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LEWIS HINE RECALLED
COLONIAL POETRY • GENETICS

Wisconsin Academy Review

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Karlyn Holman

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Little Fannie, seven years old, works in a mill (detail). Photo by Lewis W. Hine, 1910. Collection of the Milwaukee Art Museum. Gift of Robert Mann.

Cover Art:
Winter Negative by Karlyn Holman
22 x 30 inches, watercolor, 1990

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Editor's Notes

When I was contemplating the somewhat unnerving prospect of becoming editor of this publication, my initial concern was, Will I be able to find articles? What topics? One of my first thoughts was Lewis Hine. We could do something on Lewis Hine. And in this issue it is happening. Jim Auer has written a moving, perceptive mini-portrait of the man and his work.

I came to know about Hine in 1978 when I, in a modest way, helped to coordinate a reception for the opening of a major retrospective of Hine's work at the Milwaukee Art Museum (then Center). I had ample opportunity to study the photographs—the faces of those passing through Ellis Island, some looking anxious, some hopeful, others resigned; the unsettling daring of the builders of the Empire State Building, perched at the ends of beams or dangling from cables at dizzying heights (and photographer Hine up there with them, balancing himself and his clumsy 1930s equipment); other workers in sweatshops and factories; and the children who labored in mines, mills, fields.

These photographs are haunting and sometimes even painful to look at. But we can usually find a glint of hope, a sign of strength, a note of pride. If Steichen celebrated the family of man, Hine championed the dignity of the worker. We see it in the cement-crusted hand of a laborer gently touching his cat; in the glorious, thick braid on the head of the woman in the cigar factory; in the way a waif self-assuredly cocks one bare foot against the other. We get the feeling she will do just fine, thank you.

How many times I have wandered through a book store or library and spotted a Hine photo on a jacket cover or glanced through a textbook and met the intense gaze of a Hine subject! Jim Auer's primary focus in this article is on Hine's important work with the National Child Labor Committee—just one of the reasons why we in Wisconsin should know and appreciate the legacy of Oshkosh native Lewis Hine and keep his memory alive.

Last year, with the help of private donors, Memorial Library at the University of Wisconsin-Madison accomplished a stunning coup in the world of rare books: the acquisition of an original edition of the first book published by an author in the American colonies, *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung up in America* by Anne Bradstreet. Published in London in 1650, only a few copies are extant in the world. Bradstreet left England for America in 1630 with her husband, Simon, who later became governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and her story is a fascinating one, as is the tale of the book itself and how it found its way over the centuries to end up here in Wisconsin.

The focus of the Wisconsin Academy in 1992 will be "Education in the 1990s: Nurturing Change." Throughout the year, in various publications and programs of the Academy, this theme will be addressed. In this issue we present two articles on genetics which suggest changes in the way we approach the problem of teen-age pregnancy and drug and alcohol abuse and the way in which we perceive individuals afflicted with a condition known as Fragile X syndrome. In the future we will explore changes in many areas of our culture and ways in which we can nurture these changes.

Fifty years ago a morning nightmare occurred at Pearl Harbor which, according to my source, resulted in the United States sending more than sixteen million persons into battle, of which more than one million became grim statistics: nearly half of that number died, the rest were wounded, and many suffered lifetime disabilities, both physical and mental. It turned out not to be the war that ended wars. Professor Edward Linenthal has provided us with an essay which explores our attitudes about war and suggests there are some changes which could be nurtured in the way we perceive war in the future.

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At the end of September the Wisconsin Academy helped facilitate a symposium at Wingspread in Racine sponsored by the Robert E. Gard Wisconsin Idea Foundation, in cooperation with other sympathetic organizations, entitled "American Indian Voices: A Regional Literary Symposium." The event was international in that it involved Indians representing tribes from the Abenaki in New York to the Oglala Sioux in South Dakota. Participants included established writers, emerging writers, editors, publishers, and others connected with the community of the spoken and written word. It was an intensely serious three days of exchanges of information and discussions. One message which came through loud and clear to my listening ears was that the Indians are ready and able to tell their own stories, and that these stories are not confined to the oral tradition, but rather are being published widely in both small and major presses. It was a deeply moving experience for all of us involved, but it is not my story to tell. It is theirs. You will be hearing and reading more about it as the work of these writers and poets explodes on the publishing scene. As one eloquent voice put it, "Today, our writers are our wampum-keepers." ❧

Faith B. Miracle

Education in the 90s: Nurturing Change

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Lewis Wickes Hine: A Reformer Rediscovered

by James M. Auer

Triumphant revolutions have a way of devouring their creators. We've seen it in recent decades in politics, science, marketing, aesthetics. The revolutionary who is remembered and revered is the exception rather than the rule, especially when the steamroller of public opinion, fueled by the intellectual free market and impelled by rapidly evolving technology, replaces one seemingly progressive way of thinking with another, virtually overnight.

A particularly poignant example of modern industrial society's tendency to destroy its pathfinders and relegate their names to oblivion is Lewis Wickes Hine, the idealistic, work-obsessed photographer whose reputation foundered, ironically, on the rock of his early success as a socially-oriented documentarian.

Hine (1874-1940) dedicated more than a decade of his life to ending the outrage of child labor. He then went on to celebrate the nobility of work in many of its forms. His story, sad but illuminating, is among the earliest examples of the boom-and-bust theory as applied to personal celebrity. Heightening its irony is the fact that the evidences of Hine's genius—photographs that have become part of our shared legacy as Americans—are everywhere about us, instantly recognizable but, more often than not, uncredited.

Personally self-effacing but with an artist's temperament and a reformer's zeal, Hine charged out of Oshkosh onto the national stage just after the turn of the century. His self-imposed mission: to expose the corruption and hypocrisy that made possible the employment of boys and girls as young as four in shrimp factories, cotton mills, knitting factories, coal mines, and cranberry bogs.

In the end, alas, his devotion to the essential dignity of labor was mistaken for a momentary opposition to the exploitation of tots, his inherent humanism—life-long and deep-seated—for an addiction to the vogues and fads which, then as now, dominated many aspects of activist politics. He died as poor and powerless as many of his subjects, ignored by the mighty and unfunded by charitable foundations whose purposes he had long espoused.

Only now, with his letters and negatives in sympathetic hands and a new generation of collectors, curators, and cultural historians on the scene, is Lewis W. Hine being appreciated as a rare combination of artist, innovator, publicist, sociologist, and caring, observant human being.

Indeed, over the last few decades he has come to exemplify Wisconsin's proud tradition of concern for youth, the aged, the underprivileged. His pictures of hollow-eyed weavers and dust-ridden miners, diminutive shrimp shellers and grossly underpaid tenement dwellers move us still, even though these days we tend to look upon them more as artifacts with artistic merit than as strident calls to social reform.

Courtesy Milwaukee Art Museum. Gift of Robert Mann.

Eight-year-old Daisy could place caps on cans at the rate of forty per minute. Delaware, 1910.

Hine's own childhood in the Fox River Valley, in a town originally called Athens, was a proper launching pad for a career which was to blend militancy with humanism, artistry with agitprop. His father, modestly successful, operated an eatery and coffee shop. His mother and an older sister were teachers. He gained an insight into the benefits of rapid industrialization by being in Oshkosh during the infamous Paine Lumber Company strike of 1898, when Clarence Darrow was brought in to defend the leaders of the union against charges of criminal syndicalism. (One of the strikers' complaints: that Paine was replacing adult males with women and children.)

Both photos courtesy Milwaukee Art Museum. Gift of Dr. and Mrs. Sheldon M. Barnett.

Gift of Walter and Naomi Rosenblum.

ABOVE: Mamie was a typical spinner in a Carolina cotton mill. 1908.
LEFT: Tobacco picker in Connecticut, age ten. 1917.

What is known with some certainty is that Hine entered the work force in 1892, at age eighteen. He said later that he worked six days, seventy-eight hours a week in an upholstery factory for a wage of $4. Having learned, firsthand, the high cost of being unskilled, he set about getting an education. He took correspondence and extension courses in drawing, sculpture, and stenography. At the old Oshkosh Normal School, a predecessor institution to the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh, he met Frank Manny, then a teacher of education and psychology.

Manny convinced the shy, determined lad to enter the University of Chicago. Here, the would-be teacher must have been aware of the educational philosopher John Dewey and the social theorist Thorsten Veblen. When, in 1901, Manny moved on to New York, where he had been named superintendent of a private school, Hine tagged along. He studied at Columbia University and taught botany and nature studies under Manny's direction at the Ethical Culture Society, which his friend headed.

In 1903 Manny put a camera into Hine's hands with the thought that it could be used as an instructional tool. It was an inspired move. Soon Hine, the sociologist/naturalist, was using this cumbersome, box-type photographic instrument to take pictures of the immigrants arriving at Ellis Island. Doubtless he had sensed that the camera could be used to capture contemporary reality, as George Luks and William Glackens were doing in painting and Theodore Dreiser and Jack London in fiction. By 1906 he was talking about giving up teaching in favor of a career in photography.

In 1908, having resigned his teaching post at the Ethical Culture Society, he became a full-time investigator/cameraman for the National Child Labor Committee. The committee's cause, eliminating child exploitation from the American industrial scene, was one he ardently believed in. It was a match made in propaganda heaven. He had already begun publishing his photographs in the magazine *Charities and Commons*. Before long he was also contributing to *McClure's* and training his lens on West Side children at the behest of the Russell Sage Foundation. It was a heady time: the potential for reform was in the air. Hine must have realized, as well, that he was pioneering in the use of an evolving medium. It is tempting to compare him with the reporter Joseph Riis, who had used photography somewhat earlier to expose deplorable conditions in the slums of New York. But for Riis the camera was merely an adjunct to the typewriter. For Hine the camera was primary, the text secondary. He was creating, whether he knew it or not, the concept of the picture story. His notes, dutifully supplied along with prints from his big-format camera, were little more than supportive material.

Courtesy Milwaukee Art Museum. Gift of Robert Mann.

Rose, age six, and Flora, age seven, picking cranberries in a New Jersey bog, though school had been in session for four weeks. 1910.

"If I could tell the story in words," he is reported as saying, "I wouldn't have to lug the camera."

And he was industrious. In 1913, we are told, he traveled 2,000 miles in the United States alone. Using effrontery, guile, patience, and, sometimes, flat-out lies, he managed to penetrate mills and factories, tenements and sweatshops. Almost invariably he won the trust of the children, whom he photographed either at work or, at the close of the day, as they left their jobs.

Armed first with a primitive, box-type camera, then with a 4x5-inch Graflex with glass plates (he did not use safety film until his Empire State Building project of the early '30s), he had to make good use of each exposure. His sole source of artificial light was a bright, frighteningly smoky magnesium flash. Little wonder, then, that most of his compositions were group shots, with the figures in the middle distance, rather than closeups.

Not all of his photographs were masterpieces—he produced 5,000 for the child-labor committee between 1908 and 1921—but all were the result of sincerity, craft and, dedication. Often personal daring entered into the equation, as when he had to measure a child's height by using the buttons of his vest or make notes surreptitiously with his pad concealed in a trouser pocket.

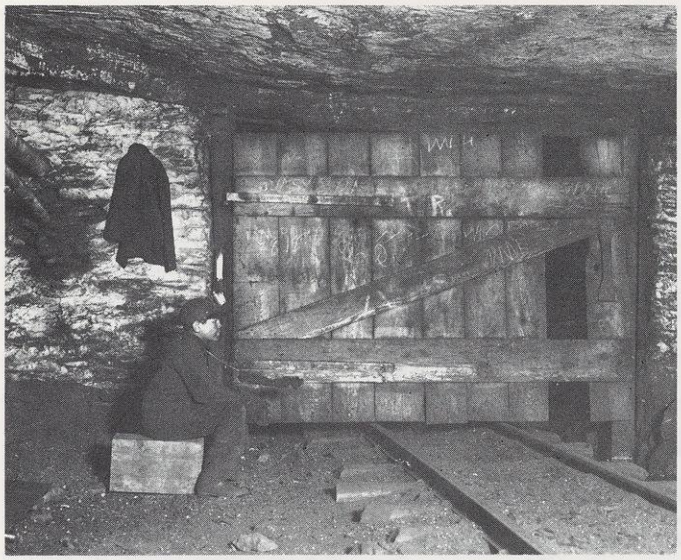
Hine's investigations took him into canneries in Maryland, mills in the Carolinas, cranberry bogs in Wisconsin, tenements on New York's Lower East Side where immigrant families were doing piecework. Sometimes, in his notes, he expressed anger, as when he remarked that captains of industry were doing their best to find new "tasks for tots to try." At other times he expressed compassion, writing of a lad of the Manhattan streets: "He knows saloon life, he gambles, he wastes his money . . . The messenger boy carries notes between a prostitute in jail and a man in the red light district . . ."

It was a time of intense ferment in the world of fine-arts photography, but Hine took little notice of the philosophical issues being debated. He avoided arguments over gum prints and resisted showing his pictures to Alfred Stieglitz or other dealers. Publication and the possibility of social progress seemed to satisfy him. Part militant, part journalist, part private eye, part social historian, he found in his career challenge, risk, human contact, and growing celebrity. He was more than simply a muckraker: He was an artist.

"If I could tell the story in words," he is reported as saying, "I wouldn't have to lug the camera."

With the arrival of World War I he became a Red Cross photographer in Europe. After hostilities had ended he stayed on in the Balkans, documenting the terrible damage done by battles and the condition of the people who had survived them. Back in the United States, he pursued his interest in honest toil by depicting, in stylized form, the emergence of the machine as a dominant fact of twentieth-century life. Now his patrons were more often corporations and advertising agencies than social agencies.

Still in demand, he won a medal for advertising art in 1925 and continued to benefit from a brisk traffic in his earlier prints, but his constituency was fragmenting. Glamor—in the person of another brilliantly talented former Wisconsinite, Edward Steichen—was displacing social conscience in the magazines, and by the end of the decade light, hand-held cameras like the Con-



Both photos courtesy Milwaukee Art Museum. Gift of Robert Mann.

ABOVE: Willie, age thirteen, waiting alone in the dark mine for "a trip to come through." Pennsylvania, 1911. LEFT: Manuel the Mississippi shrimp-picker, age five. He also worked the previous year. 1911.

tax, Leica, and Rolleiflex had made his ponderous Graflex a ludicrous, if sturdy, anachronism.

Somehow Hine survived. He lugged his faithful companion, loaded now with sheetfilm, to the very top of the Empire State Building as he chronicled its completion in 1931. Joyously risking his life for that elusive, perfect negative, he even allowed himself to be hung from a hook on a crane for a final, all-encompassing view of the framework. Its title: "Riveting the Last Beam." If he had been a man for symbolism (and most likely he was), he would have seen the obvious metaphor for a creative figure who had reached the top and was now irresistibly, irredeemably on the way down.

The final decade of Lewis Hine's life was one of bumps, bruises, and ever-accelerating decline. He returned briefly to the milieu which had made him famous when he chronicled the peaceful life of a small Tennessee town, soon to be engulfed by water from the Norris Dam. The result was beautiful, wholly admirable, but, when compared to the dynamic photojournalism of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Alfred Eisenstaedt, and Margaret Bourke-White, somewhat old hat. His fame was faltering, his reputation fading. He had lost his pertinency along with his youth and energy.

A worse blow lay ahead. In 1938 he approached the Carnegie Corporation for a grant to prepare a permanent folio of his photographs. He was refused. Exhausted and embittered, he turned to the Russell Sage Foundation, which commissioned two folios of his life's work. *Life* magazine used a few of his photographs, causing him to perk up a bit. An exhibition was arranged for the New York State Museum. Then, unexpectedly, he died. His body was committed to flames the following day, November 4, 1940.

Nor was the saga of Lewis Wickes Hine over, even yet.

Ewing Galloway put his images on the inactive list. The Museum of Modern Art refused his archive. Fortunately, Walter Rosenblum, who had been a friend of Hine during his lonely, difficult last years, managed to have many of his prints and notebooks acquired by the Photo League, of which he was an officer. Most of these materials ended up in the collection of George Eastman House, Rochester, New York, thanks to the interest of author/curator Beaumont Newhall.

Today, half a century after Lewis Hine's death, he is once again very much with us—as, lamentably, is the evil he fought against, child labor. True, wage-and-labor laws have been passed and schooling made mandatory. But the fields of Wisconsin and other agricultural states still echo with the shouts of youthful migrant laborers during the summer months, and our stores and mail-order catalogs are filled with overseas merchandise fashioned by young hands.

As for Hine, his imagery long ago passed into the mainstream of American culture, appearing in labor-union pamphlets, big-business advertisements, encyclopedias, photographic histories, nostalgic magazine articles, public-television documentaries. His directness, honesty, bravery, and design flair are taken for granted, as, doubtless, he would want them to be. ❧

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American Poetry Begins: The Confident Modesty of *The Tenth Muse*

by Sargent Bush, Jr.

All unawares, Anne Bradstreet (1612?-1672) was trumpeted onto the stage of literary history in 1650 in a most presumptuous way, identified on the title page of her first published volume of poems as The Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America. *The title was not her idea. Her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, who published her poems in London without her knowledge or permission, wrote an introductory poem, "To my deare Sister, the Author of these Poems," in which he confirmed his responsibility for the volume's title: "And if the Nine vouchsafe the Tenth a Place,/ I think they rightly may yeeld you that grace." In getting the book published he probably had the help of that redoubtable*

Puritan wit, Nathaniel Ward, author of the free-wheeling, wittily hyperbolic work of social and political criticism, *The Simple Cobler of Aggawam,* which was published just three years before *The Tenth Muse* and by the same printer, Stephen Bowtell. Ward, friend and former minister to the Bradstreet family in Massachusetts Bay, probably urged Bowtell to publish the work, for which Ward and several others joined Woodbridge in writing prefatory poems.

What poet, appearing in print for the first time, could wish to appear so presumptuously as to claim identity as a tenth muse, adding herself to the nine sister muses who had reigned in mythology over the arts since ancient Greek times? Certainly not Anne Bradstreet, who in the opening two poems of this volume chooses authorial modesty as a dominant trait of her self-characterization, resorting frequently to disclaimers of her poetic ability. She cites her "lowly pen," her "ragged lines," her "obscure verse," lines "by my humble hand thus rudely pen'd," her "meane and unrefined stuffe," even explicitly disclaiming any right to comparison of "My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse" with the nine sisters of Greek tradition.

Woodbridge accepted responsibility for his action, both in a two-page prose epistle to the "Kind Reader" and in his poem, "To my deare Sister." In the first, he wrote, "I feare the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these Poems but the Authors, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to publick view what she resolved should never in such a manner see the Sun." To this he added his qualified apology to the poet, saying, "If you shall think, it will be to your shame/ To be in print, then I must beare the blame":

I know your modest minde,
How you will blush, complaine, 'tis too unkinde,
To force a womans birth, provoke her paine,
Expose her Labours to the world's disdaine....

But he insists that her work "is such as justly is admir'd." So strongly does he believe this critical evaluation of her poetry that he concludes his poetic address to Bradstreet with a prophetic assertion that the work will find many admirers:

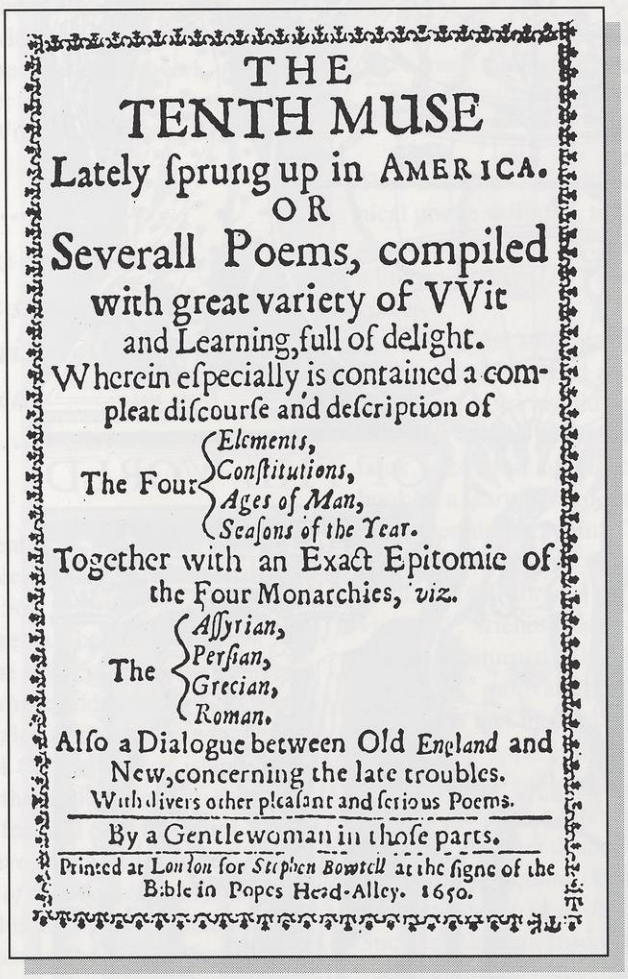
I dare out-face the worlds disdaine . . .
If you alone professe you are not wroth;
Yet if you are, a womans wrath is little,
When thousands else admire you in each tittle.

One suspects Woodbridge knew his sister-in-law well in this regard, that he believed she was at some level ready for this broader exposure. The modesty that she affects in her first two poems in the volume echoes conventional disclaimers about a poet's own ability. This is not to say she would have approved the book's title. But that she had a wholly bad opinion of her poetry is equally doubtful. She had been reading poetry since childhood, so she had a good grasp of the models of English verse which her day offered the aspiring poet. She was particularly aware of the examples of her family's kinsman, Sir Philip Sidney, and, more recently, the French Calvinist poet

Guillaume DuBartas and his English translator, Joshua Sylvester. Like any other unpublished poet, she would probably have had some trepidation about publishing verse that she believed was not up to the standard of her models. But by 1650 she was much more than an apprentice poet. In crafting the more than 6,600 lines of poetry published in her first volume, along with what must have been many other poems that did not survive, she had acquired a considerable experience of her craft. After at least two decades of persistent experience as a writer, probably beginning before her emigration to New England at the age of eighteen, she knew well enough that she had a poetic gift.

Virtually all of the eight poems by other hands in the prefatory pages of *The Tenth Muse* mention the fact that she was female. It was not unheard of for women of comfortable social standing to appear in print in early seventeenth-century England. But it was by no means common, especially in poetry. Bradstreet's biographer, Elizabeth Wade White, discusses a number of women writers before and during the seventeenth century. Anne Bradstreet did "in New England what Aphra Behn, later in the century, did in old England": forced men who knew her or her writings to acknowledge her abilities (White, pp. 273-92). So Bradstreet knew perfectly well that:

> I am obnoxious to each
> carping tongue,
> Who says, my hand a needle better fits,
> A Poets Pen, all scorne, I should thus wrong;
> For such despight they cast on female wits:
> If what I doe prove well, it wo'nt advance,
> They'l say its stolne, or else, it was by chance.
> ("Prologue")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TENTH MUSE
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Wherein eſpecially is contained a compleat diſcourſe and deſcription of
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Together with an Exact Epitomie of the Four Monarchies, viz.
The { Aſſyrian, Perſian, Grecian, Roman.
Alſo a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles.
With divers other pleaſant and ſerious Poems.
By a Gentlewoman in thoſe parts.
Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell at the ſigne of the Bible in Popes Head-Alley. 1650.

She admits that in her society "Men have precedency" and "It is but vaine, unjustly to wage war" with them, but she insists that, nevertheless, men should "grant some small acknowledgement" of women's ability in this vein.

This direct statement, couched in the context of conciliation to men's "Preheminence," indicates that, however much she may resort to conventional disclaimers of her own poetic excellence, or for that matter conventional admissions of male superiority, she does possess the confident sense that she can stand on her own merits without embarrassment. She was willing, in other words, to make of herself a case in point on behalf of all women. Her wry sarcasm in regard to "each carping tongue" who would bind women to a circumscribed existence of non-intellectual life is forcefully understated here. But it clearly indicates that the persona that Anne Bradstreet projected in her earliest known verse is characterized by more than modest self-deprecation.

In fact, *The Tenth Muse* is the work of a widely read Puritan woman of real learning. We know that while her father, Thomas Dudley, served as the steward of the Earl of Lincoln, a great supporter of the Puritans, she was encouraged by both of these men to make use of the Earl's considerable library. Her father later took his own library with him to New England, and she doubtless continued to benefit from those books even after her marriage to Simon Bradstreet, who in any case shared the Dudleys' commitment to reading. As a girl in seventeenth-century England, Anne never had the option of a college education, but this did not prevent her from becoming not only literate but highly conversant with the learning of her day. Her knowledge is a prominent feature of *The Tenth Muse* and a powerful, if indirect, way in which she asserts her right to a place with the poets of her time. Despite her conventional disclaimers of excellence as a poet, the intellectual content of the poems in *The Tenth Muse* shows that she had her own ways of answering her critics.

Her early work was sometimes written to or for her father. The opening poem in the volume is a dedicatory poem entitled, "To her most Honoured Father *Thomas Dudley* Esq; *these humbly presented.*" She makes reference to a poem Dudley had

OPPOSITE: Anne Bradstreet, detail from a window in St. Botolph's Church, Lincolnshire, England. The birds which Bradstreet is holding represent her children. "I had eight birds hatcht in one nest . . ." (Frontispiece from Anne Bradstreet "The Tenth Muse" *by Elizabeth Wade White. New York: Oxford University Press, 1971.)*
ABOVE: Title page from Anne Bradstreet's The Tenth Muse, *first edition. London, 1650.*

written, but which has not survived, on "the four parts of the world" in which each "part" spoke as a female character, presumably creating a kind of dialogue among them. Dudley's daughter imitated this formal conception in four poems that she called "quaternions" on the four elements, the four humours, the four ages of man, and the four seasons. Together with a much longer effort in the same vein, "The Foure Monarchies" (despite its 3,572 lines, unfinished when it was published), these poems make up more than three-quarters of the bulk of *The Tenth Muse*. They represent in the first place a display of knowledge that was surely intended to impress her father and the others in her immediate circle of family and friends with whom she shared her work. A great deal of scientific and historical knowledge was required for one even to attempt the poems on the four elements, the four humours, and the four monarchies. Her model for the learned allusiveness of these poems was DuBartas's *Divine Weekes and Works* (1605), but Bradstreet was also a voracious reader on her own behalf. We know that when the Bradstreet house burned down in 1666, their library of some 800 books was lost, as were some of her literary manuscripts. The rendering in verse of her assiduously acquired knowledge was all the more evidence of her extraordinary ability.

Since today these quaternions are the least often read of all of Bradstreet's poems—doubtless exactly because of the somewhat ponderous (and now partly obso-

Title page from The History of the World *by Sir Walter Raleigh. London, 1614.*

lete) learning and sometimes strained versification of which they are comprised—it is worth noting that they put forward a self-awareness of the poet that is far from modest or retiring. There is no condescension to assigned gender roles here. She confidently undertakes to versify both the scientific understanding of human nature (the humours) and the accepted historical accounting for ancient history (the four monarchies: Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman). Her broad reading in the current wisdom of her day is thoroughly evident in these poems, confidently displayed for all to whom she showed her work. As Ann Stanford and others have shown, her intellectual sources included respected recent histories by William Camden, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others; standard ancient texts including Plutarch's *Lives*; and, of course, the Bible, which she probably preferred to read in the Geneva translation of 1560, with its Calvinist annotations. In writing of the four elements, she conveys a zest for knowledge as, speaking through the voice of Fire, she enumerates many of the constellations whose identities are, in turn, based on ancient mythological tales. Bradstreet indicates a familiarity with current theories of the creation of islands and continents and an awareness of the exploration of the new world, which had been in progress for well over a century. "The Four Monarchies," as scholars have explained, relies heavily upon Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* (1614). What is striking about her versifying of this and other sources is the relentless patience she demonstrates as she works through the rise and fall of one ruler after another, the wars and alliances of ancient and forgotten kingdoms. She reveals an eye for interesting tidbits in seemingly unpromising materials, pointing with gentle humor, for instance, to incongruities such as the cross-dressing of the Assyrian ruler Sardanapalus, or with forthright worldliness to the bigamous Persian King Darius, who "Two of his Neeces takes to nuptial bed."

This book of poems was the first volume of English poems by a single author to come out of the British colonies in America.

Having found the time and energy, then, beyond the fulfillment of her household duties, to construct an account of such knowledge in dialogue couplet poetry, along with astute political comment on England's current turmoil in "A Dialogue between Old England and New," Anne Bradstreet came before her readers, however unintentionally, as a self-aware, confident woman "of eminent parts," as Woodbridge said. This obvious demonstration of learning and creativity also made her an exemplum on behalf of women generally. The several brief poems by male authors that introduce the volume come back to this theme repeatedly. Though clearly patronizing, these poetic tributes repeatedly assert that her work shows that women deserve recognition for poetic and intellectual power fully as much as men. An author known only as "C.B." is very direct about this in an eight-line poem "Upon the Author" in which "this author's . . . sublime brain" is the center of his admiration:

> Nature and skill, here both in one agree,
> To frame this masterpiece of poetry:
> False fame, belie their sex no more, it can
> Surpass, or parallel, the best of man.

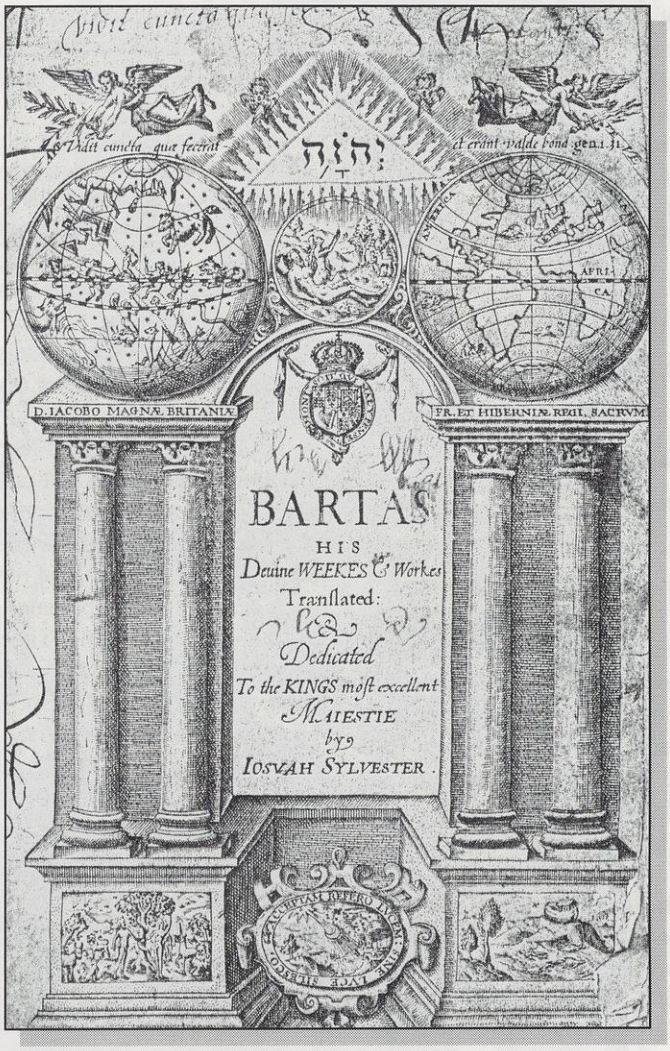
Thus Bradstreet's early poems set forth both learning and technical poetic skill that, together, overcome modesty, announcing an author who has spent time and energy acquiring the basis for a literary career. *The Tenth Muse* is the first public stage of that career.

All of the subjects of learning and all of the poetic models that she had absorbed and put to her own uses in the poems in *The Tenth Muse* would continue to serve her well in the important later stages of her career. For this was, in the end, a first book. Like most authors of real ability, Bradstreet used her first book as a learning experience, as we know from her clever and still entertaining poem, "The Author to Her Book," where she addresses *The Tenth Muse* as her illegitimate and misshapen child, the "ill-formed offspring" who was "exposed to public view" by "friends, less wise than true." She admits that when this child returned to her (in published form), "my blushing was not small," motivating her to "amend" the child's "blemishes." She did in fact make some revisions in the poems of *The Tenth Muse*, now apparently reconciled to the public aspect of her poetic career, and probably intending that the revised versions would appear in a later edition. This did come about, but only six years after her death, in *Several Poems . . . By a Gentlewoman in New-England* (Boston, 1678), which reprints all of the thirteen poems from *The Tenth Muse* and adds thirteen more. Such scholars as Josephine K. Piercy, Elizabeth Wade White, and Jeannine Hensley, the modern editor of Bradstreet's poetry, have explained the evidence for Bradstreet's careful revision of the poems in The *Tenth Muse* for a new edition.

More important than the revisions of her early poems, however, was her redirection of her poetic efforts away from the pedantic style of the quaternions (though she did finish "The Four Monarchies," only to lose the manuscript in the Bradstreets' house fire of 1666) to a more personal lyric style. Poems like "To Her Husband, absent upon Public Employment," a later poem and surely one of her most accomplished works, is also highly allusive and witty, showing her love of word-play and paradox. This poem, one of a cluster of impressive love poems in *Several Poems*, is forthright about the sexual attraction between the poet and her husband, revealing a personal dimension that is reflected in different ways in other lyrics from her later work—poems such as "Upon the Burning of our House," "Contemplations," and elegies on the deaths of three of her

grandchildren. These works strike the modern reader as preferable to many in *The Tenth Muse* in their movingly personal reflection of a *feeling* as well as *thinking* poet, but they could only be written after Bradstreet had tested her abilities in the earlier poems. The progress in the management of the traditional elegy form is evident even within *The Tenth Muse*, as her poems on the deaths of Sir Philip Sidney, Guillaume DuBartas, and Queen Elizabeth reveal an increasing sensitivity to the potential of the form.

This book of poems was the first volume of English poems by a single author to come out of the British colonies in America. (Individual poems by numerous colonists had already appeared in print in England and a translation of the *Psalms* by a group of New England ministers was the first book published in the New World [Cambridge, 1640], while George Sandys, during a residence in Virginia in the 1620s, had completed some of his translations of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.) Poetry was written in America from the very beginning. But *The Tenth Muse* deserves its place as the fountainhead of American poetry, even though Bradstreet and her fellow first-generation colonists had no notion of American literature or even American identity apart from their status as English subjects removed by 3,000 miles from their native country. Retrospect enables us now to see that Anne Bradstreet was the first important American poet and one of the two major poets in the first century of settlement. The other, Edward Taylor, owned, so far as we know, only one volume of poetry by another poet: Anne Bradstreet. Her work has subsequently been directly acknowledged as influential by poets as various as John Greenleaf Whittier in the nineteenth century and John Berryman in the twentieth. Scholars have shown clear indications of connections between Bradstreet and another private woman poet of great accomplishment, Emily Dickinson.



Title page from Divine Weekes and Works *by Du Bartas. 1605.*

In *The Tenth Muse*, we observe the birth of letters in America. In it we are reminded that the life of the mind was a vital element of American life even from the first difficult years of encampment on what William Bradford had described as "a hideous and desolate wilderness," a place at the sight of which Mistress Bradstreet had admitted her "heart rose." In the midst of sickness, childbearing and child rearing, absences of her spouse on government business, and losses of dear ones through death, Anne Bradstreet had been a scholar and a poet. If she is less than wholly modest about her achievement, we can only applaud her. However unwanted, her first "offspring," *The Tenth Muse*, is a monument to her mind and a worthy point of departure for American poetry.❧

Quotations are from the first edition of Bradstreet's work and reflect the spelling and punctuation contained therein. Photos of title pages courtesy of the Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Memorial Library, the University of Wisconsin-Madison. The author appreciates the help and cooperation of the library staff.

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Josephine K. Piercy. *Anne Bradstreet*. New York: Twayne Publishers, 1965.

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Elizabeth Wade White. *Anne Bradstreet: "The Tenth Muse."* New York: Oxford University Press, 1971.

A Journey Across Centuries: *The Tenth Muse* In Wisconsin

by Yvonne Schofer and Jill Rosenshield

The William B. Cairns Collection of American Women Writers was established on the Madison campus in 1979, the result of a generous bequest to the University of Wisconsin. At that time an advisory committee made up of members of the English department and librarians determined that the period to be collected would extend from 1632 to 1900. Professor Cairns was, in his day, a pioneer in the teaching of American literature at the university, and the collection named after him and funded by his family was to concentrate on both the works of established writers and the minor works which, at any given time, furnish the context in which literature is to be evaluated.

Before the modern period, works by American women, many of them bestsellers in their day, had not been judged worthy of collecting in research libraries; an imbalance derived from bias or neglect slanted the literary perspective. Students did not study those works, since they were largely unavailable in modern editions; and unless a

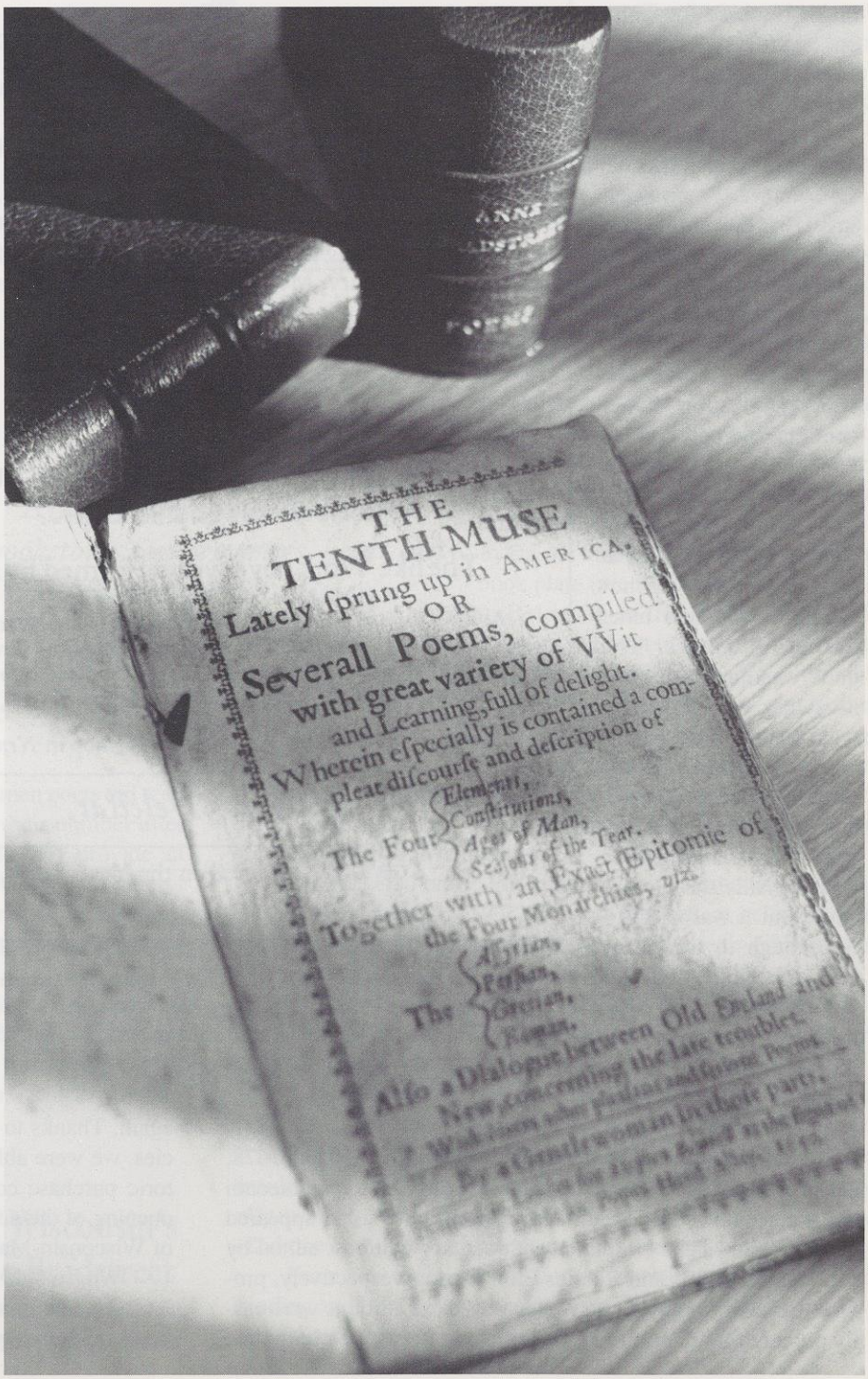
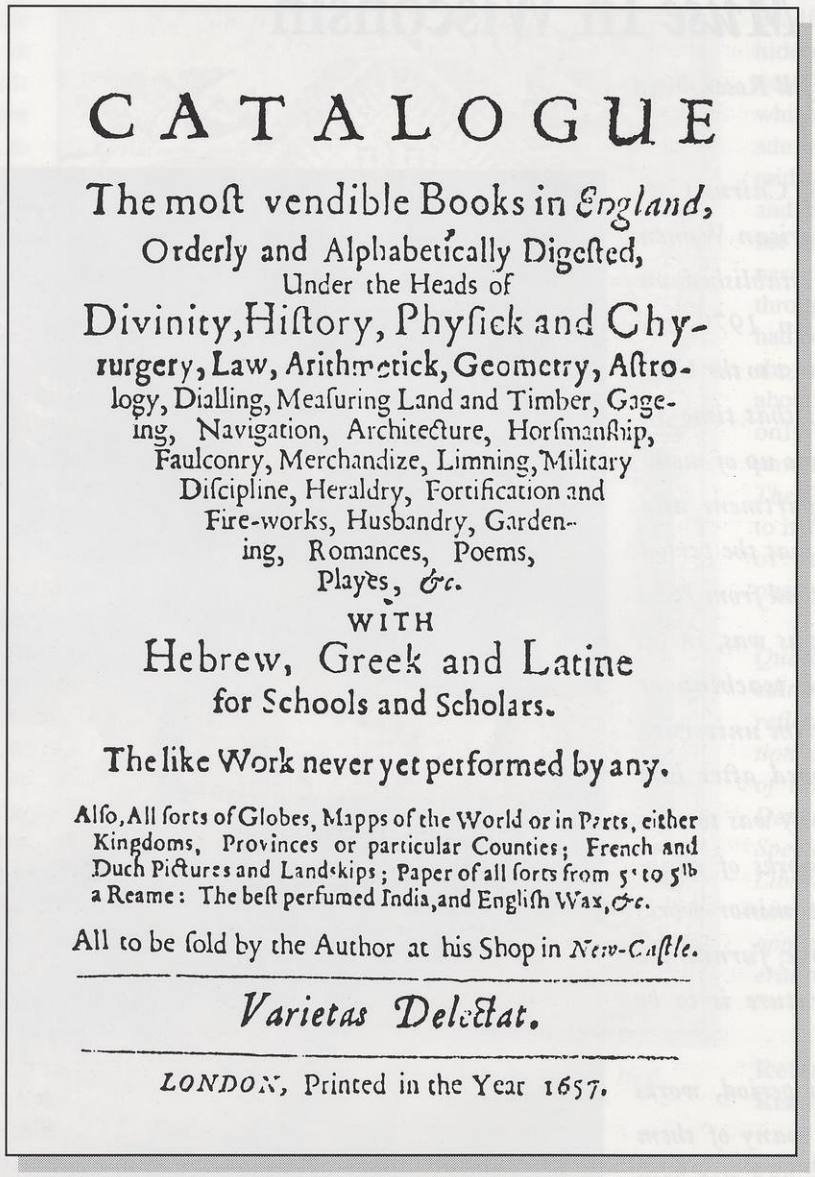


Photo by Jeff Miller, University of Wisconsin News and Information Services, Madison.

The Tenth Muse *by Anne Bradstreet. London, 1650.*

systematic effort was made, the literary history of the United States would remain an artifice, in which a large and substantial body of work would continue to be absent from critical scrutiny. Since 1979 things have changed considerably. Women's texts are actively studied and written about, and the Cairns Collection has become a major resource for women's studies, attracting many researchers to the Madison campus.

Among the important figures identified at the start was Anne Bradstreet. In 1632 she arrived on the New England shores from her native England, effectively to become the first American woman poet with the 1650 publication of her poems, amazingly entitled *The Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America . . .*, published in London without her knowledge at the instigation of her brother-in-law and other family members. The book was unusual in that its author was not of the most exalted rank, almost a prerequisite then for a woman to be published, and that its subject matter was wider-ranging than was normally the case. In any event it was successful enough to warrant a second edition, published in Boston in 1678, augmented and revised by the writer herself. Unlike many initially successful books by women, it did not go out of print.



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Varietas Delectat.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1657.

Title page from catalogue of William London, bookseller, which includes Anne Bradstreet's book. London, 1657. The listing reads, "Entred . . . under the hands of Master Downham and Master Flesher warden a booke called The tenth muse lately sprung up in America, *written by Ann Bradstreet."*

In addition to the two editions published in 1650 and 1678, her poems were reprinted several times through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and four editions have so far appeared in our century. The two nineteenth-century editions, edited by John Harvard Ellis and Charles Eliot Norton, respectively, provide the basis for any textual research. These editions were easily procured for the Cairns Collection, but it was for a long time a source of some embarrassment that the earliest American woman poet could not be represented in our collection by the first appearance of her work, thus leaving a gap at the chronological and intellectual start of the collecting enterprise. The prospect of ever turning up a copy of the 1650 edition was slim; the possibility of being able to afford one if it did appear on the market, slimmer yet. For research libraries the days of buying antiquarian originals are truly over, library funds being stretched beyond their limits by journal subscriptions, costly current books, and electronic developments. The Cairns bequest provides more than adequately for the purchase of most nineteenth-century materials, but was never intended to cover the cost of a truly rare book.

When a copy of *The Tenth Muse* finally appeared in late 1990 in the catalogue of perhaps the most prestigious antiquarian bookseller in London, it was clear that an all-out effort had to be made to secure the cornerstone of the Cairns Collection. No other copy had been sold at auction since 1949, and the opportunity was not likely to present itself again. Thanks to generous private funding from various agencies, we were able to buy the book, and the timing of this historic purchase coincided in the most fitting manner with the opening of the new special collections facility at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Memorial Library.

Why would a university library, beset by financial problems, decide to spend a substantial amount of money on one book, and a very small one at that? It is an object with an

extraordinary presence, which must be displayed as a museum artifact; it is the physical record of a very unusual event, which has profound implications for the cultural appreciation of women's writing at a time when such writing was almost an impossibility. The historical importance of this particular book cannot be overemphasized, bringing distinction to the collection as a whole; the book acknowledges the importance accorded the tradition of women's writing by the University of Wisconsin.

The facts surrounding the publication of *The Tenth Muse* are well documented. That a woman was able, in Adrienne Rich's words, "to have written these, the first good poems in America, while rearing eight children, lying frequently sick, keeping house at the edge of wilderness, was to have managed a poet's range and extension within confines as severe as any American poet has confronted." But it is the very fact of its Americanness that makes the work significant; indeed critics have speculated that it might not have been written if Anne Bradstreet had never left her native England.

The question of the book's influence on other women writers needs to be explored. In her anthology, *Women Poets in Pre-Revolutionary America, 1650-1775*, Pattie Cowell lists twelve "prolific poets" (including Anne Bradstreet) and twenty-seven "infrequent poets" along with some anonymous ones. She suggests in her introduction that women poets did read other women poets, and that the increase in their number after 1650 both in England and in the New World may provide an indication of Anne Bradstreet's influence: "As the first widely-recognized woman poet in a literature not known for its attention to women writers, Anne Bradstreet may have become a model for future generations of women."

The acquisition of a book of such rarity invites speculation on its provenance. We do not know the whereabouts of our copy after it was sold at auction in 1949; until last year it was part of a private collection. We do know something of its history before that date.

This book belonged
to the Library of
Anson Phelps Stokes, Esq.
1838 • 1913
of New York City
and on his death became
the property of
Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes

Bookplate of Anson Phelps Stokes.

.....

After combing antiquarian bookstores for two years, he at last had found a 1650 edition of The Tenth Muse *by Anne Bradstreet.*

.....

Speculations on the History of Wisconsin's copy of *The Tenth Muse* by Anne Bradstreet

Our copy of *The Tenth Muse* is a small, well-worn volume in the cheapest available commercial dark-brown sheepskin binding of the 1650s. The evenly rounded corners on the pages and the binding were once square, but heavy use has changed their shape. The front inside cover has a poorly fitted end paper. It would have been loose in 1650, probably became wrinkled through use, and when glued down much later, slipped, while drying, into a crooked angle. The back end papers were originally loose and were lost along with the final two leaves of text. The back inside cover and a hole in the front cover reveal pulp boards used for stiffening. The outside dimensions (5 1/2 x 3 1/2 x 3/4 inches or 137 x 88 x 22 millimeters) are perfect for slipping into a pocket. On the spine, half an inch down from the top, are the remains of a label—"Brad. 1650"—of machine-made paper, manufactured and added much later. "William" is printed on the front cover, probably in ink with a brush by a small child; the letters are at an angle, starting out large and becoming cramped with an incomplete "m." The acid in the ink has corroded the leather so that the name now appears to have been scratched in.

On the inside of the front cover is a book plate (see illustration).

Below it is the mirror-image of 1796, crossed out in the same pen. Most likely someone wrote "1796" in black ink on the facing page and closed the book before it had dried; then, noticing the mistake, the person drew a squiggle through it. On the recto of the front flyleaf, in paler black ink: "Eliz. Cookson/Eliz. Cookson Book/1794." There are also traces of pencil above her name.

On the verso of the last leaf, which would be page 208, is the penciled notation "EG 289" and four letters below it that appear to be a combination of Hebrew and Greek, from left to right: Hebrew khaf, Greek upside-down delta, Hebrew beta, Greek upside-down delta. Pages 205-207 are well-done facsimiles; we have not determined whether they were done by hand or set in a block.

A handsome red morocco telescoping case protects the book. Designed to look like a book, the spine has gold letters: ANNE/BRADSTREET/POEMS/LONDON 1650. On the inside of the bottom half, in the place where the box-maker usually puts his name, BRADSTREET is printed in gold letters. (Did one of Anne Bradstreet's descendants make the box?)

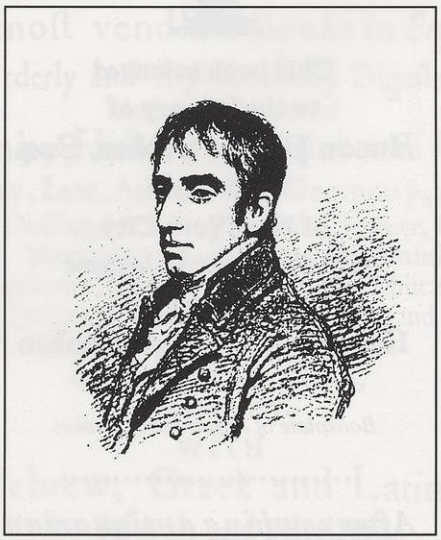
From the names in the book and an examination of the binding and printing styles and materials, we have taken the liberty of creating an imaginary history for our copy.

Fantasy on the Book, Part One: London, 1658.

William London looked up from reading the second printing of his *A/CATALOGUE/OF/The most vendible Books in England,/Orderly and Alphabetically Digested;/Under the Heads of/Divinity, History, Physick, and Chy-/rurgery, Law, Arithmetick, Geometry, Astro-/logie, Dialling, Measuring Land and Timber, Gage-/ing, Navigation, Architecture, Horsemanship,/Faulconry, Merchandize, Limning, Military/Discipline, Heraldry, Fortification and/Fire-works, Husbandry, Garden-/ing, Romances, Poems,/Playes, etc./ WITH/Hebrew, Greek, and Latin Books,/for Schools and Scholars./The like Work never yet performed by any.*/Varietas Delectat./ LONDON,/Printed in the Year 1658. It still contained a double-listing of one title. On page 140 it was listed: Mrs. Bradstreet. *The 10. muse, a Poem.* 8o. On page 141: *Tenth Muse . . . or an exact Epitomy of the four monarchies.* 8o.

London himself had put the leather-bound version in a separate stack from those in plain paper wrappers. But the clerks, almost as gullible as the public, had given the cheap-leather version serious attention and had taken the trouble to look through the volume to discover its author was Mrs. Bradstreet. For the other version, looking not much more than a pamphlet, the clerk had just copied some of the more prominent words from the title page. London had noticed the double-listing a year earlier, but had not bothered to re-set the page in reprinting his catalogue.

In a sense, *The Tenth Muse* really was two books, the somewhat boring history of the world appreciated by stern New England preachers such as John Cotton (1584-1652) along with commendatory other poems by other prominent men which revealed a more personal sensitivity. And, of course, there were the poems by Anne Bradstreet herself. Bradstreet's brother-in-law, John Woodbridge (born circa 1613), had originally urged publisher Stephen Bowtell to bind the entire press-run in leather, because the many poems by the prominent men would guarantee a brisk sale. Bowtell had insisted on keeping those for England in paper covers and leather bound only the ones to be shipped to the Colonies. When Mrs. Bradstreet insisted that her book not be distributed in America because of the many lines that required editing, the leather-bound copies likewise went on sale in England.



William Wordsworth.

In the long lonely hours as a foster orphan without his sister, Dorothy, he would slip the book into his pocket and sneak away for long walks.

William London did not mind having two stacks of Bradstreet's work. Poetry, romances, and plays were in high demand as attested by his catalogue which had fewer than five pages of unsold literature and tens of pages of divinity titles. Books of poetry included another by a woman, Lady Margaret Newcastle, as well as works by Cowley, Crashaw, Donne, Drayton, Nerrick, Milton and Vaughan. London suspected that his stuffy customers would purchase the *Epitomy of four monarchies* and young poets would seek out Mrs. Bradstreet. The former preferred the leather binding and the latter were delighted to be able to afford the unbound version with paper covers.

Fantasy on the Book, Part Two: England, 1826.

Sixteen-year-old Henry Wilkinson Cookson (1810-1876) leaned back in the coach on his way to college. His mother, Elizabeth Cookson (1784-1868), had given him a very special gift, a small book of poetry with "William" scratched on the cover and "Eliz. Cookson book, 1794" on the flyleaf. His godfather, William Wordsworth (1770-1850), had given it to Henry's mother in the year of her marriage. William Wordsworth met Thomas and Elizabeth Cookson at the home of his friend Sara Hutchinson (1775-1835) where, along with Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), they spent many hours discussing poetry. Wordsworth always said he was glad to know some "nice Cooksons" because his Cookson relatives were insisting he abandon poetry and take up a respectable profession.

Wordsworth could not afford a proper wedding gift, and had instead given Thomas and Elizabeth each a book from his own collection. He apologized for the ugly "William" he had painted on the front cover in a pique of frustration when he was about seven, confined to his widower father's study on a lovely fall day. His cleric father had severely reprimanded him for defacing property.

Later, when he was thirteen, Wordsworth was glad for his youthful indiscretion, because the volume was given to him at the dispersal of his late father's library. In the long lonely hours as a foster orphan without his sister, Dorothy, he would slip the book into his pocket and sneak away for long walks. The last few poems had coincided with many of his own feelings about nature.

When Wordsworth gave *The Tenth Muse* to Elizabeth Cookson, he said he was sure she would enjoy the fine poems. He also hoped that Elizabeth would have the good fortune in her marriage that Anne Bradstreet had—many children in good health and a happy life. And it seemed that the book was an effective talisman. Henry Cookson was the sixth son, his mother was still in fine health, and he still spent many hours with his beloved godfather, William Wordsworth.

Fantasy on the Book, Part Three: London, 1890.

Anson Phelps Stokes (1828-1913) was tired but elated. After combing antiquarian bookstores for two years, he at last had found a 1650 edition of *The Tenth Muse* by Anne Bradstreet. True, it was a little battered and missing the last three pages, but soon Anson would be on his way home to New York where he could obtain facsimiles of the last three pages. He was sure one of his former bank employees could copy the missing pages. His skill, once used for free-hand counterfeit bank notes, would probably do. Anson would be sure to have the facsimiles done on clearly watermarked paper so that posterity would recognize them as copies. As a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of New York he knew the value of restoring artifacts to resemble the original and the obligation to avoid a hoax.

Fortunately, his cousin, a member of the Negro branch of his Stokes family, was an excellent bookbinder. After the facsimile pages had been made, his cousin could re-sew the pages and make him a sturdy box. His sisters Caroline and Olive, both authors themselves, had many "poetess" friends who would want to read this book by Anne Dudley Bradstreet. Stories about the kind, pleasant, talented poet had been handed down in the Dudley branch of his family for two hundred years. In many ways Anne Bradstreet even reminded him of Harriet Beecher Stowe—a large family and husband to care for, deep religious convictions, and a lasting influence on American culture. Anson would also commission a handsome, sturdy, telescoping box that would allow him to place the volume on a shelf without fear of crushing the book.

Fantasy on the Book, Part Four: November 16, 1948.

The Reverend Anson Phelps Stokes (1874-1958), D.D., LL.D., secretary of Yale University and canon of Washington Cathedral, breathed a sigh of relief now that the public auction sale, held on November 15 and 16 at 8 p.m., Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York, was over. The Rare Americana Collection consisted of about 350 volumes and pamphlets, mostly seventeenth- and eighteenth-century American imprints, relating mainly to New England, but also New York, Virginia, and other sections as well as an additional 650 volumes mostly printed in the first hundred years of independence in the general field of American history, including genealogy, family, and local histories. The sale had gone well. No doubt his philanthropist aunts Olivia Egleston Phelps Stokes (1847-1927) and Caroline Phelps Stokes (1854-1909) would have approved his selling of the family library to provide more funds for their Afro-American college education funds.

About nine-tenths of the collection had been purchased by the previous Anson Phelps Stokes, banker, publicist, and family genealogist, between 1890 and 1910. The original purpose was to acquire material that would throw light upon early American families to which he and his wife were related on the Phelps side, such as the Dudleys, Wyllyses, Wolcotts, and Hookers. The collection, left to his widow, Helen L. Phelps Stokes (1846-1930), and then presented to her son, I.N. Phelps Stokes, LL.D. (1867-1944), architect and author of *Iconography of Manhattan Island* (six volumes), had become the property of Reverend Anson Stokes Phelps in 1921.

Postscript to the Fantasy:

We have consulted with Madison experts Nicholas Pickwoad, binding historian, and James Dast, conservator, for their opinions on the binding. Forays into the Wordsworth section of Memorial Library stacks and the Wordsworth Collection in the Department of Special Collections as well as the British *Dictionary of National Biography* have provided the dates in Fantasy Part Two. We realize of course that many "Williams" could have owned the book, and we have not found any evidence that Wordsworth actually read Bradstreet. Wordsworth, however, did indeed count the Cooksons among his relatives.

Our Thordarson Collection includes the 1658 sales catalogue and a 1913 edition of the London Stationers Company register where Stephen Bowtell submitted for copyright *The Tenth Muse* by Ann [sic] Bradstreet on July 1, 1650. Our reference collection includes a 1965 facsimile of William London's 1657 *Catalogue*.

In the State Historical Society archives reading room we consulted their two volumes of the three-volume Stokes Family genealogy. This attractive privately-printed family history contains a wealth of information and many interesting photographs. We also found a transcript of an oral autobiography by prominent black woman educator and children's writer Olivia Pearl Stokes (born 1916) who traces her family to the Stokes family that owned our book.

In the stacks and pamphlet collections of the State Historical Society we found numerous reports from the Stokes Fund for Negro Colleges as well as materials documenting the genealogy. It seems that our book was owned by a family sincerely committed to racial equality since the eighteenth century.❧

The Table of the Elements

by Eugene McNamara

What I remember most about the time when I was eighteen was that I was always cold. In my memory it is always winter and I am waiting on a windy corner for a bus or walking down an unshoveled sidewalk and the snow is whipping my face and the last bus has gone and I have a long way to go. Even when I was someplace inside, like the library where steampipes clanked and radiators were too hot to touch, I felt the obscure seeping in of a draft from the tall ice-crusted windows.

I now surmise that it was an emotional chill I experienced, the aftershock of my father's sudden death. Now, years later, I can still recall that sudden drop, the abrupt closing of doors, the irrevocable end of childhood. You're the man of the family now was the totem phrase at the funeral parlor. Like a laying-on of hands, a speeded-up, hurried-up rite of passage. Thus I had besides my own loss and grief all the guilt that came with not wanting the role.

I had been in chemistry class, staring at the Table of the Elements which was hung over the blackboard. Someone came with the message that I was to go to the office at once. Something at home. It wasn't winter. It was May, just a few weeks before graduation. Everything in the Table of the Elements was so precise. Everything in the universe was known. Everybody I knew was going on with the free, easy rituals of youth—which university to choose, buying the first year's clothes. White bucks that year.

I was suddenly going to work at the plant where my father had worked in the office. The office was at one end of the block and the plant took up the other end, spilled back to the next block and up to the railroad embankment. I pictured my father's office as in the head of the place and the area where I was going to apprentice, the machine shop, as somewhere in the belly. On some days—later on, when it *was* winter and I was waiting on the dark snowswept corner for the bus—I was certain that the shop was closer to the building's anus. You sure did not wear white bucks there.

I saw myself as on a ship, a rustbucket tramp, thudding away from a decrepit dock, heeled over with ill-stored cargo, and my shipmates were the wretched of the earth, unhealthy, sallow, and ignorant. There we were, steaming in the dark while all my high school companions were embarked on a white cruise ship. They wore white, the sky was a painful blue, a band played. Their ship's horn was hoarse and joyous.

❦

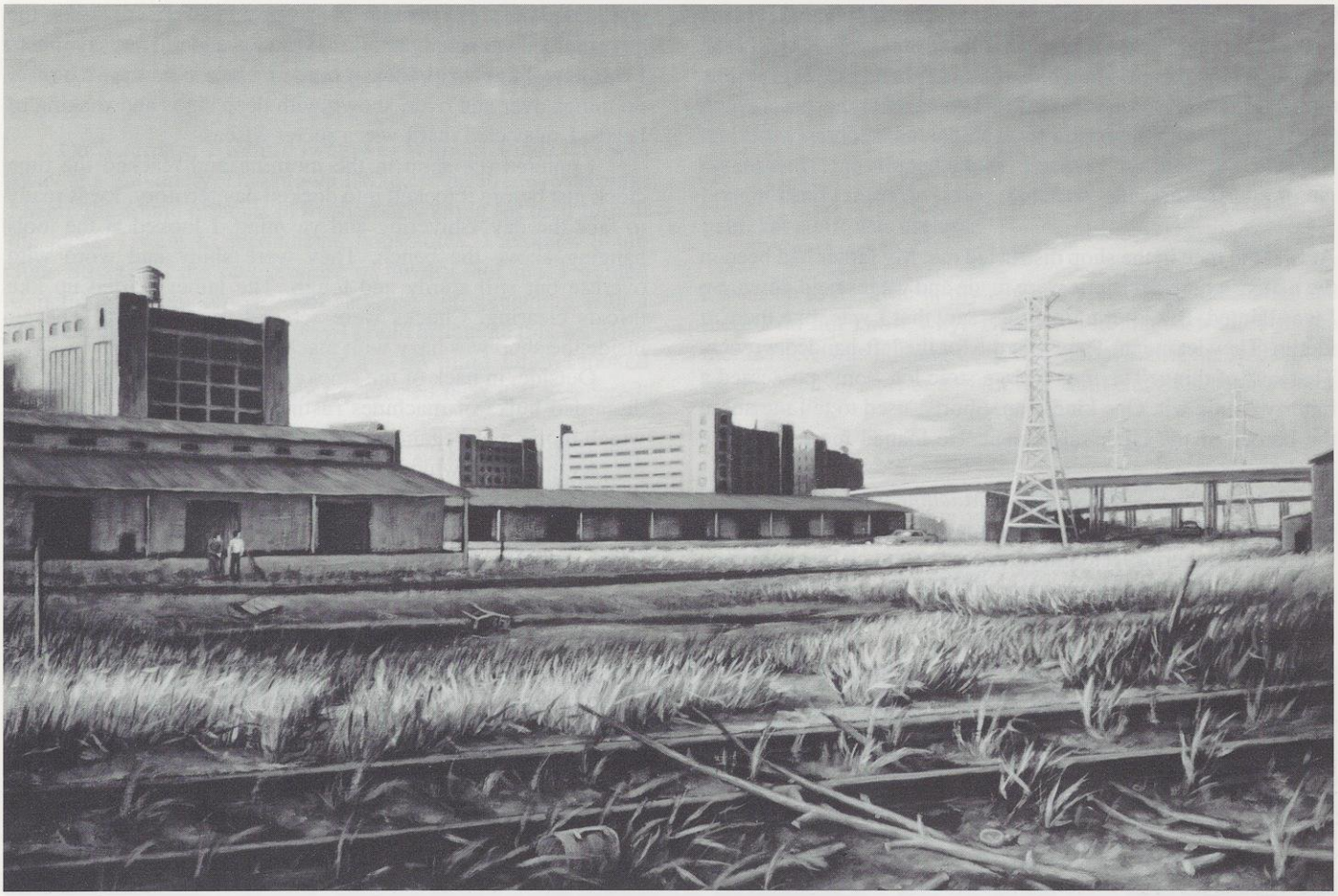
I remember things from my childhood. Hose-wet sidewalks in summer. The backyard full of bedsheets on clotheslines. The sheets billow or fall as the wind comes and goes. I am sitting on the grass, playing with clothespins. I see them as soldiers and make the common world into stories as small as I am. The wooden foot-measuring gauge in the shoestore becomes a relentless engine of threat to me and my companions. Slowly, inexorably, it closes. Looking up past the billowing sheets I am assured that the sky is still there. Morning glories on our fence.

❦

When I was eighteen I held the secret belief that there was a better place somewhere, and girls there were lovely, intelligent, and kind.

When I was eighteen I held the secret belief that there was a better place somewhere, and girls there were lovely, intelligent, and kind. Everyone there was kind. Music played, and beautiful people conversed on green lawns next to white pillars. When seasons changed, they did so gracefully. Brilliant leaves fell in autumn and someone else raked them. Snow fell as soft as a baby's kiss. Where was this place? Would I ever find it?

In my real world there was no love, no kindness. My friend Vince and I had a secret life. On Saturdays we took the elevated



train downtown and spent furtive time on South State Street. First a movie, always old, at least twenty years old, starkly black and white and scratched. The actresses, sad-eyed, walking around in lacy slips and smoking. They put on or rolled down silk stockings. Men in hats were harsh with them. Then there was a live show, a syncopated drum and piano accompanied a glazed-eyed woman thrusting her pelvis out on each rap of the snare. Afterwards, to the penny arcade and the faded, fluttering stereopticon images of women taking off their clothes, rolling down silk stockings. So sex in my real world was old, dated, from long ago. Sex was in flaking black and white. Sex was crude, hard, tawdry. Sex was sweaty spangled g-strings flaunted to bumping, grinding music. I remember feeling sad and smudged after those Saturdays. Where was the land of love? Where was the land of kindness?

❦

Vince was pale, tall, long-faced, with dark hair that no amount of watering and combing could keep neat. His parents were very old-country and thought I was a bad influence. His younger sister liked me. She once found an immense mushroom in the woods near their house. She had her picture taken with it for the newspaper. Her smile was almost as wide as the prize mushroom she held on her lap.

❦

Another moment of wholeness: a concert in the park downtown. It must have been the summer before my father died. A faint undertone of auto traffic from the drive, the fountain lit up in colored lights, the staid backdrop of buildings on one side of the park, and the dark lake on the other. The ground against my back is uneven but tolerable. A far-off single engine airplane. Everything is in place, as precise as the Table of the Elements.

❦

The moments of wholeness were rare after my father died. My world was leaden. I yearned to live in a world of light, under spars of light arcing over me. A single engine plane, made of lithium, floats and drones above me. I am whelmed in kindness. Where? How?

My world was old. The plant was obsolete, the men in the machine shop as old as my father or older. The branch library where I used to go to look at art books was old. The heavily varnished floors were warped and they creaked as you tried to go quietly down the aisles. The librarian was old, severe, suspi-

cious. I discovered a book with reproductions of Maxfield Parrish's paintings. Now I knew what the better place would look like—the sky, the girls in white, the sunlight edging everything. Outside the library, the snow fell relentlessly and the air was iron hard.

❦

At first the men in the shop distrusted me. My father had been in the office, where decisions were made and wages held down. So I was tainted. But after a time they saw that I was, like them, a victim. They let me in. They sent me for the left-handed wrench. That sort of thing. The men were a stoic lot. Some possessed a bitterly comic wit. One kind man, Shorty, used to tell me about the heroes of the labor movement. He loaned me Little Blue Books.

I bought the Audel *Guide to Machine Shop Practice* and enrolled in a math course at the community college. My days blurred in gophering, fetching, carrying. At lunch break the men proclaimed: The foreman was an asshole, the men in the office were full of shit, married life was a trap, kids were wiseasses, the government was run by crooks. I listened and did not say much. I was new, I knew zip, I was a burden. I had to be shown how to do things over and over, shown with deep sighs and shaking of heads. I suspected that I was a secret wiseass.

I entered the shop in the morning and reached the time clock just before it tocked into docked pay territory. I was ready to face the day. Shivering and yawning, I looked at the tools hanging above the bench. They were shiny and worn with overuse but still sturdy and tough. The lathes started up like throats clearing. Chucks were set and gripped firm. The air inside the shop was hazy with machined dust.

Outside, in back of the smoke stack, I stood looking at the discarded hulks of machines rusting away. Then I started the winch motor and began to jerk a full coal car towards the hopper. As the motor whined, birds on the window sills were startled into circles high above the yard. From the forge on the other side of the railway embankment the slam of drop hammers shook the earth under my feet.

High up above the birds and the top of the stack I could see a contrail from an airplane so far up that the plane itself was not visible. The thin, white line moved steadily away.

❦

On Saturdays I went downtown. Without Vince. He was away at a university. Downtown I walked the streets, yearning. I heard the sound of boats in the harbor waiting for their turn in the locks. I went to secondhand bookstores. I avoided South State Street and the raw promise of tawdry, hot sex. I wanted something deeply serious. Not sadness, but something with a stern dignity. There was no way I could articulate this wanting, or even a way to make pictures of it in my mind. Often I looked into the bathroom mirror, saw my untried face, and wondered: Where? How?

Downtown, I walked the streets, looked into shop windows, went into bookstores, always with the faint thought that I might meet a girl from the better place. I had lunch in the cafeterias where you pay for each slice of bread and the pat of butter. Melted snow made brown pools on the tiled floors. My fellow diners were old and cold and kept their coats on as they ate. The tall buildings outside closed us in, inexorable, implacable. Morning glory vines shivered brown on our fence.

In the back of the shop, near the door out to the yard and the coal hopper, there were pipes stacked up, silver-flaked. Crowbars and prybars lay on the grease stained floor, next to lengths of angle iron. A round-runged ladder was propped against the wall. It led to nothing. Everything back there was useless but not thrown out.

Shorty told me that all those rusty machines behind the stack were not discarded. They were still on the company's inventory, gradually being depreciated on an actuarial schedule. Thus, even as they decayed, they were alive in a bookkeeper's ledger. Nothing was ever thrown away or lost, only allowed to disintegrate.

❦

I lived in the country of the aged all through my youth. When I left there, it was like traveling from some dense, heavy planet back to this world. Moving among people my own age, I felt awkward and shy, as if I wore a second skin or a space suit. Gradually I was less and less a tourist. I began to love the world I lived in. I learned to accept and love its hunger, its hankerings. I learned that life in this world is not orderly or precise.

❦

Years later I drove out in the country to the small Wisconsin town where my mother lay dying. The town was out beyond even the small places my father used to joke about: Pingree Corner's, Virgil's Crossing. As I drove I held my hands on the wheel in careful ten and two positions. The same way my father drove. Sunlight refracted on the snow in the fields. It was an implacable light. It forgave nothing.

The hospital was near the town square. There was a white gazebo in the square and a statue of a Union soldier from the Civil War. In past years they might have had concerts in the square on a summer evening. Men in straw boaters, women in long dresses as light as the air. The town had spread out from the square in the past hundred years. There were shopping malls out on the nearby Interstate. Some of the buildings facing the square had been sandblasted and dealt in nostalgia. Old fashioned ice cream and hand-dipped candy. Early in my mother's illness, I bought candy in those shops. Later on, she was so sunk in her pain that a gift was useless.

❦

I went up to the attic in my parent's house the month after she died. I do not know why. There was nothing I wanted to see there. There was nothing I could do about all the mess, the boxes, the piled up stuff of a lifetime. I went back downstairs to the

I lived in the country of the aged all through my youth.

things I could manage. Later on I dreamed that I was back up in the attic. I was a boy, looking for the hidden Christmas presents. I picked up a package, a box that might have once held a man's suit. It crumbled in my hands. I stood there, suddenly grown up, staring down at brown shards of cardboard falling like snow.

❦

Vince's sister died in the same hospital five years after my mother. Vince and I sat waiting in the square, staring at the statue of the soldier, who was younger than we were. He held his rifle at port arms and looked vigilant. I remembered the story of Lincoln commuting the death sentence for a boy who fell asleep on sentry duty. With a stay of his hand. A mother's tears. A little girl holding a prize fungus on her lap. The sound of traffic on the Interstate was steady with homebound motorists.

After the first death there is no other. I once read that in the library on a winter evening with the wind soughing outside. I did not know, back then, what it meant.

Once I saw a picture of my parents' house—or one just like it—in a history of domestic architecture. It was red brick, one and a half stories, three front windows. I have a snapshot of my parents on the back porch steps. My father's hand grasps the railing. The sun is bright. My mother shades her eyes with her hand as if saluting. Both face the camera and look directly into the future.

Sometimes in the summer I slept out on the back porch. I liked being out there on rainy nights, with the sound of rain on the slanted roof, the sound of guttered water in the downspouts at once threatening and soothing. I have the snapshot and I remember. Nothing is ever totally lost or discarded. Everything cannot be wholly known. Life in this world is not precise.

Death benefit. A small square on an income tax statement. It is currently blank. Lately I have been acutely conscious of certain words—*termination, fatal*—I picture the town square with the statue of the Union soldier. He is still on guard. Around him in widening concentric circles changes occur. My old high school has been added to and improved and updated so that the building I remember is swallowed up. The plant is long gone, demolished to make way for a housing project, which is now the haunt of pervert, rapist, and addict. Gone the hulks of obsolete machines, the tools, and the men who used them. The men who gave me their bitter wisdom.

❦

Vince has moved away. His wife has kept me on their Christmas card list so I am reported to annually in a duplicated, resolutely cheerful letter. As I read it I think how far Vince has come from the sad world of our youth, from a world of sex and pain and death. Now his life is benign and incessantly successful.

I still have the Little Blue Books Shorty gave me. They were a publishing phenomenon—pocket sized books that sold for a nickel each. Classics, works out of copyright, with a strong emphasis on free-thinking, agnostic, and socialist thinkers. Just the right kind of book to slip into an overall pocket or keep in a lunch box. The print is small and smudged. The pages are brown and brittle. To read one of those books would reduce it to shreds. I keep them safe in a shoe box.

Once I lived on the earth and breathed its simple air. I swam in green water and was warmed by fire. Why should my memories be of shivering cold? The other day I was driving and the radio was playing the Gershwin piano concerto. That was the music in the park. The proud facade of tall buildings on one side of me, the dark water on the other. The line of cars on the drive, the small resolute airplane above. The music pulled it all together, ordered it, put me precisely in the center. And there, in the car, my hands at ten and two, I felt tears smart in my eyes and a tightness in my throat. A word caught there, unspoken.

❦

What I remember of high school is a blur of girls' legs. Under a swish of pleated tartan, crossed under a desk, one foot negligently swinging. A row of knees in the bleachers at a football game. Legs scissoring the air, not to be late for the second bell. The legs. And the girls themselves, their faces inward with visions of the future. One of those girls became my wife.

❦

Lately I have been dreaming the voyage dream. Always in my dream the huge ship moves silently, mysteriously. It is always night in these dreams. I lean a travelled arm on a railing and look down at the wake foaming and falling back. I walk down narrow metal corridors. I hear the distant throb of giant engines many decks below me. The flooring under my feet shivers with the shaft's turning.

Once I lived on the earth and breathed its simple air. I swam in green water and was warmed by fire. Why should my memories be of shivering cold?

When we dock it is in a foreign port. There are crude circles of light behind the high chain fence beyond the rainwet dock. I can see border guards slowly pacing back and forth. The only sound is the incessant hum of large generators and an occasional, inexplicable far-off bang of something hitting hollow iron.

I realize that I am alone on the ship. Where are my companions? Perhaps they are on shore leave, beyond the chain fence, consorting with the sordid women in the waterfront bars. I am alone, keeping a cold iron watch. No. All through the voyage, in my watching at the rail, or going down the narrow gangways, I have seen no one. I have been alone all the time. Now I think that I am waiting for my father to return to the ship so that we can get under way.

I want to tell my wife about this curious dream, but then remember that I cannot. She too is gone. I remember the brisk efficiency of the nurse who was on duty. I remember the green walls I stared at as I waited for the doctor. All the small memories crowd together. How could I forget something so immense, so heavy as her passing?

❦

Now I think that someday I shall dream the voyage dream again and that I will not be alone. Someone will stand beside me at the railing and we will watch the wake forever falling back. And our ship will leave the harbor in stately daylight. Boats will salute us, their sails stretched and bellied with wind. My father and I will stand and look out at the deeper waters.

My wife is coming towards us, smiling. I take her arm. My father bows like a gallant and takes her other arm. We are dressed in white. Even our shoes are white. Now we are crossing the deck. Our jocund fellow passengers smile at us. We are bound for deeper waters. Our ship's horn salutes the harbor astern. We are under way.❧

Illustrations by Barry Carlsen, Flood Plain II *and* Midnight Waltz. *Both are 8 x 12 inches, oil on copper. 1989.*

School-Age Parents, Alcohol, and Drugs: An Innovative Prevention Program

by Sherrill A. Strong, Raymond Kessel, and Tracy Dietz

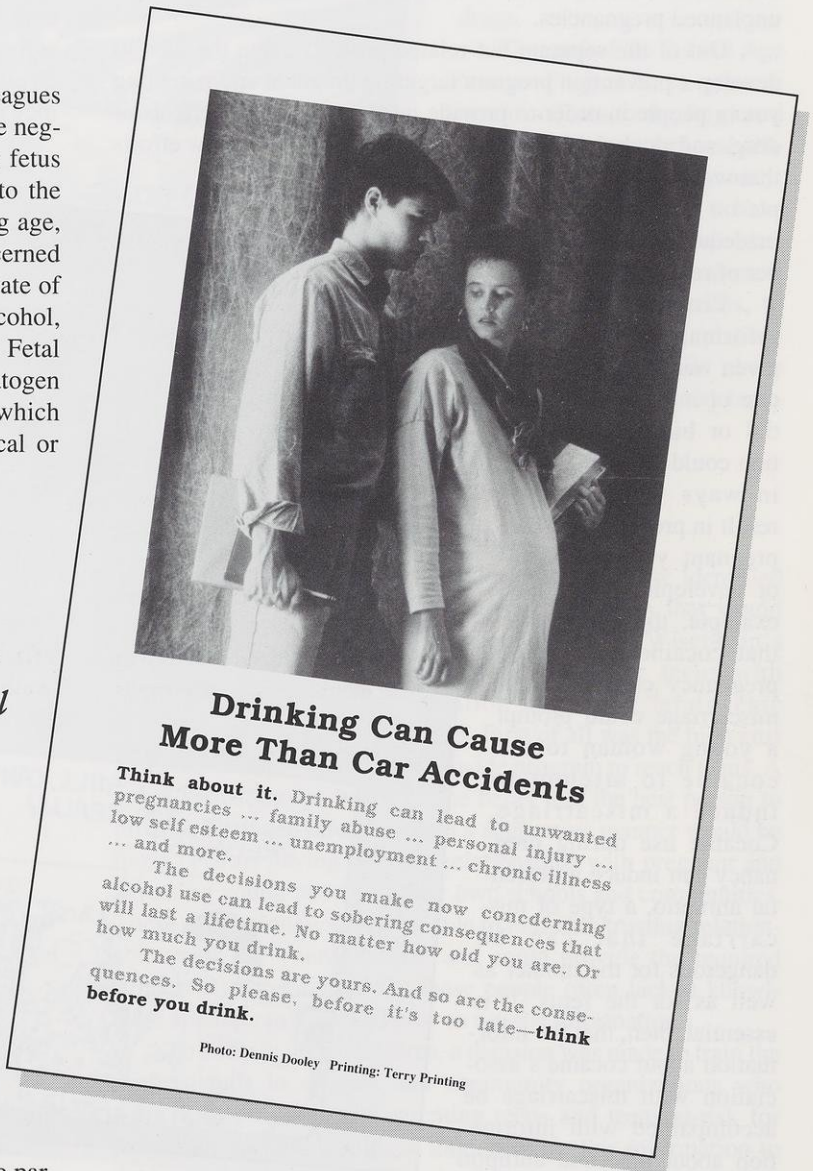
Statement of Problem

During the early 1970s, Kenneth Jones and his colleagues discovered, or, more accurately, re-discovered the negative impact alcohol can have on the developing fetus (Jones, et al, 1973). Dissemination of this information to the general public, and particularly to women of childbearing age, became a goal of many persons and organizations concerned with the prevention of birth defects. Two groups in the state of Wisconsin who shared this goal were the Wisconsin Alcohol, Other Drugs and Pregnancy Work Group (formerly the Fetal Alcohol Syndrome Work Group) and the Wisconsin Teratogen Project. (A teratogen is an environmental influence which includes alcohol and other drugs that may cause physical or mental defects in the developing fetus.)

They realized the importance of furnishing adolescents with accurate information about the effects of alcohol and other drugs during pregnancy.

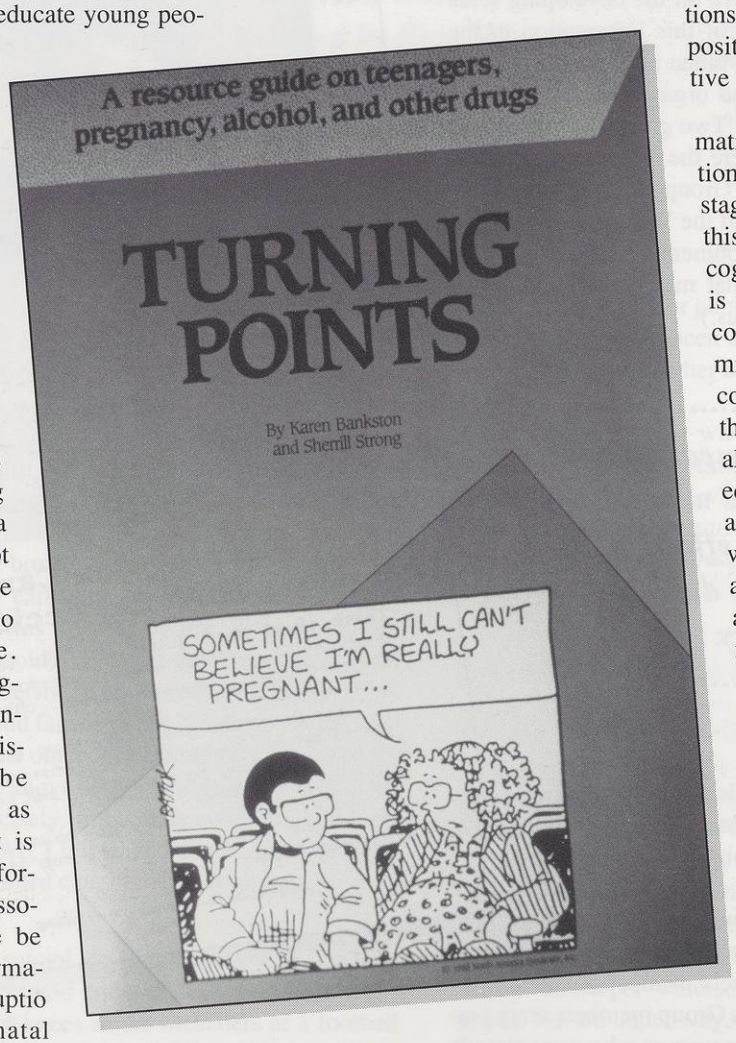
Members of the Wisconsin Alcohol, Other Drugs and Pregnancy Work Group, a voluntary organization providing education on perinatal substance use, recognized that pregnancy, in combination with substance use, posed serious problems for young women. They realized the importance of furnishing adolescents with accurate information about the effects of alcohol and other drugs during pregnancy. Work Group members were particularly interested in reaching young women who were already pregnant and those who were at risk of an early pregnancy.

The Wisconsin Teratogen Project, providing information and supportive counseling to women and health care personnel about potential harmful exposures during pregnancy, was also concerned with the many problems associated with adolescent pregnancy and substance use. The project noted that while many pregnant teens who sought counseling about alcohol and other drug exposures found it difficult to understand the complex information they were being given, teens who had a support person, such as a teacher or a counselor who could assist them, were better able to process and understand the information.



At the same time these concerns were raised, a study examining health risk behaviors among adolescents conducted by Dr. Betty Chewning at the University of Wisconsin-Madison reported that the teens who were at risk for earlier and heavier alcohol and other drug use were also the teens who were at risk for early pregnancy (Chewning, 1988). Dr. Chewning also found that the younger teens were when they began having sexual intercourse, the longer the interval between the onset of intercourse and the use of contraception, indicating that younger teens who use alcohol or other drugs are at very high-risk for unplanned pregnancies.

Out of the separate but related projects came the idea to develop a prevention program targeting pregnant and parenting young people in order to provide information on the effects of drugs and alcohol during pregnancy. At this time, the few efforts that were being made to educate young people on this topic were inadequate for a number of reasons.



First of all, the information that was given was often inaccurate or incomplete. Partial or biased information could be interpreted in ways which could result in problems for the pregnant young woman or developing fetus. For example, the knowledge that cocaine use during pregnancy can lead to a miscarriage could prompt a young woman to use cocaine to attempt to induce a miscarriage. Cocaine use during pregnancy can induce a placental abruptio, a type of miscarriage that can be dangerous for the mother as well as for the fetus. It is essential, then, that the information about cocaine's association with miscarriage be accompanied with information about placental abruptio along with other pre-natal complications such as increased risk for pre-term delivery and low birth weight.

Second, even when accurate information was given to young women who were pregnant, the people providing this information may have had little or no knowledge about the causes and contexts of alcohol and other drug use among adolescents. Even though they may have been trying to help, they may have been unable to provide the kind of support and referrals that would be appropriate for adolescents using alcohol or other drugs.

Third, in spite of research that has shown scare tactics and authoritarian pressure to be ineffective strategies to use with adolescents, many people continue to attempt to scare young people with misleading, incomplete, and inaccurate information or pressure them into compliant behaviors. Young people, however, are not easily fooled, and they do not merely submit to authoritarian pressure. The unfortunate result of these misguided efforts is that young people lack the accurate information that they need to make good decisions about their alcohol and other drug use. Further, they lack a trusting relationship with an adult who may be in a position to help them with a very sensitive situation.

Fourth, complex and sensitive information was provided without consideration of the young woman's age or the stage of her pregnancy and the impact this information might have on her. The cognitive development of young people is influenced by age, and the stage of cognitive development should determine how the teratogen information is conveyed. A young woman who is in the later stage of pregnancy and uses alcohol and other drugs and is then educated about the effects of alcohol and other drug use during pregnancy will need a different level of support and intervention from a young woman who is in an earlier stage of pregnancy.

And, finally, many of the materials that were being used in teaching were not specifically developed for use with adolescents and, consequently, were ineffective with that population.

These concerns led to the development of the School Age Parents Project. Project staff recognized the need to provide quality educational programs to the professional staff who work directly with young people. Teachers, social workers, and counselors who have ongoing contact with young people, and who are able to maintain a supportive relationship with a pregnant teen, need information about teratogens and the skills to use this information.

Premise

The basic premise of the School Age Parents Project is that a young woman's pregnancy gives professionals working with her a unique window of opportunity for intervention in the area of substance use. Many factors, such as alcohol and other drug abuse in one's own family of origin, may make a young person more determined to do a better job him or herself. The desire to have a healthy baby and to be a good parent can be used as a motivator for short- and long-term behavior change, especially with regard to alcohol and other drug use. Recognizing that she can have a positive influence on her baby, a young woman may feel empowered to make a change in her behavior. With accurate information, necessary skills, and adequate support, abstaining from alcohol and other drug use becomes something positive a young woman can do not only for herself, but also for her baby. Such a change can also enhance her self-esteem at a time when it may be faltering.

Parental attitudes and reactions to the pregnancy, financial concerns, and the boyfriends' responses result in crisis situations for many young women. Created by early, unexpected pregnancy, such crises can be pivotal situations, providing an ideal opportunity for intervention and change.

Recognizing that she can have a positive influence on her baby, a young woman may feel empowered to make a change in her behavior.

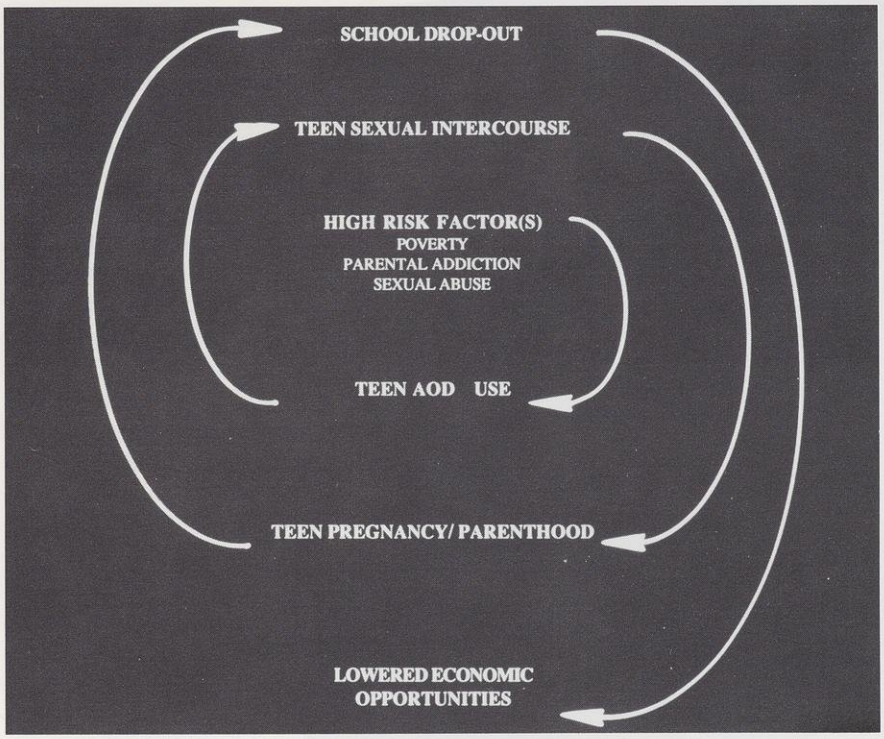
Even in instances where a young woman *intended* to become pregnant, there are usually unanticipated problems to contend with and difficult decisions to be made that will have an impact on the rest of her life and that of her baby. These crises, too, can be viewed as a turning point for a young woman's decision-making abilities with regard to her current and future alcohol and other drug use. The desire to keep her baby safe in utero can be extended to an understanding that good parenting means continuing to provide a healthy environment for the baby, and that good parenting requires a clear mind, free of the influence of alcohol and other drugs.

The goal of the School Age Parents Project is to prevent harmful effects to the fetus and newborn due to alcohol and other drug use during pregnancy. Further, the project hopes to have an impact on alcohol and other drug problems and future unwanted pregnancies among teens, to enhance teen parent-child relationships, and to prevent child abuse and neglect in teen parented families.

Approach

Two major problems were identified in developing a program that would reach the majority of Wisconsin's pregnant and parenting teens with information about the teratogenic effects of alcohol and other drugs. First of all was the high cost involved in implementing a statewide program to reach teens. A second concern was based on the belief that the best person to provide teratogen information in a supportive manner would be those persons having ongoing relationships with pregnant and parenting young people in their own schools and communities. These professionals would be able to maintain trusting relationships with the young women and could provide the required support and continuity. Yet these people often lacked knowledge about teratogens and how to use the information.

To address these concerns, a decision was made to train the professionals in schools and community organizations who work with pregnant and parenting teens and teens at-risk for pregnancy so they would, in time, provide this information to the teens. Information would also be presented in several related areas, such as adolescent substance use, prevention strategies, cultural sensitivity, counseling issues (including life skills training and decision-making skills), and abusive relationships among teens. Adequate consideration of these related areas is necessary to enable professionals to be sensitive and knowledgeable. In addition, legal and ethical issues around the topic of perinatal substance abuse are explored. While these issues



have no easy or straightforward answers, persons working in this area must examine their own feelings and biases in order to be nonjudgmental and supportive when working with adolescents who are pregnant and/or experiencing problems with alcohol and other drug use.

A high level of satisfaction with the workshops is indicated by positive feedback from training participants on the value of the information received.

To allow for the dissemination of information to an even wider audience and for the influx of new ideas, the School Age Parents Project develops and maintains links with many organizations and groups. For example, staff of the Statewide Genetics Services Network has provided direct educational programs to many school-age audiences on genetics and the prevention of developmental disabilities; they also have worked with teachers and counselors to develop appropriate materials and ideas. Staff members from the network and the Wisconsin Teratogen Project consult with School Age Parents Project staff and offer presentations at the project workshops.

The project, which is considered a national model, receives input from the School Age Parents/High Risk Youth Advisory Committee, which has played an important role in the planning and revision of the project since its beginning. The advisory committee is composed of a diverse group of interested individuals with expertise in adolescent sexuality and teen pregnancy, adolescent substance use and abuse, teaching, adolescent development, health care issues, research, cross-cultural sensitivity, and other areas. The committee meets quarterly and provides assistance and direction to project staff, and individual members are available to consult with School Age Parents Project staff when needed.

Methods

The School Age Parents Project utilizes the continuum of continuing education, a training model developed by Dr. Raymond Kessel. This model consists of one-, three-, and five-day sessions along with ongoing technical assistance and consultation to training participants.

Initially, School Age Parents Project staff present one-day training sessions in local areas statewide. More intensive three- and five-day sessions are held at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Madison-based workshops utilize a variety of presenters with expertise in a range of topics related to teratogens and adolescent issues, including sexuality, alcohol and drug use, and relationships. In the final phase of the continuum of continuing education, technical assistance and consultation at the request of the participants are provided by School Age Parents staff.

Various continuing education credits are available for three- and five-day workshops. In addition, undergraduate and graduate credits through the Department of Curriculum and Instruction at the University of Wisconsin-Madison are available for five-day sessions. Students taking the five-day training for university credit are required to attend a sharing conference, where they present a project or program they have developed to use with young people based on the information learned in the training.

Results

The project has reached approximately 415 people from fifty-five of Wisconsin's seventy-two counties, and twenty-two people from five other states. Workshops have been offered in fourteen locations throughout Wisconsin, with additional statewide workshops, including sessions targeting American Indian tribes, scheduled in the funding period which ends March 1992. Past participants have included youth workers, teachers, nurses, psychologists, counselors, social workers, alcohol and other drug counselors or educators, psychotherapists, administrators, volunteers, and staff from family planning agencies and

numerous other community agencies. A high level of satisfaction with the workshops is indicated by positive feedback from training participants on the value of the information received. Process evaluations were conducted during all phases of the project and were highly favorable. In addition, several participants have returned to attend the training again.

A tangible product of the School Age Parents Project was the development and publication of the resource guide, *Turning Points* (1990). The Wisconsin Clearinghouse on Alcohol and Other Drug Abuse worked with project staff in the development of this guide, which is specifically designed for use with pregnant and parenting teens on the subject of alcohol and other drug use. *Turning Points* includes resources and activities for teens as well as information on alcohol, other drugs, and the pregnant teen, such as where a pregnant teen can find support to avoid alcohol and other drugs, and why a teen parent should continue to avoid alcohol and other drugs once the baby is born.

Turning Points was selected to be included with materials that were made available to officials from state alcohol and other drug offices at a national conference dealing with policy issues regarding perinatal substance abuse. Participants who have used *Turning Points* have praised its usefulness in their work with pregnant and parenting teens. The School Age Parents Project has received many requests for *Turning Points* from people who have not been training participants but have seen or heard about it from other sources.

The School Age Parents Project staff have also worked closely with staff from other related projects, providing technical assistance, information, and support. In coordination with a peer education project on fetal alcohol syndrome, staff worked together to develop a training program in which both projects traveled to a local community and provided a one-day workshop for adults, and the following day, a one-day peer education workshop for the teens. This one-plus-one training model encourages the adults and the young people to become involved in future educational efforts in their area and provides the young people with community support for maintaining peer education efforts.

Project staff also have coordinated workshops and training efforts with the Perinatal Substance Abuse Project and the Wisconsin Alcohol, Other Drugs and Pregnancy Work Group.

Conclusions

Program participants encouraged the School Age Parents Project to expand the project to address a wider range of participants who work with high risk youth. Many participants, as well as their students, indicated a need to reach young people prior to pregnancy, especially those at high risk for alcohol and drug use and for teenage pregnancy. The additional funding from the Department of Education's drug-free schools program has allowed the School Age Parents Project staff to develop broader programming to include information and techniques for working with young people who are not presently pregnant, but, due to their early unprotected sexual activity or alcohol and other drug use, are at risk. Additional funding has allowed the project to focus specific workshops on minority content.

Process evaluations conducted throughout the project have indicated a high level of satisfaction with the training among participants. Funds have not been available to evaluate the effectiveness of the workshops in terms of changing participants' attitudes or measuring an increase in their knowledge of teratogens and related areas covered in the sessions. Nor have the attitudes, knowledge, and behavior of the young people with whom training participants worked been studied. The premise of the project, that the pregnancy of a young woman provides a window of opportunity for intervention in alcohol and other drug use attitudes and behavior, must also be evaluated. An evaluation of the projects' impact on the training participants and the young people they work with is a priority so that the School Age Parents Project training model can be shown to add a unique, innovative, and successful approach to the growing body of prevention programming for youth in the field of alcohol and other drug abuse.❧

Many participants, as well as their students, indicated a need to reach young people prior to pregnancy, especially those at high risk for alcohol and drug use and for teenage pregnancy.

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Fragile X Syndrome: Secrets Revealed but Puzzles Remain

by Louise Elbaum

You see him walking down the street in deep conversation with himself. He talks not only with his voice, but also with his hands, which he wrings and waves about in response to his meaning. Yet he seems sufficiently aware of his surroundings to avoid obstacles. As you watch, you wonder. Is he simply engrossed in a problem? Is he psychotic, talking with an unseen companion? Other terms cross your mind: autistic, retarded, brain injured? And you decide that it is none of your business, anyway, as you hurry past.

With the advent of community programming for people with disabilities, scenes such as this occur with increasing frequency for those of us who are unreconstructed people watchers. We notice the folks with a slightly awkward gait, flat feet perhaps, who seem to negotiate through our communities in a world of their own. It is a general aura which strikes us first—an undefined "differentness." Only when the individual who catches our attention is examined carefully by a trained clinician is it possible to assign a definitive diagnosis such as those terms which crossed our mind in the above example. To those terms we must add many other possibilities including a recently recognized condition which is genetic in origin, fragile X syndrome.

Fragile X syndrome, named for its association with a constriction called a "fragile site" on the X chromosome, has a recent history which illustrates the breathtaking momentum which the science of genetics has gathered in the recent years. It is a story of facts and artifacts. And, in its complexity and the difficulty in understanding its details, it puts science in perspective.

Two Artifacts

In the 1940s, it was already well known that more men than women appeared to have mental retardation. Speculation about why this might be true centered on social roles of men and women. Perhaps the observation that men more often have cognitive problems was an artifact of our expectations. Men who have to work outside the home, interact with other men, and earn a living for the family were more obvious when they had limitations. Women, who could stay home and cook and sew, were less likely to be identified by their limitations. It was not until the 1970s that the excess of males in the population with cognitive disabilities was demonstrated to be related to traits on the X chromosome, which are like color blindness or hemophilia in their tendency to affect men more than women. With that demonstration, male mental retardation moved out of the realm of artifact into the arena of observations worthy of study.

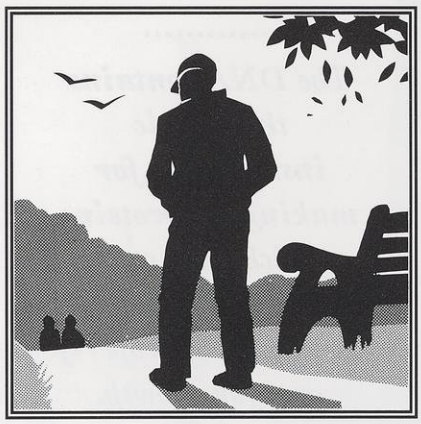
In 1969, Herbert Lubs identified a marker site, a constriction on the long arm of the X chromosome in a family with four males with mental retardation. However, subsequent researchers had problems repeating his findings. Was this another artifact, related to some chance variation in his experimental technique? The question remained dormant for nearly ten years. In 1977, however, Grant Sutherland "rediscovered" marker or fragile sites on human chromosomes and defined their relation to the techniques used to grow cells and study chromosomes in the laboratory. His discovery made it clear that improvements in tissue culture techniques had masked the fragile sites which Lubs had previously identified. Armed with Lubs's observations and Sutherland's technique, scientists around the world were ready to embark on a treasure hunt which is still in progress.

Characteristics of people with fragile X Syndrome

Fragile X syndrome is associated with a wide range of physical, behavioral, and cognitive manifestations, not one of which is characteristic of all affected people. Neither is any characteristic, or known combination of traits, limited to those who have fragile X. The variation of traits, the subtle manifestations, and

the commonness of the traits associated with fragile X syndrome are all probably responsible for the difficulty in identifying this condition as a distinct cause of cognitive problems. Without the evidence of the chromosomal marker, it was extremely difficult to sort out who might fit a criterion for fragile X and who might have some other condition.

As we stated, men are affected more commonly than women, and, in general, women have less severe symptoms. Several population studies agree that the syndrome is carried by approximately one man in 1,000 and one woman in 700. Eighty percent of the males and 30 percent of the females who carry the trait are affected. These figures have been determined in communities in England, Scandinavia, and South America. The syndrome is not believed to be restricted to any ethnic group or geographic location.



As we stated, men are affected more commonly than women, and, in general, women have less severe symptoms.

Among both men and women, a wide range of cognitive effects, from mild learning disabilities to severe difficulty relating to the environment, can be noted. Developmental delays and cognitive disability are the most common features which characterize people with fragile X—and are the most common reasons for seeking evaluations. Speech and language problems are common. Higher reasoning functions are often affected.

Behavioral problems common among boys with fragile X include gaze aversion, or difficulty looking at people. When frustrated or excited, boys often flap their hands, bite their hands, or move their hands in other unusual ways. Some boys are hyperactive or have attention deficit disorder. Speech and language problems are characterized by a fast rate of speech, mumbling, repetitive speech, and inability focus on topics brought up by others. In spite of these problems, which tend to make social relationships difficult, people with fragile X are often very eager to engage in social relationships. They may be particularly attached to a few significant adults or peers. While frustration or confusion can often trigger emotional outbursts, their shy, polite demeanor coupled with an appreciation of social contact render people with fragile X syndrome particularly attractive.

A set of physical features are often associated with fragile X syndrome. Generally more noticeable in boys after they reach puberty, these include a relatively large head with a long face and prominent ears. Extremely soft skin, uncommonly loose joints, and flat feet are often noticed earlier.

While looks and behavior give many clues to identification of fragile X syndrome, they cannot provide conclusive information. The young man we saw on the street would not be well served by our curbside diagnosis. To give him and his family useful information, one would have to perform a blood test, to look for the marker site that Herbert Lubs first noticed, and, more recently, to examine the DNA or genetic material on his X chromosome.

The puzzles of fragile X syndrome

The initial flurry of research on fragile X syndrome involved identification of the clinical traits associated with the marker site. But soon it became apparent that this syndrome was not a well-behaved X-linked genetic condition. According to general understanding of the Mendelian principles, one would have expected every man who carries the marker site to demonstrate the traits associated with fragile X—as men have only one X chromosome and must demonstrate all the traits encoded in the genetic material of that chromosome. Likewise, carrier women, who have two X chromosomes, would be extremely unlikely to express the traits associated with fragile X, although they would pass them on to their sons. Not so with fragile X syndrome. The women who carry the site but also express it were more frequent than could be accounted for by many common hypothoses. Men who were unaffected themselves could pass the trait to carrier daughters and affected grandsons—an observation which required a new explanation.

The inheritance pattern of fragile X is complex, not fully explained, and of great clinical consequence. Families want to know what are the chances of nieces and nephews, cousins, sisters and brothers of people with fragile X having similarly affected children. Definitive answers await better understanding of the inheritance patterns.

Other questions also remain to be answered: Many people who carry the syndrome and pass it to their children do not demonstrate the marker site in their own cells. Others who are unaffected carriers do demonstrate the site. Is there a difference between these two types of carriers? Even for people who have the fragile site, it is only observable in a proportion of the chromosomes observed—usually less than half of them. Why is it not observed in each cell? Is there a meaning to the percentage of cells which demonstrate this anomaly? What is the relation of the marker site to the many and varied manifestations of this problem? Is the syndrome caused by a single gene, or are many genes affected? How can we understand the formation of the fragile site? The story of fragile X syndrome is far from complete. Scientists and clinicians alike hoped that molecular genetics would yield some answers to these questions.

Molecular genetics and fragile X

Chromosomes, such as the ones on which we can see a fragile or marker site, are long, linear strands of the chemical substance known as deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA. This substance associates with other proteins and forms tight coils and supercoils to create the compact, condensed chromosomes which are visible during cell division. The fragile site which identifies this condition is visible only when chromosomes are in this highly coiled state. They appear to be a failure to coil properly.

The DNA contains the genetic instructions for making the proteins which cells, and bodies, require for functioning properly and for growth. Scientists estimate that there are instructions for making approximately 100,000 proteins in the DNA in each human cell. All well understood genetic conditions involve changes in these genetic instructions—or genes. Some, like Down syndrome, involve having too many sets of instructions. Others, known as deletions, involve having too few. In another class of conditions, like some cancers, the problem seems to be in the control of the instructions, the timing or locations of gene activity. In still others, the instructions have been changed, so that the cells manufacture a defective protein. In fragile X syndrome, a major question concerns the relationship between the fragile site and the genetic instructions. Is there a change in the DNA which renders genes illegible when they need to be read, that is, is it a matter of faulty gene regulation? Is the problem one of faulty instructions, a mutation or change? And what is the difference in the chemical substance of chromosomes which distinguishes those who simply carry the condition from those who demonstrate it?

The DNA contains the genetic instructions for making the proteins which cells, and bodies, require for functioning properly and for growth.

With these questions in mind, geneticists embarked on a world-wide collaboration to look closely at the DNA of the fragile site. They could rule out any large, noticeable rearrangement of DNA. Surely there was neither a large duplication or deletion of genetic instructions. However, when small segments of chromosome were examined with an attempt to understand the nature of the instructions, or genetic code, in the area of the marker site, it became clear that the DNA was not going to yield its secrets easily. Techniques for finding one particular spot on the chromosome which generally work were ineffective. Others were tried.

Finally, in May 1991 an international group of scientists announced in *Nature* that they had located a spot on the chromosome which distinguishes between people who carry fragile X, people who exhibit fragile X, and the general population. A small segment of DNA had been isolated which is normally quite short, about 20 percent longer in carriers of fragile X, and three or four times longer in those who are affected with the condition.

This announcement was followed a week later by headlines in newspapers across the country proclaiming, "Retardation Gene Found!" Using the DNA segment of the previous week's announcement, geneticists found that it is part of the instructions for a protein. They presented evidence in the journal *Cell* that this protein is made in brain tissue; that it, or proteins similar to it, are made in a variety of animals; and that it is unlike other proteins which have been studied. Even more recent evidence suggests that this protein is not produced in the brains of many people who have fragile X. Others appear to produce the protein, but may make a variant, non-functional form of it.

Can this information help our young man who cruises the streets talking to himself so jovially? In some ways, it does. It provides him and his family with a quicker, less expensive, and more accurate test with which they can rule in or rule out fragile X as a cause of his condition. This, in turn, provides the family with much needed information on which they can accurately assess the likelihood of future generations being similarly affected. Genetic counseling can help the family interpret the information and give support in planning for present and future children.

However, are we closer to understanding the function of this gene in relation to all the possible manifestations of fragile X, in relation to its causes and treatment? Genetics alone is unlikely to take us much farther in the understanding of this condition. It falls to the understanding of the molecular biology of the brain to try to understand what this protein does when it works properly and what is lacking when it is absent or faulty. And it remains for astute clinicians, in collaboration with families, to develop treatment plans which minimize the problems experienced by individuals with fragile X. Finally, it remains for society to provide the understanding and support to allow each citizen to achieve his or her full potential in a society which appreciates the tremendous diversity among individuals in the species of *Homo sapiens*. We need a community which makes it safe for our young man to use all his skills as he achieves maximal independence. And we need to create opportunities for him to share his animated conversation with us, and for him to welcome us into his world.❧

Reshaping the Memory of War in America

by Edward Tabor Linenthal

A lone soldier walks on the pontoon bridge across the mud flats of Flanders. Official French photo, circa 1917 (approximately one year after the battle).

Beginning in the fall of 1989, programs commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the onset of World War II were held in several European nations. Ceremonies in the United States—planned by the National Park Service—are being held at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1991. World-wide remembrances will continue through August 1995, with the commemoration of the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by the first use of atomic weapons in war. Such ceremonies reveal the ways in which states and various voluntary organizations attempt to claim ownership of cultural memories of war—and this "greatest" of all wars in particular. What memories will be selected as revelatory, inspirational, cautionary? Will rhetoric and ritual be cast in heroic light—what J. Glenn Gray has called the "enduring appeals of battle"—or will commemorative events remind people of other faces of war? I wish to highlight ways in which Americans have remembered different wars—the Civil War, World War I, and World War II. With popular interpretations of the Gulf conflict fresh in our minds, this is a particularly appropriate time to think about how we shape war in our cultural memory. Also, the half-decade of World War II commemoration will significantly shape the memories of war that will inform humankind in the twenty-first century.

Immediately after the Civil War, American veterans—both North and South—returned home disabused of the dreams of glory and martial valor that shaped the expectations of 1861 and 1862. They wanted simply to forget, a practice family and friends called "heroic modesty." A Confederate veteran remarked that the memory of the war was "slipping away, down, down, sparkling as it sinks, but ever growing dimmer, dimmer, until I fear that ere I am hardly bemoaning my first grey hairs I shall have to bethink myself to say truly whether I did share in the clash and struggle, whether indeed I have seen painted red on the sky the tattered flags of Jackson's battalions." (Gerald Linderman, *Embattled Courage: The Experience of Combat in the American Civil War,* p. 267.) Even Robert E. Lee refused to attend commemorative events, and few books about the war were written in the 1870s. This changed in the next decade, as veterans organizations and public commemoration began to practice selective memory. The heroic was enshrined and the horror was forgotten. Even Ambrose Bierce, who described the war with such stark and uncompromising realism, noticed the insidiousness of the process: "Is it not strange that the phantoms of a blood-stained period have so airy a grace and look with so tender eyes, that I recall with difficulty the danger and death and horrors of the time, and without effort all that was gracious and picturesque?" (Linderman, p. 282) Gradually, the image of peace itself became devalued. "Federal soldiers were certain that the efforts of the peace party cost the lives of thousands of their comrades; the enemy at home seemed more despicable than the enemy in the field. In the South, peace had seemed to stand at Appomattox hand-in-hand with capitulation. The war thus linked peace either with cowardice and disloyalty or with defeat and alien occupation." (Linderman, p. 291)

Members of the Light Horse Squadron of the Wisconsin National Guard, circa 1880. From Historical Sketch of Troop E1, First Cavalry, Wisconsin National Guard.

Heroic images also shaped the popular memory of World War I. The war was, of course, the war to end all wars, a millennial event that would bring about a new world; and from the pulpits of churches throughout the nation warriors were cloaked in Christian garb and sent forth to do the Lord's work, while the enemy was demonized in every conceivable fashion. "If you turn hell upside down," exclaimed Billy Sunday, one of the most popular evangelists of the day, "you'll find made in Germany stamped on the bottom." While the horror of trench warfare was unfolding in Europe, Americans were reading books entitled *The Glory of the Trenches* and *Over the Top,* and envisioning participation in warfare as a spiritually purifying experience. As hopes for a new world order crumbled after the war, literature of disillusion—from authors such as Hemingway and Dos Passos—conceived of warfare as meaningless mass death rather than heroic sacrifice. Consequently, after World War I, conflicting perception of war—the heroic and the futile—coexisted, a tension resolved for some in the symbol of the Unknown Soldier. And even during World War II, despite the apparent sober attitude with which Americans went to war, the sanctification and even the trivialization of warfare took place in various ways: through fascination with strategic bombing—the ultimate manifestation of salvation through airpower; through demonization of the enemy—particularly the Japanese; through the continued appropriation of Christian imagery to describe the warrior; through the image of the warrior as "worker," doing a "job" that had to be done; and, finally, through the apocalyptic and millennial fantasies with which Americans shaped their perceptions of nuclear weapons. Indeed, the horror of modern war does not bring in its wake sober demythologized perceptions of war. Rather, it engenders even more murderous remythologizations of war.

Since the beginning of the Gulf war in the Middle East—or perhaps even before it—we have again glorified and trivialized war by drawing on a pool of culturally evocative symbols. First, we locate the war within recognizable interpretive contours: it is striking to see how important it is for us to find what seems to be a suitable historical analogy—"This war is like that one, and we can think about it in the same way." The most durable historical analogy is, of course, appeasement in Munich, an analogy used throughout the Cold War. It was used to great effect by the Committee on the Present Danger in the 1970s in order to reawaken American fears of communism. To use the analogy in the 1970s was one of the grossest misuses of history imaginable, for the United States—militarily the most powerful nation on the planet—was in no sense analogous to prewar Europe, except in the minds of those like *Commentary*'s editor Norman Podhoretz, who decried legions of American "men who do not want to be men and women who do not want to be women." These gender confusions, said Podhoretz, reminded him of the effeminate cultures of prewar Europe—diseased by homosexual writers; and this same spiritual malaise—compliments of the 1960s generation—was, he argued, creating a Munich of the mind in the United States.

The other historical analogy that looms over interpretation of the current war is the Vietnam conflict. Surely one of the unfortunate events that historians will someday chart is the way in which this war contributed to the triumph of revisionist history of this conflict—namely that the war was lost at home by politicians and journalists, that the United States fought with one hand tied behind its back, and that the war was, in fact, "winnable." The "truth" of these assertions is rapidly becoming part of the patriotic canon of the nation as we play out the unresolved issues of the Vietnam conflict in interpretations of the Gulf war.

There is also a need to make sense of human sacrifice in times of war, and indeed a tremendous amount of debate before the Gulf war took place regarding this essentially religious question, "When and for what are we to sacrifice?" This is particularly important, because for some Americans, the utility of martial sacrifice underwent drastic alteration during Vietnam. Rather than an explanation of death that made sense and brought solace—"Your son, husband, brother, died to keep America free"—or something similar, some people believed, to use one veteran's words, "It don't mean nuthin'." *Time* offered a revealing example of this "heretical" view of martial sacrifice when it declared in 1975 that Americans had "paid for" their sins in Vietnam "fifty thousand times over." Yet the nation continues to ponder publicly the need for and power of martial sacrifice. And I can only mention here how television has revolutionized the perception of war and sacrifice, providing opportunities for continued glorification and trivialization, but presenting precious little realism, given the limited spectrum of acceptable images that are allowed to appear.

World War II recruitment poster.

Glorification and trivialization seem to be the dominant cultural processes through which we remember war. It is not hard to understand why Paul Fussell—borrowing from Walt Whitman—titled the last chapter of his book *Wartime*, "The Real War Will Never Get in the Books." His comments on World War II are appropriate for current times: "The damage the war visited upon bodies and buildings, planes and tanks and ships, is obvious. Less obvious is the damage it did to intellect, discrimination, honesty, individuality, complexity, ambiguity, and irony, not to mention privacy and wit." (Paul Fussell, *Wartime: Understanding and Behavior in the Second World War,* p. ix)

We can only begin to repair the brutalization war visits upon culture when we begin at least to conceive of war in more honest ways. We honor those who have fought more through this form of honesty than through any feeble attempt at glorification. We learn this language of honesty oftentimes through memoir—the best of which resist self-delusion about the nature of war. Reading E.B. Sledge's incomparable *With the Old Breed,* one is allowed to view from afar glimpses of the reality of war; Sledge carries with him vivid memories incapable of heroic gloss or trivialization—marines digging gold teeth out of the mouths of wounded Japanese, Japanese mutilating American dead beyond recognition—and on Okinawa, a marine urinating into the mouth of a Japanese corpse. After a few stories like this, it is not hard to appreciate why British officer Neil McCallum wrote of the war, "What is seen through the explosions is that this, no less than any other war, is not a moral war. Greek against Greek, against Persian, Roman against the world, cowboys against Indians, Catholics against Protestants, black men against white—this is merely the current phase of an historical story. It is war, and to believe it is anything but a lot of people killing each other is to pretend it is something else, and to misread man's instinct to commit murder." (Fussell, p. 295-296)

Perhaps there are still times when wars need to be fought. If so, all the more important not to pretend they are something else. It is certainly not an occasion to celebrate, as we so often do, the immense human tragedy that is war. It *is* a time to heed the caution that the "real war will not get into the books." Unfortunately, it is likely that seductive and illusory memories of the Gulf war will make the "enduring appeals of battle" even more powerful. ❧

All photographs courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

"It is better to trace water routes . . ." The Prairie Du Chien Poems of Laura Sherry

Laura Case Sherry (1876-1947), founder and, for years, director of the Wisconsin Players in Milwaukee (now the Milwaukee Repertory Theater), was a pioneer in the experimental theater movement in America. But long before she came to Milwaukee, her life was enriched and influenced by the strong tradition of French culture in her home town, Prairie du Chien. A small collection of her poems entitled Old Prairie du Chien *was published in Paris in 1931; the press run was 430 copies, "of which five copies on Japanese Vellum, marked A to E, for the author, twenty-five copies, numbered 401 to 425 for the press, and four hundred copies, numbered 1 to 400, on Verge de Rives, for subscribers." Carl Sandburg contributed to the jacket notes, and Zona Gale wrote the introduction. Excerpts from the introduction, the author's preface, and the poetry are reprinted here with the permission of Laura Sherry's family.*

Courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Laura Case Sherry

Introduction

Arnold Bennett said that the blue of the northern skies is more delicate, more lovely, than the acute blue of the sky over the Mediterranean and the Bay of Naples. Perhaps the poetry of the north has sometimes a quality of delicacy lost to the lush lyrics of the south. This is an imaginary distinction, but then it is a distinction imaginatively made.

In Wisconsin, lying as it does close to the Canadian border, even the great inland sea separating the two cannot wall out the pallor and the poignancy of that white green world, under its light northern blue. Its life and its music have made their way down not the life or the music of today, but rather of that day when the French, having ventured, were venturing further into the New World. . . .

It is in Prairie du Chien that Laura Sherry has found her French survivals, her French echoes, and has made her American magic. That town lying at the curve where the Wisconsin river ends its four hundred miles of flowage to the Mississippi, for the great river's thousand mile flight to the Gulf—that town holds and echoes its French influence, French memories, French charm. One cannot say how this is, for it is not only in its names, in its old trading posts, in the old songs that the children recognize, in its convent. It is not only in the memories of one and all, old and dreaming, who redream their youth, when French dress, French custom, French song lived in chest and in lore among them. It is rather in an air, surviving perhaps in the particles, which to those who turn to listen to it, to breathe it, broods in the old river town like a secret mood.

In Portage, my own French settled town farther up the Wisconsin, where Joliet and Pere Marquette first crossed from river to river, and where the first white settler was named Pauquette—in Portage, one morning, Laura Sherry dropped into our house with a box of wax records. She was glowing with that life—French, Spanish, anything but northern—which fills her, as she explained that she had been to see, in Prairie du Chien, some old

Courtesy of the Milwaukee Public Library

Zona Gale

French men, distant-eyed and preoccupied with the past, whom she had set to singing the songs of their youth. The picture of tired old Frenchmen singing into the victrola's recorder the rollicking cabaret songs of the time when their blood ran fast was almost too poignant. She also told me of one, a man of eighty, himself a grandson of a voyageur, who had preserved through years of the greatest hardship and discouragement a charm, a gentleness, a delicacy of humour, unequalled by any that it had ever been her good fortune to encounter.

It is only a scant hundred years that these towns were faint frontier settlements; and a scant hundred and fifty years ago that Jean Pauquette, that mighty man, his oxen once failing to cross the Wisconsin river, unyoked the beasts, himself took place behind the yoke, and with the burden gained the shore. So recent is all this, as time goes, that these old Prairie du Chien survivors who had sung to Laura Sherry, sang what they themselves in their boyhood had heard from the lips of those who, in turn, had brought the songs from Quebec and French villages. And it is not strange to hear those wistful staccato lines—snatches of songs from Brittany and Normandy, sung there in Prairie du Chien. For of such charms were these French settled villages in America woven, and, a little, it survives and breathes before the future, even the present, shall engulf it. . . .

Zona Gale
Portage, Wisconsin
[1931]

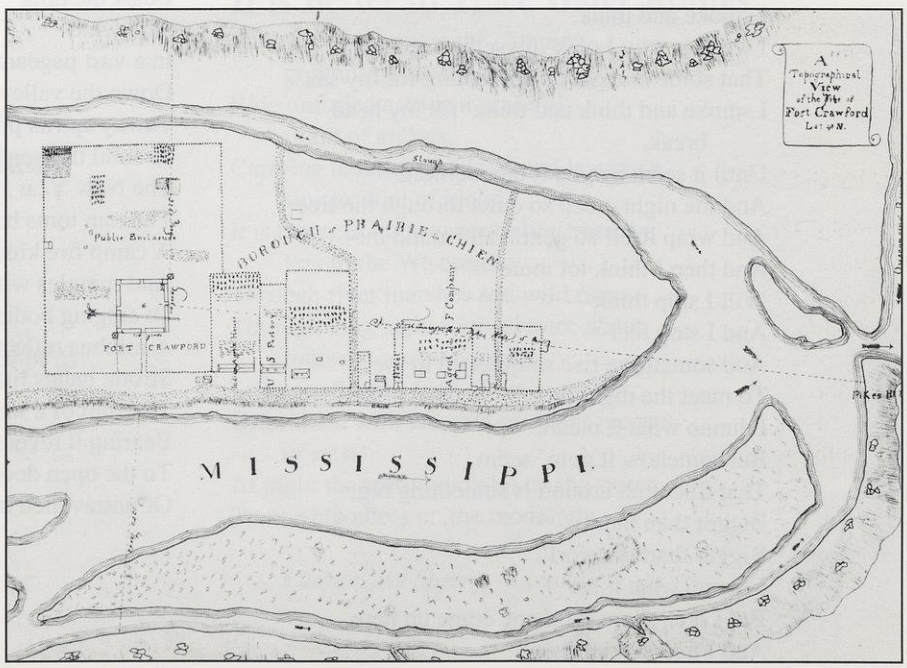
Author's Preface

Two centuries before the covered wagons crossed the States en route to the gold fields of California, *les Courriers du Bois* and *Voyageurs*, French adventurers, followed the trail of Father Marquette from France to Canada (New France), launched their canoes on the waters of Lake Superior and northern Lake Michigan, paddled up Green Bay to float down the Fox river, portage to the Wisconsin river and drift down to an Indian camp on the bank where the Wisconsin river empties into the Mississippi. The village at this point they called Prairie du Chien. . . .

The old town has changed and the picturesque river days are over. The great pine woods have been cut away, and the wild animals have gone with the woods. The rivers and bayous have been fished out. The Frenchman farms a little and sings less. The old French burying ground is overgrown with weeds, the records of heroic deeds still tremble on the lips of Joe, Hubert, Adolphe . . . and dirt paths so welcome to the feet in Old Bohemian Town are gone.

The humor, the character, the degree of business shrewdness, the ability to enjoy living made the picture of these old Latins and Anglo Saxons varied and interesting. . . . But adventure, imagination, poetry, courage, and humor are pioneer traits. The simplicity and beauty of the early life among the hills overlooking the upper Mississippi is passed but the record of early associations, stories, memories, feelings, facts and reflections is part of the history of [one of the most interesting old] towns in the United States.

Laura Sherry
Milwaukee, June 1931



Courtesy of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin

The borough of Prairie du Chien, 1821.

Crazy Joe

I was like heathen man
Who don't believe in a damn thing
And all time say—
"If there is God,
By gar,
I wish he come down on the lan'
And give
Us poor old shacker han'
To help us live".
I'm all alone.
I sit in my old shack up in the wood.
I chop a little tree
And mak' money
To get a bite for eat.
Nobody come up here to see old man.
What'd they care 'bout me.
Sometime I feel all beat
Non, I was sick of live,
I don't believe in a damn thing.
I send the priest back to his house with oath.
He say—
"Le bon Dieu send a thunderbolt
Down from the sky and kill you dead".
"Bien, if he like that
I don't think much of him
So let her come,
I'm not afraid".
Then I sit by myself
In my old shack in wood
'Till some one mak' light dim.
I smoke and think.
I wonder why I mak' myself so much
That some one got do something for my sak'.
I smoke and think and think 'till my head
break.
Until it seem maybe it thunderbolt.
And the night creep so quiet through the tree
And wrap itself so gentle all 'round me—
And then I think lot more—
'Till I stop think—
And I stop feel—
And something rise so quiet up in me
To meet the night—
I dunno what it mean,
But somehow it goin' seem
That Silent all around is something big;
Bigger than me;
Bigger than the worl'.
I dunno what it be,
But I don't care if no one come up here
And I aint sick of live.
That Silent all around mak' me feel good.
Way up here in the wood,
I hear something
But it aint got no sound.
I'm satisfy
To see without my eye.
They call me crazy Joe,
But what's the mean of crazy?
I dunno.

Happy New Year, Jean Brunet!

Jean Brunet kept accounts
In his own way.
His children's children
Wait on New Years eve
In an old clearing on the Chippewa.
The kerosene lamp
Sheds thoughts.
The men smoke pipes and listen!
The women dream over needle work—
Buckskin gloves and beaded moccasins.

Up the Chippewa,
Shadows dance around a dying fire.
The wind tosses song
Muffled by wooded distances.
Feathered figures,
Trappings, color,
Snow shoe softly
Through crystal dripping pines.
Gaudy phantoms leap from cliffs,
Coast the hills
And wind
In a vast pageant
Down the valley.
Tawny spirits pitch a village of tepees
Around the home of Jean Brunet.
The New Year strikes;
The tom toms beat;
A camp fire kindles
And mingles with the sway
Of singing bodies.
A nimbus reflects on painted faces.
Strong hands lift high
The soul of a white man,
Bearing it reverently
To the open door
Of untravelled months.

Jean Lessar's Wife

In the old French Manner
Prairie du Chien 1830

Paul Garnier stole my wife.
I get the law on him
You bet my life.
Paul Garnier stole my wife.
It mak' me mad.
I swop for her
One gallon good whiskey
To Gardipee.
By gar!
She mak' good wife.
She worth by now
Two gallon good whiskey
And that's fac'.
Mebbe I steal her bac'.

Paul Grumore

Fame—
A name
Pencilled on the kitchen wall.
On the floor
A pipe, a child's photograph,
A woman's shoe.
Weeds throttle the door.
In the barn
A beam
A rope
A dream—

Mid-Day on the River Bank

The opulent loam seduces the clay
in me
But the dust of me
Rises and mingles with that
shimmering ether
Suspending dragon flies on the peak of day.

Ridge People

Here gaunt people live
Flung naked into space,
Lifting their chins to the stars.
Like gods they stride.
Old women chant prayers
Slung from strong lungs
Over blazing distances,
Beckoning and calling
To that horde
Which runs free
Where the buffaloes ran.

On Our Farm

Indian Bruce and Big Charlie and
Bohemian John have gone,
And boys with white tender hands
and weak backs
Are cleaning the cow-sheds and tossing the
hay.
I wonder—over there—
If Big Charlie still wears a sprig of green
in his hat,
If Bohemian John's pipe has been shot away,
And if Indian Bruce sings his weird lullabies
Coming home in the twilight.

It is Better to Trace Water Routes

Shall the spirit range the camping
grounds of the world,
Ride unfurled astride a graceful
flight of arrows,
Carrying messages of Hate and leaving a
sinister trail of blood?
It is better to trace water routes from the
Fox to the Wisconsin;
Through river marshes and wild rice;
Through long night hushes, trace water
routes in a silver canoe.
Lift your dreams high to the night sky.
Offer them with the cool scentless incense
of mist.
At night the spirit lies calm on the water
To rise bloodless on the moonlight.

Laura Case Sherry

Cold Quarters

by John G. Moeller

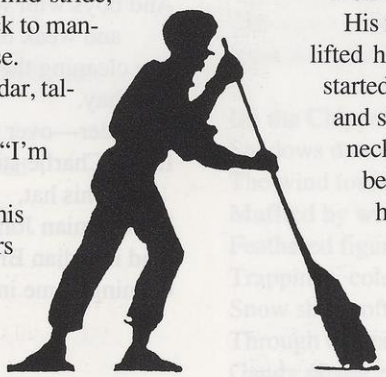
Bernie, the night manager, was leaning over the service counter. "It's that damn post-Christmas crunch." "No decorations, no shoppers," I agreed. "The whole mall is a morgue."

Bernie surveyed the empty aisles and shook his head. "The season of income taxes and heating bills." He checked his watch against the time clock. "Eight-thirty," he said. "Start scrubbing floors, Robin. Maybe we can finish early."The night cleaning job at Krinsky's Department Store was my first real job ever, and I had yet to receive an official paycheck. I had already mooched too many Cokes and candy bars, my pockets holding only lint, gum wrappers, and house keys, but I stopped in mid-stride, pushing my luck. "Bernie, I'll need a caffeine kick to manage that power scrubber. I'll buy Friday. I promise.

"He made a face and studied the wall calendar, tallying up all the Cokes I owed him.

"Bernie!" Hands out and empty, I pleaded. "I'm suffering post-Christmas crunch."

He groaned and groped with both hands in his snug polyester pants, wheedling out six quarters and clanking them one at a time on the counter. "Life is not a free lunch, Robin. Somebody always pays. Remember that." He chewed open a bag of potato chips.



"Bernie, you're a lifesaver." I zipped down to the lobby entrance, the only snack oasis on this end of the old mall, where the bitter January wind rattled the windows. I rested my forehead against the window, breath fogging the glass; it was cold, darn cold, a good night to stay home. My mother's rusty Ford, abandoned like war wreckage, crouched under the glare of the parking lot lights. The lot was a frozen and desolate tundra, encircled by walls of ragged snowbanks. Wind skidded over the banks, kicking up snow swirls and chasing them around the towering light posts.

As I prayed that the great god of batteries would breathe life into my car at ten o'clock, I noticed a man and a small dog stumble down the ten-foot snowbank that separated the parking lot from the old industrial park. They ran toward the entrance like playful children, playing tag with the snow swirls, their shadows growing long and then short under the pink lights. The man swung one of the glass doors wide open for the dog, as if she were a lady and he were a real gentleman, coaxing her into the warmth. The dog, her fur matted and dirty gray, looked part poodle, mostly mutt. She acted leery about surrendering her freedom, sniffing all around the door, but the man was patient, talking softly like a parent to a frightened child. I stepped back against the Coke machine, retreating from the wind. I wanted to remind him that dogs weren't allowed and to please close the darn door. Instead, I made small talk. "Cold, huh?"

If the dog was a mutt, the owner was no better. Gaunt and hunched, looking a burned-out fifty, he wore a frayed orange stocking cap and green tavern jacket, dark stains and cigarette burns decorating the sleeves. Frost and spittle stiffened his scraggly beard. He wore baggy gray dress slacks, crotch hanging low, cuffs rolled up. Both of them huddled around the radiator. The man peeled off brown cotton work gloves and dropped them on the floor. He smiled, showing me yellow teeth, rubbing two fingers and a thumb together, pinky extended. "Got a smoke?"

"Don't smoke," I said nervously, but he stepped closer.

His fingernails were dirty and his breath was sour. He lifted his jacket and removed his belt. I shuddered and started edging back toward the store, but he only knelt and shaped a noose, gently looping it around the dog's neck. He looked up at me, offering the skinny brown belt. "I'll just be gone a second," he said. "Can ya hold her?"

"Sorry, I'm busy." I held up a Coke in each hand and shrugged foolishly.

His fingers massaged her ears, smoothing them flat against her head. "Just a second, Missy. Be back in a second." He removed a shoelace from his duct taped running shoe, strung the lace through the belt, and tied the dog to the newspaper rack. "Be good and I'll bring you a treat." He tugged gently, testing his work, gave her his gloves to chew on, and headed into the store.

The dog jerked at her makeshift leash, drawing the noose tight, whining.

I waited until the man disappeared between the aisles, set down both Cokes, and knelt to pet her. I loosened her restraining belt, and she licked my hand, wiggled, and wiggled some more. I tried to untangle a knot of matted fur and she sat, head up, brown eyes on mine, grateful for any attention. Suddenly she shook and knocked over a Coke. The open one. Mine.

"Damn dog!" I raised my hand and she cowered against the newspaper rack, her tail limp in the foamy puddle under her hind quarters. "Dogs don't belong in stores," I muttered, rehearsing my lines, savoring my irritation, knowing I'd get stuck cleaning up the mess. I'd tell the old bum a thing or two about store policy. But first, fingers reeking of dog, feeling grimy and slippery, I needed to wash my hands.

I dropped Bernie's Coke off at the service counter, shrugged when he asked about *my* Coke and shrugged again when he hinted that I had pocketed the money. "I'll be damned if I buy you anoth-

er," he spat, mouth crammed with potato chips. I consoled myself with the image of millions of dog germs picnicking and breeding on his Coke.

Cutting through Home Furnishings, toward the maintenance shop to get the power scrubber, I glimpsed the old bum browsing in Pet Supplies. I stopped just out of sight, edged up to the pet food aisle, and peered around the corner. He was playing touchy-feely with the dog biscuits, picking up the economy-sized box, stuffing it in his jacket and smoothing out the telltale hump. Too big; he looked pregnant. He selected a medium-sized box; still too big. Goldilocks, I thought, taste testing at the bears' house. At last, he wedged a small box into his baggy pants and fluffed out his jacket. I followed him back to Home Furnishings where he paraded in front of a full length mirror. Front, sideways, sucking in his gut, patting his stomach, he looked legal, knew it, and broke into a smile.

He continued browsing, drifting through the aisles like a sailboat, always moving toward the front lobby and his dog. What to do? Two weeks ago, when Krinsky's hired me, I sat through a shoplifting video. Shoplifting was a crime, and employees were duty-bound to turn in all shoplifters or immediately lose their jobs. To encourage store loyalty, Krinsky's promised an instant ten-dollar bounty for every shoplifter I caught. Ten bucks was a lot of money.

I found the nearest store intercom and gave the prescribed shoplifting warning. *"Price check, Mr. Bernie Marbes. Section seven, price check."* Bernie would immediately alert the mall security guard and I would continue tailing the suspect.

The girl from security arrived, dressed in torn jeans and sweatshirt, the mall's low profile approach to shoplifting detection. I fingered the old guy for her and we trailed him back to the checkout. She motioned to me and I shot ahead, making my way to the lobby entrance. We had him now, front and back, his escape routes blocked. I fussed with the Coke machine, studying the selections as if they were written in Russian, digging into empty pockets, jingling house keys, and depositing invisible quarters. I smacked the machine, waiting for a Coke that would never come. The dog, eyes alert to movement in the store, started to whine, swishing her tail like a soggy paint brush. She stood, her leash taut, as her owner hurried into the lobby. Hands shaking and legs squishy, I didn't dare look up, just kept banging the machine, waiting for the girl from security to make her move. What if he resisted? Was I suppose to jump in and tackle him? Not likely. I was even smaller than the slim security girl slipping up behind him.

The man didn't look up, just knelt, allowing the dog to plant her front paws on his thigh. "Hungry, Missy? Sure you are. Just a minute, baby." She burrowed her nose into his dirty jacket, her sniffs loud against my sudden silence. His fingers fumbled at the knotted shoelace.

"Sir, would you please come with me."

He stopped working the knot and stood slowly. He looked at her, the dog, the door.

The girl knew what she was doing and clamped her hand on his shoulder. "Sir, I have reason to believe that you stole from Krinsky's." Her voice, loud and firm, left no room for negotiation. She ordered him to open his jacket, and the dog biscuits tumbled to the floor.

"It was on sale," he said, like it made a difference.

The dog whined and waggled and sniffed the green and yellow box. She pawed at it, her wet tail wagging into a blur. The girl scooped up the box and ushered the man into Krinsky's. I followed them into the office behind Krinsky's service desk.

The cop arrived in a matter of minutes and asked me to fill out a police incident report, and Bernie had me complete a shoplifting report. When the officer asked the man where he lived, he shrugged. "Anyplace warm."

"You'll be warm tonight. Maybe tomorrow you'll get a sympathetic judge, some community service work for a full belly and a place to sleep." The officer motioned for the man. "Let's go."

"What about the dog, Officer?" I pointed to the box of biscuits.

"Dog?" He sounded irritated.

"Out in the lobby. He came in with a little dog."

"What about it?" he snapped more to the man than to me.

"Missy?" The old bum let out a sigh. "We need each other to keep warm."

"What's it look like?" The officer went to the phone and dialed, repeating what I told him and hung up. "Somebody will be out for it in an hour."

"What will they do to the dog?" I asked, not really wanting to know.

"Humane Society keeps it ten days, just in case someone claims it." He was already walking away. "After that, they destroy it."

I followed them out to the dog and watched the man say his final good-bye. Bernie came chugging up to me. "You forgot your bounty," he said breathlessly. "Open wide." His fat fingers plinked ten dollars' worth of quarters into my cupped hands. "Now you can buy me a Coke, and maybe I'll nominate you for employee of the month."

The old guy heard Bernie's laugh and turned at the door, looking directly at me. "Is that it?" he said, voice cracking. "Does the money make it right?"

I stared at my hands, refusing to look up, relieved when the officer tugged him into the hard wind toward the idling squad car. The dog lunged frantically against her leash, snapping the rotten shoelace and pouncing against the glass door. She jumped again and again, high against the quivering panes, her sticky paws leaving long vertical smears. As the squad car finally disappeared across the frozen and empty parking lot, her bladder failed and her sharp barks collapsed into mournful howls.

I couldn't stand to watch any longer and turned to the Coke machine, considering all my choices. Eyes closed, cheeks burning, I weighed the mound of cold quarters, wondering if it was too late to wash my hands.❧

Christmas Letter

The blank sheet folded up inside is white, a field
of snow.
Fill in the blank, recalling Miss Grotkin's
chalkboard words:
You may think *white* into *brown* or *green* or *blue*.
The snowfield can be earth or sea or sky (or the
scored walls of your heart). Sketch something
simple—a beetle, a fish, a distant gull—or
assemble fat letters into HOUSE, WAVE,
MOON, STAR or SUN and what you name will
be there, yes, as real as the rain. Decorate the page
with whatever rises, now, behind your eyes.
Return it then to my desk; and I, in turn, will
savor the signs, eyes stretched wide with wonder
at what you've done.

Robert Hillebrand

To Silje

This is night, my child. And this is the sky.
Not that daylight trickery of the sun
Blue, opaque and near.
This is the sky—this vacuous black
Distance tunneling through the stars,
So large. And you, so small

To be a maker of ritual: Each evening
When the windows are dark enough to show our faces
You announce we shall go out
To see if it is night. Inspect the sky
Which hides nothing, which opens in full bloom
Its delicate stars.

I think we are in love with those stars.
Together we search for planets. But each time,
I cannot watch for long.
An uneasiness draws my eyes down
Where I think a shadow moved.
The radar between my shoulder blades
Is tracking the approach of strangers.
My eyes on the trunks of trees,
Should a human form separate from the bark.
Love, my long arms have you covered.
I am on guard.

You watch the stars.

Rasma Haidri

Tigress

Barn chores done, light fading fast,
I climb the forbidden ladder
to my secret nest within the bales.

What is that cry
like rasp of leaf on pane
that rises from the mow?

A tiny point of ear,
jagged as if bitten,
pokes above just-opened eyes.

From coil of orphan kittens,
stiff paws still curled for kneading,
I pull a living mite of tiger cat
whose new-born lips nurse air,

nest it in one mittened hand.
Putting the other hand on shaky rung,
I shudder down a glowering of rats.

Outside the barn, under blackening sky,
wind beats me back,
once friendly willow wands
claw my face with witches' fingers.

A cry of kitten rises from my throat.
On stone legs as in a dream
I stumble without moving—-

until a purr, tiger-strong,
insistent as the starter's gun
at track-meets after school,

tugs us both
to nest in light.

Martha Moore

Old Men in Wheelchairs

Old men in wheelchairs
spill vegetables on their trays,
conversing in dropped carrots.
One speaks.
Another answers.
The nurses brush them off
onto the elderly feet.
When I take my dog Sara to visit them,
toothless mouths gape into grins
at the sight of her.
Hands drop forks
and reach to touch her golden head.
She is old;
her fur is not as soft as it once was.
but they do not notice.
There is a smell
and I do not speak of smells
in this place.
But Sara wags her tail
and eats the carrots off the shoes.
They are not wasted.
She loves the words that fall
from the forks
of the old men in wheelchairs.

Joan Johannes

Turning the Amaryllis

Easing out of that pot
well-fed and cocksure—
it just keeps on climbing

past the dusty violet
and the dingy aspidistras,
points that swelling tip

to the winter sun and then
blow all four horns:
"Here there can be no shame!

Admire my open flame!"
Thing is it forgets
drying with the grass,

a three-day rain,
or getting clipped
by an honest herbivore.
It keeps preening and
leaning (they've been
known to break)

so I turn it and say
"Here, macho,
lean the other way,

look at the panelling
or the print of resting deer.
Check out who's sitting here.

Many rooms
have no plants at all."
It straightens up, for a while.

Ron Ellis

She Belongs to the Sea

Her skin, soft
brown sea beans
that tumble in the tide,
sheds Alabama sunset.
Gulf Shore winds tease
her auburn hair,
sting dry lips.

She watches sand crabs scurry
from their white feet—
wives of retired autoworkers
from Detroit and Kenosha
dig for clams
they will boil open,
make into necklaces.
Christmas presents
for the grandchildren.

She licks salt,
rubs niveous sand
from her toes,
and smiles
across the open sea.
Dreaming of abalone
she waits
for the dolphins
to return.

Michael Harry Reetz

The River of the Mother of God, and Other Essays by Aldo Leopold

edited by Susan Flader and J. Baird Callicott. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1991. 384 pp. $24.95.

by Dennis Ribbens

Some years ago when my interest in Leopold first led me to the Leopold archives at the University of Wisconsin, I had some idea of his writing beyond *A Sand County Almanac*, *Round River*, and *Game Management*. But I was unprepared for the quantity of Leopold's output, astonished to discover one fascinating unpublished manuscript after another. Clearly there was need to select, edit, and publish these manuscripts, together with the many journal articles Leopold published but which were largely inaccessible to the reading public. *The River of the Mother of God* answers that need, and does so superbly within the range of its objectives.

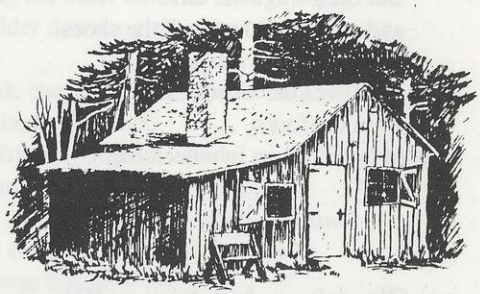
Let's go back. Few people know Leopold beyond *A Sand County Almanac*. That work was carefully crafted to speak to everyman about the need to develop an ecological eye and conscience. The fact that it succeeded is history. *Round River*, largely based on Leopold's hunting journal, reflects his publisher's inclination to place Leopold into the popular stream of nature writing. It did little for the Leopold canon. *The River of the Mother of God* falls into yet a third category. It fits the current spate of publications which focus on Leopold. And to that end the work is superlative.

It begins with a brief chronology and an introduction which just might be the best brief introduction to the man and his ideas to be found anywhere. The editors, both Leopold experts, one a historian and the other a philosopher, attempted to select from the vast Leopold corpus those essays which either "illuminate the major themes" of ecology, esthetics, and ethics, or "represent" the periods and activities of Leopold's life and the genres in which he wrote. The chronological arrangement of the essays indicates their eclectic nature and their focus on the man rather than on the themes.

This approach serves well the interests of those somewhat familiar with Leopold and motivated to learn more. If one can only own one book besides *A Sand County Almanac*, this is the one, for it makes widely available what until now has been examined by only a very few Leopold scholars. In this collection the reader will come closer to an understanding of the incredible depth and range of Leopold's intellect and voice. One will discover information which will deepen understanding of Leopold's other writings. And for those intransigents who persist in reading *A Sand County Almanac* as the work of a fuzzy outdoor generalist, essays like "Grass, Brush, Timber, and Fire," which show the expert doing his work, should convince once and for all that the voice of Leopold in *A Sand County Almanac* is the voice of the wise old man trying to teach, even convert, the likes of you and me.

There is so much in this collection: a really impressive essay by the seventeen-year-old Aldo; the root essays which, combined, made up the famous "Land Ethic"; Leopold in acid voice; Leopold the precise reporter; Leopold the calm synthesizer and persuader. Some themes change, like the place of predators or the value of wilderness. Some themes recur, like the unity of beauty and utility and the need to think holistically. Here are some of my favorite essays: "The Farmer as a Conservationist" (maybe because that is one window into my own life?), "Engineering and Conservation," "A Criticism of the Booster Spirit," "Pioneers and Gullies" (should be required reading: we have learned so little), and "Land Pathology." One might quibble about redundancy (like "The Outlook for Farm Wildlife"), but the repetition of themes and even phrases and examples is inevitable in a collection of essays not intended by their author for joint publication. Do not expect the exquisite interconnectedness of *A Sand County Almanac*.

The Leopold "Shack"



Flader and Callicott deserve high marks for this well-conceived work. The final list of Leopold publications alone is worth the price of the book. Ask anyone who has attempted the effort. Personally I think the title, appropriately selected from among the essay titles, should have been another. "The River of the Mother of God" may be catchy, but the essay is neither Leopold at his best, nor is it representative of the overall spirit of the collection. My choice? *The Ecological Conscience*.

My major concern really has not to do with this book, but with one that does not yet exist but should. If Leopold's voice is to reach into our generation with the new vigor contained in these and still other unpublished essays; if everyman, if the popular audience Leopold struggled to reach with *A Sand County Almanac* is to be touched by these new essays, they need to be published in a different form. Just the essays, very carefully selected, organized thematically, no more than thirty essays per volume. Essays which draw attention not to Leopold, but to land, and on how to know and love land. Essays which inform the ecological mind and move the ecological conscience. I think that kind of collection would please Leopold most of all.

Dennis Ribbens, professor and library director at Lawrence University, both in published articles and on his Calumet county farm has reflected on what Leopold has to say.

A Wisconsin Christmas Anthology

edited by Terry R. Engels. St. Cloud: Partridge Press, 1990. 152 pp. $10.95.

by Jolene Hansen

A Wisconsin Christmas Anthology would be a delightful companion through the holiday season, reminding us that traditions lie deep in the history of Wisconsin. The selections in the anthology are short, varied, and provide a sense of simplicity (not ease necessarily) that gives balance to our present-day holiday preparations. We're reminded of the joys of sleigh rides, simple gifts, and Christmas programs and the hardships of meager food stores, drifted roads, and waiting for loved ones.

Excerpts from diaries tell us what it was like for early explorers and settlers to celebrate the season, while newspaper accounts present more public messages of the day. Poetry has its rightful place in the book as does art, from black and white sketches and prints to the subtle cover choice by Milwaukee-born artist Carl Von Marr. The history of native Wisconsin food is a surprising addition, with updated recipes included so we can enjoy cranberries, wild rice, and sugar plums, just as our ancestors did. Most captivating, however, are the short stories and chapters by authors whose names we've stored in the corners of our memories—Sterling North, George Peck, Carol Ryrie Brink, and Zona Gale, to name only a few. The temptation will be to read aloud to whomever will listen, maybe even to ourselves.

In this volume, Terry Engels has woven together pieces of the past that underscore the meaning of the season and say, as Henry Van Dyke says, "But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas."

Jolene Hansen is a lecturer in the English department at the University of Wisconsin Center–Waukesha County.

The Exiled Heart: A Meditative Autobiography

by Kelly Cherry. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1991. 268 pp. $24.95.

by Jack Stark

Kelly Cherry, a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Madison who has written much fiction and poetry, has recently published *The Exiled Heart: A Meditative Autobiography*. In it she recounts three brief periods spent with Imants Kalnin, a Latvian composer, and the much longer period during which Soviet officials foiled their attempts to marry. Although her material is factual, it is also one of the classic human situations that is almost certain to move a reader: the tragic love story.

Cherry effectively uses this material to stimulate an emotional response in her readers. Her candor, by creating empathy, has that result, as do a number of literary techniques, such as the time shift at the book's beginning, that increase the story's emotive power by diminishing its intellectual power. More important techniques which accomplish that end are her use of words and phrases in nonstandard ways, rapidly shifting among levels of diction and jumping from topic to topic without making logical transitions. An example of a stylistic quirk that short-circuits analysis is the slang in "I might, like Socrates, a hero of mine, give in to the temptation to ham it up a little," which incongruously appears in a philosophical passage. In fact, although the depth of her emotional attachment to Kalnin is clear, she does not explain it at length, nor does she compellingly portray him until late in the book, in her account of their recent reunion, almost twenty-five years after their first meeting and long after they had given up hope of marrying. By that time he had physically declined, but she makes him come alive and convinces the reader that it was worth opposing those who kept them apart.

Although the stylistic traits inhibit Cherry, she tries to add two dimensions to her tale of truncated love. One, of course, is political. This is not a story of vast armies on the march or of diplomatic maneuvering at the highest levels but of micropolitics: of low-level bureaucrats reflecting their government's policies by frustrating the wishes of ordinary citizens that in a better world would be undeniable. She tells this story in great detail, indicating the human costs of politics in the U.S.S.R. from 1965 to 1990. Her account is well told and chilling, but it is in fact documentation, not a series of insights. It is impossible not be sympathetic with the plight of Cherry and Kalnin, but her account of that plight does not teach much about politics except that if powerful societies are rigid and frightened they will also be cruel in, at least, petty ways.

The other dimension she tries to add is philosophical. On the book's last page she writes, "this is not so much a love story, however meaningful, as a story *about* meaning." She pursues the meaning of her relationship with Kalnin into many realms, most notably the aesthetic and the religious. She does so mainly by sprinkling philosophical interludes throughout the book. They do not quite work. In some the prose is a bit opaque; in others, as I mentioned, the style fails the content. In still others there does not appear to be much of a point. Rather than deepening the story, they interrupt it. Although there is a search for meaning, it is not very successful. Again, she expertly communicates her emotions, but she writes much less deftly in an analytical mode.

Something went wrong. The book's material is very promising. (It may seem inappropriate to speak of heartbreak as promising material, but this is a book, not a life.) Moreover, Cherry has obvious talents. She offers a clue to the cause of the problem: "For a reader, a book must be alive; but for a writer, it is a kind of fossil, the imprint of his mind, a clue to the mental

life he lived in an earlier age." Her reversal of the time sequence, putting the fossil before the living creature, should be a signal that her metaphor is not working. A case could be made that the material of a book needs to be alive for an author, to excite his or her emotions, and that the author then ought to fossilize it: press it, form it aesthetically, intellectually, or both for the reader. The vitality of the emotional experience that is the material of *The Exiled Heart* is apparent. It would be a better book if that material had been more expertly formed rather than left inchoate.

Jack Stark is an attorney with the Wisconsin Legislative Reference Bureau and an avid reader with a special interest in Wisconsin authors.

The Mexican Muralists in the United States

by Laurance P. Hurlburt. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1989. 320+ pp. $45.00.

by P. L. Fernandez-Gimenez

Laurance P. Hurlburt's book provides us with a vivid, scholarly, and sound study on the creative activities of the "three great" fresco painters in the United States during the 1930s. The northern adventures of José Clemente Orozco, Diego Rivera, and David Alfaro Siqueiros, which took place in that chronological sequence, coincides with the Great Depression and the initiation of its politico-social curative treatment, the New Deal, which explains why such a great and influential painter as the younger Rufino Tamayo (the d'Artagnan of the Mexican muralist school) is not considered in Hurlburt's work.

This is not a large coffee-table book. Its more convenient, smaller size for reading is a disadvantage when consulting the illustrative plates, a must for a thorough comprehension of the works (mural or otherwise) under scrutiny, unless one is already well acquainted with them. At moments, one wishes this could be an *in folio* so that larger reproductions could be presented. Yet the abundance and excellent choice of the illustrations, some of them rare and in the hands of private or semi-private collectors, seem to constitute a complementary but integral part of the study.

Obviously, Hurlburt, who lives in Madison, is a thorough scholar who does not shy away from a nearly exhaustive search for documentation, even when it takes ten years of his life to obtain it, and he is generous in sharing that wealth of information with clarity and depth of feeling.

We are presented with excerpts from three parallel lives, approached with the thoroughness of a true historian. The book contains enlightening appendices and a set of antecedents which establish the intellectual, ideological, and pictorial array of circumstances constituting the "situation" of each artist upon his arrival in the United States. The art and the creative process which inspired it are explored chronologically.

We are told that Orozco came to this country and worked from 1927 to 1934; Rivera from 1930 to 1933, and Alfaro Siqueiros in 1932, 1934, and again in 1936-37. All of them worked in California and New York; Orozco worked in New Hampshire and Rivera in Michigan.

Orozco mixed with groups associated with United States intelligentsia and had contacts in the students' world. Rivera arrived as a mature artist, although he perhaps died still an immature man. He wanted his visit to be provocative while wishing to conquer approval. (He reached the former goal rather than the latter, yet he left a trickling of masterpieces.) Alfaro Siqueiros was among them the one really active in the life of this country, very particularly in socialistic environments.

The works of Orozco considered in this book are the Pomona College *Prometheus,* the New School of Social Research refectory series on world social revolution and world brotherhood, and the Dartmouth College Library's reading room *Epic of the Americas*. Among the works by Rivera, included are his *Allegory of California*, the Stern family dining room mural; the *Construction* mural of the California School of Fine Arts; and the portable frescoes done for the Museum of Modern Art exhibition.

Alfaro Siqueiros's work, more diverse, is somewhat less easily grasped. His paintings and murals, in most cases done in collaboration (which he called "team painting") while experimenting with many technical innovations, include the *Tropical America* mural at the Plaza Art Center in Los Angeles and the *Present Day Mexico* fresco in Santa Monica, all realized in 1932. Works produced during his later New York period are also discussed. Alfaro Siqueiros was also a socio-political activist and a most important theoretician of art of his generation and country.

In a brief conclusive chapter, Hurlburt condenses his opinion about the influence their stay in the United States had on the three masters, and he closes his study explaining the "rejection" of these influential artists by their peers and by the general public in the United States.

It is not frequently that one steps into an original and rigorous piece of scholarship, clearly centered upon a threefold monographic topic simultaneously able to catch and retain the interest of the lay reader throughout a dense text requiring attention while it stimulates the reader's own reflections. This is such a book.

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Frank Lloyd Wright and Madison: Eight Decades of Artistic and Social Interaction

Madison: Elvehjem Museum of Art, 1991. 218 pp. $49.95

by Max D. Gaebler

Originally intended as the catalogue to accompany the exhibition of the same title presented at the Elvehjem Museum of Art in the early fall of 1988, this volume (which appeared two years after the exhibition) is more accurately described by Elvehjem Director Russell Panczenko as "the culmination of the entire project" emanating from the original idea. The exhibition itself and a television documentary preceded it.

The project as a whole—and this volume in particular—constitutes an unprecedented and important contribution to the detailed research which, as editor Paul Sprague reminds us, the work of so celebrated an artist as Frank Lloyd Wright deserves and which must precede well-founded analytical studies. The present volume consists of detailed essays on all of Wright's thirty-two projects designed for Madison clients, both those which were built and those which never achieved realization. These projects span virtually the whole career of Wright, from his Oak Park days to his last years at Taliesin. And as Panzcenko reminds us, they were intended for astonishingly varied purposes, from boathouse to civic center, from hotel to church to country club.

As is often the case, the projects never built are as interesting as the ones we see and enjoy. John Holzhueter's description of the circumstances surrounding the Yahara River boathouse not only corrects a long-standing and consequential error in its date but casts fascinating light on the status of intercollegiate athletics (in this case crew) at the University of Wisconsin at the beginning of this century.

Another unrealized project provides the subject of the book's final chapter, carefully and correctly given a plural title: "The Olin Terraces and Monona Terrace Projects." Mary Jane Hamilton, whose prodigious research on Wright produced fourteen of the twenty-five essays, recounts the prolonged and tortured history of this dramatic concept, a concept which has once again been revived since the book and the exhibition were completed.

In between these might-have-beens are the stories of such famous buildings as the Gilmore house, the two Jacobs houses, the Pew house, and the Unitarian Meeting House. It is a collection whose fascination will capture not only the admirers and students of Wright but everyone with a feeling for the history of Madison.

Max D. Gaebler is minister emeritus of the First Unitarian Society in Madison.

Wisconsin Poetry, Transactions, Vol. 79, No. 2

edited by Bruce Taylor. Madison: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1991. 277 pp. $11.95.

by Helga Sandburg

If you like poetry, want poetry, have read little poetry or have been under the spell of poetry all of your life, you will want to have this anthology. In it you will find excitement, terror, reality, peace, depths of love, courage, fear, and wonder. The anthology was in production for two years, during which time thousands of poems were submitted by hundreds of poets of varying ages and races throughout Wisconsin—some of them award winners, all already published, if only once in a perhaps obscure review. There are sixty-five poets and 213 poems included, representing haiku, iambic pentameter, and free verse; there are long poems and short, and some eccentric in punctuation and typography.

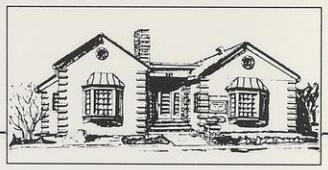
The poetry editor, Bruce Taylor, states poignantly in the introduction that anthology, "from the Greek (*anthos*, flower plus *legein*, to gather), means a gathering of flowers." And he explores the analogy. I decided to go to my 1936 unabridged *Webster's*, which adds correctly, "A collection of flowers of literature, that is beautiful passages from authors; a collections of poems . . . " and so on. And there we are at home again.

But what is a poem? I thought of the predicament faced in 1914 by the advisory board of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* when the first group of "Chicago Poems" by my father, Carl Sandburg, was considered for an award that the founder of the review, Harriet Monroe, thought he deserved. The conservative member of the board who stood against this finally swung the award to Sandburg when the *Century Dictionary* was consulted and poetry was defined as "The art which has for its object the exciting of intellectual pleasure by means of vivid, imaginative, passionate and inspiring language, usually though not necessarily arranged in the form of measured verse or numbers."

And indeed, still searching for roots, doesn't the word poem itself also derive from the Greek again, *poema*, a created thing, a work, from the verb *poiein*, to make, to create. And there we have the poet, *poietes*, the maker, the worker, the creator.

Here they are, poems which speak of Wisconsin and feelings of these inspired poets of the state close to the wilderness—the farms, the schools, the cities, the kitchens, gardens, night and day, roses and thorns, books, islands and seas, dreams, accidents, animals (wild and tame and unknown), the earth and the stars, families, memories, frustrations and loves, our lives. I cannot choose for you; the privilege is yours.

Author and poet Helga Sandburg, youngest daughter of Carl Sandburg, lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

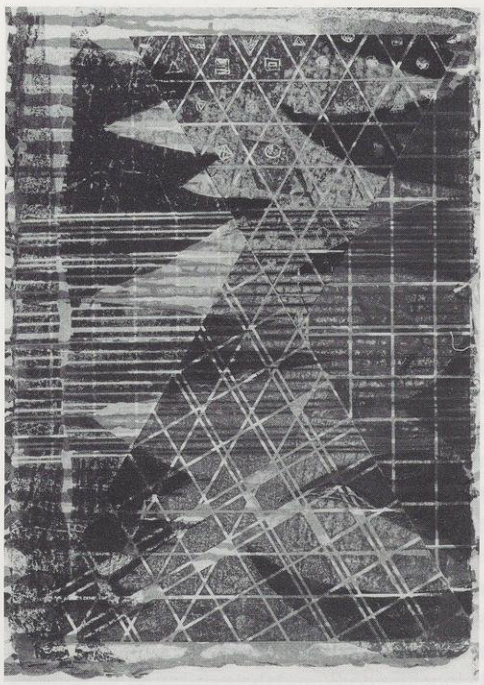


The Wisconsin Academy Gallery: Enhancing the Arts

by Marty Lindsey

Since 1974, exhibits by Wisconsin artists have been mounted in the reception area of the Wisconsin Academy. In 1976, Madison artist Mary Miche, encouraged by then president Robert Gard, began systematically organizing Wisconsin artist exhibitions. The popularity and enthusiastic reception of these shows initiated a move to convert this area into an art gallery. It was decided that there was a need for a noncommercial gallery, which would encourage and support Wisconsin artists by advantageously showing their work to residents and visitors in the capital of the state. The Wisconsin Academy Gallery was planned to operate informally and show a variety of art levels not possible for more institutional groups. This was to be an alternative gallery under artists' management within the Academy framework. Because one of the directives for the Wisconsin Academy is to serve the cultural interests of state art, literature, and science, the gallery project broadened that purpose and more comprehensively developed the collaboration among Wisconsin scientists, writers, and artists. In 1985, with Joyce Erdman as president, Warrington Colescott as vice president-arts, and council member John Wilde (who was vice-president-arts in 1981), the Academy council became actively involved in redesigning the gallery. Joyce Erdman brought in Erdman architects who donated the lighting and served as art consultants. During the first phase of the remodeling, completed in the summer of 1986, museum-quality track lighting was installed. This was, in good part, due to the efforts of Kay Hawkins, who urged Colescott to "do something about the lighting." New walls were built to increase space by rearranging some doors and windows.

Planned for the original remodeling, but not funded and still not realized, were new flooring and furniture and the removal of a large colonial chandelier. Nevertheless, the gallery was in operation, and in 1985 the first Wisconsin Masters Exhibition was held, with twelve Wisconsin artists each donating a work for auction: Aaron Bohrod, Madison; Warrington Colescott, Hollandale; Fred Fenster, Madison; John Mominee, Platteville; William Weege, Barneveld; James Watrous, Madison, Dean Meeker, Dane; Don Reitz, Marshall; Tom Uttech, Milwaukee; Paul Donhauser, Oshkosh; Lee Weiss, Madison; John Wilde, Evansville; and John Colt, Milwaukee. These artists were all prominent on the national scene and among the finest practitioners in several media. All funds raised were used to renovate the gallery. In 1986, Vice President-Arts John Mominee commissioned Milwaukee artist Robert Burkert to prepare a lithograph edition of fifty prints for fundraising and Nancy Burkert to provide art for an original poster with commercial printing donated.



#22 by William Weege. Print on handmade paper, 31 x 25 inches. 1982.

Throughout this ten year period of growth, the gallery had the steady support and guidance of Patricia Powell, who, during the period of time she worked at the Academy, served as editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* and gallery coordinator. Pat's dedication to the Academy and her interest in art contributed to the growth of the gallery during these formative years.

The enthusiastic support of the gallery generated a nurturing environment for emerging Wisconsin artists as well as those already well known. The Academy benefited, as well, from an

Poker Night at Pentagon *by Warrington Colescott. Pen and ink drawing with watercolor, 22 x 30 inches. 1981.*

increase in name recognition among artists and an interested public; the creation of an environment for communication among scientists, artists, musicians, and writers; and the formation of programs linking and promoting all three disciplines.

Much of the credit for this success goes to the leadership and guidance of Kay Hawkins, who transformed the fledgling gallery into a formally structured and professional entity. The measure of success can be seen in the increasing number of applications received from well-known and well-respected artists from around the state. Kay's broad-based background in public rela-

THE COMMITTEE

Karlyn Holman owns and operates a studio/gallery in Washburn. She is also an artist producing stoneware and porcelain pottery as well as watercolors. After teaching at the Wisconsin Area Technical Institute in Ashland for twelve years, she continues to lead workshops in watercolors and teach potters.

Gene Bloedorn is chair of the art and design department at the University of Wisconsin-Stout. Bloedorn is happy to "see examples of work from across the state" and artists representing places other than urban centers.

Marjorie Kreilick echoes that sentiment. "The quality [of the works exhibited at the gallery] has changed—it's more inclusive, a gallery for the state." A professor of art at the University of Wisconsin-Madison teaching color theory, Kreilick has designed pools and marble mosaics in collaboration with architects.

A former administrator at Walker's Point Center for the Arts, Milwaukee, and currently a president's advisor of Wisconsin Society of Painters and Sculptors, Valerie Christell has been involved in many aspects of the art world. Besides giving art lectures and critiques, she frames art work.

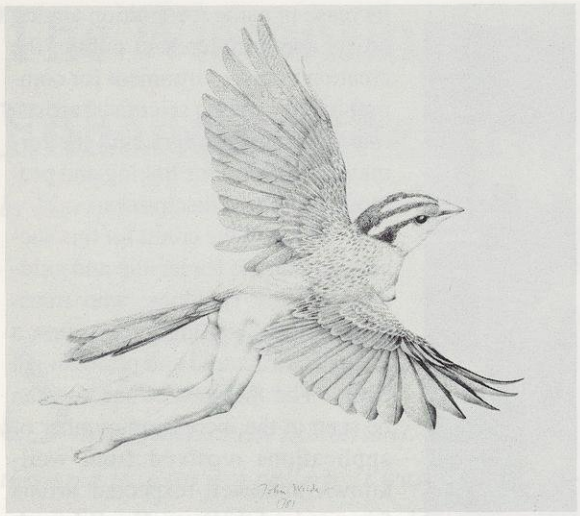
Narendra Patel, a professor at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, is known for his sculpture and the innovative technique of chemically changing color on metal. The process, a modification of electroplating, uses molten tin, chemicals, heat, and abrasion to give his works depth and dimension. He teaches sculpture at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

Beverly Harrington taught art in the Oshkosh public schools for twenty years and also at the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh. A watercolor artist, Harrington has been involved in selecting and organizing exhibitions since 1983.

Marylou Williams is experienced in many aspects of the art world. A former curator of the Wright Museum of Art at Beloit College, Williams taught in American Samoa and Hawaii. She led workshops in tapa making (Polynesian bark cloth) at the Field Museum in Chicago.

William Wartmann, Edgerton, represents another aspect of the art world. He is owner and senior appraiser for Wartmann Antiques. With several degrees in art and sculpture, Wartmann is knowledgeable in antiques, fine art, sterling, and painting. He sees the gallery committee, which he joined in 1988, as an excellent way to help Wisconsin artists—the gallery supports the new artist by limiting expenses, providing mailing lists, and offering a convenient location near the Unviersity of Wisconsin-Madison.

The newest committee member is Sally Hutchison, who has taught drawing and design, lectured for the University of Wisconsin-Madison, and served as guest curator for the Elvehjem Museum of Art.



A White-Throated Sparrow *by John Wilde. Silverpoint, 8 x 10 inches. 1981.*

tions, the foreign service, and art organizations enabled her to organize a successful combination of policies and procedures that continue to be the foundation for gallery operations. Kay assembled a group of distinguished and committed artists, curators, and art professors to form a gallery committee responsible for the exhibition schedule, gallery policy, and selection of exhibits.

The initial gallery committee was formed in 1985 when Kay invited John Sheean, Marjorie Kreilick, and Marylou Williams to help her write brochures, review applications, establish gallery policy and fundraising activities, and arrange for appropriate signage. Other committee members during this period included Karen Stein, Pat Powell, Don Reitz, John Wilde, and John Mominee.

The present committee meets three times a year, sharing their knowledge of contemporary art and evaluating technique of their peers and quality of the work. Application for a gallery exhibition requires the submitting of eight to ten slides as well as a resume. Because of the increasing number of applications and the limitation of twelve shows per year, only about 50 percent of applicants are chosen to exhibit. The success of the Wisconsin Academy Gallery depends on the experience of these committee members, who give their time and expertise out of concern for the arts in Wisconsin. The committee members, who serve three-year terms, reflect diversity in their expertise and represent widespread geographic areas of the state.

Thanks to the vision, talent, and dedication of the individuals who make up the gallery committee, the Wisconsin Academy staff, and all who have been involved along the way, the Wisconsin Academy Gallery continues to be a singular example of how "sciences, arts and letters converge to enhance and support interdisciplinary sharing" in Wisconsin.

Marty Lindsey is the Wisconsin Academy Gallery coordinator.

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