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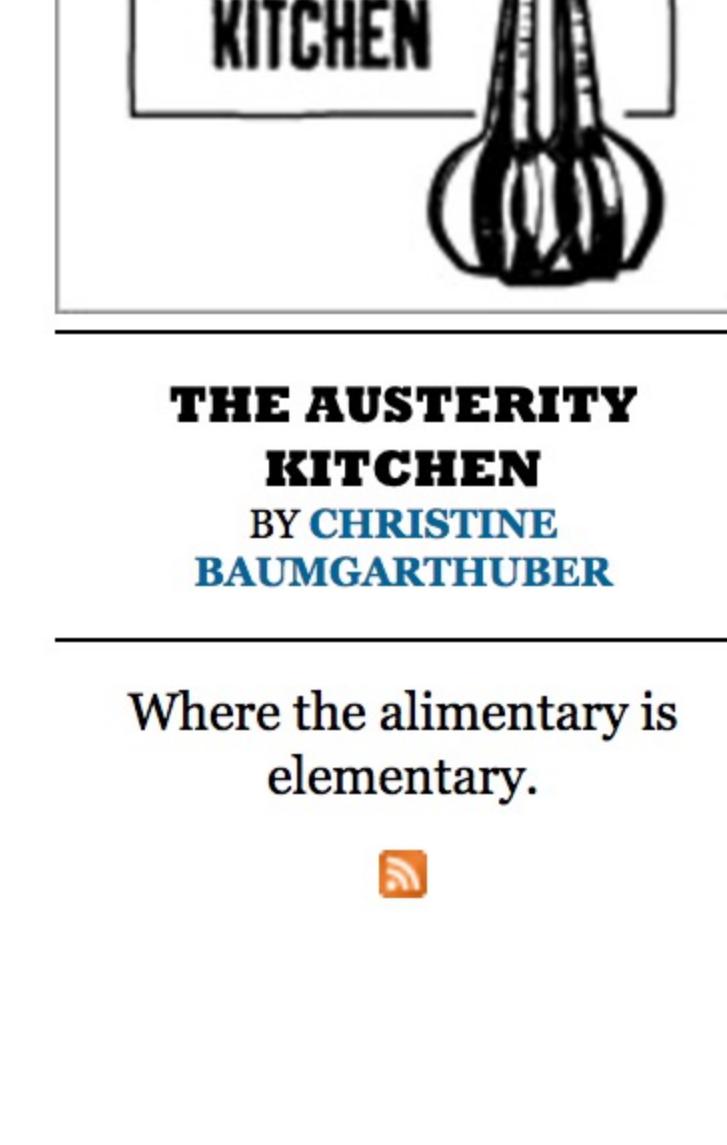
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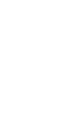
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ABOUT



THE AUSTERITY  
KITCHEN  
BY CHRISTINE  
BAUMGARTHUBER

Where the alimentary is  
elementary.

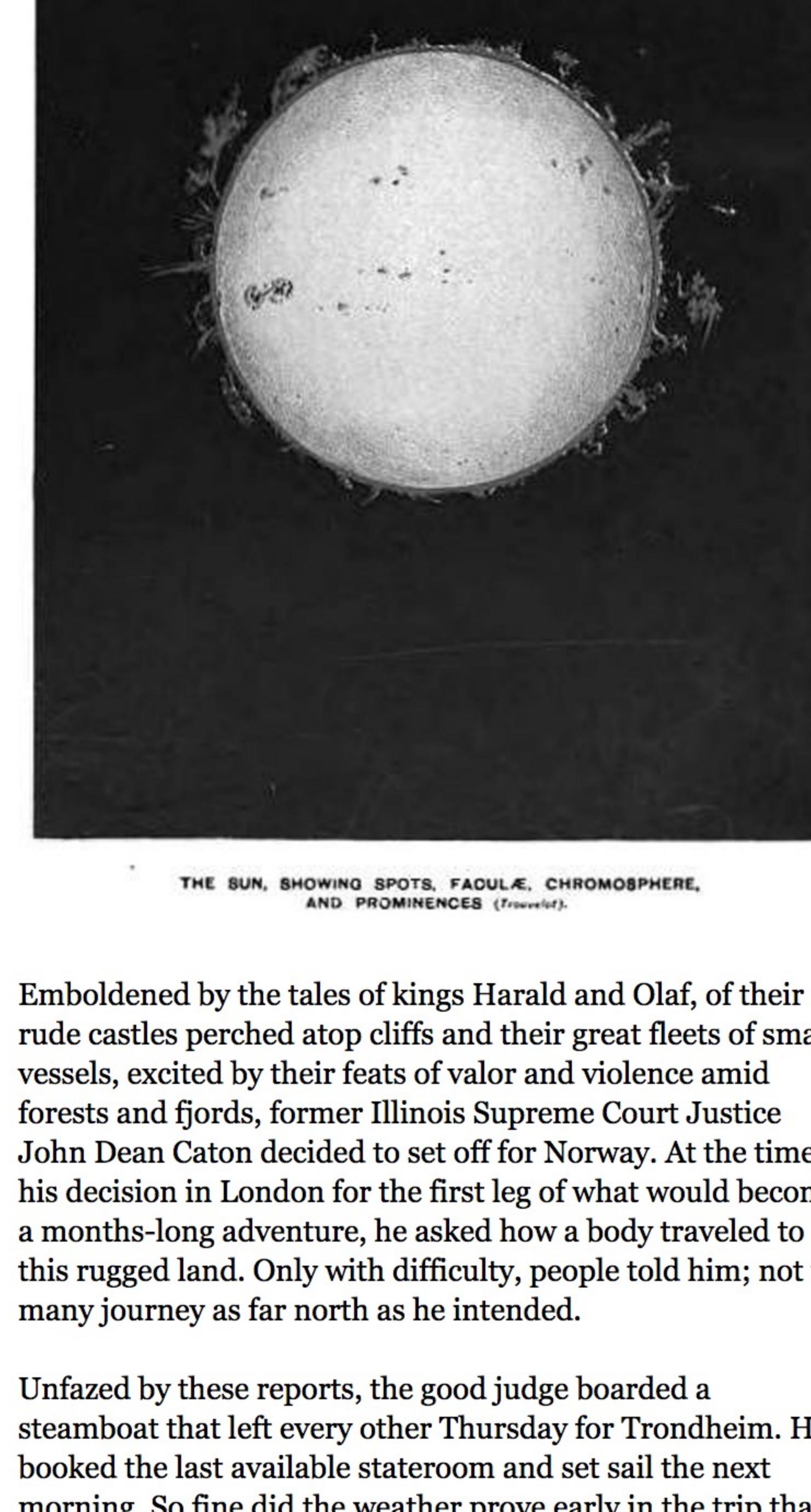


"To travel is to discover that  
everyone is wrong about other  
countries." — Aldous Huxley

## Northern Exposure

By CHRISTINE BAUMGARTHUBER

PLATE I.



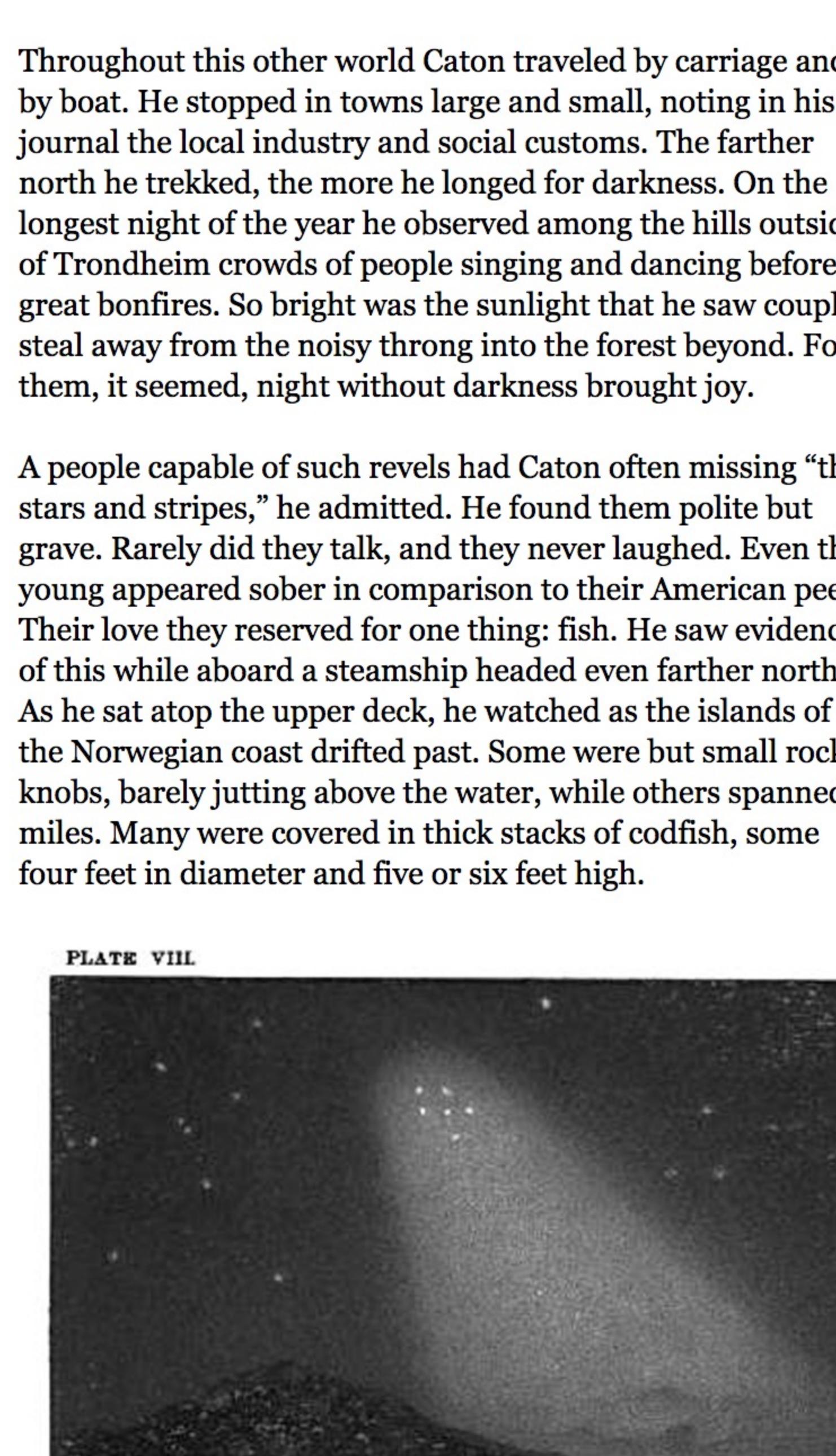
THE SUN, SHOWING SPOTS, FACULÆ, CHROMOSPHERE,  
AND PROMINENCES (From a sketch by Prof. F. W. B. Maunder.)

Emboldened by the tales of kings Harald and Olaf, of their rude castles perched atop cliffs and their great fleets of small vessels, excited by their feats of valor and violence amid forests and fjords, former Illinois Supreme Court Justice John Dean Caton decided to set off for Norway. At the time of his decision in London for the first leg of what would become a months-long adventure, he asked how a body traveled to this rugged land. Only with difficulty, people told him; not too many journey as far north as he intended.

Unfazed by these reports, the good judge boarded a steamboat that left every other Thursday for Trondheim. He booked the last available stateroom and set sail the next morning. So fine did the weather prove early in the trip that Caton took the air deckside. By evening, however, the wind had increased to half gale-force, and the waves lapped his feet. He retreated indoors, wrapped himself in a blanket, and on the floor of the dining saloon settled for the night.

The North Sea lived up to its reputation. It lashed and jostled the steamboat. Morning saw the storm rage on. At midnight the second night, Caton, hazarding a brief peek through a porthole, spied in the distance the snow-capped mountains of Norway wash in light as if were noon. The midnight sun, he wrote in his memoir of the trip *A Summer in Norway* (1875), made it seem as if he had landed "at the confines of another world, where the laws of nature as we had always known them, were suspended."

PLATE VI.



DARKNESS DURING TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 28TH JULY, 1851, AT  
BUE ISLAND, NORWAY.

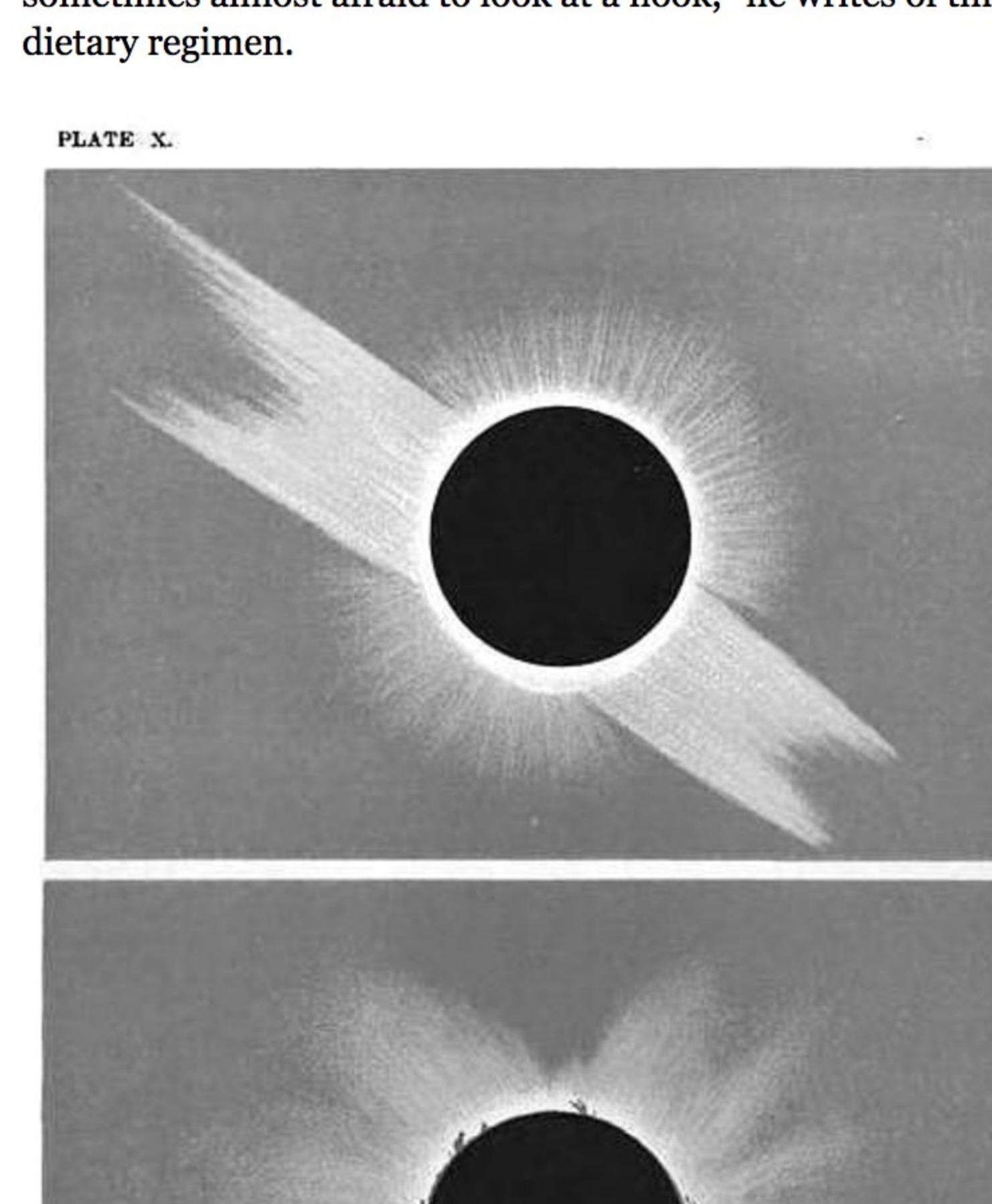
(From a sketch by Prof. F. W. B. Maunder.)

Throughout this other world Caton traveled by carriage and by boat. He stopped in towns large and small, noting in his journal the local industry and social customs. The farther north he trekked, the more he longed for darkness. On the longest night of the year he observed among the hills outside of Trondheim crowds of people singing and dancing before great bonfires. So bright was the sunlight that he saw couples steal away from the noisy throng into the forest beyond. For them, it seemed, night without darkness brought joy.

A people capable of such revels had Caton often missing "the stars and stripes," he admitted. He found them polite but grave. Rarely did they talk, and they never laughed. Even the young appeared sober in comparison to their American peers.

Their love they reserved for one thing: fish. He saw evidence of this while aboard a steamship headed even farther north. As he sat atop the upper deck, he watched as the islands of the Norwegian coast drifted past. Some were but small rocky knobs, barely jutting above the water, while others spanned miles. Many were covered in thick stacks of codfish, some four feet in diameter and five or six feet high.

PLATE VIII.

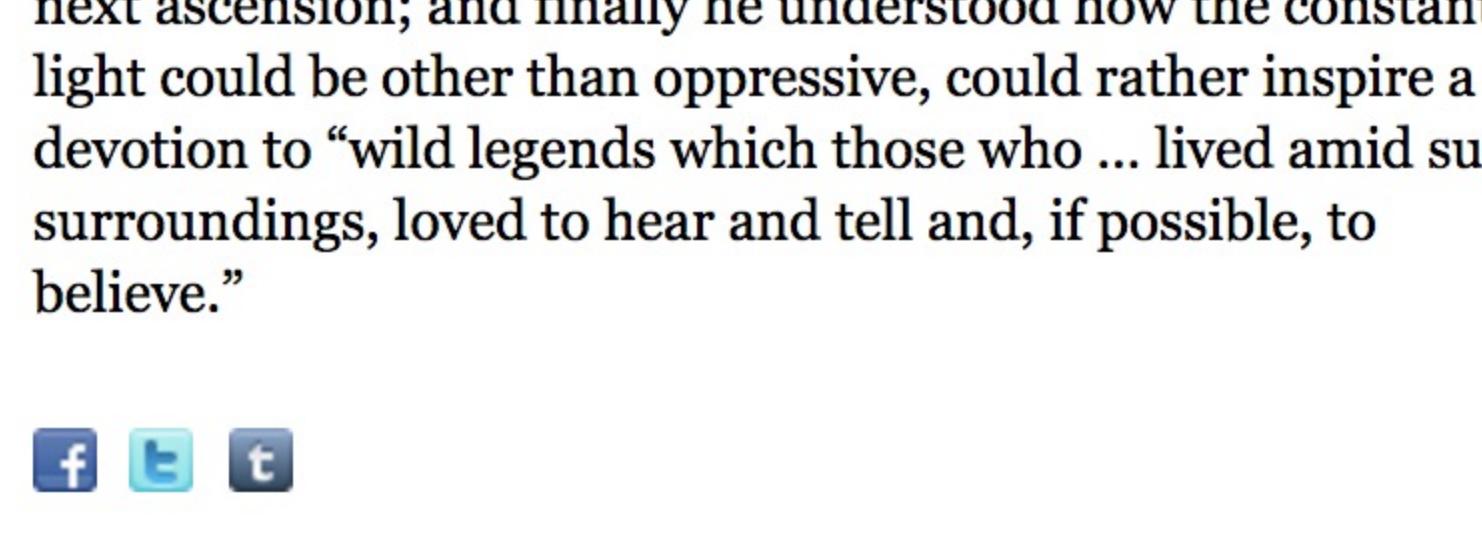


ZODIACAL LIGHT AS SEEN AT PALERMO, 1ST APRIL (6.40 P.M.), 1872.  
(From a sketch by Prof. F. W. B. Maunder.)

Caton found that the codfish stacks strangely resembled haystacks, and he marveled at how the fisherman and their families constructed them. He noted that "real skill was required in their construction; they were perfectly round, and their walls were as straight and regular as possible." Children gathered up the dried planks of fish and their mothers stacked them. Husbands mostly supervised.

Codfish covered thousands of acres, enough to feed an army. "A piscatorial paradise," as Caton himself remarked. But when he sat down to his first meal aboard that Norwegian steamer, attendants served him third-rate mutton and rubbery steaks. (The potatoes he found very fine.) Other passengers feasted on fish. When he asked why he too couldn't do so, his interpreter told him that the ship's crew only wanted to impress the foreigner. Caton made it clear he wanted to eat like the Norwegians, and from that morning on, fish awaited him at every meal. "I really felt *scaly*, and was sometimes almost afraid to look at a hook," he writes of this dietary regimen.

PLATE X.



I. TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE, 29TH JULY, 1878 (From a sketch by Prof. F. W. B. Maunder.)

The steed to the stalls with fish, Caton enjoyed the rest of his trip coast bound for a fair farther north brought with him mounds of pickled herring and rye bread for the occasion. As they came and went Caton admired their simple, understated cheer, their desire to congregate across the Arctic Circle before beginning its midnight sabbath. Finally he understood how the constant light could be "wider than oppressive, could rather inspire such devotion to the gods than fear and trembling, if possible, to believe in."

August 30, 2012

Illustrations from *The Story of the Sun* (1893)

"There is never a fish without a bone, and no man without faults."  
— old Norwegian proverb

"FRESH CODFISH: cut and pare them into half heart-shaped pieces, season with salt and pepper, shallots, lemon juice and chives, and lay them in a straight row on a baking dish with their bread, sprinkle, and on the top a little crème fraîche; pour over melted butter, serve a separate fish sauce hot with a little of the butter, and a white wine sauce thickened with egg yolks and cream." — *Manual of the Stewards Association of New York City*

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