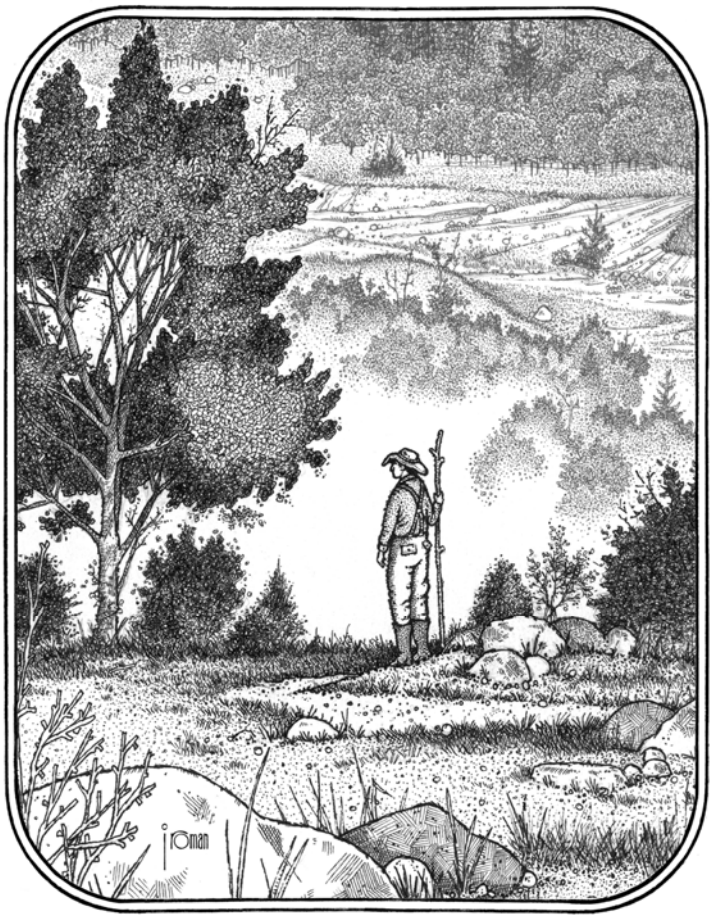
The Concord Saunterer
A Journal of Thoreau Studies



© John Roman: Thoreau on Fair Haven Hill

"It is a great art to saunter."
H. D. Thoreau, April 26, 1841

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Mapping Thoreau's World

An Artist's Journal on Making an Illustrated Map of Historic Concord

John Roman

I.

> How many a man has dated a new era in his life
> from the reading of a book?
>
> Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*

On Saturday, the last day of August, 1996, I began my very first reading of Henry David Thoreau's *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* having no idea that the actual events retold in the book had begun on Saturday, the last day of August, 1839—the very same day, date and month. I was immediately seized. Thoreau's book transported me to another place, another world, and invited me to accompany two Concord natives on a weeklong, end-of-the-summer boat trip through a part of New England I had lived in most of my life. It pulled me 157 years back in time to re-experience the region of America I inhabit in the present, and learn, through Thoreau's descriptions, how it had existed in the past.

Day by day my reading kept up with the exact days being chronicled in the book, and I soon began to lose exclusive contact with my own time. To my amazement, the world in the book and the world of 1996 were merging. Thoreau's articulate account of his environs took hold of me and it wasn't long before I began to feel that I was right there in the *Muskataquid* with Henry and his brother. Each day the sights, sounds and smells of my daily life became links to those experienced by people living over a century and a half earlier. Even Thoreau's accounts of the weather seemed to keep pace with the weather during my week in 1996, especially in the "Friday" chapter, when Thoreau recalls the point in time when his 1839 "summer passes into autumn." On that exact day and date in 1996 I too experienced the same "turning point in the season" (*Week* 334).

As I read, I found myself experiencing a continuous series of brief, unusual episodes in which I observed the 20th century world as though I were seeing it through the eyes of a person living in the 1830s. I was repeatedly astonished by short unexpected bursts of acute, involuntary awareness, as I watched my brain perceive contemporary commonplace implements and mechanisms as though they were marvels seen for the very first time. For example, one afternoon I found myself suddenly and oddly aware of telephone poles and the profusion of wires and cables they carried, and it struck me how some of the poles had sources of light on them. Another time a simple fire hydrant poking out of the ground hinted to me that an incredible underground network of pipes transported water all over town. Once I felt an almost comical, fleeting flash of wonder at how people were operating self-propelled vehicles of various sizes and styles, and I was subsequently taken by a complete and genuine realization at how friction had been enormously reduced for those travelers by smooth, hard-surfaced roadways.

That week other revelatory events, all out of proportion to my familiarity with the subjects at hand, included a momentary yet profound sense of awe at indoor lighting, a surprising detection that some vehicles could fly, a cognizance of automatic heating and cooling, and a fleeting startlement at small boxes that displayed moving pictures and others that emitted music. People talking to each other on small hand-held implements caused a flit of wonder, and I remember the time a tall building that seemed to be made only of glass unexpectedly captured my curiosity. These flashes exploded into my mind without warning, were quite frequent and varied, and would depart as quickly as they arrived. But they left me with an exhilarating new vision of the environment around me and with a thrilling sensation that I was somehow experiencing the world from simultaneous points in time. It was as though I were living in both 1996 *and* in 1839.

Conversely, and just as enlightening, each day that I absorbed myself in the reading of *A Week,* Henry directed my attention toward innumerable facts and details in *his* world as well, illuminating the realities of 1839. These astounding breakthroughs of sensory consciousness lingered with me for many days after I completed the book. Eventually, however, those peaks of perception came less and less often and eventually ceased. I was re-integrated into a 20th-century existence and took the marvels of our era once again for granted. During the months and years that followed, I occasionally tried to rekindle those sensations of insight experienced during my initial reading of *A Week*. One year I even

went so far as to start re-reading the book on "the last day of August," but only glimmers returned of that original intensity.

Though I had read *Walden*, *Cape Cod*, and some of Thoreau's journal writings earlier in my life, my 1996 reading of *A Week* reintroduced me to his work and initiated me into the heart, mind and life of Henry David Thoreau. Henry and his brother John had kindly taken me with them on their 1839 boat trip, and during that week Henry prompted me to stare into the depths of the Concord River to see each and every variety of fish that made its home there. He meticulously described floral life along the banks of the river. He elucidated nature's construction of the Concord River itself, its brooks, its streams, its flow and current, its meadows, its destination and its history. Thoreau interspersed this factual information with detailed stories of the people, birds, animals and insects that inhabited the regions of the two rivers. His ability to render glimpses of microcosmic life in metaphoric terms to the macrocosmic world took hold of my imagination. So, for me, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* was the Thoreau work that formed a personal bond to the author and established a fondness for the man, the writer, his vision, and the world in which he lived.

Architectural Illustrator

At this point I should introduce myself. I am an artist and architectural illustrator who specializes in illustrated maps and architectural views. In addition to teaching at the Massachusetts College of Art and Design in Boston since 1993, I have been a professional free-lance artist since 1980.

In 1990 I began focusing on the distinctive field of illustrated map art. My drawings, which are part technical art and part creative embellishment, depict complicated subjects communicated to an audience in a user-friendly, easy-to-understand style. I've drawn illustrated map views of many college and university campuses around the country as well as for museums, commercial sites and tourist locations. Another aspect to my work is architectural cutaway illustrations produced for many types of clients, often conveying topics of grand dimension. My drawings, like Thoreau's writing, are very detail-oriented, and I suspect these parallel embers of passion were ignited in me by the correspondence of Thoreau's writing with my visual art.

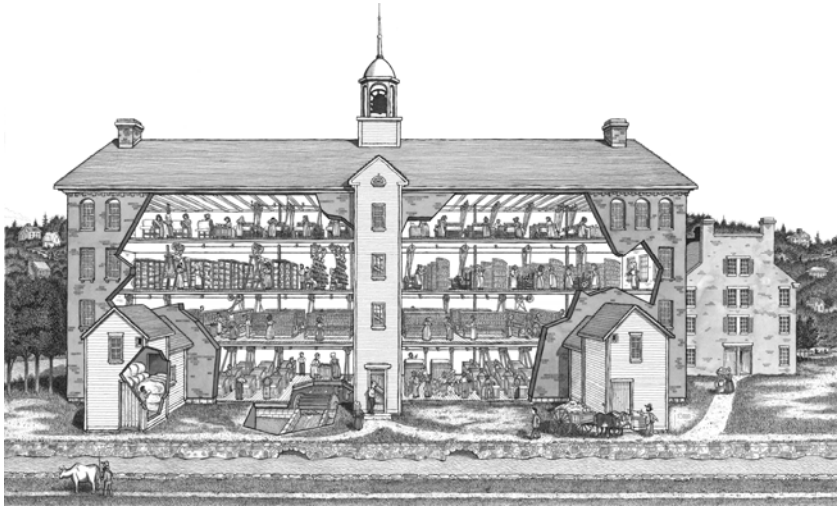


Figure 1: *In 1998 I was commissioned by The National Park Service to illustrate an educational scene depicting the workings of the Boott Cotton Mills Museum in Lowell, Massachusetts. The artwork was produced as a poster for sale in the Boott Mill Museum store as well as reproduced as a mural for the lobby in the museum. This fictitious view combines into one cutaway illustration all the steps of the process of turning cotton into fabric. What is happening on one floor in my drawing would have been housed in an entire building when the factory was in full operation during the 19th century. The Lowell cotton mills sat along the banks of the Merrimack River and were established in the late 1830s. This means that Henry and John passed somewhere in the vicinity of these mills on their weeklong trip in 1839. To commemorate this fact, I included the two brothers into this Boott Mill artwork. In the lower right corner, off in the distance, the Thoreaus can be seen paddling down the Merrimack (detail).*

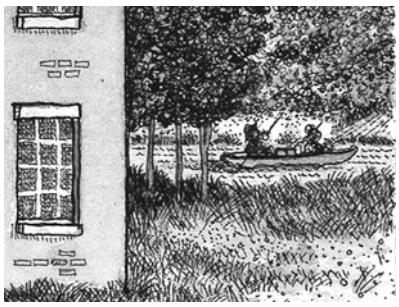


Figure 1a: *Henry and John Thoreau Detail*

It was and is more than simply an attention to detail that fascinated me about Henry's writing. Nathaniel Hawthorne, an acquaintance of Thoreau (or Mr. Thorow as he commonly misspelled his name) who lived in Concord in the early 1840s, also recognized this powerful trait in Henry's writing. In his "American Notebooks" for 1842, Hawthorne remarked of Thoreau that "He is a good writer–so true, minute, and literal in observation, yet giving the spirit as well as letter of what he sees . . . showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene" (Meltzer and Harding 91, 93). I might go even further and add that Henry, after "showing every leaf, yet giving the wild beauty of the whole scene," would use that leaf and scene as metaphors for life on the grand scale. As Richard Schneider has explained, "Every natural object that [Thoreau] describes takes on a double meaning, one physical, one symbolic" (100). How this relates to us today was best put by the storyteller Michael Meade: "The reason we don't see God anymore is because we don't look low enough. That God is in the small things" (Bly and Meade).

As my reading of Thoreau continued, my fondness, curiosity and appreciation for his time and place grew, prompting a desire to find images of Thoreau's world. I hungered to see what life was like in Concord in the 1830s and 40s, from the smallest household items to the appearance of the architecture and the landscape. Some relics and photos do exist, and a few maps too, but considering my profession, it is not surprising that eventually my heart longed for a monumental view of the entire Concord locale.[1]

Historic Bird's-Eye-View City Maps

I'm certain all Thoreau enthusiasts share a yearning for images of Thoreau's Concord, and though there are several historic drawings and paintings depicting parts of the town, none take in the full vista of 19th-century Concord.[2] Beginning about the 1830s, a handful of artists began creating aerial bird's-eye-view lithographs of America's cities and towns. This industry of landscape lithography caught on as an art form and eventually blanketed the country (Reps 8), creating a genre of architectural art that continued until the arrival of aerial photography in the 1920s. But surprisingly, no such views of Concord were ever produced, perhaps because renderings of large cities sold better. Yet considering the significance of Concord in American history, I still found it difficult to comprehend that no view was ever completed of it.

My desire to see the world where Henry lived fostered in me the glimmer of an idea, and during the late summer of 2002, I began toying with the concept of creating my own version of an illustrated view of 1800s Concord in a style comparable to the 19th-century bird's-eye lithographs. But as I mused, I worried: would such an undertaking be feasible? Where could I find information about the appearance of Concord in the 1800s? Information regarding period structures, trees and terrain would be a significant challenge were I to adhere to my desire for detailed accuracy. How would a view of Concord be composed with regard to point of view? A random aerial vantage point would not be consistent with traditional bird's-eye-view lithographs, as flight via hot-air balloons was not yet a viable tool in the mid-19th century.[3] With that restriction, would I be able to achieve a view from a hillside that enabled me to capture all of Concord's important landmarks while maintaining a sense of reality to the composition? And lastly, would the map focus on a specific period of Thoreau's time or would it view his entire era?

Once these questions surfaced, I realized that they were the first rumblings of a real possibility that I just might take on the challenge. This question and answer period lasted for several weeks into the late fall of 2002, and somewhere in that period I found myself surrounded by a sea of notes of my thoughts and ideas, numerous jottings in a notebook, and several tiny preliminary sketches. I do not recall any specific date when I actually decided to produce the artwork, but I do clearly remember a larger question looming over my musings on this possible project: *Why* a map of Concord? Not, why do it? Rather, why is Concord such a powerful place that I was compelled to map its historic likeness? I wondered about the source of the magnetic pull that I was feeling.

The "Great" Town of Concord

There must be something magical about a tract of land that the Indians considered "a centering place" (Mitchell 10). Today over one million visitors a year flock to Concord, a number comparable to the great religious sites of the world (Mitchell 5). This land where the Assabet and Sudbury Rivers join forces to form the Concord was a spiritual center for the Indians.[4] This is where the Europeans first settled an inland community on the American mainland. This is the *first* place in the world where a war for freedom was fought. This is where hundreds of writers have lived and worked, several of whom have become legends

in the history of literature and poetry. Daniel Webster, on an early visit to Concord, paid this tribute: "The United States is the greatest nation in the world; Massachusetts is the greatest state in the United States; Concord is the greatest town in Massachusetts."[5] There is something about Concord. Lovers of Thoreau feel it when they visit the town, and whatever the force is, Henry certainly felt its presence as well. His love for the land was not only contagious but evident in all his written works, and epitomized in the now-famous remark from his journal entry of December 5, 1856: "I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place, and in the very nick of time too."

II.

> Nature has left nothing to the mercy of man. She has taken care
> that a sufficient number of every kind of seeds,
> from a cocoanut to those which are invisible,
> shall be transported and planted in a suitable place.
>
> Henry David Thoreau, *Journal* (March 22, 1861)

Sometime during the last month of 2002 I was becoming aware of subconscious machinery at work that was moving me toward creating an illustrated map of old Concord. Apparently a seed had taken root in my consciousness, a seed I was well prepared to nourish in order to discover what might become of it. At the early stage of any project I never have a very clear impression of what shape my artwork will take. This illustrated map was no different. All I had at this point was a "feeling" for the image-to-be. Thoughts had prompted feelings for the germination of the concept, those feelings then triggered emotions for what it might be like to stand on a hillside in the 1800s and look out over the Concord landscape.[6] My goal was to produce an image that would not only be aesthetic, but accurate, informative and fun. Thoreau was a surveyor and mapmaker in his own right, and I intended to create a scene of Concord with an attention to detail and accuracy commensurate with the talents of Thoreau, producing an image of this historic setting that Henry himself might have appreciated, studied, enjoyed and respected.

Point of View

The first challenge at hand was to find an appropriate point of view from which to observe the subject. The problem was how to combine not one or two elements but a number of sites that would make up the entirety of the composition. It would be imperative to see not only the village of Concord, but also to take in Walden Pond. In addition, Thoreau's birthplace, Emerson's House, Thoreau's in-town homes, the Concord River, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery (called New Burying Ground in 1845), the Hawthorne and Alcott homes, and the boat landing on the river would all be essential. This would be a big visual bite, given that our human range of vision is a mere 60-degree cone. Think of a full 360-degree radius. The human eye can perceive only 60 degrees of that radius at any time. To visualize this, imagine the face of a very large clock lying on the ground. If you or I were to stand at the very center of that clock and look straight ahead at the "twelve" on the clock, our range of vision would only encompass from the "eleven" to the "one". This is the equivalent to a human's sixty-degree range of clear sight. In order for us to see anything in the remaining 300 degrees of the radius around us, we must turn our heads. But in a stationary work of art the turning of a viewer's head is not an option. This meant my initial task would be to locate a hill in Concord from which all the above-listed landmarks could be seen within a 60-degree cone of sight.

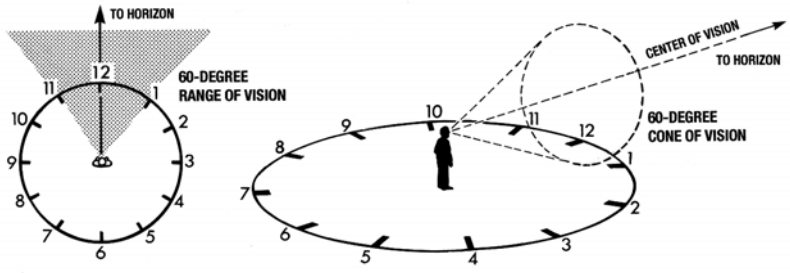


Figure 2: *The limitations of human sight and its 60-degree cone of vision.*

While I was producing this artwork, my studio was in downtown Canton, Massachusetts, a town about ten miles south-southwest of Boston and about a thirty-minute drive to Concord. (Thoreau taught school in Canton for a brief period in 1839 [Huntoon 143].) One De-

cember afternoon in 2002 I drove to Concord to get a first-hand look at the environs to be depicted in my artwork. This was the first time I had gone there with the awareness that I might very well be creating a drawing of the area. I was overwhelmed not only by the scale of what I was going to attempt, but at the reality of capturing the Concord of the past. The task involved not *what* to draw, but what in modern-day Concord *not* to draw. And then there was the issue of the trees to consider. From the hilltops that surround modern-day Concord it is simply not possible to get an elevated perspective of the town due to the extent of tree growth that covers the ground and blocks long-range visibility. At this point of the project I assumed that during Thoreau's time one could stand on any of several hilltops around Concord and get a reasonably good view of the village and environs. I speculated that through the early part of the 1900s, Concord's land would have remained mostly cleared for farmland, and wood from trees would have been used as a home heating fuel; these two factors, I believed, held back tree growth and maintained an open quality to the town. I planned to research and verify both of these assumptions later in the process.

Herbert W. Gleason

On the way home from my initial Concord research trip I stopped into the Thoreau Society's Shop at Walden Pond and found a wonderful old map of Concord. It was a horizontal 14"x18" black and white map printed on pale yellow stock entitled "Map of Concord, Mass." with the subhead, "Showing Localities mentioned by Thoreau in his Journals." In prominent text just below the title, the map was credited to Herbert W. Gleason, with an equally prominent compilation date of 1906. While 1906 was not the time period I was seeking, Gleason's map did give me a very clear indication of the topography in and around Concord with all of its hills clearly indicated. Several months later, while I was well into the research for my project, I learned that Gleason's 1906 map was in fact his attempt to map Thoreau's mid-1800s Concord. I compared the Gleason map to an 1852 map by Boston civil engineer H.F. Walling and found that Gleason's map was indeed quite accurate to Thoreau's time period, though it had fewer buildings on it; his map, like mine, was selective and interpretive. It was an exciting discovery as Gleason's map would make a great reference tool for my project, Gleason having already done essentially the same thing in 1906 that I was planning to do in 2002: map Thoreau's world. Where his map was cartographic, mine would be illustrated.

In addition to producing this map, Gleason also photo-documented Concord during the early 1900s in an effort to capture the town as he imagined it might have appeared during Thoreau's time. He made a statement about those early 20th-century photos of Concord that confirmed the value of his work to my research: "There are…many sections of Concord which remain in practically the same state of wildness which made them so attractive to Thoreau" (quoted in Wilson, "Gleason" 177).[7] With his documentation of those "sections of Concord," Mr. Gleason would become *both* a major geographic as well as visual resource to me.

Back at my studio I used Gleason's map to pinpoint a hill that would assist in locating the perfect vantage point for my scene. Starting with Poplar Hill, which is just north of Sleepy Hollow bordering the south bank of the Concord River, I placed a 360-degree protractor with its center at the top of the hill. Then, with a pencil in the center-point, I rotated the protractor left and right keeping my eye on the 30-degree marks left and right of the zero-degree centerline, or the center of vision. This made up the full 60-degree cone of vision. I could see the potential for an interesting view, but no matter how I positioned the tool I could not include all the elements that I needed in a visual cone from Poplar Hill. The best composition I could manage cut off most of Walden Pond's left/west side and just barely included the Thoreau family's "Texas" House on the right. Thoreau's birthplace and the Alcott's home were both far out of range.

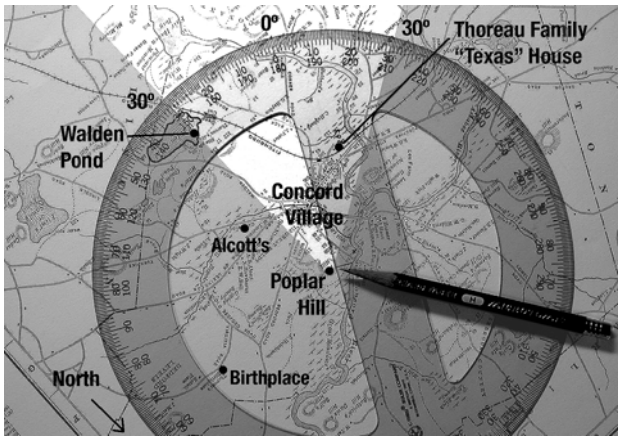


Figure 3: *A 60-degree visual cone looking southwest from Poplar Hill using Gleason's map.*

The same situation arose when I tried a viewpoint from Nawshawtuc (or Lee's) Hill, which is northwest of the village and sits at the junction of the Assabet, Sudbury and Concord Rivers. From that hill, with the protractor, if I got the birthplace in view Walden Pond was lost, and vice versa. Then, though a long shot, I gave Pine Hill in the eastern part of Concord a try, but it didn't work at all. From that hill Thoreau's birthplace was too much in prominence (and seen from the rear) and the village and Walden Pond were too far off in the distance, giving them too little significance in the composition.

The Importance of North Concord

During the early winter of 2003, I read Leslie Perrin Wilson's fascinating essay about William Henry Hunt in the 2002 edition of *The Concord Saunterer*. In addition to providing insight into the lives of the Hunt family living a century-and-a-half ago, the piece also shined a light on the importance of Monument Street, Punkatasset Hill, the old school house at Buttrick's Hill, and the Great Meadows on the Concord River. I knew nothing about these areas of Concord and rarely if ever connected them to the more well-known parts of the town. Due to its distant location from the village I never considered Punkatasset Hill as a viewing location for this map, and that had not changed. What did change, after reading Leslie's essay, was the realization that this entire section of North Concord would also have to be included in my map, and from the first three hills I investigated this entire northern region of Concord was completely out of sight. So I began to look for a hill that was south of town with the intention of looking northward.

This left me with three remaining options: Smith's Hill to the southeast, Emerson's Cliff to the south directly abutting Walden Pond, and Fair Haven Hill slightly west of Walden and southwest of the village. Smith's Hill didn't work at all. It lacked a central focus in its cone of vision and the birthplace was out of the field of view. After moving to Emerson's Cliff and Fair Haven Hill and placing the protractor at their centers, I came to the conclusion that I simply was not going to find a hill in town that would perfectly accommodate all my needs. The viewpoints from every hill in town seemed to have some problematic aspect; I would have to make a choice between either Emerson's Cliff or Fair Haven Hill, as the views from both sites enabled visibility of *most* of the landmarks I wanted to include in the map. As a nice extra, I had verification that Thoreau actually spent time on both hills. As Robert

Richardson notes of Thoreau, "He trampled…he rambled and sauntered to…Fair Haven Hill, and Emerson's Cliff" (17).

Although I wanted to work from the actual environment in order to capture the whole setting in a realistic range of vision, reality was not cooperating. It was apparent at this point that whichever hill I eventually decided to use, I was going to have to exaggerate the scene to some degree, altering the scale of the location and manipulating elements in order to make the artwork more closely reflect the way things appear in reality. This meant I'd be forced to slightly broaden the human range of vision in my artwork in order to see some of the landmarks out on the far left and far right of the scene—a perfectly valid form of artistic license.

How the Brain "Sees"

There is another aspect to artistic license that would also be incorporated into my final art. It has to do with the forced exaggeration of critical elements to mimic the way the brain, not the eye, sees. I'll give you an example. In June 2002, my wife Irena and I attended a concert at the Orpheum Theater in Boston. The seats were terrible, far back in the rear of the theater. Arriving early I decided to do a sketch (in a small sketchbook I carry with me) of the theater as it appeared from my seat.

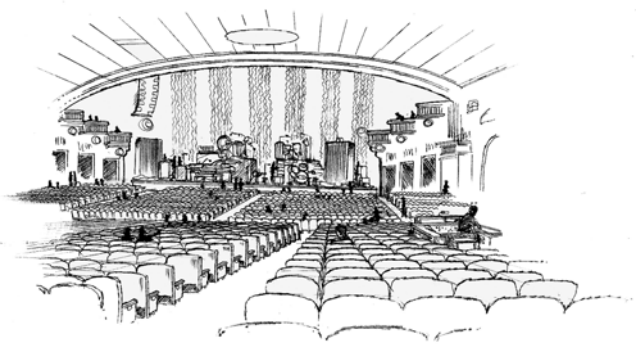


Figure 4: *Author's on-site sketch of the Orpheum Theater interior prior to Pat Metheny Group performance, June 2002.*

In analyzing the sketch one can easily see how far away the band would be from us once they began to play. Further analysis of the small 4.5"x 6" sketch reveals the fact that my entire range of vision accounted for 27 square inches on the drawing paper. In contrast, the amount of space in the sketch where the band would be performing

accounted for only 3 square inches. This meant that once the band started to play the musicians on stage would fill approximately 10 percent of my entire field of vision. The remaining 90 percent of what my eyes would see would all be superfluous visual information: ceiling, walls and the backs of people's heads. Yet once the concert began, several things happened that made my brain exaggerate the size of the musicians. First, spotlights on the performers erased a lot of the peripheral imagery.[8] Second, another human sense, sound, stepped in to enhance what I was experiencing with my eyes. Third, a feeling of emotional excitement took place as I witnessed a live concert by musicians that I admire. And fourth, my brain forced my eyes to zero in on the musicians, picking out and even enlarging what it chose to focus on and blurring everything else. The 10 percent of what I actually saw of the musicians at work was perceived by my brain as 40 to 60 percent of the visual field. Although we did not have very good seats for the concert, Irena and I came away from the event feeling that we had been closer than we actually were.

The same mental and visual events happen when someone stops their car on a mountain road to see a view from an overlook. Perhaps there is a little village nestled down below, a lake off in the distance, a church steeple tucked into a treed hillside, and so on. Though the visible elements in the valley below might take up only 10 percent of the total square inches of what the eye can see, our brains will pick out the highlights and magnify them against the other 90 percent of the surroundings. We also have to take into consideration the excitement of being out there on the hill as well as the environment's effect on our other senses, all of which add to our over-interpretation of the "visual" scene. The proof is in the pictures we took that day. When we look at the photos we took from the overlook we are disappointed. "It looked better in real life," we'd say.[9]

So when illustrating any landscape scene, I do to the artwork what the brain does in real life: I slightly exaggerate the scale of key ingredients and direct the viewer's eye toward what is of primary importance in the composition. As in the concert and mountain view examples, it was not that the eye did not see the peripheral information, but that the brain chose not to pay much attention to it. Thoreau understood this phenomenon well, saying in "Autumnal Tints," "Objects are concealed from our view, not so much because they are out of the course of our visual ray as because we do not bring our minds and eyes to bear on them" (*Excursions* 256). As an artist, through what I choose to draw and how I choose to draw it, my job becomes an act of approxi-

mating actual brain/eye vision in the final product. Optics aside, what would the *mind* see if it were to stand on either Emerson's Cliff or Fair Haven Hill in Thoreau's time? What elements would the brain pick out to magnify against the surroundings? Once I began to draw the Concord vista artwork, it would be necessary to decipher and choose how to subtly augment the visuals being rendered.

Back to the Hills

With my hunt for a location from which to view Concord narrowed down to two hills, I tried a very rough and tiny sketch of what the artwork might look like were it to be drawn from Emerson's Cliff. Even as I completed the sketch, I was disillusioned. Walden Pond, though it would be a key element to the map, overpowered the layout and made the village seem like a secondary or distant background component. My intention from the start had always been to treat the pond and village as equals within the design, perhaps even giving the village just a bit more visual weight. All the other sites would then act as satellites to those two main visual anchors. Emerson's Cliff was not going to work.

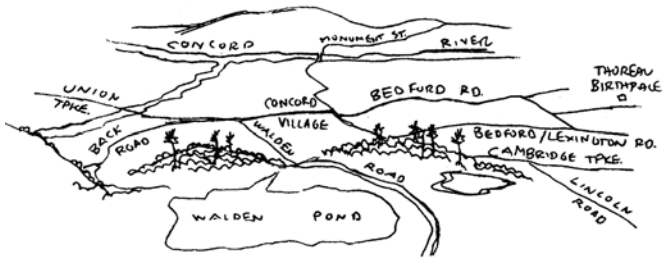


Figure 5: *Quick pencil study sketch examining what a point of view might look like from atop Emerson's Cliff.*

I remembered from Thoreau's journal that Henry had perched himself atop Fair Haven Cliff after he had set fire to the Concord Woods, and he was able to see a mile into the distance (*Journal* II: 23-24). Height would be a key factor in this map in order to best produce a convincing view of the village. On the Gleason map the village measured about 1.5 miles away from Fair Haven Hill. This measurement paralleled Thoreau's comment in *Walden* that Walden Pond is 1.5 miles from the village and sits a bit higher in elevation. The cliff on the south side of Fair Haven Hill is its highest point, from which it gradually descends northward toward the village. I used the protractor once again,

and this time placed its center point not on the middle of the hill as I had on my first test of Fair Haven Hill, but further back at the southern, cliff side. I then aimed the center of vision north-northeast toward the village. This position still was not perfect, but Fair Haven offered the best workable vantage point of all the hills I had investigated. From its top, I could comfortably encompass most of the key elements. Not everything fit perfectly into the 60-degree radius (the southern edge of Walden Pond just barely made it into the 60-degree cone and a chunk of the northwestern edge of the village was getting shaved off), but it was very, very close. Any problems could be corrected with some slight adjustments to the left and right sides of the composition. Fair Haven was without a doubt the best of all the hills researched for the map's point of view.

The next task was to determine if the elevation of the hill I had chosen was high enough to realistically see Concord village from that distance. It would do me no good at all if the cone of vision worked for Fair Haven Hill but the actual height of the hill was too low to legitimately see what I was attempting to look at. While I was researching this project I was also involved with several other free-lance assignments, one of which meant completing a series of illustrated wildlife sanctuary trail maps for the Massachusetts Audubon Society. In the course of the Audubon work I had the pleasure of working with the Massachusetts Audubon Society's geologist, Jeff Collins, who directed me to a United States Department of the Interior Geological Survey web site,[10] where I confirmed that I had indeed chosen the best possible viewing location: Fair Haven Hill, with an elevation of more than 300 feet above sea level, is one of the highest in the area. All the other hills around Concord and Walden, including the earlier-considered Emerson's Cliff, were in the 200-feet-above-sea-level range. Walden Pond itself sits at 158 feet above sea level, and the village of Concord is even lower than that at about 130 feet above sea level. The only comparable hill in Concord with respect to height was Punkatasset Hill, which is at an elevation almost equal to Fair Haven, but as I stated earlier, I never considered Punkatasset as it did not lend itself to my design.

The Viewing Height and Distance

Thus my calculations placed Fair Haven Hill 170 feet higher than the village of Concord. But the question remained: if most of the trees were removed, would the village, 1.5 miles away, be clearly visible from its top? It was true that no other hill was higher than Fair Haven,

but I needed more than that. I needed to know the viewing distance capabilities of the human eye with regard to height and distance. In *A Week* Thoreau stated that he could "see up and down the Merrimack several miles each way" from the top of a 200-foot pinnacle near the shore of Hookset Falls in New Hampshire (302). But could a person make out *details* of a site that was located 1.5 miles away, if they were positioned at an elevation of 170 feet? To test this I went to the 13th floor of the Massachusetts College of Art and Design tower building (where I am on the faculty in the Illustration Department). Each floor of the tower building is approximately eleven feet in height when the thickness of the floors and ceilings are factored in, and the ground-floor lobby measures about fifteen feet. This puts the viewing height from the 13th floor at about 147 feet above ground level—about twenty-three feet shy of Fair Haven Hill's elevation above the village of Concord. Looking out of the tower's east windows from this elevation toward the city of Boston, I was able to make out architectural details of buildings some distance away. Using a map of Boston, I measured 1.5 miles to the east from the Massachusetts Art and Design Tower to Copley Square. From the 13th floor I pretended I was near the top of Fair Haven Hill and used the buildings around Copley Square as stand-ins for the village of Concord. Were those buildings not so tall and profuse, I would certainly have been able to decipher specifics on the ground, for I was definitely able to make out details of their upper floors. Were I to render a scene from this elevation and distance, I would have to exaggerate a bit, but such a depiction would be well within the scope of believability. I was satisfied with with what I was able to see with the naked eye with regard to building clarity and detail.

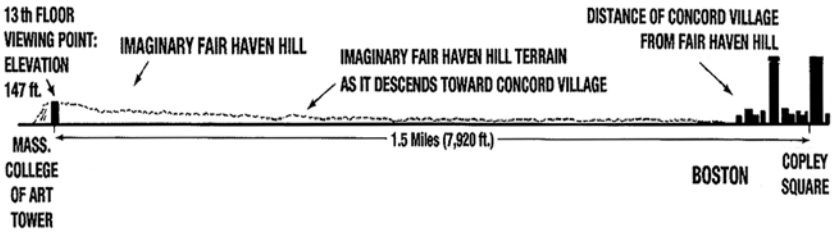


Figure 6: *Diagram showing the premise for my visual experiment.*

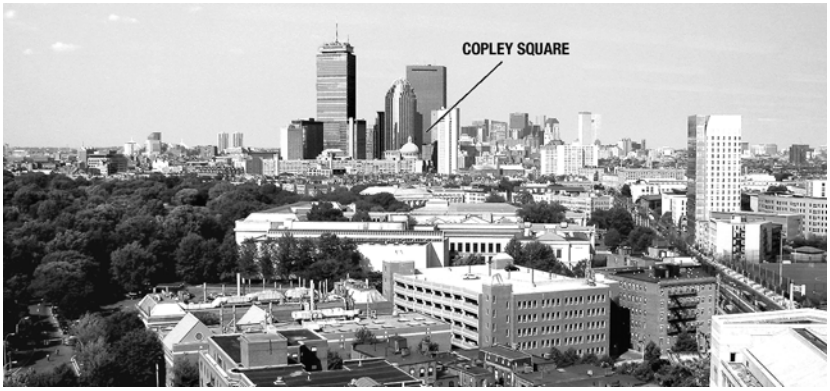


Figure 7: *From the 13th floor of the Massachusetts College of Art and Design Tower Building my height above level ground closely approximated Fair Haven Hill's elevation above the village of Concord. On a road map I plotted 1.5 miles from the Tower Building and found the Copley Square area to be of equal distance from Fair Haven Hill to Concord Village. I was satisfied with the visual clarity of what could be seen with the naked eye as details of the high-rise structures in that vicinity were clear. This photo was shot without zooming in and though it may seem somewhat difficult to decipher buildings at Copley Square, in person it was very apparent that architectural details were quite visible at a distance of 1.5-miles.*

Comparing Concord of Past and Present

In January '03, with my viewpoint now chosen, I drove to Concord to visit Fair Haven Hill in person. Was any of the village, or the rest of Concord, visible from Fair Haven's crest? The trip was futile, however. Today the hill is completely covered with thousands of huge trees that tower shoulder-to-shoulder, and the many homes on the hill prohibit complete and free access. I did manage to find an opening between some trees on land that led out to a sloped clearing abutting the incessantly busy Route 2. This position looked northeast toward the village but did not offer much in terms of visibility, even with all the leaves gone. I was nowhere near the peak of the hill—more likely closer to Bear Garden Hill, which sits lower and north of Fair Haven—but the sheer number of trees made me doubt that a higher vantage point would have made any difference in my ability to see the village of Concord.

As I stood in the clearing, car after car rocketed by me in both directions just below. I could feel how different the world of today is from Thoreau's Concord–noisy, concretized, privatized, totally reliant on mechanization and with much less free and open space than when

Henry was alive. Henry could walk anywhere he wanted to in this town but on my simple excursion, fences and "no trespassing" signs blocked me at every turn. Out there in the cold wind, I felt a stark realization of the expanse of time separating me from the Concord I was going to illustrate. Much of my artwork would have to be as reliant on imagination as on existing architectural and historic reference. I conceded that there was no other way to manufacture an image of a long-gone place with limited visual documentation. At first I believed such an approach would not be true to the accuracy I envisioned for the map, but a few months later, when my research work was well underway, I was delighted to come upon a comment by David Foster that disclosed how Thoreau approached similar dilemmas. Describing how Thoreau provided us with important insights into the history of the cultural landscape of his day, Foster revealed Thoreau's custom of recounting long-abandoned practices that were no longer pertinent to his own period. According to Foster, "Thus Thoreau was forced to use his own imagination, in conjunction with historical research and insight, in order to interpret the present" (213). Reading this made me feel I was on the right track with my own creative process, and in good company as well.

According to Anne Zwinger, former president of the Thoreau Society (1982-84), after the railroad arrived in Concord in 1844 there was a sudden increase in the demand for wood, beyond the already heavy demands by the local citizens who used wood as home heating and cooking fuel. Wagon and stage traffic declined, as did harness-making and inn-keeping along the old highway into Boston. The local wood industry, however, boomed and landowners not only began selling off their woodlots but also harvested their valuable chestnut trees and sold them to the railroad for use as railroad ties. Their oaks and maples were also sold for lumber and firewood.[11] Hardly a day would pass when local residents would fail to witness or hear the sound of one of these relics succumbing to the demands of commerce. How many trees there were and exactly where they were located would prove a challenging part of my research. Standing there on the slope of the hill, I tried to envision Concord without the abundance of trees that stood between me and the village. To be totally honest, I could not picture it.

The Preliminary Sketch

That afternoon, upon returning to my studio, I began penciling the preliminary view as envisioned from Fair Haven Hill. The process I use for building any drawing is to begin sketching on tracing paper,

laying one sheet of trace on the drawing table and adding more sheets on top of the first one as I construct the image. The translucency of the tracing paper is effective even through several layers, allowing revisions and elaborations without having to erase or re-draw, as elements drawn on lower layers can be easily shifted or repositioned. When the beginning of a balanced composition is achieved, all layers are taped together and laid on the bed of a photocopy machine. Photocopiers can read through five or six sheets of tracing paper and output a single print with all tracing layers combined onto a single image. Then the layering process starts again, this time using the photocopy print as a base and more layers of trace on top.

The Influence of Renaissance Art

The very foundation of the Concord map, as for all works of art, must begin with proportions. This idea of balanced proportions in painting, and its importance in Renaissance art especially, was addressed in a series of six informative slide lectures I attended during July and August of 2002 by Giovanna de Appolonia, a curator at the Gardner Museum in Boston and lecturer at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts. This formula for artistic composition involves the balance of forms, colors, and open spaces within a painting as an artist's means of capturing nature's beauty and balance. Based on Classical design principles set down by the early Greeks and Romans, the theory, after being lost for centuries during the Middle Ages, was revived in the 1400s and provided Renaissance artists with a basic set of rules to help them establish a sense of order on their canvases.

In 1435, Leon Battista Alberti (1404-72) made the most of these ancient design principles and elucidated their workings in his book, *On Painting*. Though his contributions to the arts were significant, unfortunately his legacy was lost to the history of art, overshadowed by more prominent figures of the Renaissance. It wasn't until the nineteenth century that Alberti became the subject of renewed historical interest and began to receive posthumous recognition for his work in art theory, architecture, mathematics, cartography and philosophy (Gadol 107). Measured relationships between all elements in a painting are the key to visual harmony, a principle that was first invented by the ancient Greeks, then reinvented by Cimabue in the 13th century, and later improved upon by Giotto, one of his contemporaries, in the late 13th and early 14th centuries. This re-birth of classical art principles took hold at the start of the 15th century through the work of Brunelleschi and Massachio, but it

wasn't until Alberti wrote his treatise *On Painting* that this information was made available to all artists of the day.[12] Some art historians actually mark Alberti's book as the start of the Renaissance. In the day before copyrights, much material that was original to Alberti was simply re-written in later years with new credit lines. This is especially true for Alberti's ingenious work in developing the rules for linear perspective, which laid the groundwork for all future, accurate three-dimensional representations in art.

Though perspective would be a key ingredient to the recipe for this Concord map, it was Alberti's principles of measured proportions that would provide a visual foundation to the image. There had to exist a sense of balance. No one part of the artwork could overpower any other part. The composition had to be such that if one small piece were to be removed, the whole design would suffer. This is the reason I spent so much time investigating hilltops from which to view the landscape. I was not only seeking the best visibility of elements, I was also scouting the optimal composition for the scene, one which offered the ultimate balance of visual proportions.

A Path for the Eye

Visual flow would be essential to the map's construction. First, the viewer's eye will have to be steered to a featured element. We'll refer to this as point A. Then the eye will need to be directed to a significant yet secondary element; point B. Finally, the eye must be allowed to roam the remaining, supporting items, the point Cs, while subtly being re-directed back to point A. In this map, point A would be the village of Concord: Point B, Walden Pond; and the C points, the hill in the foreground and all the peripheral sites within the boundaries of the map (the Texas house, Punkatasset Hill, the Concord River, Thoreau's birthplace, Emerson's house, etc.). So my primary challenge on the rough sketch was to force the viewer's attention toward the village. Several tactics could be used to accomplish this. An obvious one was to place the village at the very center of the artwork, which I did. Another was to subtly overstate the way all roads lead to the village at the center of the art, which could be accentuated even further by slightly exaggerating the size of the village structures (you'll recall how the brain did this in the mountain road overlook example). Finally, abstract shapes within the body of the drawing would help lead the viewer's eye and actually *point* to the village.

Already a clear sense of order had been laid down in the sketch. A path for the eye had been created. Further enhancement of this underlying visual substructure would continue to evolve as details were added. In a very early preliminary sketch of the drawing (Fig. 8), a path can be seen that immediately draws the eye toward Fair Haven Hill in the foreground, and, just as quickly, pulls it away and to the left toward Bear Garden Hill.

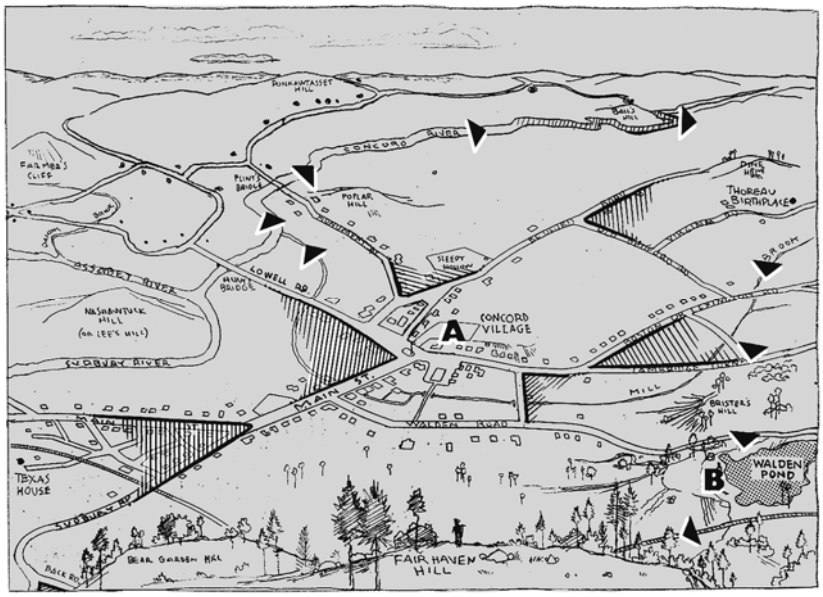


Figure 8: *The first layout sketch of Concord as viewed from Fair Haven Hill. Visual directional devices guide the viewer's eye toward the village (larger, shaded arrows) then out toward the Concord River and around to Walden Pond and back to Fair Haven Hill (smaller, black arrows). Though not perfectly refined at this point, the foundation for a working and successful composition is evident. (Arrows are added for emphasis and are not part of the actual sketch.)*

Upon first glance one might suppose the foreground hills to be the predominant point A described earlier, but the hills are actually a visual tool that usher our direction of sight down toward the village at the center of the picture. Back Road and Sudbury Road, in the bottom left corner, make a swift right turn toward the middle of the artwork, and the shape created by both Main Street and Sudbury Road form a sort of arrowhead pointing directly at the village. Other arrowhead

shapes in the design can also be found, all pointing toward the village: one formed by Lowell Road and Main, another between Monument Street and Bedford Road, a sharp one tucked inside the Boston and Cambridge Turnpikes, and so on. These abstract arrow shapes within the base of the sketch are all discreetly directing our attention toward the village. (Henry would be happy to know we are still finding arrowheads in Concord.)

Once at the village, the eye is gently guided to the left side of the scene toward the Concord River, out and away from the center of town. Then, the river in conjunction with Bedford Road, the Boston Turnpike and the Cambridge Turnpike all direct the eye around and over to the right side of the drawing to the second resting place for the eye—Walden Pond (point B). (Notice how all along we have been moving in a clock-wise direction.) Once at Walden, the railroad tracks lead the eye back toward the starting point at the foot of Fair Haven Hill where the cycle will start all over again. Keep in mind that the whole process just described will happen in one or two seconds. The viewer's second pass-through will be slower and more exploratory. It is during this stage that all the C points will be noticed and studied. The important thing to remember about this foundation design is that even after buildings, trees, textures and details have been added to the drawing, the eye and brain will still be able to detect these directional devices deep at the heart of the composition.

Absent such a pathway for the eye, any work of art will seem disharmonious or chaotic to us. We may not be able to give a reason why we don't feel comfortable with a certain painting or photo (or conversely, why we are attracted to an image), but in most cases it will have something to do with the need for our brain to be subconsciously directed into, around and through it. While some of the other hills had failed to furnish adequate design trails, Fair Haven Hill provided a vantage point from which all I was attempting to see could be included in the drawing, and luckily also furnished the best view with regard to measured relationships, proportions and visual harmony. This formula for clear visual design was first established in the geometric art of the Greeks (fourth century BC), continued by the Romans (first century AD), and later mastered by the artists of the Renaissance (1435-1550). Today it remains a viable communication tool for artists and designers of the 21st century.[13]

The Viewer of the Artwork

Geometric patterns as described above are found throughout nature, from the smallest particles to the planetary systems of the cosmos. Human beings, as part of nature, are thus biologically programmed to seek out those patterns in the world around them, and artists are instinctually driven to recreate its order in their works. This said, mathematical formulas are only brought into art as a means of initial construction or design. To quote Giovanna de Appolonia, "One plus one will always equal two, but good art always involves more than geometric or sterile measurements." An artist's background will also influence the way he or she interprets a particular topic or subject. The history, education and beliefs of the artist are always there just under the surface and are evident even in the determination of *how* the compositional patterns are used in the understructure of a work.[14] Now add to this equation the fact that all these same issues are brought to a work of art by the *viewer* of the artwork as well, and, to make it even more complicated, compare how people from one time period view an artist's work to the way people of a different generation might understand or accept it. The lack of acceptance of Thoreau as an artist by those of his own time is a good example. "The actual objects which one man will see from a particular hill-top," Thoreau tells us in "Autumnal Tints," "are just as different from those which another will see as the beholders are different" (*Excursions* 256).

The Inclusion of Thoreau on the Map

I always intended to depict Thoreau on the map in some manner. I toyed with the idea of showing him at his house at Walden, but thought that a bit too trite. As I pondered the idea of showing Henry on one of the roads, possibly heading to Walden or toward the village, his quote from "Walking" came to mind: "I do not travel in them much. . . . The landscape painter uses the figures of men to mark a road. He would not make that use of my figure" (*Excursions* 192). So the next most logical place to position Henry was on the hill just below our point of view, perhaps looking out over the same vista that we too are enjoying.

Having Thoreau close to our point of view would also add human scale to the scene and give a good indication of the elevation and size relationships in the overall landscape. James Elkins notes in his book about human vision, *The Object Stares Back*, "It may be that the unthinking search for bodies is the most fundamental operation of

vision . . . even when there are no bodies present, we continue to understand the world in terms of bodily forms" (12-13). In short, the viewer's eye will seek out something in any work of art to help him or her relate to the scene being depicted. Even something as simple as a chair in a painting will tell the brain that a human being could sit in that chair, placing other objects in that painting in relation to "a bodily form."

An "Encounter" with the Artist

So far, everything I have described about the design process has been explained as a series of conscious acts of production. But the most important mechanism for creative inspiration does not come from the conscious part of the brain. It amounts to the natural world having an "encounter" with the artist, writer or musician: using him/her as a vehicle to express and manifest a form of energy that needs to be released into the physical world.[15] In order to become a vehicle for such a dynamic force, the artist must become immersed in the "nature" of the planet. Thoreau lived so close to his natural world that he became a living channel for its desired expression. But one need not live by a pond for two years or canoe down a river to be in touch with nature. Walking regularly, sitting outside, or just being attentive to one's surroundings are simple ways to get in touch with the non-verbal realm of nature.

In the 12th century story of the Grail myth, a young man, Parsifal, must learn over time to submit himself to the living force of the universe. Upon visiting the Fisher King for the first time, Parsifal fails to do as instructed and ask the King the question, "Whom does the Grail serve?" Later in his life he eventually succeeds at his task but he does not receive an answer to his question, as no answer is necessary. Simply having the wisdom to *ask* the question is sufficient. By asking, "Whom does the Grail serve?" Parsifal submits his life to a higher power: nature, God, the ultimate power of creation, the inner self. In effect, he submits his animal instincts to the will of nature.[16]

It is this timeless, non-verbal aspect of nature that uses human brains, their limited vocabulary, visual symbolism, and sensory system to generate its concepts into forms of art and forms of writing and music. Few artists can channel these forces well. Henry was certainly one whose work resonated with a genuine "voice" of nature that spoke through him. Perhaps this is why Thoreau's work has held up over the test of time.

III.

> Seeds, there are seeds enough which need only be stirred
> in with the soil where they lie, by an inspired voice or pen,
> to bear fruit of a divine flavor.
>
> Henry David Thoreau, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*

As the hard winter of 2003 began to yield to a rainy spring, my stirrings for a "Thoreau's Concord" map, which just a few months prior had been a vague and even questionable possibility, were budding into a clearer picture of the artwork's visual and conceptual directions. I do confess that during my initial musings over this idea I had no firm market or chosen form of publication for the project. My only motivation was a personal desire to complete the map for the sake of being able to vicariously stand on a hillside in 1800s Concord. While this initial impetus was admirable, the reality of producing such a project mandated that there be some sort of final product to compensate for the hundreds of hours required to research and create the work. Henry noted in his Journal about earning a living, "To have done anything by which you earned money *merely* is to have been truly idle or worse" (*Reform Papers* 158).

I was confident that my original motive for this project was not solely commercial gain, but had come from a sincere and genuine personal intention. In order to maintain that integrity and prevent my work from becoming commercially influenced, I would have to put aside any ideal viewer and produce an image that remained truly personal in nature. Again from Thoreau: "Those authors are successful who do not write . . . to others, but make their own taste and judgment their audience" (Meltzer and Harding 74).

Similarly, according to the Transcendentalist view of artistic expression, any active consideration of one's audience adulterates and debases a work of art (Fink 73). This would be a bit difficult for my project as I was already quite conscious that my audience would be primarily Thoreau enthusiasts. In fact, during the spring of 2003 I applied for and subsequently received a fellowship from the Thoreau Society, a grant to help see my Concord map through to completion. In addition, the Thoreau Society expressed interest in selling prints of the map upon publication. The honor of the fellowship encouraged my assumption that I was not alone in wishing to go back to the 1800s and take a peek into Henry's world. Conversely, the Society's nod of approval also meant the articulate eyes of Thoreau scholars and historians

would eventually scrutinize any image I put to paper. So there *was* going to be an audience for the art. While this fact would have to be acknowledged, it would still be necessary to put those potential viewers in the back seat to my own personal taste and my own specific artistic and aesthetic judgments. It was at this point I incorporated into my plan the intention to forward copies of the final pencil draft to various Thoreau/Concord historians for their review and critique. Though at this point I had no idea who my reviewers might be or how I would contact them, when that time came I would willingly seek their advice. I would, however, do it in a way that would allow me to retain artistic control.

Attached to the awarding of the fellowship came permission for access to the Thoreau Society collections at the Thoreau Institute's Henley Library in Lincoln, Massachusetts. I decided that the reference library would be of use to me in pursuing four main research questions: 1) What present structures existed in the Concord/Walden area during Thoreau's time and, if they still exist, how have they been altered from their 19th-century appearance? 2) Which existing structures had been moved from some other site, where were they moved from, and when were they moved?[17] 3) How many buildings no longer exist, and what did those buildings look like when they existed? and 4) Where were the roads, paths and woodlands of the period?

A Viewing Date

During the formulation of these archival requirements, I realized that I needed to establish an *exact* viewing date for the map. Until this phase of the project I was simply assuming that the map would be a representation of Concord during Thoreau's lifetime. But Thoreau was alive for almost forty-five years and Concord changed quite a bit during that period. Identifying the final map with a specific date would clearly target my research, as well as help to engage the viewer fully with the time and place being depicted. The question was, which date to choose? I felt the most logical choice was July 4th, 1845, the day Thoreau took residence at Walden Pond. I kept an escape hatch open, however, for the research to maintain a "circa" level of accuracy that would allow a degree of flexibility in my approximation of Concord's appearance on that date. This said, it remained my plan to make every effort to construct the image as though it represented that specific day of that specific year. My work to this point unearthed several details specific to July 4th, 1845 that would be included in the drawing. For instance:

* In July the chimney at Thoreau's house on Walden Pond was not built yet (he added the chimney in October), so in the map the house would be shown minus its chimney with a pile of bricks nearby ready for assembly.

* The Middlesex Hotel was being rebuilt in 1845 after a fire the previous year, so the hotel would be depicted under reconstruction.

* Hawthorne purchased Thoreau's boat, the *Muskataquid*, in 1842. I would show the boat resting against a tree in Hawthorne's back yard at the Old Manse where he was living at the time.

* In July 1845, even though Thoreau had not yet moved to Walden Pond, his bean field had already been started (he began planting in May). So a budding bean field would be shown. (Thoreau supported himself at Walden by growing beans for Ralph Waldo Emerson in return for the use of Emerson's land.)

* All roads would be labeled as they were named in 1845 (some road names have changed since then).

* Somewhere on the Fitchburg line I planned to show a train that was typical of the style of train utilized in 1840s New England. The birds and trees shown would also be specific to 19th-century Concord.

* The Boston area weather report for July 4, 1845 would help further authenticate my depiction of Concord on that date. According to the Edes Weather Report records, the Fourth of July in 1845 was cloudy with some sun, very pleasant from 1-5 p.m., with a light wind coming from the east ("Robert Ball Edes" 160).

I knew I would have to take significant liberties in order to fill in the blanks where I might have difficulty finding specific reference information, but this is where I hoped the Henley Library and the historians might come to my rescue.

I cannot say that it was a genuine doubt that surfaced at this time. It was more in the vein of questioning the motive or intention

behind the art's concept. Was this simply going to be a "map"? Was this project only going to be a representation of a bygone era? What would the final product imply? My intention from the outset was to accomplish with a "visual" what Henry managed to accomplish with the written word: connect the audience with another time and another place. Inspired by my experiences during that first reading of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, I had hoped to tacitly imply the realities of both our world and Thoreau's world existing simultaneously. Not for the purpose of giving up our own time for another, but rather to acknowledge the experiences of each era as valid, each era as being the here and now. I believe Thoreau was referring to this connectedness of all life at all times in his poem from *A Week*, as he speaks of the ancient world:

> Where is the spirit of that time but in
> This present day, perchance this present line?
> Three thousand years ago are not agone,
> They are still lingering in this summer morn . . . (252)

But could mere ink on paper make one feel this reality? Could a mere work of art inspire a sensation that the environment around us that we all see and feel today was just as real, just as electric, to the people of Concord one hundred and fifty years ago? A lot to ask of a drawing, yet Thoreau's own mere "ink on paper" manages to achieve exactly that for me.

The "Robustness" of Perspective

Something of a similar sort was utilized by artists of the Renaissance for the purpose of creating an experience of spirituality for their viewers. Michael Kubovy made a convincing argument for this concept in his 1986 book, *The Psychology of Perspective and Renaissance Art* (140-49). He terms this phenomenon "the robustness of perspective" and though the illustrated map of Concord would not be employing this specific artistic device, the idea of a deliberate hidden agenda being employed in paintings as early as the 1500s is worth further exploration here.

Kubovy proposes that it was a common practice among some Renaissance artists to paint frescoes at high elevations, making it impossible for viewers to align their eyes with the horizon line in the painting. Somewhere during the early days of perspective drawing's evolution, artists had discovered that a drawing or painting "in perspective" always retained its sense of depth even when it was not viewed straight on. The feeling of three-dimensional depth is obviously more pronounced when

a perspective image *is* viewed with one's eyes aligned with the horizon line in the work, but the effect is not lost when the same image is viewed at an angle. This is what Kubovy means by "robustness of perspective." Renaissance artists who utilized robustness in their frescoes actually believed that the mind was able to leave its human point of view and position itself outside of the body to see a painting in its true perspective. For those artists whose main client was the Church, this became a valuable device. What better way to get church patrons to have a feeling of spiritual elevation while looking at a religious fresco than to force their brains to use their "robustness" abilities?

The theory, whether one accepts this hypothesis or not, is that paintings hung on or painted on walls above the viewer's standpoint stimulate a feeling of spiritual elevation. The egocenters of patrons looking "up" at a painting are induced to leave their bodies and float above their ground-based positions. Kubovy uses Leonardo DaVinci's fresco "The Last Supper" as the most famous example of this theory's application, "The Last Supper" having been painted on an upper wall of a chapel within which no possible position allowed a viewer to align his or her eyes with the horizon line in the painting.[18] Bear in mind that supposedly this happens below the threshold of consciousness and is completely separate from optics. True, it was just paint on plaster, but it implied something far beyond the materials the artist was using.

So the practice of attempting to imply something beyond a work of art is obviously not new. Jean Campbell, wife of the famous mythologist Joseph Campbell, once stated that "The way of the artist and the way of the mystic are very much alike, except that the mystic does not have a craft." Joseph Campbell clarified this concept by explaining, "The craft holds the artist to the world and the mystic goes off through his psyche into the transcendent (*Way of Art*). Both Emerson and Thoreau were Transcendentalists, yet their writing kept them grounded to this world, and there is ample evidence of the "spiritual" in the surviving thoughts and words of both men, each of them implying something beyond the words, beyond the ink on paper of their "craft."

Aesthetic Arrest

One of Campbell's most important messages to artists was the requirement that art hold the viewer in a state of aesthetic arrest: fine art. The term "fine" comes from the French word *finé*, meaning that a work of art should be the end in itself. In other words, a work of art should not coerce a viewer toward desire or repulsion. A work of fine

art never moves the observer to desire some aspect of the art nor does it prompt a sense of fear, hostility, anger or loathing. Any work of art that instigates these energies of desire or fear, or impels the audience to react in any way while experiencing the art, is simply not a work of art at all but is, according to Campbell, a form of pornography. All forms of advertising, all television and radio commercials, any journalism, political art or commercial artwork produced to entice the public to *react* in some manner (to purchase a product, get angry about an issue, etc.), are all attempts to get the audience to *do* something or to *have an emotional response*. Pornography! Fine art, on the other side of the scale, is in itself the end point. A successful work of fine art will keep its viewers both in appreciation of the excellence of the craft and use of the medium in the artwork, and in contemplation of the world presented within the confines of the artwork. The artist must succeed at both without prompting a desire to *possess* what is in the work, or an impulse to *run* from the work.

Do you feel awed by the colors in a painting of apples? Does the beauty of the lighting and atmosphere in a landscape painting spellbind you? If you can say "yes" to these questions, the painting is a work of fine art. If, however, the apples are painted in such a way that you want to go *eat* an apple, or if a landscape painting makes you want to *own* the land or go on vacation there, then according to Campbell the artist has crossed the line and has failed to produce an image that stops at the aesthetics of the piece. He or she has *improperly* applied composition, color, contrast, value and craft in a way that does not hold the viewer at the level of the paint on the canvas or the ink on the paper. Instead, either through unawareness of this principle or through intention, the artist has prompted either desire or fear and has, again in Campbell's view, created a work of pornography.

Aesthetic arrest is what makes fine art so hard to produce. Working with his or her chosen medium, the artist must employ the tools of composition, color harmony, perspective, texture, lighting, values, etc., and balance them all in such a way as to hold the viewer in true admiration of the aesthetics in the image created. In the end it is just paint on canvas, and somehow it *stops* there.

Internal Conflicts

I offer all this information to reveal some of the internal, groundwork thinking that was going on during these early days of the

creation of my Concord map. More than a drawing of old Concord, more than a map of Thoreau's world, the underlying requirement for the art was my need to find a visual balance between the artistic and aesthetic tools I would be using. It would be crucial to create an image that was not overly sentimental about the passing of old Concord, an image that would not instill a feeling of loss for the historic place, an image that would not instill a desire for its return or in some way prompt a desire to be a part of that world. The drawing for its *own* sake would need to captivate. And therein, with respect to this concept, I felt the hint of the possibility that my own hypocrisy might be revealed. To quote myself, what drove this project from the outset was my own desire "to stand on a hillside in the 1800s and look out over the Concord landscape." Was pure desire at the heart of my project, and would that desire translate to a feeling of desire in the audience? Could I produce an aesthetic image that would negate any personal desire? Could I stop the viewer and hold him or her in aesthetic arrest, hold him or her at the craft of the constructed work of art? I did *not*, after all, really long to be a part of 1845 Concord life. I only wanted to see it. And did not the Renaissance artists attempt to inspire a sense of spiritual awe in their audience? Were they not breaking this very rule regarding fine art? Yet paintings of the Renaissance are definitely considered fine art today. Joseph Campbell raises an interesting idea, but it is also easy to see how this topic might clutter the mind of any artist who dwells too long on its implications. To thoroughly investigate Campbell's theory would be a separate project in itself. The only thing the artist can do is be conscious of the concept, then move forward…and create.

At the very least, all these stirrings made it clear that my map would in no way glamorize life in 1845. I planned to show Concord as it was, blemishes and all. One of my goals in the artwork would be to find a way to let some of the rawness of that period come through. Mud roads and paths, homes in need of repair, back yards cluttered with timber and debris, trees with broken and dead limbs, any aspect of that unpolished world that might be visible from atop Fair Haven Hill. In this way, I believed, the viewer could maintain a foot in the present with an eye on the past. I had no intention of being dark or melancholy about the difficulties of 19th-century life. Rather, I wanted to aesthetically show both the charm of Thoreau's place and time as well as the native realities of that era, as best as could be conveyed within the limitations of my art form. This, I decided, would be my device for halting desire or loathing in my audience.

19th Century Life

Every historian of Thoreau's era is fully aware of the harshness of life in the 19th century. A stroll through Concord's historic Hill Burying Ground paints a picture of the reality of life then. Here lies John Hubbard, age 10 months; Charles Butler, age 1 year-3 months; Meriam Hunt, age 10 days. And so it goes. Jack Larkin, the historian at Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, writes of the horrors of childhood mortality:

> In early 19th-century New England, children faced a variety of infectious diseases, including diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, typhoid, typhus, and cholera–all of which were highly contagious and quite often fatal. Almost every New England family expected to lose at least one child to disease or accident, and the first year of a child's life was the most dangerous. One of every seven infants died before the age of one, and about one in seven of those survivors died before reaching adulthood.[19]

But there were exceptions. In the same Concord burial ground you can also find Samuel Buttrick, age 96; Dorothy Brooks, age 90; and Lydia Ball, age 99. Of course, the same could be said for our present time, but the advances of modern medical care and improved childhood mortality aside, there was a more astute cognizance of death in the 1800s. Death was not as sanitized as it is today.

Emily Dickinson was a contemporary of Thoreau's, and her poetry makes us aware of how death loomed over even the sunniest skies of her century. Marion Woodman notes, "The inflation of her love never totally blinded her to the facts of reality. Her outpourings of joy have undertones of the fear of loss."[20] Martin Bickman agrees, describing Dickinson as "one whose life was fairly bare of external circumstances, [yet] she was more in touch than most of us with the basic human situation, with the sentence of death we are all under" (131). My point here is that I believe the whole population of that time was "more in touch with the sentence of death" than we can realize. The only evidence that exists of the thoughts and feelings of the common person of those times is from the writers of that period. Yet, as Thoreau reminded us, "You shall see rude and sturdy, experienced and wise men, keeping their castles, or teaming up their summer's wood, or chopping alone in the woods, men fuller of talk and rare adventure in the sun and

wind and rain than a chestnut is of meat . . . ; greater men than Homer, or Chaucer, or Shakespeare, only they never got time to say so; they never took to the way of writing" (*Week* 8).

Professor Arnold Weinstein notes, "Death is not as public in today's culture, although, heaven knows it is just as present as it has ever been." [21] In his lecture series *Classics of American Literature*, Weinstein elaborates on the role death played in 19th-century America, and explains that it was part of women's work to tend to the dying. Dickinson lines such as "There's been a death in the opposite house," "Because I could not stop for death / It kindly stopped for me," "I felt a funeral in my brain," and "I heard a fly buzz when I died," are but a few examples of her poetry's preoccupation with her own death, descriptions of the moment of her death and observations from a point in time after she has died. Sobering subject matter for a young woman. Emerson's work, on the other hand, was about promise and continual life, while Thoreau's focused on waking people up. Whitman's writings dealt with all three of these aspects, yet all four writers produced their share of death-related material. This "awareness" was prevalent among all who lived during that time, not just those we know of who "took to the way of writing."

The Consciousness of Death

When we gaze out over my final illustrated Concord landscape of 1845, we look into a world unlike our own disinfected world of denial about the bluntness, unfairness and painfulness of nature. The people of the 19th century lived side by side with death every day. It permeated their minds, their interactions, their hearts, their plans, and even the sunniest and happiest of their days. It was not a world for the sensitive.

Today, gluttonously excessive entertainment, sporting events and shopping are all driven by carnivorous corporations who are serviced by an unscrupulous advertising industry that for their joint financial gain utilize forms of psychological voodoo as a means to distract the public from what is real about this world. Their mutual greed is fueled and maintained by a determined exploitation of the common person's "desire" to *be* distracted as well as his "fear" to face the truth. Our modern-day "denial of death," as Ernest Becker elucidated in his 1973 Pulitzer-Prize-winning book, is an instinct that, once engaged, inflates to take over every aspect of the psyche (47-66).[22] In the 21st century the repression of the awareness of death has spread to every thread in the fabric of society, a fabric that has become a wool over our eyes.

In our age an airplane might crash killing many people, and professional crews will move in to do the recovery and clean-up work. In Henry's time, however, a boat might sink off Cohasset Harbor and nearly every man woman and child living near the scene would be on the beach participating in heaving the bodies into boxes and onto wagons to be hauled off for burial.[23] My point here is not that we should go back to that way of life, nor is it that people were more callous then. Rather, the reality of nature and the starkness of death were much more evident, more real in Thoreau's time. More "in their face," as Becker says. The end result was a "consciousness" in *all* arenas of their lives. Everyone had to adapt.

Though he was a sensitive soul, Henry David Thoreau *did* adapt. Not only did he adapt, he survived and even found a way to thrive artistically. Dickinson was not as tough. Her reaction was to withdraw to her father's Amherst, Massachusetts house for the entirety of her life, and write poetry. There she wrote over one thousand seven hundred poems. Only seven of those poems were published in her lifetime (Dickinson v-xi). That's withdrawal.

Young Martha Hunt

The saddest evidence of the tragic nature of Concord life in 1845 took place on July 9, 1845, a mere five days after Thoreau took residence at Walden Pond, and just five days after we will be standing together on Fair Haven Hill looking out into Thoreau's world. Martha Hunt was a young, sensitive nineteen-year-old girl who did not have the strength to adapt to the rugged life of her time. Sadly, she took her own life that July morning by drowning herself in the Concord River near Flint's Bridge. The full story of her death was told in Leslie Perrin Wilson's previously-mentioned *Saunterer* essay about the Hunt family of North Concord. Not much is known about Martha. She was a teacher in the Concord district school system. She was intelligent and gifted and longed for an intellectual life. Although her parents did their best to provide educational opportunity for her beyond Concord, her limited life choices inhibited a sustained life of the mind. Wilson points to the possibility that Emerson and the Transcendentalists opened her mind too far, too soon and created an irreconcilable dilemma between fascinating Transcendental ideas and the somber realities of her life ("A Concord Farmer" 76). It was a world where women had a slim chance of reaching their potential. It was a world where the adults in the community offered little in the way of relevant guidance or advice for the

young. I am reminded of Henry's comment in *Walden* about never receiving a bit of positive guidance from the elders of his society. To quote Henry, "I have lived some thirty years on this planet, and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable or even earnest advice from my seniors. They have told me nothing, and probably cannot tell me any thing, to the purpose" (*Walden* 9).

Richard R. DeBlassie, in a piece written about teen suicide, even points to the Romantic movement in literature as a source for teen suicide during the nineteenth century. He tells us, "Epidemics of youthful suicide have occurred in many times and places. The most famous took place in the nineteenth century and was inspired by Goethe's novella, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*. The Romantic Movement in literature at that time glorified youth, poetry, melancholy, suicide and early death" (DeBlassie 8).

For me, Martha's casualty concretized the serious desperation and loneliness she and others in her situation must have had to endure. Barring any psychological or psychiatric abnormalities (she suffered from depression, but then so did Thoreau[24]), Martha's suicide spoke to the utter hopelessness of her existence in a small town where there was no one to turn to, where there was no future, where she did not feel necessary. I had always held Concord to be the world of Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne and the Alcotts until I read Wilson's account of this tragedy. From that moment on Concord would also become, for me, the world of Martha Hunt as well. My map would need to encompass not only Concord's landscape but its many-layered social strata.

IV.

> It is true that the greater part of seeds fall near trees which bore them,
> and comparatively few germinate;
> yet, they may spring up in very unexpected places.
>
> Henry David Thoreau, *Journal* (March 8, 1861)

A walking tour of Concord during the 2003 Thoreau Society Annual Gathering with Concord Museum guide Judy Fichtenbaum marked the official launch to the research for my project. "Official" because up to that time I had already done a lot of behind-the-scenes research for the map, but the walking tour was the very first (of several) on-site, information-gathering visits to Concord. Fichtenbaum's tour was a fitting way to begin work on the map. Having a live person speak

about the history of Concord and Thoreau's place in it made everything so very real to me. She confirmed many facts that I had supposed true, and corrected other facts about which I had been in error. Her outward display of excitement for Thoreau's Concord was something that I had until then only felt and experienced internally. It fostered a non-verbal exhilaration amongst the group, an electricity of connectedness to that former place and time being shared by a small collection of strangers.

At one point during the tour, deep in the heart of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where no evidence of the 20th century was visible or audible, Ms. Fichtenbaum stopped the tour and had us all stand still, asking us to remain very quiet . . . and to *listen*. For several seconds we stood there and followed her lead, curious as to the meaning of the exercise. In the intense silence, however, we slowly became aware of the natural sounds around us. No automobile traffic could be heard, no lawn mowers or weed whackers or leaf blowers, no airplanes flying overhead, no sounds at all that would connect us to the year 2003. At that point Ms. Fichtenbaum almost whispered, "Listen. Listen. This is exactly what it was like here when Thoreau was alive. Hear it? Feel it?" Collectively we all sensed how our immediate environment and surroundings were timeless. We looked around and saw the same sunlight, felt the same breeze, heard the same stillness of nature, smelled the same scents of the woodlands that Henry himself must have experienced.

Our five senses, having no visible or audible frame of reference to a specific time or era, savored the phenomenon for a few moments longer before having it broken by the sound of a practicing jet fighter taking off from nearby Hanscom Air Force Base. But we had it. For a few seconds there we were all back in time with the people of Concord. During those fleeting moments we legitimately felt as though we could have walked out of those woods and into the world of 1845. And for a brief time that day the encounters of connectedness I had had during my 1996 reading of *A Week* were once again evoked, but this time they had been induced by and shared with a tour guide in a group setting.

A Triangle of Factual Information

I made two more trips to Concord during that month of July 2003 and compiled a record of over 300 digital images of modern-day Concord, careful in my documentation to photograph only structures that were in existence by 1845. As I photographed, I continually kept in mind the direction of sight from Fair Haven Hill in relation to whatever I photographed. In August I visited the Henley Library to review mate-

rials in the Thoreau Society collections. Jeffrey Cramer, the curator, found old maps from the 1700s and 1800s, late-19th-century photographs, and antique books and pamphlets, as well as out-of-print books.

Figure 9: *Some of the varied archival research materials cover a conference table in the Reading Room at the Henley Library, Baker Farm, Lincoln, Massachusetts.*

Amongst the large body of archival materials were Jarvis's 1810-1820 "Concord Milldam Shops" map, Walling's 1852 "Map of the Town of Concord," W.D. Hubbard's "Plan of Centre of Town" from the late 1800s, and an 1875 "Town of Concord" map. When Cramer introduced me to dozens of photos that were taken by Herbert W. Gleason, an unexpected triangle of reference emerged. During the next two and a half years I would find myself cross-referencing between the Henley Library's archival maps, old photos, and drawings from the period; my own present-day photography; and Gleason's Concord photos. Gleason, if you'll recall, attempted between 1899-1937 to do with photography what I was attempting to do in my artwork: recreate what Concord looked like when Thoreau was alive.[25]

Using my current photos, comparing them to the old maps and site plans, and analyzing both in relation to the Gleason photos became my formula for building the details in a rough pencil draft of the map. It was also necessary to refer to other photos, drawings, and paintings made during the period that I found in contemporary sources such as

Paul Brooks' *The People of Concord* and Edward Jarvis's *Traditions & Reminiscences of Concord, Massachusetts, 1779-1878*. The challenges of this puzzle were arduous, to say the least, and when the references at hand failed me, I relied on my own "imagination in conjunction with historical research and insight" in order to interpret what I was attempting to present.

The Details of Fair Haven Hill

The above-described process spanned several months, as the drawing slowly evolved to preliminary pencil form. Working on a 30" x 40" sheet of translucent tracing vellum and following the foundation I had previously constructed of the Concord road system, I began by sketching structures at the center of town and working out in each direction. The intricacies of structures and terrain were plotted, to be further enhanced when the penciled work was translated into an ink drawing. It was my intention to create a strong sense of depth in the drawing, from the fine details of the close-up of Fair Haven Hill to the slightly hazy, very distant Punkatasset and Hubbard Hills. The artists of the Renaissance were the first to coin a phrase for this artistic device, which they called "the perspective of disappearance." Today it is more commonly known as "atmospheric perspective," referring to the visual effect of being able to see details and colors of close-up objects with more clarity than objects viewed at a distance (Smith 24-29). The farther away the object is, the more atmosphere the eye has to peer through. This is why trees directly in front of us are green while the same types of trees seen on a faraway hillside have a blue tinge. That blue is the atmosphere we are looking through, thus the term "atmospheric perspective."

I had no intention of creating a color image of old Concord, as the time period for my image was 1845 and the bird's-eye-view maps produced during that era were printed as black and white lithographs (and only rarely hand-colored). Atmospheric perspective could still be utilized, however, by exactingly delineating details in the foreground and softening the details off in the distance. With our point of view established atop Fair Haven Hill, I knew that the trees we would be able to see in our immediate vicinity would have to be quite realistically rendered and accurate to the locale. I established a list of trees that were prevalent in 19th-century Concord from David Foster's book, *Thoreau's Country: Journey through a Transformed Landscape* (226-27). These included white pines, oaks, pitch pines, and scrub oaks as well as red maples,

chestnut trees, birches, willows and aspens. I cross-referenced this list with a tree-identification book (Grimm) before making a special tree research trip to Concord.

My plan for the foreground was to photograph actual trees that currently exist in Concord and to use these photos as models for the trees I would render on Fair Haven Hill. The idea behind this plan was that trees presently standing in modern-day Concord could very well be the descendants of the trees that stood in Concord in 1845. The trees I sought had to be aesthetic, yet have an edge of unconventionality to their appearance. Since my representation of old Concord would not be picture-perfect, the trees I hunted for had to have some broken branches, dead limbs, or realistic imperfections that would show some character or personality.

Figure 10: *Trees and some low-growing bushes at Walden Pond, a distinctive-looking pine on the grounds of Concord Academy, and a dying yet still aesthetic tree at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery are just a few of the tree "ancestors" chosen for the map's foreground.*

My tree journey took me to an apple orchard on Baker Farm Road, to the grounds of the Thoreau Institute (where I found some amazing pines and a lush blue spruce), then to Walden Pond, where a nice array of low-growing bushes caught my eye. Then I headed to downtown Concord, Concord Academy, Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and finally out to Punkatasset Hill and Monument Street, where I photographed several varieties of trees in addition to random tree stumps, rock walls, and grazing pastures.

Trees viewed at a distance tend to merge into a mass of woodlands where identification of specific types becomes more difficult. I would use my tree documentation primarily for those trees closest to

our point of view, and only generically suggest types of trees in distant woodlots, paying less and less attention to species as I receded into the background of the scene.

The Train, the Trails and the Terrain

Other specifics that needed to be researched while the rough pencil draft was being constructed included road locations and their proper names for the period, the correct names of the Concord area rivers, the correct train that was in operation in Concord in 1845, the locations of the trails that wound their way through the Concord landscape, and the hills, valleys and general roll of the terrain in the drawing. Finding the names of roads was not a difficulty, as Walling's 1852 map gave me a clear indication of what roads existed then as well as their proper names. This also pertained to the slight difference in the names of the rivers from then to now, the present-day Sudbury River having been referred to as the Concord River until 1875.[26]

Finding the train type for 1845 Concord created a twofold question: what model engine and what model passenger cars were being used during that time? Clarence Hornung's *Wheels Across America* gave a good description of a typical passenger car of the period, though several varieties of quite unusual styles were in use. The model I chose was considered a forerunner of the modern passenger car and was authenticated by Hornung as being used on the Western Railroad of Massachusetts and on the Boston line in the 19th century (Hornung 99).

Finding the proper train engine, however, took much more time. Hornung's book wasn't clear on a specific New England steam engine in use in the early 1840s, and though I spent much time on the hunt in other sources, I came up empty and frustrated. Months later, while investigating another topic altogether, I stumbled across the answer while serendipitously leafing through W. Barksdale Maynard's *Walden Pond: a History* (which came out in 2004 while the construction of my pencil draft was underway). There, within his incredibly articulate historical documentation of Thoreau-era Concord and Walden Pond, was just the photo I had been looking for. The caption for the photo read, "This 1843 engine of the Fitchburg Railroad was likely one of those that he [Thoreau] saw passing Walden" (55).

Walden Pond: a History also provided the answers to my last two questions regarding the network of trails and the terrain around Concord and Walden. With Maynard's information I was able to plot carefully all the major trails that Thoreau might have used (Maynard 150).

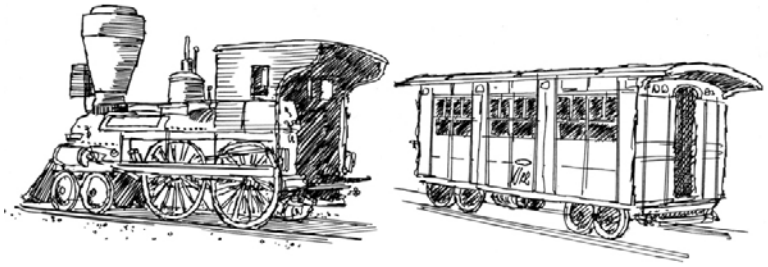


Figure 11: *Steam engine and passenger car typical to those in use in Concord during the 1840s.*

My intention was to show in the drawing that we, the viewers, could feasibly walk down the hill from our vantage point and follow an actual trail that would lead us to Thoreau's house at Walden Pond. I was also able to compare Maynard's topographical maps to the maps I had found on the U.S. Department of the Interior Geological Survey website and accurately construct the pitch and roll of the region as far out as Ball's Hill on the Concord River. I didn't know it at this point, but Barksdale Maynard would prove to be one of my most valuable historical reviewers during the next stage of the project.

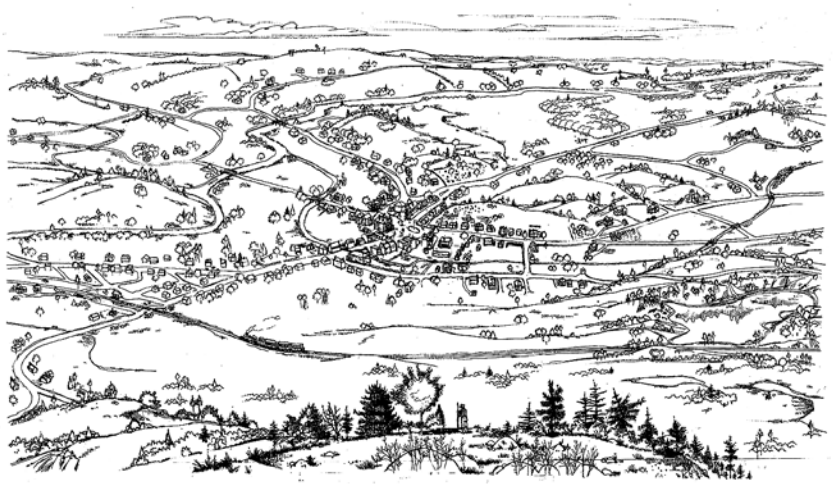


Figure 12: *The first refined, rough pencil draft constructed during late 2003 and early 2004. A foundation for the road system has been built up with simplified shapes for the structures that existed in 1845. Fair Haven Hill is beginning to take shape with more specific trees in place.*

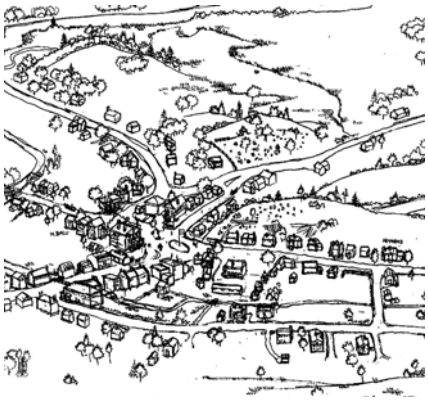


Figure 12a: *Detail view of preliminary rough pencil draft*

From the fall of 2003 to approximately the spring of 2004 I had constructed a detailed preliminary pencil draft of the map, working intermittently between free-lance projects and teaching. The next step was to transfer all the rough preliminary pencil work onto my final working surface, a 30" x 40" sheet of double-thick Bainbridge No. 80 illustration board. The original art's image area was sized at 24" x 36," to be reduced proportionally to 20" x 30" when printed. Throughout the remainder of 2004, the first preliminary sketch came more and more to life as subtle delineations were enhanced and articulated on the final pencil draft. Continued cross-referencing between 19th-century maps, Gleason's photographic documentations, current photos, and modern-day geological maps remained my method of operation.

As 2004 came to a close I was putting last-minute touches onto the final draft. I had saved positioning Thoreau's bean-field at Walden for last, as I had found conflicting reports as to its proper location. Almost as if on cue, the 2004/05 edition of *The Concord Saunterer* arrived and in it was an essay by Bradley P. Dean entitled "Rediscovery at Walden: The History of Thoreau's Bean-Field." I felt it ironic that the exact information I needed fell onto my desk with inexplicable timing. At that moment I recalled Joseph Campbell's famous quotation: "Follow your bliss … and doors will open where you didn't know they were going to be" (*Power* 120).[27] The excitement of being fed this timely bit of accurate information prompted me to look up Dean's e-mail address and write him a word of thanks for being the messenger I needed. In addition, I inquired if he would be willing to review the pencil draft of

my map when completed. The exact transcript of my e-mail to Bradley P. Dean follows:

> From: John Roman
> Sent: Monday, December 27, 2004 4:01 PM
> To: Bradley P. Dean
> Subject: *Saunterer* Essay
>
> Mr. Dean:
>
> After reading your marvelous piece in the latest *Saunterer* I felt compelled to write to you to relay how much I enjoyed the essay and how much I was captivated by the topic and by your storytelling! Who would have thought something as important as the location of the bean-field would have been lost to a whole generation of Thoreau enthusiasts?
>
> In 2003 I received a Thoreau Society Fellowship to create an illustrated map of Concord as it appeared in Thoreau's time (circa 1845). The reference I acquired in relation to the bean-field was erroneous. After reading your piece about the bean-field I feel fortunate to have had the benefit of your work and research in order to make the necessary adjustments to my pencil version (adjustments not only to the bean-field but to the Wyman lot, Wyman Road and the terrain in that immediate vicinity).
>
> Mr. Dean, I am inquiring if you would like to review my map artwork when the pencil stage is complete prior to the final inking of the artwork? Attaining 100% perfection with limited reference is quite impossible. Perhaps you could spot some significant items that should or should not be visible on the map in relation to the time period being depicted. My drawing will be based on the classic city-view lithographs that were prevalent during the 1800s (as one was never produced of Concord, believe it or not (confirmed by an exhaustive search at the CFPL). I'd be honored to have your input, if it is not too much of an imposition of your time.
>
> Thanks again for the great article in the *Saunterer* and for filling these past few days with the joy and entertainment that your writing has provided! Have a great 2005!
> John Roman

I sent the e-mail and waited. The days ticked by without a response and I worried I had perhaps overstepped my bounds, but I reasoned that the delay was due to the holiday season. Finally on New Year's Eve 2004 I checked my e-mail and was elated to see a message from Bradley Dean:

From: Bradley P. Dean
Sent: Friday, December 31, 2004 6:10 PM
To: John Roman
Subject: *Saunterer* Essay

Hello, John--and please call me Brad, which is of course my name. I've been at the Modern Language Association convention in Philadelphia since the 27th and just got back earlier this evening, which is why I did not respond to your message earlier.

I'm of course delighted that you enjoyed the bean-field piece. It was an awful lot of fun to research, so it's fitting that it should be enjoyable to read! It was good of you to tell me that you enjoyed it because, frankly, I do not often hear from others about my Thoreau work. Hearing from a fellow Thoreau enthusiast is a good thing; hearing that he liked what I wrote is, of course, even better.

Sure, of course, I would be very interested in taking a look at your map. It sounds like a wonderful project, and I'm surprised that no one mentioned it to me before. Have you considered sharing a copy with others (for review)? For instance, I know Barksdale Maynard has done a great deal of work on place locations, as has Walter Brain and Dick O'Connor. (I confess that I have not been in touch with Dick for well over a decade, but I have heard that he is still around and still has the results of his research from "the old days.")

Maybe you have already worked with the landscape historian Brian Donahue of Brandeis, who has done some great work on the landscape changes over time? (I mention Brian in the penultimate section of the bean-field piece, as you may recall.) If you're interested in communicating with Barksdale and Walter, their emails are listed below.

Thankfully, I have few deadline projects on my desk, so I should be able to devote a fair amount of time to your illustrated map, which I very much look forward to seeing. What a great idea for a project!

Have a good New Year's Eve and Day--and, indeed, Year--and I look forward to hearing from you again.

Best, Brad Dean

What a thrill! I couldn't have imagined a better response. And to be furnished with an official list of well-respected reviewers from a noted Thoreau authority would prove to be a pivotal event for the project.

V.

Not how the idea is expressed in stone, or on canvas or paper is the question, but how far it has obtained form and expression in the life of the artist.

Henry David Thoreau, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*

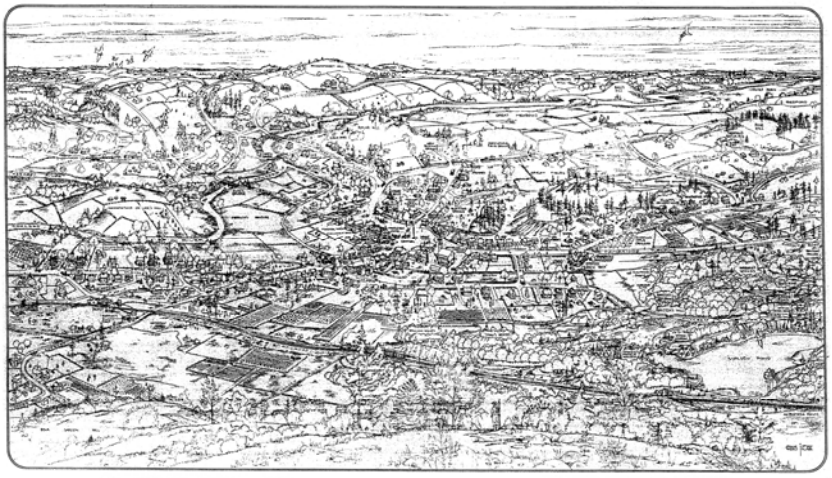


Figure 13: *The final pencil draft of the Concord map has been roughed out in very light pencil on No. 80 Bainbridge illustration board. The original artwork is 36 inches across and is drastically reduced in this reproduction. Despite the faint pencil work (enhanced in the scan for readability in this print) and the reduced image size, the degree of the drawing's evolution with regard to architectural details, trees and terrain in comparison to earlier sketches is evident.*

The Reviewers

In early January '04 I had completed a very tight, final pencil draft of the entire Concord map and, after contacting Brad's suggested reviewers by e-mail and getting their mailing addresses, I shipped large-format (24"x36") oversized photocopy prints of the sketch to each of them. In addition, copies were sent to reviewers I had approached on my own, including David Foster, Leslie Wilson, Richard Schneider, and the poet/author Robert Bly. Bly is a major Thoreau enthusiast and it is important at this point that I acknowledge his part in the inspiration for this project.

As I indicated at the beginning of this writing, I had read Thoreau earlier in my life but many years had elapsed before I picked up his works once again. It was Bly's constant reference to Thoreau that lit the spark in me to revisit Thoreau's writings. In fact, Robert Bly's writings were the sole influence and driving force behind my now-treasured reading of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* during that summer in 1996.

I read Bly's *Iron John* in 1991 and have since devoured virtually everything he has ever written; his poetry and written works inspire me more than any other contemporary writer. So it was a major event for me when I got the chance to spend two weekends with Robert Bly, in 2003 and 2004, at the Rowe Camp and Conference Center in Rowe, Massachusetts. Both weekend events included poetry readings, discussions, and time to chat with Bly one-on-one. It was during one of my personal conversations with Robert that I told him about my Thoreau Society map project and invited him to review a sketch of the art-in-progress.

Figure 14: *On-site portrait sketch by the author of Robert Bly, completed at the Rowe Camp and Conference Center, Oct. 11, 2003.*

Slowly over the next few months the reviewers sent back their copies of the review prints marked up with numerous suggestions for revisions and corrections. While Robert Bly did not have historical or geographic input for me, he did pass my name on to filmmaker James "Huey" Coleman, who was making a full-length feature documentary

film about Thoreau entitled *Henry David Thoreau: Surveyor of the Soul.* After sending him a copy of the rough sketch, Huey telephoned me to express interest in using my completed map in his film. Robert Bly, in addition, sent me a kind letter commending my project as well as an original poem he wrote about Thoreau.

Several pages of comments and recommendations came in from Barksdale Maynard, who was enormously helpful during the review process. David R. Foster, Brian Donahue, Jack Larkin and Brian Hall all had very helpful input as well. Foster, writing from Harvard University's Harvard Forest, advised that the map's landscape was "too open and sweeping, and not enough like the closely subdivided working landscape it was." He went on to give considerable detail:

> 1845 Concord was composed of woodlots, pastures, upland hay fields, meadows, orchards, and plow lands—all maintained by intensive effort. Concord in 1845 was over 25% pasture and another 25% "unimproved," which was probably mostly old pasture growing up in brush—huckleberries, barberries, juniper, cedar, pine, etc. Again, these pastures were in fenced blocks. There should be grazing cows all over the place (not many sheep). More animals are needed. The Great Meadow and the other low meadows, along Mill Brook for example, were subdivided into blocks and strips by ditches. All the brooks were ditched and angular, and there were numerous cross-ditches for drainage. The farmsteads need barns, out-buildings and fenced-in cow yards. Wouldn't even the houses in town have had sheds and carriage houses? Most roads would have had near-continuous walls or fences along both sides to keep driven livestock in the road.

Brian Donahue suggested I add some cows and haycocks, and Jack Larkin added that "The Fourth [of July] was notably inconvenient, coming in the middle of haying season for the first cut of upland hay," and farmers would have weeding and hilling the corn crop; although very widespread, the holiday was not universally observed. Brian Hall remarked "that some of the walls and fences should have trees/shrubs (brush) growing up around them," and recommended adding more livestock and anglers on bridges or in boats. Barksdale Maynard noted scores of details, including much that was missing—Brister's Spring, the railroad's Deep Cut, several landmark trees and houses, outbuildings, cows, and stone walls—and some anachronisms, incorrect locations and names; and, ironically, he recommended removing some trees from around Thoreau's Walden house and beanfield. He, too, wanted to see

more agricultural messiness, all the way out to Walden Woods: "cows, fences, stonewalls, ditches." Finally, Leslie Perrin Wilson corrected the location of the Nathan Brooks House, misidentified by Walter Harding as the Parkman House (Meltzer and Harding 44).

The guidance I received from them all was invaluable, and I am honored to have had their expertise and involvement in the project. I did my best to address all the necessary revisions and sent out a second set of revised prints to each reviewer. The second set of prints brought a second round of historical recommendations and by mid-November 2005 I was ready to begin the inking of the final art. The end of the tunnel was in sight. Despite the degree of scrutiny my rough sketches underwent I was beginning to understand that the very nature of my project made it impossible for the final product to be 100-percent accurate. It was inevitable, in light of differing scholarly points of view on a variety of Concord- and Thoreau-related topics, and the fact that I was reconstructing a world based on limited contemporary visual documentation, that my final map would be open to potential historical criticism. I had no choice but to live with that reality. An e-mail I received from David R. Foster many months later acknowledges this aspect of my endeavor: "I suspect that many people will agonize over the details and specifics [of your map] for years to come."[28]

Inking the Final Art

One aspect of the map's overall design that I have not commented on up to this point is its graphic title. All the old 19th-century lithographs had very dramatic headlines incorporated into their designs and many had small inset illustrations that highlighted specific areas within the regions depicted on the map. After studying numerous bird's-eye-view maps from that period I came up with a design for a graphic title using a typical 1800s typeface. Not knowing if I would place the title design at the top of the map or at the bottom, I worked on it separately until I had a composition that felt right for the era. Six inset drawings were planned, three on each side flanking a main headline title, with each inset featuring some Thoreau-specific site in old Concord. My plan was to show the sites in the insets in their generic form. This meant, for example, that Thoreau's house at Walden Pond would be shown in the inset in a picturesque, completed state while within the map itself his house at Walden would be seen partially completed, the chimney having been added later that year.

Figure 15: *Hand-drawn, hand-lettered headline graphic showing title and six insets specific to Thoreau's Concord. The insets depict: 1) The Thoreau Birthplace, 2) The Thoreau Family Texas House, 3) The Concord River Boat Landing (where Henry and John began their historic boat trip), 4) The Concord Academy Building, 5) Thoreau's House at Walden, and 6) The Thoreau Family Pencil Factory. Sites 1-5 can be found within the map. Site 6 is not visible on the map as it is behind our point of view, located in West Concord.*

Several reviewers suggested including a compass within the map, yet my research told me that virtually none of the old lithograph city views showed compasses in the live area of the art. Instead, a description of the view and its direction was usually incorporated within the headline. Therefore, in keeping with the flavor of the historic lithographs, I added a line to the title headline reading, "View from Fair Haven Hill Looking North-Northeast."

My ink delineation began with the rendering of the Thoreau figure just down the path from our point of view. Though the information may exist somewhere, I failed to find any exact reference as to what Thoreau might have worn while hiking. But I did manage to find two web sites where authentic historical clothing is sold and I outfitted Henry in attire that I felt would have been typical to 1845.

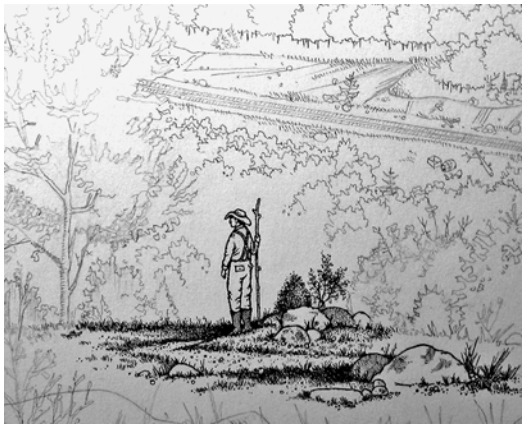


Figure 16: *By November 20, 2005 I had completed the rendering of Thoreau standing just below our point of view on Fair Haven Hill.*

Starting with his footwear, I chose a typical civilian-style stove-pipe boot with a one-piece top.[29] Thoreau's trousers were based on khaki-colored frontier canvas pants with built-in buttons for suspenders. His shirt is all cotton with a very small collar and a printed pattern, in a style presently referred to as a Geronimo shirt. His hat is a variation on the wide-brimmed slouch hats popular in the 1800s, and he is wearing canvas X-back suspenders (called braces in the 19th century). According to my research, suspenders were required in the 1800s "as pants styles were cut higher and had no belt loops."[30]

As noted earlier, it was necessary for me to earn a living while taking this personal journey to recreate the world of Thoreau, but by the end of November 2005 the time had come to make a commitment toward bringing the final art to its conclusion. I made a decision to halt all free-lance assignments for the entire month of December and dedicate that time to inking the remainder of the map. With my school semester ending the first week of December, I would be able to focus on finishing the project by the end of the year, and I fully believed three or four weeks would be enough time to complete the ink drawing.

New Years Day, 2006 arrived and, despite four eighty-hour weeks of intense work, the map was nowhere near completion. In fact, only the extreme foreground was inked and part of the Walden Pond area. I had grossly underestimated how long it would take to ink the large 24" x 36" work, but I was also being extra careful while inking to assure that what I was finalizing in ink was accurate. What began as an enjoyable process soon became an exercise in anxiety as I labored seven days a week to finish the work.

January brought the horrible news of the death of Brad Dean, whom I never had the pleasure of meeting personally but who had been such an integral aid to me just one year earlier. I kept on course and, though it was a difficult decision to make, I chose to decline all free-lance projects until the illustrated map was finished. January lapsed into February, February into March, with the drawing literally inching its way to fruition on the 10th of March, 2006. It was an enormous hardship to go over three and a half months without an income, but I felt it an essential investment toward a project that had already consumed so much of my time and energy. The stress associated with the inking process made the map's completion more of a relief than a joy. It would be several more weeks before I would be able to detach myself from the labors and, for the first time, feel the excitement of being able "to stand on a hillside in the 1800s and look out over the Concord landscape."

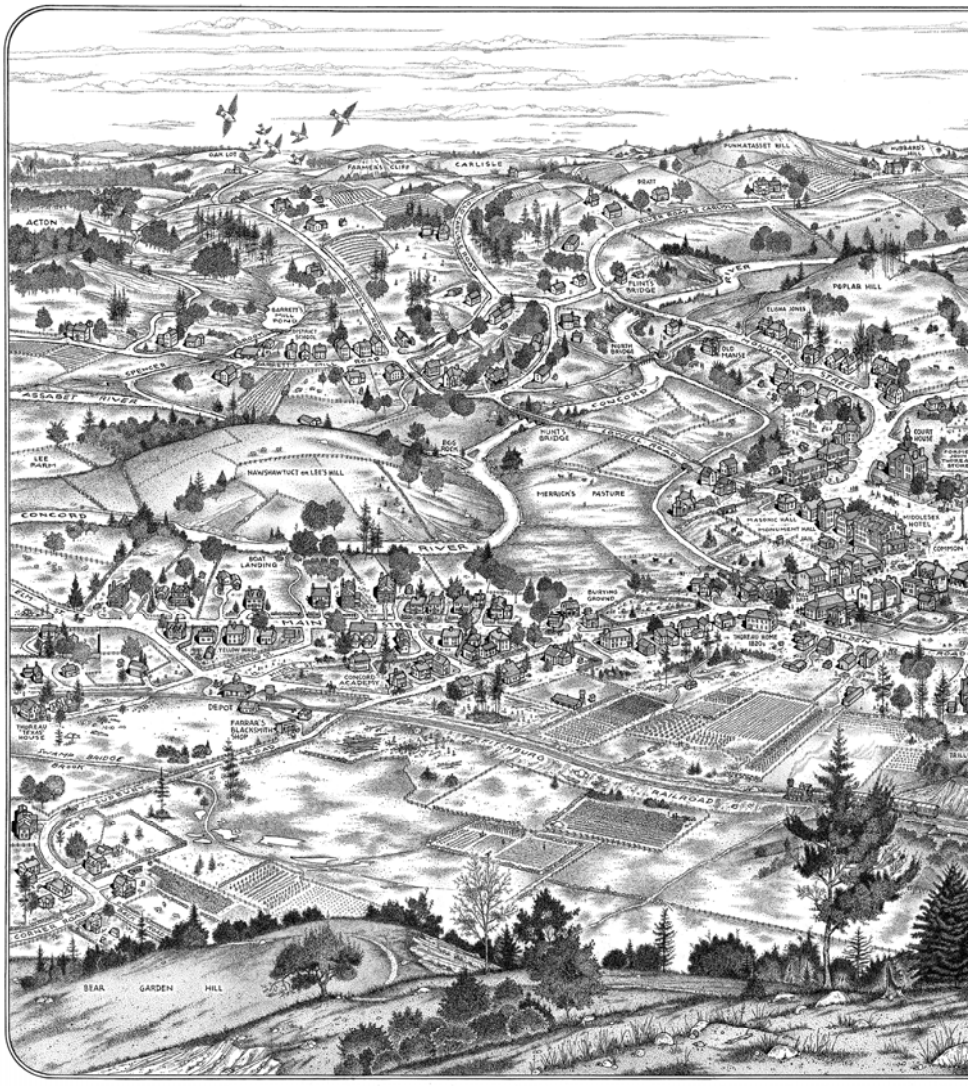
The Printing

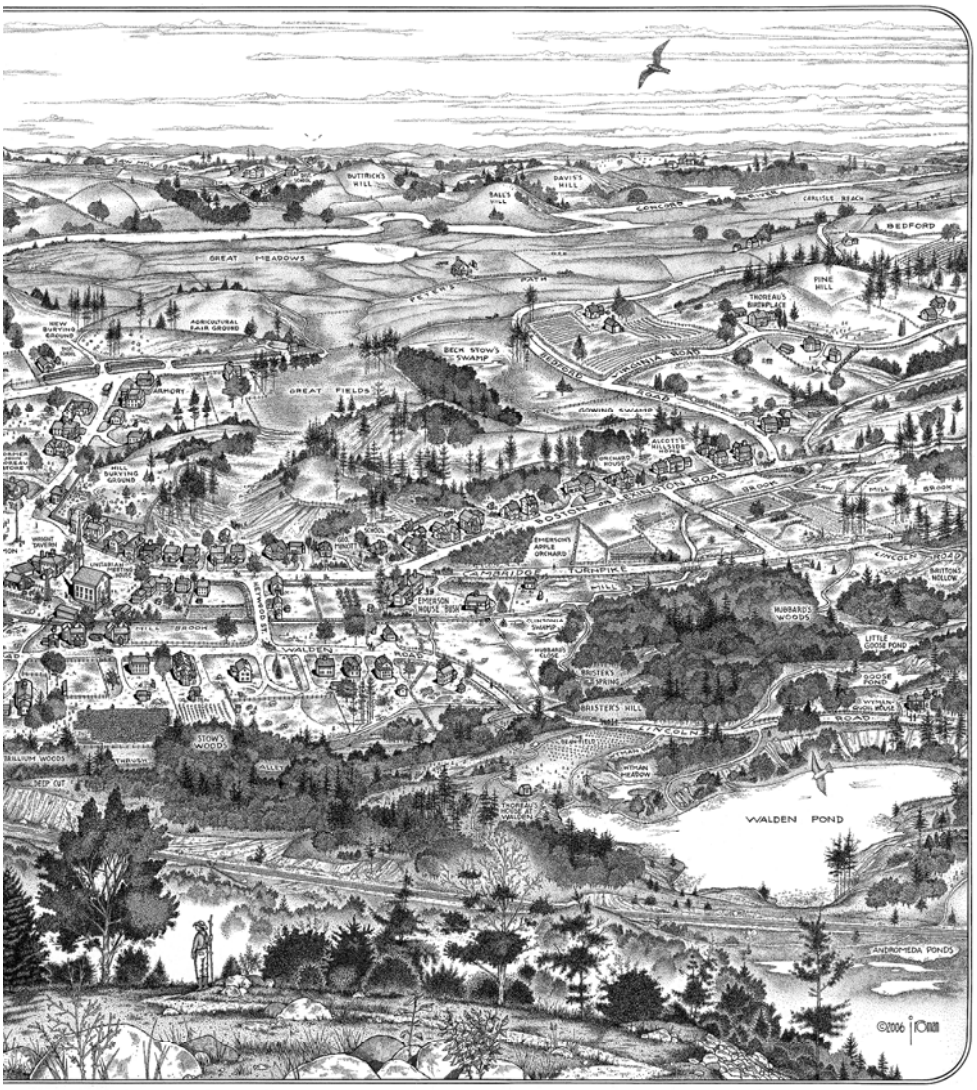
On March 13, 2006, I met with the Thoreau Society Executive Director, Jayne Gordon, and the Shop at Walden Pond Manager, Jim Hayden, to present my final artwork for their review. I spent over an hour with them explaining the project's specifics, and their elation (coming from the first Thoreauvians to view the final product) was a pleasant pat on the back. Together they came up with the idea that the printed maps should have an accompanying fact sheet identifying all the historical aspects contained within the drawing. Jim and Jayne also volunteered to spend time during the days that followed to go over the map to look for any last-minute errors before it was printed.

I am indebted to Jim Hayden for finding a few oversights that got by the other reviewers, one of which was that I had included the Old North Bridge while in actuality by 1845 the bridge had long since fallen to decay and wouldn't be re-built as a historical remembrance until the 1870s. Jayne found some other issues of accuracy as well a couple of label spelling errors. Using white opaque paint, the affected areas had to be touched up and then re-inked before the map could go to press.

As noted at the outset, my goal for the map was to mimic the look of the early bird's-eye-view lithographs, but I am not a lithograph artist. So, on press my aim was to *technologically* capture that look of antiquity. The first step was to get the artwork scanned, but rather than scanning it as a bit-map line drawing, it was scanned as a halftone (or grayscale), meaning all the ink lines in the drawing would be broken down into very, very fine dots (like the visible dots of a newspaper photograph, only much finer). This gave the hard-line inked rendering a softer look.

Next, an antique-style heavyweight paper stock was chosen. Monadnock Paper's "Caress" is a pale beige stock that's similar in appearance to parchment paper but heavier in weight. The final step was to decide on the printing ink to be used. I did *not* want to print the map with plain black ink. Instead, as a means to capture the warm tonalities of the old lithographs, I selected a pre-mixed ink that was made up of 85 percent black with 15 percent red added to it. By the end of April the maps were coming off the press and I was relieved to see that the halftone scan, the antique paper and the red-black ink all worked amazingly well to achieve the authentic look I had envisioned for the reproduction of Thoreau's Concord. Visually I was pleased, but emotionally I was still much, much too close to the final product to enjoy or to judge the success of my lengthy and arduous endeavor.[64]


ACTON
CARLISLE
PUNKATASSET HILL
FARMERS' CLIFF
OAK LOT
BARRETT'S MILL POND
ASSABET RIVER
SPENCER'S
LEE'S PARISH
HAWSHAWTUCT or LEE'S HILL
CONCORD
RIVER
BOAT LANDING
MAIN
DEPOT
FARRAR'S BLACKSMITH SHOP
THOREAU HOUSE
BRIDGE
BOSTON
RAILROAD
CORNER ROAD
BEAR GARDEN HILL
PLANK WALK
FLINT'S BRIDGE
BIG ROCK
MERRICK'S PASTURE
BURYING GROUND
POPLAR HILL
ELIOT'S
OLD MANSE
MASONIC HALL
MIDDLESEX HOTEL
COMMON
COURT HOUSE
THOREAU BIRTHPLACE
THOREAU FAMILY "TEXAS" HOUSE
CONCORD RIVER BOAT LANDING
HENRY DAVI
CONC
MA
CIRCA
VIEW FROM FAIR HAVEN HILL



ID THOREAU'S
CORD
SS.
4th, 1845
L LOOKING NORTH-NORTHEAST


CONCORD ACADEMY


THOREAU'S HOUSE AT WALDEN POND


THOREAU FAMILY PENCIL FACTORY

A Spectator of Thoreau's World

In early May 2006, just ten years shy from my initial reading of *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* and just four years shy from my initial musings on the possibility of creating artwork that depicted Thoreau's world, I delivered the printed maps to the Shop at Walden Pond for sale and distribution by the Thoreau Society.

It was many weeks before I could return to the finished artwork with fresh eyes. Today when I look out over the illustrated 19th-century vista, I am able to transcend the intensity of the drawing's history and labors and observe the scene for what it was originally intended to re-present. Now, as a spectator, when I survey the Concord landscape of July 4, 1845, the image occasionally arouses subtle sensory experiences in me that seem below the threshold of convention.

For example, a typical contemplative study from my vicarious point of view atop Fair Haven Hill might kindle an almost-perceptible awareness of the warm July air and hint at a light morning breeze. At times the Fitchburg Railroad's steam engine seems nearly audible as it interrupts the solitude of the region, a sound that stands as much for intrusion as it does for the progress it will generate in the years to come for the people living down there. The panorama suggests the hard, sun-baked soil beneath my feet as I stand and peer voyeuristically at what seem like real people going about their daily lives. And occasionally, while scrutinizing the expanse of the 1845 Concord countryside, I will be convinced that I've actually seen slight flitters of movement: the flock of tree swallows might burst forward an indiscernible bit, the train might nudge up the track a touch, or wagons will appear to creak down the road a tiny distance from the locations where they've been drawn.

All of this—the air, the sounds, the feelings, the potentials for motion—instill in me an exhilarating vision of the environment and a thrilling sensation that I can somehow experience this bygone world from simultaneous points in time. Yet upon reaching this project's end, I felt the time had come to seek a psychological explanation for my emotional connections to Thoreau's life and world.

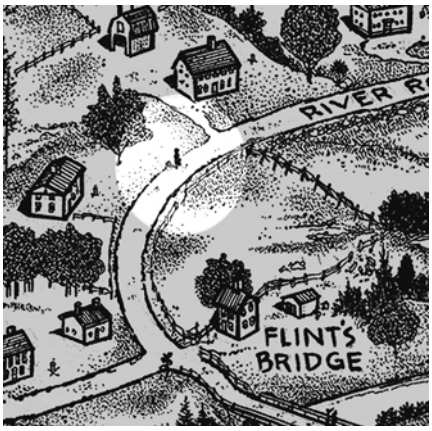
Many months after the map's completion I came across a definition that aptly explained what had engaged me during those early visionary episodes. Both Martin Buber and Otto Rank described the phenomenon as the natural human instinct of "creative projection" or "imagining the real." They both theorized that people have an innate tendency to project onto another person a self-transcending life process. This "projection" then acts as a stand-in for the enormity of life and the

entirety of the cosmos in all its complexity. Unable to comprehend the overwhelming terror and awe of the universe and one's place in it, the human mind narrows its focus down to a single being, where it can more easily behold and absorb the mysteries of existence. Through the adoration of the microcosmic "one," the brain can worship the macrocosmic whole (Becker 157-58).[32]

This instinct is quite universal, a normal attempt by the individual to nourish the "self." Seeing some other person as a figure of awe, whether the person is dead or alive, or even whether the person is good or evil, becomes a form of personal expansion that enables the "self" to see the true value of one's *own* life. In short, my "experiencing the world from simultaneous points in time" was a way for my brain to grasp the awesomeness of our world, the vastness of time, and the incomprehensibility of our cosmos. To paraphrase Becker, my devout admiration of Thoreau and my closing of the gap between our eras was, in essence, a "life-enhancing illusion" that enabled me to see the sheer reality of my own life in relation to *all* of life, in terms of both my personal significance … and insignificance.

Epilogue

This new awareness has in no way dampened my enjoyment of standing on a hillside in old Concord and looking down into that historic place. Rather, without negating the authenticity of my sensory experiences, it now reveals to me a grandiosity of the universe more rich and vital than mere connections through time could ever have revealed alone. So I am still able bask in that former age and "imagine the real" of one summer day in 1845. Several incidental details incorporated into the mesh of the artwork sow the seeds of that reality, as well as honor the place, time and people represented therein. Some of these include Emerson standing in front of his home conversing with neighbors, Hawthorne behind the Old Manse with the *Muskataquid* nearby, as well as depictions of the homes of the Alcotts, the Minotts, the Hosmers, Elisha Jones and many others.[33] In addition, through their portrayals in this perspective, respect has been paid to all the unknown local residents of 1845 Concord: the laborers, the farmers, the shopkeepers, and all the men, women and children who can be seen engaged in their various activities on this fourth day of July, including Henry David himself, who is just a few yards down the trail from where we stand as he contemplates the dawn of his experiment at Walden Pond.



Lastly, reverence must not be forgotten for young Martha Hunt, who can also be seen this fine summer day walking slowly down the River Road to Carlisle, heading south toward the village at the bend in the road near Flint's Bridge. Once again Thoreau's poem comes to mind:

> Where is the spirit of that time but in
> This present day, perchance this present line?
> Three thousand years ago are not agone,
> They are still lingering in this summer morn . . .

NOTES

1. The Fruitlands Museum in Harvard, Mass. has many of Thoreau's tools on display.

2. Jeffrey Cramer, Curator of Collections at the Thoreau Institute's Henley Library in Lincoln, Massachusetts, cordially assisted me during a 2003 visit to the Baker Farm site as I scoured the archives of the library for any and all maps and visual images which related to mid-1800s Concord and its surroundings. Mr. Cramer was of invaluable help in locating and allowing me to digitally photograph many of the fascinating photos and maps from rare books and those in the Henley collection. He did not believe, however, that any bird's eye images were ever created of Concord. He recommended that I contact the Special Collections Department at the Concord Free Public Library, which also did not have a record of a 19th-century lithographic aerial image of Concord.

Research online and in the extensive bird's-eye map archives of the Boston Public Library's Norman B. Leventhal Map Center failed to turn up any views of Concord.

3. Though hot-air balloons had been around since the late 1700s, their use was virtually nonexistent until the 1950s, with the exception of some minor surveillance roles during the Civil War. See ballooning history web sites <www.balloonzone.com/history.html> and <www.ballooningaz.com/html/balloon_history.htm>. It is for this reason, the author believes, that such a large percentage of "bird's-eye-view" maps were actually views from hilltops or large buildings near or within the city being depicted. Observing a city from a "bird's" position in the air was not possible to people of the 19th century. Those few city-views that *were* drawn from points of view in the sky tended to be more like illustrated road maps utilizing minimal architectural detail. The majority of city-view lithographs produced during Thoreau's time were architecturally rendered vistas viewed from a known, elevated location in the vicinity of the city or town being featured.

4. According to J. Walter Brain's "Notes on the Names of the Rivers in the Concord Region" (culled from his research on the subject, part of a project in progress at this writing), the Concord, Assabet and Sudbury Rivers did not always join forces at Egg Rock. Brain states, "The toponym *Concord River* was used at first as the name for the entire river system: *Concord River* proper for what today we know as the river by that name, downstream from Egg Rock at the meeting of the waters of the two main tributaries. The left fork was then known as the *North Branch of the Concord,* and the right fork as the *South Branch of the Concord.* These names soon became shortened in documents and maps as the *North Branch* or *North River* and the *South Branch* or *South River,* while the *Concord* proper became also known as the *Great River.* The *South Branch of the Concord,* that is, today's *Sudbury River,* upstream from Egg Rock, was generally known throughout the colonial period and until late in the Nineteenth Century as both the *South River* and *Concord River,* while the toponym *Sudbury River*, used sparingly in Concord, was in more general use upstream in the towns of Sudbury and in what was then known as East Sudbury (Wayland)" (e-mail to the author, Nov. 14, 2005).

5. Quoted in Edwin Way Teale's interpretive comments in *Walden* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1946), p. 143.

6. Here I have been very much influenced by the work of Antonio Damasio. See *The Feeling of What Happens: Body and Emotion in the Making of Consciousness* (San Diego: Harcourt, 1999) and *Descartes' Error* (New York: Avon Books, 1994).

7. Sixty-six of Gleason's fantastic photos appear throughout *The Illustrated Walden*, ed. J. Lyndon Shanley (Princeton: Princeton UP, 1973).

8. Yet the next time you attend a concert or play, look away from what is being spotlighted on stage. Look to the ceiling and wall areas and you'll notice much of the peripheral view area that is not in the beam of the spotlight is still quite visible to our eyes through the darkness, if we choose to look at it.

9. Bear in mind that the cone of vision of a camera is much narrower than the cone of vision of the human eye, another reason why photos of magnificent vistas never seem to capture how it looked to us when we were there in person.

10. See the USGS website at <http://ngmdb.usgs.gov>.

11. Ann Zwinger and Edwin Way Teale confirmed my earlier assumptions regarding the 19th century's demand for wood in their book *A Conscious Stillness* (220).

12. The Classical period had a strong influence on Thoreau. At a lecture this author attended in Boston during the summer of 2003, archaeologist Loren Sparling described how the Etruscans, living around 500 BC, were also inspired by the early Greeks to build their dwellings so that "though you were inside you would feel like you were outside." I couldn't help make an immediate connection to Henry's description of his house at Walden: "I did not need to go out doors to take the air, for the atmosphere within had lost none of its freshness" (*Walden* 85).

13. Greek art was the first to break from the political/religious as a purpose for design, craft or imagery. Theirs was the first free art, art for the sake of expressing and representing the beauty in nature. That beauty was best conveyed in perfect harmony among all parts of a graphic image or a painting. For a unique and enlightening description of Greek and Roman art, see Leonard Shalin's *Art & Physics, Parallel Visions in Space, Time & Light* (New York: Quill William Morrow, 1991), 28-37.

14. Psychologist Alice Miller covers this very well in her *Pictures of a Childhood* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1986), in which she reveals a profound connection between what happened to the artist as a child and the style and imagery subconsciously utilized by the artist in his/her adult years. Even the artist's choice of subject matter has a connection to childhood events, happy or traumatic. According to Miller, artists are often unaware of the source of their own creative expressions.

15. See Rollo May, *The Courage to Create* (Toronto: Bantam, 1975).

16. A number of versions of the Grail myth exist, handed down in history from various cultures, and various endings exist for the story as well. But the French version, which is the earliest written account, has no ending. Over time some authors have attempted to complete the text and Robert A. Johnson takes up one such continuation for this unfinished myth in *He: Understanding Masculine Psychology* (New York: Harper & Row, 1989), 80.

17. See Leslie Perrin Wilson's article for *The Concord Journal* (October 10, 2002), in which she explains the prevalence of and procedures for the moving of buildings in Concord during the 1800s.

18. Regarding this point, Michael Kubovy quotes historian Frederick Hartt as stating, "there is no place in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie where the spectator can make the picture [*The Last Supper*] 'come right'." Kubovy adds that "The center of projection is so high that only a person about

three times as tall as the average could see the picture from the center of projection" (142).

19. See Jack Larkin's 19th-century history information on the Old Sturbridge Village web site: <www.oldstubridgevillage.org>; click on "Learning Lab" then click on "Ask Jack."

20. See Marion Woodman, *Emily Dickinson and the Demon Lover* (Boulder, Colorado: Sounds True Recordings, 1993), sound cassette.

21. Prof. Arnold Weinstein, Ph.D., Lecture 10, "Dickinson: Devotee of Death" in *Classics of American Literature, Part III* (Springfield, Virginia: The Teaching Company, 1997), sound cassette.

22. The observations made in this section are not intended to throw a blanket over everyone connected to corporations or the advertising field. Rather, a finger is pointed toward those individuals who shamefully use this knowledge of human fear and desire to intentionally manipulate an unaware public for the sake of profit.

23. In *Cape Cod*, Thoreau reports, "The owners of the wagons were made the undertakers," and "the beach was covered with people looking out for bodies and examining the fragments of the wreck. . . . I witnessed no signs of grief, but there was a sober despatch of business which was affecting" (5). As he adds, "This shipwreck had not produced a visible vibration in the fabric of society"; "If this was the law of Nature, why waste any time in awe or pity?" (7, 9).

24. The obituary for Martha Hunt from the *Concord Freeman* of July 11, 1845 describes her as a "young lady, in great depression of spirits" (quoted in Wilson, "Martha Hunt" 11); Michael Sperber, MD, gives a detailed account of Thoreau's manic personality and claims that mania is a defense against underlying depression in *Cycles and Psyche* (34).

25. The original Jarvis map is in the Concord Free Public Library, which also has extensive holdings of Gleason photographs, amounting to thousands of images. See Leslie Perrin Wilson, "The Herbert W. Gleason Negatives in the Concord Free Public Library." In addition, the Concord Free Public Library has well over one hundred of Thoreau's surveys online, and though I did review some of them during the research phase of my project, only one survey was close to the time period I was illustrating: the survey of Walden Pond, 1846. Thoreau's Walden Pond survey was not, however, my sole reference for the rendering's shape of Walden. All the other Thoreau surveys are dated anywhere from four to fifteen years after my viewing date and were much too focused on individual property lines for my needs in the construction of a distant panoramic view.

26. See note 4 above.

27. On four other occasions while illustrating the final map, similar "doors opened" with timely bits of informational aid. While inking Bedford Road I found information making it clear that in 1845 the present Bedford Road did not go further than the end of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. On another occasion a mix-up in my reference regarding the Alcott's Hillside home was

cleared up just moments before I set my pen to inking it. The two other occasions had to do with the inclusion of homes I had inadvertently omitted, but discovered–in the very nick of time!–did exist in 1845.

28. E-mail to the author, May 23, 2006, acknowledging receipt of the final printed map.

29. Boot style found at <at www.ushist.com/wardrobe>.

30. Clothing styles and quotation may be found at <www.gentlemensemporium.com>.

31. Credit must be given to the fantastic team at MacDonald & Evans Printers in Braintree, Massachusetts, and especially to their account representative and long-time contact of mine, Nancy Callahan. Their advice and professional guidance in achieving the aims of the printed map turned the original ink drawing into something beyond the scope of my production knowledge capabilities, yet exactly in keeping with my original vision for the product.

32. It makes no difference if a projection is directed at a noble person or an evil person. The brain is merely seeking some thing or some one that it can digest as an interpreter or translator for the enormity of the universe in all its terror (the evil-person projection) and/or in all its splendor (the noble-person projection). Either will suffice. The brain merely wants to get a bearing on where it is and what it's doing here. In addition, there may be several people upon whom projections are made, all in varying degrees of magnitude and importance.

33. I made a conscious decision early in the process not to overload the artwork with too many labels and identification tags. I determined that the map should work as an aesthetic image primarily, yet one that was as historically accurate as possible. The labeling of each and every structure in town would have, first, opened the door to the possibility of errors in identification; second, turned the piece into a communicative rather than an illustrative vehicle; and third, distracted from the composition as a whole. I intended from the outset to avoid a cluttered look and to label only a few key elements throughout the map, thus leaving visual "breathing room" for the landscape and architecture presented within the scope of the perspective view.

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