and warmth, which made him a master of diplomacy and drew affection from all quarters. George Marshall, who served as president of both the Wilderness Society and the Sierra Club, summed it up in six words: "He made wilderness and life sing." Such affection goes a long way toward explaining why Olson is the only person to have received the highest honors of four leading citizen organizations that focus on the nation's public lands: the Izaak Walton League, the National Wildlife Federation, the Sierra Club, and the Wilderness Society.

That accomplishment is even more extraordinary in the light of the fact that Olson also received the John Burroughs Medal, the highest honor in nature writing. Of the more than sixty winners of the medal since it was first awarded in 1926, only a handful have played major leadership roles in national conservation organizations; only two others have received even one of the major conservation group awards. This is not to disparage the Burroughs Medal winners, but to suggest that it is extremely difficult to achieve national recognition as a nature writer while also leading national conservation groups. Some might argue that writers tend to have a temperament that makes them uninterested in or even unsuited for organizational leadership, but the real obstacle is time. Both writing and national leadership require long, difficult hours of work, and to put in the hours that may lead to success in one area usually leaves little time for anything else.

"Sig conveyed a religious fervor and a depth of conviction that no one else I know succeeded in generating. Others could win adherence; he produced disciples."

Sigurd Olson ran smack into this conundrum in the 1960s. Because of his immense popularity, he was asked to do many things. His inborn sense of duty and his deep need for recognition, as well as his enjoyment of his popularity, made it difficult for him to say no. To start with, he was a consultant to the Park Service and the secretary of the interior; this not only meant travel all over the country but also required him and Elizabeth to spend several winters in Washington, D.C. Then there was his ongoing Quetico-Superior work, a chronic source of tension-causing controversy.

But that was hardly the end of it. In 1962, for example, he was a member of the organizing committee for the First World Conference on National Parks as well as a speaker at the conference that July in Seattle. In 1963 he flew to Toronto to help create a major conservation group, the National and Provincial Parks Association. He helped design the group's structure, philosophy, and fund-raising strategy. Meanwhile, that same year, Wilderness Society leaders decided to persuade Olson to become their group's vice president. Richard Leonard, writing to Charley Woodbury on April 6, 1963, said it would be an ideal way "to get Sig to accept eventually the responsibility of president of the society." Woodbury, who was close to Olson and



knew he wanted to spend more time writing, wrote back, "I'm not at all confident that Sig will agree . . . I think however we should try." Olson said yes.

And there was still more. Sigurd served as a consultant with Time-Life Books, Reader's Digest Books, and the National Geographic Society. He also gave advice to a number of local and regional conservation groups, such as the Committee for the Preservation of the Tule Elk (California), the Save the Dunes Council (Indiana), and the Algonquin Wildlands League (Ontario). It was not unusual for him to fly to one of their meetings to give them encouragement when the chips were down. And, of course, Olson spoke about the spiritual values of wildlands to audiences across the United States and Canada—not just at conservation group meetings, but also before scout groups and garden clubs and historical societies, and at colleges and universities and even the Mayo Clinic.

Woodbury called Sigurd's schedule "insane," but Olson felt he had little choice. "It is very difficult to say no to everything," he wrote to Woodbury on September 21, 1965. "For instance I was called last night and asked if I could come down for a big meeting on Indiana Dunes, a cause I have fought [for] for a long time. I could not say no for this is the most crucial time. And what applies to the Dunes applies to many other places."

When Sigurd *was* at home, a steady stream of letters from fans and colleagues demanded his attention, and visitors frequently dropped in.

❦

Sigurd did become frustrated in the 1960s, but not because his home had become a tourist destination. What bothered him was the huge amount of time he spent away from home as a professional conservationist. It was an irony in Olson's life that conservation work, which led him into the arms of Alfred Knopf and a successful writing career, came between him and his writing in the 1960s. Even as early as 1958 he found it necessary to write in hotel rooms and airplanes to keep his books moving along. But at least they *were* moving along: *Listening Point* in 1958, *The Lonely Land* in 1961, *Runes of the North* in 1963. By the time *Runes* was published, however, he was deep into his work as a consultant to the National Park Service and to Stewart Udall, was vice president of the Wilderness Society, was involved in other conservation work, and found almost no time at all to write.

"He used to go to these meetings in Washington and he'd come back absolutely wrung out," said his son Robert. "It killed him. Not just the travel, but the exercise itself. It wasn't his cup of tea."

Sigurd once again began writing journal entries reminiscent of his days at the junior college in the 1930s and 1940s. Sitting in his office at the Department of Interior one winter morning early in 1963, he wrote:

> This work here palls . . . After the hitch this year, I am through and can see the end coming. All I want to do is get back to my writing and thinking. That is my forte, nothing else. The days even though I have been here only a month seem endless and I am doing nothing constructive. I can picture myself at home heading out to the cabin or the bush and the shack . . . taking a few speaking engagements, but being absolutely free of all practical conservation problems. It is the same old stalemate I have been up against before, back thirty years when I used to pound off a few paragraphs every morning and dream and hope for release. Never again shall I be caught in such an impasse.

Elizabeth and Sigurd Olson

But what did he do? He accepted the vice presidency of the Wilderness Society, flew to Toronto to help launch the National and Provincial Parks Association, then spent a good portion of the summer scouting out Alaskan park possibilities with Ted Swem. In January 1964, three months short of his sixty-fifth birthday, he was back in Washington and writing gloomy notes:

> All of this leaves me cold, all these hearings [are as] boring as terminology . . . Others should do this, not me. Wilderness preservation will go on but it engrosses me less and less. Others can carry on the fight . . . This fall was bad. It must not happen again. I must make a decision soon . . . I've got ten years left, I should put them all to the best and not feel frustrated or fighting or feel torn—it is the feeling of being torn every which way that hurts.

Sigurd finally began a new book in 1965—an autobiography. He also signed a contract with McGraw-Hill to write a book called *Rivers of the Shield* for a series on the American wilderness. He did not reduce his conservation workload, however, so he made very slow progress on the autobiography and none at all on the McGraw-Hill book.

Two more years passed. Olson's term on the National Park Service Advisory Board ended, but he continued to attend its meetings in a nonvoting capacity along with Frank Masland and other former members. He also continued his work as a consultant. In July 1967, at Yellowstone National Park as part of a team working to create a master management plan for the park, Olson chastised himself: "I have no right at my age to be wasting my time any more. Finish this job and then say no. You cannot clutter your mind if you are going to write."

Eight months later, on March 8, 1968, Wilderness Society president and cofounder Harvey Broome died of a heart attack at his Knoxville, Tennessee, home while sawing a log to make a wren house. He was sixty-five, four years younger than Olson, who suddenly found himself president of a national conservation group for the second time. ❧

Photos courtesy the Olson family and made available by the Sigurd Olson Environmental Institute at Northland College in Ashland.

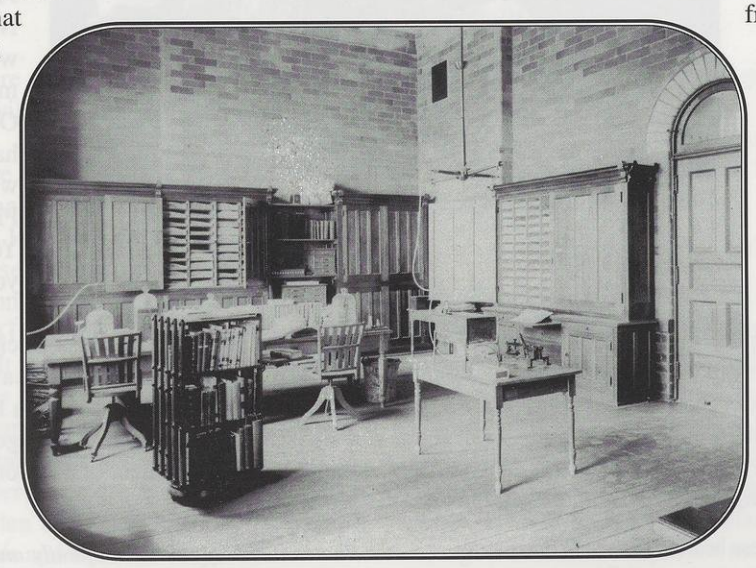
"A Cabinet of Natural History": The University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium's Sesquicentennial, 1849–1999

by Hugh H. Iltis and Theodore S. Cochrane

Taxonomy—the science that identifies, names, and classifies all creatures great and small, taxon by taxon—reflects the world's wonderful biological diversity, or biodiversity, *which today, in the face of increased economic expansion, increasingly unsustainable human population, and the resulting worldwide destruction of nature, has become the dominant focus of our attempt to assess the health of our living environment—our Mother Nature, if you please—whose survival we dare neglect only at our own peril. Wisconsin is not exempt from all these problems; and even here biodiversity acts as a poster child for life and its survival, the ecological barometer of how we treat the environment. To document biodiversity, we need pinned insects and stuffed bird skins housed in museum collections, and we need pressed plants in herbaria.*

Herbaria, then, are museum collections of plant specimens, carefully chosen, pressed, and dried; mounted together with labels bearing pertinent collection data on a stiff sheet of high-quality paper; stamped to show ownership; and filed according to an accepted system of classification into steel storage cabinets that protect the contents from both insect and fire damage. Such specimens are available for reference or other scientific purposes and, if well kept, remain useful forever—well, at least for hundreds of years.

In a very real sense, herbaria function as giant card catalogs, nature libraries that permanently store actual plants, roots and all, together with notes and photographs that have been gathered continually in the wild and in the garden for four centuries by taxonomists, geographers, anthropologists, and amateurs in their quest to identify, name, and classify all the plants on the face of the earth. There are over 3,000 public herbaria in the world today, holding a total of half a billion specimens. But thousands of private herbaria exist as well, a testimony to the human love affair with plants.



The University of Wisconsin Herbarium in Science Hall in the 1890s. Some of these handmade wooden cabinets are still in use.

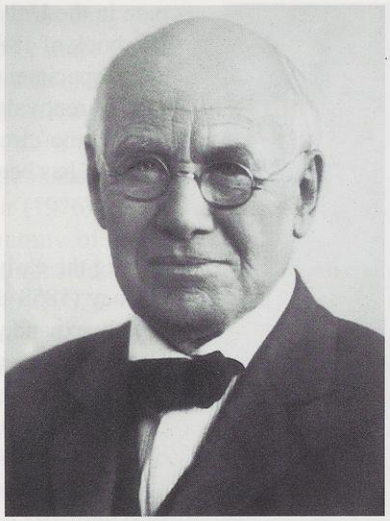
In Wisconsin, environmental traditions and herbaria have had a long history. Plant taxonomists in particular have played a crucial role in exploring the state, from Thomas Nuttall, who, as a member of the Astoria Expedition, collected specimens along the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers in 1811, to polymath Increase A. Lapham, who arrived in Milwaukee in 1836, to the present. By building a factual infrastructure for biodiversity, they played a crucial role in shaping our conservation traditions.

When Wisconsin entered the union in 1848, the state constitution provided for the "establishment of a state university at or near the seat of state government," vesting its administration in a board of regents. This body met first in Madison on October 7, 1848, and again on January 16, 1849. Among the initial orders of business was a proposal that the

regents deemed it "expedient and important" that "efforts should be made at once to begin the formation of a 'cabinet of natural history.' To this end the board accepted the offer of Mr. Horace A. Tenney, a young journalist and public-spirited citizen of Madison, to undertake such a collection" which by early 1849 contained "50 specimens of minerals; 46 fossils; and 12 natural curiosities, chiefly Indian arrow heads and axes" (Bryan, 1950).

At the same time, Tenney submitted to the board a letter from Increase A. Lapham (1811–1875), a thirty-seven-year-old civil employee and enthusiastic botanist of Milwaukee and author of the earliest checklist of Wisconsin plants (1836). Lapham wrote:

> I have sent you . . . a box of specimens for the proposed cabinet of the University of Wisconsin . . . I propose further to present the University a pretty extensive Herbarium or collection of dried plants—about one thousand or fifteen hundred species—embracing nearly all those heretofore found in Wisconsin, together with others from the United States, and from Europe, provided the Regents will pay the expenses of the paper and portfolios necessary to contain the plants. This will not exceed ten cents for each plant.



John Jefferson Davis (1852–1937), curator of the University of Wisconsin Herbarium, 1911 to 1937. Davis was president of the Wisconsin Academy, 1903 to 1905, and his history of the Academy appeared in Transactions in 1907.

In the 1851 *Report of the Board of Regents*, we learn that "the Herbarium furnished to the University by Dr. Lapham is in a state of careful preservation and will be of very great value to the future students as illustrative of the natural production of Wisconsin." These specimens, some of which 150 years later are still maintained in our collection, represent the beginnings of the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium.

By 1865 the university's "natural history cabinet," which, with the exception of that at the University of Michigan, was hailed as the "finest collection in the Northwest," contained 3,000 herbarium specimens (Bryan, 1950). Among these were not only the Lapham specimens mentioned above, but also many specimens collected by S.H. Watson and T.J. Hale, two avid local botanists, the former connected with Milton College southeast of Madison. Watson and Hale gathered large duplicate sets of plants from 1858 to 1862 from all across southern Wisconsin, but mostly from around Madison, for exchange with or sale to major eastern herbaria. Again, excellent series of these, including prairie species now rare or extinct in Wisconsin, are still in the university herbarium. (Two years before Milton College was disbanded in 1984, its herbarium of some 3,000 mounted and unmounted sheets, mostly collected by Watson and Hale, was acquired by the herbarium in Madison.)

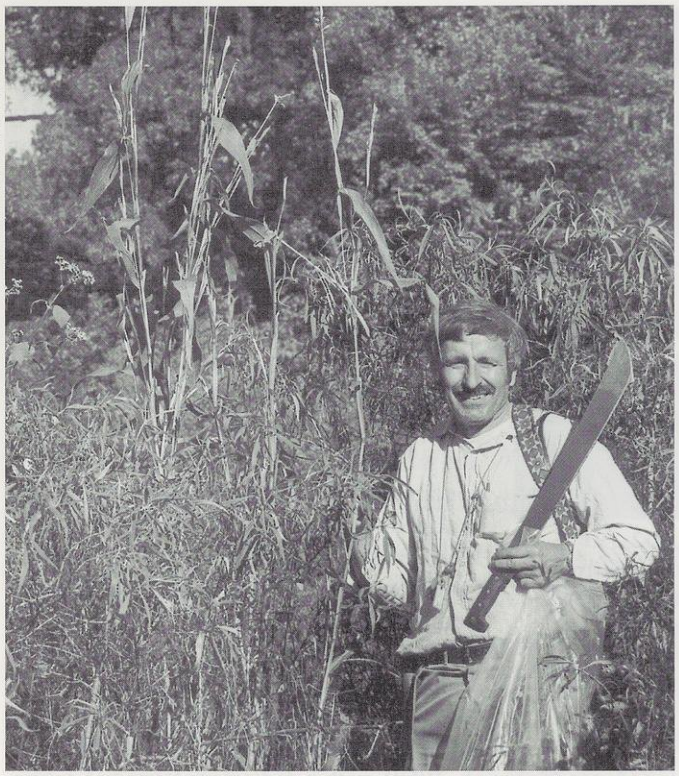
A legislative act in 1876 authorized the governor to purchase for $10,000 the library and cabinet of the recently deceased Lapham, who in 1870 had founded what later became the U.S. Weather Bureau. This cabinet, said to contain a herbarium of 20,000 specimens, included valuable collections made in Mexico, France, Germany, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Ohio, and Colorado, among other places. One special item obtained for the old University of Wisconsin Herbarium and still carefully preserved as an icon was a copy of Asa Gray's (1810–1888) bound herbarium volume, *North American Gramineae and Cyperaceae* (1834; see McVaugh, 1968), with a dedicatory letter to Lapham by its then twenty-four-year-old author. In addition, a complete set of loose pages with attached specimens from this volume were in Lapham's herbarium as well. Though Asa Gray, a year older than Lapham, eventually became America's most outstanding botanist, through the years he always sent his Wisconsin friend copies of his many publications. In 1852 he named a new genus of Compositae *Laphamia*.

Harold Hone

Norman C. Fassett (1900–1954), professor of botany and curator of the University of Wisconsin Herbarium, 1937 to 1954. "It was he who developed the herbarium into a nationally respected institution." Courtesy the University of Wisconsin–Madison Archives.

Between 1875 and 1900 Wisconsin seems to have been a training ground for young and untried botanists who went on to bigger and better schools in the East. Most of these scientists were mycologists: J.C. Arthur, 1879 to 1880, who went on to Purdue; A.B. Seymour, 1885 to 1886, who went on to great fame at Harvard; W. Trelease, 1881 to 1886, who soon became the first director of the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis; and R.A. Harper, 1898 to 1911, who went on to head the botany department at Columbia University. All of these scientists donated parts of their collections to the University of Wisconsin Herbarium. In 1884 Trelease reported that

> the University herbarium, which is located in the room devoted to my original work [in South Hall], is based on the Lapham



Michael Nee, New York Botanical Garden

Hugh H. Iltis with Zea diploperennis, *a rare endemic perennial "teosinte," on the edge of a fir-oak cloud forest on top of the Sierra de Manantlán, Mexico, at 7,000 feet elevation, near what is now the Las Joyas Biological Station of the University of Guadalajara, January 2, 1979.*

> herbarium estimated to contain between 10 and 12 thousand *species*, which has been thoroughly poisoned and is being properly mounted as rapidly as possible. Since it came into my charge it has been augmented by donations . . . and by between 3 to 5 thousand specimens from Professor Henry's herbarium and my own. Henry later became the influential dean of the College of Agriculture. [Note that here "poisoned" means dipping the specimen in alcohol-dissolved sublimate of mercury, a practice no longer followed in Wisconsin.]

C.R. Barnes, at the university from 1887 to 1898, greatly enriched the collection of bryophytes with many classical exsiccatae sets. He was the coauthor of the book-length *Analytical key to the genera and species of North American mosses* (Barnes & Heald, 1897). Together with his colleagues, Barnes organized the 1893 meeting in Madison of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, during which, at his insistence, the precursor of the Botanical Society of America was founded (Tippo, 1956).

The question of whether or not parts of the original university herbarium went up in flames in the Science Hall fire of 1884 is still not resolved. It seems, however, that at least parts of the Lapham herbarium purchased in 1876 had been moved to safe quarters in South Hall shortly before the fire. In any case, a note in the University of Wisconsin Archives from *The Badger* yearbook of 1889 stated that the herbarium then contained only 8,000 specimens. Transferred in the late 1880s to Science Hall, freshly renovated after the destructive fire, it found its permanent home circa 1910 in the newly constructed Birge Hall, where it has been ever since.

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During the early 1900s herbarium administrators included L.S. Cheney (1858–1938), who, as curator between 1891 and 1903, greatly expanded the bryophyte collection, and R.H. Denniston (1874–1957), curator between 1903 and 1910. A special place in this chronicle must be reserved for J.J. Davis (1852–1937), a physician and amateur mycologist who, starting in the 1880s, became such an excellent scientist that in 1910 he was asked to accept the curatorship of the herbarium, a position which he held until 1937. Starting in 1893, he was the author of scores of new species of rusts and molds, especially in his "Notes on parasitic fungi in Wisconsin" (Nos. 1–20, all in *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters*, 1915–1937). Davis collected over 15,000 specimens of that difficult group and thousands of vascular plants as well, but he is mostly appreciated for endowing the Davis Fund of both the botany and zoology departments, which for the past sixty years has supported countless University of Wisconsin biological research projects all over the world, from the Galápagos to New Guinea to the Apostle Islands.

In 1925 Norman C. Fassett (1900–1954) arrived fresh out of Harvard, where, under the great M.L. Fernald, he had taken as his thesis *The Vegetation of the Estuaries of Northeastern North America* (published in 1928). Fassett was a superbly able taxonomist, a tireless collector of Wisconsin's flora, and an elegant writer as well as a dedicated preservationist and supporter of Aldo Leopold's efforts to establish the University of Wisconsin–Madison Arboretum. It was he who developed the herbarium into a nationally respected institution; and during his twenty-nine years in Madison, the herbarium grew from 96,000 to 380,000 specimens, including well over 28,000 collection numbers of his own.

In 1927, through the efforts of Fassett and Davis, the university purchased (for only $800!) the herbarium of Levi M. Umbach (1853–1918), a professor at Northwestern College in Naperville, Illinois. It contained 50,000 mounted specimens and an even larger number of unmounted duplicates, and was especially rich in collections from the dunes and swales of northern Indiana and Illinois, then pristine lakeshore areas that now are covered by steel mills and miles upon miles of human settlements.

In his early years at Madison, Fassett emphasized exploration of the Wisconsin flora, eventually writing book-length treatments of the Wisconsin legumes (1939), ferns (Tryon et al., 1940, 1953) and grasses (1951, 1998), and nearly 100 other publications, including many of the taxonomically critical "Preliminary reports on the flora of Wisconsin" (Nos. 1–37, all

in *Transactions of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters*, 1929–1953), each treating one or more plant families. This series was continued by H.H. Iltis and his students and associates (Nos. 38–69, all in *Transactions*, 1957–1987). Fassett's *Spring Flora of Wisconsin*, an eminently useful book, was first published in 1931 and is now in its fourth revised edition (1976). Concurrently, Fassett specialized in the taxonomy of North American aquatic plants, efforts which culminated in his illustrated *Manual of Aquatic Plants* (1940, 1957) and world monographs of several aquatic genera.

In the 1940s, stimulated by his friend Edgar Anderson, Fassett shifted to studying species by the evolutionary concepts of the "New Systematics" (Huxley, 1940), which resulted in many publications emphasizing a dynamic biogeography and the use of "mass collections," many of which are still in the university herbarium.

Finally, late in his all-too-brief life, Fassett shifted his interests to the Neotropics, initially (1944) as a member of the war-time U.S. Cinchona Mission to the Colombian Andes to look for the quinine-containing, anti-malarial *Cinchona* bark, and later (1950–1951, 1953) on two expeditions to Central America to study aquatic plants.

During Fassett's curatorship, from 1937 to 1954, Henry C. Greene (1905–1967), a specialist in parasitic fungi, built on the classical collections of Davis to enlarge the university holdings of these disease-causing plants to over 100,000 specimens. Now one of the three largest collections of this group in the United States, its holotypes voucher the many new species described by Greene in his "Notes on Wisconsin parasitic fungi" (I-XXXII, 1940–1966), published in the Academy's *Transactions* and summarized in *The Fungi Parasitic on Plants in Wisconsin* (1957, 1965). We still celebrate Greene as the patient planter of the Greene Prairie in the University of Wisconsin–Madison Arboretum.

Though ecologist John T. Curtis (1913–1961) had as his primary interest the dynamics of *The Vegetation of Wisconsin* (1959), he also worked on the systematics and ecology of orchids, contributing specimens from his travels in Wisconsin as well as in Haiti during World War II. With Greene, Curtis assembled *A Bibliography of Wisconsin Vegetation* (1955).

The special interests of a young R.M. Tryon enlarged the collection of ferns; and the ethnobotanist J.D. Sauer added his collections of pigweeds (*Amaranthus*), seabeans (*Canavalia*), and, as did many other University of Wisconsin biogeographers, plants from his exotic travels which, in Sauer's case, were of the world's tropical beaches.

John W. Thomson (1913), on the university staff from 1944 to 1984 and curator of the cryptogamic herbarium since Greene's death in 1967, enormously enlarged the university's lichen collection, which, together with the

Ethel K. (Toddy) Allen

O.N. and Ethel Allen in Rome, circa 1955.

The generosity of many benefactors has enabled the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium to achieve and maintain its major status in the world. Above all others, the distinguished scientist Ethel K. Allen, known to her many friends as "Toddy," is an example of such individual support. A well-known naturalist and international authority in her own right, she is recognized as a "one-woman research foundation" through her endowment of various departments at the University of Wisconsin as well as her support of other scientific and cultural efforts in the state and nation.

Ethel K. Allen began her professional career as a research fellow in nitrogen fixation at the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Professors E.B. Fred, P.W. Wilson, and I.L. Baldwin. Starting in 1933, she and her husband, O.N. Allen, worked together as a team, first in Hawaii and after the late 1940s in the bacteriology department at the University of Wisconsin. Together they authored over forty publications, mostly on nitrogen-fixing bacteria that live in the roots of leguminous plants and fertilize the soil. The culmination of the Allens' work, which Ethel Allen completed after the death of her husband in 1976, was *The Leguminosae: A Source Book of Characteristics, Uses, and Nodulation*, published by The University of Wisconsin Press in 1981, an encyclopedic work of 830 pages used throughout the world.

The Allens' devotion to the University of Wisconsin and to the cultural scene in the world in general is reflected in their widespread and self-effacing generosity. Over the years, they contributed greatly to such organizations as the International Crane Foundation, the Milwaukee Public Museum, and the university's Department of Botany. They gave generously to university biological and agricultural libraries for the enhancement of their botanical holdings and established the Allen Centennial Garden on the campus.

A particularly helpful friend to the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium, Ethel K. Allen's endowment provided funds to purchase specimens and to support special projects, publications, and expeditions. Specifically, it was her assistance that made possible the exploration of the Sierra de Manantlán in Jalisco, Mexico, including the crucial initial expedition that resulted in the discovery of a new species of perennial wild corn, a botanical event of great significance that led to the establishment of the giant Sierra de Manantlán Biosphere Reserve.

May this splendid gentlewoman be an example for others.

Hugh H. Iltis

The current main storage area at the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium showing banks of space-saving compactors on the left and some of the old handmade cabinets from Science Hall on the right. INSET: A modern specimen cabinet, showing loan specimens of Clethra *carefully organized for an ongoing monographic study being done by an honorary fellow in the botany department, Luz María Gonzales of Fitchburg.*

gift of his own private lichen collection of 10,000 specimens in 1982, has not only grown into the best herbarium of New World boreal and arctic lichens, but forms the basis of monographs of North American *Physcia* (1963) and *Cladonia* (1967), and the magisterial and splendidly illustrated *American Arctic Lichens* (Vol. 1, 1984, Columbia University Press; Vol. 2, 1997, The University of Wisconsin Press).

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Fassett died in 1954. Hugh H. Iltis succeeded him in 1955 as curator and in 1967 he became director. A graduate of Washington University and the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis, he was determined to enlarge the scope and facilities of the herbarium. He soon initiated widespread exchanges, diverse and intense Wisconsin and Neotropical explorations, and broadly based monographic studies, the latter often dealing with such taxonomically difficult economic plants as potatoes. A specialist of the tropical Caper family (Capparaceae) and also of the evolution of maize, he published in 1980, with his student J.F. Doebley, the first taxonomic monograph of the small and difficult but important genus *Zea*. To this genus belong not only the six wild taxa of Mexico and Guatemala, the "teosintes," but also, derived from one of them, the corn of the Indians, maize (*Z. mays*). The mysterious origin of this plant, especially of its monstrous ear, has long been Iltis's preoccupation, and now Doebley, who will soon rejoin the University of Wisconsin–Madison in the Department of Genetics, is continuing this work with great success.

During Iltis's tenure, the vascular plant herbarium increased from under 200,000 to over 700,000 specimens (including 40,000 of his own collection numbers), enriched not only by Wisconsin collections, but by a diversity of neotropical accessions, a large number of these from expeditions to Mexico, Costa Rica, and the Andes of Equador and Peru. Many of the graduate students from this period became world-class monographers and now hold positions in some of the most prominent botanical institutions in the country.

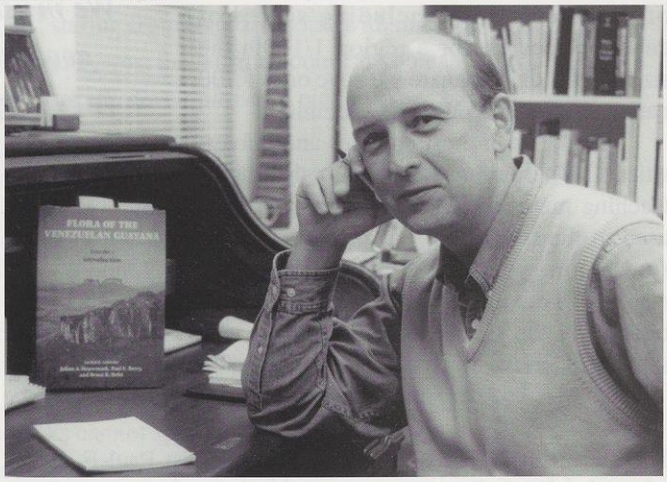
In 1970 Theodore S. Cochrane joined the herbarium as curator, with special interests in the flora of Wisconsin, including the giant genus *Carex*, of which there are some 160 species in the state composing nearly 10 percent of our native vascular flora and 90 percent of the state's taxonomic headaches. Cochrane was initially an understudy of *Carex* specialist J.H. Zimmerman, who was a student of both Fassett and Iltis and a well-beloved teacher and naturalist. Cochrane has now become one of a handful of experts in North America able to identify these taxonomically difficult plants.

Finally, in 1985, Mark A. Wetter, who studies Asteraceae, especially *Grindelia*, came from the New York Botanical Garden as collections manager and has since become a specialist in the use of computers in herbaria, an important talent in this day and age. Together with database manager Merel R. Black, he is now the moving spirit in computerizing the herbarium.

In 1981–82 a new wing was added to Birge Hall for both the Biology Library and the herbarium, and in 1987 a National Science Foundation facilities improvement grant of half a million dollars allowed the herbarium to be housed in 200 additional cabinets and modern compactors. But despite the added storage space, the fine modern quarters are already overcrowded and in dire need of expansion. The ever-increasing responsibilities related to the ecological awakening in this country and the accelerated rate of taxonomic research make this a serious problem, and we are hopeful of finding a donor

Theodore S. Cochrane (left) and Mark A. Wetter identifying a specimen of one of the more than thirty-three species of oak native to the Sierra de Manantlán.

Merel R. Black



Claudia Lipke

TOP: Hugh H. Iltis in his habitat.

ABOVE: Paul E. Berry, herbarium director, sitting at J.J. Davis's roll-top desk (used by all succeeding curators and directors), with a copy of Volume 4 of the Flora of the Venezuelan Guayana *(1998), a ten-volume project of which he is editor-in-chief.*

and adding extra floors to the wing to expand not only the herbarium but the crowded Biology Library as well.

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The significant growth of the herbarium over the past several decades is due to increased general collecting and taxonomically focused research by faculty and students; an extensive worldwide exchange program involving over 200 herbaria; a number of large purchases, such as the 1985 acquisition of part of the Catholic University of America herbarium (62,000 sheets); recent gifts, such as the splendid 8,000-sheet sedge collection of V.E. McNeilus (a University of Wisconsin alumnus living in Knoxville); the non-Wisconsin collections of the University of Wisconsin–La Crosse (42,000 sheets); and the enormous increase of interest in biodiversity since the first Earth Day in 1970 and the attendant expansion of botanical activity.

The University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium Library, a noncirculating research collection of nearly 100,000 books, journals, and especially reprints, and the herbarium map collection of nearly 10,000 maps, atlases, and related items are indispensable components of our well-integrated herbarium/library complex. Associated with the herbarium are a cytology laboratory under the guidance of Robert R. Kowal and a molecular systematics laboratory under the leadership of Kenneth J. Sytsma. Both fields have established strong roots in the taxonomy section, and many graduate students and visiting scientists now combine chromosome counting and molecular analysis with taxonomy to arrive at sophisticated evolutionary trees for their special groups.

The University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium has become a collection of national and international importance with nearly one-third of its more than one million specimens collected from within the state and some 160,000 from the Neotropics. But a herbarium is only as good as the accuracy of identification of its specimens. Because the herbarium is used continually as a reference for checking identifications, we have over the years shipped tens of thousands of specimens on loan to hundreds of taxonomic experts all over the world to obtain their authoritative opinions for as many specimens as possible.

Through legislation signed by Governor Thompson in 1995, the herbarium has been officially declared the State of Wisconsin Herbarium. Increased cooperation with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources bodes well for the future.

The herbarium also serves as the basis for several major, long-term floristic and distributional projects. During the past twenty years, one major initiative has been the floristic exploration of the Sierra de Manantlán, a lofty mountain ranging from subarid scrub to cloud forest, lying between Guadalajara and Puerto Vallarta in the states of Jalisco and Colima in south-

western Mexico. It is the only home of *Zea diploperennis*, a rare perennial relative of maize, the sensational discovery of which in 1977 led not only to the establishment ten years later of the 345,000-acre Reserva de la Biosfera Sierra de Manantlán, but also to many cooperative research projects between our herbarium, the University of Wisconsin–Madison's Institute for Environmental Studies, and the Universidad de Guadalajara's Instituto Manantlán de Ecología y Conservación de la Biodiversidad. Field work on this mountain by botanists of the University of Guadalajara and the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium resulted in the book-length *Flora de Manantlán* (Vázquez et al., 1995) listing 2,800 species of vascular plants, including scores of endemic species, for a region 1/100th the size of Wisconsin, where we have only 1,700 native species and only one endemic.

Finally, as in most colleges and universities, the herbarium is used as a source of teaching materials. The holdings have been used in the training of advanced undergraduate and graduate students in systematics, ecology, biogeography, and natural resources not only in Wisconsin but in hundreds of other institutions, in the United States and abroad, which borrow our specimens, as we borrow theirs, for taxonomic studies.

❦

The arrival in 1997 of the eminent taxonomist Paul E. Berry, who, after Iltis's forty-two-year tenure, became the new director of the herbarium, meant that some overdue redirections for the herbarium were in order. Berry, formerly of the Missouri Botanical Garden in St. Louis, is organizing and completing the ten-volume *Flora of the Venezuela Guayana*, a region containing nearly 10,000 species of vascular plants.

Together with M.R. Black, Berry has now introduced the computer age into our establishment. They have spurred the completion of two major Wisconsin floristic projects that are about to be published after decades of preparation: the *Checklist of the Vascular Plants of Wisconsin* (Wetter et al., 1999), a book listing the names and synonyms of all Wisconsin species (1,700 native and 700 introduced flowering plants, conifers, and ferns); and the *Atlas of Wisconsin Prairie and Savanna Flora* (Cochrane and Iltis, 1999), which presents detailed distribution maps and ecological descriptions for approximately 350 of the most important species of these beautiful but now so critically endangered ecosystems. Both of these studies will be published jointly by the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium and the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources in the latter's technical bulletin series and are preparatory studies toward the future publication of the *Wisconsin Floristic Atlas* and the *Flora of Wisconsin*. All of these studies will be widely used by academia and the general public and soon will play their role in the forthcoming efforts to reauthorize the Endangered Species Act.

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Since 1849 the University of Wisconsin Herbarium has been a quiet but important influence on the scientific and cultural life of the state. The staff and students have made major contributions to science and to the welfare of the people of Wisconsin. By informing the world at large of the crucial and indispensable role that field biology, plant taxonomy, nature preservation, and museum collections such as herbaria must play in trying to find the elusive solutions to today's seemingly unsurmountable environmental and economic problems, they have led the way to a better, ecologically saner Planet Earth.

We must strive to be good ancestors to future generations.

Much work remains to be done before we can fully understand our rapidly vanishing flora, its ecology, its pollinators and its evolutionary genesis, and so furnish a factual basis for its preservation. Therefore we urge all readers intrigued by Wisconsin's biotic wealth to become involved in its exploration. There is much to be learned, and even the rankest amateur, with care, can make a valuable contribution to our knowledge. The better we get to know our flora, the more we shall be able to appreciate it. And the greater our appreciation, the greater our will to fight for its preservation. *We must strive to be good ancestors to future generations* (Bartz), so that in the centuries to come our children and their fellow citizens may continue to be empowered with a sense of wonder by the rich biota that adorns the land we call Wisconsin. ❧

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An extended bibliography, prepared by Theodore S. Cochrane, is available from the Academy office on request, as well as a list of other herbaria in Wisconsin. Photos, unless otherwise indicated, courtesy the University of Wisconsin–Madison Herbarium. For information on visiting the herbarium, call (608) 262–2792.

Canoeing at LaBoule's

The canoe's seen many sunsets on this glimmering
glacial lake and has cried more tears than all
the paddle-spray drops that've trickled down
the side of its lusterless gray bow. A third-generation
hand-me-down, a ferry of dented dreams, it still floats as well
as grandpa's stories about thick malts for a nickel
in the old hotel on the hill. This bleached-bones boathouse

used to be a haven for ballroom dancers
in the grandeur of a bygone big band era,
shuffling their feet on the dusty wooden floor while
sipping Manhattans (for they were still in fashion),
as well as for Fitzgeraldesque women, lounging
in sun-dresses and fanning themselves, watching
their husbands waft about on slinking wooden seabirds.
Years drift on till all that's left is the pall
of a forgotten phantom and an acrimonious X,
erected in '71, designed to protect the house
from collapsing under the weight. This water's borne witness

to boatloads of wishes, and collects them in a treasure
chest in its heart. Wishes cast like fishing lures
by reckless lovers and sagacious children, hoping to haul
something in, but ending snagged and oddly lost
on the murky, mysterious bottom. Or perhaps
forgotten. They are guarded by dead men (nonchalantly,
for nobody's looking) and each night the lake
lets them flat as metaphysical bobbers: each blanched
and dancing ripple, quavering fish-like,
forms a fluid collage of dreams for the sky. Tonight

a little photographic *tableau*:
canoe, boathouse, water, sunset, and the invisible
legions. Lost inside the fine mist of a funk
and the must swirl of mass and damp concrete,
looking out toward twilight, the soft orange glow gives way
to ancient shadows surrounded by the lapping echo
of ripples resonating in infinity, wrapped up
with cobwebs tied in a bow. A flicker
of technology and it's recorded, the history,
a little less accurate than a memory.
Yet, staring from the darkroom, with mirrors
for cat's-eyes, the lensmen confirm you can't
prevent the developing of a picture

or a life. And, God, if somebody offered me the chance
to live in panorama, I would do it in a second—
dive in the water and guzzle it all—
quicker than the last quiet flash before the universe
devours the day. Faster than aperture,
like a marionette unaware of its strings,
spending the days where time doesn't change and
drinks cannot spill and canoes never spring leaks.
After all the snapshots, ripples, and a thousand
unexpected things that could destroy a dam like dynamite,
most of them are already there.

B.J. Best

Beaucoup de Haiku

The doe paused briefly
Pointing her nose toward the wind
Then became green leaves.

Sunshine through pine trees
Beamed a spotlight on the trail
But no actor bowed.

Whitecaps galloped east
Herded by the harsh west wind
Corralled by the bay.

Mother bird plays hurt
Performing her decoy role
Distancing the nest.

The nesting mallard
Finishes her camouflage
By closing her eyes.

A snake by the path
Swallows a poison tree toad
Then recoils and dies.

Frank Lusson

Answering Machine in Your Car

Early in the morning the fretwork on the
wedgewood cup of your dream translates into
worry that stressed girders show x-ray strain
patterns that indicate possible fracture. Type A
multitasking gets to the point where you drop
the hyphens in compound words just feel
the tension. Heart arrhythmias cancel beats
and signal disease lots of reggae may be
the cure dance until you drop but
working is so much more profitable.
We could all laugh under a Caribbean sun
but the multimedia version is more affordable.
Under silicon graphics skin comes the deskbottom
publisher's flash that pagemakers seldom excel
at distinguishing have from havenot or
meditating past lotus onetwothree.
Excluding the working poor is as easy as
partitioning your disk because
antigovernment experts do it for you.
Success requires fast hard drives
around tight budget corners with a whiteknuckled
hand around a cellular phone but I bet there's a market
for an answering machine in your car.

R. Virgil Ellis

No Maps

I neither hear nor see.
The world, a place
I touch, where I learn
by the way things taste,
opens slowly to me.
I like this prison
of time best when
I walk on warm grass,
or when odors approach
and leave me.
The absence of light
and noise leads me
to contemplation,
where I learn to mark
the points where my body
and nature converge.
In time, I may
learn to speak.
In time, too, that one
who leads me, hugs me,
helps me, she will learn
as well where lie
the avenues
of my affections.

Peter Blewett

Mad Music

Alone in their bungalow
windows open to the street
she played her baby grand
through long Friday nights
as if in concert.

Hands arched over the keys
fingers struck perfect notes;
the melodies rippled
from her fingertips
gained tense crescendos
modulated to resolutions.

Sometimes she sang along
'til he returned from work;
from the meat market
where he trimmed roasts,
dressed chickens, stuffed
sausage for Saturday's trade.

Rapt, enraptured neighbors
didn't know she courted melody
for peace of mind.
That she tried to bridge
tremolos of hysteria
with frenetic arpeggios.

Mary L. Downs

PRAIRIE TIME: THE LEOPOLD RESERVE REVISITED by John Ross and Beth Ross. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1998. $24.95 hardcover. 230 pages. ISBN 0–299–15660–5

by Henry S. Reuss

Aldo Leopold is rightly revered because he combined the touch of a poet with the across-the-board learning of geologist, botanist, zoologist, and ecologist. Now, fifty years after his death, come John Ross, emeritus professor of environmental studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and his writer-photographer wife, Beth, to act as Boswells to Leopold's Dr. Johnson.

With pen and camera lens, John Ross and Beth Ross have achieved a splendid counterpoint to Leopold's 1949 masterpiece, *A Sand County Almanac*, published a year after Leopold died helping a neighbor fight a grass fire. Leopold had started his sand country possessions in 1935 when he bought eighty acres of abandoned Sauk County farmland for $8 an acre. Today, as a result of his and his family's loving care—not least that of his daughter Nina who still lives in the sand country—the Aldo Leopold Memorial Reserve is once again a living laboratory of the natural order of things.

Leopold's prose and science are increasingly being rediscovered and celebrated. But there was a real need for an up-to-date chronicle of the prairies and wetlands and oak savannas which he loved. *Prairie Time* fills that need beautifully.

The Ross's book carries to the end of this century the observations of the Leopolds on the timing of the seasons—when the woodcock returns to the marshes, when the marigold first blooms (Beth Ross's marigold color photograph on page 18 is one of many wonders of modern nature photography).

John Ross lets his mind roam, from the prairie under his feet to the planet on which we all live, as freely as did Leopold in *his* almanac. A century hence we may share his speculations about global warming as we loll among the palm trees circling Lake Mendota or shiver on the frozen tundra surrounding the State Capitol, as the case may be.

Revisiting the Leopold Reserve with an updated Ross inventory should be done at least once a century. For future keepers of the flame, John Ross and Beth Ross have set a high standard.

Many who come to possess *Prairie Time* will want to see for themselves the flowers and grasses and wild things therein described. The custodians of the keys—in this case the leaders of the Aldo Leopold Foundation—are understandably reticent about inviting tramplers unlimited into the reserve. A telephone call to the foundation at 1–608–355–0279, I have to report, will likely produce a welcome. But to tell the truth, the public levee along the Wisconsin River between the reserve and old Portage, twelve miles downriver, and its adjoining Levee Road, afford equally good access to the landforms, flora, and fauna of the sand country. Parking along Levee Road and exploring on foot the Department of Natural Resources's vast holdings is a visitor's option that Aldo Leopold himself might have applauded.

Henry S. Reuss is a former congressman from Wisconsin, a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy, and cochair of the Academy's Kettle Moraine Task Force.

WISCONSIN'S PAST AND PRESENT, A HISTORICAL ATLAS by the Wisconsin Cartographers' Guild. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1998. 125 pages. $39.95 hardcover. ISBN 0–299–15940-X

by Paul G. Hayes

> *Individual diamonds have been discovered in Wisconsin in areas where Ice Age glaciers dropped them in drift deposits and riverbeds* (page 39).

Just as the Wisconsin Glacier scattered a few diamonds across Wisconsin as it receded 10,000 years ago, last year's Wisconsin Sesquicentennial celebration left behind this gem of a book. *Wisconsin's Past and Present, A Historical Atlas* may well become the enduring souvenir of a year-long appreciation of a place loved by its people.

This handsome, enjoyable historical atlas, the first in Wisconsin since 1878, is packed with layer upon layer of easily accessible information. It is what one wishes it to be. If you want it handy at bedside or on end table for an occasional end-of-the-day snack of lore or fact, it serves. Read seriously front to back, the book is a package of short courses about Wisconsin in three sections:

- "People and Cultures" starts with the first Wisconsinites, Paleo-Indians, some 12,000 ago and traces Indian history to modern tribes. It tells of French, English, and Yankee pioneers and explains what drew them here. It talks of Germans, Poles, Norwegians, and other European immigrants. It brings us to recent arrivals from Asia, Indochina, and Latin America.
- "Land and Economy" deals with Wisconsin's natural features and resources, from its glacier-sculpted surface to its forests, minerals, fertile soils, and fresh water. It explains visually and through prose how natural resources and people interacted to create Wisconsin industries such as dairying, tanning, brewing, and tourism.
- "Society and Politics" tracks social and political movements from territorial days to early statehood to the Progressive era and the Wisconsin Idea to the industrial labor movement to civil rights and the expanding role of Wisconsin's women and to important issues of today, such as environmental protection and urban sprawl.

Once read, the book will surely be useful as a reference about important aspects of Wisconsin's places and people. Its index of more than 3,000 entries and its fourteen pages of bibliography will help researchers from elementary-grade theme writers to scholars.

It is also a Wisconsin tourist guidebook. In his foreword, William Cronon, who is Frederick Jackson Turner Professor of History, Geography and Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, says:

> I suspect it won't quite fit in my own glove compartment, but I'm planning to figure out some way to leave a copy in my car so I'll never have far to reach when confronting some new puzzle in the places I visit.

The feature that inspired and unifies this book is its maps, all attractive, informative, and easy to interpret. They are the work of the Wisconsin Cartographers' Guild, a group of six Madison-area mapmakers who bring together complementary skills in thematic cartography, geography, history, art, science, and computer graphics. The guild participants are Amelia R. Janes, Zoltán Grossman, Michael Gallagher, Marily B. Crews-Nelson, Jeffry Maas, and Laura Exner. Grossman said that the guild members worked with desktop computer publishing hardware, communicated routinely through e-mail, and met in weekly development sessions "resembling a cartographic quilting bee." The guild, which was organized in 1996, received a grant from the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Commission that covered half the cost of producing the book. Many individuals and corporate donors participated in covering the other half.

The general source for much of the book's information, according to the guild, was the six-volume "History of Wisconsin Series," published by the State Historical Society of Wisconsin and written by Alice E. Smith, Richard N. Current, Robert C. Nesbit, John D. Buenker, Paul W. Glad, and William F. Thompson. Consulting editors for the atlas were Ingolf Vogeler, professor of geography at the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire, and John O. Holzhueter, an editor at the State Historical Society. A long list of experts in various fields supported, contributed to, or critiqued the project.

Like that of any place, Wisconsin's history includes conflict and turmoil as much as human success, and the creators of the atlas did not shrink from troubling stories. For instance, its fourteen pages of maps, vignettes, charts, and photographs devoted to the Indian people of Wisconsin are unsurpassed in clarifying a complex story. Some Indian communities fared better in Wisconsin than others as Europeans and Yankees pressed in from the East.

The Ho-Chunk people were among the first to confront the relentless pressure from whites, as their lands included the lead and zinc district, metals that fomented the state's first economic boom, attracting investment, speculators, and miners starting in the 1820s. Already decimated by European diseases, the Ho-Chunks participated on the losing side of several wars and, under duress, ceded their Wisconsin lands by 1837, after which they were shunted from territory to territory through the 1860s. Many walked back to Wisconsin, where they remain in scattered settlements. Ironically their casinos have made them one of the richest tribes in the state.

The turbulent 1960s, during which civil rights struggles erupted in a riot in Milwaukee in 1967 and anti-Vietnam War protests led to clashes between police and students in Madison, are summarized for posterity in the atlas. Father James Groppi, Mayor Henry W. Maier, Police Chief Harold Breier, Alderman Vel Phillips—here are some of the actors in a compelling historical drama of a generation ago.

In a book composed of tens of thousands of facts, I found but one with which to quibble: On a map linking important cultural figures to their Wisconsin communities, the state's first scholar, Increase Allen Lapham, a charter member of both the State Historical Society and the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, is associated with Madison, not Milwaukee, the city from which he did his most important work. Will this intrastate urban rivalry never end?

Paul G. Hayes is a journalist, a fellow of the Academy, and the Academy's vice president-letters. He lives in Cedarburg.

THE PERFECT DAY by Andrea Potos. Madison: Parallel Press, University of Wisconsin–Madison Memorial Library, 1998. 24 pages. $10 plus $3 postage.

NORTHERN PASSAGES: REFLECTIONS FROM LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY by Michael Van Stappen. Madison: Prairie Oak Press, 1998. 184 pages. $13.95 softcover.

TRAINS AND RAIN edited by Gay Davidson-Zielske. Lonesome Traveller Publishing, P.O. Box 3130, Madison, WI 53704. $10.

by Matt Welter

Thoughtful editing adds to the overall enjoyment of Andrea Potos's *The Perfect Day*. Poems are paired off in provocative ways, causing the reader to think about other poems. "Child" and "Grandmother, In the Dream" are arranged side by side. In "Child," Potos compares hearing the heart of her unborn child to finding a shell on the beach and hearing "the will of the ocean." In the companion poem, her grandmother becomes "smaller and smaller faster and faster/ as if whirling back to the womb." In the former poem, the hope of her unborn child becomes as vast as the ocean. In the latter, she loses her grandmother in the infinity of the cosmos.

One also is aware that first and last poems in the book come full circle. The opening poem describes memories of a childhood field trip to the Wonderbread plant. The writer and her classmates work the fresh, hot bread into globes, forming worlds of their own. In the last poem in the book, Potos is making dough, searching for her grandmother, until her grandmother's voice tells her to use her hands and "Touch the shapes that will make your life." The two poems give energy to one another, magnetically opposing and attracting.

I found Potos's long anticipated chapbook to be sensual, as alive as yeast, as warm as freshly baked bread. The poems

seem to rise and rise, and when the book ends, the reader will want to start reading all over again. If *The Perfect Day* could be compared to a color, it would be that of the golden glow from the night-light that soothes you to sleep. If one seeks instructions on how to read this book, they can be found in Potos's poem "The Well":

> You must bend yourself over slowly
> to see over the edge,
> let the rope unravel
> from the tight spool of your heart.
> Like seams gently torn open,
> let your hands part the dark water.

One word could sum up Michael Van Stappen's collection of nature essays titled *Northern Passages*: timelessness. Each of these essays slows down time while fishing for steelhead, condenses time in a Lake Superior fall bird migration, turns on the time-lapse camera of glacial action, and rekindles the time-suspended fun of playing in the waves.

Van Stappen is a writer for *Wisconsin Outdoor Journal* and the 1996 Pippistrelle Best of the Small Press winner, and his naturalist eye and poetic style engage the reader. At times his dry wit comes through. In his essay about blueberry picking, he writes:

> After all, our opposable thumb and forefinger didn't develop just to flick coins into vending machines. We were berry pickers before we were tool users and are still berry pickers today.

The collection is accentuated with paintings by Kate Wright, who obviously was inspired by Van Stappen's writing. The paintings interact superbly with each essay. In "Ephemeral Like Clouds," Van Stappen writes about swarms of mayflies, *Aurora ephemeralis*, appearing everywhere in his hometown, Washburn. He writes,

> They didn't spread themselves evenly like some insectile fog, but instead clustered in discrete, cloud-like swarms resembling miniature thunderstorms. Within each swarm there was a continuous circulation of mayflies rising and falling as if in updrafts and downdrafts.

Wright's accompanying painting depicts the whirligig desires of mayflies, flocking to the light in a cabin window.

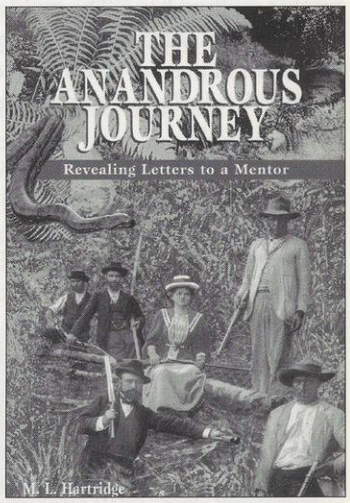
Hunters, bird-watchers, cabin owners, and fishermen will appreciate this book. Vacationers heading for northern Wisconsin and Lake Superior can enhance their trips with these essays. Residents of the region will find Van Stappen's observations to be a comfort during long winter nights.

Trains and Rain, which includes the work of a number of Wisconsin poets, will appeal to anyone who wishes Fantasy Island were accessible by rail. It is an anthology of train poems, and it brings together some of the most romantic elements of train travel: encounters with strangers, enticing boxcar interludes, and the twisted tracks of time, making the ticker click faster as the scenic world clacks by. The book cover features a "1385" engine's headlamp. Several poems make reference to other engines and various train routes, both in the United States and abroad.

An interesting side note for train enthusiasts: The editor, Gay Davidson-Zielski, is researching the "orphan trains" with assistance from the Wisconsin Arts Board. If you know anything about the orphan trains, or were one of the boxcar children, she would appreciate hearing from you at the P.O. Box address shown in the heading.

Matt Welter is a poet, storyteller, and naturalist who lives in Bayfield.

THE ANANDROUS JOURNEY: REVEALING LETTERS TO A MENTOR by Merrillyn Leigh Hartridge. Palmer Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 296, Amherst, WI 54406. $33.95 hardcover, 214 pages. ISBN 0–942495–66–7



This is the engaging account of scientist and writer Harriet Bell Merrill's life of research and adventure at the turn of the last century. At a time when women didn't travel alone, she tromped through the jungles of South America and sent back accounts of her discoveries and experiences for publication in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. The results of her research are still acknowledged and appreciated in such institutions as the Milwaukee Public Museum and the Smithsonian Institution. This beautifully produced book tells the complete story of the remarkable Harriet Bell Merrill as researched and written by her great-niece. Merrill, incidentally, was the first woman to serve as an officer of the Wisconsin Academy. A brief biographical summary of her life appeared in the Spring 1995 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.

Note: Nuclear Power: Villain or Victim?: Our Most Misunderstood Source of Electricity *by Max W. Carbon is available from Pebble Beach Publishers, 914 Pebble Beach Drive, Madison, WI 53717. Call 608–831–3914; fax 608–831–4914; e-mail pbp@midplains.net. The book was mentioned in the winter issue, but we neglected to provide ordering information.*

The Smithsonian and Generational Change

by I. Michael Heyman

When your governor, Tommy Thompson, asked me to speak to the First Governor's Cultural Congress, I immediately agreed. Coming from an institution which celebrated its own sesquicentennial in 1996, it seemed right, as Wisconsin's elder by a full two years, to come by and see how you whippersnappers are doing.

Actually, I already knew that you're doing just fine, because we had the pleasure of hosting your sesquicentennial series of remarkable events at our Folklife Festival on the National Mall this past summer. We made a great team, and I'm here to thank you for letting us share in that celebration.

I was also attracted by the theme you have set for this important gathering: "Envisioning the Cultural Future of Wisconsin." Many of us who have responsibilities for cultural organizations live in the moment, facing so many pressing issues that we have few chances to try to imagine the new conditions and responsibilities that confront us and that will shape our future audiences. Since you have provided me with the opportunity to think out loud on this question, I have chosen to focus on what may be the central issue before us, the implication of generational change for cultural institutions. I'll use the Smithsonian as my example, but I hope our experience will speak to your situation as well.

A year ago someone on my staff told me that in the latest Star Trek 1feature film, happening sometime in the far distant future, Captain Picard reminisces about a fond trip he made to the Smithsonian. That was good news for many reasons.

The first, of course, was that—given the challenges of our budget—it's great to know that we're still going to be around centuries from now.

But the biggest reason to be pleased is not so much that news of the Smithsonian reached into the twenty-fourth century, but that it reached into the rows of movie theaters throughout our own late-twentieth-century America.

Survival for the Smithsonian, as with all of America's cultural institutions, is not just a matter of money. We need to be known to younger audiences, and to matter to them. And the truth is we've got a long way to go. The strongest base of support for the Smithsonian and similar organizations is among those middle-aged and beyond. (Unfortunately, I'm one of those beyond.) Unquestionably there are many younger adults as well among our visitors, and countless school children, but something is happening in the experience and habits of newer generations, a sea change in the national culture, that we need to take account of.

A recent National Endowment for the Arts study of the decade from 1982 to 1992 showed that arts participation is decreasing among the generations born after World War II.

A recent National Endowment for the Arts study of the decade from 1982 to 1992 showed that arts participation is decreasing among the generations born after World War II. This was measured by attendance at traditional arts organizations. Had they included rock concerts and film-screenings, of course, the numbers would be very different.

But that's the point.

All of us are aware that younger Americans, particularly those born in the 1970s and beyond, have grown up in an America of countless diversions and rapid technological advance. The constant stimulation is greater, as is the pace and the variety of experience. It is as though the entire society is in a shouting match for their attention.

How we in cultural institutions think about this is going to be crucial to our futures. These changes aren't going to go away. In fact, they are going to accelerate.

So what should we do?

One temptation, at least for those of us born on the other side of the technological and entertainment avalanche, is simply to deplore what has happened to once-standard modes of education and the value system that underlay them. Museums, libraries, theaters, and concerts are to us self-evident goods.

The need to "market" them to unconverted audiences, to review what they offer, and find new vocabularies and modes of presentation may seem distasteful or, at the very least, confusing.

That temptation to deplore and dismiss, to retreat to our monasteries, is one I think we have to resist. And not only for our own survival. We have a great deal to offer new generations. But, as in all successful interactions, our relationship has to be grounded in open-mindedness and fundamental respect.

Recently the Smithsonian and the Cultural Alliance of Greater Washington held a joint meeting on our campus precisely to address the issue of Generation X and arts participation. Generation X, for those few of you too old to qualify, has become a way of describing young adults between eighteen and thirty, the tenth generation since the founding of the Republic. About all I have in common with their experience is that I'm Secretary X, the tenth since the founding of the Smithsonian.

At that meeting, one young participant said, "I'm a member of that generation, and a lot of people think we don't care about anything. That's not true. We just need to know that the arts organizations out there care about us."

"Caring," of course, takes many forms. The first is simply listening to the passions and concerns that already move younger adults and providing, in our case, a Smithsonian context for their expression. I'd like to give you a few recent examples.

In fall of 1996, the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History mounted an exhibit and series of programs on the development of the electric guitar, with the inspired title, "Electrified, Amplified, and Deified." Within it, we were able to show the development of the sound that pervades our time and the legends that surround it through the originals in our music collection. A highlight was an interview with one of the inventors of the electric guitar, an eighty-one-year-old who drew an audience of over 500, mostly young people, all passionately interested in the origins of their cultural history, and ready to revere an "elder."

Now I have to admit that at first I didn't understand this response. Electric guitars mean very little to me. But then I began to realize that one of the important functions of museums, at least history museums, is to tap into the nostalgia that people have for important moments and conditions in their life experience. What moved me in an exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery on the history of the American musical moved other generations in the history of the electric guitar. The response was the same, the subject of the response was different.

Although it would be hard to prove, I like to think that this project not only deepened understanding about an important phenomenon, but also brought new audiences to an understanding of the purpose of museums and may have introduced them to the habit of exploring other offerings.

I began to realize that one of the important functions of museums, at least history museums, is to tap into the nostalgia that people have for important moments and conditions in their life experience.

We have another exhibition which has similar goals, but it stirred controversy when first announced. One critic took issue with our decision to present an exhibition of original props from the Star Wars trilogy. Although long-planned, it seemed to him a publicity stunt, principally because, in his words, it did not condemn "technical fetishism" and the film's "deleterious effect on movie-making." He was unmoved by the curator's belief that traditional myth is at the heart of the trilogy's appeal and her conviction that it is important to present a subject that has "touched people of all ages around the world."

I am convinced that we need to do programs connected with the exhibition which address this critic's concerns about the damaging effects of a film phenomenon. I also feel that we need to explore how commerce-driven entertainment has suffused the shared experience of Americans, and particularly the young.

But I am *not* convinced that we should avoid exhibitions of this type, which go to the heart of popular culture and acknowledge its increasing capacity to shape perceptions and aspirations. Indeed, doing so would make an argument to toss out of our collections many of our most visited treasures, Dorothy's ruby slippers from *The Wizard of Oz* among them.

On *one* point concerning the changing museum, most people now agree: There is a need to tap into the uses of new information technologies. There are still many questions as to how much technology belongs "on the floor" in an exhibition, whether it distracts or instructs, whether it allows visitors, younger visitors particularly, to shape their visit according to their own learning style, or simply contributes to the sensory clutter of their lives. But there are fewer doubters as to the value of using new media to extend the resources of museums to classrooms and homes throughout America. This is a format that simply cannot be denied.

I have made the Smithsonian's electronic transformation one of the goals of my tenure. Our site on the World Wide Web is one of the richest in the world and attracts millions of electronic visitors. Yahoo, a major internet search engine, celebrated it in 1997 as its "five star" site of the month. And we continue to seek resources to permit the ongoing digitizing of our collections to make them available to as many people as possible.

However—and this might surprise many on my staff—I am not persuaded that technology is itself the answer. I'm not even sure that it is the question. From my point of view, information technology tends to be over-glamorized, and rarely by the young. It is a *given* for them, much as the air they breathe.

Failure to use the newest technologies would certainly put us out of contact with many young people. But using it does not guarantee interest any more than using a typewriter would have guaranteed interest in a book produced in the first part of this century. It is what we produce with it that will count in the end. One staff member, for example, is at work on an exhibition constructed to take advantage of cyberspace. She has chosen as her subject the everyday objects in our lives and thinks that she will be able to use electronic tools to allow people, in effect, to create an exhibition out of the world around them.

What is unique about this exhibition experiment is that it is nonlinear. It allows a different way for the computer user to access information, to connect elements, to refer to other sources on the web. It is this aspect which makes me, a card-carrying member of the linear generation, gasp at what looks like disorder. But then I catch myself and realize that younger generations do look at the world and the world of information differently. Any use of the newer technology just to scroll information that would normally appear in that format in printed publication would reassure me but leave them perplexed at the misuse, or at least underuse, of the technology. They take in the world in a different way. Any look at MTV will prove that point.

Mentioning MTV reminds me of another dimension to extending what the Smithsonian can do, which strikes me as tougher to sort out: the issue of *entertainment*, which many see as distinct from *education* as a museum function. If we mean by entertainment pure amusement, of course, we should leave that entirely to those who have no other ambitions than to excite and amaze. They do that very well, and we couldn't compete even if we wanted to. But it seems to me that we make a mistake if we set ourselves completely outside the competition for the attention of the young (and not only the young), whether or not we choose to call it entertainment. We in the cultural world have extraordinary stories to tell, objects that delight and intrigue, and even the pleasures of performance and social interaction.

As I see it, the line museums need to draw is not between entertainment and education, but rather between the *authentic* and the *sham*. The authentic can come in a song sung, an object viewed, or a message delivered in countless ways, even in the modes of popular culture. It can address any subject, use any format, and engage any generation. Who among us does not measure important moments in our lives by the songs we heard—whether by Frank Sinatra or the Beach Boys? In television, we are moved not only by Ken Burns but also by the great comedienne Lucille Ball, or if we are a good deal younger and live in a more complicated world, by Seinfeld. And, by the way, the Smithsonian would have loved to have gotten Seinfeld's set for our National Museum of American History. We missed that one, but we do have the set from MASH and Archie Bunker's chair. I don't have to tell you what pleasure that gives our public.

I believe the Smithsonian has a role to play not only in exhibiting modes of popular culture, as in the examples I have given, but in influencing them.

I worry about a future in which more and more Americans receive their information and their inspiration in ways unaffected by the insights of historians and scientists. We will do what we can to bring all generations of the public to our sites and exhibitions, but for those who cannot come, or are not yet persuaded that they want to come, we have an obligation to carry our knowledge to new places and to new modes of presentation.

***As I see it, the line museums need to draw is not between entertainment and education, but rather between the* authentic *and the* sham.**

I'm not sure where all of this will lead. I have already startled not a few people by entering into a relationship with Creative Artists Agency in Hollywood to test the waters for the creation of Smithsonian television programs. One current project is a series of programs focusing on African-American themes for Showtime cable channel. There is also the possibility of a program, on another channel, devoted to objects important to children.

While Smithsonian involvement in feature films is an idea yet untested, I am impressed by the effect that certain films like *Schindler's List*, *Glory*, and *Saving Private Ryan* have had in raising awareness of key moments in history and wonder if Smithsonian influence and involvement might make sense in the right projects with some valid connection to history, science, or art.

I have been helped in my thinking and confidence by an article that appeared in a recent *American Historical Review*. The editors of that distinguished journal took occasion to explain why they had added reviews of films, dramatic as well as documentary, to those of books. "[T]he decision to review dramatic films," they write, "is . . . an acknowledgment of their increasing importance in constructing a popular understanding of the past." Reviewers will be asked to judge "the significance of the questions asked about the past by the film and the creativity of the film maker in crafting answers to those questions." That seems to me to provide excellent guidance to the Smithsonian as we evaluate future proposals in this medium.

It's all a brave new world, and I am the last to say I know how these experiments will turn out. But I believe they are worth making.

The Smithsonian has never been a static place. Smithson only asked us to devote ourselves to "the increase and diffusion of knowledge." Across a century and a half we

have defined and redefined that mandate according to the needs of the day.

Many are surprised to hear that the first secretary of the Smithsonian, Joseph Henry, felt that the museum function of collecting and exhibiting objects was itself a distraction from the higher research purposes of the institution. It took another secretary to see the potential of museums for public education.

The Smithsonian of even fifty years ago would be unrecognizable to us today: no folk festivals, no magazine, no carousel on the mall, and few exhibits beyond the ambition of labeled and dusty cabinets. Each innovation at the time seemed a stretch but has come to find its place in the Smithsonian's universe of programs and its expanding role in American life.

What I am proposing is an extension of the range of Smithsonian activities, not a substitution of the treasured experiences now available on the mall. We need to give parents alternatives to the modes that now attract their children, but also alternatives *within* those modes. If out of hand we reject frameworks that command the attention of most Americans, and particularly young Americans, we cast ourselves out of the possibility of establishing standards of meaning for them.

And the search for standards in popular modes of communication is exactly what I think the Smithsonian's new involvements should be all about. Entering into partnerships does not mean abandoning quality control. A recent joint-venture into children's magazine publishing ran aground when our partner decided to title a cover piece on vegetarianism and the young "Dead Meat." This, of course, was superimposed over the picture of a mournful-looking calf. They didn't bother to check with us before going ahead with what seemed to them a simple attention-grabber. They'll never do that again. We need to be in the driver's seat in these ventures, while being sophisticated enough not to frustrate enterprises which have legitimate needs and expertise of their own. With that in mind, I am committed to tackling new approaches and new ideas.

Individuals can afford to become anachronisms. Institutions can't.

Generational cultural change is real. While it is true enough that we all grow older, we make a terrible mistake if we believe that the post-war generations, whether Boomers or Generation X, will resemble current older Smithsonian audiences. And we'll make another mistake, perhaps the biggest of all, if in our search for the next generation of curators we look for young people who are carbon copies of ourselves rather than those, equally serious and committed, who are in tune with the experience, needs, and ways of learning of the majority of their peers.

At a recent meeting of the Smithsonian's board of regents, Senator Howard Baker reported a conversation with his grandson after the senator had commented on some facet of modern life. "Grandpa," he said, "you're a good old soul. But you're an anachronism." When my grandchildren are old enough, they'll probably say the same to me.

Individuals can afford to become anachronisms. Institutions can't.

I. Michael Heyman is secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. His comments were directed to participants of the First Governor's Cultural Congress held in Stevens Point in November 1998. The conference was convened by a coalition of organizations composed of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; University of Wisconsin–Extension; Wisconsin Arts Board; Wisconsin Humanities Council; Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters; Wisconsin Public Television; and Wisconsin Public Radio. The event was coordinated by the Wisconsin Assembly of Local Arts Agencies.

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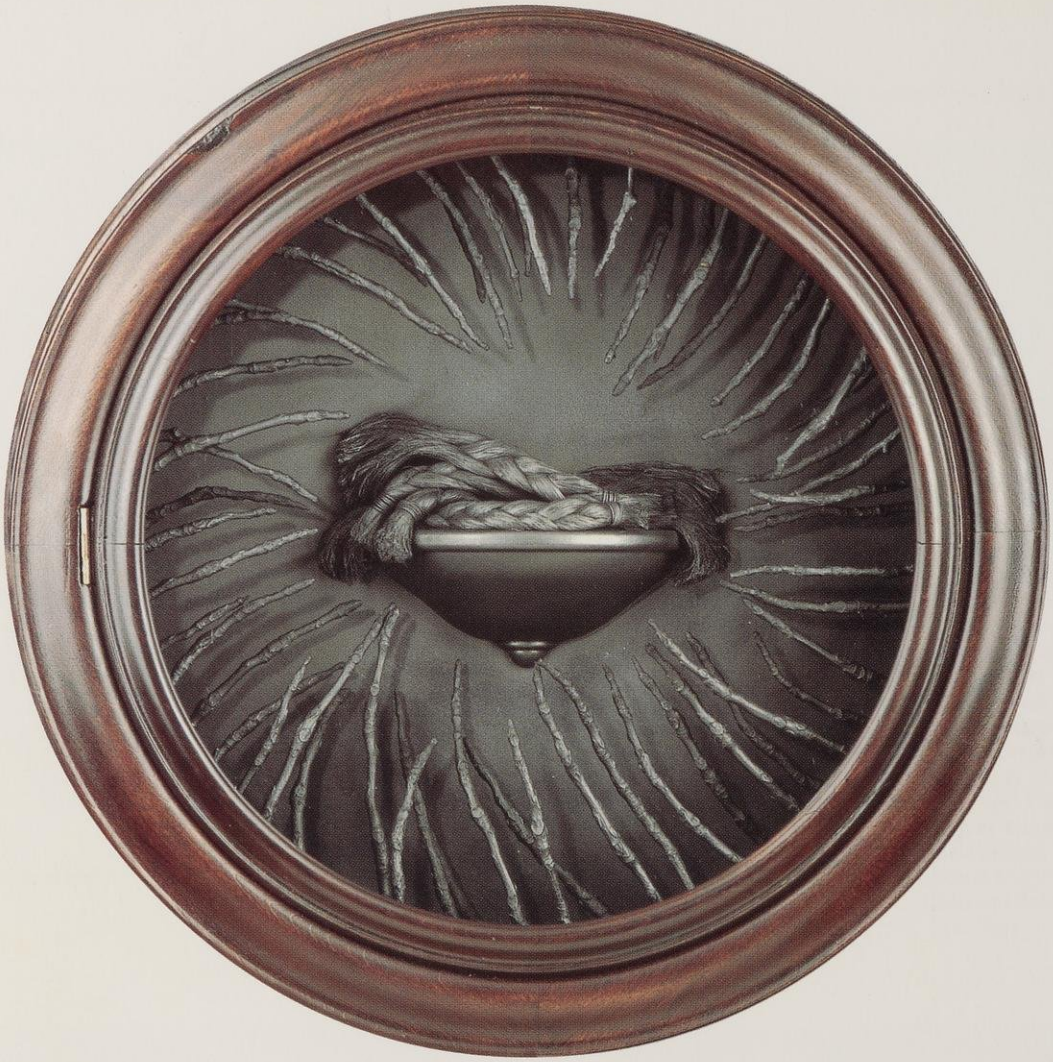

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