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FAMILY STORIES
ART & ARCHITECTURE

Wisconsin Academy Review

A JOURNAL OF WISCONSIN CULTURE

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Summer 1998 Volume 44, Number 3

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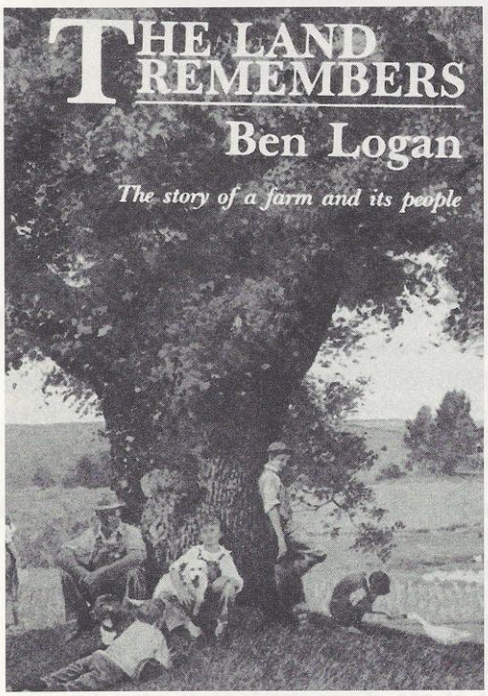

FRONT COVER: Spiritual Knockings at Omro *by Bert Brouwer. Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 36 inches, 1997.*

BACK COVER: What Comes Over the Devil's Back Goes Under His Belly *by Bert Brouwer. Acrylic on wood panel, 29 x 59 inches, 1997.*

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

Editor's Notes

"Remember only this one thing," said Badger. "The stories people tell have a way of taking care of them. If stories come to you, care for them. And learn to give them away where they are needed. Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive. That is why we put these stories in each other's memory. This is how people care for themselves."

From *Crow and Weasel* by Barry Lopez

Wisconsin author Ben Logan writes that authentic storytelling "celebrates the everyday lives of ordinary people whose stories tell me they are not ordinary at all." Logan laments what he perceives to be waning interest in storytelling and comments on "how rarely Americans tell their own stories," given all the other ways we find to entertain ourselves these days. So in this issue of the *Review* we not only have Ben Logan's personal story about home and family, but stories by others who have taken the time to write about their lives—thus, in Logan's words, enabling us to "know who we are" and carry "our values to new generations."

The names Uihlein and Trostel are familiar to us in Wisconsin, most particularly in Milwaukee. John K. Notz Jr. provides us with a sense of his family history and the way in which a Chicago forebear, Edward G. Uihlein, became interested in the legendary Jens Jensen in the late nineteenth century and proved to be a significant factor in Jensen's eventual success as a major landscape architect. Along the way we gain insight into earlier, colorful days in Door County and Lake Geneva.

Neil Schmitz makes his home in Buffalo, New York, but is haunted by voices from the past which came to him through an old family diary. Troubling and unexplained memories of his Wisconsin childhood are finally resolved through his persistence in tracking down the truth, resulting in the moving story which he shares with us.

Stories about Wisconsin history come to us through the Aldersons' profile of one of our state's most interesting pioneers, Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, and visually in our cover art and Galleria department, where artist Bert Brouwer explores such themes as the early presence of the French in Wisconsin and the extirpation of the passenger pigeon. Arts administrator Michael Flanagan's essay on Brouwer's paintings offers interpretation and appreciation. Virginia Jones Maher contributes a photo essay on turn-of-the-century craftsman Cyril Colnik, whose elegant wrought iron work still graces parts of Milwaukee. Artist Charles Munch adds a contemporary story as he describes his modern-day venture as art courier to Australia, with priceless old master paintings in his care.

The fall issue of the Review will feature papers from the recent Academy symposium titled "Genesis and Legacy: Wisconsin's Environmental Pioneers" and will be produced by a guest editor.

Jens Jensen's landscaping for the Albert O. Trostel estate in Milwaukee. Courtesy Mrs. Albert O. Trostel, Jr. (see p. 8). Inset: *Clara Uihlein Trostel in the 1940s. Courtesy Alice Uihlein Banner.*

Faith B. Miracle

Wisconsin Academy Gallery schedule:

June	John Wilde, paintings
July	Beth Handzlik, paintings
August	Norbert H. Kox and Lori Jae Reich, paintings

CONTRIBUTORS

▶ Jo Bartels Alderson and J. Michael Alderson of Oshkosh are co-authors of *The Man Mazzuchelli: Pioneer Priest*, published in 1974 and still in print. The Aldersons graduated from Milton College where they were active in dramatics. Both are award-winning poets whose work has appeared in various anthologies and magazines throughout the United States. Their historical articles have been published in state and national publications.

▶ Elaine Cavanaugh lives and works in Delafield. She is a former regional vice president (Milwaukee area) for Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets. She lived in numerous cities throughout the United States and also in India and Pakistan. She has been employed as a teacher, tutor, and photographer. Her work appears in numerous publications.

▶ Michael Flanagan is the director of the Crossman Gallery at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater. He received a grant from the Wisconsin Arts Board to organize an exhibition of the 1996 Wisconsin Arts Board Visual Arts and Media Arts Fellowship Award winners, a show which included artist Bert Brouwer. In addition to his work at the Crossman Gallery, he teaches gallery management and art survey courses and volunteers at the Walker's Point Center for the Arts in Milwaukee.

▶ George Gott taught composition, creative writing, and literature for many years at the University of Wisconsin–Superior and recently retired. His poetry has appeared in two chapbooks, *Birds and Horses* and *Watching the River,* as well as in numerous magazines and anthologies. In addition, he has published a book of poems titled *Here and There*.

▶ Ben Logan—novelist, nonfiction writer, editor, lecturer, teacher, and award-winning producer/writer for television and radio—returned from New York to Wisconsin in 1986 and now lives and writes at Seldom Seen farm, his boyhood home near Gays Mills. His published works include *The Land Remembers* (1975), *Empty Meadows* (1991), and *Christmas Remembered* (1997).

▶ Virginia Jones Maher holds a master's degree in art history from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. She is an independent writer, lecturer, and curator and the author of *The Spirit of the Times: American Arts and Crafts Furniture* and numerous articles and papers on American art and architecture. She curated the 1996 exhibition *Modern Bias/Contemporary Viewpoints* at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee art museum. She teaches art history at Cardinal Stritch College in Milwaukee.

▶ Neil J. McCarty majored in English at the University of Notre Dame, took his J.D. degree at Harvard Law School, and practiced law in Kaukauna and vicinity for thirty-eight years. After retiring to Door County, he became interested in poetry during a week at The Clearing with Norbert Blei. He studied subsequently in the University of Minnesota's Split Rock program under Carolyn Forché and Michael Dennis Browne, and is present honing his skills in a northeastern Wisconsin poetry round robin and in a Door County poets group. His poems have recently been published in *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar*, *The Door Voice*, and *Rag Mag*.

▶ Charles Munch grew up near St. Louis but spent part of every summer in Door County. He studied painting in New York and Portland, Oregon, and graduated from Reed College in Portland. His training as a painting conservator came through an apprenticeship with the conservator at the Frick Collection in New York. He shows his paintings regularly in Madison, Milwaukee, and Chicago galleries, and works as an art conservator throughout Wisconsin.

▶ John K. Notz Jr. is a great-grandson of Edward G. Uihlein. Since his retirement from practicing law in Chicago, he has researched in standard and nonstandard sources Chicago and Geneva Lake history of 1885–1915 for several papers which he has presented for The Chicago Literary Club. He has a strong interest in Jens Jensen's landscape designs, Prairie School architecture, various architectural preservation projects in southern Walworth County, and his own family history, which he is researching both here in the United States and in Europe.

▶ Neil Schmitz is a professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of *Of Huck and Alice: Humorous Writing in American Literature* (1984) and has written widely on nineteenth-century, modern, and contemporary American literature. His most recent essays are "Black Hawk and Indian Irony" in the *Arizona Quarterly* (Winter 1992), "Mark Twain's Civil War" in the *Cambridge Companion to Mark Twain* (1995), and "Faulkner and the Post-Confederate" in *Faulkner and the Cultural Context* (1997).

▶ Sandy Walejko is a graduate of the University of Wisconsin–Platteville, where she studied English and psychology. Prompted by a friend, she recently began to consider publishing some of her poems. She lives in Livingston, where she is a teacher in the Iowa-Grant School District.

Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli: Pioneer Priest, Architect, Educator, and Citizen

by Jo Bartels Alderson and J. Michael Alderson

When the new Wisconsin state legislature met in May 1848, one of its initial acts was to incorporate a college at Sinsinawa in the southwestern part of the state. The founder of the college, a young Italian missionary priest named Mazzuchelli, had served as chaplain when the territorial legislators met for the first time in Belmont in 1836, and he continued to play a prominent role in the early days of statehood as a civic and cultural leader as well as dedicated clergyman.

Born in 1806 into a family of wealthy bankers and merchants in Milan, Mazzuchelli had come to America in 1828 to participate in the development of the new nation. Except for a trip home to Italy in 1844, during which time he wrote his Memoirs, he spent his life sharing his intelligence and varied talents with the people of the Upper Mississippi region.

During the early 1830s the young priest traveled between Mackinac and Prairie du Chien on horseback, by canoe, and often on foot. In his *Memoirs* he describes an eight-day journey from Green Bay to Prairie du Chien in September of 1832 in the company of Judge James Duane Doty:

> At that period there was no travel possible in that part of the country except on horseback, as there were neither roads nor bridges; a little winding path traced by the feet of the Indians through the woods and over vast natural meadows was the only road. The rivers that were not too broad or deep were crossed on horseback; over the others, the animal was made to swim alone to the opposite bank, and the traveler followed in a little canoe hollowed out of a log; when no ford could be found, a rude and perilous bridge was thrown across by felling a tree tall enough to reach from one bank to the other.

Portrait of Samuel Charles Mazzuchelli at age eighteen, before he left Italy for Wisconsin. Painted by Francesco Podesti in 1825.

Mazzuchelli describes a typical winter scene in early Wisconsin:

> The greatest, most dreaded peril on these vast prairies is caused by the falling snow, so as to completely cover the track, and shutting out the slightest view of the surroundings, even of east and west, desperate is the condition then of one who finds himself in such a strait when the fury of the freezing wind, with the dense, powdery snow, so confuses him that he loses his way and is forced in spite of himself to stop his horse under the stormy sky, and wait until the fury of the storm passes by.

In 1835 Mazzuchelli visited the lead-mining district in the southwestern part of the territory, and it was there that he made his home until his death in 1864. He was responsible for designing and building more than twenty-five churches and public buildings in areas we now know as Wisconsin, Iowa, and, Illinois. He learned how land was acquired, how and why cities grew, and all aspects of frontier life. In his *Memoirs* he recorded his findings. When he turned his acute powers of analysis upon the middle frontier, he gave a vivid picture of an era:

> Although the colonists had desired the civilization of the natives, they were not willing to sacrifice their own interests on that account, so they kept moving forward to cultivate the most fertile lands and most beautiful sites or most healthful positions along the great River. The traders greedy for gain introduced that traffic by which the simple native could never have any advantage but was a victim of one more wary than he, and one whose bad example taught him evil ways.

More than a priest, Mazzuchelli was a scholar, linguist, scientist, teacher, artist, urban planner, landscape designer, and archi-

tect. When the Iowa legislature decided to lay out a new capital and call it Iowa City, Samuel Mazzuchelli was consulted. It has been said that he designed the whole community. Most certainly he was involved in the construction of the Iowa statehouse, which is a piece of classic architecture reminiscent of Rome. Old records show that Mazzuchelli designed the building and John Francis Rague drew the blueprints. One of the features of the building is a "hanging stairway" which spirals up gracefully through two stories without any visible means of support. It was a marvel of beauty and construction in its day and, now a part of the University of Iowa, it still is.

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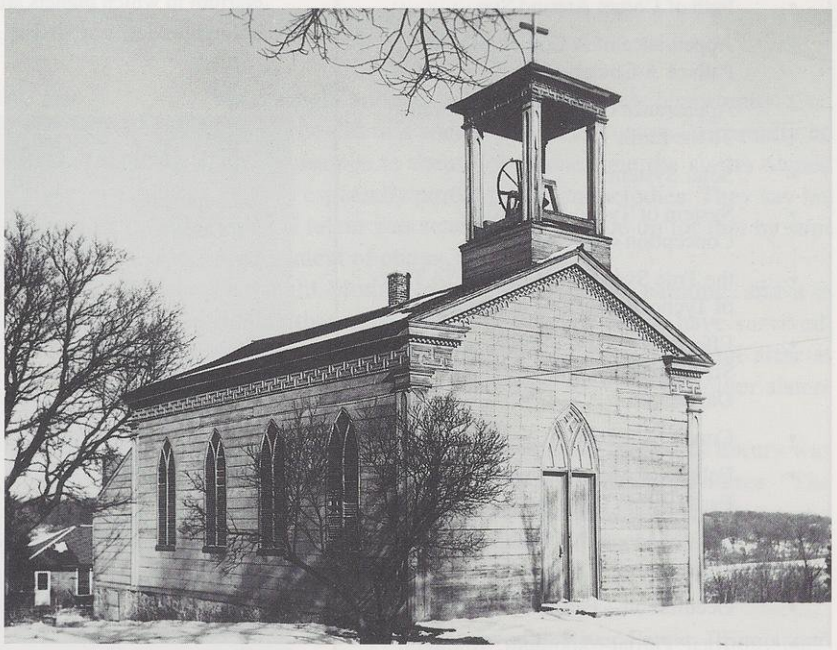
On September 28, 1844, Mazzuchelli purchased Sinsinawa Mound in southwestern Wisconsin from George Wallace Jones and his wife, Josephine, for the price of $6,500; and in May of the following year the cornerstone for a college was laid at the Mound. The stone for the building was taken from the Mound itself, and the old quarry can be seen today on the eastern slope of the hill. The property also supplied the necessary wood. While a college had always been his ultimate intention for acquiring the property, Sinsinawa also was to be the home of a novitiate.

Original stone building at Sinsinawa, designed and built by Mazzuchelli in 1846–47.

Mazzuchelli's work took on a whole new dimension when the order of Dominican Tertiary Sisters was established in August 1847. Though the sisters relocated to Benton for a time, they purchased the Mound after Mazzuchelli's death, returned to that location, and maintain their motherhouse at Sinsinawa to this day.

In 1857 Mazzuchelli built a large stone church in Benton, which he named St. Patrick's. It was here that he spent his final years, serving several nearby communities and establishing St. Clara Academy, which was primarily staffed by the Dominican sisters.

The years when Samuel Mazzuchelli taught at St. Clara Academy were rich ones for him and for his students. He was an excellent teacher and a most human one. He believed good times and teaching went together and often would follow something like an astronomy lecture with a taffy pull.



St. Augustine's Church in New Diggings, one of the masterworks of Wisconsin architecture, designed and built by Mazzuchelli in 1844. The nine-inch planks used for the exterior were tooled to simulate stone, reminiscent of the magnificent Italian churches Mazzuchelli knew in his youth. It is now on the Wisconsin Preservation Trust list of threatened buildings.

On clear winter nights he would take out the telescope, and everyone would explore the wonders of the universe. Peter Leo Johnson reported in *Salesianum* in October 1954: "The pupils might tire of the starry panorama, clump overshoes on the frozen ground and add the chattering of teeth in pleas that the informal laboratory period be shortened, but the Sisters listened and learned, and the instructor had his way until the last iota of tribute to the truth of the textbook had been paid."

Samuel Mazzuchelli also had astronomical slides, projected perhaps by means of a miner's lantern or perhaps merely held to the light in some sort of frame fitted with a lens. These slides are remarkable for their ingenuity and the clarity with which they explain astronomical problems. Some of them were from the Benjamin Pike Company of New York; some are most certainly not commercial, although made with the same quality

Astronomy lantern slides used by Father Mazzuchelli at Benton. It is believed that he made many of these slides, which are on exhibit at Sinsinawa.

- Rotundity of Earth (Not Movable)
- Aspects of the Moon
- Half Moon Fails To Show Rotundity
- Eclipse of Sun or Moon Shows Rotundity
- Phases of Moon: Earth's Inclination on Axis: Sun Shining on Earth
- the Sun with Its Spots
- Rotundity of Moon Shown by Eclipse
- Sun?
- Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars
- Jupiter with Four Moons
- Saturn with Seven Satellites
- Saturn-one View
- Neptune?
- Path of Comet Around Sun
- Appearance of A Comet: Moving Path of A Comet
- Appearance of Planets by Reference To the Earth
- Solar System
- System of Tycho-Brae, His Conception of the Universe
- the True System, In Contrast To That of Tycho-Brae. Paths of Comets
- Effects When Two Bodies Are Same Size: Cone of Light—Cone of Darkness
- Cone of Darkness
- Eclipse of Moon Eclipses Portion of Earth within Its Cone of Darkness
- Shift of Moon: No Darkness, No Interception
- Occultation—Partial Eclipses
- Total, Partial-Maximum, Minimum Eclipse
- Movement of Earth Around Sun
- Movement of Satellite Around Sun, As It Appears In the Zodiac
- Tides When Sun And Moon Are In Conjunction
- Tides When Sun And Moon Are In Opposition: Same Effect As Above
- Tide Caused by Moon, Nullified by Sun

of craftsmanship and betrayed only by the different appearance of the materials. These latter are thought to have been made by Samuel himself.

According to Peter Leo Johnson, Mazzuchelli introduced the laboratory method of teaching science in Wisconsin. The scientific instruments used at St. Clara were the best of their day, more advanced than those the University of Wisconsin had at the time. These instruments also were purchased from Pike's, whose 1856 catalog describes them in detail and adds notes on their use, a kind of catalog and teacher's manual all in one.

The instruments are discussed in a paper preserved in the Sinsinawa archives:

> Wondering but loyal pupils regarded this (galvanic) battery as no improvement on the candy jars Father had previously used, but the electric bells with pith balls were decidedly new; also, the 20-inch Aurora tube with which the guinea and feather experiments [were conducted] were always successful. Wheatstone's stereoscope revealed perspective with startling realism, and a small model of the Morse telegraph brought home to them how the inventor had in 1844 astonished the world with the faith-inspired message, 'What hath God wrought.' With the dozen colored slides illustrating astronomical phenomena and the two 12-inch revolving globes, terrestrial and celestial, the marvels of creation and the facts of history and geography were better apprehended.
>
> Other items, the pupils thought, were for pure entertainment: the moveable planetarium in which planets and satellites in decorous procession encircled the sun, the color blender, gay as the spectrum in repose but white with excitement when

"The Journey Tracers"

On September 21, 1995, a group of "Mazzuchelli Journey Tracers" from Sinsinawa left Chicago O'Hare Airport for Rome aboard Alitalia, Italian Airlines, to visit Father Samuel Mazzuchelli's birthplace and other significant sites of his childhood and young adult life in Italy and Switzerland. The tour included a visit to Santa Sabina, the headquarters of the Dominican Order in Rome. Santa Sabina houses the cell of St. Dominic and is the place where young Samuel Mazzuchelli studied. The group also stopped at the town of Faenza, where Mazzuchelli entered the Dominican Order.

Milano, the city where Mazzuchelli was born, provided the greatest inspiration. The Mazzuchelli home, which was razed in 1929, had stood directly behind the great Duomo, and the fountain where young Samuel played as a boy was located behind the Cathedral Square.

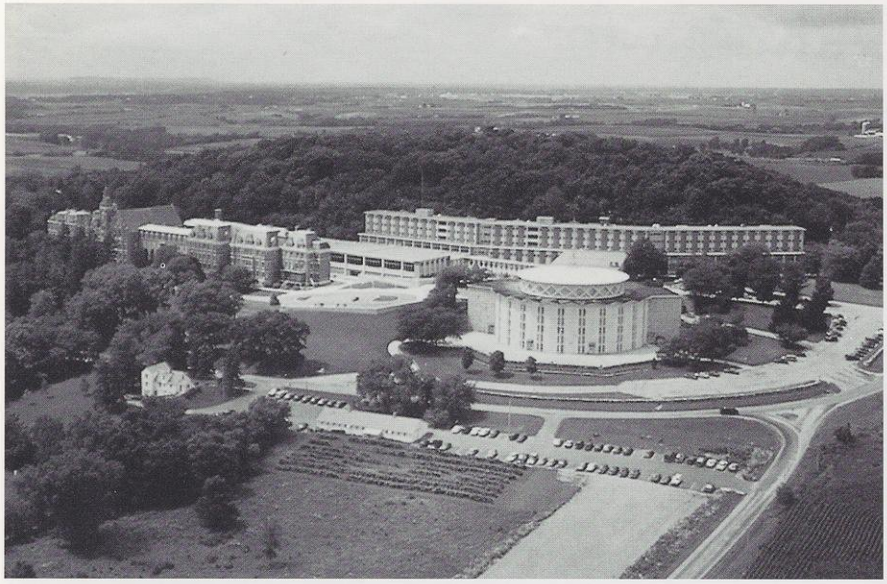
After leaving Milano for Lugano, the group went in search of *Via Samuel Mazzuchelli*. They discovered the street on the outskirts of the town, marked with a sign which read:

Mazzuchelli
Explorer and Missionary
1806–1864

Lugano is the town where the boy Mazzuchelli attended a military school. Conducted by the Somaschi Fathers, the school provided training for statesmen and religious leaders. At one time, the school was kept open by Napoleon Bonaparte.

Lugano was the final stop on the tour, and on October 2 the group returned to the United States rich with memories and impressions. In the words of one traveler, "Father Samuel became alive."

Excerpts from the Mazzuchelli Bulletin.



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1834.

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BODJIWIKWED

OR GREEN BAY

ABOVE: Sinsinawa Mounds, the Dominican Motherhouse, in southwestern Wisconsin as it appears today. The original stone building can be seen second from the left.

RIGHT: Title page (facsimile) of the 1834 almanac which Mazzuchelli published in the Menominee language. This was the first printing job done in Wisconsin.

twirled; the hand-turned color-wheel with its instructive dissolving and restoring of the primary and secondary colors; and 5 and 7-ply battery of horseshoe magnets so tenacious of steel; the electric swing with its girlish figurine whose one duty was to illustrate the principle of attraction and repulsion; the four revolving horsemen who performed on their insulated stool; the egg-stand by which a shock could be passed with amazing and laughable results, and the electrical firehouse which, set ablaze but never destroyed, showed the luminous passage of electricity.

The complete inventory included, also, Magdeburg spheres, a magnetic beam engine, an early electric motor, an instrument to illustrate the principle of inertia, a first condenser, apparatus to show the center of gravity and illustrate electric discharge from points, another to show the swift and unerring passage of electricity despite gaps in its conduits, father of the neon sign. Still preserved and identified by contemporary sources these items bear witness to the leadership of one who, an authentic voice of the Church, was also an exponent of its friendly relationship with science.

Many of these artifacts still survive at Sinsinawa.

Mazzuchelli also taught the first courses in "natural philosophy," or physics, in the state. In 1859 he taught "human affairs," using the *National Democrat* of Dubuque and magazines as his texts. He spared no pains in seeking out material to use in his courses. In August 1861 he wrote to "S. Bronson" in Elizabeth, New Jersey, asking him to recommend a good history of France, in French, English, and Italian, not too voluminous, which would be useful in preparing lectures at St. Clara.

Mazzuchelli encouraged the arts at every opportunity. One of the ways he did this was to purchase pianos. Apparently he had little resistance to them, for at one time the sisters owned five. He was especially partial to Italian melodies. They say his own musical talent was scanty, but he made up for that by supporting the talent of others.

He taught Mother Joanna the art of oil painting, and it is unfortunate that none of his work is known to have survived, although the head of Christ painted on the original altar at Benton may be his work. He taught some of the other sisters languages.

He loved books and believed in using them. His library was never locked but was open for students' use at all times. "The Missionary House" of Sinsinawa Mound was the recipient of a gift of 200 of Mazzuchelli's books.

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In 1970 St. Clara Academy moved to River Forest, Illinois, and is known today as Dominican University. The original building at Sinsinawa, designed by Mazzuchelli and constructed in 1846, still stands among the newer, more modern buildings there. Other buildings credited to him remain at Galena (1835), Prairie du Chien (1839), Iowa City (1840), New Diggings (1844), and Benton (1852). ❧

Excerpts from The Man Mazzuchelli: Pioneer Priest *©1974 by Jo Bartels Alderson and J. Michael Alderson, available through THE COMPANY for Wisconsin Arts, Inc., 1950 Georgia St., Oshkosh, WI 54901. Photos courtesy Dominican Archives at Sinsinawa.*

Edward G. Uihlein, Advocate for Landscape Architect Jens Jensen

by John K. Notz Jr.

I recall my mother telling of childhood summers in Wisconsin, spent with her family at Welker's Resort in Fish Creek—a structure that I understand survives and is known today as The Whooping Swan. I recall old photographs of my mother at a girl's camp in the southerly reaches of what is now Peninsula State Park in Door County. I recall parts of summers I spent with my mother's mother at Thorp's Hotel and Cottages in Fish Creek, in the little log house that still stands. From its small stone terrace, my grandmother could be the "Queen Bee," observing and participating in everything about her. Somewhere in this recollection is the crank-style telephone used at Thorp's as late as the 1940s, the sole contact for all of Fish Creek with the outside world at the time.

I wish that I could recall my grandmother, Clara Uihlein Trostel, mentioning Jens Jensen or The Clearing at Ellison Bay. I do recall my mother, some years later, speaking of The Clearing and, even later, of The Ridges Sanctuary at Baileys Harbor and of Jensen's involvement in both. My mother's high regard for both places led me to visit them on my own—first, probably, in the 1960s, as by then I had returned from military service, was unmarried, and had time on my hands.

My mother was Elinor Trostel of Milwaukee. Her grandfather Trostel, with a man named Gallun, started to operate a cattle hide tanning business in Milwaukee in 1858. But I am not writing about leather; I am writing about landscape architecture, because in 1905 the second son of the progenitor Trostel, my grandfather, Albert O. Trostel, married Clara Uihlein, eldest daughter of Edward G. Uihlein of Chicago. In 1907 Clara and Albert—likely at the instigation of Clara—began construction of a large residence at approximately what is now 3200 North Lake Drive, on the then outskirts of Milwaukee (see p. 3). She commissioned Eugene R. Liebert as architect and George Mann Niedecken as interior designer; and in 1909–1910, because of work done by Jens Jensen for her father, she asked Jensen to design the landscape for her new home.

In 1936 the place was so damaged by fire that my grandmother Clara elected to demolish the house, and she moved elsewhere in the neighborhood; but her son—my mother's brother—converted the large garage into a residence for himself, his wife, and his young family. Some years later, he moved out of the converted garage, and my grandmother moved in. As I was her eldest grandchild and a frequent visitor, I became aware of its environs. I have a clear recollection of a long, narrow lawn, with Lake Michigan beyond it to the east. Based on what I now know, the vista to the east was a classic Jensen "long view," with an unmanicured woods all along the left, and on the right a sharp drop-off into a ravine. While I have not returned to the site since my grandmother's death in October 1956, I suspect that the "long view" has been obliterated by subdivision.

The vista to the east was a classic Jensen "long view," with an unmanicured woods all along the left, and on the right a sharp drop-off into a ravine.

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Clara Uihlein Trostel was a Chicago "U-line" not a Milwaukee "E-line"; her father was the third of seven Uihlein brothers who left Germany for the United States and the only one who remained in Chicago. Toward the end of an apprenticeship in Miltenberg, on the Main River in southern Germany, he had emigrated from his birthplace in Wertheim to the United States in June 1864, during the Civil War, in the company of members of the Franz Joseph Uhrig family, then of St Louis but later of Milwaukee. The Uhrigs had returned to visit the "Old Country" and had been staying at the Uihlein family *Gasthaus zur Krone*, or Inn of the Crown, in Wertheim-am-Main. I surmise that it was because of the Uhrig family that Edward Uihlein began his

The conservatory built in 1888 for Edward G. Uihlein's Wicker Park property in Chicago. Courtesy Mrs. Albert O. Trostel Jr.

American life in St. Louis rather than in Milwaukee. Whatever the story may have been, by the time of the Great Chicago Fire in October 1871, Edward Uihlein had moved to Chicago, though initially he had no connection with the brewing business.

The fateful fire destroyed the greater part of Chicago's brewing capacity, but it did not adversely affect Edward Uihlein's business, as he was located west of the Chicago River. By January 1872, however, Edward's uncle by marriage, Joseph Schlitz, had persuaded him to abandon his own business, and Edward became the Chicago agent of the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company of Milwaukee. In this capacity, he was in charge of the "export" business—meaning the transportation, distribution, and sale of all Schlitz beer that left Milwaukee.

For a number of reasons, the Schlitz product did, in fact, become "The beer that made Milwaukee famous." Its export business was quite successful—so successful that by 1877, Edward Uihlein had built a large residence for his family in Chicago's Wicker Park area. In 1888 he added a large horticultural conservatory immediately next door to the house, and it was said in 1893 to be the largest privately owned conservatory in the Chicago area.

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Edward Uihlein's first firm connection with Jens Jensen may have been the result of Uihlein's appointment by Illinois Governor John Peter Altgeld as a commissioner of Chicago's West Parks System in 1894, a position he held through 1896, while Jensen was superintendent of Union Park and other small parks of Chicago's West Parks System. In 1897 Jensen rose to become superintendent of Humboldt Park, and Uihlein, during his time as a West Parks commissioner, had become known as the "Father of Humboldt Park." (There is an earlier possible date for Uihlein and Jensen to have met: the 1892 dedication of the new statue of Alexander von Humboldt in the Chicago park named in his honor.)

Certainly by January 1896, a firm connection between the two men was evident, because, according to its original minute

book, "James Jensen" was elected a member of The Horticultural Society of Chicago. (A resurrected organization bearing a similar name now operates The Chicago Botanic Garden in Glencoe, Illinois.) Edward Uihlein had been a vice president of that organization almost from its inception in 1890; and in 1891 Mrs. Edward Uihlein had been elected a member, perhaps to set a pattern for the election of Mrs. Potter Palmer, famed in part as the "President of the Board of Lady Managers" of the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

For many years, Jensen was the only member of the horticultural society not identified with the substantial, monied people of Chicago. While the membership nomination documents apparently have not survived, I believe that Jensen's sponsor was Edward Uihlein.

Edward G. Uihlein in 1902 at Forest Glen, his Lake Geneva home. Courtesy Edward Uihlein Notz.

In early 1897, notwithstanding considerable lobbying by both Democrats and Republicans, Edward Uihlein was removed from his West Parks commissionership by Governor Tanner, who had been a beneficiary of Altgeld's pardon of the alleged conspirators in the Haymarket incident.

In the fall of 1899, Jensen had complained so persistently of the graft in the operation of the West Parks System that his employment by the system was abruptly and noisily terminated. That story is well known. What is not well documented is how Jensen earned a living for his family until he was rehired by the West Parks commissioners shortly after Bernard Eckhart, raised in Milwaukee but by 1905 a prominent Chicago reformer with a mission of eliminating corruption, was appointed president of West Parks commissioners who succeeded those appointed in 1897 by Governor Tanner. I have concluded that Edward Uihlein encouraged Eckhart to help restore Jensen's position with the West Parks System—now as its landscape czar. But that happy interim ending comes near the conclusion of my story, rather than at its beginning.

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In 1900, in the report for the annual meeting of the American Parks and Outdoor Art Association, one finds both Jens Jensen and Edward Uihlein among the association's modest membership. Robert Grese, in the appendices of his 1992 biography of Jensen, says of that interesting association:

> American Park and Outdoor Art Association. An organization founded in Louisville, KY, in 1897, as a general association of persons interested in parks, outdoor sculpture and landscape art. Warren H. Manning and O.C. Simonds were early leaders in this organization, which was a predecessor to the American Society of Landscape Architects.

During the following years there must have been many contacts between Jens Jensen and O.C. Simonds, who is best known as a designer of Chicago's Graceland Cemetery. Recently I learned that in 1907 these two men were simultaneously elected to membership in the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

If one examines the list of "Residential Projects" in the appendices of Grese's excellent biography of Jensen, one finds a 1901 project for Edward G. Uihlein at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (the documentation is listed as being in the Jensen Collection of The Morton Arboretum in Lisle, Illinois). In fact, that 1901 project appears to be the earliest of such projects by Jensen. I am aware of no such private project of an earlier date.

One also finds, under "Hospitals/Institutional Homes," an 1899 project for St. Ann's Hospital, Chicago, in association with Hugh M.G. Garden. The location of this documentation is not identified; however, in the text under "Public and Institutional Work" (Grese, pp. 103–106) there is considerable discussion of that project and a drawing of it published as a part of an article by Jensen in a 1901 issue of *Park and Cemetery*.

St. Ann's Hospital ceased operating some years ago; a part of its former buildings, in a quite deteriorated section of the Austin district of Chicago, is now a community center. In its lobby one can see a large, aerial photograph—perhaps taken by balloon—of the original hospital structure with its network of paths, just as shown in the drawing reproduced in Grese's text, but barren of plantings. A visit to the site now leads one to believe that none of the horticultural plantings reflected in the drawing was ever placed; certainly, there seems to be no remnant.

In the community center which survives on the site of that hospital, there is no longer a plaque memorializing the donors to the construction of the hospital. However, when Julie Bak of Fontana, Wisconsin, wrote her articles on Geneva Lake's Forest Glen/The Gardens subdivision for *The Walworth Times* of Walworth, Wisconsin, in the late 1970s, she had seen in the fail-

ing hospital a plaque identifying Edward Uihlein as a substantial donor to its construction. One can conclude that Uihlein saw to it that the newly unemployed Jens Jensen would be hired to design the gardens of the new St. Ann's Hospital.

Apart from his West Parks Commission acquaintance with Jensen, why would Uihlein have done this? Within the last few months, satisfying my curiosity as to which church Uihlein's family attended after he left St. Peter's Church (German Roman Catholic), then on the corner of Clark and Polk streets just south of what is now Chicago's Loop, I found baptisms and marriages in his growing family by the pastor of St. Paul's Evangelical and Reformed Church (German Lutheran) at Fullerton Parkway and Orchard Street in Chicago. The membership of that church appears to have founded both St. Ann's Hospital in the Austin area of Chicago and St. Elizabeth's Hospital in nearby Oak Park. Only the latter survives.

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With respect to Edward Uihlein's 1900–1901 Geneva Lake project, in September 1899 Uihlein bought Villa Palatina (built in 1893) from another Chicago brewer, George A. Weiss, as Weiss had fallen on hard times. Uihlein, not being from the Palatinate of Germany as Weiss was, changed the name of the property back to Forest Glen, the old name by which that overall area of the West End of Geneva Lake where the country house was located had been known before Weiss appeared. Weiss had landscaped only the portion of the property that was on the lake side of Lake Shore Drive in Lake Geneva. The valley on the other side of Lake Shore Drive, as reflected in old photographs of that period, was severely eroded and in quite unsightly condition.

In his memoirs, Edward Uihlein wrote about the development of the extensive valley on the other side of Lake Shore Drive from his home:

> After my experience as Park Commissioner, I concluded to have my own park and acquired the nice home and grounds of George A. Weiss located on the shores of beautiful Lake Geneva, consisting of some 22 acres with 500 feet [of] lakefront. In due time, considerable land adjoining me was offered for sale, and I accumulated all told about 134 acres, a good part of which is in farm and splendid woodland. The balance I transformed into a park, free admission to which was at all times granted to and enjoyed by the public. Only a small part— about 3–1/2 acres—[was] improved on, and near the lakefront [was] also where the house was located.

Edward G. and Augusta Uihlein with their youngest daughter, Melita, at Forest Glen, 1902. The landscaping shown here, which is in the immediate vicinity of the residence, is not attributed to Jens Jensen. Courtesy Mrs. Albert O. Trostel Jr.

The lily pond and the curved walkway in the valley at Forest Glen Park, designed by Jens Jensen in 1900–1901. The park was located northwest of the Uihlein home across what is now Lake Shore Drive in Fontana. Courtesy Mrs. Albert O. Trostel Jr.

> The rest of the land is on the west side of a public road running through, and this is the part I selected for park purposes. It required a great deal of work to regulate the brook and locate a great number of natural springs. Ponds were excavated and the sand so gained utilized to fill low places.
>
> A dozen bridges had to be constructed, a drive road was built all around the place, and practically the whole first year [1900 or 1901] was consumed to level grounds, laying sod, seeding down large pieces, planting fruit and shade trees, shrubs, preparing flower beds, laying some ten thousand feet of tiles, preparing terraces for the vineyard, starting the vegetable garden, developing the springs, building new fences . . .

Uihlein goes on to recount the many aspects of this effort: getting the water system connected with the old ground system, putting up a windmill, repairing the barn with a new floor and roof, building a vegetable cellar, erecting a bee house and a duck house with pond and water connections, building many cement walks, erecting an observation tower with connecting walks through the woods, building a cow and sheep cabin and a house for pigeons, installing some thirty-six iron vases, constructing a cement stairway leading from the winter cottage to the brook, and building summer houses. The memoirs continue:

> The grotto pond with rookery and spring on top of same is unique of its kind. About 35 men were busy over 5 months to complete everything . . . [Good] work under an able Superintendent was done, and most of the trees today [1917–1920] are fine specimens reaching [in] many instances to a height of 35–40 feet . . .

An able Superintendent! Today, that term does not connote the stature that it had at the turn of the century. When I first read these memoirs, some twenty years ago, I did not connect *able Superintendent* with Jens Jensen. Yet Julie Bak had by then identified Jensen with this project, as had Wolfmeyer and Gage in their book *Lake Geneva: Newport of the West: 1870–1920*, published in 1976 by the Lake Geneva Historical Society, Inc. In fact, it was generally accepted that Jensen had designed the landscape for Forest Glen—so much so that Arthur Jensen, the developer of the 1926 Gardens subdivision that destroyed the greater part of Jens Jensen's design after Edward Uihlein's death and the sale of Forest Glen by his surviving children, was routinely

referred to as "no relation to Jens Jensen." (One of those surviving children was, of course, my grandmother Clara Trostel.)

If one visits Forest Glen today, one can, after obtaining consent from the current owners, clamber about some of the property and see the archeological remnants of bits of Jensen's design: several bridges over the fast-flowing brook, the pattern of the Jensen-designed water flow, some of the ponds—especially the "grotto" pond, and one Nisse, a Scandinavian gnome. When I read of the gnomes in Bak's articles, I thought them to have been a frivolous, later addition. I have now become convinced that they were not at all frivolous nor were they a later addition, in part by hearing schoolgirl recollections of Charlotte Best (Mrs. Clarence) Peterson, a Lake Geneva historian, in part from attending a Danish Christmas celebration at Old World Wisconsin, and in part from seeing such gnomes in the churchyard of the church in Wertheim, Germany, attended by Edward Uihlein as a boy.

In order to understand why Edward Uihlein's children found it necessary to sell Forest Glen, one has to realize that, other than its chimneys, it was completely destroyed by a fire about one year after Edward's death in February 1921; and by then Prohibition was the law of the land, meaning that dividends from the Schlitz company had been reduced. My grandmother Trostel's financial pressures were compounded, as there was a severe depression in the tanning industry after World War I—and all inventory had been purchased at wartime prices, resulting in huge losses to all participants, most especially the Trostel Company, as it had claimed to be the world's largest tanner. Under the circumstances, liquidation was necessary. It was during this period that Edward Uihlein's Wicker Park residence in Chicago and its large conservatory were demolished, as well.

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Again, however, I have gotten well ahead of my story, for in addition to St. Ann's Hospital in Chicago, Forest Glen in Lake Geneva, and Clara Uihlein Trostel's Milwaukee home, one finds in the appendices of Robert Grese's biography of Jensen a project in Lake Forest, Illinois, for Edward G. Uihlein, with documentation said to be in the Jensen Collection in the Art and Architecture Library of The College of Arts and Sciences of The University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. In fact, that project was for Edward Uihlein's son, Edgar J. Uihlein, and it was located in Lake Bluff, Illinois. (That residence is currently occupied by Edgar J. Uihlein Jr., one of my mother's cousins.) While the landscaping is rather overgrown, as it is more than "mature," it has not suffered the fate of St. Ann's Hospital, or that of Forest Glen, or that of Clara Uihlein Trostel's Milwaukee residence.

As I looked at Robert Grese's list of Jens Jensen's residential projects, I was struck by the large number of names that I recognized as being German-American. In fact, most were German-American immigrants, as Edward Uihlein himself had been. First, I considered the two Prairie School architects who were identified—George Washington Maher and Dwight Perkins. One could understand their connection to Jensen, as they both were personal acquaintances of his. Then I obtained a copy of the 1911 edition of *The Book of Chicagoans*, the predecessor of Marquis's *Who's Who of Chicago* and other successors.

Using a computer word search process, I studied the entries for all of the Jensen clients listed, and I found each German-American to have been a prominent member of a

Chronological List of Jens Jensen's Lake Geneva and Nearby-Area Landscape Projects

Edward G. Uihlein	1901	"Forest Glen"
Otto Young	1901–1906	"Moorings" or "Younglands" (not executed)
Charles H. Wacker	no date	"Fair Lawn" (real estate purchased 1893)
J.B. Grommes	1903	"All View"
J.C. Hately	1904	"Galewood"
W.J. Chalmers and Chalmers estate	1904–1905/ 1918	"Dronley" and Conference Point Park
Frederick Pabst	1908	(at nearby Oconomowoc)
W.A. Wieboldt	1908	(on nearby Delavan Lake)
H.M. Byllesby	1909	"Negawni"
J.C. Hately	1910	"Galewood"
T.J. Lefens	1911	estate not named
Charles F. and Edwin A. Potter	1912	subdivided "Alta Vista"
Edward Swift	1916	"Villa Hortensia"
Harley K. Clarke	1922	"Clear Sky Lodge"
Lewis Edward Myers	1924	"Allegheny"
Thomas J. Fauntleroy	1925	estate name not known
McCarty	1931	estate name not known

Jensen's Projects for Owners of Lake Geneva's "Waldeck"

[Francis] Lackner	1906	Kenilworth, Illinois
Bernard A. Eckhart	1906–1907	Lake Forest, Illinois

Chicago civic organization of which Edward Uihlein was a member; the same could not be said for any other man on the list. I studied the entries for all the earliest (1900–1906) Jensen projects (done during the break in his employment by the West Parks Commission). I found that virtually all were done for German-Americans or for Geneva Lake neighbors of Uihlein.

There was confirmation when I found 1903 projects for F.G. Logan and P.O. Stensland (not German-Americans), who had been members of a prominent committee of Chicago businessmen organized to support the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 that included Edward Uihlein. I realized that perhaps I had a sound idea when I concluded that Edward Uihlein had been an advocate for Jens Jensen before Jensen's re-employment in 1906 by the West Parks Commission.

Much later, I realized that Uihlein's wife's half-brother, John Kohn, had married one Lillie Kohn, and that they had lived in a southern suburb of Chicago, Homewood, where another Jensen project listed in Grese's book is located. At this point I realized that there were five Jensen projects with Edward Uihlein's own family. As Alfred Caldwell said at The Clearing in 1990, "Jensen's first private projects were for Uihleins [pronouncing that name as "U-line," the Chicago usage] and Pabsts."

My theory was reinforced when Herman Lackner loaned me his parents' 1907 wedding book. There among the invited guests I found the names of Edward Uihlein and his unmarried children, as well as names of many other German-American families who had homes in Chicago or Lake Geneva or both. The greater part of the addresses shown in the wedding book were on Chicago's North Dearborn Parkway, immediately to the south of Lincoln Park. What a closely knit community the German-Americans were!

Why would a Dane like Jens Jensen have dealt so successfully with so many German-Americans? Of course, because of the historical Prussian designs for control of Denmark and his military service in Berlin, Jensen would have spoken fluent German. If one examines the places of origin within Germany of his German-American clients, one sees towns that historically resisted the advances of the Prussians, as did the Danes. One can fairly assume that Jensen had political opinions in common with his clients.

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I have been asked how Edward Uihlein came to be interested in horticulture. It was possible that he was merely "keeping up with the Joneses," or whatever the German equivalent of that common name may have been. From his memoirs, however, it appears this was not the case:

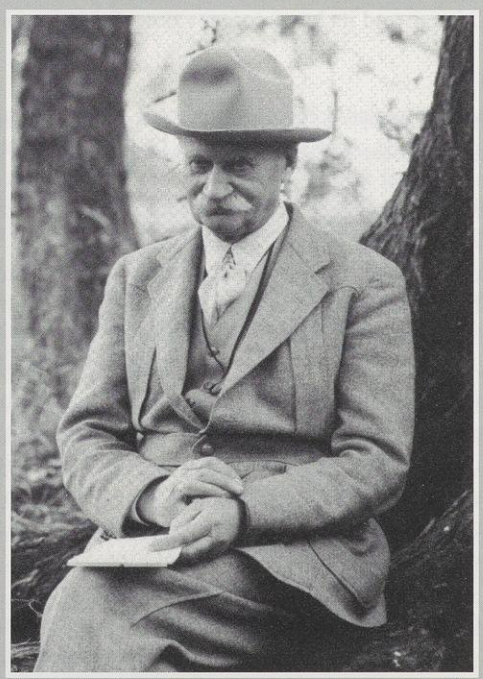
> My father rented in Wertheim a larger garden where we raised, besides apples, pears and plums, a fair supply of vegetables. We also had a few beds of flowers such as tulips, hyacinths, bleeding hearts, lilacs, snowballs and syringas.

"An Able Superintendent"

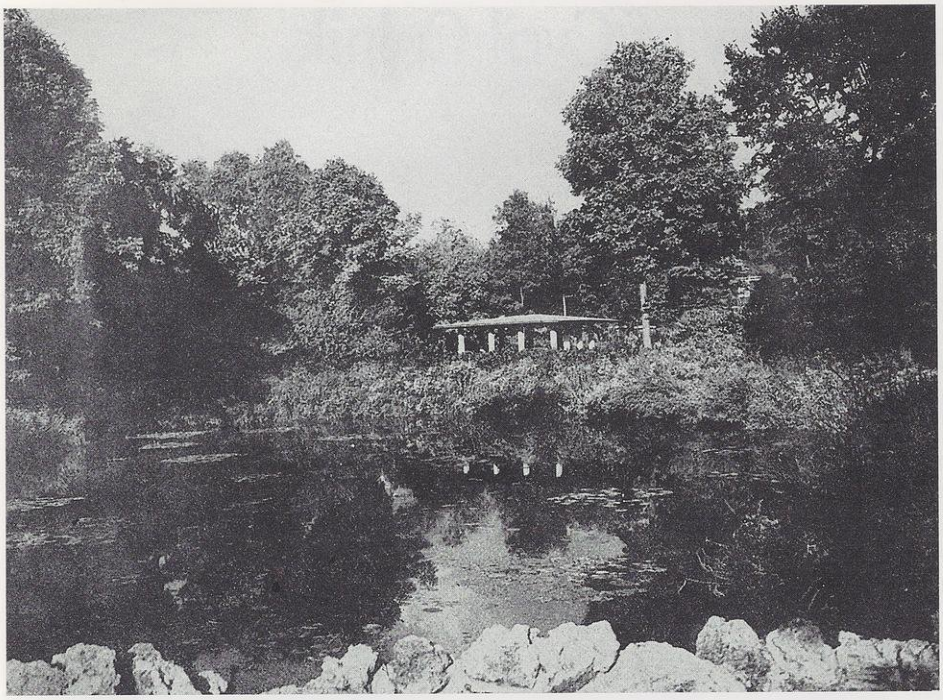
Landscape architect Jens Jensen was born in Denmark in 1860. He studied agriculture and horticulture in Denmark and Germany before coming to the United States in 1884. Jensen held life status as a governing member of The Art Institute of Chicago and was elected a fellow of both the American Geological Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was active in the Illinois Academy of Science, the Chicago Academy of Science, and The Cliff Dwellers Club of Chicago.

In 1935 he looked north to Wisconsin's Door County Peninsula. There he founded The Clearing on 128 wooded acres at Ellison Bay on a bluff overlooking the water. The Clearing still operates each summer as "an adult school of discovery in the arts, nature, and humanities." Jensen's classic book Siftings was reissued by Johns Hopkins University Press in 1990.

Jens Jensen was dedicated to the principle that surroundings profoundly affect people and the way they think and live. He believed that an understanding of one's regional ecology and culture is "fundamental to all clear thinking." He applied this philosophy to his landscape designs, and today one can still see examples and remnants of his work in part of Illinois and Wisconsin. Jensen died in 1951.



Jens Jensen in his later years. Courtesy The Morton Arboretum.



The water garden at Lake Geneva, believed to be part of the Jens Jensen landscape design for the Uihleins' Forest Glen estate. The view is toward the head of the valley. From the 1910 exhibition catalogue produced for The Chicago Architectural Club at the Art Institute of Chicago.

> I spent a good deal of time in that garden and considered it the foundation of my later preference for the cultivation of flowers and shrubs.

And from one of my mother's memoirs, in which she wrote of her summers prior to 1920 at Forest Glen on Geneva Lake:

> Here it was that my grandfather's talents and horticultural hobby reached their most satisfactory expression . . .

One can fairly conclude that by 1888, when he built his conservatory, Uihlein had ample funds to commit to what he preferred most to do. Notwithstanding his success as Chicago agent for the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, he had, in spite of appearances, not enjoyed much of that role:

> The expansion of the railroads throughout the U.S. made Chicago the freighting center for Schlitz, which opened up the market. The business, literally, exploded. I had to travel extensively, to promote customer relations, which I disliked, intensely.

In the middle 1880s, Edward Uihlein found his way to Jens Jensen. From then until his final illness in 1920, he assiduously and successfully promoted Jensen among his family and friends. That promotion was essential to Jensen's livelihood between his two terms of employment by the West Parks commissioners.

After Jensen's second term of employment by the West Parks commissioners ended in 1920, his clientele, led by Julius Rosenwald, shifted toward the successful Jewish German-Americans, so that, thereafter, one could fairly say, as was said by Leonard Eaton in his 1960s biography of Jensen, that Rosenwald became a significant influence in Jensen's career, leading Jensen to his many German-American clients of the 1920s in Glencoe and Highland Park, Illinois. ❧

Sources:

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The Wrought Iron Artistry of Cyril Colnik

by Virginia Jones Maher

The decorative wrought ironwork of Cyril Colnik still graces the city of Milwaukee with old-world craftsmanship and charm nearly a century after it was created. Colnik, who was born in Europe and trained there as a blacksmith, hand-forged rugged and inflexible iron into elegant, architectural ornament for public buildings and private residences in his adopted city for more than sixty years. Hundreds of examples of Colnik's work—fences, gates, window grills, doors, railings, balconies, and lanterns—can be seen throughout the Milwaukee area. Nationally recognized for his accomplished design and master craftsmanship, Colnik was commissioned to create iron work for the Milwaukee City Hall, movie sets in Hollywood, the Insull and Ryerson homes in Chicago, and the Ringling museum in Sarasota, Florida.

Born in Triebein, Austria, in 1871, Colnik was introduced to blacksmithing at a young age, when he learned to forge nails for a doghouse he was building. His interest in smithing continued, and in his teens Colnik apprenticed as a mechanical assistant and student of ironwork in Vienna. Colnik's artistic style was shaped during a four-year apprenticeship in Austria and refined in his travels as a journeyman ironworker in Spain, France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.

Early in his career, Colnik incorporated the crisp, curled and veined leaves, cartouches, S-scrolls, rosettes, and diagonal trellis straps of the German rococo into his repertoire. In his formative years, he was strongly influenced by beaux arts, the fashionable, conservative European style inspired by classical architecture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and art nouveau, an avant-garde style which advocated the use of iron framework, supports, and ornamental ironwork in building interiors.

Colnik came to the United States in 1893 to set up a German ironwork exhibition at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. Reminiscing years later about the impressive wrought iron frieze he exhibited at the World's Fair, Colnik said, "I won what was to have been the Gold Medal, but those were depression days in 1893 and the Fair lost money, went bankrupt. I got a blue ribbon instead." Colnik's award-winning *Master Piece* is a sampler of ironworking forms and techniques. The panel, which measures 48 1/2 x 35 1/4 inches, is composed in a spiral motif, juxtaposing graceful foliage with a strange, winged beast. Lush intertwining acanthus leaves, vine tendrils, and flowers encircle the heart of the composition, a grotesque figure representing Vulcan, the ancient Roman god of fire and patron of metalworkers.

Colnik's award-winning Master Piece *is a sampler of ironworking forms and techniques.*

After the Columbian Exposition, Colnik moved to Milwaukee and established an ornamental iron shop on North Eighth Street, where he produced "artistic iron, brass, [and] bronze" until his retirement in 1955. Local lore has it that Colnik was encouraged to locate in Milwaukee by beer baron Captain Frederick Pabst, another exhibitor and sponsor of an authentic nineteenth-century beer garden and pavilion at the Columbian Exposition. At the time, Milwaukee—a center of German art and culture—was experiencing a boom in new home building. It proved opportune for Colnik, inasmuch as prominent Milwaukee industrialists and businessmen were commissioning the finest public buildings and private homes. Although the rest of the country was in financial collapse, "Milwaukee was prospering, a city that needed craftsmen and mechanics. Many Milwaukee families [such as the Pabsts . . .] liked to display their newly acquired wealth by decorating their homes with ornate wrought iron work, such as was seen on the homes of wealthy Europeans." (Peterson)

In a few short years the talented and classically trained Colnik had established a thriving ornamental metal goods business. A 1903 Milwaukee city directory lists Colnik's shop as "Manufacturers of high grade artistic gas and electric chande-

John Cumming

liers, candelabras, lanterns, brackets, old fashioned door fixtures, fire place goods, antique armors, hammered shields, memorial tablets, statuaries, monuments, etc."

Colnik died in 1958. His refined, classical forms provided an elegant finishing touch to mansions and fashionable homes on Milwaukee's east side—the Charles Allis residence, Villa Terrace, and the Paula Uihlein home, among others. A veritable outdoor museum of wrought ironworking styles and techniques, Colnik's legacy can be viewed from downtown Milwaukee to Whitefish Bay—up and down Lake Drive and its side streets—and on the west side of the city at Wisconsin Memorial Park. In addition, the extensive wrought iron collection from Colnik's estate, including his award-winning *Master Piece* exhibited at the 1893 Columbian Exposition, is on display at the Villa Terrace Decorative Arts Museum in Milwaukee.

Endnotes:

"Colnik's Unique Altar Cross Unveiled at ULCA Meeting," *Milwaukee Sentinel*, October, 1950.

Gary Peterson. "The art that Cyril Colnik wrought included peace," *The Capital Times*, August 6, 1981, p.12.

Entrance door, North Lake Drive, Milwaukee. Decorative, centuries-old "S" and "C" scrolls and German rococo curled leaf forms embellish this genteel Colnik entrance door. Courtesy The Francis Whitaker Blacksmith Foundation.

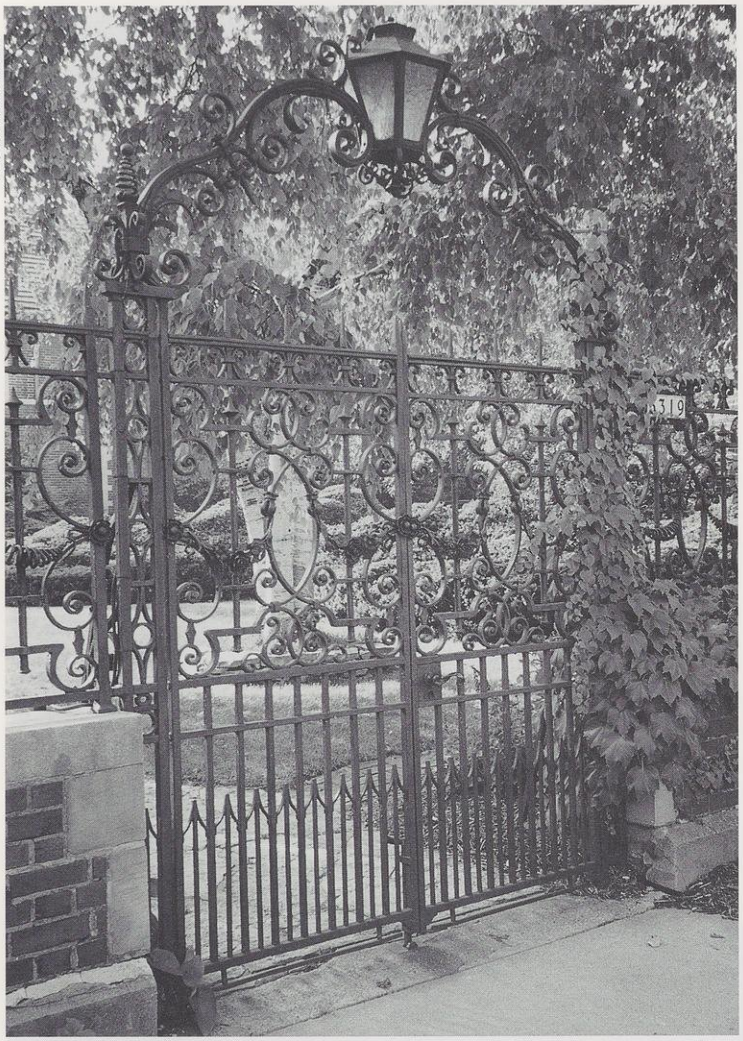
John Cumming

RIGHT: Gate detail, North Lake Drive, Milwaukee. Graceful and structural wrought iron scrolls support a gate lantern. Courtesy The Francis Whitaker Blacksmith Foundation.

BELOW: Gate detail, North Lake Drive, Milwaukee. Colnik was especially noted for lush, sculptural, handworked flowers and leaves.

Virginia Jones Maher

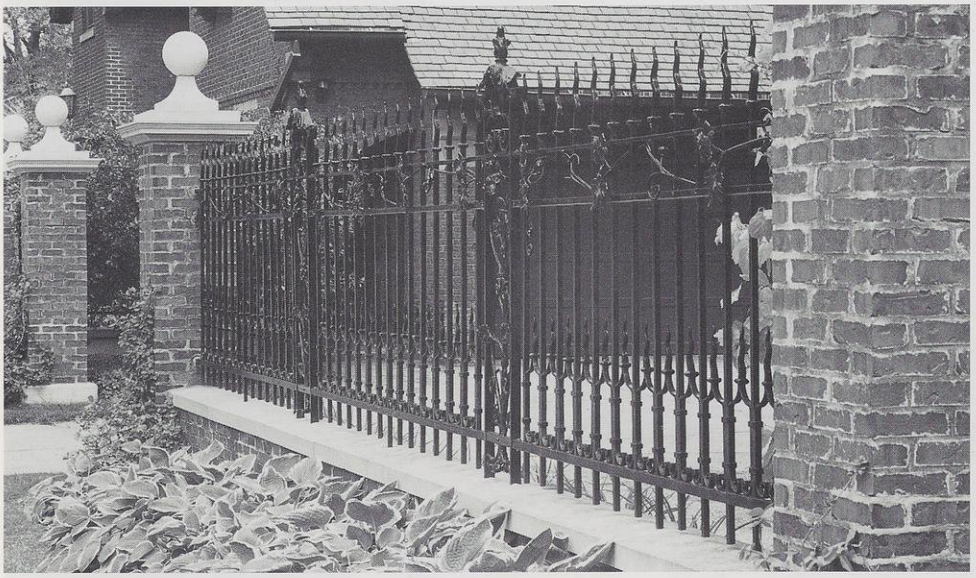
Virginia Jones Maher



LEFT: Gate, North Lake Drive, Milwaukee. A master craftsman, Colnik turned rugged and inflexible iron into illusions of fragility and refinement.

BELOW: Fence, North Lake Drive and Wahl Avenue, Milwaukee. Colnik's swirling, flame-like motif pays tribute to the importance of fire in the blacksmithing process.

Virginia Jones Maher



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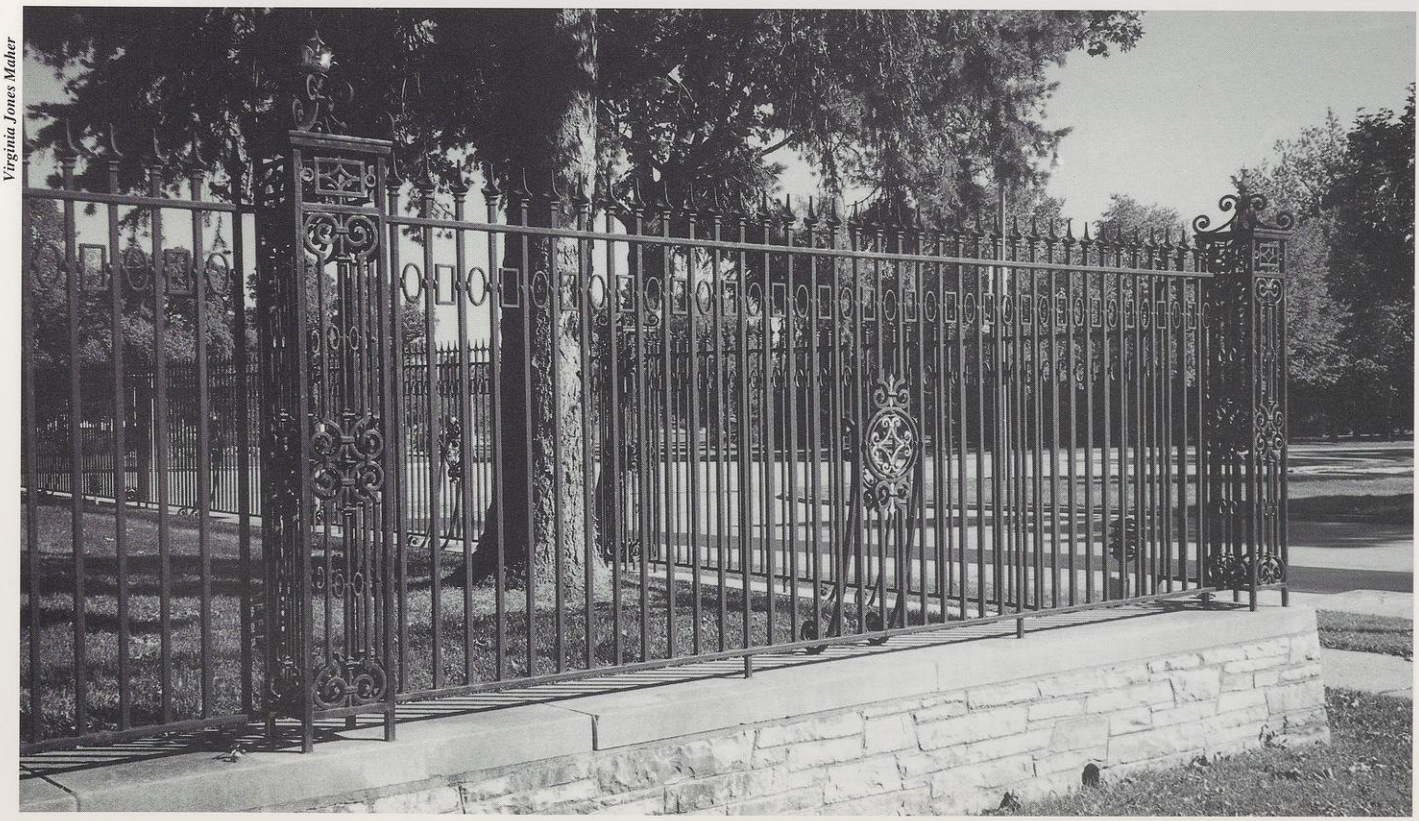
LEFT: Fence detail, North Lake Drive and Wahl Avenue, Milwaukee. Flames, flowers, and intertwining vine tendrils distinguish this circa 1915 Colnik fence.

ABOVE: Fence detail, North Lake Drive and Wahl Avenue, Milwaukee. This is another example of Colnik's rich, sculptural forms—here a finely sculpted iron sunflower seems to grow organically from a fence rail/stem.

BELOW: Fence, Newberry Boulevard, Milwaukee. Pointed spear railheads emphasize the verticality and linear nature of this restrained and stately circa 1915 wrought iron fence.

Virginia Jones Maher



Virginia Jones Maher

Virginia Jones Maher

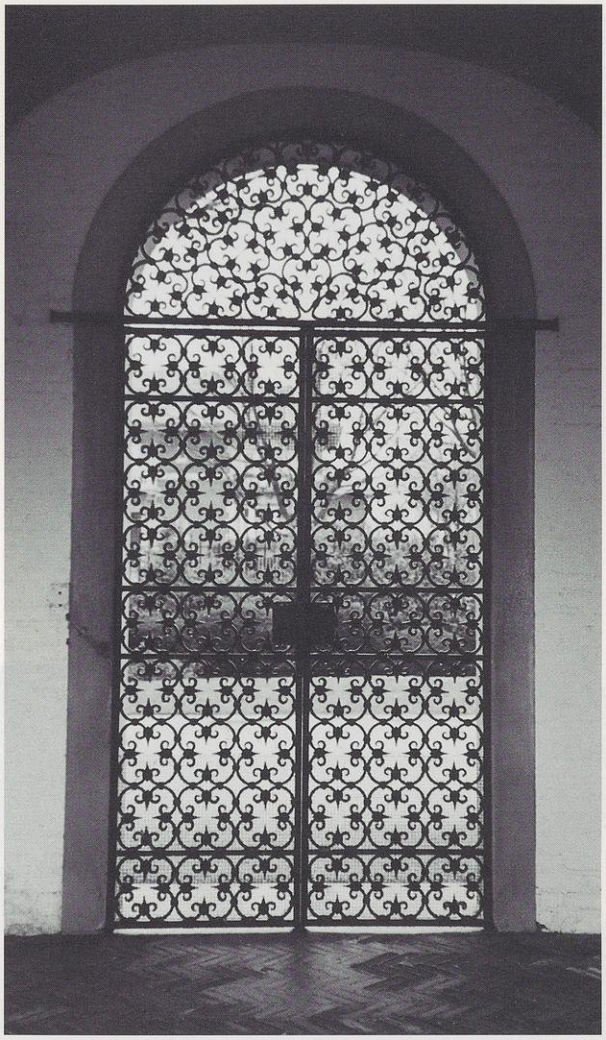
Virginia Jones Maher

ABOVE: Fence detail, Newberry Boulevard, Milwaukee. Colnik softened the squared rails and simple geometric shapes with a corner box decorated with scrolls, topped with a gold-leafed flower.

TOP RIGHT: Fence detail, Newberry Boulevard, Milwaukee. Circular, gold-leafed cartouches, contrasting with the straight lines of the fence, add interest and a touch of elegance.

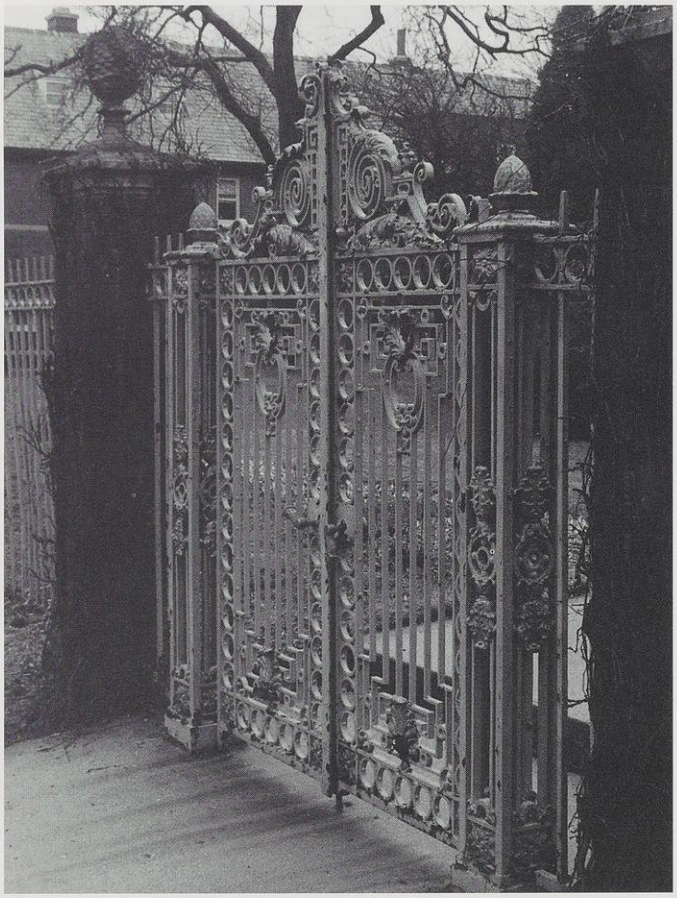
RIGHT Open gates, North Lake Drive, Milwaukee. Colnik's gates display the symmetry, proper balancing, and harmony of beaux arts classical forms.

Virginia Jones Maher



Virginia Jones Maher

J. Thomas Maher III



ABOVE: Entrance door, Villa Terrace Decorative Arts Museum, Milwaukee. Colnik chose a repeated, curvilinear motif to fill the arched entrance of this 1924 Italianate mansion.

TOP RIGHT: Entrance door detail, Villa Terrace Decorative Arts Museum, Milwaukee. A close look at Colnik's finely crafted, hand-forged iron forms.

RIGHT: Entrance gate, North Terrace Avenue, Milwaukee. Attributed to Colnik, this circa 1905 gate displays beaux arts forms popular in Milwaukee at the turn of the century.

John Cumming

John Cumming

ABOVE: Master Piece *by Cyril Colnik, circa 1891–92. Intertwining vines and tendrils swirl exuberantly around a central monster figure, representing Vulcan, the ancient Roman god of fire and metalworkers. Courtesy the Francis Whitaker Blacksmith Foundation.*

RIGHT: City Hall railing, Villa Terrace Decorative Arts Museum, Milwaukee. Colnik designed and produced iron work for Milwaukee's City Hall and for countless other Milwaukee buildings, including breweries, banks, churches, and other public and private landmarks.

TOP RIGHT: Floor lamp, Villa Terrace Decorative Arts Museum, Milwaukee. Colnik's floor lamp, a fanciful creation with imaginative dragon-like forms, reflects the artist's vigorous imagination and creativity. Courtesy the Francis Whitaker Blacksmith Foundation.

Virginia Jones Maher

Bert Brouwer: The Tale and the Teller

by Michael Flanagan

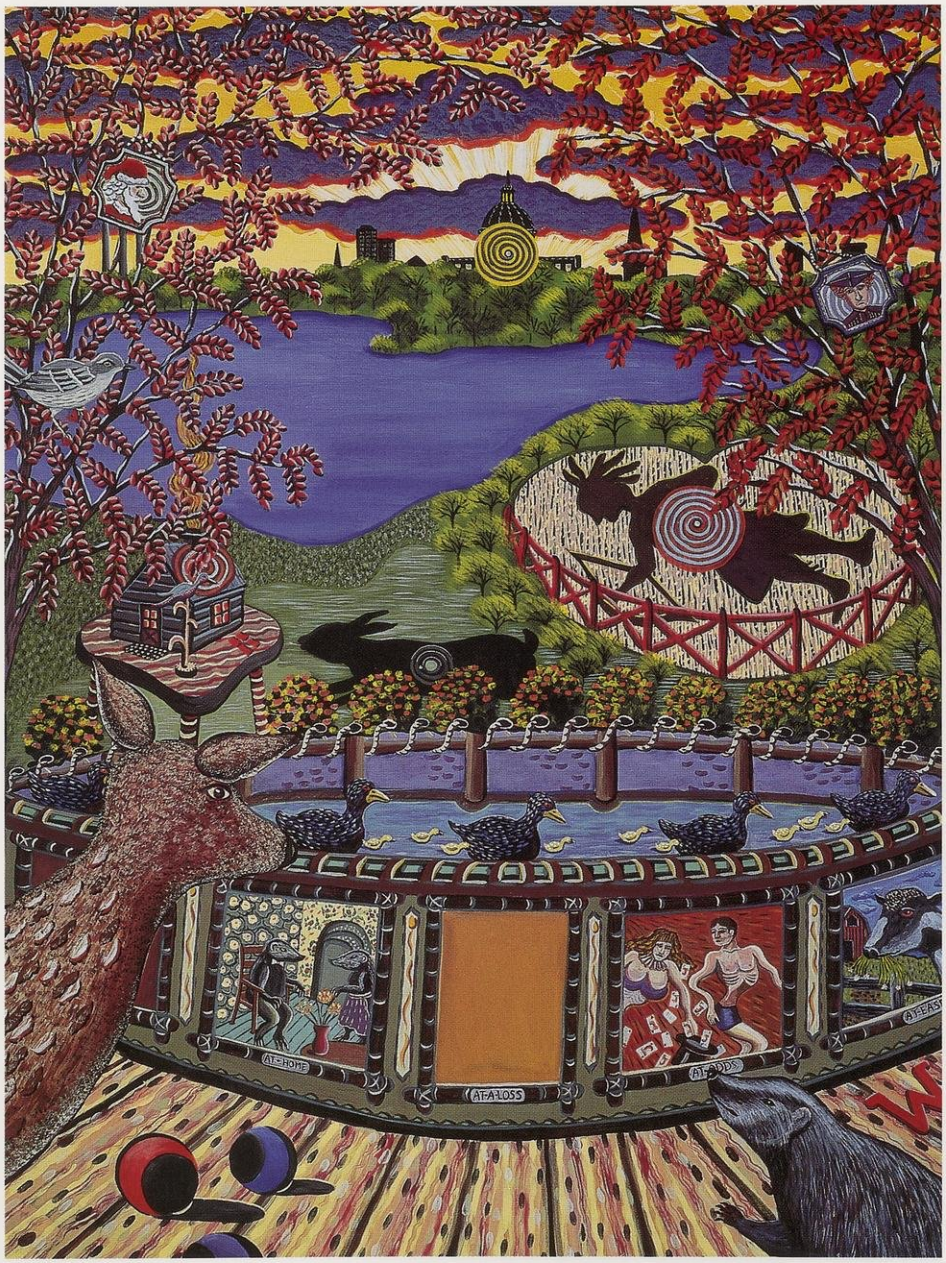
Bert Brouwer is a storyteller who is as facile with a word or phrase as he is with the stroke of a brush. His paintings are an amalgam of bright, crisply styled works representative of his interest in antiques and folk art. They suggest a notion of mystery, a story to be unraveled. The viewer who takes the time to identify and assemble the various elements will recognize the intricacies of the works. While the intensity of color and deft handling of the brush might initially seem charming and disarming, there is maturity and depth to the paintings which bear further investigation.

Life as a Delicate Balancing Act. *Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 77 inches, 1994.*

Brouwer began collecting folk art and antiques at a time when many things had not reached the price range which now precludes serious collecting by those whose trust funds have not yet matured. In any case, there are references in his paintings to objects in his collection, and he assigns these objects special significance. Thus the collectible smoking stand butler from the 1930s, included in the painting titled *Life as a Delicate Balancing Act*, takes on a meaning other than that which might originally have been assigned to it.

In preliterate times, it is suggested that storytellers used physical markers as reference points to jog their memories and to stimulate the telling of a tale. A certain stone, grove of trees, or hill would be cause for a story to be told specific to that particular place. Eventually markers such as these came to be replaced with a written language, and books took the place of natural markers.

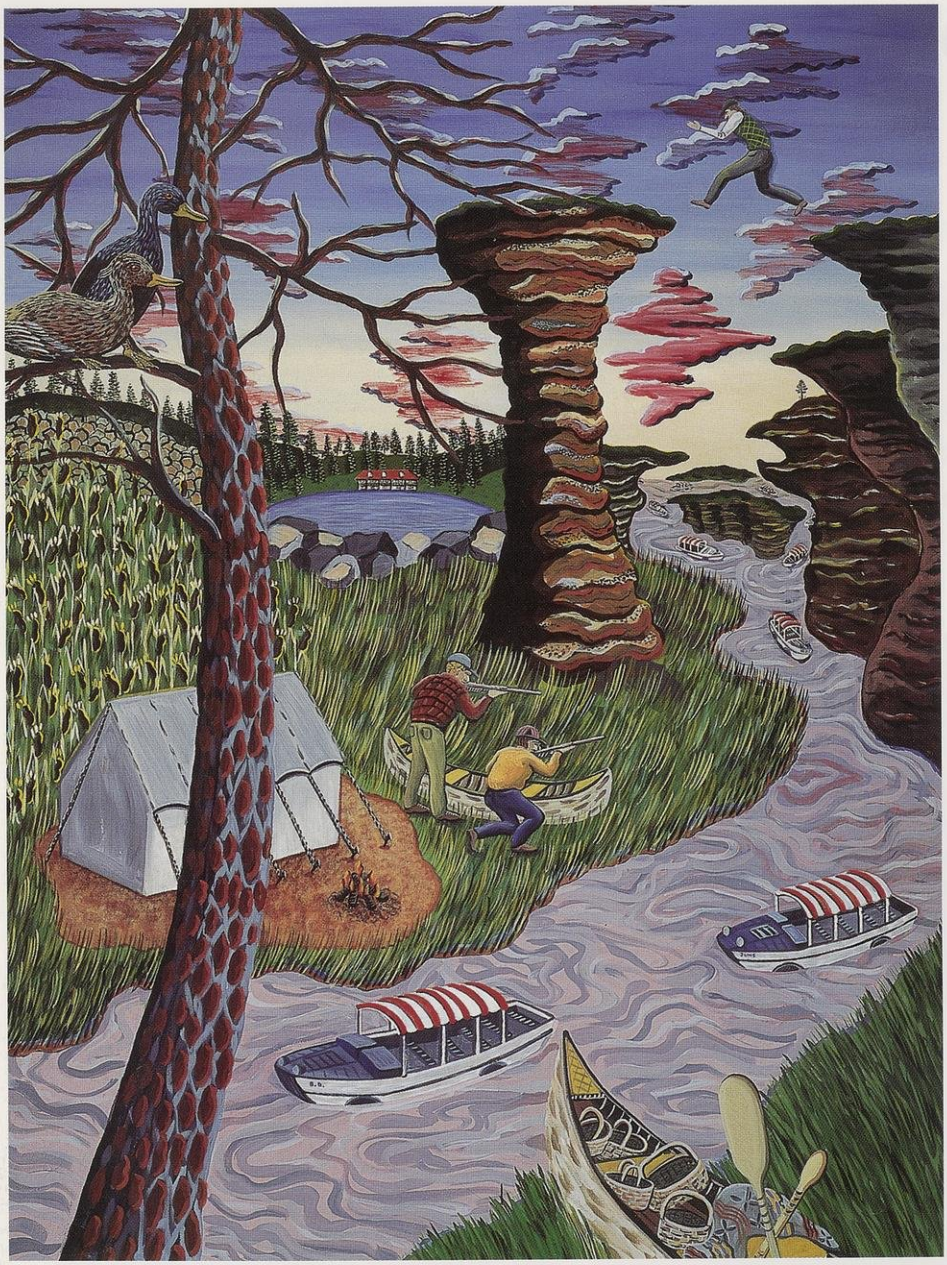
Within Brouwer's paintings, numerous markers typically exist. Many of these occur as natural forms—a bluff overlooking a river, a forest, or a river serve as signifiers. In addition to the folk art references, other markers incorporate the iconography of a region, Christian devotional objects, and clothing. Each reference is carefully selected for its appropriateness in conveying a more complicated story.



Camping Out in Wisconsin: Arcadia. *Acrylic on canvas, 58 x 44 inches, 1995.*

Brouwer has moved around the country frequently because of his academic career. He has lived in Terre Haute, Indiana; Reading, Pennsylvania; and Ithaca, New York as well as twice in Madison. In 1994, after a fifteen-year interval, he returned to teach in the art department at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. This allowed him to reassess some of the subject matter he had previously explored. Described in terms of an "aboriginal walk-about," Brouwer approached the re-engagement of Wisconsin with a sense of renewal brought about by his maturation as an artist and his honing of conceptual and perceptive skills. These aspects translate into a more sophisticated approach to subjects and their integration into the painted tableaux of experiences, observations, and memory.

The front cover painting titled *Spiritual Knocking at Omro* is based on folklore, historical fact, and direct observation and is imbued with a sense of humor that reinforces Brouwer's fancy for a pun. The painting depicts two pairs of ghost-like hands posed over a heart-shaped object which is configured to suggest a Ouija board. The pointer is set above a floral motif table top, and the stylus spells out the letters "OMRO" backwards and upside down. His painting also includes an arched window that appears to be capped by flames through which a ribbed, transparent tube emerges as a passageway for the disembodied head



Camping Out in Wisconsin: Duck Hunting at the Dells. *Acrylic on canvas, 58 x 44 inches.*

of a Native American floating over the table. Situated at the top of the painting are two suspended, sculptural forms reminiscent of Christmas tree ornaments.

The heart-shaped form is, in fact, a planchette which is used as a guide to the letters and words on the Ouija board. The notion of spiritualism and communing with the dead is an important element in the painting. The historical reference to the Wisconsin community of Omro, which enjoyed a reputation during the 1870s as a center for the study of the occult and spiritualism, is also a critical element. The use of the sense of touch, of using the hands to physically communicate with the dead, adds yet another dimension.

Brouwer incorporates into the larger work a second painting, seen in the background. It is an image of a coyote, howling into a moonlit landscape. The original painting of the coyote was created by a woman artist who lived in a rural setting. Brouwer has the original work in his own collection, and he is touched by the loneliness of the scene and the sensibility of the artist to create such a commentary on her own isolated world. He also appreciates the sense of otherworldliness of the image, a sensation that integrates well into the overall theme of the painting.

In the two paintings, *Spiritual Knocking at Omro* and *All for the Love of a Hat*, Wisconsin history plays a direct role and provides broader implications on social, political, and cultural levels. Here Brouwer addresses issues of commerce (exploration, fur trading, and exploitation) and culture (the Victorians' interest in spiritualism and fashions of the day), and how the two seem inextricably intertwined and interrelated. Understandably, many of these issues continue to haunt and intrigue us. Spiritualism in Omro in the 1870s established that city as the spiritual capital of Wisconsin. The spiritualists even went so far as to build a meeting hall, where they conducted seances and sponsored lectures by prominent spiritualists of the day.

All for the Love of a Hat draws its inspiration and narrative from Wisconsin history and lore. It is set in the Door Peninsula in the northeastern part of the state. Trees line the river bank in the upper section of the painting, and the river is filled with swimming beavers. Two birchbark canoes are tethered to the far side. In the foreground there is a wooden structure, the framework for a shelter. We also see four broad-brimmed hats, a red striped blanket, a peace pipe, and a gold monstrance containing the image of a beaver. All of this is framed by what appears to be a set of rosary beads. The subtle background imagery includes ghostly images of two beavers and the gnawed stumps of birch trees.

The historical references are to La Salle's seventeenth-century journeys to the Upper Midwest and the French and Indian fur traders who trapped and ultimately decimated the beaver population for their fur. Beaver fur was used by the Europeans to manufacture fashionable hats, shown in the painting. The monstrance and rosary give some indication of the importance of religion, both as the faith of the trappers and as a driving force in the exploration of the country. All of these elements came together to inform this complex painting.

In deciphering the painting, it might be useful to understand some of the rituals associated with trapping. After a bountiful season, trappers and native peoples joined in a celebration which included smoking the pipe and bouncing the leader of the expedition in a red blanket. The monstrance, or *soleil*, is associated with French catholicism and was an important item used in religious services in Wisconsin during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Paintings that reflect history or those derived from folklore all address social issues. Some, like *Camping Out in Wisconsin: Duck Hunting at the Dells*, and *Arcadia*, which is about Madison, clearly are more tongue-in-cheek. There is a lot going on in these paintings. The information is layered, and viewers can decide, within a certain context, how to interpret them.

Camping Out in Wisconsin: Last Flight of Ectopistes Migratorius. *Acrylic on canvas, 53 x 44 inches, 1996.*

In assessing new directions in his work, Brouwer regards his move to Birmingham to become chair of the Department of Art at the University of Alabama as another stage or progression in an evolving series of changes. His moves in the past have prompted conceptual and stylistic revamping, yet the totality of images produced during the last fifteen years, when examined from the perspective of 1998, seem remarkably consistent.

Speaking of his spiritual and conceptual changes over the years, Brouwer notes that his move to Ithaca, New York, to join the faculty at Cornell University seemed especially promising. He used the occasion to rethink and reconfigure the work, at times recycling imagery from past works, and at the same time incorporating the dramatic new landscapes he discovered in the high vistas and gorges of the Finger Lakes region of New York state. He felt the encounter with this new physical world and the intellectual arena he was entering at Cornell demanded a loosening of the structure of his work.

Brouwer experimented with much larger, unstretched canvases, some in the 8 x 10-foot range. This size enabled him to capture the feeling of evolving in his intellectual and spiritual world. The paintings became more environmental, and his

All for the Love of a Hat. *Acrylic on canvas, 48 x 36 inches, 1997.*

method of working changed dramatically: Where he had previously done preliminary drawing, he chose to work directly on the canvas, allowing the unknown, freer range. The layering of information became a more critical part of the creation of the paintings at this stage and remains an important element in more recent paintings.

At the same time Brouwer introduced a transparent figure, which was inspired by the purchase of a general store mannequin dating from the turn of the century. It has a brass finial at the top, a full body, and small cast iron boots that keep it from tipping. This form, which was not fully defined, became a metaphor for human presence in his paintings.

Recently Brouwer has been working on some paintings based on tourism and tourist souvenirs reminiscent of the 1940s—specifically, decoupages done on log slabs. An example of that work, *What Comes Over the Devil's Back Goes Under His Belly,* is reproduced on the back cover and is the first painting in a series where the artist allows himself to break out of the rectangle. This painting refers directly and indirectly to the destruction humankind has wrought upon the environment and recalls historic events such as the Peshtigo fire of 1871. According to David Rubin, curator of twentieth-century art at the Phoenix Art Museum, "Brouwer's paintings are morality tales for late 20th century America. Here, the protagonists are two shadowy figures, a beaver, and a deer, some of whom appear as stoic witnesses to an abused and decaying landscape—others as benevolently approving the course of empire."

❦

If there is a constant in Brouwer's work it is the capability of recognizing the parts of a community or state that make it unique. In many cases the elements which stand out include the odd or displaced, the unusual architectural form, or the legends which attach themselves to an aspect of a place.

Inherent in the process of identifying signifiers in the paintings is the preliterate notion of getting to a location and having the story or memory of that place evolve. In many regards, that seems like an apt metaphor for what happens with Brouwer's work. He creates his own spot, takes the various elements, incorporates them, and lets the story unfold.

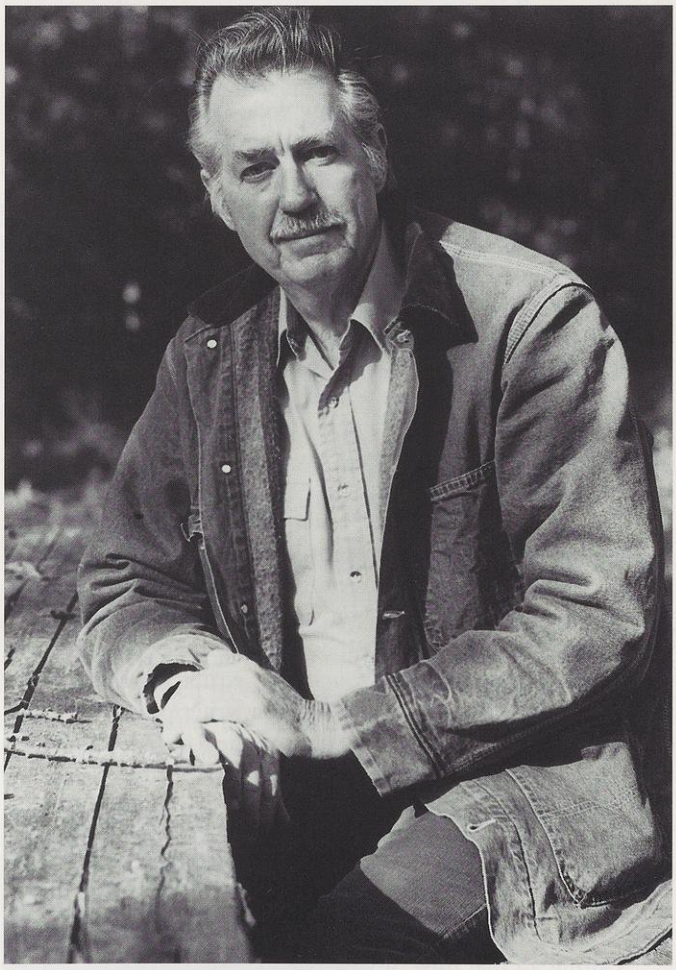
Bert Brouwer's paintings stand the test of our times. The thought and care with which he creates his works make us stop and ponder our own experiences in the world. ❧

Color reproduction is made possible in part with funds from the Walter and Trudi Scott Wisconsin Academy Review *endowment.*

The View from Seldom Seen Ridge

by Ben Logan

Whenever I write about events from my past, as I did in my book The Land Remembers *and as I've done more recently in* Christmas Remembered, *I seem to set off echoes in readers as though this farm, my family, and my own life have become a story. Hundreds of letters ask what time has done to the story, what are the missing pieces and the endings. Other readers make journeys to this isolated ridge, stopping at nearby farms for directions. Neighbors send them on to me, calling them "pilgrims." That has become a kind of local joke, half serious because the pilgrims, like the letter writers, are looking for a continuing story.*



Ben Logan

I went off to college the year after Mother died. My father told me she had made him promise to make that happen if he could. "I wanted all our sons to go," she had told him. "Ben is the last chance." I had not known of the request and the promise. When the time came, Father did not ask me if I wanted to go. He told me I was going.

I was lucky in college. I had a driving hunger to learn that endeared me to my teachers. On my first day, I walked into the library and stood immobilized by the seemingly unending rows and rows of books. A young librarian came over to me and said, "What do you want to know?"

"Everything," I said.

She spent an hour or more showing me exactly how a library was arranged, how to use the card catalog, how to pursue any subject. From then on, each time she saw me in the library she would smile and say, "What do you want to know this time?" and would help whenever I lost my way.

A geology professor read a story of mine in the college literary magazine and sought me out to talk about it. He soon became a private teacher for all my questions about the layers of fossils I found exposed in limestone cliffs along a nearby river. He gave me names for the fossils. He taught me to see how each succeeding layer revealed a growing complexity of life forms. "It is a diagram of evolutionary creation," he told me.

My writing quickly caught the attention of English professor Rachel Salisbury. She told me I had a special talent for touching people's feelings. No one had ever suggested that I had a talent. The word was barely in my vocabulary. In high school, when I told the principal I wanted to be a writer, he said it was too late because "all great writers start much younger." I was seventeen at the time.

Dr. Salisbury kept using the word *talent*. She told me that using one's talent well was a serious responsibility. She also kept nudging me in two directions at once: put more substance into my stories and, most of all, dare to be even more emotional—not an easy task for a farm boy who had grown up with the careful clichéd phrases that protect rural people from something too emotional or too personal.

Years later I thought of Dr. Salisbury when doing graduate work at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. Legendary English professor Helen C. White, the woman who always wore purple, attempted to read one of my stories to her class and kept breaking into tears.

These teachers so affirmed my wide-ranging curiosity that I came to believe that the questions we ask often tell us more than the answers we find.

❦

My life has been busy, diverse, and somewhat beyond my understanding, not so much planned as it is accidental. Life wanders by, doors open unexpectedly, and I say yes and walk through them, with part of me standing back to observe my own reactions to the new worlds I find.

I wandered after the war. I had not come far enough away from it to find peace in the quiet of Wisconsin. I spent the seemingly mandatory time as a struggling writer in New York's Greenwich Village. I shipped out as a merchant seaman. I lived and studied in Mexico. I helped build bridges in Alaska. I worked as a magazine editor and film writer for Ford Motor Company, and was a film and television writer/producer for the national communications agency of the United Methodist Church. I wrote and helped produce network documentaries for NBC News, one of which won a best program Emmy award in 1987. And I taught creative writing, even though it has been said that "teaching has ruined more good writers than alcohol." (The slurred ambiguity of that statement makes me wonder if its author had already gone the alcohol route.)

During all that time, my early experiences had a tendency to find their way into my conversation and writing. People sometimes asked if I regretted separating myself so far from the Wisconsin land. "There is no separation," I told them. "I am always there." I don't think they realized, and perhaps even I did not realize, how often I drew on the values of my parents and the community of my younger years. The land itself, one must understand, was a living part of that community, its own strong teacher.

With "progress" beginning to encircle my pre-Revolutionary house in New York, I returned in 1986 to the tired buildings and a hundred acres of the Wisconsin farm. I have been a disappointment to some people. I'm not nearly as sentimental about living in this old house as people want me to be. The idea that an important part of me has always been here seems a difficult concept to understand.

The idea that an important part of me has always been here seems a difficult concept to understand.

Just how programmed I am by the past was revealed in an odd incident. During the renovation of the house, after having been away for more than forty years, I changed the opening to the stairway from the dining room to the living room. Yet one day I walked out of my study to go upstairs, walked past the open stairway, went into the dining room, and found myself standing before a stairway door that was no longer there.

The log walls of the 1885 part of the house are now visible on the inside. Mother's mission bookcase stands close to where it always stood. Father's favorite sailing ship picture again hangs in the bedroom. Every time I dig in the yard or garden I turn up the past—fragments of Mother's Blue Willow dishes, a broken piece of Father's workbench vise, the tongue and front axle of our old coaster wagon, the wobbly wheel from the hand-pushed garden cultivator, pieces of harness leather and hardware that remind me of favorite horses—Doll, Beauty, potbellied Flossy, and fiercely-competitive Sally.

People bring me things that have strayed. Some of Mother's Jewel Tea mixing bowls have come home and recently, the ornate blue sugar bowl. The framed marriage certificate of Father and Mother's Christmas Day wedding turned up in the attic of a house in Blue River. I recently found Father's naturalization papers which, among other things, required him to renounce forever all allegiance and fidelity to any foreign entity, "particularly to Oscar II, King of Norway and Sweden."

My mother's treadle-powered Singer sewing machine is here, but searched for and missing still is the small tin box in which Father carried lily of the valley bulbs across the sea from his mother's garden.

This harvest from the past does not become somber, though there are momentary feelings of regret for something not said or questions not asked. Almost always there is a charm in these reminders, a sense of continuity. We do not lose people who have become part of us.

My children became rooted in the East during their childhood and are still there: Suzanne in Wilmington, Delaware; Kristine near New Paltz, New York. Roger is New York City-oriented and, though he likes the peace and beauty of Wisconsin, he may not be sure there is cultural validity west of the Hudson River. I think he makes an exception for me.

The people who seek me out provide an interesting affirmation of my approach to writing. My goal is to make what I write the feeling-level property of the reader, each bringing his or her memories, images, and emotions to my words. It seems to work. By now every chapter in *The Land Remembers* has been championed by someone as the best in the book. Why? Because some trigger in that particular chapter allowed the reader to become a personal participant and make it a part of the reader's own story.

❦

The letter writers and those who come in person are wanting to link with something. Many address me as "Ben" then acknowledge that familiarity by saying in varying ways, "You don't know me but I know you."

Some expect time to have stood still, almost wanting me to be a barefoot child still wearing bib overalls. Some are very articulate, asking progressively focused questions like a lawyer trying to reassemble an illusive reality.

Some look for icons. They want to touch the massive trunk of the big maple tree, feel the bark of the white pines from which we put together boughs for our Christmas tree. They want to know where Lost Valley is. They ask if the schoolhouse is still there and if the big pines are still in Halls Branch Valley. (It is and they are.)

Some pilgrims do not know what they are looking for. Their wistful quest seems driven by a voice playing inside them, saying "What I'm doing and who I am now can't be all there is." Their quest reminds me of two lines of poetry from *the lives and times of archie and mehitable* by Don Marquis: "My heart has followed all my days/Something I cannot name."

When we stop telling our stories, a Navajo man once told me, we stop being a people.

Some pilgrims are at a turning point. Weary of city tempos that leave little time for reflection, they search for ways to recover some of the lifestyle of a time when family members worked closely together and neighbors were formed into community by their need of each other.

Time magazine, in its review of *The Land Remembers*, said of such searches, "The pastoral dream is as persistent as tennis elbow." That odd combining of rural and suburban clichés has a validity. Those who try to recapture the pastoral dream too literally will be disappointed. Mechanization has made farming a more lonely way of life and has long since ended the ritual of neighbors working together at harvest time.

Many pilgrims are realistic about that. They want to learn from the past and then find new ways to be closer as families and to form community. And they are affirmed by a vision of finding a lifestyle that is in harmony with what Aldo Leopold called The Land—"all things on, over and in the earth."

Some pilgrims come with a real life story they want to tell me. They seem certain I will listen but unsure that anyone else will. They make me realize how rarely Americans tell their own stories now that we have allowed entertainment television to speak for us. That is a loss we are paying for. Authentic storytelling helps us know who we are and carries our values to new generations. It celebrates the everyday lives of ordinary people whose stories tell me they are not ordinary at all.

When we stop telling our stories, a Navajo man once told me, we stop being a people.

So the pilgrims and I learn from each other. They help me know that I too am a searching pilgrim, and, like Robert Frost, "I have promises to keep and miles to go before I sleep."

❦

I still have an irresistible urge to push open the door of an old deserted farmhouse to see if those who lived there left fragments of their life stories.

I find the sense of human history almost overwhelming in ancient places—the great Toltec and Mayan pyramids of Mexico, the hidden city of Machu Picchu, the pre-Inca ruins of Tiahuanaco on the somber high plateau of Bolivia, the old temples of Sicily and Greece, the austere circles of great stones in the Orkney Islands, off Scotland's northern coast.

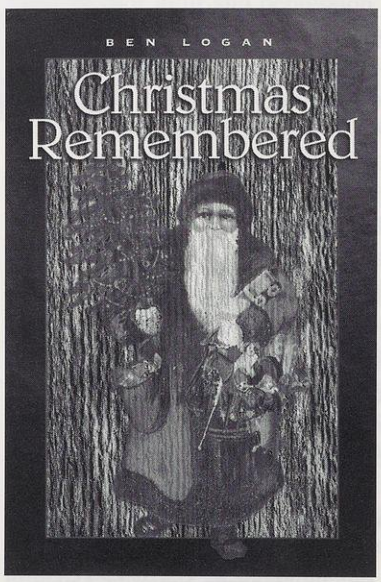
I went to England's Stonehenge on a dark day when a cold fall wind was driving low clouds over that empty plain.

I walked slowly around the inner circle. There were no other visitors. I could hear only my own footsteps and the empty sound of the wind moving through the stones. I did not want to believe the ruins were nothing more than another people's way of asking their own questions. I wanted the place to speak, tell me the hidden *why*.

Far from Stonehenge now, I can laugh at myself a little. I found no answers there. I did not even find the *why* of my questions. Why is there this instinct to search? Why are some of us so drawn to the silent, ancient places?

It is as though once in childhood a door opened for a moment and we glimpsed a hint of an obvious answer about who and why we are. But the door closed too quickly, revealing only a promise that an answer does exist.

We must each live with that mystery, compelled either to search or to shutter the mind in denial. As for myself, I have come to realize that I walk near to some ultimate revelation in my closeness to other persons and in my relationship with the land—that entire creation I am part of. ❧



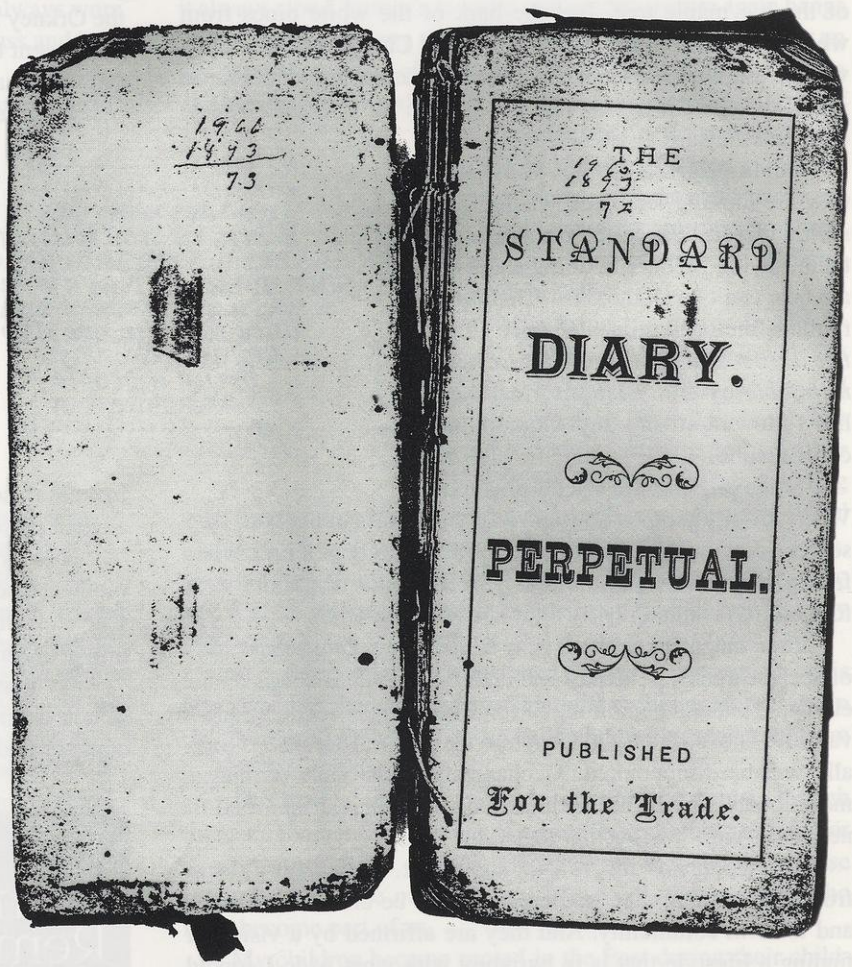
Excerpts from the afterword to Christmas Remembered *by Ben Logan, 1997. Reprinted with permission of the author and Cowles Creative Publishing/ NorthWord Press (1–800–328–3895). ISBN 1–55971–636–3*

A Wisconsin Family History: April 10–June 30, 1941

by Neil Schmitz

When a parent dies a ghost appears, some person in the family history. A trace, an object or text, begins to radiate, to signal. It presents itself. It suddenly appears. The ghost looks for the occasion to meet your gaze, to get your attention. The ghost wants reinscription, wants to retain its personality in the family narrative, wants to make its case again to History, to whatever part of History is available. Touch the relic, consider it, the ghost delivers its message.

There is a reciprocity, a reward. The person you restore to the family narrative grants you a knowledge of your dead parent, some measure of a new understanding.



A diary had come to me at the final sorting of my mother's personal possessions. My sister Shirley gave it to me. It contained, amid other inscription and usage, a family chronicle. My mother's entries, her continuance, were here. She wrote, "Little Neil Schmitz / was born on / Dec 13, 1936 on a / Sunday / Weighed 8 3/4 lb." She wrote, "Little Shirley Mae / Schmitz / was born on May 1, 1934 / Born at home on / a Monday. / Weighed 7 3/4." Here too were the entries for my older sister, Geraldine, and my younger brother, Billy. My mother had written the final entry for my father: "George Schmitz / passed away / Apr 23–1970 / at Appleton / St. Elizabeth / Hospital." Now the diary was mine, to add her entry, "Martha Wendland Schmitz died October 11, 1984, in Shawano," or not.

Home again, in my study, books to read, a book to write, I put the diary aside. I would come to it in due time. I would respectfully curate it. I would write captions and summaries. I would see that it got good storage. The diary spoke to me from my desk drawer. It said my name. "Neil Schmitz & / Annie Marx / got married in January / the 30th 1883 at St. Nicklas." It came to hand. It was on my desk, open.

Annie Marx was the first writer in our family history. She was grandfather's Neil's *first* wife—she was not my grand-

mother. I found her handwriting strangely beautiful. I counted and treasured her nouns and verbs. There was only one adverb in her lexicon, *affectionately*, and it was posted alone on a single page. I looked again at my mother's entries. The diary was in bad shape, its spine broken, pages loose.

I suddenly felt it was important to do Annie Marx's caption, her summary. I called my distant sisters. They drew a blank on Annie Marx. I read Mom's entries to them, the wedding entry, our births, Dad's death—that was the sentence of *her* story in this family narrative. We talked about Mom. Her cloth coat was still hanging in Gerry's closet in Minnesota. Gerry would sometimes open the closet door, reach in, touch the coat, hold a sleeve, and just stand there.

Soon thereafter I had letters.

Gerry: "You asked about that episode in Mom's life when she went into the hospital. I do remember a few things. It had to have happened during the school years. I came home for lunch and saw Mom standing by that dining room register—no clothes on—and people trying to dry her off. I remember looking at her face, and she looked so sad and didn't answer me when I kept calling to her, 'Mom, Mom.' Then they took her away. I think it was at least a year and maybe longer that she was gone.

"I can visualize her at that hospital. One time when Dad had all of us on the lawn, I looked up and saw her waving to us from behind bars, from one of the windows. I remember talking to her in her room later on, but that's about it.

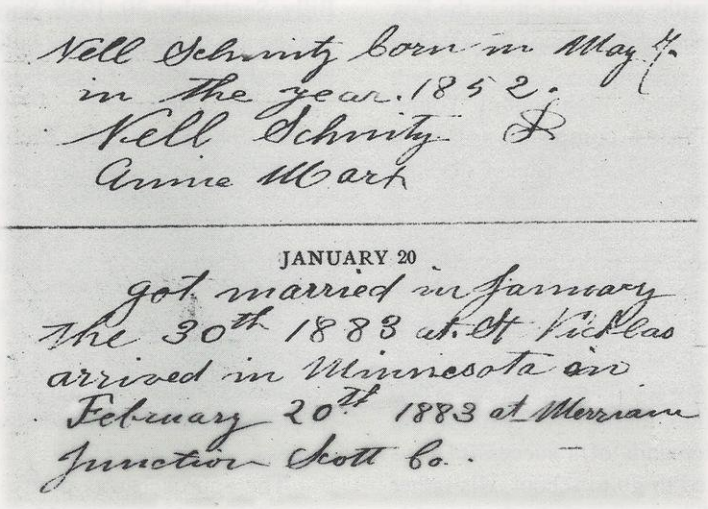
"I'll never forget the day she came home. Dad had warned us all the time that we had to behave and be real quiet. As I think back, I believe he felt it was our fault she was there. Anyway, after a short time she asked if we were sick, and I remember being afraid to say anything. Then I remember later that day how she went into the room you shared with Bill and started sewing. I remember how good that sounded."

Shirley: "I remember Dad pushing her up the steps. Her clothing was wet. She had on a black and gold house dress, and it was dripping. Dad was shouting at her, saying: 'You've got other children!' She had a look of anguish on her face. Then she was gone. I spent that Easter at Aunt Blanche's."

It was the mystery of our childhood, the time Mom went into the hospital. I, too, remembered the hospital: a long, sloping lawn, trees, people in pajamas walking around, seated on benches. I remembered being shown into Mom's hospital room. I was not allowed to go near her. I was stopped just inside the door.

She was in bed, lifted into a sitting position, her head on the pillow. She turned and looked at me. She was pale, drawn, sad. She said, "Hello, Neil."

There was a waiting room, called the sun room. I can still see the brown woodwork, the yellow walls, the windows, a bubbling aquarium, the hobbyhorse my little brother, Billy, happily rode, a cold spring sunshine coming in through the windows. At three, Billy was pretty much out of it. He has no recollection of this event. Like Gerry, I also seem to remember looking up from the lawn, looking back as we were leaving, and seeing Mom at the barred window, waving, her face solemn.


Nell Schmitz born in May 4
in the year 1852.
Nell Schmitz
Annie Mark

JANUARY 20
Got married in January
the 30th 1883 at St Nicholas
arrived in Minnesota on
February 20th 1883 at Merriam
Junction Scott Co.

❦

I wrote to our oldest cousin, Esther Killian, then in her seventies, a retired nurse, a formidable person in the Feldkamp/Killian/Schmitz familial network, greatly respected, herself a family historian. She promptly wrote back. She knew everything that had happened to Mom. Her account, I quickly realized, was the official Feldkamp/Killian/Schmitz version.

Esther: "It seems that your mother had a miscarriage which she felt she caused by her own willful actions. This led to a great deal of guilt and depression and finally a complete nervous breakdown and an attempted suicide. Your father rescued her in time, and she was voluntarily admitted to the Winnebago State Hospital. She remained there for three months and responded well to treatment."

Esther was loyal to her Uncle George. "Your dad was left in a sad state of affairs. Four young children to care for and the household to take care of along with earning a living."

Within the tact of Esther's neutral nurse language I could see, still operative, resentment and blame. The young Killian women, Esther and, in particular, Milly, the oldest, had to rally to their Uncle George's household and his four young children. *It seems* characterized my mother's statement, my mother's explanation, which was bracketed; *willful actions*, I thought, was Esther's imposed phrase, perhaps even her general judgment, the Killians seeing Mom as a flighty, irrational, willful Lutheran girl from Appleton, not a strong, dutiful Catholic farm woman from Kaukauna. And there was this sentence: *Your father rescued her in time and she was voluntarily admitted to the Winnebago State Hospital.*

Esther had known her beloved, jovial Uncle George as a generous, happy young guy, single, still living with his mother, our grandmother Rosena. He was in Esther's family photographs, dapper in summer whites, relaxed, handsome. She remembered Rosena as a pious Catholic grandmother, sweet and clean, the baker of memorable breads and cakes. Rosena taught Esther prayers in German. Esther read the newspaper to Rosena. Grandma and Uncle George were welcome visitors, lovely to visit, a single social unit in Esther's memories of childhood.

Rosena was seventy-two in 1929 when her cherished George, at thirty-six, married Martha Wendland, twenty-seven, Lutheran, a woman from Appleton, the principal city in the Fox River Valley. Martha Wendland played the piano, the ukelele, the concertina.

She read novels. She'd done some high school. Young George had worked in the logging camps of northern Wisconsin, had worked in the wheat fields of North Dakota, had been a field hand and a cook. There were three things he still cooked: headcheese, bry (stringy meat scrapings in grey mush), rutabaga moose. He'd gotten as far as the fifth grade, St. Mary's Elementary School, south Kaukauna.

It was the mystery of George's life, why his beloved father, Neil, so marvelously kind to him, had let him leave school. What was this parental love that was too lenient, too forgiving, that didn't punish, didn't discipline, that set you wrongly on life's way, ill-prepared for the demands of a successful economic life? George had not wanted to go to school. His father did not make him go to school. This was my father's story, his alibi, his reason for everything, his meanness especially. It was the first text I read critically.

George Schmitz worked in a paper mill. To run a paper machine, you had to do quick mathematical computation. The mill roaring and clattering around you, other machines going, yours silent, the first, second, and third hands waiting for you to start the machine, you had to make rapid, accurate calculations. Math panic. He exuded it, was always in the grip of it. What is six times nine? How many quarts in a gallon? We had to know. A question could come at any time. Life constantly demanded you do sums, in your head, on the spot, that you know weights and measures, fractions and percentages. Life constantly wanted to know how much, how many.

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The Feldkamp/Killian/Schmitz familial network was Roman Catholic, rural, located in south Kaukauna. My grandmother, Rosena Feldkamp, unmarried at forty, was Neil Schmitz's second wife. The Appleton Wendlands were Lutheran, in the construction business, in real estate.

Mom's first entry in the diary: "George Schmitz & / Martha Wendland / were married at St. / Mary's parsonage on Sept 25, 1929 (Wed)." Here, too, was a sentence, a statement. It marked a place—not St. Mary's Church, and a day—not Saturday morning, bells pealing. Parsonage, Wednesday. In Catholic south Kaukauna, priests lived in the *priest house*. It was her Protestant resistance, *parsonage*.

The Roman Catholic Church did not celebrate the marriages of south Kaukauna men to Appleton Lutheran women. You had to sign disclaimers. You had to recognize the sovereignty of the Catholic Church. Your children were to be Catholics, baptized, educated, confirmed, practicing. You got *Wednesday* for your wedding, the Church's admonishment, its modest ceremony. You entered a realm.

I worked through the sequence of my mother's entries in the diary. Little Geraldine was born December 16, 1931; Little Shirley, May 1, 1934; Little Neil, December 13, 1936; Little Billy, September 30, 1938. She did not inscribe the day of her conversion to the Catholic faith, which, we knew as children, was not immediate or easily achieved. After 1938, only one other entry, Dad's death in 1970.

In 1940, I now knew, Mom resists the fifth child, dreads it. Just before Christmas, two months pregnant, she commits a "willful action." In 1941, tormented, desperate, she decides to die. April is the cruellest month. In June she decides she is "well enough" to return to her life, to us.

❦

In 1989 Shirley and I drove from Shawano to Oshkosh, to the Winnebago State Hospital. We were going to collect Mom's medical records. The records were still there. We could have copies.

The approach was pretty much as I remembered it. We came down a straight road between cornfields. We came upon railroad tracks, a train station, a small town. Here was a corner grocery where you might get pop and ice cream bars. Here was the straight road to the main gate of the Winnebago State Hospital, which was larger, more complex, than I remembered it. I remembered red brick. The whole complex was in yellow stone facing and yellow brick. Still, before the entrance, a prospect, a long, sloping lawn, trees. Very near, Shirley remembered, the shores of Lake Winnebago, the expanse of the lake, a small park. We had gone there, swung on swings.

Inside, generic hospital. We sat in a clerk's cubicle. The clerk made two copies of our mother's records. I had mine. Shirley had hers. The clerk saw us out of her cubicle.

There was no place in the hospital where we could scan the papers. I actually looked about for the hall that would lead me back to the sun room. The file was not large, four pages, Dr. C.H.F. reporting. We decided to read it in the pleasant park Shirley remembered, to sit on a grassy bluff overlooking Lake Winnebago. It was midday. We'd find a soft, summer, lakeside breeze there.

Outside, on the sloping lawn, I photographed the entrance, photographed an adjoining wall, photographed a barred window. As we returned to our car, there was a policeman, an older guy, with some stomach, in a rumpled, too-tight uniform, standing beside it, notebook out, giving us a surveillance. Who were

we and what were we doing here? He had a tone. You weren't allowed to take pictures of the hospital.

I looked incredulously at him, looked back at the hospital, at its bland institutional look, which now seemed to look back at me. I saw for the first time the large sign on the front lawn. It did not say *Winnebago State Hospital*. It said something else. I think I saw the word *Facility*. This was a fortified place, a maximum security prison. My car had New York license plates. It came instantly to me. Ed Gein, Wisconsin's fabled serial killer, lived out his life here. This was the place. Very dangerous persons were living out their institutionalized lives here.

We gave our explanation. The guard did not confiscate our film. It felt good to drive away, to be free, outside the hospital. I realized now how immensely calm, how still, the hospital complex had been. As we drove the side road to the park, there was more hospital, more buildings, all yellow, more stillness, the trees motionless, no wind in the branches, lawn reaching, extending.

Of course, Ed Gein. Ed Gein, crazed Wisconsin farmer, dug up his dead mother. He murdered women. Police found bodies dressed and strung up like shot Wisconsin deer. Alfred Hitchcock's film *Psycho* drew on the Gein case, on Ed Gein's family history. I remembered reading something about how serenely Ed Gein had lived out his life sentence.

Here was Mom's file, on Shirley's lap. We were absconding with it, her secret, this clinical report of her deep despair, her attempted suicide. It was permissible, I argued. Medical records are major texts in family histories. We were posterity.

❦

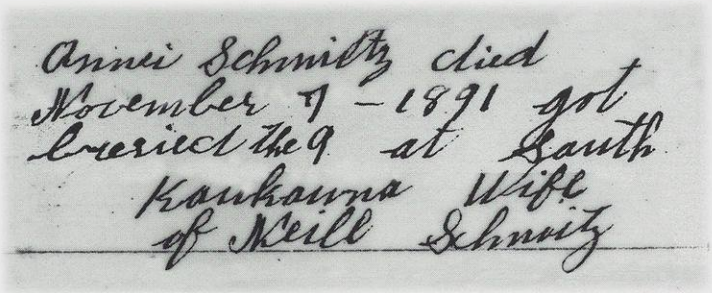
The park was now just a picnic area, two park tables on a wooded, weedy bluff. The best park table was already occupied. As we stood in the parking area, which adjoined a marsh, feeling June heat and humidity, mosquitoes humming, Shirley and I reconsidered. A red pickup truck came abruptly into the parking area, gravel rattling behind it. It stopped just as abruptly, at some distance from us, its two occupants considering us. More surveillance. Shirley and I stood where we were, looking at the truck, looking at the path that led up to the picnic area. Then the truck came slowly forward and slowly passed us, the security person on the passenger side, a young guy in sunglasses, grimly staring at us. The truck turned about and just as abruptly, with a rattle of gravel, was gone.

We went up to the picnic area. There was a force here, deterring. Mosquitoes hummed. Grass, shrubbery, trees, the lake itself, none of it worked. The slight breeze was fetid. We agreed to find a restaurant where we could read Mom's file over coffee.

At a Hardee's we sat in a booth and quietly read. Under *Statistical Data*, the admission form said: "Accompanied by patient's husband." After *Religion*, it said: "Catholic." After *Classification*, it said: "Manic Depressive Psychosis—Depressed Type."

Shirley and I came up from the first page and looked at each other. Admitted, April 10, 1941. Released, 6–30–41. Shirley was seven. I was five.

We turned to the second page. This was Dr. F.'s report. It began with an interrogation of Dad, the doctor writing a *Family History* and a *Personal History*. Each text is titled "By Husband." Here were Dad's answers, confident at first, detailed, then—as the *Personal History* got personal—wary, suddenly obscure.



Dad said: "Father, William Wendland, born in Germany. Living at 73. Mother, Helene Hoefert, born in Germany. Died at age of 65 from diabetes. There were two brothers living, one died at 7 years of scarlet fever. Three sisters living, none dead."

He also said: "She began school at 6 and quit at 15 after completing the first year of high school. After leaving school she worked at the Dakota Paper Mills in Appleton for about five years and worked as a telephone operator at Appleton for five years. She also worked in the knitting mill for a very short period of time."

He also knew this: "At age 20 she was operated on by Dr. Ryan at St. Elizabeth's Hospital at Appleton and had some of her female organs removed."

I read all this, Dad's phrasing *and quit at 15*, computing the ten years Mom worked. Single, living at home with a willful, indignant father, her mother isolated; living alone, wounded, Martha Wendland must have been desperate in her late twenties. Her sisters were married. Her brothers, Hap and Shorty, were resentful, judging sons. William Wendland was known to have had a mistress in Green Bay.

I have a hand-colored photograph of Martha Wendland taken at that time. She is standing with her mother. She is a slight, plain young person, a kind of Olive Oyl; yet her smile has a certain vivacity, and her hair is cut in a smart way.

Dad also said: "About one year ago she had pneumonia and was in St. Elizabeth's Hospital for about 2 weeks."

Dr. F. next asked about their marriage. The doctor wrote: "They have had a comparatively happy life except for a few religious differences as she was a Lutheran and he was a Catholic but the patient turned Catholic after they were married."

The *but* statement was the doctor's, I thought, the point of his engagement with Dad's answers. There was something suspect in Dad's chronology. He said: "Patient had a miscarriage at 2 months. While in the hospital recuperating from pneumonia she became confused and delusional and depressed. About one week before Christmas was the time at which her miscarriage took place and that worried her a good deal and it was necessary to bring her to this institution."

This was the actual sequence: First she was recuperating, pneumonic, delusional, depressed, then she was pregnant, then, "willfully," she had her miscarriage, then she had three months of mental anguish--January, February, March—short, dark Wisconsin days. In a single day, April 10, she attempted suicide, was here at the hospital, Dad sitting with Dr. F., explaining.

The whole history of women's woe seemed compressed in these two years, 1940–1941: pneumonia, pregnancy, abortion, suicide. In 1940 she was dying. In 1941 she wanted to die. Here, signing Martha Schmitz in to the hospital, filling out this form, was the husband, George Schmitz. Here was the report of the physical examination: Head, Eyes, Nose and Ears, Mouth, Neck, Chest, Heart, Abdomen, Inguinal Region, Genitalia, Extremities, Neurological Blood Pressure. In Genitalia, this remark: "Introitus admits two fingers."

Mom's admission interview states that ". . . in December she noticed she was having severe pains in the back of her head. She was pregnant at this time. She was quite worried because she thought she was too weak to have a child. Someone told her if she would stretch to the top of the door, she would cause a miscarriage. She did this and a miscarriage resulted about Christmas time."

The author's mother, Martha Wendland, with her mother, Helene Hoefert Wendland.

April 10, 1941, the doctor wrote: "She attempted suicide this morning by jumping into the cistern."

The cistern. Shirley and I looked up at the same time, considering the cistern. Although our modest bungalow on the outskirts of mid-century Kaukauna was a modern structure, a working-class suburban house, the basement was medieval, had gloomy vaults, a central furnace with big pipes reaching across and up the ceiling, a coal bin the size of a small cell, and a cistern of cement and stone, a big cistern. As a child you couldn't see into it. You had to fetch a chair and put a wooden box on the chair and then, tiptoe, balancing, you might peer over the top at the black pool of water.

Mom was afraid of water. She didn't swim. As a girl she'd been out on a lake in a boat with friends. A foolish boy had tormented them by recklessly rocking the boat. Mom was wearing a long dress. She had been terrified. When there were boat rides in our childhood, she stayed ashore.

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On April 21, 1941, Mom had her first staff interview. Four doctors were present, "Drs. P.F.M.& P." Staff report said: "Patient cooperated to the best of her ability. She was confused, retarded, appeared greatly depressed, somewhat agitated, emotionally unstable and tearful. She admitted having auditory hallucinations."

On May 28: "Patient continues to have periods of excitement and depression. She is emotionally unstable. She has gained little insight into her condition."

On June 30, next entry, Mom again meets with the staff: "Drs.W.H.M.P.P. and F." It is her release interview. She is released "against advice." It is put this way: "She believes she is well enough to go home."

Mom had gotten better. She was released that same day. My sisters vividly remember the magic of that day, Mom's mysterious return. Shirley remembers Mom going out to sit on the porch, remembers herself and Gerry sitting on either arm of the porch chair, leaning in on Mom, their hands on her shoulders and forearms, the three of them just sitting there quietly, the day passing. I do not remember this day. June 30, 1941, should be a family holiday.

Mom had come to some thoughtful resolution. She had figured out a way to go on. She had done it on her own, thought it out, gathered her resolve. It was her decision that she was well enough to go home. It was what she said when the skeptical doctors protested. "She believed she was well enough to go home."

Dad no doubt was promising good behavior. That she wasn't totally well, was still sad and wan, was probably, for some limited while, a power. She was well enough to come home. He had to recognize how important she was to his enterprise. He had to swear some oaths, to make some solemn promises. He was never to mention this event to us, never use it in any argument. He never did, though he was free elsewhere in the meanness of his remarks. He was to respect April 10, 1941.

When Mom was in the basement, Shirley would stand vigil on the top stair.

"I'm all right, Shirley," Mom would say from below. "I'm just doing the laundry. Go and play."

Some part of her resolution was Christian, referred to a Christ who was at once, so she now saw it, the Lutheran Christ and the Roman Catholic Christ, the Christ who forgave and forbore, an exuberant, pragmatic Christ. He understood situations. He understood predicaments. He was just the Christ she needed to help her get back her exuberance, her own existence. The greater part of her resolution had to be of her own contrivance, a kind of bricolage weaving of prayers and proverbs, a resolution that not only worked on June 30, 1941, but got truer and better in time. There were slugfests after this, but she sailed on, not at all embittered.

"Leave it in the Lord's hands, as He judges rightly." It was one of her major positions. She cited it often in her letters.

Dad, on the other hand, remained mostly crazed. He had little enjoyment of life. He liked vanilla ice cream. He liked to listen to baseball games on the radio. He took us once, Billy and me—I might have been six or seven—to visit an old bachelor pal named John Morbus. We drove into a woods to some small lake. John Morbus lived in a shack on that lake. I remember the ramshackle interior: one dimly lit room, a chair, a wood stove, a kitchen table, a bed, one of everything—one pot, one pan, one tin dish on the table. Grey lumpish clothes hung from pegs on the wall.

Billy and I were set to play in the yard, such as it was. At one point John Morbus came out and somewhat roughly took us out of his garden. It was hard to tell in this yard what was garden, what wasn't garden. I remember his look, his manner. He had no interest in us as children, as persons. His eyes were mean. He was furious. We might have stepped on a lettuce. It hurt where I was clutched. He squeezed and pinched our arms and shook us a little. He had the jaw-clamped, beak-nosed, irate face of a snapping turtle. It was his only look. He had come to the door with that face.

All the way home Dad praised John Morbus. The single life, that was best. ❧

Family Wedding Portrait 1883

The caption said: Annie Marx / Neil Schmitz. It was like this, we looked into each other's eyes, and it was like love at first sight. I had all the moves family history requires, charging the object, asking the question, visiting the site, and this was my reward, this revelation of Annie Marx, body and soul, urgently present in an excellent 1883 studio photograph, every detail crisp as the day she stood there.

She stood, her hand resting on Neil's shoulder. He is seated. They are young. They are at the outset of their life. They have scraped together some capital. They are going to Minnesota. They look, to me, at once vulnerable and resolved. Neil's suit trousers have been considerably turned up and visibly hemmed. Annie is plainly dressed. She wears at her neck an M brooch.

It is an exquisite feeling, to come upon such photographs in doing a family history. I possess the instant of this exposure, I share it with them, and because this is family history, I enjoy a privileged intimacy.

Neil Schmitz 1998

Adventures of an Art Courier to Australia

by Charles Munch

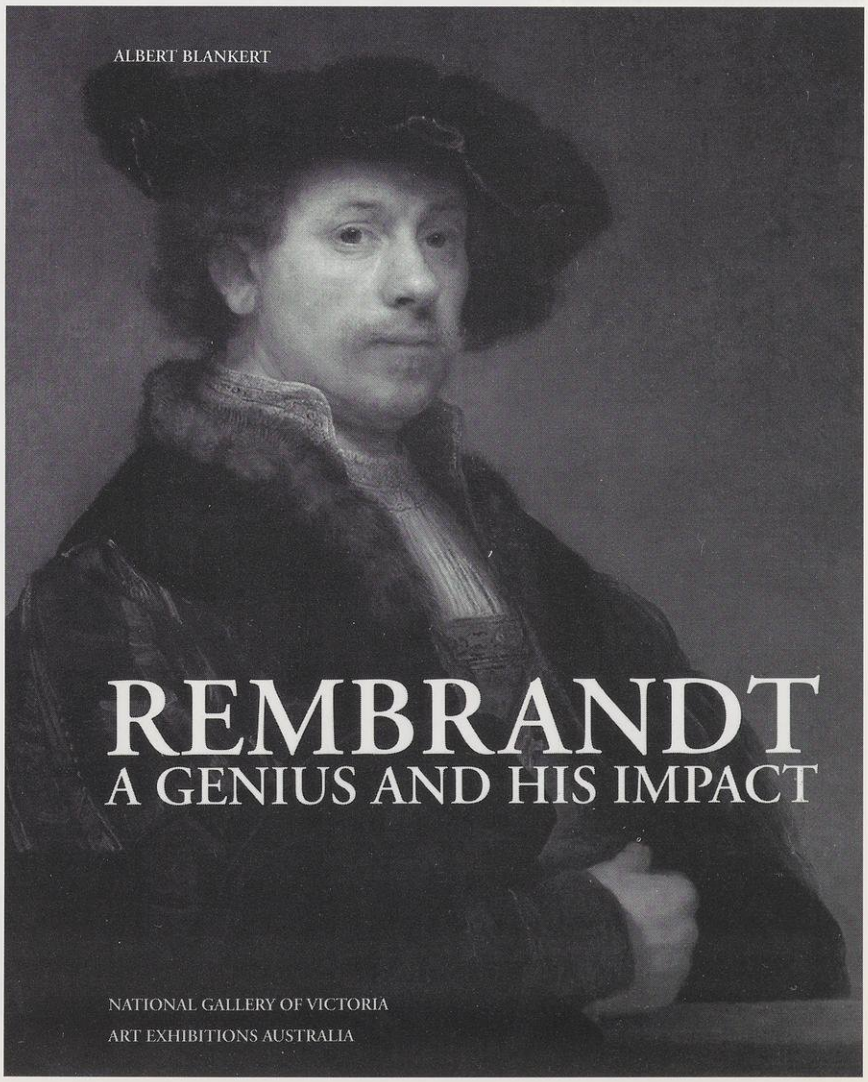
The space looked like a campsite. Blankets, foam mattresses, books, clothing, and backpacks were strewn about. In the midst of this clutter, five of us, previously strangers but now close comrades, dozed or read or talked quietly in the dim light. I felt so relaxed, so at home, it was hard to realize we were thousands of feet above the South Pacific in a huge airplane hurtling through the night toward Australia.

All of us were fine-art couriers, and the space we occupied was the bubble-shaped cabin that sits on top of the nose of a Boeing 747. Usually reserved for first-class passengers, this area had been cleared of all but four large seats when the plane was converted into a cargo carrier.

Even though I knew the purpose of our trip, I struggled to comprehend how this quiet moment could relate to a blockbuster exhibition of art work by Rembrandt and his pupils due to open a few days later in Melbourne. On top of that, it was my first time as a courier, and I was distracted by the presence of strangers in this oddly intimate setting. I needed food, sleep, and a chance to explore the new social situation. But at the back of my mind lurked a question: Will I accomplish my mission—and what exactly will that require of me?

Actually, the journey was initiated several weeks earlier. I am a painting conservator. My partner, Jane Furchgott, and I maintain, repair, and restore old oil paintings for museums and private collectors. Although we are free-lance conservators, we have played a major role in the care of old master paintings at the Milwaukee Art Museum since 1973. Usually when the Milwaukee Art Museum needs a courier to accompany art work being shipped to another museum, they send a member of their own staff. None of the qualified people on staff were available for this trip, so I was asked to step in on short notice.

As it happened, I was already familiar with the paintings for which I would be personally responsible. Jane and I had cleaned, repaired, varnished, or otherwise treated all of them in the past.



Pallets on the cargo deck, the floor equipped with rollers.

Most couriers travel with only one painting. I would be shepherding four, all of them Dutch paintings from the mid–1600s. Three were by Rembrandt pupils: a pair of tender portraits of a husband and wife by Jan Victors, owned by the Milwaukee Art Museum; and a large depiction of Manoah's Sacrifice set in a landscape by Govaert Flinck, owned by a Canadian museum. The fourth work, property of a Milwaukee collector, portrayed an old woman who modelled for Rembrandt so often that she is known as his "mother." But it was actually painted by Jan Lievens, Rembrandt's friend and studio-mate.

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The trip had begun slowly. On September 25, 1997, Jane drove me to Madison, where I caught a bus for Milwaukee. At the art museum I made a final examination of the four paintings, plus a fifth—a portrait by Rembrandt so small and valuable that it was being hand-carried by a friend of the owner. The other four were traveling in massive, wooden crates about 6 x 1 x 5 feet. I looked carefully over each painting just before it was packed, taking notes so I could accurately spot any changes in condition when I examined it again in Australia.

It was a solemn moment when the lid to each heavily padded crate was screwed down. After watching to be sure the crates were safely strapped into the semi-trailer that would take them to the Chicago airport, I climbed into a car belonging to an agent of the Australian museums. A second courier joined me there. He had just arrived from Massachusetts and would be carrying the tiny Rembrandt in a typewriter-size case.

By early evening we arrived at O'Hare and were taken to the cargo terminal used by Qantas Airways. Two more couriers, from Kansas and Texas, waited for us there with their crated paintings. They seemed lost in the bustle of the vast, cavernous shed—as big as three football fields—with forklifts racing about. Here we all stood, watching and sometimes making suggestions while the cargo crew arranged the eight crates on edge to form a compact mass on the 8 x 10-foot metal pallet.

When the configuration satisfied the crew, they wrapped the group of crates in two layers of polyethylene—the second layer baby pink for easy recognition—followed by a layer of transparent shrink-wrap. Next they crisscrossed it with seven super-strong nylon straps to make sure the crates stayed on the pallet, then finished with a ropey nylon net over all, just in case. They said the wrapping system was rated to hold 45,000 pounds. Our crates weighed about 2,000 altogether.

When the plane arrived from New York City, we saw that the nose flipped back to reveal a 230-foot cargo deck where the economy passengers usually sit in a 747. The loading of the pallet involved an elaborate system, apparently standard all over the world, of trailers and scissor lifts that exactly accommodate a metal pallet this size. The beds of all the trailers and lifts were covered with little metal rollers that permit heavy pallets—often weighing many thousand pounds—to be shoved around by only two people. The entire cargo deck of the plane was covered with the same rollers along with an occasional larger rubber roller that kicked the pallets along. We saw our pink pallet

On the ground in Honolulu. Our cabin windows are above the flag.

Pallets being loaded into the lower cargo deck of the Boeing 747 at Honolulu.

glide into the darkness of the plane, far to the rear where it would be out of the way during loadings and unloadings of other cargo.

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Around midnight we climbed a ladder to the cargo floor, then up another ladder, through a hatchway, and into the cabin on top of the plane. The cabin was to be our home for the next thirty hours. This space, about 12 x 24 feet, was just behind a tiny kitchen that was next to the pilots' cockpit.

The cabin walls had the streamlined interior surfaces of a passenger plane, but the sole furnishings were a few box-like aluminum lockers along one side and, on the other, two pairs of first-class-size seats set far apart from each other. Another courier who had arrived with the plane sat in one of the seats. That made five of us. As there were only four seats, regulations required one of us—during take-offs and landings—to occupy a jump seat in the cockpit, just behind the pilots. When my turn came, I was thrilled by dramatic views of land and sea spectacularly mingled in Figi and Sydney.

We were all relieved to discover a pile of foam mattresses stacked along one wall. That meant we could sleep whenever we wanted during the extended night created by the long flight west. The next necessity—food—was provided in abundance: sandwiches, fruit, and standard airplane dinners with assorted entrees that we could heat in a tiny oven. For some reason there was no refrigeration, so all uneaten food was replaced at each landing. Only the fruit we eventually picked up in Honolulu stands out in my memory—ripe, sweet, and garnished with tropical flowers.

One of our duties was to make sure the paintings stayed on the plane until Melbourne. Luckily we didn't have to get up in the night to stand on the tarmac during our stop in Los Angeles. Since we had been assured that the plane would only be taking on cargo there, not unloading, we slept fitfully through this interruption.

By the time we reached Honolulu, the sun had caught up with us. We climbed out of the plane and stood on the pavement in the steamy, early morning glare. Honolulu had been billed as a refuelling stop, but we saw cargo going off and on anyway. We scrutinized every pallet. All were black or gray—no baby pinks.

The next stop was Nadi, Figi. The airport was closed except to receive two or three passenger flights per day. While the plane refuelled, we were allowed into the deserted terminal where we wandered the eerily empty halls and half-lit waiting rooms. Although the plane easily could have flown nonstop from Chicago to Melbourne, the frequent refuelings were scheduled to maximize cargo weight by keeping fuel weight to a minimum.

During the flight I talked with one of the other couriers, a museum curator from Harvard, about the indemnity funds that make art exhibitions like this one possible. About thirty years ago, he told me, old master painting values rose and lending activity increased so much that insurance costs became prohibitive, especially when transoceanic flights were involved. Rather than give up major loan exhibitions entirely, many national governments, including the United States and Australia, agreed to cover losses resulting from shows in their respective countries. Thus the museums' insurance costs dropped to zero and loan exhibitions increased.

Amazingly, since that time there have been only minor damages paid, and no works of art have been lost. It was the Harvard curator's opinion that if even one major masterpiece were destroyed, there would be such an outcry against routinely shipping paintings around the world that the whole system would crumble. Hearing this, I was impressed by the possibility of far-reaching consequences if I relaxed my vigilance.

❦

Having gone from fall to spring by crossing the equator, we skipped a day at the international date line and landed in Sydney in late afternoon. While most of the cargo was being unloaded, Australian officials came up to our campsite and processed us through customs and emigration.

The next landing was Melbourne. As we emerged from the plane at 9:00 that night, we were welcomed by four employees of the National Gallery of Victoria. The thirty-hour flight was over, but we couldn't rest yet. With only light jackets to shield ourselves from a cold, misty spring rain, we couriers stood around chilled and exhausted, watching the unloading of most of the cargo hold before our pink "baby" emerged to weak cheers. Immediately it was hauled into an unheated warehouse, where the unwrapping took almost as long as the initial wrapping. With endless precautions the massive crates were mechanically hoisted two at a time into a waiting truck and secured with countless straps.

When all was perfect, we and our luggage were distributed among several cars for the half-hour ride to the museum. There the process was reversed. The crates were unloaded two at a time, rolled down a long hall into a freight elevator, down several more long halls on an upper level, and finally into the gallery where most of the other paintings in the exhibition had already been hung. Although it was past midnight, we repeated this operation six times, walking almost in our sleep, back and forth, up and down in the elevator, until all twelve crates (including those which had come from the East Coast) were standing on edge in one of the exhibition galleries. There they would remain unopened for a day while they gradually adjusted to the new temperature and humidity.

It was 2:00 in the morning before we reached our hotels. I set both my travel alarm and the alarm built into the bed just to be sure I would wake up at 9:00 the next morning. Theoretically we had the next day off while our paintings were acclimatizing, but I was determined to ignore jet lag and attend the Rembrandt scholars' colloquium at the museum. I did remarkably well—even in the darkened lecture hall I had no trouble staying awake. Later in the afternoon I found time to visit their old master collection. Compared to what I'd seen in similar American museums, I was unimpressed, except by a large group of excellent pre-Raphaelite paintings.

On the second morning, I arrived at the museum by 9:30 to supervise the opening of the crates and to examine the five paintings and frames for any change in their condition. This was a slow process. Less familiar with the paintings than I was, the museum conservators who performed the inspection with me recorded anomalous features even more meticulously than I had. We didn't find any recent damage. Our only disagreements were over features that I considered normal marks of age, but which they feared might be interpreted as damage and therefore ought to be noted. After I had accompanied each painting to its place in the exhibition and had seen it properly hung on the wall, my work was completed. I left the museum with great satisfaction. I had accomplished my mission!

❦

Melbourne is beautiful, similar to American cities except for the left-hand driving, but cleaner and friendlier. The weather was clear and cool the whole time I was there, with spring flowers blooming everywhere, most profusely in a large botanical garden near the museum.

During the two and a half days remaining before my return to the United States, I explored Melbourne mostly on foot, walking or running, seldom using public transportation. I enjoyed finding neighborhoods where the buildings didn't look American. The typical house in old residential areas was a one-story brick bungalow with a metal roof and a porch across the front supported by cast-iron filigree. The old commercial or governmental buildings had a stripped-down Victorian look that reminded me of English India or perhaps the American West.

The third day was filled with opening events for the exhibition, officially titled "Shell Presents Rembrandt: A Genius and

Heather Haskell

The National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne.

An old Melbourne bungalow.

His Impact." I attended the morning press preview, thinking it might be the best opportunity for me to see the paintings without so many people around. I admired the selection: approximately thirty Rembrandt paintings and thirty paintings by his pupils, plus many Rembrandt drawings and etchings. My only complaint was that the rooms, wall colors, and lighting weren't designed as well as they might have been to set off the magnificent works of art.

In the afternoon I left the museum to visit a sales gallery that featured stunningly beautiful artwork by aborigines, who have only begun using paint on canvas during the last twenty-five years. Their large, abstract images are popular and very expensive. Enthralled, I looked around for a long time with no thought of acquisition, until I discovered a group of small, unstretched canvases that I could afford and easily carry home rolled up. I chose one for Jane that represented in diagrammatic form the gathering of bush plums.

That night I donned my version of the "lounge suit" specified in the invitation to the celebration banquet. I had already learned that a lounge suit was a dark business suit, but instead of buying or renting one I wore my usual gray denim pants with a glossy, gray-green sport jacket.

Although festivities began at 5:30 with a VIP reception so exclusive that we were ushered in through a little side door known as the "mouse hole," we were offered only alcohol along with another opportunity to view the paintings. Later, when we were called to hear the public speeches, we found that while all the non-VIPs were to sit in a lecture hall, we were directed to a canopied courtyard where we could view the speeches on a gigantic television screen without interrupting the drinking and conversation. I sneaked back to the paintings.

Finally at about 8:30 my hungry companions and I walked to the hotel where the huge banquet was being held, found our names on the seating diagram, and sat impatiently awaiting the arrival of food. The couriers had been separated, but fortunately I had interesting new companions at my table, so I enjoyed the talk between the formal speeches and dinner courses. There were many courses and several varieties of Australian wine. I finally left at 11:30, before the last bits of food and wine had been served, and returned to my hotel. It had been a long day.

On my last day in Melbourne, I hoped to see something exotic and distinctly Australian. Unable to find a commercial tour that fit my schedule, I succeeded in persuading one of the museum employees to take part of the day off and drive me into the countryside. While going to his house in a remote part of Melbourne in order to pick up his car, I received an added bonus—I caught a glimpse of an ordinary Australian household, including my host's wife and son, and drove through residential neighborhoods more Australian in character than the downtown.

We visited a rather humble national park and walked along a creek and into the arid hills above it. This hike gave me a feeling for one kind of scenery, which I added to my impression of other scenery viewed from the car window. I began wondering about the cultural basis of beauty in landscape, because much of what I saw seemed strangely graceless and unattractive in its larger forms. We observed beautiful wild flowers, brightly colored birds, and individual pretty trees; but I found the land itself, or the way the plants fit together on it, to be unappealing. Nonetheless, I thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

❦

The next morning I was up before dawn to catch a cab for the airport. As I left the hotel with my luggage, I was aware of traveling light, no longer bearing responsibility for the priceless works of art.

It had been the perfect adventure for someone who loves paintings as much as I do. I had become acquainted with unfamiliar art in an attractive city on another continent. And I would now see large art exhibitions differently. In the future when I attend a show of old master paintings borrowed from other parts of the world, I will be more aware of all the people—like me—whose efforts and emotions lie hidden beneath the exhibition's smooth surface. ❧

Photos courtesy the author unless otherwise indicated.

Old Peasant 1888

Never mind he paints my hands
to look like hard field potatoes,
my beard as corn stubble. I am upset
with joy when I tell my old wife how I sit,
serious as a peasant, and for five pense
a day, the Dutchman paints my eyelids,
ears and chin—geranium and rose.
Phew—my face, a painter's
flower bed!

Our neighbor
saw him in a field, painting flowering
trees, carts on the road, everything he sees,
until the sun and mistral color his face
the same orange as these brick floor tiles.

His brother will arrive, soon, by train,
to take the almond trees, sunflowers
and me to Paris. We will hang
in a storefront window—
Parisians will want to know our price!
I fear my old wife will die laughing
when I tell her this—her stomach
galloping as she runs to tell
the neighbors.

One night
they saw him in the road, a lit candle
stuck in his hatband as he painted the stars
and moon. My old wife cronks like a yard goose—
tears watering her cheeks. Phew!

I am finished with the Dutchman—after today,
he can go find himself another peasant, and paint
him purple, for all I care!

Elaine Cavanaugh

La Mousmé 1888

Could it be true, I remind him
of his sister? How old am I, he asks.
Sir, I am twelve in January. He steps away
from the easel and hands me a white and pink-colored
flower. Oleander, he mutters.

No Monsieur, my name is Antoinette. He smiles, although
I don't know why. He tells me his cousin, whom he loved,
died in April: His name was Anton. Well, I am named
for my mother's favorite brother, I say.

As I speak, he arranges my hands—one on the stem
of the flower, the other on the arm of the chair.
His odor reminds me of the men who drink absinthe
in Ma-ma's cafe. I dare not turn my head,
but I see paintings everywhere.

They say he paints flowers in the garden until his face
matches the geraniums: I must look down to keep from laughing.
His hand trembles on the brush, red paint collects like blood
on a leg-of-lamb in Uncle's butcher shop.

Ma-ma dressed me in this costume, then tied a matching ribbon
in my hair. When she brought me to his room, she asked
for one week's pay in advance. I feel his eyes on me
as if he could be washing Madame's fine china
with his fingertips.

In one hour I am finished. When I go home, my sisters
will try on my dress and twirl this flower until its petals drop.
Ma-ma and I will laugh, plowing furrows in our "lovely
Arlesienne brows." Ha! What's a Dutchman, anyway?
All I see is a red-feathered old crow croaking
hoo-doo and painting pictures like a child
in school!

Elaine Cavanaugh

The Call

For one entire month
I stayed inside
And waited for your call.

I sat immobile in the soft chair
Watching the brown trees,
Bare yet budding.

Over the weeks, the trees became a sea of green
That swung the dancing birds in waves.
I remembered that dance.
Being tossed over and over into the air
Fighting the wind, resisting gravity,
Focusing on the branch that
Kept moving away.

My swollen body, almost paralyzed,
Drew itself up,
Walked haltingly outside on club feet
To the nearest tree
And began to climb.

Sandy Walejko

Protecting Butterflies

Walking down the gravel road
I see puddles of yellow
butterflies sucking the stones.
They lift up as I approach, escort me
to the mail box like guardian angels.

In the afternoon,
driving to Jacksonport for milk,
I steer around my feasting friends.

That night I dream the young carpenter
at the construction site—the one with the
"Wild Women Don't Get The Blues"
bumper sticker on his pickup—is
slamming his truck from side to side
crushing the fluttering puddles.

I awake at 3:15
lie in bed for over an hour
creating a protection plan:
sometime tomorrow
a note of concern and
naturalist Roy Lukes' latest column
on the beauty of butterflies
sealed in an envelope
tucked under the truck's windshield wiper.

Now back to sleep.

Neil J. McCarty

A Royal Lady

I journeyed back in time
and found the simple pleasures
of a daylight in Argos
and I was prudent then
more prudent than the sages
who keep their little gardens
in the gentle countryside.

Yet when the sun went down
and Argos was in darkness
I dreamed of you again
Anna Dalassini
you came and smiled at me
in the chambers of the soul
and beauty was sublime.

George Gott

Speaking to Ananta

If there is no deity within us:

If there is only a fawn
drinking at the river's edge.

What shall we do Ananta?

When we discover
the wind is only the wind
sighing and dying
in a windless afternoon.

What shall we do Ananta?

When the mind is active
is the soul asleep?

When the mind is passive
is the soul in jeopardy?

One blade of grass
abides in all the knowledge
that we will ever know
at the edge of the wilderness.

We are the hawk Ananta.

George Gott

THE MOUNDS OF KOSHKONONG AND ROCK RIVER: A History of Ancient Indian Earthworks in Wisconsin by Hugh Highsmith. Highsmith Press and the Fort Atkinson Historical Society, 1994. 263 pages. $14.95 softcover.

by David F. Barton

Hugh Highsmith lives on a high glacial drumlin hill overlooking the Rock River and the city of Fort Atkinson. His home is within a few miles of literally hundreds of Native American sites dating from 10,000 B.C. to the early twentieth century. Highsmith has been interested in Indian history since childhood and has spent many years researching, recording, and preserving Native American mounds.

The Lake Koshkonong and Rock River locale is an area worthy of study. Robert Birmingham, Wisconsin state archeologist, stated recently that this geography contains one of the largest concentrations of effigy mounds in the world. He also noted that Hugh Highsmith does a fine job of bringing together a diverse variety of information and takes the reader to the literal heart of effigy mound country.

Highsmith stresses in his introduction that his book is not intended to be a scholarly work. He makes no claims with regard to advancing the anthropological study of Native Americans in south central Wisconsin. He combines secondary sources and personal historical accounts of Native Americans and European settlers. While the text has a folksy charm, it is well researched and clearly written.

The first two chapters focus on early Native American occupation of the Lake Koshkonong area and include a chronological background on the sequence of cultural occupation with reference to archeological sites of local significance. The subsequent three chapters discuss the arrival of Euro-Americans and their interactions with the indigenous population, including a detailed description of the Black Hawk War. In these early sections, Highsmith reproduces some interesting plates, including a photograph dated 1898 of a Ho-Chunk (previously known as Winnebago) youth in front of his "wigwam" and a hand-drawn map of Old Fort Koshkonong dating from 1835. Both of these rare figures are housed in the Hoard Historical Museum in Fort Atkinson.

Highsmith ventures into his true loves in Chapters Six through Thirteen, the mounds of the Lake Koshkonong area. The text is well written and richly illustrated with a variety of sketches reprinted from Increase Lapham's *Antiquities of Wisconsin* of 1853 and other drawings by local surveyors and artists. The photograph of the famous Panther Intaglio (p. 121) documents a very rare form of mound construction where the monument is dug into the earth rather than built on the surface.

The author is much more than an interested avocational archeologist, however. Of the more than 500 Native American mounds built near the shores of Lake Koshkonong, most have been destroyed or damaged by the incursions of Euro-Americans over the past 150 years. Highsmith, the founder of a national library supply company, used his personal resources and boundless energy to purchase acreage which contained some rare effigy mounds, including a select group of eleven animal, bird, linear, and conical mounds. With the help of the Fort Atkinson Historical Society, he donated the site to Jefferson County to become the Jefferson County Indian Mounds and Trail Park. Highsmith is an archeological activist in the best sense of the phrase.

For interested amateurs as well as professional archeologists, *The Mounds of Koshkonong* contains a reprint of the hard-to-find "Archeology of the Lake Koshkonong Region," originally published in the *Wisconsin Archeologist* journal in the spring of 1908. (I have seen original copies of this *Wisconsin Archeologist* issue selling at used and rare bookstores for more than the price of Highsmith's book.) Highsmith's bibliography is adequate but misses a few key sources. Interested readers may wish to learn more about the Lake Koshkonong region by reading Charles E. Brown's discussion of "Indian Village and Camp Sites of the Lower Rock River" (*Wisconsin Archeologist*, October 1929 Vol. 9: No.1) and Lawrence Martin's *Physical Geography of Wisconsin* (The University of Wisconsin Press, 1965).

Highsmith has written a charming book that captures the flavor of the archeologically rich Lake Koshkonong area. Both amateurs and professionals will want this text on their bookshelves.

David F. Barton is president of the Charles E. Brown Archeological Society in Madison. He recently contributed an article on the Dyreson Fish Dam along the Yahara River in Dane County to the Wisconsin Archeologist.

FOR TRULY TO SEE YOUR FACE, SHORT STORIES by Lynne Hume Burgess. Goodhue, Minnesota: Black Hat Press, 1996. $10.95 softcover, 65 pages. ISBN 1–887649–01–8

THE POETRY OF COLD, A COLLECTION OF WRITINGS ABOUT WINTER, WOLVES & LOVE. Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin: Home Brew Press, 1997. $14.95 softcover, 115 pages. ISBN 1–891609–00–9.

by James A. Gollata

When the Wisconsin Library Association literary awards committee chose Lynne Hume Burgess's book for an Outstanding Achievement Award last year, committee members described the collection as "eight interlocking short stories about a Wisconsin farm family written in a style both spare and achingly lyrical. The brevity of Burgess' works belies their fullness." This is right on the mark.

Burgess, a poet who has been published in the *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar, Hummingbird, Northeast, Rag Mag, Great River Review*, and *Northwest Literary Forum*, is a minimalist both as a poet and as a short-story writer. She describes herself

as reaching "life's midpoint firmly rooted at the end of a Holmen coulee," and this quiet, deceptive dead-ending shows solidly in her writing, spare presentation, and rural imagery. There are more fenceposts than post-modern constructions here, and she knows how to tell a tale.

The story called "May" sets the tone and history for the others. In "May," the woman so-named decides that it is time to marry and procreate. Her aunts are referring to her as an "old maid," and she decides to deal with it. She marries Big Henry, and with the arrival of children becomes in turn June, July, August, and September, at which time she decides to retire from such harvesting. But it's not over. After two attempts to get rid of Big Henry, while she becomes October, November, and December, she finally decides to stay with him, and becomes May again.

Her three single-birth children—Onion, Melon, and Root—are, of course, the offspring of farmers and have been planted and raised in the country. They have their own stories in the book. "Onion" suffers a rape and loses her appetite for life and for food. We are left uncertain of her recovery. "Melon" rescues the dying farm on which she lives with her husband by deciding to raise sheep, and possibly redeems herself by aiding a ewe in delivering a lamb. "Root," of whose difficult birth we have read in the first story, becomes obsessed with cleaning and collecting keys, and in his story he takes in a homeless woman who disturbs his insular universe.

The other children, Bean and Kernel—the Peas, become the inseparable Ben and Kearny in the title story, "For Truly to See Your Face," a quotation from the biblical story of two other twins, Jacob and Esau.

The stories are allegorical and imagistic, quite simplistic on the surface, and well-harvested. There are no pat answers or tidy, definitive endings. The stories and characters are tied to the land and to the images of generation, growth, and the development and end of personal history. In the last story, "Dance," Henry has been dead for forty years, and the "old woman" has climbed to the top of a ridge on her farm: "'Let's dance, Henry,' May says into the night." All the cycles end with perhaps one last circle.

We routinely group months into seasons, and there is no more demanding season than winter. *The Poetry of Cold* taunts us with the immediacy of that bitter, yet inspiring, time. The collection grew out of workshops in creative writing coordinated by publisher Mary "Casey" Martin at Treehaven, a "nature and educational center" operated at Tomahawk by the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point. In addition to the work of former workshop teachers and students, thematic pieces by other writers were added, all in some way challenging the nature of the dead season, alive with lyricism, el lobo, and love.

The anthology is as uneven as a snowdrift, presenting poetry, essays, and articles of varying quality. Some of the more notable names included are Mel Ellis ("Killer Cold") and Frances Hamerstrom ("Cool Cats"). Jean Feraca, in her "Waking Early After Heavy Snow," writes, "At last we stagger, tug up the window/lids, letting in the white/eyes of day" and Justin Isherwood pronounces in "What Cold Is Good For" that "Cold restores empty to a landscape twice as well as its nearest competitor."

Most of the work is intensely personal, reactive to the cold of winter and the warmth of love. The writers respond to the weather, remember loved ones, and listen to the lugubrious howls of the winter wolves. Black and white photographs (naturally) illustrate the themes throughout, providing a graphic balance to the collection.

James A. Gollata is director of the library at the University of Wisconsin–Richland and president of Wisconsin Academy's Center for the Book.

ONLY IN BOOKS: Writers, Readers, and Bibliophiles on Their Passion compiled by J. Kevin Graffagnino. Madison House Publishers, 1996. 266 pages, $16.95 hardcover. ISBN 0–945612–49–4.

by Dennis Ribbens

Years ago when our then ten-year-old son seemed to take an extraordinarily long time in the bathroom, my wife called to him, "What is taking you so long?" The reply came, "I haven't finished the chapter yet." Even as I did when I was a child, so too that ten-year-old and his siblings grew up in a book-cluttered, TV-free home. And now, when my grandchildren come for a visit, they take their books along with them as faithfully as they bring their stuffed toys and their roller blades. No wonder then that I turned with interest to *Only in Books: Writers, Readers, and Bibliophiles on Their Passion* compiled by J. Kevin Graffagnino, director of library at The State Historical Society of Wisconsin. How gratifying to find a librarian still interested in books and reading.

Graffagnino's collection contains over a thousand quotations from hundreds of writers on books, writing, reading, and publishing, all arranged alphabetically, from John Adams to Emile Zola. Here is a book for those who can say with Thomas Jefferson, "I cannot live without books." Here is a book for those who love the very feel of a book, who gravitate to book stores and libraries as iron to a magnet. In fact, I dare, I dare anyone with even the faintest interest in books, to pick up this volume, open it up, and then put it down after reading just one or two quotations. This stuff is irresistible. You will find all those ideas about books and reading that you have had yourself—and much more—in this collection.

In the Introduction, subtitled "Confessions of an Unrepentant Bibliophile," Graffagnino tells us about himself, about his book-saturated youth, his early passion for old books and the writings of bibliophiles, his college efforts at becoming a bookseller, and his collecting over many years quotations that had anything to do with books, writing, reading, publishing, or

libraries. Although the Introduction gives some attention to the themes that emerge in this compilation of quotations, it could have said more. I am sure Graffagnino has much to say about the different themes that emerge among the quotations, themes like: reading a few books carefully versus reading many books superficially, women as authors, avoiding bad books and choosing good books, authorship based on much reading versus authorship based on life experience. I believe I detected, for example, greater love of reading among earlier writers than among those of the twentieth century. I hope the author finds an opportunity to analyze the themes in a future work.

Enough! Here are some quotations to give you the flavor of the book.

> "No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with good books if he has the means to buy them. A library is one of the necessities of life. A book is better for weariness than sleep; better for cheerfulness than wine; it is often a better physician than a doctor, and a better preacher than a minister." Henry Ward Beecher

> "After all manner of professors have done their best for us, the place we are to get knowledge is in books. The true university of these days is a collection of books." Carlyle

> "A room without books is a body without a soul." Cicero
> "A house without books is like a room without windows." Horace Mann

> "It is not true that we have only one life to live; if we can read, we can live as many more lives and as many kinds of lives as we wish." S.I. Hayakawa

> "If I am to write I must have a room to myself that will be my room." Harriet Beecher Stowe, not Virginia Woolf

> "The two most engaging powers of an author are to make new things familiar and familiar things new." Samuel Johnson

But there are also some iconoclasts. Here are a few:

> "If I had read as much as other men, I should have been as ignorant as others." Hobbes

> "The multitude of books is making us ignorant." Voltaire

> "The multitude of books is a great evil." Luther

> "I hate books, for they only teach people to talk about what they do not understand." Rousseau

> "I hate authors. I wouldn't mind them so much if they didn't write books." Von Arnim

Winston Churchill, tongue in cheek, wrote, "It is a good thing for an uneducated man to read books of quotations." Mmmmmm. I think Graffagnino would prefer that I end with John Ruskin's words, "If a book if worth reading, it is worth buying." My advice: it is, so do.

And to my ten-year-old son, or by now to my grandson, still lingering over a book in the bathroom, this from Marcus Aurelius. "Away with thy books! Be no longer drawn aside by them: it is not allowed."

Dennis Ribbens is director of the Lawrence University Library in Appleton.

BOOK NOTES

Nature Guide Books

SEASONAL GUIDE TO THE NATURAL YEAR (Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin) by John Bates. Golden, Colorado: Fulcrum Publishing, 1997. $16.95 softcover. ISBN 1-55591-273-7

A NORTHWOODS COMPANION: Spring and Summer by John Bates. Mercer: Manitowish River Press, 1997. $14.95 softcover. ISBN 0-9656763-0-7

A NORTHWOODS COMPANION: Fall and Winter by John Bates. Mercer: Manitowish River Press, 1997. $14.95 softcover. ISBN 0-9656763-1-5

All three guidebooks by John Bates can be ordered by calling (715) 476-2818. Bates includes poetic musings, personal observations, and thoughtful insights along with his informed prose. Books include assorted photos, drawings, tables, maps.

WISCONSIN'S OUTDOOR TREASURES: A Guide to 150 Natural Destinations by Tim Bewer. Prairie Oak Press, 821 Prospect Avenue, Madison, WI 53703. 1997. $17.95 softcover. ISBN 1-879483-39-4

The author has traveled throughout the state to experience well-known natural areas as well as hidden places of solitude. The book is full of information and directions for those who hike, bike, ski, canoe, kayak, or just plain enjoy a scenic drive or an opportunity to observe wildlife.

The Bookmark Project

by Faith B. Miracle

It began modestly, as a glimmer of an idea. The idea developed slowly, then burst forth with the enthusiasm of an old Judy and Mickey neighborhood show. Let's do another one!

Academy graphics arts expert Marty Lindsey was my partner in the venture. As I developed the texts and located the appropriate images, Marty created the designs and transformed them into bookmark format. Reason and cost awareness—not lack of inspiration—stopped us after we had produced eight bookmarks.

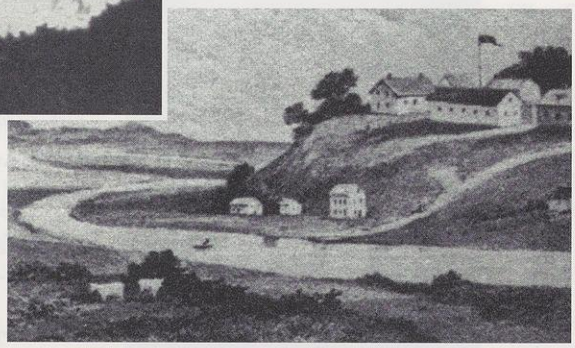
There was purpose behind our enthusiasm. The Wisconsin Center for the Book board of directors wanted to acknowledge the new three-year theme (1998–2000) announced by the Center for the Book at the Library of Congress: "Building a Nation of Readers." Also we wanted to celebrate our state's sesquicentennial year by calling attention to some Wisconsin authors and artists.

The bookmarks feature text on both sides. Information on the reverse side describes current Wisconsin Center for the Book programs and offers images or facts relating to the individual or art featured on the front (see detail below).

The printing costs were covered by past donations to the Wisconsin Center for the Book, and the bookmarks are available at no charge to anyone interested in receiving a set of eight or individual designs (see page 50). If quantities are ordered, a small contribution to offset mailing charges would be appreciated. ❧

LEFT: Juliette Magill Kinzie (1806–1870)

BELOW: Detail from Fort Winnebago *in 1831. Drawing by Juliette Magill Kinzie from* Wau-Bun: The Early-Day in the North West. *Courtesy the Colonial Dames of Wisconsin.*



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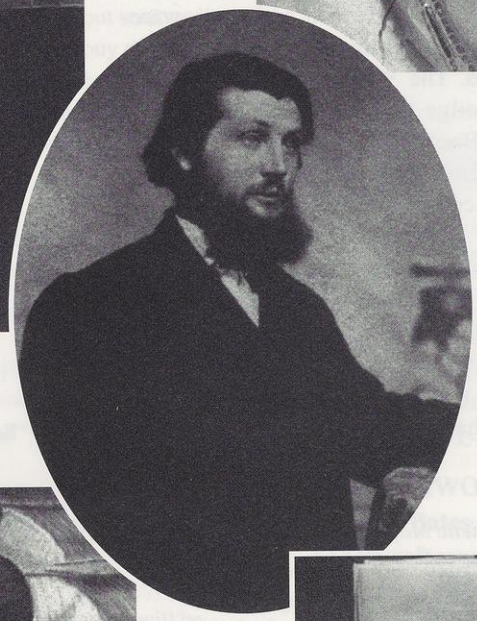
Detail from *The Bookshelf* by Aaron Bohrod. This illustration was created in 1956 for the *Wisconsin Academy Review.*

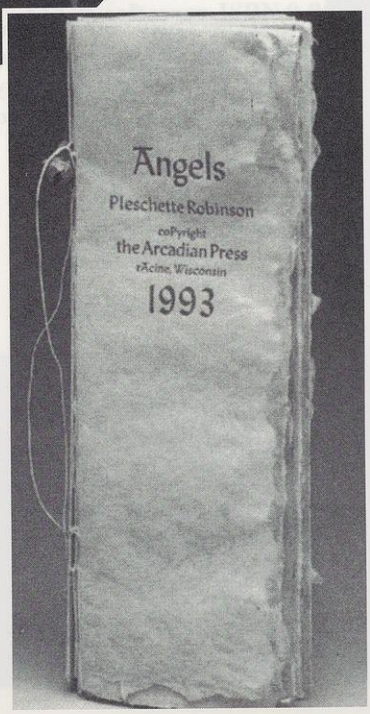
LEFT: The Great Chief (Tcha-kauks-o-ko-maugh), *a Menominee boy by George Catlin, 1836. Courtesy the Smithsonian Institution.*

CENTER: John Muir *(1838–1914). Courtesy University of Wisconsin–Madison Archives.*



TOP LEFT: Detail from Silent Devotion *by Carl von Marr. Oil on canvas, ca. 1901. Milwaukee Art Museum.*

ABOVE: Detail from Paul Bunyan, his blue ox, Babe, and lumberjacks log the great white pines of northern Wisconsin *by James Watrous, 1933. Courtesy Memorial Union Building Association, University of Wisconsin–Madison.*



ABOVE: William Francis Allen *(1830-1889) by Warrington Colescott. Sixth president of the Wisconsin Academy, Allen was author, editor, and expert in Roman history and ancient languages.*

LEFT: Angels, *written, designed and printed by Racine student Pleschette Robinson, one of the first participants in the book-arts program . The program was initiated in Racine by the Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts.*

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