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"The Loveliness She Made": Memory and Community in

Women's Gardening Writing.

> She walks among the loveliness she made,
> Between the apple-blossom and the water—
> She walks among the patterned pied brocade,
> Each flower her son, and every tree her daughter.
>
> Vita Sackville-West, "The Island"

> She had given away everything in their little house except a package of garden seed that Tea Cake had bought to plant. . . . The seeds reminded Janie of Tea Cake more than anything else because he was always planting things. She had noticed them on the kitchen shelf when she came home from the funeral and had put them in her breast pocket. Now that she was home, she meant to plant them for remembrance.
>
> Zora Neale Hurston, *Their Eyes Were Watching God.*

> The further one goes along the road the more branches and related subjects one finds opening off of it and one has no idea whither these little side paths are going to lead. One thing is certain, however, the people one meets as one travels along the garden path are delightful, remarkably generous and invariably genuine.
>
> Helen Morgenthau Fox, Introduction to
> Louise Beebe Wilder's *The Fragrant Path.*

There are things we inherit that remind us of the giver's presence in our consciousness, tangible legacies that finance an education, decorate a wall, or furnish a room—the desk to which we gesture and say, "This belonged to . . . " and remember our own belonging. Then there are those legacies which are passed on intangibly, without physical artifact to prove the connection. Some of these legacies arrive quickly; when my grandmother died, I suddenly inherited her desire for baskets just as I did the walnut Governor Winthrop desk she had, in turn, inherited from my great-great aunt. Other legacies wait, maturing like some forgotten bond to spring with unexpected fortune at the time they are most needed. It was in this way I

discovered my grandfather had bestowed me with gardening, an uncontrollable urge for flowers that necessitated leaving desk and computer for dirt, shovels, seed, and flowers.

My first garden, the small strip of ground that separated my rental house from the street by about 15 feet, began where others had also tried. I saw the previous attempts, the somewhat misguided placement of rubber plants and Boston fern in the front bed. When I began to water, the struggling mint regenerated, while zinnias, marigolds, and salvia erupted from where someone had spread the seed. Daffodils, narcissus, and *lycoris radiata* appeared in the yard, remnants of much older, and wiser plantings, as well as the large amaryllis at the corner of the house. My connection with my own past, my connection with the work of these past gardeners develops into connections with others. A young woman who had lived here before stopped one day while I was outside, and upon her request for the blooming amaryllis' seeds, I recognized the novice gardener. When the spring starflowers, *Ipheion uniflorum,* bloomed all over the sideyard, a white-haired woman stopped to ask if I knew their names—I did since I had just read something about them—and suddenly we were together in her memory, in a garden from her own history. In class one day, a student exclaimed, "That's **your** garden!?! It's the kind of garden I want to have some day!" It was just the kind of garden I wanted too. With the memory of my gardening grandfather, I walked into the garden to grow flowers. In doing so, I began a relationship with my community—my neighbors who stop to visit or enjoy the garden as they walk by, my colleagues with whom I trade plants, seeds, and ideas, and my parents who offer plants, memories, and gifts of tools.

My gardening community stretches beyond these corporeal boundaries and includes the plethora of gardening books written by and for gardeners. Michael Pollan suggests "the desire to make a garden is often followed by a desire to write down your experiences there—in a notebook, or a letter to a friend who gardens, or if, like me, you make your living by words, in a book," a sentiment echoed by Eleanor Perényi in *Green Thoughts: A Writer in the Garden*. In her afterword for the 1996 edition of Katherine White's *Upward and Onward in the Garden*, Jamaica Kincaid—who is writing on her own gardening book—notes, of her own six copies, "these

books were given to me without compliment or reprimand, in the act of common sharing among gardeners . . . as if the book itself is an essential part of gardening culture as we practice it here in America." As an "essential part of gardening culture," these books can offer readers insights into the mechanics of gardening—what species to grow where, what tools to use, etc.—but they also often reveal the lives of their writers, the autobiographical motivations for gardening, their relationship to their own circle of gardening friends, and, through their writing, their relationship to the larger gardening community beyond the physical reach of their gardens. Though Dennis Hall suggests gardening "serves to legitimate the gardener by creating a palpable sense of authority, constructing an 'order,' and exercising power" and is "carried out in the arena of one's own space, which despite the mutability of growing things and their constant demand for time and attention, is a relatively fixed entity with the protean culture of postcapitalism," gardening writers reveal an interdependence among gardeners, a relationship with nature (rather than control of it), and a personal connection to history through the memories of their own gardening heritage. These writings privilege the process of gardening, like the process of living, rather than focusing on the end product, or how "the gardener's curious toil may produce a few dozen tomatoes and several bouquets of flowers." Instead of reading gardening in the more patriarchal terms of attempting to control of nature, gardening writers are concerned with community building: the sharing of memories, plants, and enjoyment of the garden, in process as well as its results; relationships between both plants and people; and responsibilities to plants, people, and the earth in both gardening and gardening practices. Cassandra Danz writes "we get into trouble when we fail to understand how to put ourselves in tune with nature. A garden is nature domesticated, but not tamed. A garden is nature reorganized, but not conquered. A garden is a way of living with nature, as we live with those we love." In expressing this way of living, in association with people and nature, gardening writers tend memory, develop communal relationships, and extend the boundaries of the gardens they create.[1]

To identify the ways in which gardening writers relate these associations through their writing, I will explore those texts that combine practical advice with personal reflection. The texts range from informational books identifying plants and gardening schemes, such as Louise Beebe Wilder's *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden* (1923), and Cassandra Danz's *Mrs. Greenthumbs: Or How I Turned a Boring Yard into a Glorious Garden and You Can, Too!* (1993) to personal essays concerned with more contemplative aspects of gardening, such Jamaica Kincaid's collection *My Favorite Plant: Writers and Gardeners on Plants They Love* (1998), Elizabeth Lawrence's *The Little Bulbs: A Tale of Two Gardens* (1957) and *Gardening for Love: The Market Bulletins* (1987), and Sydney Eddison's *A Patchwork Garden (*1990). I do not include the copious number of reference books on gardening.

These women gardening writers are motivated, in their gardening as well as their writing, by memory and a familial connection with gardening.[2] Writing about these inspirational memories honors the community created and developed through gardening. Just as gardening created community in the writers' memories, their own gardening continues the tradition with the exchange of plants and information, as well as enjoyment. In turn, their gardening writing retrieves and signifies these memories in the process of reaching out to other gardeners. In honoring their gardening ancestors, creating new relationships, and developing networks in which the writer is connected to both the human community and the natural world, the individual gardening writer recognizes and encourages an interdependence that is essential for continued personal growth as well as the growth of the garden.[3]

I do not intend to suggest that community and memory are characteristics of women's gardening writing alone. In fact, both play a significant role in the writings of Allan Lacy, Michael Pollan, Steve Bender, and others. Indeed, this may indicate the significance of these characteristics as a convention of gardening writing, and gardening, for both men and women. My interest lies not in claiming gendered differences in gardening writing, but in exploring gardening writing as a significant avenue for women and the implications of such publications on critical understandings of women's writings. Since women have historically had limited

access to public venues of expression, gardening writing has provided a forum for women to speak about their experiences and their expertise. In addition, gardening writing offers excellent examples of women who have traditionally been denied a voice in culture, women in the later stages of life. The influential Englishwoman Gertrude Jekyll, who advocated the cottage garden style, published her first book on gardening at the age of fifty-six (after having retired from painting because her eyesight was failing). When she died at the age of eighty-nine, she had published thirteen books and was working on another manuscript. Celia Thaxter published *An Island Garden* when she was fifty-nine. Louise Beebe Wilder wrote six books after the age of forty. Elizabeth Lawrence published books and articles until her death at the age of eighty-three. Ruth Stout published in her seventies and eighties, providing new, organic gardening methods with her books *Gardening without the Work: For the Aging, The Busy, and the Indolent* (1961), *The Ruth Stout No Work Garden Book* (1971), and *How To Have a Green Thumb Without An Aching Back* (n. d.). In Rosemary Verey and Ellen Samuels's collection *The American Woman's Garden,* Emily Whaley stated "at age seventy-two, I am really just beginning to get my sea legs in my own garden."[4] In *Mrs. Whaley and Her Charleston Garden* (1997), she explains, at the age of eighty-six, "life is full of decisions and you better not waver and quaver over each one or you will stress yourself. You will die young and miss your seventies and eighties, which are two decades that can be a delight."[5] It is in these works, we can see, as Susan Garland Mann suggests, "that autonomy and self-knowledge . . . can be achieved in those spaces women historically occupy—even if the space is as restricted or limited as the home or yard."[6] These voices and the contributions each woman has made to gardeners and their gardens are important to our understanding of women's involvement in social, cultural, and environmental history.

"It started for me with a grandmother": Hereditary Memories

In her introduction to *My Favorite Plant* (1998), Jamaica Kincaid writes:

> Of all the benefits that come from having endured childhood . . . certainly among them will be the garden and the desire to be involved in gardening. A gardener's grandmother will have grown such and such a rose, and the smell of that rose at dusk, . . . when the gardener was a child and walking in that grandmother's footsteps as she went about her business in her garden—the memory of that smell combined with the memory of that smell of the grandmother's skirt will forever inform and influence the life of the gardener, inside and outside of the garden itself And so in conversation with such a person (a gardener) a sentence, a thought that goes something like this—'You know when I was such and such an age, I went to market for a reason that is no longer of any particular interest to me, but it was there I saw for the first time something that I have never and can never forget'—floats out into the clear air, and the person from whom these words or this thought emanates is standing in front of you all bare and trembling, full of feeling, full of memory. Memory is a gardener's real palette; memory as it summons up the past, memory as it shapes the present, memory as it dictates the future.[7]

Kincaid eloquently pinpoints a fundamental aspect of gardening: the inspiration for many gardeners lies in a primary memory linking gardening with a person, a family member who is made manifest in the creation of their garden. Martha Adams, daughter of Emily Whaley, explains, "it started for me with a grandmother who grew everything from camellias to cotton." For her, gardening links her to her grandmother, and mother, "my memory holds the vision of spontaneous flower arrangements as only "Nan" could make." Similarly, Pamela Copeland

speculates "my love of gardens and flowers came from my mother [who] taught me to look for nature's flowers and later encouraged my interest with prizes for wildflower collections labeled with both the common name and Latin names and the families to which they belonged."[8] While Martha Adams and Pamela Copeland were privileged economically and educationally, other gardeners also express the significance of familial gardening heritage. Richard Westmacott documented similar memories in *African-Americans Gardens and Yards in the Rural South*. Investigating rural African-Americans' lives, he notes "all the gardeners recalled their parents' yards." One of his interviewees, Dorothy Sanders, spoke eloquently about her mother's garden with its "roses and eastern star lilies. . . . old maids and the things we used to call snow-on-the-mountain."[9] In her discussion of African-American women's gardens, Sue Anne Ware explains that for Shirley Clegg "gardening makes her feel like her mother" who was "kind, caring, and very good with nature." As she creates her own garden, Clegg "continues her mother's flower-planting tradition of improvising using potted containers."[10] In this very 'real palette' of memory, as expressed by these gardening women, gardening writers also summon the past and honor the memory of their gardening benefactors on which their gardening and subsequent writing is contingent. Transferring these memories into text imbues them with significance and brings the past into the living presence of the garden.

In her brief autobiography, written in 1943 for her column in *Herbertia* and collected in *A Garden of One's Own: Writing of Elizabeth Lawrence*, Elizabeth Lawrence explained her mother's role in teaching her about gardening: "my mother took great pains to interest me in learning to know the birds and wildflowers and in planting a garden." Because of her mother's efforts, Lawrence, who would later become the first woman to graduate from North Carolina State College of Design's Landscape Architecture Program (the first such program in the South), was encouraged to think beyond the end results of gardening—the 'feminine' enjoyment of beautiful flowers—and to be concerned with the intellectual and physical processes of gardening. "I thought," she writes, "that roots and bulbs and seeds were as wonderful as

flowers, and the Latin names on seed packages as full of enchantment as the counting-rhymes that children chant in Spring." Her mother also had a profound influence in encouraging Lawrence to consider the relationships between gardening and writing: "the first time I planted seeds[,] my mother asked me if I knew the Parable of the Sower. I said I did not, and she took me into the house and read it to me." For Lawrence, her mother worked to establish in her daughter "the relations between poetry and the soil [which endows] all growing things with more than material beauty." As well as learning these connections, Lawrence's mother fostered a kind of gardening bravery and stalwart resolution in her daughter. In her "Further Notes on Hybrid Crinums," Lawrence recounts the incident in which her Springer spaniel puppy, Mr. Cayce, seized a prized bulb of the hybrid crinum 'H. J. Elwes, "a large, round, expensive bulb, very like a ball" and had "eaten all but the heart." Rather than be defeated by this encounter, Lawrence explains, "My mother said, 'Let's plant it anyway.' (She said lots more to Mr. Cayce.) I planted it, and it bloomed the second summer."[11] Thus rewarded in her bravery, Lawrence continued to exhibit such daring in her garden. In *The Little Bulbs* (1957) she writes of planting the amaryllid *H. brachyandrus*, a bulb originally considered hardy only in the Far South: "I have discovered that fainthearted gardeners have little variety in the garden. So, when fall came, I bravely left the expensive bulb in the ground. It has bloomed now, in June and July, for seven summers."[12] Explaining and valorizing her inheritance, the indefatigable spirit towards her gardening, Lawrence's writing serves as a memorial that pays homage to her mother and exemplifies the connections between gardening and memory.

For gardening writer Sydney Eddison, her mother seemed to encourage her to garden by her own refusal to do so. Her father was the family gardener, Eddison explains, "my mother did not garden. Neither did she cook." It was, however, her mother's memory of her parents' English garden that informed Eddison's earliest gardening memories, and the gardens of her mother's family that inspired her own:

> [my mother] used to talk to me by the hour, until the vicarage
> garden surrounded by high brick walls was as real to me as the

farmer's hayfield next door. . . . The images stayed with me and later mingled with memories of real English gardens.

First and foremost, there was my aunt's garden. She lived with my grandmother in Norwich. . . . I visited [my aunt] just after the war and remember the red and orange and yellow nasturtiums

> spilling onto the pavement and scarlet runner beans climbing up the side of the henhouse.
>
> The seeds of my garden were sown that summer.

Indeed, it is also the memory of her mother that she places in her own garden in the flowers she plants. Eddison explains the primroses that kept her mother's memories of England "alive and fresh," in turn keep her memory of her mother "alive and fresh." This commemorative plantings also serves to memorialize other friends and gardeners. When her friend, Nell, offered the gift of a tree to honor the memory of her mother, Eddison planted a weeping Japanese cherry (*Prunus subhirtella* 'Pendula') and when the tree blooms, "in a shower of fragile pink blossoms," she explains, " I think of my mother." This living tree also serves to remind her of that friendship after Nell's death. Eddison records that she will "plant a tree in memory of Nell—a fragrant snowbell (Styrax obsassia), which produces drooping clusters of sweetly-scented white flowers, or perhaps Ben Franklin's tree *franklinia alatamaha,* that has exquisite white fall flowers with cupped petals. For Nell, it must be a rare, beautiful, long lived tree."[13] These living memorials reproduced here in Eddison's writings confirm the heritage of the gardener and connect the gardening writer (or writing gardener) to her memory, and the presence of those past influences, those of family and friends who also gardened.[14]

Anne Raver explains that gardening is "about going on [going into the garden and] taking the spirit of a beloved dog, or person with you, long after you have buried her, as you take a walk she would have loved . . . or set the bright faces of Autumn Beauty sunflowers in a lovely old vase from your mother's house."[15] Remembering relationships and writing about these memories, the gardening writer honors the connection between people. These memories link the personal relationships of one individual to the community of gardeners, thus creating more personal connections that are further exhibited in her gardening.

'No one can garden alone': The Gardening Community

In her powerful and influential womanist essay "In Search of Our Mother's Garden's"(1974), Alice Walker uses her mother's garden to exemplify the unrecognized art of African-American women who were denied expression in the traditional arts of privileged, white, patriarchal culture. In remembering her mother's garden, and valorizing that art in writing, Walker details a rite of gardening, one equally meaningful, and indeed, in allegiance with remembering gardening heritage: the corresponding community which shares gardening with the gardener. Walker writes:

> And I remember people coming to my mother's yard to be given cutting from her flowers: I hear again the praise showered on her because whatever rocky soil she landed on, she turned into a garden. A garden so brilliant with colors, so original in its design, so magnificent with life and creativity, that to this day people drive by our house in Georgia—perfect strangers and imperfect strangers—and ask to stand or walk among my mother's art.[16]

Just as Walker's mother created art, she and her garden created community. Those other gardeners who entered Walker's yard were given "cuttings from the flowers" so that her single garden would grow in many places and remind each gardener of the original giver. Sharing among gardeners is a common practice and one that plays a significant role in gardening writing, be it autobiographical, or referential. Testifying to this customary practice, Steve Bender's *Passalong Plants* (1993) details plants easily exchanged between gardeners. Louise Beebe Wilder confirms the pattern in her 1923 *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden*, explaining "no generosity is so ready as that of gardeners" and thus

> no garden remains empty that would be full. Strangers arrive bearing amazing treasure, persons dwelling in distant places hear of one's wants and hasten to supply them from their own store, friends divide their most cherished roots to the last thread— keep themselves poor that others may become rich.[17]

It is in this way that vernacular gardens remain within the economic means of many gardeners. The open exchange of seeds, bulbs, plant cuttings, and root divisions also provides a gardener with many opportunities for interaction and relationship. Annette Kolodny notes women in frontier America also exchanged "cuttings, scions, seeds, and overripe fruit (for its seeds) [and] information about their garden activities."[18] Women gardening writers detail this customary gardening practice, further demonstrating how it is vital and meaningful to their gardens as well as themselves.

Gertrude Jekyll, in her first book *Wood and Garden* (1899), explained, "I have learned much and am always learning from other people's gardens [and] from the little cottage gardens. . . . One can hardly go into the smallest cottage garden without learning or observing something new.[19] A century later, in *My Favorite Plant,* Jamaica Kincaid echoes Jekyll: "I first came to the garden with practicality in mind, a real beginning which would lead to a real end: where to get this, how to grow that." However, she continues, "I came to know how to grow the things I like to grow through looking—at other people's gardens. I imagine they acquired knowledge of such things in much the same way—looking and looking at somebody's else's garden."[20] Sydney Eddison's garden reminds her of a quilt because "the garden contains bits and pieces from many other lives and other gardens—each with a history." Her book, *A Patchwork Garden*, relates the alliances made through her gardening, detailing her connection to her parents, and her friends. As she explains in describing her own learning experiences, "I am sure now that the key to a pleasing landscape lies in relationships—in finding ways of connecting one thing to another. And it is my belief that each garden possesses it's own key." Just as she learns to make connections within the garden, Eddison connects with other gardeners. "From [Helen and John] Gill's garden" she writes, "I began to learn something about design. And from the Gills' themselves, I leaned a great deal of what I know about gardening."[21] Eddison devotes the final half of her text to her relationships with other gardeners, with chapters on Jim, Patty, Lillian, Mary (granddaughter of Carl Krippendorf, the longtime correspondent of Elizabeth Lawrence),

Viki, Lou, and Ann, all of whom contributed to her garden with their friendship as well as labor. The relationships that form the foundation of her garden are honored in her writing as she explains how she became a gardener. Her book *A Passion for Daylilies: The Flowers and the People* (n. d.) also testifies to the significance relationships between gardeners play in the gardening community.

Far from being an isolating, individualistic activity, gardening fosters community that is, according to most gardening writers, essential and unequivocal. "It is not enough to grow plants," explains Elizabeth Lawrence in her first book, *A Southern Garden* (1941), because

> to really know them one must get to know how they grow elsewhere. To learn this it is necessary to create a correspondence with other gardeners, and to cultivate it as diligently as the garden itself. From putting together experiences of gardeners in different places, a conception of plants begins to form. Gardening, reading about gardening, and writing about gardening are all one; no one can garden alone.[22]

This "putting together" of experiences, like the putting together of plants to create a garden, is crucial to gardening writers who contemplate the relationships between plants, gardens, and gardeners as they commemorate the contributions and influences of others. While gardeners learn from observing others' gardens, it is clear their own gardens also grow because of others. Thus, the beneficial relationships between a single gardener and her community are assets in more than material ways. Louise Beebe Wilder echoes a customary refrain when she writes, "my friend grows *Viola blanda* over the heads of a large bed of Scilla [and from] this friend I had a most handsome and conspicuous white Violet, whose name I do not know and which she received nameless from a friend in Kentucky."[23] Just as gardening writers memorialized their gardening ancestors in words and plants, they also respect the invaluable presence of others who

exchange plant materials, information, and friendship which serves both gardeners in their creative endeavors.

Lawrence's posthumous collection *Gardening For Love: The Market Bulletins*, edited from her papers and original manuscript by noted gardening writer Allen Lacy, is a testament to the relationships developed between gardeners who exchanged plants, information, and friendship in the "brotherhood of the spade." Lawrence relates her correspondence with Mrs. Grady Stamps who advertised in the *Mississippi Market Bulletin* (to which Lawrence had been subscribed by her friend Euroda Welty). In one advertisement, Mrs. Stamps offered the moon lily under the name "night glow." In her reply to Lawrence's query and order, she explained:

> It is like angel trumpet but stays low and spreading. . . . My mother used to have them, we called them moon-flower. When I saw night-glow in the Louisiana bulletin I ordered some seed and found it was the same thing. I got some seeds of climbing hibiscus from another lady in Louisiana, and it was the same plant I saw in bloom in Houston, Texas. . . . I'll put in a few seed.

Lawrence put her network of gardening friends to work in tracking down the name of this mysterious climbing hibiscus, sending "one of the pretty five-fingered leaves to Caroline Dorman, who said it was called sky-high and that it grew in the garden of one of her friends [May Nichol]." The mystery is finally solved by another friend, Dr. Solymosy, who in turn wrote to Lawrence, "I have identified your 'climbing hibiscus' as *Hibiscus radiatus* cv. 'flore pleno' [which was] first found in Jamaica, growing in cultivation, and probably came to our area through the Creoles, who had in old days plantations in Haiti and other places." Lawrence's relationship with Mrs. Stamps continued for many years and was one of innumerable personal connections Lawrence made. Gardening's resulting camaraderie is revealed within the pages of the market bulletins she values. "When I read the market bulletins," Lawrence relates,

> I turn to the pages to see whether Mrs. Radau still has sunbonnet daisies and Volene Martin still advertises the Texas bell vine. And then, when I find them all there—Mrs. Breland and Mrs. Apperson and Nancy Holder: prince's feather, Jacob's ladder, and four-o'clocks—I feel comforted.

These powerful relationships extend beyond Lawrence's personal garden walls into a community connected by their gardening activities. Recognizing the value of these relationships, she writes, "I suppose I could have survived over the years without the *Mississippi Market Bulletin*; without the letters to and from people like Mr. Kimery and Mrs. Breland. . . . without the occasional insights into the lives of other people, with their sorrows but always with their joy in gardening." She continues, "but my own life would have been poorer without these things, for which I will always thank Eudora Welty. The poorly printed, cheap pulp pages of these market bulletins pulse with the very stuff of life."[24] Through the medium of gardening exchange, the sharing of plants and information, these writers benefit from the human interactions rooted in their gardens. The resulting social circle brings the gardener into a symbiotic community and eliminates any sense of individual isolation.

Beyond the Perennial Border: Gardening Writers, Gardening Readers, and the Global Village

In the preface to the 1984 reissue of her gardening classic, *A Southern Garden,* Elizabeth Lawrence explained of gardens and gardening books:

> I am always and forever being asked to bring *A Southern Garden* up to date. It can't be done. . . . That garden is gone and so are many of the friends who helped make it. When Mr. Krippendorf died, and then Mr. Morrison, and Caroline Dorman, I thought gardening as I knew it had come to an end. Gardens are so

> perishable; they live on only in books and letters, but what has gone before is not lost: the future is the past entered by another door.[25]

Though Lawrence's Raleigh, North Carolina garden and her circle of friends live on only in her books, it is through these books—records of remembrance, creation, and intimate community—that she reaches a new audience, bringing new friendships and expanding the boundaries of her garden. The gardening books that Jamaica Kincaid signifies as part of gardening culture in America (as I previously mentioned) bring gardening to new readers—with referential, practical, and, occasionally, life advice—reciprocating and enhancing the original gardener's associations. Sydney Eddison relates, "what a pleasure to find [such] like-minded friends, [who] were eager to share everything—their plants, their expertise, and their books." Through her relationship with John and Helen Gill, Eddison is introduced to influential gardening writers: "I had never heard of Sissinghurst and Vita Sackville-West or Gertrude Jekyll, or even home-grown gardeners such as Louise Beebe Wilder and Elizabeth Lawrence. . . . we [also] were invited to tea with Ruth Stout—matriarch of mulch—whose garden was her compost pile."[26] As Eddison affirms, these books propel their gardening readers to greater experimentation and creativity within their own gardens, as well as their own lives, and stimulate the gardener's relationships to plants and people. Restoring these relationships has a coterminous effect in invigorating a gardener's responsibilities to the environment, a concern that brings the gardener into a global relationship with the earth. Ruth Levitan, a gardener in Stamford, Connecticut, explains, "gardening carried on another family tradition." Her mother "cared passionately about the beauty of the natural world" even though she was not a gardener. Levitan's garden reveals to her "the incredible capacity of living things to survive, the infinite resourcefulness of nature."[27] Author Anne Raver explains that *Deep in the Green: An Exploration of Country Pleasures* is "about making connections—to all the plants and creatures that populate the earth [and] noticing things [such as] the fish in the neighbor's pond lying belly up after some

pesticide truck sprayed the trees, [and] a line of lifeless sycamores on a street that was showered with salt to melt the ice of an endless winter."[28] In making connections with gardening, and non-gardening, readers, these writers substantiate gardening's value as a cooperative endeavor, one which has far-reaching implications for environmental consciousness.

In the introduction to *Duck Hill Journal: A Year in the Country Garden,* Page Dickey testifies to the influence of gardening writer Louise Beebe Wilder, whose book she'd purchased for "fifty cents at a library sale." *My Garden* (1916), Dickey explains, "revolutionized my attitude toward gardening. Mrs. Wilder opened my eyes to the art of gardening."[29] Indeed, Wilder offers much revolutionary advice to her readers, often announcing bold ideas for gardens *and* people with her insightful, witty, comments. In *Adventures with Hardy Bulbs* (1936), Wilder advocates a curious and enthusiastic attitude towards gardening. She writes:

> It has been said by an eminent explorer that adventures are an indication of incompetency, of failure to foresee and provide against all possible contingencies; but he fails to point out that it is precisely this failure to anticipate every eventuality that makes adventure irresistible to certain minds. . . . Were it not so, we should all be following cut and dried, or exact occupations like accountancy or compiling dictionaries. . . . Adventure is of the mind—a mental attitude toward everyday events wherever experienced. . . . Adventure may be met with any day, any hour, on one's doorstep, just around the corner; it may lurk in the subway, on a bus stop, in the garden. Particularly in the garden, for gardening, whether of window-ledge dimensions or a matter of acres, is fraught with adventure. It is not the peaceful pottering, 'idly busy' occupation that some of its exponents would have us believe; it is a pursuit that requires patience for careful industry

> and research, courage for experiment and hazard; it requires of us curiosity, perseverance, hardihood.[30]

Transferring the excitement of gardening adventures to her readers and inscribing a demeaned endeavor—one suspects because it has been considered as feminine—with the intellectual qualities of research, experimentation, and industry, as well as the personal qualities of courage, perseverance, and curiosity, Wilder challenges her own readers to alter their perceptions of gardening as well as their perceptions of themselves. Instead of 'peaceful puttering,' Wilder advises her readers to reconceive gardening as a scientific process and themselves as adventurers.

In her introductory chapter of *What Happens in My Garden* (1935), Wilder takes exception to conventional notions of landscape architecture in "A Defense of Rock Gardens" and criticizes abstruse thinking based on elite aesthetic principles. She explains, "to the landscape architect a garden is, or should be, a work of art, created by an artist." She continues, "a rock garden too often appears to him the work of a lunatic, or at very best a person devoid of any knowledge or feeling for art. . . . strangely enough, this 'lunatic's garden [is] often the most satisfactory from the standpoint of the plants."[31] Wilder makes it clear that gardens are for plants and anyone who enjoys plants can create a garden. She also argues intently that gardening can be enjoyed by anyone, not simply the economically privileged few: "A rock garden . . . offers more absorbing interest, more variety, more beauty, greater opportunity for adventure for a lesser outlay of money and trouble than any other type of garden." In her books, Wilder encourages her readers to be brave in their gardening attempts, and to do as they wish, even if it defies conventional wisdom. "I find" she writes, "the notion that Primroses will not thrive in this country still rather widespread, particularly among professional gardeners." She, however, exhorts her readers to defy this established ideology, commenting, "if you love them and desire them, it is pretty certain that you may have them."[32,33] Wilder also admonishes her readers to

be conscious, not only of their flowers and gardens, but also of other gardeners and their experiences:

> even if many of our rock gardens are crude and unbeautiful it is no matter. Each serves a useful purpose. People, more people than you perhaps have an idea of, many of them far from centers, dwelling in bleak prairies, in lonely mountain districts, in little isolated towns, who do not belong to garden clubs, who have little money to spend on their pleasure, whose lives hold little gaiety, are getting delight out of them and are finding in them something that they seek— solace from sorrow, from care, and end to boredom, that dread disease. . . . And they are accomplishing an amazing amount with so little to work with.[34]

In this passionate and firm reproach to her readers, Wilder moves beyond the boundaries of her gardening expertise to comment on the human community. She remonstrates her audience to recognize others whose lives may differ wildly from their privileged experiences. For Wilder, gardening can be enjoyed by many and neither economic nor social limitations should prevent it.

Just as Louise Beebe Wilder democratizes gardening, Elizabeth Lawrence expresses similar egalitarian views. Lawrence recognizes the work of those who "garden for love" and their small back yards which often "harbor the rarest plants." Because of their work, and commitment to gardening, "they preserve a reservoir of plants that could never be collected in any one place, even an institution." Lawrence understands that the preservation of plants "depends upon individual effort, and it is only in private gardens, in lonely farm yards, or around deserted houses that certain plants no longer in the trade are still to be found." Lawrence offers the *Iris persica* as an example preserved by the small gardener, noting Alice Morse Earle recorded her search for the heirloom, in *Old Time Gardens* (1901), and claimed to

have found the bulb listed in by a Boston seedwoman's catalogue in 1760. Lawrence further explains, as she traces the heritage of the Persian Iris:

> The next record I have is in Ella Porter McKinney's *Iris for the Little Garden*. Her bulbs came to her, she says, from an old garden in Tennessee, where they have been know "since the memory of man," and had made large clumps, and had gone further afield than Mrs. McKinney's garden in Northern New Jersey. From this same stock came the bulbs that Vivian Grapes grows in Big Spring, Nebraska. "I'm sorry you lost *Iris persica*," Miss Grapes wrote, "It bloomed beautifully in my garden this spring. I am sure it is true, for it came from the very place you mentioned, the old garden in Tennessee. It blooms just above the ground with foliage like young corn and blue-green falls tipped in blue-black velvet." The pretty, sweet-scented flowers were once found in old gardens in North Carolina, but Miss Grapes is the only person I know of who grows them now; and it is some time since I have found them in the trade.[35]

Once again, it is the community of gardeners, those who share plants and correspondence in a network of gardening friendship, that provides Lawrence and her readers with essential information about the rare, and disappearing *Iris persica.* Through Lawrence's writing, the social interaction and communal network intrinsic to gardening reveals the additional relationships between gardeners and the environment.

Gardeners' responsibilities go well beyond the borders of their own gardens, even beyond the circle of their immediate community, as they work to preserve living heirlooms and pursue a responsive and interdependent relationship with the environment. In 1942, Lawrence was aware of the detrimental environmental effects of urban sprawl as she advocated "learning to know native plants and bringing them into cultivation" as a more practical means of

preserving plants, rather than simple legal restrictions. For, she explains, "I have often left [native plants] in the woods to enjoy another season, and when the season came, and they were revisited, woods and plants were gone."[36] Writing in 1962, in support of Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, she explains "I would rather share my garden with bugs that worry about being poisoned. Like Miss Carson, I feel the chance of being poisoned . . . is too high a price to pay for a mosquito-less patio."[37] Thus, in her *Charlotte Observer* columns, Lawrence encourages her readers to bear more responsibility to their environment in their own gardening practices. Through changing gardening practices, as well as preserving plants by cultivation, gardeners have expanded the community responsibilities to include one of global consequence.

This global perspective has, of course, become more and more significant as concerns about the environment have increased. Many contemporary gardening writers encourage environmentally-friendly practices such as cultivating heirloom varieties of both flowers and vegetables for increased genetic diversity, native plant gardening, and xera-scaping to eliminate excessive watering. Ruth Stout's mulching practices, first advocated in the early 60's, have become common among gardeners who compost organic and recyclable materials and thus improve the soil within their gardens without increasing the burdens on landfills. Janet Marenelli's *Stalking the Wild Amaranth: Gardening in the Age of Extinction*, advocates environmentally responsible gardening, through the preservation of plant species, and creating gardens "that act like nature [integrating] natural recycling processes [and] minimizing environmental destruction."[38] Perhaps the most profound change gardening writers advocate in their attempts to increase environmental awareness and responsibility is expanding the community of gardeners through eliminating the common American practice of the lawn.[39] Michael Pollan, suggests "gardening, as opposed to lawn care, tutors us in nature's ways, fostering an ethic of give-and-take with respect to the land [and lessens] our dependence on distant sources of energy, technology, food, and for that matter, interest. . . . The garden suggests there might be a place where we can meet nature halfway.[40] By suggesting the

creation of gardens, filled with flowers, vegetables, trees, and shrubs, and replacing ill-adapted turf grass lawns which require constant care (through chemical and mechanical maintenance), many gardening writers encourage environmentally conscious practices as a natural outgrowth of their personal relationships and community consciousness.

Cassandra Danz, horticulturist and columnist for *Country Living Gardener,* combines witty, practical advice, and personal reflection, as she encourages more people to join the gardening community. *Mrs. Greenthumbs: How I Turned a Boring Yard into a Glorious Garden and You Can, Too!* is an open invitation for people to change their 'gardening' practices from lawn care to horticulture. This change, however, is not one easily made:

> when I bought my house, I started ripping up all but about 10 feet of the front lawn, and planted easy-to-grow perennials, natives, and flowering shrubs instead. Boy, were my neighbors furious with me for not maintaining my lawn! I was about to be sued, until the flowers bloomed. Then even Big Al with the mirrored sunglasses, the most insensitive and inartistic brute on the block, had to admit that my yard "looked kinda pretty."[41]

By changing her own lawn and creating a garden, Danz has, despite the difficulties, influenced her own neighbors, connecting with them through her gardening as she advocates the environmentally conscious garden. In effort to expand her gardening community, as well as raising environmental concerns, Danz writes, "the modern suburban yard a is wasteful, unnatural, greed-inspired disgrace to our country. . . . A lawn is, ecologically speaking, a desert." Just as Louise Beebe Wilder and Elizabeth Lawrence advocated personal change and social responsibility in their writings, Danz promotes environmental responsibility. She continues, "There is so much we can do to enhance our land, from growing vegetables and flowers to installing natural plantings that require no power machines, not petrochemicals, and about one tenth the effort on our parts, that its a wasteful, greed-inspired disgrace that we don't use them."[42] In championing gardening as an environmentally conscious activity, Danz

expands the boundaries of her own garden to include the planet, thus reaching out to the global community to which she belongs.

Celia Thaxter explained that she wrote *An Island Garden* (1894) about her garden on Appledore, off the coast of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, "in response to the many entreaties of strangers as well as friends who have said to me, summer after summer, 'Tell us how you do it! Write a book about it and tell us how it is done, that we may go also and do likewise." For those friends and strangers, she responds, "I have written this book at last." In a convention of gardening writing, she asserts, "of what I speak I know, and of what I know I have given freely. I trust it may help the patient gardener to a reasonable measure of success."[43] Sharing her knowledge within the pages of her book, a book written for gardening strangers and friends, as well as people who might never see the garden except in the Impressionist watercolors of Childe Hassam and her own graceful descriptions, Thaxter illustrates the significance of community to gardeners and gardening writers. Her book stems from her experiences in her own garden: the friendships and acquaintances made there. Writing of her garden, she reaches beyond its corporeal boundaries, sharing her expertise and forging new alliances with her readers and their gardens. Celia Thaxter and the other writers I have examined here share the task of creating a community through their personal gardens, their gardening friends, their writing about gardening, and the legacy that inspires and informs these acts. As Jamaica Kincaid notes of her own book, these gardening writers create within their books "the illusion of a garden . . . . a garden made of words and images made of words, and flowers turned into words, and the words in turn making the flower, the plant, the bean visible."[44] This written garden, like its literal counterpart, invites readers into the writer's community and creates new alliances, new relationships, and new gardens.

"Self Sows Easily; May Be an Aggressive Spreader in Some Conditions": Final Thoughts

In the copy of Louise Beebe Wilder's 1916 *My Garden* that came into my hands,—via Interlibrary Loan Services, from "The University Libraries, University of Southwestern Louisiana, Lafayette, Louisiana"—I found more than I expected. The elegant inset, a drawing of *Onicidium Cheirophorum* Reichb.f. by Charles Calais, pasted inside the front cover claims, in calligrapher's script, the book as part of the U. S. L. Ornamental Horticulture Library, presented by, in tiny, careful print, 'Lenora R. Mathews.' On the facing leaf is a smaller book plate—a robed woman sits in a garden, open book before her and the sun rising behind, posing quill in hand waiting for inspiration—reads "From the Library of Lenora Rutledge Mathews." The book bears not only the bookplate to prove her ownership; her notes and comments are there as well. Clearly, Mathews happily employed the book as Wilder intended, before her donation to the University library. Her conversation with Wilder begins with underlinings—a black felt pen marking interesting passages—until she begins to write, on page 20, responses. Wilder writes, "personally, gardens of one colour do not interest me" and Mathews responds *nor me* in the margin. Before long, there are other participants in the conversation between Wilder and Mathews as Mathews asks, beside Wilder's description of *C Imperati, "*a wild species of great charm, wearing without the tenderest buff color, lightly feathered with rosy lavender, while within is pure lavender against which the orange stigmata show hotly," *Is this the one Minnie had once?* Who Mathews was speaking to I do not know; perhaps it was herself, or another whom she planned to hand the book to once she had finished reading, someone who knew Minnie perhaps, or might have known what Minnie had given? But as I read this book, fascinated by the marginal notes and their open-ended conversation, I wondered if the crocus *was* from Minnie, imagining the gardening friends exchanging plants and friendly correspondence. Later, Mathews notes, of the "dainty blue-flowered" Chionodoxa, *I grew this in 1936 and it was lovely. by again.*[sic] and beside the "*Scilla nutans,* The English Bluebell" *What Mrs. Kline gave me???* (Who was Mrs. Kline? Was the Scilla from her? Did she send other things as well? What had Mathews given her? Did she know Minnie?) "Of the Rudebeckias I think *R. Newmani* is perhaps most useful" writes Wilder, and Mathews responds *Mrs. Evans sent me this 1942 bloomed lovely*

sp. 1943 and I am introduced to another gardening friend. I see her gardening successes as she notes her favorite, *Tulipa sylvestris,* with *I love this have grown it two seasons* and her losses; of the Lady Tulip, *Tulipa Clusiana,* she writes *I flowered this 3 yr. lost all in 1942 freeze.*

And so I am brought into the community of gardeners by a woman writing early in the twentieth century —who intended her readers to do just as Mathews did—and whose book passed through the hands of another reading gardener, in another state, in the middle part of the century, to me, writing, and gardening, here at the end of the century. In this happy accident, the arrival of this particular edition, like the gift of a new plant to a new garden, the community persists: honoring memory, and friendship, as the continued exchange of gardening writing builds relationships in the human community.†

† I would like to thank the members of the Women's Studies Listserve who brought many of these writers to my attention. Their generosity is greatly appreciated.

Notes

1. Michael Pollan, *Second Nature: A Gardener's Education*, (New York: Dell, 1991), 6; Eleanor Perényi, *Green Thoughts: A Writer in the Garden,* (New York: Random House, 1981), viii; Katharine S White, *Onward and Upward in the Garden,* Intro. E. B. White, Afterword Jamaica Kincaid, (New York: North Point Press, 1997), 357; Dennis Hall, "A Garden of One's Own: The Ritual Consolations of the Backyard Garden," *Journal of American Culture,* 19.3 (1996), 11, 12.; Cassandra Danz, *Mrs. Greenthumbs: How I Turned a Boring Yard into a Glorious Garden and How You Can, Too,* (New York: Three Rivers Press, 1993), 232.

2. In the United States, gardening has been seen as a domestic, or feminine pursuit. In the early-mid nineteenth century, Catherine Beecher advocated gardening in *Treatise on Domestic Economy* (1841) and Andrew Jackson Downing, suggesting gardening as the perfect occupation for women, edited and published the English classic *Gardening for Ladies and Ladies Companion to Gardening* in 1843 (Leighton, Ann. *American Gardens of the Nineteenth Century: "For Comfort and Affluence,"* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1987), 91). Susan Garland Mann argues that, in nineteenth century women's writing, "descriptions of gardening function" as "historic markers," helping to "delineate a 'women's culture,' socially constructed from within in response to one imposed from without, wherein are discovered both literal and metaphoric 'spaces of one's own.' Mann identifies a counter rhetoric to the nineteenth-century separate spheres ideology, "a response that provides a healthy opportunity to achieve self-definition in the face of socially dictated, hierarchical, and confining prescriptions." How quickly gardens became part of the domestic world shared by mothers and daughters, she argues, "suggest[s] how completely women claimed gardening as their own once persuaded to pursue the activity" (Gardening as "Women's Culture" in Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's Short Fiction." *New England Quarterly* 71.1 (1998), 34, 54). Annette Kolodny speculates that women pioneers, facing wilderness and separation, gardened "to domesticate the strangeness of America." She argues that women reserved "the language of gardening" which was "neither paradisal, nor gendered" and thus "evaded the disappointments inherent in the male fantasy" (*The Land Before Her: Fantasy and Experience of the American Frontiers, 1630-1860.* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1984), 37, 6-7). Bettina Aptheker points to gardening as a female artifact in which we can "construct a more detailed understanding of the dailiness of women's lives" (*Tapestries of Life:*

continued on next page

Endnotes, Continued

Women's Work, Women's Consciousness, and the Meaning of Daily Experience, (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1989), 74).

3. My focus here is the vernacular, or common, garden, which denotes gardens that are "not a result of the powerful intervention on a site of a wealthy patron or well-known designer" and are gardens "where maintenance and management were privileged over making." These gardens "are to be understood—even more than elite examples—as a process" (Sue Anne Ware "The Sisterhood of Gardens: African American Women's Gardens from the Backwoods to the Cul-de-sac." (*The Influence of Women on the Southern Landscape*. Proceedings of the Tenth Conference on restoring Southern Gardens and Landscapes. October 5-7, 1995. (Old Salem, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. 1997), 154-171, 158). For a history of vernacular and formal gardening in America, see Ann Leighton's *Early American Gardens: 'for Meate or Medicine.'* Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1986; *American Gardens in the Eighteenth Century: "For Use or For Delight." (*Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1986); and *American Gardens of the Nineteenth Century: "For Comfort and Affluence."* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1987). For a recent study of formal gardens and landscape architecture see Stephanie Ross, *What Gardens Mean.* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1998), though she does not mention significant contributions by women landscape architects such as Beatrix Farrand, designer of the Winterthur Garden, and Dumbarton Oaks, in Washington D.C., or Vita Sackville-West's Sissinghurst. For non-academic histories of women gardeners and gardening, see Jennifer Bennett, *Lilies of the Hearth: The Historical Relationship Between Women and Plants,* (Ontario: Camden House, 1991); and Yvonne Cuthbertson, *Women Gardeners: A History*, (Denver, CO: Arden Press, 1998). Other recent photographic books of interest include Rosemary Verey and Ellen Samuels, *The American Woman's Garden*, (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1984), and Starr Ockenga, *Earth on Her Hands: The American Woman in Her Garden, (*Boston: Clarkson Potter, 1998).

4. Verey and Samuels, 49.

5. Emily Whaley, in conversation with William Baldwin, *Mrs. Whaley and Her Charleston,* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1997), 8.

6. Mann, 53.

continued on next page

Endnotes, Continued

7. *My Favorite Plant: Writers and Gardeners on their Favorite Plants, (*New York: Farrar, Strauss, and Giroux, 1998), xv-xvi.

8. Rosemary Verey, and Ellen Samuels. *The American Woman's Garden*. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co, 1984.), 50.

9. *African-Americans Gardens and Yards in the Rural South*, Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1992. 31-33 .

10."The Sisterhood of Gardens: African American Women's Gardens from the Backwoods to the Cul-de-sac." *The Influence of Women on the Southern Landscape.* Proceedings of the Tenth Conference on Restoring Southern Gardens and Landscapes. October 5-7, 1995. (Old Salem, Winston-Salem, North Carolina. 1997. 154-171.), 162.

11. ed. Barbara Scott and Bobby J. Ward (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1997), 3; *Ibid*. 84.

12. Elizabeth Lawrence, *The Little Bulbs: A Tale of Two Gardens*. (Durham: Duke University Press, 1986), 213.

13. Sydney Eddison, *A Patchwork Garden: Unexpected Pleasures from a Country Garden*. New York: Holt, 1990, 3; *Ibid*., ix- x; *Ibid*., 3-4; *Ibid,* 116.

14. Sue Anne Ware makes note of this practice in gardeners she interviewed who "use plants . . . to keep memories alive. One gardener planted rose bushes "to remind her of her mother's yard" and to memorialize experiences with family members such as the planting of trees: at thirteen Mrs. Wilson "planted a magnolia tree with her aunt." She planted another magnolia "that she planted to remember the other tree"("The Sisterhood of Gardens," 164).

15. Anne Raver, *Deep in the Green: An Exploration of Country Pleasures,* (New York: Vintage, 1995), xiii.

16. Alice Walker, *In Search of Our Mother's Gardens*. (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1983), 241.

17. Louise Beebe Wilder, *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden,* (Garden City, New York; Doubleday, Page & Co, 1923.) 7.

18.Kolodny, *The Land Before Her*, 48.

continued on next page

Endnotes, Continued

19. Gertrude Jekyll, *Wood and Garden.* (Longman, Greens & Co. 1899, 1981); Reprint (Woodbridge, Suffolk: Antique Suffolk Club Ltd., 1994), 17-18.

20. Kincaid, *My Favorite Plant,* xviii.

21. Eddison, *A Patchwork Garden,* xi; *Ibid*., 98.

22. Elizabeth Lawrence, *A Southern Garden,* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1991), 5.

23. Wilder, *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden*, 90-91.

24. Lawrence, *Gardening for Love,* 57-58; *Ibid*,, 37; *Ibid.*, 94.

25. Lawrence, *A Southern Garden*, xiii.

26. Eddison, 105.

27. Verey and Samuels, 56.

28. Raver, xii.

29. Page Dickey, *Duck Hill Journal: A Year in a Country Garden,* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1991), 2.

30. Louise Beebe Wilder, *Adventures with Hardy Bulbs,* (New York: Macmillan, 1936), vii.

31. Louise Beebe Wilder, *What Happens in My* Garden, (New York: Macmillan, 1935), 2

32. Wilder, *Adventures in My Garden and Rock Garden*, 52-53.

33. Elizabeth Lawrence echoes Wilder's sentiments in *A Southern Garden*, explaining "I am not of the school which says, if it would grow here we would have grown it. There is still too much of the spirit of "it-cannot-be-done, -it never-has-been" in the South. The world is full of good things that we could grow and do not grow" (xxvi).

34. Wilder, *What Happens in My Garden,* 8.

35 Elizabeth Lawrence. *A Garden of One's Own: Writing of Elizabeth Lawrence*. ed. Barbara Scott and Bobby J. Ward, (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1997). 214-215.

36. Lawrence, *A Southern Garden*, 70.

37. Elizabeth Lawrence, *Through the Garden Gate,* ed. Bill Neal,(Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1990), 182.

continued on next page

Endnotes, Continued

38. Janet Marinelli, *Stalking the Wild Amaranth: Gardening in an Age of Extinction,* (New York: Holt, 1998), 83.

39. See Virginia S. Jenkins, "A Green Velvety Carpet: The Front Lawn in America" *Journal of American Culture* 17.3 (1994), 43-47.

40. Pollan, *Second Nature,* 76-77.

41. Cassandra Danz, "Fashionable Flora: Getting Trendy in the Garden." *Country Living Gardener* 7.1 February 1999, 118.

42. Cassandra Danz, *Mrs. Greenthumbs: How I turned a Boring Yard into a Glorious Garden and You Can, too! (*New York: Three Rivers Press, 1993), 165; *Ibid*., 168.

43. Celia Thaxter, *An Island Garden,* With Pictures and Illuminations by Childe Hassam, 1894, Reprint. Introduction by Allen Lacy, (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1988), vii.

44. Kincaid, *My Favorite Plant,* xix.

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continued on next page

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