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WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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Volume 23, Number 2
March, 1977

—North to Superior—
(Dreams of Statehood)

Something happens to me when I go up to northern Wisconsin. I seem to expand inside and somehow I become more aware; perhaps it's because the sky and woods and lakes still have an edge of wildness; or it may be that the people seem a little larger in spirit than they do down south.
—Robert E. Gard
This Is Wisconsin (1969)

For most of us, there are only faint echoes to be heard from the Big Bang of events that marked our nation's Bicentennial. Not so up north, especially in eastern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula, where the fire that was the American Revolution burns yet.

"No longer shall our cries of injury and our wails of despair be whimpers or whispers falling on deaf or blocked ears," reads one document proclaiming the intent to create a fifty-first addition to these United States of America—a State of Superior, to be precise. "Vaguely reminiscent of the eighteenth century prose of our Founding Fathers," observes Leo J. Hertzel in this issue's "Dreams of Statehood."

Our thanks to Professor Hertzel of UW-Superior and to the *North American Review* (in which the article was first published) for the opportunity to bring you this insightful analysis of the reasoning and emotions at work in the minds and hearts of some of the large-spirited citizens of the cutover country.

—JB

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The date of this issue is March, 1977

On The Cover

Hail to . . . The Prince, one of several cast sterling silver sculptures created by Wisconsin artist Kenneth Kuemmerlein that formed a part of his exhibit at Steenbock Center earlier this month. Other works included cast and fabricated sterling silver jewelry, paintings and drawings.

A Milwaukee native, Ken is a graduate of UW-Madison and did his advanced studies at the University of Iowa and the University of Michigan. He is past president of the Wisconsin Art Education Association, a WASAL affiliate, and is chairman of visual arts and professor of arts development at UW-Extension in Madison.

A variety of works of Wisconsin artists are exhibited each month at Steenbock Center, the WASAL headquarters (see back cover for current exhibit information).

Sculptures pictured on the cover and elsewhere in the *Review* were photographed by T.P. Stewart, specialist (in photography), Department of Neurophysiology, University of Wisconsin-Madison.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW

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CONTENTS

Dreams of Statehood

by Leo J. Hertzel

". . . No longer shall our cries of injury and our wails of despair be whimpers or whispers falling on deaf or blocked ears . . ."

I was in Duluth and I called Tom Forester in Presque Isle.

"Tom, I'd like to come over and talk to you about the fifty-first state. You have any time this week?"

"Well, I'm really rushed. I'm working on financing for a cable TV thing I've got going. How about Saturday noon?"

"Fine with me. Where'll I meet you?"

"How about the hotel in Marenisco? They've got a bar and grill downstairs. We can meet there. I'll try to get Ted Albert to come."

"OK. What's the best way to get to Marenisco?"

"Take 2 out of Superior through Ashland, you know, and come on past Wakefield. Hang a right where you see the sign. Marenisco is only a couple of miles off the road. You can't miss it."

"OK. Saturday. You got much snow there?"

"We've got so much snow you can take some back with you."

Tom Forester owns the laundromat in Presque Isle, Wisconsin. He is also publisher of the *Walleye Street Journal*, a weekly tabloid put out by Twin Fish Publications, a corporation which he also owns. Betty, Tom's wife, who is a Presque Isle school teacher, is official editor of the *Walleye Street Journal*. The *Journal* is distributed in Presque Isle, Winchester, Marenisco, Boulder Junction, Manitowish Waters, Bessemer, Wakefield, Minocqua, Land O'Lakes and Mercer—all towns in the northern part of Wisconsin and Michigan where the two states meet in the heavily forested land just south of the central shoreline of Lake Superior.

Tom, an outspoken and energetic man in his mid-twenties, and Betty, a slim brunette, have been publishing the newspaper for almost two years. The editorial offices, which are also the offices of Twin Fish Publications, are one room in the laundromat, squeezed in a side corner by the washing machines and dryers and folding tables. There is no door separating the office from the laundromat machinery, and sometimes, when Tom and Betty are absent, laundromat customers wander in and answer the Twin Fish phone.

The *Walleye Street Journal* is a reflection of the life of the area it serves—Presque Isle with three hundred and fifty residents and a surrounding area sparsely populated but heavily forested.

Walleye Street Journal advertisements are directed to people with a deep love of outdoor life: "Attend a fishing jamboree sponsored by the Mercer Lions Club; The Easy Slider Ski Touring Academy will help you slide and glide into the quiet wilderness; The Headwaters Resort & Bar will serve you the Friday Nite Fisherman's Plate for just $2.75." And sometimes the advertisements express a sense of community that might appear unusual in other areas of the nation.

FROM THE OVERTON'S OF CRESCENT ISLAND, CRAB LAKE

★ ★ ★

We wish to thank the Presque Isle Volunteer Fire Dept. for the excellent job they did in putting out the chimney fire which destroyed our cabin August 20, 1975. Firemen who fought the blaze included:

Chief Larry Thoma	Ken Brousil
Jim Clark	John Eschenbauch
Jay Gascoigne	Paul Logan
Wayne McDonald	Jon Olson
Larry Pearson	Dick Scheide
Dick Spaeth	Dick Wolf

We also want to thank:

- **The Operator who handled the second call after the first one failed to go through clearly to the fire department;**
- **The girls at the Post Office who relayed the messages;**
- **Al Eschenbauch, first to arrive and who fought the blaze with a garden hose and then assisted the firemen;**
- **Johnny MacLean, who assisted the firemen;**
- **All our neighbors and friends who assisted, loaned boats, and offered help;**
- **Our house guests, the Bill Casey's of Neenah, without whose brave and diligent assistance we would have lost much more of our property;**
- **Bob and Nancy Knutowski and their family of Sky View Inn who not only fed the firemen after the fire, but also treated our family to their great food and hospitality late that night;**
- **The Tom Tuttle's who gave us lodging after the fire and George Sprackling for his special help.**

Jack and Betsy Overton
Ted, Bill, Rick and Rob
Ted and Ruth Overton

Weather is a serious matter in the North Country. The *Walleye Street Journal* adjusts its contents to the changing seasons. January 29, 1976, the paper carried a lead story on hypothermia. "If exposure continues until your energy reserves are exhausted, cold reaches the brain depriving you of judgment and reasoning power. *You will not realize what is happening.*" The August 21, 1975 edition carried a feature story, "WILD FIRE!" "The country dweller has to be many things: a bit of a doctor, a bit of a plumber, a bit of all those other specialists who handle emergencies for city folk. Well, I can't give you a Red Cross first aid course, and I certainly can't offer you police protection . . . but there is one type of mishap which I might be able to help you deal with: wildfire."

The *Journal* also carries regular columns by two unidentified correspondents: Aunt Jennie and The Raven. The columns are folksy, hokey, and clever. "I am going to give you directions for a simple knitted cap which will be very useful with our present cold weather," writes Aunt Jennie. "I made this cap for the editor and she promised to either have a photograph of it in the paper, or put it on display in the laundromat."

The Raven is a gourmet. "Spring has truly arrived as the spring peepers are making a lot of noise in my pond. People have been pushing me for more chicken recipes because chicken is part of the low fat diets and because the price is right. Is it the Polish Cook Book that starts out 'Steal a Chicken'? Now I think that's unfair! Anyway, this recipe was given to me by a Greek friend of mine, Constantine Melemes . . . ."

The *Walleye Street Journal* is becoming very popular in this part of the Northland. While it cannot yet compete with the old Ironwood *Globe* or the established Ashland *Press*, it does seem to mirror better than they do the moods and the temper of the people who live here. And the *Walleye Street Journal* is a solid supporter of the 51st State of Superior idea.

Up until May first of this year Tom Forester was president of the Northern Wisconsin 51st State of Superior, Incorporated, an organization dedicated to separate statehood for Wisconsin north of the forty-fifth parallel and for the fifteen counties that make up the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Because of too many irons in the fire, Forester resigned the presidency in May. However, he and the *Walleye Street Journal* remain totally committed to the State of Superior. Ted Albert, a wealthy Ironwood, Michigan attorney is Tom's Upper Peninsula counterpart, president of The Upper Peninsula 51st State of Superior, Incorporated.

The 51st State organizations occasionally publish a tabloid sheet called *The Superior Idea*. The publication is intended to clarify the nature, background, and future of the fifty-first state.

The second issue of *The Superior Idea* contains a "Joint Resolution as to Declaration of Intent" signed by Forester and Albert in October of 1975. The Resolution outlines the complaints, grievances, hopes, and pledges of the people of the Upper Peninsula and northern Wisconsin. Re-

duced to its barest outlines, the Resolution claims that the northern portions of the two states have long suffered economic and political abuse from the southern sections of the states. The Resolution emphasizes the geographical, cultural, and economic similarities between the two northern areas. And it ends with a pledge that the two areas will eventually break away from the south, evolve a kind of divorce, and join to form the new state of Superior. But fleshed out in full, the document, largely the work of Ted Albert, is one of the most dramatic statements so far produced by the movement, vaguely reminiscent of the eighteenth century prose of our Founding Fathers.

> We, the People of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and of Northern Wisconsin having long endured the disregard of our security, prosperity, and our general welfare, evidenced and compounded by a history of repeated injuries and usurpations by the lower territorial limits and portions of our respective states, particularly as to our respective governments: Now Therefore Let It Be Known that. . . .
>
> No longer shall our cries of injury and our wails of despair be whimpers or whispers falling on deaf or blocked ears. No longer shall the policy of government be designed to lean beneficially to the more heavily populated areas in unfair distribution of government services and concern. . . .
>
> We know of the long train of governmental abuses, disregard and usurpations, we need not elicit them for rationalization. We have suffered them and to us they are not vague, captious, illusory or otherwise light and transient grievances. . . .
>
> We will touch the minds and hearts of people who truly believe in basic freedoms. We are, however, not unmindful, nor are we, individually, jointly, or in concert so naive as to believe that the success of our endeavor will be blithefully and easily obtained. We need not be soothsayers to foresee numerous problems and deterring obstacles and events, but our abiding faith that will constantly guide us will stand as assurance of reaching our common good.

Laird Brooks Schmidt, described as "teacher, newspaper columnist and television producer," was appointed public relations counsel to the two organizations last summer. Schmidt immediately made it clear that the idea of forming a fifty-first state is no joke, no mere publicity gimmick. The two organizations are realistic and patient. They do not expect immediate results; they estimate it will take from five to seven years to accomplish their goal. For the present, organization is the target. "At the present time it is our major goal to explain to people that we are asking for their suggestions and what part they wish to play in investigating and looking into the possibilities of establishing a separate state," Schmidt said. "A great number of people are already anxious to get moving and make the break!"

It appears that Schmidt's assertion has a good foundation. A large and varied group of people in this area would like to see a new state carved out of Michigan and Wisconsin. Feelings appear to be strongest in eastern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula, both areas which have had widespread economic problems in recent years. Many residents feel that if they could separate their area from the urban dominated regions in the southern parts of the states, the northern sections could meet their own problems in their own ways.

Meeting in Eagle River, a town not far from Presque Isle, in 1975, the Vilas County Board of Supervisors adopted the following resolution.

RESOLUTION #75-26

WHEREAS, the northern two-thirds of Wisconsin is completely at the political and economic mercy of the southern one-third, and,

WHEREAS, this constitutes taxation without representation, and under the present one-man, one-vote concept, there can be no reversal of, nor relief from, the tyranny of power over justice and,

WHEREAS, the northern sixteen counties of the State of Wisconsin, having the fewest people, and therefore the fewest votes, in the Wisconsin State Legislature, are the most vulnerable to this intolerable injustice, and,

WHEREAS, The Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan, composed of fifteen counties and approximately 300,000 people, is in a comparably intolerable situation, and,

WHEREAS, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is holding an advisory referendum in November 1975 to consider withdrawing from the Lower Peninsula and forming a new State of the United States, and,

WHEREAS, The Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the northern section of Wisconsin have a common boundary, common problems, common resources, and common goals,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that the Vilas County Board shall establish an ad hoc committee to explore the possibility of severing alliance with the State of Wisconsin and promoting the severing of the other fifteen northern counties from the State of Wisconsin with the stated purpose of joining with the Upper Peninsula of the State of Michigan in the formation of the 51st State of the United States of America.

Dated this 15th day of April, 1975.

s/ Phillip A. Brandner

s/ E. C. Zimplemann

s/ Arthur Brunetta

s/ Robert L. Croker Sr.

I, Richard Breese, County Clerk, in and for the said County of Vilas, State of Wisconsin, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of a resolution adopted by the Vilas County Board of Supervisors in session on April 15, 1975.

s/ Richard Breese

Richard Breese
Vilas County Clerk

Four days after the Vilas County Board resolution was passed, the Seventy-eighth Legislature of the State of Michigan, meeting in Lansing, established a special committee to study the feasibility of separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula. At this point the efforts of State Representative Dominic Jacobetti of Negaunee, a town near the center of the Upper Peninsula, enter the scene. While there is no working relationship between Representative Jacobetti and the 51st State of Superior organizations, Jacobetti has been an outspoken advocate of the fifty-first state for a number of years. Many residents of the Upper Peninsula view his endorsement of the idea as a kind of political gimmick to maintain his seat in the legislature. He has been accused of not taking the fifty-first state idea seriously. On the other hand, Jacobetti's office has distributed widely a document entitled "TEN REASONS WHY THE UPPER PENINSULA SHOULD BE AND OPERATE AS A SEPARATE STATE." In many ways, the document reflects the sentiments and even the language of the Vilas County Resolution.

Reason #3: The sparsely populated insular geographic location of the Upper Peninsula creates an entirely different pattern of political problems which are not compatible with those of the urbanized population centers of lower Michigan. Therefore, there is a continuous conflict of interest in the priority of the legislation and with the one-man, one-vote ruling there is just no way for sufficient political clout to be developed to allow the Upper Peninsula to even maintain a stable economy, let alone to progress in today's world.

Reason #8: The Upper Peninsula, having such a small population, is not deemed important to our present congressional delegation, and they expend their efforts on behalf of the highly urbanized areas where the votes lie such as Lansing, Flint, Detroit, Pontiac and other cities. Therefore the Upper Peninsula gets little if any attention from our congressional delegates in Washington.

Dominic Jacobetti was largely responsible for the action of the state legislature in setting up the feasibility study. According to the feasibility study resolution, ". . . for a number of years there has been a great deal of discussion regarding the feasibility of separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula and . . . the debate on separate statehood has raged on for years. . . . Therefore, the economic, social, and political aspects of separate statehood need to be exhaustively studied by the legislative body in order to determine the practicability of separate statehood. . . ." The legislative committee was given a budget of $5,000 to hold public

hearings and do research into the question. Jacobetti and two other legislators were authorized to initiate the hearings.

Ted Albert, in the *Walleye Street Journal*, reacted to the Jacobetti resolution. Albert's reply indicated clearly that while there may be wide support for the fifty-first state, the support is divided. Under a front page headline "Chairman of 51st State Corp. Charges State Interference," Albert was quoted as saying, "Propaganda warlords of Lansing are girding themselves to do battle with us. They are trying to stop the progress the imminent State of Superior has made in the minds of its people. . . . By holding 'hearings' at this early date, the State Legislature is very obviously trying (1) to force a premature vote before the people are ready for it, and (2) to steal the impetus which has been made by forming an opposition group." Public relations director Laird Schmidt echoed Albert in the *Journal*, ". . .for those who have been asking if the State of Superior *could* be legally created, the answer is now clear. LANSING KNOWS FULL WELL THAT IT COULD BE. Why else would it be making such a clumsey (sic) attempt to head it off? HOW the creation of the separate state occurs, is not the question; WHEN it occurs is. Nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. And the idea of a separate state of Superior is knocking on the door."

Albert's and Schmidt's objections to the legislative hearings were apparently based on their belief that the public has not yet been sufficiently informed on the real possibilities for the fifty-first state. They feared some early referendum on the question would be forthcoming before their organizations had time to "educate the people."

Meanwhile, other advocates for the idea of secession were speaking. Two such men were State Senators Clifford Krueger and Daniel Theno, both from northern Wisconsin. Senator Theno predicted that if a referendum were held in northern Wisconsin this year, a resolution for secession would be endorsed in upper Wisconsin by a two-to-one majority. "I love Wisconsin," Senator Krueger said. "But I cannot blame these people for feeling they want a new state. They are desperate."

Snowfall in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is the heaviest in the midwest. At Delaware, an abandoned mining town in Keweenaw County near the tip of Keweenaw peninsula, as much as 295 inches of snow falls annually. Pictured top is a SOO Line plowing train crossing the bridge between Houghton and Hancock. Advocates of Upper Peninsula secession from lower Michigan believe that the area could capitalize on the tourist attraction of snow and winter. Some critics disagree. Bottom: The Coast Guard Cutter Woodrush, an icebreaker stationed in Duluth, breaking ice in the Upper Peninsula. Ice thickness will average between 20 and 30 inches in the dead of winter.

I drove over to Marenisco to meet Tom Forester and Ted Albert in the early spring. I had been reading everything I could find on the fifty-first state, its history, present, and future. I was impressed with the spirit and the apparent sincerity of the *Walleye Street Journal* and *The Superior*

Idea. But I had a number of questions about the whole proposal. I tried to put them together while I drove, and they seemed to come down to three rather complicated points.

The first question had to do with support. How much support did the 51st State organizations really have in the Upper Peninsula and northern Wisconsin? Forester and Albert live close together in an area that would be the approximate center of the proposed state. It was clear that in that area—Presque Isle, Vilas County, Ironwood—many people truly wanted secession. But did that support continue to the east across the peninsula and to the west as far as Superior, Wisconsin, the port town on the Minnesota border that was sometimes spoken of as the capital city of the new state? I had spent a good deal of time in Superior during the past few years and couldn't now remember anyone even mentioning the fifty-first state. More specifically, I wondered about support for the idea in the central and eastern sections of the peninsula. I had read reports that at Marquette and Iron Mountain in the fall of 1975 referenda had been held on the question of secession. In Marquette the idea was rejected 1,842 to 770. In Iron Mountain it was rejected 1,601 to 745. As far as I knew, these were the only two occasions in which the idea was voted on, and it lost overwhelmingly in both cases. I had seen an editorial in the Marquette *Mining Journal* in which that newspaper declared that on the basis of the referendum the fifty-first state idea was dead. "Marquette and Iron Mountain residents sent a message Tuesday and the process provided a footnote for future history books. They overwhelmingly said 'no' when asked if the Upper Peninsula should become the 51st state. . . .The message is loud and clear, and we hope it is received by Rep. Dominic Jacobetti. . . .We also hope Ironwood attorney Ted Albert gets the word." So the first thing I wanted to talk about in Marenisco was support. How many people outside of Presque Isle and the surrounding area *really* want a new state?

The second question I tried to formulate was about procedure. Exactly *how* would an organization or individual go about breaking up a state? I had a copy of a document from Frank J. Kelley, Attorney General of the State of Michigan, which was a response to two questions presented by Jacobetti and another state senator, Robert W. Davis. The two questions were clear and direct:

(1) Were there any constitutional or legal deficiencies in the way in which the Upper Peninsula became a part of the State of Michigan?
(2) What are the procedural steps by which the Upper Peninsula could be established as a separate state?

The Attorney General's reply was clear and direct:

STATE OF MICHIGAN

FRANK J. KELLEY, ATTORNEY GENERAL

STATE OF MICHIGAN: Upper Peninsula
STATES: Process for Obtaining Statehood
UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION: Process for Obtaining Statehood

The procedure by which the Upper Peninsula became part of the State of Michigan was valid and constitutional.

The decision of Congress to include the Upper Peninsula within the boundaries of the State of Michigan is not subject to challenge.

A portion of an existing state of the Union may achieve separate statehood if:

1. The state legislature agrees to separation of a designated area.
2. Residents of the area consent to the separation.
3. Representatives of the area adopt a constitution and petition the United States Congress for admission.
4. The Congress, by majority vote, admits the new state into the Union.

Opinion No. 4911 Jan. 22, 1975

What troubled me about the Attorney General's decision and his recommended procedure was that I had read a fifty-first state organization statement by Ted Albert in which he suggested there might be a shortcut way of secession. Albert's statement seemed murky to me when I read it, but it appeared to go contrary to the Attorney General's opinion; Albert seemed to say that some sort of secession appeal could be made directly to the Supreme Court. Of course I couldn't remember the statement word for word, but it did raise a further question about the hopes of the backers of the fifty-first state. Did they really have a workable plan for separate statehood?

"By virtue of the terms of the Northwest Ordinance and the subsequent actions of Congress in contravention of the express terms of said Ordinance, namely of depriving Wisconsin of its right under Ordinance to form for itself the 'fifth' state by fragmenting from Michigan (to be formed), that that (sic) territory (the Upper Peninsula lying west of Lake Michigan) and making statehood for Michigan conditioned upon the acceptance of that part of the Upper Peninsula as a part of the state of Michigan in trade for the Toledo Strip, we shall oppose any requirement or application of Article IV, Sec. 3, part 1 of the U.S. Constitution. The provisions of that Article requiring the consent of the legislature of the State is in direct opposition to and runs contrary to our right to petition to determine our own destiny and our Ordinance right to abolish and be free from a government we no longer can tolerate. . . ."

Ted Albert

And last, I wondered about the economic realities of a fifty-first state. Nearly everyone admitted that the North Country was poor. The *Milwaukee Journal* had once quoted a "hard-eyed realist" as saying, "State of Superior? It'd be better named the Welfare State." While Upper Michigan once had huge resources of copper and iron and unlimited timber, and while northern Wisconsin had iron and timber, now many of these natural resources have been reduced to the point where it is not economically feasible to market them. How, then, would the State of Superior support itself? This question seemed the most interesting of all three, for it appears that the 51st State organizations do not worry much about the economic question. Ted Albert had recently made a speech suggesting the State of Superior could prosper financially because it would keep government simple and cheap and allow its citizens to live quiet, dignified lives. This answer scarcely seemed realistic, but there was another idea somewhere in the background. Some advocates of the fifty-first state proposed to model the state's organization on that of Nevada. Jacobetti had suggested it; the idea had occurred in more than one publication of Forester's 51st state organization as well as being hinted at in issues of the *Walleye Street Journal*. The idea seemed beautiful in its simplicity. Legalize gambling in the State of Superior. A North Country Nevada! Gambling coupled with the unlimited recreational resources of the North Country would attract literally millions of tourists. With legalized gambling the new state wouldn't need industry.

Driving through Ashland past the Indian reservations, past miles of national forests, across the Michigan line and on to Wakefield, I wondered what Ted and Tom would say about gambling in the State of Superior. Did the idea of legal gambling, another Nevada, also include legal prostitution? Sherri's Place in the Great North Woods? Circus Circus in the pines? It was difficult to imagine. But looking out of the window at the unbroken stretches of wilderness I was driving through, I felt that it was evident that this area would need something special if it was going to become financially self-sufficient.

The snow was melting and the temperature was around fifty degrees when I drove into Wakefield. Wakefield is a kind of center for ski resorts in this area—Powderhorn Mountain, Indianhead Mountain, Porcupine Mountain, Mount Zion. I tried to visualize Wakefield as Lake Tahoe. But Wakefield is small and a little shabby; a few motels, a kind of hostel for skiers, several restaurants. It was Saturday, and the town was sprinkled with frustrated skiers in colorful sweaters, thick boots. The snow was melting fast, and this would most probably be the last ski weekend of the season. The sun was very bright.

A few miles out of Wakefield I hung a right and in five minutes I was in Marenisco. Marenisco is not really a town. It is a small cluster of buildings on either side of the road that leads from Highway

2 to Presque Isle and beyond. Just on the outskirts of the cluster there is a large fenced area filled with fresh cut timber and lumbering machinery. One small building on the road had a HOTEL sign in front. I parked and went in.

Tom and Ted Albert were sitting in a booth drinking coffee. I joined them.

This was my first meeting with Albert. He is a genial, balding man in his late fifties. He obviously likes to talk and seemed accustomed to having people listen to him. The 51st State of Superior is a matter that appears to mean a great deal to him.

Tom, Ted, and I talked for three hours. I asked my questions, and the answers came in fragments surrounded by digressions.

How many members are there in the 51st State of Superior organizations? How much support is there *really* for this project?

"My organization has about three hundred members right now," Tom said. "Frankly we need more people, that's the whole stick: more people."

Ted said his organization was smaller, but numbers aren't important right now. Right now we have to educate the people, let them know what they can do. I asked Ted about the referendum in Marquette and Iron Mountain. Did that vote really mean what the newspaper writers said it meant? He reached in his briefcase and produced a copy of a letter he had written to the Marquette *Mining Journal*. The letter was a response to the editorial I had read saying the fifty-first state was dead. "Obviously, now is not the time to count heads," the letter read. "Voting on the issue is a premature action. In the educational, inquiry, and fact-finding time one does not impose upon the voters a call for their considered judgment. Your readers will understand that one doesn't take the exam before taking the course." And besides, Ted said, only fifteen percent of the eligible voters voted in that referendum. "It doesn't mean a thing. We have to organize and educate first."

I asked about the procedure for breaking up the states. What about the Attorney General's opinion earlier this year saying the machinery for establishing a new state involves approval of the legislatures, the Congress, the people involved? Is that the way you propose to go?

Albert's answer was cloudy. He referred to the Toledo War, to the early days of Michigan statehood. "The Attorney General's Opinion doesn't mean anything. When the time comes, we can sue Ohio."

"Sue Ohio?"

"The whole arrangement by which lower Michigan and the Upper Peninsula were brought together was illegal in the first place. At the proper time we can take the case before the courts."

Then Albert produced a photograph of a Ford Motor Company billboard showing a fist holding a Ford sign. The fist is the lower peninsula; the Upper Peninsula is not shown on the advertisement. Albert said that the advertisement, which apparently has appeared in newspapers and on television, is proof that the industrial powers in the lower peninsula do not even consider the Upper Peninsula a part of the state. He handed me a news release from his 51st State organization requesting the Ford Motor Company to deposit $50,000 in a bank of its choosing in each of the fifteen counties of the Upper Peninsula. The money

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The mining industries in the Upper Peninsula have gone through bust and boom cycles for decades. These two buildings were miners' homes in the Victoria region of Ontonagon County in the boom time of 1872. The buildings are now being restored and will be maintained as tourist attractions. Leaders in the 51st State movement point out that the Upper Peninsula of Michigan is still rich in a variety of minerals. If mineral prices rise in the future, the area may again experience boom times.

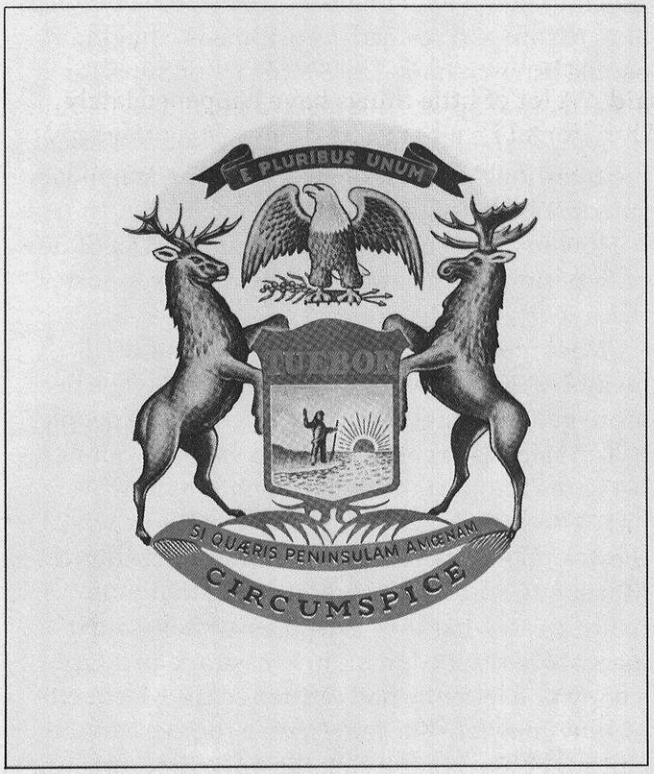
A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE PROBLEM OF THE UPPER PENINSULA

Although both northern Wisconsin and northern Michigan claim unfair treatment from more densely populated and richer areas downstate, Michigan's Upper Peninsula has additional arguments for secession. The arguments are both geographical and historical.

Upper Michigan is the top peninsula; lower Michigan rests below. The two peninsulas don't touch. The only thing that keeps the Upper Peninsula from floating off to join up with Wisconsin, or maybe Ontario, is the giant Mackinaw Bridge. It runs from Mackinaw City in the lower peninsula to Saint Ignace in the Upper Peninsula and is the sole connection between the two peninsulas. Except for the name of the state and the bridge itself, the two peninsulas have very little in common. People in the Upper Peninsula like to think of themselves as rugged, outdoor types. They cut trees, ski, fish. They see no connection between themselves and the people in the lower peninsula who build automobiles. The state suffers from a kind of social-geographical schizophrenia unlike any other state in the union.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HOW THIS UNLIKELY UNION CAME ABOUT

This is the Coat of Arms of the State of Michigan. It was first adopted in 1835.



There is a distinctly defensive tone to this coat of arms. "TUEBOR." On the other hand, the Latin below seems gentle enough, "If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look about you." (The pleasant peninsula is the lower peninsula; in 1835 the Upper Peninsula was thought of as a howling wilderness, wild and unreachable as the surface of the moon.) There above the quotation the rising sun casts its rays over a lake and calls attention to a man standing on a peninsula. The man is holding a gun. He is prepared to defend himself against the state of Ohio. The uneasiness of tone in the coat of arms is directly related to what citizens of Michigan thought of as a threat from Ohio. The problems with Ohio eventually resulted in lower Michigan acquiring the Upper Peninsula.

would be a kind of apology by the company for having overlooked the existence of the Upper Peninsula. The money would be used to promote the State of Superior.

"Of course we don't really expect them to give us the money," he said. "But you can see where we're going."

Tom interrupted to say that the Superior project still had a lot of things to work out, but he thought there were some signs of real progress. "We're beginning to bother them down in Madison," he said. "A lot of little things have happened lately. They don't like what we're doing. One of our officers was asked to move out of her apartment the other day. Kind of harassment. They don't like the whole smeer."

"Anything else?"

"Hard to put your finger on it, but they're trying to sabotage us."

Ted handed me a copy of an advertisement for himself he had used several years ago when he was running for the office of District Judge. The advertisement listed an impressive number of accomplishments: a law degree from the University of Wisconsin; Gogebic County Prosecuting Attorney for eight years; incorporator of both Indianhead and Powderhorn ski resorts; State Boxing and Wrestling Inspector.

I asked about the idea of legalizing gambling in the State of Superior. It was an awkward question. "We shouldn't have run that piece in the *Idea* about legalizing gambling," Tom said. "I've been getting a lot of flak about that. People don't like the idea. They think it means prostitution and the Mafia and nude floor shows."

"Officially, the 51st State organizations are against gambling," Albert said.

I asked how come people are so conservative about these things. Everybody knows prostitution has been around these parts since the first loggers came. People know about the history of Hurley and Hayward. For years Superior whorehouses were nationally famous.

"Some ministers got wind of the idea," Tom said. "They won't back us now. But it's probably not just whorehouses and naked dancing that're problems. People here like the way they live now. Sure, they're poor and they're getting screwed by Madison and Lansing on their taxes. But I bet half the people around here don't lock their door at night. They feel safe. They're afraid if there's gambling and all the rest comes in they'll pretty soon have to worry about organized crime and the Mafia. They think everything'll change. Some of them really think Nevada is full of gangsters. They don't want gangsters here. Nevada isn't full of gangsters."

"The 51st State organizations are against gambling. I've said that many times," Ted interrupted. "We don't need gambling and all that other stuff. Right now we send 106 dollars in tax money to Lansing for every 96 dollars we get back. If we just keep our money here, we'll get along."

"I thought Lansing people say that they send more tax money up here than they take away. Do they?"

"They used to say that," Ted laughed. "But I stopped that fast. The last time anybody down there made a statement like that, I caused so much trouble the Governor ordered them never to put out a report like that again."

I wanted to get back to the Nevada idea. "Are there people around here who would really like to see the new state modeled after Nevada?"

Tom answered. "Sure there are. Plenty. We'll just have to wait and see about the route though. It's causing too much flak right now." That was about all I was going to get on the Nevada question. Tom was being careful. But it wasn't hard to see that he wouldn't oppose a Northland Nevada if the chance developed.

Ted handed me a Xerox copy of the Articles of Incorporation of the Upper Peninsula 51st State organization. I put it with the other papers he had given me. Then he handed me a typewritten copy of a poem entitled "The Plight of the U.P." I glanced at the first lines.

> I find no reason nor can I assess
> Why the U.P. problems are in such a mess.
>
> But why do we continue to tolerate
> To be ever beholden—and just second rate?

"I wrote that poem in 1971," Ted said. He looked directly into my eyes and smiled. He was excited, happy talking about the new state, proud of his poem. Once, a few minutes earlier, he had spoken of himself as "the *de facto* governor of a *de facto* state." The whole fifty-first state idea was some

The Mackinaw Bridge

long time private dream of his, something more personal than political.

"Some people downstate call the fifty-first state the fairy state." Tom's mood had suddenly changed and he was angry. "It's not a fairy state. They've been robbing us long enough. Lucey's (Wisconsin Governor Patrick Lucey) been giving us the dirty end of the stick long enough. Now we're getting out."

After a while there didn't seem to be anything else to say about the fifty-first state. The conversation drifted to Indians. "Don't ever underestimate an Indian," Tom said. Then television. "The trouble with the young people today is that all they want to do is sit in front of the tube," Tom said. Then teachers. "Most teachers in this state couldn't teach their way out of an outhouse," Tom said. Ted was bored now that the conversation had moved away from the State of Superior.

It was time to go. I shook hands with Ted—striped coat, tie, a little paunchy. I shook hands with Tom—blue denim suit, casual, cocky. Tom and Ted began talking earnestly about a speeding ticket Tom had received from a state patrolman a few days before. Tom thought the ticket was unfair. Maybe Ted could do something about it. Ted studied the ticket and smiled.

I drove back to Wakefield and then on to the chalet at Powderhorn Mountain. I sat in the lounge and watched the skiers going up on the lift, coming down the hill slowly in the slushy snow. It didn't look like much fun. Water was inches deep in the parking lot. Water rushed down the hill in streams. The sun was still bright. Winter was definitely over. I wondered how long it would be before there would be slot machines in the chalet, roulette in the lounge, pit bosses, stickmen.

"36 on the red."

"Money playing."

I wondered what advice the *Walleye Street Journal* would have about roulette.

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THE TOLEDO WAR

All Michigan school children know the story of the Toledo War. In 1835 Michigan and Ohio argued over a narrow piece of land that is now part of northern Indiana and Ohio. Toledo was a part of this strip of land. Michigan and Ohio raised armies to fight over Toledo. It was mostly a musical comedy war. The armies shuffled about, but not much came of it all. Some people told funny stories about the war: a mule was accidently killed; some Ohio soldiers got drunk and were taken prisoner; some Michigan soldiers stole some honey and ate so much of it they became ill.

Some people took the war more seriously. In 1873 Edward W. Peck, a Michigan veteran of the war, reminisced at a historical society meeting: ". . . .And right here I may properly refer to the extreme selfishness of the great state of Ohio. She had a front on Lake Erie of one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, with at least half a dozen ports of entry on the lake, and did not need Toledo. Michigan had only one Toledo, and might most reasonably have expected to enjoy her own in peace, but that would not satisfy the greed of Ohio; Toledo she would have, and having failed to show any legal or equitable right to it, she would take it by the strong arm of her boasted 'million of freemen.' "

There was a song popular in 1835 that dealt with the war. "This ballad possesses the merit of picturing the public feeling and the leading events of that epoch. . . .," said a Lansing newspaper.

Come all ye Michiganians, and lend a hearing ear,
Remember, for Toledo we once took up sword and spear,
And now, to give that struggle o'er and trade away that land,
I think it's not becoming of valiant-hearted men.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-five there was a dreadful strife
Betwixt Ohio and this State; they talked of taking life.
Ohio claimed Toledo, and so did Michigan;
They both declared they'd have it, with its adjoining land.

Our independent companies were ordered for the march;
Our officers were ready, all stiffened up with starch;
On nimble footed coursers, our officers did ride,
With each a pair of pistols and sword hung by his side.

Eventually the Congress took a hand in the Toledo War. The Congress gave Toledo to Ohio. It gave Michigan the Upper Peninsula as a sort of consolation prize. Nobody, least of all the citizens of the lower peninsula, thought the Upper Peninsula would ever amount to anything. It was a frightening wilderness.

DISAFFECTION

Almost from the beginning of the association between Upper and lower Michigan, the two peninsulas have been uncomfortable with each other.

1851: *The Lake Superior Journal* published in Sault Ste. Marie urged that the two sections split. The Upper Peninsula should be a state in itself. There is no physical connection between the two; representatives to the state legislature must be in the state capital three months before the session opens; otherwise they would have to make the trip on snowshoes. "They have not one single feeling in common with us below. . . . They have within themselves everything requisite for an important state." It suggests the proposed new state be named North Michigan.

1854: The idea of a new northern state grew to include Wisconsin and parts of Minnesota. *The Daily Minnesota Pioneer*, St. Paul, August 29, "A correspondent of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, writing from La Pointe, on Lake Superior, states that the white inhabitants on the shore of the Lake are now agitating the question of forming a State separate and apart from the present organization taking what of Michigan lies west of Lake Michigan, and the parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota bordering on the Lake, and appropriately naming it the State of Superior."

1855: The New York *Tribune* suggested the new state to be formed from Upper Michigan and parts of Wisconsin be named On-to-naw-gon.

1857: The Detroit *Free Press* noted that the legislature of the state of Michigan has received a memorandum from the citizens of the Upper Peninsula proposing a separation. The petition, says the newspaper, was referred to committee and has not been heard of since. The petition, signed by approximately seventy Upper Peninsula citizens read in part:

> We, your petitioners, citizens of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, being firmly convinced that great advantages would be derived by the people of this Peninsula by its separation from the Lower Peninsula of this state, and the cession of it to the government of the United States for the purpose of forming from the same a new Territory or State, and knowing that it is almost the unanimous desire of our people to have this project consummated, respectfully pray your honorable body to enact such laws as will secure to us this most desirable measure.

1865: The *Mining Gazette* of Houghton noted that schools will open for the fall term shortly. It recommends that the following be included in the lessons taught in geography:

> The state of Superior—that is to be—is bounded on the north by Lake Superior, on the south by Wisconsin, Lake Michigan and the Straits of Mackinac; on the west, by Minnesota and Wisconsin, and on the east by Lake Michigan and the St. Mary's river.

1875: A territorial convention was held in Marquette. The convention adopts "almost unanimously a resolution appointing a committee to investigate the possibilities of separation of the Upper Peninsula from the Lower Peninsula.

1879: The Escanaba *Iron Port* commented editorially, "The population of the upper peninsula, that portion of it which thinks or cares about the matter, at least, is very nearly unanimous in the belief that the interests of the section would be served by a severance of the political ties that unite it to the lower. . . ."

1892: The Sault Ste. Marie *News* commented: ". . . .It will be at once realized how the Upper Peninsula has lacked, and is still without, proper representation in both national and state affairs. . . . But a change is brewing. In spite of all, the Upper Peninsula has kept pace with the march of progress. She has reached a position where she can demand her rights and punish those who withhold them. Henceforth SUPERIOR is in the field for justice and will brook no attempt upon the part of anyone to keep her from what is hers by right."

1895: *Chicago Tribune:* "People who have been figuring on an arrangement of the stars on the field of the American flag overlooked the possibility of a new State which may soon be constructed out of slices of two states—Michigan and Wisconsin. The name for this possible state has already been agreed upon by the proposers. They say it will be Superior. If so the children who will be born there will have some claims not enjoyed by others, provided they shall belong to that class of humorists that finds fun in making a joke on a name."

1974: Ted Albert, Ironwood attorney, incorporated the Upper Peninsula 51st State of Superior, an organization devoted to separate statehood for the Upper Peninsula and parts of northern Wisconsin.

Though not everyone in northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan believes that the two areas should secede from their respective states, most residents in the area do resent the political and economic power wielded by downstate political leaders. The speech below expresses feelings widely held in the north. It should be remembered, however, that downstate politicians question the accuracy of the economic details quoted by the secessionists. According to spokesmen in both Madison and Lansing, the upper portions of the two states benefit from an inflow of downstate dollars.

These are the prefacing remarks of an informal gathering held at the Eagle River Steak House on March 27, 1975, by the author John Glaeser:

"At the present time there exist two political entities bearing the names of Michigan and Wisconsin. The former includes two disconnected land masses known as a Lower Peninsula and the Upper Peninsula, neither of which have anything in common with the other, except a common capitol, Lansing. The latter is a geographically acceptable governmental unit, but with differing economic problems and solutions. However, the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and the northern one third of Wisconsin do have a common ground on which

to stand. Both are recreational areas and both are basically supported by natural resources, as well as hunting, fishing, trapping and outdoor sports. Neither area can tolerate the high taxes generated by the urban communities which control their destinies under the one-man, one-vote edict of the 1954 Warren Court, because of an $8,000 difference in the per capita income of its inhabitants.

"Therefore, because no relief is possible under present governmental structures, the only solution appears to be a separation of the Upper Peninsula from the Lower Peninsula, and the northern section of Wisconsin from its historical southern area at a line to be determined by the electorate as pertinent to the problems involved, probably about Highway 64 (or a few miles south of it, to compare with the southern boundary of Lincoln County). These two segments could logically join together and form the fifty-first state of the United States because of their common interests, boundaries, and environment.

"The Wisconsin solution is not unachievable but will take a bit of doing. Based on the 1970 census we have been disenfranchised. In the 1973-1975 budget we were given a preview of coming events, and in the 1975-1977 budget we are being exploited to a degree which will necessitate the forced sale of many properties, most of which are new homes of young people, with a large mortgage. Legally, we have no recourse, as evidenced by the recent opinions of the attorney general regarding the "Open Meeting" law and a few other gems emanating from the East Wing, the lieutenant governor, attorney general and the Joint Finance Committee (which is a king-sized farce by any standards).

"While all here assembled have various reasons for so doing, we can be certain that the common denominator of our problems is Madison, Wisconsin, be it school tax, property tax, veterans problems, or the DNR (Department of Natural Resources). We cannot expect any relief from our troubles because we lack the voting power to change anything. Therefore, the only other course open to us is *orderly* secession from the state of Wisconsin and the forming of an alliance with Upper Peninsula which also must proceed on the same course for the same reasons, albeit not as stringent as those imposed upon us by a ruthless dictator in the East Wing of Wisconsin's capitol.

'We'll keep a light in the window'

"To bring everyone completely up to date, we have a state senator who has volunteered his office to petition the Congress of the United States in our behalf (he would also make an ideal first governor of the fifty-first state), and we have at least two very eligible representatives who could go to Congress. Senators, likewise, are in the offing and available.

"But here, a word of warning must be inserted. The new state should be established as a republic even as the United States was established in the Constitution. Since the United States Senate has not been dissolved by the Supreme Court under the one-man, one-vote disaster, the fifty-first state should ignore that foolishness and have one branch of the legislature based on population and the Upper House on an area basis; that is, a senator for each three or four countries (sic) or whatever the founding fathers decide is equitable.

"There should be no qualms of conscience about expropriation of state properties because what we have already paid for in Madison, Milwaukee, etc., etc., in public buildings more than offsets the value of properties involved which may lie north of whatever may be the southern boundary of the new state."

Completing Loneliness

by Mary K. O'Donnell

I arrived at Grama on the Hill's by rented car the afternoon before my cousin's wedding. It was early March. A bleak time of the year in many places to be sure, but especially so on the plains of North Dakota where the unstopped wind has by that time had months to blend well scudding dirt from fields of summer fallow and sifting snow, like a recipe for chocolate marble cake. The trees stripped, the countryside hiding nothing from the colorblind, the sky gun metal blue; I thought I would never choose March in Dakota as the season to begin a new life. It was not that I was only a summer person. I might have chosen fall with its gilded fields and plumage brilliant as a cock pheasant's or the dead of winter when molecules are slowed breathtakingly and the storehouses of the snows control the movements of man—but never March. It seemed to me March was too like a guest, reasonably welcome at first, who grows shabby and transparent under the tired scrutiny of an overstayed welcome.

The wedding was not my reason for coming to the farm on the hill. The marrying cousin was not among my favorites, and even had she been, I would not have traded a round-trip air fare from Philadelphia for the pleasure of sitting half an hour in the little country church among people from whom I was estranged. As it happened, a wedding invitation and a letter from Grama on the Hill arrived the same week. The invitation said the usual. The letter said that Grampa, who suffered from a long-term illness, had worsened considerably. It also said that Bess (my cousin) was marrying a one-armed man, and they all hoped I would be there. Grama added that she thought it was the limit, this fellow expected any girl to marry him when he wasn't whole.

The farm buildings on the hill looked the same as they had since I was a child. The large, hip-roofed barn was in need of paint; the old granary did not seem noticeably more swaybacked; the house, little, white, turquoise-shuttered, had icicles daggering from its eaves and smoke puffing from its chimney. There were several cars parked in front and inside the house many people—great uncles and great aunts, aunts and uncles, cousins, my grandparents. I joined the women at the oval-shaped kitchen table and had a cup of coffee. The men were in the living room. From years of listening, I knew what they were talking about—last year's crop, the best team of horses they had ever driven, how fast an Oliver combine could thrash without throwing over wheat as compared to a John Deere. One of my great uncles, whose high-pitched and slightly hysterical laugh I kept hearing above the drone of all their voices, was well known for his dog stories. The rest of the family called him Albert Paysen Terhune behind his back. He was famous, too, for a bit of bragging he did about his grandson, whose sole virtue in this world seemed to be his size. This was such a strapping boy, my great uncle said, that his stools were so large he had to flush the toilet twice.

I sipped my coffee and listened to the women talk.

"Emily," said my great aunt Grace to my Grama, "I thought Leda was staying with you since she's playing for your granddaughter's wedding?"

"Well, she was here until this morning," Grama said,

"but with Jane's three little ones in the house, it's just too hard to have her practicing on that fiddle all the time."

"Violin," Great Aunt Grace corrected sarcastically, whining through her nose. "Besides, Emily, you know good music never woke a baby."

"I don't know about that," Grama said, "but I do know all she did besides rubbing that fiddle was run water down the drain and eat. I finally quit leaving sweets out on the cupboard. She's too fat anyway."

Everyone murmured agreement.

"Well, you've always had such a water problem here," Great Aunt Selma said twisting her wedding rings around her finger, "you would expect her to think of that, wouldn't you?"

"She told me last night," one of my cousins said, "that the first thing she's going to do when she gets back to her high-rise is buy herself a big steak and take a hot shower."

"High-rise, alright," sniffed Great Aunt Grace. "That high-rise of hers is nothing but low income housing."

My cousin continued, "She said both her sons drive Grand Prees."

"You mean Grand Prix?" said Great Aunt Grace, pronouncing the "x."

"She said 'Prees.' "

"How she does put on airs," Great Aunt Grace shook her head. "A body just can't keep up with her. Those boys of hers have been no good from the word go."

There was a quiet moment in the kitchen. In the living room the men's voices droned on. China cups clicked against their saucers.

Great Aunt Selma broke the silence. "I just keep thinking what a shame it is about Lars," she said. "Here we all are while he lies in the hospital."

"What's wrong with Lars?" I asked, mildly interested. Lars was my great uncle of whom I had few memories except that when I was a child, on rare occasions he would bounce me on his knee while he sang in a rather pleasant monotone, "Well, there ain't no fleas on Annie, and there ain't no fleas on me, and there ain't no fleas on Annie, and there ain't no fleas on me . . . ." The rest of the family didn't like him because he had married his maternal cousin, had no children, was rather well-to-do, and during the depression, had shared none of his, as they called it, "blessings."

"Oh, Kirsten hasn't heard," someone said.

"No, of course not. How could she have," said someone else.

"Well, Kirsten," said Great Aunt Grace, dragging out my name on many notes, like some whiney country-western song, "your Uncle Lars had a stroke yesterday, and the doctors don't expect him to live. Poor Lars. All we can do is pray for him." It came out in her most nasal tones.

"He's 'known' for quite a while now," my Aunt Gladys said, looking at me meaningfully.

I nodded sagely.

"What I can't understand," she continued, "is why he went ahead with all that expensive dental work he just had done. It seems downright sinful."

"It's a strange world, isn't it?" said Great Aunt Selma, shaking her head slowly. "Lars has spent the last two years afraid he was going to die of cancer, and it's something else that takes him."

They all nodded and murmured thoughtfully.

"I just wish he could ask forgiveness," said Great Aunt Grace with feigned wistfulness in her voice. "If he could only forget his pride and admit how wrong he's been, he could die a happy man. Poor Lars. You just have to feel sorry for him."

"I should say," Grama echoed. "You have to feel sorry for him."

"Well," said Aunt Gladys, getting up to pour fresh coffee, "I suppose it's a terrible thing to say, but if he's got to go, it would be a blessing if it would happen now while everyone is still here for the wedding."

There was a chorus of, "Yes, yes," "I should say," "You just have to face the facts," and "Isn't it the truth?"

"Tell me," I interrupted, "the wedding is down at Valley View Lutheran Church tomorrow, isn't it?"

"Oh yes," Selma answered. "The man Bess is marrying, Donald, is Catholic, but they're being married in the Luthern church. And their children will be brought up Luthern. Bess wouldn't have it any other way. Who knows—maybe in time he'll come around."

"Well, I think it's a shame," said Great Aunt Grace. "A nice young girl like Bess. But you can't tell young people anything these days. They always think they know best."

"So, she's marrying one of those bead-clicking hypocrites!" I said smiling. They laughed heartily. Although technically I was a Catholic, the comment cost me little since I had backslidden long ago. It would have cost me little anyway.

"It will be interesting," Great Aunt Grace said, "to see how Lars' will reads, won't it?" She sipped her coffee. "I would bet he leaves everything to the church." Like a slowly-drawn exclamation point, she returned her cup to its saucer.

The cookies were passed around the table again. Aunt Jane's youngest girl came downstairs in her night-gown with sleep still in her eyes and crawled in her her mother's lap. "Did you have a nice nap, sweetheart?" Jane asked cuddling the child. "Do you want to hatch a while on mommy's knee?"

"Emily," Great Aunt Selma suddenly asked Grama, "Do you happen to have that dress handy?"

Grama looked surprised—as though she remembered nothing about a dress.

"You know—the one you got on sale in at the Olson Store," Selma said.

"What's this?" asked Great Aunt Grace.

"Oh, the other day I picked up a dress in at the Olson Store. It was on sale for two dollars and such a pretty print. But when I got it home and tried it, it was just too tight to be comfortable, and there wasn't enough material to let it out." Grama got up to find the dress.

"I told Selma she could have it if it fit her." Grama came back carrying a paper bag and produced a sleazy cotton dress of lavender in a paisley pattern.

"What size is it?" asked Grace.

"A twelve, I think," said Grama tilting her head back and peering through her bifocals at the label inside the dress.

"It should fit me fine," said Selma. "I've always worn a size twelve."

"You look more like a fourteen to me, Selma," Grace said eyeing her.

"I've never worn a fourteen in my life."

"Well, go try it on, then," Grama said, "and we'll see if it fits you."

Selma went into the bedroom and came back to the kitchen wearing the dress. "It looks too snug around the hips to me," someone said. Several others nodded their heads in agreement.

Selma ran the palms of her hands across the strained material. "There's something funny about the way this dress is cut," she said.

"No, Selma," Grace said drawing both words out through her nose, the last syllable hanging on by its back legs like a piece of snot inside her nostrils, "there's nothing wrong with the dress. You're just a size fourteen around the hips."

Selma went back to the bedroom to change, and Grace looked up at Grama. "I just thought I'd let her know we didn't believe her," she said. "She has always been one to brag so, and we can all plainly see she doesn't wear a size twelve."

My god, I thought uncrossing my legs and leaning back in my chair to stretch. I had nearly forgotten about Great Aunt Grace. Had forgotten her pious lectures to us when we were children. Had forgotten how harshly she used language, dragging words out roughly, as over a farrier's rasp. Even when I was a child, I had felt she raped words—words I would like to have used in my everyday conversation but avoided because I had heard her with her files and grindstones sharpening them into claws and chisels. Her tongue was like the edge of a cheap jackknife, I thought. If I listened to her very long, I would hate the word "lily," hate the word "love." "Jesus" would be no good even as a profanity. "Lady" was another one; who the hell would ever want to be what that word sounded like coming out of her mouth. As I listened now to her holy blabber about what a wonderful, uprighteous, and wise man her minister was, it occurred to me that I was no less offended and repelled by much of what she said than she would have been if I had suddenly turned to her and said, "Fuck you, Great Aunt Grace!"

I slowly looked around the table. This was my family, I thought. The other branches leading back to the trunk of the tree. A bit of the same blood coursed through us all. They did not like me—or, perhaps, it was more the case that they were suspicious of me. I did not particularly like them—had no desire to know them better. I did not belong in the men's conversation either. I am certain in the family's eyes, that desexed me—depersoned me. I was nothing—nobody. Our only common subject was the weather.

When there was a lull in the conversation, I said, "Well, how has your weather been up here? Did the ground hog see his shadow?"

The next morning after breakfast, I sat down in the living room opposite my Grampa to visit with him. He was rocking almost imperceptibly in his chair. Had it not been for the creaking of the springs, I would not have noticed his movement. Behind him was the old buffet, which had belonged to his mother. On it were two porcelain Siamese cats, one's paw raised playfully toward the nose of the other. They had been arrested in that gesture since long before I was born. Beside them was a plastic Palomino horse wearing a black saddle. Trigger, I supposed. On the far end of the buffet lay the family Bible.

Grampa looked like a colorless shawl folded and draped across the rocking chair. He had been a tall man and always thin—too thin, but now he was gaunt. Stooped and gaunt. His shoulders and chest sagged into his hips as he sat, and his legs seemed to have melted away inside his trousers. I would not have known they were there had I not seen the shoes on his feet poking out the other end.

"No," he said looking at me, his eyes keen and intelligent as I had always remembered them, "I've said all my life I never felt my age, until here lately. I don't know what it is—the arteritis or what—but I'm beginning to feel old for the first time."

"Do you think it's the weather?" I asked.

"Oh. Well. I don't think it," he said slowly. "It's a hard job, this getting old."

"I wish you felt better." I didn't know what else to say.

"Oh," he said smiling, "it ain't so bad. You know when a person gets to be my age, he can't expect to feel like a young man."

"Grampa, how old are you, now?" I asked, suddenly realizing I had never known his age.

"How old? Let's see . . . in the eighties. I don't know to the year. You'd have to ask Ma. She takes care of things like that."

I stared at him—he had prominent cheekbones and cheeks sunken from the long absence of teeth. His hands lay in his lap, fingers knotted about one another like the gnarled branches of a bonsai tree. I suddenly remembered long winter evenings when the wind howled at the door, and Grampa sat in the kitchen with a towel across his lap, a whetstone balanced on his bony knee, honing knives. The regular whisk of steel across the stone played counterpoint to the wind.

When the noon dishes were done, I hung the wet dish towels on the rack over the wood stove to dry. Jane was putting rollers in her smallest girl's hair. The child tugged at them. "That hurts," she said.

"Hold still now, honey, and don't pull at them. You want to look pretty at the wedding this afternoon, don't you?"

"Well, I have to run west," I said. "Running west" was the family euphemism for using the outdoor toilet. I went to the door.

"Can I come?" the little girl asked squirming.

"Ask your mother," I said.

"Oh, I guess that's the best I can do with her wild hair," Jane said. "Run along with you, then."

The child slid off the stool and took my hand as we walked in the soft, dirty snow to the toilet. It was a mild day, but, nonetheless, the toilet seat felt icy on my warm bottom. "Do you have to go?" I asked her.

"No," she said dancing first on one foot and then the other.

"I think you do," I said. "Hurry up and go, so you don't have to go in the house and flush Grama's toilet."

She obediently dangled her small rear over the extra large toilet hole, hanging onto the sides so she wouldn't fall in. Suddenly, I guessed in a kind of delirium from the iciness of the seat, she said, "What kind of a person would jump down a toilet hole?"

"Oh—I can't really say. I've never known anyone personally who did."

"What would he do when he got there?" she asked, not listening to me at all.

"Will Grampa be coming along to the wedding?" I asked Grama as I rattled around the bathroom looking for some deodorant. She was taking a sponge bath in the sink.

"No," she said. "He's better off at home. You know he has this problem. Before he realizes what's happened, he's wet himself, and when you are incompetent like that, the best place for you is right at home." She wrang out her washcloth in the soapy water. "I don't think he cares to go anyway. He's so tired all the time."

I found a nearly empty bottle of roll-on Ban and smeared my underarms with the cold liquid.

In the kitchen Jane was taking the rollers from her smallest girl's hair and brushing it. "I don't want to go," the child said.

"Don't be silly," Jane said brusquely. "Hold still now so I can comb your hair, and all the people will ask, 'Who's that pretty little girl?' "

"Mommy," the oldest girl asked, "why is it we go to weddings, but we never go to a divorce?"

"There, Cindy, you can get down now," Jane said to the youngest. "Next!"

Suddenly I wanted a cigarette badly. I couldn't have one in the house because the family frowned on women smoking, so I "ran west" in my high heels and fake fur coat and had a cigarette sitting on the ply board which covered the toilet hole.

The wedding was like many I had seen before at Valley View Lutheran Church. A stout woman I did not recognize stood beside the organ with her hands clasped at her waist and sang "Because," her voice cracking embarrassingly at several points. Then Great Aunt Leda stood near the pulpit with her violin and played the overture from *Orpheus*. The fingers of her left hand shivered above the strings while her right hand drew the bow across the instrument's beam. She seemed unaware of her audience. It made people uncomfortable. "Just look at her lipstick!" I heard a woman near me whisper to the woman next to her. "She must be seventy-four if she's a day," the other woman answered.

In the reception line the women all cried (many of them wore the kind of veil popularized by Jacqueline Kennedy after the President's assassination), and the men all kissed the bride—on the mouth if they could.

At lunch in the church basement, people I hadn't seen for years greeted me. "Where are you now?" they asked. "What are you doing there, then?" "When are you going to get married?"

As soon as it seemed decent, I said my goodbyes and went out to find my rented car. I had an early morning flight to catch from Fargo and would spend the night there in a motel.

Outside the church, three adolescent boys and a young girl dressed in their best clothes stood laughing and talking. One boy perched on the fence in an attempt to look casual. "You want me to tell you who she likes?" he said in a teasing voice to the other boys but for the girl's benefit.

"You don't even know!" the girl said pretending to hit him with her white plastic purse.

"I do too! I do so know!" he said leaping from the fence and out of her purse's jurisdiction.

The snow in the churchyard and in the cemetery south of the church was grimy. I stopped for a moment and drew my lungs full of the fresh, chilly air. I remembered suddenly a Memorial Day Service in this churchyard years ago. It had been a clear, warm day. Everything was eager and blossoming. Grama and Grampa had helped mow the church lawn and had planted geraniums on both my uncles' graves. I remembered Grama's hair showing a touch of the red it had once been that day, and Grampa had looked handsome in his blue serge suit. Tall, quiet, dignified. During the service, I had sat on an old roan mare back in the trees that encircled the cemetery. Shafts of sunlight had filtered through the branches overhead and found my back, and the mare's round sides had felt warm against my thighs. The smell of freshly cut grass had hung heavily over the graveyard. On top of this fragrance some local veteran had laid the drawn-out, faltering notes of taps.

I got in my Avis car, and as I drove away, I wondered to myself—when is a violin a fiddle, and when is it a violin?

Mary O'Donnell of Belleville is a free lance writer whose work has been published widely, including the Atlantic Monthly. *This fiction selection is a part of a longer manuscript in progress.*

Attitudes of the Elderly

by Mark H. Ingraham

"I would rank retirement second only to the wheel."

"I hope I never really retire."

"Don't expect retirement to be great or not great. Just let it happen."

In 1971 I was asked to participate in a study that Teachers Insurance and Annuity Association of America (TIAA) was making of conditions and attitudes of their annuitants. TIAA was founded as a nonprofit association by the Carnegie Corporation to manage retirement systems of colleges and universities in the United States and Canada and has become the dominant organization in this field. The study was made by means of a questionnaire sent to about 2,200 of TIAA's annuitants. An unusually large proportion replied.

There were two portions to the questionnaire, one of a statistical nature dealing with many topics such as age, income, housing, past and present occupation, insurance, etc. The other portion asked annuitants to respond to three questions:

1. What are the main problems you face in retirement, including those you expected and those you did not expect, and how did you deal with them?

2. What are some of the aspects of retirement you like the most—and the least?

3. What are some do's and don'ts you might suggest for persons about to retire or already retired?

I was asked to give an account of the replies to these questions. This I did, with the collaboration of James Mulanaphy of TIAA, in a booklet which was published by that Association under the title of *My Purpose Holds*.

In general TIAA annuitants belong to a very articulate group with many intellectual interests. This also could be said of members of the Wisconsin Academy. So to a certain extent, I am reporting on your present and future selves.

The task of giving organization to the many replies was made more arduous and enjoyable than expected by the unusually large proportion who replied and by their willingness, often eagerness, to write about themselves. And what elderly person can refuse an invitation to give advice? Yet a few could: there were those who reacted to the questionnaire, especially to the financial questions, as an invasion of privacy. One person said, "Frankly, I am sick and tired of being researched and surveyed."

It is possible to present the material in two different manners. One way, which was used in *My Purpose Holds*, is to describe the problems faced and the solutions found—such as where to live, financial concerns, health conditions, occupying one's time, and religious activities. The second, which I chiefly use here, is to classify persons by the type of attitudes they take toward retirement. However, in doing so, I recognize that a person's points of view will be different at eighty than when he or she retired at sixty-five. Moreover, I remember Norman Fassett, the distinguished taxonomist and former member of this Academy, explaining what a fool a person was if he thought he could tell one goldenrod from another, since all hybridize and thus form a continuum. People, too, have mixed natures. Seldom are there pure heros or pure villains—Benedict Arnold was both hero and villain. The most forthright person has areas of reticence, and none is so reserved as never to speak of his or her self. Even though I distinguish certain types and illustrate with quotations, the reader must see both his neighbor and himself as a composite in varying proportions of these examples.

Type I is found frequently among those of intellectual interest. This person is the one who maintains a strong desire to satisfy those interests. For many such people the life of the mind is in the companionship of books, as the following quotes would indicate:

My wife would like to move to the country, while I wish to be close to a great library, in fact to the old library where everyone is eager to help and please me.

—Male, married, age 67

I have bought more books and read more in these five years—in that long list of books which I wanted to read but never could find the time while teaching—and in magazines and periodicals which keep me more or less abreast of today's activities and thought than in any other period of my life.

—Male, married, age 75

The research drive may continue into old age. I have a warm spot in my heart for the fellow mathematician, age eighty-five, who wrote:

I have a research problem in mathematics that I have worked on for the past forty years. It is difficult and it is altogether unlikely that I will find a complete solution. But I have made a most interesting discovery this last year which really delights me.

Type II is the activist—more apt to be seventy than eighty, but found at almost all ages. These persons may spend their energy in support of causes, such as peace, or civil liberties, or organizations such as the American Association of University Women (AAUW). Many of them do a lot of good, sometimes wearing out their friends and spouses in the process. Let me give two examples. The first is a man, married, age seventy-four, who taught at Middlebury College for twenty years and who responded:

We decided that as graduate students we could afford to marry, both having jobs. A month after marriage I was in New York State in jail having been loaned to the New York State Crime Commission by the National Commission on Mental Hygiene. . . .

On my Sabbatical in '40-41 our family of five trailered through the forty-eight states, Canada and Mexico. I studied migrating families where and how they lived. . . .

Upon return to college the governor, a former student, appointed me to the Vermont Board of Institutions and the State Parole Board. . . .

I was still on these boards when I retired in 1963. . . .I appeared before several sessions of the legislature to advance corrections programs and construction. One senator told me "you could exert more influence if you were one of us." Apparently that caught on, and in 1968 I was asked to represent my district in the House. I have just been re-elected to my third two-year term.

I have used the experience of my teaching in the legislature and find that they respond just as mature students do. For example, over a number of years I had work with corrections on a Correction Code, to bring all the laws together in revision and needed advance. It came together as a technical seventy-six-page bill. Using seminar technique I presented it to each Democrat and Republican caucus, explained it, answered all questions and answered why it was needed. . . . (It passed without dissent.)

If there was a let-down when I retired in '63 I didn't feel it. The next morning after it I started in on a year's work as governor of Rotary for Vermont, New Hampshire and Quebec. . . .

I'm on the road over 20,000 miles a year but I don't enjoy winter night driving as I used to. . . .

I wouldn't be able to get it [the questionnaire] finished today but for the fact that I have been temporarily grounded by a slip on the ice so I am nursing three cracked ribs. We are leaving to drive to Toronto this afternoon and it's snowing.

The following, from a single woman, also age seventy-four, rather frightens me:

Think of all the things you like to do—then do them. I sat down one day and put down all the things I love to do.

Walk—at least one and one-half miles a day.

Read—several books every week.

Sew—at least one garment a week.

Play bridge—at least twice a week—often more.

Baby sit for my granddaughters.

Cook—never miss a meal—nor nibble—cook lots of good food.

Go to see a good show now and then.

Watch game shows on TV—not Soap Operas.

Have company and go out a lot. Never sit at home and feel sorry for yourself. Keep real busy.

Type III is characterized by those persons whose chief joy is in people and who frequently have a strong religious point of view. This combination is not surprising, if we remember Matthew 22:36-40:

Master, which is the great commandment in the Law?

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

This is the first and great commandment.

And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

It would be hard to exemplify this type better than by the likeable single woman, age eighty-two, whose attitudes and tastes I find admirable and totally foreign to my own:

No special problems. Been completely happy—especially happy my sister and I bought this little house in Maine and been able to improve it little by little.

From childhood we were led to appreciate that the eternal and intrinsic values were of greatest worth—therefore education held a priority. Thriftiness was essential in our childhood home and has always seemed the better way. Things—or to be like our neighbor—were not important bases for living. When I began teaching on a yearly salary of $580, my father said, "Begin regular saving with your first check." Therefore I invested $3 a month in Building and Loan. This enabled my sister and me to have a down payment on our first home. My father had a stroke eight years after I began teaching and my

sister and I had complete support of mother and father.

This childhood gift of our parents of joy in eternal and lasting values continued through life has laid the foundation of happy retirement. . . .

Living with these good fisherfolks—listening to their wisdom, stories of birds and nature they see on their lobstering—talking over news. Their friendliness and helpfulness—yesterday two young lobstermen came at different times: one to put in the glass panels of the storm doors; he took in the heavy bird bath; new bulbs in two ceiling lights; the other to see what he might do and say he'd put down the board walk to the garage next week. Their wives say they might as well be our granddaughters.

. . .I love them, just as they are and enjoy them—surprising them with hot bread, rolls, cake, etc. . . .

One other thing: As we grow old, expect that there may be changes and illness that will bring disappointment—sometimes temporary—but when they come, let one's "wings of the spirit" lift one to the blue sky overhead and the song. After a life of almost perfect health, first I had a very badly broken hip—a year out. I learned a lot; expected to walk—and it's fine. I had shingles—didn't know anyone could have such pain or be so sick (three and one-half months in bed) and three times after the first, tho not so severe. More learning—deeper meaning of God and his nearness—surgery three times. All is well.

But we older ones must look ahead and know sometime we will be going beyond. How much does one's religion really mean? Mine is essential for every day and I have keen sense of wonder about the future. It will be the greatest experience in my life.

Type IV are those individuals who derive much satisfaction from hobbies. This is an amorphous category. The word "hobby" is almost impossible to define, both because of the varieties it covers and because of its subjective overtones. What may be considered by one person as an "interest," might be derogated by others as a hobby—even there are those who readily admit to the latter. One may have a deep interest in family genealogy, finding its study an obligation to the children and an oblation to ancestors. It may also be an absorbing interest. The entertaining aspect of hobbies should blind no one to the great skill and devotion that some entail. The running of a home may be a vocation, but the keeping of its garden, perhaps equally demanding, an avocation.

Some of the spirit brought to hobbies is shown in the following:

One activity that my husband and I have enjoyed after retirement is compiling our genealogies. Fortunately, both of us had well-documented ancestral lines, going back to the Mayflower, *so we have been able to find records of several hundred ancestors, with fascinating stories of their experiences. Ancestor-hunting does not require physical exertion, nor much money—only writing letters. And, these letters lead to interesting new acquaintances, so I warmly recommend this as an occupation for the older generation.*

Also, writing letters to grandchildren is well worth-while. Their letters are so naive and so full of surprises, that each one is a source of great pleasure. If one does not reply to your letter, it is a good idea to write again, saying you enclose a check, and then forget to enclose it. This is almost certainly going to be answered soon.

—Female, married, age 79

And:

I had two hobbies that I pursued for years before I retired: these were collecting pewter and portraits of ancient doctors. I also collected some old glass, both American and European. I still add to my pewter and glass collections but now that I do not travel abroad, I have stopped collecting portraits of ancient doctors, and except for thirteen of the portraits I gave the collection to the last medical school where I worked.

—Male, single, age 83

I pay my tribute to hobbies partly because I am not a hobbyist, yet I confess that frequently I play solitaire (and keep a record of the results) to make tolerable the waiting for a meal, and mentally convert ordinary fractions to continued fractions to put myself to sleep.

Type V is the traveler. Travel can lead to various activities as in the case of a man who devotes his time to the presidency of an association which is striving to save Venice. But more often it combines compulsive motion with satisfaction of both curiosity and aesthetic pleasure. A very good example is the 1,214th person to answer the questionnaire, a single woman, age seventy-six:

Main problems—accidents: (1) After walking skillfully through icy streets during an unusually cold winter, on a bright spring day a month before retiring, I fell (stepped off a kerb [curb] unexpectedly) and shattered my left elbow. The operation to set it (or remake it) lasted two hours and a half. My whole body seemed to be affected. Several months of physical therapy, begun in the U.S. and continued in England, helped to straighten the arm. In my crippled condition I went on with plans: freighter passage across the Atlantic, three months at Crosby Hall, London, and an indefinite stay in Europe. October, South of France. November 1962-September 1963, Italy. November 1963, South of France. December 1963-February 1964, Portugal. March-July, 1964, Spain. (2) Second accident (I shall not go into details, merely say that the circumstances were similar to [1]—except that the right arm bone near the shoulder was broken).

July to October 15, 1964, London. . . . (3) A third accident in Siena spoiled a most interesting program (two months); Spain, France, back to New York on the S. S. Raffaello (cyclone, fire alarm, etc. Thanksgiving last year); U.S. home

town and other places, December-April, 1972. Mexico, April 21—till the present.

Sheer self-indulgence, but this has turned out to be the only pleasant life that I could afford. It is still possible (but becoming rarer) to find outside the U.S. boarding houses, pensiones, etc., and small hotels, which [are] delightful and also inexpensive. (Examples: 1. In Florence, my hostess was a very pleasant marquesa. 2. Above Lake Lugano—the old mansion of the Consul General of Holland. 3. A dream of a place in Taormina.) . . .

On October 29 I took a train to Guadalajara to fit in a concert on Monday, the 30th, between engagements here on Sunday and Wednesday. For years I had been wanting to hear Pablo Casals play. Of course it was now too late from a strictly musical point of view, but at least I could see him. I sat so near him that I could see every facial expression while his two friends were playing the violin and piano. When after intermission it was his turn to take part in a trio, I watched with great interest his thirty-three-year old wife help him tenderly and unobtrusively to the platform with the big cello. My friend and I did not stay for cocktails, even though there might have been an opportunity to exchange a few words with this great man and his lovely wife (after seeing her, I approved of the marriage—96 vs. 33 years).

I was glad there had been no cocktails. The fall down stone steps leading from my bedroom directly into a hall, would have been misinterpreted. . . .

Of course I have no advice to pass on to others—except perhaps that it is never too late to learn another foreign language.

Then there are the unhappy, Type VI. These are divided into two categories. First, there are those who are unhappy because illness, infirmity, or poverty has become an ever-present source of misery. Few of us can be certain that we will not some day join this group. But besides these, there are those who take pleasure in believing, or at least proclaiming, that the "world is out of joint," and for whom it is no "cursed spite" that they were "born to set it right." They are akin to those who, although not unhappy, like to complain or be especially cantankerous. One woman, age eighty-one, says her chief problem is the "childish or absurd entertainment considered suitable for the senile"; and a married man, age sixty-eight, complains of "being called a senior citizen" and has "no chance for attending a convention with expenses paid." Curmudgeons really enjoy themselves, as the man who did not wish to move because he wanted to continue to cuss out the children running across his lawn. Sometimes the unhappiness is in the past but it is still nice to talk about. One man, age seventy-two, moved with his wife to San Francisco in the summer and for some months they were completely happy but:

. . . .Presently, the days shortened, the morning fogs in the city lingered longer, the evening fogs rolled in over the hills earlier and stayed later, our apartment grew chilly and chillier, our coughing grew deeper, the doctors we consulted seemed as hurried and distant and perfunctory as emergency room interns, the streets on rainy nights seemed darker and more menacing and became windier and colder; we took to phoning nearby markets and having our food sent to our apartment C.O.D., we spent more and more of our days and nights holed up there, swathed in blankets and yearning to be home again.

When, at long last, we got back here, we reveled in our old familiar surroundings and for months had a marvelous time matching rueful stories with old familiar friends who had sojourned in Florida or southern California or Colorado or Mexico or that place in Arizona where a London bridge has been moved stone by stone. And with them we chorused, "Never again."

However, most of the responding ancients were almost disgustingly cheerful. Some even agreed with Browning, "Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be." But others were incredulous and wanted to know how old he was when he wrote it. (He was fifty-two when it was published.)

I wish to add a few notes as to the attitudes of the respondents to three problems: when to retire, where to live, and finances.

A slim majority (fifty-three percent) of the respondents retired at a mandatory retirement age, but the other reasons were scattered; the leading one, nine percent, was poor health. I like the following two quotes:

I retired at age seventy-five because I wished to have freedom while still in good health to enjoy theater, music, museums, and travel.

—Female, single, age 80

I resigned from my position in the university prior to mandatory retirement because I did not want that university to have the dubious pleasure of reminding me of my age.

—Female, married, age 66

Most retired persons live for a period in their former homes, but among the older group the majority have moved at some time after retirement. One moved to France "where age is still considered an achievement rather than an affliction." Others went to warmer climes, and still others sought childhood roots, sometimes with disastrous results. Advice was frequently given, in a few cases, based on unhappy experiences about how carefully one should study any move, especially the nature of particular retirement centers.

Most of the respondents had been able to frame a mode of life which they could afford without invasion of their capital, but inflation, and especially the possibility of major medical bills involving rapidly increasing costs, was a leading fear of many persons even in 1972. It is true that these annuitants as a group were somewhat better off financially than the average retired American.

A Footnote

I believe the elderly who are tired or ill should never feel guilty that they no longer have a zest for work, but neither should the more fortunate who retain vigor into old age be deprived of the opportunity for continued productivity. Often the question of whether or not the work is for pay is less important than whether they are provided with the proper facilities with which to work.

I have picked out a few examples of persons who showed brilliance when relatively young and continued marked distinction into old age. I have also furnished thumbnail sketches of their careers. This involved no original investigation, the material being mostly gathered from standard reference works such as *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *Who's Who.*

Michelangelo (Buonarroti), 1475-1564—Artist

He started his artistic work at age thirteen under the great painter, Ghirlandajo, whose paintings I prefer to Michelangelo's but who was not also a great sculptor, architect, and poet. In 1504 Michelangelo finished his magnificent statue of David. From 1508 to 1513 he worked on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and later painted the last judgment on the end wall of the same chapel. His Pieta showed that he carried his mastery of sculpture into his later years. Starting in 1546 he was the chief architect of St. Peter's and planned its dome; some of his other plans for that church were later modified.

Karl Friedrich Gauss, 1777-1855—Mathematician

His brilliance was recognized when, as a "wonder-child of two," he showed remarkable ability at mental arithmetic, by no means a universal trait of mathematicians. In doing such computations he noted phenomena, which he later developed as theorems. At ten he recognized that a series of numbers given by his teacher was an arithmetic progression (although he did not know the term) and also immediately knew what their sum should be. His teacher soon realized that the boy intuitively knew more than he himself did by training. Gauss did work of major importance before the age of twenty and was creative until shortly before his death. E. T. Bell in *Men of Mathematics* calls him the "prince of mathematicians" and rates him with Archimedes and Newton as the world's greatest mathematicians. He was also an eminent astronomer. Physicists place him at the top for his work in magnetic theory. Although he did not live into his eighties or nineties as others described in these sketches did, his career was equally long for he was already marked by genius as a mere child—almost as an infant.

William Ewart Gladstone, 1809-1898—Statesman

Gladstone was born "with a silver spoon in his mouth" and married wealth. Whether in or out of power, he was always part of the establishment. He prepared for Oxford at Eton. As an undergraduate he was a leader in the Oxford Union, and in 1831 at one of its meetings made a speech that brought him into national prominence. Elected to parliament in 1833, he was seldom out of it until his death. He was four times prime minister—the last time, 1892-1894, in his eighties. His career was a pilgrimage from the conservative to the liberal. He was fortunate in having a worthy opponent in Disraeli. He rather irked Queen Victoria who preferred Disraeli, partly because Disraeli did not talk to her as if she were the House of Commons.

Georges Clemenceau, 1841-1929—Statesman

Although he was educated in the field of medicine, his first recognition came as a correspondent for *Les Temps* in the United States for some years starting in 1866. He became a member of the French National Assembly in 1871. In contrast to Gladstone, he moved from being an extreme radical to being, in his late seventies, a rather domineering but inspiring war leader of France. Several times he started his own newspapers. He was a supporter of Zola in his effort to seek justice for Dreyfus. For years before World War I he worked for a stronger French army and during the war supported unified allied command under Foch. Woodrow Wilson found him frustrating at the post-war peace conference. In his old age he wrote three books: *Demosthenes,* published in 1926; *In the Evening of My Thoughts,* 1927; and his unfinished memoirs, published in 1930.

Alfred T. (Lord) Tennyson, 1809-1892—Poet

Born to a family of means, Tennyson had every advantage of education, including studying at Trinity College, Cambridge, which was also Newton's college. He had older brothers of literary taste. By thirteen he had written a six-thousand-line epic, and in 1830 published a volume of lyrical poems. "Locksley Hall" was first printed in 1842, and was followed, in 1886, by "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." He was Poet Laureate of England for about the last forty years of his life. He was handsome, strong, and athletically skilled. His friend Brookfield, told him, "It is not fair that you should be Hercules as well as Apollo."

Joel H. Hildebrand, 1881-Chemist

Perhaps no living American better exemplifies the eminent long career than does Hildebrand. This last August, at the age of ninety-five, he delivered a brilliant address at the centennial celebration of the American Chemical Society of which he had been president in 1955. While in elementary school he started experimenting in chemistry, and when his high school teacher found that Joel knew more chemistry than he did, he gave him the key to the laboratory. His great scientific accomplishments, especially in physical chemistry, attested to by honor after honor, have been accompanied by broad intellectual interests, literary skill, and a philosophical spirit. He also has been a leading citizen of the University of

California. It is well that each age has among its elders those who, like Moses, can still glimpse promised lands.

Edward A. Birge, 1851-1950—Biologist and Educator

Birge's father, a carpenter, was interested in the religious and the intellectual development of his son who, in addition to high school work, took private lessons in Greek and Latin. At Williams College, where he graduated second in the class of 1873, Birge was strongly influenced by Mark Hopkins and by John Bascom who brought him to the University of Wisconsin in 1875 as an instructor. He became a professor in 1879. His research in biology, especially in limnology, was slowed down by his tenure as dean of the College of Letters and Science from 1891 to 1918 and interrupted by his service as president of the University from 1918 to 1925. Vigorously renewed after 1925, his research continued until he was in his nineties. He was trenchant and witty of speech and a phenomenal essayist. When, after his death, the biology building was named Birge Hall, I said of him: "Although biology was his profession and the study of lakes the specialty to which he made original contributions, his interest, his knowledge, and his understanding were almost co-extensive with that of liberal education."

Birge, of course, was neither a titan like Michelangelo nor a supreme scientist such as Gauss, but he well typifies persons whose long and distinguished careers have contributed greatly to the welfare of Wisconsin. He was a member of the Wisconsin Academy for many years.

Others whose lives were extremely productive well into old age include Titian, painter, (?)–1576; Charles W. Eliot, chemist and educator, 1834-1926; Alexander von Humboldt, explorer, scientist and natural philosopher, 1769-1859; John Dewey, philosopher, 1859-1952; and Pablo Casals, musician, 1876-1973.

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The Sleepwalker's Friend

My mother is in every dream
and I end up attacking her.
It's then that I have you,
thick, beautiful sleep,
between the sweating bodies of women
in the fitting room
and the silver wolf watching
a bonfire in the snow,
you and the dreams
that tie me to this world.
And in each dream there's a portrait
of me as the sleepwalker's friend,
following him because he's not sure
where he's going or towards whom,
following him because his spirit
has him hypnotized and acting
only on whispered commands,
following him because
each night is uncertain.
Each night is uncertain.
My mother is half-beast
and half-mine.
Will she be defeated,
will she struggle,
will my father
flick a cigarette ash
against her breasts in my dreams?
I will be that wolf
who's been buried in the snow,
his luxuriant mane of thick sleep
brushing aside my name.
I will reach for my baby
through a hole in the bedroom.
I will reach out one hand
as the sleepwalker's friend.

by Christine Zawadiwsky

Roberta Sebenthall of Mount Horeb, whose name in German means "seven valleys," was born in Eau Claire and worked in Illinois as a munitions inspector. She has published more than a dozen mysteries under the pen name Paul Kruger. Her last book of verse, **Acquainted With a Chance of Bobcats,** *was published in 1970.*

Poems by R. E. Sebanthall

Anatomy of December

The right sky
is the gray smear
of a charcoal stick
rubbed on its side,
with a few thick strokes
for the stripped trees

out of which it stalks—
a gaunt trapper
down from the hills
with the first blizzard
for a winter lie-in.

Hanging around
the settlement,
tough and stringy
as an old elk,
it's uninvited
keeps to itself,

peers in windows,
leaves a frosty breath,
warms its hands
at our sinking fires
when we've gone to bed.

The Old Couple

The wind has marooned them
side by side, two bent trees
on a swept plain.

Rattling the kitchen pans,
her rancor sizzles
like hot grease. He stumps off
to the corner tavern
for euchre and codger-crabbing.

Their branches groan
with ailments. Their grudges
live with them like an old cat.
She serves boredom for dinner.
Gumming it down, he thinks
of the hot tamales
he might have had.

Their trunks strain apart.
Each has forgotten
why they ever cared.
It will take one death
to open the ground
where the reasons are buried.

Salvage

Falling toward silence
we write a last letter
to say we were here—
the wind blows it off

falling toward darkness
we leave a light on
in which to be found—
the bulb burns out

falling toward extinction
we leave a name
pinned to our skin—
it is buried with us

falling toward eternity
we leave a clock,
furniture, space—
these are snapped up

The Children

Always on the lam in
a game of nerves,
their noses quiver like a rabbit's
for which way to swerve.

Aware that words
are feeble magic, they
listen like secret agents
at faces and eyes;

or abandoned in a fairy tale,
flutter frantic feelers,
desperate for the clue
that will get them out of there.

Even asleep their antennae
anxiously receive:
there's no limit to their danger
or the news they need.

A Message from the Academy President

Toward a More Inclusive Academy

It seems to me that the crucible of time in which we plan futures for the Academy has its own character built upon the needs of our era, especially, embracing all of our citizens.

It is, and has always been, a temptation for the sciences, the arts and letters to set themselves slightly apart from the whole run of citizens and indeed the nature of scientific research, or the creation of art, or the development of a "Wisconsin Letters" do not necessarily depend upon the participation of the mass of people. There are many individuals and critics with distinct philosophies relating to a narrow audience. They see participation in the sciences, arts and letters as exclusive of the run of people; with a definitely elitist view of art, as one example, for those chiefly with backgrounds to understand and appreciate, or for those who have the talent to make works of art at a reasonably high or professional level. Therein lies perhaps a hazard for the Academy today, as great national and state programs seek to ally the mass of population more directly with the arts, the sciences, the letters.

I do not believe the Academy has ever been outwardly an exclusive society. Anyone has been welcomed as a member, and our membership roles now represent the greatest cross section of Wisconsin society that we have ever attained. I do not believe, however, that we have more than scratched the surface of what needs to be done to bring the Academy and its wonderful purposes within the ken of every citizen.

Actually, this is not far-fetched as a goal. The charter of the Academy is broad. I believe that the founding fathers intended that the Academy should embrace all persons who had a feeling for the state and its welfare. I think the creators of the Academy saw that the cultural arts were a necessary part of life and recognized that the sciences played a vital role in the kind of existence all Wisconsin citizens could and should live. The truth, however, is that long objectives of popular education had to be accomplished before the average citizen of the state could develop much feeling that the Academy was more than a society for the few . . . those few who had an inordinate sense of responsibility, who took the trouble to become members devoted to improvement of the state.

I know the processes of popular education have been dynamically going forward for a long time, and that now may be the time to press the importance and the value of the Academy upon the average citizen. What I would like to see is a large increase in membership among bodies of citizens who before now have not been much concerned with the Academy, or who may not have known about it at all.

Some of the work that is going forward with our affiliates, our work with youth through the Junior Academy, through the open forums, through the critical issues program which outlines with force the problems which Wisconsin faces . . . these are signs in the wind, of the way the Academy ought to go.

There is a definite reason why Wisconsin has one of the largest memberships of any Academy in the United States. The reason is perhaps that Wisconsin cares more for the opinion, the help and the devotion of all its citizens, and that the Academy is awakening to its responsibilities to the many.

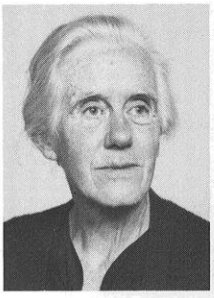
I shall certainly do what I can to make the Academy a truly citizens' organization, welcoming all, embracing the needs of society as they arise. Yet we do not ever want or intend to forget the role of the individual scientist, the artist, the writer who are central because they articulate solutions to the needs and dilemmas of man. We recognize the sciences and the arts as ends in themselves, but we also recognize our responsibility on a broad scale, hoping to truly represent the citizens of Wisconsin. They are with us at the Academy in increasing numbers. A triple or quadrupled membership showing growth among the aged, the rural populations, industrial workers, as well as the academic would give the Academy greath strength and new vitality. I hope we may find ways to work toward that.

—Robert E. Gard

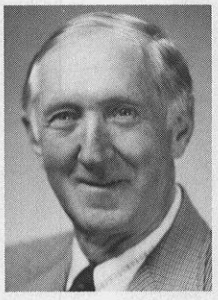
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters Officers for 1977

Robert E. Gard
President

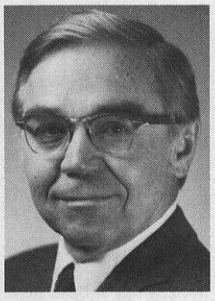
Dale O'Brien
President-Elect



Elizabeth F. McCoy
Immediate Past President



Robert A. McCabe
Vice President-Sciences



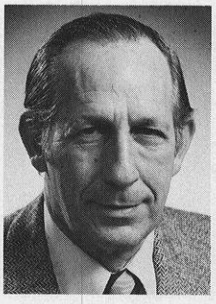
Edward L. Kamarck
Vice President-Arts

Janet E. Dunleavy
Vice President-Letters

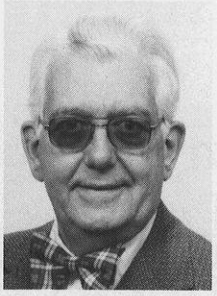
C. W. Threinen
Secretary-Treasurer

Councilors-at-Large

Term Expires 1978



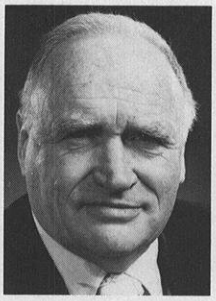
John L. Blum



William E. Sieker

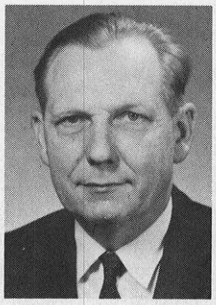
Term Expires 1979

Cyril Kabat



Forest W. Stearns

Term Expires 1980



David A. Baerreis

F. Chandler Young

Term Expires 1981

Malcolm McLean

Hannah Swart

Past Presidents

Katherine G. Nelson

John W. Thomson

Adolph A. Suppan

Norman C. Olson

Louis W. Busse

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters Annual Report for 1976

Few, if any, periods in the long history of the Wisconsin Academy—going back to its establishment by the State Legislature in 1870—were more marked by growth and development than has been the past year.

Changes in the Academy's Constitution and Bylaws, approved by the membership in 1975, created a revised governing structure put into effect in 1976. In addition to combining the offices of secretary and treasurer, the amendments called for the election of eight councilors-at-large who, like the secretary-treasurer, would serve four-year (staggered) terms of office. In addition to these positions, the Council consists of the president, president-elect, immediate vice president, vice presidents for the sciences, arts and letters, and five past-presidents who exercised their constitutional option to remain on the Council. In addition, Academy operational procedures were incorporated into a Manual of Administrative Procedures, adopted by the Council January 17, 1976.

Publications

The Academy continued to produce three publications: the annual *Transactions*, a compilation of scholarly papers on the sciences, arts and letters of the state that, through an exchange program conducted through the UW-Madison Memorial Library, is circulated to some 600 institutions in 60 nations; the quarterly *Wisconsin Academy Review*, a widely-acclaimed journal on the cultural and scientific life of Wisconsin; and *Triforium*, a monthly newsletter which focuses on WASAL affairs and general information of interest to the membership. In 1976 the Academy also published the book, *A Time Of Humanities*, thanks to a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. In addition, the Wisconsin Junior Academy, the WASAL programming arm for high school students, published several works featuring the creative and scientific efforts of students.

Programming

A Winter Workshop for new officers was instituted, as was a special conference for representatives of Academy affiliates and organizations interested in affiliation. By the end of 1976, the number of WASAL affiliates had risen to 10, compared to only three affiliates four or five years ago. These include the Badger Folklore Society, the Botanical Club of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Art Education Association, the Nature Conservancy (Wisconsin Chapter), the Wisconsin Dance Council, the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, the Wisconsin Phenological Society, the Wisconsin Regional Writers Association, the Wisconsin Society of Science Teachers and the Wisconsin Speleological Society. In early 1977, three other statewide nonprofit organizations engaged in scientific or cultural programming also applied for affiliation.

The 1976 Annual Meeting of the Academy was held May 7–9 in Madison and featured four colloquia with significant participation by two affiliates, the Botanical Club of Wisconsin and the Wisconsin Chapter of Nature Conservancy. Thirty-four papers were presented, representing diverse subjects and focusing primarily on Wisconsin.

The 1976 Fall Gathering was held at Northland College, Ashland, October 8–10, and featured a symposium on Northern Wisconsin life and natural environment, a boat trip to Stockton Island, and native American food and entertainment.

The Collegiate Program for undergraduate students conducting original research continued under Academy sponsorship through 1976. The first Developing Scholars Awards were presented to Emily Auerbach and William Petri, Jr., on the basis of their paper presentations at a spring forum. Efforts were made to supplement the UW-Madison collegiate programming with

similar undertakings at other public and private colleges and universities.

The Academy continued its efforts in 1976 to establish a Critical Issue Program, whereby the human resources of its membership and others could be applied to pressing public policy matters. In the summer and fall of 1976, the Academy joined with the State Office of Planning and Energy in arranging for public forums on Wisconsin's Coastal Zone Management Plan. Discussions are now underway to explore further ways by which the Academy might serve state government in an objective and advisory manner.

The increasingly popular "Evening At The Academy" series attracted a number of members and their guests to Steenbock Center for programs on "Safety In Foods," "Plate Tectonics and Continental Drift," a program on comprehensive energy budget of Lake Wingra, an illustrated lecture on "The Landscape in Western Art," and a presentation on American regional English. In addition, L. G. Sorden presented an Academy Evening program in Eau Claire based on his book, *Lumberjack Lingo.*

Poetry found a program home at the Academy with the initiation of a monthly Poetry Seminar Series, the leaders of which also conducted the poetry workshop for the UW-Extension Rhinelander School of the Arts in the summer of 1976. A $1,250 grant from the Wisconsin Arts Board allowed the Academy to establish the Poetry in Public Places (PIPP) Project, which included placement of prize-winning poetry on city buses.

In the visual arts, the Academy took over the administration of the Wisconsin Regional Art program, a statewide, grassroots endeavor to encourage developing and amateur artists. The Academy also continued sponsorship of monthly art exhibits at Steenbock Center.

Looking Ahead

Among the more promising of the many programming directions of the Academy is that of radio and television. Plans were laid in 1976 to investigate the possibility of a regular radio series, to be broadcast over WHA Radio, the Educational Radio Network, and possibly commercial stations. The outlook at this time is encouraging.

President Robert E. Gard and Executive Director James R. Batt have placed a high priority on achieving a significant increase in WASAL membership, following the recommendations of the Membership and Publicity Committee. The goal is to increase membership by at least 1,000 within the next several months. In addition, the Academy budget requires that gift and grant income of at least $20,000 be secured prior to the end of the fiscal year.

While the twin goals of increased membership and increased gift and grant revenue are major challenges, their realization will pave the way to a more secure and productive future for the Academy. The addition of new members from all regions of the state would allow the Academy to consider more extensive programming on a statewide basis and, possibly, the organization of area chapters or the appointment of area program coordinators.

John Wesley Hoyt, founder of the Academy, noted in 1870 that the work of the organization should be such that it would "command the cordial sympathy and confidence of the public. This done," he wrote, "its success is fully assured." The Academy continues to move closer to the realization of that assurance.

Wisconsin Junior Academy

The Wisconsin Junior Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters (WJA) is the high school programming division of the Academy. Its general goal is the development of programs which will provide students with experiences they typically would not receive in their high schools. To accomplish this, a variety of programs are conducted throughout the state with the assistance of a network of students, teachers, and administrators. During 1976 the following programs were held:

Spring Festivals

Spring Festivals, the major program activity of the WJA, are designed to provide recognition and encouragement of creative work by high school students. More than 1,000 students representing 22 percent of the Wisconsin public and private high schools participated in the regional one-day Festivals, where they presented creative efforts in dance, art, creative writing, science, photography, music, drama, film and multimedia and participated in related workshops. Certificates were given for creative excellence, and the best student photography and creative writing were published and distributed to all state high schools. Festivals were held during March and April of 1976 in Chetek, Wausau, Milwaukee, Little Chute, West Salem, Racine and Madison.

Summer Institutes

The WJA Summer Institutes proved to be a popular program again in 1976. Six Institutes were held for students in grades 9–12.

The Institutes, each approximately two weeks in length, are designed to expose students to the geology and ecology of areas outside Wisconsin. A major goal is the development of attitudes and skills, which will enable a participant to live comfortably and confidently in a natural setting without abusing the environment. While generally science-oriented, the range of discussion and travel included such topics as art, history, anthropology and architecture.

Travel by car and canoe took students to areas in Canada, Maine, Montana and Colorado—to provide a mixture of experiences which gives an understanding of the land and its people.

WORDWORKS '76

WORDWORKS '76, a one-week creative writing workshop, was held again on the campus of Edgewood College. Guest writers (published poets, novelists, short story writers, journalists and editors) and teachers volunteered their time to provide an opportunity for twenty selected students to grow in their ability to write. EXCERPTS, a publication of work produced by students at the workshop, was distributed to schools around the state.

WJA also assisted with other programs during 1976. At the request of Governor Patrick Lucey, WJA initiated a search for two high school seniors to attend the National Youth Science Camp. Tamara Ehlert, Wausau and Margaret Brandt, Ripon, were selected based on their outstanding scholastic achievement, science-oriented accomplishments and leadership ability to attend the three-week summer camp in West Virginia. The The WJA has been involved in the selection process since the camp was initiated in 1963. The WJA also assisted the UW-Madison in its annual Science, Engineering and Humanities Symposium, Youth Art Month, and Governor's Youth Awards.

OPERATING BUDGET—INCOME—

ACCOUNTS	1976 BUDGET	1976 ACTUAL	1977 BUDGET
DONATIONS	3,000.00	26,188.32	7,000.00
DUES	16,000.00	22,166.00	29,000.00
GRANTS	6,322.00	8,113.70	—0—
MACQUARRIE NATURAL RESOURCES FUND	—0—	—0—	300.00
MEETINGS	2,200.00	3,413.90	3,500.00
SALES	600.00	257.45	8,100.00
WISCONSIN JUNIOR ACADEMY	16,920.00	26,893.96	27,350.00
WISCONSIN REGIONAL ARTS PROGRAM	—0—	3,585.63	3,627.50
ATLAS OF WISCONSIN	3,221.44	335.31	—0—
ADMINISTRATIVE SERVICES TO UW	—0—	3,933.32	—0—
MISCELLANEOUS	5,038.21	962.93	—0—
PROGRAM INTEREST	—0—	—0—	1,500.00
OTHER INVESTMENTS	1,100.00	1,459.42	1,200.00
STEENBOCK ENDOWMENT—Interest & Dividends	53,600.00	56,500.00	55,489.00
OTHER REVENUE REQUIRED	22,664.50	—0—	—0—
TOTAL INCOME	130,666.15	153,809.94	137,066.50

OPERATING BUDGET—EXPENSES—

ACCOUNTS	1976 BUDGET	1976 ACTUAL	1977 BUDGET
PERSONNEL EXPENSES Includes: Payroll, Professional Services, Social Security, Travel	65,768.15	68,627.23	65,703.50
OCCUPANCY EXPENSES Includes: Bldg. Maintenance, Bldg. Insurance, Electricity, Gas, Water, Telephone, Snow Removal	6,163.00	4,887.70	5,653.00
OFFICE EXPENSES Includes: Office Equipment, Equipment Maintenance, Office Supplies, Duplicating, Postage, Miscellaneous	5,490.00	10,022.38	9,120.50
PUBLICATIONS AND PRINTING EXPENSES Includes: TRANSACTIONS, Wisconsin Academy Review, Triforium	17,800.00	* 8,550.55	17,222.00
PROGRAM DEVELOPMENT EXPENSES Includes: Meetings, Dues-Other Organizations, Subscriptions, Affiliated Organizations, Grants, Development	10,617.00	12,980.43	10,217.50
WISCONSIN JUNIOR ACADEMY	23,328.00	33,401.24	27,350.00
MISCELLANEOUS	—0—	427.12	300.00
CONTINGENCY	1,500.00	—0—	1,500.00
TOTAL EXPENSES	130,666.15	138,896.65	137,066.50

**At the time of completion of this preliminary report, the total billing for the printing of TRANSACTIONS had not been received. A final audit of the 1976 accounts of the Academy will be available for reference at the time of the Annual Meeting, May 6-8, 1977. A copy will also be available at the Academy office, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin 53705.*

From the Vantage of an Outgoing President

Report of the 1976 President

Elsewhere in the annual report, the new WASAL president, Robert E. Gard, offers his views of the future potential of the Academy. In another section the factual account of progress made and problems encountered in 1976 is being reported.

Therefore it seems fitting that my own remarks, taken from the vantage point of outgoing president, should be free to comment on the Academy today, as viewed against its recent past. If it is true, as the philosopher Santayana once wrote, that "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it," then it is good to call upon whatever lessons may derive from experience.

While we of the Academy certainly have our problems today, they are not as stark as those of a relatively few years ago. We were reminded of that period recently by a letter to the Academy's executive director from David Behling of Milwaukee. Mr. Behling served as treasurer during 1959-1965 and as president in 1966-1967. He wrote that he is "delighted with the Academy's progress in recent years. It is very apparent," Mr. Behling wrote, "that the time and effort some of us oldtimers gave was not given in vain."

The contrast to which Past President Behling alluded is especially revealing:

> Well remembered is my takeover of the treasurership in 1959. To my amazement I found the assets consisted of a zero bank account, office change of a few dollar bills and a pocketful of coins plus considerable sum of unpaid dues—some running back as far as five years! And, on the other hand, a lot of unpaid bills, a few of which were at least three years old.
>
> Late in 1959 our unpaid creditors were becoming restless—which was the reason for a request to the members for "special contribution." The response of $1,649 was, literally a lifesaver. A sharp request that unpaid dues be paid (or else!) helped, and the adoption of a budget and a demand by the President and Treasurer that the budget be adhered to all helped us to survive the financial storm.

A look at the assets of the Academy, its membership roll and its programming today certainly leads one to believe that the Academy has come a long way in the past ten or fifteen years. And it has, thanks in large part to a generous bequest by one of its valued members, Harry Steenbock. But contrary to popular belief at the time of the bequest (a belief which persists to some extent to this day), the new Steenbock endowment did not mean that the Academy "had a million dollars to spend." Only the earnings—interest and dividends—from the endowment may be employed in meeting Academy expenses unless, as the WASAL Constitution stipulates, there is "declaration of a State of Financial Crisis by a two-thirds vote of all members of the Council." The framers of this revision of the constitution, which was approved by the membership, provided in this fashion assurance of the future well-being of Academy finances.

Still, the earnings from investments of the Academy account for less than one-half of its present need for annual budget. Income from membership dues provides approximately 20 percent of the revenue required for programming and publications. This means, of course, that the Academy must continue to rely on its members and friends, on business and foundations for gifts and grants necessary to sustain its programming and keep up with the rising costs created by inflation.

With the surety of a basal income from the endowment and its own fund raising for specific purposes, the programming of the Academy has been burgeoning of late, and that is as it should be. However, there is no lack of problems for us in 1976 and thereafter. Expectations are higher, activities more complex and the budget still restrictive. In fact, we have said for the past two years that the budget is "bare bones" and must be clothed by more energetic fund raising if progress of the Academy is to be assured at its best potential. A simple listing of some of the things we

are now doing and should be doing will document the needs.

The Academy should:

—get new members and broaden its representation throughout the state in order to share programs statewide;

—plan programs to strike a proper balance of sciences, arts and letters;

—deliver programs in these fields so that all members, in truth, all citizens of the state, may share a better material and cultural life;

—work out mutual programming with our rapidly expanding number of affiliate organizations;

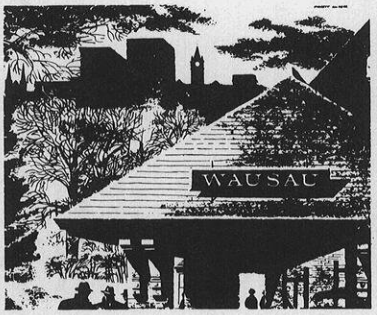
—become a recognized resource for state government and state agencies in all our fields—sciences, arts and letters;

—become a leader in the concept that today's problems are multidisciplinary and that humanistic as well as technological input is vital to their solution;

—continue on an even stronger basis to include the youth of Wisconsin in Academy programming for they are the Academy, nay, the State of tomorrow.

In all of this ambitious programming, we, the officers and the council, must choose judiciously what is worth doing and what is feasible with the resources of the Academy. We must program broadly to meet rising expectations and we must also be realistic. We must not take on more than we can chew; it is not lack of ideas that holds us back but thin staff and thin financial resources. Yet let us not hold back—what is worth doing is worth doing well and we *will* find a way to advance and to keep the identity of the Academy as it now is, a strong force for the material and cultural advancement of the state of Wisconsin. Let us add facets for each new program but keep the heart of the jewel.

—Elizabeth F. McCoy



WAUSAU! That's the Town With the Railroad Station!

If Wausau, Wisconsin had nothing else going for it (and it does!), it would still be famous for its trademark which is known worldwide. Actually the logo—a quaint, down-home looking railroad station—belongs to Employers Insurance of Wausau, one of the most important insurance companies in the world.

The trademark has been good for both the insurance company and the town. It serves as the foundation for what has been called the longest continued theme in advertising history. TIME magazine labeled it "one of the most distinguished advertising campaigns of all time." In the process of making its mark in the advertising world, the little depot has also become strongly identified with the town, and a symbol of the nostalgic fancies many of us harbor about small-town America.

And many of those fancies still exist in Wausau—the piney woods, big white clapboard houses punctuated with porches, a pretty river fed by little streams that meander out of the hills, a county fair, home folks. But there's more—besides the insurance company there is vigorous, diversified industry and a thriving tourist trade that caters to summer folks who fish and camp and to intrepid skiers who take up the challenge of Rib Mountain's steep headwall.

Some things are missing though. Notably, the handsome old granite country courthouse that once stood in the town square and was first choice to become the Employers Insurance trademark when the idea was born twenty years ago. The courthouse fell to wrecking crews and progress before it could be immortalized as an advertising symbol.

Don't go looking for an exact replica of the train station either. It does not—and never did—exist exactly as pictured. It is a composite of two depots that once served Wausau. The original painting featured the Milwaukee Road station outlined against a skyline viewed from the Chicago & North Western station. Since neither station serves passenger trade anymore (the C & NW building is now a Chinese restaurant), the trademark has been altered somewhat to depict the station as a landmark rather than a functioning station.

Wausau has emerged even more as a bit of Americana with the advent of television and since someone discovered "USA" in the middle of its name. Now as each Employers Mutual commercial ends, the letters "USA," superimposed on the picture of the train station, turn into "WAUSAU." Such exposure has considerably eased the local problem of getting the name across to strangers who sometimes interpreted it as "Warsaw."

No matter how you spell it, there is considerable warmth and charm to this former lumber town which owes its existence to the happy proximity of acres and acres of white pine to a 20-foot waterfall, called Big Bull Falls, on the Wisconsin River. It is probably also a happy coincidence that some years after 1840, when the town was settled by George Stevens, the name was changed to Wausau (meaning "far-away place" in Chippewa). It's hard to visualize the end of an Employers Mutual commercial featuring the little railroad station blazoned with the words "Big Bull Falls."

Like so many things that turn out right in the end, "WAUSAU That's the town with the railroad station!" Don't miss it when the annual meeting convenes there May 6-8, 1977.

The Pleasures of Music

Prologue

A musical evening blending the arts and sciences will be a community feature of the Academy's annual meeting May 6-8, 1977 at Wausau. The gathering will include the usual presentation of papers, President's Dinner and Sunday morning tours with an added Friday evening lecture-concert for musicians and music lovers. The topic will be "The Temperaments in Music," an experiment combining the delights of music with scientific and technical explanations to provide a deeper insight into a vexing problem—the partial solution of which has led to the glories of music of the past two and a half centuries. Now it is receiving renewed interest which may lead to further developments in composition and appreciation of music.

Verbal statements will be supplemented by selections on the piano, harpsichord and violin by Marylene Dosse of Wausau and Gunnar Johansen, William F. Fry and Joel Jones of Madison. The substance of the lecture-concert is explained by Dr. Kenneth Thompson, physician and music buff.

The modern piano, organ, and other instruments with fixed keyboards have the specific limitation that while on the one hand each octave is divided into twelve separate tonal intervals (as represented by the eight white and five black keys), yet on the other hand, the tuning of the strings of each interval must provide suitable musical scales with intervals so well adjusted that the octaves are pure and no audible distortion is produced when combinations of tones are sounded as in chords. "Temperament" is the term for the system of adjustment, and the adjustment is called "tuning." In practice, the all-important aspect of tuning by any of these methods is the effect—the judgment of the ear—when the instrument is played.

While it is possible with stringed instruments and the human voice to produce scales that permit combinations of tones without any distortion, and thus to produce what is termed "just intonation," this is not attainable for all combinations of chords with the present fixed keyboard instruments having twelve semitones to the octave. Although the human voice and stringed instruments may achieve just intonation, scientific observation has demonstrated that to create certain tonal qualities or effects, the skilled performer may depart considerably from just intonation, and do this with an effect pleasing to the ear.

These statements and concepts will be explained by panelists on the basis of the physical principles of sound and of harmonics and the practices of composers and performers. The explanations will include the nature of the distortions which may be produced, and the compromises which had to be made with tuning methods, leading to "mean-temperament" methods, and later, to "equal temperament." These systems of tuning deliberately rob intervals of their purity in order to provide flexibility of use of all the keys of the keyboard in desired combinations.

The tuning of instruments is as ancient as music. The first systematic studies that have come down to us having lasting importance are those of Pythagoras. His system, which had a profound influence subsequently, was based on the octave and the fifth. These first two intervals of the harmonic series have vibration ratios of 2:1 for the octave and 3:2 for the fifth. Although it is possible with these to tune all notes of the diatonic scale as well as all notes of the chromatic scale, when this is done, problems arise. The major thirds are sharper than "pure" thirds by 1/9 tone (called the diatonic comma), the tuning error. When this tuning is extended beyond the twelve notes in the octave, certain sharp notes such as G sharp are found to be higher (sharper) than the corresponding note, A flat. This illustrates the dilemma and the necessity to temper when performer or composer requires greater resources from the instrument.

Claudius Ptolemy, the geographer of nearly 2000 years ago, was the next important contributor with a tuning system that led to just intonation. His work was not known to the Middle Ages theorists. The Pythagorean tuning, however, continued to be of great interest in certain areas as late as the mid-seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (England).

Mean temperament, a tuning system for the organ, harpsichord, and early clavichords, was described by Aron (1532) at a time when church music was still modal, and when listeners and performers were accustomed to just intonation as executed by stringed instruments and the human voice. Thus, composers for fixed keyboard instruments and performers using the mean-tone temperament restricted their use of scales to those that produced combinations of tones without distortion. To accomplish this, with more daring compositions, some tempering was necessary, and performers tended to adjust the tuning of their instruments especially to achieve the greatest purity of tone for the composition to be played. Bach is said to have been able to tune his clavichord in fifteen minutes, and he strongly

advocated the concept that the ear was the judge of the effect. Matheson wrote in 1717, "the commonest manner of tempering which will do is: 1) the octaves, minor sixths and minor thirds must be pure; 2) to the major sixths and fourths a trifle is added; 3) from the fifths and major thirds a trifle is taken." It is clear that all the while, composers and performers were experimenting and ready for an improved system.

The mean tone temperament is said to have the virtue of producing an intonation delightfully sweet, giving smooth major thirds and minor thirds and nearly smooth sixths. While minor thirds and minor sixths are not pure, and the fourths and fifths are said to be unpleasantly distorted for modern ears, yet some find the beats of these intervals to be interesting and pleasing. Certain intervals outside the prescribed limits produce an objectionable howling or "wolf" tone. It is impossible with this temperament to use F sharp for G flat, C sharp for D flat, or A flat for G sharp, not to mention more remote tones. Actually, a large number of separate tones (keys to strike) in each octave would be necessary if even tolerable consonances were to be had in chords built out of tonalities remote from the starting point of the tuning of mean temperament (let us say, middle C).

Nevertheless, generations of composers and performers produced music adapted specifically for this temperament and achieved highly satisfying expressiveness. But it is clear that not uncommonly the performer would "adjust" certain strings of his instrument in order to produce desirable effects that would not have been possible were the mean-tone tuning adhered to strictly. We read of the "bright" key of C major, the "dark" key of F sharp major, the "tragic" key of C minor, and the "sweet" key of A flat major. These terms from the classical period illustrate what listeners "heard in these keys" and what composers intended listeners to hear when their compositions were played.

Examples will be drawn by the concert performers of the panel from music such as sonatas of the early English and Italian schools, the preludes and fugues of Bach and contemporaries (those for the organ must have been played in mean-tone) and even later music, including the clavier sonatas and concertos of Mozart.

Nevertheless, with the expansion of musical art in the 17th and 18th centuries, stimulated by improvement in the clavichord and the development of the pianoforte, the demand for a system of tuning more flexible and useful to provide for still greater expression of musical ideas and for wider use of embellishments, became irresistible. The result was the development and gradual adoption of equal temperament. This was not entirely new, having been approached as early as 1523 during the period of development of mean-tone temperament, when experimentation with "adjustments" was widely practiced. With equal temperament, each semitone is so adjusted that one may play equally well in all tonalities; each sharp may serve for the flat of the note above; chords in every key may be sounded without apparent distortion. The octave, of course, must be produced without any distortion at all.

Distortion in certain chords is there, nevertheless, but we have become accustomed to it. The ear, just as the eye, adjusts remarkably to temper the sensations being received, and also adapts itself to what is familiar. The adjustments within the octave, which our ear may or may not be able to detect, may be illustrated in terms of cents, a unit of sound difference. The octave is allotted a span of 1200 cents, with each semitone separated by a difference of 100 cents. The deviation from just intonation which must be made to achieve equal temperament is as follows:

the fourth is widened by 2 cents
the fifth is narrowed by 2 cents
the major third is widened by 14 cents
the minor sixth is narrowed by 14 cents
the major sixth is widened by 16 cents
the minor third is narrowed by 16 cents

In general, the human ear cannot detect a difference of one cent, but the keen ear can detect three cents of tonal inequality. This discrimination depends on how the sound is presented to the ear; for example, the ear reacts to the continuous sound of organ notes with finer discrimination. The famous "Well Tempered Clavier," 48 preludes and fugues, in each of the 12 major and minor tonalities was Sebastian Bach's effort to illustrate the utility and desirability for proper adjustment of temperament so as to be pleasing to the ear. He apparently took the position that the tuning should not be based on mathematical rigidity, but rather on the judgement of the ear.

It is clear from the data above that while the fourths and fifths are "smooth," the others are quite "rough." Although these four intervals are quite rough, yet we think of them as pleasing, and indeed, this roughness and the smoothness of the other intervals is no doubt the reason for the color or tonal qualities which performers associate with certain keys with equal temperament tuning. Although each key presumably is equivalent, the quality or color of one may be not quite the same as another. Note that earlier we described color qualities of certain keys when the tuning was with mean temperament.

The adoption of equal temperament was earliest in Germany and France, and only as late as 1850 was it widely adopted for organs in England. For the pianoforte, this adjustment was adopted more widely and, with further perfection of the pianoforte, this led to the glorious music of the masters from the 18th century to our time. Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757) and Rameau (1683-1764) were advocates of equal temperament later in their careers.

Although equal temperament is the basis for the great enrichment and glory of our musical heritage of over two centuries, we are reaching a stage where modern composers may be taxing beyond capacity the system and its instruments.

One trend of modern composers is to seek and express overtones beyond the simpler ones to which many listeners are accustomed. The results with instruments in equal temperament, where certain intervals are already compromised about as far from just intonation as is tolerable, may be unduly troubling to our ears. When the pattern of harmonics or the thread of the theme is lost, the listener may react to the sounds as if they were "noise" or a cacophony, somewhat as when the eyes are confronted by images that cannot be focused, producing blurring or even vertigo. This may be one intangible quality that is responsible for the lack of appreciation of certain listeners for such compositions. However, certain composers who may be seeking a striking effect may be taking into consideration all aspects of the harmonics, and take liberties with dissonance to startle or to express distress or a special emotion. Conceivably, the composer may have been successful in the response that he has evoked, and the hearer without depth of insight is unable to discern the origin of his dislike for the sound.

Conversely, an unconscious quest for another intangible, that for satisfaction in the purer, smooth intervals—more nearly a just intonation—may be the attraction of what seems to be a growing number of music lovers to music of early composers rendered by stringed instruments and human voices.

Partch, formerly a member of the faculty of the School of Music of the University of Wisconsin, goes so far as to state that "the continued tyranny of equal temperament is leading to a degeneration of tonality." He has spent much effort (and so have others past and present) in devising for the piano a keyboard with additional keys in each octave, so as to provide all the tonalities of just intonation. In the past, performers have rejected such complicated keyboards, because after all, they have only ten fingers with which to execute the gamut of the imaginative product of composers.

This has not prevented inventive attempts, as was illustrated by reference to a file of newspaper clippings titled "Unusual Pianos," at the Lincoln Center Library. Numerous articles cite a variety of new pianos. For example, one with 17-note octaves provides for differentiation between sharps and flats in order to play Eastern Music which is based on 17-interval scales. Another article quotes an official of Wm. Knabe & Co., who stated that "there was no demand that would justify marketing a piano with a 17-note octave . . . the keen ears of the modernist are not yet attuned to "split half notes" . . . perhaps 100 years from now hearing will be developed to a point where people of this country will get pleasure out of such fine nuances."

While keyboard performers are not likely to "take readily" to instruments with additional keys in each octave, a suitable instrument would be extremely useful for research on practices of performers, the theory of melody, and harmonic combinations. One such, the Search Organ of Boomsliter and Creel has more than sixty notes to the octave. This instrument has been very useful for identification of notes chosen by "the ear of the musician." Studies have shown that a musician may be "unbelievably off pitch," yet the effect may "sound right." These and other studies of this type are leading to a better insight into what constitutes the "art" of music composition and performance.

Rather than seek changes in the keyboard, the time seems propitious, at least to this writer, to attempt to stimulate the genius of present-day technologists to develop a means, employing a computer and sensors, to adjust automatically and with extreme rapidity the frequency of strings of the piano so as to produce a well nigh perfect tuning in any temperament required by the composer, and to accomplish this without jeopardy of the tone or action of fine present-day pianos. Such a device may become a real necessity not only because of increasing demands of modern composers, but also because skilled piano tuners appear to be well on the way to becoming another of the vanishing species (apologies to incumbents!). The evolution of the piano is inevitable, and the perfection of tuning appears to be an important place to start.

We can conclude that at the very least, mean-tone temperament should be kept alive because it is the temperament of the classic age of music, and it may also offer advantages for modern composers.

The foregoing will be described and augmented by the experts of the panel. The concert artists using instruments tuned in the two temperaments will perform compositions most suitable for illustration as well as for the satisfaction and enjoyment of listeners. The reader who is unable to attend the Academy meeting is referred to: J. Murray Barbour, *Tuning and Temperament*, a Historical Survey: Da Capo Press, New York, 1972 (subsidiary of Plenum Publishing Corp.).

—*Kenneth Wade Thompson*

SENDING & RECEIVING

A COLUMN ABOUT COMMUNICATION

by Arthur Hove

( )

Silence, as symbolized by the space between the parentheses above, is unfamiliar to the citizen of the modern world. The result is that many of us are frightened and intimidated when confronted by the sound of silence. Singer-composer Paul Simon has written a song about it, warning that "silence like a cancer grows." We have become so conditioned to noise that its absence sets our teeth on edge, makes us look over our shoulder and wonder if the world isn't about to end. Radio announcers and disc jockeys quake at the prospect that there may be some moment during the broadcast day when silence instead of jabbering or bumptious music fills their station's frequency.

An increasing din arises around us like mist off a bog. Communications researchers rush to do studies on how we are bombarded each day with thousands of random bits of information. The stuff falls around us like snowflakes. A significant percentage of our information comes in the form of what we categorize as noise—the alarm buzzer that shocks us awake, the horn that makes us quickly step out of the way of an oncoming car, the bell that summons us to answer the telephone or the front door.

During the past several years, when our society has been disrupted by outbursts both home and abroad, we have heard an oft-repeated siren's song. Those who sing it maintain that our seemingly chronic inability to get along with one another is due to a breakdown in communication. If we would only communicate more, things would turn out all right. Tensions would ease. Our problems would be diminished.

Too few recognize or will admit that a saturation of communication was what initiated the trouble. The act of communicating does not guarantee, *ipso facto*, that understanding will follow. Quite often, greater significance is placed on how something is said than on what is being said. Effective public speakers (particularly demagogues) recognize this and take full advantage of the impact that gesture and intonation have in contorting the truth to fit a particular end.

Creative silence is often the best antidote to a communications overdose.

Silence, in its many contexts, becomes relative. One person's silence can be another's cacophony. This can be seen in a variation on the familiar country-mouse, city-mouse story. The country mouse, when transplanted to the city, cannot get to sleep at night because the unfamiliar noises he hears —the beeping horns, whining elevators, the hiss of traffic, the baleful mooing of tugs on the river—are too loud. His city cousin suffers a similar fate when transported to the country. He tosses and turns listening to the ominous hootings of owls, the burping of frogs, the howling of dogs, and the constant creak, creak of crickets. Country mouse and city mouse can't return quickly enough to their familiar environment —with its comparative silence—so they can get a good night's rest.

For some, the intrusion of unfamiliar sounds is more than they can tolerate. They rely on a little box that produces an electronic "white noise"—something like the sound of surf or the falling of a gentle rain—to override unwanted sounds.

Silence has not gone unnoticed in our lexicon of idioms. Victorian households were equipped with dumbwaiters and silent butlers. Before Dr. Spock instructed a generation of parents in how to raise their children, and we, more recently, made pilgrimages to worship at the

shrine of youth, children were to be seen and not heard.

The coming of the movies (the first ones were silent) popularized the strong, silent type as hero. He was personified by the late Gary Cooper, an actor whose range of expression seemed to extend from "Yup" to "Nope." The type of character Cooper often portrayed was noted more for what he did than what he said.

Another movie cliche which has endured is the scene where an intrepid band (usually Bengal Lancers or U.S. Cavalry) marches into a defile. After the column has progressed far enough into the canyon, row on row of natives, armed to the teeth, suddenly appear atop the canyon walls. They gaze down from their point of undisputed tactical advantage at the tightly disciplined but hopelessly outnumbered band. Nothing needs to be said by those watching from the heights. Their silence, combined with their position of advantage, is eloquence enough.

Another familiar scene appears in gangster movies. A member of the mob has been brought in for questioning. When the jaybird won't sing, one of Metro City's finest solemnly announces, "He knows somethin', but he ain't talkin'." The silence is broken when an appropriate amount of physical or mental coercion is applied to convince the hoodlum that talking is perhaps better than suffering the consequences of remaining silent.

Individuals confronted by circumstances beyond their immediate control are often struck dumb. Those who offend the sensitivities of others receive the silent treatment, get sent to Coventry, or meet with a wall of silence. Stoics suffer silent witness or offer mute testimony to the vices and follies of mankind.

In different contexts, silence can be put to other uses. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman has noted that, "Next to entertaining or impressive talk, a thorough-going silence manages to intrigue most people."

Silence is golden for some. Most of us are familiar with the admonitory signs and the forefinger placed over the lips demanding silence in the library. George Bernard Shaw, with his customary acidity, regarded silence as "the most perfect expression of scorn." Robert Louis Stevenson took the view that, "The cruellest lies are often told in silence." La Rouchefoucauld thought that, "Silence is the best tactic for him who distrusts himself."

The impact of silence on the imagination has been recognized for centuries by pantomimists—or, in modern jargon, practitioners of the art of "non-verbal communication." The skillful mime, through the nimbleness of his body, can orchestrate silence so that one has the illusion of not only seeing things that do not exist, but hearing noises that have not been sounded. Even so, the mime's art is not pure; his audience needs to be told in advance, by some device such as a signboard or a program note, what he is doing. Without such assistance, all kinds of interesting interpretations arise in the minds of the beholders.

Silence can speak volumes on occasion. Pregnant pauses lead to the birth of something significant. Anyone who has seen a play by Harold Pinter becomes aware of how he uses silence between passages of dialog for a unique poetic/dramatic effect. What is not said in a Pinter play is as important as what is. In a similar way, the contrapuntal effect of silence is explored in a 1973 collection of lectures and writings by the avant-garde composer John Cage. His collection is aptly titled, *Silence*.

Too much silence, as noted, can be unnerving. On a particularly quiet night, we can hear ringing in our ears caused by blood coursing through our capillaries. We become conscious of the thump, thump, thump of our beating heart. The systole and diastole of the heart muscle becomes a matter of great concern. What will we do if the thumping stops?

Quiet nights can also be filled with other disturbing sounds. Like Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* we are tempted to blurt out, "Night and silence! Who is here?" Our apprehension is increased as we imagine that the creaks and groans of the house are announcing the intrusion of an unwanted visitor, or an impending collapse of the plumbing or heating system. Noise outside the window signals the coming of some natural disaster which will catch us completely unprepared.

Silence, and a respect for it, is considered a form of good breeding. It is the unsophisticated louts who reveal themselves as they shatter the silence between movements of a symphony with their clapping. They are the ones who also make primitive noises at the dinner table, or who carry on a loud conversation in a crowded elevator.

One of the factors which has added mystery to the vastness of space is its silence. The stars have twinkled in the night sky, but they have sent us no audible messages to reveal the secret of their creation. They haven't until recently, when astronomers captured hissing radio signals from outer space. These noises are thought to be echoes from the big bang that supposedly sounded when the universe was born. The concept of such a noise, or such a happening, is beyond the imagination of most of us. We are grounded in more earthly considerations.

We recognize how influential silence can be, but we ultimately conclude that silence is not a natural human trait. William Faulkner recognized the fact in his 1950 speech when accepting the Nobel Prize for Literature. Faulkner expressed the optimistic belief that man would endure, that "when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice still talking."

BOOKMARKS/WISCONSIN

As I write this, I am listening to recordings of the jazz pianist Chick Corea, done between 1968 and 1970. It is the first time I am hearing it, and I am struck by this music. On one track, the music will be quite lyrical and flowing, on another track very avant-garde. The pieces are technically complex and brilliantly executed. But the most interesting thing about these recordings is that they weren't released until recently, and Corea has not been as innovative since. Now his records sell like crazy.

Something similar is happening to poetry in this country. Partly through the giving (by the National Endowment for the Arts) of fellowships to artists and grants to the editors of little magazines, a great deal of money is floating around. If one is so inclined, all that must be done is to reach out and grab it. Furthermore, major publishers are publishing almost nothing by the younger generation (those under forty years) that is innovative and, in the case of New York publishers, very little is done by poets outside New York.

The result is that poetry is in trouble nationally. Younger poets are in a real bind, despite all the money. There are so many grants for little magazines that their number has increased almost six-fold since 1958. In the second edition of Dustbooks' *Directory of Little Magazines*, the listing ran to 55 pages; the directory is now over 300 pages.

So, as the Minnesotan Robert Bly has noted somewhere, it is almost impossible for a poet under forty to find his or her contemporaries. There is simply too much to read. At a similar stage in the development of poets of the previous generation, such landmark books as Bly's *Silence in the Snowy Fields* and Ginsberg's *Howl* had already been published and become widely known. But at the moment, generative books by younger poets have yet to reach wide acceptance and circulation. Who the first-rank younger poets are is impossible to tell.

In the same vein, with huge $3,000 to $5,000 grants to poets, the writing has in great part turned conservative. Poets write to win acceptance and grants. The writing of a poem, ultimately a very traditional art, has currently become something of a commodity, a commercial product. Poems are written for the moment, rather than for fifteen, twenty, or more, years in the future.

But in Wisconsin and other states or regions, a compensation has taken place (this I think is true, even though there is an arts grants program here). In Wisconsin, poets increasingly think in terms of other Wisconsin poets. And in their poetry there is increasing concern with the "local."

Regional literary publishing is growing. In Minnesota, the Poets' Cooperative has been publishing with increasing success for about five years. In Wisconsin, there is one primarily literary house, and the possibility of a second. *The Badger Coming Out of the Crystal*, the Wisconsin literary anthology I've been editing for the past two years, will be out sometime this year.

For the foreseeable future, poets here and elsewhere will continue to disregard the National Literary Scene in favor of a stronger and more cohesive regional situation. Things will be stronger for Wisconsin poets because the energy comes primarily from themselves.

—James Stephens

MEN AGAINST McCARTHY
by Richard M. Fried; Columbia University Press, New York, 1976. 428 pp. Cloth $14.95.

This is good, solid political history. It may not satisfy those who remember the late senator from Wisconsin either as pure good or as pure evil, but it brings us closer to a fair assessment of both the man and the "ism."

The focus is on the opponents of McCarthy, particularly those in the Democratic party, and the author's purpose is to explain why their opposition was so ineffectual. Taking issue with a number of recent studies that blame President Truman and the Democrats for the excesses that occurred during the search for subversives and security risks in the early Cold-War years, Fried insists that McCarthyism was "preeminently a political weapon deployed by the Republicans to end Democratic hegemony" after the frustrating election of 1948.

The difficulty in countering this strategy with appropriate political action is explained in terms of internal party divisions, Senate traditions, and either distaste or fear of incurring the senator's personal wrath. His apparent success in defeating his tormentors (notably Senators Tydings and Benton) in their bids for reelection, had a paralyzing effect on many, if not most of his opponents. But Fried's researches confirm the view that the senator's political power and influence were vastly overrated. With the possible exception of the Tydings defeat (where McCarthy had plenty of help), the senator's involvement in an election had a negative impact in virtually every case.

The author concludes that McCarthy was kept alive politically by a combination of domestic and

international circumstances that prevailed between 1948 and 1954. When these circumstances shifted, he fell as rapidly as he had risen, but few of his opponents can take much credit. The senator probably brought about his own downfall when he turned his shotgun on President Eisenhower.

—*George H. Miller*

ROOM TO BREATHE by David Clewell; Pentagram Press, P.O. Box 11609, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53211, 1976. $3.

Contemporary poetry since the Second World War has often been confessional in method, tragic in tone, and pessimistic in theme. Recently, however, a number of younger American poets have changed that trend, writing poems which are more detached, comic, and affirmative. David Clewell's first book, *Room to Breathe*, is a fine example of this new mode. With firm technical control, strong resonant language, and a witty incantatory voice, Clewell affirms the possibility of staying alive in a world that seems actively bent on death.

A vague, unnamed adversary slouches through these poems, lurking just inside our peripheral vision. Perhaps it is death, or fixity, or the omnipotent "they," whoever or whatever operates in the world to prevent change or growth. "These people are unscrupulous," Clewell warns in "Disappearing." "They'll make the pieces fit." Similarly, in "Lines For Lew Welch," Clewell worries, "If they find you, maybe they can/ finally dismiss you." Even nature seems to participate in the effort to dismiss the individual or make him fit. Many of the poems are set in winter, the poet confronted with "trees dressed in ice/ trying to bargain you to some other place."

Clewell's response to this situation is not the frontal attack of the confessional poet but rather the wry and wily elusiveness of the magician. He is a poet of disguises and disappearances, of metamorphosis and movement. Faced with the conspiracy of fixity, the effort of death or history or convention to prevent change and growth, Clewell insists that we must keep moving, keep changing shape.

A number of the poems here are thus directions or instructions addressed to "you," the reader. In "Notes For The Changing Of Skins," a central and beautiful poem, Clewell affirms "There is something new in your hands./ Take it with you when you leave the house./ If it is a skin, dress yourself in it./ If it is something less, wait until it grows./ What you once knew/ is a place of shadows./ There is no room for you in that dark." And in "Walking Distance" he instructs the reader to "Measure from the place where you are standing/ to the same place one year earlier./ It should not be within walking distance." We should be like Antonin Artaud who "masqueraded as (himself) and went unrecognized," who "legally died . . . but/ did not accept the verdict." If Clewell is "obsessed by history" as he observes in "Taxicab Flick In 3 Takes," he wants at the same time to escape its deadly insistence. By continually changing our skins, by shifting shape or wearing our own best disguises (ourselves), by retaining a sense of humor, we may find the house of life, not death: "You have given yourself/ this gift of place/ beating through your blood. On fire/ with the lives you have brought here, it is you/ who warm this house" ("Solstice: This House Is Yours").

Ultimately, I suppose, *Room to Breathe* is a book about poetry, about language, about the possibilities of art. Poetry itself is a way of remaking the world, changing vision, shifting shape, adopting personae and disguises, finding room to breathe, moving forward, while paradoxically preserving a sense of permanence at the same time. Poetry is magical for Clewell, a spell that "works," that enables us to "invent a new moon/ from whatever is left in the sky."

It is rare that a young poet can manage the kind of technical brilliance (Clewell makes you *hear* what he *sees*) and mature wisdom that informs this book. *Room to Breathe* is an exciting addition to Pentagram Press's increasingly impressive list.

—*Ronald Wallace*

THE ART OF MARK TWAIN by William M. Gibson; Oxford University Press, Fair Lawn, New Jersey, 1976. 230 pp. $10.

No American author's work has enjoyed critical, literary attention as has that of Sam Clemens of Hannibal, Missouri. Yet Mark Twain would protest any emphasis on perpetual analysis and intellectual surgery. As great an ego as he possessed, he loved being loved for his irreverent personage, not his ability to put words on paper.

Professor William Gibson of UW-Madison has written *The Art of Mark Twain* as an effort to establish or confirm the superlative works by the man who gave the Mississippi a boy named Huckleberry. He wishes also to bring to the fore Twain's polemical side of the page. Both tasks are great challenges, to say the least.

My first reaction to the title (without opening the book) was: "Aha! Somebody has finally gotten to Twain's doodles and is going to open that psychological door!" Then (after opening the book) it became obvious that Gibson was going to concentrate upon Twain's conscious efforts to make his characters, their language, and their environment as real as possible. In other words, Twain was not a writer of "pop" fiction, able to skim the surface of truth and entertain readers—he knew what he was doing when he worked with words.

The canon of Twainiana, at least that which I have known over the course of nearly two decades, would find few who did not admit Twain was a consummate artist of verisimilitude. That's the least of his

faults, even according to the cruelest critics. That Gibson should go to some length to convince us of an unassailable fact inauspiciously begins "another" book about Mark Twain.

Because of the plethora of Twain criticism, any time there is an announcement of another title about to hit shelves of libraries everywhere, I wince. It is not because there are no new aspects to delve into or realms to discover or dusty manuscripts to be found, for there always are. It is the stuff upon which literary criticism builds its firmest foundation.

I wince because the books usually turn out to be dutiful recitations of personal, albeit serious, usually unrewarding conclusions. In my own collection of works about Twain, there is Svend Petersen's *Mark Twain and The Government;* a fine title of promise, but a text of relative trivia. Fortunately, Gibson's *Art of Mark Twain* does not fall into that category, but there is that quality of "pocket-mining" that Twain talked about.

The first chapter, "Mark Twain's Style," is directed mainly at convincing the reader that Twain knew style—how to put down words that best express the writer's intent. Gibson obviously has gleaned a great deal of Twain's works, speeches, letters, and memorabilia to find appropriate quotes to prove the point that Twain knew what style meant. Like other critics, he agrees that Twain had his own knowledge of style, especially the transformation of intangible, oral expression into the tangibility of words in type.

His treatment of " 'Starchy' Travel Books" and "The 'Boy Books' " are sketchy at best, more narrative summaries than incisive revelations. As a fortunate student of Professor Paul Carter, a Twain scholar, and Professor Leslie Fiedler, his antithetical colleague, I learned something early in my search for meaning in Twain: there are few writers whose works are more fertile fields for interpretation. Gibson does the plowing, but we must plant the seeds.

The two most disappointing chapters, however, are "The Pudd'nhead Wilson Maxims" and "Dreams and the Inner Life." *The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson* is an "undiscovered" novel that is usually considered "unimportant" because of the quaint, humorous insignificance of the maxims which open each chapter of Twain's most erotic and racial novel. Gibson considers the book to rank among Twain's "undistinguished" works, like *The American Claimant.* At best, he calls it "good and interesting." To Gibson, these qualities do not emerge from the agonies of slavery, the definition of blackness in the South, or the terror of miscegenation that Twain hides within a detective story. The maxims attract him.

"Dreams and the Inner Life" is a meandering chapter which is primarily concerned with Twain's obsession with the character of Satan and the "size" of conscience. These certainly did pervade much of Twain's longer and shorter works, but there are dimensions of his actual dreams that beg to be revealed and the inner lives of his characters plead for exposure. Twain's journals record various dreams and nightmares, which are among the most explicit of authors' recalling their stories from sleep. His major, and many minor, characters nearly all offer doors ajar to their special humanities.

One of the functional rights of scholarship is disagreement with the opinions, conjectures, and analyses of others. It is also the catalyst for independent study and continued interest in a subject or person. Professor Gibson's *The Art of Mark Twain* will provide future Twain students with a range of ideas and perspectives to consider and judge for themselves. For myself, I'll stick with DeVoto, Brooks, Fiedler, and Kaplan to rekindle the flames of Twain's singular greatness, but that's just one opinion . . . .

—Hayward Allen

EVERY FOURTH TUESDAY
by Bob De Bonville; Agape Publishers, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1976. 171 pp. Paper $2.25.

Bob De Bonville is a dedicated worker for human good, a man who feels deep responsibility for people in need. He brings a "Faith at Work" team to the State Reformatory at Green Bay every fourth Tuesday, effecting a real and intensely valuable relationship with the inmates.

The breakthrough for the group was difficult. Many of the inmates resisted efforts to relate to the outsiders. De Bonville tells the story tersely, without much literary embellishment and with only minimal character interpretation. He catches the hang of the lingo, very well — and the reasons for states of being are apparent. Often the depth of human search is missing, but perhaps depth was not really his objective, for he is striving to tell a skeletal story, a story draped with real human concern and human purpose.

I wish the book had been more completely treated. But then it would have been a much larger book with all those problems. I would have liked to have learned more about life behind the walls; I deeply admire the efforts of this group of Green Bay citizens from St. Patrick's Parish.

What the book does well is to portray a new spirit exemplified in the opening of such institutions to outsiders—and thereby opening the help of citizens to persons who desperately need help, and often actually cry out for it. People who care appear to be the greatest asset. There are never enough of them. De Bonville puts the whole thing a little more into balance.

Highly interesting and revealing is the account of legislative hearings on the problem of the State Reformatory at Green Bay.

—Robert E. Gard

THE NATIVE POPULATION OF THE AMERICAS IN 1492 edited by William M. Denevan; The University of Wisconsin Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 353 pp. $15.

This demographic study should be in every Americanist's library as an essential reference work despite the fact that all the data are not in yet by any means. Certainly further archeological information will be uncovered, possibly more early documentary evidence will come to light, and many arguments concerning statistical assumptions and manipulations must be thrashed out. Furthermore, it is cheerfully acknowledged that regional and overall totals to date may prove to be off, one way or the other, by 25 percent to 100 percent or more. Finally, we will never be absolutely *sure* of the population count of the Americas at the time of discovery by Europeans. Then, why bother with the task at all?

It is generally agreed that with the arrival of Europeans, massive native depopulation occurred, even to the point of total extinction in some areas, but there is sharp disagreement over how many Indians there were to begin with. The lowest "few Indians" estimate is 8,400,000 and the highest "many Indians" estimate is 112,550,000. However, "almost every major investigation of pre-Columbian cultural evolution and ecology, of the European conquest, and of colonial social and economic history must ultimately raise the question of Indian numbers." The extent to which the experts have become exercised over the few or many Indians issue is illustrated in the exasperated defense of low figures for Hispaniola by Angel Rosenblatt who felt his critics accused him of trying to whitewash the "black legend" of Spanish conquest. "I have considered regrettable the process of extinction . . . it scarcely seems that explaining the extinction of 100,000 instead of 3,000,000, implies a glorification of colonization."

Two excellent introductory essays providing an overview of problems and methods in historic demography of the Americas are followed by regional treatment of the Caribbean area, Central America and Yucatan taken together, Mexico, South America, and North America. Denevan provides annotated bibliographic essays for each of these four regions noting important documentary sources, major demographic analyses, and the nature and extent of disagreement among various scholars. But for these even-handed introductory assessments, the book would be disconcertingly disjointed because the one or more essays by various authors (including Denevan) in regard to each region are highly particularistic. It cannot be otherwise. Many parts of the puzzle remain to be filled in by further research. The regional essays afford models of various approaches to different kinds of populational situations.

If we are not yet ready to trust any figures as approaching absolute accuracy, at least this volume goes a long way toward establishing relative densities of population over a vast land mass. In only a few instances does the going get statistically sticky for the non-mathematically inclined. For the most part, the book lays out as clearly as possible, given the inherent complexity of the data, the present state of knowledge, techniques drawn from many disciplines for establishing reliability of population counts, and different methods of projecting from well documented situations to partially or wholly undocumented ones.

Sensitive to all the "ifs," Denevan courageously weighs the regional sub-totals provided by the various contributors and sets down a total figure in his Epilogue for future scholars to verify, modify or simply shoot down—57,300,00—an interesting coincidental compromise between the lowest and highest estimates cited at the outset.

—Nancy Oestreich Lurie

FEASTING WITH WISCONSIN'S FOURTH ESTATE compiled by Marie Creviere and a committee of Wisconsin Newspaper Association women; printed by the Sun Prairie *Star-Countryman*, 444 pp. $7.25. (Order from WNA Office, 33 North Dickinson Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53705)

This cookbook had its origin some six years ago.

Mrs. Creviere, managing editor of the DePere *Journal*, started it all, prodding presidents and officers of the Wisconsin Newspaper Association (WNA) to get rolling on the project. Finally, 1975 President Jack Howe of the Prairie du Chien *Courier-Press* picked a committee, and it was off the launching pad.

The idea was to collect recipes from WNA members and friends, print the book, then sell it to raise funds for Association scholarships, particularly for students majoring in graphic and technical arts. More than 200 cooks, amateur and professional, responded with some 950 recipes from all sections of Wisconsin and from assorted ethnic backgrounds. Mrs. Creviere calls it a "comprehensive atlas to culinary paradise." The fine art work in the edition came from sketches by Shirley Gauger, a commercial artist whose husband Bob publishes the Whitehall *Times*.

There are dozens of ways to make soups, salads, entrees, desserts, candies, beverages, and hors d'oeuvres, among other kitchen delights. Canning instructions, too. Checked over carefully by the Brown County home economist, Lois Klusmeyer, the recipes include such tempters as Grandma's Cornish pasties, vinegar pie (eaten by early settlers when gooseberries were out of season), sauerbraten, "friendship fruit," peanut butter pie (politically, most apt), a vermouth sauce for poultry, and many more.

The thick volume, neatly bound, made its debut at the National Newspaper Association meeting in Lake Geneva late last fall.

—Jack Burke

NEW HOLSTEIN—WHEN I WAS A BOY by Hobart H. Kletzien; illustrated by George Roth Munkwitz; *New Holstein Reporter Press*, 1621 Wisconsin Ave., New Holstein, Wisconsin, 1974. 103 pp. Paper $3, $3.50 ppd.

Good light reading for a winter's evening can be found in *New Holstein;* in fact, it can be pick-up reading at any time because it is a series of episodes and commentaries on memories, experiences and observations, set apart by conspicuous headings. Some topics are disposed of in a paragraph or two; some take several pages. The book is so brief and the titles so easily scanned that there is no need for a "contents" page. It covers Mr. Kletzien's life in New Holstein into the early 1900s and provides considerable contrast to that of the youth of today.

New Holstein, the book, is so pertinent to New Holstein, the town, that its distribution and sale is by the New Holstein Historical Society. Would that your own Wisconsin town could have such a book!

—*E.M.*

SOME DID RETURN by Ruth Mary Fox; Wake-Brooks House, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, 1976. 138 pp. $5.95.

Rarely in the twentieth century has the dedicated teacher of English found the time to listen to the music of her own soul and to keep tuned to it with poems of her own composition—poems published here and there over the decades and now, at the request of her many students and friends, selected and compiled in an attractive printing.

Published in 1976, *Some Did Return* is a 138-page selection of one hundred poems by Dr. Ruth Mary Fox, Professor Emeritus of the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, noted scholar, lecturer, teacher, and poet, now in retirement at Edgewood College, Madison. Outstanding among her scholarly writings is a book entitled, *Dante Leads the Way*, which is a definitive study of Dante and the *Inferno*, and which was published to high critical acclaim.

In *Some Did Return* a few of Dr. Fox's special interests are indicated by the six headings under which the selected poems are arranged: Of Family and Friends, Of Students and Teaching, Of Angels, Of Feasts, Of Biblical Themes, and Varia—the latter including such titles as "Gracious Old Houses," "Stripped Tree," "A Ballad of Old Prague," "Mona Lisa," "Concerning Camels," and "I Am a Little Bird with Broken Wings." There are poems about holidays and holy days. There is humor and heartbreak, the realistic and the mystical, the fine delineation and the broad stroke. Through the broad perspective of her full life, readers may catch glimpses of themselves.

As an exponent of the art of poetry, Dr. Fox makes use of a variety of verse forms, excelling in the classical sonnet and working expertly with such intricate French forms as the triolet and the rondeau. Much of her work is charmingly experimental, with the familiar quatrain flaunting a saucy fifth line. In longer narrative poems, the iambic pentameter of blank verse takes surprising turns in her inventive hands. Her courageous use of metaphor and simile distinguishes lines bent to her will in the pursuit of poetic excellence. She sees significance in a wide range of topics, from the child noting the ants in the cracks in the sidewalk to the profoundly contemplative theme of the title sonnet.

And all of the poems in the collection have a special value—the joy of reading aloud. At first, silent reading holds one steadily through the book. Then comes the discovery that these are definitely poems to be read aloud—for extra flavor. By either method—or both—the reader can enjoy in an hour with this book the companionship of a dedicated teacher, a gifted poet, and a questing pilgrim searching through the labyrinths of pain and joy for the truth of life.

—*Rachel Salisbury*

POSTHUMOUS WORK by Jim Stephens; Abraxas Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 28 pp. Paper. $1.25.

Stephens' invention in this chapbook is a voice that features the blasted ego. There is little narrative, but much exclamation; little effort spent on relating "personal" feelings or emotions, but much speculative, visionary statement. Unlike the other "sincere" voices of his contemporaries, this is speech that pays little attention to depersonalized celebrations of quaint beauty. These are serious poems, dealing with ominous and intentionally mysterious-sounding perceptions.

> Even a dream has its motion and limits. My steps are the core of an eclipse, silent and pitching, completely to myself. But I am faithful to the tidal wash.

Stephens introduces us to a new "place," and the objects and people inhabiting that region fade in and out with a dreamy and seemingly unmotivated pulsation. That, taken in the context of something less than a straightforward narrative, will undoubtedly frustrate some readers—unless this enigmatic voice is seen as an apparatus. Though the poems claim to be ego-less, they are in fact organized by a voice that *desires* to confound you and to force a renewal of language.

One critic sees Stephens' poems as components of a new and flourishing fashion of American Indian-inspired verse. But this poet is no fashion monger; his treatment of the subject matter is unique, and he manages to avoid both facile didacticism and glib "myth-making."

Stephens wants the reader to believe that simply to hear the story is sufficient, to hear the voice is enough. The lack of a discrete "message," and a certain monotony of tone, will bother some. But Stephens aims for reader displacement, and he largely achieves his goal—though I wish this new "place" were not so vague.

Nevertheless, I admire the devotional energy that has obviously been injected into these poems, and I look forward to a complete edition of Stephens' "Maize" poems.

—Ron Slate

EIGHT PAGES by Dennis Trudell; Abraxas Press, Madison, Wisconsin, 1975. 8pp. Paper 75c.

HERE A HOME, THERE A HOME by Dennis Trudell; Juniper Books, La Crosse, Wisconsin, 1976. 17 pp. Paper $2.

Sometimes when I am downtown in Madison, suddenly Dennis Trudell will appear before me, walking from the other direction, and I have not seen him for some time. He appears, we greet each other, say a few words, and continue on our ways.

I feel something similar as I read these poems. I often meet with the voice of the poems. But it always heads in another direction after I have it before me. Where it is coming from and where it is going are a constant surprise. And if I ever caught up with it, I would finally watch the poet in his privacy.

Trudell writes of those periods of short duration which lead into other instants of the past and present. Thus, as in a series of photo-collages (from the collection *Here a Home*):

> Last night I saw two filaments and felt a road. And as though the road were pale and I had come to where it would soon end. Firm surface ahead: the cast of light on it or from it the color of an elephant. The filaments or
>
> fiery white tassels of some cornstalk—its highest moments brighter than any phonograph needle—wavered toward one another but did not touch . . .

the seemingly unrelated objects—the road, its light, the elephant, cornstalk tassels, phonograph needle—are correspondences for the moment.

In these intimate moments Trudell often writes of the locale around his family. He will write to his son, or recount experiences with his wife or with a creature-plant in his house. The same Wittgensteinian eye is at work in this poem from *Eight Pages:*

> The woman
> I had been happier with
> than any other creature, and
> had seen as the spiraling-down
> brown pond
> coating my wings
> was in a sideways pit of her
> brain I couldn't . . .
> knife-shaped wound I didn't
> understand, . . .

It should be understood that Trudell does not tell the reader stories about his life. Rather, the reader very rapidly sees Trudell's inward and outward action in the poems. Our eye sees as his does. This method has come to be called post-modernist, and it is one he shares with another poet of the home and hearth, the Peruvian Cesar Vallejo. In fact, if I were to cite a dominant influence on Trudell's work, it would be in Vallejo's *Poemas Humanos.* Both write poetry of a strange and abrupt temporal leap. Both are poets of the mind's movement and how the mind sees *things,* but always written in tightly crafted poems.

—James Stephens

MISTER ALFALFA by Laurence F. Graber; published privately, distributed by GRA-MAR, P.O. Box 4286, Madison, Wisconsin 53711, 1976. 521 pp. paper $8.40.

Friends of Larry Graber will be attracted by his book: *Mr. Alfalfa.* It is not about alfalfa but about him, his good German forebears in the Mineral Point area, his boyhood experiences and commentary on life back then—and we do mean *way* back then, because he is an octogenerian, soon to become a nonogenerian. It is autobiography and like all such it must have been hard writing, hard sorting of memories and facts and comments upon people and events. It is rambling and discursive and in places marred by editorial errors, but interesting nonetheless. Those who know Dr. Graber will savor the last paragraph on his walks and rests in the Arboretum and his valedictory: *"Adieu! Adios! Adje! Adio! Au revoir! Auf Wiedersehen! A Rivederci! Fare-thee-well! Take Care!"*

—E.M.

—War God

Just Browsing

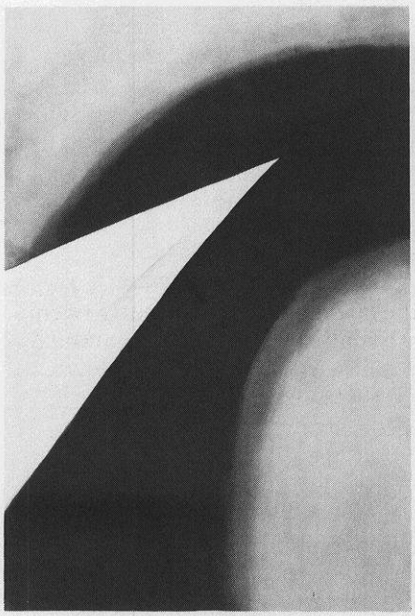
TIME OF HUMANITIES
(An Oral History—Recollections of David H. Stevens as Director in the Division of Humanities, Rockefeller Foundation, 1930-1950), as narrated to Robert E. Gard by David H. Stevens. Edited by Robert E. Yahnke. Published by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters in association with Wisconsin House Book Publishers, Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 151 pp. Paper $5.95.

Intellectually stimulating and professionally appropriate, *A Time of Humanities* is essential reading for the contemporary humanist. In a lively dialogue between Professors Stevens and Gard, it reveals how the Rockefeller Foundation, under Stevens' direction, subsidized leading or promising humanists to produce key dictionaries and definitive literary texts as well as build specialized libraries, to name only a few activities.

In each instance, we are told, the emphasis was upon individual potential with institutional backing. This historical perspective can be most interesting and valuable for the humanist today as he or she approaches the National Endowment for the Humanities in search of a planning grant, fellowship, or subsidy for a program involving a public policy issue. It also reinforces the idea that intelligent leadership with adequate funds can effect fundamental change.

The definition of the humanities, presented by Professor Stevens in a supplementary essay remains timely and timeless for the educator, general reader, student or humanist. The humanities bind the past to the future and provide the cultural reservoir from which we distill future values and retain the old ones. Provided with an index, biographies, and bibliography, the reader will find *A Time of Humanities* rewarding. The reader will also feel he or she has shared profound, personal feelings with two very agile minds.

—Robert E. Najem



Black and White, 1930. Oil on canvas, 36 x 24. From GEORGIA O'KEEFFE by Georgia O'Keeffe.

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE by Georgia O'Keeffe; The Viking Press, New York, 1976. Cloth $75.

"Due to the extreme cost of *Georgia O'Keeffe*, we are unable to provide you with a free review copy." So saying, Sarah Theurkauf of The Viking Press publicity department sent along two photographs of paintings from the book and a press release. The latter relates that *Georgia O'Keeffe* is "the first book by this classic figure in American painting," that it covers a time span from her childhood in the late nineteenth century to the present, and that the eighty-nine-year-old artist (a native of Sun Prairie, Wisconsin) "writes about how her career started and evolved, her relationships with other artists, and the esthetic values she cherishes."

The book is said to have been designed and printed under Miss O'Keeffe's supervision; it includes 108 color illustrations—many never before reproduced, some never exhibited.

Miss O'Keeffe left Wisconsin many years ago and since 1949 has been living in New Mexico. In 1969 the artist was awarded a citation by the Wisconsin Academy. On January 10, 1977 she, along with twenty other luminaries ranging from Lady Bird Johnson to Archibald MacLeish, received the Medal of Freedom, the nation's highest civilian award.

A LAKE WHERE SPIRITS LIVE
by Kenneth I. Lange and Ralph T. Tuttle; Baraboo Printing, Baraboo, Wisconsin, 1975. 80 pp. (illust.) Paper $2.

An atlas and gazetteer of the world published in 1890 cited Devil's Lake near Baraboo, Wisconsin for its "weird beauty," noting that its origin "rivals Lake Tahoe." The authors of *A Lake Where Spirits Live*, however, do explain the origin of the lake as well as its name, then go on to tell of the first inhabitants of the area, important early visitors, geological features, and man-made additions and human uses—including activities of the CCC and the WPA, trails and roads, camping, education, and recreation. Especially fascinating are the nearly seventy illustrations, many of them early photographs. The copyright has been assigned the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources; the book is available at $2.25, postage included, from the Taylor Book Store, 512 Oak Street, Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913. Even as Lange and Tuttle claim, this little paperback is "a human history of the midwest's most popular park." And nicely and concisely done at that.

MEXICAN AMERICANS (2nd ed.) by Joan W. Moore with Harry Pachon; Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey, 1976. 173 pp. Paper $3.95.

The primary author of *Mexican Americans*, Joan W. Moore, is

chairperson of the UW -Milwaukee Department of Sociology. The book is part of the Prentice-Hall Ethnic Groups in American Life Series and includes chapters on "Mexican Americans in American Life," "History: An American Minority Appears," "The Origins of Diversity," "Profile of the Mexican American," "American Institutions in the Mexican Experience," "Family and Community: Stability and Change," "Language and Culture," and "Politics and the Mexican American Experience."

Like others in this text series (which interestingly enough includes one on white protestant Americans) the intent is to provide information on the history, contributions, and current problems of the racial and ethnic groups that make up the American people.

INDONESIA'S ELITE: POLITICAL CULTURE AND CULTURAL POLITICS by Donald K. Emmerson; Cornell University Press, Ithaca and London, 1976. 303 pp. Cloth $14.50.

Donald K. Emmerson, a UW-Madison Associate Professor of political science, describes his book as "the first systematic study of the Indonesian elite's politically important beliefs and the personal experiences that shaped them." Emmerson defines "the elite" as members of the higher central bureaucracy and the national legislature. The politically and culturally relevant orientations of these persons constitute what he calls the "elite political culture." "Cultural politics" refers to "what happens when cultural differences are politicized and political differences are cast in cultural terms." The "personal experiences" aspect is based upon the fact that the history of Indonesia's colonial rule, occupation, revolution, and post-independence politics is reported through the memories of forty randomly selected and interviewed bureaucrats and legislators in the national capitol.

AMERICAN WELFARE CAPITALISM, 1880-1940 by Stuart D. Brandes; The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London, 1976. 210 pp. Cloth $12.95.

Based on the author's dissertation (UW-Madison), this work is reported to be "the first book-length account of welfare capitalism, the industrial relations programs which were initiated by American businessmen and widely adopted during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries"—a period marked by nearly 23,000 strikes affecting more than 117,000 United States business firms. The movement led to housing, educational programs, counseling services, recreational facilities for employees and the like—and also to the company towns, stores, and unions that are bitterly remembered by American labor. Interesting tidbits of information and colorful examples and quotations from union leaders and management are blended into the analysis; the result is a highly readable and informative history of what pro-unionists might term "industrial paternalism." Stuart D. Brandes is an Associate Professor of history at the UW-Rock County Center, Janesville.

VOYAGE OF REDISCOVERY, 1673-1973 by Giles Clark; Educational Enterprises, Menasha, Wisconsin, 1976. 124 pp. Cloth $5.95. Paper $2.95.

The 1973 tercentenary of the nearly 3,000 mile voyage of Marquette and Jolliet was observed by author Giles Clark of Menasha and two other Wisconsin men with a modern day repeat performance. This time, however, it was with twentieth century canoe and gear, covering only that portion of the trip (about 600 miles) from St. Ignace, Michigan to Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. Although this was not the "official" repeat voyage that was accomplished under circumstances more in keeping with the original, Giles' straight-forward account of the trip should make interesting reading for amateur historian and ardent canoeist alike. Book orders should be placed through J & J Printing, 1410 North Meade Street, Appleton, Wisconsin 54911.

YESTERDAY'S MILWAUKEE by Robert W. Wells; E. A. Seemann Publishing, Inc., Miami, Florida, 1976. 143 pp. (illust.) $9.95.

Bob Wells "did" Milwaukee, in words, with his *This Is Milwaukee* (1970); this time he recaptures the long and not-so-long-ago primarily through illustrations—some 250 in all, including engravings, drawings, maps, and, predominately, photography. His words are relatively few but choice, for example, the account of the Great Milwaukee Bridge War. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for the illustrations, their appeal in content being marred by murky reproduction, far inferior, for example, to the high quality achieved in the two volumes of *Portrait of the Past*, the photographic journeys through Wisconsin published just a few years ago by Wisconsin Tales and Trails, Inc. Still, at $9.95 you can't go too wrong, though the section on "The Forties and Beyond" runs only to the middle 1950s. The book is number twenty-three of Seemann's Historic Cities Series.

OF MANY THINGS by Ruth T. McGibeny and Rica Owen Moore; illustrated by William J. Feeney; Straus Printing and Publishing Co., Inc., Madison, Wisconsin, 1976. 60 pp. Paper $4.95.

Sixty of the world's wonders, from "Birthdays" to "Mud Puddles," are set out in rhyme and sketches for the younger set (up to ten?), and for the most part are quite charming. Sample from "The Crocodile": "Who could love a crocodile?/He isn't nice to pat;/ His horny hide is full of bumps;/His head is hard and flat." Table of contents is of little help without page numbers. Authors and illustrator are from Madison.

A TREE GROWS IN MISSOURI edited by John H. Baumgaertner; Agape Publishers, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1975. 151 pp. Paper $2.95.

The book editor's ministry at Capitol Drive Lutheran Church in Milwaukee extended over thirty-seven years. Elected president of the English District of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod in 1970, he retired from that post and from the active ministry in 1974. At the outset, this English District Centennial publication was intended to be "a popular account of the long courtship and strange and wonderful marriage of English-speaking Lutherans (who had formed the English Synod of Missouri) with the German Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Missouri, Ohio & Other States." It may yet be that in part, but from the perspectives of a number of contributors—including well-known theologian Martin E. Marty, whose remarks were the source of the book title.

THE MAN WHO MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS: A SALUTE TO HENRY AARON by Don Money with Herb Anastor; Agape Publishers, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1976. 220 pp. $7.95.

The title tells it all: teammate and Brewer third baseman Don Money, with a literary assist from Herb Anastor, goes to bat for "Hammerin' Hank" Aaron, the man who surpassed Babe Ruth's lifetime record of 714 home runs and who holds more than twenty other major league records. Aaron broke into baseball with the Brewers in 1954. Following a stint with the Atlanta Braves, he returned to Milwaukee in 1975 to close out his career; it is from the perspective of those concluding innings that Money makes his observations, which should appeal to fans from twelve to . . . well, fans are ageless. But if you are not into baseball, this may be more inside than you would really care to go.

LOVING FREE (eighth printing) by Paula and Dick McDonald; Ballentine Books, New York, 1976. 305 pp. Paper $1.95.

An earlier printing of this book was reviewed in the December, 1975 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*: ". . . an honest, intimate book about a marriage that is made free by each person's frank admission of his/her sexuality and its effect upon the total relationship." Now, after the sale of more than 500,000 copies, authors "Jackie and Jeff Herrigan" have come out of the closet as Paula and Dick McDonald. (Dick McDonald is president of McDonald, Davis & Associates, the well-known Milwaukee advertising agency.) This eighth printing includes something new, an epilogue on the experiences of the McDonalds and their children once family, friends, and business associates became aware that Jackie and Jeff were really (really!) Paula and Dick. You just never can tell—but the McDonalds did.

STEWARDSHIP WITHOUT FAILURE by Eugene Pappenheim; Agape Publishers, Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1974. 335 pp. Cloth $20.

Although published a couple of years ago, the review copy of this "complete day-by-day how-to-do-it manual for all Christian churches" was received only recently, having accompanied *A Tree Grows in Missouri* and *Every Fourth Tuesday* —the latter a more recent Agape release requested for review purposes (see item by Robert E. Gard). Here, down to the last detail (helpful or worrisome, depending on your perspective), is the ultimate word on the mechanics of church fund-raising. The author, who lives in Menomonee Falls, left Dun & Bradstreet in 1961 and began full-time stewardship counseling. When his career was halted by Parkinson's disease in 1972, he set to work on this book.

In Response . . .

Editor:

I was especially pleased to see the review of Calked Boots and Cant Hooks, *by George A. Corrigan, in the winter (December) issue of the* Wisconsin Academy Review. *All too often, such privately printed publications are neglected in newspaper and magazine coverage. Yet, Corrigan's detailed account of logging in Wisconsin in the early 1900s deals with a period of history described sparingly by writers of the timber industry.*

For many of us whose acquaintance with the Tyler Forks and Potato River region of Ashland and Iron counties goes back several decades, the author's recollections and anecdotes on lumbering are particularly meaningful. Corrigan's varied experiences in the woods —as a camp clerk and timekeeper; teamster; saw boss; swamper; camp foreman; timber cruiser; contract logger; timber owner; and one who skidded and decked logs, blazed and surveyed section lines, picketed railroad lines, and staked right-of-ways—make him one of the few men living today qualified to offer a clear picture of wilderness logging in Wisconsin as it really was in his day.

Since the book may not be readily available through retail outlets, Review *readers might be interested to know that it can be ordered direct at $7.95 by writing George Corrigan at P.O. Box 82, Star Route, Saxon, Wisconsin 54559 (telephone: 715-893-2465). —Otis Bersing, Madison*

*(*Editor's Note: *Mr. Bersing, a member of the Wisconsin Academy for over twenty years, retired in 1966 from what is now known as the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR). He is on familiar terms with Wisconsin, having served as supervisor of lake and stream improvement for the Wisconsin Conservation Department (now DNR). In that capacity, he conducted many lake and stream surveys in the region referred to in* Calked Boots and Cant Hooks.*)*

I really hadn't realized until just the other day that the first president of the Academy, John W. Hoyt, was the one who invited Abraham Lincoln to give an address at the Wisconsin State Exhibition (state fair) at Milwaukee in 1859. I have not yet had the time to delve into the archives to see whether Hoyt's correspondence with Lincoln exists. I hope it does because Hoyt was the kind of man who made his point clearly, with force, and I suspect he was a hard man to say "no" to.

I have read Lincoln's address which he gave on that September afternoon to a crowd that was cut somewhat, because the day—September 30—was hot, windy and dusty, but still numbered twenty or thirty thousand. Lincoln spoke without benefit of microphone. He just stood up and projected. His voice, high and thin they said, carried well to the outskirts of the crowd. I have never read anywhere that Lincoln could not be heard or understood. Hoyt, with the perception one would expect of him, introduced Lincoln as the "next President of the United States."

Lincoln made his way back to Illinois after the address, stopping overnight in Janesville at the Tallman House. Today, of course, the Tallman House is a center of Janesville history, and Lincoln's visit is a famous tale often recounted.

No doubt Hoyt returned to his good duties as editor of the *Wisconsin Farmer*. Incidentally, all the issues of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, going back, I believe, to 1854, are in the Steenbock Library at the UW-Madison College of Agriculture and Life Sciences. Somehow, I find it interesting and inspiring that Hoyt, who did so much for the Academy and was virtually its founder in 1870, and Harry Steenbock, who did tremendous things for the Academy, endowed it, and started the Steenbock Library where Hoyt's magazine is filed . . . that these two men are entwined within the life of the Academy.

In a word, I believe that Hoyt, as founder and first president of the Academy, is a good precedent to strive to follow, I know I am going to try, although without Hoyt's talent and perhaps his dynamism, and certainly with no Lincoln to invite to the state fair, and without the challenges of a new state finding its proper role in farming, industry and dairying . . . what am I to do?

I am sure if Hoyt were here he would say, "My friend, your challenges are greater today. How are you going to face, with the Academy, the vast problems of land, of energy, of water, of the arts?" And he would be right in a way. We certainly are going to struggle with these problems and do what is within the Academy's ability to help create a better Wisconsin. I guess I believe our problems are somewhat more complicated than Hoyt's.

Very possibly, however, Hoyt considered that the problems of his day were pretty complex. I assume that he understood in 1859, when he invited Lincoln, that Wisconsin had to make a vital transition in its way of farming. His editorials in the *Farmer*, I am sure, would reveal that he foresaw the end of the great wheat era; that he foresaw the coming of the dairy industry, of better cattle, hogs, horses . . . of a departure from the mere breaking of the Wisconsin land and the harvesting that could be undertaken only on minimal terms, never improving the land or enriching it. I am sure he foresaw the advent of a golden day for Wisconsin in agriculture; and I am equally sure that he foresaw better homes, better education for rural youth. He pressed for a College of Agriculture and was eventually offered the first "Chair" of agriculture after the college was finally formed in 1866. He declined, believing that he did not have the necessary background.

I only wish that our present day paths might be as easily perceived. Or perhaps the fault is with us, less perceptive, intuitive, or maybe less idealistic. Anyway, when I get to reading about John W. Hoyt and

Inside the Academy

by Robert E. Gard
President

Philo R. Hoy and Increase A. Lapham, giants of the Academy, I have doubts that we can ever properly emulate them.

Vastness of curiosity is one reason. I am curious about things, but I am not overpowered by the kind of curiosity that motivated Hoy to make his famed collection of wild birds (housed in Racine in the public library); or Lapham to devote his life to mapping the geology, the botany, the archeology (you name it) of his adopted state.

Well, we've got the problems. If I can manifest just a little of what these great men had, I will have satisfied myself. From *Inside the Academy* you see these challenges more forcefully; I see the Academy as a greater force than it has ever been—for good, for the betterment of the Wisconsin land and people. There is not doubt that we have the models to follow. In fact, I believe I can hear these giants cheering us on from the wings. The interesting truth is that the Academy which they founded in 1870 is still here—and going strong. My hope is to make it vital to every citizen. For this, I think, was what Hoyt and Hoy and Lapham had in mind.

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March in Wisconsin is the month that gives hints that winter isn't forever. Photographer Mary North Allen here offers elegant evidence of that fact. Academy member Allen, who lives on a farm near Verona, will have an exhibit of her tree photography at Steenbock Center, the WASAL headquarters, March 18 to April 25. Appropriately, she was born on a wooded hillside in the Catskill Mountains of New York State —of, interestingly enough, a family who "raised sheep, read aloud, and drove reindeer across Lapland". Her late husband, Paul, was a member of the UW-Madison botany department. She teaches photography for UW-Extension. Her work will also be featured in a July exhibit at the UW-Madison Memorial Union.