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THE WILDERS: AMOS AND THORNTON
THE "NEW" LOGAN MUSEUM OF ANTHROPOLOGY

Wisconsin Academy Review

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Henry Moy, director of the Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit College, checks objects in the museum's bi-level glass cube while student Mary Girard (inside the cube) arranges them. Photo by Jim Lyga.

Cover: Wisconsin Academy 1870–1995 by Warrington Colescott and John Wilde. Collage: watercolor drawing on paper. 16 x 17 inches, 1995. See key on page 12.

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Editor's Notes

From Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death to The Gettysburg Address to Fireside Chats to I Have A Dream, we as a people have always relished a good speech. The most eloquent of these speeches have become part of our nation's literature to be revisited and discussed at will. Many more have been lost or filed away and forgotten, occasionally to be discovered by chance.

Such is the case with Amos P. Wilder's address to the Wisconsin State Legislature a century ago on behalf of woman's suffrage. The text came to the attention of Professor Adrienne E. Hacker Daniels while she was engaged in research at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, and she has agreed to share her commentary on Wilder's suffrage speech with readers of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. Her paper is based on a talk she gave in Madison for the Wisconsin League of Women Voters on the seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding.

Cousins reunited: Academy member Dr. Theodore Livingston Hartridge and Academy fellow Henry S. Reuss greet each other at the 125th anniversary reception at Olbrich Gardens.

As a companion to the Amos Wilder piece, we thought it appropriate to present excerpts from Glenway Wescott's prose portrait of Wilder's literary son, Thornton. Thornton Niven Wilder, recipient of numerous awards for his novels and plays, was born at 14 West Gilman Street in Madison on April 17, 1897. In the June 1980 issue of the *Review*, Thornton's sister Isabel, a long-time Academy member until her death this past February, paraphrased what she knew to be her brother's feelings about his Wisconsin roots:

> It was good fortune for me to have been born in Wisconsin. I was a bookish, musing, sleeping-walking kind of boy. The young man I grew up to be might have turned too easily into an intellectual snob. How much I would have missed! But thanks to the anchor of my midwestern beginnings, I've had the best of several worlds.

For a time, the Wilders were highly visible citizens of Madison. Isabel reports that day after day "mother pushed the carriage up and down the block, airing and exercising her children with one hand only; with the other she held a book at eye level, preparing a program for the Poetry Club or learning Italian grammar so that she could read Dante in the original." Young Thornton was an enthusiastic visiter to the offices of the *Wisconsin State Journal*, "where he could watch the printing presses in action and push the keys on father's typewriter to see words come out on paper."

In the foreword to *The Journals of Thornton Wilder 1939–1961*, selected and edited by Donald Gallup, Isabel writes that Thornton "had shared with his siblings a tightly patterned growing-up routine in a busy home in Madison, Wisconsin, dominated by a loving, proud—very proud—but anxious and overzealous father from the rock-bound state of Maine." Through the enthusiastic research of Professor Daniels and the perceptive writing of Glenway Wescott, we have an opportunity to better know and understand both father and son, Amos and Thornton.

Continuing in the spirit of thoughtful oratory, we are pleased to present the entire text of Henry Reuss's keynote address to the revelers who gathered June 7 at Olbrich Gardens in Madison for the Academy's 125th anniversary celebration.

Two other companion articles appear in this issue: a look at the newly refurbished Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit College and excerpts from the biography of one of the college's most famous graduates, scientist and explorer Roy Chapman Andrews.

We also offer a tale of collaboration between Academy fellow artists Warrington Colescott and John Wilde (*most* of which is true!) and some personal remarks about the creative process by poet and artist Tom McKeown. And we are fortunate to have two essays for our Chronicle department: an interesting bit of family history by Justin Isherwood and a memoir about insights gained while spending time in a Wisconsin marsh by James Campbell.

Fiction, poetry, and book reviews complete this issue along with an Inside the Academy report on a recent Wisconsin literary project sponsored by the Wisconsin Academy's Center for the Book.

Wisconsin Academy Gallery schedule

September:	Richard Long, mixed-media constructions
October:	Mark Lorenzi, sculpture
November:	Joleen Frechette, paintings

Faith B. Miracle

125 YEARS

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

CONTRIBUTORS

- James Campbell III grew up in Wisconsin and holds degrees from Yale University and the University of Colorado. A collection of personal essays titled "A Gathering of Place" is awaiting publication. He was recently married, and with his wife Elizabeth is planning an extended backpacking tour of the South Pacific and Southeast Asia. They intend, he says (quoting Baudelaire), to "travel light, like balloons."

- Robin S. Chapman is a professor in the field of communication disorders at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and a frequent contributor to the *Review*. She has written two books of poetry, *Distance, Rate, Time* (1989) and *Learning to Talk* (1991), both published by Fireweed Press, and her poems have appeared in a number of national journals and reviews.

- Warrington Colescott, artist and printmaker, is art professor emeritus, University of Wisconsin–Madison. He has received numerous fellowships and awards, published a number of articles and essays as well as a history of printmaking (Madison Art Center, 1978). His work, which has been described in many studies of contemporary printmaking, is collected internationally. He lives and works in rural Hollandale and is a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy. His work can be seen during the month of September at the Fanny Garver Gallery in Madison.

- Adrienne E. Hacker Daniels is assistant professor in the Speech-Theater Department at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, where she continues with her research and writing on the life and work of Amos P. Wilder. Her Ph.D. dissertation at the University of Wisconsin–Madison (1993) is titled "A study of eloquence in the plays of Thornton N. Wilder."

- Laurence T. Giles is a Madison physician and "sometime writer of poems for family, friends, and small presses." His work has appeared in such publications as *Transactions*, *Isthmus*, and *The Glacier Stopped Here*, an anthology of poems by Dane County writers.

- Art Grillo is pursuing a Ph.D. in English at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee and holds an M.F.A. in creative writing from Emerson College in Boston. In August he participated in the Prague Summer Writers' Workshop in the Czech Republic.

- Justin Isherwood, "ploughman of the Big Sandy," attends to duties on his farm near Plover—"bean planting is on, taters to sidedress, corn also, besides marsh hay, sawmill, and a handful other fool things," he reported this past spring—but still finds time to write. His stories and essays have appeared in various magazines and journals, and his novel, *Farm West of Mars*, was published in 1988.

- Art Madson, English professor emeritus, University of Wisconsin–Whitewater, is a frequent contributor to the *Review*. His published collections include *Plastering the Cracks* (River City Press, Rock Island, Illinois) and *Blue-Eyed Boy* (Lake Shore Publishing, Deerfield, Illinois), both of which appeared in 1993.

- James McEvoy is a microbiologist and an artist whose orientation is toward nature and wildlife. His watercolors and illustrations are in private collections in the United States as well as in Australia, Canada, England, France, and Japan. Since 1977 he has been a graphic artist with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources. His illustrations have appeared previously in the *Review.*

- Tom McKeown has published six books and eight chapbooks of poetry. His work has appeared in *The New Yorker, The Atlantic, Harper's*, and other publications. He has read his work before audiences in Russia and Ireland and his work has also been performed at Carnegie Hall and at the Library of Congress. He has taught creative writing at the university level for many years and now offers poetry tutorials by mail. For information write to the author at 1220 N. Gammon Road, Middleton, WI 53562.

- Stephen M. Miller works in the journal division at the University of Wisconsin Press. The poems included in this issue of the *Review* will appear in a book about "waterfowling traditions" of the Fox River Valley scheduled to appear this fall, published by Midwest Traditions. His poems have appeared previously in the *Review*.

- Henry S. Reuss represented the fifth district of Wisconsin in the U.S. House of Representatives from 1954 to 1983. He served as chairman of the House Committee on Banking, Finance and Urban Affairs and as chairman of the Joint Economic Committee. His environmental commitments are legendary, and the establishment of the Ice Age National Scientific Reserve in Wisconsin was a particular interest. He now lives in California and spends part of his time in the south of France. He was named a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy in 1983.

- Glenway Wescott (1901–1987) was born near Kewaskum and attended Waukesha High School. During the 1920s and 1930s he joined the expatriate American writers who chose to live in Europe. He eventually became disillusioned enough to return to the United States, but not Wisconsin. He was much honored during his life—his novel *The Grandmothers* (1927) won the Harper's Prize—and from 1957 to 1961 served as president of the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

- John Wilde, art professor emeritus, University of Wisconsin– Madison, lives and works in Evansville. Since 1940 his drawings and lithographs have been represented in collections and exhibitions throughout this country and in Europe. Recipient of numerous awards, the bibliography of articles and catalogs relating to his work is extensive. His art will be on exhibition until November 2 at the John Michael Kohler Arts Center's Artspace gallery in the Woodlake complex, the village of Kohler. He was named a fellow of the Wisconsin Academy in 1982.

A Distant Voice of Suffrage: Amos P. Wilder and Women's Rights

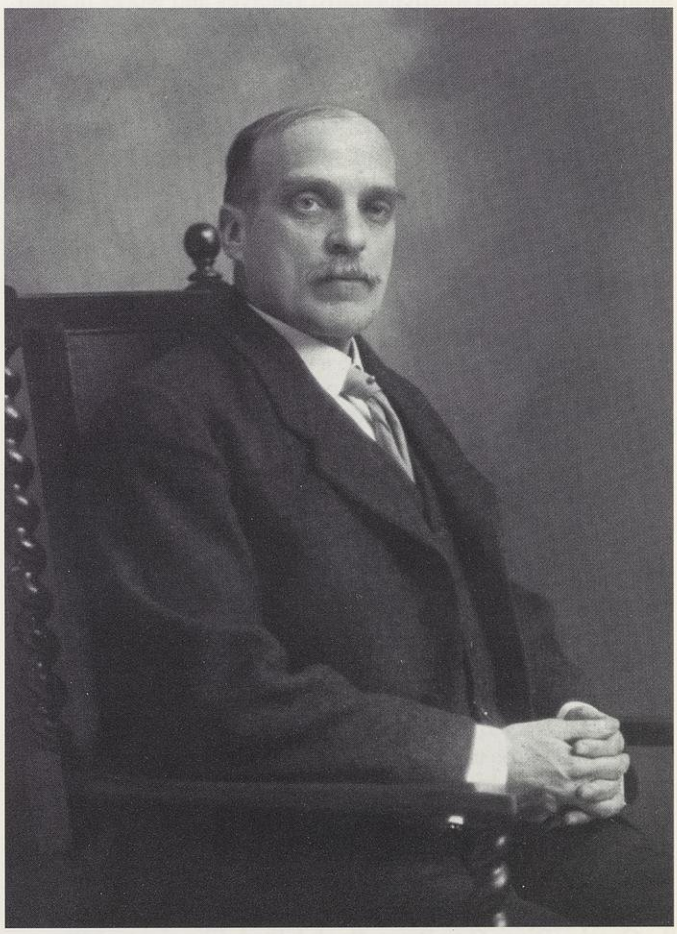
by Adrienne Edith Hacker Daniels

On the afternoon of March 13, 1895, Amos Parker Wilder delivered a speech in Madison titled "Claims of Woman Suffrage." His audience was composed of members of the Wisconsin State Legislature joint committees on state affairs. Ten years earlier, on March 13, 1885, the Wisconsin State Legislature had passed a law which permitted women to vote on matters relating to education, the result of fervent appeals by such women's rights activists as Olympia Brown and Emma C. Bascom. Whether Wilder purposely chose to make his 1895 suffrage speech on the tenth anniversary of that legislation, or whether it was merely a coincidence is not known; nonetheless, it seems appropriate for us to revisit his comments during the centennial year of that speech.

My interest in Amos Parker Wilder began with my graduate studies in the Department of Theatre and Drama at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. I had written a dissertation on the work of Wilder's second son, Thornton Niven Wilder, and was struck by the strength of the rhetorical influence in Thornton Wilder's novels and plays—an influence which seemed to have had a profound impact upon his dramatic sensibility. In the course of my research I discovered many interesting facts about the Wilder family, some directly and some tangentially related to my theory concerning the rhetorical influence in the younger Wilder's work.

At the time of his 1895 speech, Amos Parker Wilder was part owner and editor of the *Wisconsin State Journal* and had been freshman and sophomore class orator at Yale; Thornton's mother, Isabella Niven, was the granddaughter of Arthur Tappan, president of the Anti-Slavery Society, and, along with his brother Lewis Tappan, helped to found Oberlin College—the first college to admit blacks and women. The art of speaking—of oratory—and all that is entailed therein seemed to have been of great importance in the Wilder-Niven families.

So we have a family rooted in the ennobling tradition of promulgating equality, a family with an illustrious tradition of excelling in the arts, letters, and social and physical sciences (daughter Janet received a Ph.D. in zoology from the University of Chicago). This all seemed commendable, but I remained nonplussed, for the biographical material at my disposal at the time I discovered Amos Parker's speech seemed to contradict my initial favorable response to the text. Some of the biographical material relating to Thornton has been less than generous in characterizing Amos Parker, particularly with regard to Thornton's relationship with his father.



Amos Parker Wilder (1862–1936). Courtesy the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Thornton's elder brother, Amos Niven Wilder, stated in his book *Thornton Wilder and His Public*, "There is one general remark to be made here. Censorious testimonies as to our father should be placed in context. In our family as in many, one-sided, momentary, and humorous disparagements of a parent can be made, but these should not be pressed into caricature." He acknowledged that at times his father was "doctrinaire and heavy-handed," particularly after he lost his health, but reminds those who might judge his father harshly that "matters of intimate family life are exceedingly complex."

Amos Niven Wilder himself had a distinguished career as literary critic, poet, and Bible scholar. He was emeritus Hollis Professor of Divinity at Harvard Divinity School which, according to his obituary in the *New York Times* (May 4, 1993), is "believed to be the oldest endowed chair in the country, established in 1721." Amos Niven, then, would likely be a reliable source. He provides an in-depth portrait of his father as being a man whose unique contribution to the worlds of politics and political science, diplomacy and international relations, journalism, and oratory deserve to be seen clearly.

❦

What were the historic circumstances surrounding Amos Parker Wilder's March 13, 1895 speech? During that year, the Wisconsin legislative committee introduced two bills: one would strike the word "male" from the state constitution, the other proposed ratification of the suffrage amendment. According to *History of Woman Suffrage*, "a hearing was granted before the joint committee of both Houses in the Senate Chamber, which was crowded." Although Amos Parker Wilder's name does not appear in the text proper as one of the speakers, he is mentioned in a note marked with an asterisk (albeit incorrectly identified as *E.P.* Wilder). In the March 13, 1895 issue of the *Wisconsin State Journal*, an editorial titled "Give Women the Ballot" recognizes that the effort might not succeed, but believes that "the proposition cannot fail to incite some recognized champions on the floors of both branches to plead for the justice and expedience of equality" and confirms the support of the *Wisconsin State Journal*.

The speech delivered to the joint legislative committee comprises an introduction, nine subheadings, and a conclusion. In the introduction, Wilder includes many of the points which appear in the editorial of the same date, with the following added statement: "The theory of natural rights is generally accepted by Americans. We enjoy the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, not because some despotic power graciously allows them, but because they are ours by virtue of being men. They are inherent. Our contention is that this is an inherent right by virtue of our humanity and not by virtue of sex."

In the first main point titled "Women's Voting Power in Business," Wilder's words seem to resonate with those of John Stuart Mill, making the argument that deeming men "heads of their families" is "irrelevant" in concluding that, as a result of that reality, men's voices should speak for those of women. As Wilder says, "Is the refusal of female suffrage anything else than a form of suppression of the right of opinion? What good to have freedom of opinion if that opinion cannot be voiced?" A woman might indeed vote differently from a man, but John Stuart Mill's famous passage can appropriately be applied here: "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

Is the refusal of female suffrage anything else than a form of suppression of the right of opinion? What good to have freedom of opinion if that opinion cannot be voiced?

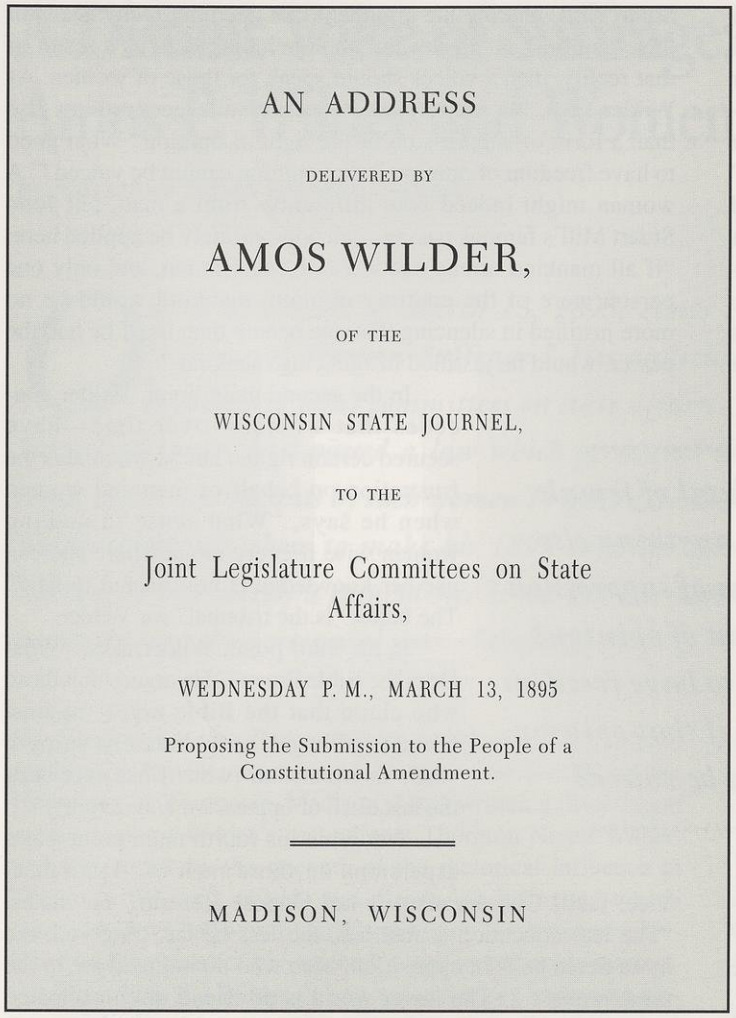
In the second main point, Wilder concedes that women—over time—have secured certain rights, but he articulates the frustration on behalf of men and women when he says, "What sense in making woman wise if every arena where she can use her knowledge is not opened to her?" The ballot "is the tribunal" for Wilder.

In his third point, Wilder asks, "What Does the Bible Prove?" He argues that those who claim that the Bible urges "against female suffrage" unfortunately enjoy a "false interpretation [which] has ever been the last ditch of oppression and iniquity."

Wilder, in his fourth main point, casts aspersions on those men of "Ignorance, Vice, [and] Conservatism [who] Oppose Reform." He states, "The less education a man has, the less he has observed, the more fierce he is in opposition. Men who do not read are in the same ranks. . . . The lower world is no friend of emancipated woman. It does not seek to have her educated or religious or interested in the world's affairs. Such progress invades the old vicious theory of woman subject to man's base uses."

In the fifth point, Wilder speculates that, although many more women seem to want to abnegate their voting rights than those who want them, he attributes the denial to the fact that women's voices have been so muted, their acculturation has not promoted this "voicing of opinion." He contends that women do not like appearing ridiculous, reminding listeners that "the first man who used an umbrella was unmercifully laughed at in London."

The title of Wilder's sixth point, "Women Have Their Limitations," might seem contrary to all he previously said, but the conclusion to be drawn is that women, like men, have what he calls "short-comings and limitations." The second part of the point has contemporaneous resonance, to be sure. He states, "She is essentially and eternally interested in the home and child life, and there can be no adequate legislation on these topics until woman is a power at the polls . . ." Certainly, we as a nation have just begun to address questions such as family leave and child care—and at that, feebly. Wilder believed that this legislation could facilitate even better relationships between men and women: "To my thinking, the most cogent argument



AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

AMOS WILDER,

OF THE

WISCONSIN STATE JOURNEL,

TO THE

Joint Legislature Committees on State Affairs,

WEDNESDAY P. M., MARCH 13, 1895

Proposing the Submission to the People of a Constitutional Amendment.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

Courtesy the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

for female suffrage, as in the breaking of every shackle on the mind and soul of woman, lies in the greater congeniality it promotes between the sexes . . . it gives them more to talk about . . . it entwines their destinies."

Wilder reiterates some of the aforementioned ideas in his seventh point, "Wipe Out This Last Form of Caste." He chides those opponents for supporting the campaign to obliterate Britain's use of "virtual representation" during Revolutionary times, but not with respect to men voting on women's behalf.

One of the most interesting sections is the next, titled, "A Voting Woman No Less A Woman," with its contemporary overtones. "The ballot will not unsex woman . . . The woman who votes will make a brighter home just as an educated woman—I care not whether a college or self-culture enriched her—has greater resources to draw upon to cheer and entertain and improve her domestic circle." Although Wilder does seem to have reservations about women's active participation in the political arena, as congressperson or mayor, construing these as "a peril of excess," one must understand this reservation within its historical context.

In the last major point, Wilder suggests that not only do women need the vote, but the state needs the woman's vote, for she will impart to the elected officials those qualities and characteristics which are the most ennobling. In support, he says that the state should avail itself of "all available wisdom. At present, Wisconsin is deprived of expression at the polls of the intelligence, conscience, experience of half its population . . ."

In his closing exhortation, Wilder states that he offers no apology for his remarks. Given the family's rootedness in the abolitionist movement, he locates the "origin [of the woman's movement] in anti-slavery times. It was kindled in the souls of women who would not rest until they had made every sacrifice, tried every avenue, to carry relief to the voices which seemed to cry out their agony alone . . . Abraham Lincoln was the solution then. The effort is now to rid woman of her disabilities . . . Women will get the ballot in time . . . Justice may be hindered but never blocked."

Although Amos Parker Wilder might not have been at the forefront of the woman's suffrage movement, his participation did have navigational impact for those looking at his life and his words some one hundred years later. I was heartened to learn that a quarter of a century prior to the founding of the League of Women Voters, men like Amos Parker Wilder were using their voices through the pen and the spoken word in order to help women regain their whispered and silenced voices.

This article is based on a speech given earlier this year in Madison commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the League of Women Voters. The event was co-sponsored by the Wisconsin Academy.

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About Amos Parker Wilder

Thornton Niven Wilder and his sister Isabel Wilder, circa 1930s.

Amos Parker Wilder was born February 15, 1862, in Calais, Maine. He graduated from Yale in 1884 with a B.A., and in 1892 he received a Ph.D. after writing the first doctoral dissertation in the country on the subject of municipal government. He served as teacher, editor, and reporter in the East, and in 1894 he purchased an interest in the *Wisconsin State Journal* where, according to *The National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, "he earned a reputation as a fearless editor and lecturer on municipal and state government reform."

Wilder and his wife, Isabella Niven Wilder, had four of their five children while living in Madison (Amos Niven, Thornton, Charlotte, and Isabel). They lived at 211 W. Gilman Street and attended the First Congregational Church. (Isabel, incidentally, was a long-time member of the Wisconsin Academy until her death in February of this year.)

In 1906 Amos was appointed by President Theodore Roosevelt as American consul general in Hong Kong and served in a similar capacity in Shanghai. Due to ill health he took leave in 1912 and offered his resignation in 1914. Wisconsin sociologist Edward A. Ross acknowledged Amos's good relationship with the Chinese people by dedicating his book, *The Changing Chinese*, to Wilder with the following characterization: "Friend of the Changing Chinese, and Eloquent Interpreter to Them of the Best Americanism."

After his retirement from the consular service, Amos was appointed executive secretary of the Yale-in-China Association in New Haven, and from 1920–1930 he held an associate editorship at the *New Haven Journal Courier*. He died July 2, 1936.

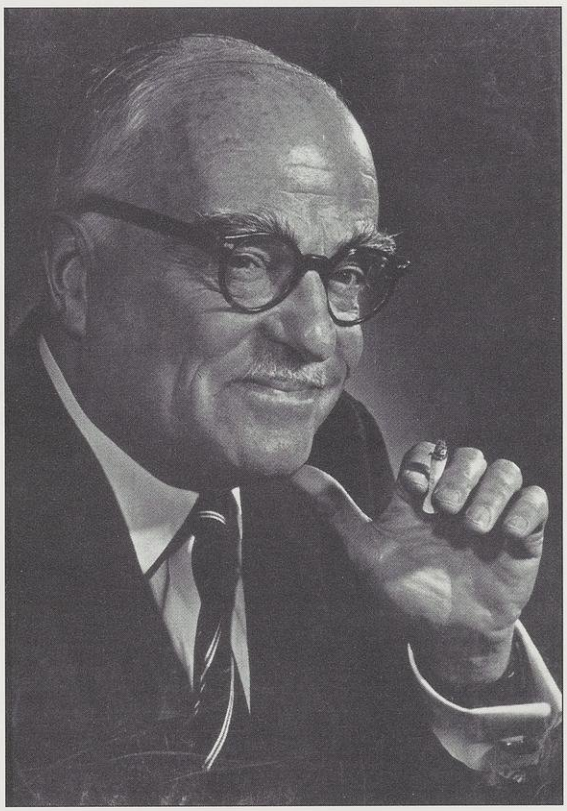
A Man of Literary Genius: Excerpts from "Talks with Thornton Wilder"

by Glenway Wescott

Wilder and I first met in 1928 in the South of France, in Villefranche-sur-Mer. I was in my late twenties, he in his early thirties, both of us flourishing and promising, neck and neck in literature at that point. The Bridge of San Luis Rey, *his second novel, had just won the Pulitzer Prize; and my publishers had given their prize to my second novel* [The Grandmothers] *the previous year. Though, in his case, allowance always has to be made for an ebullient good nature and sometimes an inclination to flatter those he makes friends with, I think it can be said that he took a real and lively interest in me and in what might be expected of me as a writer. It thrilled me to make his acquaintance.*

. . .

Perhaps at that time Wilder himself, as a man of literary genius just beginning, and possibly a new friend, appealed to me more than the work he had published. Certainly my admiration of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* fell somewhat short of the consensus. To this day, with my overall appreciation of him at his peak, *The Bridge* satisfies me less than his other novels. To be sure, it is well written, with a soft and regular brightness like a string of matched pearls. It has another quality of his style, which, since then, he has developed and perfected in all forms of his writing, in drama as well as narration and exposition: an effect of energy, but with no nervousness, no hurry; and constant enthusiasm, though always stopping short of hyperbole and fatuity. Is all this somewhat self-conscious and proud? Yes, but are those not favorable characteristics in a young or youngish writer?



Thornton Niven Wilder (1897–1905) in his middle years. Courtesy Milwaukee Public Library.

The imperfection in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, I thought (and still think), is the subject matter; more specifically, the plot, which is tight, intentional, functional, with the function above all of bringing out the significance and the importance of what happens. Every inch of the way, the parts keep proving and reinforcing the theme of the whole. The theme is, roughly speaking, the old enigma of how hard it is to understand the will of God, that is, the ill will of God; and perhaps one cannot take a great interest in this without some simple religious belief.

Also, I find the atmospheres of two or three different cultures and national backgrounds in it somewhat neutralize or nullify one another. It is a tale of South America, but in design and mode and manner it is quite French; and with the author's imagination reaching, almost straining, in those two directions at once, his own North American temperament seems somewhat muted, neglected.

. . .

One's memory of the appearance of one's friends operates strangely as a rule, almost akin to caprice or mischief. When I happen not to see this or that friend for a few months, images of bygone existence and outlived physique often recur in my mind, just as the first outline of an oil painting will sometimes work up out of the underpaint, through the glazes, into the final version; and when I re-meet him or her, or when I encounter an up-to-date photograph in a newspaper or a periodical, it startles me.

Nothing like that in the case of Wilder. His physical aspect has been extraordinarily constant, perhaps I should say continuous. Photographers do not metamorphose him much; almost every photograph is a good enough likeness. The years have not made a great difference. By the time he reached man's estate he had ceased to look boyish, and he still is rather youthful. Life has only roughened his features, etched his expressions deeper. A certain stoutness in the last few years has saved him from the bleak, intense look that comes over a good many American men in their sixties.

The three of his physical characteristics that especially please me and amuse me are of today and of the past alike.—A singular way of laughing, forcible but not loud, expressing as a rule (I think) a general joy of living rather than a sense of fun at the time and in the circumstances. A flashing of his eyes once in a while; the occasion perhaps suddenly seeming to him a great occasion, or an emergency in some way. Certain emphatic manual, digital gestures when he talks, somewhat in the manner of a clergymen of a past generation or of old-time political campaigners.

Young Glenway Wescott (1901–1987).

Believe me, it was exciting to talk to him, to be talked to by him; an excitement not really easy, not exactly recreational, especially when it came to his telling of any sort of story, which often, suddenly, would be fraught with tenseness, responsibility, restraint. Much of our conversation in Villefranche was only gossip, great gossip! Main natural ingredient of the art of fiction, to my way of thinking. My way of thinking was simpler than his.

. . .

I have never known anyone to give his friends so much satisfaction of pride, even of vanity. He has continually excelled in the important though slight and improvisatory expressions of friendship, at least in his relations with his fellow writers. He is conscious of this and perhaps occasionally sorry for himself about it. A news weekly once quoted him as having said, "On my grave they will write: Here lies a man who tried to be obliging." Doubtless all this manifestation of his good will has been beneficial, ego-enhancing, especially in the cold, uneasy, touchy literary life. In so far as he has given us swelled heads, he himself has counteracted it by taking himself away every time, before long. Before you get used to it you have to undergo a kind of disintoxication, withdrawal symptoms.

. . .

Sense of humor, I think, may be defined as the fun that we refrain from making. I think Wilder often refrains, with tactfulness in the subconscious as well as on the intentional surface of his mind. With reference to something that we had laughed in unison about, without an exact identify of view, he said, "Our humor is a primary color, a primary color! We mix it even into our convictions, and into our sorrows."

We have always differed, significantly, I suppose, as to what amusement we find in the life around us. I have a certain feeling for slapstick and surrealism, and for the equivalent in behavior, even the behavior of fond friends. When things strike my funny bone, darker emotions perhaps somewhat underlie my glee: sensuality, superstitiousness, even retribution or revenge in some way. People's oddities and extravagances charm Wilder, but he never seems to long for their frustration or their downfall; no great sense of rough-house or of booby trap.

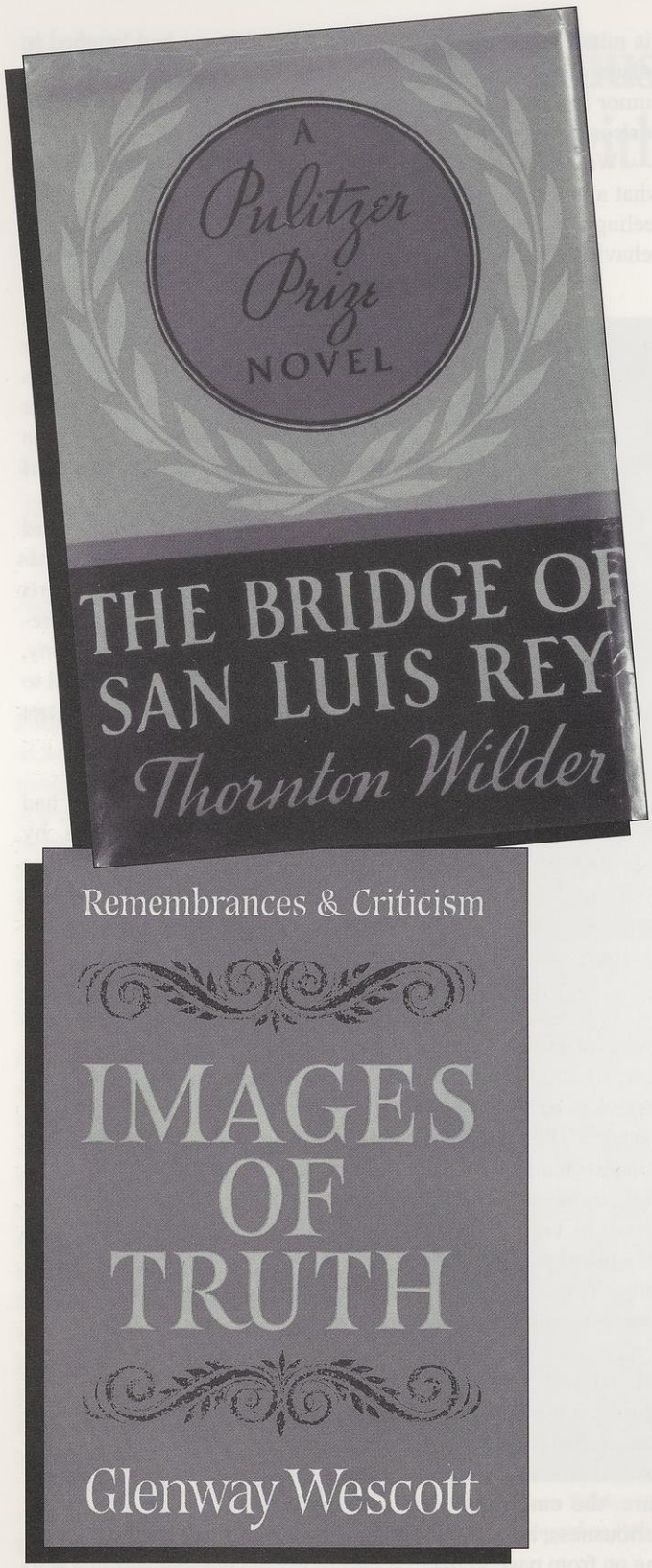
He is a prouder man than I, and takes into account, perhaps over-estimates, others' pride, and even in his conversation behind their backs, is careful not to disgrace any of them. Irony, furthermore, is habitual and delightful to my mind, but is not his habit, at least not his forte.

. . .

Not long before his visit to me, he had been traveling all around Europe, by motor and on foot, down through France and Italy, accompanied by the then world's champion heavyweight prizefighter, Gene Tunney, who was passing the time until his marriage in Rome. . . . Though the novelist may not have been aware of everything that went on in his immense young intellect, to some extent surely that hiking companion of 1928 served as a model for the protagonist of the novel that he published in 1934, *Heaven's My Destination*, his only work of fiction situated in present-day America, corresponding to his great indigenous comedies, *Our Town* and *The Matchmaker*. One fourth of George Brush, his knowledgeable sister Isabel tells me, portrays their father; one fourth, presumably, is Wilder himself; one fourth is the champion boxer (I think); and one fourth is Voltaire's Candide.

. . .

What I certainly envy now is his having written *The Ides of March*, a novel more appealing to my imagination, more relevant to my intellectual interests, than any other novel by a fellow American of my generation. I shall never forget the pleasure, the emotions more and more mingled, the increasing seriousness, almost solemnity, with which I first read it, hastening on from page to page. A part of my excitement was just selfishness. I kept thinking that I would give five years of my life to have written it myself. . . . In *The Ides of March* the basic themes are of today, or so timeless that as we read we think



ABOVE: Wilder's second novel, published in 1927.
BELOW: Wescott's "remembrances and criticism" includes essays on Katherine Anne Porter, Somerset Maugham, Colette, Isak Dinesen, and Thomas Mann.

modernly; the characters in it are important types of humanity alive now, recognizable by every reader (I suppose), though in the guise and habitat and behavior patterns of ancient Romans, noble and otherwise. . . .

Wilder's Caesar is a more comprehensible and more profound human being than any other portrayal of the supreme Roman known to me. Furthermore, he has an intellectual power and a superiority of cultural interests somewhat rarer in fiction than it has been in fact at one time and another in history. He takes an almost modern interest in what we call the psyche, but as the determining factor in morality and in civic and creative activity rather than as a matter of mental health and mental illness. He keeps dreaming of moral perfection as it might be, as it ought to be; hails and kindly cherishes various instances of genuine though imperfect virtue in the society around him; but is not fatuously optimistic or sentimental. . . . As Beethoven queried in the margin of his late quartet: *Muss es sein?* Must things be as they are? The answer, of course, for the creative artist, is the work of art. But no man, as a man—not even the sublime genius, not even the ruler of the world—has a choice of answers; the only thing he can say is yes.

. . .

Century after century, Wilder said to Arthur Gelb [*New York Times*, November 1961], every mature literary artist has tried to forge or to crystallize some definite statement of his philosophy; and he went on to cite various instances of summarizing, culminating, consummating art, the lifelong cerebration and passion all in focus and in one structure: Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, Eugene O'Neill's vast chronicle play (not terminated because his health failed), Beethoven's opuses 130, 131, 132, and 135. In [Wilder's] letter to me dated May 23, 1948, he said that for some time he had been seeking or at least desiring a large and fundamental concept and project to work on, and asked me to think about it, so that presently he could come and discuss it with me. "A writer spends his time hunting for his real right subject; that subject which Meredith never found, which Cervantes almost missed, which Henry James caught three times, and so on—and where is mine?"

Can one, he wondered, arrive at one's principal and final theme by contemplation or calculation, or must it be heaven-sent? Can one even, by taking thought, preserve oneself from this or that erroneous undertaking or hollow, infertile concept? All this was what he wanted us to have a good long talk about.

Needless to say, the prospect of that talk pleased me. As it happened, we did not have it that year. One of his sisters [was stricken with] a painful illness, arthritis or perhaps a displaced vertebral disk. After that he and she traveled to Dublin, and then he went up into the Engadine on what he called "a Nietzsche pilgrimage." Also he had to give a seminar at the American-financed post-war emergency university in Frankfurt am Main. German, he told me, was his most proficient, lifelong foreign language, and he had never before had a chance to use it.

Finally he asked me to dine alone with him at the Hotel Gotham in New York in April 1949, which of course I accepted

with alacrity and immense expectation. During dinner, served to us on a wheeled-in table in his sitting room, we did not broach any of our premeditated professional or vocational subject matter. We have a slight family connection: One of his cousins is married to one of my brother's wife's half sisters. . . . of an assortment of kith and kin we gossiped in the mildest and most ordinary way . . . Then the room-service waiter wheeled his table back out of the room. With a somewhat stepped-up or keyed-up hospitality at that point, my host pushed two armchairs into a sort of debating position, catty-corner. The waiter returned with two bucketfuls of ice, and Wilder brought out of his bedroom two bottles of good whiskey, to each of us his own bottle, and we got down to brass tacks—"burning questions of metier," as he put it.

. . .

What a talker he was, and still is! What a performer! It amuses me to find that in this evocation of him I cannot exactly recall how he sits or takes a chair. In my mind's eye he is always springing to his feet. Every time I opened my mouth, or almost every time, he would advance upon me and talk me down, using the stiffest forefinger in the world for emphasis, beating time for his ideas, Toscanini-like!

Sometimes, perhaps when a part of his argument seemed to him crucial or difficult, he would pause briefly, and his upper lip would descend rather firmly upon his lower lip, which made his minimum mustache bristle. His eyes brightened amazingly, like those of certain small animals, such as shrewmice and porcupines, which have a high metabolism and consequently extreme appetite, hunger pains, morning noon and night.

. . .

The idea most vigorously expounded by him at the Gotham was that the development of introspective psychology and other such explorations by scientists and sociologists of our human causes and effects, motivations and miscarriages and violences—all that strong sequence of ideas which Balzac suggested to Charcot, and which Freud derived from Charcot and developed in his revolutionizing world-wide way, followed of course by Watson and Kinsey and other American researchers—have profoundly disturbed and overthrown that omniscience. The creative writer is no longer regarded as the humanity expert, and often ceases to seem authoritative even to himself.

With slight amendments or emendations I could adhere to this theory . . . since the turn of the century, novelists for the most part have been retreating from this kind of maximum and multifarious enterprise, evading the issues of the all-round creative power and all-embracing characterization and universal spokesmanship . . . concentrating more and more on their own autobiographical substance, as to which they can be as authoritative and godlike as they please—who is to gainsay them? And thus the narrative art has been weakened, disembodied, and scaled down; self-consciousness prevailing over both universality and popularity.

It was superb. We were like a couple of baritones or bassos in one of those brawling duets of conspiracy and challenge which enrich the operas of Bellini and of Verdi in his youth; and as it must be also (I suppose) in the confraternity of vocalists, there arose a feeling of perfect friendship between us, not attenuated or embarrassed in the least by our differences of opinion about those mysteries of the literary art: authority and self-confidence, characterization and analysis, psychology and morals.

We were like a couple of baritones or bassos in one of those brawling duets of conspiracy and challenge which enrich the operas of Bellini and of Verdi in his youth

I remember voicing a few objections to his thesis as somewhat too eloquently and too simply stated that night, but I cannot recall whether he accepted or refuted them. Toward midnight, perhaps we both began talking at once, in fugue rather than antiphon, and more or less nonstop.

. . .

We both were complaining of ourselves, in self-defense and for self-discipline, mustering up courage and whistling in the wind, the immense dark eclectic self-conscious argumentative modern wind. In this connection let me note an odd thing about Wilder's literary taste. Surely a classicist as a writer, rational and liberal in meaning and message, lucid and moderate and almost popular in style, he has always been something of a romantic as a reader. Year in and year out, I remember, he has been in an all-out enthusiasm about, and more or less actively campaigning to promote, this or that extreme genius . . . Sartre . . . Kirkegaard and even the Marquis de Sade. That year of our great debate was his Kafka year.

. . .

We kept up our two-man symposium until about 2:30 a.m.; and then my blessed friend, inspirer, tormentor, followed me down out of the hotel, explaining that he was too overstimulated to go to bed; he would have to take a long walk; and away he went, down Fifth Avenue, in the dimness of the April night, under the glaring and lonely street lights. Unlike him in this respect (as in other respects) I was stumbling with fatigue, and my head had begun to ache. But I too felt some euphoria in my way, at least optimism, as to the infinitudes of artistic and literary forms—is there anything more cheering to a man of the arts or a man of letters than that?—and as to the eternal interestingness of human nature, no one more interesting than Wilder. ❧

Source

Images of Truth: Remembrances and Criticism by Glenway Wescott. London, England: Hamish Hamilton Ltd., 1963. Reprinted with permission of The Peters Fraser & Dunlop Group Ltd. of London, on behalf of the Wescott estate.

The Making of 125th Anniversary Art: A Collaboration

by Warrington Colescott

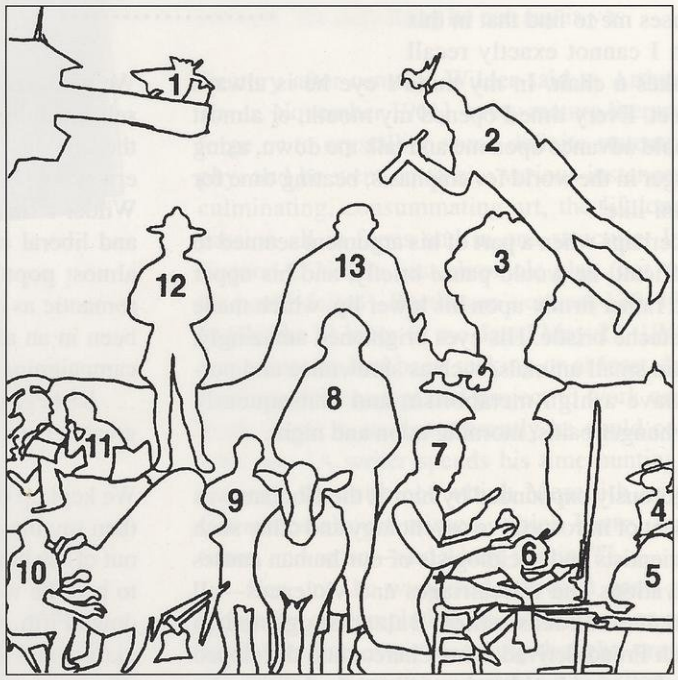
As a part of the preparations for celebrating the 125th anniversary of the Wisconsin Academy, I was approached by Faith Miracle, editor of the Wisconsin Academy Review, *with a strange proposal. She said: "Would you be willing to make a print symbolizing the achievements of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters during its first century and a quarter of activity?" I was aghast. I bolted for the door, muttering apologies for a sudden attack of* mal de spastique, *a tactic that had been successful in similar circumstances.*

This time it didn't work. A few weeks later there was a meeting at Academy Interrogation Headquarters with John Wilde and myself as the targets of a committee made up of Academy staff. The project had been redefined. Faith locked the doors and toyed with the key, finally dropping it in the tea-pot. "You are both Fellows of the Academy," she said severely. We answered nervously, "Certainly, certainly," and I flashed the little diamond-encrusted Fellow pin (with its inscribed pictograph of Brain, Easel and Seniority) that I always wear under my jacket lapel. Wilde did the same. The committee stared at us in silence. Finally Faith said: "How can you not?"

How could we not?

❦

With our long academic seasoning, Wilde and I approached the project with structure and discipline. First, I had to repair fences on my farm so the cows could exit the feed lot and munch spring pasture grass. Next came an organizing luncheon at a decent restaurant. Over aperitifs and slivers of rack of plover, arranged according to the Munsell wheel, brilliantly dribbled with lichen in a sauce *terre verte*, we began our discussion. Wilde said, "The Academy has at last approached its early promise." I had to agree. I began writing the names of prominent academics . . . movers, shakers, joggers . . . on the back of the menu. The waiter brought dice and a leather cup and we began to throw for selection.



Key to front cover art.

1. Frank Lloyd Wright (1867–1959), architect

2. Philo Romayne Hoy (1816–1892), physician, naturalist

3. Howard Temin (1935–1994), oncologist

4 & 5. Harriet Bell Merrill (1863–1915), zoologist

6. Aaron Bohrod (1907–1992), artist

7. Increase A. Lapham (1811–1875), naturalist, cartographer

8. Elizabeth McCoy (1903–1978), microbiologist

9. Harry Steenbock (1886–1967), biochemist

10. Gunnar Johansen (1906–1991), composer, pianist

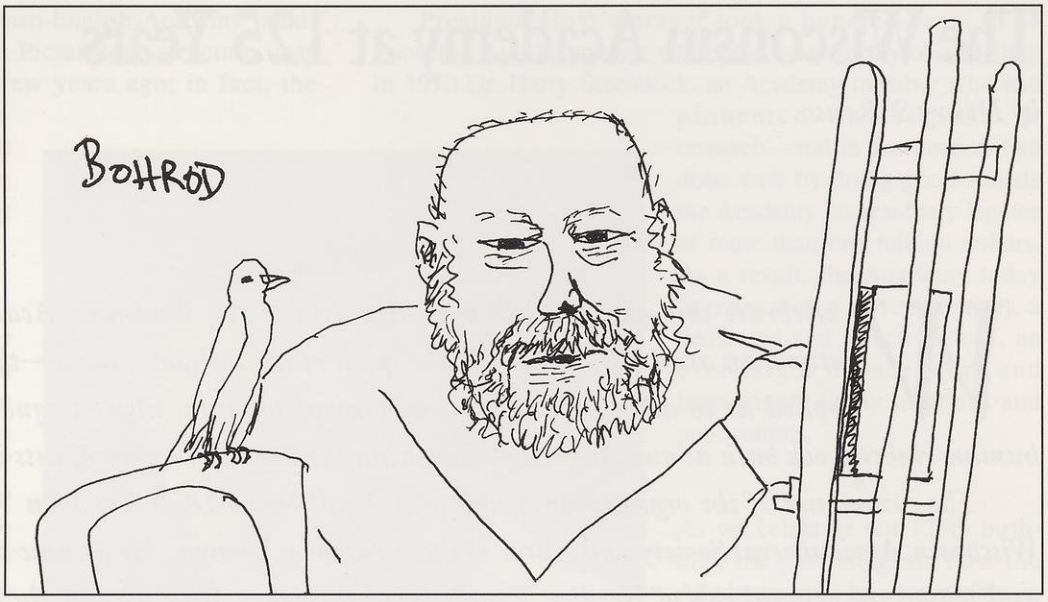
11. William Francis Allen (1830–1889), historian

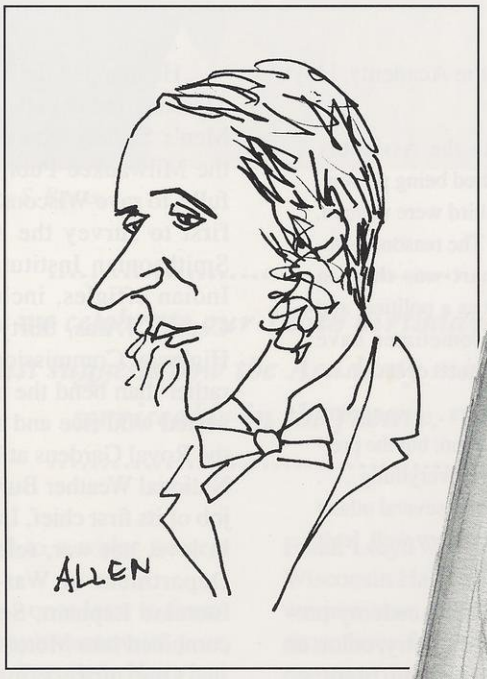
12. Walter Scott (1911–1983), conservationist

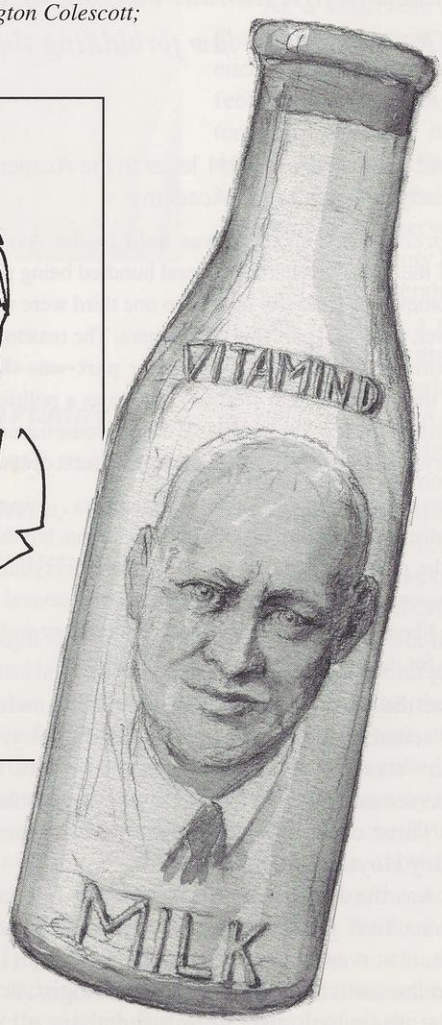
13. Frederick Jackson Turner (1861–1932), historian

"I get Hoy," Wilde noted. "He's a birder." I threw a seven. "I want Johansen," I said. "I used to ride with him in the Humanities elevator and have a feel for his profile."

The working session was at Chez Wilde, where Shirley Wilde orchestrated a lavish luncheon pre-fixe. In John's studio, over chicoried coffee and thimbles of port so old that it tasted faintly arthritic, we studied preliminary sketches. Obviously we had to collage. John's drawings caught the subjects in perceptive detail. His cross hatching was superb, indicating so much with so little. My figures tended to sprawl, to wander from their prescribed orbit, but then, I reflected, I had selected artists and such was their nature.







Preliminary sketches. Above: Bohrod by Warrington Colescott; below, left: Allen by Warrington Colescott; below, right: Steenbock by John Wilde.

A slight competitive edge became apparent as we decided on who should do the background painting. As a test, we both painted a cloud. Mine, while delicate and blurry, had the shape of an eggplant. All right for an Italian sky, but it was clear that Wilde's clouds, like small Wisconsin baking potatoes, best proclaimed the essence of place.

The final meeting of our collaboration, for this was a true description of our joint efforts, was at my studio in rural Hollandale. Collaboration: The word summons up the finest creations of our present period, a patchwork formed through teamwork, blending ability with disability, to make a perfect salable whole. By any name, this was the moment of truth.

Wilde's landscape was centered on the table surrounded by drawn figures representing Wisconsin's great scholars, scientists, writers, artists, thinkers, portrayed with the symbols of their achievement. I manned the paste-pots. John deftly snipped with his little silver scissors. Our cast was assembled in their places, rearranged, moved higher and lower on the horizon, shifted spatially, forming strange paradoxes of scale and perspective, and finally . . . *glued down*.

The collaboration was accomplished. We were off the hook for the next 125 years. Maybe. ❧

The Wisconsin Academy at 125 Years

by Henry S. Reuss

We celebrate this year the 125th anniversary of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, an academy inspired by the spirit of the Enlightenment—the idea that reason can be so applied as to advance humankind toward progress, liberty, equality, democracy, respect for human rights. Look back at our Academy's founding fathers. There were giants in the earth in those days!

The summoner of the organizing meeting at Madison in 1870 was John Wesley Hoyt, secretary of the Wisconsin Agricultural Society and editor of the Wisconsin Farmer. *He became the Academy's first president and played the general role of Needler, Expediter, and Ginger Man. To ease the financial burden of attending the Academy's first annual meeting in 1871 in Madison, Hoyt secured from the railroads a 40 percent discount! (Remember, the law forbidding these infamous rebates by the railroads was not enacted until some years later.)*

Toward the end of his life, in a 1911 letter to the Academy, Hoyt recalled the early stirrings of the Academy:

> The first preliminary meeting was held in the Assembly Chamber of the State Legislature, several hundred being present. Of these, somewhere from one quarter to one third were women, they, however, taking no part save as listeners. The reason, I suppose, for this absolute silence on their part was that, in Wisconsin, the antagonism to woman suffrage as a political and social measure was at its height. Women sometimes have extraordinary common sense, and this was one such occasion. . .
>
> [A] provision that there should be no lady members . . . was pretty thoroughly discussed, and . . . I advocated admission; but the prejudice and the practice of separating them from everything . . . were too pronounced and long standing, and I, with several others of the more liberal of those present said, finally: "Very well, let it go that way for the present, for their time is coming."

Their time did come, and soon. In 1876 the Academy proclaimed that "sciences and letters have neither country, color, or sex," and the "straight jacket of superstition and bigotry" should now be set aside. It elected twenty-seven women to full membership. Three cheers for the Academy, I say, and bravo! for John Wesley Hoyt.

As Hoyt was the Academy's first president, Increase Allen Lapham was its first general secretary. What a Renaissance Man was here, observer and recorder of everything in the heavens above and the earth beneath. Botanist, zoologist, archaeologist, geologist, meteorologist, he infused them all with his native sweetness and modesty.

He mapped the highest point in Waukesha County's Kettle Moraine, today called Lapham Peak in his honor. His "Young Men's Society" started the collection of books which became the Milwaukee Public Library. He fought hard, if unsuccessfully, to save Wisconsin's magnificent virgin forests. He was the first to survey the Aztalan digs in Jefferson County. The Smithsonian Institution published his study of Wisconsin's Indian effigies, including the unique Man Mound in Sauk County. (Alas, thirty years after his death the Sauk County Highway Commission cut off Man Mound's feet at the ankles rather than bend the county trunk they were building.) He harvested wild rice and sent some off to England to be planted in the Royal Gardens at Kew. He led the campaign to establish our National Weather Bureau; and when he was offered the coveted job of its first chief, Lapham, a practicing Quaker and a believer in love, not war, refused the post because it was part of the Department of War—and thus no place for a Quaker! In Increase Lapham, Science and Art, Knowledge and Feeling, combined into Moral Principle. May his tribe increase!

One more Founding Father I must mention—Peter Engelmann of Milwaukee. His paper at the Academy's first meeting, "On the importance of more attention to the preservation and culture of the forest trees of Wisconsin," echoing Increase Lapham's fears for the destruction of our heritage of pine and hemlock, sparked a lively discussion. Engelmann's German-English Academy, on Broadway in Milwaukee, led to all sorts of educational advances—its natural history collection to Milwaukee's Public Museum, its teacher training to our normal schools, its gym and manual training to the curricula of

successive generations. The German-English Academy building, a fine century-old, German-Picturesque structure, was threatened with demolition a few years ago; in fact, the wrecker's ball was actually swinging when some of us were able to put together a historic preservation project—and the GEA building still stands.

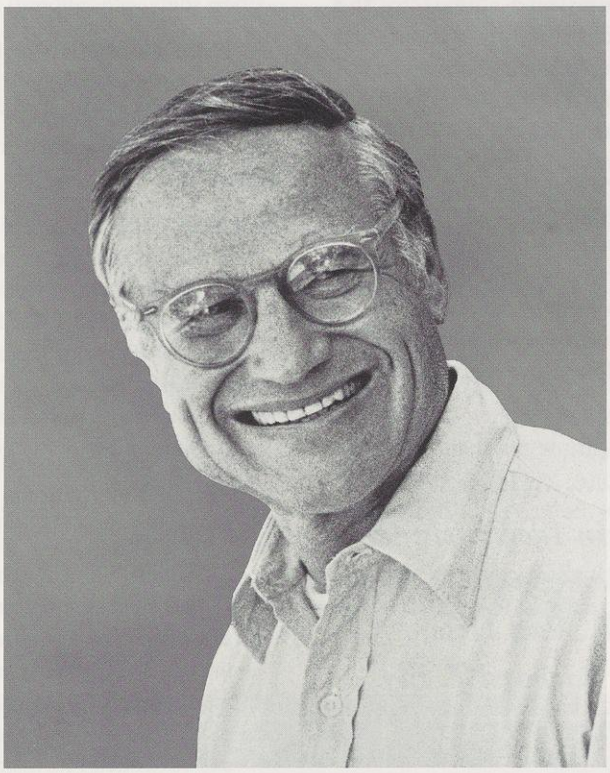
❦

The first hundred years of the Wisconsin Academy were long on glory but short on cash. It had to subsist on the donated labors of its leaders, on the minuscule dues of its members, and on a tiny and frequently interrupted dole from the legislature. Despite its pitiful penury, the Academy saw its library grow until it was eventually amalgamated with the University of Wisconsin library. The Academy has published its *Transactions* through thick and thin, even when the editor had to shear the pages with his own shears; even when it had to be financed by two lovable limnologists, Edward A. Birge and Chauncey Juday, who were rewarded by outcries from their readers: "Too much limnology!"

The Academy sparked the 1899 Survey of Wisconsin's Geologic and Natural History; the 1945 Brule River Survey; a little later, studies on the Pine-Popple and the Wolf watersheds. The Junior Academy began in 1944, and the *Wisconsin Academy Review* was introduced in 1954 to appeal to a wider interest than the more specialized *Transactions.*

The happy escape from rags to riches—or at least to financial solvency—came in 1970, the Academy's centennial year. In his inaugural address to the Academy, President Hoyt had boldly asked for some local Lorenzo the Magnificent to come forward and endow the Academy:

> Wisconsin may not yet hope to vie with some of the older States in the number and munificence of private benefactors . . . but she may justly boast of men, not a few, who by favor of the rare opportunities she has given them, have acquired so large a measure of wealth that the donation of an amount sufficient to place this Academy at once upon a secure foundation would not perceptibly weaken the full tide of their prosperity . . .



Henry S. Reuss.

As we celebrate our 125th birthday, the past suggests how the Academy may be serviceable in the future.

President Hoyt's prayer took a hundred years to be answered, but the answer, while late, was worthy of a Medici. In 1970 Dr. Harry Steenbock, an Academy member who had pioneered in Vitamin D research—and in the process had done well by doing good—made the Academy his residuary legatee of more than one million dollars. As a result, the Academy today operates with a solvent treasury, a dedicated and effective staff, an ever-larger membership, and increasingly lively meetings and publications.

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As we celebrate our 125th birthday, the past suggests how the Academy may be serviceable in the future.

As a venerable non-governmental organization whose world encompasses both knowledge and feeling—the sciences, arts, and letters—the Academy might wish to set up a Wisconsin Hall of Fame to honor Wisconsin's sons and daughters who deserve such recognition. The Academy has bestowed Honorary Membership a number of times, but in a manner that seems unscientific and artless. For example, its first garland of laurel, in 1877, went to Assemblyman Joe Hamilton of Milwaukee, a figure otherwise unknown to fame. Never mind—the lists of twenty-four includes such names as Alexander Agassiz, Hamlin Garland, David Starr Jordan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Katherine Lenroot. Should not a new Wisconsin Hall of Fame comprise these and other great men and women now gone? Shouldn't we systematize the democratic procedures for selection, and from time to time add such new names to the Hall of Fame as shall appear qualified?

Another area for successful concentration by the Academy has been watershed surveys like those for the Brule, the Pine-Popple, and the Wolf. Let me nominate another watershed which is fairly crying out for adoption by the Academy—the Oconomowoc River in Washington and Waukesha counties, a potentially pristine stream now making a remarkable comeback. Already a dozen miles of the upper watershed are in state or county ownership. But a consortium of all the sciences—and maybe some of the arts and letters—is needed to study and

report on how its highest and best use may be realized. Watersheds, anyone?

But the most intriguing possibility for future Academy activity is as an occasional public policy institution. This was envisaged by the Academy's Founding Fathers; by the Wisconsin Idea which the Academy did so much to foster; and by the custodians over the years of the Academy's dream.

The Founding Fathers thought big. Their call for the 1870 organizing meeting spoke in cosmic terms:

> The undersigned believe that the prosperity and power of a State depend not more upon its material resources than upon the culture of its people and the extent of their knowledge of nature and man . . . We . . . believe that the time has now come when, with proper effort on the part of those who may be reasonably expected to aid in so important an enterprise, the foundations may be laid for an institution that shall be of great practical utility and a lasting honor to the State.

Exemplars of the Wisconsin Idea included many leaders in the Academy, among them E.A. Birge, Charles R. Van Hise, John R. Commons, and Richard T. Ely.

In the early years of this century, under the governorship of Robert M. La Follette, Sr., and his Progressive followers, there was developed the Wisconsin Idea—reform in the apparatus of political democracy, a university and a scientific community as broad as the state, progressive legislation exemplified by a public service commission for railroads and utilities, graduated income and inheritance taxes, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, a safe-place statute. Exemplars of the Wisconsin Idea included many leaders in the Academy, among them E.A. Birge, Charles R. Van Hise, John R. Commons, and Richard T. Ely.

This public policy role for the Academy has been many times articulated over the years. University of Wisconsin President E.G. Fred in his 1954 essay "The Wisconsin Idea and the Academy" said:

> We are coming to a time when it will be imperative that people in the scientific and scholarly pursuits make themselves known, by word and deed, to those in other walks of life . . . The Wisconsin Academy has played an important role in the life of Wisconsin and her people.

Academy President Aaron J. Ihde wrote in 1963:

> I hope to see the Academy playing a more important role in affairs of the state—not only advisory to governmental agencies but in economic and social development as well . . . The Academy and its members can assist in industrial development, in sound conservation of resources, in encouraging the vigorous growth of literature and the arts, and in resolving governmental issues . . . We must not be merely a study group. We must combine study with action.

Even more sharply focused was the 1972 presidential address to the Academy by F. Chandler Young, entitled "The New Era of Academy Greatness." Dr. Young was disturbed by the "fierce irrational forces" that he saw being loosed on American life:

> Whether politically radical or ultra conservative, whether in fact in positions of authority or in fact trying to seize power, some persons seem to prefer ignorance to knowledge . . . persuasive rhetoric based on falsehood and half truths rather than facts and the principles of logic and causality . . . They seem to be motivated by fears, hates and angers, seemingly derived from perceived threats to their own well being or to their own belief systems.

Dr. Young went on to list his day's "urgent problems," seemingly created by irrational forces and certainly in need of solution by knowledgeable, reasonable, intelligent men and women:

- discrimination against minorities based on age, sex, color, ethnic origin, or religious beliefs;
- misplaced priorities caused by the military industrial complex;
- the belief that poverty and hunger . . . always will be part of our society;
- putting a higher value on material things [like] automobiles and highways . . . than upon persons and upon our natural environment.

Now listen to Dean Young's stirring final exhortation:

> I believe that we should devise new ways of cooperating with the Governor, the legislature, and others in positions of governmental authority. For too long we have approached our government with a tin cup. We must now approach it with the persuasive power of knowledge and reason. We must have the courage to take positions on issues where there is common agreement. Even if an issue is so controversial that we cannot reach any agreement, we should be willing to present both the pros and cons with intellectual honesty and scholarly objectivity.

I wish that we could say tonight, "Dean Young, we hear you." For our dear state and nation stand in need of the advice and support that its great civic organizations are equipped to give. Cynicism, frustration, and anger seem to replace the optimism, the spirit of cooperation, the rule of reason that once we knew.

This Academy is uniquely equipped to advise state and nation. We are non-governmental; we are beholden to no special interest; we have no purpose other than to guide by the light of reason.

So let us pick one or two of the thorny problems that confront us, the inheritors today of the Academy's great leaders in the past. A century ago one of us, Frederick Jackson Turner,

looked at the crumbling of our Western frontiers and predicted that this need not break us if we would only "reconcile real greatness with bigness." Today the frontiers that are crumbling are not just the Great Plains but vast parts of the Great Globe itself. Will we have the wit to realize that bigness is not necessarily greatness, and that America was meant to be not the Terror, but the Encourager, of the world?

Or another challenge: the rancid nature of much of our politics, the prevalence of hate-talk suggest that we forget that living together in a democratic society requires Community; not just Liberty and Equality, but Fraternity.

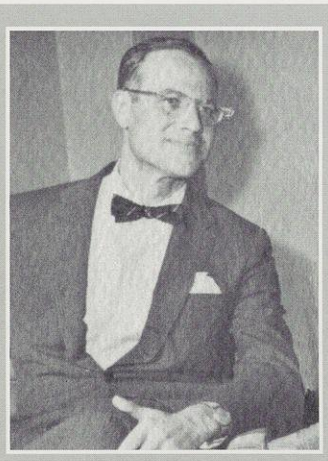
Or still another challenge: In the nineteenth century we heard Increase Lapham's call to preserve our natural environment. Isn't that challenge even more urgent in the twenty-first century than in the nineteenth? Our sister institution, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, is showing us the way. It is currently embarked on a study of "The Dispersed and Stratified Metropolis." The project is led by Elmer Johnson, a former General Motors executive who has come to realize that the automobile, the twentieth-century's greatest boon, has also been its great blight—encouraging flight from the cities that are left in ghettos, paving over woods and streams for scattered developments, compartmentalizing the land into slums and suburbs.

How about the Wisconsin Academy conducting a study of our own metropolis, the urban area that starts at the Illinois line at Kenosha and stretches to Sheboygan and beyond? In the 1930s there was a vision of a great greenbelt corridor, protected against mindless development, running for 120 miles just to the west of this metropolis. Heroicly, the northern and southern Kettle Moraine State Forests were created. But vision and money ran out, and the 50 miles in between were forgotten. Today provides one last clear chance of making the dream of the 1930s come true. With the 12 miles of Oconomowoc River watershed that I mentioned earlier, and bits and pieces that can be knitted together, the two fragmentary Kettle Moraines could be joined into the 120–mile corridor of the original vision. It could be a catalyst for new thinking about transportation and land-use and government in Wisconsin's metropolis. And who better to inspire the new thinking than the Wisconsin Academy?

❦

So let's pick our challenges, these or others that are better, let us then sift and winnow in the Wisconsin tradition. Perhaps we can achieve something worthy to be remembered by those who sit in the seats of power. And, in the process, we ourselves could feel the thrill of creation. ❧

Remarks of Henry S. Reuss at the Academy's 125th anniversary banquet, Olbrich Gardens, Madison, June 7, 1995.



The Logan Museum of Anthropology: A Glimpse Inside the Cube

In March 1995 the prestigious Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit College reopened after a two-year, $4–million renovation project. The 125-year-old Civil War memorial building that has housed the museum's holdings since 1904 now provides a modern, climate-controlled environment for the collection, which numbers 225,000 objects. Included are outstanding examples of pre-Columbian ceramics, the most comprehensive French paleolithic collection of its kind outside France, and some of the world's oldest jewelry. Thousands of the objects are kept inside a glass-enclosed, open-storage work area which utilizes fiber optic, low-profile lighting. This "glass cube" concept is unique to the Logan—it is the only one of its kind in the country. Visitors can watch students and scholars work on the artifacts, performing such tasks as cataloging, cleaning and conservation, and exhibit preparation. Museum hours are Tuesday–Friday 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and weekends 12 to 5 p.m. For information call (608) 363–2215. Editor.

The origins of the museums of Beloit College are in the earliest years of the school's history. Starting with its first classes in 1847, the college provided hands-on learning with "cabinet" collections of scientific specimens and artifacts. Major gifts at the end of the century, however, caused a re-evaluation of how the various collections were to be administered. By 1894, the institutional foundations for the Logan Museum of Anthropology and the Wright Museum of Art were established. They have been in continuous service since then.

Frank G. Logan's 1893 gift of more than 3,000 North American Indian artifacts was the start of the museum that bears his name. A newly named trustee from Chicago, Logan had made a substantial fortune in the commodities market, which enabled him and his wife, Josephine, to give generously to many institutions. As young adults, both the Logans had been ardent supporters of abolition, and this had led them to Horatio N. Rust, a nationally prominent abolitionist who had been a close friend of John Brown. Rust was an avid collector of American Indian artifacts, many of which he had acquired as a U.S. Indian agent. Logan purchased the materials from Rust, exhibited them at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, then gave them to the college the following year.

. . .

Geology Professor George Collie was the first curator of the Logan Museum. He worked closely with Frank Logan to develop a plan for growth through worldwide research and collecting expeditions. Both the museum and the college have sponsored nearly 50 such projects since 1900. Since Collie's own interests were in mineralogy and paleontology, he hired Alonzo W. Pond, a 1918 graduate of Beloit who was doing graduate work at the University of Chicago, to assist with the anthropological materials. From 1924 to 1927, through field work and purchase, Collie and Pond acquired an exceptional collection of paleolithic materials from some of the most important prehistoric sites in France and other countries. These efforts, funded by the Logans, gave the museum one of the finest collections of European and North African prehistoric materials in the world. (Pond's collection of 10,000 nitrate negatives from his field work was acquired by the American Museum of Natural History.)

The newly renovated Logan Museum permits display of materials on a scale not previously possible.

The noted central Asiatic expeditions of Roy Chapman Andrews for the American Museum of Natural History also had the Logans' support. Andrews gave the Logan Museum many objects from his 1928 expedition in Mongolia, which included Alonzo Pond as its archeologist.

From "A Century of Growth" by Henry Moy, Director of Museums

❦

The relationship of man to his natural environment can be effectively illustrated in the museum. His ability to extract sustenance from a harsh environment can be shown with Bushman, Eskimo, and Paiute artifacts, for example, and an impressive statement regarding the fallacy of "environmental determinism" can be developed with materials from those societies that live in similar environments but possess distinctive cultures. From the museum


THE
ANDREW H. WHITEFORD
CURATORIAL CENTER
Nelson Rust Collection

Steve Hall

the general student may also get his first understanding of man's morphological relations to other animals, the steps that have taken place during his long evolution, the development of tools and the utilization of natural resources, and the indebtedness our culture owes to others for inventing or developing many basic materials and everyday foods.

. . .

In 1990, Congress enacted the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act, under which museums and governmental units are required to consult with native Americans before archeological excavations are undertaken, and to inventory collections so Indian tribes, or other organizations, may determine which pieces, if any, are sacred and should be returned to them.

This has completely revolutionized the relationship between museums and native peoples. With the establishment of the National Museum of the American Indian there has come a new and different view of museums. Indians are stimulated by much that they see, and are deeply critical about much. To many native Americans the anthropological museologists are aliens who are distorting the realities of sacred beliefs and aesthetic appreciation that many of them feel can be understood only by the native peoples themselves.

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To a certain extent this is obviously and naturally true; no person can fully understand another culture. But at least two considerations tend to vitiate the force of this criticism. First, no person can "fully understand" all the diverse aspects of one's own culture. Second, many or most anthropologists who do research in foreign cultures have been aware that they were able to know something only through what they learned from their native informants. They rarely created their interpretations solely out of their personal imaginations; they were certainly affected by their own upbringing and their personal experiences and biases, but they also reflected what they witnessed in and were told about the cultures they were attempting to learn about. And this is all mixed together as they write their research monographs or museum labels. It is obvious that native-born members of the culture being described would bring to the task a different mix of experiences, understandings, and beliefs. And here lies the problem: Is one description or explanation authentic and the other pure fiction, or does each of

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them contribute a particular essence that enriches and extends the other? Compromise and mutuality are clearly possible.

These wide-reaching developments will have great effect on the academic/teaching museums such as exist at Beloit.

> From "The Museum in the School" by Andrew H. Whiteford, Emeritus Professor of Anthropology and Former Director of the Logan Museum

❦

Contemporary cultural anthropology helps us recognize that the museum actively constructs meanings for its exhibits and objects; what we learn from exhibits is not simply what we as visitors can derive from the displayed objects. Their meaning is determined to an equal extent by the decisions of curators, exhibit designers, scholars, students, and visitors: the decision to juxtapose particular objects with others in the collections and exhibits, to emphasize particular aspects of their cultural context, to present them visually in particular ways, to use certain labels and titles.

For many years, for example, a small exhibit on the second floor of Logan was entitled "Vanishing Pastoralists of East Africa." A series of photographs emphasized a harsh environment and the rugged way of life of African herders. The exhibit suggested a way of life under attack from difficult physical conditions. As an Africanist, I was surprised. Rather than understanding pastoralism to be threatened by the environment, I understood it to be a miraculous success: Pastoralism endured as a way of life adapted to these particular conditions. In my view, the most significant threat to pastoralism was not environmental; it was human. Governments in developing countries had no use for pastoralists. Their subsistence way of life simply did not contribute to the national economy. Their spare material world and their lack of clothing made them an embarrassment to many governments. Yet, here they remained. The exhibit

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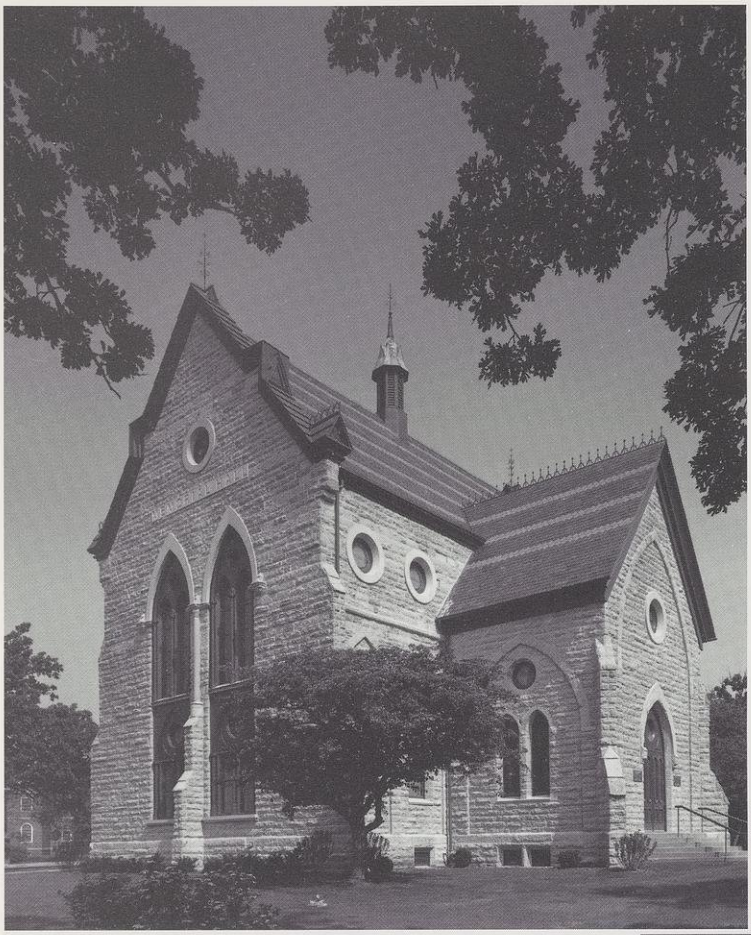


would have been more properly titled, "Persisting Pastoralists of East Africa." (And its title was eventually changed.)

As this example shows, different images of people can be conveyed by simply changing one word in the title of an exhibit. Exhibitors, through their choices of words and objects, thus construct a message; in these terms, they write a display, even write a museum. Viewers subsequently read the exhibit. It is this awareness of the museum as "written" and "read" that contemporary anthropology now asks Logan to include among its goals for the education of our students.

From "Reading and Writing the
Anthropology Museum" by L.B. Breitborde,
Professor of Anthropology

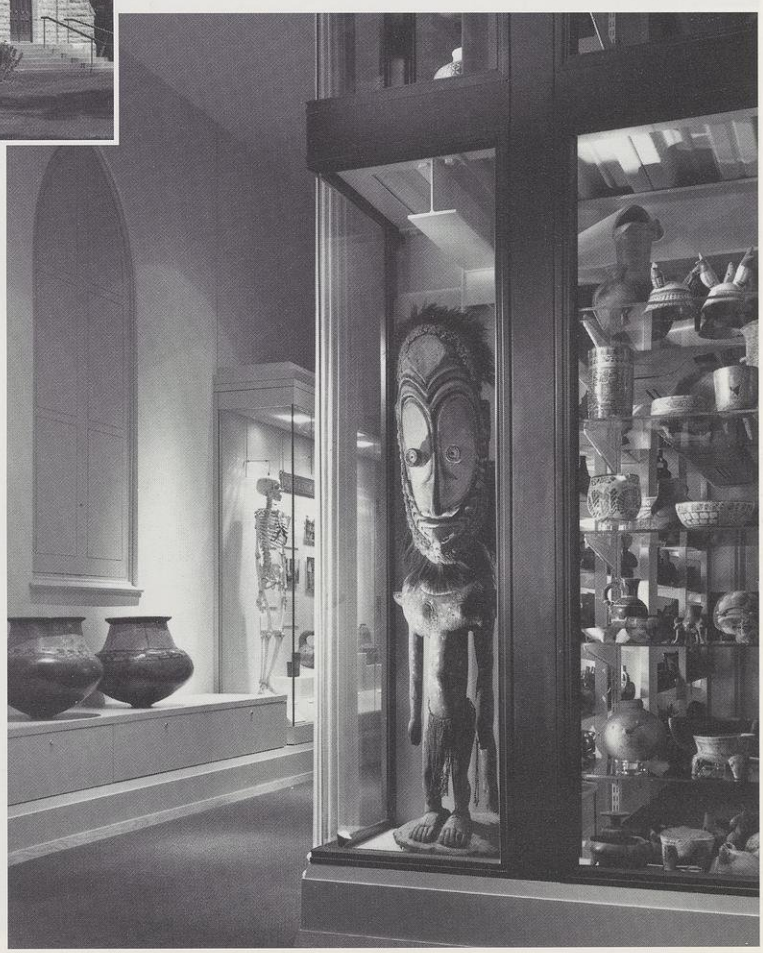
❦

The newly renovated Logan Museum permits display of materials on a scale not previously possible. Now, representative samples of more than 80 percent of the ethnographic collection can be put on public view (formerly limited to 2 percent), and visitors can watch students and teachers engaged in museum work such as cataloging, cleaning and conservation, and exhibit preparation.

The 1993–95 remodeling of the Logan Museum reintroduced the concept of the "museum as library" as found in ancient times. Not a "lending" library, or one in which the casual visitor flips through pages, but the sort of place where objects are at least visually available, where most exhibits serve to highlight the pieces more than telling a story. Here the student is able to gain ready access to objects that are organized much as they would be in a library, by material, culture, or other categories. In that respect, and with its own "hard copy" library of reference material, the Logan will be an object-oriented center for scholarly research.

From "100 Collection Highlights" by
Henry Moy, Director of Museums

Excerpts from Treasures of Beloit College: 100 Works from the Logan Museum of Anthropology and the Wright Museum of Art. *Beloit College Press (700 College Street, Beloit, WI 53511), 1995. Includes essays, color photos, and catalog. Photos © Hedrich Blessing. Used with permission.*



Steve Hall

A Life of Adventure and Discovery: Excerpts from *Ends of the Earth*

by Roy Chapman Andrews

Roy Chapman Andrews (1884–1960) graduated from Beloit College in 1906, received an M.S. degree from Columbia University in 1913, and received honorary degrees from Brown University (1926) and Beloit College (1928). Early in his career, he studied the humpback and finback whales in Alaska. He eventually traveled in Borneo, the Dutch East Indies, Japan, China, Korea, Russia, Scandinavia, India, Malaysia, and beyond, collecting specimens and, with his wife, documenting the various cultures through photographs and notes.

His most important work, however, was accomplished during his five forays into Mongolia (funded in part by J.P. Morgan) where, on his 1923 expedition, he and his party found the first dinosaur eggs to be seen by humans. Andrews and his party also identified the Baluchitherium, *"the largest mammal that ever lived upon earth"; the* Andrewsarchus, *the largest known carnivorous mammal; and a previously unknown human culture, the Dune Dwellers, who lived over 10,000 years ago. He and his fellow scientists also identified hundreds of other previously unknown dinosaur and animal species.*

Andrews is buried in Beloit in the Chapman family plot (his mother was a Chapman). Editor.

The Early Years

I lived in Beloit, a southern Wisconsin town. Every moment that I could steal from school was spent in the woods along the banks of Rock River or on the water itself. Sundays I was not allowed to take my gun, so field glasses and notebook were substituted. I kept a record of bird migrations and knew every species of bird and animal of the region; also much first-hand information as to their habits.

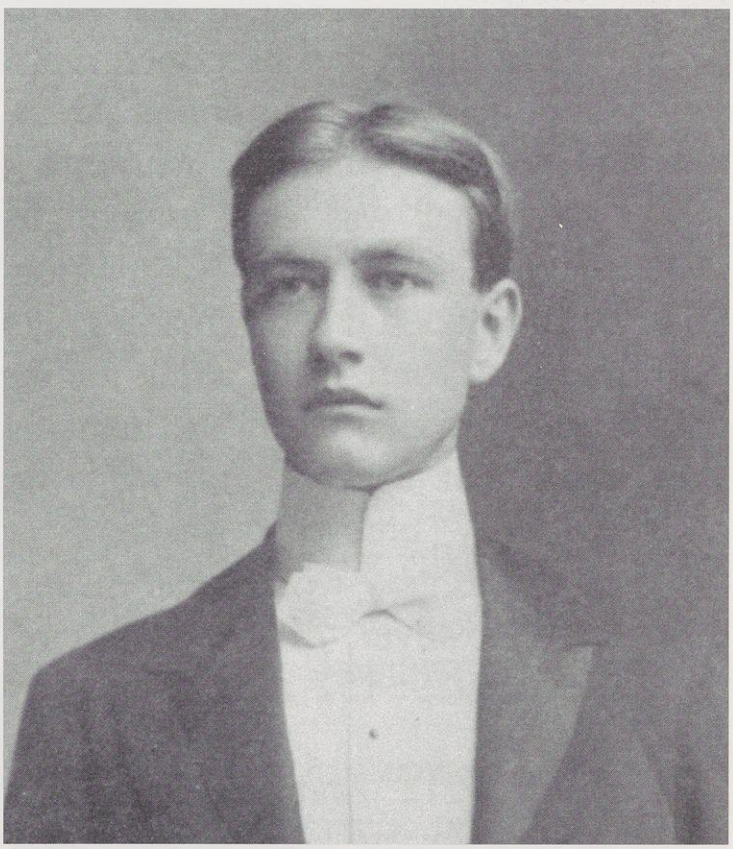
. . . in June 1906, I graduated from [Beloit] college and a month later came to New York. I had thirty dollars but no job. My father would have given me money but I had a boyish superstition about taking any. The thirty dollars I had made myself, stuffing deer heads and birds. I thought it would bring me luck, for to enter the American Museum of Natural History was my life ambition.

Doctor H.C. Bumpus was then director of the Museum. He said that he had no job for me. "You have to have someone to scrub the floors, don't you?" I asked.

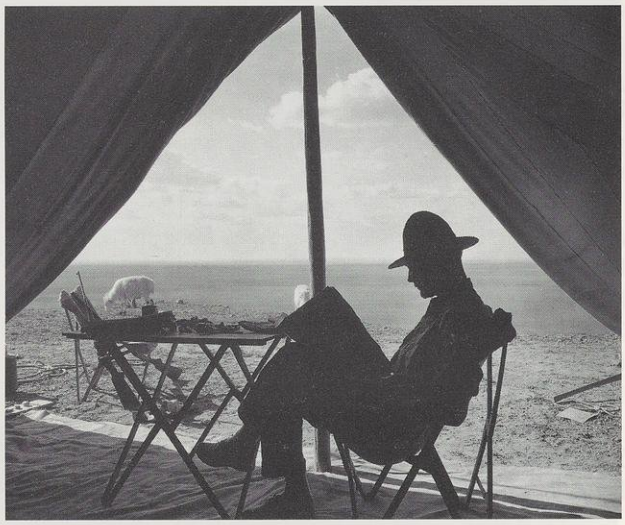
"Of course," said he, "but a man with a college education doesn't want to begin his career scrubbing floors."

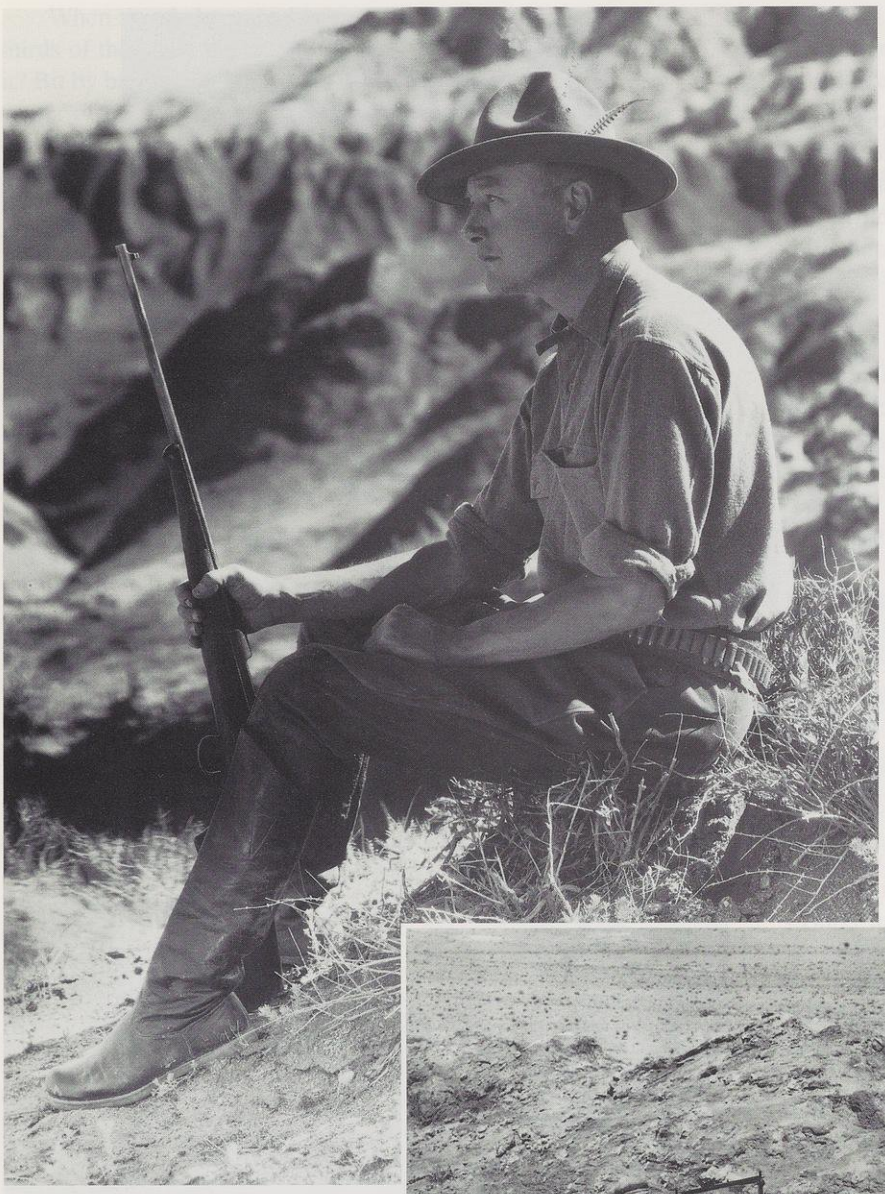
"No," I said, "I don't want to wash just any floors, but the Museum floors are different." Mentally I pictured the floors that had been walked on by my scientific gods. I would wash those floors and love it.

And scrub them I did.



Roy Chapman Andrews, age 20. Courtesy Beloit Historical Society.





Roy Chapman Andrews in Mongolia. Photos courtesy the American Museum of Natural History. Andrews was director of the museum 1934–1941.

Mongolia and the Search for the Missing Link

"We should try to reconstruct the whole past history of the Central Asian plateau. We ought to learn its geological structure, fossil life, its past climate and vegetation. We should make collections of its living mammals, birds, fish and reptiles. We should map the unexplored and little known regions of the Gobi Desert [Andrews]."

. . .

March 1921, the money for the expedition had all been raised, the staff selected, the equipment shipped, and my book published. Also I was almost a nervous wreck. . . . It was a tremendous gamble for the basis was only a scientific theory. No matter how well we were organized, or what good men we had, if the specimens were not there we could not find them. Everyone told us that our motor transport would be a hopeless failure. Scientists said that we might as well look for fossils in the Pacific Ocean as to expect to find them in the sand-swept wastes of the Gobi Desert. I was banking my own opinion against that of many older men. But they did not know the interior of Mongolia and I did.

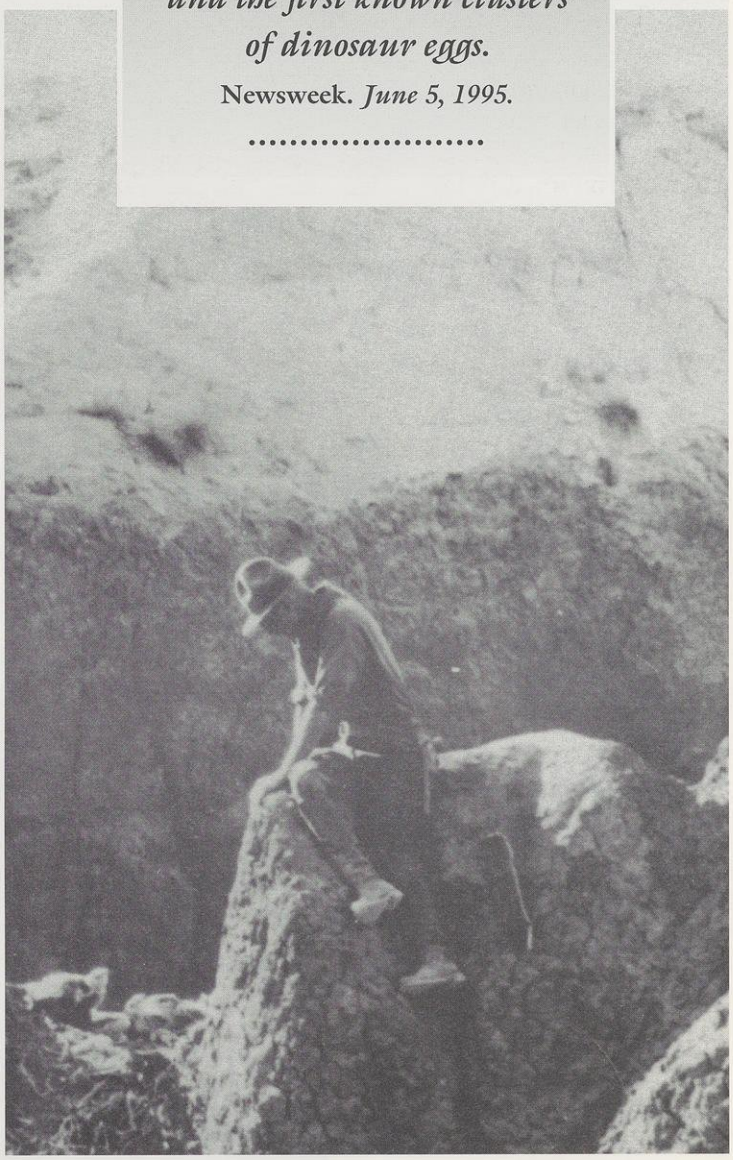
Discovery

We were working in a great deposit of dinosaur bones at a place called the Flaming Cliffs in the very center of the Gobi Desert. One day, George Olsen, one of our collectors, came into camp and remarked that he had found some strange fossil eggs. We rather laughed about it, for we thought his "eggs" would prove to be sandstone concretions. Still we were interested enough to go with him to see for ourselves. Very soon we realized that we were looking at the first dinosaur eggs that ever had been seen by human eyes. Three had broken out of a sandstone ledge which was rapidly disintegrating. Bits of shell still remained in the rock; it was probable that the ledge contained more eggs.

We had neither the time nor instruments to obtain them if they were there. Finally, Walter Granger, Chief Paleontologist, decided to send a large section of the ledge to the Museum. . . . Then began the interesting job of unwrapping a package ninety-five million years old! No one knew what we would find, or even if it would contain anything at all. The preparators started operations on the upper part of the block. Working with tiny steel chisels and scrapers, they struck bone almost immediately. To our amazement they soon exposed the skeleton of a small dinosaur lying just beneath the surface. It was a little fellow only four feet long and toothless, a new type to science. Professor Osborn is convinced that it fed upon the eggs of other dinosaurs; that it was an egg thief.

Andrews found one of the world's great repositories of Cretaceous fossils, which over the next few years yielded skeletons of previously unknown dinosaurs, tiny skulls from some of the earliest known mammals, and the first known clusters of dinosaur eggs.

Newsweek. *June 5, 1995.*



Roy Chapman Andrews overlooking a dinosaur nest. Mongolia, 1928. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

When the skeleton had been removed there was still two-thirds of the block untouched. Would there be anything else in it? Bit by bit the preparators worked away the stone. In the very center of the slab were thirteen almost perfect eggs lying in a double circle. They lay just as they had been left ninety-five millions of years ago by the old dinosaur when she covered them for the last time and went away, never to return.

. . .

The skull of the giant *Baluchitherium*, the largest mammal that ever lived upon earth, gives another story. By chance the jaw and other bones had been discovered one evening in a badland draw a thousand miles out in the Gobi Desert. Granger thought that he had obtained all that remained of the specimen, but the next morning I returned to the spot with Schackelford, our photographer. In the bottom of another ravine I saw the huge skull partly buried in the sand. It had broken out of the hillside as the rock was worn away by the action of weathering and rolled to the bottom of the slope. For four days Granger worked with two men to bandage and remove the skull. Meanwhile others of us searched the surrounding slopes and ravines for broken parts. Some were found three or four hundred yards away, where they had been carried by running water.

Andrews and Alonzo Pond (former director of the Logan Museum of Anthropology), inspecting archeological finds. Mongolia, 1928. Courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

It was a difficult task to box the skull there in the desert with only boards from gasoline cases for material. Then it journeyed a thousand miles across the desert on the backs of camels through the blizzards of early winter. At Kalgan we put it on a train for Peking, where it was carefully repacked. Then it went to Tientsin, across the Pacific, and on to New York. Twelve thousand miles the skull travelled before it reached the Museum. Almost immediately preparators began work on its reconstruction. There were six hundred and forty-two pieces, some of them only tiny fragments. No one knew what the animal looked like because this was the first skull of the species to be discovered.

With infinite care, Otto Falkenbach, one of the Museum's expert preparators, worked day after day piecing together the hundreds of broken bits and restoring the missing parts. . . . Six months passed before the work was completed and the restored skull was ready for exhibition.

Looking Back

I used to dream of the days when I could lead my own expeditions and plan my own exhibition halls. Those dreams have come true and unlike so many dreams the realization is greater than the anticipation. ❧

In return for the support of the Logan Museum of Anthropology at Beloit College and the museum's benefactor, Frank G. Logan of Chicago, duplicates of the archaeological findings from the expeditions were sent to the Logan and remain there as part of the museum's collection.

Sources

Ends of the Earth by Roy Chapman Andrews. G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1929. Illustrated (black and white photographs). Excerpts reprinted with permission of Putnam Publishing Group, New York.

Roy Chapman Andrews: Born Under a Lucky Star by James Chapin Ahern, Rod Milstead, Timothy Rehusch, Nancy Jane Venator, Jennifer A. Yunginger. Beloit College, 1991. Illustrated (black and white photographs).

Isherwood House: Hospitality in the Pinery

by Justin Isherwood

Family members pose in front of Isherwood House, circa 1907. Left to right: Great Grandfather George, Great Aunt Grace, Great Aunt Clara, Great Grandmother Adah, and Great Great Grandmother Almirette.

The stagehouses of Wisconsin were descendants of the moccasin and the Indian trail. It was the stagehouse that was responsible for the transformation of the undilute wilderness into something resembling commerce. The term stagehouse is a loose connotation; at first there were no stagecoaches, but stagehouses were there nevertheless. They were hotels, roadhouses, taverns, and inns; in the end, what they were called didn't matter.

History opines that the Roman Empire's long grip on the world was the by-product of good roads. History neglects the role of the wayhouse and the tavern, whose mediation was essential to safe travel of any length or duration—the term *tavern* derives from the Latin and refers to a bough, or boards; the rustic wayward shelter for the journeyer and pilgrim. The fabled silk road to the Orient was paved less with cobblestone and gravel than it was paved with an array of rustic taverns and inns, so too the route to Mecca and Jerusalem. Hospitality, if not accorded the role of first pioneer, was assuredly the second; and so it was in the Wisconsin Pinery in the mid–1800s.

In the beginning, these woods were vast, without form; and to the European mind, any trails as ventured to this misbegotten place did nothing to alter the mood. Yet it is the way of nature that roads did eventually find those threads, the merest tentacle of foot path, and follow them, transforming the implacable forest into an intermediary form, an equally implacable commerce, somewhere between the undilute wild and the unquenchable modern.

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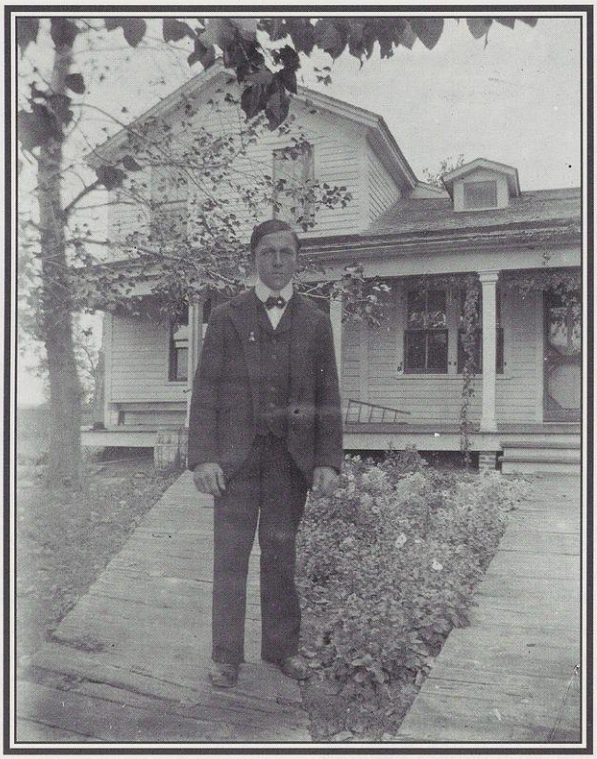
Isherwood House stood on the north side of Highway 54 four miles southeast of Plover village. The house and its service were announced in the *Pinery* newspaper of December 1865 in glowing terms.

James Isherwood steaded the site in 1855 but did not open a tavern until ten years later; the house existed previously but had

not been in public use as a stage stop. Modest additions and reconstructions made to the original structure rendered it more affable to the trade. Added was an inviting roadside porch and an extension on the side for private kitchen and pantry space. A north wing served for laundry as well as chicken-plucking and sausage-making area. Despite the railroad's arrival six years hence, Isherwood House continued serving the community as innhouse, tavern, and waystation, accommodating a pageant of tradesmen, farmers, and travelers. To this clientele were added wedding parties, windmill salesmen, land speculators, and the prowling card shark who preyed on cash-heavy farmers on their way from selling two pigs at the market square.



This photo of an unidentified patron of Isherwood House shows the "moral boardwalk" which led to the parlor and dining room; the other walkway led to the barroom.

In some aspects the hotel never did relinquish its role as community center, doggedly continuing in the guise of a farm stand operated by James Isherwood's daughter and son-in-law, Grace and Jesse Grant. Jesse tended a vast garden with a local reputation for early production and abundance, the produce sold at a yellow road stand with display tables of fresh fruit, cold soda pop, and an assortment of candy bars. Jesse's elevated web of water pipe drizzled life-giving water to the garden and was a pioneering feat of irrigation long before the center pivot invaded the Central Sands. In season came strawberries, half-pint boxes heaped with raspberries, cabbages, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes, peas, beans, radishes, and honeydew. Autumn ended with pumpkins, gourds, and popcorn tied in celebrant bundles of a dozen cobs each.

Well after reasonable retirement age the couple continued their produce stand. Jesse shot himself one night with a .22 rifle, having grown despondent with his health. Never an open man, his suicide seemed to those around him an uncharacteristic demonstration. Beneath the public shame the family felt another sense, of Jesse's bravado and solution to a personal dilemma. Short of resources, the older couple suffering health problems had but one means to expand their financial horizon.

❦

In my childhood Isherwood House remained a center for family picnics and reunions. Remembered are Sunday afternoons and the western hemisphere swept of every known relative, gathered in a noisy, gossipy throng around the porch and surrounding shades of that old place. Menfolk in white dress shirts lounged obliquely beneath silver maples, cigarettes precarious on their lips. Watermelons the size of bathtubs were cleaved by a reputed Civil War cavalry saber; the severed wedges became head-troughs for a gustatory contest. Homemade ice cream was served in soup bowls with crisp graham crackers. Afterward we kids all sat on the porch, our legs dangling over; if nobody was watching we'd kite across the road to the old barn and granary and snoop into everything not nailed down.

I lived on a farm a mile from the old hotel. As a kid I raised cucumbers and potatoes that Grace bought by the bushel to sell at her stand. Visiting Aunt Grace was a regular occurrence, and as a child of easy imagination I found the stagehouse a rich lode of stories and exaggeration. Uncle Ed, Grace's elder brother, lived out his days in the back corner of the kitchen. I recall his cot by the window, his one orange-crate store of worldly possessions. Almost the definition of great age itself, Uncle Ed wore what appeared a half-dozen layers of clothing, never entirely warm despite the oppressive heat of the kitchen stove. One night Uncle Ed died, which night doesn't matter. I recall feeling good for him, that it wasn't "the other way" like really sad people die, in the Old Folks Home under the same pines as lynched the Courtwright Brothers. Probably the same tree is there yet, sending creepy rope choruses down those sour-smelling halls of the displaced.

❦

Who started telling stories of the hotel doesn't matter, either—as a kid I savored every attempt and variation. My grandfather lived in the hotel as a boy and young man, James Isherwood being his father. Place had ghosts, he said. My great uncles said so too. After awhile a kid expects this kind of behavior out of adults who are unsatisfied till they scare the hide off the innocent and gullible. Only real haunting I can testify as true were those arthritic gars, uncles and such, duty-bound to get their tickle trying to loosen a kid's bladder.

There were stories of the Indian chief who was even older than rock, who came to the hotel dressed to the nines in a rented war bonnet. Never wore such a thing himself and wouldna wanted to. Rented it from a Sioux who sent it down via a Crow Wing Chippewa for the old Menominee who required formal wear to meet the President and other potentates. Came complete with a wampum belt, smoking hatchet, and a stringer of fake

scalps which coulda been almost anything, but they looked enough like scalps to pass. The chief came by stage from north of Big Bull Falls where he had a shack and lived pretty fair according to the Indian scale of accomplishment.

Was in March that he arrived, somewhere as 1869, maybe '70; had to be about then because as soon as the railroad arrived, Indian dignitaries went by rail, since being on a diplomatic mission they didn't require a ticket. Was the year of the big snow storm; storms were bigger then, seventeen inches by some reports, driven at fifty-per out of the northeast same as all good storms. Snowed in the old chief and his retinue for nine days. By the time the storm got shoveled, the high chief of the northern Menominee had traded off his store of "scalps," learned a serious grade of five card stud, held a seance, and erected a sweat lodge out behind the smithy with the help of tarpaulin and hop poles. Folks for miles around came to see the older-than-heck chief whose face had more craters and wounds than the moon's backside. To these pilgrims he sold off his relics taken in honest warfare. He did right well by the transactions, such that when he left, the countryside kinda deflated. But the diplomacy couldn't wait for sod-busters to get their fill of "injun" war.

A sideyard photo of the hotel. Information on the back of the print demonstrates the era's reverence for horses—their names, Molly and Watchman, are recorded as well as that of the man, Charley Annis.

Story told of a school mistress from Waupaca who got cornered in the family way by a suitor as didn't suit her the next morning. Had a cure done on Patch Street, normally competent enough, but something wasn't aligned and she bled to death in the teacher's room of Isherwood House. Blood soaked through the floor, copious being that manner of problem. Discolored the plaster ceiling, a stain paint won't cover, so it had to be replastered—and even that somewhat out of favor from the color as plaster ought.

Was once a gun fight in the barroom. Nobody recalled what caused the dispute but the hole in the wall remained an object of discussion like a bullet hole ought—which says something about the majesty of a bullet hole over a lesser kind.

❦

During the stage period and for many years after, Isherwood House held what was a common practice among communities of Yankee heritage. In lore, roistering is an evening of food and frolic, this pattern following my ancestors to the Midlands of the New World where, as can be imagined, oysters didn't grow on trees. Such was the durability of the tradition, barrels of brined oysters were shipped to frontier outposts such as Plover—presumably a folk understanding of the clinical rationale, even if medical authorities were yet unaware of the necessity for iodine in the diet. Custom had long appreciated the oyster, goiter once a disfiguring disease chronic to the interior regions, an ailment negated by an occasional repast of iodine-bearing seafood. In winter the oyster supper provided a premium moment in community life, a practice that continues unto the modern age.

❦

The front parlor of Isherwood House was creepy, following a pattern of creepiness found in old houses. I doubt if the shades in that room were ever raised on the rank after rank of ancestors who stared down from their niches. To my youthful imaginings these people were not buried in the cemetery like honest dead, instead entombed within those frames. Fearing them I did not venture within arm's length of those ancients who'd snatch a kid, dragging him abumpiddy over the picture frame where, once inside, they'd sit on him till his parents gave up the search. They'd stitch your lips closed same as an Amazonian shrunken head and keep you forever behind that gilt frame.

The west flank of the ground floor shared an interior wall with the parlor and was the barroom with the reliquary bullet hole. The east rooms were bed chambers. North was the kitchen, in turn attached to an extension serving as a laundry and a place for storage and summer canning. Beneath the house was a sandstone cellar quarried from the Mosquito Bluff outlier, provisioning the statehouse its supply of potatoes, carrots, and onions. Under the bar a lift pump extracted beer from cellar barrels. Many stagehouses continued serving homebrewed beers despite the availability of commercial product, a feature that put their heirs in good stead during Prohibition when commercial revenues were closed but homemade had an appreciative line of clients. The cellar stores included distinguished quantities of pickles, applesauce, sauerkraut, and jams worthy of pagan worship.

❦

Table fare at the stagehouse reflected the seasonal harvest of the country: chicken, beefsteak, potatoes, bread, dumplings, cabbage, smoked ham, bacon. Modern cuisine would declare the vittles primitive; meats were roasted piteously, well done wasn't done enough. Nothing was thought decent unless cooked until it acquired the color of ship's timbers, this the means to bring gamey, long-in-tooth, wild foodstock to some degree of palatability, prepared in an inquisitional manner. A barnyard chicken

older than Methuselah arrived at the back door of Isherwood House for a nickel each. Also passenger pigeons, bear, venison, trout, prairie chickens. To the list add boiled potatoes, copious quantities of gravy and biscuits, homemade butter, comb honey, and jam—all passed around the table in crockery bowls the size of tombstones in what we call family-style.

Breakfast was served both early and unvarnished: griddle-cakes, a couple links of homemade sausage fried in pools of grease, a slice of smokehouse ham cut off the bone moments before. Four eggs each, more boiled potatoes, and the traveler was fueled by first light for his journey.

❦

The stagehouse offered two menus: one for the well-heeled as came with a clean enough bed, two square meals, and hot pie for dessert; another for the route salesmen on a budget or for the farmer back from Oshkosh with a bank loan. For them it was a roast beef sandwich—two ample slices of homemade bread, an inch thick layer of butter lubricating the chore of eating it. It cost one shilling and came wrapped in old newspapers. Was well into the '9Os before the shilling faded from the lexicon of the local woods, replaced by the nickel. The beef sandwich went on to some local fame when the Moore Barn tavern over in Buena Vista, in effort to survive Prohibition, contrived a hot sandwich with a savory sauce, its flavor so provident, legend had it, as to render a rag rug palatable.

For the journeyer on an even tighter string was the chance hand-me-down of the previous day's biscuits. This for those who understood the mechanics of barter, a few minutes out at the woodshed spitting blocks to better fit the door of the kitchen range. On this informal economy many the pioneer ambled into the Pinery to find his fortune.

❦

Upstairs on the west side was the dance floor, a Methodist dance floor meaning solid construction, not like the one God punished at Buena Vista House whose rocking floor had moral laxity in mind, as if a man couldn't get a woman dizzy enough with demon alcohol. At the stair turn protruded a small platform, the aerie of the fabled fiddler, Lew Johnson, a remarkable character of the northwoods—an appellation related to his being Plover town's only black citizen. How this man came to live in the Pinery we can only guess. A runaway slave? Freeborn? Released?

"Nigger" Lew was a fitting element in a community that had invested a fair share of its blood in the debate determining this man's standing, debated by Pinery boys and gunpowder who knew none of the finer arguments regarding state's rights or the suitability of slaves for the role of citizen. For them life was simple: of mankind was but one circumstance. The rest of the world was dog-kind, horse-kind fish and bird-kind; nothing in between, nothing to decide. God already had. And if that wasn't lesson enough, then the Pinery boys would teach 'em till the antebellum attitude quit coming to lessons they shoulda learnt long time previous.

Lew Johnson played the popular tunes from his perch at Isherwood House: "Napoleon's Retreat," Turkey in the Straw." Family legend is that Lew on his demise was refused a plot at the GAR cemetery, an irony considering the membership brought to this burying ground in the wake of Shiloh and Vicksburg. Old Lew, legend has it, was given burial in the Isherwood family plot beneath a socially cautious blank stone.

❦

The east end upstairs divided into numerous tiny rooms including one detailed as the teacher's room, whose size barely accommodated a narrow bed and a pair of shoes. In event of overflow, the dance floor slept a dozen and the barroom another half. Those not requiring premium accommodation slept in the barn and refreshed themselves at the horse trough. Paying customers had the use of the rain barrel on the east end of the laundry room and a large boiler filled with hot water for shaving and toilet. In the case of women travelers, the menfolk were shut out until the lady or ladies had finished.

North of the house under a bevy of pine and maple stood a double-barreled outhouse, the path planked for nighttime ease. To the east a smokehouse and smithy for repairs as couldn't wait till the village yet an hour up the road

After supper the travelers broke into clutches of comfortable membership. Some took up pose in the barroom, others were for early bed, a woman might take over an upholstered divan in the parlor. Others drifted behind the barn for a quick game of cards, horseshoes, or a little good humored knife-throwing. Some sat on the roadside porch watching evening traffic amble up the road. From there the summer twilight lay mellow, made the more so with a glass of brown ale. A harried freighter clattered by, urging on his sweat-sheathed horses trying for Plover before the earnest dark.

Eventually the dark settled by its degrees till the lamps were lit, several beacons placed in the window for late travelers. The air carried the scent of rotting pine, and the acrid taint of stump fire prowled in the bowels of this country. There was a smell and a haze this place was never without, the atmosphere rendered tangible indigo from pine burning.

❦

A jester remarked the oft-heard and cruel oath, "Railroad's coming."

"Yah, sure. So is Jesus Christ, and he's like to arrive sooner than the rail."

"Rail will change all of this."

"Don't hold your water till that happens, mister, 'cause we've been waiting on iron ever since '55. You want my opinion, mister? I think this place is safe for another thousand years, give or take. Before every good thing there's a tree in the way of it. Mark my words, friend, the backwoods are safe in these parts."

Isherwood House was dismantled in 1966, the two-hole outhouse the last surviving structure. ❧

Photos courtesy the author.

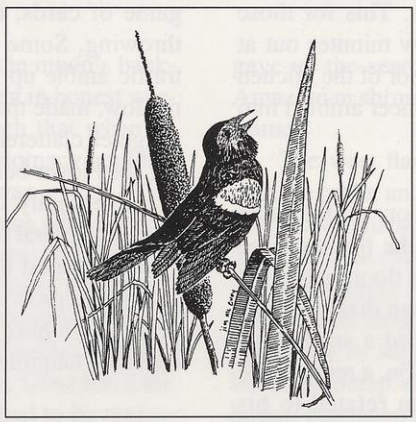
Time In The Marsh

by James Campbell

I have come to the marsh today to renew a relationship. I have always loved marshes. It is one of my earliest biases, one inherited from my father who also loves marshes. Many of our biases are in part tradition, familial predisposition, predilections passed down almost imperceptibly, through generations. For instance, I have always appreciated opera, even the leaden, funereal Wagner, in part because my mother loves opera; it was her mother who taught her to enjoy it.

Though I was only six, I remember well my first introduction to the marsh. My dad took me. We located one by finding the designative light blue bogs on a county road atlas and plotted our afternoon expedition.

We drove only a short distance from our house, pulled off on the side of a road near a subtle rise in the land. "This is it," my father said, and I remember looking down over the seemingly endless, impenetrable long grass that separated us from a distant lake. It was autumn, early afternoon. The sun was hot and the walking difficult. I kept tripping over what my dad called hummocks, hidden clumps of grass, root and dirt. When the grass was particularly high, he boosted me onto his shoulders. I remember enjoying my new vantage point, though it was short-lived. When the marsh grass thinned, my dad set me down to walk again on my own. I tired quickly and was ready to abandon the adventure when we came upon a deer bed.



"A deer bed," my dad exclaimed with a reverence that made my heart jump. He signalled for me to come closer, inspected the area, showed me how the grass had been pressed down and smoothed by a resting deer. He crouched on the ground, explained that he was feeling to see if it was still warm. Warm grass, he said, meant a deer was close by. He grabbed a tuft of weeds and stood, pulled out bits of brown hair for me to see.

"There was a deer here not too long ago," he said. "Let's try to pick up its trail again." And he pointed to a slight path through the grass. We followed it and after a few minutes of tracking came upon another bed.

"Do you want to take a look?" he asked, and I got down on all fours as I had watched him do, rubbed my hands over the impression, felt its temperature, then searched for more hair.

"Now you know how to find a deer bed," he said, helping me up, and I remember feeling proud.

We tried to follow the trail farther but lost it in the dense grass. We continued along the edge of a little woods of alder and cedar and willow that separated the marsh from a wayward slough that wound its way to the lake. Just past the trees Dad stopped and motioned for me. Among the long reeds at the edge of the water were hundreds of beautiful birds. "See the red shoulder patches? Those are male red-winged blackbirds." We sat quietly and heard the sweet melody of their songs. Dad said that I would always be able to tell the red-winged blackbird from other marsh birds by this song.

While we listened, Dad spotted a great blue heron in the muddy shallows near the far bank of the slough. He pointed and I focused on the area down his arm, past the end of his finger. "A great blue heron, next to the bush," he whispered as I searched the bank for movement. Finally I saw it. It stood motionless on stilt legs, held its long, awkward neck high. Suddenly, as if performing for us, it plunged its head into the water. When it came back up, a fish struggled in its beak. We waited for it to dive again, but it resumed its stone-solid pose.

"Let's call it a day," my dad said getting up slowly. "Want a ride?" He took me by the wrists and in one motion swung me onto his shoulders, high above the grass. I could see the car on the road in the distance and was eager to get home.

❦

This is my first memory of the marsh, and marshes have held a special, almost intuitive significance for me ever since. In the last decade I have sought them out across the country, across the world. Five years ago, during a trip to Papua, New Guinea, my

brother and I spent over two months in the primeval, almost unknown blackwater marshes of the central and west Sepik River. We lived in grass houses, built on top of long poles, high above the water, woke early every morning to the ancient, undisturbed songs of birds we could not recognize. We watched young men, recent initiates, the reptilian ridges of the crocodile etched symbolically into their bodies, swim bravely in a blackwater slough while their prehistoric serpent totems eyed them from its banks.

❦

Now I have come back to this Wisconsin marsh to renew a relationship, to be reinvigorated by the vitality of the marsh's understatement, to observe the activity of its obscurity. There is a surrealistic quality to a marsh, something strangely Eolithic, distant, almost alien to our sense of history. Those who have explored the marsh know its arcane character. It wakes, a secret Stone Age creature, crawls through its day, likely unnoticed by the farmer who has seen it from his field for the last thirty years or the man driving country roads in search of a suitable piece of land for his dream home.

It is early morning on this autumn day. The sun remains half hidden below the belly of the land. It is unusually warm and a heavy, almost summer-like blue mist rises off the water. There is an easy breeze. Light waves ripple from the east across the grassy slough, caress the marsh grass on the other bank. Willows and buttonbushes sway supplely.

Near the bridge where I put in my canoe the water is shallow, so I must wade. I am wearing hip boots; I sink above my knees. The pungent muck sucks and coughs and gurgles. I move with difficulty, yank one leg out, steady myself, pull the other with the help of my free hand. I try to drag the canoe slowly, but a slight current turns it, pushes it broadside ahead of me, and I fall as it passes, catch myself with my arm, which sinks deep into the mud. I curse as the swamp rushes around my shoulder. With both arms I manage to keep the rest of my body from getting wet. I fight to push myself up, release the rope of the canoe in the process. Finally, I struggle to my feet, curse my luck and the strong stench of peat with which I must contend the rest of the day.

Standing, but not attempting to move, I listen to the ribald laughter of marsh birds that have suddenly come to life, watch the canoe float comically with the current. It gets caught in some weeds on the west bank, and I am grateful that I will not have to chase it into deeper water. I walk toward it, careful not to fall again. When I reach it, I realize that the water is now deep enough for the canoe to navigate, and I laugh at myself for having had to learn the hard way.

I climb carefully into the stern, situate myself, paddle slowly and easily along the west bank. The marsh is animated now. I flush a black duck as I round a bend in the slough. It flies low over the water, turns its head from side to side, searches for a place where it will not be disturbed by the likes of me. Ahead of me I recognize carp wallowing in the shallows by their red tails and yellow bellies. They are startled as I paddle by, flee with a loud, fierce rush of water and a violent flash of color. I tell myself that I must return in summer to hunt them with bow and arrow. My brother will steer while I sit in the bow of the boat with an arrow at the ready.

I think of the marsh's relationship to time, distant time. The marsh is a rich, fertile symbol of our remote, barely conceivable past, a continuing reminder of the collaborative imagination of time in conjunction with the forces of nature. There is a fecund, pungent permanence to a marsh. Though its landscape is undramatic, quiet, unheralded, the age-old repetition of natural process is alive and active. The marsh is literally changing before our eyes, undergoing a sublimely slow, but interminable, process of succession called eutrophication.

I am aware that this marsh was once a lake or a pond before floating aquatic plants spread across the water. Over time these floating plants were replaced, compressed into a series of peat layers by invading grasses, cattails, bulrushes, and sedges. One day, excluding the interference of man, this slight slough will be similarly overtaken. I say excluding the interference of man because man's record with the marsh has historically been dismal. Most of our nation's marshes have been dredged, diked, tiled, torched, and sucked dry. The marsh is one of our most abused natural inheritances.

Recently I was in North Dakota, which due to its natural water holes has one of the largest wild duck populations on the continent. The man I was visiting, a naturalist and outdoorsman, was giving me a tour of some of North Dakota's more

beautiful, and mercifully undiscovered, natural sites. Along the way we saw many potholes, so our conversation turned inevitably to potholes. Pointing to a series of ponds along the road, he remarked that in a few years they would no longer exist. He explained that, like the two Canadian provinces to the north, Manitoba and Saskatchewan (comprising some of the largest waterfowl nesting grounds in the world), North Dakota was pro-drainage.

"We convert tens of thousands of acres each year to wheat land," he said. "Yet we already have a huge surplus of wheat. We could destroy its price on the world market with our surplus. We gobble up 85 percent of the federal funds not to plant, yet drain thousands of water holes each year presumably for planting." He added that, despite its considerable taking from the federal land lay-away fund, the Crop Reduction Program, North Dakota resists efforts to preserve pothole areas with a vehemence that smacks of hypocrisy, if not outright corruption. "Private efforts have tried to do much of what the federal government can't," he continued, "but they've been opposed tooth-and-nail, too."

A good friend of mine in Colorado, and an opponent of virtually all federal measures, claims that the solution to the land use issue is complete privatization, the "privatization of everything."

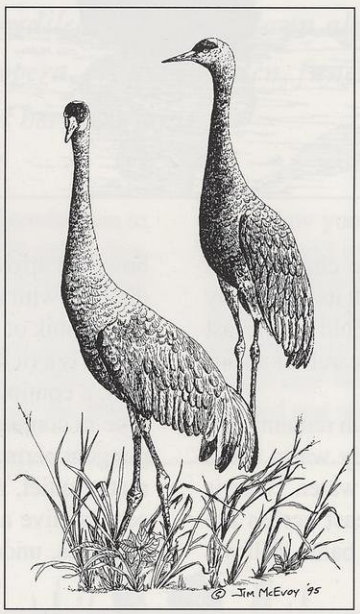
As I canoe through this Wisconsin slough, listen to the red-winged blackbirds, watch a flock of geese overhead following its ancestral path south, I am grateful for the public procurement and protection of this marsh, for surely there would otherwise be efforts to drain it, then slash it, then burn it. It would be farmed for a few decades, and then like converted marshes before it, it would yield poorer and poorer harvests, until eventually abandoned, it would have no use as either farm or marsh.

❦

As I come around a blind bend in the slough, I spot two mature sand hill cranes wading in the shallows among bluestem and blazing star. I paddle my canoe into the weeds on the bank opposite them. They are beautiful, but somehow ungainly, out of proportion; watching them I understand why young cranes are called colts instead of chicks. I feel about them as I have always felt when seeing pictures of Abe Lincoln, his lanky, split-rail fence physique always a bit out of place and off balance. I think of the Swedish ornithologist Bengt Berg, who, after seeing cranes as a young boy, made them his life's work, if not his life's obsession.

Though my relationship with the crane has never been as intimate, the sight of these two is heartening testimony to the health of this marsh. Despite its presence amidst some of the most fertile farming land in the Midwest, the marsh remains vital enough to support the crane. Aldo Leopold wrote that cranes "confer a peculiar distinction" to a place where they choose to return. "Amid the endless mediocrity of the commonplace, a crane marsh holds a paleontological patent of nobility, won in the march of aeons . . ." There is an empty sadness to any body of land which exists only in form, minus the endless and varied expressions of its natural state. It is the sterile sameness of a tree farm, or a crane-less marsh.

I watch the two cranes preen themselves, wonder when they will head south. A week ago I heard a rattling, croaking cacophony, rushed out to the back yard to search the sky for the flock of cranes I knew would be there. Among the feathery cirrus clouds, about half a mile high, was a flock noisily retracing its perennial autumn route, bound for the marshes of the Gulf Coast. If these two cranes heard the unmistakable, untamed gar-oo-oos of their fellow voyagers, they chose to ignore them, to prolong their stay here.



There is a beauty in nature that cannot be captured in words, that is beyond the reach of symbol. A marsh has this quality, myriad qualities, actually, that our language is insufficient to adequately express. Because the marsh embodies antitheses, the equilibrium sought by man in the religions of the East, in the Chinese image of the Tao, the interaction of dark and light, yin and yang, male and female, it cannot be appropriately described. The referent does not hold still long enough for us to reach it with words. It is of multiple personalities, changing with a breeze, the degree of sunlight.

The two cranes suddenly take off with a silence-breaking clamor, startled by something in the grass behind them. They overextend their necks and legs in a fashion that seems ill-suited to motion, as if statues in the sky, settle into a flight that seems too imperfect to be possible.

Their departure epitomizes the character of the marsh. In the marsh there is a constant sense of emergence, a feeling that the silent grasses teem with an unseen, expectant life that can break into raucous laughter when an unfortunate explorer falls in its waters, that the murky slough can quickly explode with a red and yellow ferocity of escaping carp.

It is late morning now and the cranes have left. I push my paddle into the hummock on the west bank, turn the bow of my canoe back in the direction from which I came. Two large muskrats sit on a half-submerged log that before seemed curiously empty. A family of mallards, a drake and a hen, swim among the bulrushes with three ducklings. The marsh appears different now. The sun has burnt off the moisture, the earlier eeriness. The breeze has quieted. ❧

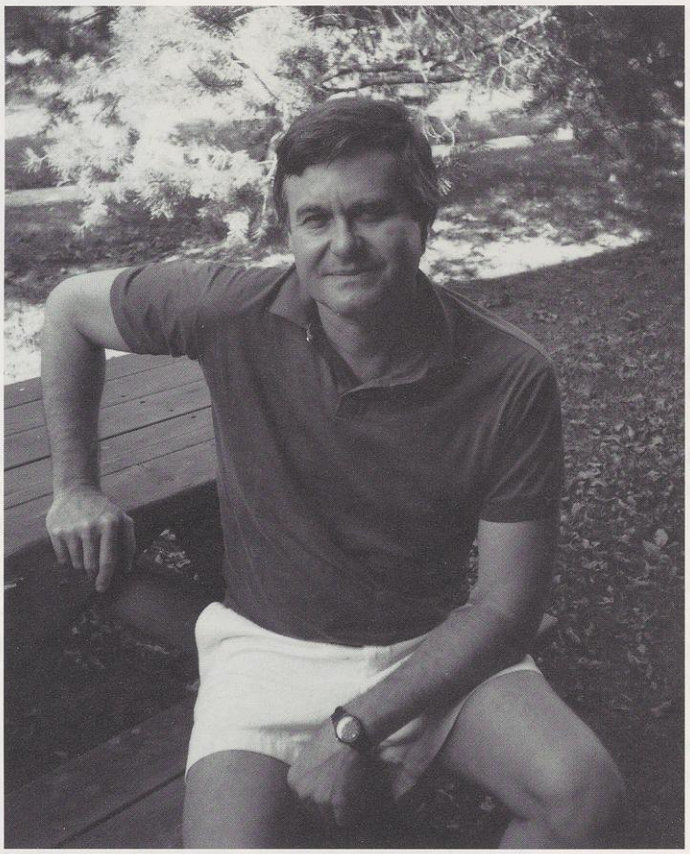
Illustrations by James McEvoy.

Chasing Tigers Into the Clouds

by Tom McKeown

What I hope for in poems is that they take me somewhere I've never been. But first and foremost, a poem should be a pleasure to read. It should stand on its own with color, sound imagery, and flow. And be memorable—a cluster of words, fairly lean, written out of necessity.

I've always written simple, imagistic nature poetry. For years I have also experimented with surrealistic poems. Recently, I've begun to write poems of a more spiritual nature—poems of witness. But I don't write from themes or topics. What I do is respond to the feelings I have. It is not a conscious choice. I write what forces itself upon me, what demands to be written.



Tom McKeown

Taking risks with language and subjects is primary to my writing. I'd like the poem to get off the ground, to break free, to fly like many of Neruda's poems. Or Lorca's. That is, I try to stay away from the heavy, intellectually loaded language, the worn out and the familiar, or the easy and sentimental. I want to unfold freshness, to make unfamiliar comparisons, to go for what strikes sparks, explodes into fire. Think of chasing tigers into the clouds and you have it.

Taking risks with poetry is also a bit like jumping out of a plane, going for a freefall. You just keep taking chances that may not work out. I do the same in my painting. And I think of the risks taken by painters Arshile Gorky or Willem de Kooning. And what the poet John Ciardi once said, "Try for a greater and greater failure." Then you move forward.

I would like poems to wake the reader up, to wake me up, to extend the horizon or plumb some new direction or depth, and to offer a revelation of some kind. A really fine poem also should have a certain strangeness or mystery to it either in subject matter or execution. A certain irrationality that cannot be buttonholed or analyzed. The reader should go away nourished and refreshed in some way.

Sometimes a poem is like a beautiful object, like a painting, which is self-contained and not dependent upon anything. It may begin to have a life of its own. This is the ideal, perhaps like Wallace Stevens's poem about a jar in Tennessee.

I continue to write because I find pleasure in working with words and the in perceptions that may reveal themselves along the way. So I keep listening for the rhythms of lines, the ocean-like flow of words when they really begin to move. I follow along, taking it all down, riding on the crest of the flow, following colors, sounds, as they move forward almost under their own pulse-beats, with their own searching eyes.

Old Man Raking Leaves

An old man with silver hair is raking leaves
In the wind. His bamboo rake captures only a few

Leaves but he works as if in a trance, taking
His task seriously and the wind seriously.

It does not matter that only a few leaves
Are gathered or that the expanse of grass

Is almost limitless or that the wind blows
Furiously.

He keeps raking though more leaves collect to bend
His back, he draws the rake to discover violets

In the deeper grass, looks sometimes at the flowing
River of grass and wonders what else the wind

Carries in its minutes, in its hours above oceans,
Above disheveled hair, that small glacier that moves

Above his brain, which tells him he is old,
That the wind is older,

That leaves are a blessing,
That all happiness is coming to him

When leaves are pulled high into piles,
That long moment before burning.

Last Night in the Old White House

All night I step in and out
of my body,
dancing in this old white house,
dancing here for the last time.

In May when there is dancing
I dance into the rich green leaves
that have thickened to a jungle
about the house.

I am singing but I cannot
hear myself.
No one can hear but I am singing
loudly like a river finally released,
joyfully singing, moving on.

And all that is silent and invisible
can hear me and sings back
across all the rivers that are next
to me but inaudible, blue-green
but transparent,

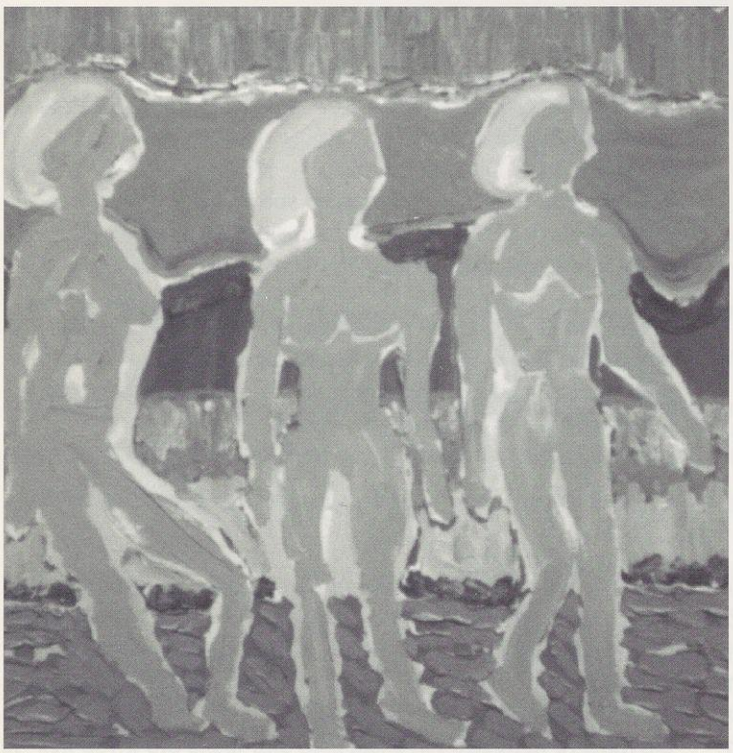
flowing into my body
till my spirit rears up and kicks
like a wild horse set free
in an ocean of waving grass.

The Running of the Mice

All night I hear their small feet padding between the walls. Sometimes there is a sudden stampede as if there has been an intrusion into their world. I think of mice walking all winter down their lightless paths, shivering.

There is no way to sleep. I am dragged down avenues of mice that are littered with crumbs, paper fragments, excrement, dust. The strong wind outside has not slowed their feet. I think of the passing of each season and what they feel.

Tonight, for once, I am running with them; my large eyes scan lengths of boards, nailpoints, studs. Wood smells and sawdust fill my quivering nostrils. Small bodies crowd me toward a vision, a clarity I have never known.



Three Women.
Acrylic on canvas.
20 x 20 inches, 1991.

Dancing Trees.
Acrylic on board.
8 x 10 inches, 1993.

The Lady in the Water Collection Department

It is raining in her room, rain has all
her notes, all her bills. Rain is almost
free as it comes through the roof,
unmeasured, unpurified. Someday she will
control all the rain. Now it is enough
to collect for water, stored water,
treated water.

At night she dreams water into sheets
and walls, water inside her watch, her rings
dissolving in water. Her hair is always
straight, always wet as if she is forever
ascending from some invisible lake. Almost
awake, almost drowning.

If her lover comes, he is very late. Riding
on a train without dimensions, clear as glass,
he finally arrives and undresses. He has
a blue clarity: he shines in the half-light.
When finally she reaches up, he slips easily
through her fingers, leaving her as much
alone as ever, looking down at the flooding
streets, water crowding the staircase
beneath her window,
her name spelled out by luminous fish.

Three Hundred Tigers

There are three hundred tigers outside
In the jungle, an army of tigers.

So much orange under the clouds, so many
Stripes going around. Tigers roaring.

This isn't imagination. Listen. To three
Hundred tigers climb three hundred trees

In a jungle lost for three hundred years.
Listen with your three hundred ears. But now

There are three hundred jungles with listening
Tigers, yellow trees and yellow clouds,

Blue stripes circling trees and red tigers
In the clouds

And a wind of tigers that shrieks and shrieks
The clouds to fiercest rain.

In the Winter of Tigers

In the winter of tigers,
after the zoo closes,
the sun smokes and thins out,
seeds leap from an apple's core,
wheat rustles loudly before startled snow,
a crow falls dead through the winter sky
like a black parachute that never opens.

In the middle of winter, the tigers walk
up into the snowy mountains, spreading out
with the snow, until there is only snow
and tigers and the memories of tigers,
invisible against the snow.

Interior of Light

I stroke the bright air
and hear
blood squeaking on a jackal's tongue
the roots of trees
singing to worms and water

I follow the ruts in the road
and have faith in the owl's eye

At dawn
I find an angel
his great wings drawn back
kneeling in a muddy ditch

lifting a frightened lamb
in his fiery hands

Poems from Three Hundred Tigers *by Tom McKeown. Zephyr Publishing, P.O. Box 196, Bruce, WI 54819. ISBN 0–9627099–1–3*

Swan Song

by Art Grillo

Thinking about Spagnola depresses me. Ever since the psycho started terrorizing Bay County we've gotten scooped off our asses. The Leader *ran stuff on the "mystery witness." The radio people had a man at the scene of the arrest. A guy from* Esquire *of all places wrangled an exclusive interview, and the cable TV station showed Spagnola's whole circus of a trial. Now word is that the guy has had some sort of mental breakdown. The so-called experts say he's insane. Well, whoop-de-doo, stop the presses.*

In the old days you would not see stuff like this. In the old days Spagnola would have been tried, locked up and forgotten, one-two-three. But today you have Liberalism. You have court-appointed psychologists and a needle instead of an electric chair. You have computers and touch-tone phones and even a broken down old paper like ours has a fax machine. You have a publisher who's twenty-seven years old, and if a fella knocks on your door with a handful of clips and begs for a job, it's better than fifty-fifty that the fella is a gal. You take my daughter, my little girl—a big corporation lawyer. In a day she makes what I once made in a month. Can you believe that?

"It's our best story, Bob." Jim Atkinson tells me. He's talking about Spagnola. "We don't have anything else. Zippo."

I shrug.

"My guess is he's bucking for a transfer to the state hospital," Jim continues.

It's almost three o'clock. Late enough to go home. Jim can handle things. I haven't been sleeping nights.

"I'm out of here," I announce. I go for my overcoat and recite the same old lines: "Doc says I have six months to live. I need to enjoy my remaining days." The first time I said this Jim took me seriously and did his damnedest not to look too happy—I've known from the start that he wants to be editor. Now it's just our little joke.

I drive home. The wife has her tennis game this afternoon and won't be home yet. Maybe I'll take a little nap and then get dinner started. Play househusband for her, like I bet Jim does for his wife. I can picture Doris bounding in the door in her tennis shorts and sneakers. Her legs are good—not too many varicose veins. She has five grandchildren. I can picture Doris and me eating dinner: She will be talking about our trip next month to see the kids out in California. She'll be talking, and I'll be spacing out, like the kids say. I'll be staring at my plate like it's a VDT screen and wondering what it was that I forgot to remind Jim about.

❦

Driving to work late the next morning, I hear on the radio that Spagnola has escaped from the prison infirmary. You would think it's something that could happen only in the old days, or in a movie. The announcer says that Spagnola escaped through a space measuring nine-by-eighteen inches. In my office, Jim is sitting on the desk watching the TV news. We agree that Spagnola has screwed us again. By the time the *Chronicle* comes out tomorrow, the story will be in its second day, and UPI won't have anything new. On the television, a correspondent speaks from outside the prison wall. He mentions that nine-by-eighteen space again—the opening to an air vent. I close my eyes and recall the jailbreak back when I worked for the *Star-Telegram*. I remember that time well—it was right after the war, Doris and I had just met. I picture Doris sitting at her desk, and me always rushing right past, never having the nerve to speak to her. Now, my impulse is to call Doris and say that I love her She'll ask me what's wrong. I'll ask why does something always have to be wrong?

I open my eyes and laugh. I feel restless thinking about the jailbreak—not the one back at the *Star-Telegram*, but the one here at the *Bay County Chronicle*, the tight-budgeted, second-banana paper we put out day after day just so the corporation can use it as a tax write-off. I look out the window and see dark, low clouds. Wind whips the flag hanging in front of the post office. A killer is on the loose, a rainstorm is coming, and I want to tell my wife I love her.

Here's my bright idea: "We ought to put out an extra."

Jim remains lost in the television.

"We could do three pages easy," I continue. "We could run the wire story on one with a big cut, and local stuff on two and three."

Now Jim turns from the television. "You're serious, aren't you?"

I'm not sure if I am, but I don't say that. We stare at each other in silence. Then Jim starts making phone calls, lickety-split, and I let him do it.

Thirty minutes later, Jim and most of the other editors and reporters, plus Melissa, the news clerk, are crammed into my office. I can smell the onions that Edgar the police reporter just had for lunch. A pep talk suddenly seems too hokey, so I just clear my throat and growl. "We're putting out an extra."

You never heard such silence. My words hang in the air, like I'm a teacher and my students just ain't getting it. A professor friend of mine—chairman of the Department of Communication Sciences or something like that—always wants to set me up with a journalism class or two, but I keep turning him down because of moments like this one.

"It will surprise the hell out of *The Leader*," I say. "They won't know what hit 'em."

Finally someone cries, "Yesssss!" It's Tanner, who covers the courthouse. Tanner's a recent graduate of Princeton, and so of course an old dinosaur like me who finished nine credits at the state college is going to hate his guts.

"Extra, extra, read all about it," Tanner continues. "Stop the presses! We're remaking page one!"

Everyone else is afraid to breathe. Then Jim says, "That's enough, Tanner." But Tanner hasn't gotten my goat this time. In fact, his enthusiasm awes me. What I wouldn't give to be young like Tanner, and a Princeton man to boot.

"It's okay, Jim. I'm glad someone around here has some moxie." I try to stay focused, as they say these days. "We're going to fill three pages, and add it onto most of this morning's paper. Melissa, I want you to go and find all the pictures of Spagnola that we have."

"Yes sir."

I turn to Pattie Ragovin, whom I chewed out yesterday for something that was little more than a typo. *You're a disgrace to journalism*, were my words. That was yesterday. "Pattie, Jim and I have decided to let you have a crack at the lead story."

Pattie bites her bottom lip. "Okay, uh, Bob." She doesn't sound comfortable calling me by my first name.

"Jim will talk to you about what officials to call."

She nods. Don't quit on me, I want to tell her. We'll all put out an extra and I'll be nice to you from now on.

As the meeting ends, our youthful publisher, Dickerson, shows up. I tell him what's going on.

"An extra?" He crosses one leg over the other and leans against the doorway. He's a tall kid, at least six-four. "What is this, *The Front Page*? Who's playing Hildy Johnson? When's opening night?"

I glare at him. He blinks. Among the myths that have surrounded my tenure at the *Chronicle* is that I will take a sock at a man now and again.

"I call it good journalism," I say. "The jailbreak will be old news by tomorrow."

"Old News?! What about the manhunt?"

"That's for the big boys. The state prison is two hundred miles away. We can have Edgar drive up there, but what's he going to come up with? Spagnola is probably in another state by now. An extra is our only angle."

Dickerson is silent. You can almost feel the slow grinding of his overeducated brain.

"Well, you're already over budget this year, so why not go for broke? What does Frank have to say?"

Frank is the circulation director. He's got a silly promotional thing crowding my third page every Monday and Thursday where you can win $1,000 if you get Bingo. Damn it! I forgot all about him.

"Well, we just cooked this up a few minutes ago, so I haven't had a chance to contact Frank."

Now the kid is cockier than ever. "No? Then you'd better, fast, if you expect anyone to read this extra of yours." He glances at his watch, and leaves.

❦

The problem with the extra is getting it to the people before they are home watching Dan and Connie, Frank explains over the phone. Most of the businesses in town close at 5 p.m. He says the paper would have to be off the floor by 3:00. I talk him down to 3:30 and we hang up. My heart starts to race.

Headlines appear before my eyes: SPAGNOLA AT LARGE! COUNTY OUTRAGED BY MURDERER'S ESCAPE!

I remember my blood pressure and try to relax. Controlled energy is the ticket. That means no coffee, no getting up and pacing around, no yelling at people. At my desk I sit with hands folded, imitating a calm person. The staff is visible through the window in the wall that separates my office from the news room. In the foreground Jim is hunched over a legal pad with Morelli, the composing room manager, and in the background Pattie Ragovin is flipping madly through her Rolodex. My eyes keep running along the edge of the window; the effect is hypnotizing. I imagine the window shrinking to nine-by-eighteen and the success of the extra hinging on whether I can fit through that space. I think that I am going nuts, and then something clicks. I start to pace around like a crazy man. Who cares if people see me?

I rush from my office. "Gentlemen, come with me," I say, motioning Jim and Morelli over to the composing room. "Here's our front page."

My voice sounds strange, theatrical. With the sides of my hands I strike the top of a layout desk.

"We can draw a big rectangle right here on the front page, nine-by-eighteen."

A sense of power rushes over me, and for once I am grateful that the *Bay County Chronicle*'s production methods are hopelessly behind the times, with paste-up sheets that you can

I remember my blood pressure and try to relax. Controlled energy is the ticket. That means no coffee, no getting up and pacing around, no yelling at people.

actually touch and feel. I wouldn't have been too comfortable pointing to a computer screen. Computers are okay to write on, but you can't really bang them with the sides of your hands.

"That's the only thing we'll have on the front page, see, a big, nine-by-eighteen chunk of white space. Except for a head reading, 'Can You Fit Through This Space?' or something like that. We'll sell 5,000 copies in no time."

But who cares how many of Bay County's hicks buy the extra? I just want to see the damned thing in print. I'll take home an armful of souvenirs and retire.

Finally I ask, "What do you think, guys? Isn't it the best thing since sliced bread?"

Again, I encounter blank expressions and silence. Morelli is frozen like a statue. Jim seems lost in a daydream. Time stops.

"It's different," Jim finally says. Then he starts motioning to Morelli, explaining in detail what's to be done like he's reading my mind. He might think his boss is senile, but at least he's not fighting him.

❦

By 2:00 the page is laid out and it looks great. I stroll around the news room like an alderman working his ward. Pattie is on the telephone with the sheriff's office. Tanner is calling people at random trying to get them to say things quotable. Edgar sits amid a cloud of cigarette smoke, glaring at his computer screen. He wears a State Police baseball cap, a denim jacket, a belt buckle from the National Rifle Association. His gray mustache needs trimming. Edgar writes like Damon Runyan on a bad day and never lets the facts get in the way of a good story.

"Spagnola's somewhere in the county," he says. "I just know it."

I don't say anything. There's nothing to say once Edgar's imagination gets going.

He points to the plate glass doors of the news room. "Wouldn't it be something if Spagnola came through that door right now, carrying a sixteen-gauge? With a couple of his boys on either side of him?"

"Why the hell would he come here?"

"Lots of reasons. He'll take us all hostage and force you to call your pal the sheriff and arrange safe passage out of the country. He'll want an airplane, money . . . or maybe he'll demand that I hand over my files on the mystery witness . . .

I know what's coming next:

" . . . the dominance queen who Spagnola had a crush on."

Enough. "She wasn't a dominance queen. She was just a regular hooker. And *The Leader* already scooped us."

"Oh, yeah? Did they say anything about her Mafia ties? Did they? Huh?"

I walk away and return to my office. On my desk are a dozen photographs of Spagnola. One shows a gaunt young man with his dark hair slicked back, wearing a suit too big for his shoulders. The background is a line of row houses. Reminds me of the neighborhood I grew up in. It was not the best neighborhood but it was not the worst, either. A kid could go bad or go good in my neighborhood, and I guess I went good. I at least went to college for a while—Pop never finished high school. I never worked for the *New York Herald-Tribune* like the Ivy League kids, but I worked on some good papers, some good staffs. Still, something about the sad expression on Spagnola's face seems to question our vaunted extra and my entire life's work along with it. The kid seems to ask, *Why are you doing this? Why are you having all this fun at my expense?*

❦

Suddenly my computer beeps and the screen goes blank, and out in the news room someone curses. Morelli shows up at my door.

"Don't tell me. The system's down." The system. That's the extent of my knowledge about computers—they're part of a system that goes down a lot.

"'Fraid so. I guess it's not used to all this action so early in the day." He smiles. Is he giving me the real reason for the system crash, or just the only one that an old coot could understand? When he's gone, I throw a glass paperweight against the wall. It dents the paneling. I walk out to the news desk, where everybody's quiet.

"What did we lose?" I ask Jim.

"Probably nothing. Of course, we didn't have much in yet."

"What about the layout?"

"I just started doing two and Helen's doing three."

"And most of the stuff isn't in yet?" I ask hopelessly.

Jim shakes his head. I want to tear my hair out.

"Jim, could you step into my office?" Call it a half-command, half-plea.

In the office, Jim sits next to my desk, tapping a pencil against his palm. I slump down in my chair. The system failure seems to demand that the air be filled with leadership. But it's approaching mid-afternoon and I'm getting sluggish, and maybe Jim is the man to put the extra to bed. I've known lots of guys like Jim, and maybe been one myself once: second-in-command types, guys who keep the show going, who take all the abuse and keep everybody happy, or at least happy enough not to quit. Maybe now is Jim's time to take over. We have never talked much about that day. We have never talked much about anything. There was only the office Christmas party last year, when I had a few drinks and so had Jim, and Doris was dancing with Edgar, and Jim's wife was talking to Dickerson's, when I had come out and told Jim that I was going to retire. But I hadn't said when.

"Here's my view of the situation," I begin. "This computer breakdown gives Dickerson more time to come down and screw with us. So keep the front page under wraps. He sees it, he'll start asking himself what the corporate boys will think."

Jim nods. "Dickerson's funny, though. He might go for it."

"Let's not take that chance." I look at Jim's eyes—they are red and puffy from the computer screen. But they are good, intelligent eyes.

"Listen, Jim," I say, practically whispering. "This is not the right time to ask, but what do you think about the extra, and about the rectangle business? Do you think I'm crazy, or what?"

He glances down and smiles. "No, I don't think you're crazy at all." For some reason I believe him.

"Do you think it will go over? Do you think many people will buy it?"

He laughs. "To be honest with you, Bob, I've been having too much fun to think about that."

"Good answer." I get up and pace around. Outside the door people hover about, probably needing to speak to Jim. I close the door on them.

"Jim, God knows why, but this extra means a lot to me. It's gotten me all goosed up." There is a tightness in my chest, like I've swallowed a balloon that's just now inflating. I take a deep breath. Maybe I'm going to be one of those old editors you hear about who die right at their desks. "But it might be my swan song, see? For all we know I could be a journalism teacher soon. In a few months I'll be sixty-nine years old. Can you believe that, Jim, sixty-nine!"

"It's not so old."

"It feels ancient!"

I face Jim and take a stab at things never said during past system failures, during slow days or even at the Christmas party. I tell Jim that it's been good working with him and that if this is the end of the line for me then it's been a helluva run. Jim tells me to stop being melodramatic.

"I'll be as melodramatic as I want," I say.

I finally grab Jim at the biceps, shake him a few times, and insist that once the computers are running, the fate of the extra will be up to us, and so we'll have to really snap to, we'll have to give it that old college try, we'll have to . . . what's the phrase I'm looking for? . . . stay focused! Yes! Focus, focus, focus!

"You're my main guy," I tell Jim. "You're gonna be editor soon, so stay focused and get the extra to bed!" I'm trembling. Jim eases me into my chair. I sit with eyes closed, face buried in my hands, my mind a blank except for that crazy rectangle, which keeps changing size, growing very long and very short, very wide and very narrow.

❦

The phone jars me. It's Dickerson.

"How close are you to paste-up?" he asks.

"We're doing it now," I lie. "Everybody's got his stuff in. Except the system is down, you know."

"It's up again."

I crane my neck toward the news room, where reporters and editors are already pounding their keyboards. "Yes. That's right. I meant the system was down, but now it's up. You know these systems—just like yo-yos."

"You'll have to be out of there by 3:00."

I look at my watch, but for an instant the hands and the numbers are invisible. All I can see is Spagnola's face.

"Bob? You still there, Bob?"

"It's almost three now!" The bastards said 3:30.

"You'll have to do it. We're not going to eat 10,000 copies of this thing."

My hearing must be going. "Ten thousand?"

"You bet. This is news, man. Big news!"

Suddenly we have Joseph Pulitzer on our hands. "Whatever you say."

Out at the news desk I say to Jim, "Tell everyone that they have five minutes—five minutes!—to file whatever they've got. Then, take the stuff, give it a fast read and slap it on the sheets. No rewriting."

"Right, Bob."

I turn to Helen. She's the wire editor. She probably wants my job too, but she knows it's Jim's.

"I want to see two and three done immediately. Where are the dummies?" She indicates with a tilt of her head. On a manila sheet are a penciled diagram of page three, topped by the headline: "SPAGNOLA ON THE LAM."

"That's perfect . . . Melissa!"

"Yes?"

"Do you have that list of past jailbreaks?"

"It's already in type. Don't you remember seeing it?"

"Yes. Yes, of course I do."

Jim looks up from his computer. "Bob, you want to read a story or two?"

"Sure."

"Take a look at Pattie's."

In my office, I read slowly. Pattie's story is solid; few reporters could have done better in the same amount of time. Still, I fiddle and diddle with it. I combine the second and third paragraphs but then decide it was better how she had it. Never was much of a rewrite man.

"Bob, Helen needs that story!"

"All right, all right. I'm sending it." I press a key. The story flashes from the screen and is on its way.

❦

Minutes later, in the composing room, Jim and Helen shuffle between pages. Morelli and his people cut and paste. The kids have things under control, leaving me nothing to do but pace back and forth. I keep looking at the clock. I picture Dickerson and Frank barging in the door and demanding the paste-up sheets. I picture Spagnola with a shotgun. Ten minutes go by, fifteen, twenty. By the time Jim nudges me, asking me to sign-off page one, I'm already showing off the extra to my grandchildren next month in California. Maybe I'll keep copies handy at all times, so that when people ask me what I did for a living, I'll be ready.

I take one last look at page one before initialing it. A broadsheet with a big black rectangle on it. God help us all.

Don't ask me why, but I follow the paste-up sheets to the printing room. The place is loud and drafty but it smells of the old days, it makes my whole life come back to me like I haven't aged a day in forty years. I watch the guys photograph the pages and print them. The foreman shakes my hand and presents me with a copy from the first run. He smiles and says something that's lost in the roar of the presses. ❧

Leaf Fire

The young buck burns a hot dog
in the fall leaf fire, sees May flowers
perfume, in the shape-shifter,
rabbits cavort, red-haired women
crook their fingers.
The boy bites the bun, licks mustard
from his lips.
He's grown enough to kindle,
and be charred.
Migration,
and winter in the south
burn in his belly like resin sticks
in the fire.

the flames partner him in his sorties,
a beacon fire that comforts and consumes.
Challenge gleams in the shallows,
like glinting eyes in the dark.
Passions flutter like updrafted moths.
The bonfire forms smother
the unfledged impulse
to club the moth
and rapt her away.
He warms his hands over
his private burning bush,
hearing his name called
in the crackles.

Art Madson

Time Past

Clown
take your tattered hands and fingers
point the way

fling me
into the sky
above Cygnus

high, high
above the flights
of eyes

where souls outweigh the brilliance
in the night:
no shape, no size, no weight
unsexed

who tells it so:
there, O there:
wedded to the future

the Shaman sings:
a mind-song for a poem
a heart-song for prayer

make me obedient only
in love
the kindness of caring

and I will
scroll-up time
and embrace you
with dark visions

Laurence T. Giles

The Science of Life

in memoriam
Howard Temin
discoverer of reverse transcriptase,
messenger RNA

What lasts? He taught us
That the codes for life itself

Could be rewritten and passed on—
What the cell's mutable core tells

The neighborhood
Whispered abroad by messenger

To liver and lung—
Those distant smoky cities

Where rumors grow.
When lungs reported their new story

He did not alter the days
Of his life.

Planted daffodils
To welcome the spring migration.

Demanded that his students
Think hard enough to teach him.

Robin S. Chapman

The Blind

The best duck hunting comes with a front moving in. A river blind is dark and warm, especially if it's older and in good repair. There's a small coal heater inside, or a propane burner or Coleman cooking stove, throwing warmth on hands raw from setting out four dozen decoys.

In all seasons the blind is sacred. It blends with the terrain. It's located near a flight path or beside wild celery. In spring and early summer, mallards use it for a nest site. On July afternoons, you visit it with a girl. During mosquito-hazed August evenings, you sit in its dark, practice calling ducks. In September, it's a hammering of nails to secure cut willow branches, fresh tarpaper.

The blind is dim light, stillness. Up and down the river scores of churches hold satin green, red, and purple vestments within the Sacristy. In the blind, these colors descend daily from heaven.

Stephen M. Miller

Wingmasters

Everyone in the De Pere barber shop seems to have a duck blind near the tuberculosis sanatorium on the wide bay where, from shore, if you look up the hill, you can see the cabin of the Lost Dauphin staring darkly with its broken windows. In October, fowl are scattered all over the bay, mallards, mudhen, bluebill, bobbing up and down feeding on duck potato, duckweed, wild rice. The barber tells what it's like a half hour before dawn on Saturday, when the shoreline's packed with guys and a bunch of ducks comes up river, dips down, everybody shooting, and a single bird flutters down into the channel. The hunters jump into their boats, pull starter cords on too cold outboards, the three horsepowers choking into life, the race on. The air is still filled with dark from the night before. Hunters shoot at each other. Shot rattles off the sides of cedar skiffs. A load of number 4s whapping against the cattail sides of a blind. Inside the sanatorium, patients stir, a spoon handle rattles against a cup, the windows blush with sunrise, the glass panes muffling the roar of Winchester Model 12s, Remington Wingmasters.

Stephen M. Miller

Photo by Stephen M. Miller

Poet's Stone

Small weight in the palm
Smooth under the thumb's rub
As newborn skin, mineral
To the tongue's taste
As the hard cold water
Of Lake Superior,
White, crystalline, a resistant
Flattened egg-shape.

Look through it
Like a lens for the sun
To see how light
Can live in a stone—
Starbursts, clouds, feathered
Fractures, layer on layer
Of earlier lives.

Robin S. Chapman

LEGISLATIVE INTENT AND OTHER LAW, POLITICS, AND MORALITY by Gerald C. MacCallum, Jr., edited by Marcus G. Singer and Rex Martin. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1994. 277 pages. ISBN 0–299–13860–7

by Robert F. Ladenson

This excellent collection brings together the articles in legal and political philosophy of the late Gerald C. MacCallum, Jr. (1925–87). MacCallum was respected, admired, and loved both by colleagues and students for his knowledge, intelligence, modesty, wit, conscientiousness, openness, and warmth. This collection, edited by MacCallum's former colleagues Marcus G. Singer, professor of philosophy emeritus at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and Rex Martin, professor of philosophy at the University of Kansas, is most welcome.

MacCallum, an outstanding philosopher, was beset by disabling illness, which significantly curtailed his scholarly work during a period of years (1977–87) when, with full health, he would have been at the height of his intellectual powers. For this reason, MacCallum never completed in a final form for publication several extremely interesting, valuable, and interrelated articles dealing with justifications for the use of violence, the concept of competition, and adversary proceedings. Singer and Martin have included these papers in this collection, along with carefully prepared footnote references to MacCallum's notes in connection with them. The collection also contains an informative, well-written personal memoir of MacCallum by Singer, and a portrait photograph which splendidly captures MacCallum's spirit for those of us who knew him (I was an undergraduate student of MacCallum's, and later his professional colleague).

The most noteworthy feature of MacCallum's philosophical writings, as reflected in this collection, is an unusual, and philosophically productive, blend of intellectual intensity and critical distance. The intellectual intensity was borne from an intense personal engagement with the subjects about which he wrote, and the critical distance enabled MacCallum to approach those subjects remarkably free from common preconceptions about them. Characteristically, MacCallum discusses an important subject in political philosophy, such as legislative intent, social freedom civil disobedience, censorship, competition, or adversary proceedings, by placing widely accepted initial assumptions about the subject under an intense, probing scrutiny. In some instances MacCallum calls attention, with painstaking precision, to deep problems involved in attempting to justify such assumptions. More often, he meticulously identifies vagueness, ambiguity, or divergent possible interpretations in connection with them. MacCallum always explains with great clarity both how and why the unresolved issues he identifies go to the core of the important subjects of his attention.

As with all philosophical inquiry, MacCallum's probing analyses never eventuate in closure of the questions he raises. They always result in an enhanced level of understanding, however, and in the case of his finest work—his classic articles titled "Legislative Intent" (1966) and "Negative and Positive Freedom" (1967), both included in this collection—the enhanced understanding becomes transformative. Fundamentally clearer and deeper ways of thinking about the subjects of these articles have entered the mainstream of political and legal philosophy as a result of MacCallum's work.

In "Legislative Intent" MacCallum presents a discussion of the relationship between meaning and purpose in statutory interpretation that has extraordinarily withstood the test of time. Equally important, the article carefully delineates a range of models for interpreting the idea of legislative intent, identifies critical issues in connection with each model, and concludes with a brief, but perceptively lucid, comment on the bearing of conceptual issues about legislative intent upon governmental and legal practice.

"Negative and Positive Freedom" persuasively criticizes a distinction between two kinds of freedom, often invoked by political philosophers, and stated in its canonical form by Sir Isaiah Berlin, as obscuring rather than clarifying the crucial issues in connection with social freedom. In place of the distinction between negative and positive freedom, MacCallum proposes an analysis of social freedom as a single relationship between persons, restrictions, and actions. For MacCallum, every assertion ascribing social freedom to individuals depends for its intelligibility upon being able to clarify *which persons* are free from *what restrictions* to do or not do *what actions*. MacCallum illustrates, with carefully drawn and compelling examples, that the most important philosophical disagreements concerning social freedom involve differences over these issues, rather than a conflict between supporters of two different kinds of freedom, one negative and the other positive.

In a recent address on the subject of the responsibilities of intellectuals, Vaclav Havel suggests that the intellectual orientation most deeply in touch with "humanity, its dignity, and its prospects" is one that combines breadth and perceptiveness with a kind of humility expressing itself in patience, rather than "impatience of mind" and in careful analysis, rather than "mental shortcuts" and "holistic ideologies." For many, the closest approximation to Havel's characterization of responsibility for intellectuals was the life and work of Gerald C. MacCallum, Jr. Marcus G. Singer and Rex Martin deserve praise and thanks for this splendid volume.

Robert F. Ladenson is professor of philosophy at the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago.

SECRETS MEN KEEP by Ron Rindo. Minneapolis: New Rivers Press, 1995. 142 pages. $9.95.

by James A. Gollata

The secrets some men keep (or attempt to keep) are uncovered for quiet reading in ten short stories by University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh English professor Ron Rindo. What are these secrets? What do men hide from the world? In this book, the secrets are embedded in relationships with women, with

work, with other men, with parents and siblings and children. And the secrets are of beliefs, of dignity or its loss, of loneliness, of each man's identity.

The secrets men keep, and reveal here, are numerous. The title story narrator researches a book on American men, gathering tape-recorded material in a sports bar. He quotes a friend and subject: "It ain't what you let out that gets to you, he says. It's what you have to keep inside." The anger and the laughter and the regrets aren't kept inside for long; they are shared as the men become more comfortable in their casual conversations. The men's brief stories of love and children and work emerge as defenses are lowered.

In a quieter piece, an "Eclipse" is the reason for a rooftop party attended by a nervous couple expecting twins, and the partial darkening of the sun is a metaphor for the mutability of current and future lives. The girl baby dies, but the boy lives, and the reluctant father views him in the hospital: "Michael curled one arm awkwardly over the incubator. He pressed his forehead against the warm glass. His eyes burned. But he could not look away."

In another story the bewildered loneliness of one man's existence is revealed at a hotel conference on extraterrestrial encounters, where he testifies that "Aliens" have taken away his daughter. But the abductors are not, as expected, from outer space. They are "people who smile far too often, people who watch public television, people who can buy my little girl a bigger bicycle each year, when her legs grow."

"Taxidermy and Infidelities" introduces a practitioner of "serial marriage" as seen by his son (and as reported to him by his estranged daughters). The story, framed by a beer-drinking conversation between the two men in a cemetery, evokes the son's reminiscences about his mother and some of his father's other women, including a taxidermist and a mortician who "tattoos the dead." In the end, the son remembers his father, "mounted in his lawn chair, his glass eyes twinkling, a smile permanently hardened on his face."

Another father/son story, "The Blue Heron," relates a father's obsession with housing a menagerie of domestic and exotic creatures after his wife has died. The son's account of the inevitable social conflict is narrated with both awe and comedic refinement.

"Women in the Woods" relates a hunter's discovery of the body of a twelve-year-old girl and the crass way in which the authorities address the crime scene. Worse, the coldly dull principal character is an automatic suspect. His "guilt" is so profound that he must visit the home of the dead girl. Her mother, in the midst of familial confusion and mourning, invites him in.

And "Ten Things I've Heard That I Believe" narrates the dilemma of a middle-aged professor of American folklore as he struggles with the verity of his students' written reports, his own professional and love lives, and his advancing cancer.

The secrets of the men here are revealed obliquely, with little telegraphing or didactics. The stories are generally tight and neatly drawn, and Rindo has moved from the more overt humor enjoyed in his *Suburban Metaphysics* to a more subtle, yet zany, sadness in this second collection.

The book, unfortunately, did not receive the close editing and proofreading it deserved. Rindo's usual polish is marred by problems in syntax, diction, and word choice, and the presentation (and reader) suffers as well from missing punctuation and lost and/or repeated lines. Rindo's otherwise well-crafted work deserved better.

James A. Gollata, director of the library at the University of Wisconsin Center-Richland, is a published poet, short story writer, and essayist.

MAPPING THE FARM: THE CHRONICLE OF A FAMILY by John Hildebrand. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, $23.00.

by Michael E. Ryan

Speaking as a former dirt-fingered boy raised on one of those "disappearing family farms" the media blurbs on every few years when Willie Nelson decides to tack another Roman numeral on the Farm Aid concert series, I haven't been much of a fan of literature on the subject. The spaces between the lines of writing on this subject often yield faint whiffs of the ethnocentric scent of authorial presumption regarding the "plight" of farming and farmers. Frequently the odor is either the righteous aroma of the bucolic life imperiled or the earnest reeking of tragedy most portentous. Both leave me dyspeptic.

It is a relief, then, to find that in *Mapping the Farm*, Eau Claire author John Hildebrand has avoided the pitfalls of patronization and resisted the temptation to cast the potential loss of one more family farm in terms of tragic, pastoral prose.

Perhaps it is because Hildebrand is willing to cast himself as the outsider that he is so successful. Despite his immersion (his wife came of age on the farm he writes about), he never pretends to be at ease or familiar with the land or its people. Even when he lends a hand with the chores, he winds up cutting a comical figure; in one instance, burgeoning pride at his new ability to run a bale stacker is deflated when he finishes his task and realizes he has no idea how to shut off the tractor.

As an outsider on the inside, Hildebrand is able to write what the farmers themselves fail to see: that the very traits essential to a farmer's survival are those which lead to the downfall of the enterprise. The stoic, stubborn acceptance of adversity, a tendency toward self-deprecation, a vision focused on the tasks of the present rather than the trends of a generation—each has its element of vulnerability.

It is also to Hildebrand's credit that he refuses to simply blame the demise of the family farm on soulless outside forces: While he writes with undisguised disgust of the "look-at-me" houses—"ugly as toads"—that push ever closer to his father-in-law's cornfields, he also writes that these houses would be "even more hideous if some of them didn't belong to the sons and daughters of those who once owned the pasture." While providing a sympathetic body of evidence establishing just how

steeply the odds are stacked against the survival of the farmer in the classic sense, he also finds the farmer culpable:

> If this farm is lost, it won't be because of crooked bankers or poor markets or even bad luck. It will be a failure from within when, after four generations on the land, the line of descent finally runs out.

And yet, *Mapping the Farm* is not a gloomy book. These are not gloomy people, and even in the process of foreshadowing ill change, Hildebrand has the ability to tease a bit of humor from the lines:

> Last October, on a warm Indian summer's day, Ed crossed the road to check his mailbox and was nearly run over by a man on skis. The county had recently paved the road and now . . . here was this skier propelling himself up the grade on wheel-mounted skis . . . The skier wore black Lycra tights and a swept-back plastic bicycle helmet; when Ed described him, he might have been discussing some new variety of corn borer.

One need not be a champion of family farms to enjoy this book. Hildebrand's prose reveals a writer able to shift smoothly from the lean, spare music of the truth to sweet runs of sheer lyricism. A cow separated from her calf is described as uttering "a deep trombone glide of remorse." After seeing a group of dairy princess contestants in the local parade, Hildebrand writes,

> The girls look young enough to enjoy riding on the back seat of a red convertible but old enough to understand that once you've been paraded down Main Street in your prom dress there's nothing much left to do except leave, so their stiff-armed waves seem as much farewell as greeting.

If there is a quarrel to be had with *Mapping the Farm*, it is in the lack of focus on Hildebrand's mother-in-law, a woman who raised eight children while a full partner in the enterprise that is farming. The family line was established on the farm in the 1800s by a woman of exceptionally strong character, and Hildebrand's meticulously researched historical re-creation of her life is fascinating. It is to our detriment, I suspect, that we are not given equivalent insight into her contemporary.

Ultimately, however, *Mapping the Farm* is thematically and artistically fulfilling. Hildebrand the outsider proves a master at making the reader an insider.

Michael E. Ryan is a freelance writer who lives in New Auburn.

CRUNCHING GRAVEL: A WISCONSIN BOYHOOD IN THE THIRTIES by Robert Peters. Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1993. 122 pages. $40 cloth. $10.95 paper.

by George Vukelich

Robert Peters is not the first name that leaps to mind when you think of Wisconsin writers and his omission from the three-volume anthology *The Journey Home*, which purports to be The Literature of Wisconsin Through Four Centuries. It is, this publisher admits, embarrassing, to say the least. But who knew about Robert Peters?

With *Crunching Gravel*, Peters proves that he indeed belongs in the Badger pantheon of writers that includes Edna Ferber, Zona Gale, Glenway Wescott, Aldo Leopold, John Muir, Lorine Niedecker, Edna Meudt, Chad Walsh, Black Sparrow Hawk, Mountain Wolf Woman, and dozens of other writers who also sprouted and grew like wildflowers in this sacred place and did make *The Journey Home.*

Robert Peters, now 70 and an emeritus University of California professor of English, has captured the old Wisconsin north country as well as anyone who ever lived there. He has written an unblinking, unvarnished account of his boyhood up in the Eagle River of the 1930s during the Great Depression, which was not a great time at all. That was before aluminum boats, chainsaws, snowmobiles, TV, Red Owl food stores, and groomed X-county ski trails with Chicago tourists swishing along on them. A lot of the local families back then were on welfare, including the Peters family.

In a way, Robert Peters grew up a typical Wisconsin farm boy, except that his family farmstead had only one cow, three pigs, thirty chickens, and a rooster named Crip. The farm squatted on the shore of mud-bottomed Minnow Lake, which the family stocked with fish because only half of its forty acres was arable, the other half was swampland. The family ate "much fish," as Peters puts it.

"The burden on my father to keep the family supplied with food was immense," he confides. "If there was no money for meat, if the Welfare supplies ran out, there was only one alternative—hunt and fish."

That is still the one alternative for many fathers in the north country today—the many who inhabit shabby houses back in the bush and not sleek condos on the lakes.

"My father worked in town as a mechanic," Peters recalls, "which meant that my mother was alone much of the time. The house built of heavy hewn logs cut by my dad's father, Richard, was utterly primitive. There was an outhouse, and water had to be pumped outside. My mother, hardly more than a girl, worried that a doctor would not be available when she needed him. A month after her seventeenth birthday, I was born. She named me after Robert Louis Stevenson. *A Child's Garden of Verses* was the only book we owned."

To be poor in Eagle River sixty years ago was to live with two obsessive concerns: One was stockpiling enough food for the long, debilitating winter which always seemed to be around the corner; the other concern was surviving that winter in a log house that always had to be chinked afresh, the roof tarpapered anew, and the outside walls banked with a foot-high earthen berm mixed with straw—to prevent cold drafts from flooding in under the old floorboards. It was a dam against the damn cold.

The barn and the outbuildings were prepared for winter the same way, but Peters admits there wasn't much you could do to keep the frost out of the outhouse.

"On many mornings," he recalls, "after a blizzard had swept the seats with snow, you cleaned the seat with your glove, dropped your trousers and planked your hams on the icy boards. We never used chamber pots unless we were ill. The smaller children, afraid of the dark, had to be accompanied to the outhouse by parents or older children holding flashlights."

This is not Lake Wobegon, poet Robert Bly wrote of Peters's book, but rather Hellandgone. Granted, there are nigh bucolic accounts of picking blueberries, catching fish which young Robert learned to "flense" into boneless fillets, and making homemade ice cream—the person who cranked the mixture of blueberries or strawberries, creamed sugar, vanilla-beaten eggs—and ice—got to lick the dasher for an extra serving.

But there is also the dark side of the north country seen through the eyes of a young boy who stored it all inside until it could get put down on paper by the grownup writer that north country boy eventually became. He saw the racism in Eagle River toward the "drunken Indians" who lived in decaying shacks over at Lac du Flambeau. He saw Jews excluded from all resorts in the area except the one called Eagle Waters. He saw that no black people were visible in town, neither as inhabitants nor as tourists.

Peters's evocation of the tough years Up North—and the bad old days there—will resonate with many Old Timers who'll admit that they wouldn't take a million dollars for that hard-scrabble experience, and they also wouldn't give a thin dime to go through it again.

It is truly remarkable that Robert Peters went on to acquire three degrees from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, including a doctorate, and then proceeded to carve out—would he say "flense?"—a distinguished career as a poet, critic, scholar, playwright, editor, and teacher at eight universities, concluding with twenty-seven years at the University of California-Irvine.

Even more remarkable is that his sister Nell, with his loving support and encouragement, has set down her own autobiography in the startlingly brilliant *Nell's Story.* But that's another review [winter issue].

George Vukelich was a writer, radio personality, and publisher. He also was the husband of our associate Helen, a member of the Academy, and a friend. He died suddenly at his home on July 4.

THE HUNGER YEARS IN THE FRENCH ZONE OF DIVIDED GERMANY, 1946-1947 by Joel Carl Welty. Beloit College Press, 1993. 352 pages.

by Patricia C. Anderson

At the end of World War II, the victorious Allies (U.S., Britain, the Soviet Union, and France) temporarily divided Germany into four zones of occupation. The horrors of war had not ended with the shooting. Europe was in economic ruins. Refugees made up at least one-fifth of the population. The housing shortage was desperate. People were starving. Much needed to be done.

The American Friends Service Committee, started by Quakers at the end of World War I to feed starving European children, was among the first to provide a relief program in 1945. Guided by their earlier experience, the AFSC appealed for volunteers to work in Europe. One who applied was Carl Welty, a forty-five-year-old professor and head of the biology department at Beloit College. Although Welty was not a Quaker, he had attended Quaker schools (Earlham College for biology and Haverford for philosophy). Before getting his Ph.D. in zoology from the University of Chicago, Welty had worked at a Canadian lumber camp in a Quaker literacy program. He greatly admired Quaker social service projects. The Quakers selected him for his administrative talents as well as his practical experience (he had worked with the crew to build his own house) and assigned him to lead a team in Koblenz which was in the French Occupation Zone of western Germany.

This book is a collection of the letters he wrote to his wife, Susan, from October 1945 to July 1946. Because the AFSC had asked its workers not to publish anything—for fear some criticism might cause political trouble—Susan Welty dutifully filed away the letters, and they were not rediscovered for nearly fifty years. Beloit College published them in 1993 with comments by Welty's widow. This collection of personal letters provides not only a unique perspective on post-war Germany but also introduces the reader to Carl Welty as a man of compassion and commitment whose efforts and principles contributed to the restoration of community in Koblenz.

Welty's letters are full of astute, poignant, and often humorous observations on the life around him. Living with German families and sharing deprivation during the record cold winter of 1945-46, he established many life-long friendships. Welty was impressed by the courage and resilience of these people. Attending a local symphony concert in shoddy and uncomfortable surroundings, he observed that watching "the musicians . . . you could easily imagine that music was the one luxury they had left in the world." The great appreciation of the German families for Welty's small gifts regularly embarrassed him, and he commented on the "wisdom and Quakerly ethics of giving away cigarettes" which became articles of barter in the black market. He was heartened by the generosity of Dutch farmers who, in spite of their treatment during the war, banded together to send a truckload of vegetables to feed German children in Oberhausen every week. "It is a beautiful example of Friendly cooperation and reconciliation," he wrote to his wife.

The letters clearly demonstrate that Welty was a "Friendly" leader and recorder of this Quaker relief project.

Patricia C. Anderson was executive director of the Wisconsin Humanities Committee from 1973 through 1993.

"Laugh, Cry, Pass the Soup. It Was All There": The Wisconsin Authors Speak Grant Project.

by James A. Gollata

The quotation in the title was penned on an evaluation form by an appreciative participant after a reading by University of Wisconsin–Madison poet Ron Wallace at "The Springs" this March. The presentation, sponsored primarily by the Brossard Memorial Library at Spring Green, was one of ten programs funded with $200 grants to Wisconsin writers by the Wisconsin Academy's Center for the Book through the generosity of the Center for the Book at the Library of Congress and the Lila Wallace Reader's Digest Fund.

Grant applications, open to non-profit agencies, were judged on the basis of community outreach, rationale for the choice of speaker, and thoroughness of planning. Partnerships between requesting agencies were required, and the response was gratifying. Over 100 enquiries about the grants were received, with 37 applications submitted. A simple post-event reporting form was provided, and applicants were encouraged to illustrate how they promoted the events, which all took place during the first five months of this year. Grants were then paid directly to the presenting authors. Attendance at the events ranged from 33 to 710!

The final selections resulted in a wide geographic range within the state; a mixture of children's and adult authors; fiction, poetry, and other genres being represented; academic as well as independent authors participating; and cooperative community involvement. In each case, the criteria established by the selection committee were met.

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The written remark quoted above, referring to the presentation by Ron Wallace, exemplifies the enthusiasm and gratitude reported by participants in the various settings around the state. Wallace was winner of the 1995 Banta Award (given by the Wisconsin Library Association for the best book by a Wisconsin writer published during the previous year) for his recent collection of poems, *Time's Fancy*.

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Other presentations included:

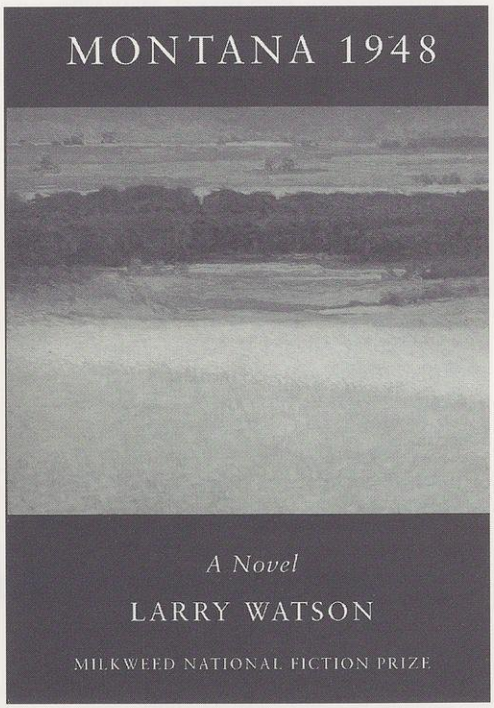
- Lois Ehlert, author and illustrator of books for children, including the Caldecott Honor Book *Color Zoo*, spoke with school children in kindergarten through third grade and fourth grade through sixth at two sessions at the New Auburn Elementary School.

Lois Ehlert.

- Larry Watson, author of the 1994 Banta Award book, *Montana 1948,* and a new novel, *Justice*, read to a group of patrons at the Janesville Public Library. Watson teaches English at the University of Wisconsin– Stevens Point and is co-director of the Central Wisconsin Writing Project.
- Denise Sweet, member of the Anishinabe (Ojibwe) tribe at White Earth, Minnesota, and assistant professor of English at the University of Wisconsin–Green Bay, offered a poetry seminar titled "Know by Heart" at the University of Wisconsin Center-Marinette. Sweet was recently featured as one of four Native American writers in the anthology *Days of Obsidian, Days of Grace*.

Illustration by Gretchen Will Mayo from her book titled Star Tales *published by Walker and Company in 1987.*

- J.D. Whitney presented a poetry reading to students and faculty at the University of Wisconsin Center–Baraboo. Whitney is a much published poet whose most recent collection is titled *What Grandmother Said.* He teaches English at the University of Wisconsin Center–Marathon County, in Wausau.
- Millie Stanley, author of *The Heart of John Muir's World: Wisconsin, Family, and Wilderness Discovery*, presented her work at the Platteville City Hall and at the University of Wisconsin–Platteville under the auspices of the Southwest Wisconsin Association of Librarians during its annual conference. Stanley lives in Pardeeville.
- "The Story of a Story," on the history of *Keep the Lights Burning, Abbie* from its origin to publication, was presented by Peter Roop at the Pardeeville Elementary School in daytime and evening sessions. Roop has written twenty-five children's books and was Wisconsin Teacher of the Year in 1986.
- Michael Roberts, member of the Oneida Nation of Wisconsin, offered poetry and a discussion of his writing techniques at the University of Wisconsin Center-Waukesha. Co-sponsors were the center library and the Delafield Public Library.
- Two awards were granted to author and illustrator Gretchen Will Mayo, whose many works include *Star Tales*, *Earthmaker's Tales*, and *Meet Tricky Coyote*. Mayo presented in sessions (including the one attended by 710 people!) and at writing workshops at Brillion Public Library, Reedsville Elementary School, Sparta Middle School, and Sparta High School.



From publicity documents, the anecdotal responses shared on the follow-up form, and the attendance numbers, it is clear that the project was a success. Especially gratifying were the responses of the children who were delighted to meet a "real live" author with whom they could share their interests in books and reading, their enthusiasm, and their creative dreams. Indeed, for all who attended the various sessions, the opportunity to hear and speak with authors in locations around Wisconsin was a special one, one which showed that literature and its appreciation are strong and continuous in the state.

"Laugh, cry, pass the soup. It was all there." In fact, it has been here in Wisconsin since 1836, date of the state's first published work, and it will continue to be so.

James A. Gollata served as chair of the Wisconsin Authors Speak Grant Committee and is president-elect of the Wisconsin Academy's Center for the Book. He is director of the library at University of Wisconsin Center-Richland.

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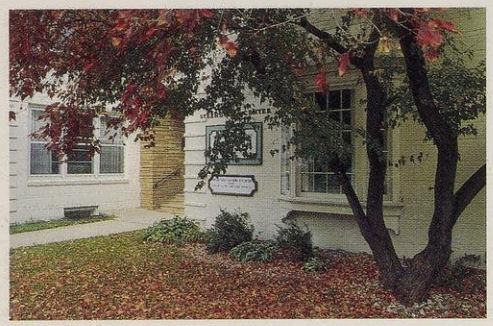

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