Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 52, Number 1 Winter 2006

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Winter 2006

wisconsin academy review

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

Miss Annie Mae's Hats: Churchgoing Hats from the Black Community on Display in the James Watrous Gallery

■

The Mystery of Aztalan: New Book Explores Wisconsin's Richest Archeological Site

■

Gunnar Johansen's 100th: Celebrating the Great Composer and Humanist

■

Hamlin Garland's Coulee Country

A living tradition: For this Milwaukee churchgoer, her "Sunday best" includes a hat.

Price: $5

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Winter 2006 Volume 52, Number 1

discussion that builds community

ACADEMY EVENINGS

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

MADISON

Wearing Our Crowns: A Hats-On Musical Celebration

Saturday, February 4, 2 pm and 4 pm (repeat performances)
Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Wisconsin Studio

Gospel music performances featuring Leotha Stanley on piano, in conjunction with the opening of the "Miss Annie Mae's Hats" exhibition in the James Watrous Gallery. Details on page 28.

Hector DeLuca

The New Old Natural Wonder Drug, Vitamin D

Tuesday, March 7, 7–8:30 pm
Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Promenade Hall
In partnership with the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation

Vitamin D discoveries have a long history in the dairy state and have produced some of our most lucrative patents. But globally renowned UW-Madison biochemist Hector DeLuca is putting vitamin D in the forefront of our state's biotech sector, churning out papers and patents to combat a long list of illnesses including cancer, heart disease, depression, immune disorders, arthritis, and diabetes. DeLuca tells us about the latest developments.

Mai Zong Vue

Kou Lor

Writers in the Round: Hmong Voices

Tuesday, March 21, 7–8:30 pm
Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Wisconsin Studio

Madison writer Mai Zong Vue and Oshkosh writer Kou Lor read from their latest works.

MILWAUKEE

Richard Davidson

Be Happy Like a Monk

Thursday, March 2, 7–8:30 pm
Milwaukee Public Library, Centennial Hall, 733 N. Eighth Street

World-renowned UW psychology professor Richard Davidson is searching for the source of happiness—and has used Buddhist monks in his lab as a model group. What has he discovered about the secrets and brain science of happiness?

Paula McCarthy Panczenko

Printmaking at Tandem Press

Thursday, March 30, 7–8:30 pm
Charles Allis Art Museum, 1801 N. Prospect Avenue

Paula McCarthy Panczenko is the director of Tandem Press, a self-supporting printmaking studio affiliated with UW–Madison. Tandem has worked with such notable artists as Judy Pfaff, Ed Paschke, Fred Stonehouse, John Wilde, and filmmaker David Lynch. Panczenko will talk about printmaking at Tandem on the eve of a national printmakers' conference in Madison.

Events are free of charge. Maps and directions at www.wisconsinacademy.org

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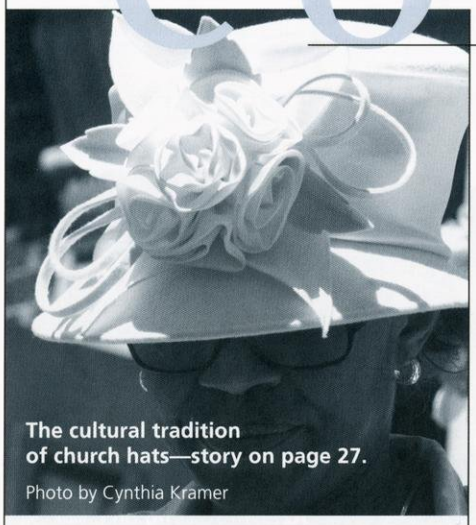

The cultural tradition of church hats—story on page 27.

Photo by Cynthia Kramer

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Gunnar Johansen, remembered. Story on page 19.

Photo courtesy Gunnar and Lorraine Johansen Charitable Trust

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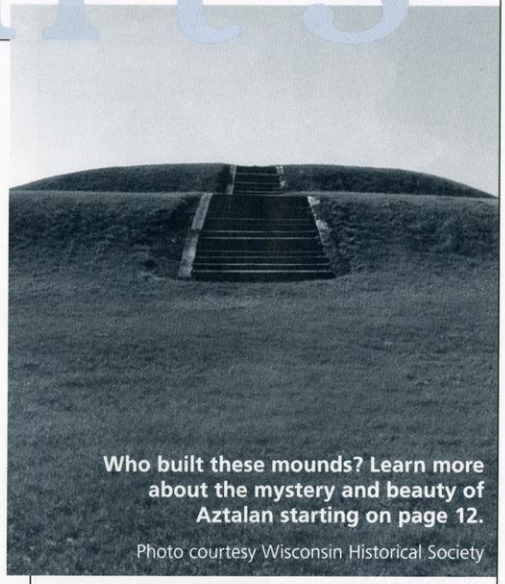


Who built these mounds? Learn more about the mystery and beauty of Aztalan starting on page 12.

Photo courtesy Wisconsin Historical Society

ENLIGHTEN YOUR LIFE!

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters connects people and ideas from all areas of knowledge and all walks of life to celebrate thought, culture, and nature in our state and explore how we can best address our problems.

Enrich your life by becoming a member! Learn more on page 11.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters was founded in 1870 as an independent, nonprofit membership organization separate from the state and the university. Our mission is "to encourage investigation, disseminate knowledge, and promote integrated application of sciences, arts, and letters to preserve and further develop Wisconsin's heritage of cultural and natural resources."

A new face in the mailbox

As I complete six years as editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, I'd like to thank you for sticking with us through the changes we've made in this publication. Those changes have been numerous, beginning with a complete graphic redesign introduced in 2000 and content selections that read more like a magazine than a scholarly journal.

These changes in the magazine have gone hand-in-hand with a revitalization of its publisher, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Although the Wisconsin Academy has since 1870 been true to its founding mission (as our executive director Michael Strigel notes on page 64), the Academy often has needed to rethink its programming—the embodiment of that mission—in order to remain relevant through changing times.

For the past half-dozen years, changes in the Wisconsin Academy and all of its programs have been marked by a renewed dedication to outreach. If our mission is, in colloquial terms, "to connect people and ideas for a better Wisconsin," we believe that being accessible and welcoming to a general public is critical to our success.

In keeping with that vision, all of our core programs—the *Review*, our art gallery, our Academy Evenings forum series, and the Wisconsin Idea at the Academy (now exploring "The Future of Farming and Rural Life in Wisconsin")—strive to be as accessible as possible. We continue to provide a home for peer-reviewed scholarship and specialized knowledge in our journal, *Transactions,* and in reports published mostly in conjunction with the Wisconsin Idea.

Which brings me back to this publication, the *Wisconsin Academy Review*—and, specifically, to its title. It has been a joy and a privilege to edit this magazine. I truly love it, and I am gratified to know that many of our readers do, too. But, in light of the Wisconsin Academy's revitalized outreach mission, it is time to acknowledge that our baby needs a name change.

After hearing many comments from longstanding members, potential members, booksellers, marketers, friends, and neighbors, we admit that the words "Academy" and "Review" do not welcome or impart excitement to potential readers. Our current readers know that once you get past the name, it is a vibrant and engaging publication. But should a name be a barricade—something you have to "get past"? Shouldn't it instead serve as a beacon that calls readers to look inside?

After much thinking, we have come up with a name and a cover design that we believe do the magazine justice by putting our mission and engaging content in the forefront. And we're pleased to tell you that, come spring, you'll find that new face in your mailbox. The interior look will mostly remain the same (though with some exciting new features!). Please know that that fresh face is just your trusty old *Review,* decked out in a new suit and ready to rumble.

THANK YOU, TABERNACLE!

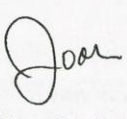
Talk about a welcoming community. Tabernacle Community Baptist Church in Milwaukee—the spiritual home of this issue's cover story, "Miss Annie Mae's Hats"—could not have been more helpful to Wisconsin Academy staffers and contributors as we put together the exciting church hat exhibition soon to be unveiled in our James Watrous Gallery. We especially thank the congregation for so enthusiastically posing for photos on "Wear Your Hats Day!", a special one-time holiday we declared last May. Happily, the exhibition will travel to Milwaukee after its run in Madison. We are so pleased that participants will have a convenient opportunity to view something they have been such an important part of. Our heartfelt thanks to the Rev. Robert L. Harris and his exuberant flock. This project couldn't have happened without them!

KUDOS FOR STRIGEL

On page 6 you'll see an eclectic roundup of a few recent newsworthy items from Wisconsin. (Glaring omission: Emily, the plane-hopping cat from Appleton.) The selections also might have included our executive director, Michael Strigel, who was named a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the world's largest general scientific society dedicated to advancing science around the world. Citing "distinguished contributions to the integration of science in society through interdisciplinary programs at the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters," his nomination letter noted that "Mr. Strigel has worked at the forefront of integrating science into everyday thinking and practice, particularly with respect to environmental issues."

We congratulate Michael on this honor—and hope that all Wisconsin Academy members are very proud to see our work recognized by such an esteemed organization.

Happy reading,



Joan Fischer, editor
jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org
608/263-1692 ext. 16

HASTY RETREAT

You're looking for a quiet place of refuge in which to pursue your art. Here are some Wisconsin retreats that require no application or selection process.

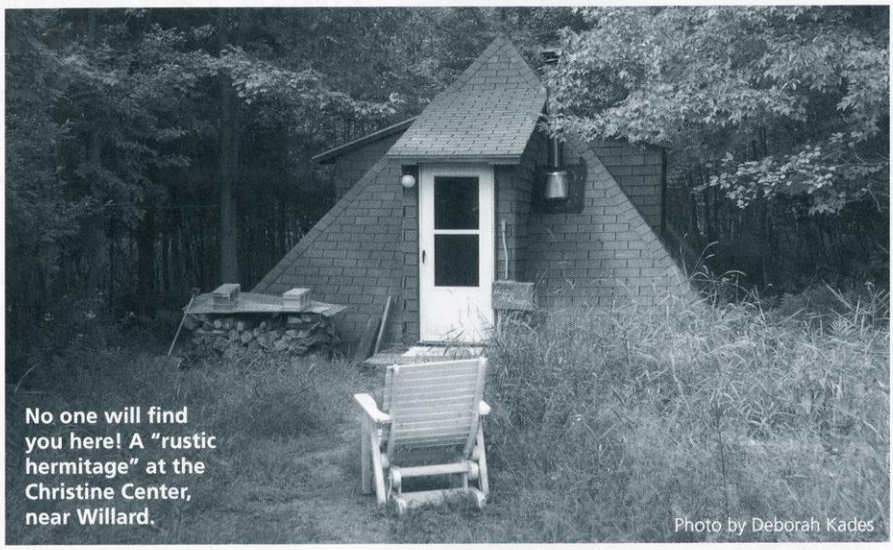
On a cool August evening, a "rustic hermitage" at the Christine Center feels a bit like Thoreau's cabin at Walden Pond.

The small, square structure nestled in a forested patch of the central Wisconsin prairie has no running water. It is furnished with only two single cots, a couple of chairs, and a table for writing or drawing. A wood stove provides heat in the colder months, although there is electricity for lights and small appliances.

But this ascetic setting offers something I cannot find at home: blissful solitude. In our increasingly connected world, where cell phones and BlackBerries make solitude an elusive state, places like the Christine Center offer a refuge for writing or other art projects, or for simply thinking in peace.

Best of all, there are no hoops to jump through to get there. For writers or artists seeking sanctuary, there are a surprising number of refuges in Wisconsin that require no selection process.

You are worthy! Just pick up the phone and go.



No one will find you here! A "rustic hermitage" at the Christine Center, near Willard.

Photo by Deborah Kades

THE CHRISTINE CENTER

W8303 Mann Road
Willard, WI 54493
Tel. 866/333-7507
www.christinecenter.org

The Christine Center, located about an hour east of Eau Claire outside the tiny hamlet of Willard, is described as an interfaith retreat center for meditation and contemplation. Founded by the Wheaton Franciscan Sisters, it is rooted in the Catholic mystical tradition.

While it is a Catholic facility, it feels more like a New Age center. Staffed by nuns, laypeople, and volunteers, the center is a place where the grace before meals is ecumenical and the programming includes such offerings as Tibetan meditation and "Watercolor Painting as Spiritual Practice." The sisters themselves offer such services as therapeutic massage.

The heart of the facility is the welcome center, a modern, airy building where programs are held, meals are served, and offices are located. The welcome center is connected to a guest house and a meditation chapel.

Guests need not choose the relatively primitive conditions I did. There are more comfortable rooms in the guest house. In addition, there are "modern hermitages" (as opposed to the "rustic") equipped with bathrooms, showers, and kitchenettes. Lodging costs range from $25 to $63 per night, depending on type of accommodation and night of the week.

While my cabin, the Angel of Power Hermitage, was a minute's walk from the welcome center, where I had access to showers and toilets, it was just far enough away from everything else for me to lose myself in my work.

My mornings at the Christine Center began at 7 a.m. when a visiting expert led tai chi exercises as the morning meditation. On the way back to my hermitage, I'd often spot a doe standing absolutely still, her ears stretched high and wide, and her fawn nearby.

For $27 a day, guests can purchase one to three vegetarian meals in the Tassajara tradition. Wholesome and tasty, the meals nourish more than the body. They provide a chance to meet the other visitors, who may be physicians working on holistic medical treatments or nuns on retreat from missions all over the world.

After a dinner with such pleasant camaraderie, I'd walk back to my little refuge through a meadow of late-summer flowers feeling physically and spiritually full.

THE ST. BENEDICT CENTER

4200 County Highway M
Middleton, WI 53562-2317
Tel. 608/836-1631 www.sbcenter.org

A place of monastic retreat can be found minutes from our state Capitol.

Just north of Middleton, the St. Benedict Center sits in the rolling hills overlooking Lake Mendota. The stately cream-brick monastery is surrounded by woods with paths and reflection benches.

Quiet reigns among the single Christian women who live at the monastery in a cycle of prayer, work, study, and leisure, providing a restful backdrop for the harried commoner seeking respite.

The monastery bells call at mealtime and at prayer time, which visitors are welcome to join. During the day, retreat-seekers are free to walk the paths, explore the library, and use the common spaces. The grounds at St. Benedict serve as a model for successful prairie restoration and other environmentally sound initiatives.

Visitors can choose to stay in the main building—in this case, the monastery—or in one of the private one-bedroom cabins set along woods' edge for $20 to $35 a day, depending on length of stay. All cabins are recently remodeled, and each has a kitchenette and bathroom.

Seventeen guest rooms in the monastery offer private baths, desks, and air conditioning. Overnight rates are $40 for a single and $45 for a double.

Breakfast is complimentary, lunch costs $7.50, and dinner is $9. All meals feature simple, healthy foods including fresh-baked breads and vegetables from the center's garden.

Visitors of all faiths are welcome.

VALLEY RIDGE ART STUDIO
1825 Witek Road
Muscoda, WI
www.valleyridgeartstudio.com

If you're looking for a place that's remote, beautiful, and set up for some serious artmaking, Valley Ridge Art Studio just might fit the bill. At $90 a day for individual studio use, it is a splurge—and this does not include off-site lodging, which visitors must book separately—but it's a spectacular setting carefully designed to facilitate creativity.

Located in rural Muscoda in the Driftless region, the studio is set on 120 acres that include pine groves, meadows, and a trout stream. Although it is less than an hour from either Dodgeville or Mineral Point, Valley Ridge seems more remote than that—a true refuge.

Proprietor and book artist Katherine Engen Malkasian has combined her background in psychology and art therapy to make Valley Ridge an enchanting and inspiring getaway.

The 24-by-32-foot studio also serves as a classroom for two- and three-day artmaking and writing workshops that Malkasian arranges during the warmer half of the year. It is spacious and sunny, ringed with windows, and is equipped for a wide range of visual arts projects. A combination of cool and warm light bulbs simulate natural light. Artists look out over a farmhouse, a barn, and a dramatically beautiful valley.

Dining and lodging is available in nearby towns like Boscobel and Fennimore.

By Deborah Kades

CALL FOR FELLOWS

Artist Truman Lowe. Scientist Jamie Thomson. Wisconsin Supreme Court Chief Justice Shirley Abrahamson. Poet and first Wisconsin poet laureate Ellen Kort.

What do these bright lights have in common? They are all Wisconsin Academy Fellows—men and women of extraordinary lifetime achievement in their fields. The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is now accepting nominations for Fellows, with a **deadline of February 15**. Nomination guidelines and materials are available at www.wisconsinacademy.org. You may also call 608/263-1692 ext. 14 (Gail Kohl) for more information.

Model Fellows: Historian Gerda Lerner (left) and social scientist Sister Esther Heffernan.

Go Monastic

There are dozens more retreat centers in Wisconsin offering individual accommodations for artistic or spiritual purposes. Useful websites include:
www.allaboutretreats.com/centers/wisconsin
www.retreatsonline.com/usa/wisconsin

and the following centers, to name a few:

Carmelite Hermitage, Hudson, tel. 715/386-2156, www.pressenter.com/~carmelit/

Sisters of St. Agnes, Fond du Lac, tel. 920/907-2300

Rieti Hermitage, Sisters of St. Francis, St. Francis, www.lakeosfs.org/SpiritualOpportunities.htm

Franciscan Spirituality Center, La Crosse, tel. 608/791-5295, www.franciscanspiritualitycenter.org

Mt. Carmel Hermitage, Amery, tel. 715/268-9313

Camp Amnicon, South Range, tel. 715/364-2602, www.amnicon.org

MADE IN

A roundup of recent newsworthy products and people with Wisconsin ties.

LEGACY CHOCOLATES

544 South Broadway, Menomonie, WI 54751
Tel. 715/231-2580 www.legacychocolates.com

For a feature story on artisanal foods, *Newsweek* chose 15 "best picks" from hundreds of products around the nation. While it's no surprise that a Wisconsin product made the cut—our state is a leader in artisanal foods—it was heartening to see a chocolatier in tiny Menomonie grab the spotlight.

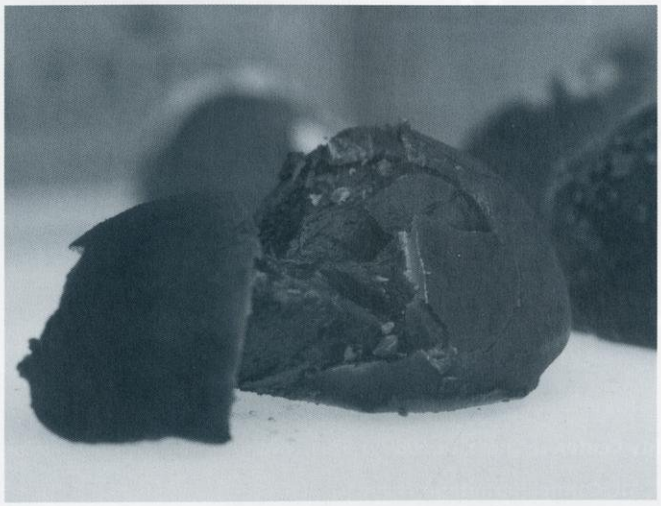
"Artisanal" has been defined in all kinds of ways, but *Newsweek* says it well: "Artisanal businesses still bear the hand and heart of their originator. They are small by definition, dedicated to high quality and high flavor."

That spirit is certainly alive in Legacy Chocolates' founder, Michael Roberts, a master pastry chef who studied with Henri Lafitte in St. Louis. "I feel our truffles are so special because of focused human intent," he says. "'Legacy' means we are known by the footprints we leave. We farm and do business with future generations in mind."

Cocoa and other ingredients used by Legacy are produced through sustainable farming practices, says Roberts. He uses only Crillo cocoa beans from Venezuela because he believes in their superior quality.

And at Legacy, cocoa is the thing. The company is best known for its truffles, which are made and ranked by cocoa intensity. The strongest is 85 percent, which is Roberts' personal favorite and also Legacy's bestseller. "It's chocolate to the 10th degree!" says Roberts.

Learn more about Legacy—and order yourself some truffles!—at www.legacychocolates.com



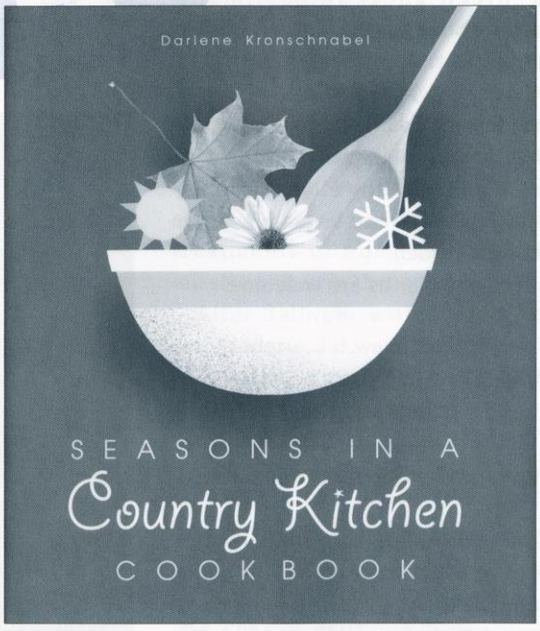
Eighty-five-proof cocoa intensity: Can you handle it?

TASTE TREATS FROM JONES BOOKS

Seasons in a Country Kitchen Cookbook,
by Darlene Kronschnabel (Jones Books)

Wisconsin-based Jones Books scored national attention when its book *Eating Like Queens*, a taste tour through the borough, received favorable mention and a color jacket photo in the *New York Times*. Closer to home, Wisconsin residents can enjoy Jones offerings with its *Seasons in a Country Kitchen Cookbook,* a warm, cozy trip back in time with De Pere author Darlene Kronschnabel, who makes the flavors and aromas of her farm upbringing come alive.

Kronschnabel and her family very naturally "cooked with the seasons" long before that phrase was fashionably revived; they simply used ingredients available to them locally at any given time of year. Along with such recipes as country spareribs and sauerkraut, hickory nut pumpkin pie, German red cabbage with apples, and paprika chicken, you'll hear stories about such quaint figures and traditions as the gossip-carrying milkman, the neighborhood butchering bee, and Moving Day, in which tenant farmers helped one another with their frequent relocations. Love of family and love of food get all mixed up in this book, which is tender and nostalgic without being sentimental. Above all, it will make you hungry—and no doubt add to your culinary prowess.



Darlene Kronschnabel's book serves a delightful blend of food and family.

WISCONSIN

LUANA MONTEIRO'S DEBUT

Luana Monteiro's first book, a novella and story collection titled *Little Star of Bela Lua* (Delphinium), has received widespread critical acclaim, including a Critic's Choice review in *People* magazine. Monteiro, 28, was born and raised in Brazil, but she recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison's first MFA in Creative Writing class and continues to reside in Madison.

Her stories feature such characters as a young woman who wanders the land as a kind of dueling musical poet, a Brazilian tradition reserved for men; a priest who questions the morality of converting natives in the Amazon; and a sea creature who appears in a Brazilian village and works apparent miracles on the residents.

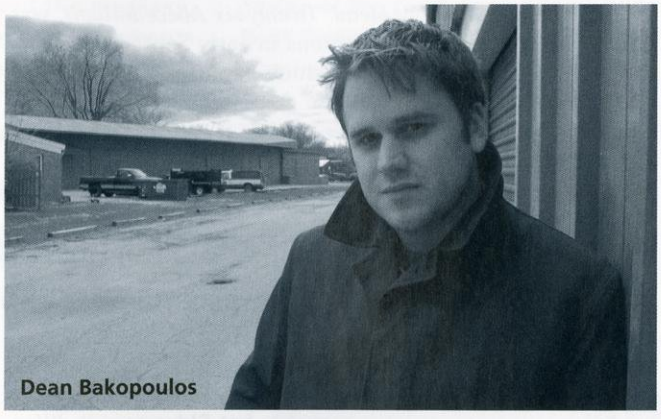
"Beautifully written and wonderfully drawn, this *Little Star* is a wonder," declares *People*.

Luana Monteiro

DEAN BAKOPOULOS

Most recent national sighting: Debut novel, *Please Don't Come Back from the Moon* (cheapskate alert—about to appear in paperback), named one of the *New York Times* 100 Notable Books of the Year. As that paper's review last spring noted: "By deftly welding magic realism with social satire, Bakopoulos captures the dark side of the working-class dream."

West Coast sighting: The author wrote a *Los Angeles Times* op-ed piece in response to General Motors' pre-Thanksgiving layoff announcement of 30,000 workers. Said Bakopoulos: "For my generation, born at the end of America's Golden Age (I was born in 1975, post-Vietnam, post-Watergate, post-energy crisis, post-labor), life in the Rust Belt has been a steady process of downward mobility. I was lucky enough to write a novel about the Rust Belt that got me out of debt and low-wage work; most of the people I write about have not been so fortunate."

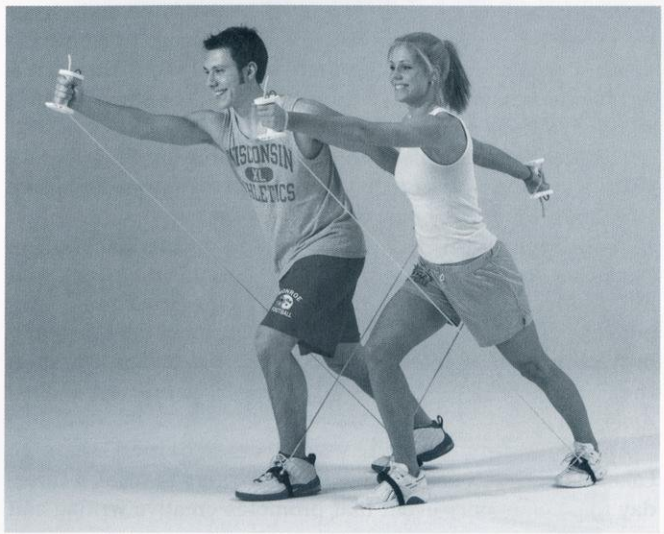

Dean Bakopoulos

THE SKI WALK from Lifeline

3201 Syene Road, Madison, WI 53713
Tel. 800/553-6633 www.lifelineusa.com

You're seeing it here first—and now it's going national. The "Ski Walk" is the latest product from fitness impresario Bobby Hinds, a former champion boxer who began selling specialty jump ropes in his backyard just over 30 years ago and has since built an empire based on a "simple is best" concept of workouts. His wide range of products are based on resistance bands, medicine balls and other types of rubber balls, chin-up bars, and of course, jump ropes, all of them portable and inexpensive. "Costs less than a pair of sneakers!" his brochures frequently proclaim. Another slogan: "Pumping rubber is better than pumping iron!"

The Ski Walk (cost: $29.95, including DVD and carrying case) continues the Hinds franchise. Two resistance bands attached to grips and stirrups allow the user to simulate the movement of cross-country skiing, though the exercise is also good preparation for golf, tennis, and a number of other sports. Another benefit: it's multidirectional (unlike, say, a Nordic Track), allowing for a workout from a range of angles and positions.

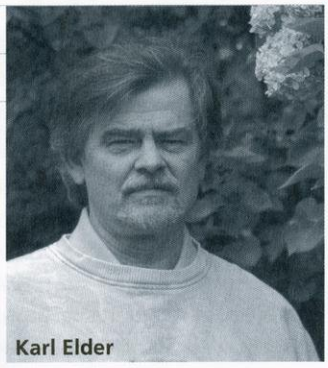

Try this at home! Bobby Hinds' latest invention simulates the movement of cross-country skiing.

Life in Letters

Minding his ABCs

Sheboygan poet scores a big hit with a collection of "abecedariums."

By Heather Lee Schroeder


Karl Elder

Karl Elder, the author of seven collections of poetry and a professor of creative writing and poetry at Lakeland College in Sheboygan, is quick to reject categorization of his work. That made writing his biographical essay for this year's edition of *Best American Poetry* tough.

He's not a language poet, for example, although a reader could be forgiven for thinking he is. He's not a formalist, although he loves form and his latest work adheres to a strict formalist tradition. Instead, Elder, 57, has built his writing and teaching career around the idea of conscious change.

"To me, range is important—that is, the ability to shift to different modes," he explained in a recent interview. "The most important poets, to my mind, are the most protean. That is, they can change."

Elder's new collection, *Mead: Twenty-six Abecedariums,* was published by Marsh River Editions in early September. From the playful "Transportation," which explores the American obsession with cars, to the haunting "September Ever After," a response to 9/11, these poems embody both playful self-expression and a deeply intellectual reflection on the larger world.

They also adhere to a strict formalist tradition—an abecedarium is a poem in which each line begins with each letter of the alphabet in order. The form is sometimes considered a kind of intellectual practice exercise, but Elder sees it differently.

Elder hasn't always worked in formal poetry, but he believes *Mead* set him free, partly because a cohesive force underlying the collection allowed his innate love of language to emerge.

"I had such joy working on *Mead* that I went through a terrible depression when I was done with it," he says. "I didn't know what I was going to do next."

The idea for the collection had been brewing for about 15 years, says Elder. He credits James Merrill's award-winning 1976 book, *Divine Comedies*, as inspiration.

In addition to this new book, Elder won the 2005 Lorine Niedecker Award from the Council of Wisconsin Writers. And his chapbook, *The Minimalist's How-to Handbook,* was published in May by Parallel Press, an imprint of the University of Wisconsin–Madison Libraries. Elder's poetry appeared on the "Verse Daily" website and in the 2005 edition of *Best American Poetry.*

And, rounding out a busy year, Elder helped organize Lakeland College's annual Great Lakes Writers Festival, a three-day free community event that promotes creative writing and offers Sheboygan-area high school students an opportunity to work with published authors.

Elder also serves as editor of *Seems,* a literary magazine produced by Lakeland College—all of this while teaching four undergraduate classes each semester.

"I don't think there is a life on this earth that is better than mine," says Elder. "I get to help people bloom. Their consciousness expands."

In the midst of this prodigious output and recognition, Elder also has been writing *Mead*'s companion, *Z Ain't Just for Zabecedarium,* a collection of 26 poems that work backward through the alphabet. (And he already has won a prize for this work—eight that were published last summer in the *Beloit Poetry Journal* just received the $3,000 Chad Walsh Poetry Prize.)

"I don't think there is a life on this earth that is better than mine," says Elder. "I get to help people bloom. Their consciousness expands."

Elder's backward strategy of composing the poems doesn't eliminate the difficulties of dealing with lines that begin with X, Y, and Z—but it does get the toughest work done first, says Elder.

"Remember when you were a little kid?" he asks. "And someone pushed you down into a puddle? Then you got on the slide, but your crotch was wet, so you were pushing and pushing and you can't get down. That's what it's like [to write these poems]. You're struggling halfway down and then zip.

"I've got a plan. I've got a direction. And I've got a sabbatical during spring semester!" he adds.

In his essay "The Poet," Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "A man is only half himself, the other half is his expression." Those words resonate deeply with Elder.

"Somewhere along the way, I decided to use my potential," he says, reflecting on his career.

Clearly that strategy is paying off.

Heather Lee Schroeder, a longtime books columnist for ***The Capital Times*** *in Madison, is an MFA student in creative writing at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. In "Life in Letters," she takes a look at writers and the writing life in our state.*

Shout "Hallelujah!"

Our poetry editor, John Lehman, generates excitement with a collection pioneering a new form.

It's longer than haiku—but often not by much. Meet the short "justified poem" in a new collection by John Lehman called *Shorts: 101 Brief Poems of Wonder and Surprise* (Zelda Wilde Publishing).

How does one set out to create a new form of poetry?

"This particular form grew out of doing prose poems," explains Lehman. "I wanted a way to keep the advantages that form offers, and yet intensify it. The simple solution was shortening lines. But that affects content and tone. It took years of trial and error working with this new form to feel that I could effectively match subject matter with the manner in which it was communicated."

He was inspired along the way by some notable masters.

"Lorine Niedecker's work helped, but ultimately it was the dynamics Robert Frost used—stringing the declarative sentence over iambic pentameter lines—that demonstrated this form's real potential. My lines are not intentionally iambic pentameter, but they are consciously limited, as his were."

The poem's brevity leads to an extreme distillation of the message, Lehman notes. "Extraneous elements have been boiled away; what remains is essential."

The resulting poems—short and potent—are having a powerful effect among at least a few readers.

"Lehman is the master of the telling last image or line, the kind that socks into place like a baseball hitting the sweet spot in a glove," says poet Harriet Brown, editor of *Wisconsin Trails*, in a book jacket blurb. "I wanted to leap out of my desk chair and shout 'Hallelujah!'"

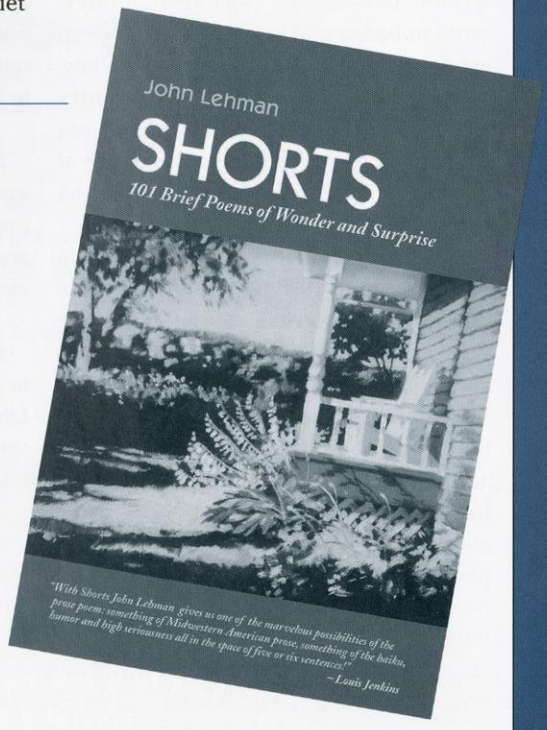
John Lehman is the founder of *Rosebud* magazine, the poetry editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, and publisher of the free street quarterly *Cup of Poems and a Side of Prose*. His previous collections of poetry are *Shrine of the Tooth Fairy* (Cambridge Book Review Press) and *Dogs Dream of Running* (Salmon Run Press).

His new collection and his nonfiction books, *America's Greatest Unknown Poet: Lorine Niedecker* and *Everything is Changing,* are both available from Zelda Wilde Publishing, of which he is a managing partner.

Sample from *Shorts*, by John Lehman

Two Hours After
My Father's Death

His body in the hospital
bed shrunk, the breath
out from his lungs gone
somewhere. I see why
we believe in ghosts. He
is free to become the
man I remember and we,
to return home.



Authors and Illustrators Roam the State

All Wisconsin communities can take pride in our state's authors and illustrators—and, thanks to the Wisconsin Center for the Book, our communities can meet these artists in person as well.

For the past 10 years, the Wisconsin Center for the Book's "Wisconsin Authors and Illustrators Speak" program has been awarding grants to allow libraries and other organizations to bring authors and illustrators to their communities.

The tally so far is impressive. Since 1995, more than 60 communities have presented free events through the program. More than 70 authors and illustrators have participated as speakers. Among the 50 state centers for the book across the country, Wisconsin's is unique in offering an annual grant competition enabling presentations by writers of adult and juvenile fiction and nonfiction, poets, and artists.

The Wisconsin Center for the Book, affiliated with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, is committed to the continuation and expansion of this successful signature program. Any Wisconsin nonprofit organization interested in books and reading are eligible to apply for a grant. Applications, due in July, are judged on the basis of community outreach and collaboration, thoroughness of planning, and rationale for the choice of speaker. Details will be posted at www.wisconsinacademy.org/book.

Wisconsin Authors and Illustrators Speak began in 1995 with funds from the Library of Congress. Since then, the program has been supported by individual gifts and the Wisconsin Academy. The Center's goal is to increase the size of the honorarium paid to each participant and the number of grants available. Gifts for program expansion are welcome; checks with that designation may be made payable to the Wisconsin Center for the Book, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53726. Any questions may be directed to program chair Jane Roeber, jroeber@wisc.edu, 608/238-9790.

by Jane Roeber

UPCOMING EVENTS INCLUDE THESE COMMUNITIES:

Frederic, where the public library hosts Carolyn Wedin (*Inheritors of the Spirit: Mary White Ovington and the Founding of the NAACP*) in February (Black History Month). For details, call the library at 715/327-4979.

Wisconsin Rapids, where the Wisconsin Rapids Community Theatre, the Central Wisconsin Cultural Center, and the McMillan Public Library host Margot Peters (*Design for Living* and *House of Barrymore*) at the library on Saturday, March 25. More information at 715/424-7518 (Cathy Meils).

Carolyn Wedin

Margot Peters

AND RECENTLY INCLUDED THE FOLLOWING VENUES:

Janesville, where the public library and Rock County Quilters sponsored quilt-themed writer Jennifer Chiaverini in October.

Menomonie, where a local writers group joined the public library to present a workshop and public appearance by Michael Perry (*Population 489* and *Off Main Street*) in September.

Minocqua, where Stuart Stotts (*Books in a Box: Lutie Stearns and the Traveling Libraries of Wisconsin*) gave programs at the public library and public school in late fall.

Monona, where the public library and local schools invited Kashmira Sheth (*Blue Jasmine*) to speak in November during Children's Book Week.

Monroe, where Judith Strasser (*Black Eye: Escaping a Marriage, Writing a Life* and *Sand Island Succession: Poems of the Apostles*) appeared in October at the Monroe Arts Center.

Verona, where a senior English class at Verona High School focusing on Wisconsin authors had an opportunity to interact with Michael Perry in late fall. Also in Verona, the public library in November featured Kris Radish (*Run, Bambi, Run* and *The Elegant Gathering of White Snows*).

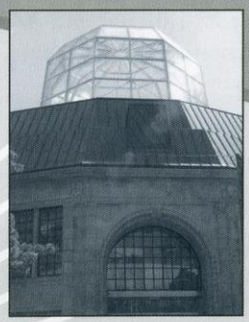
the gallery

The James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy in Madison's Overture Center for the Arts showcases new and established artists from all around the state—one of very few galleries dedicated to Wisconsin artists. Many exhibits presented there tour to other galleries in Wisconsin.

the idea

The Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy brings together Wisconsin residents with a diverse array of experts and stakeholders to find solutions to statewide problems. "The Future of Farming and Rural Life in Wisconsin" is the newest initiative in this program.

$25 gets you here!



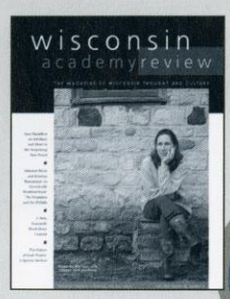
the public forums

These gatherings bring the public together with experts on a wide variety of timely topics for fruitful discussion and learning. A forum series called Academy Evenings takes place at the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison as well as at partnering venues in greater Milwaukee and the Fox Valley. More locations will be added in coming years.

the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters connects people and ideas from all walks of life to celebrate thought, culture, and nature in our state and address our common problems.

Our programs are a catalyst for ideas and action.

By becoming a member, you will support these vital programs—and enhance your life by becoming a part of them!



the review

The award-winning *Wisconsin Academy Review* is the only magazine in the state to highlight contemporary Wisconsin thought and culture. It features art, fiction, poetry, and articles by and about the thinkers who help shape our state.

Your $25 membership* includes the following materials:

- The Wisconsin Academy Review, our quarterly magazine (retail value: $20)
- Invitations to our gallery receptions, special events, and forums
- Discounts on ticketed Wisconsin Academy events, including our forums and writing contests
- Our peer-reviewed journal, Transactions, devoted to topics treated in various Wisconsin Academy programs

*special one-year intro rate; regular price $35.

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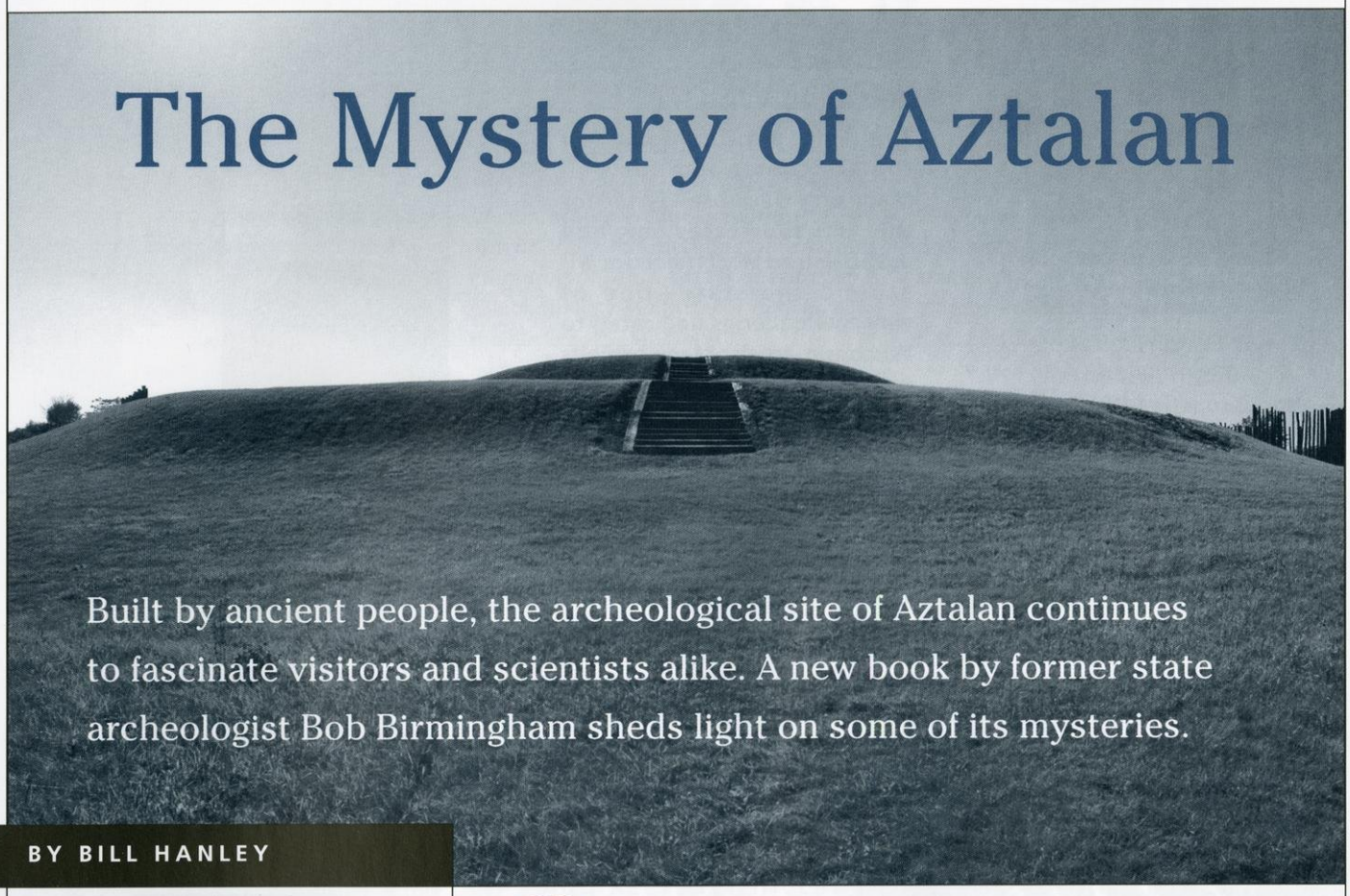
The Mystery of Aztalan



Built by ancient people, the archeological site of Aztalan continues to fascinate visitors and scientists alike. A new book by former state archeologist Bob Birmingham sheds light on some of its mysteries.

BY BILL HANLEY

Long ago, it was a bustling town: The reconstructed Southwest Platform Mound welcomes visitors to Aztalan.

Photo by Joel Heiman courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

OF COURSE YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.

Still, if you stand on the bank of the Crawfish River as it borders Aztalan, you might be hard-pressed to explain the chill that creeps up your vertebrae and causes you to shiver. There is something indefinably engaging about those ancient cornfields, the stockades, and the monstrous earthen pyramids of Aztalan.

Maybe it has something to do with the sophisticated society that once lived here with a complex social structure. Perhaps it has something to do with the violence and warfare that seems to have been a part of life in this heavily fortified town. At one time, it was even believed that Aztalan harbored cannibals, a theory that has since been discredited and abandoned, although it is possible that some ritualistic form of this practice may have existed.

Or maybe it has something to do with the mysterious "princess," a slightly deformed young woman who was buried with great wealth and ceremony.

You know that those ephemeral gray wisps drifting upward are merely remnants of ground fog, and the sounds you hear, so much like the commotion of a busy metropolis awakening, are really only rustling leaves and wind.

And certainly you don't believe in ghosts—though at Aztalan it would be so easy.

Aztalan is Wisconsin's most impressive and valuable archeological site.

Here, hundreds of years before Columbus staked a claim to the hemisphere, a sophisticated village of as many as 500 people, now referred to as Mississippians, thrived on the banks of the Crawfish River. By the time European adventurers made their way into what we now know as Wisconsin, Aztalan had been abandoned for four centuries. Who these people were, how they lived, and what became of them has led to much scientific study and debate, and more than a little archeological fantasy.

Today the site, just outside of Lake Mills, is a 172-acre state park. As state parks go, it is a very simple facility. It has a shelter, some picnic tables, drinking water, and pit toilets. There are no campgrounds, showers, electrical hook-ups, or dumping stations. But that's not important. For those who love and are fascinated by Aztalan, what's important is the site's past, the reconstructed stockade and pyramidal mounds, the history, the mystery, and the ghosts.

There are so many questions still to be answered.

For instance: Who was the "princess"? She represents one of the few burials found at Aztalan. She was buried with great honor and three belts made of thousands of shells. She had a spinal deformity, which in some Native American cultures automatically bestowed a certain status. We refer to her as the princess, though the concept of "princess" was probably not used among the Mississippians. Was she a shaman or a priestess? Was she a teacher, or did she possess skills and understanding far beyond those of the common people of Aztalan? Was she the wife or daughter of a ruler? Did she have some connection to the all-important agricultural foundation of the people?

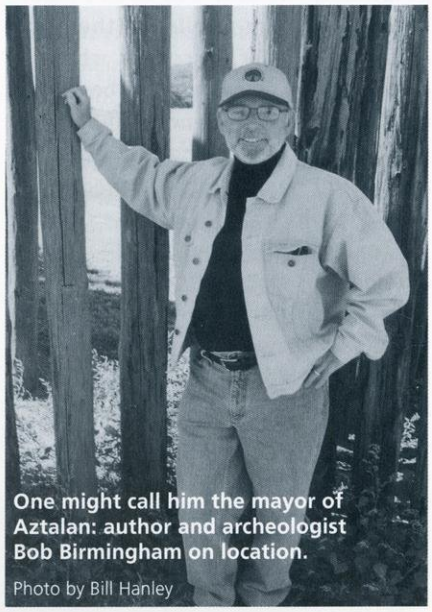
Which brings us to Aztalan's most compelling question: What happened to the people?

They seemed to have vanished in about 1250 A.D. Where did they go, and why did they disappear so suddenly? Although the town was burned during or at some point after abandonment, there is no sign of a massacre or total destruction of the village. Perhaps they simply faded into the Woodland Indian population with whom they shared the Aztalan site, intermarried with them, and moved on to become the Ho-Chunk or the Ioway or other nations the Europeans found living in the area. Perhaps they simply, inexplicably, died off, leaving their ghosts to fish the Crawfish and sit atop the mounds observing the changes over the centuries.

THE AZTALAN DETECTIVE

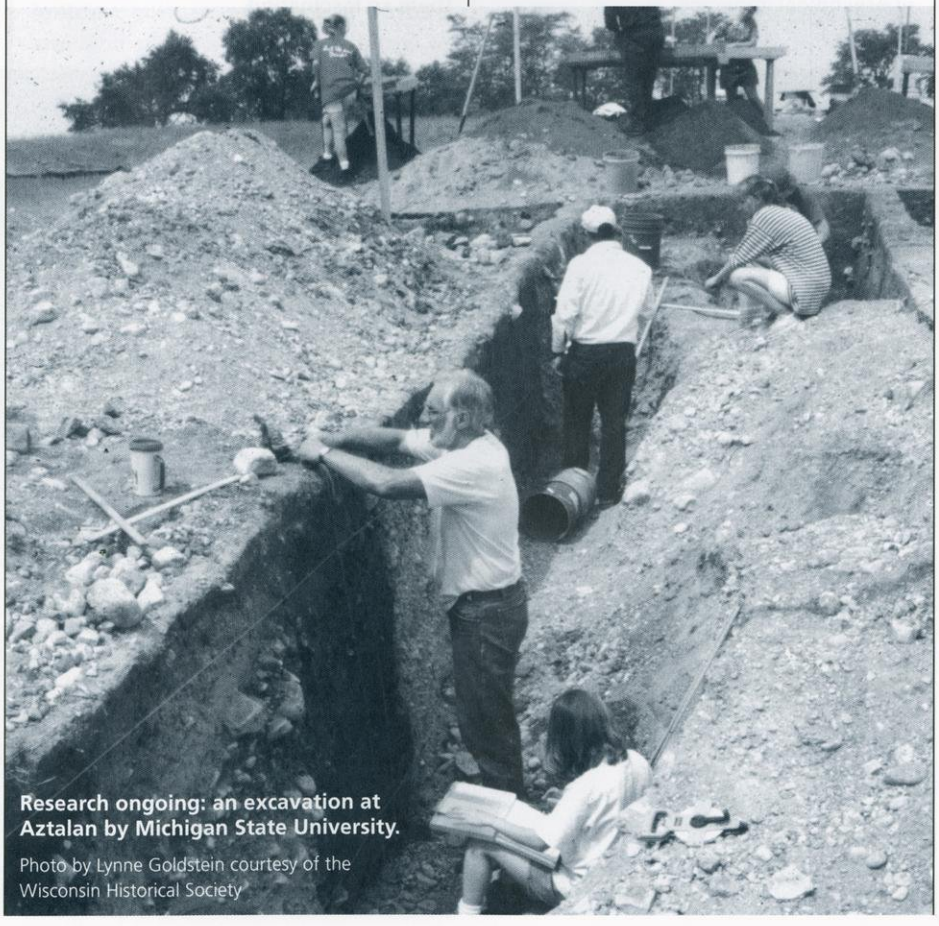
Bob Birmingham doesn't believe in ghosts, at least none that he'll admit to. He's a scientist, an archeologist who searches for the tangible, verifiable realities that have been left behind at Aztalan as indicators of the technology, culture, theology, and everyday life of the advanced civilization that once lived there.

Birmingham is a Wisconsin native who got his undergraduate and masters of science degrees at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. His fascination with the state's ancient history led him to the position of state archeologist, from which he recently retired. He is



One might call him the mayor of Aztalan: author and archeologist Bob Birmingham on location.

Photo by Bill Hanley



Research ongoing: an excavation at Aztalan by Michigan State University.

Photo by Lynne Goldstein courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

now teaching some archeology and anthropology courses at the University of Wisconsin–Waukesha.

Birmingham conducted extensive research on another Wisconsin archeological treasure, the effigy mounds that can be found throughout the southern portion of the state. In 2000 he and Leslie Eisenberg published the book *Indian Mounds of Wisconsin*, which is considered by many to be the best book on the subject for general audiences and last year won the Elizabeth A. Steinberg Prize from the University of Wisconsin Press.

Fresh off the press is his book *Aztalan: Mysteries of an Ancient Indian Town* (Wisconsin Historical Society), which will be available in February. This is the first major book on Aztalan since S. A. Barrett's revered 1933 classic, *Ancient Aztalan*. The book teams Birmingham with Michigan State University anthropologist Lynne Goldstein to translate the scientific knowledge we have of the site into language that can be appreciated by a nontechnical audience.

"Aztalan is an amazing site," says Birmingham, almost with reverence. "It is a site where you can clearly see a civilization that had made the transition from hunting and gathering to agriculture. Aztalan can in fact be considered Wisconsin's first year-round agricultural town."

Birmingham's devotion extends to heading "Friends of Aztalan State Park," a group dedicated to raising funds for a multimillion-dollar interpretive center for the park. He talks Aztalan with visitors to the site and is willing to share his knowledge and enthusiasm. And he sees Aztalan not only as a scientific wonder full of romance and mystery, but also as an economic asset to Jefferson County and the state of Wisconsin.

WORTH THE FASCINATION

To justify major investment in Aztalan, it helps to understand who the people of Aztalan were and what made them so fascinating.

Aztalan was one of the northernmost outposts of a culture archeologists call Middle Mississippians. The Middle Mississippians were dominant in the American Midwest and Southeast from about 1050 A.D. to roughly 1250 A.D.

By all estimates, this was a very complex and sophisticated society. They were planners, warriors, farmers, and builders. The city and towns they established were not what comes to mind when we think of Native American communities. Middle Mississippians built walled villages, often with intricate entry gates. The walls were built with huge logs forming the basic structure. They were then interwoven with sinewy willow branches and plastered with a mud, clay, and grass mixture called wattle and daub to make a solid wall.

The heart of these villages were huge pyramidal, flat-topped mounds with buildings on top. Most of these mounds were built from the ground up, a basketful of dirt at a time, and represented thousands of hours of work by laborers. A completed mound was often

The past is present: Aztalan has been named a National Landmark and also is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Visitors can learn about the site through self-guided tour brochures and interpretive signs.

Photo by Joel Heiman courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

capped with a clay coating and had steps leading to the top.

Some of these mounds served as platforms for the residences of community leaders. Others served as bases for temples or religious centers where various rites and ceremonies were performed. Others served as council houses. Some, like one at Aztalan, were reserved for a charnel house or mausoleum where some of the population—members of the nobility—were laid to rest.

The largest and most impressive of the Mississippian sites was a metropolis we call Cahokia, located in Illinois just a few miles across the river from today's St. Louis. Cahokia was really the mother of all Mississippian sites in the Midwest. At its peak, anywhere from 10,000 to 20,000 people lived at Cahokia. It was the largest city in North America at the time. It was even larger than London!

Cahokia had more than 100 mounds, the largest of which was more than 14 acres at its base and at least 100 feet tall—as tall as a 10-story building. It was comprised of more than 22 million cubic feet of earth, built by Mississippian workers who carried one basket of earth at a time. Burials found at Cahokia indicate that human sacrifice was, indeed, a Mississippian practice.

Aztalan, and the entire Lake Mills/Rock Lake area, is a sheet of flypaper for improbable or outlandish suggestions, including that it was an outpost of the lost city of Atlantis.

Physically, Cahokia and the other major Mississippian sites would have been every bit as impressive as anything the Aztecs or Mayans built of stone. As traders, prehistoric Mississippians traded for copper from Lake Superior and shells from the Gulf of Mexico.

In Wisconsin, Aztalan had three large platform mounds within the walled town, all damaged by 19th-century agriculture. Two have been reconstructed after archeological exploration.

ONGOING SPECULATION

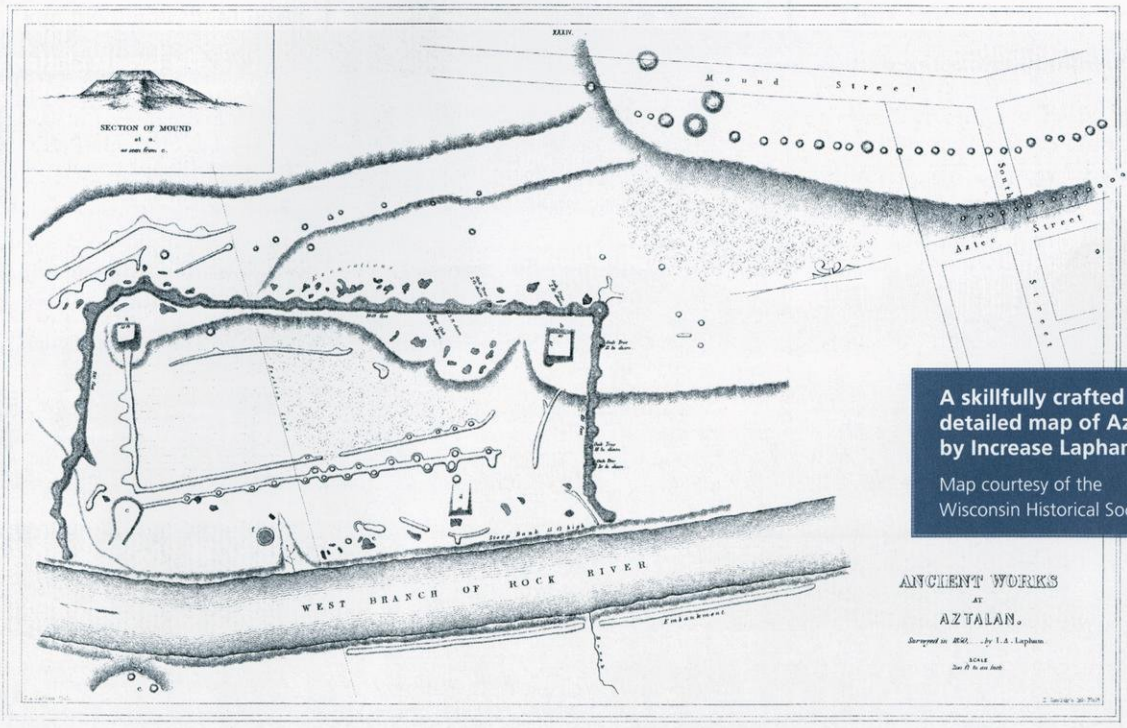
One would think that a pyramid-building culture, evidence of warfare and violence, the mysterious burial of the "princess," and the strange, sudden disappearance of the Mississippian culture would be enough to keep the imagination busy—that focusing on these elements would leave little mental energy for fantasy or wild speculation.

Not so.

Aztalan, and the entire Lake Mills/Rock Lake area, is a sheet of flypaper for some rather improbable or outlandish suggestions that have to be pondered at least momentarily.

Some have insisted that Aztalan was, in fact, an ancient outpost of the people of Atlantis. Yes, Plato's Atlantis, the advanced society that sank, blew up, or for some other reason disappeared thousands of years ago. Apparently, without the homeland for support, the people of Aztalan could not survive and fell into decline.

That is just one of the many less-than-credible theories. Some of these ideas are proposed by a branch of theorists who tend to believe that something as complex as Aztalan (and as creative and impressive as Wisconsin's effigy



A skillfully crafted and detailed map of Aztalan by Increase Lapham, 1850.

Map courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

mounds) could not have been built by the natives discovered here by Columbus. Early believers in this theory had the actual creators of the mounds coming from Europe before Columbus, being part of the lost tribes of Israel (in some way getting their direction from sophisticated ancient societies), or being members of an unidentified culture of Caucasians who were overrun by the native population.

Another person promoting alternatives to accepted archeological findings is Dr. James Scherz. Scherz, a retired professor of civil engineering from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, is research director of the Ancient Earthworks Society, a Wisconsin-based organization promoting investigation and preservation of such archeological features as effigy mounds, temple mounds such as those found at Aztalan, and other earthen monuments.

Scherz is quite fervent in his belief that there is more to the Mississippians than traditional archeologists choose to admit.

Regarding Aztalan, Scherz credits the Mississippians with exceptional mathematical, geometric, and urban planning skills. "The site was not merely haphazardly laid out, but was carefully planned before construction," Scherz says.

To what purpose? Says Scherz, "At Aztalan, the entire complex of mounds seems to be devoted to a long and very precise solar sunrise calendar at the winter solstice." He correctly points out that the comings and goings of the sun are of critical importance to populations just getting into the agriculture business.

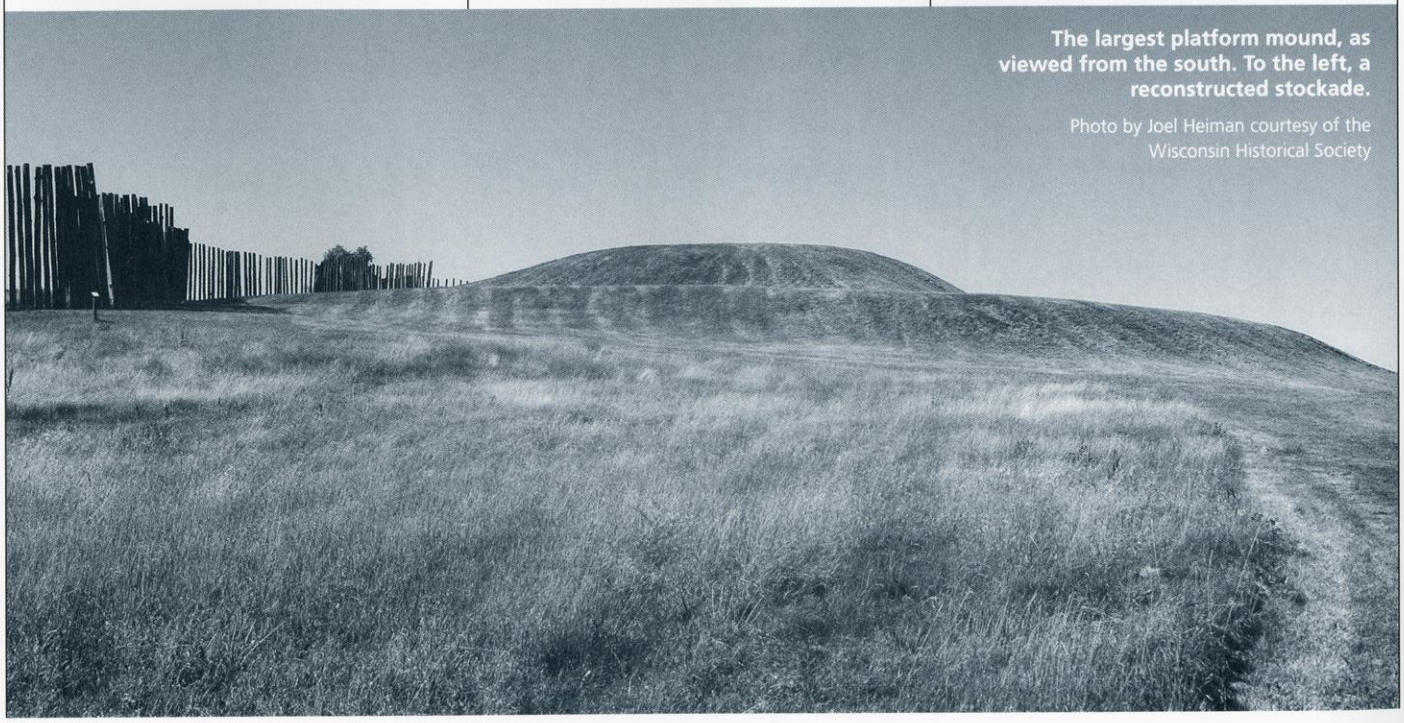
Scherz does not think Aztalan was the northernmost outpost of the Mississippians, but rather that their culture actually went all the way to Lake Superior, where they were heavily involved in copper trading.

In fact, he believes there were Aztalan-like mounds all along the waterways from Lake Superior south. "Temple mounds of the Mississippian culture are not merely found in Wisconsin at what we call Aztalan," he says, "but along a corridor associated with the waterways connecting the south with the ancient copper mines of Lake Superior. As such they may be looked at as similar to modern truck stops along a modern highway in Canada leading to the modern oil field."

The Mississippians, much like many pre-Columbian cultures, did in fact trade for copper and probably considered it a precious metal. But there's not much evidence to suggest that they had northern outposts and actually mined it themselves. Birmingham agrees that a Mississippian presence has been documented for northern Michigan and that Aztalan may have had a role in Mississippian trade. But he notes that not much copper has been found at Aztalan—mostly small tools and ornaments—and likewise copper is not in any great quantity at the city of Cahokia. He does not believe that copper trade was the primary reason for the existence of Aztalan.

Much of Scherz's knowledge of ancient Aztalan comes from a now-deceased Indian friend from Sheboygan named Pamita. According to Scherz, "He said that nearby were the big springs now flooded over in Rock Lake." Pamita told Scherz that these springs were honored as magical waters, much like believers view the waters at Lourdes and other religious sites. He also says the collapse of the Mississippian culture at Aztalan came about because the priests "did some very bad things."

Some of Scherz's unconventional ideas are not looked upon with particular favor among many other professionals. But he will continue asking questions as long as the mysteries of Aztalan remain unsolved. And well he should. Such investigators



The largest platform mound, as viewed from the south. To the left, a reconstructed stockade.

Photo by Joel Heiman courtesy of the Wisconsin Historical Society

serve to toss new ideas into the hat and, if nothing else, spark archeological discovery in the very process of disputing such theories.

TIES TO MODERN PEOPLE

As archeologists excavate, theorize, and even celebrate Aztalan, there's an important group to bear in mind: modern Native Americans. Like many other non-Native researchers, Birmingham tries to be respectful and considerate of Native American spirituality and sensibilities in presenting his work.

Obviously a sensitive area is revealing discoveries of possible violence and human sacrifice at some sites. Who wants to be told they are descended from such brutality? But Birmingham points out that many societies of the world have had episodes of violence that they would rather not be reminded of.

"In times of great stress, such as wartime, human beings have engaged in practices we would now consider barbaric—cannibalism, torture, human sacrifice. You want to avoid sensationalizing it or making it sound unique to just a few specific groups," he says.

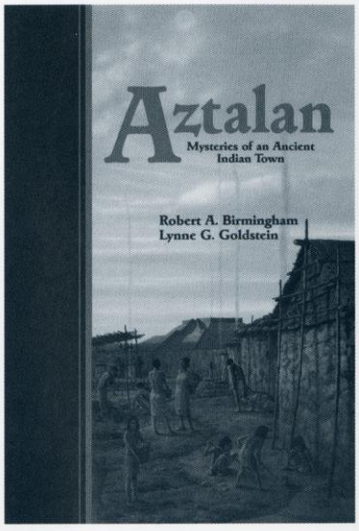
Some, however, still want to downplay violence in Native North America. Many find even having archeologists digging up the dead at such sites as Aztalan to be offensive.

Nettie Kingsley, a former tribal historic preservation officer for the Ho-Chunk Nation, has a different view. It is believed that the Ho-Chunk are descended from the Woodland cultures like those who lived at the Aztalan site in some sort of coexistence with the Mississippians.

When it comes to the work of archeologists at Aztalan, is Kingsley offended? "Personally I'm not," she says. "There's some unwritten history here. It justifies who we are. You have to give up something to get proof. This is my personal opinion. And to educate other people, you have to have proof."

What angers and frustrates Kingsley is what she calls the bias of many textbooks. "It really upsets me to see what my grandchildren are not being taught. History begins in the 1600s, according to them." Kingsley points out that too many textbooks and historians treat the Indians in pre-Columbian America as so much wildlife that just happened to exist here when the Europeans came.

Why is so little consideration given to the concept that the Mississippians and other pre-Columbian Indians had cultures as sophisticated and structured, and certainly as complex, as most of the civilizations we extol in our



history texts? Why do our schools and textbooks ignore the Mississippians? Why is it that people living in Wisconsin barely know of Aztalan and its amazing culture when the remnants are so obvious at Aztalan State Park?

One reason probably has to do with racism and religious bias of the early European explorers, as Kingsley points out. Another has to do with the lack of a written language. Had there been Middle Mississippian texts or hieroglyphics that we could actually sit down and decipher, people might have been more aware of their story. Also, the pyramidal mounds left behind by the Mississippians were constructed of the dominant building material available—dirt. Had they been made of stone or brick, they might have been impressive enough to merit more attention like the temples of the Aztecs, Mayans, or Incas. The Mississippians certainly were every bit as sophisticated and deserving of our attention.

And that's where Bob Birmingham and Friends of Aztalan State Park come in. The Wisconsin State Department of Natural Resources has approved a plan that will provide protection for the archeological features of the park as well as develop a multimillion-dollar interpretive center. Other communities have already discovered the value of such centers in attracting tourism. There are such sites as Dickson Mounds, Illinois, and the Angel Mounds site in Evansville, Indiana. A beautiful 33,000-square-foot interpretive center (with a price tag of $8 million) opened at Cahokia in 1989.

What's taking Wisconsin so long?

"It's really only slowly that states have been recognizing that the interpretation of Native American history is very important," Birmingham says. "And very beneficial in the form of heritage tourism. We're lagging behind many states in terms of recognizing the economic importance of historic sites. The Friends of Aztalan State Park are trying to change that awareness."

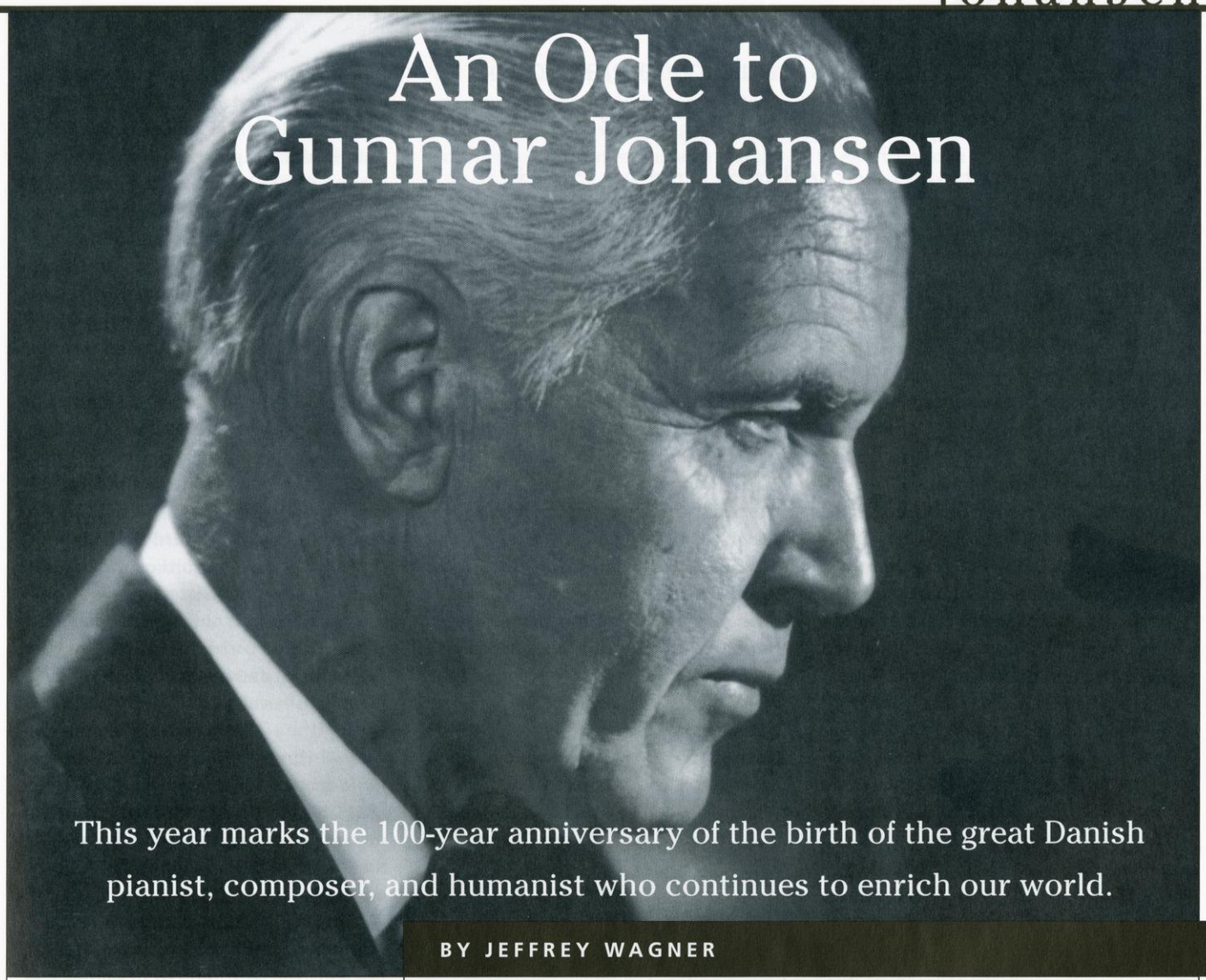
Birmingham says that by taking its time, "the DNR has devised a very good management plan for not only the site but the surrounding areas. And now the challenge is to get the funding to implement that well-thought-out plan."

Thus the goal of the Friends of Aztalan is to raise at least $1 million to get that interpretive center built.

One might wonder what the ghost of some ancient Mississippian ruler, standing atop a mound at Aztalan, would have to say about efforts to save his village, make sense of his culture, and explain the mysteries haunting this spot. If you're there early in the morning before the fog has lifted, you just might hear him. ✺

Bill Hanley is a freelance writer in Appleton. His interest in archeology stems from a two-year stint as a Vista volunteer on the Shoshone-Bannock reservation in Fort Hall, Idaho. He is director of development and communication for Habitat for Humanity of the Fox Cities.

An Ode to Gunnar Johansen



This year marks the 100-year anniversary of the birth of the great Danish pianist, composer, and humanist who continues to enrich our world.

BY JEFFREY WAGNER

Gunnar Johansen did not limit himself to music. Among his many intellectual endeavors was the "Leonardo Academy," an initiative bringing together thinkers from many different disciplines.

All photos courtesy of the Gunnar and Lorraine Johansen Charitable Trust

WHEN GUNNAR JOHANSEN (1906–1991) WAS INVITED to join the faculty of the University of Wisconsin as artist-in-residence in 1939, it was the beginning of a decades-long era of diverse contributions by this extraordinary Dane to the cultural life of Wisconsin. The legacy of this concert pianist, composer, teacher, and multidisciplinary visionary continues to resonate here on the 100th anniversary of his birth in Copenhagen. Johansen served on the UW faculty until his retirement in 1976, after which he remained active performing, recording, and composing until his death in Blue Mounds.

Several generations of UW students attended the erudite Johansen's popular Friday afternoon course, "Music in Performance," in which he performed and spoke about classical music literature. With a lexicon-like knowledge of the history of Western music, he took his student audience

Johansen thought listeners would be interested to hear the unusual pianistic effects he could produce on the double-keyboard Bösendorfer, and he taped Bach's monumental Passacaglia in C minor at home. During the radio broadcast, engineers played the tape of Johansen's home performance.

through every phase of its history. In addition to solo playing, Johansen sometimes collaborated with his faculty colleagues in chamber music performances. He especially enjoyed performing with his fellow artists-in-residence, the Pro Arte String Quartet.

Johansen had deeply impressed Carl Bricken, a music faculty member at the University of Chicago, when Johansen performed his "Historical Recital Series" there in the 1930s. Johansen had modeled this monumental series of 12 recitals after similar concerts given by the legendary 19th-century Russian virtuoso Anton Rubinstein. Johansen presented this daunting series in numerous locations in the United States and in Europe. Beginning with early Baroque composers such as Frescobaldi and Couperin, Johansen escorted listeners through performances of major piano masterworks culminating in those of 20th-century composers. The series, in which Johansen played three recitals per week over a four-week period, ended with not a whimper, but a great bang: the second half of the 12th program contained two of the literature's most difficult works—*Gaspard de la Nuit* by Ravel, and Stravinsky's own transcription of his ballet *Petrouchka*.

When Bricken later left the University of Chicago to join the faculty as music department chair at the University of Wisconsin, he invited Johansen to join the faculty as artist-in-residence, the first time such a position had been offered to a musician in the United States (previous artist-in-residencies in this country had been filled by painters Grant Wood, at the University of Iowa, and Thomas Hart Benton, at the University of Missouri–Kansas City). Johansen had received, and was considering, a similar offer from Cornell University. But after learning that the world-famous Pro Arte String Quartet was likely coming to Wisconsin, too, Johansen decided to accept the UW's offer.

As artist-in-residence, Johansen taught a limited number of select students at the university and also remained focused on his career as a performer and composer. Students in Wisconsin and elsewhere who passed through his hands include such distinguished names as composer Lee Hoiby, another favorite artistic son of Wisconsin, as well as Leon Fleischer, Ruth Slenczynska, James Tocco, and Sinclair Lewis.

A MASTER OF RECORDING

A major portion of Johansen's legacy are his 140 record albums. Prior to coming to the university, Johansen had accustomed himself to both radio and the recording studio. After settling in San Francisco in 1929, he presented live weekly broadcasts over NBC's national radio network. Under the auspices of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation, Johansen had performed large segments of the piano chamber music repertoire at Music Mountain and at the Library of Congress. He assimilated large amounts of the piano repertoire nearly instantaneously, and this enabled him to easily provide new and fresh radio programs weekly. After arriving in Madison Johansen continued to play frequently and regularly on the radio, primarily for WHA. During the 1940s he performed complete cycles of the sonatas of Mozart, Schubert, and Beethoven and of the solo works of Chopin.

A seminal year for Johansen was 1950. The modern tape recorder, invented during World War II in Germany, had become commercially available in the United States, and Johansen put it to use on his WHA broadcasts. He had begun broadcasting the keyboard works of Bach in 1948 and was to finish the series with a performance of a piano transcription of Bach's *Organ Passacaglia in C minor*. Johansen owned an unusual double-keyboard Bösendorfer piano that he found especially useful when playing Bach, who had often thought in terms of two keyboards, or "manuals," when composing for keyboard instruments (usually the harpsichord or the organ). Johansen thought listeners would be interested to hear the unusual pianistic effects he could produce on the Bösendorfer, and he taped Bach's monumental *Passacaglia in C minor* at home. During the radio broadcast, engineers played the tape of Johansen's home performance. History was literally in the making as Johansen continued to embrace recording technology as a means of artistic communication and education.

Soon after the *Passacaglia* broadcast, Johansen embarked on a recording project that ultimately encompassed nearly the complete solo keyboard works of J. S. Bach. Between 1950 and 1961 he researched, learned, and recorded Bach's works. Some of them, such as the great *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue*, were issued in both harpsichord and piano performance. Using professional-quality recording equipment, he produced and engineered in his Blue Mounds home the master tapes for all of his recordings. He then sent the tapes to RCA Records in Chicago, which pressed the vinyl long-playing albums. These albums, ultimately numbering 43, were marketed by Johansen and his wife, Lorraine, under his own "Artist Direct" recording label.

After completing the Bach project, Johansen began one even more extensive: the recording of nearly all of the solo piano works of Franz Liszt. There had previously been no Liszt recording

project as ambitious as Johansen's, and the resulting 51 albums remain a cornerstone of his recorded legacy. Johansen deeply admired the works of the Hungarian virtuoso and felt them to be insufficiently appreciated. Liszt, he thought, had been mistakenly perceived as a composer of superficially flashy pieces. Johansen wished to transmit the deep spiritual messages that he felt existed underneath the dazzling surface of Liszt's works. Of these recordings, Keith Fagan of the Liszt Society of London wrote, "However often Liszt's music may be recorded, Johansen's series will always be of inestimable value and is destined, I am sure, to become one of the great classics in the history of recording."

As a youth Johansen had come to love the music of Liszt while studying in Berlin, first with Liszt's pupil, Frederic Lamond, and later with Ferruccio Busoni's favored pupil and disciple, Egon Petri, also a devotee of Liszt's music. At first, Johansen intended to record only the original piano works of Liszt. Later, after achieving that objective, he recorded most of the opera and song transcriptions, arriving at an impressive total of 51 albums.

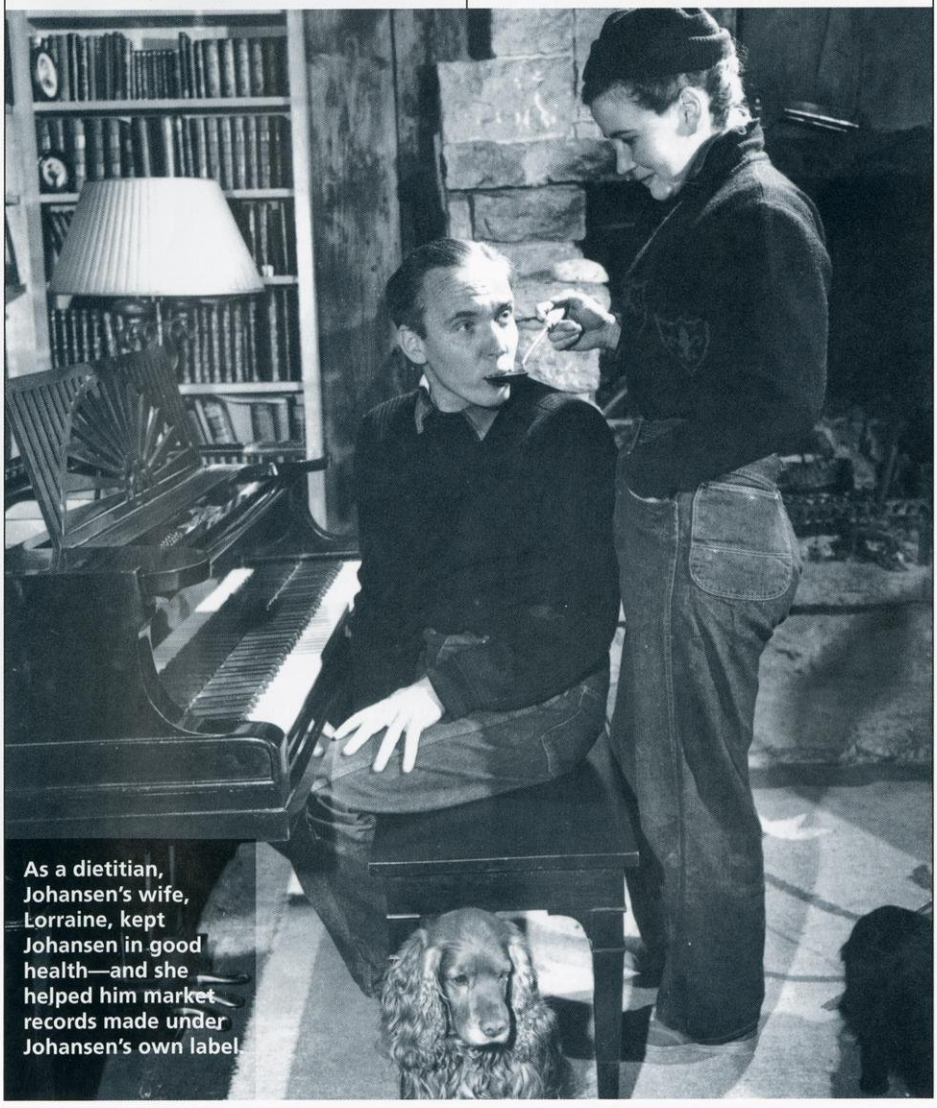
He also recorded in seven albums the mature solo piano works of Ferruccio Busoni. As Petri's pupil in Berlin, Johansen had lived in the sphere of the celebrated German-Italian musician-philosopher who reigned supreme as a musical force from his Berlin home. Of Johansen, Petri later wrote to the conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos in 1948, "I always have considered him the most talented of all my students. He is a real artist and our relationship is the same as mine was with Busoni." Petri arranged for Johansen to give the premiere of Busoni's revised version of his *Ten Variations on a Prelude of Chopin*. Several weeks before Busoni's death, Johansen met with the great man, confined to his bed, who quipped to a mutual friend before their meeting, "Tell the young fellow that I look like Don Quixote in the fourth act!"

Living in Berlin at that time was Johansen's lifelong friend, Victor Borge, who also studied piano with Lamond and Petri before embarking on his celebrated career as a humorist. Johansen's father had studied violin with Borge's father, and the two young men came to admire each other's unique gifts. Johansen often commented on Borge's extraordinary skills as an improviser at the piano, and Borge greatly admired Johansen's life and work. The two sometimes appeared together in concert, as in the early 1970s at Indianapolis' Romantic Music Festival, where Johansen played Selim Palmgren's little-known *Piano Concerto #3*, with Borge conducting.

A RENAISSANCE MAN

Johansen was therefore of the musical lineages of Liszt and Busoni, both artistic progressives. Johansen's appointment to Wisconsin enabled him to perpetuate those traditions in a lively and forward-looking way. He was, like these two masters, broad-minded, visionary, literary, progressive, in a near constant state of creation, and a supreme virtuoso of the piano. He brought to his artist-in-residency a sense of the *belle epoque* in which those giant figures had lived and worked. Johansen deeply appreciated his artistic residency and once declared that he counted himself quite fortunate that he did *not* have to make his living as a constantly touring pianist "living out of a suitcase." He relished being a member of a world-class academic community and participated actively in university life beyond the walls of the school of music.

During World War II Johansen taught German language at the university and



As a dietitian, Johansen's wife, Lorraine, kept Johansen in good health—and she helped him market records made under Johansen's own label.

later joined with a group of faculty colleagues in studying Chinese. He also translated a philosophical study of the life of the Danish writer and critic George Brandes by his countryman, Soren Kierkegaard, into English from the original Danish. Johansen embraced Thomas Jefferson's view that there was a "natural aristocracy" of intellectuals that ought to take the initiative in solving difficult problems facing the evolving modern world. He also believed strongly in interdisciplinary study as a means for academicians to remove the blinders imposed by specialization. It was often, he noted, someone from *outside* a particular discipline who made contributions to that very discipline with fresh and creative eyes.

Thus Johansen founded in the mid-1960s, with Lauristan Marshall of Southern Illinois University, the Leonardo Academy, a think tank of prominent scholars, scientists, inventors, and artists. Johansen hoped that their "collective candlepower" would bring forth solutions to pressing social, scientific, and environmental problems. The Leonardo Academy convened seven times in various locations: at Sea Ranch, near the Johansens' summer home in northern California; in Carbondale, Illinois; at Rockefeller University; at the University of California at Davis; and at the University of Nevada. Physicist Edward Teller and environmentalist/architect Buckminster Fuller were among the notables who participated. Focal points of the eclectic conferences included energy conservation, cancer research, hypersonic transport, and the future of the university.

Another focal point of Johansen's life was his marriage to Lorraine Johnson in 1942. She was then the head dietitian at the UW Union. They adored each other. She thought him to be the greatest pianist who had ever lived, and he attributed his robust health to her dietary knowledge and fine culinary skills. For nearly all of their married life they lived happily in their secluded woodsy home in Blue Mounds at the foot of one of the great mounds of that area. Both Johansens befriended the woodland creatures that were always welcome on their patio: deer, squirrels, birds, and even an occasional nighttime raccoon. Lorraine retained a deep love for the creatures of the natural world and once exclaimed, "We must do all that we can to help animals in need, because they are really, in a sense, just little people!" After Johansen's death, Lorraine continued to live in their home until 2003, the year before her death in Mount Horeb.

Johansen enjoyed the vast open spaces of America, and therefore life in rural Blue Mounds suited him. He and Lorraine also loved summers spent at Azalean, property in rural northern California that he acquired in 1934 while living in the San Francisco area. In a 1984 interview for *Clavier Magazine* he remarked to this writer that "once I had seen the sun set over the Pacific, I never seriously considered going back to Europe to reside." He also observed that his native Denmark lacked the wonderful "elbow room" that he enjoyed here in the New World.

The adventurous Johansen attempted a cross-country motorcycle trip in the 1930s, beginning in northern California. However, he ran into difficulties in that pre-interstate highway era in Utah and regretfully ended his trip. As was the case occasionally with sluggish university administrators or legislators, the roads simply weren't ready for his spirited and adventurous soul.

HIGHLIGHTS AND LEGACY

Among his many career highlights ranks a 1969 concert with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in New York City. Peter Serkin had been engaged by the New York Philharmonic under Eugene Ormandy to perform Beethoven's little-known transcription for piano of his own *Concerto for Violin*. When Serkin withdrew the day before the concert, the orchestra management cast about for an 11th-hour replacement. After being turned down by 12 renowned pianists, they were told by the 12th, Peter's father, Rudolf Serkin, that "there's only one pianist who can and might be willing to do this: Gunnar Johansen." Johansen, tapping his extraordinary ability to read and assimilate complex musical scores quickly, did indeed perform in glorious style after hurriedly obtaining a copy of the concerto in the UW library, packing his tails, and studying the score on the plane to New York, where he had only one rehearsal with orchestra. A glowing letter of thanks from Ormandy remained a treasured possession. *Time* magazine subsequently publicized the event in an article entitled "Diary of a Miracle."

Another highlight was his debut with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in 1934, in which he gave the second performance of the original version of Sergei Rachmaninoff's *Piano Concerto #4 in G minor.* This complex work already had had a troubled history since the

Celebrating the Centennial

Events planned for the anniversary of Johansen's birth include a special memorial concert at the Newport (Classical) Music Festival in July 2006. This concert will feature works by Johansen himself, as well as other works with which Johansen was especially identified, such as Bach, Busoni, and Liszt.

Closer to home, the University of Wisconsin–Madison School of Music is planning a multiday celebration of Johansen's life in fall 2006. Events will include:

- A concert of several prominent pianists who were former students of Gunnar Johansen
- A Faculty Concert of music that was important to Gunnar Johansen (featuring the Pro Arte Quartet and Howard Karp)
- A lecture on the life of Gunnar Johansen
- A concert featuring a unique double-keyboard Steinway concert grand played by Gunnar Johansen
- A CD release of some of Gunnar Johansen's performances at UW–Madison
- A lobby display
- A detailed program with biographical information as well as anecdotal stories surrounding his residency at UW–Madision

Details will be available in summer 2006 at www.music.wisc.edu. To add your name to a Gunnar Johansen Celebration mailing list, e-mail music@music.wisc.edu.

premiere with Rachmaninoff himself. But in Johansen's hands, the work triumphed. The notoriously harsh Claudia Cassidy wrote in her *Chicago Tribune* review, "Mr. Johansen emerged as a highly capable pianist of accuracy and skill, whose future immediately steps into the rank of important destiny." *Chicago Herald Examiner* critic Glenn Dillard Gunn praised Johansen for his "superlative facility in every type of technique and the keenest intellectual response to the architectonic problems. [Johansen is] by all means a virtuoso. The complex designs evaporated under [his] facile fingers into a clarity that glittered, an impeccable exposition of the text, an exposition adorned with many deft nuances that bore witness to a lively pianistic imagination."

Like his musical heroes Busoni and Liszt, Johansen was a composer whose music filled 20 albums. Some of his nearly 600 piano sonatas were improvised as they were recorded on tape, and are thus not easily accessible to other pianists. However, he notated about 200 of his other sonatas and works, and as a result they can still be performed. His larger works include three piano concertos and numerous choral and chamber works. Notable among his works for solo piano is the *Pearl Harbor Sonata for Piano,* completed just days before the Japanese attack. It is a somber and at times terrifying work; Johansen later wondered whether he had somehow anticipated the coming storm of World War II. Other major works include the *Third Piano Concerto*, the *Goethe Sonata*, the *East-West Cantata*, and the *Toccata in the Phrygian Mode*.

James Colias, Johansen's longtime student, friend, and assistant, is now trustee of the Gunnar and Lorraine Johansen Charitable Trust. He is currently sorting through the sizable amount of correspondence, compositions, recordings, interviews, and other materials in the Johansen collection. Colias, a resident of Greenwich, Connecticut, set up the Johansen Archives Center in Blue Mounds, where he comes frequently to review, evaluate, and organize the materials.

A prodigious and innovative recording artist: a major portion of Johansen's legacy are his 140 record albums.

Says Colias: "Within about two years, the Johansen Trust will be distributing to music schools, conservatories, and libraries around the world CD copies of Gunnar's recorded legacy—including "The Six Monuments of Music," formerly on 140 LPs—volumes of his notated compositions, transcripts of lectures, interviews, and program notes, and samples of important correspondence with some of the most noted figures of the 20th century."

It is Colias' goal to expand and perpetuate Johansen's legacy so that future generations will fully appreciate the impact of his remarkable life and work. Ongoing projects funded by the Trust will focus on the artist-in-residence program at the University of Wisconsin.

Another piece of Johansen's legacy—welcome news, no doubt, for the readers of this magazine—will reside with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Not surprisingly, given his wide-ranging interests and his belief in interdisciplinary studies, Johansen found an intellectual home at the Wisconsin Academy, which named him a Fellow, its highest honor, in recognition of his lifetime achievements. To the Wisconsin Academy the Johansens left an endowment to present lectures and symposia in interdisciplinary studies in the spirit of the Leonardo Academy. Members can look forward to more information about this program in the coming months.

Thus a look back at Gunnar Johansen also provides a look forward at how this remarkable artist and humanist will continue to illuminate and enrich our lives. ✺

Jeffrey Wagner holds degrees in music from Northwestern University and Indiana University and is a consulting editor and frequent contributor to ***Clavier Magazine.*** *He wrote the liner notes for the recent release of Gunnar Johansen performing Busoni's Piano Concerto with Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt conducting the North German Radio (NDR) Orchestra. One reviewer called this recording "a rare conjunction of genius under favoring stars."*

Commuter rail in Wisconsin: The time is now

BY ROBERT A. MARIANO

BY USING PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION to directly link cities in southeastern Wisconsin to the dynamic, global marketplace in metropolitan Chicago, we will make great strides in keeping our region competitive.

A major proposal gaining momentum is the planned 33-mile extension of metropolitan Chicago's commuter rail system into southeastern Wisconsin. Named the KRM after Kenosha, Racine, and Milwaukee counties, this commuter rail project will use the existing railway along Lake Michigan to connect densely populated and rapidly developing communities within those counties with each other, Chicago, and northeastern Illinois, providing a valuable new transportation link for businesses and workers.

The time has come for a reliable intercity commuter rail in Wisconsin. Business and political leaders in that three-county region are working together to foster this project because it is a practical, relatively low-cost addition that is critical to the region and state's economic future.

ENSURING A VITAL ECONOMY FOR WISCONSIN

Business leaders from across the nation will tell you that a fundamental key to attracting additional commerce and improving a state's future economic outlook depends largely on having reliable access to a diverse and talented regional workforce. For this reason, companies and their employees are demonstrating a desire for commuter rail transit in metropolitan regions. The transit stations create a literal business field of dreams illustrating the premise that "if you build it, they will come." In Wisconsin, 362,100 jobs and 540,000 residents are projected to be located within three miles of Wisconsin stations in this project.

Of the top 40 most populated U.S. metropolitan areas, all have or are developing rail transit, showing that without it, southeastern Wisconsin will be left behind as the state's talent pool is attracted to other developing regions that can offer more professional and social opportunities.

These quality-of life-issues, which are largely tied to transit options, are rapidly becoming key factors in determining where young professionals choose to live and where businesses choose to locate.

Because the proposed commuter rail would link Wisconsin with the powerful and growing global economy in northeastern Illinois, as well as connect residents with numerous recreational areas and cultural activities, more people will recognize Wisconsin as an ideal place to live, work, and play.

The project also highlights another trend: counties working together on regional approaches to transportation, creating successful corridors of economic development. These corridors foster job creation and tax revenue increases along their pathways.

The KRM is a prime example of how counties in Wisconsin can transcend political boundaries and work together to create a well-balanced transportation system that will work to benefit the entire region and ultimately the entire state.

The partnership among counties is making the KRM commuter rail possible and will serve as a model for other counties throughout the state, such as Dane County, which is also embracing the concept of commuter rail.

FUNDING THE KRM

The KRM commuter rail is clearly becoming a reality, but critical funding negotiations are still under way. In July, Governor Doyle approved legislation proposed and drafted by Rep. Jeff Stone that established a Regional Transportation Authority (RTA) funded by car rental fees. Establishment of this entity is the first critical step in securing ongoing funding for the KRM commuter rail and will help determine what mechanism will be used to generate additional local funding.

Eighty percent of the one-time $152 million capital costs necessary to build the KRM commuter rail—$121.6 million—

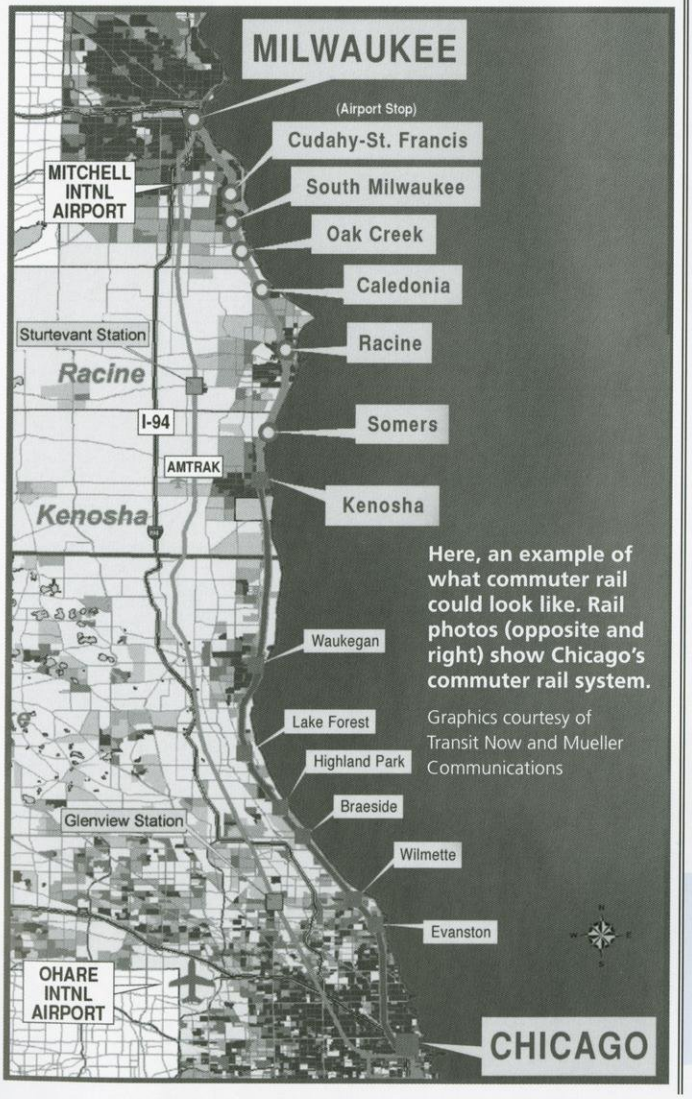
will come from federal funding. The additional capital funds necessary will come from the state, which will match the funds generated from the three counties directly served by the KRM. However, the entire state will share the benefits of increased tax revenue due to the increases in income taxes from the additional jobs created by the KRM as well as environmental benefits, a healthier statewide economy, and an increased quality of life for Wisconsin residents.

AUGMENTING THE HIAWATHA

Some have questioned whether Amtrak's Hiawatha train already provides the services needed to connect Milwaukee to Chicago, and if there will be enough passengers in the region to efficiently utilize the KRM. Although the Hiawatha does connect Milwaukee to Chicago, its only other stops are in Sturtevant, Wisconsin, and Glenview, Illinois.

The KRM will be a commuter train (reaching top speeds of up to 59 miles per hour) that will make eight stops in southeastern Wisconsin on renovated freight rail and serve as an alternative commuter transportation option to thousands of local residents and potential new residents. The trip from Milwaukee to Chicago will take two hours and 13 minutes. A recent study by the Southeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission concluded that:

- 4,100 passengers are projected to ride the KRM daily;
- 1.1 million passengers are expected to ride annually; and
- 2,600 passengers are projected to take trips between Wisconsin cities on an average weekday.



Here, an example of what commuter rail could look like. Rail photos (opposite and right) show Chicago's commuter rail system.

Graphics courtesy of Transit Now and Mueller Communications

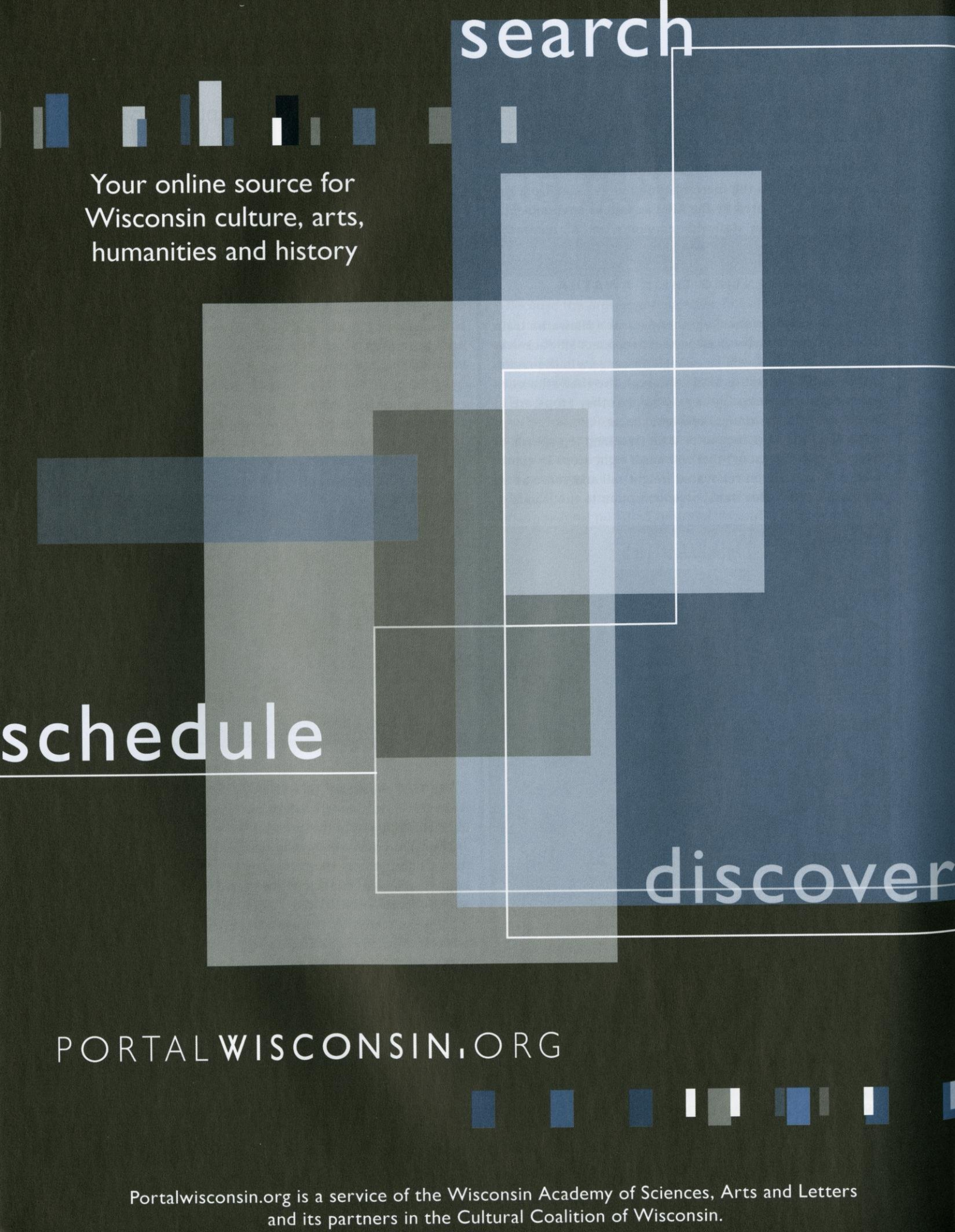
The KRM commuter rail will augment Amtrak's Hiawatha to make traveling to southeastern Wisconsin for work or entertainment effortless and affordable.

The KRM commuter rail is making substantial progress forward, but there are still many hurdles. This project is important to the vitality of our state. Without it, we could suffer severe setbacks due to our failure to compete with other major metropolitan areas and attract and retain the businesses, employees, and opportunities necessary for a successful future.

As plans for the KRM commuter rail move forward, southeastern Wisconsin needs to embrace this project and recognize its potential for the future of our state. ✹

Robert A. Mariano is chairman and CEO of Roundy's Supermarkets, Inc. and chairman of the Regional Transportation Committee of Greater Milwaukee. For more information on the KRM commuter rail visit www.transitnow.org.

The KRM is a prime example of how counties can work together to create a well-balanced transportation system that will work to benefit the region and ultimately the entire state.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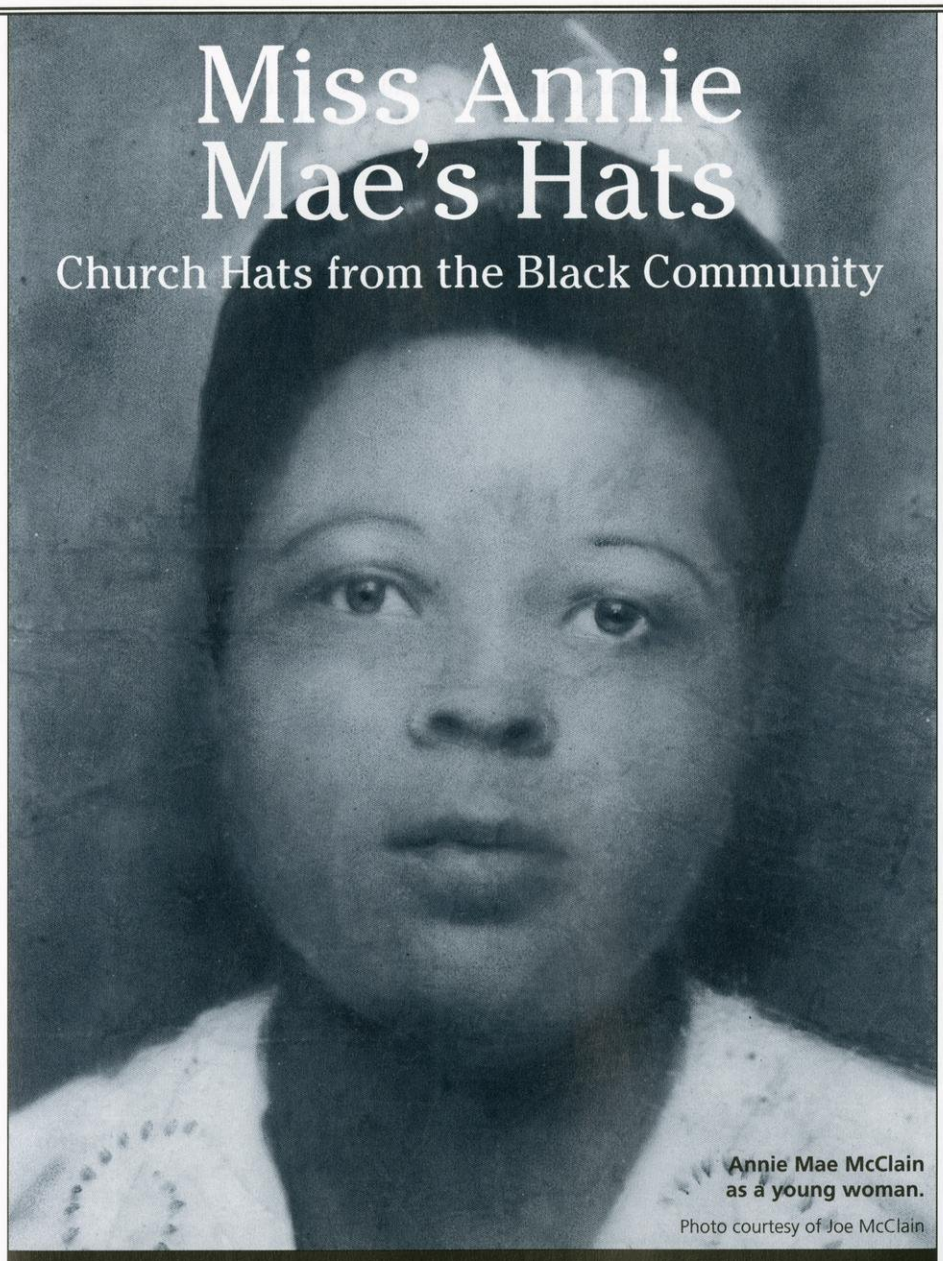
Miss Annie Mae's Hats

Church Hats from the Black Community



Annie Mae McClain as a young woman.

Photo courtesy of Joe McClain

BY RUTH OLSON

PHOTOS BY JOHN URBAN, JAMIE YOUNG, CYNTHIA KRAMER, AND BOB RASHID

Annie Mae McClain's hat collection was notable even in a community that regarded wearing hats to church as the fashion statement of the week. Here we learn more about the woman behind the hats, which will be exhibited in the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in Madison from January 27 to March 19.

I FIRST EXPERIENCED Miss Annie Mae's hats at a tribute to her at Olbrich Gardens in Madison shortly after her death. Her daughter-in-law, Carol Lobes, thought a public display of something so well loved would be a fitting remembrance for a greatly cherished woman with grand tastes.

So, with the help of friends, she arranged all 79 hats, with scarves and other accessories, in a modulated sweep of color around the exhibition room. A photograph of Annie Mae McClain graced the corner of one table. Her guests set about glancing, admiring, contemplating—and then trying hats on, critiquing and praising.

Stories began to flow, especially about the past. Going downtown in Chicago with hat and gloves—both a necessity. Bonnets for Easter. Women who could pull off wearing hats with brims wider than their shoulders. A mother who made hats. The face it takes for a hat. Older women encouraged young women to put on the hats—"Oh, that one is you." "That is your color." And the young women looked at themselves in mirrors placed around the room, preening and quickly converted to the wearing of hats.

That was my first sense of Annie Mae. She brought a lot of women a lot of joy and a chance for community shared through her hats. Her collection, soon to be exhibited at both the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison and at the Milwaukee County Historical Society Museum, tells the story of the importance of church in black women's lives, and the attitude—or "hattitude"—that these remarkable women bring with them when they worship.

Annie Mae's great-niece Terri Birt, who learned to love hats from her auntie, shares her philosophy. Dressing up in a hat is not a vanity, it's an assertion that you recognize your own value: "You want to look your best for the Lord." In the now-classic book *Crowns* (Doubleday, 2000), which documents the black church hat tradition, author Craig Marberry notes the hats' double purpose: "These captivating hats are not mere fashion accessories. Neither,

despite their biblical roots, are they solely religious headgear. Church hats are a peculiar convergence of faith and fashion that keeps the Sabbath both holy and glamorous."

MISSISSIPPI LIVING

Annie Mae McClain, born Annie Mae Robinson in 1913 in Belzoni, Mississippi, married Terry McClain in 1933. The couple gave birth to three sons. In the late 1930s, the McClains moved to Milwaukee, encouraged by Annie Mae's oldest brother, who told Terry about job opportunities in Wisconsin. As a participant in a major exodus from the rural South to the urban North, and as a woman who always relied on church for her social and spiritual well-being, Annie Mae and her life story reflect the experiences of many black women in Milwaukee.

Baptism in Lake Monona, Wisconsin, 1933.
Photo Wisconsin Historical Society WHi–17285

The Miss Annie Mae Extravaganza

EXHIBITION OF HATS AND PHOTOGRAPHS: January 27–March 19, James Watrous Gallery, Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, www.wisconsinacademy.org

OPENING RECEPTION: Saturday, February 4, features gospel music performances based on the musical, *Crowns*. Shows at 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. with Leotha Stanley on piano! Also, a gallery talk at 3 p.m. by Edgewood College professor Tambura Omoiele about the black church hat tradition and her own experience.

MORE TALK: Wednesday, February 15 at 4 p.m., UW–Madison professor Freida High Tesfagiorgis talks about African and African American headwear traditions. On **Sunday, February 26** at 3 p.m., folklorist Ruth Olson speaks about Annie Mae and the Great Migration of blacks to the North. Both talks in the James Watrous Gallery.

MORE MUSIC: Sunday, February 12. The youth choir from Tabernacle Community Baptist Church performs at Madison's Overture Center as part of an International Festival. Details at www.overturecenter.com

EXHIBITION IN MILWAUKEE: April 2–June 4. The hat show moves to the Milwaukee County Historical Society Museum after its run in Overture. More information at www.milwaukeecountyhistsoc.org, tel. 414/273-8288.

AUCTION: Saturday, June 17 at the Lussier Family Heritage Center, 3101 Lake Farm Road, Madison, 1 p.m. Light refreshments served. Auction sponsored by Women in Focus, with proceeds going to a scholarship fund for students of color.

Annie Mae's eldest son, Joe McClain, is heir to her impressive hat collection and to the family stories that help us understand Annie Mae and her hats.

Joe recalls his extended family living on a farm outside Belzoni in the delta region of Mississippi: "It was a good life." Like most rural families, they were self-sufficient, even without money. "If you had $10, you were in pretty good shape." Joe points out that they didn't need to buy much except lard and flour, and sometimes fresh meat for Sunday.

"Otherwise, if the preacher'd come, we'd kill a chicken ... And I think that's where they got to call the chicken down in the South the Gospel Bird, because we had it when the preacher came. At that time, the young people never ate with the old ones, so you'd be peeping through the crack to see how much chicken they'd eat—'Is he going to get that thigh?'—and I can remember this Reverend Harris saying, 'Oh, Sister McClain, this is the best chicken I ever had!' Meanwhile, the children worried that all that would be left for them was the neck."

Life may have been good in its simplicity, but people worked hard. As Joe says, folks worked from "can to can't"—from can see to can't see, dawn to dusk. Women worked especially hard, because they had responsibility for meals and housework as well as field-

Joe McClain's paternal great-grandmother, who was a slave.

Sarah May, Tabernacle Community Baptist Church

Photo by John Urban

work. On the weekend, the women had to do the washing and ironing on Saturday—that meant boiling water outside in a big pot, and using a scrub board—before they could go to town with the men.

"In the South, you basically have two social events," Joe says. Everybody went to town on Saturday afternoon, from miles around, and gathered to visit and exchange news. "What's happening over in Daybreak, back across to Bellewood ... whether we need a little more rain over here, the crops seem to be a little too dry, and whatever."

That's also when people would do their shopping, their looking, and when lucky kids might get to go to the movie theater. In Belzoni, all of this happened within a two-block area, recalls Joe.

But the main social event was church. From his own childhood in Mississippi, Joe remembers the pace of life and the centrality of the church. "Everyone goes to church on Sunday. A few sinners don't; everyone knows who they are." Almost every organized event in the black community happened around church—from picnics and youth organizations to musical events and visiting preachers.

A special day was "Pastoral Day," marked by the preacher's visit.

"Once a month, the preacher would come around, and this preacher could have three or four different other churches, but on the fourth Sunday he'd come to ours. Chapel Baptist Church was where we all went to church, and

Among Wisconsin's first black families: Portrait of Mrs. Hendricks, ca. 1893.

Photo Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi–29169

this is the place that my grandfather helped raise."

And yes, there were hats. Joe recalls, "In those days, women didn't come to church without having their hair covered. That's where the hats began. It's dying out in the church now, but the old women still do that." While the expectation wasn't as great for young girls, they too wore hats on special days, like Easter Sunday. As Joe says, "When the young girls got lucky enough to get an outfit, they always had their hats and their gloves. And their patent leather shoes."

MOVING TO MILWAUKEE

When Annie Mae and Terry left Mississippi to go North, she was glad to give up farming. The Milwaukee they came to still had a relatively small black population, in spite of the Great Migration between 1910 and 1930, when labor agents recruited workers from the South for Milwaukee's packing plants, tanneries, and foundries, followed by a second wave of immigrants in the late 1930s. The big surge came immediately after World War II, when the black population grew from 13,000 to over 105,000. Today Milwaukee is more than 30 percent black.

Like European immigrants, African Americans tended to settle together. By 1930, a community had formed in an area bounded by State Street and North Avenue, between Third and Twelfth Streets. In the 1950s especially, Milwaukee's North Side was a self-

Many hats in the congregation at Tabernacle Community Baptist Church.

Photo by Cynthia Kramer

Just part of the selection at Heads Up Hat Shop, Annie Mae's favorite store for hats.

Photo by Bob Rashid

Fabu Mogaka in her mother's hat at Tabernacle Community Baptist Church.

Photo by John Urban

contained community known as Bronzeville, populated by black doctors, lawyers, grocers, and other businesses. Within this area, a 1959 survey revealed 35 churches and 35 taverns (John Gurda, *The Making of Milwaukee*, Milwaukee County Historical Society, 1999).

One of the first things the McClains did when they moved to Milwaukee was look for a church to attend. They had a lot of choices. St. Mark's African Methodist Episcopal Church, founded in 1869 as the first black church in Milwaukee, drew its membership from the more well established members of the community, offering "decorous" services with seminary-trained ministers. Less restrained was Calvary Baptist, founded in 1895, whose congregation participated in the "shouting" tradition, which offered vocal praise and more spontaneous worship, a form of worship more familiar to the increasing number of blacks migrating from the South before the First World War. The third black church in the city was St. Benedict the Moor Mission, established in 1908.

Many new residents felt that the established members of the community did not welcome them, instead criticizing the newcomers' rural ways as loud and unsophisticated. Often these more recent arrivals started churches of their own where they could worship in the shouting style to which they were accustomed. Thus, by 1925, these three major churches were joined by Galilee (later Greater Galilee), Mt. Zion, St. Paul (later Tabernacle), and Mt. Olive Baptist churches and St. Matthew Colored Methodist Episcopal, as well as a Seventh Day Adventist Church and a Church of God in Christ. The second migration just before World War II fueled a variety of storefront churches, especially Holiness, Spiritualist, and small Baptist churches, which, subject to difficult financial times, came and went (Joe William Trotter, *Black Milwaukee: The Making of an Industrial Proletariat, 1915-45,* University of Illinois Press, 1984).

Rather than join one of the larger churches in Milwaukee, the McClains chose Tabernacle Community Baptist

Easter Sunday at a Milwaukee church, 1969. Photo Wisconsin Historical Society, MJS–5269

Church, then still located in a storefront, with a congregation of about 50. Joe suggests that they joined Tabernacle because of Reverend J. L. Williams' presence. "He was such a well-respected man, who in essence preached for the church for nothing ... he was working, until the people made him stop working and this ministry was his full-time job."

Reverend Williams worked for years in a packing house and preached on weekends. As the church became more established, it was able to buy its own building, a former Greek Orthodox church on Walnut Street. As the congregation grew still larger, they bought their current church. "So that's the third home place for that church, which went from about 55 members to about 600." Perhaps there was another reason the McClains joined Tabernacle: Joe recalls that the largest part of that congregation was from Belzoni. Even when the church was bigger and Joe was older, when he would go to church only occasionally, he'd still know half the congregation from when he was a boy in Mississippi.

WORK, FAITH, AND INDEPENDENCE

Annie Mae grew up in a strong Christian environment. "Her whole life besides her work was built around her church," her son Joe recalls. "That was her life." Church has always been a foundational institution for black Americans. When people have found their lives and relationships disrupted—whether from slavery, the need to move to another place to make a living, or the isolation of living in an urban environment—church has provided a place for solace and solutions. Church can create a sense of kinship, establishing extended networks and supplying both economic and social assistance to its community as well as offering moral instruction for those facing hard times.

Within black churches, the women are the lifeblood. Typically, three women are present for every man in the congregation (Daphne C. Wiggins, *Righteous Content: Black Women's*

Hats in a prayer group at Tabernacle Community Baptist Church.

Photo by Jamie Young

Perspectives of Church and Faith, New York University Press, 2005). The women help determine musical and cultural programs; they maintain the church's auxiliary efforts; they support the work of the ministers. Annie Mae, like other black women, participated in her church in a number of ways: singing in the choir, working as a missionary, and as she grew older, becoming a mother of the church. Tradition held that she be addressed with "Miss" before her name as an expression of courtesy and respect. She was especially proud of the work she did as a missionary in the church, which included going out into the community to visit sick people.

Miss Annie Mae was peace loving but strong willed, Joe recalls. "I remember that she said, 'Um-hmm, um-hmm, um-hmm.' That don't mean that she ain't going to do what she want to do anyway! She's just acknowledging you talking to her." Joe, who has spent a lifetime engaged in the civil rights struggle, says, "I always called her the most passive resistant person I've ever known in my life."

When Miss Annie Mae decided she needed a job, she wouldn't take no for an answer. "She said, 'I'm tired of being broke, I gotta go to work, find me a job,'" Joe recalls.

Terry McClain was adamant that his wife did not need to work. "'Oh, you don't need no job, Mae,'—you know, talks this stuff,'" recalls Joe. "And she says, 'I'm gonna find me a job.' And she found a job in a tannery, making money. That really upset my father. Now I understand why. That independence, he couldn't handle it. Then the big argument is when she put on pants to go to work. He was screaming, 'Women don't wear pants! You gotta be a man!'" Annie Mae acknowledged him. "You know, 'Um-hmm' ... She just kept her pants on, kept on going to work."

Annie Mae worked at the tannery for a couple of years, and then began working as a beautician. For years she had been fixing the hair of relatives, friends, and neighbors. She finally decided she'd do it for a living.

Miss Annie Mae started working at a beauty parlor on Walnut Street, in the heart of Milwaukee's black community. The money was good and she stayed there for quite a few years, until she

"You want to look your best for the Lord," says Annie Mae's great-niece, Terri Birt.

Photo by John Urban

retired. But her customers wouldn't let her retire; more than half of them used to call her at home to fix their hair. She turned the basement of their house into a nonlicensed beauty parlor. From Thursday through Saturday, customers were always around the house. When Joe talked his father and mother into moving into an apartment for senior citizens, his mother stopped doing hair and began working for the Social Development Commission, helping older people pay bills and go shopping. She worked there until she was about 80.

Joe remembers one occasion when his mother came to Madison. "The governor was cutting some kind of benefit for the elderly or something, and they came down here on a protest. And she didn't tell me she was coming ... My secretary came and said, 'You got a surprise outside.' I don't want no surprises this morning. She said, 'You'll like this one.' There's my mother and about five or six of her friends, there at my office. This is one of her proudest displays: 'This is my son. See?' I was show and tell! She was a good protester. She was demonstrating at that time, and she was 87 years old."

A PASSION FOR HATS

Joe doesn't recall exactly where or when his mother's obsession with hats started. "Maybe she always had it but was too poor to have things for a long time." Having an income meant that Annie Mae could finally begin to get the things she wanted—new outfits, including hats.

"She'd been raggedy so long. When we lived out there on the farm, she had maybe one or two dresses at the most. Maybe three," says Joe.

With the money to buy more clothing, Annie Mae began to indulge herself. "Every time she'd buy an outfit there was always a hat for it. If she'd go to the Boston Store to get an outfit, she'd always find a hat to go with it." Annie Mae was always close to people who made clothes. Sometimes she'd buy an outfit and find a hat to go with it, and sometimes she'd find a hat and have an outfit made to match the hat.

"My mother's greatest pastime in her lifetime was window shopping," says Joe.

Nora Moore at Tabernacle Community Baptist Church

Photo by John Urban

"She would walk for miles." If she'd see something she wanted, she put it on layaway until she had the money to get it. She got things from department stores and clothing stores all over the city.

Later, as department stores cut back on hats, reinvigorating the development of specialized hat shops, Annie Mae became a frequent customer at Heads Up Hat Shop on West Silver Spring Drive. She would take the bus or be driven by a great-nephew or -niece, and often spend many hours in the store. She had a special chair there, and she would sit and advise customers as they tried on hats. After a few hours, Corey Coleman, Heads Up's owner, would drive her home.

After I visited Heads Up, I could fully understand why Annie Mae enjoyed spending so much time there. The shop is filled wall-to-wall with brilliant hats. Most of them are one-of-a-kind items that can cost up to $800. One side is devoted to men's hats—Coleman says that about 60 percent of his business comes from men—and the other side is filled with fanciful, brightly colored pieces of headwear for women. Display cases are filled with special hats. Under the expert eyes of Coleman and his mother, Evalene, trying on hats is a real delight. Some hats are plain, meant to be decorated by purchasers. But others are elaborately unique. As Coleman explains, women who pay that much for a hat want to have the only one like it in the city.

In her life, Annie Mae owned many more than 79 hats. Over the years she let some of the hats go, although she didn't like to get rid of things. Joe's dad would say, "You got to throw some of those rags away." But she wouldn't; her closets were stuffed with clothing she accumulated as she changed sizes and

gained weight. "Then, in the later years, she began to lose weight. So, with each little transition, she'd have to get clothes for that. She'd never go back to the [old] ones, check them out to see if this one that she bought three years ago would fit now," says Joe.

When it was time for Annie Mae to move into a hospice unit in a nursing home, she could take only seven hats with her. The rest went into storage. "We had to have the truck deal one time with nothing but the hats. Nothing but the hats," recalls Joe.

But Annie Mae missed her hats, so she told Joe she needed some money. As soon as he gave her $500, she got one of her great-nephews to drive her to Heads Up, where she bought two more hats.

Two years after her death, the congregation still recognizes Miss Annie Mae's pew. After attending the same church for so many years she was truly a recognized presence, always sitting in the same place, where there was always room for her family, including Joe and his wife, Carol.

"No one ever said anything, like 'This is your pew,'" says Joe. "But it was always vacant for her. Even when my dad was there, it was always vacant for them. When you walk into the church, it was the third row from the back. I could look through the little glass in the sanctuary door and I could always see those big hats flopping around, and she's sitting there."

Two years after her death, the congregation still recognizes Miss Annie Mae's pew. "No one ever said anything like 'This is your pew,'" says her son, Joe McClain. "But it was always vacant for her."

Annie Mae later in life, still loving her hats.

Photo courtesy of Joe McClain

What to do with Annie Mae's enormous headwear bequest? Joe has decided to pass the hats on—to let the women who want them buy them, and use the proceeds to help educate a new generation. The hats will be auctioned off in June, with the proceeds given to the scholarship fund for Women in Focus, a group that offers support to young people of color who are pursuing higher education.

As the years have gone by, Joe has watched Tabernacle Community Baptist Church do more and more for the community, offering scholarships, providing youth activities, visiting the sick and elderly. Annie Mae used to say, "If you want the church to be a certain way, you've got to get in there and make a change."

Certainly Annie Mae did that herself. She wanted her son Joe to be part of her church. Joe reflects that if he ever does join a church, it will probably be Tabernacle. Whenever he goes there, he says it's like going home. ✹

Ruth Olson holds a Ph.D. in folklore and folklife. Her areas of research include recreational and occupational folklife, especially within rural populations of the Upper Midwest. She also has studied traditional art within a variety of ethnic groups. She is associate director of the Center for the Study of Upper Midwestern Cultures at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

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poetry

Why Workshops Don't Work for Me

Think: artificial insemination
in vitro fertilization

Say: sperm donor
surrogate mother
test tube offspring

Now try humping in a hay cock;
screwing in the summer rain.

Feel butterfly flutters beneath your ribs;
the exquisite anguish of home birthing;
the bliss of your own imperfect miracle.

by Sue De Kelver

*Sue De Kelver has had poems published in **Comstock Review**, **Margie**, **Poem**, and **Free Verse**. She received the 2005 Muse Prize for excellence in poetry from the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, which has featured her poetry in its annual calendar for the past 20 consecutive years. This is her third appearance in the **Wisconsin Academy Review**. De Kelver lives in Brussels.*

Released

As he died, he realized
the soul is nothing
but a good night kiss
that never ends.

by Rick Roll

Rick Roll lives in Madison with his wife, Sharon. He is a city planner with the city of Madison. His poetry has been published in ***Poetry Motel***, ***The Rockford Review***, *and* ***The Cape Rock***.

I Miss You and I'm Drunk

Look at the way the moon just sits there
with its brights on, aiming
that yellowish beam across the water
at the lovers and the skinnydippers

and how the summer sawgrass
grabs me by the ankles, making me
stumble, making me think about
the flaming ache of falling down on top of you

and how you would cup my face
between your hands and stare at me
crosseyed—God knows what you saw there
but it was always enough

to start us banging together like
a couple of drunk drivers—woozy,
reckless through the barricades, catching
fire, turning over and over

till we finally hit the ground
smoking, practically unconscious
with the moon all over us.
And that is why I plan

to spend the night right here
on this besotted beach—to carve
another tire-track in the sand, deep
and warped with complications.

by Marilyn Taylor

In Memory of the Nissan Stanza Wagon, 1982–1996

—for Ron Wallace

You hardly ever see one nowadays—
they're nearly gone. Endangered, anyhow,
because of the intensifying craze
for S.U.V.s, the industry's cash cow—

but some of us remember how it felt
to climb into that barren, boxy space,
yank and snap the fraying safety belt
and dream of glitz, and speed, and careless grace—

all the things our Stanzas never had
by any stretch. But as we chugged
year after year along the same old road,
(handicapped, some said, by what we dragged

behind us from an unenlightened time),
we could sense a subtle turnabout:
our Stanzas were acquiring some acclaim
in circles with considerable clout.

Perhaps it was because we knew our beat
so well, the basic letter of the law,
while improvising several ways to cheat
a little, cut some corners, raise the bar

on all the disagreements, groans and whines
about what Stanzas could or couldn't do.
So if one comes your way, check out the lines
and brakes. Make it yours. And make it new.

by Marilyn Taylor

*Marilyn Taylor's work has appeared in **Poetry**, **The American Scholar**, **The Formalist**, and many other journals. She has received fellowships from the Wisconsin Arts Board and Associated Writing Programs, three Pushcart Prize nominations, and first-place awards from **Dogwood**, **GSU Review**, **The Ledge**, and **Passager** magazines. Her second collection, **Subject to Change**, was published in 2004 by David Robert Books. She served as Poet Laureate of Milwaukee for 2004 and 2005, and currently teaches for the Honors College at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee.*

Homemade Cider

My friend worries his daughter
might stop taking drugs
prescribed by her psychiatrist
and become suicidal again.
It's winter and I'm closing early,
people hurry past my used book shop
covering their mouths with their hands
or bending their heads into the wind,
but my friend needs to talk and tonight
he's brought me mysteries
and some horror for trade.
She'll be eighteen soon and then
it's up to her, he says. What if
she decides not to continue?
I'm taking books out of his box,
placing them in stacks on my counter,
trying to determine values,
what I owe him. Finally, I tell him
everything he's doing will only help,
thinking love is never enough.
We continue to talk about
our ex-wives, his long days,
my trouble with the government.
By the time I walk him to his car
we resolve to get together.
He has three gallons of homemade cider
fermenting in his garage.
They'll be ready soon.

by Ron Czerwien

"When berries come in, berries come in, they don't wait"

—overheard in a secondhand bookstore

She doesn't mean berries
Of course, she's talking poetry

With her friend when she sees
A book of verse. From memory

She recites a poem read to her
As a child, a poem that echoes

With the voice of her mother
Down these dusty rows.

She plucks the book
Off the shelf, and gladly pays the price,

Which is when she makes her remark,
Which is why I begin to write.

by Ron Czerwien

*Ron Czerwien is the owner of Avol's Bookstore in Madison. His poems have appeared in **Rosebud**, **Hummingbird**, and **Wisconsin Trails**. He is co-editor of the 2006 Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets calendar.*

The Yellow Cowboy Boot Vase

When my brother Tim reroofed Aunt Helen's
house, she insisted he use, not expecting
to outlast them, the cheapest shingles.

Fourteen years later, under the no longer
new roof, I drink watery coffee and
watch Helen's ninety-six-year-old

face and hands. "Mother's been gone a long
time," she says, apropos of nothing.
Neither ill nor without appetite,

she's lost forty pounds she can't account
for, as if the flesh itself were
beginning to turn into memory.

I must take care not to admire aloud
anything I notice in her house,
say the small yellow ceramic cowboy-

boot-shaped vase with a chipped toe, today
holding a jonquil and two daffodils,
for fear Helen may think I'm asking

for it. What I truly covet is the framed
photo she keeps on her dresser of Uncle
Husky, who died on the operating

table at Luther Christmas Seventy-
eight. White-stubbled, approaching the end
of his life, Husky lifts by its antlers

a freshly killed buck, his grin satisfied
yet at the same time stoic, as though
anticipating the forced withdrawal

from cigarettes and whiskey that will render
his cancer surgery fatal … I can
still feel my leather-soled boots slipping

on ice in front of the church that winter,
my mind slipping on the fact of his loss.
Helen has lived in Husky's absence

for a quarter-century, a school for letting
go. Her hands are baggy skin over bone.
To them, things now are nearly nothing.

by Thomas R. Smith

Thomas R. Smith lives in River Falls and is the author of several poetry collections, most recently ***The Dark Indigo Current*** *(Holy Cow! Press) and* ***Winter Hours*** *(Red Dragonfly Press). He also has edited a selection of the Canadian poet Alden Nowlan,* ***What Happened When He Went to the Store for Bread*** *(Thousands Press). He teaches at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis.*

Wallace Stevens and the Hawk

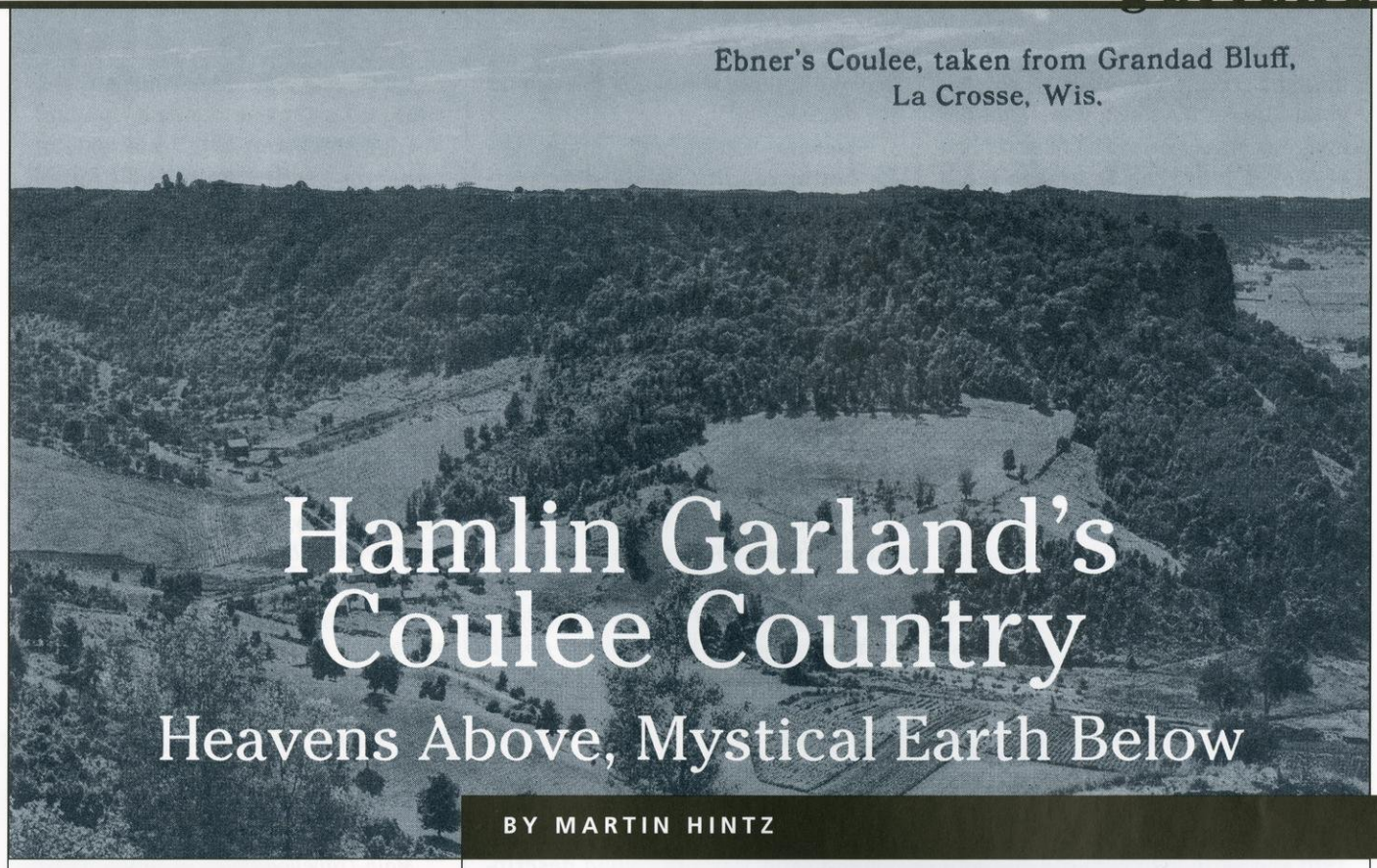
Too coincidental for credibility,
the morning of teaching Stevens
a hawk patrols the perimeter
of our yard. The bird floats
in and out of fog, like a phrase
glimmering close to understanding,
then vanishing from view.

We need more than mere beauty,
my class will argue. *Explain what*
each line means. Paraphrase the poem.

The hawk, I will tell them,
blends with mist and branches
during the hazy transformation
from dark to day. You cannot see
the outline of its feathers
or the color of its eyes.
The speed and object of its flight
are not yours to grasp. Yet
you inherit this imprint—the shadow
of sky and wing at the edge of dawn.
In your mind the circling lasts for years.

by Laurel Yourke

*Laurel Yourke, a member of University of Wisconsin–Madison's Department of Liberal Studies and the Arts, teaches creative writing in person, online, and for credit or enrichment. She is the author of a poetry chapbook (**Waiting for Beethoven**) and a text on writing fiction (**Take Your Characters to Dinner: Creating the Illusion of Reality in Fiction**).*



Ebner's Coulee, taken from Grandad Bluff, La Crosse, Wis.

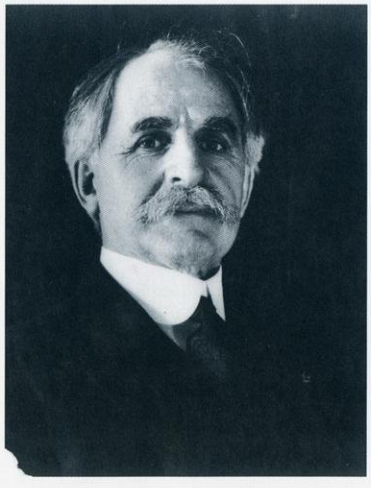
Hamlin Garland's Coulee Country

Heavens Above, Mystical Earth Below

BY MARTIN HINTZ

Above, Ebner's Coulee, a postcard example of the Wisconsin landscape immortalized in Garland's work. Below, author Hamlin Garland.

Wisconsin Historical Society images WHi–36201 and WHi–3950



Winner of the Rediscovering Wisconsin Writers Essay Award, 2003 Council for Wisconsin Writers

The Main Travelled Road in the West (as everywhere) is hot and dusty in the summer, and desolate and drear with mud in fall and spring, and in winter the winds sweep the snow across; but it does sometimes cross a rich meadow where the songs of the larks and bobolinks and blackbirds are tangled. Follow it far enough, it may lead past a bend in the river where the water laughs eternally over its shallows.

Mainly it is long and wearyful, and has a dull little town at one end and a home of toil at the other. Like the main-travelled road of life it is traversed by many classes of people, but the poor and the weary predominate.

—Hamlin Garland, frontispiece, *Main-Travelled Roads* (Arena Publishing Company, 1891)

I'M HEADING WEST out of the village of Arcadia, driving along State Highway 95 with one eye peeled for the narrow, but paved, County Highway E, where I will leave the pleasantness of Trempealeau County. Ahead are the rugged blufflands of Buffalo County, whose tree-shrouded peaks can be seen in the not-so-far distance. Jouncing across the Green Bay & Western railroad tracks on the far side of town, I cut through a thick, early morning mist that rests quilt-like over the surrounding fields and dense oak copse.

This is coulee country of western Wisconsin, where rural roads north and south of La Crosse lead the adventurer through the region's almost-mystical valleys. Sometimes in the old days, the word was spelled "coolly." But today "coulee" predominates— a derivative from the French *coulée,* referring to a deep ravine, usually dry in the summer but swollen with rain during the wet shoulder seasons in the spring and autumn.

Pulitzer Prize–winning author Hamlin Garland, who lived in the Wisconsin village of West Salem, often wrote about

the hardscrabble farmers who struggled in this area in the tough years after the Civil War. Here, Garland's "splendid line of broken hills" run as broken teeth along the western rim of the state. He identified with the poor who made their homes here, interspersing his essays on the beauty of the land with moving tales of the struggles it took to tame that same earth. Many narratives were based on observations of his grandparents laboring on the ancestral farm in Gills Coulee near La Crosse.

One of his most famous collections of short stories, *Main-Travelled Roads*, was first released in 1891. In his frontispiece Garland described what he would be writing. These remain heavy words, written in the years when Big Business and Big Banks were pushing the little guy against the financial wall. The resulting resistance in the form of the Grange, the Populist Party, the Progressives, and other independent agriculture advocacy groups of the late 19th and early 20th centuries became the base for the contemporary National Farmers Organization and related organizations that are still active throughout the Midwest.

Wisconsin farmers often led the fight for better conditions, aided by such future-thinking leaders as Robert LaFollette. The son of a farmer, Fighting Bob's career was molded within Garland's era of rural turmoil and rising fury directed against the unsavory but well-heeled business leaders who tightly controlled credit and set exorbitant shipping costs for agricultural products. Taking a page from *Main-Travelled Roads*, La Follette's well-placed political fury matched that of distraught coulee country farmer Haskins in "Under the Lion's Paw." "Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git off'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line agin; if y' do, I'll kill ye," said Haskins, fighting to save his farm from the clutches of an unscrupulous lender.

While the almost-revolutionary politics of the coulee country have mitigated somewhat over the ensuing generations, Garland's vivid descriptions of the Wisconsin motherland still ring true. In the 1850s, Wisconsin formed several counties out of its rugged western frontier. Among them, today's La Crosse, Monroe, Juneau, Vernon, Jackson, and Trempealeau counties are linked in the Coulee Pathways Heritage Tourism Project, providing a living history interpretation at sites around the region in addition to pointing out all the scenic wonders.

The ride from Milwaukee to the Mississippi is a fine ride at any time, superb in the summer. To lean back in a reclining chair and whirl away in a breezy July day, past lakes, groves of oak, past fields of barley being reaped, past hay-fields, where the heavy grass is toppling before the swift sickle, is a panorama of delight, a road full of delicious surprises, where down a sudden vista lakes open, or a distant wooded hill looms darkly blue, or swift streams, foaming deep down the solid rock, send whiffs of cool breezes at the window.

—Hamlin Garland, "Up the Coolly," *Main-Travelled Roads* (The Macmillan Company, 1907)

Lunch break: Field workers in coulee country, ca. 1915, in a scene typical of the era.

Wisconsin Historical Society image WHi–25039

In the summer of 1887, after living in Boston for several years, Garland returned to the Midwest to visit his family. He had grown up on a farm on Dry Run Prairie near Osage and Charles City, Iowa. Garland had spent time in the East, honing his craft as a writer. His return to Iowa and on to South Dakota, where his family lived at the time, was part of his rediscovery of life. Charles City is where my own father, Loren Hintz, was born and worked on the family farm before becoming a poet and a professional dancer in those long-ago WPA Depression days. As did Garland before him, my father also followed a muse, a journey cut short when he was killed as a fighter pilot two weeks before World War II ended. In the late 1930s, Hintz had met Garland when both were living in Los Angeles, far from the cornfields of their youth. Secreted somewhere in my father's well-traveled trunk, a reminder of his Air Corps days, is a black-and-white photo of Garland on his porch. I also grew up in Iowa's northern-county farmland, only 18 miles east and a jot south of the wide-open border with Minnesota, where Garland and my father once lived and hand-picked corn from behind a team pulling a wagon.

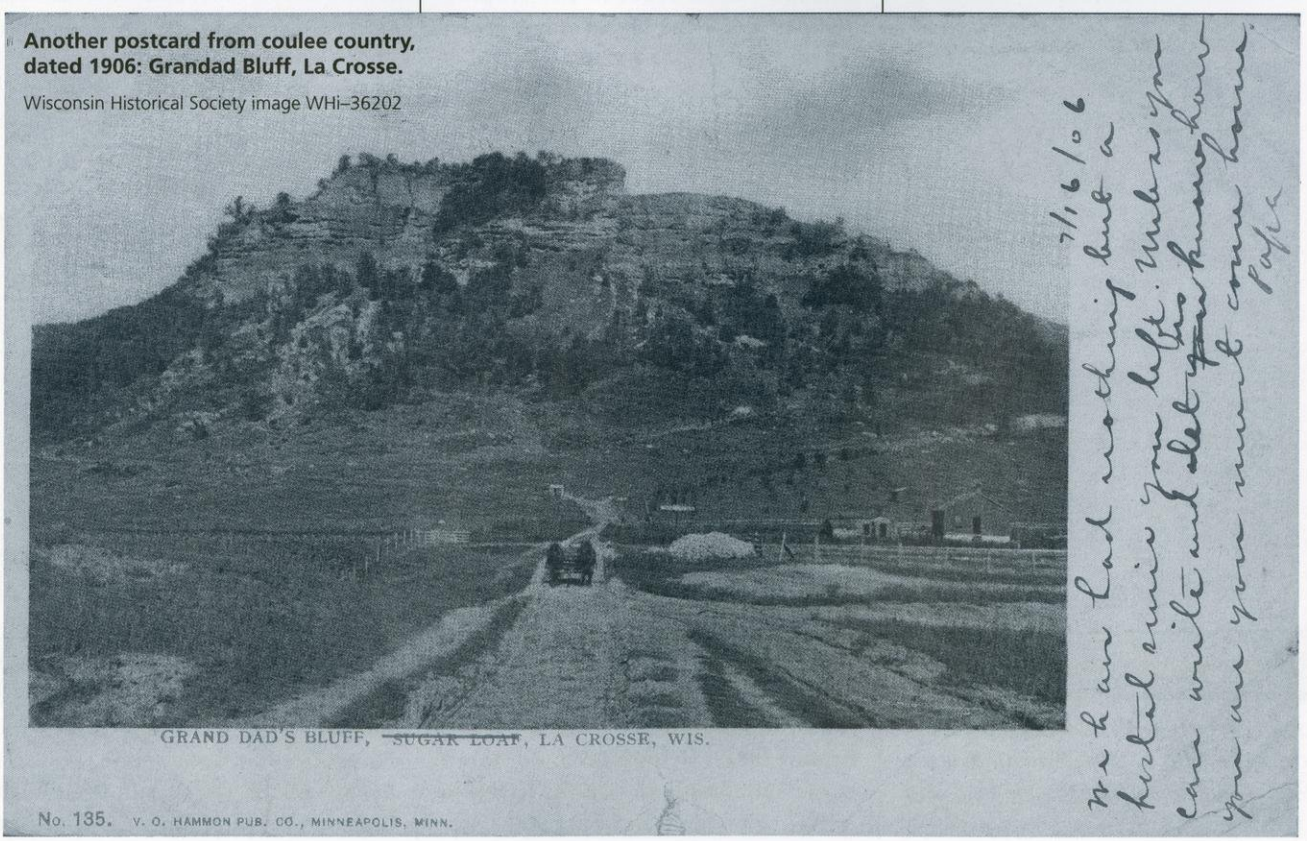
As did Garland before him, my father also followed a muse, a journey cut short when he was killed as a fighter pilot two weeks before World War II ended.

Subsequently, this journey was my own *Main-Travelled Roads,* on an exploration to capture something of Garland's soul, a bit of my father, and perhaps myself.

I am keenly aware of Hamlin's wonderment about geography while watching the muddy waters of the Trempealeau River slog along just to the south of Highway 95. I had crossed the river only a few minutes earlier, where it gurgled its slow, lazy way through the aforementioned Arcadia. The town is at the junction of the serpentine Trempealeau flowage and Turon Creek. It remains a farming community with the typical Wisconsin main street. Its brick facade holds cafes, craft shops, hardware stores, taverns, implement dealers, insurance sales offices, grocery stores, and law firms that line either side of the wide roadway—allowing plenty of room for the horse-drawn buggies and wagons of Garland's early days.

I had enjoyed a hearty breakfast of eggs accompanied by slabs of toast and all the related trimmings in one small eatery—replete with sunburned good old boys powwowing over the weather, crop forecasts, hog prices, their stock portfolios, and the annual sad fate of the desperate Milwaukee Brewers baseball club, or, heaven forbid, the Minnesota Twins, those bat-swinging interlopers from across the nearby wide Mississippi.

Finally coming up on the turnoff to E, I spin to the northwest and drive through the deep shadows of Irish Valley, a cleft in the palate of



Another postcard from coulee country, dated 1906: Grandad Bluff, La Crosse.

Wisconsin Historical Society image WHi–36202

Are those ghost-shouts of long-ago kids, or merely the whispering stalks of corn in neighboring fields, heard through the open car window when I halt appropriately at a stop sign?

Wisconsin's lofty Montana Ridge. The rocky top is still obscured by low-hanging clouds the drab thickness of gunmetal-colored cotton. Where E links with Hogan Road, which I could see meandering down from the north through the adjoining Waters Valley, an abandoned one-room schoolhouse perches by the roadside. Its gray siding is tired, faded from years in the sun and driving rain.

The school-house in Dutcher's coulé, like most country school-houses, was a squalid little den. It was gray as a rock and devoid of beauty as a dry goods box. It sat in the midst of the valley and had no trees, to speak of, about it. And in winter it was almost as snow-swept as the school-houses of the prairie.

—Hamlin Garland,
Rose of Dutcher's Colly
(Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1969; originally published in 1885)

Are those ghost-shouts of long-ago kids, or merely the whispering stalks of corn in neighboring fields, heard through the open car window when I halt appropriately at a stop sign? The morning breeze encourages the corn tassels to rub together in a sensuous sexual preening, so it must be the undercurrent of contemporary sound, rather than the echoes of 19th-century pupils at Red Rover-Red Rover playtime.

A corn-field in July is a sultry place. The soil is hot and dry; the wind comes across the lazily murmuring leaves with a warm, sickening smell drawn from the rapidly growing, broad-flung banners of corn. The sun, nearly vertical, drops a flood of dazzling light upon the field over which the cool shadows run, only to make the heat seem the more intense.

—Hamlin Garland,
"Among the Corn-Rows,"
Main-Travelled Roads
(The Macmillan Company, 1907)

Another three miles west, Highway E meets with U near Waumandee, home of the Golden Hornets high school basketball team. Miles back—while descending into Irish Valley—I had already seen the soaring steeple of St. Boniface Catholic Church tucked away there in the village. The one-block community rests amid prosperous farmland with deep soil the color of a rich midnight. Rows of plump corn, plots marked with seed company signage, are now arrow-straight to the blue-sky horizon—or at least to the sloping foothills below the higher ridges. Even the air here seems fertile, whereby a farmer could probably hold a seed in his gnarled hand on this plot and watch it grow overnight into a cash crop. The local bank, built in 1877, also attests to years of careful planting—but one of savings deposits and fat checking accounts. A rack of *Winona Daily News* papers, all the way from Minnesota, is on the sidewalk outside the solid-looking structure. There is now no indication if ever a nefarious Garland-style banker held sway here.

Staying on E, I cross State Highway 88 and continue again west, steadily rising as the valley drops away and the county road crawls higher into the hills. It feels like Switzerland or Bavaria, passing the Zngy farm with its fat black Angus beef cattle grazing languidly on the hillside. Lawn ornaments bedeck neatly trimmed lawns fronting the Haverbeck and Brandt farms, where cream-colored barns and outbuildings offer haven to well-fed Holsteins and Guernsey cows whose fresh dairy udders cry out, "Milk, ice cream, butter, and cheese! Get 'em here, get 'em now!" Silos are fortress watchtowers, offering expansive views of the world to pigeons perched high on the ramparts. The years have done wonders to improve the scene from Garland's rough frontier day. Yet ...

The circling hills were the same, yet not the same as at night, a cooler, tenderer, more subdued cloak of color lay upon them. From down the valley a cool, deep, impalpable, blue mist hung, beneath which one divined the river ran, under its elms and basswoods and wild grapevines. On the shaven slopes of the hill cattle and sheep were feeding, their cries and bells coming to the ear with a sweet suggestiveness. There was something immemorial in the sunny slopes dotted with red and brown and gray cattle.

—Hamlin Garland, "Up the Coolly,"
Main-Travelled Roads
(Arena Publishing Company, 1891)

As the car creeps higher and higher toward the summit separating the heartland of Wisconsin from the Mississippi River, Waumandee becomes a smudge of Monopoly-sized buildings. St. Boniface is a toy church before it eventually disappears.

Then I'm over the hill and careening down the back slope to the river town of Alma, a ride south on State Highway 35, the Great River Road. Forty miles in that direction is La Crosse, where 1880s lumbering created a fortune for local-boy-made-good Gideon Hixon. The Hixon Forest Nature Center on State Highway 16 west of La Crosse, named after the wood baron, is a good place to land when there are questions about contemporary land use and environmental issues seldom discussed in Garland's day. Hixon's old mansion at 429 North 7th Street is open from Memorial Day through Labor Day for a peek into the Victorian past. While on the subject of trees, the Coulee State Forest is about seven miles west of La Crosse on 16, roughly in the quarter bounded by Barre Mills and Bangor on

the north and Middle Ridge and St. Joseph on the south.

While driving east on Highway 16 (instead of taking the parallel Interstate 90), I spin off at West Salem—population circa 4,075—and visit author Garland's home at 357 West Garland Street. I commence a self-guided tour around the community by following the state's brown markers indicating Rustic Road R-31. The tour—primarily made up of city streets—starts out as County Road B near the B&H Radiator Shop.

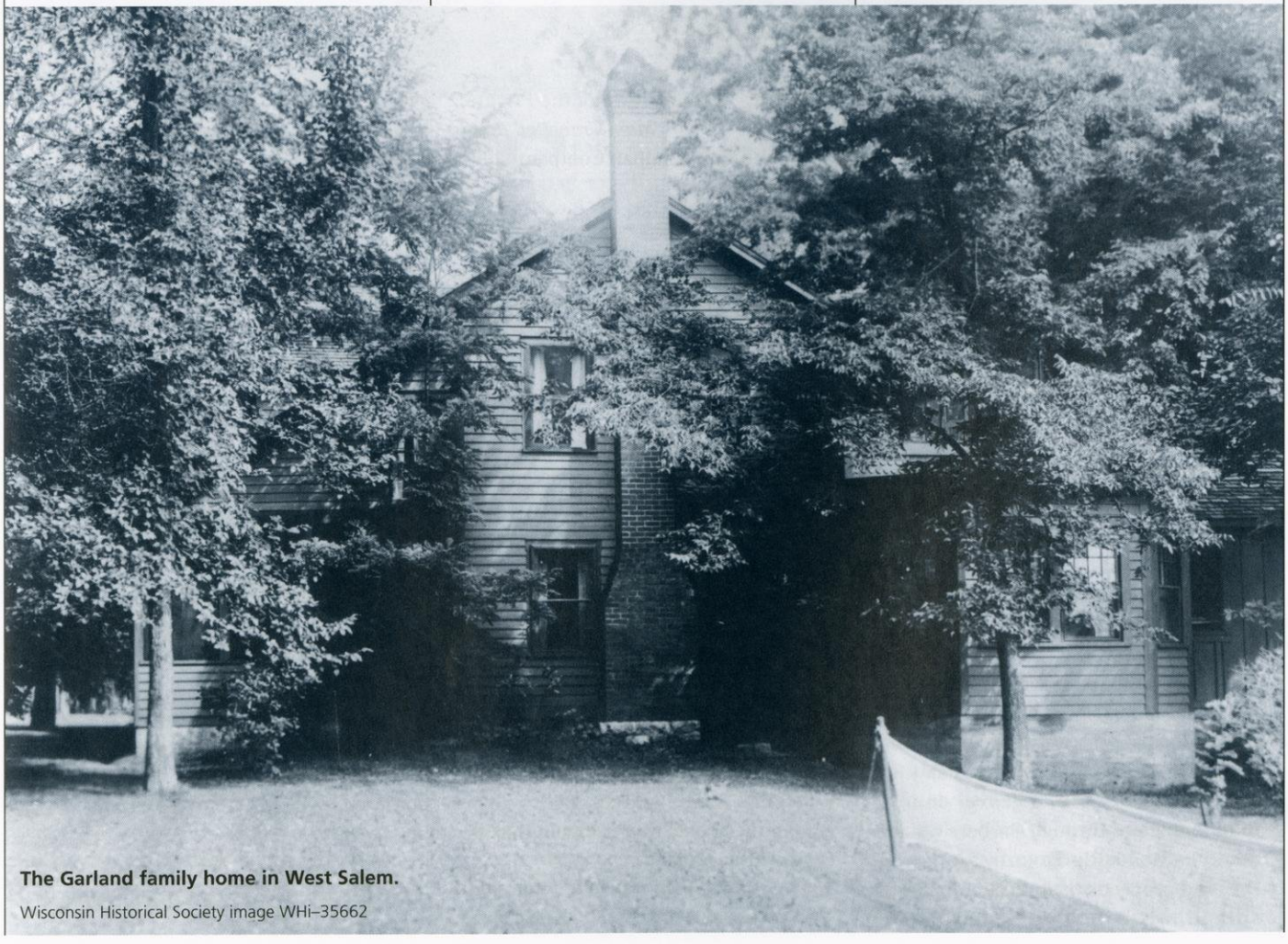
West Salem was founded in 1852 by an entrepreneur named Thomas Leonard, and many of the homes and buildings seen on the tour date from that era. Garland, the oldest of the family's four youngsters, was born on September 14, 1860, in a cabin on the east side of town. The current Garland homesite, now operated by the West Salem Historical Society, was purchased by the author in 1893 on behalf of his mother, who had suffered a stroke. Garland lived there until 1915, when he moved to Hollywood, California, where he died in 1940. Garland's ashes were returned to West Salem and buried in the family plot at the wind-swept Neshonoc Cemetery.

... they [Garland's wife and two daughters] loved my family homestead in the little village of West Salem, Wisconsin, where they played beneath the trees on a spacious lawn and looked away on lovely surrounding hills. Each year as May grew toward June, they demanded to be taken to "our real home"—and my wife was quite as eager to go. Four or five months of each year were spent in a plain, spacious old house on the edge of my native village.

—Hamlin Garland,
My Friendly Contemporaries
(New York: Macmillan Publishing, 1932)

With numerous novels, dozens of short stories, and many articles to his credit, Garland won the fabled Pulitzer Prize in 1922 for *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, one of his four major autobiographical works. He was great friends with Portage-born newspaperwoman/author Zona Gale, who also wrote about Wisconsin's rough growing-up years. The dramatization of her gritty novel *Miss Lulu Bett* won the Pulitzer for drama in 1921.

By 1922, from the distance of decades, Hamlin could reflect on the terrible conditions of his family's early rural life and comment that "life on the farms of Iowa and Wisconsin—even on the farms of Dakota—has gained in beauty and serenity ... Groves and



The Garland family home in West Salem.
Wisconsin Historical Society image WHi–35662

lawns, better roads, the rural free delivery, the telephone and the motor car have done much to bring the farmer into a frame of mind where he is contented with his lot." Yet the author still added the caveat, "But much remains to be done before the stream of young life from the country to the city can be checked." In his 1927 book, *Trail-Makers of the Middle Border*, Garland's deft literary touch zones in on these changes, particularly in "The Cabin in Coulee." His observations ring true today, just as the rainbowed concept of family farm life fades away in the face of suburban sprawl and the vast manure piles of factory farming.

Hunkered behind flower beds, bushes, and spreading oak trees in its quiet West Salem neighborhood, Garland's silent old home is packed with artifacts ranging from his battered typewriter to a bathtub in which he once happily splashed. Many personal items were returned to the historical society when the house was opened to the public in 1976. The building was ultra-modern in its day, being the first in town with indoor plumbing, electricity, and central heating. The structure was damaged in a fire in 1912, just as Garland was finishing up his *Captain of the Gray Horse Troop*. The town fire chief, recognizing the value of the manuscript, lowered Garland's freshly typed papers to safety out an upstairs window into reaching, eager hands.

After poking around the Garland home, which is open for guided tours from May through September, I drive south of West Salem on County Road M. Passing the feed mill and Coulee Farm Supply, where there is a sale on muck boots, my small blue Toyota scoots beneath the I-90 overpass and on to where the wide cornfields of Wisconsin beckon. On M to Highway B, Nuttleman Farms sprawls its acreage astride the roadway. I turn right on County O and proceed through the unincorporated hamlet of Barre Mills, where I can pick up OA to the south, a gravel county road that edges through Garbers Coulee near the Roadside Tavern. Along OA, the road proceeds past the Schombergs' spread, where the thick perfume of feeding cattle and silage rests heavily on the warm, provocative breeze.

OA crawls up atop St. Joseph's Ridge, where the valley floor below shows off neat farmsteads, each with its straight, green rows of corn (Garst Seed 8640), drying beds of soybeans, and yellowing fields of ripening wheat. Angling to the west via Highway FO, I leave behind the gravel and pick up State Highway 33, where I double back along the high bluff to County YY.

Sunday comes in a Western wheat harvest with such sweet and sudden relaxation to man and beast that it would be holy for that reason, if for no other, and Sundays are usually fair in harvest-time. As one goes out into the field in the hot morning sunshine, with no sound abroad save the crickets and the indescribably pleasant silken rustling of the ripened grain, the reaper and the very sheaves in the stubble seem to be resting, dreaming.

—Hamlin Garland,
"The Return of the Private,"
Main-Travelled Roads
(The Macmillan Company, 1907)

Breidel Coulee falls away on both sides as the road connects with U.S. 14/61. This major roadway links to Ober Road and then to Chipmunk Coulee Road when I pass through the village of Pleasant Prairie, hanging tight on the border between La Crosse and Vernon counties. It is then only three miles back west to Highway 35, the Great River Road.

These are only a few of the coulee country roads that are worth traversing around La Crosse in search of a lost time. Others that offer a vista-plus drive include Shelmedine Road through the Coulee State Forest, where Russian Coulee's hard rock edges are softened by heavy stands of leafy, heavy-limbed oaks and maples. Bouska Ridge, Bohemian Ridge, and Spring Ridge are among the scenic high spots in this airy corner of Wisconsin.

The wind had gone down, and the red sunlight fell mistily over the world of corn and stubble. The crickets were still chirping and the feeding cattle were drifting toward the farmyards.

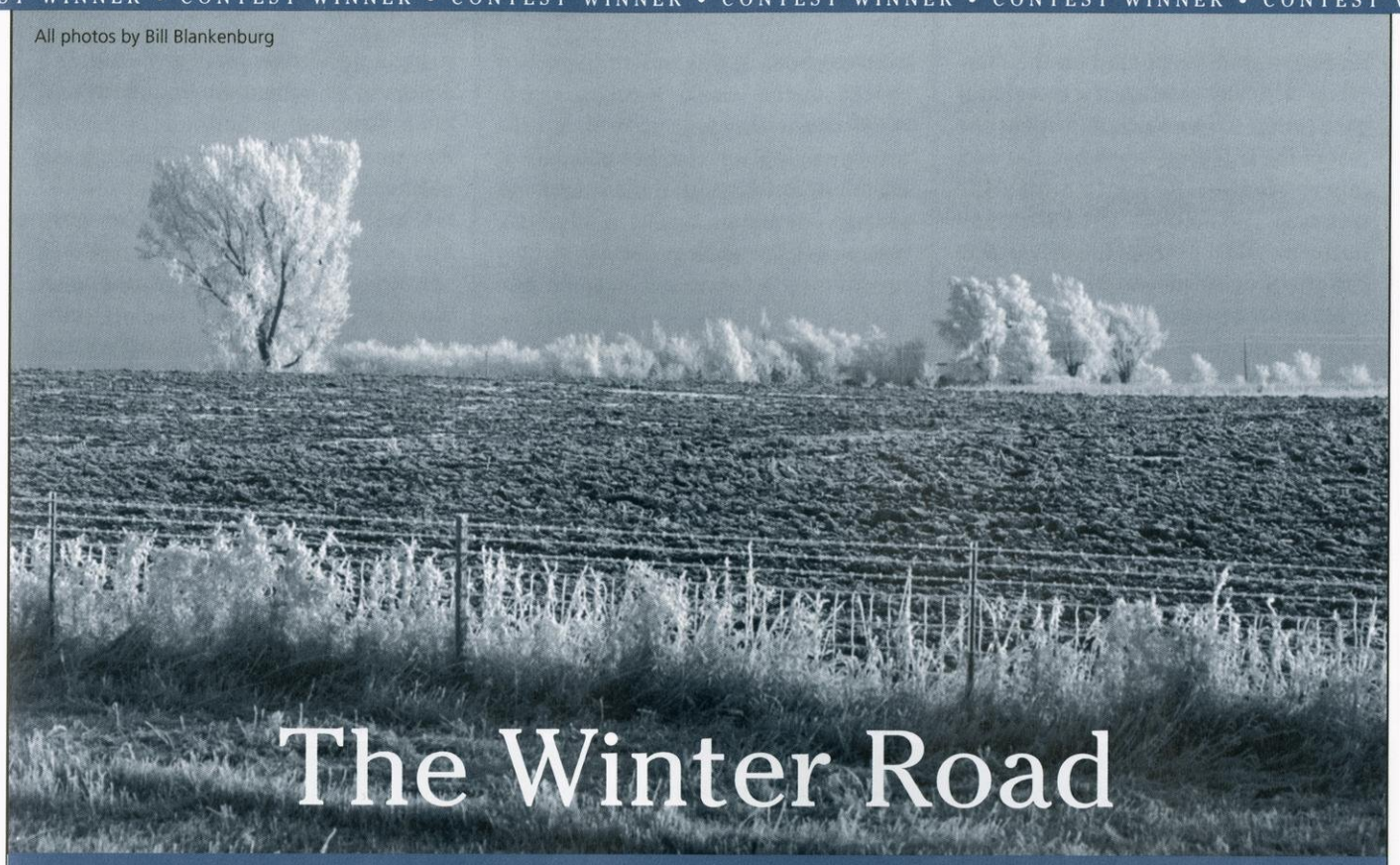
—Hamlin Garland,
"A Day's Pleasure,"
Main-Travelled Roads
(The Macmillan Company, 1907)

After crisscrossing this landscape and savoring its rich, sensual detail, I can easily see why Hamlin Garland was attracted to writing about his homeland. Garland's friend and fellow author William Dean Howells indicated more than a century ago that he cherished Garland's splendid achievements in objective fiction "with a grateful sense of the high pleasure." That feeling still rushes to the fore while traversing Garland's coulee country. Certainly now, I know better why he and my father—both farm boys at heart and authors—became friends after meeting far from their roots. And why my own journey will continue. ✹

Note to the reader: Garland employed various spellings of "coulee," often within the same manuscript. His usage of the word is utilized throughout this essay.

Martin Hintz was born in Iowa and came to Milwaukee as an editor/reporter for the old ***Milwaukee Sentinel*** *in 1968. Since 1975, he has been a self-employed writer with numerous books to his credit, as well as hundreds of magazine and newspaper features. He is also publisher of* ***The Irish American Post****, a magazine that was launched as a newspaper in 1991 and went online in 2001.*

All photos by Bill Blankenburg



The Winter Road

BY JANE SADUSKY

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW/HARRY W. SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

THIRD PLACE

TEN IS THE PERFECT YEAR. At least it was before Helter Skelter at 7:00 p.m. Eastern and soft porn teen idols and eating disorders. You could still be Nancy Drew or Annie Oakley or Joan of Arc. But that was my cosseted post-war world, not the ten of the breaker boys or Dust Bowl kids or Birmingham church girls.

At twelve, things change. You're standing in the Greenwood Park swimming pool on a scorching school vacation day, drawing too-familiar attention from a high school boy. In a dizzy flash of light across the water, time speeds up. From then on you're aware of every ticking, never-to-be-recovered minute. Then you make that familiar winter journey and leave knowing too much to sit at the children's table again.

✳

Thirty below and the cold always won. Running full out, the heater barely kept our feet thawed or the windshield clear. Luggage, blankets, and my younger sisters surrounded me. Out of Ashby we played Car Bingo, and once the sun disappeared I scratched holes in the frost, trying for a glimpse of the northern lights. I etched an entire landscape on my corner of the window, complete with streets and skyscrapers. The roadside drifts rose above the car. Without traffic, and with farms and towns miles apart, the darkness always felt absolute and endless.

To my father, more than one stop on the twelve-hour drive was defeat. Alone, he let only the need for gas pull him over. Once, when I was about six, he passed town after town, wanting to

reach a wayside he found on the map. When he finally gave up at a crossroads gas station it was too late. I spent the rest of the trip soggy and cold, the dark fabric of my snow pants hiding the wetness. The memory is brilliant and uncomfortable, even as the driver who can now stop whenever she wants.

My mother leaned against the car door, saying little. She was the Winter Mother now.

The Summer Mother drove us to Lake Claire every day. She worked alongside us in the sand, carrying buckets of water, crawling around, shaping moats and walls. We'd go all afternoon, until we covered half the beach. By December the laughter leaked out of her face, leaving a shallow smile that stayed on the surface, like it wasn't really part of her.

We always stopped in Lyall, North Dakota, a town of slumping houses and one café. I hated the greasy, overcooked smell of the place. The bathroom was outside, past the gas pumps. The floor looked like the toilet had just backed up and the sink was sticky under a scum of soap, hair, and grime. I avoided my eerie Twilight Zone reflection in the mirror.

As the tires squeaked over the frozen parking lot, we scrambled to find boots and coats. I nearly fell stepping out of the car, as though I had been weeks at sea. The first breath left my lungs stiff and icy, suspended for an instant between life and death.

I was the first one into the diner. Three men in heavy jackets and caps sat at the counter. The lone waitress was turning chairs upside down on the tables, getting ready to mop the floor. I could hear someone washing dishes in the kitchen.

I knew what was coming. My father would act like it was the middle of the day, and everything on the menu should be available. If it said Daily Special, the Special had better be there until the last minute. He would grow more and more insistent. The waitress would get frustrated and stomp off. Some burly man or woman would return with her, stand by the table and announce for the entire place to hear, "Look, mister, you can order somethin' else or leave."

All the while my mother would quietly study the menu. I would glare at my father, furious at the embarrassment of it all. My sisters would be too busy rearranging the sugar packets to notice.

*

I woke when we slowed at the Pembina border crossing. Frost had once again overtaken my city. Through the windshield, the streetlights bounced off the snow and cast a blue, hazy glow.

We stopped as the guard stepped out of his office. He went through the usual list of questions: where were we coming from and going to, how long would we be staying, what were our names, ages, and relationship to each other, did we have anything to declare? This was not one of those times when we had to get out of the car while he poked around the packages and opened suitcases. It was too late and too cold.

WINNING WORDS

Comment by lead judge Larry Watson

"The Winter Road" evokes that time in childhood when the rituals of holiday and travel can be both mysterious and comforting. But the trip in this story is about those special circumstances when a child suddenly catches a glimpse of one of the darker secrets of the adult world. The long journey across a frozen landscape at Christmastime is especially well done.

There were no drifts, but on the open prairie the wind could cover the road in minutes. In spite of miles of fence, it owned the snow, carrying it over and under, shaping it any which way.

I sat up to watch for the horizon that marked the city. Light appeared at the edge of the flat, colorless landscape, at first so faint I thought I imagined it. With each mile it grew brighter and wider. I crawled gingerly over my sleeping sisters to sit behind the front seat for a clear view. Snow continued to tumble and spin across the road. The highway seemed deserted but for us, the muffled whoosh of the tires were the only sound. My father reached across the seat for my mother's hand. She let it stay, but did not turn her head.

Truck stops and closed shops signaled the outskirts of the city. We passed through the suburbs and into the older neighborhoods of Winnipeg, following a familiar pattern of right and left turns. My grandmother's house appeared around the last corner, shimmering against the midnight street.

She lived alone in a three-story white Victorian filled with furniture and places to get lost away from adults. Unlike home, where I shared a bedroom with my sisters, I had my own space here, on the third floor at the back of the house. It was small and secret, a forgotten room. The ceiling was all angles and shadows. From the window seat I could watch people in the yard or garden, and see above the trees to the city lights.

In the summer, chairs and rockers occupied the wide, open porch, with tables for games and cards. Flowers circled the house and lined the walkway. Now the snow prevailed: mountains of it alongside the street, everywhere, hiding the sidewalks and cutting off low windows.

I ignored my father's call to wait, slow down, and ran up the steps, coat half on, hat and mittens left behind. The door opened to warmth and fragrance.

*

The morning sky was sharp and blue against the snow. It was too cold for the toboggan slide, but my grandmother had promised canasta. If I hurried I might catch her alone before the others woke up.

The third-floor stairs joined the second at the back of the house. I reached the landing just before the turn into the kitchen. My father's voice.

"You're like that carving at the front of a ship."

My mother's voice, icy and edgy. "I have nothing to say."

"Talk about the weather, talk about the girls."

I shifted my weight and the floor squeaked. As I reached the now silent kitchen, my father stood with his back to me, looking out the window over the sink. He was dressed in his weekend clothes: plaid shirt and brown pants. My mother sat at the table, still in her bathrobe, rolling an empty coffee cup back and forth in her hands.

My father turned and smiled his everything-is-just-fine smile. "I'll wake up your sisters." My mother offered her flat smile, but said nothing.

When the back door opened and my grandmother appeared, my mother pushed back her chair, as if to stand up.

"Stay put. The girls and I are making pancakes."

My mother stayed in the chair, but at a distance, free of the table and ready for flight. My sisters came thumping down, two steps at a time, and climbed on her lap. They dangled their legs to the side and she circled an arm around each waist.

The cast iron griddle covered two burners of the stove. If I was careful I could fit ten, five in each row. While pouring the batter or waiting to flip the pancakes, I was aware of my mother sitting across the room. At home she would be mixing, supervising, and chatting. Here she never stayed down in the kitchen with us.

"Mama, I'll make you the biggest one."

"No thanks."

"Let her make breakfast for you." I glanced at my grandmother. It sounded almost like an order. Like *put on your shoes* or *finish your milk*.

My mother's face was blank, her eyes angry. "I'm not hungry." She moved my sisters off her lap and left the room.

My grandmother's voice, tight and cheerful. "Your mother's not ready for breakfast, but I am."

✳

I was listening this year like I never had listened before. I had learned that if I was patient I could piece together the real story. Miss Parker, the music teacher, didn't suddenly leave in November to go back to college, as she had told the class. It was really about *Mr. Burke,* the math teacher, and *affair*

and *pregnant.* All I needed to do was stand outside classroom doors after school and overhear the mothers at a birthday party. When going into a room I moved quietly, waiting for snatches of conversation before deciding to hang back or keep going.

It's a habit I've not entirely left behind. I still collect overheard phrases, a tone of voice, words left here and there. I've grown into a sort of aural code breaker. The true stories are all in the fragments.

My grandmother's house tested my new skill. The back stairway was a good spot, provided I sidestepped the loose board. Alongside the swinging door between the dining room and the kitchen was another.

Father to grandmother: "We should have stayed home this year."

I helped clear the table after Christmas Eve dinner. The dinner was a work of planning and training that I've never bothered to attempt. It required the full attention of my aunts and uncles, under their mother's direction: each place set with silver, china, crystal, and linen; candles lit; a procession of platters and covered serving bowls presenting the roasts, dressing, vegetables, breads, relishes, and condiments. As I traveled back and forth to the kitchen I added scraps of conversation to my collection, delivered up in the washing and drying and putting away.

"She stared at her plate the whole time."

"Why does he bother?"

✶

The house was full of people on Boxing Day.

My you're getting tall.

What a lovely dress.

How do you like school?

It was crowded and loud, so halfway through I found a book. The sofa cut across one corner of the front room and I could lie behind it and read. I woke to my grandmother's words.

"We'd have been better off if she just disappeared." Her steps hit the floor hard as she left the room.

I didn't move, though the others were too busy softening the comment to notice. "You know she didn't mean it," said the aunts to my father. I wanted to be home, to be away from here, to be back in my own house, in my own town, with my own friends.

The next morning I went down later than usual. My father was alone. He looked tired, and he hadn't shaved.

"How's my girl? You're not such an early bird today."

"I'm fine."

"I'll fix you some eggs."

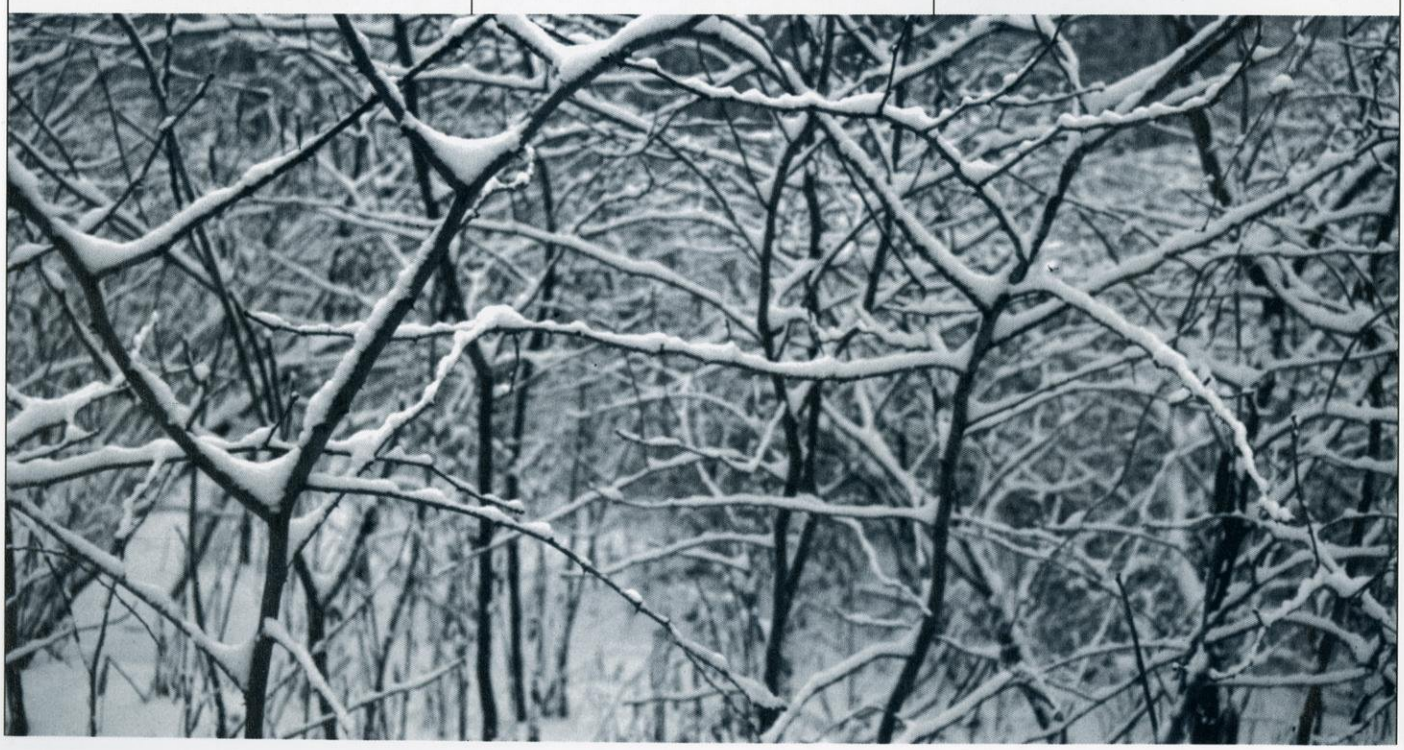
I stayed silent and focused on my plate, my father struggling through a stream of questions while he scrambled, toasted, and served. *What do you want to do today? The zoo? Skating? Museum? Cribbage?*

"Maybe we should leave tomorrow. Would you like a couple of days at home before school starts?"

I looked at my father. We had never left early.

✶

I spent the day on the third floor, the household too preoccupied to notice me, and my sisters away with one of the aunts. I finished the assignment from the evil teacher who did not believe in vacations, and began gathering my old and new possessions. There would be no time to pack in the morning. A box would be easier than trying to fit everything in my Samsonite, so I went searching in the hall closet.



It was big enough to sleep in, with racks of clothing along one side and shelves on the other two. I started opening boxes: three round ones with hats that my grandfather must have worn; others with recipes, handwritten in green ink with looping, round letters. I almost dropped the wedding dress box. Another had my uncle's high school diploma, a sweater, and photos of people I didn't know.

At the bottom of the last shelf, I saw one that might be the right size. It was wedged in the corner under a pile of old *Maclean's* magazines. I turned over the topmost picture frame. It was a school photo of a boy wearing a white shirt, blue tie, and suspenders. I flipped over the next one to see my parents smiling back at me. In the background was a Christmas tree, and between them was that same boy.

Back in my room I set the desk chair in front of the door and put my suitcase on top of that. At the window seat I opened the box. The framed photos continued. I laid them in front of me, trying to go from older to younger. I worked backward until I had all seven lined up. The last one was a baby, sitting in the lap of a black teddy bear, smiling and drooling into the camera.

The next layer was a jumble of loose snapshots: at my grandmother's, Assiniboine Park, and the family living rooms, kitchens, and backyards scattered around the city. I recognized those places, but not the house with my parents and the boy. I found a smaller copy of the framed school photo.

Underneath were crayon and pencil drawings, the paper wrinkled and torn at the corners, as if they had been taped to a wall and ripped off. There was one pair of brown mittens with red stripes. My fingers covered the hand by at least an inch.

At the bottom of the box was an envelope. The flap was loose and inside was a yellowed newspaper clipping with a list of holiday church services. I turned it over: *Boy Crushed to Death.*

I folded the clipping and put it back in the envelope, then into the box. I dumped the drawings and photos on top, trying to remember the right order. Halfway across the room I opened the box again and rummaged among the loose photos until I found the school snapshot. I set it aside, then reached under the drawings until I felt the envelope with the clipping and pulled it across the bottom of the box and out. I added the photo to the envelope and hid it in the deepest pocket of my suitcase.

Supper stretched on forever. All I wanted to do was get away and get up in the morning and leave.

Twice my grandmother said, "I wish you didn't have to go so soon. We've hardly had a chance to visit."

My mother ate more than her usual few bites and remarked on how delicious it was.

"You're welcome, I'm glad you finally found something that agreed with you."

My father packed most of the car that evening. My suitcase went on the bottom, at the back of the station wagon. It was still dark when he woke me in the morning.

My grandmother gave me a long, deep hug. "Your father said he'd bring you up in June and you can stay as long as you like."

I pulled away.

✷

As the sky turned light I saw that it would be a cloudy day. My sisters fell asleep as usual before we even reached the border. I sat cross-legged behind my parents, suddenly awkward and too old to be sitting there, but I didn't move. As we drove deeper toward home my mother watched the horizon and my father whistled a bit.

I left with the scene that I would rewind and replay again and again. A distracted mother and a last-minute phone call. A boy left in a running car on a steep, icy driveway. The temptation of an engine, a steering wheel, and shifting gears.

I touched my mother's cheek. She flinched, then put her hand over mine, still staring at the snow blowing across the road. ✷

Jane Sadusky lives in Madison and is a writer and independent consultant on community response to violence against women. She received a Pleasant T. Rowland Foundation Fellowship to the Vermont Studio Center in 2004. This is her first published short story.

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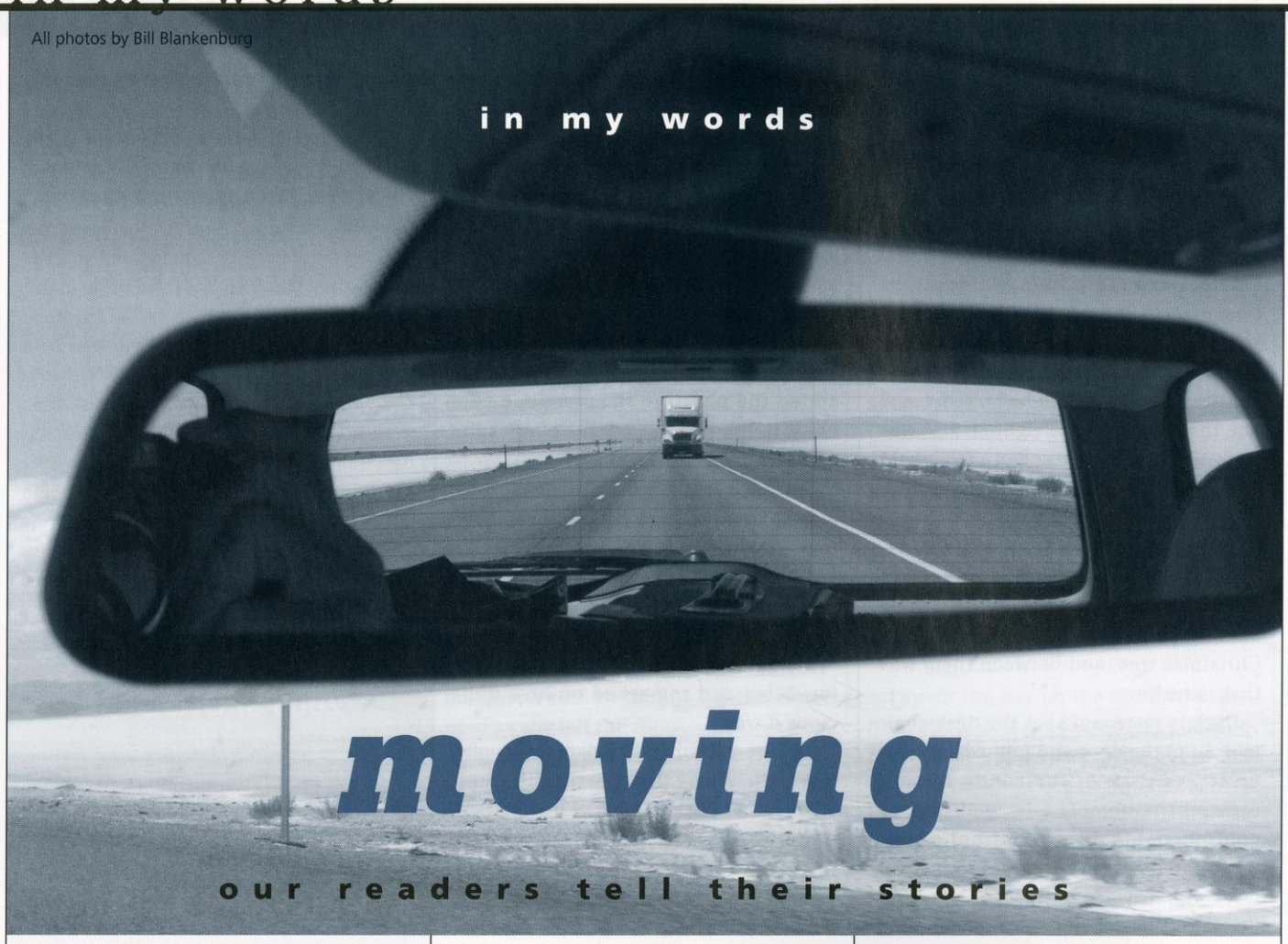
This story concludes publication of our 2005 short story contest winners. Look for the first-place story of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*/Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops Short Story Contest 2006 in the summer edition of the *Wisconsin Academy Review.*

All photos by Bill Blankenburg



GOING WEST

In August 1979, exactly one year after seeing the Rockies for the first time, I packed everything I owned into a 1969 Pontiac LeMans and headed for Colorado. I had $300 and a new life in mind—an alpine life, cool and bracing. At the time I felt like a refugee, what with all those Linda Ronstadt songs wringing me out and that bland, sticky, Midwestern heat not letting me sleep. The message was, *Get outta here!*

That car had a V-8, 350 engine and lots of chrome gleaming on dark green paint. It was made for road trips, and mostly what I remember was the landscape flying by. I stopped somewhere in short-grass prairie country to stretch my legs and let a fresh west wind clear the humidity from my head. I stayed in a dusty highway town. I remember straining to catch that first glimpse of the Front Range, mistaken for a storm front on the earlier trip. There it was again—this time, solid rock.

Past Denver, I rose into a world of tilted, jagged edges and crystalline air. My spirits matched. The LeMans, suitably prepped, was the best of cars for tackling mountains, and so the climb was no sweat. Ice water spilled over ledges by the highway; whitewater rivers flashed in and out of view. Descending from Loveland Pass was like landing in Oz. I rubbernecked my way through sun-burnished Glenwood Canyon—there was only a sinuous two-lane highway back then—and rolled down the Western Slope with country music turned high.

For no clear reason, my destination was Grand Junction, which was not, however, just as I remembered it (bathed in spacious, ruddy light), but sweltering and raw. Nevertheless I got a job right away, something in production with a hook on a wall to hang my coffee mug with all the others. Like an idiot, I'd taken a room in a weird and awful hotel, full of terrifying noises, drunks, and dark corners. Every morning, there were empty liquor bottles on the roof outside my "window."

I couldn't hack it. Within a week, I'd retreated up the road to Glenwood Springs, a small town at the end of the canyon. That first day, I was resting outside a little mall, when—no kidding—"The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" came on the P.A. I knew that Glenwood Springs was fated to take me in.

I got a miracle job (the $300 was long spent) at the bank, where I found a new best friend from—Peshtigo, Wisconsin. I eventually lived in a fairy tale house run by an elderly, rosebush-loving German couple. A certain itinerant cat would slip through an open window at night and curl up for a nap on my velveteen chair.

But it was only a short year and a half before something else—was it just wanting to move again?—called me back to Wisconsin, the land of green, no

longer bland but bountiful and open-armed. I drove back in the same faithful Pontiac LeMans.

Funny how moving has never been so easy as it was when I was 24. I'm staying put these days, but I like to remember an afternoon in the high country near Glenwood. A rainstorm had just passed, leaving acres of grateful sagebrush under a clean, fragrant sky. There's nothing so fine as the smell of sage after rain. The craving for same is still enough to make me pack my bags. But now I leave the pots and pans and houseplants here to wait for my return.

Patty Lucas
Madison

ON TO ILLINOIS

I have moved 40 times. Maybe more. So many of our moves when I was a child were to find a better place with comparable rent. Mom approached moving with determined zeal. Usually, she wouldn't tell us that we were moving; we would know because she would bring home boxes from work or the grocery store. My brothers and I would look up from our homework and say, almost as if rehearsed, "Are we moving?" Although we never said the word "again," it hovered in the air, a slight indictment. It seemed like a quick process: a week of packing, two days of moving, and a week of unpacking. Since we usually moved from one apartment to another, it barely seemed as if we had moved at all, except for new neighbors and no friends in the new place. By sixth grade, I had been to five different grade schools.

When we moved from St. Louis to the Chicago suburbs, Mom tried to turn it into an adventure. She had recently remarried and my grandfather was dying of colon cancer. I didn't realize then how linked the two situations were. Until I was older and moving away from a crisis, one that I only wanted to handle across a state line. She hummed the tune to "Chicago" while packing boxes.

Since Dave, our stepfather, was getting transferred to Chicago we had movers—a novelty for us. Each one of our moves had meant multiple trips up and down stairs, each of us carrying our personal treasures and boxes we could lift. Mom's friends would carry the books and magazines, groaning that *this* was the last time they were moving her magazine collection.

We had breakfast with my grandparents our last morning in St. Louis; Nanny nervously bustling in the kitchen and Pop perched on his chair, one leg folded like a bullfrog. His surgery had left him looking oddly deflated and vulnerable. Mom sat by the edge of his chair, patting his hand. Dave, never at ease, stood jingling the change in his pockets until we were all unnerved. Breakfast was quick. Mom picked at her food, her eyes bright and watery. Nanny chattered about church, our upcoming visit for Easter, the bacon frying too quickly. I poked at my bouncy pink bacon and exchanged smiles with Mom.

As soon as he had eaten his second helping of everything, Dave bounded from the table, clapping his hands as if motivating his softball team. We all looked at him, amazed. For us, goodbyes were sacred—something to be drawn out—more stories to be told or advice to be given. It usually took an hour to leave Nanny and Pop's. Mom pushed herself up from the table and wrapped her arms around Pop's neck. "I love you, Dad." I heard her voice catch and watched as she stayed with her head buried in the crook of his neck, her hair falling over her face. He just patted her hand and rubbed the back of her head as if she were still a small child.

Nanny's lips tightened into a thin line as she glared at Dave. He clapped his hands again and announced, "I'll just go check on the car." I looked out the window. It was still there. My brothers and I hugged Nanny and Pop, careful not to press too tightly against his stomach. What I wanted to do was curl up on his lap and feel the timbre of his voice as he sang. Instead, we got in the car and waved good-bye through the back window.

Kathleen Quigley
Sheboygan Falls

WE HELD OUR BREATH

Nineteen sixty-five. At 10 years of age I was the oldest in a line of six, comfortably ensconced in Burlington, Wisconsin. My parents hosted card club or Young Christians League every eight weeks. Mom stayed home, Dad walked to work, not quite the picket fence, but close. The bell rang for the final time at St. Mary's Elementary and the endless summer was on: I hit in the three hole for my Little League team, made regular trips to the Dairy Queen on my Schwinn, and, along with the 57 kids who resided in the three-block area in which I lived, generally ran roughshod over the neighborhood. Its features included sidewalks and backyards that went on forever, and a local church with a ball field that was open whenever the cranky groundskeeper was off-duty.

Prepubertal nirvana ended abruptly when my parents, along with my aunt and uncle, bought a resort on Lake Noquebay; only an hour north of Green Bay, it's true, but compared to the prosaic life we were leaving, a world apart. "An adventure," said my father. The kids groaned. We packed it up, lock, stock, and bicycles, and moved to a home surrounded on three sides by forbidding forest and on the fourth by more than 2,000 acres of water. All told there were 15 souls—10 kids, four adults, and one grandma—wedged into "the lodge"—a sagging two-story edifice that could have been a barn had the walls contained a little more insulation.

Pluckers up, reins down, and, because the purchase had taxed the finances of both households, two families raised as one. We shared living quarters, carpooled to school, and often took our meals together.

No longer king of the neighborhood, I found myself in a *public* school (were they really heathens?) so small it didn't have a baseball diamond, much less a team, attending classes with kids who didn't know me from Mao Tse-tung, in a town that to this day does not rate a Dairy Queen. Not that it would have mattered; our resort was 15 miles from town. The Schwinn made the trip, but it never left the garage.

In time my cousins became more like brothers and sisters. Predictable, you might say, but hardly a foregone conclusion given that at the time of "The Move" there were sibling rivalries brewing in both families. There were territorial skirmishes at the beginning, of course, but bonds formed after school in the back of a crowded station wagon while eating slices of plain white bread and singing "Do, Re, Me" are the kind that last. As I look back now, that is what I remember.

There were other benefits, realized later and doled out a teaspoon at a time: opportunities at a small school were less diverse, but barriers were lower. I lettered in two sports for three years; at a larger school I may not have made the team. In the summertime there was a new group of vacationers every week who *paid* to spend a week at the place where I lived, and with each new batch there were more kids to meet. My life as a "pool boy" became the envy of my friends, who imagined speedboats and bikinis (yes, there were those), but who never knew of the endless hours on the lawn mower or the joy of making rounds on garbage detail, especially in July, after a week of rain, with a garbage can full of stench calling from the fish-cleaning shack. "Builds character," my father said. We held our breath.

Arthur Rein
Waterford

HOME APPRECIATION

In the deep snow-sleep of a Wisconsin winter I started to weed my historical file cabinets, a library of books, photos needing albums, followed by a stash of *SPA* magazines, mindful of just keeping what really qualified as personal treasures. As painful as it was to do this, it kept me from howling at the moon in February, a month where a calendar verifies that low light could have you putting your underwear on backward and lead to speaking in a different dialect.

Someone with more time on their hands than I wrote, "The older you get, the less you should be afraid of." That person may be one of those lucky older people who decide to lose weight and climb Mount Everest. I chose instead to mimic other Madisonians by becoming indentured. We collectively sign a new apartment lease with the locally established departure date of 60 days' notice. This means that when you decide to move on, you must tell the management 60 days ahead of the end of your lease date. When you move into an apartment with a 12-month agreement, for example, it means that in 10 months you must tell the management that you intend to move again. This date arrangement then would have you looking at other addresses 60 days prior to a vacancy available on the other end of the rental ads. With that headache in mind, one could understand why I stayed seven years without budging at the old address.

I was awash with the idea of losing or changing my home apartment address. For others it could mean changing their purchased home residence (these are the people who have to second-mortgage their new roof and mow their yards)—or, under much less fortunate circumstances, change their space on a piece of cardboard near a heat grate in the confines of the city, any city.

Changing a comfortable setting or arrangement may have less to do with comfort than it does with the monetary reality we all face. Moving day came several months ago, and it changed the drama of my everyday life, including the commute to my full-time job. It brought up a timeline that demanded a grocery list of needs and packing into boxes the items that I could not part with, knowing that a paid employee was going to lift them for me.

Now I have settled in. I can find matching socks and a title on the bookshelf, and I think it is a grand thing. I have my morning coffee in the wee hour before dawn and watch the vapor of the sun before its foot slips into the shoe. In only moments the light comes on the purple plumes of grass on my small balcony garden. I feel like a millionaire. I watch the rubble of New Orleans and the sinking of a city on the news. I see the poorest left with nothing subtracted from nothing. And I am moved to tears.

Elaine Barrett
Madison

HALFWAY ACROSS THE COUNTRY

It was 1942. Maybe 1943. I could backtrack and be more accurate, but it's really not all that important. The only thing that mattered to me was that we were moving. Out of town. Far away.

I was in the third grade, you see, and had won the part of the radio announcer in the all-school Christmas pageant to be presented before the winter holiday break. Back then it could be called a Christmas pageant. Political correctness in schools or society was not yet a sensitive issue. Besides, the school was a private Catholic school, so Christmas held a legitimate place without the stigma or fear of offending someone's liberty or preference.

The year before, the best role I could garner in the holiday pageant was as part of a chorus of students simulating wind by blowing through pursed lips, on cue, when the script called for a treacherous storm. I just knew I was the best

of this sibilant group, generating a raspy whistle to add dimension to the sound we jointly created. In my mind, I was obviously wasting my considerable talent on some anonymous menial supporting role, completely miscast. Even a minor character's speaking part would have been appropriate, based on my ability.

At least, that's what was going on in my mind.

But this year—hurrah!—I was chosen to be "Radio Announcer," a significant part rather like that of a narrator, tying together various dramatized segments of the story. I was a pretty good reader, the teacher said, integrating "expression" (as it was called in those days) into the story, giving it more imagery, more oomph. Apparently, my audition reinforced what the teacher had observed in reading class.

So I got the part. Oh, baby! My big break! I was walking on air.

But—we were moving away. So my parents said. Before the performance date!

How could that be?!?

"Your father has a job opportunity in a government project in Washington," my mother said. "We must leave next Wednesday to allow proper time for winter wartime travel," she added, responding to my plaintive request to delay departure so I could perform in the role I so dearly wanted. And deserved, I said to myself.

That's probably not what she actually said. She probably just said, "No, we're leaving Wednesday," or something similar. I can't remember. It's difficult to recall an explanation given to a mind numbed to an empty vacuum.

So I had to tell the teacher we were moving.

I cried. Hesitantly, she said she'd have to give the part to someone else.

But she said I could come to rehearsals if I'd like.

And she touched me on the arm.

Marly Huiras
Dodgeville

FREEDOM AT WHAT PRICE?

Moving? Maybe.

I dream of a simpler life.

When I'm mowing my oversized lawn, raking leaves, or shoveling my long driveway; when I'm weeding the flower beds on a sticky July day; or scraping, sanding, and repainting the deck railing—again—then I grumble to myself that it's time to move. I imagine the heaven of condominium life. Someone else mows. Someone else shovels. I picture the carefree life of an apartment dweller. Something breaks down? Someone else fixes it!

Yet when I'm sitting on my porch swing as the sun goes down, and I survey the placid neighborhood in a golden light; when I play the piano at 6 a.m. and there is no one on the other side of the walls to complain, no one over there to ratchet up the volume of his favorite rock group, then I feel content where I am.

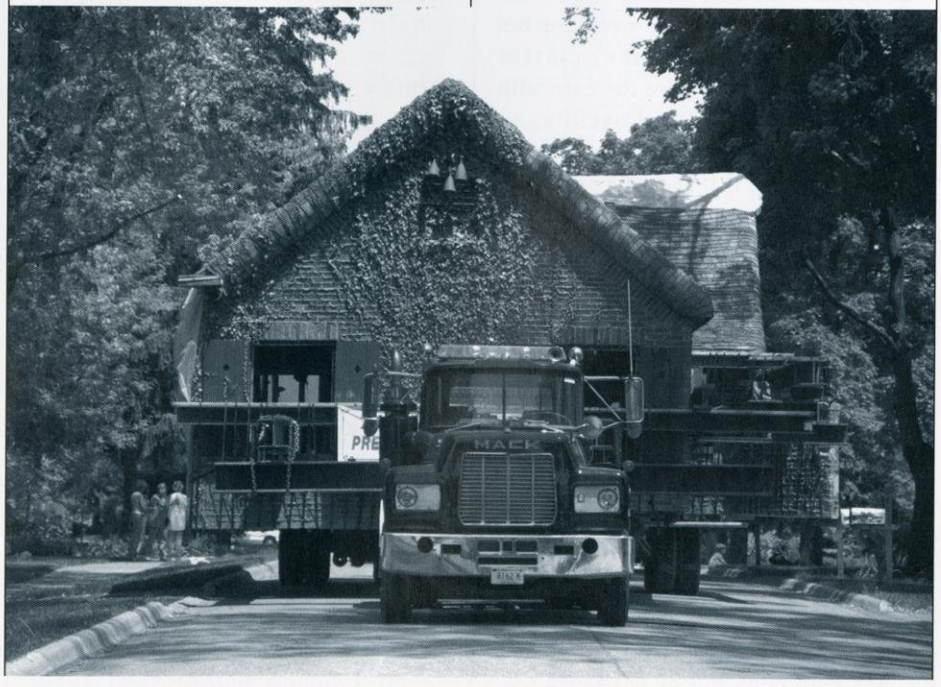
Occasionally an urge to simplify bubbles up. I look around and see too much stuff. How much time do I waste buying, organizing, cleaning, fixing, and ultimately getting rid of stuff? I could do with less of it. Why don't I move? Downsize? But what could I discard?

Surely not all my old LP records. I still have antique thirty-threes from my high school days—early Peter, Paul and Mary and The Brothers Four. I have old records from Russia—folksingers, balalaika players. All are treasures.

I couldn't part with my books. Once, eager to pare down, I gave a pile of old books to the library. Anything I hadn't looked at for years was put in the box. There went my Norton anthologies. Now I miss them! Every so often I want to reread a poem—Whitman, Blake, Dickinson. Alas, they're gone!

I could, however, get by with fewer dishes and clothes, less furniture.

I did simplify once. I took a leave of absence from my teaching job and went back to the university for a year. I sold the house I lived in and moved to a one-room apartment in Madison. How easy it is to clean only one room! Everything I really needed fit into it. There was a folding futon, a table that doubled as a desk, a TV and radio, a tiny refrigerator, a microwave oven—even my exercise bike. Of course, there were drawbacks. The man next door's cigarette fumes often found their way into my room, and I had limited cooking resources. However, the relative simplicity of that life was posi-



tive. Less time spent with cleaning and upkeep meant more time for study.

However, I didn't get rid of my things, I stored them. After a year of study, I reclaimed them and moved into a four-room apartment. A few years later, I bought a house twice the size of the apartment and filled it up with more things.

Some days I feel enslaved to this house and yard. I imagine the freedom of living where I would only have to stop the mail, lock the door, and leave. I'd travel carefree for a week or a month, and when I returned, I would not be greeted by a shaggy lawn and weedy gardens. Yet I'm not sure I want to pay the price of such freedom—loss of privacy and quietness.

Move? I don't know. Let me mull this over some more.

Becky Post
La Crosse

THE THINGS WE CARRY

Subtraction used to be my favorite subject in elementary school arithmetic. It was satisfying to make numbers disappear with little effort. And the joy of negative numbers was even greater. They took care of number clutter quickly. If only such were the case with material clutter! We are deciding to move from our home of 46 years, and being a pack rat is presenting problems. Not at all the ease of subtraction in arithmetic.

Each day my husband and I announce our project to clear it all out: the attic, the basement, bulging closets and drawers. We must have a garage sale. Easy enough, once the decisions are made; but what to keep or toss? It's the deciding that stymies us. Several weeks into the process, I hid in my writing room and wrote out my frustration, promising myself that after that relief, I would get back to work with renewed vigor. The following is the result of my venting:

Waiting to Move

When we move, we will not take with us the old plastic cups with the medallions that are nearly dishwasher worn but we may need them until we leave.

When we move, we will not take the chipped plates that are among the ones we use each day, those that we bought to replace the older set that were a wedding gift, but since they do make an even number we should keep them till we go.

When we move, we will not take the three-legged table that wobbles so much it slops the tea when I set my cup on it, unfortunately water marks ring the top, but the drawers hold the photographs that we must put in albums and give to the children so they remember their childhood in this house before we go.

When we finally move we will not take the crib stored in the attic, unused since the youngest grandchild turned two, climbed out and crayoned the walls while we all slept. We will give it away as soon as we sort the Christmas boxes stored there because it is a convenient height and right near the trunk that holds the worn-out blankets Goodwill might want, but we cannot throw them out before we go.

We will sell the house when we decide to move, but first we must clear out all the collected treasures we've gathered from afar, the carved caiman from Peru, the wall hanging made from pounded bark, decorated with toucans, shiny piranha, dark anacondas, all painted with natural vegetable dyes, but first we will invite our family to come and choose what each one wants to remember our trips by, when we move.

When we finally come to the decision that we are moving we have to sell this house in which we have lived for forty-odd years, then we must choose what furniture might fit into the smaller space of a condo or apartment or whatever we plan to buy wherever we decide to move whenever we decide we really must move, unless somebody has to decide for us!

"There!" I announced to my husband and myself. "Now I will get back to work," adding, "After I have a cup of tea and honey. Then I will edit my poem. Then ..."

So it goes. Oh, how I yearn for the simplicity of elementary school subtraction!

Peg Sherry
Madison

Share Your Stories

We welcome your contributions to "In My Words." Stories should be no longer than 600 words. The next topics are:

BIRTHING, Jan. 15 (extended deadline for the spring issue). Your experience with giving birth to anything (a baby, a work of art, a business) either firsthand or as an observer, happy or sad.

GUILTY PLEASURES, deadline March 1 (summer issue). Whether it's something as innocent as a pint of Ben and Jerry's or something a tad more shameful—things you love to do that make you feel guilty. Anonymity protected on request.

E-mail submissions are greatly preferred. Please send to:
jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org with the subject heading "In My Words," or mail it to In My Words, *Wisconsin Academy Review,* 1922 University Avenue, Madison WI 53726. We will contact selected authors; names may be withheld from publication on request. We regret that we cannot take phone inquiries or return submitted material.

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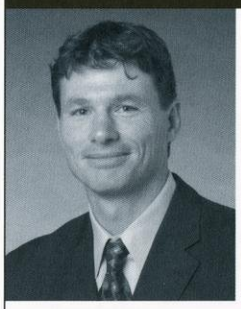
BY MICHAEL STRIGEL, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



I WAS RECENTLY INVITED to give a keynote address at the Wisconsin Association for Environmental Education's annual conference. My topic: to draw parallels between the work and mission of the Wisconsin Academy and the purpose of education, in particular environmental education. This may sound straightforward and simple, but what I discovered in the process of preparing the talk will stay with me for some time.

I began with the words of our founder and first president, John Wesley Hoyt. At the "Wisconsin Academy Organizational Convention" in February 1870, Hoyt said he was founding the Wisconsin Academy in response to "the urgent need for scientists, scholars, and artists of the state to join together in a common effort for the stimulation of each other's work and the betterment of Wisconsin."

That line prompted me to imagine the life of a Wisconsinite at a time when access to information and the knowledge of colleagues was severely restricted by the limits of communication and travel. This limited access hampered progress so much that many of the state's leaders and the Wisconsin Academy's founders perceived the "urgent need" that gave rise to the Wisconsin Academy charter.

As I reflected upon the Wisconsin Academy's importance for a contemporary audience, I was struck by how Hoyt's words ring as true today as they did in the late winter of 1870, with one ironic twist. Today our problem often seems to be access to too much information, not too little. We are in fact bombarded by information whether we ask for it or not, and, with only a small amount of effort, we can be overwhelmed in seconds by an Internet search on any topic. That's not to say that we don't need to continue to pursue new information—the pursuit of knowledge is a core tenet of our mission. But what we critically lack—and what the Wisconsin Academy provides—are adequate ways to come together to make sense of that information. We also lack places where we can trust the information providers to have only one agenda: to bring us closer to understanding the world around us so that we may make better decisions.

One of the highest aspirations of an educator, and certainly the highest aspiration of the Wisconsin Academy, is to connect people and ideas from all areas of knowledge in ways that encourage and allow us to sort and understand the reams of information and images surrounding us. With this understanding we may make our communities better places. It made me smile to realize this was simply a slightly updated restatement of our founder's inaugural words.

"NOW MORE THAN EVER"—LITERALLY

As someone who cares about the Wisconsin Academy, you know that as an independent nonprofit organization, we rely on our members to provide much of the financial support needed to live up to our worthy mission. We are fortunate that the foresight of past and current donors provided the Wisconsin Academy with a generous endowment that is growing and by 2008 will provide for more than half of the Wisconsin Academy's operating expenses. During the next few years, however—until pledges from our endowment monies come in—the Wisconsin Academy urgently needs your help.

In response to this need, several Wisconsin Academy donors have stepped up to offer a dollar-for-dollar match on all gifts received up to $100,000. The $100 you give us becomes $200 for Wisconsin Academy programs. You give $1,000 and it becomes $2,000. Now more than ever, your gift has truly never meant so much!

Your matched gift supports the kinds of activities that connect us across our many boundaries and build the vibrant communities of thought and action that President Hoyt envisioned. Here are a few examples of recent programs you have helped make possible:

- Our new Wisconsin Idea initiative, "The Future of Farming and Rural Life in Wisconsin," sheds light on a sector that strikes at the heart of Wisconsin's identity and economy. The effort brings together farmers, universities, state and federal agencies, conservation organizations, agribusiness leaders, and others in the "all players to the table" Academy spirit.
- Dr. James Thomson kicked off this season's exciting Academy Evenings series speaking about stem cell research to a full house of 500 at the Overture Center in Madison. From Madison to Milwaukee to La Crosse to the Fox Valley, Academy Evenings are traveling around the state this year.
- As our cover story so engagingly describes, the James Watrous Gallery celebrates a great African American tradition with "Miss Annie Mae's Hats." Beyond the hats themselves, the exhibition will feature photographs, gospel music, and scholarly exploration of numerous related themes. The exhibition travels to the Milwaukee County Historical Society Museum right after its run in Overture.

We are deeply grateful for any and all gifts. Please know that every dollar will work doubly hard in enriching the lives of your fellow Wisconsin citizens. I know we can count on your support.

Michael Strigel is executive director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and was recently named a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He welcomes your comments at mstrigel@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 11.

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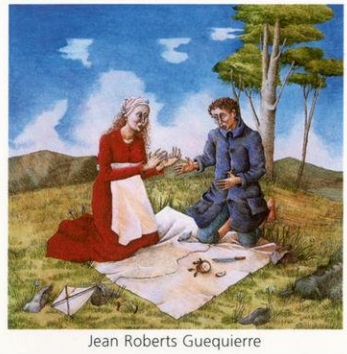

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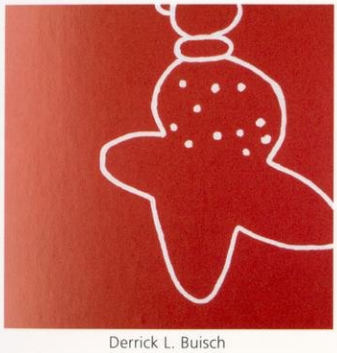

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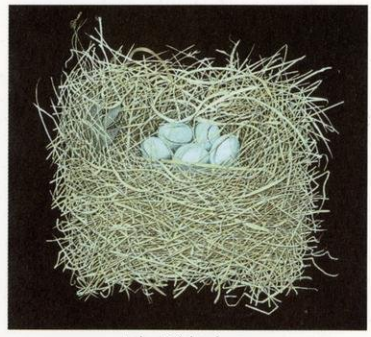

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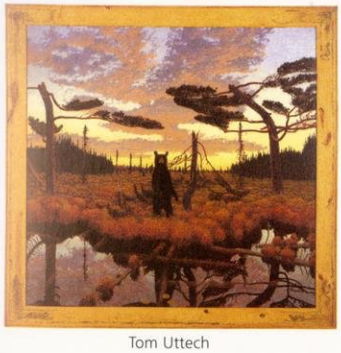

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Proceeds support the nonprofit James Watrous Gallery

Available in Madison at the James Watrous Gallery in Overture, the Chazen Museum of Art, Orange Tree Imports, U-Frame-It (E. Johnson St.), Frugal Muse Books, University Book Store (campus and Hilldale), A Room of One's Own bookstore, and, in April, the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art. Also at the Artisan Gallery (Paoli), Cornerstone Gallery (Baraboo), Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops (Milwaukee), and the Fairfield Center for Contemporary Art (Sturgeon Bay). Mail orders may be placed at 608/263-1692 ext. 10.

JAMES WATROUS GALLERY

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

The next generation: Churchgoing girls in Milwaukee are keeping the hat-wearing tradition alive. Story on page 27.

Cover photos by John Urban

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