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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Volume 22, Number 3
June, 1976

—Back-Patting, Part II—

A little back-patting would seem to be in order.

We refer to Wisconsin Academy members Gretchen Holstein-Schoff of Madison and Marjorie Bitker of Milwaukee, the former having received first place honors in short nonfiction and the latter a second place in short fiction in the 1976 awards program sponsored by the Council for Wisconsin Writers.

The recognition accorded these two women is a special source of pride for the Academy, since both the short nonfiction piece ("Something There Is About A Crane—And The International Crane Foundation") and the short fiction article ("Writ In Remembrance") were nominated following their publication in 1975 issues of the Wisconsin Academy Review. *And just last year, first place in fiction went to Robert E. Gard for "Tall Grasses of Search," with first place in short nonfiction awarded to Arthur Hove for "Pygmalion's Pedestal" and third place to Richard W.E. Perrin for "Wisconsin's Stovewood Architecture." They, too, are members of the Academy whose articles were nominated following publication in the* Wisconsin Academy Review.

Credit us, at least, with recognizing talent when we see it.

—The Editors

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The date of this issue is June, 1976.

With the snows of New Hampshire and the primary races behind them, candidates for the highest office in the land now press on to their national conventions and, for the anointed few, a place on the 1976 Presidential ballot. The cover of our Summer issue takes the form of a kind of Bicentennial salute to the American elective process. "The County Election" is a John Sartain engraving after the painting by G.C. Bingham (1854), copied from the negative (x32) 6318 with the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. For a related subject, read Arthur Hove's article, "The Whirligig World of Politics," elsewhere in this issue.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Tilia americana L.: Nature's "General Store"

by Otis Bersing

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

Walden, *by Thoreau, 1854*

If a national catastrophe should revolutionize our way of life, making our normal food supply unavailable, could we find food and other necessities of life in nature? Could we, with axe and knife, get subsistence from the land and forest? Regardless of the fact that having to revert to a primitive way of living seems at this time presumptuous, would we, if such a situation should come to pass, be able to make use of the knowledge handed down to us by our native Indians and pioneers in the use of nature's store of wild plant species? Many of the "oldtime" remedies are still in use and are included in our pharmacopoeias. And modern medical researchers are still prowling the hinterlands to track down more of these quaint cures, knowing that there is still much to be learned from primitive uses of medicinal plants.

The Indians believed that most plants had some food or medicinal value. They crushed the shells and meats of hickory nuts and boiled them to get an oily liquid which they used as butter or cream. Hickory nuts, and walnuts also, were used to make a starchy soup and wild breadstuffs; the service berry for nibbles and relishes; the acorn for flour, and the root of the white birch for a food seasoner because of its sweet wintergreen flavor. When food was scarce in central Wisconsin one hundred years ago, the Winnebago Indians made a soup of slippery elm and stewed acorns. For the Ojibwa and Menominee Indian children the red sumac berries were soaked in water to remove the acid taste and maple syrup was added to make a pleasing lemonade type of drink. The inner bark of the white ash was cooked into a syrupy consistency for use on sores. The inner bark and leaves of the dogwood and sumac were mixed with tobacco by many tribes to obtain the desired flavor for pipe smoking. And, during the course of their travels, the Indians were also known to collect seeds which would be later planted in their plots of medicinal plants in the home villages.

One of the most useful plants, common in Wisconsin, is the basswood tree, *Tilia americana L.*, known regionally as the limetree, linn, whistlewood, whitewood, linden or beetree. A cousin is the linden, common in Europe. The national tree of Slavic nations, it is regarded with reverence as the tree of immortality in central Europe. Sacrifices have been made to it for fruitfulness by the women of Estonia and Lithuania. In Sweden, the tree was not to be harmed, for it was thought to be the haunt of domestic spirits; in ancient Rome, bound garlands were worn at feasts, as it was believed that the bark in the garland could prevent intoxication. During the Middle Ages the tree was eulogized by bards and Meistersingers in their ballads.

The name of Linnaeus, world famous father of systematic botany, was derived from "linne" (Swedish for "basswood") growing at his ancestral home in Sweden. During the first part of the seventeenth century, it was popular in France to plant avenues of lindens where horse chestnuts had formerly been favored. In England, limetrees were planted on the borders of roads leading to homes of the gentry. And who has not heard of Unter der Linden in Berlin, widely known for its shade trees?

Veneration for the "Dorflinde" has been expressed in German festivals since ancient times. Planted in village squares, it was the meeting site of townspeople, even for the signing of offical documents, at the

head of which appeared the words "gegeben unter der Linden" ("given under the linden"). A linden tree was often planted on the day a child was born and, in song, lovers met under its branches. The "Lindentanz" is still danced on special occasions in the city square in the shade of the linden, and early settlers arriving in Jefferson, Wisconsin, were delightfully reminded of their homeland upon seeing the tree already growing there.

Our native American basswood tree can be found in most of the eastern half of the United States and in Canada. At one time it is said to have outnumbered all other trees in Ohio. Early Wisconsin settlers made use of basswood to sustain their stock throughout the winter: the cows and oxen relished the tender boughs, foliage, and large reddish buds. Men living close to nature chewed the bright red mucilageous young twigs, buds, and inner bark as an emergency wild food when lost. The clear basswood sap supplied them syrups and sugars. Early surveyors knew it as the "lynn" and were able to recognize it by its usually tall, straight trunk and its densely foliaged crown, with smooth, gray, droopy branches. It is easily identified by its large dark, thick, green, coarsely toothed leaves, which are unequally heart-shaped at the base. The alternate leaves may be six inches long and almost as wide, with one side of a leaf generally longer than the other. It has a long slender stem about one-half as long as the leaf itself.

The basswood tree grows best in the soils of rich woods, where it tolerates shade quite well, and fertile farm lands. It sends its strong fibrous roots into loamy soil, but it is not particular, as it is to be found growing in a variety of soil conditions. It ranks high as a soil-improving tree, too, because its foliage contains a high amount of calcium and magnesium, more than some of its hardwood and conifer neighbors. If the basswood is attacked by insects, the damage is usually not serious. Willows, poplars, elm, and the red maple may interfere with water mains and sewer pipes, but the basswood, although having deep, wide-spreading lateral roots, does not seem to do so. The stately tree is found at times in smoky cities, and is tall enough to waft its flower fragrance to the upper windows of apartment houses. A record basswood in Maryland is 98 feet high with a crown spread of 103 feet and circumference of over 17 feet, 4½ feet above ground. Wisconsin has a record basswood in Washington County with a circumference of 13 feet, 5 inches, waist high.

The basswood in forest areas is not found growing alone or in pure stands, but is mixed with other hardwoods. It sprouts from its base more than any other tree in the state. Often, because of this prolific sprouting from the stump, one will find two or more trunks arising from the sprout-cluster. If damaged by light fires, it does not die but sprouts again. This habit of regeneration lends itself to identification from some distance away. On a low stump, one can often find a coppice (a circle of vigorous sprouts having the largest leaves of the basswood tree). In this form, as a thickly foliated shrub, it becomes a decorative bush in home plantings.

With Dutch elm disease taking its toll of the elm, the home owners may well ask: "What shall I plant in its place?" If they want a tree which grows rapidly and provides quick shade, the basswood may be the answer. It is not difficult to transplant, if it can be protected from gnawing by rabbits, as they relish its bark, as do deer.

When grown in the open, the trunk will be short—but pruning the lower branches will shape the tree to one's taste. It is one of our fastest growing trees, furnishing dense shade and good form, desirable for home grounds and excellent for roadsides in suburban areas. It is hardy and lends itself well to severe pruning. Easily windblown or storm-damaged? No. Critics say it frequently is not long-lived (as opposed, for example, to the oak) and that the trunk becomes hollow with age, causing it to keel over, or becomes a sanctuary for such animals as the raccoon, opossum and squirrel. However, its lifetime at least matches our own.

The leaves of the basswood, according to Captain John Carver, writing more than 250 years ago of his travels in the Northwest Territory, were used to wrap cakes of kneaded corn which were then baked in hot embers to produce the best flavored bread he had eaten in any country. The inner bark and buds were used by the Indians as a masticatory, and they believed that poultices made from the inner bark were good for external afflictions.

Although the flowers of the basswood may go unnoticed by the casual passerby, their sweet scent is discernible when the air is still. These fragrant yellowish-white flowers usually open by the hundreds in June after the leaves are fully developed (unlike those of the red maple, elm and poplar which bloom in early spring before their leaves appear). The flowers of the

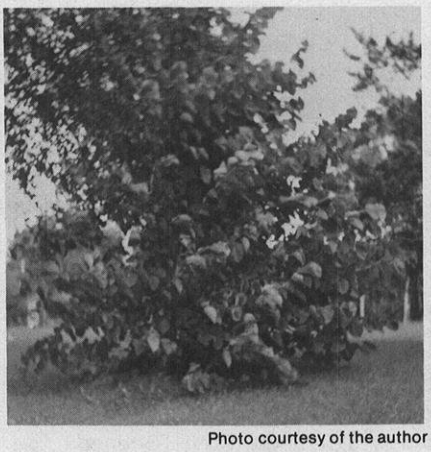
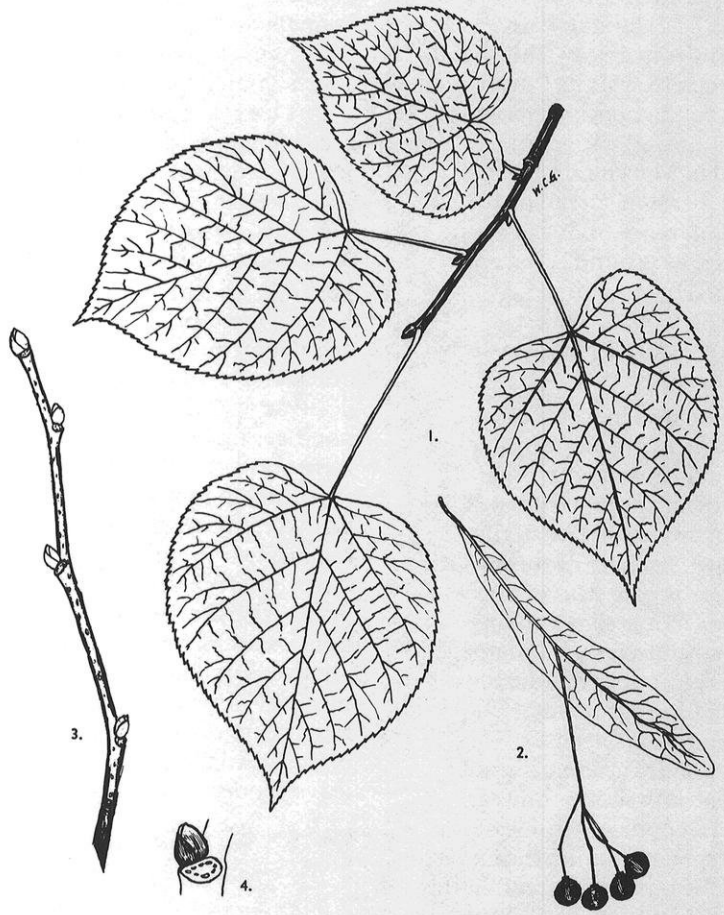


Photo courtesy of the author

Characteristic of the basswood (*Tilia americana L.*) is its ability to send up sprouts from the roots at the base of the trunk, or even at some distance from the trunk. When the central tree dies or is cut down, the shoots may develop into several mature trees or, as is the case in the photo above, may be retained in shrub form by regular pruning. Because of its habit of sending up shoots, the basswood can maintain itself in competition with the maple.



AMERICAN BASSWOOD

1. Branch with mature leaves.
2. Fruit.
3. Winter twig.
4. Detail of bud and leaf scar.

From *How To Recognize Trees* written and illustrated by William Carey Grimm; published by Castle Books, New York, 1962.

basswood are about one-half inch in diameter, and hang in droopy clusters on a long stem fastened to a curious, oblong and strap-like pale green blade two to four inches in length and entirely different from the other leaves of the tree. The flowers are of great value to beekeepers. The blossoms produce an abundance of nectar from which a choice, distinctly flavored, light-colored honey is made. Basswood honey commands a higher price than most other types. In Europe, basswood forests are maintained for honey products.

The fruit of the basswood, a very very prolific seed producer, is roundish, dry, hard and nut-like—about the size of a pea, and containing one or more seeds which usually hang from a stalk attached to the leaf-like narrow wing or glider. The odd-appearing bract serves as a parachute or sail which bears the seed away with the wind—nature's manner of distribution. The fruit ripens in September or October and may hang on for some time. (The author has noticed it in plentiful supply during a late November deer season in northern Wisconsin.) The seeds are eaten by quail, ruffed grouse, squirrels, chipmunks and porcupine. If you are curious to try something new, you may try what was discovered in France years ago. It was found that the nutlets, ground with some of the flowers, made a paste resembling chocolate in taste. An attempt to manufacture it commercially in Germany at the time of Frederick the Great failed, however, because of the difficulty in preserving it.

For internal troubles, primitive medical practitioners made tea from wild plants. Early histories of the Potawatomi Indians record the use of basswood leaves and flowers in a drink to promote perspiration, and the early pioneers, who learned from the Indians, found the flowers made a tea which was useful as a tonic and as a household remedy for coughs and hoarseness. Boiled inner bark of basswood was thought beneficial for lung troubles and coughs, and an infusion of the basswood flower was the home remedy for indigestion and nervousness. A medicinal tincture with wine has been used for the relief of biliousness and depressed spirits. Oil of linden was used for toothache in Russia. Today the basswood flowers and leaves furnish a stimulant and also a sedative used in American drugs. And, in recent years, "Lindenblut" (translated "linden blood") tea was served in a wild food smorgasbord to two hundred guests at the high school in Forest Lake, Minnesota.

Although most of us appreciate trees and shrubs for their lumber or landscape values, the uses of the basswood tree for manufactured articles are many and varied. The North American Indians used spouts made of basswood to receive sap from tapped maple trees and for making inner shoe soles. Horse collars were reportedly made from this wood by pioneer black people, and suitcases by the early white men. Children removed the

bark from the slippery basswood to make whistles in the same manner as those made of willow. It has been used by engravers because of its uniformity in color and texture, and also for oxen yokes, piano keys and countless other articles. In the *Wedding of Hiawatha*, Longfellow comments:

"All the bowls are made
of basswood
White and polished
very smoothly"

If you want to make something out of it in your basement workshop, remember that the wood of a basswood may be soft and decay more easily than that of some other hardwoods, but it is straight-grained, usually free of knots, clean, tasteless and odorless when dry, free from warping and easy to work. It holds paint and glue well and splits easily. It has been sold under the name of "white-wood." The light-weight wood is considered one of the finest in the making of comb honey boxes, and also one of the best woods for cheese boxes, candy pails and other kinds of food containers.

A list of the uses of the basswood tree would not be complete without a discussion of the importance of its fibrous inner bark—the tough, elastic, thread-like living tissue next to the dead outer bark. It is this bast from which the tree gets its name. The Fox Indians called it "wipupimish," or string tree, in view of its use in the making of cord. There is considerable evidence as to how the woodland Indian tribes of the Great Lakes region, the eastern part of the United States, and adjacent Canada found the fiber to be the best material for thread, cord and rope before the time of our mechanically processed substitutes.

While they found many uses for strips of the untwisted inner bark, the making of cord from the twisted strands has long been one of the most important native arts of the woodland Indians. In the spring or early summer, when the sap was flowing, the bark could be easily peeled off the trees and cut in long strips about four inches wide. These strips were laid among the reeds at the edge of a pond, lake or stream, and soaked for ten days or more, at which time the Indian woman could easily pull off the outer bark with her teeth and discard it. The soft yellow inner bark could then be separated into strips less than an inch wide, which, if not used right away, could be rolled into large coils which were hung to dry for future use. Twisting the fibers to make cord was a complicated process. Since dry fiber broke easily, it had to be kept moist when handled in the cord making process. The strength of the finished product was partly determined by the width of the strips—wide for rope, for example, and very narrow for fine thread. The inner bark was boiled before starting to twist. Wood ashes were sometimes added to the water for added strength. If a softer, though strong, fiber were desired, the strips were then pulled back and forth through a hole in the dry pelvic bone or shoulder blade of a deer.

When ready to make cord, the woman sat down and, after drawing two strands between her lips to moisten them with saliva, spread them an inch apart on her leg at the thigh, or slightly above the ankle, and rubbed them with the palm of her hand so that each strand became twisted separately. She then twisted them together in reverse motion. As she neared the end of each twist she started to repeat the first process with two more strands which were then spliced with the last to give additional length. This was done with such skill that the splicing was invisible. Water was kept at hand to keep both the hands and the strands moist.

When the Indians covered their canoes with birch bark, stuffed their pillows with pine needles or covered their lodges with sheets of cedar bark, it was the basswood fiber which was often used to hold the parts together. The fiber served as twine in lashing the poles together for the framework of wigwams and medicine lodges, and was even found strong enough for binding logs together. In the eighteenth century, when Canada, the Great Lakes region and the upper Mississippi River basin were governed by France, the pole framework to support the cedar bark cabin roofs was tied by, and fastened with, basswood fiber. Birch bark boxes, baskets and all sorts of water tight containers were sewn with this indispensible inner bark. The fiber furnished the weft and warp material used in weaving mats and bags for storing medicine roots, herbs and wild rice. It was also used in the making of serving dishes and trays, and for the tying of packages. Maple sap was strained through mats made of the fiber or inner bark of the tree.

Just as the cattail, because of its many edible features, is sometimes referred to as the "supermarket of the swamp," so too can it be said that *Tilia americana L.*, the basswood tree so common to our Wisconsin landscape, is, indeed, nature's "general store."

Now retired after many years of service with the State Department of Natural Resources, Otis Bersing is a life-long student of nature who has acquired an extensive library of information on the trees and shrubs of Wisconsin. He is also the author of A Century of Wisconsin Deer *and* Bow and Arrow Big Game Hunting in Wisconsin.

Hunting—Right or Privilege

by Daniel O. Trainer

As a lifetime resident of Wisconsin, I always considered hunting an inherent right. Last summer, however, I acquired new insights into hunting when in Germany, I helped lead a student group studying environmental management. The project was sponsored by the College of Natural Resources at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point. One phase of this study was game management and hunting (I was a guest of the German government and hunted deer in the Black Forest). As a result of this experience, I learned about the protocol, philosophy, responsibilities, requirements, tradition, and quality of hunting in Germany. It made me reflect upon hunting in Wisconsin, a *right*, and hunting in Germany a *privilege*. Several interesting comparisons arose.

Hunting is conducted on private or public land in both Germany and Wisconsin; at this point, most of the similarities end.

In Wisconsin, a hunter has free access to almost all public lands, and if permission is obtained, he may hunt on any private lands. The right to hunt in Germany is owned or leased by the federal and state government, an individual, or a community. To serve as a hunting area, private hunting grounds (those owned by an individual) must exceed 200 acres; community or group-owned parcels of land must total 375 acres. Hunting rights to both types of areas may be leased to the highest bidder. The minimum period for leasing a hunting area is nine years for small game and twelve years for big game. In Germany, in contrast to Wisconsin where all game legally harvested by the hunter becomes his property, the owner of the hunting rights also owns all of the bagged game (meat). Game is sold legally in Germany, and most of the game finds its way into the commercial market and ultimately is listed on restaurant menus. The sale of game helps offset the cost of maintaining the hunting lands. The lessee or landowner in Germany is responsible for the game: for instance, he must provide artificial feed for it during severe weather. He must also compensate farmers for crop damage, and enforce the game laws. A person who holds hunting rights may invite guests to hunt with him. He can also grant written permission for a guest to hunt alone or with his gamekeeper, but the hunting guest is entitled only to the trophy; the game remains the property of the lessee or landowner. Some believe that there is no way that ownership of game can be granted to the landowner in Wisconsin. However, many states have special fees set aside for landowners on whose land an antelope or deer is shot. In Texas, the number of female deer to be harvested by hunters is determined by game officials, but the landowners are responsible for the distribution of the doe permits.

The owner of hunting rights in Germany must make an annual census of all game. Based on this census and the projected yield of young, he must then submit to the governmental authorities a harvest plan for the upcoming year. This census includes a predetermined number of male, female, and young of the species to be harvested to maintain a proper quantity and quality of game that the land will support. The government, usually at the county level, evaluates the plan and approves or alters it in terms of maintaining environmental balance. Once approved, the harvest becomes mandatory, enforced when necessary by government officials.

However, in Wisconsin problems have existed for years between the hunter and landowners, and at present, seem to be increasing rapidly. For instance, a wildlife farmer problem currently exists at Horicon Marsh where large numbers of geese cause agricultural damage. Such a situation could not exist in Germany. The wildlife populations there are managed to coexist with agriculture, forestry, and urban areas.

Wildlife management in the United States is directed towards providing sufficient game for a large number of hunters. For example, a kill of 100,000 deer in Wisconsin is symbolic of a successful season. In Germany, the objective is to maintain the maximum amount of game that can be tolerated by the enviroment, and takes into account the needs of agriculture and forestry. Big game management in

Germany consists of establishing appropriate harvests, selective shooting (including the taking of a predetermined number of animals), winter feeding, and the control of poaching and predatory animals.

Hunting seasons in Germany are lengthy to permit selective shooting under controlled conditions. The hunting season for roe deer *(Capreolus capreolus)* in the Black Forest runs from May 15 to December 31. Starting the hunting season as early as May 15 is designed to improve game quality by harvesting weak and undesirable cull animals prior to the mating season. Trophy animals are taken only after the mating season. Since big game is generally hunted from "high stands"

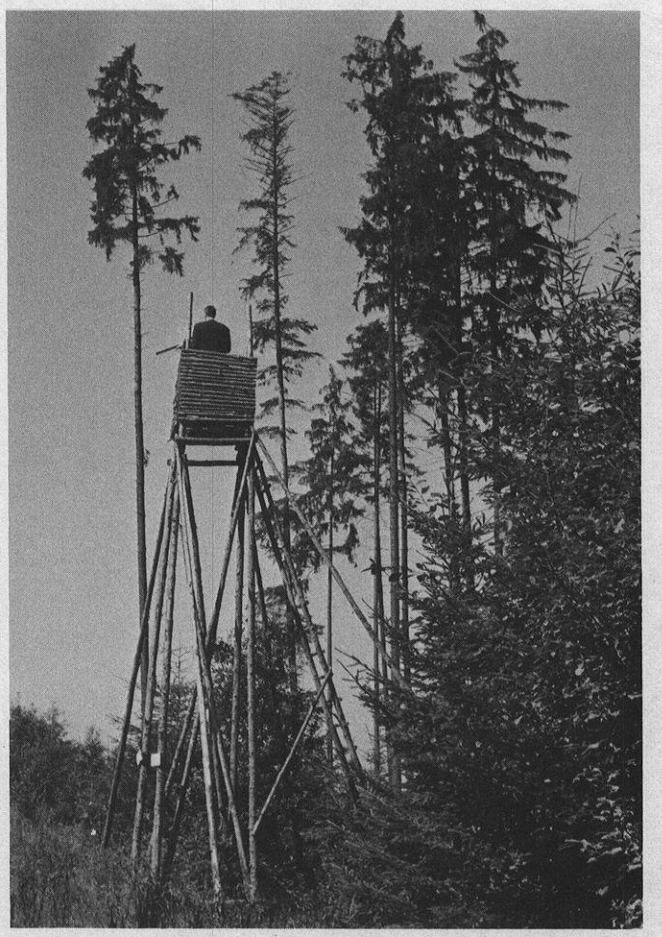


Photo courtesy of the author

A typical "high stand" in Germany which is used for most big game hunting.

or elevated platforms, ample time is available for the identification necessary for such selective shooting.

The actual shooting and retrieving of game is important in Germany. The neck, head, and spine are vulnerable spots. Because these targets are small, only open shots are allowed. One would never shoot at the hip, thigh, or paunch. The German hunting philosophy dictates that it is better not to shoot at all than to shoot and have a chance shot hit a nonvital site. Since all carcasses are checked by the authorities, crippling or ineffective shots are detected, and poor shooters are discouraged or disqualified from hunting. I do not visualize a similar approach for Wisconsin, but with appropriate training in marksmanship and with the development of a hunter's ethic, chance shots, wounding shots, and "sound" shots could be eliminated.

Poaching control and law enforcement are very important aspects of game management. Under German law, illegal hunting of another man's game is a serious offense which is punishable by fines and imprisonment. Owners of hunting rights and their gamekeepers have law enforcement powers. They may arrest persons who are hunting illegally, and may confiscate the game, weapons, and dogs from such persons. They may kill stray dogs and cats. The owner of a hunting right may even shoot an armed poacher who attempts to run when ordered to halt. As a result of these strict control measures, poaching is relatively rare in Germany. This is in sharp contrast to frequent violation of trespass laws in Wisconsin, and the "battles" which occur between hunters to determine the ownership of wounded or downed deer, geese, etc.

Law enforcement is not always considered a part of game management in this state, yet one of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources board members recently stated that in Wisconsin, the illegal deer kill may equal the legal. Stricter enforcement of game regulations and more severe penalties for violations may help reduce the illegal kill and waste in Wisconsin. The individual hunter might also help protect wildlife by developing a personal ethic and interest in the status and welfare of the wildlife, as hunters have developed in Germany.

In Germany, it is necessary to take a year-long course, which meets two or three hours per week, in order to obtain a hunting license. Subject areas include: the history of hunting, its traditions and customs; a review of German hunting laws which includes rights of the landowner, leasing rights and responsibilities; and law enforcement powers of foresters, lease holders, and authorized gamekeepers. It also covers wildlife management which includes shooting plans, culling operations, control of predators, techniques to determine age and sex of game animals, and poaching; hunting methodology which instructs hunters in trophy identification, and the proper clothing and weapons to use; and specific life histories of all big game species, e.g. red deer *(Cervus elaphus)*, wild boar *(Sus scrofa)*, fallow deer *(Dama dama)*, roe deer, and mouflon sheep *(Ovis musimon)*. By life histories, I mean habitat, food, breeding behavior, reproductive cycles, and hunting procedures.

Other study sections deal with ballistics, hunting dogs (types, breeds, care, and training), and the careful use of firearms and other hunting equipment. A special section is concerned with common diseases of game as they affect man and livestock. The last, but not unimportant part of the year-long course deals with the tradition, history, and ethics of hunting in the Federal Republic of

Germany.

The satisfactory completion of a qualifying examination on the above material is prerequisite to obtaining a hunting license in Germany. The examination consists of three days of testing: one complete day for a written examination; another for an oral examination; and a third day for proving one's proficiency with both the rifle and shotgun in the field. If the examination is failed, it can be taken one more time. Failure a second time means that one cannot again apply for a hunting license. However, approximately two-thirds of the applicants pass the examination the first time. Everyone who passes must then purchase hunter's liability insurance.

It is thought by some people that such a system will not work in Wisconsin, but nearly twenty states now require hunter-safety or hunter-training courses before a first-time hunter can buy a license. Other states are considering making such courses mandatory. The National Field Archery Association promotes a bow hunter's course which includes the safety, ethics, and fundamentals of bow hunting followed by an actual marksmanship program. The NFAA would like to see this course prerequisite to the acquisition of a bow-hunting license. The rigors of a hunter examination may well result in less hunters, but that is what helps provide Germany with a quality sport—and it may help Wisconsin return to true sportsmanship.

Tradition is a big part of hunting in Germany. A number of customs have evolved through the centuries and remain a rigid part of hunting today. For example, when a deer is killed, a branch of the dominant vegetation of the area is dipped in the blood of the animal. Part of this branch is inserted into the mouth of the animal as its last bite, and another part of the branch is worn in the hunter's hatband to herald his success.

It is also customary after a kill that the hunter sit for one hour with his trophy. During this hour he is to reconstruct the hunt, determine what he has done, why he has done it, and reflect on the significance of the act. This reflection seemed silly to me at first, but as I participated, I began to realize and appreciate the power over life and death that one has as a hunter.

Every deer that is shot in Germany is part of a hunting plan, and its removal from the herd is important if the ecosystem is to be kept in relative balance. As a result, if one shoots a young-of-the-year, a fawn, it is as significant a contribution as the shooting of a trophy male would be. The hunter is proud of harvesting each animal because it is part of the management plan to maintain the "balance of nature."

Photo courtesy of the author

Typical hunter equipment and clothing in Germany. Note the "last bite" and dog used for tracking to assure retrieval.

The "Bambi-concept" does not exist, and the killing of a fawn is not degrading as it generally is here.

In Wisconsin, we are so buck-oriented that many people will not admit to shooting a fawn, but say, "Oh, it's a yearling doe or a button buck." Is it a true sport if we are ashamed of that which we shoot?

In Germany, the hunter always shoots his own deer. In Wisconsin, many licenses are bought by individuals who have no intention of hunting. A husband may purchase a license for his wife. He may then use his wife's license to give him an extra license or to give him an extra name to fill a party permit. It is amazing that during the deer season (both bow and gun) many of the first deer registered are tagged by wives or young children. This leaves the impression that the "poor ole husband or father" is a poor hunter early in the season and only later becomes adept. More stringent requirements for a hunting license may eliminate much of this excess. A one deer per season limit would also help restore some quality to the sport.

As one reflects on the respective systems, interesting comparisons can be made. I am not proposing that the German system would work in Wisconsin or *vice versa*, but certain parts of one system may have merit for the other. For instance, including some responsibility with the acquisition of a hunting license has merit. Even in Wisconsin most licenses have some responsibilities attached to them. Yet, to hunt all we need do is pay a fee, prove that we are a resident of the state, and we are allowed with gun in hand to take to the field. The laxity of our hunting license requirements was recently illustrated when a friend, who is classified as legally blind, purchased a big-game hunting license. It would seem logical that someone going into the woods with a high-powered rifle should be able to see, yet we do not require this in Wisconsin. Would it also be reasonable to expect all hunters to have some expertise in handling firearms? Would it be reasonable to ask a hunter to be able to identify that at which he shoots? These seem like obvious requirements, yet they do not exist. Money and proof that one is a resident of Wisconsin are the only qualifications needed. Realistically speaking, it might not be possible to "examine" all current license holders, but we could start with new hunters and require that they meet certain standards prior to receiving a license to kill.

I am not naive enough to assume that Wisconsin can adapt everything that is practiced in Germany, but I think that we can learn and benefit by some of the German regulations, customs, and practices. In Germany, hunting is a definite privilege. In this country, it is a definite right. We should continue to have this right to hunt, but along with that right assume some responsibility. Wouldn't one feel better knowing that the hunter nearby with that high-powered rifle has good eyesight, is familiar with his weapon (had even passed a gun safety test), is an ethical hunter and a good sport? It can be done, but Wisconsin must start now.

Dan Trainer is dean of the College of Natural Resources at the University of Wisconsin-Stevens Point.

Brown snail journey
by Reinhold Kaebitzsch

Earth traveler,
the one who eats
my blue cabbage leaves;
you are a small paper mill
no doubt. I also discovered
your thick, muscular feet
on the bottom of all that slime.

Someone is cooking you
in the kitchen, all in that shell
you brought from the ocean.
Distressed, I thought you
had lost your house. It was
only your cousin, the garden slug.
For then, I saw your trails in mud,
those highways to nowhere.

Living With the Gypsy Moth

by David Hall

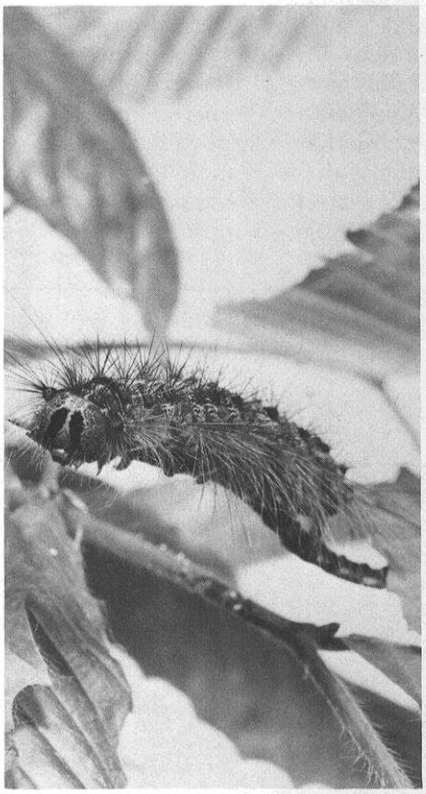


Photo courtesy of the U.S. Forest Service

Large larva feeding

Few insects have caused as much controversy and anguish as the gypsy moth. Suburbanites and campground owners insist that it is a menace, foresters feel it is not so serious a problem. The gypsy moth eats the foliage of trees and slows their growth; but, it kills only a small fraction of those trees that it completely defoliates. No one has yet estimated the number of trees that have been cut down to provide paper for articles about the gypsy moth, but the number must be considerable. While the author possesses only a small fraction of such articles, they add up to weighing more than **ten** pounds! So, directly or indirectly, the gypsy moth is having an impact upon our forest resources.

The moth was first introduced in America in 1869 when Leopold Trouvelot, a French naturalist, imported gypsy moth eggs into Medford, Massachusetts. He wanted to crossbreed them with silkworms to develop a hardy race of silk-producing insects. During a windstorm the larvae escaped from their cage to the surrounding forest; twenty years later, the citizens of Boston were complaining about the caterpillars covering their houses and yards. By 1900, about 360 square miles were infested; by 1905, it had increased to over 2,000 square miles. In spite of vigorous state and federal efforts to suppress it, the gypsy moth reached the Hudson River Valley in New York in 1923. In that year, a barrier zone thirty miles wide was established from the Canadian border to Long Island Sound along the east side of the Hudson River. Within the barrier zone, scouts searched for infestations and attempted to completely eliminate the gypsy moth. However, by 1944, several counties west of the barrier zone in central New York were generally infested.

From the 1890's to the mid-1940's, lead arsenate was commonly sprayed on foliage for gypsy moth control. DDT came into use in the late 1940's and its widespread use kept the gypsy moth at low densities until the chemical was banned in 1968. Since then, the gypsy moth has spread rapidly across Pennsylvania and southward through New Jersey and into Maryland and Virginia. There are spot infestations in Michigan, Ohio, and near Chicago.

Life History and Habits

The spread of the insect occurs shortly after the tiny caterpillars emerge from their eggs in late April and early May. On warm sunny days, they crawl to the tree tops and let themselves down on silken threads. These long hairs give them buoyancy; the caterpillars can be blown by the wind for a distance up to twenty miles. The numbers of the caterpillars (larvae) that disperse in this way depend upon crowding; the more crowded they are, the more they will disperse. They will also disperse more if the maternal generation was crowded when it was in the caterpillar stage; female larvae that are crowded develop more rapidly and lay smaller eggs. Smaller eggs produce caterpillars that disperse for a longer time before they settle on foliage and start to feed. This dispersing behavior increases the survival of the larvae.

The first three larval instars (stages between molts) remain on the foliage feeding in the morning and evening and hiding under the leaf during the day. An abrupt change in feeding behavior takes place after the third molt. The fourth and later instars feed at night and crawl down to dry, dark resting locations where they hide during the day. They follow the same silk trails so that they repeatedly find the same daytime resting locations. The larvae will hide in the first acceptable locations they find on the way down the tree—under loose bark, cracks in limbs, cavities in tree trunks, under rocks and fallen branches, leaves, vehicles, and debris left in the woods by man. Finding proper daytime resting locations is important to the survival of the caterpillars when their populations are sparse. Dr. Robert Campbell, of the United States Forest Service, working in the east, showed that larvae and pupae resting under loose bark flaps were about five times safer than those resting in the litter on the ground because predators are more apt to find those on or near the ground. If population densities are high, the

larvae do not seek out these resting locations. Instead, they remain on the foliage and feed day and night. The large larvae consume great amounts of foliage of several hundred different species of North American plants, but prefer oak, aspen, birch, basswood, apple, and hawthorn trees.

When the larvae finish feeding, they find protected places where they spin flimsy silk cocoons and transform to the pupal stage. At low densities, they return to their usual daytime resting location. At high population densities they pupate in clusters all over everything—tree trunks, rocks, fences, buildings, cars, and camping trailers. The insects remain in the pupal stage about two weeks until the adults emerge.

The adult female has wings but cannot fly, so the male must find her. The female emits a chemical scent which attracts the male. They mate and the female immediately begins laying a compact mass of about five hundred eggs. She usually deposits the eggs near her empty pupal skin, so the location of the egg mass is determined by the behavior of the mature larva. Some of the egg masses are, therefore, laid on cars and recreational vehicles. When the eggs hatch the following year, the vehicle may have moved several hundred miles--even as far as Wisconsin. Thus, humans themselves cause the long-distance spread of the gypsy moth.

Natural enemies kill varying numbers of gypsy moths under different conditions. For instance, several species of parasitic wasps in the genus *Apanteles* kill young larvae. Large larvae and pupae are attacked by a great number of parasitic wasps and flies, some of which have been imported from Europe. Beetles, birds, and mice eat many larvae and pupae. The white-footed deer mouse is a particularly interesting predator in that it also eats many large larvae and pupae and helps prevent sparse populations from increasing. The mouse grasps the hairy gypsy moth larva with its forepaws and bites the head off. It then rolls the skin back as it eats the contents. In 1947, a group of entomologists fenced the deer mice out of a small area; this decrease in deer mice caused a small gypsy moth outbreak.

When gypsy moth numbers become extremely high, a virus disease often wipes the population out, leaving countless millions of dead caterpillars and an unforgettable stench.

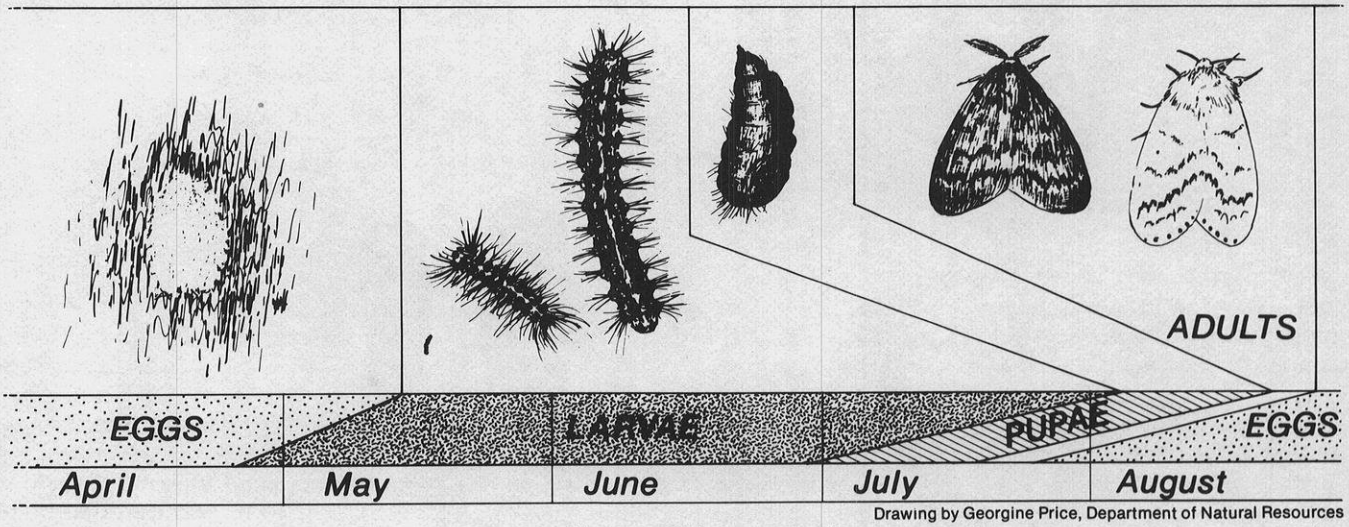
For those persons particularly interested in insect biology, Dr. Campbell has written, in non-technical terms, a fascinating account about many of the natural enemies of the gypsy moth (USDA Agricultural Information Bulletin No. 381).

Population Behavior

In northeastern United States, where the gypsy moth has been established for many years, populations have remained at very low densities (sometimes as low as two egg masses per acre) for years at time. Then, in one or two years, they increase to outbreak densities (as high as 20,000 egg masses per acre) which may last ten years. A United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) summary shows five major outbreaks between 1924 and 1975. However, the last two years have seen a decline over wide areas of the northeast.

Historically, outbreaks have begun where an abundance of favored food plants--especially oak, aspen, and birch trees—occur on poor sandy soils, or on dry, rocky ridge tops. Recall that at low densities the probabilities of larval and pupal survival depend on finding protected daytime resting locations. Oaks growing on poor soils contain an abundance of rough bark and dead limbs with loose bark. Thus, these sites support a moderate local population even when the general population is at very low densities. These moderate populations may provide the reservoir necessary for outbreaks to occur.

The exact series of conditions and events that cause outbreaks to



Drawing by Georgine Price, Department of Natural Resources

Seasonal history of the gypsy moth

occur is not known. The fact that outbreaks tend to begin in widely separated locations at about the same time leads one to suspect that favorable weather conditions for two or more years is the key. U.S. Forest Service researchers in Dr. Campbell's group are collecting a vast amount of data aimed at identifying the causes of outbreaks and learning how to predict them.

Outbreaks have begun in suburban areas. It is not known why these areas also support outbreak populations, but it is suspected that mowed lawns, cats, dogs, smoke and exhaust fumes cause the environment to be unhealthy for white-footed deer mice and other predators as well as parasites. Dr. Campbell has started a research project to discover exactly what causes the suburban outbreaks.

Once an outbreak begins, it spreads to less favorable surroundings *via* the dispersal of windblown first instar larvae. Because of their vast numbers they overwhelm the parasites and predators in these new areas. An outbreak is somewhat like a fire—once it gets started it is very difficult to stop. The outbreak population may collapse at its place of origin due to starvation and disease, but continues in other places and then moves back into its place of origin again. So within the large outbreak area there are sub-populations increasing, receding, and moving. Eventually, the whole system recedes to low densities probably due, again, to unfavorable weather conditions. In 1974, there was a widespread decline of outbreak populations in New Jersey and Pennsylvania; the specific causes of the decline are unknown.

Pest Characteristics

The controversy about the pest characteristics of the gypsy moth is caused by differing points of view. A person managing forested land for timber production is interested in the number of trees killed, and the reduction in wood growth caused by defoliation. Defoliation by the gypsy moth has killed many trees. But most of the dead trees in the worst outbreak areas had been growing on dry, rocky soils. They were unhealthy, slow growing, and were seldom seriously managed for timber production. When the outbreak spread into healthier forests, fewer trees were killed and even these few were usually in bad shape prior to defoliation.

Deciduous trees are almost never killed by a single complete

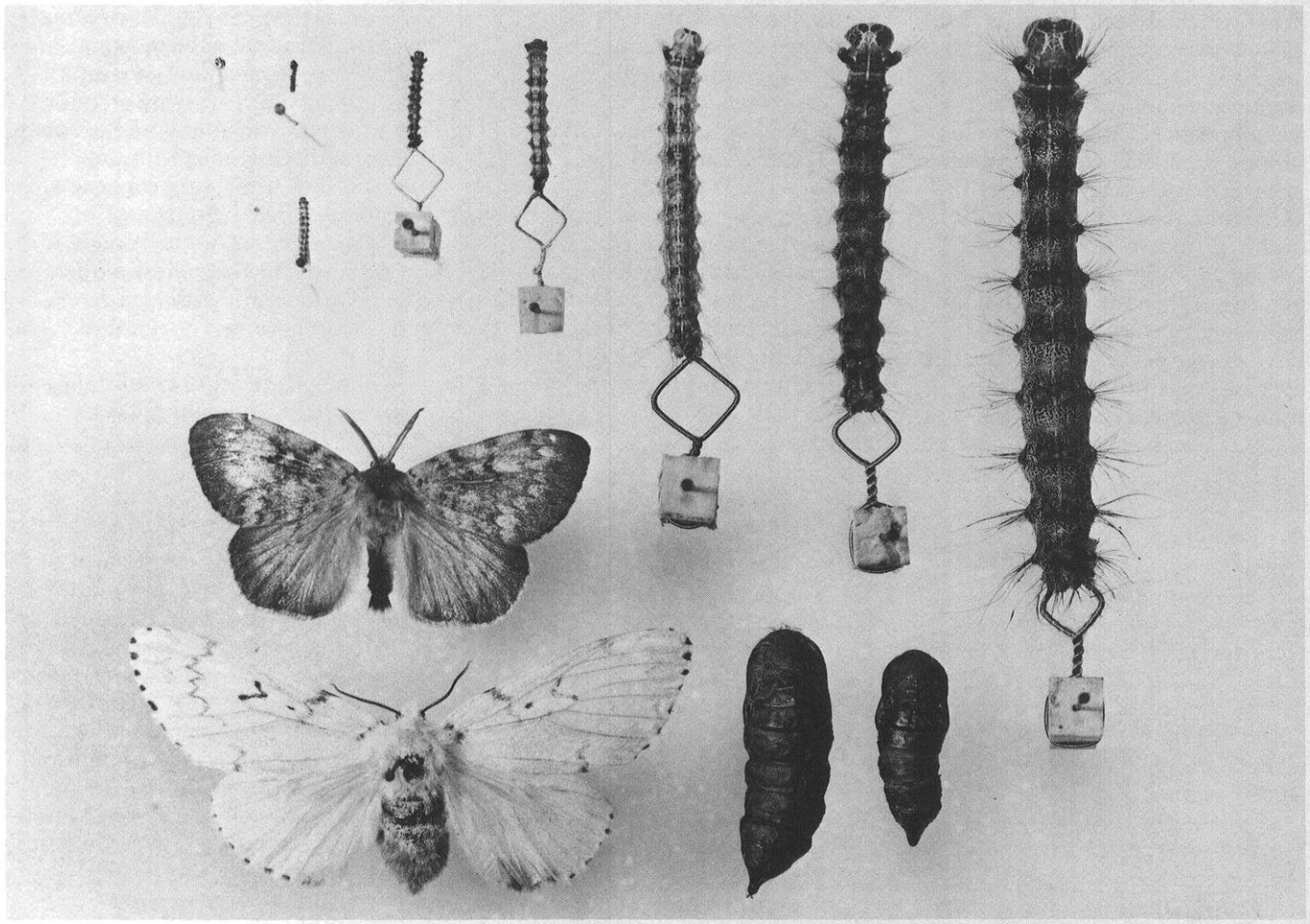


Photo courtesy of the U.S. Forest Service

Clockwise from upper left: the egg, seven larval stages, pupae, white female adult, and brown male adult, actual size

defoliation by the gypsy moth. They simply produce a new crop of leaves in two or three weeks. They are left somewhat weaker but are alive and growing. The smaller, weaker trees may be killed by two or three successive years of defoliation. Healthy vigorous trees can stand much more.

Evergreen trees are not so resistant. Pines are usually killed by one or two defoliations; although they may die a year or two after the second defoliation. Hemlocks are almost always killed by one complete defoliation. The evergreens, however, are not defoliated as often as the oaks; therefore, their mortality has not been a widespread serious problem.

Gypsy moth outbreaks have seldom interfered with timber management objectives. The estimated dollar loss has seldom been enough to justify the expense of protecting foliage with insecticides. The forester is better off if he lets defoliation take place and then salvages any dead trees with marketable value. A few years ago, foresters in the east were calling the gypsy moth only a "cosmetic" problem.

Suburbanites, campers, hikers, and others did not agree. Lawn trees were stripped bare for several weeks. Houses and cars were dirtied by dying larvae and their droppings. Children were frightened by caterpillars falling on them. Campers were disgusted by droppings falling on their hamburgers and campground owners in turn, were distressed by loss of campers. Fishermen and swimmers were disgusted by the dirty water. Real estate brokers were distressed by reduction in the market value of wooded lots. Some people developed allergic reactions to the hair of the caterpillars. *These* are the problems caused by the gypsy moth.

The individual's reaction has been to spray individual or groups of lots with insecticides for a few hundred dollars. Village governments have hired contractors to apply insecticides for a few thousand dollars. Pennsylvania has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to spray high-use recreational areas and residential areas—a process that must be repeated annually until the outbreak collapses. This is quite an expense for a "cosmetic" problem.

Wisconsin Situation

Several entomologists have tried to predict what to expect in Wisconsin. However, it is too early to be certain that we have an established infestation. Establishment of an incipient population is an uncertain prospect; one or two unfavorable years could reduce the population to such low numbers that males would be unable to locate and mate with females. A total of seven male moths were collected in 1975 in the Appleton-Elkhart Lake-Manitowoc area. A larva was found in Bayfield County. The catch of several males over a three-county area suggests that the population has already been there more than one year and has had one or two years to disperse. Even if this population does not survive, the gypsy moth will sooner or later move, by vehicle or by air, into Wisconsin. It has been estimated that it would take ten to twenty years after establishment to build up to damaging populations. Eventually it will inhabit practically all of Wisconsin because there is suitable food nearly everywhere in the state.

This does not mean, however, that it will be a pest in all parts of the state. The severe cold winter temperatures will prevent outbreaks in much of the northern areas by killing eggs located above the snow cover. In 1944, two USDA entomologists predicted that no outbreaks would occur north of a line where at least twenty-five percent of the years have minimum temperatures of -25°F. The line runs approximately from McAllister in Marinette County, southwestward through Appleton, Prairie du Sac, and Lancaster. Whether or not one has confidence in this prediction, the line can serve as a useful reference. To the southeast of this line outbreaks will be more frequent; to the northwest they will be less frequent. South of the line there are many small woodlots on poor soil that perfectly fit the requirements for outbreaks, particularly in Grant, Iowa, Green, Dane, Columbia and Waukesha counties. Northwest of the line there are vast areas of oak forest that also fit the specifications particularly in the driftless area. Outbreaks are expected to occur here, but with decreasing frequency as one goes north because of increasing winter egg mortality.

Predictions of outbreaks are complicated by the interaction of several variables, including the vertical distribution of eggs, extreme winter temperatures, and coincident snow depths. The best one can do is point out what locations hold the highest risk of outbreak. Dr. James Balsiger, assistant professor of forestry at the University of Wisconsin-Madison, is developing a computer model using timber type, weather records, and gypsy moth outbreak history to do exactly this. His results will be essential to the future management of gypsy moth populations.

The gypsy moth may have yet another curve ball in store for us. One researcher in Maine believes that the moth through natural selection may adapt to cold climates, by depositing eggs close to the ground regardless of larval resting locations. We can only wait and see.

Dealing With the Gypsy Moth

After more than a century of experience with the gypsy moth, we still know woefully little about it. The early success with chemical insecticides removed emphasis from basic biological studies. The time and money spent on research has oscillated approximately in unison with gypsy moth outbreaks "resulting in periodic gathering of bits and pieces of information that differ little from that gathered during previous gradations."

In order to ensure that the needed research is conducted and to prevent

duplication of efforts, a five-year USDA research and development program was begun in 1971. A small team of entomologists have been appointed to coordinate research and development activities of federal agencies and to authorize and support (with dollars) state and university activities. The program is making creditable progress towards developing management tools. But, not surprisingly, it has also caused conflicts within individual states by stirring arguments over who will receive the federal money for what projects.

Personnel of various state and federal agencies who have responsibility for research, control, and regulation of forest pests in Wisconsin have formed an informal committee to consider the gypsy moth situation. The committee discusses and decides on policy and action matters in order to ensure a rational, coordinated effort of those involved. The committee has solicited monetary support from the USDA gypsy moth program manager for proposed programs in Wisconsin. Thus far, support has been limited to moral support.

The present approach to management of the pest in the eastern United States is to allow populations to go to outbreak densities and to protect foliage in residential and recreation areas with insecticides. Carbaryl and Dylox are the most heavily used of the chemical insecticides. However, they are harmful to many other insects; Carbaryl is especially lethal to honey bees and many other beneficial insects.

The biological insecticide, *Bacillus thuringiensis* (B.t.) while more specific than the chemicals, still kills many species of non-target caterpillars. "B.t." is not as reliable in providing foliage protection as the chemicals and is more expensive. A newly developed virus is less reliable and much more expensive than B.t. The most promising new insecticide is Dimilin which interferes with the molting process of many species of caterpillars. It is environmentally safe, and while it kills the parasites within the dead caterpillars, carefully timed applications can minimize this effect. Disparlure, the synthetic chemical sex attractant of the gypsy moth has been tested for use in population suppression. In some instances, it has been able to prevent mating by confusing the males, but it has not been able to suppress or eradicate low density populations.

Most entomologists favor managing the populations at low densities, that is, preventing outbreaks by integrating several compatible techniques. This requires identification of potential outbreak locations, knowledge of outbreak mechanisms, and sensitive survey techniques none of which are now available. This is why the ten-to-twenty year grace period is important to Wisconsin. The U.S. Forest Service population model and Dr. Balsiger's model should be

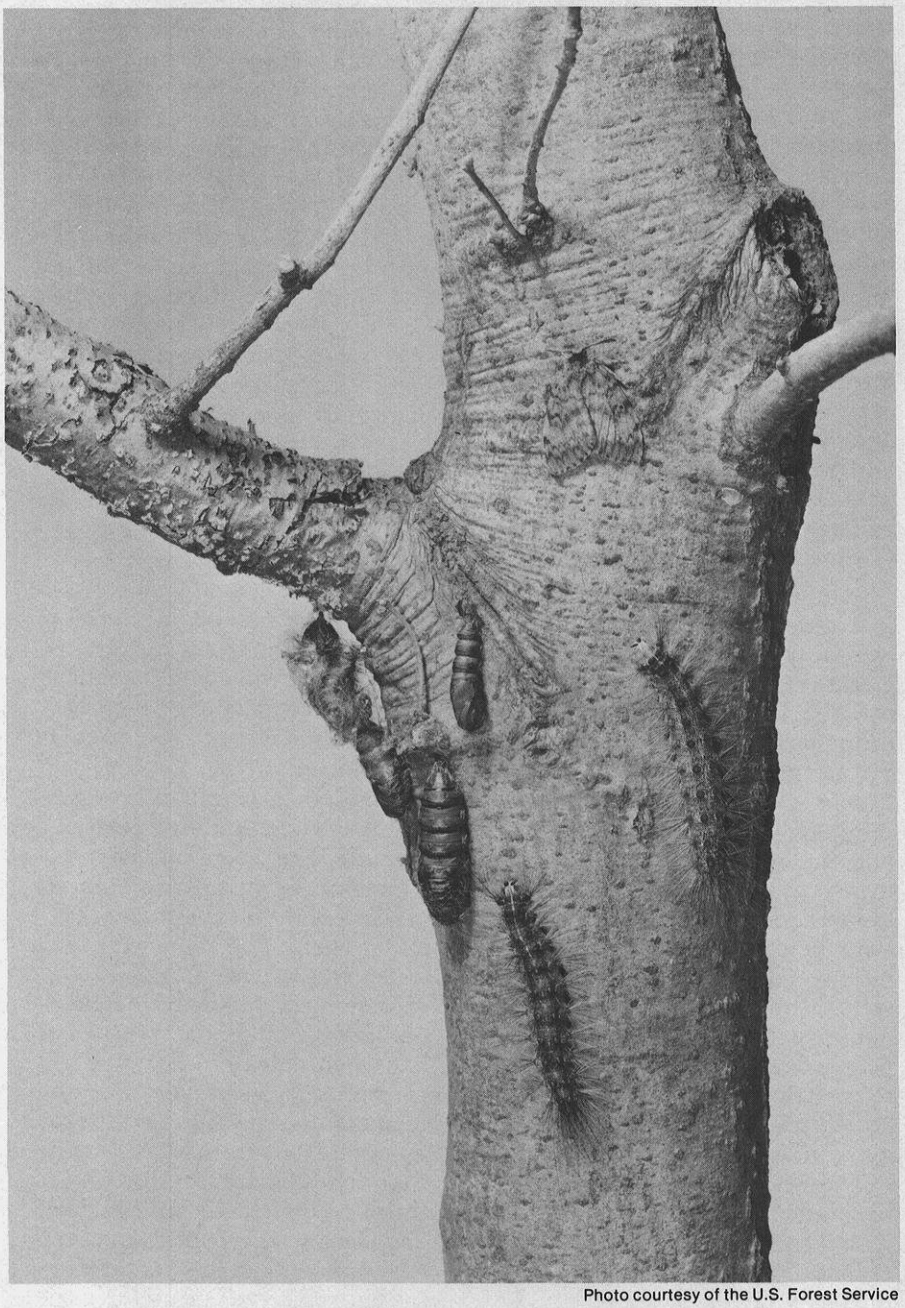


Photo courtesy of the U.S. Forest Service

Gypsy moths resting on tree: larvae, pupae, and well-camouflaged adult male

available by then and should help develop a population management system.

In the meantime, there is much that can be done. Entomologists of the USDA, Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, and Department of Agriculture are conducting an intensive trapping program to pinpoint the locations of gypsy moth infestations. Once populations are located, management practices can be put into effect. Because eradication attempts in Michigan have been unsuccessful, similar attempts in Wisconsin are not comtemplated. In the words of Dr. Roy Shenefelt, "We need to maximize the environmental resistance to the gypsy moth." (Drs. Shenefelt and Coppell of the University of Wisconsin are cooperating with entomologists of the Department of Agriculture and Department of Natural Resources.) Starting in 1973, parasites which attack other hosts as well as the gypsy moth were released in locations throughout the state; none of the released parasite species have been recovered to date. More and larger releases, therefore, are planned in 1976. When the gypsy moth becomes established in Wisconsin, parasites that attack only the gypsy moth can be released. These parasites are natives of Europe and Asia and have become established on host populations in the northeast. However, USDA entomologists are looking for still more effective parasites in Asia and Europe. The parasites alone will not eliminate gypsy moth outbreaks, but, like any other cause of mortality, their effectiveness depends upon the accumulative effect of many causes. Their presence in the environment will cause outbreaks to be less frequent and less severe. In an integrated program of gypsy moth management, they will have to be occasionally aided by judicious, carefully timed insecticide applications.

In spite of one hundred years and millions of dollars spent for research and control, the gypsy moth continues to upset society's sense of well-being. For entomologists, however, it is a creature of both fascination and frustration: it changes its feeding behavior when half grown; it changes its feeding and dispersal behavior in response to its own density and the density of the maternal generation; it is exceptionally difficult to kill with insecticides; it hitchhikes long distances on man's own vehicles; it may adapt to cold climates by changing its oviposition behavior. Should we be surprised, then, if it adapts a defense against some grandiose management strategy devised by man?

Many thousands of acres of forest and suburbia are defoliated every year. Many more acres will be stripped before the problem is solved. Perhaps society could learn to live with a higher number of gypsy moths than it presently tolerates. Dr. Campbell suggested that the general public might be better off if it learned to look upon it with interest rather than with disgust and, in his own words, "enjoy your insect outbreak."

David Hall is a forest entomologist and biological control specialist for the Department of Natural Resources.

Taxes, Photography, and the "Traveling" Humanist

by Toby Fulwiler

EDITOR'S NOTE: During the summer of 1975, the author served as a "traveling" humanist, visiting Wisconsin cities to initiate public discussion about human values and public taxes. A touring photography exhibit served as his test. (This "Community Camera Project" was funded by the Wisconsin Humanities Committee (WHC) as part of its efforts to relate the humanities to public policy issues through programs of dialogue involving academic humanists and the general public.) Before that, in the spring, the project sponsored a state wide photography contest on the theme "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending" and then in the summer, curated the winning photographs into a thirty-six print portable exhibit. The exhibit, set up for several weeks at a time in Madison, Milwaukee, Green Bay, Stevens Point and Eau Claire, was used to demonstrate how visual images could shed light on a complicated public issue. The exhibit proved to be an experiment in mixed-media community education.

"Community Outreach Education" is one of those concepts that sounds good in articulation but often falters in execution. The key problem is format. The success of such outreach education depends on creating or discovering an environment which is suitable to both college academician and lay public. Moreover, the program should be not only entertaining and provocative, but also should be relevant to have any measure of success as education; if it's not, the humanist might quit or the audience go home.

To compete successfully as entertainment with television, movies, concerts, sports events, extension classes, civic functions, bridge clubs and a certain normal amount of inertia, the community education project must appear to be exciting. Not only must the program *be* good, it must *look* good; effective advertising becomes a paramount necessity for a well-attended event.

The requirement that community-based programs be directly relevant to the audience as well as entertaining and provocative is simply a sensible educational idea. Good community education is meant to work in two ways: humanizing the populace and reforming the academy.

My hobby, photography, proved to be the stimulus to my thinking about useful formats. Several of my friends from Focal Point, a co-operative Madison photography gallery, told me they were interested in participating in community photography education, but were uncertain about how to fund such a program. We decided to approach the WHC with a joint proposal.

What had troubled me for months about the WHC program was the title of the 1975 theme "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending." As an English teacher at UW-Madison, the language paralyzed my imagination. However, instead of dwelling on idea content, I began working on a structure to bring together photographers, lay public and academic humanists. It seemed to me that photographs on public display discussed by humanists was the best format to use. The idea for the contest, the traveling exhibition, and exhibit openings fell rapidly into place. The format solved all sorts of problems and lent itself to adaption to almost any theme, even "Human Values at Stake in Public Taxing and Spending." I hoped our project would reach out to mobilize participants from the community, and through the use of visual aids (the photo exhibit), attract more than the normal amount of attention.

The Community Camera Project easily incorporated the "Human Values . . . " theme as the contest title and exhibit subject matter. Who is not involved with "human values" when it comes to voting for this candidate, that bond issue, or a new referendum? Public policy, whether garbage collection schedules or open-classroom schools, is based on public money raised by taxes.

The photography entries, judged on June 18 and shortly afterward curated into a show, were uneven in quality, containing some prints of true professional quality and others much less carefully prepared. However, we intended relevance to the theme to be the first criterion with technical quality second. Concerned photographers would communicate with a concerned public. The final exhibit included topics on land use, environmental pollution, energy use, transporation,

urban renewal, drug abuse, old age, and mental retardation. Notably absent were prints portraying education, law and order, sexism, racism, or poverty.

As far as I was concerned, the most serious work of the project was creating an environment for good public discussion at the openings. The purpose of the project was to initiate dialogue at formal exhibit openings. Helping me at each formal exhibit was a "guest humanist" and sometimes a participating photographer.

The openings were not all equally successful: when an exhibit was set up at a shopping center in Eau Claire before a large, casual, walk-through audience, there was little one could do regarding "public discussion." When people passed to look at the exhibit, we had to assume education was taking place; however, few shoppers paused long enough to read the posted "statement of purpose" about the exhibit. None was standing-room only, however, we did achieve a modest success at most places we exhibited. We discovered that, it was at these formal exhibition "openings" that serious humanities education worked best; at the same time, the openings provided the best format for expanding community awareness of the value of photography. At the Williamson-Marquette (Wil-Mar) Neighborhood Center in Madison, the first exhibit opening of the summer, about fifteen people sat, discussed, argued for nearly three hours about the exhibit and what it did or did not accomplish. We were a small group, but engaged, involved, and eventually enlightened. At Stevens Point, nearly two dozen people spent two hours with the exhibit at the Charles White Public Library on a Monday evening. In Green Bay, a like number attended an argumentative session at the Neville Public Museum. And the final opening, at the Madison Community Center, attracted an audience of nearly fifty and forced us into lecture-style presentation. Here too, we sensed enthusiasm in response to the challenge to interpret and understand the photographs. The hard statistics do not tell the story. As usual, the educational value of the project cannot be measured in terms of numbers; when the most people viewed the photographs (at the shopping centers) the least amount of learning took place. Conversely, when fifteen people participated at Wil-Mar there was education enough for all.

I believe that the most valuable education I had to offer the adult audiences was visual education—principles of media criticism. I encouraged the people who attended the exhibit openings to examine the photographs from a new perspective, as a language both different and similar to the linear-literary language with which most of us are more familiar. By looking critically at the medium through which photographers present value judgments, the audience would better understand where it stood in relation to those judgments. Humanistic values would become clarified through examination of media technique; this would avoid, or at least lessen, any tendancy on my part to moralize or politicize. I assumed, rightly as it turned out, that more questions could be raised about values through a close look at the language in which the values were transmitted than about the values themselves.

When I approached the exhibit as a humanities text, my chief problem became translating my own education in literary aesthetics to the less familiar one of visual aesthetics. I was acutely aware that even though our environment is flooded with images from TV, movies, billboards, advertisements, few of us apply the same rigorous critical standards to visual language that we apply to the more logical, sequential, verbal language. We seem to be less conscious of the principles that make pictures work than conscious of those principles that make good prose work.

I opened each discussion by passing a print around a circle of people seated in chairs, then displayed the print alone on an easel before the whole group. The first print portrayed a huge factory with five smokestacks dominating the picture. In the foreground, masking a portion of the factory, was a large street sign which said "DEAD END." In talking about that photograph, several levels of questioning emerged: of what is the black and white image on the paper a photograph? what does the image convey about the idea the photographer was working with? how do you know how to read his idea?

Photo taken by Tom Theil, Madison
Honorable mention.

Everyone agrees the photographer is making a negative statement about industry; against all industry? against pollution (smoke is coming from one of five smokestacks)? against industrial pollution? Someone recognizes the factory as Madison Gas and Electric Company—not a factory at all but an energy plant. The photograph then becomes an editorial against excessive energy consumption—or is it an editorial in favor of public ownership of electric utilities (a current issue concerning Madison Gas and Electric)? Who then has the advantage—the viewer who actually recognizes the image or the one who must guess at it? The general idea, in any of these interpretations, is conservation, but shouldn't the photographer have been more explicit? Is it good that so many meanings are possible, or does it suggest uncertainty on the part of the photographer?

Another objection is raised: Someone notices that the "DEAD END" sign has been artfully superimposed in front of the industrial building; the image has been manipulated in the darkroom to make an editorial statement. It is not a "natural" comment. To some viewers a manipulated image bespeaks a lack of true conceptual skill on the photographer's part; to others it is just one of many ways a photograph can be made effective.

In terms of education, it doesn't matter too much what the "correct" answers are to these questions; in fact, there would be significant disagreement among professional critics, since one school of thought argues for a concept which is an anathema to another. The value here is to initiate a certain kind of thinking among the members of the audience: to get people to examine the deliberate use of visual statements which attempt to convey precise meaning. By the conclusion of the discussion of the first photograph, a number of issues had been raised about an apparently simple photograph effecting a consciously more critical attitude in the audience.

"Twentieth Century Tranquility"
Photo taken by Allen Ruid, Madison, honorable mention.

The next photograph discussed built upon the developing critical awareness of the audience; the one I usually chose shows a new apartment complex being built upon the shore of a lake. An advertising sign in front of the units simply says "Walden." This is a visually pleasing image, usually, at first glance, enjoyed by the viewers for both its pleasant composition and its obvious irony: Henry David Thoreau would run screaming from the place. The photographer is clearly making a negative comment on exploitative commercialization and thoughtless land use. To relate the photograph to "values and taxes" requires thinking about zoning and land use legislation. But, suppose the same image was shown to a group of real-estate developers, would they make the same interpretation of what it means as this audience has? Would real-estate people or building contractors perceive the irony? the negative statement about land-use? the misuse (if it is) of Thoreauvian principles? This question raises a value problem for most audiences, for nowhere *in the photograph* is there evidence of irony or criticism. The photograph simply reports. The audience *adds* the value to the image; the audience has to know what Thoreau stood for, as well as the current liberal-ecological position regarding land use. And since the likely audience for these exhibits *is* both well-educated and liberal, their "reading" of the photograph is remarkably consistent. Did the photographer count on that? Should he have? Did he realize that in terms of the exhibit theme his photograph would necessarily be construed a certain way? Is the photograph successful *in itself*, or merely a mirror to what each audience wishes to see, and hence without internal value? Compared to the "DEAD END" photograph, is the "Walden" photo more ironic? more precise? less manipulated? more effective because less obvious? Judgment is tossed back on the viewer.

The photograph I often saved for last portrays a mentally-retarded couple smiling at the camera; probably in an institution, obviously happy. It is one of the two photographs which shared first place in the contest. There is no "sign," no apparent criticism, no evident value judgment in this image. Why did it win? On the surface, it seems to say the least, depending on how one looks at it. Perhaps it makes a strong appeal for more public awareness or a more humane policy toward the mentally retarded. The photographer's approach is direct, human, universal. Audience critics argue that, on the contrary, the photograph is a fraud because it depends upon exhibit "title" and audience "values" for meaning. Its universality is also its weakness, for by not portraying specific problems it denies them. What are the needs of the mentally retarded? housing? transportation? medical care? Defenders of the photograph retort that "public awareness" is the major problem of the mentally retarded: instead of being hidden in institutions as social rejects they should be accorded the full rights of other human beings. Hence, the photograph is superb

Co-first place winning photo taken by Colleen Goltz, Monroe.

Exhibit in Green Bay at Neville Public Museum Toby Fulwiler

because it shows the mentally handicapped as real, loving people. The argument goes on. What does the photograph do? How much depends upon who is viewing it? How much depends on the conceptual and technical skill of the photographer?

By moving the discussion progressively from the "DEAD END" photograph to the image of the mentally-retarded couple I could see a change in response toward the photographs. At the end of an hour or two many in the audience were asking the kinds of critical, visual questions which, at the outset, only a few were able to ask. It didn't matter how "good" or "bad" the prints were, for often the poorest image provided the best vehicle for enhancing critical understanding. By learning to evaluate the black and white prints more deliberately, each participant did expand his consciousness, educate his sensibilities and learn to cope more critically—and hence, more humanely—with this complicated social environment.

The project has ended for 1975, but the Wisconsin Humanities Committee has funded a new proposal based on the old one for 1976. Exhibits will be created during the summer in Green Bay, Stevens Point, Eau Claire, Ashland and LaCrosse expressing the theme "Conflict, Change and Democratic Process." Instead of a contest to generate prints, interested local photographers are being asked to make photographs specifically for the exhibit. Here we go again. How does one visually portray conflict? change? democratic process?

Toby Fulwiler is an English instructor at the UW-Madison in the Integrated Liberal Studies department.

Three Minutes Much Lonelier

by Mardi Fries

A bicycle tips to the man watching
down from a window eye of audience
in the County Home. The young
woman skips off; running on, she brakes
beyond. Act One has begun—a touch,

their introduction. He is host
here. Blood charges bone for slow
muscles to move steel, wheeling his chair
about in welcome. She misses the old
man in a mind looking over the lobby
for her part. Finding a phone booth,
that door folds her stopped on stage.

The overhead light flares action in
fireworks. He watches fright:
her face signaling sighs fingers erase,
rising for the crash of each coin.
Sound is caged too loud for dialogue
or love? Glare grays blond hair brittle.
Magnified, motions bend her body crippled
in small shadows of change. Frail
by failing, lips fix silence taut,
/they fumble with a smile until it flows

through his tears—taking over the third
minute, making her turn to him. She talks.

Their loneliness is wiped with the heaviest
waves; left clear between them.

Marble Mastery Revisited: Memories Out Of Madison

by Robert Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE: Robert A. McCabe's article, "Milwaukee Marble Mastery, 'Mibs' and Kids," which appeared in the Spring, 1976 issue of the *Review*, elicited many a memory on the part of our readers. One such person is Academy member Robert Taylor, UW-Madison professor of journalism whose own recollections of early marble mastery in Madison seemed too good to keep to ourselves.

Bob McCabe's recent article on marbles tempts me to share my own deep knowledge of the Madison marble scene in the 1920s.

Much that Bob reported on South Milwaukee was similar to the situation on Madison's East Side. But there were differences. We called the painted clay globes "miggies," and the dimpled crockery ones "meggies," not "coffees," and as we grew older disdained both of them—only babies used them.

We shot for "aggies," the most expensive of which, usually reserved as a "shooter," were "cat's eyes." I'm sure most of our "aggies" were glass, not agates. Most had a wave of white and a color through them, though the best were "clearies," pure color and translucent. But the "cat's eyes" and red "kneelies" may have been polished stone. We had little use for "glassies," the clear glass marbles which contained colored ribbons. Our favorite "shooters" developed a fine roughness from constantly colliding with other marbles and the texture aided in "high knuckle" shooting. Bully types favored "steelies," which actually were steel ball bearings. We tried to outlaw them because their weight provided an unfair advantage and they tended to chip our marbles when steel hit glass.

When we made the initial toss toward the ring on the ground, or a pot scooped into the soil, it was a "lag." While Bob and his friends shouted "fernanz" to halt a player's privilege, we yelled "vant." This usually was used to keep the opponent's knuckles on the ground. The player, in order to gain the privilege of raising his knuckles, tried to shout "heist" before his opponent could call "vant." ("His" is proper here—we didn't play marbles with girls.)

If we played in the grass or on sand or rough ground, our rules interpreted the "knuckle down" concept liberally. A right-handed player under such circumstances, for example, could hold his left hand spread vertically, place his left little finger where the marble had been and, as long as his right hand touched his extended left thumb, he was considered shooting "knuckles down."

If the partner called "vant, no hunching," the marble had to be shot from a position no closer to the ring than directly above its original resting place. Otherwise, this extended position could be tilted to the advantage of the shooter.

To determine the order of game shooting, we often "lagged" for a line, or for the ring. Here, the use of "steelies" often was permitted, though they did provide the advantage of stopping where they landed if the "lag" was arched. Closest in had first choice of order in the game, and so on. When lagging for a line was the game to be played, not just a preliminary to a ring game, it was not what Bob called "shooters," but "lags."

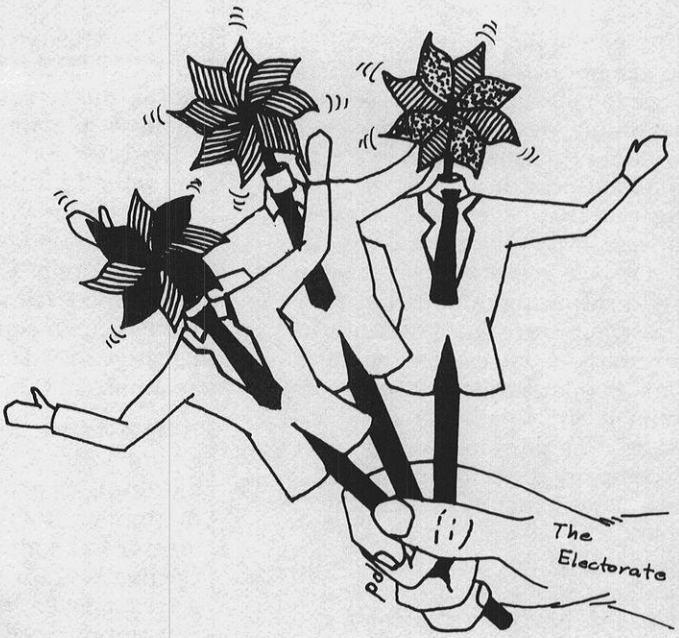
Bob chose not to describe the "official" game he called "ringers," which, as I recall, was played from the edges of a ring on the ground three or four feet in diameter. We didn't play this game much, but played a lot of one something like it, on a cement sidewalk square or indoors on a scatter rug of about the same dimensions. Each player made a one or more marble "ante" and the players in turn tried to knock the antes off the square. Shooters were always retrieved, but an ante that got near the edge—not off the square—was fair game for the next player who could move to the edge nearest the off-center ante.

We usually kept our major supply of marbles in our drop boxes; therefore, we put the drop holes on top of the cigar boxes so the marbles didn't leak out. As we took off for school or play, we would make our selection and cary them in bags, but not the fancy striped ones used in South Milwaukee. We usually used salt stacks, tied at the neck, or—if we had faith in our prowess—took only as many as a Bull Durham sack would hold.

Perhaps, because he wrote at some other time of the year, Bob neglected to mention that the appearance of marbles, like robins, was a sure sign of spring. In fact, the season usually was heralded by the unmistakable sound of marbles, spilled from a bag as an owner secretly admired them, hitting the classroom floor and rolling under every seat in the room.

SENDING & RECEIVING
A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

by Arthur Hove



The Whirligig World of Politics

The hall is cavernous, a kind of Plato's Cave, thronged with people seated on folding chairs, wandering up and down the aisles, or simply watching it all from the bleachers.

The chairman's gavel thumps away with only limited success as he tries to quell the hubbub. Television cameras scanning the huge hall will soon zoom in to pick out a face in the crowd. With eyes and chin tilted skyward as if in tribute to the Almighty, the person will slowly begin to intone, "Mr. Chairman, the Great Sovereign State of Confusion is proud to cast its twenty-five votes for the next president of this great republic, the Honorable Casimir Zdanowicz.

Old CZ won't make it, of course. The copy editors of the newspapers would never let him. Can you imagine writing headlines around a name like that? But Caz, like the persistent moth before it perishes in the candle flame, will have achieved his fleeting moment in history. The record of his favorite-son candidacy will be duly recorded as a part of our quadrennial madness: the presidential sweepstakes. It is the time when we are forced again to notice politics in all its intensity, politicians in their full regalia.

Wisconsin is far from *terra incognito* for politics or politicians. The Republican Party was born here. That particularly Midwestern populist movement which came to be known as Progressivism flourished in Wisconsin soil. For years, the Wisconsin primary has been one of those "must win" elections for any serious presidential candidate. This state has also sent a number of lawmakers to Washington who have gained a national reputation—of one kind or another.

Because the Wisconsin tradition is one which promotes a closeness between politicians and the people who elect them, we tend to have an easy familiarity with this species of public servant. It is not difficult, therefore, for us to recognize that the most obvious thing about a politician—no matter if he is running for dogcatcher or president of the Universe—is his ego. At those times on the calendar when the most candidates are at-large in the land searching for votes, the sky seems virtually filled with the soaring egos of politicians. They float over the landscape like blimps over a football stadium.

The modern politician, with his constant need to reinforce his self-concept, is often a pathetic study. Some are like those forlorn people in Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author.* As the father in the play notes, "What is there to marvel at in us? Imagine such a misfortune . . . to be born of an author's fantasy . . . ."In the politician's case, the author is the public and the politicians are characters who can only gain their identity through representing a constituency. Some never quite find a proper link with a voting bloc and suffer the fate of the Wandering Jew as they shuffle from one election to the next in hopes that they will somehow make a connection.

This misfortune is a fairly recent development. Not too long ago, it was the politician who set the tone. He (and more recently she) was the one who established the tenor of a political campaign by getting out on the stump and alternately cajoling and hectoring crowds with fiery oratory. In recent years, the successful politician has been much more cautious and taken his cues from the public. The public can be seen metaphorically in this context as a Great White Shark cruising

through the murky waters of contemporary thought. The shark, since the advent of *Jaws*, seems to have supplanted Moby Dick as the symbol of our national consciousness. It is a restive creature that never sleeps, and moves slowly, but ineluctably. At first glance, one is overwhelmed by its menacing outline. But a closer look reveals its capacity for tolerance as one notices the much smaller pilot fish which seem to guide it on its path through the water. The pilot fish, which accompany the undulating dark hulk, know that eventually the shark will fall on its prey, and they will gain something from the resultant spoils. Politicians and pilot fish have much in common.

As a message sender and receiver, the politician often resembles one of those artifacts which are curiously representative of folk art: the whirligig. If you stand back far enough, you can usually tell which way the political winds are blowing by the way the politician gyrates.

Voting patterns provide similar information. Reporters and pollsters are constantly making generalizations about how people feel about a particular issue, about how they can be expected to respond to a particular candidate. The hoi polloi are so analyzed and categorized that one wonders if there is any individualism left. At the moment of most doubt, however, some redeeming event occurs and the people confound the experts, showing them that they have not completely surrendered their individuality to become little more than data points on a computer printout.

The classic American example happened in 1948 when the *Chicago Tribune* put itself to bed on election night and confidently announced that Thomas E. Dewey had beaten Harry S Truman in the presidential election. But that was before computers and Cronkite could tell us early in the evening that, on the basis of a statistical profile of voters in selected precincts, a projection of a winner could be made reasonably soon after the polls close. A similar reversal, this time with the computers humming away, occurred this spring when Morris Udall retired for the night thinking he had won the Wisconsin primary and woke to find he had finished second to Jimmy Carter.

CBS broadcaster Edward R. Murrow, commenting on Truman's final surge over Dewey, saw reassurance in the reversal:

> "I do not pretend to know why the people voted as they did, for the people are mysterious and their motives are not to be measured. This election result has freed us to a certain extent from the tyranny of those who tell us what we think, believe and will do without consulting us."

Enough books and articles have been written since World War II to establish beyond a reasonable doubt that the media, and broadcasters such as Mr. Murrow, have substantially reshaped the way candidates present themselves and issues to the public. This year, a group of political scientists and communication arts professors have become believers to the point that they are studying the actions of a sampling of television and newspaper reporters as they cover the candidates on the campaign trail. The results of this exercise should give us some further insights into the delicate symbiosis that exists between the press, the public, and the candidates.

There is always the danger that even after a comprehensive study of the matter, the researchers will substantiate what we already know—that if a candidate can't come across on television, his chances of getting elected are extremely slim. The candidate doesn't have to be a Robert Redford or a Barbra Streisand, but he or she does have to have a kind of cathode personality, some quality that will make them believable on the tube. It also helps to have a staff associate hidden in a back room somewhere who can write a reasonably literate speech that will be quotable enough to provide a reporter with a few punchy paragraphs for the day's campaign coverage.

But placing too much faith in the efficacy of the media can be a mistake. Corralling votes still involves having an effective campaign organization to get the vote out. And it still involves participating in an endless round of those face-to-face political stunts which are essential to assure voters that there is a live person behind the images that flash across the television screens or the quotes that appear in the gray columns of newspaper type.

It is probably futile to argue that politics is one thing and life is another. Even if you do, it is most difficult to establish the exact point where the two begin to significantly diverge. It is more realistic to accept Aristotle's dictum that man is by nature a political animal and try to understand why.

Aristotle's conclusion was founded on his belief that man's responsibility was to the ongoing nature of the state. Such an impulse is still the major impetus for politics in a democratic society. The viability of contemporary democracies continues to hinge on the interrelationship that exists between the individual and the collective mass of the state.

In Plato's Cave, the philosopher-kings were those who had been outside the cave, who had seen the "real world" beyond the darkness. In contemporary life, the situation has been temporarily reversed. The denizens of the cave are the moving force. He who has been outside is powerless unless he has the ability to convince those held in thrall by the darkness that there is something more promising and fulfilling beyond the shadows that play on the walls of the cave.

This task is a formidable one—particularly if our only source of persuasion is those who feel their primary calling is to gyrate in the wind.

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

If the absence of any reviews of books of poetry has been less than subtle, Wisconsin poets and readers of poetry deserve some explanation. For those readers of this corner of the *Academy Review* who took no notice of the poetry gap, I might find others who feel similarly or have no love of poetry at all—as any English teacher will testify.

So, with reluctant clearing-of-throat, I step to the editorial podium and try to fix the audience's eye with a slightly-less-than-resolute stare before I begin (to quiet the crowd and set the mood of seriousness). It is an awkward moment.

Poetry is the distillation of a poet's experiences or perceptions of the human condition. It is, therefore, a very subjective art. In order for a "critic" to take on a poet's work, to challenge perceptions and their translation or transformation, to render judgment as to the quality of performance, one either is pompously presumptuous or openly admitting the nonobjectivity of literary criticism.

For the "reviewer," the task of presenting a paraphrase of a poem, or describing the intentions of the poet, or assuming to place the poem or the volume in the canon of universal poetry is very nearly impossible. How does one attempt to replicate ethereal visions?

This, of course, sounds like a critical cop-out, but it isn't. Teachers have long "taught" poetry, (regardless of classroom apathy or rebellion) haven't they? I maintain, however, that poetry cannot be taught. Poetry may only be shared. Poetry may be considered only in the light of conversation, argument, or group analysis. At that time several readers of a single poem may bring to the fore individual interpretations, which together may add to the work's illumination for each person.

This communication of poetic appreciation is not the act of communal understanding. A poem is a solitary entity. Its creation was achieved in silence. The grist mill of the imagination grinds down great macrocosmic or microcosmic experiences to the delicate images released by the poet for the reader. The reader, in turn, receives them in the singular chambers of his/her own inner eye. To communicate this gift of silence across time and space is to partly shatter the relationship, the connection, between poet-writer and poet-reader.

I think of the way the eye perceives reality, receiving the information and focusing it all in reverse on to a small area on the retina, only, in fact, to have the brain flip the image so everything is right-side-up. This instantaneous process is superfluous in explanation, because we are not conscious of it happening in the first place. The world has always been right-side-up; how could it be any other way?

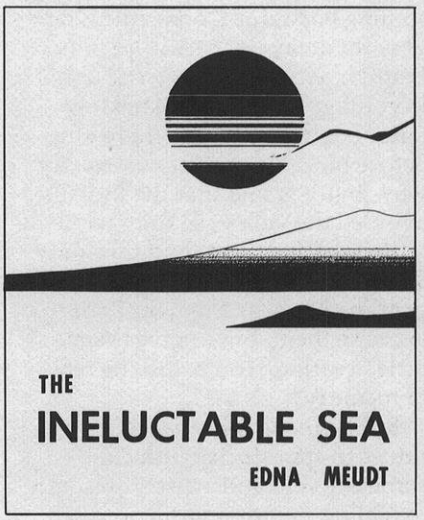
What validity is there in a critic's remilling of his interpretation for the consumption of a reader who has not even seen the poem? The poetic distance between the poem and its original conception has been increased almost beyond understanding. The only more distant horizon is the point where the reader tells someone else about what the critic wrote.

Another difference between the reviewer's column and the classroom is the rate of exchange. In face-to-face confrontations, an immediate response is elicited. One can quickly sense naivete, sarcasm, even inspiration, in the close, social environment of the classroom. The critic's tools are dulled in the reviewer's column because the reader can only react to the cold reality of print. It is also an incomplete exchange, for if there is disagreement or even agreement—how rare the beast!—by what means may the reaction be communicated to the reviewer? Shouting will not help in the least, and a letter to the editor spreads time like a postal card chess game. With poetry, it is necessary to gain immediate access to the individual whose idea causes a reaction.

The reviewing of a nonfiction work or one of imagination unleashed does not require the reader to immediately pick up the work and examine the critic's evaluations. The reader can have his/her interest aroused to read the book, to consider certain societal conclusions suggested by the critic, or to dismiss completely the likelihood of ever wanting to see the work. It could be said that the longer the book, the easier the reviewer's task, for the range of topics increases with the number of pages.

There is also the critic's prerogative and that is what I wish to exercise at this time. Despite the dangers and pitfalls inherent in reviewing poetry, the first three works considered in *Bookmarks/Wisconsin* are books of verse. How fickle the critic's taste! I hope, with adroit footwork, I'll both prove my original thesis and adequately examine the sincerity of the poems.

—Hayward Allen



THE INELUCTABLE SEA by Edna Meudt; Wake-Brook House, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, $5.95.

STEP CAREFULLY IN NIGHT GRASS by Susan L. Bartels; John F. Blair, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, $4.50.

YOU KEEP WAITING FOR GEESE by Viola Wendt; Carroll College Press, Waukesha, Wisconsin, $6.75.

I know Edna Meudt; not well, but we are aware of each other's being. The first remark that I heard used to describe her: "Edna Meudt is a twentieth century, mid-American Emily Dickinson." I happen to think E.D. is one of the most enjoyable of American poets, so that was a heavy compliment. I immediately thought of a small, delicate lady living alone composing small-stanzaic poems like solitary widows making needlepoint.

The equation of Meudt and Dickinson was a foolish one. The two are about as alike as day and night. They are both women, both poets weaving words. There the comparison ends. Now that I know her and have read much of her work, it would be fairer to compare her with Frost and Masters, for Meudt continues the tradition of telling tales of the folk of a special place: Spring Green's Wyoming Valley.

I know the valley and the lives and legends that abound. Edna Meudt was born there and is always coming back, for Dodgeville is not very far away. If there were only Frank Lloyd Wright to write about, Wyoming Valley would tell few tales, but there was life there long before him. No one knows exactly why, but it is said that the Indians avoided the valley, so only white settlers settled there, and thus only their ghosts ride the nights. Meudt continues to seek them out, not to exorcise them, but to give them a little breathing room and the reality of memory.

In *The Ineluctable Sea*, she continues to spin stories with consummate skill and artistry. Listen:

Valley sounds and silence
testing sanity,
its frozen sulks, erratic winds
and warmth
their mettle. The unsaddled
creek was melody
till vernal equinox, 1902,
flooded its banks:
Her time had come—
frightened and far from kin—
labor too long for a heart
congenitally weak,
the boy over-large for bones
misshapen to wasp-waist.
She was never fully well again.

An easy critical device is to play one poem against another, one from *Sea* and one from an earlier volume, one from younger years and other times. It is also a dangerous game, for poetry is like nuggets washed from a Rocky Mountain stream—shape and value vary with the poem regardless of time. Poetry is often, if not always, autobiographical, and *Sea* is the memories of Meudt's life, varied and multifaceted as a poet-farmer's widow-woman-child's life can be.

There are some inexplicable details in this volume. For example, there are footnotes which pop onto the page to tell the non-Wisconsonian about our history: Bad Axe and Wisconsin Heights; about literature: ascribing "Man Against the Sky" and "Luke Havergal" correctly to Edward Arlington Robinson; or identifying the Columbian Exposition. And each section of the book has a table of contents, plus an index to titles at the back. Why, I'm not sure. Very few people remember poetic titles, and volumes of verse are usually easy enough to thumb through to find a particular passage.

Whatever these petty faults may do to detract from the whole of the work, or which poems may best have been left to another book—the concluding poem, "Pattern of Wild Roses," is one of the most compelling narratives I have read. It describes the lives of: Mathew O'Neill, "soldier-for-hire, suspect bounty-jumper; Rose Murphy,/camp-follower who claimed she knew, at Fort Crawford,/Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln—both." There is also something on the psychic connection of Rose O'Neill (no relation) who wrote "The Rose of Washington Square" for her dead brother (it rings like Rose Murphy's life) and Edward MacDowell's mad life, which resulted in his composition, "To a Wild Rose." Truly a fine poetic experience!

Susan Bartels was born in Rice Lake and graduated from UW-Madison. At present, she lives in North Carolina. She writes the kinds of poems I had first expected Edna Meudt to write, "like Emily Dickinson."

She shifts her poetic gears like a trucker travelling through the Smokies with a load of nitro, carefully. Her sensuality is blatant:

There are no savage horns
to sound arrival of the enemy
no drums that beat
to warn of the encroaching
stranger
who may lift the tent flap
in the sweaty night
and ease himself inside.

But she can become displaced like a character in a book by Maurice Sendak:

His sleek neck bends
and ripples
as he turns to catch me
in his beak.
Fear commands from
hollow bones,
from cells that know
an enemy
better that the bamboo
home he's learned.

Or bathetic self-pity can emerge:

Plants wither and die when I
sit in their rooms
too long . . .

Her poems are short, but not out of economy or having nothing left to say. They are not long because she defines her dimensions in a dozen or two lines. She knows where to begin and where to end. *Step Carefully in Night Grass* is a pleasant interlude.

Poets have long been obsessed with death. It's a part of the standard equipment, schlock in trade, etc. Viola Wendt, professor

emeritus of Carroll College, has written *You Keep Waiting for Geese*, and the poems are mostly about death. But they are not morbid. In fact, some are quite humorous:

> Matthew Arnold at 65
> leaped over a low hedge
> and came down dead
> on the other side.
>
> How good a way to go:
> how quick and clean.
> A gift of God, it is said,
> for both the dead
> and his friends and kin.
>
> But you note how carefully,
> since Matthew Arnold,
> the old walk around
> low hedges.

The most significant dimension of Wendt's poetry is her documentation of the feelings of men and women whose lives are lived in the twilight years:

> Old women who think they
> have wasted their lives
> probably have.
>
> But that's their concern . . .

and:

> Elderly spinsters who are,
> so to speak,
> unimpeachably unmarried
> are packaged in seamless,
> adhesive cellophane
> intactile, invisible.
> You may see them, off
> guard
> in sly moments
> clawing at it
> as at bloody, rooted
> scabs.

and, finally:

> This is the hour of
> failure
> when the light dies
> and the leaves fall
> and the heart quails
> at the wasted year.

Viola Wendt need never say that about her poetic efforts, for she succeeds in evoking haunting images and feelings about the aging people around and within.

HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE: THE NATURAL WORLD OF JOHN BURROUGHS, edited by Jill Weber Dean; photographs and selections by Charles F. Davis; introduction by Edwin Way Teale, Tamarack Press, Madison, Wisconsin, $20.

John Burroughs (1837-1921), friend of poets and presidents, was thirty-four when he published *Wake-Robin*, but four years earlier he had written *Notes on Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. He published his last work in 1919, *Field and Study*, when he was eighty-two. He had a long life of loving Mother Nature.

Hear him describe the first sky of blue:

> Blue sky in the west all day. The first blue sky that appeared above the earth—think of it! There must have been a time when the vapors above the earth opened and let the blue sky shine through for the first time. The primal bad spell of weather was clearing up.

And about "Birds and Poets":

> Woe to any artist who disengages Beauty from the wide background of rudeness, darkness, and strength,—and disengages her from absolute nature! The mild and beneficent aspects of nature,—what gulfs and abysses of power underlie them! The great shaggy, barbaric earth,—yet the summing-up, the plenum, of all we know or can know of beauty! So the orbic poems of the world have a foundation as of the earth itself, and are beautiful because they are something else first.

The prolific Burroughs is, I think, Everyman-the-Naturalist. His sensitive responses to even the simplest of natural phenomena are not exclusive. He is not profound, nor does he pretend to be so. It is not in his own nature to be pedantic or presumptuous about the significance of his feelings and intuitions. He reacts, he ponders, he articulates.

We may have the same inspirations, certainly not in the same quantity or with the same polished, selective quality, yet we can perceive the wealth of natural beauty that surrounds us in Wisconsin. It would appear that this is what Tamarack Press (the book-publishing arm of Wisconsin Tales and Trails, Inc.) had in mind when *Harvest of a Quiet Eye* was chosen to be the first major title aimed at a national market. It is ironic that an eastern naturalist would be chosen over two of our own—Muir and Leopold—but that is a publisher's choice.

Charles Davis has brought many beautiful photographs to this volume of Burroughs' selections. In the fine tradition of *WISCONSIN trails*, each picture is a clear statement declaring the infinite, crisp beauty found in the almost untrammeled outdoors. Most photographs follow relatively applicable quotes from one of Burroughs' works. Also, there are many historic pictures of the man of the great white beard as he fishes (where better to contemplate one's natural surroundings and still not be bored by inactivity), hikes (with friend Muir), or sits beside his stern-visaged wife ("Felt her loss afresh when I went over to the kitchen door and found leaves clustered there as if waiting for something. They were waiting for her broom. For over forty years it had not failed them . . . ").

If readers of this generation have not yet discovered the multitude of wonders in the natural world, *Harvest* is a pleasant way to make an introduction. The work is one of the most readable texts I have come across in years. Tastefully designed so each paragraph has nearly an inch-deep indentation, thereby setting them off cleanly and clearly, *Harvest* has a very pleasing type face and type size. It might not seem important to the average reader, but these latter two considerations help create the warm, patient mood and tone the book carries with it.

Since Tamarack Press has now

cut its national teeth on someone not from Wisconsin, perhaps we can get down to the business of people closer to home.

NEW YORK CITY, 1664-1710: CONQUEST AND CHANGE by Thomas F. Archdeacon; Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, $9.75.

If it seems a little strange to see a history of The Big Apple in a Wisconsin publication, one should quickly note that the author, Thomas Archdeacon teaches history at UW-Madison, thereby, earning the title of Wisconsin Writer. New York comes in because of his graduate studies at Columbia and his teaching stint at West Point. teaching stint at West Point.

New York City carries with it a quality of hugeness: it spreads up and down and all around, so much so that one might doubt, from the first step on the pavement, that there ever was a beginning to the metropolis. The city is so immense, so great; it seems as if there is a giant maw somewhere that gobbles up old buildings and spits out new ones overnight. There appears to be no past. But we know that feeling of doubt to be misleading. Our earliest colonial histories reflect the Knickerbocker days and, of course, Peter Stuyvesant (1592-1672), plus the legend of buying Manhattan on sale for $13.95, or some such figure. Now that it is Bicentennial Time, we won't see much about pre-Revolutionary America for another couple of years.

That is unfortunate, for such books as Archdeacon's *New York City, 1664-1710* and Alan Nolan's new edition of *The Iron Brigade (The Iron Brigade; A Military History* by Alan T. Nolan; Macmillan Co., New York, $12.) are likely to go unnoticed for a while. *New York City* is a short, fascinating study of a half-century of the greatest American metropolis. It was a particularly interesting time, for now the polyglot nature begins to establish itself with all its accompanying and timeless problems.

Although maps and charts indicate growth and change, it is too bad that some old prints were not included, at least for those of us who need pictures to help tell the story.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION WITHIN AMERICA by Merrill Jensen; New York University Press, New York, $9.50.

Author Merrill Jensen is the Vilas Research Professor of History at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He has written four books about the Revolutionary era, including this very valuable one. As mentioned above, there is a literal and literary flood of books about the Revolution, and as a result obscurity will be a regrettable fate for many books written and published at this time.

Jensen's *American Revolution Within America* certainly does not deserve a dusty dismissal to Bicentennial bibliographies. The work has its foundation in the prestigious Anson G. Phelps Lectures at New York University. Jensen had the hardly enviable task of bringing new light to an old subject, and it is much to his credit that his book does justice to it.

His interpretations of the beginnings, consequences, resistance to, and his portrayal of "The Revolution of 1787" are noteworthy, especially the latter. One does not think of the eventual constitution of our national government as being the result of two revolutions, yet Jensen documents the displeasure of many who had fought against the British tyranny, having another "war" to win. There were new Americans who "were convinced from their reading of history that in the future the United States would become like all other nations: a society in which a small minority would own most of the property and the great majority would own no property whatever. When that time came, it was inevitable, they believed, that the propertyless would attack the propertied in the hope of relieving their condition." This is the most important chapter of the book and, indeed, perhaps one of the most significant of our national history. Jensen has captured the feelings and the reasoning, and, if for no other reason, they justify the reading of the work.

The American Revolution Within America is a provocative history of our country, pointing out many of the roots of our ongoing concern and discontent, as well as the living nature of our society's struggle to keep the State growing toward perfection.

EASY GOING: A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO SAUK AND COLUMBIA COUNTIES by Charles F. Church; Tamarack Press, Madison, Wisconsin, (illust.) $5.

EASY GOING: A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO GRANT, IOWA, AND LAFAYETTE COUNTIES by Jim and Shirley Stewart; Tamarack Press, Madison, Wisconsin, (illust.) $5.

Many years ago, while travelling the highways of America, there was a library we always had in the car's boot: Duncan Hines' guides to sections of the United States. Years later, *Europe on $5 a Day*, by Baedeker and Michelin, would serve the same purposes abroad.

Now, thanks to Tamarack Press, we are afforded similar, comprehensive, consumer-traveller guides to at least five counties' worth of our own state. *Easy Going* is a projected series of books dealing with various areas of Wisconsin. In an era of costly travel expenses, it is good that we should have at hand books such as these.

"The world at our fingertips" can also be applied to our driving ranges, for if we wish to seek experiences that free us from our own habitual environments and

routines, we need not seek such experiences at the other side of the horizon. They are right here, accessible for weekends, short vacations, and even single-day excursions.

The *Easy Going* writers display not only an ability to conjure up various adventures, but they also tell us where we may stay, eat, pray, buy souvenirs and antiques, and sightsee. They tell the geographic, geologic, and human histories of their areas, and personal anecdotes and recommendations are abundant. They make the going get better.

—Reviews by Hayward Allen

WOMEN IN LITERATURE: CRITICISM OF THE SEVENTIES by Carol Fairbanks Myers; Scarecrow Press, Metuchen, New Jersey, 1976. $10.

The interest in women's studies has been increasing over the past decade or so, and Ms. Myers' timely bibliography will prove quite useful in furthering that interest. Because the outpouring has been so voluminous, a complete compilation would be difficult if not impossible; most certainly it would be long in coming. A selected bibliography such as this, however, comes at a time of greatest need.

While not comprehensive, this listing is impressive in its coverage, not only in the quantity and quality of the entries but also the variety of sources. The author has drawn from popular and scholarly journals, anthologies and collections of essays and even includes some doctoral dissertations. The arrangement is alphabetical by writer and runs the gamut from Chinua Achebe to Emile Zola. The citations consist of literary criticism examining female characters in a variety of contexts, feminist literary criticism, biographical and cultural studies of and interviews with women writers, as well as selected reviews of their writings. A "General Bibliography" contains those more comprehensive works which could not be categorized easily under specific writers.

In this book, one will find references to discussions of the women characters in the works of William Shakespeare, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Thomas Hardy, the Brontes and Virginia Woolf; reviews of such books as *Fear of Flying, Play It as It Lays, Crossing the Water,* and *War Between the Tates*; interviews with Anais Nin, Mary N. Murfree, Janet Lewis and Doris Lessing; and much more.

There are, however, a few minor inconsistencies and distractions in the volume. For example, an article entitled "Kipling on Women: A New Source for Shaw" is listed in the "General Bibliography," when it would seem it should be entered under both writers. "Hawthorne's Scribbling Women" also is found in the "General Bibliography" and not in the rather long list of the works about his characters. There are at least two articles in the "General Bibliography" focusing on Plato's views on women. It seems inconsistent that Homer and Euripides are listed in the "Writers" section and that Plato is not. Also, in the main body of the work are headings for H. D. and George Sand, but nowhere are their real names recorded with a cross-reference to the more commonly known pseudonyms, which would seem helpful.

While such inconsistencies and questionable categorizing do not destroy the value of the volume, they do indicate a somewhat hurried job of editing and may well confuse the user. Taken as a whole, the book has much to recommend it and will be of quick reference value to those seeking materials published between January 1970 and the spring of 1975. The concept is such a good one that it can only be hoped that supplementary volumes will follow.

Carol Fairbanks Myers, an English instructor at UW-Eau Claire, is also co-compiler of *Black American Writers Past and Present: A Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary,* published by Scarecrow Press in 1975. She is currently working on a casebook of short stories and criticism for use in women-in-literature courses.

—Eugene A. Engeldinger

WALK WHEN THE MOON IS FULL by Frances Hamerstrom; illustrated by Robert Katona; The Crossing Press, Trumansburg, New York, $5.95.

One night young Alan Hamerstrom asked plaintively, "Do we have to go to bed early every, single night until we are old?" His mother answered "No," and promised him and his sister that instead of going to bed early, they would go exploring the nighttime world every month when the moon was full for a whole year. *Walk When the Moon is Full* is a "read aloud" book for young children filled with the small marvels of nature discovered on those walks.

Rabbits eating the tops of trees, flowers that go to sleep at night, maple sap icicles, frost sparkles and fireflies seemed to fascinate one little boy who listened to a reading of this book as much as the two children who actually shared the adventures.

Words like "peenting" (the call of the woodcock) and pictures of pot-bellied wood stoves may be unfamiliar to most children. But, through her stories, the author clearly appreciates the simple delight with which very young children discover their world. And when the reading is ended, the tales gently echo in the mind's ear like a ritual or a poem.

Fran Hamerstrom is a Wisconsin ornithologist internationally known for her work with hawks and eagles. She is also the author of *An Eagle to the Sky* (Iowa Unitersity Press) and *Birds of Prey in Wiconsin* (Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources).

—Lynn Entine

UPPER COULEE COUNTRY by Cotton Mather, John Fraser Hart, Hildegard Binder Johnson, and Ron Matros; Trimbelle Press, Prescott, Wisconsin, 1975. $5.70.

Upper Coulee Country was no sooner published than it became, for some, a collector's item. Various reasons why are given below, not the least of which is the subtle humor and esoterica sprinkled in its otherwise serious, straightforward prose. Some interesting sidelights, not readily apparent, will be pointed out.

Three eminent geographers have written the textual material: Mather and Hart of the University of Minnesota, and Johnson of Macalester College. The subject area is that part of Wisconsin bordering the Mississippi River roughly between the St. Croix and Trempealeau rivers and extending inland to approximately Menomonie and Black River Falls. This is the second "regionette" of a planned series about different parts of the state published by the Pierce County Geographical Society, Inc., headquartered at Prescott, Wisconsin. The first was *St. Croix Border Country*, 1968, by H. Swain and C. Mather.

The Society prides itself on being the oldest of its kind in America. Indeed, it is, and its first meetings were even held in a log cabin. But it was organized only in the late 1960s! Actually, county geographical societies are few in number, but revelation of this bit of jest on the part of the charter members should not subtract from the Society's prestige. This elite, closed group with membership by invitation only, has among its twenty members professors from several universities and colleges, a member of the Library of Congress, an urban analyst in the Canadian government, the editor of the *Annals* of the Association of American Geographers, a Surveyor General of India, an expeditionary leader to the high Himalayas, the navigator of the first successful snowmobile expedition to the North Pole, and other distinguished persons. During the Society's short existence it has inspired the formation of other county geographical societies outside this state, and their joint meetings are referred to as "international congresses."

This 101-page, clothbound, information-packed book, in keeping with the Society's professional character, reflects much scholarly research and intensive field work; yet it has a casual style and shows literary skill and artistry. A limited number of copies were printed by the obscure, small Trimbelle Press (named for Trimbelle, Wisconsin, near Prescott), which the Society, with tongue in cheek, calls its "chief subsidiary."

Nearly the first half of the book is written by Cotton Mather, one of the Society's founders. When not teaching in Minneapolis or world-traveling, he resides in rural Pierce County, Wisconsin. Yes, he is a descendant and namesake of Boston's famous theologian.

In the opening chapter, "Regional Regard," Mather puts Upper Coulee Country in perspective by describing the physical setting and explaining precisely what a Wisconsin-type coulee is. The many who have long wondered will be glad to have a good definition. He goes on to tell of the historic development of the Mississippi waterway, to analyze current environmental stresses, and to look at villages, towns and cities from economic, demographic and social points of view. Included is information on ethnic and ecclesiastical patterns and on local activities.

Here, geographic learning is couched in comfortable, entertaining sentences and illustrated with maps and many pertinent photographs. Mather is an experienced field observer and seems to know every nook and interesting spot in this region. His chapter would be an excellent guide for one driving through the area.

John Fraser Hart, in his chapter "People and Farms," looks at Upper Coulee Country quantitatively. Someone has said his observations are those of "a person absolutely fascinated by the U.S. Census." He converts his findings into easily understood summaries, using many graphs, diagrams and maps. He analyzes urban places, towns and villages and the growth of central places, and tells of rural population changes, outmigration, and the future of rural communities.

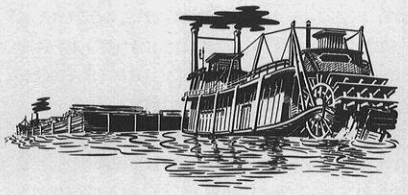
Hildegard Binder Johnson, who specializes in historical and political geography, contributed the chapter "Settlement." She has done much writing about the rural midwest, and is exceptionally well informed about land use and early settlements. She writes interestingly here of the movements and rivalries of Indians in this area, of the fur-trading and logging periods, and of early settlers and immigrants. She mentions local sites of historic significance and weaves in numerous anecdotes and noteworthy particulars.

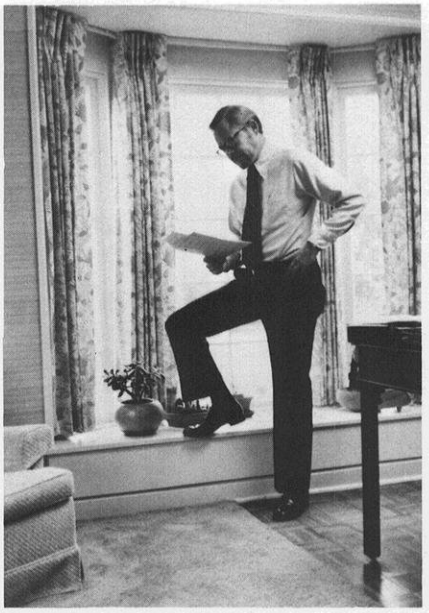
Adding to the book's dimensions are drawings that portray scenes of Upper Coulee Country. They are by versatile Ron Matros, an urban planning consultant in this locality.

A prologue by Algodon Guadañero provides enlightening details about the authors and the "antient societie" (as he calls it) that gives us this book. He laces his writing with wit, some of which could easily be missed. An example: "Professor Mather acknowledges especially the many students who have led him [sic] on field seminars through the Upper Coulee Country."

"Algodon Guadañero" translated is "Cotton Mather."

—Gwen Schultz





Inside the Academy

By James R. Batt
Executive Director

Not so long ago, someone referred to me as an "incurable romanticist." Is that an insult or a compliment? For me, as an administrator, it may be the former; as a human being, it may be a little of both.

The comment was made by a person who once introduced me as "a rare bird, an administrator with a heart." But before this goes too far, let it be admitted that there are those who, right or wrong, see me as completely lacking of that essential organ. These are often the ones who also question the presence of necessary parts in a more elevated region.

Be that as it may, it does raise an interesting question: how much "heart" can or should an administrator or an administration possess?

The question seems particularly pertinent during times of financial pinch—like right now. As a nation, we may be on the road to economic recovery, but that news is of little comfort to those without a job or about to be laid off. And it is of little comfort to those who must make the decision as to what items, including people, will be cut from a budget.

The United States seems given far more to admiration of the hard-headed businessman than to the so-called "bleeding heart." Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz used the latter phrase in a derogatory fashion only this past spring when he criticized those who objected to changes in the nation's food-stamps program. I won't argue the point as to whether he was right or wrong in his defense of the proposed changes, but I do question his use of the term as a kind of dirty phrase.

I suppose that a bleeding heart and an incurable romanticist are kissing cousins in terms of semantics, a romanticist being one who is given to the ideal but impractical. When, I wonder, was caring ever very practical?

I have nothing against hard decision-making. That is a fact of life, and it is one from which I have never shied, not that it has been welcomed always with open arms. But, given the choice, I prefer to deal with people who anguish over the hard decisions (the kind that may negatively affect others) but who go ahead and make those decisions, than I would those who seem not to care or, worst of all, seem to find perverted delight in such actions.

Unlike many, I have little concern that our country is losing its spirit of aggressiveness and competition. After all, what are two of our more popular books? Answer: *Winning Through Intimidation* and *Power! How To Get It, How To Use It.* That may be reality, my friends, but it's frightening as hell.

Those who don't have power, and those who haven't been winning, have learned the lesson well. From a pragmatic point of view, who is to say they are wrong. And thus do we have Black Power and Polish Power and Indian Power and Establishment Power and the Power of the Press and even, now and then, the Power of the People. Thus, too, do we have assertiveness training and the raising of the feminine consciousness.

The challenge, it seems to me, is to somehow retain a quality of humanness and humaneness in the midst of all this. It is a challenge not always met, or even engaged. Sad to say, it is a challenge not always taken up in those institutions in which you might most hope and expect to find it: our institutions of learning and of worship.

Is it just me, or does the world, at least our little corner of it, seem more to be at each other's throats than ever before, with open and sometimes downright vicious splits within churches, universities, and governmental bodies. Do you ever get the feeling that everyone has a union except you? Well, welcome to the club.

I guess what I really want to say to you, as members of the Wisconsin Academy, is that this is one organization which is doing its best to retain a personal and human quality in its administration and services. Sometimes we succeed and sometimes we fail, but we keep that as one of our primary guiding principles—right along with remaining financially solvent and operationally relevant to our mission.

Given the nature of the Academy and the work that has been set out for it to accomplish, that seems pragmatic enough—in a romantic kind of way.

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