



Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 51, Number 4 Fall 2005

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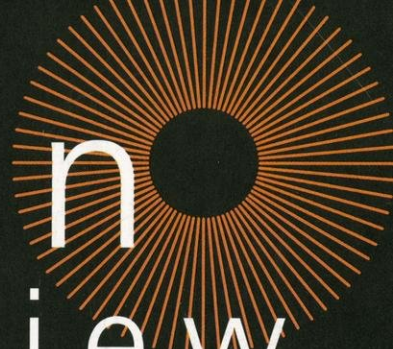
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wisconsin academy review



THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

A Walter Hamady Primer:
One of America's
Greatest Bookmakers
Holds Retrospective
in James Watrous Gallery



Preserving Wisconsin's
Natural Gems,
by Charlie Luthin



Women and
Wisconsin's Economy:
See Who Has the Power!

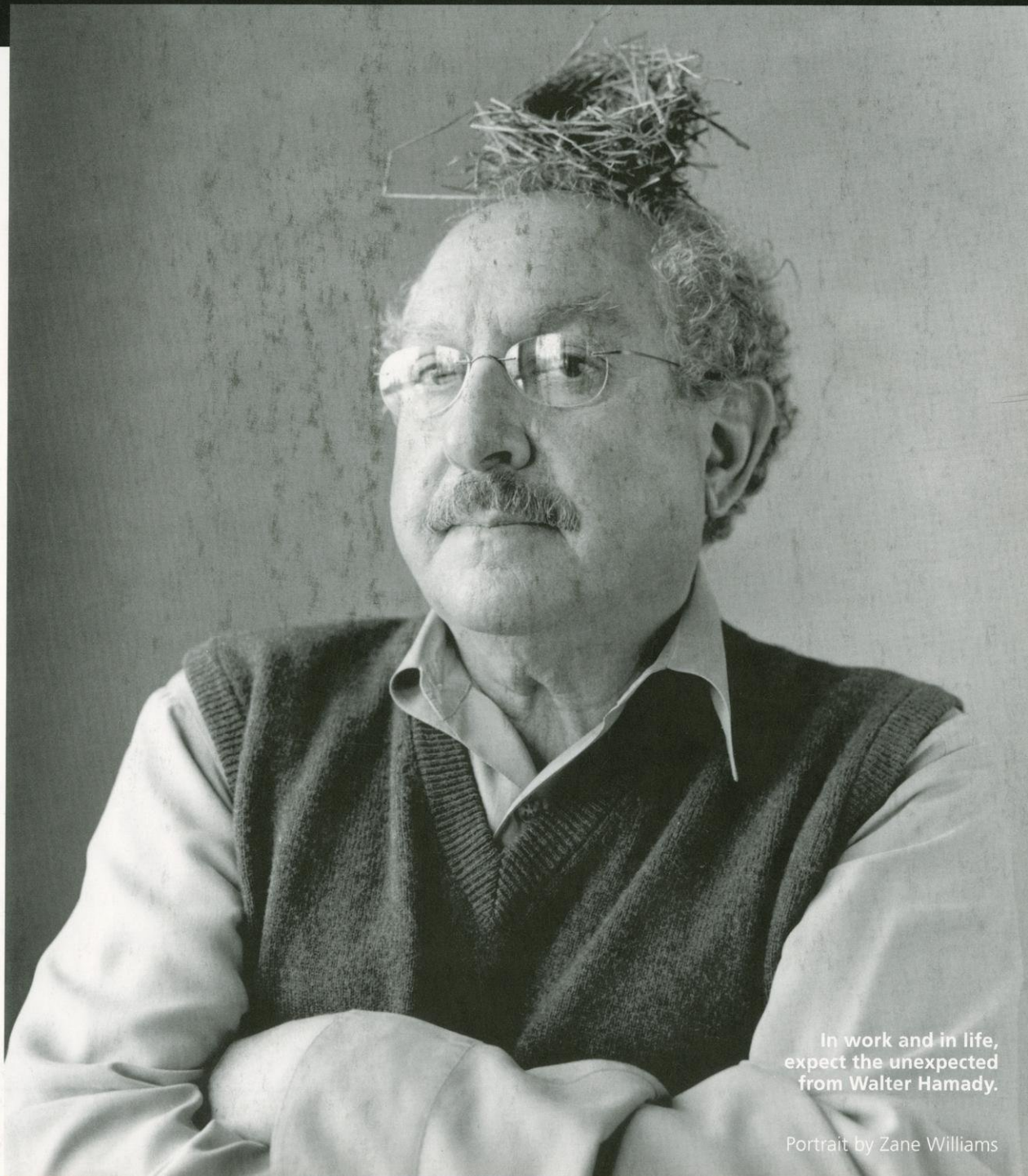


Attention, Artists:
A Call for Entries in
Fiction, Poetry, and
the Visual Arts!



A New Refuge for the
Arts in Wisconsin

Price: \$5



In work and in life,
expect the unexpected
from Walter Hamady.

Portrait by Zane Williams

A Statewide Call for Artists in Overture

Photo by Jamie Young

ATTENTION, WISCONSIN ARTISTS!

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is issuing a call for artists from all over the state to exhibit in its new gallery space, the James Watrous Gallery in the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison.

The James Watrous Gallery offers a highly visible, state-of-the-art space on the third floor of the Overture Center, right beneath the building's landmark glass dome. The Overture Center is located on State Street less than a block from the Capitol.

The curators invite professional Wisconsin artists working in all media to apply. Artists selected will be invited to exhibit between

March 2007 and June 2009. Most shows will be in the form of two side-by-side solo exhibitions. **Artists must be Wisconsin residents at the time of application.** Wisconsin Academy policy precludes showing student work.

Applications must be received by **January 31, 2006**. Artists will be notified of exhibition jury selections in April 2006.

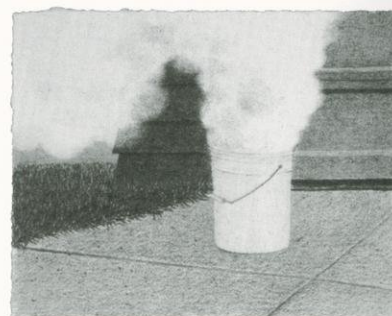
TO APPLY: Artists should include eight slides or digital images of recent work (slides preferred), a resume, a short exhibition proposal, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return of slides.



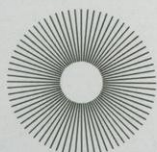
Untitled, 2005, Douglas Holst



LadderbackcabreddaL, 2005, Tom Loeser



Smoking Bucket, 2004, Scott Espeseth



JAMES WATROUS GALLERY
wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

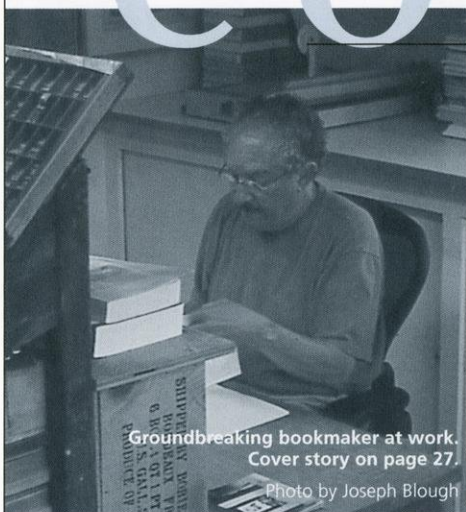
Please send your materials to:
James Watrous Gallery
of the Wisconsin Academy
Overture Center for the Arts
201 State St Madison, WI 53703

More info at www.wisconsinacademy.org
If you have any questions, please contact
Jennifer Stofflet, 608/265-2500, e-mail
jstofflet@wisconsinacademy.org

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fall 2005

features



Groundbreaking bookmaker at work.
Cover story on page 27.

Photo by Joseph Blough

The *Wisconsin Academy Review* (ISSN 0512-1175) is published quarterly by the nonprofit Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and is distributed **free of charge** to Wisconsin Academy members. For information about joining, see page 11 or refer to the contact information below.

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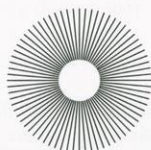
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STATEWIDE CALLS FOR ARTISTS!

Visual arts—inside front cover. Apply for an exhibition in the James Watrous Gallery. **Deadline January 31.**

Short Story and Poetry Contests—pages 37 and 38. Our annual short story and poetry contests offer publication, cash prizes, a reading at the Wisconsin Book Festival, and a personal review by a literary agent. **Deadline December 5.**

New Play Contest—we don't have one yet. But if you're interested in getting one started, see story on page 9.

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What do Parfrey's Glen, Ancient Aztalan Village, Baxter's Hollow, and Plum Creek Woods have in common? They all are designated as state natural areas in a conservation program that protects "the best of the best" landscapes in Wisconsin. By Charlie Luthin. Photos by Thomas Meyer.

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An almost spiritual connection with bees doesn't keep Mary Celley from getting stung. Portrait of a beekeeper by John Pederson.

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Surprise, surprise—some Wisconsin corporations are leading the nation in the advancement of women in the workplace. Why? Because it's profitable. Story by Jane Crisler. Look for an Academy Evening on this topic on Nov. 9.

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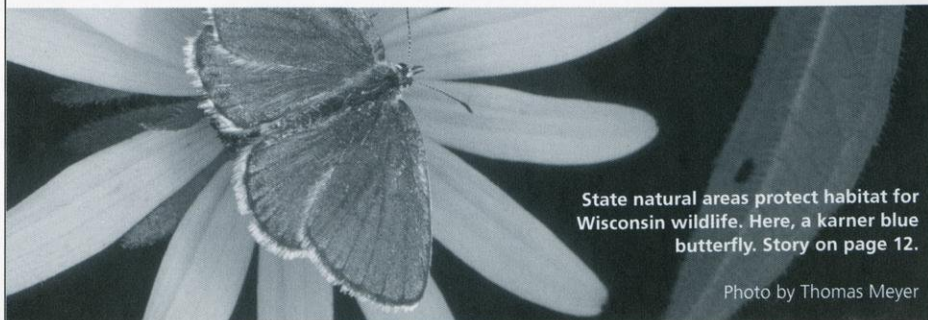
Get into the head of Walter Hamady, one of the world's most innovative bookmakers. His solo exhibition in the James Watrous Gallery opens October 7. Story by Robert Cozzolino. Cover photo by Zane Williams.

51 PAY A LITTLE NOW—OR MUCH MORE LATER

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State natural areas protect habitat for Wisconsin wildlife. Here, a karner blue butterfly. Story on page 12.

Photo by Thomas Meyer

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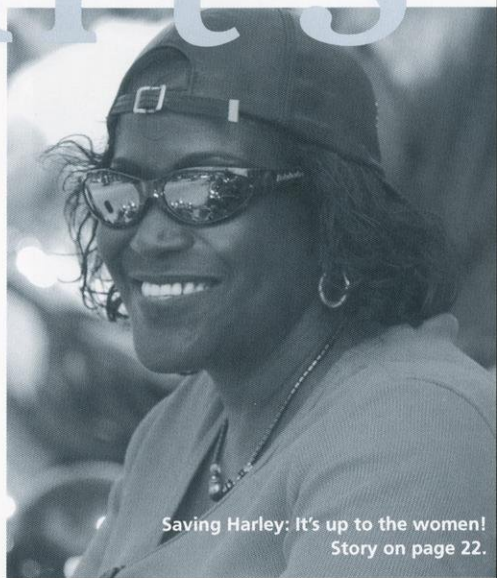
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We're nowhere without our donors. We thank the people and organizations that allow the Wisconsin Academy to flourish.



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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."

BEHOLD OUR FALL SEASON!

A glance at upcoming Wisconsin Academy events this fall. Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org or call us at 608/263-1692 for more info. Academy Evenings take place in the Wisconsin Studio in Overture unless otherwise noted.

IN MADISON

Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street

JAMES WATROUS GALLERY

Oct. 7–Nov. 20

Opening Reception Fri. Oct. 14, 5–7 pm

Artist talk at 5:30

"Juxtaporphing Space: Works by **Walter Hamady**," books, collages, boxes, and more by the pioneering bookmaker. *Story on page 27.*



Kyoung Ae Cho

Dec. 2–Jan. 8, 2006

Reception Fri. Dec. 2, 5–7 pm

Hai-Chi Jihn and **Kyoung Ae Cho** in side-by-side solo exhibitions of metal sculpture and fiber art.

ACADEMY EVENINGS



Monday, Sept. 19, 7–8:30 pm,
Overture Lobby

**The Latest on Stem Cells:
The Promise and the Challenge**

Groundbreaking UW–Madison stem cell researcher **Jamie Thomson**.



Wednesday, Nov. 9, 7–8:30 pm

Women in the Boardrooms—Getting it Right in Wisconsin

Lt. Gov. **Barbara Lawton** and corporate representatives discuss successful models for women's progress.



Ellen Kort

Tuesday, Oct. 11, 7–8:30 pm

Healing Words: Poetry and True Story in Medical Settings

Arthur Derse, M.D., J.D., of the Medical College of Wisconsin, and Wisconsin's first poet laureate, **Ellen Kort**.



Luana Monteiro

Wednesday, Nov. 29, 7–8:30 pm

**Writers in the Round:
New Heartland Voices**

Latino writers **Rubén Medina**, **Oscar Mireles**, and **Luana Monteiro** read and discuss their work.

WISCONSIN CENTER FOR THE BOOK

Friday, Oct. 14, 3:30–6:30 pm, UW–Madison Memorial Library, 728 State St.

Wisconsin Publishers Showcase at the Wisconsin Book Festival features writers, poets, and publishers. Author readings include **Jerry Apps**, **Justin Isherwood**, **Margot Peters**, and the poets of Marsh River Editions.

WRITING CONTEST WINNERS' READING

Saturday, Oct. 15, 4–5:30 pm, Frida Mexican Grill, 117 State St.

Short story contest winners **Autumn Arnold**, **Jeff Esterholm**, and **Jane Sadusky**, and poetry contest winners **Sheryl Slocum**, **Kathleen Dale**, and **Richard Merelman** read their winning works at the Wisconsin Book Festival.

IN THE FOX VALLEY

University of Wisconsin–Fox Valley
1478 Midway Road, Menasha



Thursday, Oct. 20, 7–8:30 pm

**From Stem Cells to Jail Cells:
The Politics of Cloning and Stem Cell Research**

Medical ethicist and UW–Madison law professor **Alta Charo** on stem cell research, cloning, and other biotechnological advances.

IN LA CROSSE

University of Wisconsin–La Crosse
1725 State Street, La Crosse



Monday, Sept. 26, 7–8:30 pm

Outbreak! AIDS, Bird Flu and Biological Warfare

World-renowned infectious disease expert and UW–Madison medical school professor **Dennis Maki** on plagues of our time and their foreseeable impact on our future.

Enchanting Edenfred

A beautiful old home in the Madison Highlands provides a retreat for artists from Wisconsin and around the world.

When members of an enthusiastic but unfunded group called the Hessen-Wisconsin Writers were offered a chance to establish a residency exchange with Hessen, Germany—Wisconsin's sister state—they were elated when the state-funded German side offered a 19th-century villa to a visiting Wisconsin writer. Through a formal application process, Fond du Lac writer Paula Sergi was chosen for a residency, free of charge, that began in August and runs through October.*

Then came the challenge: How could the Wisconsin group reciprocate? When

someone offers a villa, one can't exactly offer a dorm room in return.

Things looked bleak—and then along came Edenfred, a stately 1916 home on lush grounds in the Madison Highlands owned by philanthropists Jan and Tom Terry. The Terrys had raised their family and were ready for a change. Jan Terry, in particular, had been looking to establish a sanctuary for artists, and recognized that Edenfred would be ideal—Wisconsin's answer to such artists' retreats as Ragdale in Illinois and the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire.

created a gallery inside the home with exhibitions open to the public by appointment.

But Jan Terry loved the idea of establishing an artists' residence on a more structured, ongoing basis.

Certainly Edenfred has the right ambiance. Although neighboring houses are nearby, it is surrounded by greenery and the grounds are spacious enough to include a large veranda, beautiful flower gardens, walkways, benches in shaded areas, and an elegant stone stairway leading to a swimming pool and pool-house.

The name Edenfred is a modified combination of the builders' first names—Edith Swenson, daughter of businessman and inventor Magnus Swenson, and her husband, eye surgeon Fred Davis, founder of the Davis Duehr clinic. It means "Eden peace" when "Fred" is translated from Norwegian.

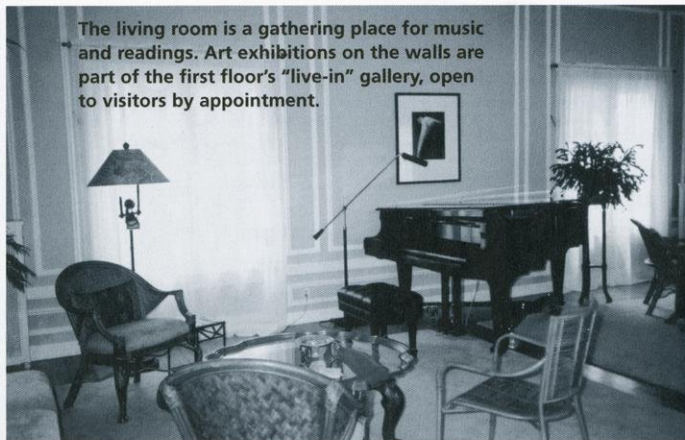
The serenity has had a rejuvenating effect on many artists who have stayed there, notes Tom Terry: "An opera composer who had been suffering from writer's block for two months and was feeling panicked came here and wrote three songs in two days."

"I felt we had a real niche in this area," she says. For years the Terrys had had visiting artists stay at Edenfred on an informal basis—musicians performing with the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra or Bach Dancing and Dynamite Society, actors with the Madison Repertory Theatre, or dancers with the Madison Ballet. They also had

Entering Edenfred: Windows and columns were being refurbished this past summer.



The living room is a gathering place for music and readings. Art exhibitions on the walls are part of the first floor's "live-in" gallery, open to visitors by appointment.



Serenity aside, Edenfred was humming over the summer with plans to be unveiled as a more formal retreat this fall. The house was undergoing some renovation, and a website and a formal application process were soon to be unveiled.

David Wells, an artist, curator, and arts administrator, is the live-in director at Edenfred. He emphasizes Edenfred's interdisciplinary vision.

"One of the things we're most excited about is the interchange between the different artists, which recharges artists in many unexpected ways," Wells says. "When we had an art critic, a writer, and an actor here at the same time, the interchange they had about language and poetry was very interesting coming from those different disciplines—talking about visual poetry and visual language, and their relationship to acting. It makes for fascinating conversations over morning coffee!"

The house has four bedrooms, each with a private bathroom, free long distance phone service, cable, and wireless Internet. In summer, the poolhouse offers an additional option. Though food is not provided, a gourmet kitchen is available for use, and once a week Wells, an accomplished chef, will cook a communal dinner, in large part to foster interaction among residents and selected visitors.

Residents will be required to perform at least one act of community service during their stay—a reading, talk, or some other kind of involvement—but otherwise are free to create.

While four to eight weeks will be the most common length of stay, shorter or longer options are available, including nonresidential day use for area artists. All stays at Edenfred are free of charge.

Meanwhile, the Hessen-Wisconsin Writers look forward to greeting a German writer at Edenfred beginning in August 2006, knowing that not only have they matched a villa—they may even have topped it.

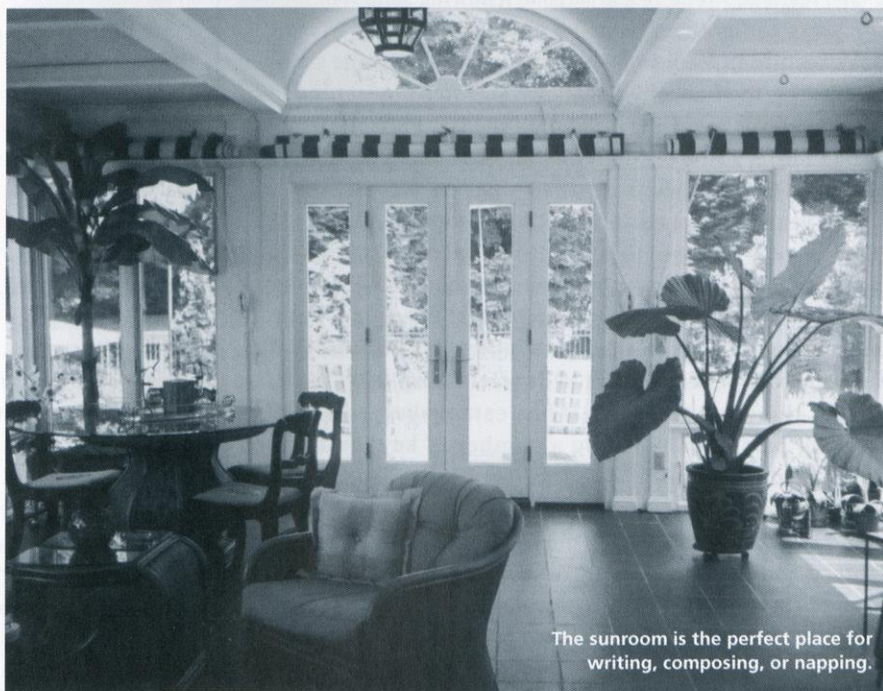
by Joan Fischer

For more information about Edenfred as a residence or to view its gallery, contact director David Wells at 608/233-7702, edenfred@sbcglobal.net. For more information about Hessen-Wisconsin Writers, visit www.hesswiscwriter.org

*** Sergi update:** Sadly, Sergi was unable to stay in the German villa due to renovation delays. However, that residence will be available for the exchange in years to come, and in the meantime Sergi is staying in a very nice apartment.



The best conversations take place here! Residents do their own shopping and cooking.



The sunroom is the perfect place for writing, composing, or napping.

Chippewa Valley Book Festival Keeps a Modest High Profile

Wisconsin's oldest book festival is staging its sixth annual event with a lineup of authors representing a variety of genres. The Sixth Annual Chippewa Valley Book Festival is scheduled for Thursday, October 27, through Sunday, October 30, at various locations in Eau Claire.

Major headliners for the event are fiction writer Charles Baxter, poet Bruce Weigl, and Wisconsin Poet Laureate Denise Sweet. Other authors include food writer Terese Allen, who will team with food and wine author Toby Cecchini; mystery author David Housewright; children's author Patty Pfitsch; poet and fiction writer Bruce Taylor; and young-adult author Will Weaver.

The festival will kick off with a poetry reading by four popular Eau Claire writers: Andrew Patrie, Eric Rasmussen, Jason Splichal, and Ken Szymanski.

Also featured will be the winners of the annual Student Writing Competition in the Eau Claire Area School District and a joint promotion with Big Top Chautauqua, which is scheduled in Eau Claire on the same weekend.

The festival, which began in 2000 featuring Jane Hamilton—two years earlier than the debut of the much larger Wisconsin Book Festival in Madison, which this year takes place October 14–17—was the brainchild of Mildred Larson, now retired from her position as associate director of the L.E. Phillips Memorial Public Library in Eau Claire. Larson remains very active in planning the annual event.

This year's festival chair is another co-founder, Alan Jenkins. "Our strategy has been to keep the festival modest in scope as we try to bring leading authors for close engagement with our audiences," says Jenkins. "We hope that everyone, authors and audience members alike, remembers this book festival as an intimate experience full of Midwestern hospitality."

Over the years the festival has established an effective working partnership among a number of key institutions concerned with building a literate culture. The Chippewa Valley Museum, the Eau Claire Area School District, the Eau Claire Regional Arts Council, the L.E. Phillips Memorial Public Library, and the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire are active partners in the annual development of the festival.

The book festival has been made possible through generous funding from the Wisconsin Humanities Council and Eau Claire businesses and individuals.



Charles Baxter



Denise Sweet

Austen, Unzipped

She was a vicar's daughter who spent her time penning novels in an era when few women did. Her books center around courtship and marriage, rituals she observed with unrivaled perception while refraining from marriage herself. She died in 1817 largely unknown. But over the decades since, Jane Austen has become recognized as a master of the English novel. She also has acquired a devoted global following of enthusiasts who, in addition to reading, analyzing, quoting, and immensely enjoying every word of her work, try to speak like Jane, dance like Jane, make tea like Jane, garden like Jane, and dress like Jane. One must wonder: What would Jane think?

They all know exactly who Mr. Darcy is, without further explanation.

Close encounters of the Jane kind are on the agenda in Milwaukee when the Jane Austen Society of North America (JASNA) holds its annual general meeting there October 5–7. JASNA is about 25 years old and is divided into 60 regional groups throughout the United States and Canada. This year's theme is "Jane Austen's Letters in Fact and Fiction," ground that offers much to explore.

Of all the correspondence done by Austen, 165 letters have survived, while all of her fictional letters may be found in her novels. The gathering's many speakers and four sessions focus on different aspects of these works. Notes conference co-coordinator Sara Bowen, "It is fascinating to see the different perspectives our members bring."

The meeting also features many special events, including English country dance lessons, calligraphy writing with a quill pen, a fashion show, afternoon tea, an imaginary letter contest, and finally—and of course!—a Regency Ball. It is there that the true Jane-ites will shine. Conference co-coordinator Marsha Huff says that although not quite half of the participants dress in period clothing, those who do try to be historically correct. "Some even do it without zippers!" she notes.

But Huff cautions people not to get the wrong idea: "We're not about period dress." Instead, she explains that JASNA is "about camaraderie and being around people who know exactly who Mr. Darcy is, without any further explanation."

More information about JASNA and this year's meeting can be found at <http://www.jasna.org/agms/milwaukee>.

by Amanda Andrew

Our Common Defense:

Book Discussion Program Explores Role of the Military



Imagine America without an army or navy. Just before the Constitutional Convention, in mid-1786, the newly independent country was exposed to the dangers of the British in Canada, the Spanish in both Florida and the West, Indians along the frontier, and naval attacks on the seacoast and on the high seas, particularly by pirates. Without a continental military, Congress could not help the states suppress internal uprisings, and American diplomats abroad lacked real credibility in their negotiations.

The debate over the need for an organized military and the government's authority in this matter was taken up at the Constitutional Convention. The Constitution clearly established the president as commander-in-chief of the army, navy, and state militias, and also outlined the authority of Congress.

rare vision of "the common defense." It asks: What has the United States considered worth defending here at home? How has the U.S. defined its national interests when it comes to acting overseas? When is defense justified? What is the role of citizens, elected representatives, and government officials in making decisions about the common defense? Today, what do we consider worth defending? And finally, what is "common"—or uncommon—about those interests or ideals?

The series rests on four books exploring different aspects of those themes: *A Bell for Adano* by John Hersey; *The Plot Against America* by Philip Roth; *Patriots: The Vietnam War Remembered From All Sides* by Christian Appy; and *We Wish To Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed With Our Families: Stories from Rwanda* by Philip Gourevitch.

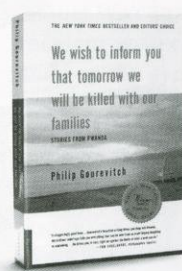
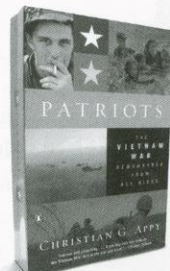
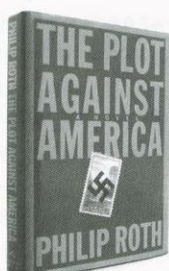
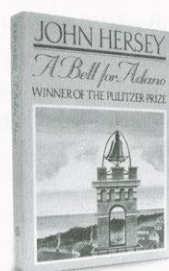
Bringing the discussion closer to the present, the last book is an account of the recent horrific war in Rwanda. Neither the United States nor its European allies entered the conflict, despite eyewitness accounts of genocide and destruction not seen since the Nazi era. This stunning narrative by an award-winning reporter leaves readers pondering what options—besides military intervention—the U.S. might have used to exercise its considerable influence abroad. All of the books prompt readers to question how we chose what (and whom) to defend.

Discussion kits are available free of charge from the Wisconsin Humanities Council and include 15 copies of each title, discussion guides, and publicity materials. Libraries, campus groups, religious and civic organizations, book clubs, and other nonprofit or ad hoc groups in Wisconsin are welcome to take advantage of this free public humanities program. Books are reserved on a first-come, first-served basis.

Over the next few years the series will continue to explore our nation's founding principles as outlined in the preamble to the Constitution. In 2006, the series explores "to establish justice," and in 2007 it examines the possibilities and problems presented by the call for the federal government "to insure domestic Tranquility."

For more information, visit www.wisconsinhumanities.org or call Jessica Becker at the Wisconsin Humanities Council at 608/263-3155.

by Jessica Becker



But the founders were vague about what justified military action. The preamble to the Constitution, which lays out six reasons for establishing a union, simply states that the union would "provide for the common defence." But what is "common," what constitutes "defense," and how defense should be provided were left up to interpretation.

"A More Perfect Union: The Common Defense," a new book discussion program run by the Wisconsin Humanities Council, explores our nation's history, ideals, and contempo-

The first two novels address World War II, capturing the optimism and idealism of that period as well as the uncertainty and chaos. To many Americans, World War II serves as an example of a conflict in which the U.S. used its power and influence to serve the larger good.

Meanwhile, the Vietnam War, now 40 years past, continues to grip our national imagination, but with much less consensus about what the U.S.'s role was or ought to have been. Appy's collection of oral histories illustrates this spectrum of opinions and experiences.



The Nuns Were Worried...

An alumna's debut novel about sexual romps in a girls' Catholic school has people wondering if her tales are real.

By Heather Lee Schroeder



Author Colleen Curran

Many people can't wait to leave the trials of adolescence and high school behind them, but Milwaukee-born author Colleen Curran couldn't stop thinking about those torturous years when sex is at the top of every teenager's worries and obsessions.

Those obsessions take center stage in her debut novel, *Whores on the Hill* (Vintage Books, \$12.95), a saucy romp through the lives of three teenage girls who attend the last all-girls Catholic school in Milwaukee and who, along with their classmates, are often referred to as "whores on the hill"—a common term for students in an all-girls school, says Curran.

The problem is, Curran herself attended a girls' Catholic school in Milwaukee—Divine Savior Holy Angels. She and her classmates knew about the term "whores on the hill" firsthand. Not surprisingly, when Divine Savior administrators heard about the novel, they got in touch with Curran quickly. The director of alumni relations, it seems, wanted to make sure that Curran's experience at Divine Savior had been positive and that the book was not *really* about the school. Curran offered reassurance on both points.

Readers may fear that *Whores on the Hill* is yet another case, by now a cliché in the publishing world, of a young hottie who writes a titillating tell-all—memoirs for which the jacket photo serves as the money shot.

But in a recent phone interview from her home in Virginia, Curran assured me that *Whores* is not an exposé of Divine Savior's dirty secrets. Her own high school years were quiet—in fact, Curran says she was able to live vicariously through her characters Astrid, Juli, and Thisbe as she was writing the book.

"You have to put your characters in as much jeopardy as possible when you're writing fiction, and that's what I tried to do here, really push them to the limit," says Curran. "If I wrote exactly about my high school experience, it would be pretty fricking boring."

Curran attended a co-ed school during her freshman year of high school but transferred to Divine Savior for her last three—a move that she deems fantastic.

"I loved going to an all-girls' Catholic school," she says. "I think all-girls education is great. There's a freedom there. Girls just get to be themselves."

So if the experience was so positive, why even write a book that could potentially make all-girls' education look bad? And why tackle wild girls at all?

"I knew I wanted to write about teen girls," says Curran. "I wanted to write about sex. I wanted to write about the '80s. This is a novel, not a memoir. In all honesty, I wanted to write the kind of book I would want to read."

What struck Curran the most was that boys aren't called whores at that age. The pressure isn't on boys in the same way that it's applied to girls. But she says she didn't write *Whores* to tackle a topic with a capital T or to talk about her own experiences.

In fact, she readily admits that as she delved further into fiction and farther away from autobiography, her writing got better and better.

Still, when Divine Savior called, Curran had a moment of panic. "I couldn't believe it. I was very worried about getting yelled at by a nun," she jokes.

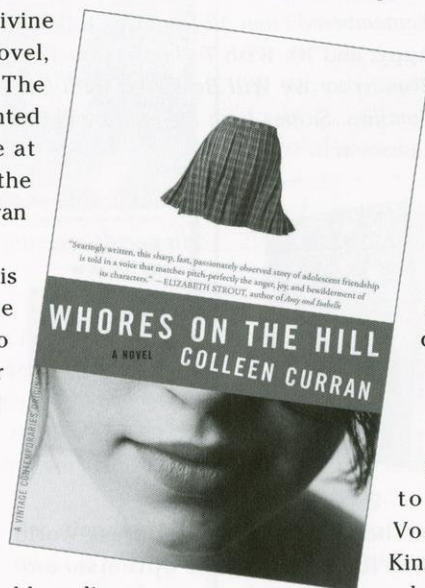
Curran is now working on her second novel. It's set in a Milwaukee college but does not feature nuns or whores.



Speaking of Milwaukee and women, be sure to check out the newly opened Broad Vocabulary Feminist Bookstore, 2241 S. Kinnickinnic Ave., 414/744-8384, www.broadvocabulary.com. The store, brainchild of three young Milwaukee women, Molly Tennesen, Amy

Daroszeski, and Kelly Todd, specializes in feminist literature, subculture studies, progressive politics, cultural movements, and nonsexist young adult/children's books. In addition, it will host a variety of community-oriented events.

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.



Wisconsin Center for the Book Goes to Washington

And shines a new logo at Book Fests there and in Madison.



WISCONSIN CENTER FOR THE BOOK

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

The Wisconsin Center for the Book, part of the Wisconsin Academy, is gearing up for its 20th anniversary next year. But before that celebration begins, the Center is participating in book festivals at both the state and national levels—and is showing off a new logo along with it.

The Wisconsin Center for the Book will represent Wisconsin at the National Book Festival on Saturday, September 24, in a booth on the National Mall as part of the Pavilion of States. Wisconsin will be included in an interactive map that has people visit state booths to collect the state's stamped image and other literary memorabilia. "With an estimated 100,000 attendees at the National Book Festival, it will be the perfect place to showcase our new Wisconsin Center for the Book logo and raise awareness about Wisconsin Center for the Book activities," notes Mary "Casey" Martin, the Wisconsin group's board president.

And on Friday, October 14, the Wisconsin Center for the Book teams with Shoshauna Shy, publisher of Woodrow Hall Editions, to run a "Wisconsin Publishers Showcase" as part of the Wisconsin Book Festival. The event takes place 3:30–6:30 p.m. in the West Corridor of the UW–Madison Memorial Library, 728 State Street, and features a book fair and author readings including Jerry Apps, Justin Isherwood, Margot Peters, and poets published by Marsh River Editions. Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org/book or www.wisconsinbookfestival.org for a complete schedule.

Martin takes this opportunity to reflect on the Center's accomplishments and future goals. Projects have included the *Cultural Map of Wisconsin* with UW Press; an ongoing Wisconsin Author and Publisher database; Wisconsin Authors and Illustrators Speak, a grant program that allows writers and book artists to meet with readers around the state; and Letters About Literature and River of Words, student contests that offer awards and prizes.

"We want to build on that base and connect more people with some of these resources," says Martin. "Our new logo will help people better identify our organization and establish our connection to the Wisconsin Academy."

More information is available at the web addresses above or by contacting Martin at 1-888/492-4531, casey@homebrewpress.com or care of Home Brew Press, P.O. Box 185, Wisconsin Rapids WI 54495-0185.

Our Theater, Ourselves

A statewide New Play Contest is a proposal worth considering. But it will take a team of enthusiastic volunteers to get it started.

by Greg Lawless

Theater, by the very nature of performance, is a local art. On the morning of the show, everyone involved—actors, director, stage crew and audience—wakes up to the same weather and slowly converges toward the event.

Isn't it strange, then, how seldom the theater is employed to reflect local life? Is it because we lack talented writers? Is it because nothing here triggers insight into human nature? Can nothing we portray about ourselves offer universal appeal in other markets?

One thing at least is abundantly clear: the people of Wisconsin take great pride in their state, and a prospective audience of 5.5 million residents should merit our attention.

What's more, with its rich, distinctive history, absorbing successive waves of immigrants; with its geography, its industry, its values, and its contradictions, Wisconsin no doubt enjoys the basic ingredients to develop world-class theater.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters has offered this space for interested parties to propose a first annual Wisconsin New Play Contest. The goal is to challenge resident writers to create new full-length plays that engage and portray aspects of Wisconsin culture and society.

As proposed, the "authenticity" of the Wisconsin element, and how important that is relative to a play's artistic and theatrical merit, would be left to the discretion of independent judges who are qualified to make those decisions. The official announcement and call for entries for the contest is tentatively set for March 2006. Any individual, theater group, arts organization, or private company that would like to partner in this effort is most welcome to get involved.

What is needed to make this happen? A steering committee of committed individuals to work out the details and see it through. An independent volunteer to receive and process entries. A panel of respected judges to evaluate the scripts. And a modest supply of funds to cover administrative costs and to reward the best plays.

The indigenous theater of any place is a good measure of the strength and depth of its culture. Fifty years ago Robert Gard, a seminal figure in community arts development, said as much in his book *Grassroots Theater*, which sparked new plays and theater groups throughout the state.

The high hope for a Wisconsin New Play Festival, as currently proposed, is to produce great works of theater that spring from local history and experience, and by so doing achieve universal appeal. It won't happen overnight, and it needs to be encouraged. For more information, contact me at greglawless@hotmail.com.

So you couldn't pick up the phone?

While we have as good a sense of humor as the next person, the humor in Harriet Brown's "A Yid in Dairyland" (*Review*, spring 2005) is tinged with a bit of disappointment in her new community.

If only Harriet had looked in the phone book under "J" for "Jewish" when she arrived back in 1992 (like scores of other newcomers do) she would have found the contact she was seeking. Moreover, she would have found a vibrant Jewish community in her new adopted town.

Jews have been living a full Jewish life in Madison for more than 150 years—not hidden at all. She would have found the third oldest synagogue building in the United States on Gorham Street. She would have found a terrific Jewish preschool for her then-two-year-old daughter, a Jewish summer day camp (the oldest and most popular one in Dane County), a supplementary high school program where students can get

public school foreign language credit for studying Hebrew, Jewish Social Services, a monthly Jewish newspaper, many Jewish studies courses at UW-Madison (now the George L. Mosse/Laurence A. Weinstein Center for Jewish Studies), the second oldest Hillel Foundation in the world, the oldest Hebrew Department in the United States, lots of Jewish cultural events, adult education, Jewish organizations galore, the full spectrum of Jewish religious expression and a whole lot more. And she also would have found support to deal with her employer.

Mostly, she would have found a warm and welcoming Jewish community that melds the neighborliness of our Midwestern culture with our 150-year-old Jewish history here in Madison along with the rich traditions all the "newcomers" bring with them from the larger cities.

And she might have learned that *keegal* is the Galitzianer pronunciation for what apparently is her Litvak pronunci-

ation of the Jewish delicacy: kugle. No matter how you pronounce it, it's available frozen at Sentry-Hilldale and fresh from one of several kosher caterers in Madison—even back in 1992.

Not bad for what Harriet Brown labels this "foreskin state"!

So, belatedly, we wish Harriet Brown a warm Shalom Madison. We're under "J" for "Jewish" in the phone book. Give us a call. You'll find our sense of humor intact ... along with a whole lot more.

Steven H. Morrison
Executive Director
Madison Jewish Community Council
Madison

The *Wisconsin Academy Review* welcomes your comments. Please send letters to the Editor, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53726, by e-mail to jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org, or by fax to 608/265-3039. Letters may be edited for reasons of space or clarity.

Drama and Discussion: A Partnership with the Rep

Here's one thing books and plays have in common: when you read a book or see a play, often you want to talk about it.

Here's one thing books and plays *don't* have in common: while book groups to foster such discussion have become part of our social fabric—bolstered by everything from the publishing industry to TV talk shows—theatergoers have mostly been left on their own.

To address this need, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is joining forces with the Madison Repertory Theatre in its First Monday Forum series in the Overture Center for the Arts. This series offers scene readings from an ongoing Rep play, performed by actors under the artistic direction of Richard Corley, with talks by experts brought in by the Wisconsin Academy. Ample time is allowed for audience discussion. The presentations accompany each one of the Rep's six plays in season and are free and open to the public.

"Bringing the brains of the Wisconsin Academy together with the heart and soul of Madison Repertory Theatre will create a spirit of joy and cross-cultural synergy," says Corley. "In other words, it's the Wisconsin Idea at work!"

The series debut actually represents a three-way partnership among Overture resident groups. On Monday, September 12 at 7 p.m., Jane Simon, curator of exhibitions at the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art, will speak about *Rembrandt's Gift*, a play by Tina Howe in which Old Master Rembrandt van Rijn magically comes to life and pays a visit

upon an aging artist couple who have lost their zest for art, for life, and for each other. Simon will use images from the visual arts world to explore themes raised in Howe's work of drama.

In addition to First Monday Forums, the Wisconsin Academy is pleased to once again participate in the Rep's New Play Festival. "Staging a Memoir: *Fireweed* Revisited" pairs UW-Madison professor Gerda Lerner, who fled Nazi Europe to become a groundbreaking scholar in the field of women's history, with Broadway playwright Heather McDonald as they move closer to bringing Lerner's political autobiography, *Fireweed*, to the stage. The actors' reading based on the play last year left not a dry eye in the house—and this year, the piece has come much farther. The presentation takes place on Sunday, September 25, at 7 p.m. in the Wisconsin Studio in Overture.

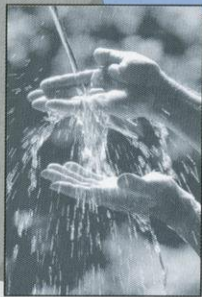
Visit www.madisonrep.org or www.wisconsinacademy.org for a complete season listing of First Monday Forums.



Heather McDonald



Gerda Lerner



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.



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 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.

**\$25 gets
you here!**

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.

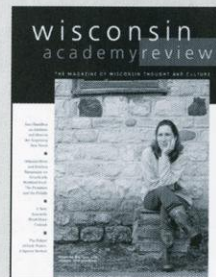
By becoming a member, you will support these vital programs—and enhance your life by becoming a part of them!

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

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.



membership directions

How to join? Send in one of the enclosed membership cards, visit our website, or contact us at:

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Preserving Our Natural Gems

State Natural Areas ensure that Wisconsin's oldest landscapes are here to stay.

BY CHARLIE LUTHIN

Treescape on the prairie at the Avoca Prairie State Natural Area.

All photos by Thomas Meyer/
Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources

IN THE WORDS OF LEOPOLD

"Their function will be to provide typical areas of each important type of country or cover or habitat or of wild-life associations which may be kept 'forever' in *status naturae*—'plumb wild' and uncontaminated to the extent this may prove practicable. Ripe timber may rot under its moss, arbutus wither unpulled ... Units of this type will be 'refuges' in a special sense, but their prime function will be aesthetic and scientific ..."

Aldo Leopold, 1931

WANDER THE SHORT DISTANCE from the sunny parking lot into the forest, and the exuberant display of ephemeral wildflowers on the woodland floor and cool moist air along

the trailside stream strike a stark contrast to the hot pavement behind you.

They immediately remind you that you're in a special place and that a step off the trail will trample these diverse and beautiful plants. At the end of the

short trail where the cool dark dampness of the deep glen walls surround you, and ferns, mosses, and liverworts cling to the bluff edges within the narrow gorge of layered Cambrian rock, you feel as if you've been transported into a landscape hundreds of miles to the north, and perhaps, with a little imagination, into a different geological age. You're in the heart of Parfrey's Glen State Natural Area, a well-known and loved landmark adjoining the most popular state park in Wisconsin—Devils Lake.

Parfrey's Glen, in contrast to the park, is a site established and suitable not for carefree recreation, picnicking, or rock climbing, but rather for protection of its rare plant and wildlife inhabitants as well as its striking and characteristic geology. The Glen was thoughtfully set aside as the state's first designated state natural area over 50 years ago. Our statewide system of state natural areas (SNAs), now numbering 414 sites, constitutes an invaluable collection of rare gems of original presettlement Wisconsin landscapes that cumulatively

provide a glimpse into our state's rich and varied natural past.

Protected in Parfrey's Glen, a 480-acre publicly owned parcel in the shadow of the Baraboo Hills in Sauk County, are rare plants such as the federally threatened northern monkshood (*Aconitum noveboracense*), the state-threatened round stemmed false foxglove (*Agalinus gattereri*) and the rare cliff goldenrod (*Solidago sciaphila*). If you're observant, you might spot one or both state-threatened bird species that reside there, the cerulean warbler (*Dendroica cerulea*) and Acadian flycatcher (*Empidonax virescens*). Even Parfrey's Glen Creek, a cold hardwater stream that flows through the gorge, harbors a diverse and unusual insect fauna, including a rare diving beetle (*Agabus confusus*) and a scarce caddisfly (*Limnephilus rossi*).

Only a few dozen miles to the south of Parfrey's Glen lies another publicly-owned natural area that is the polar opposite of the Glen. Muralt Bluff Prairie State Natural Area is a remnant "goat prairie" perched atop a limestone bluff narrowly missed by the last glacier some 20,000 years ago, and is an important protected site in a sea of intensive agriculture in Green County, on the Illinois border. This tiny 62-acre property is among the last relicts of the original prairie landscape that, only a few hundred years ago, covered at least a million acres of southern Wisconsin. It was spared destruction by virtue of its soils being too shallow and rocky for tilling and the bluff being too steep for all but light grazing. The sun-drenched bluff top and sides are so arid that only a select group of drought-resistant prairie species can thrive there. This state natural area harbors several rare plant and animal species found almost nowhere else in the county, thereby serving as a repository of genetic material that can help us unravel and understand a piece of the area's ancient past.

At Muralt, early season pasque flowers, shooting-stars, wood betony, puccoon, and bird's-foot violets give way to a blanket of native grasses, compass plants, and blazing stars in

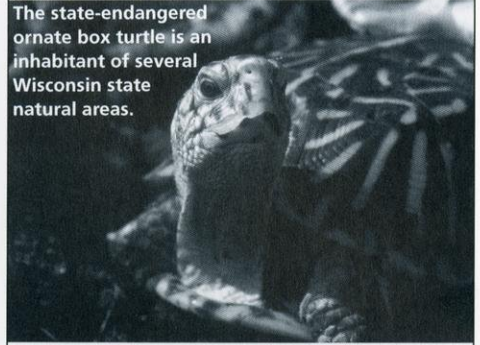
summer, finally succeeded by a colorful show of asters, goldenrods, and gentians later in the fall. The uncommon Hill's thistle (*Cirsium hillii*), kittentails (*Besseyia bullii*), and one-flowered broomrape (*Orobanche uniflora*), a parasitic plant, occur on Muralt Prairie. Several rare butterflies at the site include the Ottoe skipper (*Hesperia ottoe*) and regal fritillary (*Speyeria idalia*). The state-threatened bell's vireo (*Vireo bellii*) and various scarce grass-land bird species nest there as well.

"The old prairie lived by the diversity of its plants and animals, all of which were useful because the sum total of their co-operations and competitions achieved continuity."

—Aldo Leopold, 1942

The diverse and unique features of these two vastly different examples of state natural areas represent but the tip of the iceberg of biological complexity and historic importance associated with the hundreds of state natural areas throughout the state. We can be thankful that we can still experience these representative Wisconsin plant

The state-endangered ornate box turtle is an inhabitant of several Wisconsin state natural areas.



Habitat restoration may involve removing trees.

natural areas

communities with some semblance of their original integrity.

For the past 160 or so years, thanks to the efficiencies of the early survey system that so deliberately and efficiently delineated and severed the landscape, the 35 million acres of what we today call Wisconsin have been thoroughly parceled, bought and sold, divided again and again, sold and resold countless times. Original blocks of extensive and ancient forests were cleared, vast and diverse wetlands dredged and drained, broad prairies plowed and planted, savannas cut and cleared, long undisturbed beaches filled with vacation homes and parking lots, limestone outcroppings grazed and mined. Most of the Wisconsin landscape we encounter today is but a whisper of what it was previously, as most of this land was extensively altered for the anticipated betterment of our young culture.

Fortunately, small remnants of our aboriginal Wisconsin natural communities still exist, scattered throughout the state as tiny reminders of our resplendent biological and geological past. Some of these pristine lands have remained protected as private reserves. Others have been deliberately and

painstakingly protected as public lands thanks to the foresight and hard work of scientists and preservationists beginning seven decades ago and continuing through the present. Pioneer conservationists like Aldo Leopold, Norman Fassett, and John Curtis at the University of Wisconsin–Madison and Albert Fuller and Norbert Roeder at the Milwaukee Public Museum proposed a system of scientific areas in the 1930s and 1940s that could serve as research sites for understanding our natural landscapes. In 1945 Leopold, as a commissioner to the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, encouraged the creation of the Natural Areas Committee, a team of scientist advisors charged with helping identify and acquire natural areas. He further convinced the commission to set aside \$5,000 for acquisition of sensitive lands. The committee was the precursor to the present-day Natural Areas Preservation Council (see sidebar). Parfrey's Glen

and Cedarburg Bog in Ozaukee County were the first two properties acquired and set aside as natural areas by the Conservation Commission in 1952.

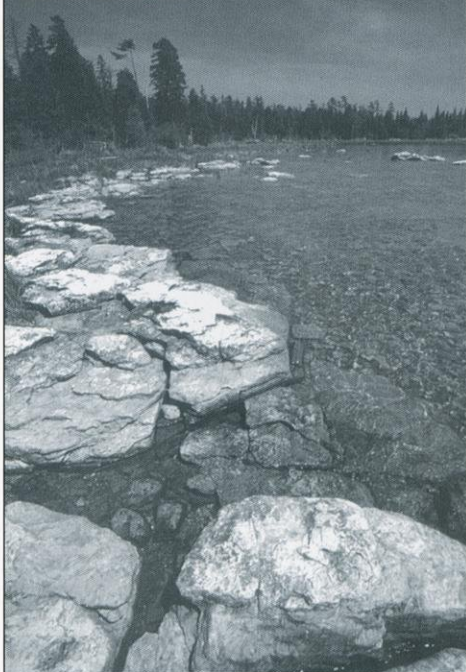
State natural areas represent the “best of the best” landscapes in Wisconsin. Only those properties—public or private—that harbor the very highest quality plant communities, geological features, archaeological artifacts, or rare plant and animal species attain the status of natural area. A “designated” SNA is added to the state roster following a careful field evaluation and proposal by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR) natural areas staff, concurrence by the advisory Natural Areas Preservation Council, and final approval by DNR administration. In contrast to a designated natural area that does not have permanent protection, a “dedicated” SNA is protected in perpetuity by the state of Wisconsin through a special easement called Articles of Dedication.

Natural Areas Preservation Council

The Natural Areas Committee of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission created on a recommendation by Commissioner Aldo Leopold in 1945 was formalized as the State Board for the Preservation of Scientific Areas through the Wisconsin Statutes (23.27) in 1951. This board was charged with identifying and acquiring properties that had significant scientific value for research purposes. Within a year the board had designated 16 natural areas, many of which occurred on lands already owned by the state as parks, forests, or public hunting grounds. As early as 1961 the board recommended that at least 300 scientific areas be dedicated within 20 years, representing all major types of plant communities found throughout the state. In the early years of the board's existence, there were no funds and no staff to manage the nascent scientific (later natural) areas program. In 1966, however, the Wisconsin Conservation Department (later, Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources) hired its first staff person, Cliff Germain, to direct the new program. The name of the board was changed to Scientific Areas Preservation Council in 1967 and to Natural Areas Preservation Council (NAPC) in 1985.

The council has worked diligently to encourage the designation of state natural areas (SNAs) on public lands (e.g., national forests, Apostle Islands, Fort McCoy). The council also has encouraged significant research at and monitoring of SNAs and has supported public use of SNAs for education. NAPC developed a variety of guidelines for the SNA program, including forest management guidelines; augmenting or developing populations of rare, endangered, and threatened plant species; use of pesticides on SNAs; control of fire; and collecting seeds on natural areas. Currently the council, comprised of representatives from several public and private universities, the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey, the DNR, an appointee of the Department of Public Instruction, and two selected representatives for the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, has become involved in addressing issues that threaten state natural areas, such as development in or near the sites.

Moonlight Bay Bedrock Beach
State Natural Area.



Of the 414 SNAs scattered throughout the state, two-thirds, or 275 sites, are owned and managed by the DNR. Other owners include the University of Wisconsin, federal and county governments, and land trusts and conservation organizations such as The Nature Conservancy (see sidebar). Our SNA system represents only 0.5 percent or 163,000 acres of Wisconsin's land surface, but these important sites house more than 60 percent of the state's 900 endangered, threatened, or otherwise "listed" flora and fauna, including 93 percent (115 of 123) of the state's rarest plant species and 81 percent (30 of 37) of the most threatened bird species. Although SNAs occur in 70 of our 72 counties, several concentrations of SNAs exist, in the Baraboo Hills of Sauk County, in the diverse coastal ecosystems of Door County, and in the undulating and varied Kettle Moraine landscape of eastern Wisconsin. Our state natural areas are a living library of biological diversity that we must strive to protect at all costs.

Although SNAs range in size from one to 7,700 acres, many are quite small (10 to 100 acres) and are vulnerable to the nuances of previous and current human activities and perturbations on adjoining lands. The massive disturbance to natural communities over the preceding century has provided favorable conditions for a whole host of non-native and often invasive species that have established a stronghold on our landscape. As a result, many of our natural areas are threatened with the incursion of aggressively invasive plants and animals that often crowd out the native flora and fauna. Without proper management or through sheer neglect, we could lose the rich diversity of plant and animal life that makes these sites unique.

Management of state-owned SNAs is done by a small but dedicated team of DNR employees and seasonal field crews. Prairies, savannas, and barrens are cleared of brush and treated with prescribed fire with regularity to deter unwanted shrubs and trees from encroaching into these open or semi-open landscapes. Invasive species like



Parfrey's Glen State Natural Area,
Wisconsin's first SNA.

garlic mustard are hand-pulled from wooded SNAs, while biological, mechanical, and sometimes chemical tools are used to control other invasive species such as purple loosestrife, glossy buckthorn, or honeysuckle. Sadly, in light of current state budget reductions, the funds provided to DNR for managing these important public lands have dwindled to near zero in recent years. If we are to protect and manage these properties adequately and responsibly into the future, it seems inevitable that private support will be needed.

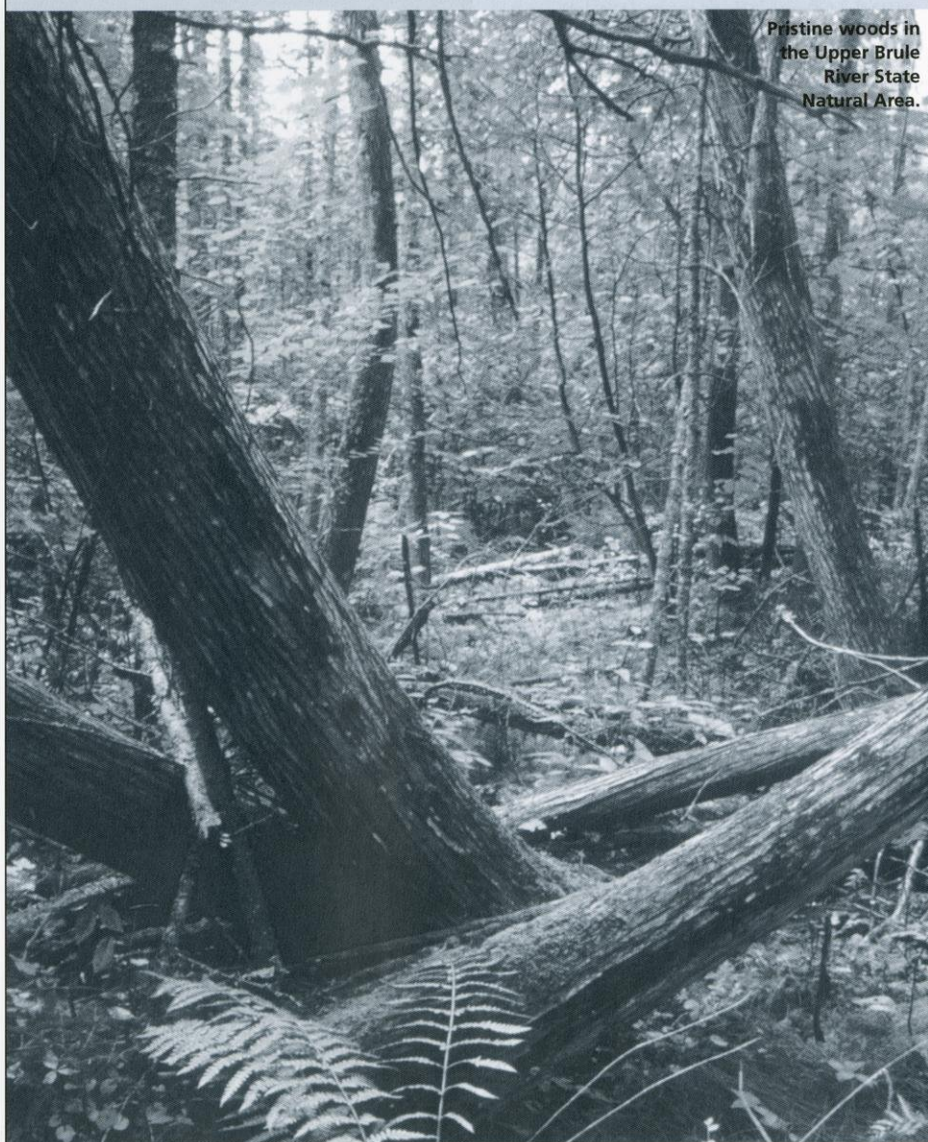
The Natural Resources Foundation of Wisconsin, in collaboration with the natural areas staff of DNR and with funding from the Wisconsin Coastal Management Program, Duluth-Superior Community Foundation, Brico Fund, and other private foundations, has embarked on an ambitious State Natural Areas Campaign to raise public awareness of, and to seek private support for, targeted SNAs. One objective of this campaign is to generate private interest in publicly owned SNAs among the citizens who live in communities near the properties, reasoning that the best way to protect these vulnerable properties is to engage local involvement. David Clutter, a full-time outreach coordinator hired by the Natural Resources Foundation, has spent the past year giving numerous presentations to civic groups, elected officials, chambers of commerce, and other community gatherings in the Great Lakes coastal area. He has successfully helped establish three local "friends" groups to help steward natural areas, and more groups will be formed as the program continues in the second year.

A second objective of the program is to find private funding to supplement meager state funds for managing properties with special management needs. The new "Adopt-A-Natural Area" program of the foundation encourages local businesses, civic groups, and individuals to provide annual financial support for the care of each SNA. Wisconsin Energy Corporation Foundation in Milwaukee has adopted the first SNA—the 31-acre Kurtz Woods in Ozaukee County—with a three-year

The Nature Conservancy and State Natural Areas

Since its founding in 1960, the Wisconsin Chapter of The Nature Conservancy (TNC) has acquired and protected a wide variety of landscapes representing thousands of acres that have subsequently been designated and/or dedicated as state natural areas. The first acquisition by the organization in 1961 was 40 acres of relict mixed forest called Abraham's Woods in Green County. The site has a canopy of very old maples that was used as a "sugar bush" to extract maple sap for syrup production by the previous owner, Mr. Abraham. The property was passed to the University of Wisconsin–Madison and designated a state natural area in 1961 (#38). The site is managed by the UW-Madison Arboretum. Today the Conservancy works with many partners to protect large landscapes including the Baraboo Hills, the Door Peninsula, and Chequamegon Bay on Lake Superior. Many of the lands it has protected in these areas are designated or dedicated as state natural areas. Other representative state natural areas that are owned and managed (at least in part) by TNC include Chiwaukee Prairie (#54, Kenosha County), Baxter's Hollow (#82, Sauk County), Spring Green Preserve (#102, Sauk County), Lulu Lake Preserve (#138, Walworth/Waukesha Counties), Mink River Estuary (#218, Door County), Quincy Bluff & Wetlands (#272, Adams County), Kangaroo Lake (#335, Door County), Caroline Lake (#336, Iron County) and Border Lakes (#411, Vilas County), among others.

Visit the TNC-Wisconsin website for more information: www.nature.org/wisconsin



Pristine woods in the Upper Brule River State Natural Area.

cash commitment, and it is hoped that many other sponsors throughout the state will be forthcoming for SNA sites needing management.

Our system of state natural areas continues to expand as parcels of land already identified as having SNA features that are in the "acquisition queue" are purchased—often with dollars set aside through the Knowles-Nelson Stewardship Program—and other sites are discovered, added, or upgraded to SNA status. With the impending release of several extensive and detailed forest plans—one for the Northern Highland–American Legion State Forest, the other for the Chequamegon–Nicolet National Forest—it is anticipated that an additional 50 to 75 new sites will be designated as state natural areas in the near future. These new SNAs will not require additional land acquisition, as they are already in public ownership, but the designation will give further prestige and protection to the sites. With the burgeoning growth and successes of private land trusts throughout the state, more private lands are coming under permanent protection. Some of these properties qualify for state natural area status and

will be added to the growing list of SNA gems in our state.

We are fortunate that, due to the foresight and hard work of early and recent conservationists, small but important representative landscapes that still house the rich biological, geological, and archaeological features of native Wisconsin have been saved. Yet the future of many of these pristine areas is uncertain due to inadequate state funds being available for their management. I argue that, if we are dedicated to preserving our state's biological heritage, we must ensure that our state natural areas are carefully guarded from inappropriate activities, managed with scientific precision, and generally cared for in perpetuity. After all, our history—and our future—are at stake. ☀

Charlie Luthin has spent 28 years working for the conservation of biological diversity through his tenure with various regional, national, and international non-profit conservation organizations. He currently serves as the executive director of the Natural Resources Foundation of Wisconsin, a private statewide nonprofit organization that raises support for public conservation needs. He also serves as a member of the Natural Areas Preservation Council, appointed by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in 2004.

State Natural Areas Resources

For more information about the State Natural Areas program, visit the DNR website:

<http://www.dnr.state.wi.us/org/land/er/sna/>

The DNR has published a guidebook to 150 popular state natural areas, recently updated and reprinted, entitled "Wisconsin Naturally," that comes with an accompanying map of all SNAs in Wisconsin, available from the DNR or Natural Resources Foundation (www.nrffwis.org) for \$15.

You can learn more about the SNA Campaign of the Natural Resources Foundation, its efforts to form SNA "friends" groups, and the "Adopt-A-Natural Area" Program at their website: www.nrffwis.org or call toll-free: 1-866/264-4096 for more information.

Snapper Prairie State Natural Area



TWO DAYS IN OCTOBER

REFLECTIONS ON THE ★★★ VIETNAM WAR

The national premiere of a broadcast based on "They Marched Into Sunlight: War and Peace Vietnam and America October 1967" written by Wisconsin native and Pulitzer-Prize winner David Maraniss, part of the respected "American Experience" series. A statewide broadcast of a Wisconsin Public Television-produced follow-up program anchored by journalist Dave Iverson. Community discussions on Wisconsin's role in the Vietnam War from the perspective of both veterans and protesters, convened by Wisconsin Public Television. For more information, check wpt.org or call (800) 422-9707.



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MADISON REPERTORY THEATRE



REMBRANDT'S GIFT

By Tina Howe

Sept 9-Oct 2, 2005



MADISON NEW PLAY FESTIVAL

Featuring works in progress by
Charles Smith, Heather
McDonald, Keith Bunin and others
Sept 16-25, 2005



A WALK IN THE WOODS

By Lee Blessing

Nov 18-Dec 11, 2005



I AM MY OWN WIFE

By Doug Wright
Pulitzer Prize Winner

Jan 13-Feb 5, 2006



OUR TOWN

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The Bee Whisperer

A childhood fascination with bees led to a livelihood and a way of life for Wisconsin native Mary Celley.

BY JOHN PEDERSON

An annual ritual: Mary Celley picking up nearly a half-million bees shipped from California.

Photos by John Pederson

AFTER A CUP OF COFFEE sweetened with a spoonful of crystallized honey, Mary Celley emerges from her log home near Brooklyn wearing a faded red baseball cap, blue jeans, a tattered brown jacket, small golden specs, and a playful grin. Two eager friends follow close behind her. Sparks, a rambunctious young black lab, seems almost as excited as Celley. But even old Winnie, Sparks' nine-year-old mother, has an extra bounce in her step today. It's time to get to work on the Celley Farm and help is on the way.

"It's going to be a good day," Celley announces as she buzzes down the steps on her way to pick up the shipment of 400,000 bees that will sustain her honey crop this season.

Celley runs a business called "The Bee Charmer"—yet beekeeping is more than a business for this Wisconsin native. Celley depends on the honey harvest to fulfill her spiritual and social

as well as her monetary needs. She fell under the bee's spell when she was just four years old. While her siblings feared them as unwelcome picnic guests, she was enchanted by these buzzing beauties. Her fascination with bees eventually developed into an entomology degree from the University of Wisconsin-Madison and a part-time job at the campus bee lab. Today Celley is a

Many of her customers enjoy the light clover variety, but Mary Celley prefers the rich taste of her black locust honey, which she refers to as the “champagne of honey.”

full-time beekeeper with more than 100 hives.

“I feel like I’m doing what I was put here to do,” she says.

Celley is not the only Wisconsinite stung by affection for the honeybee. According to Annette Phibbs, head of the apiary program for the state Department of Agriculture, Wisconsin’s honey industry includes thousands of hobby beekeepers in addition to 50 or so commercial operations.

However, the growing problem of mites and the increasing use of pesticides threaten what has become a waning industry. Celley estimates she lost almost 90 percent of her colony to predators such as the verroa mite last winter.

According to Phibbs, the verroa mite is now resistant to what had been the beekeeper’s most reliable defenses,

Apistan and Checkmite. New treatments cost considerably more than these traditional pesticides, forcing many keepers to hang up their head nets, says Phibbs.

These threats also increase local keepers’ reliance on out-of-state bee suppliers to keep the industry and art of beekeeping alive in Wisconsin. Wayne Harrison is one of the state’s main providers. He usually does not sleep during the 36-hour trip to Wisconsin from his farm in Los Banos, California. For some reason he just can’t relax with 112 million bees following his truck. It is not until his \$500,000 shipment of buzzing cargo is safely unloaded at Dadant and Sons Inc., a bee supply store in Watertown, that Harrison breathes easy. With a look of exhausted satisfaction, he unwraps a Swisher Sweet cigar, knowing he did his part to sustain

Wisconsin’s honey industry for one more year.

When Celley arrives at Dadant and Sons Inc. at 8 a.m., Harrison is already enjoying the last drag of his Swisher Sweet while his crew unloads the last of the bee boxes, each containing roughly 8,000 female worker bees. Queens come packaged separately in private matchbox-sized containers.

“The queen is the hive,” Celley explains, holding the box in her palm. “The colony grooms her and feeds her the royal jelly.” Royal jelly, which is secreted from the salivary glands of worker bees, serves as food for all young larvae during the first few days of life, but remains the only food for larvae that will develop into queen bees. Royal jelly maintains the growth and reproductive capabilities that distinguish the queen bee from the other females in the hive.

After double-checking her order, Celley joins the other keepers inspecting this year’s shipment and sharing stories of ruthless mites and empty hives.

The annual pickup has become a ritual among most Wisconsin beekeepers needing to replenish their colonies from the ravages of winter and the verroa mites. But Wisconsin beekeepers have not always depended on outside help.

According to *The History of Wisconsin’s Beekeeping and Honey Production Industry*, a pamphlet published by the Wisconsin Historical Society, Wisconsin’s first settlers found abundant supplies of honey in the wild. According to the pamphlet, “Hunting ‘bee trees’ and removing honey was a well established practice.” Settlers began documenting the locations of these trees, and by 1967, *Transactions*, a journal of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, had published a collection of known “bee trees” across the state. Today, honey hunting requires less work and more money. Keepers find more than 112 million bees for hire under one roof at Dadant and Sons Inc. at a cost of \$48 per box.



Boxes and boxes of bees from Wayne Harrison's truck.

Celley cuts a check for \$4,700 and loads 100 boxes of California bees in the back of a covered truck especially arranged for this unseasonably cold April morning. Less experienced keepers risk exposing their cargo to freezing winds on flatbed trucks.

But Celley takes no chances. Much of her income, as well as her personal relationships, depends on these shipments.

You can find Celley at the Dane County Farmers Market every week selling her honey for \$3 to \$7 a bottle. Many of her customers enjoy the light clover variety, but Celley prefers the rich taste of her black locust honey, which she refers to as the “champagne of honey.” The Farmers Market also provides the chance to check in with fellow farmers, longtime customers, and friends. It’s easy to see why the annual delivery is a significant, almost sacred, affair.

On her way back from Dadant and Sons Inc., Celley receives a call on her cell phone.

“Is this the bee charmer?” says the voice on other line.

“Sure is,” she replies.

Celley is on call 24 hours a day for her “bee control” business, managing unwanted bees, hornets, and other stinging insects for area residents. She chose the name because, according to Celley, “Most people think anything that stings is a bee.”

She doesn’t particularly enjoy exterminating unwanted bees, hornets, and wasps, but it provides a second income and gives her a chance to educate people about the differences between stinging insects.

“Honeybees get a bad rap from more aggressive hornets,” Celley explains.

A few minutes after receiving the call, she arrives back at the farm with \$4,700 worth of bees in tow. From her porch you can see small white boxes scattered against the backdrop of an overgrown apple orchard. The hives look somewhat out of place nestled in the tall grass, like ancient monuments waiting to be discovered. A huge burr oak towers over the empty boxes, a lonely old landlord silently looking forward to some company.



Mary Celley, the Bee Charmer, selling her wares at the Dane County Farmers Market.

A fortune teller once told Celley that this particular oak possesses supernatural energy and that it is home to Pan, the Greek god of woods, fields, and flocks. Celley was so impressed by the mystic’s perfect physical description of a tree she had never seen that she looked up Pan in the dictionary upon returning home. She discovered that Pan also is the protector of honey, and moved her hives underneath the old burr oak’s sprawling branches to take advantage of the deity’s watchful presence, which she says she often feels while harvesting honey and checking her hives.

Celley is in her element under the burr oak’s branches. She spends the remaining eight hours of daylight in the tall grass, resettling bees into their new homes.

“These bees will literally work themselves to death in a few weeks,” she says while pouring 7,000 buzzing honeybees into a hive. She might do the same if she had more bees to take care of.

But Celley says the work is therapeutic, and it’s easy to see why. The California honey bees flow out of the box like an oozing stream of honey, their buzz sounding more like a purr on this cool morning.

“This is my sanctuary,” she explains through her beekeeper’s veil.


This form of relaxation includes an acupuncture treatment of sorts. Celley receives 10 stings throughout the day. She announces each one in a calm and affirming tone. “There’s one,” she says without wincing or breaking stride.

On a warmer day she would spray the cages with sugar water to subdue the rambunctious bees after their long journey. Today, however, the shock of a 40-degree April morning is enough to tame this West Coast crowd.

Although spiritually fulfilling, the work still takes a toll on the 50-year-old bee charmer. By the time Celley goes to bed, she can barely move. But you won’t hear her complain. With a weary smile she gently pours the last box of bees into their new home and whispers, “I told you it would be a good day.”

John Pederson graduated from the UW-Madison School of Journalism in 2005 and is pursuing a career as a broadcast journalist and freelance writer. He can be reached at john_pederson@yahoo.com

Revolution in Our Boardrooms



Some of Wisconsin's leading corporations are setting new standards nationwide for the advancement of women in the workplace. Why? Because in addition to being the right thing to do, it's profitable.

BY JANE CRISLER

A historic alliance: Local union president Debbie Timko forged an agreement with Oakwood Village head John Noreika to establish family-friendly employee policies at his mostly female-staffed workplace.

Above, sharing their story at the Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity conference earlier this year.

Photo courtesy of Debbie Timko

IN JANUARY 2005 A LABOR AGREEMENT was signed in an unexpected setting: the State Capitol of Wisconsin. Debbie Timko, president of Service Employees International Union (SEIU) Local 150, joined John Noreika, executive director of Oakwood Village retirement community in Madison, to sign the agreement in the presence of Lt. Gov. Barbara Lawton. There was a sense of symmetry to the process because negotiations between the union and employer had opened with a brief talk by Lawton on the reinforcing benefits of family-friendly personnel practices and corporate profitability.

Debbie Timko had learned about ways in which corporations are adapting their practices to support the needs of working women and their families—while at the same time generating profits—through Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity (WW=P), an nonpartisan economic development initiative led by Lawton. In early 2004, Timko joined the initiative's economic sufficiency task force, which examines work

and family issues. She subsequently decided that SEIU and Oakwood representatives could learn from the project and incorporate the proven success factors identified by the task force into the Oakwood Village negotiations. She found an enthusiastic partner in John Noreika, a man whom she describes as “an incredible asset to the community.”

The resulting agreement is, indeed, a model of innovation in human resource

management. And, unbeknownst to many Wisconsin residents, some of the state's signature corporations have become leaders in setting these new standards. SC Johnson, Harley-Davidson, and GE Medical all are recipients of the coveted nationwide Catalyst Awards for advancing women in business (see www.catalystwomen.org). These private-sector employers have diversified their workforces and have found ways to develop and promote women and cultivate the talents of individuals who might be overlooked. None of their actions have been mandated by government regulation; all have determined that investing in a diverse workforce is their most important long-term competitive advantage. In other words, it is good for business because it is profitable.

The stated goals in the Oakwood Village contract are in standard labor language: keeping "open communication" between employees and employer and "uninterrupted operations of the facility." More remarkable is the promise made by the employer to avoid subcontracting care and to reduce or eliminate the use of outside agency staff in return for employee commitment to maintaining continuity of care. The measure offers job security coveted by hourly workers, and it is critical to the quality care Oakwood promises its residents. It is worth noting that 75 percent of Oakwood employees and residents are female.

John Noreika and Oakwood Village have every reason to cultivate a reliable and skilled labor force. Their retirement community lies at the intersection of competing forces that threaten Wisconsin's economic well-being: an aging population, the drain of females from the labor force, and declining public support for the elderly.

URGENCY IN WISCONSIN

As a state whose economy was built on agriculture and manufacturing, Wisconsin is uniquely affected by economic and demographic trends of the 21st century. In his address to the

WW=P Corporate Summit in March 2005, Terry Ludeman, an economist for the state Department of Workforce Development, explained how and why Wisconsin will face an extraordinary labor shortage in the coming decades:

- Our population is disproportionately older. The baby boom generation is larger than the national average. Approximately 30 percent of Wisconsin's population is comprised of boomers, compared to a national average of 26 percent, and nationally we rank 20th in population over 65.
- We have not experienced the same influx of immigrant workers as other states. Only about 5 percent of Wisconsin's population is foreign-born, compared to nearly 12 percent for the United States.

- Female participation in the Wisconsin labor force is among the highest in the United States: fifth in the nation in 2002, at 66.7 percent. This means that most of the women who are able to work are already employed. There is no substantial reserve female labor force.

- The earnings of female workers in Wisconsin are considerably less than those of males: 71.1 percent in 2002, ranking our state 45th in the nation. This fact is directly related to the traditional agricultural and manufacturing base of the state economy: only 33.8 percent of women are employed in professional or managerial positions, compared to 36.2 percent nationally.

- Wisconsin is losing a substantial percentage of its young population, especially those with high educa-



Woman at work at Oakwood Village: Higher wages, health care benefits, and greater job security are keeping employees there happy.

Photo courtesy of Oakwood Village

working women

Oakwood's profitability strategy may appear counter-intuitive—investing more in employee wages and job security when many companies strive to reduce wages and benefits—but Wisconsin's Catalyst Award winners share this investment strategy.

tional attainment. This results in a lower rate of educational attainment for the state and places it at a comparative economic disadvantage as it competes regionally and nationally in a knowledge-based economy. Overall Wisconsin ranks 29th nationally in baccalaureate degree holders and 36th in those who possess graduate or professional degrees. Our state is a net exporter of college graduates. For every 100 graduates who leave for other states, only 79 move to Wisconsin.

In anticipation of retirement of the massive baby boomer cohort and the

corresponding demand for skilled workers, Oakwood Village is expanding its facilities, which means that executive director John Noreika encounters the impending demographic crunch daily: the staff who are most likely to care for his residents are young women of child-bearing age who earn the minimum wage or slightly more. In order to remain in the labor force, they need working conditions that enable them to have children, earn a family-supporting wage, and organize their work schedules to accommodate family life.

Oakwood Village is ratcheting up the wages of its workers, especially those at the lower end of the scale, so that they

increase at a rate higher than that of inflation. Health care benefits are also tailored to a workforce that is female, is of child-bearing age, and spends a great deal of time standing. Coverage is affordable (partially self-insured), is available to domestic partners, and covers contraception and foot care. According to Debbie Timko, the latter two provisions are often excluded in labor contracts for health care workers.

All of these factors were built into the SEIU/Oakwood Village labor agreement that was signed this year. Paid Time Off (PTO) provisions were configured to be flexible. Responsibility for unit schedule management is progressively being transferred to employees rather than supervisors. In Noreika's terms, the goal is for the organization to have a flat management structure. In fact, he is so adamant about the transformation that he does not accept the term "flatter" but insists upon equally shared responsibility. For Noreika and Timko, these changes are transforming the workplace. Turnover is reduced, so continuity and quality of care are strengthened—a key profitability factor for Oakwood Village—and the employees "love coming to work."

Academy Evening on Women's Progress Nov. 9

"Women in the Boardrooms: Getting It Right in Wisconsin" is the name of our Academy Evening panel presentation featuring Lt. Gov. Barbara Lawton and representatives from SC Johnson, GE Lunar, Harley-Davidson, Covance, and Manpower. The presentation and discussion will draw upon many points made in this article. Join us on Wednesday, Nov. 9, 7–8:30 p.m. in the Wisconsin Studio, Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Madison. Admission is free of charge, but tickets are recommended to ensure seating (available one week prior to the event in the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in Overture). Contact 608/263-1692 or www.wisconsinacademy.org for more information.



Left and right: a female worker and customer at Harley. Center, employee at Oakwood Village.



EMBRACING CHANGING DEMOGRAPHICS

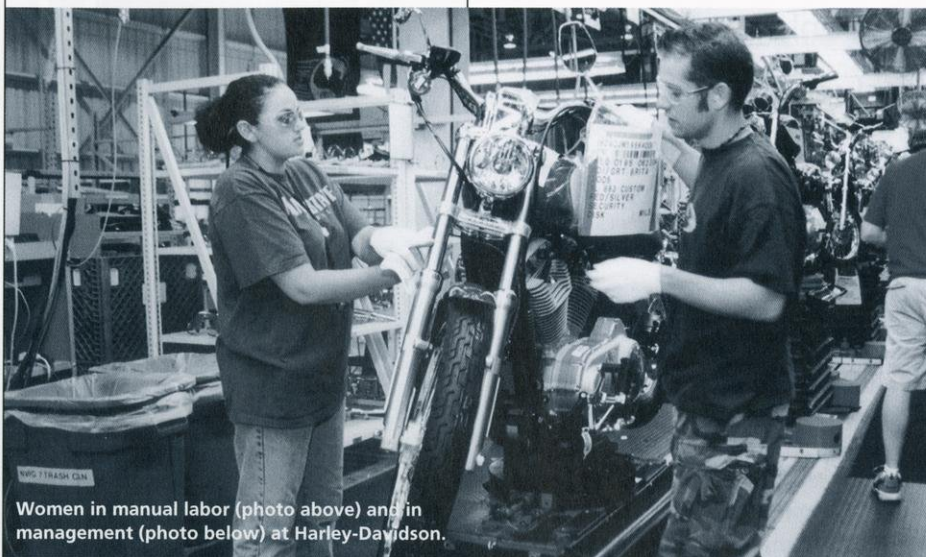
Oakwood's profitability strategy may appear counterintuitive—investing *more* in employee wages and job security when many companies strive to *reduce* wages and benefits—but Wisconsin's Catalyst Award winners, all large corporations, share this investment strategy.

They long ago realized the benefit of aligning their workforce policies with business strategies. In her address to the WW=P Corporate Summit, Maria Campbell, director of diversity for SC Johnson, made the case for recognizing the economic impact of women.

In order to be profitable, she maintains, corporations must understand and respond to women and people of color. This fact is inescapable for a consumer-products company that caters to the fastest-growing segment of the U.S. economy. Campbell presented "the business case" for accommodating women: the nation's buying power in 2004 was \$8.6 trillion, consumer spending is estimated at \$3.7 trillion, and business spending at \$1.5 trillion. Women control \$14 trillion of the nation's wealth, and that amount will increase to \$22 trillion in the coming decade as boomers age. Women make 85 percent of consumer purchases and influence decisions of 95 percent of goods and services purchased in this country.

For SC Johnson, serving the diverse consumer market is just good business. Products are designed to be used by people with a range of physical abilities and cultural backgrounds. Advertising portrays an equally wide range of consumers because they all spend money.

Campbell's promotion of diversity is equally active in workforce development. As the traditional pool of Caucasian male workers declines due to retirement and business expansion demands more workers, the company must cultivate areas of labor growth. Campbell forecasts that by 2006 the representation of Caucasian men will decline by 17 percent to 44 percent of the working population. Conversely, female representation will



Women in manual labor (photo above) and in management (photo below) at Harley-Davidson.

Women's Leadership Meeting Oct. 5-7

The third annual Women's Executive Leadership Summit at the Fluno Center, UW-Madison, features a number of speakers about women's advancement and challenges in the workplace, including Robin Wolaner, author of *Naked in the Boardroom*; Michael Welp on "Can White Men be Full Diversity Partners?"; and Kathi Seifert, one of *Fortune's* Top 50 most powerful women, on "The Harder You Work, the Luckier You Get."

The summit takes place October 5-7 at the Fluno Center, 601 University Avenue, Madison. Contact 1-800/292-8964 or <http://uwexeced.com/womenssummit/default.htm> for more information.

increase: Caucasian women to 38.7 percent; African American women to 6.2 percent; Hispanic/Latina women to 4.8 percent; and Asian American/Other women to 2.6 percent.

To attract and retain the diverse labor force, companies must adapt their practices and expectations, especially for working mothers. Campbell estimates that by 2008, there will be 26 million working mothers in the workforce, 40 percent of them with children under the age of 18. Most single parents (75 percent) are employed, and 60 percent have children under the age of three and require child care services. Their needs must be recognized and accommodated if they are to remain in the company's employment.

STUNNING RESULTS

In the high-tech sector of the economy, GE Medical has adapted business practices to attract and retain



talented employees from a variety of backgrounds, an initiative that is not an add-on, HR discretionary program, but a strategic business necessity.

In making its case for the Catalyst Award, which it won in 2004, the company stated, "A chief task in running a multi-business, multinational organization such as General Electric is ensuring that top talent is groomed to lead and grow its various businesses." How does a huge enterprise such as General Electric accomplish this task? By incorporating individual talent identification into the business cycle. Annual performance review of profes-

Not only has Harley-Davidson reoriented its culture to include women both as employees and customers, it has expanded its horizons to embrace employees, regardless of race or gender, to be “true partners” in its business.

sional staff is developmental—it not only explores accomplishments of the past year, but also looks forward to the employee’s career goals and opportunities and the professional development required to meet those challenges. This information is then aligned with the company’s organizational leadership needs. The corporation’s human capital is the main asset leaders consider as they develop their business plans. Present or anticipated gaps in diversity or technical business needs are addressed, and individuals are identified for advancement. Goals are identified as part of the business plan and progress is measured as a performance criterion.

At the WW=P Corporate Summit, Jennie Hanson, head of GE Lunar in Madison, described how the people of the corporation make the process work. General Electric uses a number of affinity networks to support employees who choose to participate. Equally important, the networks provide critical information to corporate leaders about the workforce and employee needs. Hanson is co-leader of “GEWN” (GE Women’s Network), which organizes education, networking, forums, and other activities that support women in their development as business leaders and people. According to Hanson, the main lesson that the company has learned from GEWN is that not all women are created equal (i.e., the same) and that GEWN must find a way to relate to the individual and her needs, especially during life transitions.

General Electric’s Women’s Network has been a powerful force in transforming the company’s leadership because its annual goals reflect those of the company. As stated in the Catalyst

case, “GEWN is run like a GE business and follows the same operating cycle,” which means that results are measured. And the numbers illustrate the success of the GEWN initiative: women corporate officers increased from 5 percent to 13 percent between 1998 and 2002. At the senior executive level, their numbers moved from 9 percent to 14 percent and women at the executive level increased from 18 to 21 percent. The work of GEWN has helped to retain valuable women employees, which contributes to corporate profitability. This effect was especially visible at the senior executive level, where losses diminished from more than 14 percent in 1996 (before GEWN was established) to 7 percent in 2002.

In Milwaukee, leaders of Harley-Davidson, manufacturer of iconically macho motorcycles, realized in the 1980s that to expand their business, they needed to expand their customer base. Diversifying their customer base and their employee profile became a key business strategy. Not only has the company reoriented its culture to include women both as employees and customers, it has expanded its horizons to embrace employees, regardless of race or gender, to be “true partners” in its business. As stated in its Catalyst Award case, Harley-Davidson undertook its endeavor, “Optimizing Talent: A Culture of Empowerment,” to include all employees. The company’s goals are similar to those of Oakwood Village, SC Johnson, and GE: to broaden decision-making, flatten the organization, and fully realize human potential. Like GE and Oakwood Village/SEIU, Harley-Davidson operates employee-driven diversity councils to create an environment of inclusion and promotes

education and training in many different forms. Employee development is incorporated into the business cycle at the highest level: the strengths and improvement needs of every employee are annually reviewed by vice presidents and their leadership teams. This peer-reviewed process ensures accountability. Personnel policies are transparent and performance is measured, with clear results: representation of women at the vice presidential level increased from 5 percent in 1995 to 17 percent in 2003. Impressively, in 2003, 29 percent of Harley-Davidson’s corporate officers were women, compared to the *Fortune* 500 average of 15.7 percent.

As business and community leaders strive to move our state into the knowledge-based economy of the 21st century, it is clear that our greatest asset is literally embodied in the mosaic of employee talent that is arrayed across our organizations. The representation of women in Wisconsin’s leading businesses signifies more than fairness—it is directly correlated to profitability. In concluding her business case for building a quality, diverse workforce, Maria Campbell cited a Catalyst study that reported on the financial performance of 353 *Fortune* 500 companies from 1996 to 2000. Companies that had the highest representation of women in senior positions also had higher return on equity (ROE) and total return to shareholders (TRS). Maximizing return on talent—that is Wisconsin’s competitive advantage. *

Jane Crisler is a professor of history and interim dean and CEO of the University of Wisconsin–Waukesha. She has provided significant leadership to Lt. Gov. Barbara Lawton with the Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity initiative in policy development, administrative systems, and statewide outreach. She is a director for the board of WW=P, Inc.

A Walter Hamady Primer

He's brilliant, charming, and at times inscrutable. Here's your guide to getting to know one of the world's most innovative pioneers in the book arts.

BY ROBERT COZZOLINO

Photo by Zane Williams

TWO-THOUSAND FOUR MARKED THE 40TH ANNIVERSARY of The Perishable Press Limited, Walter Hamady's little press that could, and did, and still does, from the intimate spaces of his home near Mount Horeb.

Since 1964 (or "64 percent" of his life) Hamady has published 129 small-edition volumes (the smallest, seven copies; most editions run around 125) that have transformed how bibliophiles and fellow artists see the book. His work has been selected 12 times by the American Institute of Graphic Arts for its 50 Best Books of the Year award (he's currently on a roll—the last

Hamady in Overture

"Juxtaposing Space: Works by Walter Hamady," a retrospective of Hamady's work including books, collages, and sculpture, runs October 7–November 20 in the James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy in Madison's Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street. The opening on Friday, October 14, 5–7 p.m., features a gallery talk by Hamady at 5:30. Admission is free, no tickets required. Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org or call 608/265-2500 for more information.

five press titles have made this list). Despite its notoriety and international acclaim, The Perishable Press remains a domestic operation. The pressroom is as integral a living space as is the kitchen in the Hamady home.

These intimate qualities flow from Hamady's worldview, one that necessarily sustains and is shaped by his manner of making art. Many artists cite an "art is life, life is art" philosophy, but Hamady's output makes this dictum revelatory. Whether in the multifaceted anatomy of his books, construction of his assemblages, or arrangement of his collages, Hamady's work is intensely personal, bears his aura, and incorporates his experiences. Rather than closing out the viewer, these qualities only serve to draw us in, encouraging close looking and contemplation and affecting all of the senses. Hamady's bibliophilic work often reflects and describes bodily experience more intimately than a painted nude. It is one of his vital themes.

There is no point in calling Hamady a printer or a publisher or a bookmaker, for he is all of these; he is also a collagist, writer, papermaker, sculptor, designer, archivist, critic, reader, researcher, choreographer, binder, editor, and laborer. He slips imperceptibly between these roles, occupies them simultaneously and consults all in living any one. Despite having been a purveyor of exceptionally fine objects for so many years, he has always been able to earn his bread as a maker of things. He exclaims, "What good fortune for me to have been able to ... live in my work all these years, in and about the premises, one and the same thing!"

Hamady feels blessed to have “gotten out of the loop early, and somehow managed to stay out of it for so long as to have no idea of what the loop is! And being proud of having lived ‘out of sight’ in the middle of nowhere for half my life...”

Hamady says he is “always leery of publicity ... the big concern is having my ‘cover blown’ and suddenly I am not just me anymore.” Which makes it imperative that any project about the press and its CEO be necessarily a collaboration—if not in deed, then in spirit, as a sincere measure of respect.

Woe betide the soul who crosses a man with a printing press. A recent curatorial culprit was taken to task for “unilaterally” exhibiting Hamady’s wares at New York’s Grollier Club via a postage-paid, press-printed “card of umbrage” produced and circulated by Hamady in which Hamady despaired that the work was deemed “worthy of exaltation [sic],” but not the “(alive & well) maker ... the somnambulist-curator preferring the subject dead and conveniently silent!” The manifesto/broadside/street-level propaganda tradition with its justice-driven, absurdist, and impish urgency is alive and well!

Hamady and I initially explored some quirky formats for this “profile,” including, but not limited to, writing the piece as a mock obituary, engaging in a to-and-fro interview, initiating and extending surrealist games regarding the content, form, and so forth. My wife, a librarian with subversive leanings, suggested that I spend the word allotment describing Hamady’s physical profile in meticulous detail—not irrelevant as his silhouette often appears in his work! But at some point Hamady (and the *Review* editor) said, “What’s wrong with straightforward?” In Hamady’s words, “It worked for Houdini.”

The impetus for reintroducing readers to Walter Hamady, who also is a professor emeritus of the University of Wisconsin–Madison, is that Hamady will have a retrospective at the Wisconsin Academy’s James Watrous Gallery in the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison

from October 7 through November 20. It will be the most comprehensive exhibition of Hamady’s oeuvre to date, featuring books, collages, assemblages—the whole kit-and-caboodle.

BOOKS AND “STUFF”

Hamady was born in 1940 on a Friday the 13th in Flint, Michigan. His mother, Ruth Evans Brinker, was a pediatrician, intellectual, and bibliophile who instilled a love of books in her son. “They were friends, they were family,” he says. She allowed young Walter to order what seemed a limitless stream of volumes that filled the house and fueled his imagination.

“There were books about everything,” he exclaims. “Art, science, history, medicine, photography, encyclopaedias—you name it. Magazines about everything, too! So a fait accompli of a consciousness infused with these physical objects. It was over before it began, and it is my mother’s fault.”

Hamady’s affection for his mother is clear—there are subtle homages to her throughout his work, even when unintentional. He dedicated one of his finest books, *For the Hundredth Time Gabberjabb Number Five* (1981) to her for Mother’s Day. She is further implicated by having initiated one of the most influential objects into Hamady’s solar system. He recalls, “At maybe age 20 or 21, my mother gave me her *Gray’s Anatomy* from when she was in medical school, saying maybe I’d like to use some of those images [in making collage]. Well, certainly that changed my life forever. Getting the intimate map, so to speak, of not just my own, but everyone’s *body*.” The startling re-combinations of organs, systems, cross-sections, cutaways, and other anatomical details in his work sprouted from this trusty tome.

As a boy Hamady was very close to his paternal grandfather, Ralph Haatom Hamady, who had immigrated to the United States from Baakline, Lebanon, in 1907. He ran a grocery store in Flint, and Hamady has fond memories of accompanying him on his market rounds. “It was easy to tell that my grandpa was a truly fine person by the way all of the

vendors spoke to him,” he notes. Watching him work affected Hamady in numerous ways. “My granpa [sic] had calibrated arms. If a customer wanted a pound of something he’d pick up and measure with his arm, then put it on the scale for confirmation for the customer ... Taught me that we are skillful, we humans, can ‘eyeball’ and judge things without tape measure and such,” reminisced Hamady in a recent letter.

During high school Hamady worked at the family hardware store. Although he is reluctant to call the press a business, his experience at the store seems to have affected his work ethic and approach to customer relations: be polite, stock only the best products, take pride in your work, act from honesty, respect the meaning of the work, and realize that the product is the intercessor between the world and the store, the means by which other customers learn about who you are and are moved to come in.

Although Hamady has always found “things” resonant with magic and meaning—at age six, he started a collection of water from great rivers, beginning with the Mississippi—the hardware store seems reconstituted in his barn studio. It was pleasurable “just looking at the stuff there, tools provoking desire to be used; shotguns and rifles dreaming of hunting; gallons of paint, hundreds of brushes, limitless supplies of tape, screws, bolts, nuts, washers, machines, wire. A grand swim in imagination.”

While it might be possible to catch a glimpse of his mother—her love of books, her profession, the specific convergence in the plates from *Gray’s Anatomy*—Hamady’s boxes embody other familial origins. Constructed, assembled, combined with great care from objects that came to him from friends or chance encounters, they enshrine materials that had earlier lives. “I have always been a shrine builder or reliquary builder, just in my own religion, not store-bought,” he remarks. “You see the old first aid cabinet in the press room full of oddments. And the old gram scale glass case full of nature stuff. Maybe it comes from a desire to

arrange stuff? From being the son of merchants on the one hand, groceries and hardware."

PROFESSING: THE VERB

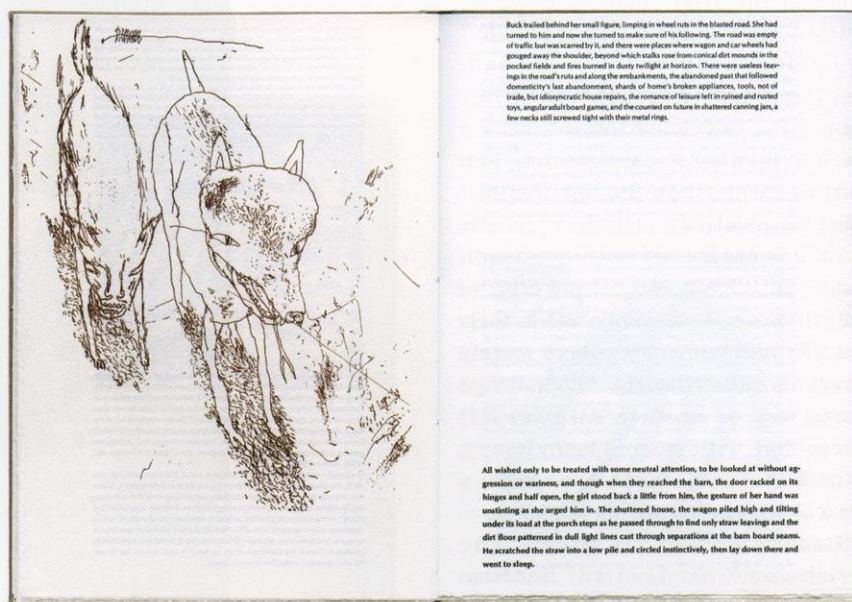
After high school, Hamady studied at Wayne State University and then received his MFA from the Cranbrook Academy of Art in 1966. To some degree those lessons shaped Hamady's approach to teaching. From 1966 to 1996 he taught at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

But wait—Hamady corrects this "taught" business every time. He explains that he "professed" and with a gleam in his eye hopes you'll revisit the many definitions of *profess*. One is "to pretend," another, "to declare or admit openly or freely: affirm." More attuned to Hamady's personality and philosophy is that it also means "to confess one's faith or allegiance to" and "to practice or claim to be versed in (a calling or profession)."

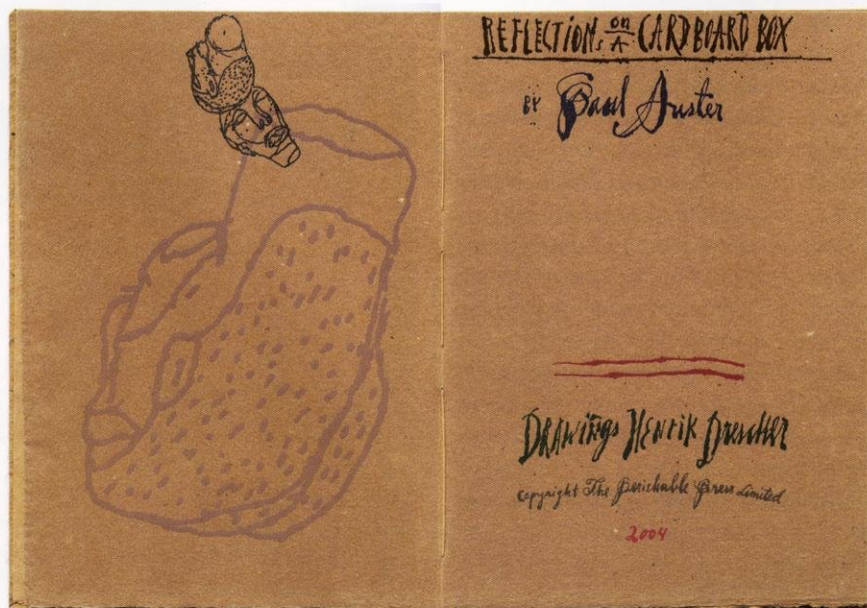
In his experience, the classroom was a "two-way street" upon which he and the students were constantly "rubbing elbows." One measure of professed success was whether by semester's end, "the students thought," in a pedagogical sleight-of-hand, "that all they had learned had been invented by themselves."

Hamady's students have remained loyal and recall with nostalgia courses once described as "the boot camp of the art department": tough, but ultimately rewarding. One former pupil unabashedly assured me that Hamady is responsible for an entire generation of new presses, each run by printers, bookmakers with a transformed consciousness. In 1993 they were featured in the exhibition *Made in the Midwest: Walter Hamady's 6451 Students*, (Charles A. Wustum Museum of Fine Arts, Racine); in 2003, the exhibition *Hamady's Problems ... Solutions* included work by nearly 50 of Hamady's former students, along with that of their professor.

In his statement from the 6451 catalogue, Hamady affectionately describes



Depression Dog by Toby Olson, illustrated by Henrik Drescher, Jim Lee, David McLimans, and Peter Sis, 2003, page spread. On the left, an illustration by Henrik Drescher. On the right, text by Toby Olson. This work received a 50 Best Books of the Year award from the American Institute of Graphic Arts.



Reflections on a Cardboard Box by Paul Auster, illustrated by Henrik Drescher, 2004, page spread. On the left, a Drescher illustration of three heads falling. This piece, too, won a 50 Best Books of the Year award from the American Institute of Graphic Arts.

the classroom belonging to that number. "6451 is a room in a dysfunctional, lightless, fresh-airless concrete fortress without commons or lounge," he begins. Despite the less-than-inspiring ambiance, the chamber became the vehicle for travel from one place to another each semester, "the journey rather than the destination" being the point. "Though the room sits there, it is like a train in my head with people getting on and getting off," he writes. "Some passengers shine in their integrity and humanity, others merely egregious netherthroats. All challenge in one way or another. All have left pieces here with me and many, many, without their knowing it, have taken a piece of my heart away."

Hamady named his press "The Perishable Press Limited" because initially, he says, he was "looking for something that started with 'P,' of course." When pressed, he reasoned, "I named it that to reflect the human condition ... it's both limited and perishable ... but it [the realization of its possible meaning] came after the fact, obviously."

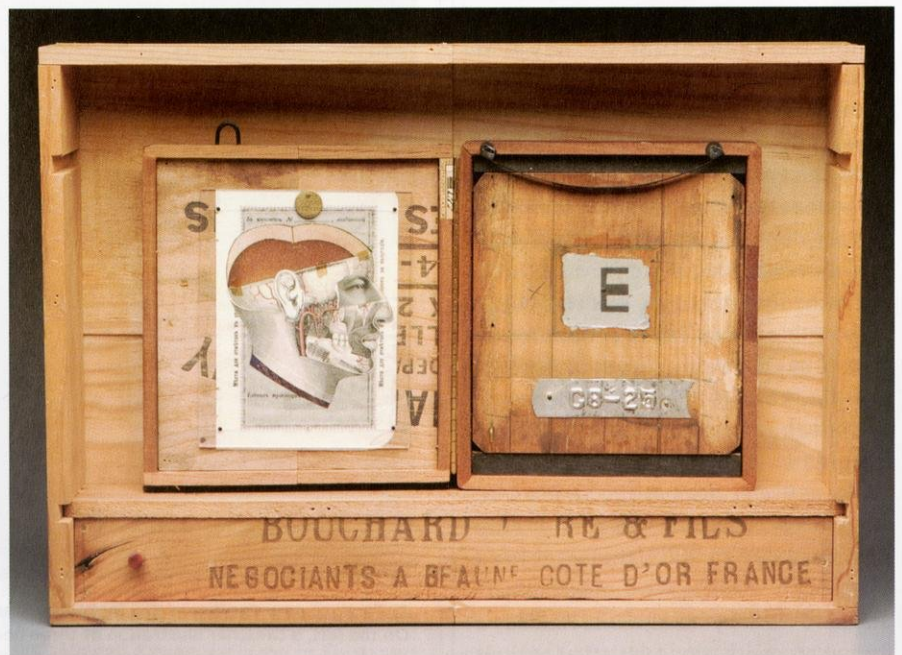
A KINETIC SCULPTURE

This memento mori undercurrent, present from the press's inception, is another theme that runs between the lines in Hamady's work. It connects him with centuries of bookmaking practices. There are many famous literary allusions to books as bodies and bodies as books. Perhaps most prominent is the Christian theological concept that the Word became Flesh, and that the flesh crumbles around the Spirit (of course the pages of many sacred books were made from animal skin). At the age of 22, Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790) scribbled his projected epitaph:

The body of
B. Franklin, Printer
(Like the Cover of an Old Book
Its Contents torn Out
And Stript of its Lettering and
Gilding)
Lies Here, Food for Worms.
But the Work shall not be Lost;
For it will (as he Believ'd) Appear



Armani Man, 1987, matted collage.



NS Box #39, 2005

Walter at Baalbeck: Temple de Bacchus from Box #116, 1991–1994, collage.



Limited Edition Hamady Work at Exhibition!

Walter Hamady is creating a limited edition work that serves as both an accompanying piece to his exhibition and a Hamady collectible in its own right (the cover will feature the "Walter at Baalbeck" collage above). The booklet features Hamady's signature stamping, pull-out elements, and a commemorative essay by Roy Behrens. One hundred fifty signed, numbered editions will be created, with 100 available for sale with proceeds to benefit the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery. The booklets will be available when the exhibition opens on October 7.

Contact 608/265-2500 or visit www.wisconsinacademy.org for more information.

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Franklin's analogy between book and body transcends the macabre humor that underlies this ultimately unused epitaph. As a renowned printer and voracious reader, Franklin considered books the moral lifeblood of a burgeoning New England intellectual society. More recently, the British filmmaker Peter Greenaway based his densely layered films, *Prospero's Books* (1991) and *The Pillow Book* (1996), around identity, sexuality, and human history all filtered through the omnipresent library.

For Hamady and the most sensitive of readers, the book is not merely a container for words but a kinetic sculpture. Reproducing individual pages from a book conceals, obfuscates, deceives the reality of the object. To be understood, Perishable Press editions must be held in the hands, touched, their pages turned, the whole form experienced and the body gaining from interaction. Hamady clearly believes in the corporeal dimension of the book. He writes, as in reverie, "While the tactile reports are tingling up the ganglia simultaneously the nose is whiffing, the ears are hearing the rattle snap and pop of the paper, the eyeballs are rolling in all sorts of bites of type into the visually tactile paper and reporting words clearly there, repeat, THERE in the fibers of the page."

We regularly elide the body with our bibliographic experiences. We say the eye consumes, digests, takes in, devours, even say it pierces or samples, has taste. We speak of relationships between reading and eating, talk of a bibliophile's voracity.

Hamady, too, uses culinary and nourishing metaphors regarding art. His handmade books rely on the body's strenuous or exacting effort to compose their parts (including the paper), print their inks, and stitch their binding. When asked why he still made paper by hand he once retorted,

Why grind your own grains and

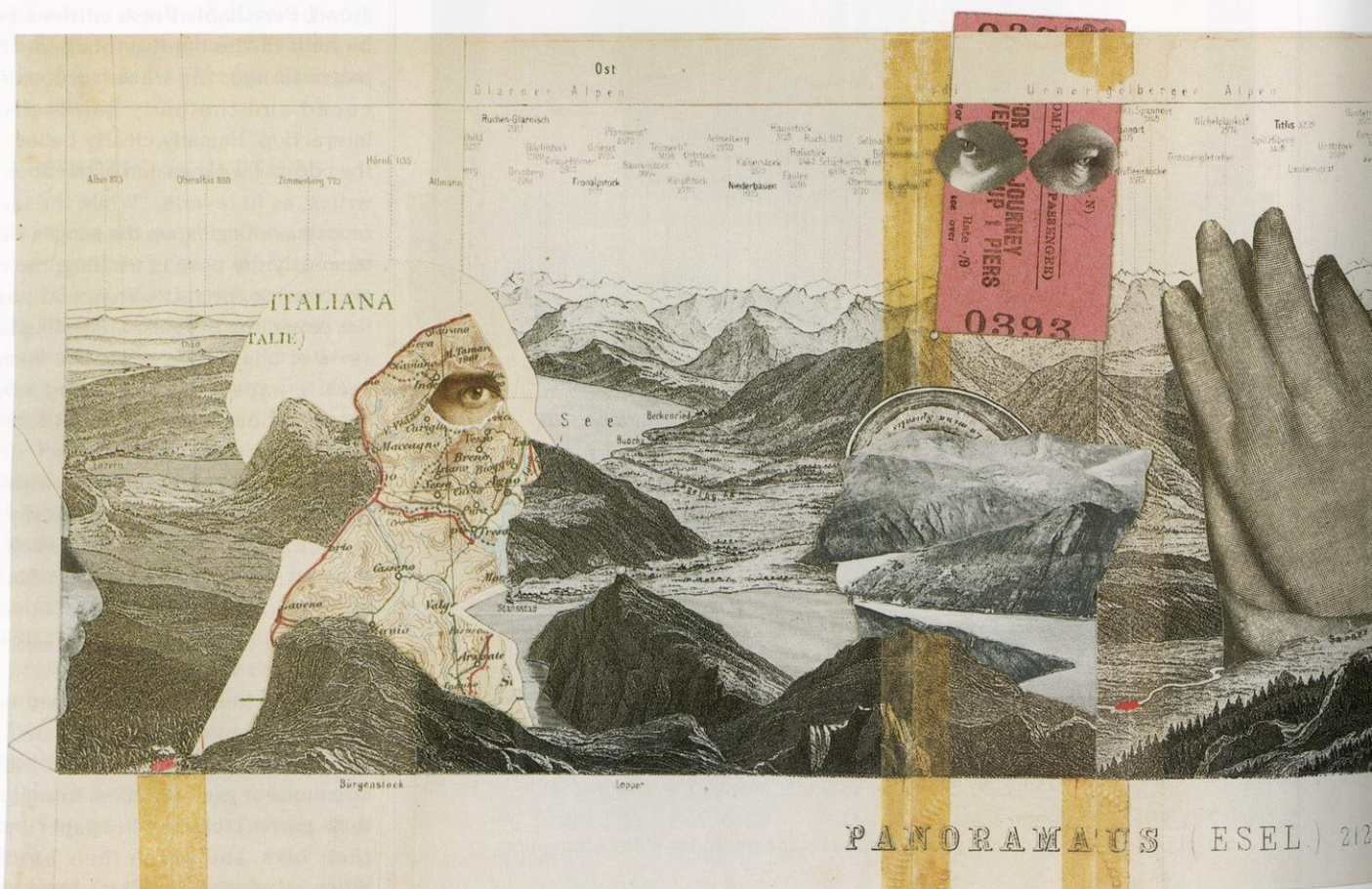
bake your own bread when there are bakeries everywhere? The answer, simply, is because it is better! This assumes a few things, such as that you are a damn good cook, that you are thoroughly experienced in tasting every kind of bread made on the planet, that you love to consume the most simple/complex paradoxes of the world, that you have ... the ability to see clearly with body and mind well enough to provide/perform the necessary aesthetic craftsmanship.

Regarding the boxes and their relationship to books, he says, "Not to be flip, but it's all of the same hunk of dough! Just flour water sugar yeast and other common ingredients—manifesting in a variety of loaves."

This is explicit in the recent *A Hamady Wilde Sampler/Salutations 95* (2001), which takes Hamady's correspondence with renowned artist John Wilde as its common ingredients. One imagines Hamady and Wilde savoring salutary bits and pieces of old salutations, chewing them, and swallowing. Gradually the morsels expand, are digested and absorbed through membranes, and become part of the body's molecular structure, only to be secreted back out into the world as a book. As a reader (but any witness to Hamady's books is doubly a viewer) you experience this yourself. The content travels through, is absorbed into you. This is made tangible when, in the course of reading the entry for February 23, 1992, one experiences three points in time simultaneously: inception, completion, and reception: "Dear Dis(parate) Hey! after '1985' is

completed let's do another book, of our letters. Great idea, eh? (being realized in part today 18 June 2001 running this type through the stick averaging five minutes per line.)."

Salutations 95 is an example of Hamady's life transformed into art, or rather, life as art. His archive of letters, treasure of past collaborations with Wilde, friendship, and its nuances generated the substance of an eventual art object. In an essay published in *Fine Print* (July 1988), Hamady ponders the material generated during the making of *since man began to eat himself* (1986), which included contributions from Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, Warrington Colescott, and others. "I have no idea how to summarize this," Hamady says, and resorts to listing the component parts of a parallel text that was generated by the generating of a text.



To See Is to Forget the Name of the Thing One Sees, 1999, panorama collage.

THE TROJAN HORSE RIDES ON

Perishable Press handmade editions often seem like a series of subtly varied cadences in the same key rather than a string of repeated phrases. No two are alike. Max Roach once said a jazz musician is someone who never plays something the same way once. Hamady's editions have that theme and variation—an improvisatory control so treasured in jazz or in Indian ragas. His skill and experience keep the work from being dull or spinning out of control. Themes that emerge in the books derive from his life, spill over into his assemblages and collages, and in turn refuel his writing. The whole output of the press—the individual titles—can be taken further as the theme and variations of Hamady himself, as though it was one book with 129-plus chapters.

Hamady would probably say this is common sense, merely a microcosm of our life experiences. He has stated, "Everything in my life is collage, beginning with the random connection of the genetic code! That is not to speak in a flip way, am serious, everything in life is collage—randomness the only driving force to it." Why separate and subdivide and label these various activities? "It's all the same hunk of dough!" he says. "Just flour, water, sugar, yeast and other common ingredients, manifesting in a variety of loaves."

Of the books that Hamady has produced, the seven-volume *Gabberjabb* series (1973–present; number eight is in the works) has probably received the most comment largely because of the inventive, irreverent, reverential, and extraordinarily imaginative manner in which the project has been conceived and executed. Their character can be

glimpsed by a description of the page surface treatments in *Gabberjabb 6*: "printed, perforated, drawn, cut, die-cut, rubberstamped, collaged, taped, debossed, grommited, ponce-wheeled, signed, notarized, numbered, notched, torn, and bitten by the author." They are among the greatest achievements in late-20th-century book arts. Because they weave in and out of Hamady's production, they are also, in a sense, always there in the background—the material for another *Gabberjabb* percolates beneath the lines and ink of the books he prints in between.

While the *Gabberjabbs* deserve the attention they have received, I worry that their (delightfully) ostentatious form has stolen attention away from more subtle Perishable Press products. Two recent books may seem relatively straightforward, but they prove Hamady's aphorism that "The Book as structure is the Trojan



Horse of Art—it is not feared by average people. It is a familiar form in the world and average people will take it from you & examine it.”

I had heard and read Hamady declare this Trojan Horse analogy many times but experienced it for the first time as I read *Nullity* (2000), a provocative text by Kenneth Bernard. It opens in the author’s handwriting. He explains that he has discovered that his favorite typewriter recycles its single continuous ribbon through the machine until the letters begin to strike over earlier wear. Gradually the letters begin to disappear, render the text invisible, and vanish from the page. He calls this eventuality “nullity.” This triggers heady musings on the nature of existence. He asks, “And even though invisible to the ordinary eye, might not my script still continue to exist, even far into some ultimate pit? That is, who can discriminate the degrees of invisibility? And are not many of life’s scripts written within such degrees?”

Because of Hamady’s design, I had forgotten that I was reading a Perishable Press book. The text shifts and becomes refined over four versions: it appears in the author’s hand, the typewriter’s font (with author corrections), and then two more settings. At the typewriter’s appearance, I felt the uncanny conviction that I had Bernard’s actual manuscript in my hand. This intimacy, caused by the “concealment” of the printer/designer, was startling, even breathtaking. One of Hamady’s favorite “slogans” is Paul Valéry’s “To see is to forget the name of the thing one sees.” For a moment, reading *Nullity*, I ceased to see “book.”

Depression Dog (2003) features chapters 4 and 10 of Toby Olson’s unpublished novel, *The Bitter Half*. It follows a dog named Buck over the course of several encounters—the duration of time is hard to gauge—and it is from his viewpoint.

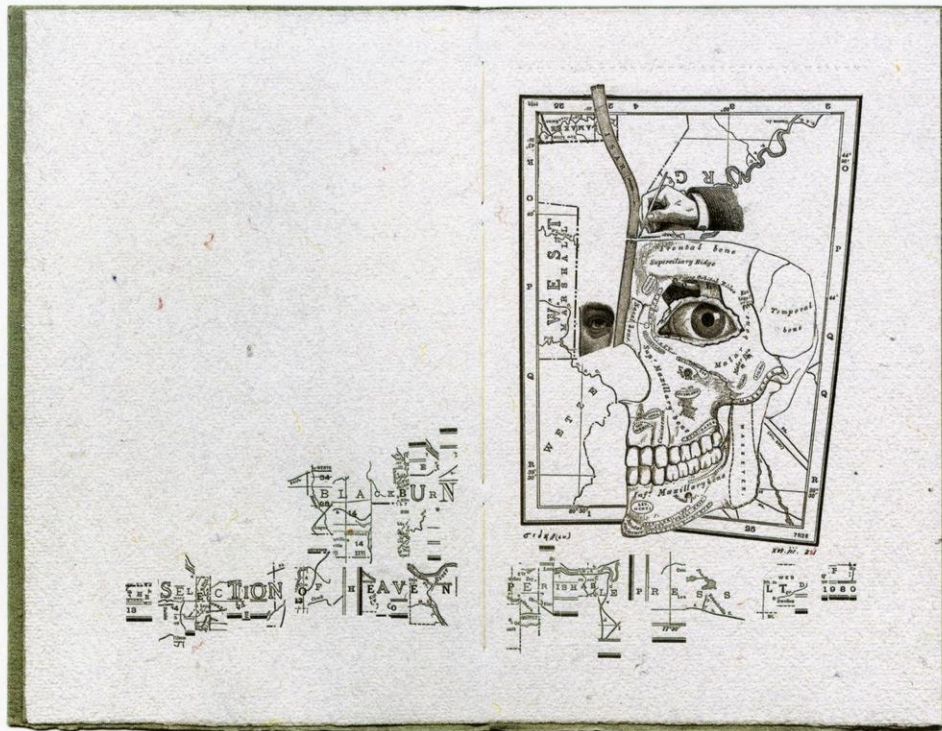
Hamady’s opening pages present text in such a way that it appears viewed through unfocused eyes; it is blurry, slurred, and intelligible only in a fragmentary way, like human language being presented to canine ears in one mono-



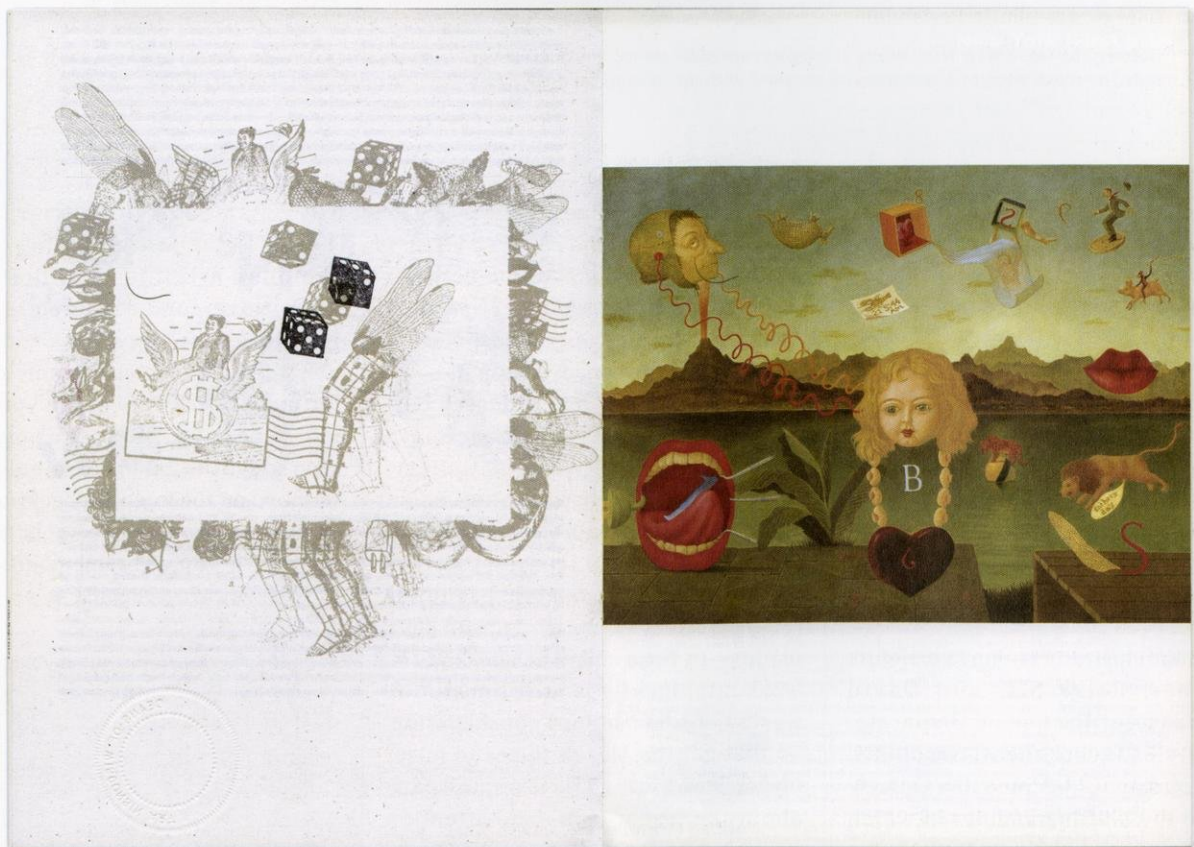
Untitled (*Fenderwreck's Greek Candy Box*), 2005, lantern-slide collage.



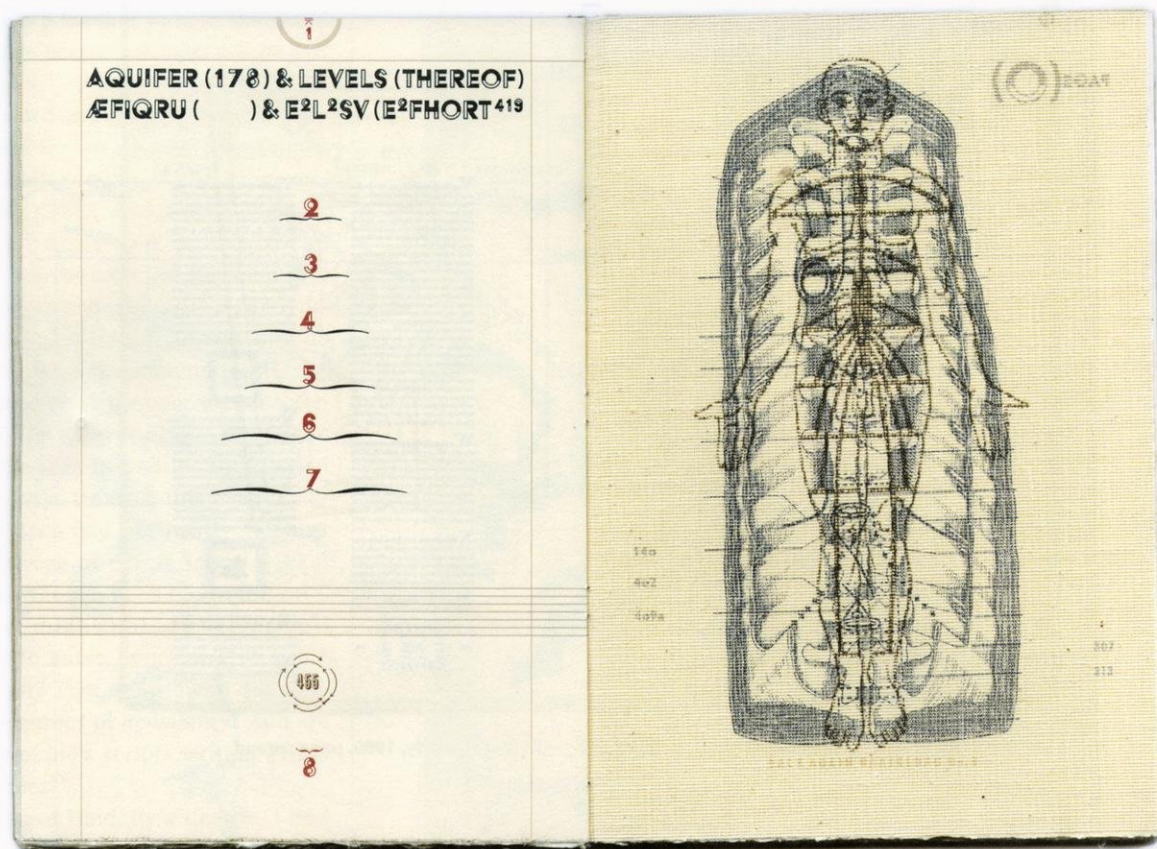
Untitled (*Masquerade, Jewish Workingmen's Ball*), 2005, lantern-slide collage.



The Selection of Heaven by Paul Blackburn, illustrated by Walter Hamady, 1980, page spread.



1985, *The Twelve Months*, 1992, page spread. The left is illustrated with a rubber stamp collage by Walter Hamady. On the right, a reproduction of a painting by John Wilde in response to a Hamady text celebrating the month of June. This title received a 50 Best Books of the Year Award from the American Institute of Graphic Arts.



Gabberjabb No. 8 9/16: *Hunkering*, 2005, page spread. Left is "Aquifer & Levels" with a vertical arrangement of brackets. On the right, an illustration of a spinal cavity overlaid with an anatomical male figure diagram printed on tarlatan (book in progress).

lithic cadence. The second spread, same text, now digestible, is centered; and in the third spread, the text appears justified left margin. It seems to read faster and it scans quickly.

Hamady uses a similar technique at the opening of the second section. This time the text is active, like a buzzing swarm of little insects—relating to the story—or like confetti, letters shaken up in a bag, even driving rain. It is a good example of Hamady's text as visual image, not as language, but as a drawing in space.

The four illustrators—Jim Lee, Henrik Drescher, Peter Sís, and David McLimans—at first seem disparate, their styles incongruent. Gradually, their approaches become increasingly vital to the shifting manner in which Olson describes and places Buck. As the dog's identity changes, the accompanying illustrations reflect his demeanor

and predicament. Similarly, the weight, color, and tooth of the paper change, as do the fonts. The integration between form, text, and illustration in *Depression Dog* is subtle, among the most elegant and touching of Hamady's designs.

In anticipation of his "proposed one-horse show" at the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery, Hamady has been hard at work on an avalanche of new boxes. He says, "Having visits from [curator] Martha [Glowacki] and [assistant] Jennifer [Stofflet] has been reassuring and stimulating—to have someone speak of the work intelligently is as if the stuff is worthy of some serious consideration. So that got the Muse's juices to inject my withering veins." He jokes, worrying about the bright lights and attention he'll have to face. "Hey, maybe they'd cancel and I could continue my life of marginalia, ennui, and refined sloth?"

But Hamady's life of marginalia makes highly entertaining, often profound art. It is an affliction he cannot overcome. "There are many reasons for making a book and probably the best one, as the only reason for making Art, is because you can't stop," he says. "Because you can't stop' ought to be in extra bold caps tattooed on the forehead backwards so that every time you see your mug in the mirror you will remember why in the hell you are doing it!" *

Robert Cozzolino is assistant curator at The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, but his heart remains in the Midwest.

Special thanks to Patrick JB Flynn for his help in preparing images for this piece.

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novelist

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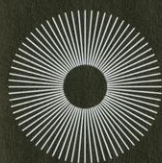
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1. Authors must reside in or attend school in Wisconsin.
2. Stories must be between 2,500 and 5,000 words in length.
3. Authors must submit **three copies** of a story (photocopies are fine).
4. Each story must be accompanied by a \$15 entry fee (non-Academy members) or \$10 (Academy members, including those who join now) payable to *Wisconsin Academy Review* Short Story Contest.
5. Writers may submit more than one entry, but each story must be mailed in separately with its own cover letter (see Rule 9) and entry fee.
6. Entries must be postmarked on or before **December 5**. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 5.
7. Previously published stories (electronically or in print) are not eligible.
8. Each manuscript must be typed, double-spaced, in standard 10- or 12-point type. Each page must include the title of the story as a header. All pages must be numbered with both an individual page number and the total number of pages (e.g., The Smoker, page 1/15, The Smoker, page 2/15, The Smoker, page 3/15, etc.).
9. **The author's name may not appear anywhere on the manuscript itself.** The manuscript must be accompanied by a letter bearing the story title; the author's name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address (if available); and the story word count. Every contestant must be able to provide an electronic version of the story if needed, either on disk or via e-mail.
10. Keep a copy of your manuscript. Manuscripts will be recycled, not returned. Do not send an SASE.
11. Contest winners will be announced on our website by the end of March.

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Avol's Bookstore, Madison *For contest sponsorship and hosting April 2006 winners' reading*

The Reader's Loft, De Pere *For contest sponsorship*

Abella Studios, Madison **For donating a three-hour recording/editing session to produce a CD of the first-place winner's poetry*

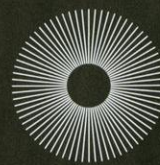
McKay Nursery, Madison ***For a \$100 "Color It Green" gift certificate for the second-place winner*

1. Poets must reside or attend school in Wisconsin.
2. Poets may submit up to three poems per entry. No poem may be longer than one page.
3. Each entry must be accompanied by an entry fee of \$6 (non-Academy members) or \$4 (Academy members, including those who join now) payable to the *Wisconsin Academy Review Poetry Contest*. Nonmembers: A check for \$12 covers the \$6 entry fee and a copy of the award issue, which we will mail to you. (Members receive the *Review* automatically.)

4. A poet may enter more than one submission of up to three poems each, but additional submissions must be covered by a separate entry fee and cover letter.
5. Contest deadline is December 5. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 5. Entries postmarked after the deadline will not be considered and the entry fee will be retained to cover handling.
6. Previously published poems (in print or electronically) are not eligible. All work must be original. Any style or theme is welcome.
7. The poet's name or address may not appear anywhere on the poems. Poems must be

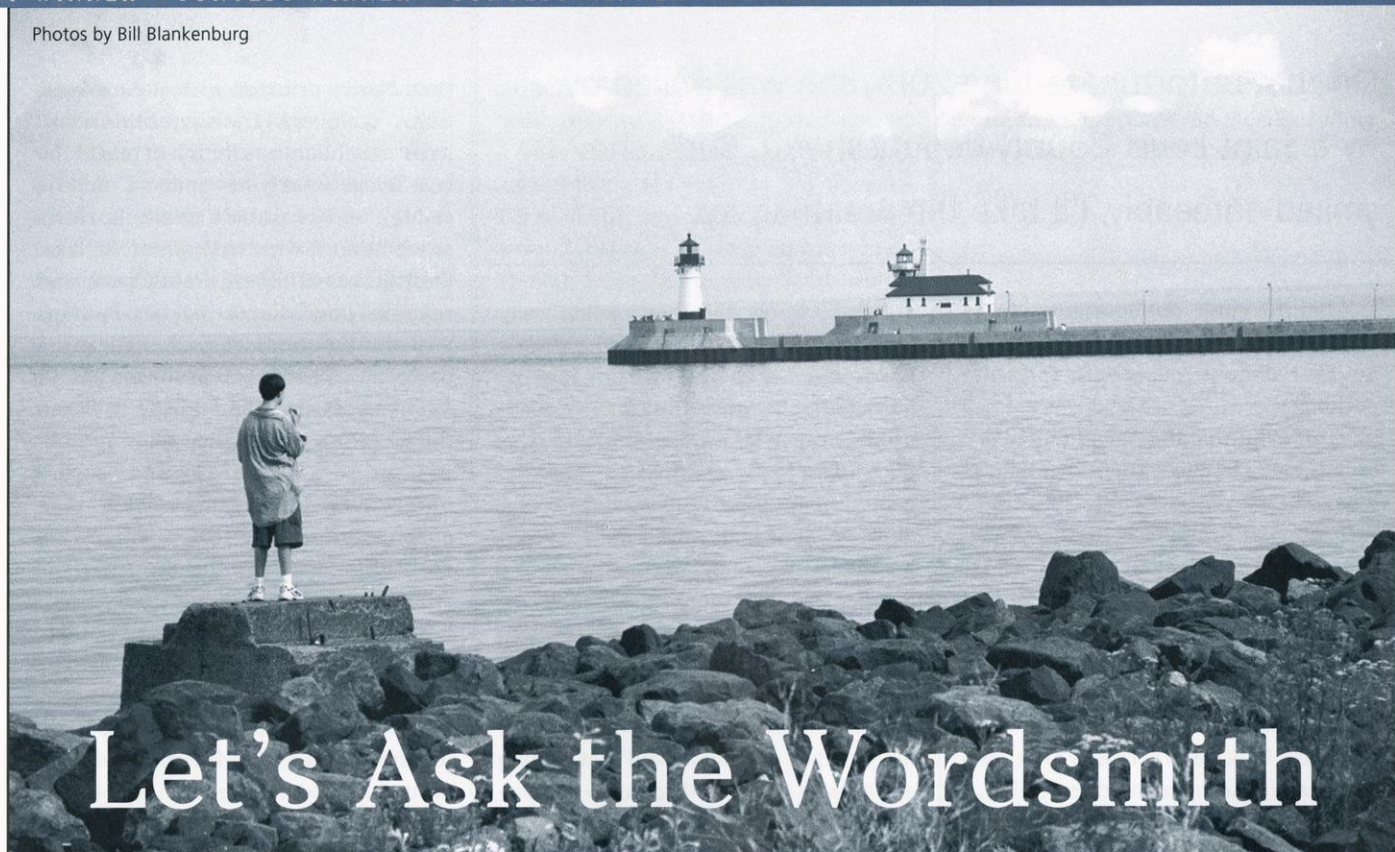
accompanied by a cover letter bearing the poem title/s, the poet's name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address (if available).

8. Keep a copy of your poems. Entries will be recycled, not returned. Do not send an SASE.
9. Contest winners will be announced on our website (www.wisconsinacademy.org) and notified by the end of February 2006. Winning poetry will be published in the spring 2006 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, which appears at the end of March, in time for National Poetry Month (April).



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Photos by Bill Blankenburg



Let's Ask the Wordsmith

BY JEFF ESTERHOLM



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

SECOND
PLACE

“YOU’VE PROBABLY EXPERIENCED THIS YOURSELF, Stephen. I was writing a letter last night—longhand, if you can believe that—and after about two, three hours, I had the most excruciating ‘graphospasm.’ You know what I’m talking about, right? Writer’s cramp?”

She believed he was the smartest man in the Twin Ports and she turned him on every Sunday evening, no matter what she had to interrupt. No matter what: a walk on the lakefront boardwalk, preparing for the next Two Harbors to Duluth marathon with a jog along Highway 61, taking her brother Scott up the North Shore on an antiquing expedition. Lorinda Malmquist would keep track of time on Sunday afternoons with a furtive glance at the Fossil on her wrist and know when she would need to return to her Jetta, drop Scott off at his apartment, and get back home to Ward Smith. Because smart was sexy. Because Ward Smith’s whipped butter voice spoke to her. This was why Lorinda Malmquist

turned Ward Smith on every Sunday evening at five-thirty. The Sony would pop on when her thumb pressed the power button on the remote and there he would be, sitting in the Stickley rocker, his head a mop end of graying blond dreadlocks—Eric the Red as Bob Marley—a thick, worn unabridged dictionary resting—oh, yes—resting on his lap, and he would look up from the page to the camera’s eye, look directly at Lorinda, and invite her into his private, sexily intellectual space, saying, “Let’s look that up.” And Lorinda would collapse back into her periwinkle easy chair and reply to the television, “Yeah, let’s just do that.”

On that unfortunate June 20th, she was pulled over by a Saint Louis County deputy sheriff. Sure, she smiled agreeably, I'll take the Breathalyzer.

From the cable public-access studio somewhere in the hills of Duluth, Ward got his half-hour rolling with Yorkshire pudding.

"Yorkshire pudding." "Pudding." Let's look that up." Damn, that coy smile of his.

"Whoopsie. It appears that I've overshoot the P's and landed in the Q's." He raised his left eyebrow, looking at her. "Does anyone out there in TV Land know 'quacksalver'?" He gave a devilish chortle and said sotto voce, "I guess I wasn't minding my P's and Q's."

June 20th began the worst two months that Lorinda could remember, a series of bad jokes on a loop. For one thing, she was thirty-nine, and not quite ready to turn forty on July 17th. On that unfortunate June 20th, driving on the back roads from the Iron Range to Duluth, she was pulled over by a Saint Louis County deputy sheriff. Sure, she smiled agreeably, I'll take the Breathalyzer. She'd only had three glasses of Merlot with her cousins after spending the day at Saint Luke's—a long, tiring day at the hospital followed by the drive to and from the Range, though the cousins had asked her to stay the night—what could go wrong? She stared with disgust at the summer stars while the deputy, a pimply, rather unforgiving thirteen-year-old boy, that's what he looked like, wrote up the ticket. Okay, he was all of twenty-two, but sounded less than fourteen. So, thirteen. And he spoke to her like she was his maiden aunt, ma'am this, ma'am that. Ma'am your ass.

Then there was the one about her brother Scott, the reason she had spent the day at Saint Luke's. He had been an inpatient for a month—admitted during a routine office visit when the doctor took note of his gray demeanor, listened to his complaints of weakness and being tired—and all of the medical profession-

als didn't know and they couldn't say and they wouldn't guess. She didn't know what was better, that lack of knowledge or what they finally diagnosed him with, a leukemia rarity, myelodysplastic syndromes. The disease was terminal but, again, no one could say how long, not really. They had a range that was a variation on the number two. Two months, eight months, two years, twelve years. Eight months, that one she thought curious. Not enough normal blood cells were being developed deep in his bones, in the marrow, but one nurse said that as long as he could put up with going to the hospital for the infusions of blood, he would

WINNING WORDS

Comment by lead judge Larry Watson

"Let's Ask the Wordsmith" is a story of someone trying hard to make sense of the changes in her life. When the challenges of work, relationships, and family become too much for her, she tries to find meaning in a cable access television program on which a "wordsmith" provides call-in viewers with definitions of meanings of arcane words. The story is full of vivid, convincing details, and the metaphor of meaning found in words is wonderfully apt.

be, by all outward appearances, a reasonably healthy thirty-two-year-old man.

Three weeks after the Iron Range traffic stop, when her supervisor from Arrowhead EAT—a dry, crepe paper-faced woman named Nancy—made her monthly visit to Lorinda's outstationed office, she told Lorinda that she and the nonprofit's director had read about the DWI citation in one of the Iron Range weekly newspapers. It was worse than

that. Nancy crinkled with the explanation. A member of the nonprofit's board had read about the citation in one of the Iron Range weekly newspapers. And he recognized Lorinda's name. Lorinda argued that it was barely over the legal limit. It was still DWI, Nancy said, and reflected poorly on the agency. Perhaps you should consider EAP, if there's a problem... There is no problem.

That conversation and the DWI and the diagnosis, all that incredibly *fun* stuff preceded a regularly scheduled biweekly all-staff meeting and Lorinda's annual performance review with Nancy and the nonprofit's director, but the review meeting was suddenly postponed—Lorinda could think of nothing but the worst. So now it was *just* the biweekly meeting and it was winding down, and that was good, but the winding down was a circular affair, winding around the conference table, an offering from everyone whether they wanted to or not, and Lorinda was the last they would come to as the question made its way around the table. Her coworkers, women in their twenties and thirties, were buying houses, getting pregnant, marrying or not marrying, had boyfriends, girlfriends, husbands, but, really, to Lorinda, they all behaved like members of a dry religious order. Fucking nuns. Okay, figuratively. It had been the worst two months she could remember. And then there was the question at the end of the meeting. It was her turn. "What's good in your life?"

That weekend was the life-saver. Or the laugh-saver. She hadn't left the house all weekend except to visit Scott at his apartment near the Lester River. It was raining and it was Sunday afternoon and she was tired of reading although she loved Alice Munro and had been flipping through her books of short stories since returning from Scott's Saturday morning. She was channel surfing when she came across Ward Smith's program on the public-access channel. *Let's Ask the Wordsmith*. She didn't fall for him. She fell down, laughing at the concept. A television call-in show—"Say, Ward, have you ever heard this one? 'Forquidder'?"—where the host read

definitions from a dictionary in a voice that had the consistency of an aural smoothie, like that watercolorist's who used to be on public television, the white guy with the sandy gray Afro perm. Irritating, that's what she initially thought of Ward's voice. "Let's look that up," he said. He didn't even look the words up. Not really. He pulled the definitions out of the air.

"Okay, those two? Together, Tom? How about this: I have a deep 'ugging' for a platterful of 'spitchcock.'"

Her brother Scott had changed.

He had gone from the rounded Campbell's Soup Kid cartoon to the character Timmy on *Lassie*. He had looked like Timmy most of his adult life, too: fresh-faced blond, blue-eyed boy, country-fed and freckled with June Lockhart for a mother. Their mother's name was June, but not June Lockhart,

although if she had been she would have been closer to *Lost in Space* than *Lassie*.

That was beside the point. Scott had looked like a ten-year-old boy up until six months ago. Now he appeared wasted, his skin hanging on his bones. The old Scott, the healthy Scott, would have joked about this early onset of decrepitude. He would have said something funny, like, "I can't believe this shit. I was a great looking guy." He would have said something funny.

Now, he had a mean streak. She thought he could be mean. He told her, "You look just like that kid sorcerer. With tits. And that messy bubble of hair."

Then at the bookstore she saw the Kid Sorcerer on a dust jacket.

She was amused. He still had something funny to say.

"The night sky was lit with 'fire-slaught' flashes that preceded the thunder rolling in from the Iron Range."



The first time she phoned in to *Let's Ask the Wordsmith* she had a dictionary on her lap. Her faded, broken-backed dictionary from college. And she had a different name in her mouth. She used a different name. "Hi, Ward," Lorinda said. "This is," a beat for a thought, "Ann."

"First time caller, Ann?"

"Yes."



It was as if he knew who she was before she opened her mouth, the premonitory aural memory of this particular telephone connection. The dreadlocks tightened noticeably, if that was possible.

"That's great, Ann. Welcome to the show. What word can I help you out with today?"

"Thank you, Ward. The word I'm curious about is," she flipped the dictionary's sepia-edged pages, closed her eyes, and let her index finger drop like a dart, "*mo-hell*."

Ward smiled at her from the public access studio. "Ann, the pronunciation is *mohel*, rhymes with oil. The *mohel* is the fellow who performs the circumcision at, um, I believe, a *bris*. Anyone out there who can correct me if I'm wrong on that, give a call, please. Does that help you out, Ann?"

Christ, circumcisions. "Oh, yes. Loads. Thanks, Ward." And then she hung up.

"I surprised my brother, Bob, and his delightful partner, Pam, during one of their afternoons of 'venery.' Now Bob and Pam know what I'm talking about, but you folks playing at home can guess. 'Venery' can mean the sport of hunting and also the pursuit of carnal pleasures. Sorry about that, Pam and Bob. Again. I'll knock next time."

For a while. For a certain period. For three months during the previous year, the previous summer, she aimed to sexually shock the men she would meet. Or knew well. She would say something outrageous, tell an off-color joke, not strictly *blue* blue, more *azure*, inject the highly charged word or phrase into conversation, say, as she walked with a male acquaintance to the parking ramp after a human services conference in Minneapolis, just to see how that word or phrase would play across his eyes. How would he look at her? Would it be priceless, like the advertisement said?

Coincidentally, she'd broken it off with The Asshole the previous summer, too. The Asshole. Lorinda had thought

of him by that name for so long that, she had to laugh, she couldn't remember the name his mother had given him when he was just an innocent babe, if he'd ever been an innocent babe. Okay, she remembered the name, but refused to let her mind say it, let alone let it slip from her lips.

The last straw with The Asshole was that he had wanted to sleep with her second best friend. Her *best* friend had just gotten married. She and The Asshole had gone to the wedding, returned to The Asshole's apartment, and, as if they were living in a perfect world, while Lorinda was feeling amorous, so was The Asshole. But for someone else. For Lorinda's second best friend. And he told Lorinda this as she began to pull his trousers down.

Lorinda had to laugh. Now. Then, she cried and listened to the Reba McEntire CDs loaned to her by the administrative assistant in Arrowhead EAT's main office in Duluth. Lorinda easily remembered the administrative assistant's name. He was a sweetheart. Eduardo. Such unforgettable kindness. Every time she saw him, she thanked him for the loan of Reba. Country music had really helped.

"Now a 'quisby' is an old, old term, Zadie, for someone who today we would call a slacker."



She fell asleep during an airing of *Citizen Kane* on Channel 8, the public television station.

"Who are you, Lorinda Malmquist?" the screen-filling lips asked mock poeti-

cally. Asked instead of murmuring, "Rosebud."

And she replied like a comic drunk, only vaguely aware of the career of Foster Brooks, "I thought you. Could tell. Me."

"You see now my hoary head, but once my hair was 'festucine.'"

There were times when she hated Scott. It was witless on her part and she knew it. The man was dying and his anger came out.

One Saturday morning she brought over his favorite coffee drink, a large Americano from Jitters. She thought it was all he could do not to fling it across the room. "What the hell were you thinking of, Lorinda? I can't drink that much coffee. Jesus."

He did end up drinking most of the Americano. Sheepishly. Good. He didn't apologize for the blow-up, not out loud. But he returned her kiss when she was leaving.

"Pam's breast milk was so 'uberant' it trickled from either side of my nephew's mouth."

Scott tried to imbue her with a sense of who he was, who he had been, by what he had in his apartment, prints by Dali, Chagall, and Baskin, the baby grand, the electronics. This is my life. Look at it. Take it in, please.

One afternoon, he was repeating the story of the horsehair sofa, circa 1910, and her eyes must have glazed over, her head a bobble head doll's.

"Really, Lorinda, for Christ's sake." He interrupted himself. "It's like you're just scanning my possessions here and totaling up their value."

That snapped her awake. What was he talking about? She got up. "Okay, where did I leave my purse?"

"What? Where are you going?"

"I have got to leave, little brother. If I don't, I'm going to say something ugly that we will both regret."

"If we take the 'turngrece' up Enger Tower, we will be able to see the Twin Ports of this great lake."

It was as if he knew who she was before she opened her mouth, the premonitory aural memory of this particular telephone connection. The

dreadlocks tightened noticeably, if that was possible.

"Hello..." Ward said, and waited for her to fill in the blanks. Dead air on *Let's Ask the Wordsmith*? He had allowed it before.

Lorinda closed her eyes. Really, no one listening knew who she was. No one she knew watched *Let's Ask the Wordsmith*. She was anonymous. And she could ask something motion picture ridiculous. Something like, "Who am I? Can you look me up?" And then she did.

Something about him—she opened her eyes—something about Ward lightened, relaxed. The dreadlocks sprung. The first question was a difficult one for him. "Caller, I don't know who you are." He laughed at himself. "I have trouble knowing who I am. Am I Ward Smith or Weird Smith, the name I was tagged with in high school?"

He riffled the pages of the dictionary, then brought his eyes back up to the camera. To Lorinda. "It's the last one we looked up, the one for Ray. 'Pixy-led.' Perplexity. Bewilderment. Led away by the pixies and confused. I definitely feel that way sometimes. I'd be willing to wager that age, gender, vocation or avocation, none of that matters. Sometimes we're all pixy-led." He closed his dictionary. "Then, if we're fortunate, they let go of our hands."

"I still think of the Beatles' timeless music as 'felicific.'"

When she stopped in after work, she found Scott watching an 8-millimeter film that had been transferred to video. He waved her into the living room but held up his hand for her not to talk, even though the tape had no sound.

The monthly infusions of blood turned him around, made him feel alive.

Lorinda watched the tape with him, watched them play as children. She watched him play as a child. Scott. Bowbellied, Campbell's Soup Kid-faced. She'd lost sight of him somehow, her little brother. She could almost love him again, as she had then. To pieces. To death. Then and now. *

Jeff Esterholm's short stories have appeared in numerous publications, including *Acorn Whistle*, *Nerve Cowboy*, *Thema*, and *Planet Detroit*. Previously, his work has placed in *Wisconsin Academy Review* and *Madison Magazine* short story contests. In 2004, he was a finalist in the University of Missouri-Kansas City's *New Letters* literary awards competition. Esterholm is a trainer on staff with the UW-Oshkosh Center for Career Development and Employability Training. He lives in Verona with his wife and two sons.

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poetry

No Dial Tone

I pick up the phone and it's a seashell.
I hear miles of wide ocean
and then heavy breathing,
maybe someone imagining my fear
while touching a blade with a thumb.

But it's only me, so I mutter
under my breath, hanging up and
picking up a couple more times.
How muddled it all is—
miles of antique copper and tedious relays,
with a dash of fiber optic, and me
holding a thing I might as well
use to crack a nut.

Even the cell phone went ancient
that day you tried to explain your absence,
your voice crackling, breaking up
like ice sheets. This time I actually
had to talk to my neighbor, borrow
a phone to call 24-hour repair.
Back home I picked up now and then,

wondering why I wanted the ocean to go away.

by R. Virgil Ellis

*R. Virgil (Ron) Ellis lives near Cambridge. He is associate editor of **Rosebud** magazine as well as its art director and web author. He has numerous print publications as well as CDs and DVDs of his performance poetry. His most recent release is a CD called **The Story of Andro: A Rock Cantata**. He can be reached at ronellis@direcway.com*

Dry Summer

For Lorine Niedecker (1903–1970)

Dry summer
& the woods
are mute
of color

just
a few
blood

clots
in the
oaks

time may
as well
be paper

autumn
keeps
repeating

these red
leaves

between
us

by Michael Kriesel

*Michael Kriesel is a recipient of the 2004 Lorine Niedecker Poetry Prize from the Council for Wisconsin Writers. His poems have been nominated twice for the Pushcart Prize and have appeared or are forthcoming in **Rosebud**, **The Progressive**, and **Bitter Oleander**. A chapbook of his poetry is scheduled to appear from Marsh River Press. Kriesel has been an honorable mention and a runner-up in the **Wisconsin Academy Review** poetry contest, and he will serve as a judge in the next competition. Kriesel lives near Wausau.*

Cul-de-Sac

I used to imagine
our street from the air,
curling like your hair in my locket
or a bracelet of beads.
From level ground
a bungalow bower
in which we snuggled,
a couple at rest.

But you went away.
I waited,
lay on the lawn,
embraced by the fertile earth.
The season slipped
from summer to autumn.
Gardens bore, withered.
Then the sycamores shed.
Light from the neighbors' fires
flickered, dimmed. In the night
a stiffening wind
stole down the alleys.

Now it's late
in the shortest day of the year.
Winter grows cold.
Black shrouds the houses,
like a mourner's overcoat.
And the only exit
has vanished.
I remember you saying,
as you packed your bags,
a cul-de-sac is a trap.

by Richard Merelman

*Richard Merelman lives in Madison and began writing poetry three years ago following his retirement from the department of political science at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. His poems have appeared in **Free Verse**, **The Wisconsin Poets Calendar (2004)**, and **California Quarterly**. He won third place in the 2005 **Wisconsin Academy Review** poetry contest.*

Killing Season

I did what I had to do. I had no choice. I was the son of the man who raised them. From kittens in May to an early death in November. Our mink dressed the fashion elite. We cared for our animals like they were our furred children.

We gave them a good short life and a quick painless death. We'd drop them like quarters into a wooden box containing cyanide powder and wait a few minutes until they expired, slowly, silently, into eternal sleep.

We didn't always kill them that way. We used to break their necks. But it took a big man many hours to break 10,000 necks each pelting season. So we changed with the times and went with cyanide. This allowed me, at fourteen, to become the chief executioner.

I wasn't thoughtless. It never became like breathing or picking corn. I'd run wheel barrows full in to my father who peeled their skin off and readied them for New York furriers who'd select the best for full length coats.

My prolific ability at killing 40,000 mink over four seasons left me hanging when I filed for *Conscientious Objector* status with my draft board. They asked me, "If you had no qualms about killing thousands of mink, how come you have a moral problem with killing the enemies of your country? I mean, killing is killing, ain't it son? Aren't you just a natural born killer?"

The purity of their logic confused me. I had always been an absolutist, like those Jain monks who see God in an ant. Who, when inadvertently stepping on a beetle see a sentient being crushed to death.

If I could kill mink, why not men?

by Charles P. Ries

*Charles P. Ries lives in Milwaukee. He has completed a novel titled **The Fathers We Find: The Making of a Humble, Pleasant Boy**. He has published three books of poetry, **Bad Monk: Neither Here Nor There**, **Monje Malo Speaks English** (Four Sep Publications), and **Odd** (Pudding House Publications). His work has appeared in more than 80 publications, including **Free Verse**, **Nerve Cowboy**, **Philadelphia Poets**, and **Ink Pot**, and his work was nominated for a 2003 Pushcart Prize. He is on the board of the Woodland Pattern Book Center in Milwaukee.*

Here, at the Barnes and Borders

an ambulance was parked outside
crisis? no
the emts were inside—browsing
at that borders and nobles
a dark-haired girl band was testing,
testing 1, 2
testing for 20 minutes testing then
strumming acoustics sourly
a gray-haired man at a far table clapped
other patrons ignored the mandatory ambiance thumbing
through, cackling over *us weekly* or merely chatting
it's such, such a great place to chat
in the noble borders, a store that serves
chai and dvds
muffins and cds
anything you please
you can buy a necklace there
the assistant manager has a degree from nyu
it's in english
she swears she'll use that degree, someday

by Allison Whittenburg

*Allison Whittenburg has published a poetry chapbook called **The Bard of Philadelphia** (RoseWater Publications, 2003) and has published short stories and poetry in numerous publications including **The Loft**, **Black Collegian**, **Kouroo**, **Meridian**, and **Pittsburgh Quarterly**.*

Marriage

"This is pointless," he said,
staring into his glass.
"Pointmore," she replied.
His eyes met her cool face.
"Are you insane?"
"Insane, yes. I am in sanity.
You on the other hand are
outsane: out of your mind."
"You are outrageous."
"Exactly. I am not in a rage
though I sense you coming
to a hard boil."
"This is pointless," he said,
downing a dreg of martini.
"Yet you always tell me,"
she said, "that less is more."

by Margot Peters

*Margot Peters is the author of six prize-winning biographies, most recently **Design For Living: Alfred Lunt And Lynn Fontanne** (2003). She is a published poet and author of a thriller, **Wild Justice**, under the name Margret Pierce. A former professor of English and women's studies at UW-Whitewater, she lives in Lake Mills with her husband, Peter Jordan, their collie, Jasper, and their cat, Sweetie Pie.*

My Father in His Eighties

A redtailed hawk hunts my father's yard and over morning coffee, he describes the kill to me, how a sharp-finned shadow cuts through bottomless blue sky and dives down on the mourning doves squatted evenly across phone wires, how they vanish in a blur of gray, all except the luckless one held fast by talons, heart squeezed, racing toward its death. The hawk then takes its time, eating everything except the bones and feathers. These, sparrows take to build their nests. One by one, the doves align again, sidestepping as they even out the spaces in between, their slim necks like wet whistles blowing grief. They go on the only way they know. And my father calmly stirs his coffee, reciting this wild loot of life in his backyard like a man who feels the hum of current in his feet and hears the rush of dark wings.

by Susan Elbe

*Susan Elbe is the author of **Light Made from Nothing** (Parallel Press, 2003) and her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in many journals and anthologies, including **Ascent**, **The North American Review**, and **CALYX**. Among her awards are the Calyx Lois Cranston Memorial Poetry Prize and a Pleasant T. Rowland Fellowship to the Vermont Studio Center. She lives and works as a web content analyst in Madison.*

Rowing Through Green

She rowed, I sat and dipped my hands into the green lake, I dragged my fingers in the water
(Your tan rowing arms could fill a whole story of their own)

Almost out of sight, a sandhill crane, wing-slow, like some dusky ether taking to the reeds.
I squinted, I wanted. It disappeared.

Your arms, your tan arms and the creak of the oars. The sound fell away and you were
delight on the blue (and I was delight on the blue) and we moved in no formed path but how
the boat wished.

My red dog leaned his head out to drink and we leaned with him so he could reach. Trees
hid the city. There was a settling inside, a quiet yellow filling us, the boat groaning from its
oars, and me staring back at you.

One can love light and the reflection of light.

The lake was my green home.

by Sara Greenslit

*Sara Greenslit received an MFA in poetry from Pennsylvania State and won a Pennsylvania Council of Arts grant in fiction. She has been awarded a residency from Soapstone, a writing retreat for women, and a grant from Money for Women/Barbara Deming Memorial Fund. She has published poems, essays, and fiction in such places as the **Beloit Poetry Journal**, **Salt Hill**, and **Quarter After Eight**. She lives in Madison and attends the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Wisconsin.*

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5

Pay a little now— or much more later

Kindergarten for four-year-olds catches kids early in establishing basic learning skills and positive social behavior.

BY CHARITY ELESON



Just as parenting has a profound influence on young children, so does the quality of care they're receiving while their parents are at work.

The quality of early care and education settings is something that should not be left to chance. It can form the basis for success—or failure—in a child's life, and the consequences of success mean reducing the achievement gap between white children and children of color, increasing graduation rates, improving prospects for higher education and employment and improving rates of economic security. We have everything to win by thoughtfully planning for increased access to high quality early care and learning settings.

The percentage of Wisconsin children under the age of six whose mothers work is 64 percent, one of the highest percentages in the nation.¹ The result is one of the highest rates of children in some type of early care and education setting at any time in our state's history.

There is a critical role for public policy to play in ensuring that the quality of early care and learning programs is high, and that high quality programs are accessible to all young children in

our state. In fact, research from the Federal Reserve in Minneapolis demonstrates that investments in high quality early learning yield a \$7 public return on every dollar invested, indicating the payoff of creating thoughtful and effective public policies in this area.²

High quality early education also plays an important role in getting children ready for school. Fight Crime, Invest in Kids, a bipartisan, nonprofit anti-crime organization based in Washington, D.C., cited some remarkable findings from a national poll of 800 kindergarten teachers when asked about their classes:

- In nearly half the classrooms (46 percent), at least one out of five kids was inadequately prepared for kindergarten when they started school last year.
- Eighty-six percent of the teachers said the time they devote to dealing with disruptive behavior by poorly prepared children, and helping them catch up, negatively affects the progress of well-prepared children.
- More than 90 percent of those teachers surveyed said children who had attended quality pre-kindergarten programs were more likely to get along with others and be sensitive to their feelings, follow directions, have problem-solving skills, know the alphabet and how to count, and were far less likely to be disruptive in class.
- Nine out of 10 teachers agreed that “substantially more” children would succeed in school if all families had

access to quality pre-kindergarten programs. The agreement rate rose to nearly 100 percent among teachers with mostly poor, minority children in their classes.³

A number of local communities around the state have recognized the importance of developing a high quality early care and education system for children. They have convened partnerships that include schools, Head Start programs, child care providers, parents, social service organizations, and others to plan for and implement improvements to what they're offering young children and their families. With a primary emphasis on early education to four-year-olds, communities such as La Crosse, Portage, and Wausau have developed collaborative models where public schools partner with child care and Head Start providers to deliver four-year-old kindergarten (4K) and wrap-around (or after-school) programming to children in a child care setting.

By collaborating with local child care providers and Head Start, school districts are also able to more effectively handle space challenges and transportation issues. Because 4K offered by the school is only a half-day program, these collaborative efforts also minimize transitions for children who may need full-day care while their parents work. They can also play a pivotal role in improving the quality and accessibility of early learning experiences.

EARLY ED IN WISCONSIN

Wisconsin has been a leader in recognizing the importance of public access to early learning for four-year-olds. In

early childhood

1848, our constitution was amended to include Article X, which called for school districts to offer education that is to be as uniform as practical and free to all children four to 20 years old. While public funding for 4K was suspended from 1957 through 1984, private four-year-old programs continued and programs like Head Start, Title 1, and other special education programs filled the gap for many Wisconsin children. In the 1980s the Legislature included state aid for 4K and extended aid for full day five-year-old kindergarten.

In Wisconsin, approximately 48 percent of all school districts currently offer four-year-old kindergarten. The remaining school districts do not currently offer 4K programs; rather, they offer early childhood special education services only to those children who



qualify. Funding, political instability, and community objections have slowed the implementation of 4K statewide.

Many school districts would like to offer 4K programs but find themselves up against school funding formula barriers and perceptions that 4K programs will put child care centers out of business. According to a survey conducted by the Wisconsin Council on Children and Families of school superintendents in November 2003, the most frequently cited problem was the lack of funding, especially start-up funding. Other barriers mentioned in the survey were lack of space, resistance from child care providers and/or the community, and transportation issues.

THE ROLE OF PARTNERSHIPS

The preschool and elementary school years are a time of refinement and organization in a child's brain. The most rapid brain growth for preschool children occurs in the frontal lobe. This is the area of the brain that is responsible for planning and the organization of new actions and behaviors, motor control, regulation of emotions, and maintaining attention to tasks. These are the very things that lead to success in school. Preschoolers learn by doing: exploring, touching, building, manipulating, and experimenting. Making brain connections by improving the educational experience for preschool children leads to more educational success.

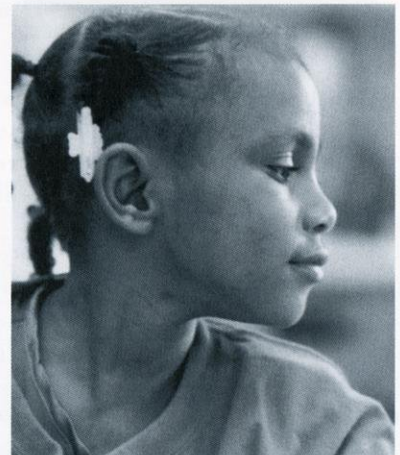


But how should one assess whether early learning programs are developed to ensure children have these experiences that determine later educational success?

Quality programs are distinguished by well-qualified teachers, developmentally appropriate practice, small classes, and safe and nurturing physical environments that support school readiness skills. These programs make a difference in outcomes for children when they reach kindergarten. Quality programs should also recognize the unique developmental needs of four-year-olds, and that may mean bringing partners to the table who are invested in high quality early education programming but are

not exclusively school staff. The National Association of Elementary School Principals has created standards for quality programs for young children, noting that "in a quality early childhood program, curriculum development involves staff, parents, and appropriate representatives of the community."

That perspective is further underscored in the work done collaboratively by organizations to develop the Wisconsin Model Early Learning Standards, released earlier this year. The final report stated, "Families, early care and education professionals, community institutions, and policy makers all share accountability for the optimal development of young children. These standards provide a framework of developmentally appropriate expectations for young children that can guide their work



in creating, evaluating, and improving the conditions necessary for children's optimal development."⁴

COMMUNITY APPROACHES

Evolving to meet the needs of children, parents, and communities, community-based 4K has become the model and practical solution for many communities. These models can assist communities in bringing in diverse partnerships to develop strong programs, help address space issues, make more effective use of scarce dollars, treat child care providers as partners, address transitions between early edu-

cation completion and K-12, and better meet the needs of children and families.

As of May 2004, 12 school districts offered community-based collaborative 4K. Community-based 4K works with existing programs like Head Start, community-based child care, and the local school district to develop a 4K program. All teachers of 4K must have a Department of Public Instruction license and the program must be available to every child in the community. Consequently, there are often multiple sites for programs, including schools, Head Start, and preschool or child care facilities. Their programs are unified by their standards, objectives, and continuity of educational offerings.

This school-community partnership approach works toward achieving emotional, educational, societal, and physical well-being of all children in the community while providing options for and meeting the needs of parents. It treats education and care as if they are two sides of the same coin, not separate entities.⁵

A growing number of Wisconsin communities have embarked on implementing or planning for community approaches to 4K. Each community faces its own unique challenges to creating these partnerships and all have a unique success story to share. In Wisconsin there is flexibility for each community to determine its own needs and thus develop the type of model that will work best for the children and partners in that community. Each community continues to view these models as "works in progress" refining and improving each year.

Using a community approach makes good financial sense for schools and child care providers. Communities may share resources such as facility space, transportation, program administration, supervision, and staff training. This approach also brings together the best of child care services and education, in essence providing "one stop shopping" for parents. By infusing public funding into existing early care and education programs, school districts and child care providers can increase the quality of the programming available to all

young children by raising the bar in each setting. Finally, this partnership is an opportunity to create a link between the child's pre-kindergarten experience and the school system.

EARLY EDUCATION MATTERS

Collaborative community-based four-year-old kindergarten is spreading. As school districts struggle to meet the needs of their communities and balance their budgets, cooperative efforts help. The Wisconsin Council on Children and Families is assisting in enabling communities to plan for community models through the Early Education Matters (EEM) project, which was developed with a grant from the Joyce Foundation. The intent is to expand the quality and quantity of early educational experiences available to four-year-olds. The project focus is community approaches to 4K by working with a broad range of stakeholders including school districts, child care providers, Head Start, and others to achieve a common goal.

Within the past year, EEM awarded 21 grants to communities to explore collaborative community-based 4K. It is uncertain whether all of these planning processes will turn into 4K programs, but the grants bring together community leaders, decision makers, and affected parties to discuss the options and viability of community-based 4K. Grantees include Four-Year-Old Pre-Kindergarten Council in Antigo, School District of Black River Falls, Chippewa Early Education Partners, Eau Claire Early Learning Initiative Council, Kenosha County Early Childhood Council, Kiel Four-Year-Old Planning Committee, Lake Mills 4K Community Project, Exploring 4K Committee in Luxemburg Casco, Monroe 4K Collaborative Committee, Superior Early Education Planning Project, Milwaukee Public School District, Elcho School District Four-Year-Old Planning Team, Green Bay Area Public Schools Early Learning Committee, School District of Maple Early Childhood Community Partners, Menomonie Area Partners in Early Learning, School District of New Glarus 4K Collaborative Committee,

Oshkosh Area School District Early Learning Community Collaborative, Park Falls School District, Sauk Prairie School District 4K Community Advisory Team, Family Support Center/River Source Family Center, and Watertown Unified School District.

CONCLUSION

Compelling research supports what we have intuitively known all along: to succeed in school and in life, young children need quality early learning environments and stable and reliable relationships. One significant way to address any gaps between these elements is to weave public school funding for 4K into early care and education settings through locally based collaborations. Successful community approaches to 4K blend the best of childcare programs with the resources of the school district to strengthen the early care and education system. 4K is a wise investment for Wisconsin and creates the opportunity for early education that children statewide deserve. *

Charity Eleson is executive director of the Wisconsin Council on Children and Families. More information at www.wccf.org

NOTES

1. 2000 Census.
2. *Early Childhood Development: Economic Development with a High Public Return*, March 2003. Art Rolnik and Rob Gruenwald, Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis.
3. *Fight Crimes, Invest in Kids*, www.fight-crime.org.
4. Wisconsin's Model Early Learning Standards.
5. *Community Approaches to Serving Four-Year-Old Children in Wisconsin & Creating a Community Approach to Serving Four-Year-Old Children in Wisconsin*, Wisconsin Department of Public Instruction, February 2003.

Overture II: The Sequel

“Wow Factor” Continues with New Capitol Theater

BY CHRISTA GUTENBERGER

The Oscar Mayer no more:
Audiences will find the new space
dazzling yet oddly familiar.

All photos by Zane Williams

A former movie palace provides a new home for the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra and CTM Madison Family Theatre Company.

WHEN THE CAPITOL THEATRE ON STATE STREET in downtown Madison opened as a movie theater in 1928—or rather, in the spirit of the day, as a palace celebrating the still-new and rapidly improving art form of moving pictures—the praise was effusive.

“Luxurious ... Distinctive ... Magnificent! Gloriously brilliant, with its myriad of lights softly blending into the turquoise blue of the great dome,” read a souvenir program from January 21 of that year. “Consumate [sic] care was taken in the veracity of its design, the walls, the paintings, the colorings, the fixtures, the floor coverings, the tiniest decorative details finding their inspiration in the happy, carefree spirit of old Spain.”

Wisconsin residents soon will have a chance to fall in love all over again when a completely refurbished Capitol Theater opens in November—the first in a volley of openings that constitute Phase II and the completion of

Madison’s \$205 million Overture Center for the Arts. February sees the opening of the 350-seat Playhouse, a new space for the Madison Repertory Theatre. In April, the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art (formerly the Madison Art Center) opens with 13,200 square feet of exhibition space, a theater-style lecture hall, a gift shop, and a rooftop cafe and sculpture garden.

But first comes the Capitol Theater, new home of the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra and CTM Madison Family Theatre Company. The theater seats about 1,100 and will contain what are now Overture’s second set of pipes, the Grand Barton Organ.

The future tenants are thrilled with their new stomping grounds.

"I'm excited about the move to the Capitol Theater and what it means for the future of the Chamber Orchestra," says Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra conductor and music director Andrew Sewell. "To have a permanent home is a vote of confidence from the community as well as a stake in the future of music in Madison. We are thrilled to be opening the theater this November."

His enthusiasm is echoed by CTM artistic director Colin Douglas.

"I think the Capitol Theater will be a showpiece for Madison audiences," says Douglas. "We're excited by the state-of-the-art technical capabilities of the new space, yet at the same time it provides an intimate feeling for the audience in the redefined new seating."

The original Capitol Theatre opened in the midst of the Roaring Twenties, a time of prosperity and exuberance, of the flapper and a flourishing entertainment industry. The Rapp and Rapp-designed Capitol Theatre opened to much fanfare, and the cover of the evening's souvenir program declared the theater to be Madison's "Temple of Happiness."

Five decades later, the theater began a new life as the Oscar Mayer Theatre in the Madison Civic Center and served as a lead venue in Madison's performing arts scene for the next 25 years.

As the arts in Madison continued to grow, so did demand for performance, rehearsal, and visual art spaces. When initial plans for the Overture Center for the Arts were announced, historic preservationists made a successful public plea to save the venerable theater as part of the new facility.

In November, the former movie theater will begin its third life, this time as a mid-sized performance venue. Whether they recall watching a classic Buster Keaton movie at the Capitol with their sweethearts or seeing Madison Ballet's *The Nutcracker* in the Oscar Mayer Theatre with their families, as audience members enter the new Capitol Theater, they will find a familiar friend who has undergone a stunning rejuvenation.

Overture architect Cesar Pelli and company paid close attention to preserving significant historic features and maintaining the integrity of Rapp and Rapp's Moorish design.

NEW YET FAMILIAR

From the theater's name to the chandeliers, from the seats to the Grand Barton Organ, history has played an important role in the design, deconstruction, and construction. Overture architect Cesar Pelli and company paid close attention to preserving significant historic features and maintaining the integrity of Rapp and Rapp's Moorish design.

Many beautiful elements of the old theater have been retained in a new lobby created out of the last 16 rows of the old theater's main floor. The seats were removed, the floor was leveled, and a wall was built to divide the lobby from the back of the hall. The lobby's new northwest wall mirrors the existing

southeast wall with its graceful arched niches and entryways, giving the lobby a seamless period feel. After new electrical and fire protection equipment was installed, experienced craftsmen were brought in to assist with the plasterwork and ensure that the plaster mix and application techniques were consistent with those used in the 1920s.

New light is being shed on a number of original decorative elements now that they are in the lobby and not hidden in the dark under the balcony. Eighteen hand-painted ceramic plates that hung in the shadows of the Oscar Mayer Theatre are now prominent lobby features. Decorative wall sconces that went unnoticed in the back of the theater are being cleaned and restored, and replicas are being made for the new lobby walls



Details revealed: Beautiful elements that were hidden in the old theater now come to the forefront.

Capitol Performances

Come see the reborn Capitol Theater's inaugural shows.

Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra

With soprano Kathleen Battle, pianist Stewart Goodyear, and organist Jelani Eddington. A world-renowned soprano and two rising stars join the WCO for a sparkling performance.

November 4 and 5

Tel. 608/257-0638

www.wcoconcerts.org

(Below) Eighteen ceramic plates painted by Ramos Rejano, a well-known artist from Seville, Spain, adorn the walls of the lobby.

CTM Madison Family Theatre Company

A Christmas Carol

CTM brings a favorite Madison holiday tradition to life on the stage of its new home as part of its 40th season.

December 2–18

Tel. 608/255-2080

www.madisonfamilytheatre.org

Subscription Tickets

Contact each resident organization directly.

Single Tickets for these and other Capitol Theater events:

Overture Center for the Arts Box Office

608/258-4141, www.overturecenter.com

to provide a seamless blend of old and new. On an early tour of the construction site, longtime Overture Center staff members spied several elements and asked, "Were those there before?"

Once inside the theater, audiences will be welcomed by familiar sights: the proscenium arch framed by decorative tiles and ornate chandeliers, with the mighty Grand Barton Organ just to the right of the stage. The tiles and chandeliers played key roles in the selection of the color palette and design of the theater and new orchestra shell.

The Grand Barton Organ, with its red and gold trimmings, has its own special place in the Capitol Theater. Built by the Bartola Company in Oshkosh to accompany and provide special effects for silent films shown in the Capitol, it is one of the few theater organs in the country that has its original parts *and* is still installed and used in its original home.

The curtains may look familiar at first glance, but they are new and were designed in keeping with the theater's history. The new curtain will have nearly identical drape, placement, and trimmings as its predecessors. The new wider, more comfortable seats will feature detailed end panels consistent with the theater's design.

When audiences join the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra and CTM Madison Family Theatre Company for their opening performances in their new home, many months of attention to detail, history, and expert craftsmanship will culminate in a performance space and experience unlike any other in the Overture Center. The new Capitol Theater will continue an eight-decade tradition of entertainment, artistic expression, and magic for generations of Wisconsin's capitol city residents and visitors.

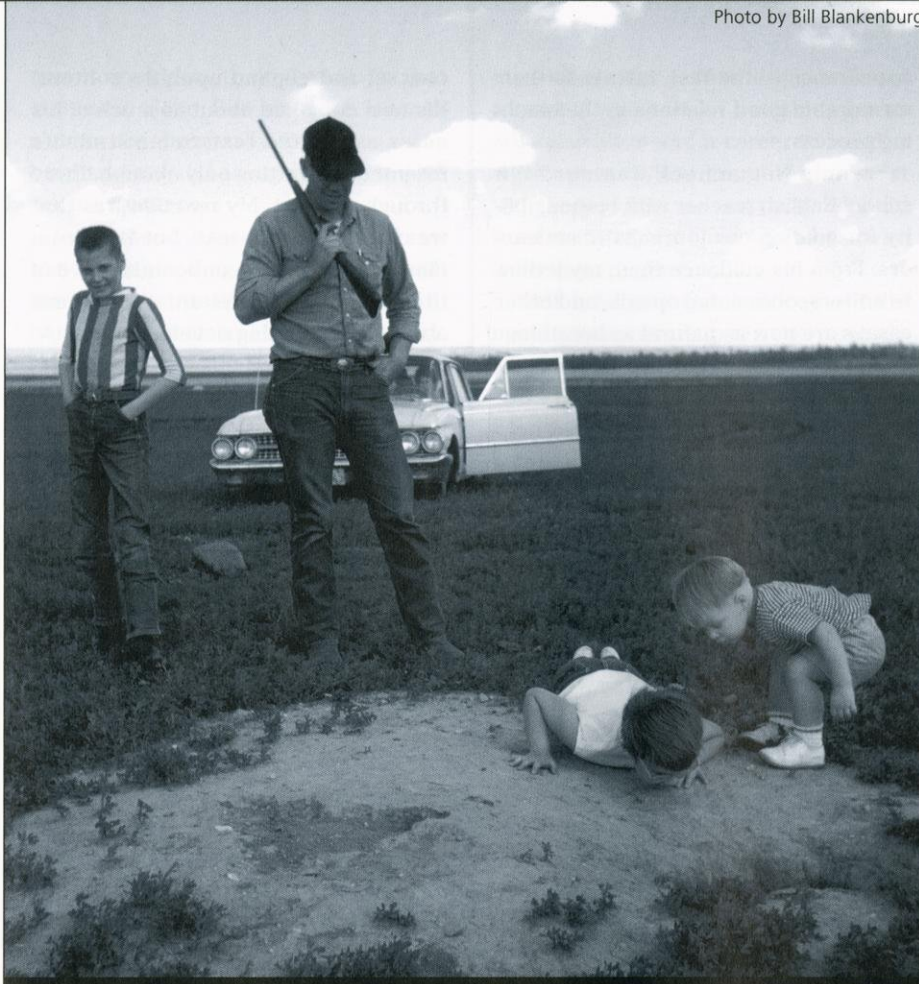
In the words of Governor Fred R. Zimmerman at the 1928 dedication of the Capitol Theatre, "This wonderful theater equals in beauty our wonderful Capitol, for which it was named, and may even come to rival it." *

Christa Gutenberger is marketing director of the Wisconsin Chamber Orchestra.



The ceiling architecture in the old space naturally defined the Capitol Theater's new lobby.

Photo by Bill Blankenburg



in my words

MENTORING

our readers write from
both sides of these
caring, helpful
relationships.

LIFE MENTOR

Many people have an arts or sports or political mentor. I have a life mentor. He is my staff person at what is called the "clubhouse" that I attend. This is a place where people struggling with mental health issues go in order to rehabilitate. In the seven years that I have been there, I have worked with this staff person for about half the time. I knew him before he was my staff person and he imparted his wisdom even then: "Do one or two things really well instead of many things poorly," I remember him saying.

My first major encounter with K. was four years ago when I was doing poorly. I had been falling apart over the previous few months and I had reached a crisis point, thinking I'd take the clubhouse over as the director, believing radios were talking to me, not sleeping, ad nauseam. I wouldn't listen to anyone that anything was wrong. No one got through to me that anything was amiss. My staff person at the time was on vacation and K. was my "coverage" person. One day he sat me down, his long legs straddled out before him, gentle concern on his face. I needed to go to the hospital, he said. A giant wave of relief swept over me. No one had gotten through to me in quite the right manner. His only mistake was that he said I would be in there for a week. I was in the hospital for three months. How little he knew me then.

Now K. is my staff person. He has taught me so much about passion and resilience that I see him as my life mentor. His knowledge of mental health benefits is vast. His talent as a mental health practitioner is superb. With a single word, he can calm my ruffled soul. He teaches me life lessons: how to slow down, not panic, how to live in less fear and anxiety, how to focus on the moment. He refines these lessons in himself, so as to pass them on to others; proof to me that we're all just human!

Our boundaries shift because of a unique situation we're in: I am a member and on Sunday afternoons I work as a staff person at the clubhouse. I'm on par with my mentor. As much as I learn from him, he gives and honors me as a colleague. He includes me as an equal when possible, sharing what's going on in his

life. When we're at a function—be it a clubhouse baseball game or a community function—often he'll hang out with me. He has taught me that a teacher can be a friend.

K. mentors me in how to live what I try to believe is normal life. In fact, he has taught me that, if anything, there is only a continuum of normality and abnormality. K. is almost a character out of a Dr. Seuss book himself. He is tall and thin with gray-and-white wiry hair tied back in a ponytail. He rigidly wears his plaid shirt, zip-up sweatshirt, and jeans. He whistles on the job and often could use a calming "med" of his own, like the kind I take, for the times he gets a little hyped up and bounces about the clubhouse. He has taught me to look for the unique in humans, not a mythical norm.

Mostly, K. affirms in me what I've overcome. I forget to see this. He likes to point out my successes to me and further encourage me to achieve extraordinary goals.

*Karen Milstein
Madison*

MY MENTORS, MY TEACHERS

Teachers are the major influence in our society. They guide the thinking of people who become our politicians, scientists, clergy, and all others who set standards and behavior in our communities.

Perhaps the earliest influential teacher in my life was one I never had as a teacher. Jeannette Beebe was a teacher my mother had, and a friend who was often in our home. She was a gracious, dignified, talented lady, a teacher of elocution. Without any question, my lifelong interest in oral expression, from conversation to discussion to preaching to acting, was inspired by her, in great part by her prior influence upon my mother.

The fact that at 86 years of age I can remember the names of most of my elementary school teachers, and the

appearance of the rest, attests to their memorable good relations in the teaching process.

Francis Nemacheck was our high school English teacher with responsibility for guiding our journalistic endeavors. From his guidance then, my letters to editors, occasional op-eds, and other essays are now as natural as breathing.

Community band director Steinmetz and summer music clinic French horn coach Max Pottag both provided help when mistakes occurred. Steinmetz, composer of the "Thirty-Second Division March," when an amateur band member flubbed, would say, "There was only one perfect person, and they crucified him." Pottag, a Chicago Symphony player, claimed, "You need to spill a note once in a while or they'll think it's too easy." Of course both wanted perfection, but they made it less stressful when we stumbled.

As a student in a small junior college I shared with one other student a semester in Phil Lange's English composition course. The next semester I was alone in the class; I had a college-level private tutor for a whole term!

Several pastors are on my list of major mentoring. Fred Whitney had a youthful football injury which added a slight limp to his short stature. He told of the time of his decision to start wearing a pulpit gown. Having introduced it with his walk down the aisle following the choir, he hoped for a favorable response from the congregation, but he learned at dinner the response of his own children. The great Disney movie was at its height. "How did you like Dad in the pulpit gown?" "Hmph! Looked like Dopey." His humility was revealed by telling the story.

Arthur Bailey broached the subject of my entering the Christian ministry. I thought I would jolt him with, "I'm not sure I can honestly say I believe in God." The jolt was reversed when I thought he said, which he could not have said, "That doesn't matter." His meaning, that an inadequate theology at that point was not the test; he saw traits he judged to be more important.

At McCormick Theological Seminary, Arthur Hays' teaching method was to follow the church history text for the

course, and expand upon its content. His own copy had about as much of his notes as printed text. Some students resented our getting only about halfway through the text. My reaction was that we could read the text, but that from him we absorbed an unbounded love of the church and constant excitement about its continuing development.

Each of these mentors, and others, contributed to my development. All of them were foundational to me. My outlook, my lifestyle, my profession, my family life, all have been affected by a long train of teachers, and that has continued in a fresh way daily after my marriage 61 years ago to a teacher.

*Ray W. Bayley
Madison*

DOG BREATH

Brilliant. Crude. Artistic. Amusing. Imperfect. Compassionate. Arrogant. Charming. Sexist. Visionary. Courageous. Adolescent. Analytical. Scholar. Integrity. All this and much more was Richard D. "Bud" Sautter, M.D. He died several years ago, and I have thought of him often since then. I admired him, feared him, learned from him, hated him, loved him. I find, though, in the end that what I am left with is an enormous amount of respect for him and a profound sense of gratitude that he was in my life.

Bud was a cardiovascular surgeon at the Marshfield Clinic, and when I knew him from 1979 through 1985 he was also executive director of the Marshfield Medical Foundation, the research arm of the Marshfield Clinic. He hired me in the summer of 1979 as an assistant administrator and told me much later that I gave one of the worst interviews he had ever heard in his life. In the last few minutes of that interview—as even I realized that it did not seem to be going well—I said that I thought I could learn what-

ever it would take to do the job. On that statement alone, Bud hired me. He took a chance, as he usually did, for he was a born teacher and always willing to give people a chance.

On my second week on the job, I saw him come strolling down the hall with his most distinctive gait, cigarette in hand (he was an unabashed smoker), radiating confidence, calling on Avril for "coffee, coffee, coffee" and as he passed me, he said "Get in here, dog breath, we have to get ready for the board meet-

ing." Where was I and who was he? I had a master's degree in health services administration and a career to build, a wife and an infant daughter, my first mortgage, I had moved to Marshfield from Madison, and I now had a boss who called me "dog breath"?

Well, I did go into his office—as I did many, many times over the next six years—and proceeded to begin to get ready for my first Marshfield Medical Foundation board meeting under his very careful and thorough tutelage. He

understood perfectly everyone with whom he worked and was brutally honest in his assessment of each and every one of them. One of his greatest strengths was his ability to see people for exactly who they were and to understand with an almost eerie prescience what motivated them. In the end, it was his inability to dissemble that produced his fall, for he was constitutionally unable to tolerate dishonesty in any form. He led from truth. His conviction was that knowledge should always be preeminent

Photo by Bill Blankenburg



and should be the final arbiter of any discussion. He did not really possess the requisite political infighting skills of diplomacy and deviousness that are required ultimately to succeed in any large organization. He couldn't be bothered, and he was often his own worst enemy with how he presented himself.

But he knew the truth. Always. And after all the shouting is done and the recriminations are over, and the "if only he hadn'ts" are done, what remains is the knowledge that this man did not shrink from the truth. It is for that single attribute that Bud should be remembered as a great man. And while I have never been able to replicate his life, what he did for me was make clear that one should state the truth regardless of the cost and not be afraid.

The stories about Bud are legion. His was a mighty presence in Marshfield and nationally in the cardiovascular field. He was, of course, a very complex figure. How else does one reconcile his exquisite collection of paperweights and glorious gardens and orchards with his ability to intimidate and offend? His work as a physician and surgeon was not only beyond reproach but was also groundbreaking in the introduction of new machines and techniques. Even as the senior staff of scientists at the Foundation regarded him with much suspicion since he was "just a doctor," he advocated tirelessly for financial support for their studies. He inherited the Foundation when it was in a state of financial disarray and not only restored it to financial health but laid the groundwork for its eventual evolution into the nationally recognized Ben Lawton Center for Medical Research.

Of the many memorable times he and I had together, I will never forget the time I took him to meet my parents in their home. We were in Chicago to attend a conference, and my parents invited us out for cocktails the night before the meeting started. Everything was quite lovely, Bud was ever so charming and restrained and appropriate, and I relaxed and enjoyed myself. My parents even invited us to join them for dinner with their friends out at the local country club. After Bud and I got

in the car to follow them, he turned to me, hit me in the arm and shouted "Ha! Bet you thought I couldn't do it!" And, of course, he was right. I had thought he couldn't. Didn't miss a thing, Bud didn't.

Bud had received many honors in his life and his office wall was covered with plaques, certifications, and testimonials. He also had the following quote engraved in brass, and it was the piece closest to Bud's desk. I saw it every time I met with him. Thanks to Bud's son Mark, I was able to find the quote (from retired Marine general David M. Shoup), and I conclude my reminiscence with it for this quote is Bud, and this legacy of his is the greatest gift he gave to me:

"The galleries are full of critics. They make no mistakes because they attempt nothing. Down in the arena are the doers. They make mistakes because they try many things. The one who never tries anything is the brake on the wheel of progress."

*Robert G. Lange
Madison*



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Last summer, I googled the name of my freshman high school English teacher, John Newell Sanborn, because I was planning a trip to Maine where he'd moved years before and thought it might be fun to look him up. What came up was his obituary.

That was not much of a surprise considering 45 years had passed since I had taken his class. What did surprise me, however, was the depth of my sadness at the news, and the realization that I had been carrying his name around in my head all that time, properly spelled no less, even though I had seen him only once in the intervening years.

What made Sanborn so memorable? That started me thinking about the nature of mentoring, which surely takes many forms.

In Sanborn's classes, as in countless others, we memorized poems by e. e. cummings and T. S. Eliot, some of which I can still recite by heart. We also wrote essays and poems long forgotten.

But Sanborn must have done something above the usual because students flocked to him before and after class, and rumor had it that he was fired at the end of the year because he was too popular with us, which we, as anti-authoritarian children of the '60s, eagerly accepted as truth. However, Sanborn's influence on me had nothing to do with anything specific he assigned or how he behaved in class.

It also had little to do with any admirable qualities he possessed as a person because, until I read his obituary, I had no idea of his life outside the classroom. I did not know that he had been a Korean War vet, a member of a venerable New England family, and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Physical attraction also did not play a part. In my memory he was short and round, balding at 30-ish, and not my type then or now. Still, his influence was more than a teacher's, and different from a parent's, a friend's, or a lover's.

Among possible definitions for "mentor," the one that feels truest to me at the moment is "gatekeeper," for I think what Sanborn did for me personally was to lead me from my little teen self to the larger world where people love ideas and can't live without them. Benign and beaming, he stood at the threshold beckoning me further, assuring me it was okay to walk through and that, yes, I was worthy. And I still live in that world.

This sounds grand, but it also has serious downsides. Because of Sanborn, I go through life like a lonely pedestrian walking a highway of strip malls in heavy traffic in search of places where people sit up late at night talking about the meaning of life even after they graduate from college. And rarely finding it.

I'm sorry that Sanborn died never knowing how much of an influence he had had on me. I'm a teacher now, and I hunger for any sign that I might have had an effect on someone's intellectual

development, even the backhanded kind where a former student might say, "I didn't think I learned much in your class, but just the other day, I was able to answer a question on 'Jeopardy' right off the bat."

Maybe that's enough, or maybe there is someone out there somewhere who will suddenly think of me years after I'm dead and say, "If she only knew how much she'd opened up a world for me. It's funny, I can even remember that she spelled her last name with a 'K.'"

*Evelyn Kain
Ripon*

PASS IT ON

It's been two years since I last saw my mentor. We worked together as administrators at a university in California, she in the law school and I in the business school. What a difference two years can make. During that time, I moved my family 2,100 miles away, witnessed Mr. Schwarzenegger become the governor of my former home state, and had just begun to feel acclimated to the Midwest when I learned that several of my former colleagues lost their homes in California wildfires.

Although I think of my mentor often and fondly recall our conversations, it wasn't until I saw the rampant destruction of the wildfires on television that I realized just how meaningful her mentorship had been, especially since I had never asked her to play that role. She must have sensed the professional challenges I would face as an introvert with career aspirations. Had she not reached out to me, I wonder if I would have developed the confidence not only to pursue a new career in a new state, but also to act as a mentor to someone else.

Ironically, my mentor and I share little in common. She is an extrovert, loves to travel, and has an affinity for collections, one of which includes an exten-

sive assortment of Christmas snow globes. I, on the other hand, am an introvert, a minimalist, and a homebody. While I also like Christmas globes, one or two suit me just fine.

Although my mentor and I differed in personality, we did have one important professional aspect in common, namely that we worked in male-dominated fields. My mentor never brought this to my attention, nor did she ever discuss it. Yet I often wondered why she took the time to mentor me. I can't help but think she suspected that aspiring professional women need a mentor not only to survive but to excel in male-dominated fields.

Instead of talking about the glass ceilings and walls we kept bumping into, I took my cue from my mentor and went about my daily business, all the time working on my doctorate at night and seeking other opportunities for career advancement. My mentor offered to review my resume, let me know of career opportunities she had heard about, and ensured that I was included in social networks. When she learned that I applied for a new position in the dairy state and she would be called for a reference, she called my future employer instead!

Thanks to my mentor, I landed the job I always wanted. She hugged me and brought champagne to work the next day. When I think about her mentorship, I realize that I received so much more than a new job. I learned what it means to be a mentor. Instead of waiting for someone else to ask, to call, or to volunteer, I learned how to offer myself without limitations or expectations of receiving something in return. Being a mentor is a labor of love in its purest form.

I initially had a hard time grasping the fact that there are professionals who, like my mentor, are selflessly gracious and helpful. Perhaps the vindictiveness of the business world had tainted my perspective. Unsure about how to thank her, I asked my mentor what I could do for her in appreciation. She initially avoided the question but then replied that I should help someone else. I never asked her to be my mentor, but I will always remember her mentoring.

Perhaps the best way I can honor her is to do as she asked and pass it on.

*Stephani Richards-Wilson
Waukesha*

Share Your Stories

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

MOVING, deadline Oct. 15 (extended deadline for the winter issue). Load up the truck and start a new life. Any story about moving and related life adjustments.

BIRTHING, deadline Dec. 1 (for the spring issue). It's everything you'd dreamed of! (Maybe.) Your vision of childbirth versus what actually came to pass, or your experience of giving birth to anything (e.g. a work of art, a business) either firsthand or as an observer, happy or sad.

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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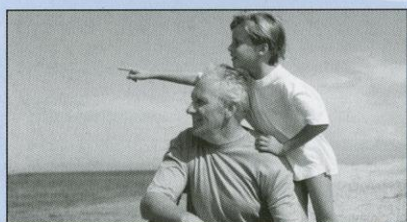
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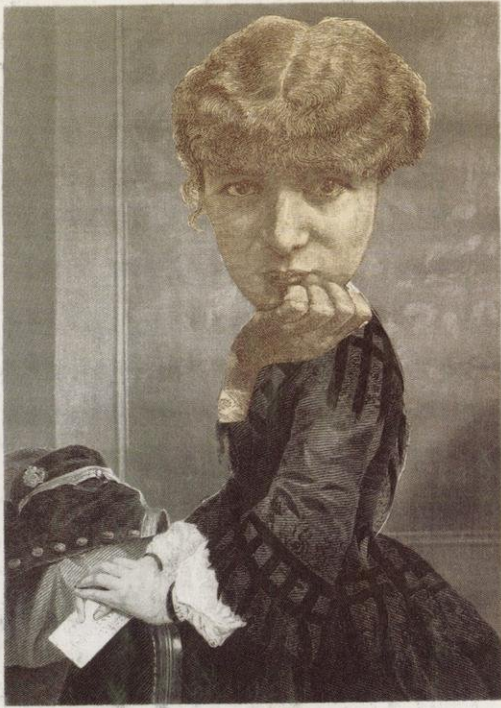
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