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Kimberly J. Davitt

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Female Visions and Verse:
Turn-of-the-Century Women Artists and Writers
in the Montana Landscape

by
Kimberly J. Davitt
B.A., Colgate University, 1990

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Mary MacLane slipped out of her parents' house and walked east out of town. It was mid-October. In the dark expanse of night, she belonged in the landscape, hidden in its secretive shadows. She walked away from Butte's lights into the wide, barren foothills of the Rockies. She sought an empty terrain, which she could fill with her thoughts. Butte's daytime chaos, filled with noise, pollution, and commotion, prevented a real intimacy with the natural environment. So she walked at night, dreaming of escape into the surrounding wilderness. A mountain of mining debris rose above the naked, terraced hillside. Thousands of dollars of machinery posed around the altar of garbage, frozen in threatening gestures. Mary tripped over a rock and fell to her knees. She looked up wildly. She felt dramatic, or at least she wanted to. She rolled onto her back and searched the sky for signs of hope. The stars twinkled back at her. The alpine peaks in the distance offered possibilities. She felt close to the mountains and the sandy, barren foothills. But she could never quite feel their essence. She walked out of the darkness and back to her home, feeling alone. The landscape of shadows, destruction, and possibility formed the perfect backdrop for her life. She ran up to her room and began to write. Mary MacLane's written experience of Butte's terrain was unique to her personality and surrounding environment. Yet, her
search for a sense of place in Montana's landscape was common to other women artists and writers.

Turn-of-the-century women created and developed their own fantasies about the West. For many women, this fantasy remained strictly domestic. Many women brought their Cult of True Womanhood ideals west with them and asserted themselves within such prescribed gender roles.1 Women artists, the canaries in the mine, tested new fantasies and pioneered new myths. Though they often incorporated True Womanhood ideals of domesticity in their lives, their art enabled them to explore new identities and find new sources of autonomy and creativity. Much of this inspiration came from their relationship with the Western landscape. Women artists in Montana articulated a gendered response to the natural environment. They commonly searched for a sense of home, self, and place in Montana's landscape. Their experiences, however, were unique to each individual. Three Montana women artists in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries demonstrate how different personalities and topography fostered unique expressions and experiences in the landscape. Evelyn Cameron, Mary MacLane, and Fra Dana had gendered, but individualized visions of Montana's natural environment.

Mary MacLane, an autobiographical writer, and the painter Fra Dana were both liberated and confined by the Montana landscape. MacLane longed for fame and happiness outside of Butte's "sand and barrenness."2 Dana desired to
follow her dreams to paint in New York or Europe. Evelyn Cameron, a photographer from the Miles City area, on the other hand, wholeheartedly embraced the landscape. Her physical ranch work and creative photography provided two distinct, yet mutually supportive, connections to the land. Yet, all three artists learned to value the wind and water sculpted landscape of Montana. Montana’s natural environment enabled these women to capture moments in wonderfully descriptive and vibrant detail and also share memories or moods of the land. This paper explores artistic, gendered, regional, and frontier responses to landscape. Evelyn Cameron, Mary MacLane, and Fra Dana demonstrate how women artists formed unique but gendered connections to the land which shaped their art and their lives.

Montana’s landscape has served as mirror, muse, and home for many women artists. Montana contains diverse ecological zones. Northwestern Montana’s vast timbered mountain ranges enclose narrow valleys. Southwestern Montana’s broad valleys between ranges are more spacious and open. Craggy horn peaks, glacially scoured bedrock, and cirques filled with alpine lakes and waterfalls accent the high peaks in Western Montana. Central and Eastern Montana’s high plains landscape is interspersed with isolated patches of badlands, miniature deserts of high cliffs, eroded limestone walls, wrinkled buttes, and benches.
This land of harsh winters, dry, scorched summers, heavily timbered regions, and wind-swept prairies has been viewed as inimical to women. Montana's mythic history has been shaped by men. Fur traders, cowboy poets, missionaries, and scientists have dominated Montana's historical literature. Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis, which upheld that the meeting of nature and culture on the frontier created ideal democracy, serves as the masculinized, mythologized measuring stick of environmental conquest and its benefits. Frontier life itself has been characterized as masculine. As social historian Richard Bartlett so righteously put it, "No one has ever questioned, let alone analyzed the masculinity of the frontier society. Since it is as obvious as the sun in daytime, the subject has not been discussed." Montana's most popular contemporary writers come out of the masculine Western tradition: E.B. Guthrie, Norman Maclean, Richard Ford, Andrew Garcia. These writers eulogize hard men, hard living, and the pervasive independence and isolation of the Western landscape.

Yet, many women who have lived in Montana's country have depicted a different place. In the last five years, women's experiences in Montana have been recorded by writers such as Mary Clearman Blew, Melanie Thon, Sandra Alacosser, Toni Volk, Debra Earling, Brooke Medicine Eagle, Louise Erdrich, and Mary Ann Waters. Though these new writings are becoming more popular and available, there also exists a hidden history of women's art and writings about their
Montana experiences. These female artists experienced place differently than men. Annette Kolodny, author of two books about men’s and women’s fantasies and experiences in frontier lands, believes that early male explorers and mountain men sought refuge in a motherly landscape and tried to conquer a virgin wilderness. Women, "denied a place in the male erotic myth, . . . focussed on the spaces that were truly and equivocally theirs: the home and the small cultivated garden of their own making."4 In the late nineteenth century, women left this domestic sphere and found their place in myths of their own creation. In this later period, Kolodny believes, "just as Eve had once been edited out of the wilderness paradise; so now Adam would become superfluous to the homesteaded Eve."5 Women found and made a feminized Western experience.6 The interplay of Cult of True Womanhood ideals, frontier opportunities, and the dissolution of separate spheres raises questions about women’s status in the West. Such questions shape the discussion of home and place for Montana women artists and writers. Women such as Evelyn Cameron, Fra Dana, and Mary MacLane found a landscape essential to their art. Each sought her own place in Montana’s natural environment.

I.

describes it as "a land of little moisture, searing sun and wind, extreme cold - a land of brief spring greenness yielding to long hot summers during which the grasses cure on the ground turning yellow, then brown." Eastern Montana has grassy open spaces and craggy corners of river and rock. Muted blues, saged greens, burnt yellows and browns make the land visually exciting and moving. The nuances and subtlety of color and geologic formations give the landscape a profound beauty.

Evelyn Cameron first viewed the Eastern Montana landscape with the eyes of a hunter, rancher, and later as a photographer. Cameron was female, British, and well-born. She and her husband Ewen first came to Montana in 1889, searching for the infamous American wilderness; they sought out hunting grounds containing numerous large animals. Attracted by the land and prospects in Montana, Evelyn and Ewen Cameron returned in 1893 and established the Eve ranch near Terry, Montana to breed and train polo ponies. Despite her well-connected background, Cameron had little money. Like most women in the West, she relied on her own labor to survive. Ranch life was not, however, tedious, boring, or uninspiring for her; Cameron was "thrilled by the independence, the rigors, and the dangers of pioneer life." In a letter to her niece, she claimed that "manual labor . . . is about all I care about, and, after all, is what will really make a strong woman. I like to break colts, brand calves, cut down trees, ride & work in a garden . . ." She also spent hours in her dark room, refining her impressions
of the Western landscape and its people. Evelyn Cameron blended masculine and feminine traditions. Though her language often evokes masculine images of independence and rough work, Cameron's concentration on home, rather than profit or power, decidedly makes her response a gendered one.

Ewen Cameron's preference for living the life of a "gentleman," gave Evelyn additional work. While Ewen concentrated on ornithology, nature writing, and hunting trips, Evelyn ran the ranch. Although they tried raising polo ponies, horses, and cattle, they were never successful. Both Camerons depended on Evelyn's hard work. Her gardens, boarders, and photography sales helped them survive. Cameron's work was not gender defined, for she did almost all of the work on the ranch. She cooked, cleaned, gardened, and washed, but also mined coal, broke horses, and chopped wood. Cameron actually preferred outdoor chores. Yet, Cameron was aware, and sometimes resentful, of her work status as sole provider. One evening, she wrote in her diary, "Chopped up pile of wood (3 men & not one to chop for me!)" Yet, as her biographer, Donna Lucey, noted, "despite occasional misery, her chronicle of her days is no tale of desperation, but one of perseverance, belief in the virtues and rewards of independence and hard work, almost unbelievable physical endurance and more than a little adventure."
Evelyn Cameron knew her work was essential and important. Her life on the Eastern Montana plains freed her from conventions of refinement and gentility. The Cult of True Womanhood virtues, which many frontier women brought with them from the East, were largely absent in Cameron’s rugged life-style. In a letter to her neighbor, Mrs. Dowson, Cameron regretted not being able to leave the ranch to visit her "because things always go wrong when I leave." Cameron’s hard work gave her a sense of ownership and belonging to the ranch. She celebrated the autonomy and independence she acquired as a result of this hard work. The experience of the Camerons supports Annette Kolodny’s thesis that after 1860 "Adam would become superfluous to the homesteaded Eve." Evelyn Cameron’s fantasy became the dominant one at Eve ranch. Her labors and vision guaranteed their survival.

The arid lands of Eastern Montana required such perseverance. Yet, Cameron celebrated the beauty and fecundity of the landscape. Initially, the Camerons rented a ranch in the pine-covered hills along the Powder River east of Miles City. They moved a few years later to a ranch "high up on a hill sloping down to a hay meadow through which a creek runs." Evelyn appreciated "the large numbers of wild fruit trees [that] grow all around & when these are in bloom & the grass is green, there are little bits of views that will equal a Kent or Sussex landscape." She wrote to her mother-in-law that "[she] would like this place the best for it is only six miles from
a station & we hear the trains whistle when they pass, whereas the old 4.4 camp was 45 miles from anywhere."16 But Cameron confided in her diary that she missed the lonesome beauty of their old "4.4" camp. She and Ewen preferred wilder landscapes.

In 1901, the Camerons moved again and built a ranch on the more remote north side of the Yellowstone River. Evelyn Cameron wrote her mother, "It is a beautiful spot facing due south and [has an] abundance of feed, shelter, water & wood. The river is our southern boundary & will supply us with plenty of good fish."17 In her photograph of the ranch, she accentuates the sparseness of the landscape. The photograph was taken in winter. Patches of snow and short grass dominate the foreground. Cameron's saddled horse stands in the left corner. Eroded hills with a couple of lone trees rise behind the house and barn. This photograph captures the remote beauty of the ranch, but also Cameron's sense of home. The distant house and riderless horse await Cameron's arrival. Cameron describes her ranches with the perspective of the rancher and the artist. Her vision vacillates from a poetic celebration of the landscape in her photographs to a rational account of the land's available resources in her diaries.

Cameron was never distant from the land she was living on. She does not describe the building of the new ranch as an observer. She peeled and plastered between logs, for "there is no lack of employment at any time in Western life."18 She wrote her mother, "I rise at 5 am and enjoy
it. There is nothing like work to make one contented, is there? ... I am just as well as ever and as young."19 The Camerons repeated these building efforts again six years later. This "Eve" ranch, where Cameron remained until she died in 1928, had "a splendid kitchen garden & 4 acres besides under cultivation, which can be irrigated from a reservoir fed by 4 springs."20 Here, they raised horses, cattle, chickens, and vegetables. Cameron literally built her own domestic fantasy. Her work on the house and farm gave her an intimate relationship with the natural environment.

Cameron enjoyed the view of the Yellowstone from the veranda at the back of the house. On one occasion she "sat on the verandah [sic] in cool wind, smoked bit of Ewen’s cigar, & sang."21 From this vantage point, she watched the weather. Cameron was not afraid to go out into it. During big snows, she crawled across drifting snow with pails of milk or eggs. Cameron barely escaped a fatal encounter with lightning. On May 18, 1893, she wrote matter-of-factly in her diary, "My hair was singed by lightening [sic], heard it burn quite plainly."22 Despite her accident, Cameron thought that "lightening [sic] is perfectly beautiful and wonderful. [It] lights up the whole landscape for seconds."23 While weather dictated ranch life in Montana, Cameron was not victimized by it. Montana’s clean air, she believed, promoted good health. She exclaimed in a letter, "What lovely pure exhilarating air this is in Montana, it
would cure many nervous & other ills if it was only given the chance."24 Evelyn Cameron refused to be kept indoors. Clearly, she revelled in Montana’s outdoor life-style.

Cameron especially liked to experience wilderness on hunting and camping trips. Evelyn and Ewen Cameron left the ranch each fall, until 1900 when Ewen became too sick to travel, to hunt in the Montana wilderness. They lived as long as two to three months in tents, shacks, or primitive dugouts. Cameron related her adventures to the New York Sun in 1900. She told the reporter, "I’ve spent January and February in a tiny Indian tent with the mercury 40 degrees below zero, and our noses and chins were all blistered with the cold. . .I’ve had the tent blow down on me in a hurricane and have slept night after night with only a blanket between me and the frozen ground."25 Cameron was speaking of herself when she claimed, "For the woman with outdoor propensities and a taste for roughing it there is no life more congenial than that of the saddle and rifle, as it may still be lived in parts of the Western States."26 Cameron was one of the first women in the Great Falls area to abandon riding side-saddle. In a letter to Ewen’s mother, she wrote, "I always ride stride legged now & in a man’s saddle & am convinced it is the only safe way for a woman to ride."27 Cameron broke gender rules of fashion and horse etiquette for comfort and practicality.

Cameron did, however, keep up her "wifely" duties while camping. During some of these hunting trips with other people, she hired a cook. Relief from her domestic duties
allowed her to ride far with her husband into the backcountry. She brought her camera and photographed the flora and fauna that her husband studied. Cameron believed that these hunting trips strengthened her relationship with Ewen. She exclaimed that "it is wonderful what comradeship is developed between [couples who hunt and camp together]. All sorts of cobwebs get blown away in the long days together on the wind-swept prairies or in the gulches and trails of the Bad Lands."28 Frontier life allowed the Camerons to explore and experience landscape as equals. Gendered autonomy strengthened Cameron and also added depth to her relationship with her husband.

Cameron’s love of camping and hunting separated her from other women. She secretly enjoyed the admiration and wonder that her trips invoked in other British women. In a letter to her mother-in-law, Cameron wrote, "A lady Mrs. Malone introduced me to in the sitting room said it was like talking to some character out of a book to talk to me!! The hunting trip seems to make them think the woman who hunts a wonder."29 But by the turn of the century, Cameron and other women had less opportunity to hunt. Ranching and farming land encroached on the vast hunting grounds. In 1906, Cameron told the New York Sun, "The great hunting days are over in Custer county and the ranchman and granger will see to it that they never return. About all that is left to the sportswoman to-day is to hunt with the camera."30
Cameron taught herself photography in 1894 and recorded these changes in the land. Cameron's early photographs celebrated the contoured prairies, bold sandstone faces, and the earliest families who inhabited these plains landscapes. She first photographed landscapes and wild horses, then ranches, cowboys, and wolf trappers. She also did family portraits and flora and fauna to illustrate her husband's articles. Cameron's pictures of sheepherders, cowboys, and families were often commissioned. Her landscapes were usually for herself. Cameron captured the unconventional beauty of the wind and water sculpted Northern Plains. She focussed on the geologic formations of the plains, buttes, benches, and bluffs. She noted in her diary that "such beautiful coloured scoria stones lie over these divide butes [sic], various shades of red, peacock blue, blue, mauve, green, grey & browns." Cameron paid attention to such geologic details in her photographs. Her black and white photography displays powerful uses of light and shadowing in her landscapes. At a time when environmental beauty was associated with mountain tops and alpine lakes, Cameron found beauty and power in the undulating hills, narrow streams, and sparse trees of Eastern Montana. Her photograph of Eve Ranch captures the contoured, vegetated geography of a seemingly sparse, flat landscape. Hoar frost dramatizes the contrasts of light and dark. Cameron's deep understanding of the natural environment surfaces in her landscapes. Her work conveys a
sense of intimacy. Cameron hints at her presence in many of these photos. Her shadow is deliberately cast in some, her riderless horse in the background of others. Evelyn Cameron used her camera to affirm her sense of belonging in the landscape.

Cameron also used her camera to document her new Western self. A published photograph of her sitting over a canyon on a petrified tree reveals the adventurous self she wished to show the public. Cameron documented women's places in the natural world. Laura Gilpin, who photographed the Southwestern landscape in the early twentieth century, gave a similar gender-based response to landscape in her work. While Gilpin's male contemporaries photographed a "pristine natural world that betrayed no trace of human contact, Gilpin photographed a 'historical landscape' that was constantly modifying and being modified by human settlement." While men portrayed heroic landscapes, Gilpin and Cameron depicted a vernacular one that stood in contrast with the tradition of grand, operatic landscape views pioneered by male photographer explorers of the nineteenth century. Cameron and Gilpin helped pioneer a new gender-based photography in the West.

Like Gilpin's "historical landscape", Cameron's photographs changed as the environment changed. Eastern Montana became increasingly invaded by homesteads and farms. From 1900-1910, liberalized homestead laws, popularized dry farming techniques, and more sophisticated farm technology increased migration to Eastern Montana. The
free range, which epitomized freedom for the Camerons, was plowed up and fenced off. Cameron wrote sadly to an old friend, "The range that you knew so well is about gone now and the prairie swarms with farmers who plough up the land with steam and gasoline engines. The only consolation we have is that they have not begun to plough the badlands, although someone may soon invent an effective contrivance for even this." The Badlands were a special source of inspiration for Cameron. These isolated spots of desert encouraged erosion and had high cliffs, eroded limestone walls, wrinkled, aging buttes, and rock shaped like fairytale castles.

Georgia O’Keeffe and Mary Austin admired similar landscapes in the Southwest. Mary Austin described the desert as a woman:

"deep-breasted, broad in the hips, with tawny hair . . eyes sane and steady as the polished jewel of her skies, such a countenance as should make men serve without desiring her . . . passionate, but not necessitous — and you could not move her, no, not if you had all the earth to give, so much as one tawny hair’s-breath beyond her own desires." In books like The Land of Little Rain, Mary Austin’s landscape vision was feminist and environmentalist. She challenged masculine myths about the land and its inhabitants in bold, radical terms. Cameron, though much less radical, also feared environmental destruction. She feared the fate of the Badlands, her symbol for personal and
Western wildness, as the West became more modernized and populated.

Despite Cameron's fear of change, she felt compelled to record the changes. The railroad, a symbol for machines invading the garden of natural America, in intellectual studies like Leo Marx's, became a compelling subject matter for her. She photographed the work crews who built and maintained the tracks and the homesteaders who followed them. People increasingly became the dominant subject matter in Cameron's photographs. She put up a poster in the Terry, Montana post office advertising her talents. Cameron shot pictures of large groups of immigrant families, parties, and gatherings. As the landscape became more urbanized, so did Cameron's photographs.

Cameron's life changed dramatically when her husband became ill. The Camerons moved to Long Beach, California, where Evelyn believed the ocean and warm weather might help cure Ewen. Ewen Cameron died of cancer in 1915. Although her family tried to persuade her to return to England, Cameron returned to Montana to run the Eve ranch by herself. Upon returning, the first thing she did was plow the garden. Cameron found solace in the hard work it took to live alone on the prairie. Although lonely at first, Cameron began to enjoy living alone. She wrote, "I am living quite alone on the ranch but I have plenty of occupation - cattle, photography, reading, etc., that I do not feel lonely." In 1917, Cameron found living alone
even more agreeable. She had more time to concentrate on her photography. There was "no dissension, no annoyance from others."37 She asserted, "I do like being alone. I was thinking all past miseries are being repaid by present contentment."38 With the absence of her husband, Cameron achieved her domestic fantasy. If Kolodny's arguments are correct, Cameron, the homesteaded Eve, had replaced Ewen's (Adam's) fantasy with her own at the "Eve" ranch. Cameron had complete autonomy, now, and continued to find sources of strength and inspiration in the Eastern Montana landscape.

Cameron remained contented through the hard times that followed the First World War. The homesteading rush ended with drought and the economy became depressed. Cameron survived the drought and the plague of locusts that invaded Montana in the 1920s. However, she did not survive a routine appendectomy in 1929. The Billings Gazette lauded her as "one of the most picturesque of [Montana's] cultured pioneers."39 Marguerite Charter, who walked across America with her two daughters, had been eager to meet the "Lady of the Springs" who was "the most respected, most talked about woman in the whole of the state."40 Charter wrote, "Never was she described as English or American by her admirers. They just called her a Montanan... for she is the very embodiment of the spirit of that great state."41

Certainly, Evelyn Cameron was aware of the spirit of Montana. She pasted a poem in her diary called "The Spell of the West." It read: "From the flowerlike snow peaks of Oregon/ to the waterless red land of Arizona/ dwells a
spirit that,/ once it has touched the wanderer,/ leaves her homeless/ in all other places/ for ever after."42 Like Georgia O'Keeffe, who was "on her way home" since her first visit to New Mexico, Evelyn Cameron experienced a similar environmental draw, which compelled her to keep returning to Montana.

Cameron, like many English expatriates, came west to hunt, fish, and ranch. Yet, she found something beyond such masculine pursuits in Montana. Cameron found a "spirit of place" in Eastern Montana. The eerie, sculpted topography of Eastern Montana became the source of her sustenance and the muse of her creativity. Cameron's work and art gave her a sense of independence and identity. Cameron did not struggle with confinement and liberation, she was fully able to integrate her interior and exterior landscapes. As a wife, rancher, photographer, and later as a single woman, she felt "at home" in the Eastern Montana environment. Cameron used her camera as a means of becoming even more intimate with the landscape. She captured the washes, buttes, and spires with her lens. Her camera was a mechanical device which "brought her deeper into the life [and land] around her."43 Evelyn's photography gave her creative expression and helped her find her place in Montana.

II.

Mary MacLane, the world-renowned autobiographical writer from Butte, offers an example of a different sort of feminine artistic response to Montana. MacLane was unable
to achieve Evelyn Cameron’s strong sense of independence and identity with the landscape. MacLane’s connection to the land was urbanized, because her landscape was Butte’s environmentally damaged terrain of "sand and barrenness."44 Butte was the only Western mining camp that became an industrialized city. By the turn of the century, it was an environmental wasteland. Lying between mountain ranges near the Continental Divide, Butte was a pocket of poison. There were no trees on the nearby ridges and black mountains of toxic waste obscured alpine views. The Butte industry concentrated, converted, smelted, and refined mineral ore. Arsenic and sulphur, dangerous by-products of these processes, rose in a black smoke of perpetual pollution.

Mary MacLane internalized her unnatural, mechanized environment. She did not consider herself a typical woman. MacLane both admired and despised herself. She claimed, "I am odd. . . I am distinctly original. . . I can feel . . . I am broadminded . . . a genius . . . I am a philosopher of my own peripatetic school."45 But MacLane also admitted a darker side; she was an egotist, a liar, and miserably unhappy. She had "gotten to the edge of the world. A step more and [she] fall[s] off. . . [She] stand[s] on the edge and [she] suffer[s]."46 Mary MacLane had a love/hate relationship with both herself and the Butte landscape. The contradictions in MacLane’s life mirror her conflicting visions of Butte’s man-made, filthy industrial environment juxtaposed on the wild, towering ranges of the Rocky Mountains.
Mary MacLane, a pale, dark-haired, sad-looking woman with brown, melancholy eyes, was born in Canada. Her family moved to Fergus Falls, Minnesota in 1884, where her father, who "never gave [her] a single thought," died five years later. MacLane's mother re-married a "mining man" and moved Mary, her sister and two brothers to Great Falls. When Mary was a sophomore in high school, the family moved again, this time to Butte. Mary graduated high school proficient in Latin and Greek. She had also been the school's newspaper editor. MacLane had ambition, but no outlet for it. She felt trapped by gender restraints, and abhorred gendered social conventions. She delighted in shocking her parents' guests with bold speech and dress at dinner parties. MacLane scoffed at Cult of True Womanhood virtues. She longed to become a famous writer and eventually began writing an autobiographical profile, The Story of Mary MacLane. Her post-graduation days blended into a monotonous schedule of eating, doing housework, and taking long walks into the countryside. These walks were the most important part of MacLane's day. MacLane tried to walk out of town, for "Butte and its immediate vicinity present as ugly an outlook as one could wish to see." This landscape was the backdrop for MacLane's own feelings. The "sand and barrenness" pervaded her empty, meaningless life.
In one sense, MacLane identified completely with the landscape. She likened her present misery to Butte's environmental wasteland. On her walks, she contemplated "the long, sandy wastes, the red, red line on the sky at the setting of the sun, the cold gloomy mountains under it, the ground without a weed, without a grass-blade even in their season - for they have years ago been killed off by the sulphur smoke from the smelters." MacLane hinted that this landscape had killed her off as well. She was aware of the connection between herself and the land. She wrote, "So this sand and barrenness forms the setting for the personality of me."50 Mary MacLane felt it appropriate that she was linked with such a torturous landscape. "It is good, after all, to be appropriate to something - to be in touch with something, even sand and barrenness."51 This woman found identity in the land, but it was a barren, miserable, unnatural identity. Unlike the Butte women who found new freedoms in Paula Petrik's study of the nineteenth century mining frontier, MacLane's more artistic temperament was confined by Butte's interior and exterior landscapes. Gendered expectations and Butte's deadened environment created obstacles for MacLane's search for identity and fulfillment.

In her autobiography, The Story of Mary MacLane, teenaged MacLane was critical and weary of the Butte landscape when she was reflecting on her "wretched pitiable youth." But when she focussed on her desire for future
happiness, she exalted the blue sky, mountain air, and scent of pines on a "charmed earth." MacLane imagined the future in terms of greener, more exotic landscapes. Mary MacLane had never been happy, but she envisioned happiness as environmental beauty. She imagined, "How brilliantly blue the sky would be; how swiftly and joyously would the green rivers run; how madly, merrily triumphant the four winds of heaven would sweep round the corners of the fair earth." MacLane, however, was wary of such peaceful environments. Peace, she believed, was the yellow setting sun, smiling poplar trees, and the quietude of sagebrush and grass. Passionate, ultimate happiness, however, was like "a terrific storm in summer with rain and wind, beating quiet water into wild waves, bending great trees to the ground - convulsing the green earth with delicious pain." MacLane's emotions were described through an environmental medium. Her desire for happiness evoked a terrain quite different than Butte's.

MacLane wanted such passionate happiness and "exquisite torture" in her life. She awaited the Devil, a symbol of evil masculinity, who she suspected would make a Faustian deal with her for such happiness. MacLane wanted to be dominated by the powerful masculinity incarnate in the Devil and in her human hero Napoleon. She begged, "Conquer me, crush me, know me . . . hurt me, burn me, consume me with hot love, shake me violently . . . treat me cruelly, brutally." Quite evidently, MacLane wanted to feel
something besides nothingness. She wanted to be
overpowered, rendered completely submissive. Like the storm
"convulsing the green earth with delicious pain," MacLane
wanted to be ravaged and tortured with the love and passion
of the Devil. She felt herself unworthy of God. "The love
of the man-devil will . . . melt all the cold, hard things,
and alter the barrenness, and a million green plants will
start out of it, and a clear sparkling spring will flow over
it - through the dreary, sandy stretches of my
bitterness."56 Obviously, MacLane was shaped by Butte's
industrial environment. Created in the context of Butte's
mining frontier, MacLane thought in terms of domination,
submission, and hierarchy. She defined herself in terms of
Butte's "masculine," destructive land ethic.

The landscape outside of Butte was "painfully"
beautiful. MacLane wrote, "The world is like a little marsh
filled with mint and white hawthorne . . . It is meltingly
beautiful . . . In truth, the Devil has constructed a place
of infinite torture - the fair green earth, the world."57
Beauty, for Mary MacLane, was both liberating and painful.
Mary wanted to become beautiful, happy, and fulfilled. She
wanted to merge with the beauty in the landscape, but she
"stand[s] on the edge and . . . suffer[s]."58 MacLane's
urban experience prevented a deeper intimacy with the
landscape.

MacLane did know and love her body; she had "grasped
the art, the poetry of [her] fine feminine body."59 Her
admiration for her body allowed her to merge with the more
natural landscape outside Butte. MacLane celebrated, "The
brightness of the day and the blue of the sky have entered
into my veins and flowed with my red blood. They have penetrated into every remote nerve-center and into the marrow of my bones. At such a time this young body glows with life. . . . My lungs, saturated with mountain ozone and the perfume of the pines, expand in continuous ecstasy."60 Through her body, MacLane felt that she could have a distinctly female intimacy with the land. "A man," she said, "may lie on the ground - but that is as far as it goes. A man would go to sleep, probably, like a dog or a pig . . . But then a man has not a good young feminine body to feel with, to receive unto itself the spirit of a warm sun at its setting. . . ."61 Women, MacLane believed, were more capable of merging with the environment. They were not apart from it like an ignorant, sleeping pig; women would luxuriate in nature's presence and immediacy under a setting October sun.

The sand and barrenness of the Butte environment were not always ugly to Mary. At times, she was "deeply impressed with the wonderful beautifullness of Nature in her barrenness."62 On one occasion, MacLane noted that "the far distant mountains had that high, pure, transparent look, and the nearer ones were transformed completely with a wistful, beseeching attitude that reminded me of my life."63 In her 1902 biography, she reflected every emotion in the landscape. Her description of the beauty in barrenness indicates that she was coming to terms with herself. She intimated, "It is rare, I thought, that my sand and barrenness looks like this. I crouched on the ground, and
the wondrous calm and beauty of the natural things awed and
moved me with strange, still emotions . . . eyes filled
quietly with tears . . . This is my soul's awakening."64
MacLane's awakening was not as cleansing as Mabel Dodge
Luhan's move to New Mexico. Luhan's growing awareness of
self and wilderness was healing, MacLane's painful.

MacLane blamed her womanhood for her difficulties.
"Had I been born a man," she asserted, "I would by now have
made a deep impression of myself on the world . . . But I am
a woman, and God, or the Devil, or Fate . . . has flayed me
of the thick outer skin and thrown me out into the midst of
life - has left me a lonely, damned thing filled with the
red, red blood of ambition and desire, but afraid to be
touched, for there is no thick skin between my sensitive
flesh and the world's fingers."65 MacLane resented her
immobility due to her womanhood. She also resented her own
fear and sensitivity. She rejected what she considered the
negative aspects of being a woman - sensitivity, few
opportunities - but celebrated her "fine, feminine body" and
her intimacy with the landscape. MacLane experienced life
in dualities: the polluted industry of Butte vs. the alpine
Rockies; her weak, sensitive femininity vs. her gendered
ability to connect with the land; her self-hatred vs. her
exaltation of self.

After the publication of The Story of Mary MacLane in
1902, MacLane ran away from these dualities. She left Butte
with her book royalties and searched for fame and
opportunity. The book was tremendously popular. More than 75,000 copies sold in the first month. Some believed the book was a work of genius; others feared its consequences. The book was "damned by clergymen and newspaper editorialists across the country as a compendium of wickedness; parents held anxious meetings over the outbreaks of 'MacLaneism' they witnessed as their good Victorian girls suddenly turned rebel after reading the book. The furor spread to Europe, where the book was translated into almost three-dozen languages."66 MacLane travelled to Chicago, and then to New York City to write for the New York Herald. She wrote feature stories about her impressions of Wall Street, Coney Island, and other places in the area. Like those in her autobiography, MacLane's stories in New York addressed her thoughts and ideas through the medium of environment or place.

In 1910, Mary MacLane returned to Butte for treatment of scarlet fever and a diphtheratic sore throat.67 She stayed in Butte for several months and wrote editorials for the Butte Evening News. She told Butte about her adventures in New York, about the "men who have made love to me," and radical ideas of women's sufferage.68 MacLane celebrated her sense of place by claiming, "I am once more a citizen of Butte!"69 Mary MacLane kept returning to Butte, although when she got there, she wrote of her loneliness, friendlessness, and confinement. Butte had a "spirit of place" for MacLane. It was not a spirit that was especially liberating or celebratory, but it kept drawing her back to
the area. Butte was MacLane's touchstone. Butte's environment became MacLane's measuring stick.

So in 1916, when MacLane was ready to write her second profile, *I, Mary MacLane: A Diary of Human Days*, she returned to Butte again. Despite a few new habits (smoking, drinking, eggs for breakfast), MacLane seemed to have changed little. She claimed that she now had a "wilder, more lawless [egotism] - farther-seeing if less be-visioned."70 MacLane still maintained a love/hate relationship with herself and the environment. She called it a "blazing loving hatred of life."71 By now she seemed more removed from her sand and barrenness. She noted, "Today was a leaden day. The air held a quality like the infernal breath of dead people. I leaned on my elbows on my dull window sill and looked off at green and purple mountains. I tried to think of some reason . . . for living."72 Mary felt divided. She saw herself in pieces: a normal woman, a lesbian, a child, a poet, a savage, an American, strong, weak, and false. This internal distance had its environmental counterpart. She wrote,

"To-night I walked out to a little desert-space west of the town, a very pale, very gray desert, with a sweet wet mist like dissolving pearls swathing it. The million placid stars looked down, remote and hard, as if each one had newly forsaken me. It made me afraid and cold around my heart. Here I sit and nothing in all the world is pleasant or reassuring," not even Butte's sand and barrenness.73
Butte did not keep MacLane long. After the publication of *I, Mary MacLane*, Mary MacLane went East to make a movie of the book. *I, Mary MacLane* was not as successful as Mary's first book. It was not widely reviewed and the film was so obscure that few know its fate. By 1919, MacLane was in court for debt. The gowns and furs she used in the movie based on her article "Men Who Have made Love To Me" were never paid for. In the courtroom, the Butte press noticed that MacLane "spoke in a slow, colorless voice, as if depressed. Perhaps it was because she hadn't had the cigarette and two cocktails before breakfast that her press agents always insisted on."75 Little is known about MacLane after this. She settled in Chicago and died in her apartment at the Michigan Hotel in 1929.76

MacLane's dreams and depression illustrate the difficulty of being a woman at the turn-of-the-century. MacLane, an eccentric intellectual, a lesbian, a lonely Butte woman, was not accepted or encouraged by society. Perhaps because she was disconnected from people, Mary MacLane saw her life through the lens of the landscape. But Butte's industrial environment polluted MacLane's vision of herself and the land. She felt confined by Butte's sand and barrenness, but she also identified with it. MacLane's attempt to integrate Butte's urbanization with the Rocky Mountain wilderness deeply troubled her. Her changing views of landscape reflect her conflicting self-identities.
Though MacLane's strong sense of place in Butte was often negative, it was thoroughly connected to her identity.

III.

Like Mary MacLane, Fra Dana also had a love/hate relationship with Montana's landscape. Dana dreamed of becoming a great painter. The desolate, sculpted geography of the Bighorn Mountains and canyons both confined and liberated her. Fra Dana felt removed from the environment of fellow painters, culture, and the means to actualize her dream. Montana, unlike New Mexico, offered little intellectual or cultural community. Yet, the isolation of the Eastern Montana landscape added a deeper dimension to Dana's work.

The Danas lived near the Bighorn River in southern, central Montana. Broad prairie land stretched to the walls of the Bighorn mountains. The country and weather could be explained in extremes: flat land leading to deeply angled, cliff-like mountains; long, cold winters and short, parched summers. Yet the nuances of the country dazzled Dana. She paid keen attention to the distant curves, the muted colors, and the complex and subtle interplay between earth and sky in her watercolors. Unfortunately, Fra Dana's boundaries, though muted and indistinct, kept her at the Montana ranch far too often.
Fra Dana was born to John and Julia Broadwell in Indiana in 1874. After a divorce, Dana's mother remarried James Dinwiddie. He died in 1890, the year Dana entered the Cincinnati Art Academy. She studied with Mary Cassett, who became a model for women's success in the art world. Dana had to leave the art world when the Dinwiddies moved to Parkman, Wyoming in 1893, where the family owned some land. In Wyoming, Fra met Edwin L. Dana, a young cattle rancher breaking into the industry. They married in 1896. Edwin and Fra made a pre-marriage agreement allowing her to leave the ranch every year to pursue painting in New York or Europe. This arrangement epitomized the conflict in Dana's life: as a wife and an independent artist, as a rural Montanan and a cosmopolitan Parisian, as a recluse and a socialite, as a secretary and bookkeeper and an itinerant traveller. Dana accepted True Womanhood values for her role as wife and hostess, yet she yearned for those six months out of the year that she could shun them and paint. The dualities in Dana's life are expressed in her interior and exterior landscapes.

Dana's paintings of interior portraits and still-lifes center on culture and finery. Grapes and Breakfast center on a collection of valued items, a china vase, a framed picture, a delicate tea cup, and an exquisite tea pot. The colors are rich and sensuous. Dana's internal landscape reveals her refinement. By contrast, her external landscape, the cottonwood creeks, open ranges, and craggy corners of Eastern Montana, is wild, passionate, and
visually exciting. Saged greens, muted blues, and subtle golds dominate this external palate. This external landscape deeply contrasted with Dana's internal environment, and as with her life, she was unable to integrate them.

Dana's conflicting passions gave her a heightened sensitivity. This sensuous awareness gave Dana "a real feeling for the country." Her prose, like her painting, was colorful and powerful. She noted in her diary, "Sunshine like spun gold, filtering through the lace work of dried weeds. Yellow and orange and gold tress, painted against the quivering blue sky, themselves motionless." Dana identified herself in the landscape as the painter, the observer and the creator. The colorful trees were "painted" against the blue sky. Dana actually painted a similar palate of colors in Wyoming Landscape.

Dana's experience with the environment was not only visual. She noted that "the house is all quiet and open. The sound of water going over rocks, and of hundreds of wasps buzzing outside the screens are the only signs of life." In contrast to what has often been described as a male focus on the visual, Dana used all of her senses to merge with the landscape.

Dana's relationship with the Bighorn area landscape was not only as an observer. Like Evelyn Cameron, Dana had to look at the landscape with the eye of the rancher as well as the artist. Though described as frail and petite, Dana
rode horses with her husband regularly and helped round up the cattle, difficult and hard work. Dana noted that she "was cold, wet, tired and [her] riding habit muddy and dirty. All was rush and hard work." On these trips, at least, Dana was not responsible for overseeing the cooking. She felt liberated from "all [those] people. [At home she had] to make their beds and empty their slops and wait on them." Dana found her domestic duties burdensome. Roundup time meant freedom from True Womanhood housekeeping chores and attitudes.

Fra Dana, like Mabel Luhan Dodge and Evelyn Cameron, enjoyed outings in the wilderness. At the cattle camp, Dana worked with the group and was served by the hired cook. She noted that she "like[d] to see camp broken in the mornings. It is done so quickly and efficiently. We dress in less than five minutes, fly to the mess tent, grab a tin plate, knife and fork, for which we stand in line." The cook packed the grub into the mess wagon, and the "punchers knock down the tents, roll up their [own] beds and load them on the bed wagon." Leaving camp, she noted that "those ready first go to relieve the last night's guard, and as you gallop out to the herd dark shadows pass you in the gray mist of dawn." Fra enjoyed this rough outdoor work. She noted, "It is the life with the outfit that I like best. I only ride half a day on circle." She thought that "the work with the cattle is fascinating, full of excitement." Some days she rode alone. At night, when she returned to camp, she could lie "on the ground with my
head on my saddle and watch the stars." These outdoor adventures allowed Western women to neglect their Cult of True Womanhood duties and enabled them to create their own experiences.

But despite Dana’s enthusiasm for round up, her thoughts often wandered far from the Eastern Montana prairie. On a rainy morning in June, Dana noted the scents amid the steep mountain sides and gullies she rode through. "The spring blossoms smelled like the jasmine and orange blossoms of Mexico." Dana made reference to her double life in her diary entries during round up. On June 5, she noted that "Today is Valesquez’ birthday. I always keep it in my heart. But I speak nothing of my vanished dreams." She remembered dreams from long ago, when she "was in Cincinnati and the dogwood and lilacs in bloom, and many sparrows twittering at the windows. And I was young - very young and I was full of hope for the next day or the day after that, I would be famous. And I worked hard at something I loved, and slept well at night. What better life could there be?" Dana mourned these lost dreams.

Shortly before she died, Dana "talked with considerable bitterness about living on the ranch in Montana when she wanted to paint." Her mentor, Mary Cassett, told her that it was a crime that she stayed on the ranch, for she had considerable talent and if she wanted to go anywhere, she would have to be ruthless. Dana was a fighter; but her wifely responsibilities and affection for her husband
prevented her from being ruthless. She claimed, "I could fight the world and conquer it but I cannot fight the world and Edwin too; he will always pull against me in the life that I desire. So I shall give up. He has won."94 Georgia O'Keeffe and Mabel Dodge Stern had similar conflicts with their roles as wives and artists. O'Keeffe left Stieglitz for New Mexico during summers. She needed to travel to the country of her inspiration and Stieglitz refused to leave New York. Fra Dana left the Western landscape that O'Keeffe sought each summer to go to New York, the place from which O'Keeffe had escaped. Dana loved New York. When she left the ranch, she was "glad, glad, glad."95 New York: "It's noisy. It's dirty. The people in the streets are horribly rude but I am happy to get back in the midst of life. Anything but sagebrush and jack rabbits. And it is a city where I have dreamed dreams."96 Like many frontier women who left family and everything familiar to them for the windswept prairies of the West, Dana felt lonely and isolated in Montana. Lillian Schlissel, Byrd Gibbons, and Elizabeth Hampsten in their book, Far From Home: Families of the Westward Journey, explore the psychology of suffering and loneliness among frontier women.97 Like many other Western women, Fra Dana experienced immense loneliness and isolation in Eastern Montana. But her situation was more desperate because of her talent and ambitions.
Clearly, the Bighorn area ranch did not satisfy Dana's dreams. She tried "to content [herself] with the flowers and books, both of which [she] love[d]. But the loneliness!" Dana could not find the intelligent companionship in Montana that she found so exciting and fulfilling in New York or Europe. She felt closed in by the geographic and cultural barriers at the ranch. She wondered, "If my life is to be bounded by Pass Creek, how can I stand it? I am full enough of life to want friends, music, painting, the theater." Dana's frustration tainted her view of the landscape. Billings, Dana believed, epitomized the potential ugliness of the plains. "There is not a tree. The bitter ugliness strikes to the bone. And the sun is bright and hard." Dana believed that "beauty of any kind is a thing held cheap out here in this land of hard realities and glaring sun and alkali. There are no nuances."

Yet, Dana found and depicted the nuances of the landscape in her paintings. Her seclusion in Pass Creek deepened her sensitivity and understanding of the landscape. Dana railed against Montana's landscape, but then talked about the colors. In Storm Coming Down, deep blues and golds contrast the dark storm meeting the sunlit meadow. This painting reveals Dana's conflicting passions. Shocks of green highlight blocks of gold. Archivist Dennis Kern noted that the "paint was applied with immediacy and with no attempt at facile representation; it was composed with a raw palate, grasping at the perpetual change and
motion of nature." This image represents Fra Dana's draw to her natural environment, "its aura of glorious unrest has its origins in her almost unwilling awe of the turbulent landscape around her home." Storm Coming Down is a powerful and compelling painting of the colorful, intimate, and powerful beauty of the Big Horn landscape.

Landscape with Fenceposts is not as brilliant or powerful as Storm Coming Down, but it hints at intimacy. This landscape is composed of soft whites, grays, and browns wherein Dana captures the subtle nuances of color and contour in the landscape. The darker mountains blend indistinctly with the lighter meadow. Only the fence, worn and broken, stands distinctly in the foreground. This image hints that Dana felt fenced in at the ranch. Her confinement could be broken, like the fence, but its pervasive entrapment dominates the painting as it does Dana's journal entries.

In Wyoming Landscape, burnt orange and blue jagged cliffs and gentle hills give way to a yellow sky. The sky is not broken up by clouds; it is the forever sky of the plains West. This watercolor intimates freedom and wide open spaces. The rock outcropping on the right and the smooth, gradually inclined hill on the left offer concrete barriers, but the yellow sky continues beyond them.

These three landscapes symbolize the conflict in Fra Dana's life. Storm Coming Down most poignantly dramatizes the conflict; the dark blues of the storm ominously meet the
landscape's soft golds and yellows. Landscape with Fenceposts, like the storm, represents confinement, the negative aspects of Dana's life at the ranch. Wyoming Landscape portrays Dana's freedom from convention and liberated identity in its wide, yellow sky. In Great Falls, when Dana was suffering the effects the cancer, she wrote, "I do not look out of the window any more than I can help for I do not want to see the beautiful fields. They have been fed with my heart's blood and watered by my tears." Dana's conflicting passions and duties made the haunting, compelling beauty of the Eastern Montana landscape too painful to look at.

Fra Dana invested her creative and daily life in Montana's landscapes. This caused her pain and bitterness, but also gave her a liberation from Eastern conventions and a creative impetus that "work[ed] within [her] - perhaps it [was] only the sap of springtime, but it may mean - pictures." Dana's life and pictures reveal this continuing conflict. Her paintings are so good because the Eastern Montana landscape allowed Dana to capture a sense of the sublime. Fra Dana voiced this sublimity in her diary: "Went today into the mountains. Snowbanks to the horses' necks, but in the bare spots were those fragile purple lilies that grow only on the heights. There was a cold pure wind, smelling of pine and sage brush, and to look down over the valley was like looking into the heart of an opal."
These three artists, living lives of scarcity in the arid, rocky mountains and plains of Montana, found and made beauty out of it. Appreciation of badlands and plains topography was a new aesthetic in the early twentieth century. Yet, all three captured its beauty in their visions and verse. Their discovery of the landscape gave each of these women a sense of place. Though not always a positive, liberating sense of place, it remained strong and self-defining. Evelyn Cameron, Mary MacLane, and Fra Dana responded to the landscape as women, artists, and pioneers. Their gendered view of the land encouraged each to seek a home or place in the landscape. Cameron most accurately created a home near Terry, Montana that reflected her domestic fantasy. The death of her husband fully allowed her to enjoy an autonomous, self-created homestead. Mary MacLane both celebrated and condemned her femininity. Her autobiographies and articles give insight into the difficulties of finding a strong female identity amidst Butte’s masculine mining frontier. Fra Dana struggled to merge her own fantasy with the Cult of True Womanhood ideals placed on her as the wife of one of Montana’s wealthiest cattleman. Her gendered response to the landscape manifested itself in camping trips, cattle round-up, and paintings. Dana felt most at home painting, in the wilderness, and in the New York art community. Each of these women challenged traditional female responses to landscape. Cameron, MacLane, and Dana did not experience a
Western fantasy dominated by rolling pins, checkered aprons, or corsets. Though Kolodny's domestic fantasy and Cult of True Womanhood ideals influenced their lives, these women also sought new fantasies. Cameron, MacLane, and Dana helped women create a new fantasy of creativity, autonomy, individuality, and a strong sense of place. In this sense, the landscape was liberating. Each of these women sought personal expression in fields other than domesticity.

These women also responded to the landscape as artists. Evelyn Cameron's eerie and intimate photographs of the Badlands geology, Mary MacLane's projection of self in Butte's "sand and barrenness," and Fra Dana's landscapes of conflict reveal a powerful sense of three women's identification with the land. Through their artistic expression, these women artists considered themselves part of the natural world rather than distanced and emotionally detached from it. The nature of their art made such distance impossible.

The Montana landscape offered both natural beauty and personal redefinition. As Karen Knowles found with women nature writers of the past two centuries, "By adapting to the challenge of wilderness living and accepting its discomforts, they were able to redefine their lives." Frontier conditions, however, were not responsible for any new freedoms. The masculinity of the frontier was something that these women had to challenge, not embrace. The natural environment itself is what invigorated creativity and expression among these women artists. Evelyn Cameron and Fra
Dana, who lived on rural ranches, learned to look deeper into the land with the eyes of ranchers and artists. They envisioned the land dually as life-giving sources of subsistence and creativity. Mary MacLane, in Butte's industrialized landscape, walked out of town and reaffirmed both her hated and beloved self in the mountain and valley landscapes. Using the land as a touchstone for her every emotion and dream, MacLane looked deeper into the landscape for herself. Evelyn Cameron found a strong, independent, liberated, and creative woman. Fra Dana found the conflict which governed her life: the rancher's wife and the artist. At a time when women were not actively asserting their views about the Western experience, the fact that these women created new visions, fantasies, and selves in the West is remarkable. In their art and lives, they were pioneers of the feminist spirit. Cameron, MacLane, and Dana rejected the masculine myth and created one that was both gendered and very individualistic. Though Cameron, MacLane, and Dana had different experiences in different social situations and natural environments, each sought and found herself rooted in the Montana landscape.
Footnotes

1 Cult of True Womanhood virtues include domesticity, purity, piety, and submissiveness. This doctrine was a cultural ideal, not actual behavior. It was championed by mid-nineteenth century writers such as Catherine Beecher and T.S. Arthur. It also incorporates the ideology of separate spheres, which defined men and women as complimentary opposites. Men had physical and intellectual strength and worked in the public sphere; women were moral and pious and remained in the domestic sphere.

2 Mary MacLane, The Story of Mary MacLane (Billings: H.S. Stone and Company, 1902), p.10.
5 Ibid., p.241.
6 Paula Petrik, in her study No Step Backward: Women and Family on the Rocky Mountain Mining Frontier, Helena, Montana, 1865-1900 (Helena: Montana Historical Society Press, 1987), believes that frontier conditions produced new opportunities for women's individualism and self-reliance. Petrik downplayed the existence of Cult of True Womanhood values. Sandra Myres, in Westering Women and the Frontier Experience (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982), dismissed both theses. Though the frontier women she studied were influenced by their environment, there was not typical frontier woman in her study. In her book Women's Diaries of the Westward Journey (New York: Schocken Books, 1992), Lillian Schlissel found gendered differences in the experiences of men and women on travelling west.

9 Ibid.
10 Ibid., p.86.
11 Ibid., p.46.
13 Kolodny, p.241.
14 Cameron, Diary 1894. Letter to Mrs. Cameron, January 14, 1894.
15 Ibid.
16 Ibid.
17 Evelyn J. Cameron, Letter to Mother, November 4, 1902.
18 Ibid.
19 Ibid.
20 Lucey, p.81.
21 Ibid., p.20.
22 Ibid.
23 Ibid.
24 Evelyn J. Cameron, Letter to Miss McGrath, December 31, 1898.
26 Ibid.
28 "A Woman's Big Game Hunting."
29 Lucey, p.63.
30 "A Woman's Big Game Hunting."
31 Lucey, p. 64
32 Ibid., p.181.
34 Lucey, p.164.
35 The Desert Is No Lady, p.18.
36 Lucey, p.229.
37 Ibid., p.234.
38 Ibid.
39 "Death Removes Pioneer Woman," Billings Gazette, Saturday, January 5, 1929.
40 Lucey, p.234.
41 Ibid., p.237.
42 "Spell of the West," From the New York Sun, an insert in Evelyn Cameron's 1906 Diary.
43 Lucey, p. xvii.
44 Mary MacLane, The Story of Mary MacLane (Billings: H.S. Stone and Company, 1902), p.10.
46 Ibid., p.5.
47 Ibid., p. 12.
48 Ibid., p. 10.
49 Ibid., p. 17.
50 Ibid.
51 Ibid.
52 Ibid., p.30.
53 Ibid., p.24.
54 Ibid., p.38.
55 Ibid., p.95.
56 Mary MacLane, The Story, p.152.
57 Ibid., p.52.
58 Ibid., p.5.
59 Ibid., p.27.
60 Ibid., p.28.
61 Ibid., p. 31.
62 Ibid., p.98.
63 Ibid.
64 Ibid., p.99.
68 Mary MacLane, "Men Who Have Made Love To Me," Butte Evening News, April 24, 1910.
69 Mary MacLane, "The Second 'Story of Mary MacLane,'" Butte Evening News, January 23, 1910, Section 2, p. 9.
70 Mary MacLane, I, Mary MacLane: A Diary of Human Days, (Billings: Frederick A. Stokes and Company, 1917), p. 21.
71 Ibid., p. 23.
72 Ibid., p. 32.
73 Ibid., p. 244.
75 "Mary MacLane In Court For Debt," The Medicine Lake Wave, Vol. 2, No. 174, Montana Newspaper Association Insert, August 4, 1919.
76 From a chronology of events in Mary's life found in her subject folder at the Montana Historical Society, Helena, Montana.
79 Fra Dana, Diary entry, Copied by Mildred Walker, October 16, 1913.
80 Ibid.
81 Ibid., June 5, year unknown.
82 Ibid., April 12.
83 Ibid., June 4.
84 Ibid.
85 Ibid.
86 Ibid.
87 Ibid.
88 Ibid., June 10.
89 Ibid., June 7.
90 Ibid., June 5.
91 Ibid., April 12.
93 Ibid.
94 Fra Dana, September 28.
95 Ibid.
96 Ibid.
98 Fra Dana, September 28.
99 Ibid.
100 Ibid., May 9.
101 Ibid., June 5.
102 Kern, "Interview with Mildred Walker."
103 Kern, "Fra Dana," p.4.
104 Ibid.
105 Fra Dana, random entry.
106 Ibid., March 12.
107 Ibid., March, 1907.
110 Ibid., p.6.
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