# Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 50, Number 4 Fall 2004

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Fall 2004

# wisconsin academyreview

CELEBRATING 50 YEARS

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

James Watrous, Life and Legacy: Why Our New Gallery Bears His Name

■

100 Artists, One Show: Big Bang Opening in Overture

■

Meet *The Daily Show*'s Madison Connection (He's Jon Stewart's Right-Hand Man)

■

O Cheesehead, Where Art Thou? Alan Lomax and Wisconsin's Folk Music

■

Short Story and Poetry Contests: Enter the Fray!

Artist and art historian James Watrous, one of Wisconsin art's most influential figures.

Price: $5

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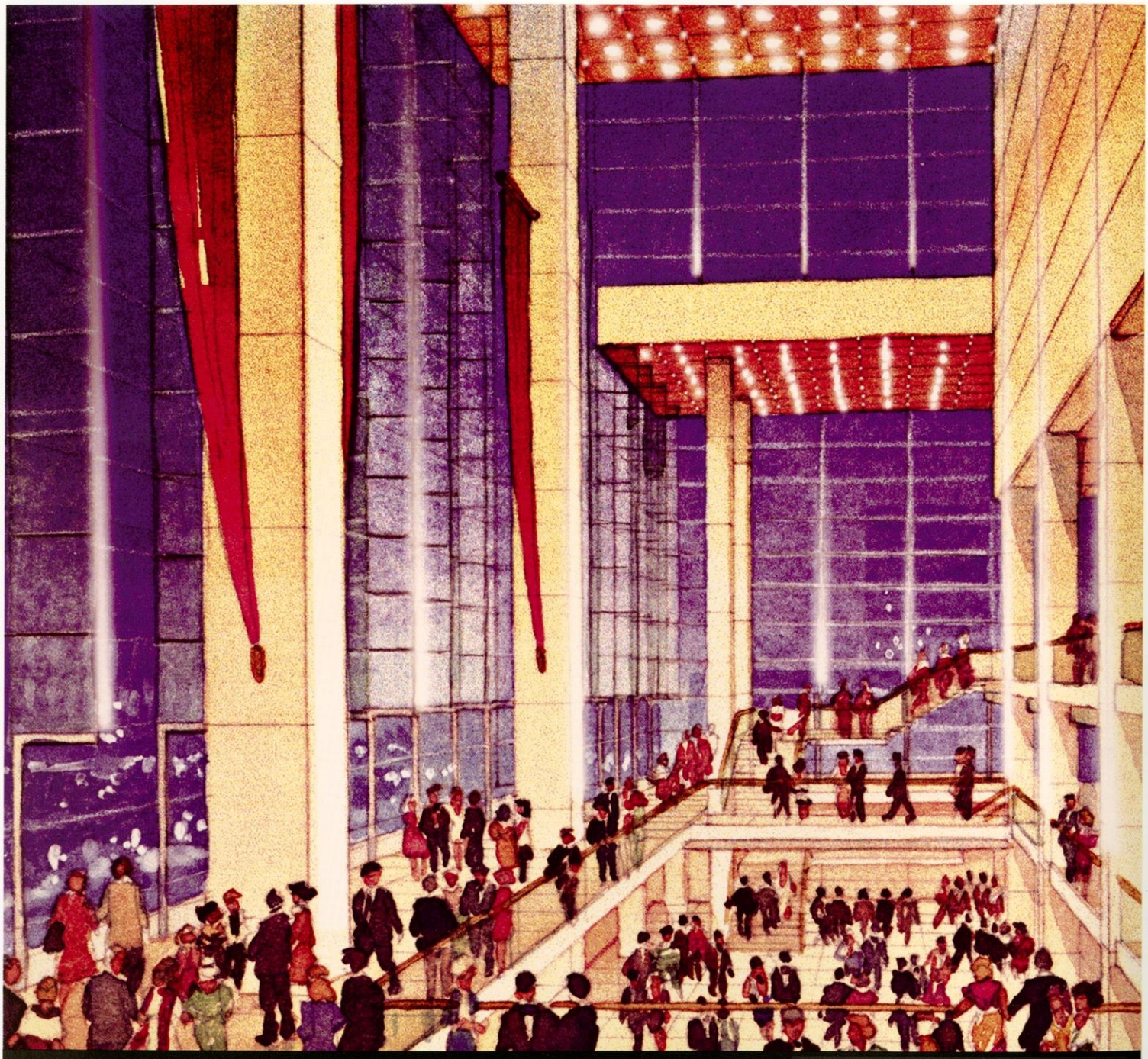
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Fall 2004 Volume 50, Number 4



Overture Hall Rendering Courtesy of Cesar Pelli & Associates

## Experience a New Era for the Arts in Wisconsin.

Overture Center for the Arts is putting Wisconsin on the map with this new, world-class venue for the visual and performing arts. Designed by internationally acclaimed architect Cesar Pelli, the 400,000-square-foot facility will shine in its location, just steps from the Wisconsin State Capitol building in downtown Madison.

The dazzling Overture Hall Lobby has spectacular downtown views, luminescent glass walls and richly textured surroundings that will engage visitors upon arrival. Continue into Overture Hall, the jewel at the heart of the building, to experience the 2,253-seat performance hall. With unsurpassed acoustics, unobstructed sight lines, comfortable seating and uncompromising style, it's clearly a space engineered with the audience in mind. Here, and in several smaller performing spaces, the nine resident organizations of Overture Center and a host of traveling artists will showcase the very best in dance, music, theatre, spoken word and visual arts.

Be part of history in the making. Make plans to experience the Grand Opening Festival (September 18-26, 2004) and the full slate of offerings during the inaugural season of Overture Center.

For more information on Overture Center for the Arts, please visit www.overturecenter.com or call 608.258.4177.

Overture Center
FOR THE ARTS

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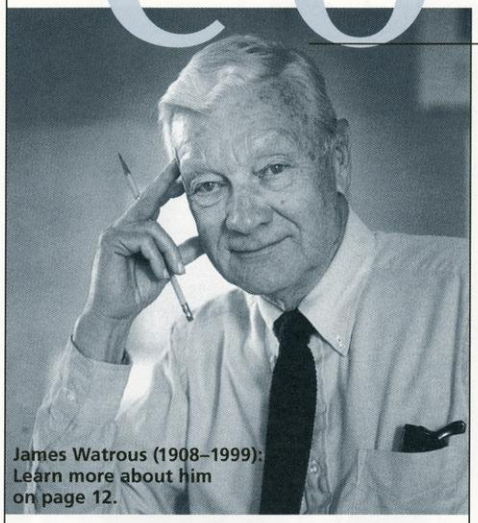
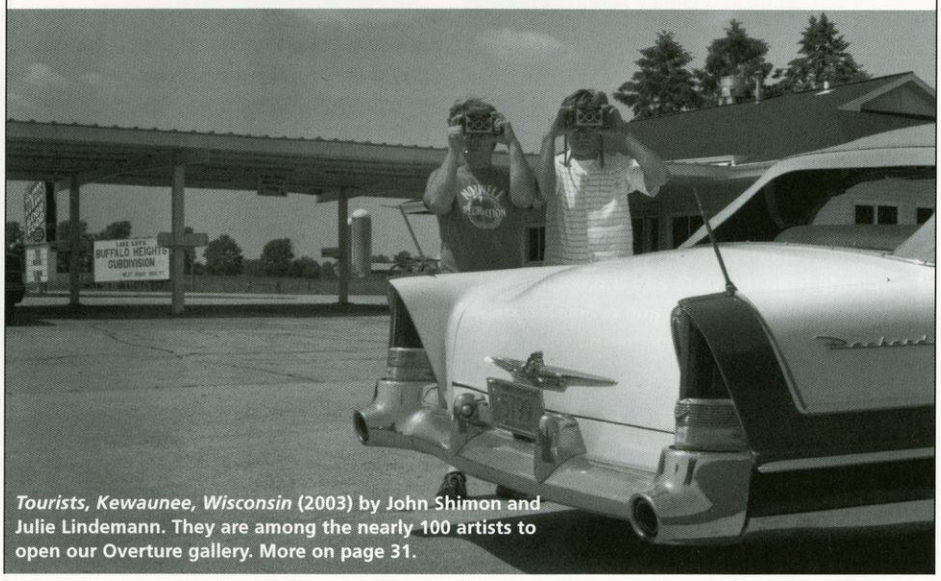
## fall 2004



James Watrous (1908–1999): Learn more about him on page 12.

## features






*Tourists, Kewaunee, Wisconsin* (2003) by John Shimon and Julie Lindemann. They are among the nearly 100 artists to open our Overture gallery. More on page 31.


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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## fall 2004

## departments



Up for Emmys, again this year: Ben Karlin (left) and Jon Stewart of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show.* Interview on page 20.

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.

We were 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."

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

# The Lucky Ones

Madison receives so many accolades on various "best of" lists that after a while one almost stops listening. This must be especially true for our many members and readers who live outside of Madison. But here's a ranking that our entire state can note with pride: our capital city has one of the nation's most generous benefactors.

Jerome Frautschi's gift of $205 million to build the Overture Center for the Arts in downtown Madison puts us in very rarefied company nationwide. It may even be the biggest individual gift ever to an arts center, according to Americans for the Arts (nobody tracks such gifts formally, but that's an educated guess). The contrast with Madison's relatively modest size—we're only the 83rd-largest city—makes the immensity of Frautschi's gift even more striking.

For Frautschi, though, the gift wasn't about being the biggest or getting attention (note that it's not even called the Frautschi Center). In a written statement issued with the full disclosure of his gift in July—the first formal update since the news in 1999 that his gift was at $100 million—Frautschi said, "I feel extremely fortunate to be in a position to give back to this wonderful community ... I love Madison and want the Downtown to again be a vibrant place, full of life and cultural arts opportunities."

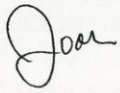
Frautschi's generous spirit and love of community are shared by someone near to him: his wife, Pleasant Rowland, who followed up on his gift of an arts center with a $23 million endowment challenge to the arts groups whose programs will be based there. The Wisconsin Academy's share was $1.5 million, meaning that Rowland's Great Performance Fund will provide a dollar-for-dollar match for funds we raise up to $1.5 million. The challenge gift has brought out the very best among philanthropists with Wisconsin ties, with donors of all sizes rising to meet it.

Frautschi says he feels fortunate—but it's hard to describe just how lucky we feel here at the Wisconsin Academy, a sentiment that is heartily shared by all of the artists, arts groups, and arts lovers who will benefit from these enormous gifts.

Our gallery on University Avenue is a dear old space that has meant a lot to the artists who have shown here over the years—just ask any of the some 100 artists we've invited back for our first show in Overture!—but the small size and out-of-the-way location posed a real challenge. Now Wisconsin's artists are getting a space that honors their work and offers audiences a wonderful viewing experience.

Overture has also offered us an opportunity, again through Rowland's Great Performance Fund, to put the Wisconsin Academy's public forums into a more structured and regular format. The Academy Evenings forum series debuts in Overture in September and will travel to several venues around the state throughout the 2004/2005 season (see the "Up and Coming" column on this page).

So we're the ones who are fortunate, and endlessly grateful for this gift. We invite our members and readers around the state to come take part in it. As Frautschi and Rowland intended, this gift belongs to all of us.



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## UP AND COMING

**A glance at the Wisconsin Academy's fall events. Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org or call us at 608/263-1692 for more info.**

### IN MADISON

***Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State St.***

**James Watrous Gallery**

**Sat. September 18,** 1–4 p.m., opening reception of the James Watrous Gallery. Exhibit "A Decade of Art from the Wisconsin Academy Gallery" runs September 18–October 31.

**Sat. October 16,** 7–9 p.m., "Decade of Art" panel discussion with the artists.

**Sun. November 14,** 1–4 p.m., opening reception for "James Watrous and Friends: The Legacy and Influence of James Watrous." Exhibit runs November 12–January 9, 2005.

**Academy Evenings/other opening events**

**Sun. September 19,** 2–5 p.m., "Writers at Work," reading by noted authors.

**Tues. September 21,** 7–9 p.m., "Be Happy Like a Monk," Richard Davidson.

**Sun. September 26,** 7–9 p.m., "Staging a Memoir," Gerda Lerner and Heather McDonald, with Madison Repertory Theatre.

**Tues. October 5,** 7–9 p.m., "From Stem Cells to Jail Cells: The Politics of Cloning and Stem Cell Research," R. Alta Charo.

**Tues. November 16,** 7–9 p.m., "James Watrous: Life and Legacy," Millard Rogers.

**Tues. December 14,** 7–9 p.m., "Freedom Behind Bars," Sister Esther Heffernan and art-in-prison panel.

***Café Montmartre, 127 E. Mifflin Street***

**Sat. October 9,** 3–6 p.m., short story and poetry contest winners' reading.

### IN MENASHA

***UW–Fox Valley, 1478 Midway Road***

**Tues. September 28,** 7–9 p.m., "Flying with the Cranes," George Archibald.

### IN CEDARBURG

***Cedarburg Cultural Center, W62 N546 Washington Ave.***

**Thurs. October 14,** 7–9 p.m., "Outbreak: AIDS, SARS and Biological Warfare," Dennis Maki, M.D.

### IN MILWAUKEE

***Villa Terrace, 2220 N. Terrace Avenue***

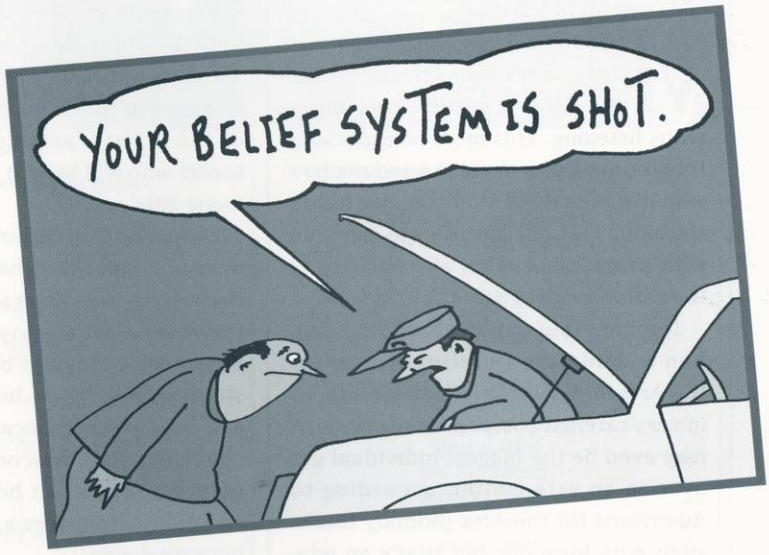
**Sun. October 17,** 3–5 p.m., "Our Waters, Ourselves," panel on sustainable water use.

# MUELLER MIX

## HE'S A LITTLE LIKE "THE FAR SIDE" MEETS DILBERT MEETS THURBER MEETS "MAD MAGAZINE" MEETS "THE ONION"—BUT WHY NOT JUST CALL HIM PETE?

**OR P. S. MUELLER,** as he is better known, whose cartoons enliven the pages of *The New Yorker*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Reader's Digest*, the *Chicago Reader*, *Utne*, and many more of our nation's finer publications. If you've been missing the fun, don't despair. Mueller has a new collection called *Your Belief System Is Shot: Cartoons and Stuff* coming out in October from Wisconsin-based Jones Books.

We believe, with no offense intended, that his cartoons speak for his work better than he can (see opposite page). Nevertheless, we posed him some questions.




### WHY ANOTHER COLLECTION OF YOUR WORK, AND WHY NOW?

Mueller: I hadn't done a collection in over 10 years. I had a collection of medical-related cartoons all set to go with a publisher about seven or eight years ago; then the imprint was sold and the new owner told me to keep the advance and would I please go away. I had done three of them by then and I wasn't terribly happy with the support any of the books got. In fact, I wasn't really looking to do another book before Joan Strasbaugh [owner of Jones Books] convinced me that she was smart, able, and not certifiably nuts. Plus, I think the time for this kind of book is about due to return and it would be swell if Joan and I were the ones to become fabulously wealthy by bringing it back.

### WHAT WAS THE MOST SATISFYING THING ABOUT DOING THIS PROJECT?

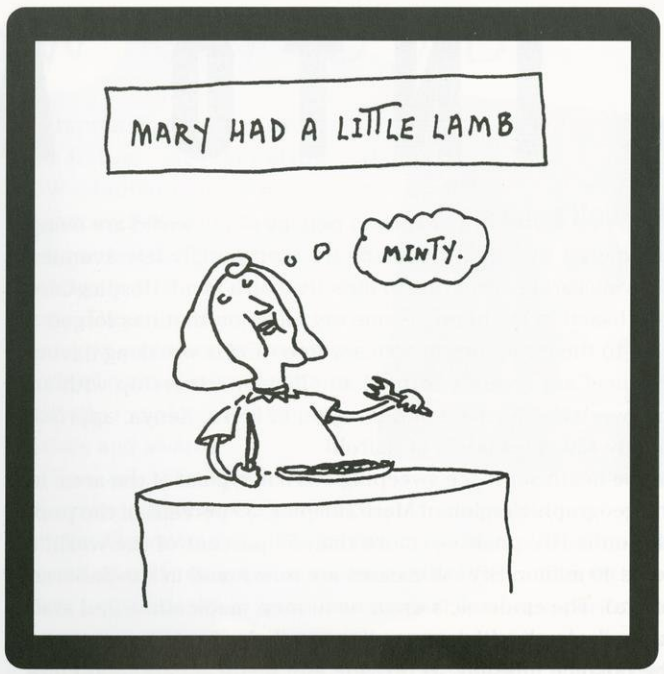
I liked working with Joan. I probably went through over a thousand cartoons in the course of pre-editing it, and Joan was very helpful as we narrowed the selection down to a publishable number.

### YOU HAVE PLENTY OF STUFF IN THIS BOOK BESIDES CARTOONS. IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE PUBLISHED A BOOK FEATURING NON-CARTOON MATERIAL?

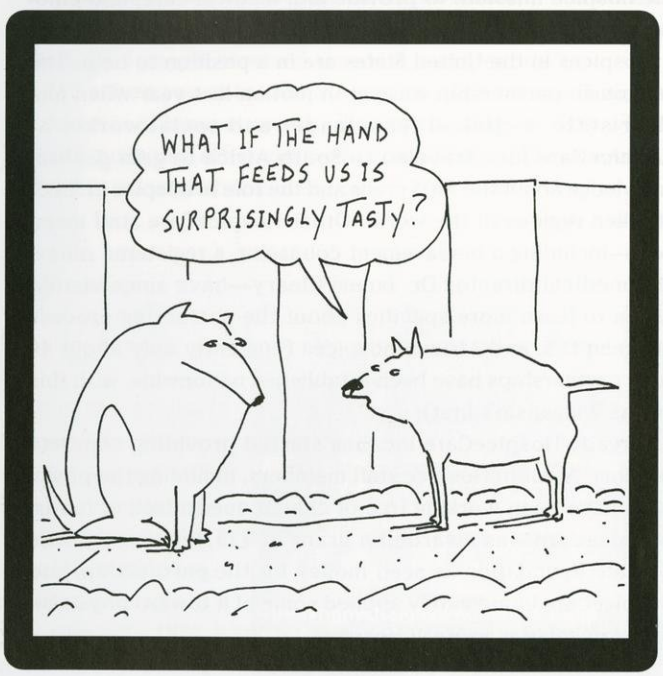
I wouldn't say there's lots of non-cartoon material in the book—just a few of my goofy little short story fable things I had published either in *Funny Times* or *Rosebud*. Joan really wanted them in there, and, with my towering, omnivorous ego, how could I refuse? And, yes, this is the first time I have done a book featuring non-cartoon material. I did a chapbook in the '70s that had a number of poems, but I don't think it really counts.

*P.S. Mueller's interview with Ben Karlin of* ***The Daily Show*** *appears on page 20.*

Cartoons reprinted with permission from Jones Books






# More From Jones

BESIDES MUELLER MADNESS,
JONES BOOKS' FALL LINEUP INCLUDES:

***Tea with Jane Austen*, by Kim Wilson**

What to imbibe while reading Jane or such related works as *The Jane Austen Book Club* or *Bridget Jones's Diary*? Includes how to steep the perfect cup, recipes for accompanying baked goods, and interesting notes about everything pertaining to the tea ritual in Austen's time.

***From Asparagus to Zucchini: A Guide to Cooking Farm-Fresh Seasonal Produce*, by Madison Area Community Supported Agriculture**

What to do with those daunting boxes of produce from your local CSA? Read this book to make the most of our regional herbs and vegetables year-round.

***Gotcha Down*, by Chris Earl**

Even if you are Not a Sports Fan, you will be lured into this novel about big-money college football and corruption.

More information at www.jonesbooks.com

# INTO AFRICA

**It's well known** that certain regions of the world are being hammered by AIDS, but there are surprisingly few avenues allowing caring observers to directly lend a hand. HospiceCare Inc., based in Fitchburg, is one organization that has forged a path to the front lines in Africa where AIDS is wreaking havoc. HospiceCare recently formed an official partnership with an impoverished hospice in the region of Meru, Kenya, approximately 150 miles north of Nairobi.

The death sentence sweeping Meru is typical of the area. In the geographic region of Meru Hospice, 39 percent of the population is HIV positive (more than 50 percent of the world's some 40 million HIV/AIDS cases are now found in sub-Saharan Africa). The epidemic's drain on money, medication, and staff is paralyzing health care workers in their efforts to carry out the hospice mission: to provide aid, medical care, and emotional support to the terminally ill and their families.

Hospices in the United States are in a position to help. The Wisconsin partnership was set in motion last year when Mia Morrisette, a clinical team leader and social worker at HospiceCare Inc., traveled to South Africa to gain general knowledge about the AIDS crisis and the role of hospice in AIDS-stricken regions of the world. Other HospiceCare staff members—including a bereavement counselor, a registered nurse, and medical director Dr. James Cleary—have since visited Africa to learn more specifics about the partnering process between U.S. and African hospices (currently only about 40 such partnerships have been established nationwide, with this one as Wisconsin's first).

Already HospiceCare Inc. has started providing concrete support. At Meru Hospice staff members, including the physician, have been working free of charge due to lack of funds. HospiceCare was awarded a grant of $25,000 through the Quixote Foundation as seed money for the partnership, and HospiceCare immediately applied some of it toward physician and staff salaries at Meru Hospice.

Additional sources of funding were used to develop the initial exchange between the two hospices as well as bolster the educational and technological capabilities of the Kenyan hospice. Computers were brought in to create a link between the Kenyan hospital and the outside world, and according to Morrisette, these efforts have been very beneficial.

When asked about the differences in care between U.S. and African hospices, Morrisette instead emphasizes the similarity of their philosophies. "They're both about caring and holding your hand out to people in need," she says. "Hospice is a universal language, and it's been a wonderful learning experience to see that." The partnership is not meant to be a one-way pipeline, but a true exchange of goals, vision, and culture, Morrisette notes: "It's intended not only to provide help to a hospital in Africa, but also to help the Madison community and staff learn about life in a global village in the time of AIDS."

One of the biggest casualties resulting from AIDS is the number of patients who are simply abandoned when ill because they have no caregivers, says Morrisette. Even more tragic is the number of orphans. It is estimated that before the AIDS epidemic peaks, it will leave 40 million orphans worldwide, the majority of them in sub-Saharan Africa. "So our work doesn't stop just because a patient dies; rather, it continues," says Morrisette. "In South Africa we saw the eldest orphan children caring for their younger siblings. There simply are not enough adults around to care for the younger ones."

There is no end in sight to the aid needed. HospiceCare is providing a notable example of how to start.

*by Nicole Resnick*

**Wisconsin hospice representatives Mia Morrisette (right photo, on far right) and Dr. James Cleary (left photo, on far right) in Africa making house calls with Meru Hospice staff.**

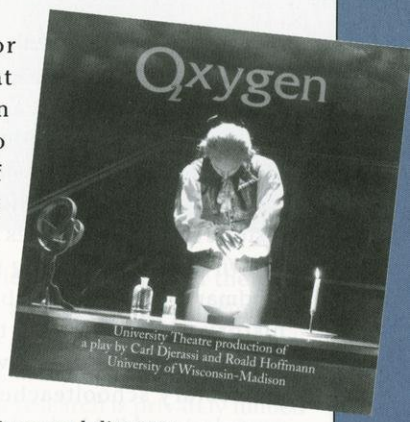
Photos courtesy of Mia Morrisette

# *Oxygen* Now on DVD

Oxygen seems an unlikely subject for a play, but in the able hands of two award-winning chemists-turned-playwrights, it became a theatrical success. *Oxygen* was performed in New York and in other cities as well as at the University Theatre at UW–Madison last year, and is now available on DVD.

The play was written by Carl Djerassi, a chemistry professor at Stanford who first synthesized the birth control pill, and Roald Hoffmann, a chemistry professor at Cornell and recipient of the 1981 Nobel Prize. The plot revolves around an ingenious proposition: What if a 21st-century Nobel committee decided to reward a "retro" Nobel Prize to the 18th-century scientist who discovered oxygen? A simple question on the surface, but one fraught with controversy.

The three candidates proposed by members of the committee—Antoine Lavoisier, Joseph Priestley, and Karl Wilhelm Scheele—each contributed to the understanding of oxygen and its properties. Therein lies the rub. Questions about primacy, published findings, power, prestige, and actual proof rise to the surface as scenes alternate between the committee's deliberations and the 18th-century court of the king of Sweden as it considers the scientists' claims. One committee member sums up the argument well: "We still haven't agreed what being first means. Is it the initial discovery, the first publication, or full understanding?"




James F. Crow, a professor emeritus of genetics at UW–Madison and a Wisconsin Academy Fellow, finds the play to be realistic. "The question of who gets the credit is nothing new. The arguments back then are just as bitter as anything today," notes Crow, who is himself the recipient of numerous prizes and awards.

Bassam Shakhashiri, a chemistry professor at UW–Madison and director of the Wisconsin Initiative for Science Literacy, which sponsored a public symposium on oxygen in conjunction with the play, helped devise a set of experiments that were performed on stage by the actors. "We tried to reach out to people who normally wouldn't come to a theater production," Shakhashiri says. "In the audience I saw scientists, engineers, mathematicians, and people of mixed ages and backgrounds."

Whether you missed *Oxygen* or wish to see it again, Educational Innovations is offering the play on DVD with a study guide and other materials. Call 888/912-7474 or visit the website www.teachersource.com.

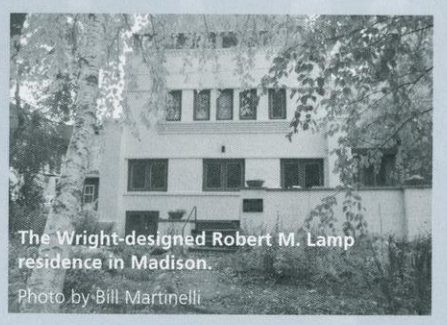
*by Sarah Aldridge*

# A WRIGHTEOUS CONFAB

Wright scholars and enthusiasts, administrators of public Wright sites, and owners of Wright-designed buildings from around the country will gather at Monona Terrace in Madison from October 13 to 17 for the Frank Lloyd Wright Building Conservancy's annual conference. Since the inception of this national organization 15 years ago, no Wright-designed building has been demolished, a notable record of achievement following the tragic demolition of several of the architect's most significant buildings. This is the first time conservancy members will convene in Madison.

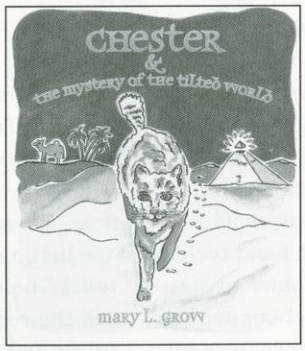
"Frank Lloyd Wright: On Home Ground" underscores the importance of Wisconsin in Wright's life. It is where Wright was born and buried, the state that he always considered his home, and the state for which he produced designs for nearly 150 buildings. Of those, more than 30 were for the Madison area—and of the 11 constructed during his lifetime, eight of them, in addition to Monona Terrace, are still standing. Wright's unique relationship with Madison began in 1878 when he and his family moved there. He resided in Madison until he moved to Chicago to begin his architectural career in 1887. Thereafter, he returned often to Madison to visit friends and extended family and to secure commissions. From 1911 to 1959, the year he died, Wright's primary residence was Taliesin, located just 40 miles west of Madison. During that 80-year period Madisonians were in a unique position to observe Wright's career and public stature grow from that of an obscure local boy to an international celebrity.

The conference offers tours of Wright-designed buildings in the Madison area and Taliesin as well as Milwaukee and Delavan Lake. The keynote speaker is Robert Campbell, a Pulitzer Prize–winning architect and critic for the *Boston Globe*. Wright's personal photographer Pedro Guerrero will speak at a gala dinner and auction. To register, contact the conservancy office at 312/663-5500. For more information about volunteer or sponsorship opportunities, contact local chairperson Heather Sabin at 608/261-4015.


The Wright-designed Robert M. Lamp residence in Madison.
Photo by Bill Martinelli

*by Heather Sabin*

# Literary Acclaim for Local Cat



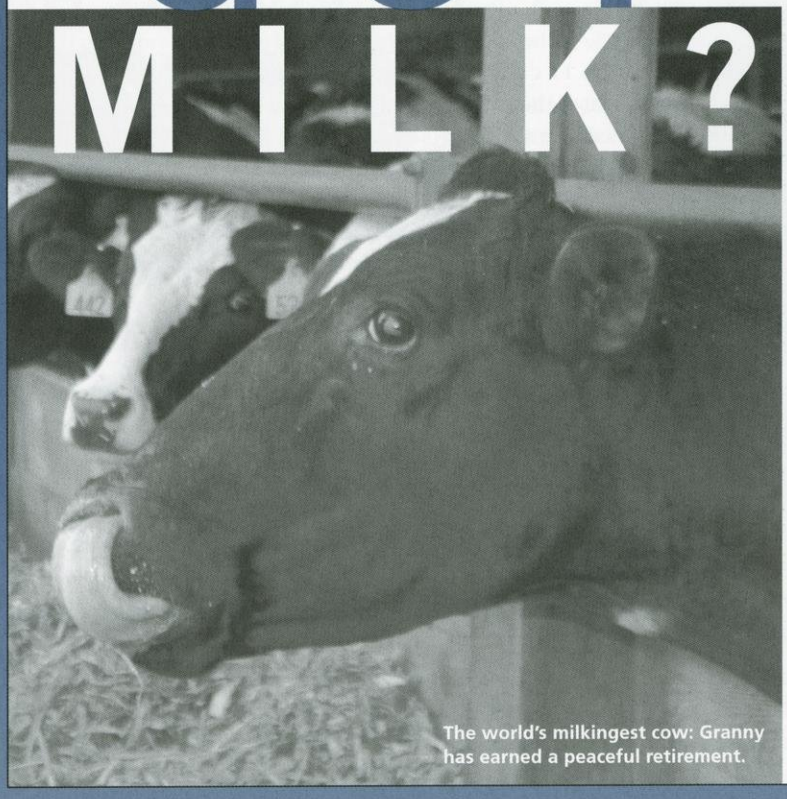

In their debut children's book, an adventurous cat named Chester and his trusty feline sidekick, Jasper, liberate a nasty ghost from an old haunted inn. Set in Mineral Point, *Chester Meets the Walker House Ghost* cleverly meshes facts with the folklore and landscape of that historic town, and includes an illustrated hand-drawn map highlighting several legendary landmarks. The book's ability to teach local history while capturing the imagination of young readers made it a winner among area elementary schoolteachers, some of whom even designed field trips for their students based on it (the book is now in its third printing). Chester and his animal friends pursue adventures well beyond the Midwest when they explore Egypt in the sequel, titled *Chester and the Mystery of the Tilted World.*

The Chester books are written, illustrated, and published by a local husband-and-wife team, Mary L. Grow and Jean Marc Richel, who actually own a cat named Chester. Their publishing house, Studio 17, was created as an extension of their art gallery. "By publishing our own books, we could ensure that the illustrations maintained the integrity of their original Mineral Point setting," explains Grow. "We want our readers to be able to walk through the story." As a cultural anthropologist and former teacher of folklore and performance studies at the University of Wisconsin, Grow felt it was important to maintain that integrity. The second Chester book was written while the couple spent a year and a half renovating a farmhouse in Richel's native France. Grow began working on it both as a refuge from the exhausting work of renovation and because elementary school students she'd been corresponding with were begging for more Chester adventures.

Fans will be happy to hear that they'll soon get even more. Grow and Richel are working on a third book, though Grow likes to keep each one a secret prior to its launching. For more information about Chester books and how to find them, visit www.getsirius.com/chester, or contact the authors at Studio 17, 335 W. Lakeside St., Madison, WI 53715.

*by Nicole Resnick*

# GOT MILK?



The world's milkingest cow: Granny has earned a peaceful retirement.

If there's one cow who could answer this question with a convincing "moo," it's Wisconsin's very own Granny, who was born and raised at Koepke Farms in Oconomowoc and recently broke the world's record for lifetime milk production with 442,114 pounds of milk. The 18-year-old Holstein has broken several records throughout her illustrious career, including the U.S. lifetime milk record of over 432,000 pounds, which she achieved shortly after her 17th birthday. That's enough milk to fill nine 24-ton semi-tankers, or more than 50,000 one-gallon jugs.

When Granny broke the world record last January, the Koepke family marked the occasion with a quiet celebration that included devil's food cake and vanilla ice cream. Granny, although pleased with her ice cream, did not enjoy the cake as much, says Dave Koepke, herd manager of the family business. The farm is run by Koepke brothers Alan, Jim, and Dave, along with nephew John, and it has garnered some recognition for their super cow's achievement, including a commendation from Governor Jim Doyle and a citation from the Wisconsin State Assembly. Now officially retired, Granny spends her days in a large, bedded pad, enjoying the good life and taking in as much R&R as possible.

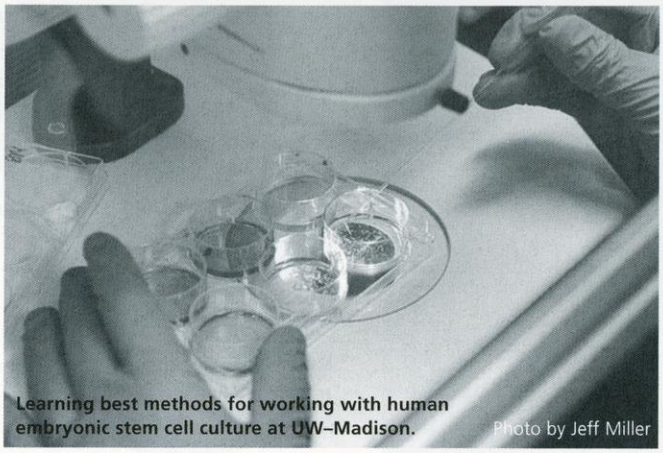
*by Nicole Resnick*

# The Belmont Report Turns 25

**And we can thank this enduring document for providing an ethical basis for biomedical research involving humans. We asked a physician and medical ethicist who attended the anniversary conference to provide comment.**

By Cynthiane J. Morgenweck

The creation of a governmental report that is used daily is a remarkable event. After 25 years of constant use, the Belmont Report definitely is a "living" document. It was written by the National Commission for the Protection of Human Research Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research, in response to one of its charges: "To identify the basic ethical principles that should underlie the conduct of biomedical research involving human research subjects."



Learning best methods for working with human embryonic stem cell culture at UW–Madison. Photo by Jeff Miller

The Belmont Report identified three principles that should govern the conduct of research involving human subjects: respect for persons, beneficence, and justice. These principles are used when institutional review boards (IRBs) are reviewing human subject research proposals. These boards are required by the federal government to examine human research proposals to determine if the project does adhere to the principles espoused by the Belmont Report.

This past May, the remaining living commissioners had a reunion at the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee to review their work and discuss the applicability of these principles in today's research climate. Although some would now like to tweak the document just a bit, all of the commissioners were very satisfied with what they had written. They were further impressed that it has become required reading for all those involved in biomedical research as well as those involved in biomedical ethics.

Bernard Schwetz, the current director of the federal Office for Human Research Protections, identified several issues that are of major concern to researchers today. These include (1) regulation of all human research, not just research funded by the federal government; (2) how to compensate research subjects for research-related injuries; and (3) the over-interpretation of current regulations, which creates a burdensome atmosphere in which to conduct research.

At this time, only research that is funded by the federal government is required to undergo review by an IRB. If research is completely funded by a private source, there is no need for review to determine if the project adheres to the principles of the Belmont Report. For example, much of assisted reproduction research is privately funded and therefore does not have to be reviewed by an IRB. There is, of course, concern that the government might deem the research inappropriate and stop it. This concern is exemplified by the limitations in stem cell research set forth by the federal government.

There are, unfortunately, risks associated with research and on occasion injury or death has resulted. There is no specific compensation fund available to research subjects, and it appears that the only avenue of compensation is litigation. This can be time-consuming for all parties and has no guarantees of appropriate compensation.

The over-interpretation of the regulations can lead to a very narrow view of what constitutes acceptable research, so that it becomes difficult to advance the applications of technologies to current medical diseases. However, cursory review might permit human subject research that is not ethical. The submission of a protocol to an IRB is seen by some researchers as a barrier to the conduct of research rather than as an opportunity to assure that the research proposal adheres to the highest possible standards of ethical conduct.

The commissioners emphasized that their major concern at the time of the writing of the Belmont Report was the protection of vulnerable populations involved in research, such as fetuses, children, the developmentally delayed, prisoners, and cultural and ethnic minorities. The commissioners expressed delight in the broadened use of the principles to all participants in research, not just the vulnerable. Striking the correct balance between not permitting any research and allowing all research to go forward requires careful consideration of the Belmont principles. Clearly, no research at all would not give these vulnerable populations access to therapies that would enrich their lives and alleviate some of their suffering. On the other hand, permitting any research proposal to go forth would create harm to these vulnerable populations who may be incapable of understanding the risks involved.

Because the Belmont Report described the principles that have been used to assess the ethical nature of research rather than giving a laundry list of requirements, it has created a strong and lasting framework to analyze today's research projects. The commissioners recognize that there is room for vigorous discussion about what constitutes the ethical conduct of research. However, these principles are as useful today as they were 25 years ago.

Computer image data used in stem cell research at UW–Madison. Photo by Jeff Miller

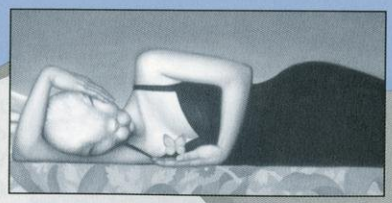
The Belmont Report is a concise, highly readable document—a must-read for anyone who is interested in human subject research. I would suggest two other readings. The first would be a summary of the May conference. The commissioners expressed their ongoing concerns forcefully but respectfully and demonstrated that careful, attentive conversation can describe the areas of agreement and pinpoint the specifics of disagreement. (For a conference summary, search from www.mcw.edu.)

The second reading is an article titled "What Makes Clinical Research Ethical?" by Ezekiel Emanuel and others, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (May 24, 2000). It espouses seven ethical criteria for the conduct of research involving human subjects. It is particularly useful because it lists its requirements in chronological order from the conception of the research to its formulation and implementation. As such, the article captures the principles of the Belmont Report and creates a concrete tool for analysis of research projects.

*Cynthiane J. Morgenweck, M.D., M.A., is a clinical ethicist with the Center for the Study of Bioethics at the Medical College of Wisconsin in Milwaukee, which hosted the Belmont Report anniversary conference.*

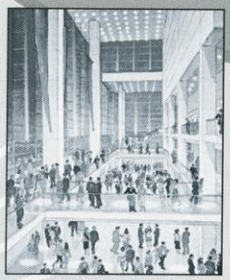
## the idea

The Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy brings Wisconsin residents together with a diverse array of experts and stakeholders to find solutions to statewide problems. Waters of Wisconsin was one of the significant initiatives of this program.



## the gallery

The James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy, opening in September in the Overture Center in Madison, will showcase new and established artists from all around the state—one of very few galleries dedicated to Wisconsin artists. Many exhibits presented there will tour to other galleries around the state.



## 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 debuts in the Overture Center in Madison in September and will travel to venues around the state.

**$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.**

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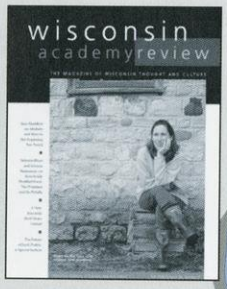


## the review

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

### Your $25 membership* includes the following materials:

- The *Wisconsin Academy Review,* our quarterly magazine (retail value: $20).
- Invitations to our gallery receptions, special events, and forums.
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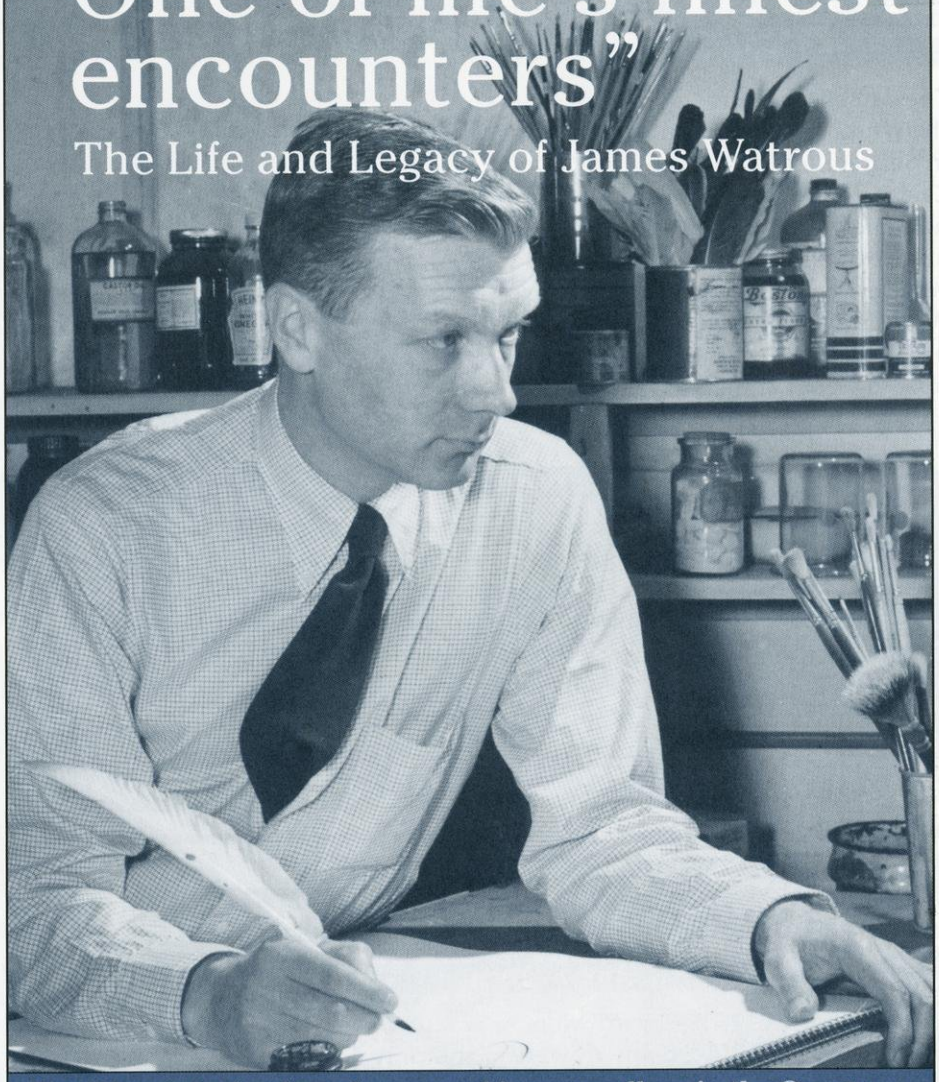
# "One of life's finest encounters"

## The Life and Legacy of James Watrous



**James Watrous in the late 1950s, using a quill pen and other "Old Master" materials. Watrous' book, *The Craft of Old-Master Drawings* (1957), was an important contribution to art history scholarship.**

Photos courtesy of UW–Madison Archives

**The Wisconsin Academy has named its new gallery in the Overture Center after artist, art historian, mentor, and university museum creator James Watrous. We are pleased to present to our readers a man whose achievements enriched and elevated the arts and arts community in our state.**

BY ARTHUR HOVE

HE WAS AN ARTIST WHOSE WORKS grace public buildings and celebrate human achievement. He was a scholar whose books were both insightful and practical and enabled others to see old art forms in a new light. He was a teacher and mentor who taught students to create drawing materials straight from nature and infused them with his enthusiasm for art history. He was a can-do administrator whose vision rescued stockpiles of art from campus basements and led to the creation of the Elvehjem Museum of Art. He was a keen observer of people and a born diplomat who, in the words of his friend and colleague Jane Hutchison, "was blessed with a truly Ciceronian ability to get along with people, as well as to see unerringly through the political smog to the real issues in any given disagreement."

For these reasons and more, the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is proud to name its new gallery in the Overture Center after James Watrous, who in all of these roles served and inspired generations of artists and lovers of art.

By his own account, Jim Watrous' first glimmerings of an interest in art emerged during his boyhood in Winfield, Kansas. He made pencil sketches of railroad trains and engines on shirt cardboards supplied by his father, a haberdasher who traveled throughout the Midwest. A beneficent grandmother offered encouragement by underwriting the cost of a correspondence course in cartooning. It was a natural extension of his youthful interest in newspaper editorial cartoons, comic strips, and the story illustrations he saw in magazines for boys and such popular national magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post, Colliers,* and *Liberty*.

Before long he began making posters for local stores and for school events. In 1925, when his family moved from Winfield to Madison, Watrous took his first formal classes in art at Wisconsin High School, where he was introduced to perspective drawing and art theory and wound up providing drawings for the class annual. When he enrolled at the University of Wisconsin, he took courses in applied art, continued his poster making, and contributed drawings to campus literary and humor magazines.

Watrous also was attracted to a newly established art history program that had been initiated by Oskar Hagen (note:

actress Uta Hagen's father), a scholar from Germany. He took a job as Hagen's classroom assistant, showing the lantern slides the professor used to illustrate his lectures. Watrous was so enthusiastic about the new program that he took five courses in art history, more than any other student at that time.

After receiving his bachelor's degree in 1931, he enrolled at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. His stay was short-lived, however, and he soon returned to Madison. Even though it was the depths of the Depression, he decided to pursue a master's degree in art history. "There was nothing better to do [at the time] than go to school," he pointed out. "It was intellectually stimulating. You had no idea of becoming a professional in art history. It was just a good thing."

He earned his master's in art history in 1933, writing a thesis on modern art. He then accepted a job as director of the Memorial Union Workshop on campus and later was appointed as an instructor in the art department, where he taught courses in drawing, perspective, landscapes, and life drawing.

## MURALS FOR THE PUBLIC

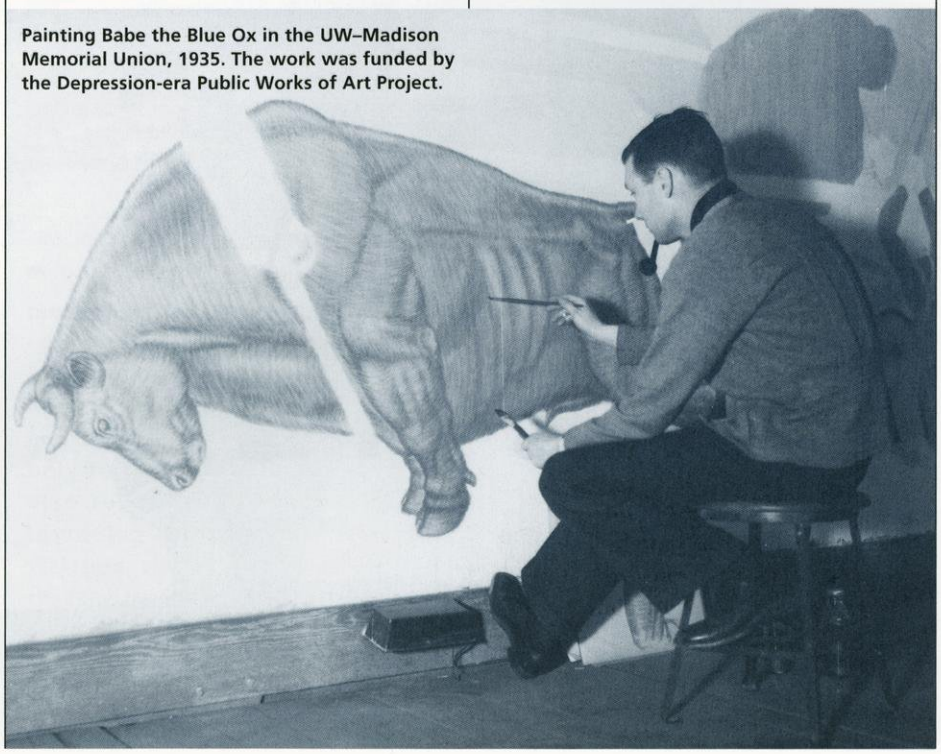
By now he had begun to lead a double life. He had decided to pursue a Ph.D. in art history with the intent of writing a thesis on mural painting in America. The thesis topic was a natural outgrowth of his life. He was doing drawings and easel paintings that were being shown in local and regional exhibitions. His work at the Memorial Union also gave him an idea to transform what had been a ping-pong room in the building. He wanted to create something that would serve as a distinctive American counterpoint to the Germanic paintings and themes that decorated the adjacent Rathskeller.

Watrous applied for and received a grant from the federal government's Depression-driven Public Works of Art Project designed to support projects centered on the "American Scene." The Watrous proposal was for a mural dealing with the legend of Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe. The result was a rollicking interpretation of the life and lore of lumberjacking activity in the Upper Midwest. (A complete overview of the mural's creation and content can be found in the winter 1997–98 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.) The Paul Bunyan mural led to two additional federally supported commissions for post office murals in Grand Rapids, Minnesota, and Park Falls, Wisconsin. Both dealt with episodes in lumbering and river life in the respective communities.

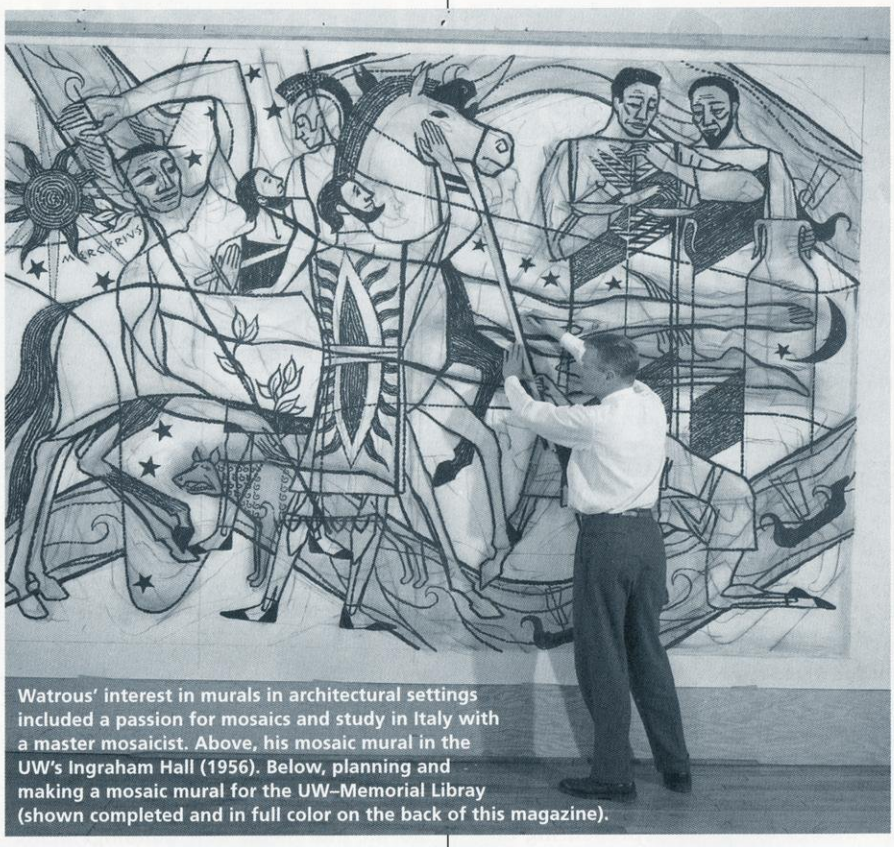
Watrous' interest in murals continued throughout his career as an artist. Following service in the U.S. Navy during World War II, he returned to the university to resume his position as a member of the art history faculty. He accepted a commission in 1951 to paint a mural for the Democrat Printing Co. (later called Webcrafters), which was constructing a new building on Madison's East Side. Titled "Printing is the Inseparable Companion of Achievement," the mural incorporates groupings of figures representing distinctive achievements in printing, music, folklore, religion, geography, biology, and medical science. Each grouping highlights individuals "who have increased our knowledge and understanding of the physical and spiritual," made "more effective through the indispensable medium of the printed word."

Watrous was awarded a Ford Foundation grant for 1954–55. He used the funds to take his wife and three children to Europe. After an abbreviated grand tour, the family settled in Rome, where he began to study classical Roman mosaics and worked as an apprentice in the studio of Giulio Giovinetti, a master mosaicist. The introduction to the craft involved learning to split pieces of colored glass (*smalti*) into cubes that had to be sized to fit the overall design of the mosaic. The task wasn't easy. It required the skillful use of a large, curved hammer and a pointed metal wedge. After some painful early efforts, Watrous realized he was beginning to make progress when he could make the splits without raising a blood blister on his fingers.

Returning from his year abroad, he began receiving requests to create mosaic murals for new buildings being constructed on the university campus. This continued over a 20-year period. The works can be seen all over campus on such buildings as the former Commerce Building (now Ingraham Hall), Social Studies, Vilas Hall, and the



**Painting Babe the Blue Ox in the UW–Madison Memorial Union, 1935. The work was funded by the Depression-era Public Works of Art Project.**



Watrous' interest in murals in architectural settings included a passion for mosaics and study in Italy with a master mosaicist. Above, his mosaic mural in the UW's Ingraham Hall (1956). Below, planning and making a mosaic mural for the UW–Memorial Libray (shown completed and in full color on the back of this magazine).

Memorial Library. While he was creating the campus murals, he also responded to requests from such outside clients as Washington University in St. Louis and the Dean Clinic and the Wisconsin Bar Association in Madison. The images and themes of his murals and architectural decorations invariably deal with stylized symbols that represent significant moments and events in human achievement and relate to the activities that are conducted within the building.

## DRAWING FROM SCRATCH

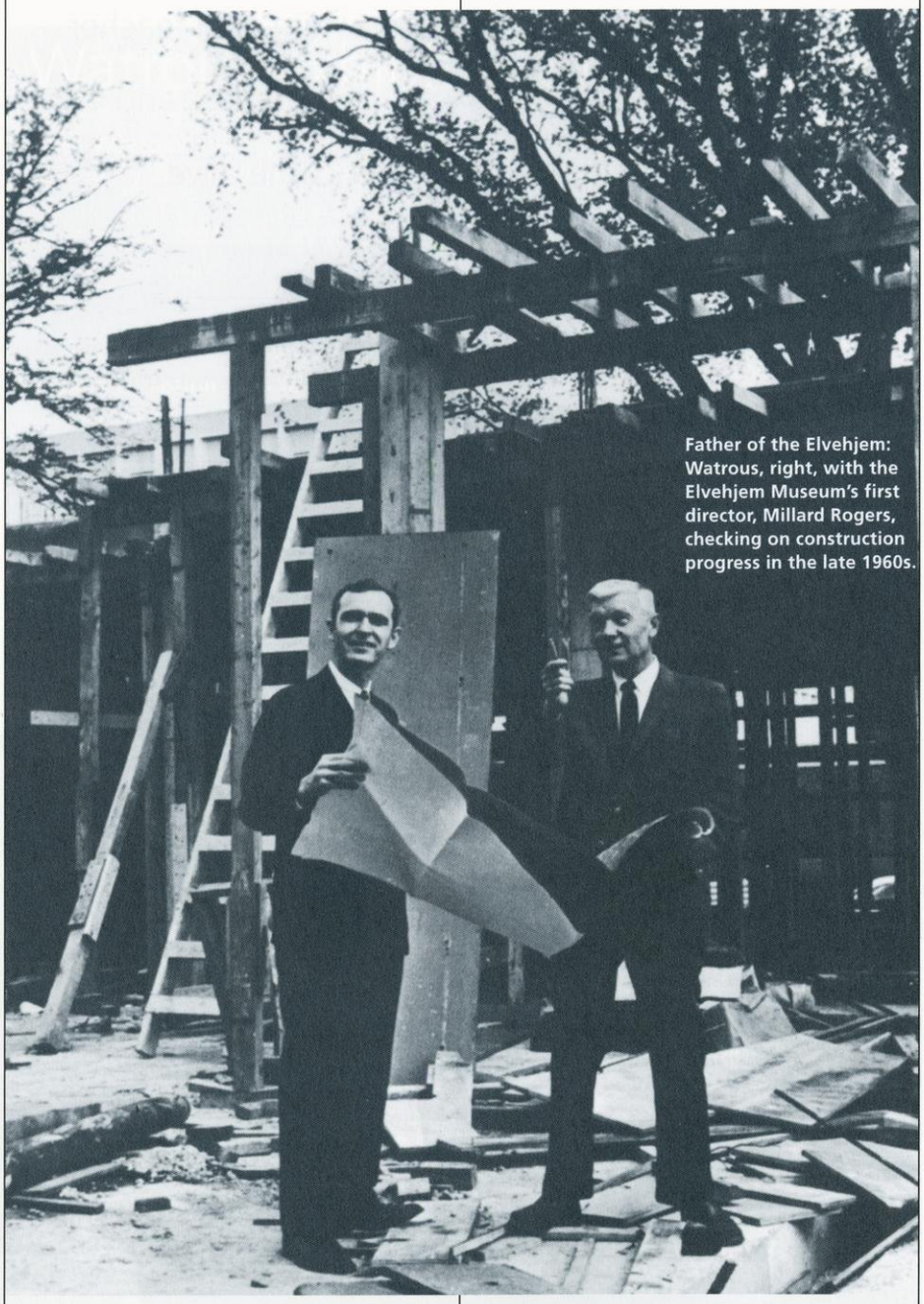
During the time he was functioning as a practicing artist, Watrous also was living in a parallel universe as he carried out his primary responsibility as a faculty member and, eventually, chair of the department of art history. He organized and taught courses, recruited new faculty, assumed leadership roles in professional organizations, and conducted his own research. Watrous' first impor-

tant contribution to art history scholarship came in 1957 with the publication of his book *The Craft of Old-Master Drawings* by the University of Wisconsin Press. He derived the concept for the book from a similar treatise published by the German art historian Joseph Meder. It was a work Watrous discovered in the 1930s when he was employed as an instructor in art history. Meder's work, he noted, "posed numerous questions, especially with reference to the sources and physical nature of drawing, their behavior during processing and during the act of drawing, and the final effects which they displayed in finished works."

As someone who had a lifelong interest in the technical aspects of making art in its various forms, Watrous felt it was important to create something "designed for contemporary artists, scholars, and students of drawing in the United States." In the process, he noted that he "was influenced by the request of his artist friends and former students for a work which would be at once a critical and historical study of drawing techniques and a usable handbook."

His initial explorations on the topic were in the form of a non-credit course offered in the department of applied art. The course was later fully integrated into the art history curriculum, receiving a boost from the dean of the College of Letters and Science, who allocated space to conduct the class in a former University Theatre property room in Bascom Hall. Watrous and his students conducted research using such classical media as pen and ink, chalk, pastel, crayon, charcoal, and graphite. The course was structured so that "students not only would have the opportunity to see the relationship between the history of art and the history of techniques, but they would have the opportunity to use these materials working like apprentices in a studio, making their own rules, making their own materials." Sometimes this found them venturing out to local parks to scrape wood soot from outdoor fireplace walls to make their own bistre ink.

Watrous also taught a similar course exploring the media and techniques used in classical painting. That course dealt with four major media: fresco, encaustic (wax), egg tempera, and oil resin and glazing. In both courses, students were required not only to make their own media, but also to create original artworks involving the various media. For Watrous, the important lesson was that the tools and the art were inseparable.



Father of the Elvehjem: Watrous, right, with the Elvehjem Museum's first director, Millard Rogers, checking on construction progress in the late 1960s.

## A CLASS ACT

Watrous' second major contribution to art history scholarship—*A Century of American Printmaking 1880–1980*—appeared in 1984 and also was published by the UW Press. This particular volume had its genesis in the early days of Watrous' career as a UW faculty member when he took over a course in the history of printmaking from a departing faculty member. At the time, he had to scramble to gain sufficient knowledge of the subject, reflecting later

Generations of UW students knew him as a teacher who was thoroughly prepared for each class and who had the ability to make his subject come alive during his lectures.

that "One learns awfully fast when one has to teach."

He did learn fast and subsequently expanded his perspective in the field to begin offering his own courses, "Modern Prints and Printmakers" and "History of Satire." During his study of modern printmaking he discovered that the amount of material on the subject was either lacking or widely scattered among articles, exhibition catalogs, and newspaper accounts.

Part of the problem, he discovered, was that printmaking was traditionally held in low regard. Watrous believed otherwise. In the preface to his study, he pointed out that there had been a rebirth. Printmaking was no longer an artistic stepchild hovering in the background of a family gathering. He consequently made the case that "The current prominence of American prints, in the frequency of their creation, exhibition, and exchange in commerce, reflects the emergence of printmaking from the consignments of the past as a lesser art."

His book, which was widely greeted as a valuable and comprehensive summary, chronicles the rise of American printmaking in the late 19th century to its broad acceptance and popularity over a 100-year span. He further reinforced his argument through such contributions as a catalog essay for the 1993 exhibition "American Color Woodcuts: Bounty for the Block, 1890s–1940s" and an introductory chapter to *Progressive Printmakers: Wisconsin Artists and the Print Renaissance*, published by the UW Press in 1999 and co-authored by Warrington Colescott and this writer. In this latter volume, Watrous noted that the quality and scope emanating from the program in printmaking established at the UW

**Watrous' classes generated long waiting lists. He believed students should know how to make art materials from basic ingredients. This late-1950s photo shows students mixing and working with egg tempera.**

post–World War II was "unmatched at any other American university."

It is only natural that Watrous' two major contributions to art history were the by-product of his classroom teaching. Generations of UW students knew him as a teacher who was thoroughly prepared for each class and who had the ability to make his subject come alive during his lectures. Watrous taught specialized courses to art history majors as well as the large, introductory survey courses. In the 1950s and 1960s art history courses became an increasingly popular elective, to the point where the art history department was one of the leaders in generating undergraduate student credit hours. Every semester students had to be turned away because the classes were filled or certain classes had to be repeated to meet the demand.

Students and colleagues responded to Watrous' particular presence. Physically, he cut an impressive, debonair figure. He was one of those people who never seemed to age. His colleague James Dennis captured the image: "I can still see him: trim, blue eyes, always smiling, carefully combed white hair, blazer, gray trousers, loafers, and a yellow tie that he favored for what seemed forever." The same style and presence—the smooth and virtually seamless cohesion of expression—is found in his art, his writing, and his teaching.

Another art history colleague, Warren Moon, noted that in the classroom Watrous was "a kind and patient man who has opened the eyes of thousands of undergraduates to the humanity and beauty of the arts." Whitney Gould, a former student who became the architecture critic for the *Milwaukee Journal-Sentinel*, remembered, "You never felt that this was an ivory tower academic; rather he was someone who understood the inseparable and enriching connection between art and life, between the artist's eye and the social fabric in which he or she worked." John Wilde, one of Wisconsin's best-known and most respected artists, remembers the impact Watrous had on him as a student: "He showed me the meaning of drawing." An effective measure of the scope of his influence is found in the impressive list of his students who went on to become artists, art historians, curators, arts administrators, and critics. His influence spanned the generations as he found himself teaching the sons and daughters of his former students.

Watrous regularly took his teaching beyond the classroom and continued to teach long beyond his formal retirement. He was invited to give lectures to various groups and clubs in locations that spanned the continent and even extended abroad. He did this willingly because he saw it as part of the university's public service mission.

## BIRTH OF A MUSEUM

But there are still other dimensions to Watrous' life and character. During the formative years of his university career in the 1930s, he developed another interest and concern that was forced to germinate for more than 30 years before coming to full fruition. During the 19th century, the university had shown an interest in collecting and displaying visual art when it provided a "fine art" gallery in Science Hall. The collection at the time included paintings of lakes Mendota and Monona by the prominent American landscape artist Thomas Moran. His works and others perished when the building was destroyed by fire in 1884. While the building was promptly replaced, the new facility did not contain any gallery space. It wasn't until 1928 when the new Memorial Union was opened that a new, albeit modest-sized university gallery became available.

Meanwhile the university had been gradually accumulating new artworks, principally through donations by Charles Crane, a Chicago plumbing magnate, and Colonel William C. Brumder of Milwaukee. In the late 1930s, Joseph E. Davies, a UW alumnus who was serving as ambassador to Russia, provided another infusion of art with a gift of Russian realist paintings and icons. The growing list of donations provided a problem—there was no proper place to store or display the works in the grow-

# Watrous Exhibit in Overture

**James Watrous and Friends:**
**The Legacy and Influence of James Watrous**

**November 12, 2004–January 9, 2005**
James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy
Overture Center for the Arts
201 State Street, Madison

**Opening reception with talk by Arthur Hove**
Sunday, November 14, 1–4 p.m.,
James Watrous Gallery

*Nest with Five Eggs* (2001), by John Wickenberg

A tribute to James Watrous, one of the most influential figures in Wisconsin visual art. Watrous taught art history and art at UW–Madison from 1934 to 1976, where he helped shape the departments of art history and art and mentored many students who went on to great accomplishments. Through artwork, photographs, and text, this exhibit brings to life Watrous' many roles and his legacy. Besides Watrous, artists shown include John Wilde, Nancy Eckholm Burkert, Robert Burkert, Robert Grilley, Doug Safranek, Dan O'Neal, John Wickenberg, and Robert Baxter.

**Academy Evening on Watrous**
Tuesday, November 16, 7–9 p.m., Wisconsin Studio
Millard Rogers, a close colleague of James Watrous and the first director of the Elvehjem Museum, talks about Watrous' life and legacy.

ing collection. Professor Oskar Hagen had been given the title of curator of the university's collection, but he passed the principal concerns of the office along to Watrous on an unofficial basis. At the time, Watrous and Robert Hubbard, a graduate fellow in the department, went looking for the aggregation of paintings and other works that had been acquired over the years. To their horror, they found most of the works languishing, often literally in stacks, in the poorly lit and stiflingly hot atmosphere of the basement in Bascom Hall. Watrous wrote a letter outlining the situation to then-UW president Clarence Dykstra. No answer. Watrous then initiated a personal crusade. As he explained in his monograph, *A Century of Capricious Collecting*, "The chance visit to the basement of Bascom Hall was the beginning of years of advocacy for an art museum."

His initial petitions for conservation and curatorial assistance, along with an appeal to build an art gallery, customarily met with apathy or indifference. By the late 1940s, however, there was a faint glimmer of hope on the horizon. Mark H. Ingraham, dean of the College of Letters and Science, provided some support for curatorial assistance and, by 1950, for more acceptable space and fixtures in Bascom Hall for the storage of paintings, prints, and drawings. The collection continued to grow through contributions from various sources, but administrative interest in an art museum remained tepid. Much of the attitude was predicated on the realistic assumption that no state funds would be granted for an art museum. Expenses would have to come from private donations.

In 1957, Dean Ingraham told Watrous he would do everything in his power to secure a grant of $100,000 to stimulate a fund-raising drive. A subsequent crack in the wall of indifference appeared the following year when UW president E. B. Fred, responding to the urgings of several prominent alumni, agreed to endorse the concept of building an art museum on campus. A conceptual model of a possible new building was created and served as a focal point for discussion. Additional works of art were forthcoming from various sources, most prominently the Samuel Kress Foundation.

President Fred retired, and Conrad A. Elvehjem, a distinguished scientist and dean of the Graduate School, assumed the presidency. Following the recommendation of various faculty committees, he endorsed the recommendation that an art gallery be the top priority on a list of buildings that needed to be built with private funds. A bounteous windfall came in 1962 when members of the Brittingham family, who were overseers of a university trust established in 1928 by Thomas E. Brittingham Sr., a lumberman and former university regent, agreed to commit $1 million for galleries in a new building.

The Brittingham name had long been associated with university art endeavors. The elder Brittingham had donated the Adolph Weinman statue of Abraham Lincoln located at the crest of Bascom Hill. His son, Thomas Jr., utilizing the family trust, provided the funds to support the 1936 appointment of the Regionalist painter John Steuart Curry as the university's first artist-in-residence.

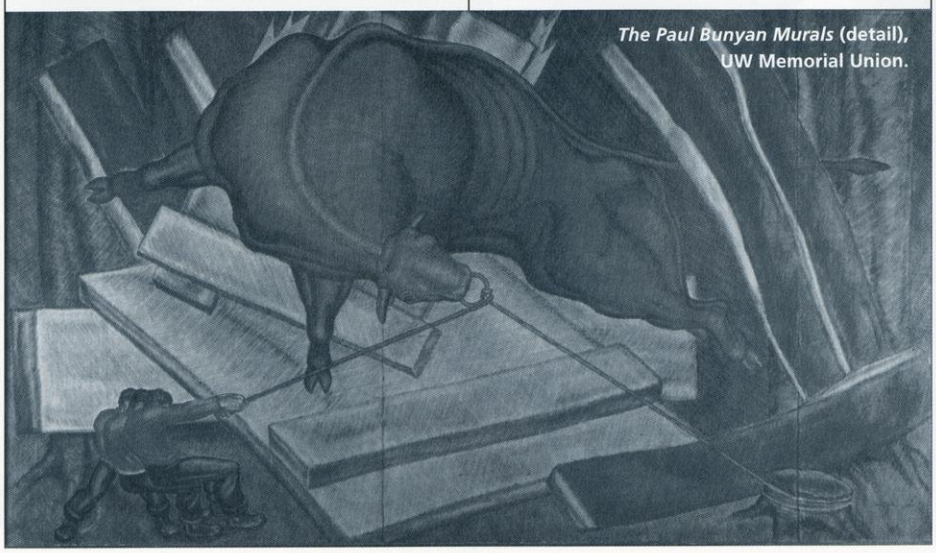
The presidency of Conrad Elvehjem ended prematurely in July 1962 when he suffered a fatal heart attack in his Bascom Hall office. Elvehjem's death created an impetus to initiate a major fund-raising effort for a building to be named in his honor.

Jim Watrous suddenly found himself no longer wandering in the wilderness. Plans to move ahead were soon forthcoming. An architectural program was developed to meet an estimated overall cost of $3.3 million. Watrous, who believed that an art gallery and museum should have the university's academic program as its primary orientation, made sure that the offices of his department would be an integral part of the proposed building.

The University of Wisconsin Foundation launched a nationwide campaign to raise an additional $2 million outside its normal solicitations for the annual fund. Corporate and individual gifts came from a wide variety of sources. The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation agreed to provide $400,000 to support the art-related research activities that would be conducted in the building.

As chair of the building committee, Watrous was involved in all key decisions and developmental activities. One of the first concerns was the appointment of an architect. Harry Weese, a noted Chicago architect, was selected to design the building. Ground was broken in 1965. The excitement and initial momentum behind the building dissipated somewhat as planning and construction efforts were slowed by required state building procedures and later by labor strikes. The result was that it took five years to complete the building.

As the museum emerged from the ground, Watrous recruited Millard Rogers to be its first director. Rogers and Watrous worked in tandem to make sure the art collections and the program would be in place when the



*The Paul Bunyan Murals* (detail), UW Memorial Union.

museum opened. The museum was formally presented to the university in a public ceremony held on September 12, 1970. Originally called the Elvehjem Art Center, it was later renamed the Elvehjem Museum of Art to properly describe the broad range of activities carried on within the building. Among other things, the Elvehjem bears witness to the years of dedication and commitment James Watrous invested in making his vision a reality.

The museum also was an affirmation of Watrous' commitment to art history as a profession. He worked as diligently on that cause as he did on the creation of the museum. When he was elected chairman of his department in the early 1950s he saw a need to increase the staff to meet a rising interest in art history. He persuaded Dean Ingraham to provide additional positions for that purpose. Other university academic departments began to recognize that art history courses could provide another dimension to the education of their own majors. This perspective was further enhanced when students found ready access to world-class works of art in the Elvehjem's galleries and collections. The bibliographic resources of the Kohler Art Library, which is also housed in the building, offered further resources for study and art appreciation.

Watrous realized there was a vital interrelationship between the future of his department and participation in national organizations. He consequently became involved in professional art and art history organizations at the regional and national level. He was a member of the organizing committee, newsletter editor, and a director of the Midwest Art History Society and served as president of the Mid-America College Art Association. He developed a national presence as a director and president (1962–64) of the College Art Association of America.

The leadership roles he assumed in these organizations were a natural outgrowth of his participation in university affairs. He had demonstrated an ability to deal with a wide variety of people, interests, and complex issues. Upon his death in 1999, his friend and departmental colleague Jane Hutchison summarized in a eulogy, "Jim's gifts as a conciliator and resident realist were in such demand on the Madison campus that at one time he was a member and/or chairman of 30 faculty committees, from the University Committee to the tenure-granting Humanities Divisional Committee, the Space Allocating Committee, and a select committee to revise the curriculum for the College of Letters and Science."

"The university serves so many functions that are factors in the enrichment of human life—whether you're talking about the cultural settings or whether you're talking about the sciences," Watrous noted.

Watrous' service came from his strong belief that faculty had an inherent responsibility to join in partnership with the administration to define and implement the university's mission. He also felt that the university regents were an essential part of the equation. His observation was that after a period of familiarization with the nature and purpose of the university, the regents "became splendid advocates ... some of the finest representatives that you could want."

His abiding love for the university was pervasive in everything he did. He summarized his sentiments in this way: "The university serves so many functions that are factors in the enrichment of human life—whether you're talking about the cultural settings or whether you're talking about the sciences. Where else do you find these sorts of things clustered together in a viable community that has interaction going on all the time?

"I feel very fortunate to have been privileged to teach and perform those other functions of research and public service at this university. It's one where the opportunities turned out to be so splendid that I just had a lucky life."

Others who knew him felt similarly blessed. Millard Rogers caught the essence of that feeling in his remembrance of the time he spent with Watrous in establishing the Elvehjem Museum of Art:

"Anyone who did not know Jim Watrous has missed one of life's finest encounters." ✹

*Arthur Hove, special assistant emeritus at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, served in a number of capacities during an association with the university that began when he enrolled as an undergraduate in the fall of 1952. He was assistant to the chancellor and director of public information from 1970 to 1989. From 1989 until his retirement in 1996 he was special assistant to the provost. In addition to his administrative responsibilities, he also taught courses in the school of business, the school of journalism and mass communication, and the department of art. He holds the Distinguished Alumnus Award presented by the Wisconsin Alumni Association and is the author of* ***The University of Wisconsin: A Pictorial History*** *(1991) and co-author, with Warrington Colescott, of* ***Progressive Printmakers: Wisconsin Artists and the Print Renaissance*** *(1999).*

# Jon Stewart's Right-Hand Man

Ben Karlin (in headphones) and Jon Stewart between segments. Interviewer P. S. Mueller reveals what they're really talking about.

Photos courtesy of Ben Karlin

Former Wisconsin resident Ben Karlin is a driving force behind the Emmy-winning news satire, *The Daily Show.*

BY P.S. MUELLER

I MET YOUNG BEN KARLIN IN 1993 THROUGH SCOTT DIKKERS, *The Onion*'s longtime editor-in-chief and my collaborator and director with *The Onion*'s Radio Pirates. Dikkers was full of swell ideas at the time, and one of them involved setting up *The Onion* Features Syndicate for the purpose of distributing assorted *Onion*-generated foolishness to college newspapers around the country. Scott also enlisted yours truly to provide a daily cartoon for the package, and the job of assembling the monthly mailings and keeping track of syndicate-related matters fell to Ben, who was born and raised on the East Coast but moved to Madison to attend the UW.

Ben first struck me as earnest, driven, boyish, and not quite satisfied. The fresh-faced kid had already cultivated an ability to simultaneously rap out freelance wire copy for a sports service (on an early kind of laptop I had never seen before, or since) while at the same time talking on the phone and fielding people like me who constantly passed in and out of his range. And he pulled it all off with earnest, driven, and boyish charm. We became friends.

Within a couple of years Ben became *The Onion*'s editor-in-chief and it seemed he was camped, along with his faithful dog Schluppy, at *The Onion* offices, then on Madison's State Street, pretty much around the clock. We occasionally met for coffee or drinks and argued amiably about humor, entertainment, politics, and everything else. In 1996, Ben departed for California to hook up with two former *Onion* staffers and make a go at punching up screenplays and devising television pilots. I believe it was around this time or shortly thereafter that Ben was writing for the comic Judy Tenuta.

After a couple of years of kicking around in showbiz, Ben landed at *The Daily Show* on Comedy Central as head writer shortly before Jon Stewart replaced Craig Kilborn as the host. Since then I have visited the show a couple of times and observed Ben, who along with Stewart bears the title "executive producer," in action. During the taping he stares silently at a monitor, and during breaks he steps onto the set to confer with Stewart. As Ben and Jon hurriedly talk, they appear for all intents and purposes to meld into one highly focused collaborative unit. One of them, however, remains earnest, driven, boyish, and not quite satisfied ...

**Mueller: How do you react to the increasing number of folks who say they get their news from *The Daily Show*, and how tall is Jon Stewart, really?**

Karlin: When people say *The Daily Show* is their primary news source, my first reaction is to sob, quietly, to myself. After that, I usually say *The Daily Show* is at best a supplemental news source. At worst, it is a highly effective advertising vehicle for products geared toward the much sought after and traditionally elusive 18-to-34-year-old male demographic. In reality, our show is a reaction to the news and like any reaction, it is nothing without the *action* itself. That action is news—be it from newspapers, the Internet, network and cable news broadcasts, or most likely a combination of all of those. As for Jon Stewart's height, it is well documented that he is three-foot-four.

**Describe a typical writers' meeting at *The Daily Show.***

The morning meeting is a kind of "down to brass tacks" affair because we have to work quickly. The writers come in, we review the news feeds on videotape, a researcher pitches out stories and angles, and then head writer (David Javerbaum) gives out assignments. Most days everyone works on headlines in the morning, then longer-form material in the afternoon, after that day's show is taken care of. In the morning meeting there is some light jesting. Perhaps a jape or two. But things don't really get rolling until someone busts out the ceremonial bong. It's a skull bong, and what's neat about it is that it's made from an actual skull.

**When I watched a run-through of the show with you last year, and a short while later, a live audience taping, Stewart's frequent departures from the script had changed entirely. Is he that sharp every single day?**

In my experience, Jon has the fastest comic mind I have ever seen. There are many writers and comedians who produce great material by ruminating on a subject. With Jon it's almost like a reflex. It's kind of scary.

**During the breaks what, precisely, do you discuss with him?**

We go over whether the show is running long or light, if we need to cut something or stretch. Sometimes we review how well the show is going, whether the guest was any good, and which member or members of the studio audience we'd like to have sex with.

**Which is it that drives *The Daily Show* engines: irony or comic outrage; and why do you think the ladies are so crazy about Jon Stewart?**

In the morning, I have a meeting with Jon, D. J. (the head writer), and two other producers. It's one of the unfunniest meetings you could imagine. We vent, rant, argue. Once that's out of our system, we focus on how to turn it into something funny. But irony for irony's sake feels cheap. The sad truth is we are not detached and disaffected, but rather sappily sincere and earnest. If any engine drives the show, it's probably disappointment.

*[Duly noted: Karlin ignored question about Jon Stewart and the ladies.]*

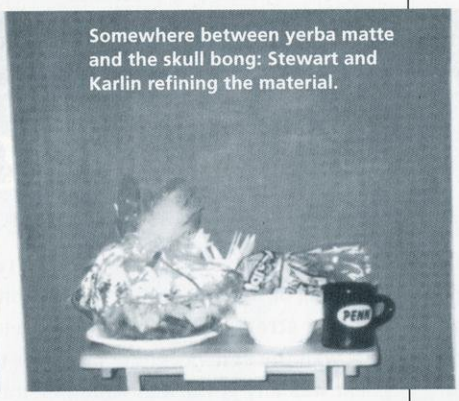
**What would you say is the main difference between *Daily Show* correspondent Stephen Colbert and, say, Candy Crowley of CNN, or can Stephen grow a mustache, too?**

Stephen Colbert and Candy Crowley are one and the same. It's all makeup and mirrors.

**A number of former *Onion* writers have gone on to work in TV and movies. What was it that all of you took away from your experience at *The Onion* that has had such universal appeal?**

*The Onion* was the ideal training ground as far as shaping my sensibility. Everyone there was smart, informed, and passionate in one way or another. It had, and continues to have, impressively high comedic standards. It was also comedically pure, unimpugned by the untalented, unfunny, small-minded meddlers that fuck up most large-scale entertainment in this country. But *The Onion* does not have universal appeal. Quite the contrary. My first major project after leaving the paper was a very *Onion*-esque TV pilot for Fox. It was funny and spot-on and very much in the spirit of the paper. But it never made it on the air.

Bringing home the Emmys. Will they win again this year? *The Daily Show* has been nominated in three categories.



Somewhere between yerba matte and the skull bong: Stewart and Karlin refining the material.


**Describe a typical working day for Ben Karlin.**

Wake up at 7.

Think about how much it would suck if I had to wake up at 7.

Go back to bed for several hours.

Get to office at 10:30.

Read many newspapers. Coffee, tea, or yerba matte?

Meet with head writer, discuss show.

Production meeting, discuss show.

Meet with Jon, discuss show.

Read hilarious jokes submitted by writers.

Select most hilarious jokes.

Lunch. Something rich in omega 3 fatty acids and/or antioxidants.

Work on correspondent stand-ups, other scripts for that evening's show.

Call agent.

Fire agent.

Deal with administrative bullshit; budgets, promos, staff issues, productions details.

Minesweeper.

Sign off on tape, graphics, other stuff for that night's show.

Read script for that night's show, make changes.

Rehire agent.

Talk with guest segment producer about that night's guest.

More yerba matte. (The indigenous people of South America drink up to five cups a day!)

Rehearse show.

Make tons of changes in a ridiculously short period of time as audience is loaded into studio.

Tape show.

Post mortem (a.k.a. "How did we fail today?/How are we going to fail tomorrow?")

Back up to office. Think about being less capricious with the agent hiring/firing thing.

Return phone calls.

E-mail.

Read scripts for future shows.

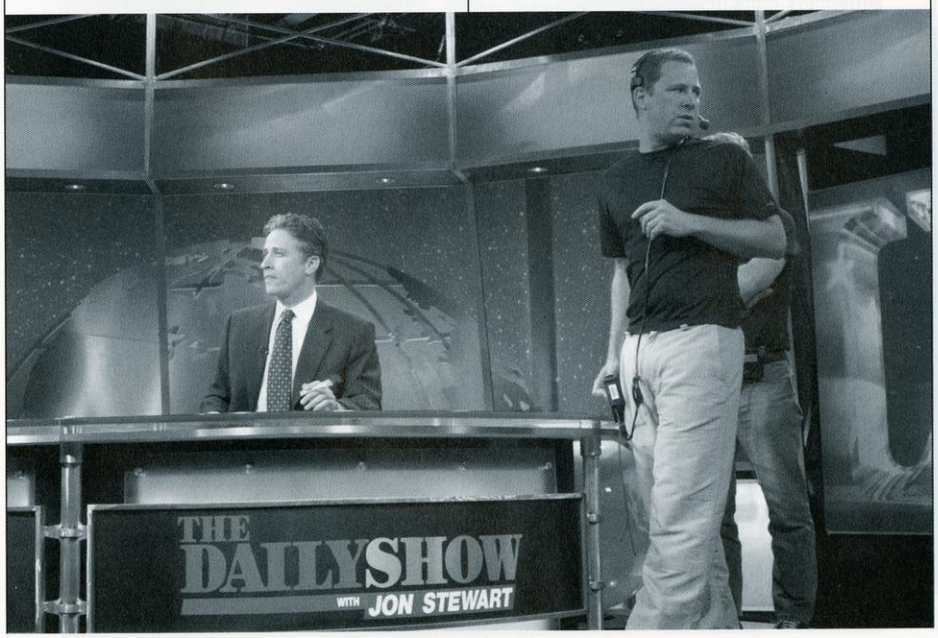
Skull bong.

**Where in your apartment do you keep your Emmy? Do you fear it or love it, and has it changed you?**

I wear my Emmy around my neck at all times. It's heavy, but so is the burden of knowing how great I am.

**Is it true that your dad is the real Elliot Karlin?**

My father is the real-life namesake of the character on *The Bob Newhart Show*. That is 100 percent true. ✹




*P. S. Mueller has been drawing and selling cartoons continuously since he was a teenager in the late '60s. His cartoons have appeared in dozens of publications including* ***The New Yorker,*** *the* ***Wall Street Journal, Utne, The Chicago Reader, Isthmus, Barron's,*** *and* ***Reader's Digest.*** *In recent years Mueller has assumed a second identity as news anchor Doyle Redland and can be heard five days a week on various radio stations throughout the U.S. and Canada as he loudly pronounces The Onion Radio News. His new book,* ***Your Belief System Is Shot,*** *comes out in October from Jones Books.* *See story on page 4.*

# O Cheesehead, Where Art Thou?

## Alan Lomax and Wisconsin's Folk Music

BY JAMES P. LEARY

**A little-known love:**
**Alan Lomax, shown above in 1940, was instrumental in preserving Wisconsin folk music, even though he is never associated with music from this region.**

Photo courtesy of the Alan Lomax Archive, www.alan-lomax.com

**Below, the Yuba Bohemian Band (1946).**

Photo by Helene Stratman-Thomas
Wisconsin Historical Society Image 25376

ALAN LOMAX, WHO DIED IN 2002 AT 87, was eulogized appropriately as the world's most influential chronicler of and advocate for folk musical traditions. An award-winning writer, radio producer, and filmmaker, a fraction of whose astonishing field recordings from all over the world occupy 100-plus compact disks in a current Rounder Records series, Lomax "discovered" or popularized such icons of American roots music as Leadbelly, Jelly Roll Morton, Aunt Molly Jackson, Woody Guthrie, and Muddy Waters. In 1950, facing blacklisting for serving as music director in Henry Wallace's Progressive Party presidential bid, Lomax went to England where his broadcasts over BBC radio introduced American hillbilly and blues genres to such architects of rock's British Invasion as Eric Clapton, John Lennon, Keith Richards, and Mick Jagger.

Few if any associate Lomax even remotely with Wisconsin and the surrounding Upper Midwest. Likewise few among even the most aged cheeseheads would immediately link their state and region with grand notions of American folk music. Rather the South, with its remarkable interplay of African and Anglo American folk traditions, has long been venerated as the fundamental American musical hearth. The tremendous range and power of the music contribute mightily to that region's exalted status. Yet over seven decades Alan Lomax, a prominent and prolific intellectual who never forgot his Mississippi and

Texas roots, also wielded tremendous influence in canonizing and publicizing his home territory's sounds. In recent years techno wizard Moby, guitar-slinger Rory Block, quirky neo–folk rocker Natalie Merchant, Hollywood filmmaker-turned-blues-documentarian Martin Scorsese, and many more have sampled, covered, and dramatized Lomax's Southern recordings. Most successfully, Minnesota's Coen Brothers opened their hit movie *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* with "Po' Lazarus," Lomax's 1959 recording of a Mississippi chain gang.

But as a folklorist raised amid all sorts of complicated, compelling Upper Midwestern musical traditions, I keep wondering what might have happened had Alan Lomax been raised in Ishpeming, Eau Claire, or Eveleth. In 1976, while working on the mall in Washington for the Smithsonian Institution's summerlong Bicentennial Festival of American Folklife, I gaped in outraged disbelief at an immense national map looming above the "Regional America" stage. Reproduced from Alan Lomax's classic *Folk Songs of North America* (1960), the map was shaded to indicate musical regions and festooned with place names invoked in songs. Although names abounded in the East, the South, and the West, the Upper Midwest was terra incognita. Complete voids yawned in Iowa and the Dakotas, while the only place dotting Wisconsin was, erroneously, Northfield! As if that Minnesota city, sung about in "The Bandit Cole Younger," had been heisted across the border by the bank-robbing James Gang.


**Bessie Gordon at a reed organ that was cut down to fit under a tavern counter in Schofield, 1941.**
Photo by Helene Stratman-Thomas
Wisconsin Historical Society Image 6513

Soon after, poking through archival collections at the Library of Congress and the Wisconsin Historical Society, I was amazed to learn that Alan Lomax, woeful geography notwithstanding, actually made field recordings in Wisconsin. Years later, I'm convinced that, had it not been for a combination of accident and ideology masquerading as historical fact, Wisconsin and the Upper Midwest might have occupied a significant chapter, with the South and all other regions, in the story of American folk music. A small part of that larger story emerges in the late 1930s against the backdrop of the Roosevelt administration's efforts to end hard times, face the threat of war, and unite the nation's people.

In the fall of 1938, 23-year-old Alan Lomax—veteran of forays in Haiti and throughout the American South—crossed into Wisconsin on a field trip for the Archive of American Folksong. He had been on gravel backroads for more than two months, in a car with bad brakes, its trunk weighed down by a massive battery-powered acetate disk recorder. Wending his way from Detroit through lower Michigan, then across the Straits of Mackinac to the Upper Peninsula, he recorded "about a thousand songs, lumberjack, lake sailor, Irish, Southern Negro, Finnish, Serbian, Polish, Canadian French, German, Hungarian, and Croatian." On October 15, short on funds, beset by pressing responsibilities elsewhere, and his fragile stock of blank disks nearly exhausted, Alan Lomax confided in a postcard sent from Ironwood, Michigan, to his Washington boss Harold Spivacke, "I'm tired as hell and ready to come home."

But there he was on the border, with another person to record just an hour to the west. So Lomax headed for the Bad River Ojibwe Reservation. Throughout the 19th century Woodland Indian peoples, affected by the fur and logging trades, learned fiddle tunes from French and Irish immigrants, sometimes fusing them with their own performance traditions. Menogwaniosh Anakwad

(1849–1911), known as George Cloud, was one such fiddler; his son was another. Lomax penciled "A) Joe Cloud, No. 1" on the paper sleeve of a remaining disk. As it spun, he set the scene in the sonorous drawl that would charm national audiences on CBS a year later:

> These fiddle tunes are being recorded by Joe Cloud in Odanah, Wisconsin, on October 16, 1938, for the Archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress. Mr. Cloud is fifty-three and has the blood of the Chippewa Indians flowing in his veins. He has played the fiddle since he was fifteen years old and learned to play from his father, who was also a fiddler. He plays entirely by ear.

At once familiar and mysterious, Cloud's tunes—the well-known reel "Devil's Dream," the "Red River Jig" with its asymmetrical or "crooked" Metís phrasing, a pair of Ojibwe "squaw dances" usually played on the big drum—exemplified the creative synthesis that is Upper Midwestern folk culture. Nearly half a century would pass before anyone else recorded the like.

Despite urging superiors "that I be sent back to the area next summer," adding extravagantly that it might be "the most interesting country I have ever traveled in," Alan Lomax never returned to Wisconsin. In 1939, however, he persuaded Professor Leland Coon of the University of Wisconsin's School of Music that one of his faculty, Helene Stratman-Thomas, might carry on the work. Assisted by several sound engineers, she embarked on a field survey in the summers of 1940, 1941, and, after a hiatus necessitated by wartime gas

**Helene Stratman-Thomas with singer Harry Dyer (1941), a former logger and Mississippi riverman.**

Wisconsin Historical Society WHi-25183

## LEARY ON LOMAX

Hear author James P. Leary talk about Lomax and Wisconsin (complete with field recordings of Wisconsin folk musicians) as part of a partnership between the Academy Evenings forum series and the Future of Folk Biennial run by the UW–Madison Center for the Humanities in cooperation with the Center for the Study of Upper Midwestern Cultures.

**Jim Leary on Lomax and Wisconsin**

**Dates and Locations**

*Wednesday, March 30, 7–9 p.m.*
Villa Terrace
Decorative Arts Museum
2220 N. Terrace Avenue, Milwaukee

*Tuesday, April 5, 7–9 p.m.*
Overture Center for the Arts
201 State Street, Madison

For more information about Academy Evenings, visit www.wisconsinacademy.org or call 608/263-1692


**The Future of Folk Biennial**
April 14–23
More information at the UW–Center for the Humanities, www.humanities.wisc.edu or call 608/263-3409

Pivotal though he was, Alan Lomax's most valuable contribution to our understanding of Wisconsin's extraordinary range of folk music and song was his willingness to listen and to share.

rationing, 1946. Her travels throughout Wisconsin swelled the Archive of American Folk Song's holdings by more than 700 secular songs, hymns, and dance tunes, recorded from 150 individual and group performers representing more than 30 ethnic groups in as many languages.

Lomax's strong supposition that the yield might be so rich was hardly formed by a single fleeting visit. If he was a demi-Moses showing Stratman-Thomas the way to a folk musical promised land, then Sidney Robertson was the divine voice inspiring his actions. Pivotal though he was, Alan Lomax's most valuable contribution to our understanding of Wisconsin's extraordinary range of folk music and song was his willingness to listen and to share.

Sidney Robertson (1903–1995) was well worth listening to. Born in San Francisco, trained at Stanford and in Paris in Romance languages and music, Robertson was part of a movement in the 1930s that combined progressive politics with an anti-authoritarian aesthetic vision embracing both folksong and the musical avant garde. In 1936, following a year as social music program director for the Henry Street Settlement School on New York City's Lower East Side, she worked for the federal Resettlement Administration and, subsequently, the Farm Security Administration. Her boss and mentor, prominent ethnomusicologist and activist Charles Seeger, regarded the sustenance of folk musical traditions as essential to the well-being of the Depression's dejected and displaced peoples. Hence in the latter 1930s Sidney Robertson made field recordings while assisting with folk festivals and related public programs.

**Joe Yanksy of the Yuba Bohemian Band (1946). He's shown here with an accordian and drums that he liked to play at once.**
Photo by Helene Stratman-Thomas
Wisconsin Historical Society Image 25377

She was particularly active in Minnesota and Wisconsin in 1937, recording Finnish kantele players and Croatian tamburitzans from the Mesabi Range, as well as lumber camp ballad singers and fiddlers from northern Wisconsin. Her Upper Midwestern efforts resulted in collaborations with the Works Progress Administration's Wisconsin Folklore Project, based at the State Historical Society of Wisconsin (now the Wisconsin Historical Society); the fledgling multicultural National Folk Festival; and the Archive of American Folksong in the person of Alan Lomax. In May 1937, with Charles and Dorothy Moulding Brown of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin's museum, Sidney Robertson helped shape Chicago's Fourth Annual National Folk Festival. Thanks largely to Robertson and the Browns, over the next decade the National Folk Festival included numerous performers from Wisconsin: Winnebago (Ho-Chunk) singers and dancers, New Glarus Swiss yodelers, a French chanteuse from Oconto, Norwegian psalmodikon players from McFarland, Milwaukee Polish dancers, and a "Wisconsin Lumberjack" troupe from Rice Lake.

Sidney Robertson's May 1937 recordings of the latter particularly intrigued Alan Lomax. Influenced by a brawny, mostly male notion of American folk music and song championed by his father, John Lomax, in *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads* (1910), Alan was seeking broader regional coverage and a better understanding of loggers as he worked toward publishing *Our Singing Country* (1938). In May 1938, when the Wisconsin Lumberjacks came to Washington as part of the movable National Folk Festival, Lomax recorded them for the Library of Congress. The Lumberjacks were led by Otto Rindlisbacher (1895–1975). Born to Swiss immigrant musicians, he played Swiss tunes on button accordion. But there were Norwegians aplenty in Rice

Lake, including newly emigrated accordion virtuoso Thorstein Skarning. Otto and his wife, Iva, toured with Skarning from 1911–1921, performing both "Alpine" and Norwegian dance tunes. He eventually made and mastered the nine-string Norwegian hardanger fiddle and, since Rice Lake was a logging town and Otto's Buckhorn Tavern a woodsmen's hangout, he naturally played four-string fiddle, favoring French Canadian, Celtic, and "Indian" fiddle tunes of the sort Menogwaniosh Anakwad and Joe Cloud played in lumber camps.

By May 1938, Alan Lomax had formed plans for his own Upper Midwestern recording trip. Sidney Robertson, after returning to Washington in late 1937, had moved home to launch the WPA's California Folk Music Project. The field was open. On June 9, 1938, Harold Spivacke, chief of the division of music, wrote to the Librarian of Congress recommending approval of Alan Lomax's request for $965 to cover the expenses of a two-month trip "to record folk songs for the Archive" in "the Lake States—Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota."

Invoking Robertson, on July 1 Lomax dutifully wrote to Charles Brown, director of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin's museum:

> The Archive of American Folk Song is planning for this summer a rapid recording survey of folk music in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. This work is to be done by a modern field recording machine, with the idea in mind of getting down in the most accurate fashion the folk tunes and the folk styles of the region, for preservation and scholarly study.

Briefly acknowledging his acquaintance with Sidney Robertson, Brown responded 10 days later:

> I am much pleased to learn that you are planning to undertake some recordings of folk tunes and styles in Wisconsin during the present summer ... I have shown your letter to Mrs. Dorothy Moulding Brown, who is the folklore authority in our state and has labored in that field for some years. She thinks we have something for you in lumberjack, Norwegian, Swiss and other songs and fiddlers, key-harp, salmodikon, horn, and other players on rare and old time instruments which you will like to record.

Although a distinguished archaeologist with a longstanding enthusiasm for folk tales, Charles Brown had a limited grasp of folk musical traditions. Likewise there is scant evidence that his wife, Dorothy Moulding Brown, who was then steadily publishing admirable essays on Woodland Indian legends in *Wisconsin Archeologist*, had much more to offer.

In contrast, Sidney Robertson's response was earlier and far more specific, full of helpful leads and wry, unfettered observations based on her own tireless fieldwork. On June 14, 1938, she wrote:

> Dear Alan: Hastily: Of course, go to Michigan, Wis. and Minn. with my blessing ... Go see Dr. Brown, U. of Wis., head of Wis. Hist. Soc. He goes in for pamphlets about Wis.'s glorious hist. for the kiddies, but by now the WPA project he sponsored, headed by Gregg Montgomery, may have unearthed some real river singers. When I was there Mrs. Montgomery promised me names of people around LaCrosse but never came

## More on Lomax

To learn more about Alan Lomax and his work, consult the Alan Lomax Archive (www.alan-lomax.com), as well as the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress, recent recipient of the Alan Lomax Collection (http://www.loc.gov/folklife/lomax). The Mills Music Library at the University of Wisconsin maintains a "Wisconsin Music Archives" with a special collecting emphasis on the traditional and ethnic music of the state and region. Its newly produced Helene Stratman-Thomas website presents text, field recordings, and photographs documenting the remarkable folk musicians she encountered all over Wisconsin in the 1940s. For that collection, go to http://music.library.wisc.edu/hst. A related website on Sidney Robertson is at http://csumc.wisc.edu/src

The Center for the Study of Upper Midwestern Cultures has launched a reissue series documenting the region's traditional music, including the *Down Home Dairyland* book and 20 CD package; *Swissconsin,* a CD of Swiss folk music mostly from the New Glarus/Monroe area; a related book, *Yodeling in Dairyland: A History of Swiss Music in Wisconsin*; and *Midwest Ramblin,'* a CD by the Madison area's Norwegian "polkabilly" band, the Goose Island Ramblers. All of these titles are distributed by the University of Wisconsin Press.

For more on the activities of the Center for the Study of Upper Midwestern Cultures (CSUMC)—an outreach organization at the UW–Madison dedicated to the languages and folklore of the region's diverse peoples—visit http://csumc.wisc.edu.

Likewise, to learn more about the UW–Madison's Folklore Program, which offers numerous courses on field research methods, regional folklore, and its presentation through public programs, see http://folklore.wisc.edu.

Finally, from April 14 to 23, the UW–Madison's Center for the Humanities, in cooperation with the Folklore Program and CSUMC, will present its third humanities biennial, *The Future of Folk,* featuring lectures, panels, performances, film screenings, exhibitions, and other programs designed to explore the nature and future of folk culture in our rapidly changing state, region, and world. See www.humanities.wisc.edu for more information.

across with 'em, I think because she decided to keep Wis. stuff in her own hands. However, mostly she seemed to busy herself with copying Wis. songs out of books ... Southwest of Madison, Wis. about 15 miles is a town containing a gent named Slam (not Sam) Anderson. He runs a clothing store filled with Norwegian chests and antiques upstairs, and can direct you to the psalmodikon singers ... Norwegians ... Please do make a date ahead with Charles and Bob Walker, Crandon, Wis. ... old timers up there, the real stuff ... I'm green with envy, you must know! I love the Iron Range country in Minnesota, but Wisconsin simply has my heart ... Drop in on L.G. Sorden, Farm Security Administration, Rhinelander, Wis. He was to look out for singers for me, and is a peach of a guy ... He's the man who inquired on my third trip to Crandon whether I'd found any men living with their wives yet in that town ... I don't wish you any hard luck, but I can't help sort of hoping that you get so fascinated by Minnesota and Michigan that you'll sort of skip Wisconsin!

Robertson was prophetic, but not because Wisconsin failed to fascinate. Quite the contrary. Lomax had too much good luck in Michigan, neglecting Minnesota entirely and managing but a brief border-crossing from Ironwood to Hurley to Odanah.

Fortunately, Helene Stratman-Thomas (1896–1973) completed the unfinished business of musical documentation. Born in Dodgeville, she grew up hearing the Cornish carols and Welsh hymns of neighbors, prior to earning BA and MA degrees in music from the University of Wisconsin, where she joined the faculty, taught courses, and directed the women's chorus. A novice regarding folksong, she learned quickly, showing every bit as much pluck as Sidney Robertson. Beginning with her own networks and building upon Robertson's recommendations as endorsed by Lomax, with some help from the Browns, Stratman-Thomas quickly recorded Iowa County Cornish "wassailing" singers; participants in Pickett's Welsh *Gymanfa Ganus* or songfests; lumber camp ballad singers Robert Walker of Crandon and Emery DeNoyer from Rhinelander, as well as that city's Leizime Brusoe, the 1926 Midwest Old Time Fiddling Champion; the Ho-Chunk siblings Sam Blowsnake (a.k.a. Crashing Thunder) and Stella Stacey Blowsnake (Mountain Wolf Woman); the Norwegian psalmodikon quartet, led by Elsie Thompson of McFarland; and the Swiss, Norwegian, and lumber camp tunes of the Rindlisbachers. Eventually she would record Icelandic ballad singers from Washington Island, Belgian quadrille fiddlers from southern Door County, Czech brass bands and accordionists along the

**Otto Rindlisbacher (front row, left) and his amazing Lumberjacks (1938): Lomax recorded them when they visited Washington, D.C. as part of the National Folk Festival.**
Photo courtesy of James P. Leary

lower Wisconsin River, Polish highlanders in Portage County, Italian farmers near Cumberland, African Americans from rural Grant County, and many, many more.

Curiously, distressingly, the remarkable folk music of Wisconsin's diverse peoples—emblematic of our nation's persistent, unruly, creative cultural pluralism—received little attention for many years thereafter. Joe Cloud's recordings simply occupied archival shelves, along with those of all the non-Anglophone performers Lomax encountered in Michigan. The Finnish and Croatian sounds Robertson encountered likewise went unheard, as did those of performances in all but one of the 30 languages Stratman-Thomas captured. In an era when both right and left touted melting pot Americanism, effacing the enduring American Indian and "foreign" cultures of places like Wisconsin, only English-language lumber camp and Great Lakes songs graced publications or arose from LP grooves produced by Lomax, Robertson, and Stratman-Thomas for national distribution by the Library of Congress and Folkways Records.

In the mid-1980s Judy Rose of Wisconsin Public Radio launched a modest regional rebellion by producing *The Wisconsin Patchwork*, a 13-part series featuring the full range of recordings made by Helene Stratman-Thomas. From 1989 through the mid-1990s, Richard March of the Wisconsin Arts Board and I produced *Down Home Dairyland*, more than 150 radio programs dedicated to traditional and ethnic music of all the Upper Midwest's immigrant groups and indigenous peoples—including several shows devoted to Alan Lomax, Joe Cloud, and Indian fiddlers. In summer 2004, Geri Laudati and Steve Sundell, of the University of Wisconsin–Madison's Mills Music Library, launched the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection website, complementing Nicole Saylor's Sidney Robertson in Wisconsin website. (See sidebar on page 27 for website addresses.)

Just as Southern and, for a brief moment, Upper Midwestern performers at one time beguiled Alan Lomax, we who have worked with Wisconsin's folk music legacy are entranced by its power and range. That once-hidden music is at last accessible. And now we wait for others, for some visionary filmmaker's *Fargo* meets *O Brother* epic, for some enlightened musician's synthesis of old sounds and postmodern sensibility, for credit where it's due, for the next roots musical trend to sweep the country—and stay! ✹

**A mesmerizing fiddler: Joe Cloud, ca. 1916, with his wife, Anna Anderson Cloud, and their children in Odanah. "At once familiar and mysterious, Cloud's tunes exemplified the creative synthesis that is Upper Midwestern folk culture," notes Leary.**

Photo courtesy of Virginia Cloud Carrington

*James P. Leary, professor of folklore and Scandinavian studies, is director of the University of Wisconsin's Folklore Program and co-director of the Center for the Study of Upper Midwestern Cultures. Since the mid-1970s his research into the folklore of the Upper Midwest's diverse peoples has resulted in numerous museum exhibits, media productions, and such publications as* ***Wisconsin Folklore*** *(1998),* ***So Ole Says to Lena: Folk Humor of the Upper Midwest*** *(2001), and* ***Polkabilly: The Goose Island Ramblers Redefine American Folk Music*** *(forthcoming). He is co-director of the UW-based Future of Folk Biennial to be held around the state in April.*

*WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW*/ HARRY W. SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS

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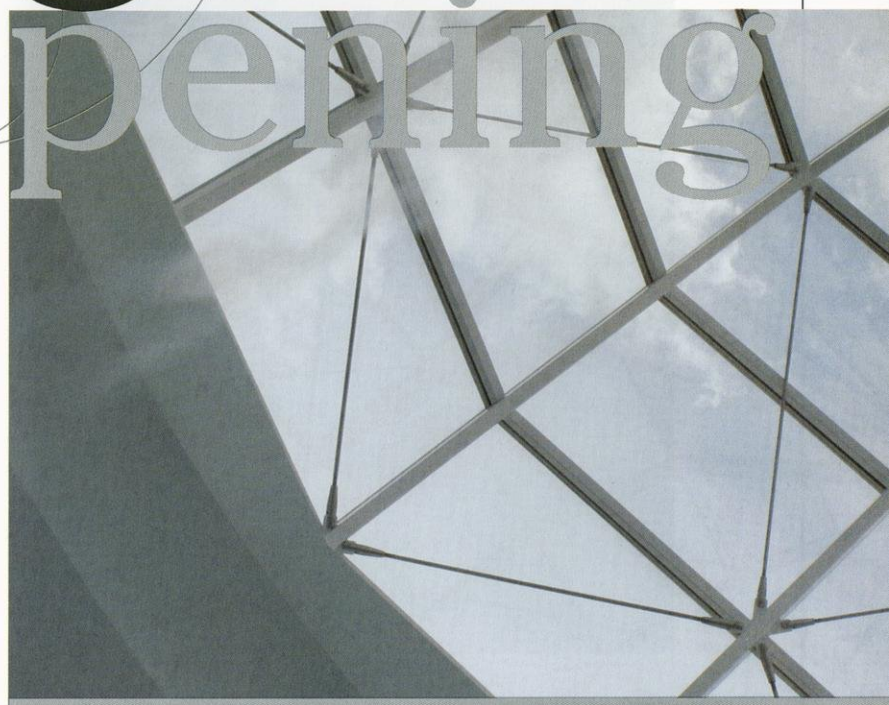
wisconsin academy
of sciences arts & letters

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 6**. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 6.
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.

# the grand opening



The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters has long provided a showcase for Wisconsin artists both established and emerging in a wide variety of media. Its gallery on University Avenue brought some of the best artists to our state's capital over the past 30 years, enabling an appreciative public to enjoy these riches of Wisconsin art.

Now we can do it bigger and better. The gallery's stunning new space in the Overture Center for the Arts on State Street—one block from the state Capitol—finally gives Wisconsin artists the showcase they deserve, and the public a beautiful, accessible space in which to enjoy them. What better way to open it than to invite back the artists who over the past decade helped make the Wisconsin Academy's gallery such a renowned and beloved venue?

With the exhibit "A Decade of Art from the Wisconsin Academy Gallery" we are treating the public to 100 of our state's finest artists in the James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. Elsewhere in this magazine, author Arthur Hove writes about artist and art historian James Watrous—his work and legacy that prompted the Wisconsin Academy to name our gallery in his honor.

With this article, we are pleased to offer readers a taste from the debut exhibit's visual horn of plenty. "A Decade of Art" features prints, photography, sculpture, painting, drawing, and fine craft objects shown in close proximity, salon-style, to reflect the diversity of imagery and style found in Wisconsin. Perhaps this sample will inspire you to visit Overture to experience the entire show.

## A Decade of Art from the Wisconsin Academy Gallery

Exhibit dates: September 18–October 31

**Opening reception** with a presentation by John Wilde and Warrington Colescott on Saturday, September 18, 1–4 p.m.

**Open for Madison Gallery Night,** Friday, October 1

**Decade of Art discussion panel** with many of the artists on Saturday, October 16, 7–9 p.m., Wisconsin Studio

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201 State Street, Madison 608/265-2500
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**BY RANDALL BERNDT AND MARTHA GLOWACKI, CURATORS**

## DONA LOOK

Dona Look lives near Algoma, not far from the shores of Lake Michigan. She gathers the materials for her baskets in the forests of northwestern Wisconsin from birch trees in areas soon to be logged. Her art depends on a close connection to nature, on knowing when to collect birch bark and what qualities the bark and the tree need to have. This sensitivity is reflected in the highly refined sense of craft she brings to the making of vessels where shape, color and texture marry art and natural materials.

Look is represented in the White House Collection of American Craft traveling exhibition that is now at the Jimmy Carter Presidential Library. She also has work in the Renwick Museum of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. and in the Mint Museum of Craft and Design in Charlotte, North Carolina. Look exhibited her work in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in September 2000.

*Basket 2003-8* (2003)
Birch bark and silk thread
19" x 9" x 9"

## JOHN WICKENBERG

John Wickenberg, recently retired from a distinguished career teaching art at the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater, lives near Dousman. His art combines a love of describing grounded in the traditional craft of drawing, with subtle asides referring to his feelings about our place in nature, life, death, and sometimes commentary on other art and artists. Wickenberg's highly focused drawing and painting techniques show the influence of his UW–Madison teachers John Wilde and James Watrous.

Wickenberg is represented by Perimeter Gallery in Chicago. He has recently shown his work in the "47th Beloit and Vicinity Exhibition" at the Wright Art Center, Beloit College, and in "Regionalism at RAM: Highlights from the Paintings and Work on Paper Collections" at the Racine Art Museum. Wickenberg exhibited his work at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in April 1999.

*Horn of Plenty:*
*Homage to 20th Century Art* (1999)
Pencil and watercolor
9.5" x 13.5"

## HAI-CHI JIHN

Milwaukee artist Hai-Chi Jihn brings the vocabulary of her background in metalsmithing and jewelry into the making of her sculpture. She combines exquisite craft and attention to detail with myriad suggestions of interior states of mind. In her work *Trees of Memory* she suggests differences between naturalistic representation and symbolic references to personal memories. She says memory is like a tree that might grow naturally or it might be cultivated to create a desired form.

Hai-Chi Jihn has taught in 3D art programs at UW–Milwaukee and at Cardinal Stritch in Milwaukee. She has shown her work recently in "Planting, Potting and Pruning: Artists and Cultivated Landscape" at the Racine Art Museum and *Trees of Memory* at the John Michael Kohler Art Center in Sheboygan. She exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in September 2001.

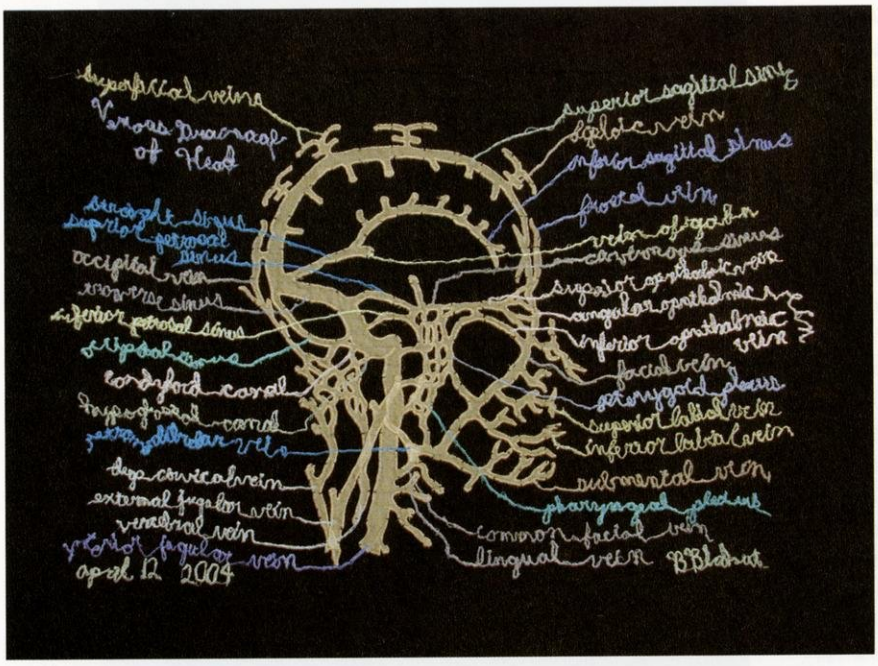
*Trees of Memory* (2003)
24" dia. x 72" h
Mixed media

## JOHN MILLER

John Miller transforms his wilderness canoeing and camping adventures into prints and paintings that capture the essence of his experiences in nature. Miller believes that essence is better portrayed in an art language similar to Japanese wood block prints rather than in the illusionism found in much traditional Western art. He explores with stylizations of color, form, and space the differences between the "real" three-dimensional world and an artistic representation of landscape for expressive purposes.

Miller has shown his art at the John Michael Kohler Art Center, in "Lure of the Lake" at the Rahr-West Art Museum in Manitowoc, and at the Sharon Lynne Wilson Center for the Arts in Brookfield. Miller exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in May 1997.

*Passing Storm* (2004)
18" x 18"
Acrylic on panel




## BETH BLAHUT

Fiber artist Beth Blahut lives in Belleville. Her current work combines an interest in the inner workings of the human body with the educational and creative process of stitching images and words to describe and name parts of human anatomy. Her art process involves appliqué and embroidery to form patterns on a starch backing that is dissolved to leave elaborate, lacey forms and words that yield image and information illuminating our physical interiors.

Blahut is a curator at the Helen Louise Allen Textile Collection of the School of Human Ecology at UW–Madison. She has recently shown there at the Gallery of Design as well as at the Society of Arts and Crafts in Boston. Blahut exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in July 1999.

*Venous Drainage of Head* (2004)
17.5" x 25"
Silk and cotton thread

## LYNN WHITFORD

Madison artist Lynn Whitford makes metal hollowware portraits of glass bottles. Ordinary, industrially produced glass vessels are the basis for shapes that are recreated in metal and treated with patinas to result in glowing, ethereal one-of-a-kind art objects. Whitford finds visual poetry and some irony in converting everyday utilitarian identities into objects of refined contemplation. For example, she transforms matrasses (round-bottomed glass flasks) from their laboratory use into subjects for visual contemplation.

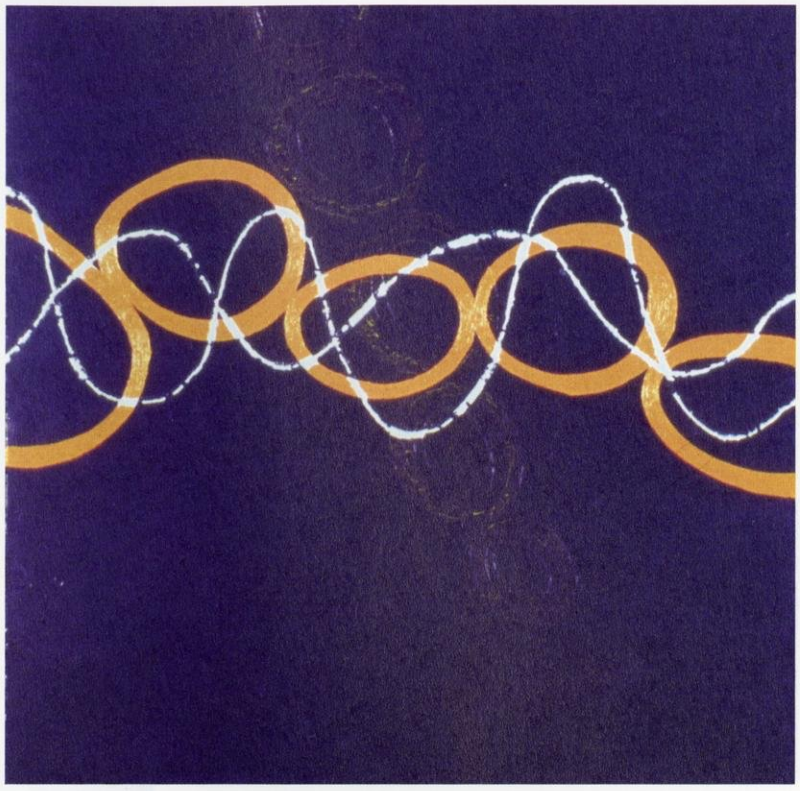
Lynn Whitford is a member of Metalpeople of Madison, a metalsmithing artists' collective. She is represented by the William Traver Gallery in Seattle. In 2001 she showed in "Transformation: Contemporary Works in Jewelry and Small Metals," a traveling exhibition from the Society of Contemporary Craft in Pittsburgh. She exhibited in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in October 1994.

*A Consideration of Matrasses* (2003)
26' h x 40" w x 11" d
Copper, brass with wood and iron shelf

## DERRICK BUISCH

Derrick Buisch teaches painting in the art department at UW–Madison. His own paintings find inspiration in everyday "didactic visual structures" such as blueprints, diagrams, and game boards combined with forms inspired by architecture. Buisch abstracts and reconfigures shape and color to achieve visual tension and sensations of vertigo in visual terms. He says his paintings are meant to be visually engaging at first, and then unnerving.

Buisch has recently shown his art at the Wendy Cooper Gallery in Madison, at the Red Rocket Gallery in Chicago, and at the Galeria de Artes Casa Thomas Jefferson in Brasilia, Brazil. He was the recipient of a University of Wisconsin–Wisconsin Graduate School Research Grant for summer 2004. His Wisconsin Academy Gallery exhibition was in November 2000.



*Static* (2003)
24" x 24"
Oil on canvas

## LEWIS KOCH

Madison artist and photographer Lewis Koch's work draws upon elements of sculpture, text, architecture, performance and readymades to organize disparate everyday experiences into a unified visual whole. His imagery has been presented in site-specific projects in garages and on billboards, in art journals and in artists' books, and in video collaborations as well as in gallery exhibitions. Koch's photography has been described as "a kind of hallucinatory documentary" that seeks to give form to the fragmented aspects of what we call reality.

Koch was included in "Conversations: Text and Image" at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago in 2004. He also had work in recent exhibitions in the Staatsgalerie in Stuttgart, Germany, and at the Flatfile Gallery in Chicago. He exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in May 1995.

*Looking West Over New York City, Ten Days After 9/11/01* (2002)
16" x 20"
Gelatin Silver Print

## JOHN SHIMON AND JULIE LINDEMANN

John Shimon and Julie Lindemann collaborate on photographic projects that capture the poignant as well as the surprisingly incongruous and humorous in portraits of people and their environments in the contemporary Midwest. Their use of early photographic processes allows them to record detail and achieve a velvety tonality in thoughtful compositions reflecting everyday existence on the farms and in the small towns dotting the landscape near their home base in downtown Manitowoc, where since 1989 they have made their studio in a 19th-century warehouse.

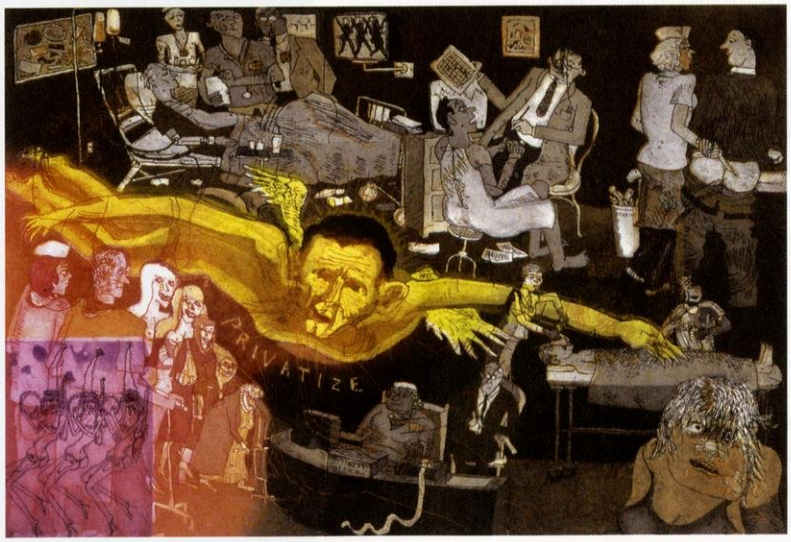
They have shown their work at the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art, at the Wendy Cooper Gallery in Madison, and are included in the collections of the Art Institute of Chicago, the Milwaukee Art Museum, and the Wisconsin Historical Society. Their photographs appear in *Photography's Antiquarian Avant-Garde: The New Wave in Old Processes* by Lyle Rexer (Abrams, 2002) and in *Season's Gleanings: The Art of the Aluminum Christmas Tree*. Shimon and Lindemann exhibited in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in October 1998.

*Tourists, Kewaunee, Wisconsin* (2003)
10" x 40"
gum bichromate over platinum-palladium print

## WARRINGTON COLESCOTT

University of Wisconsin emeritus professor Warrington Colescott lives in the bucolic rolling farmlands west of Madison, but his pastoral surroundings have never distracted him from his colorful, ongoing commentary on the follies and foibles of modern society. Now more than ever he believes that those in power deserve to feel the prick of his etching needle, and that social commentary laden with satire, caricature, and humor mixed with outrage is a needed corrective for our nation's mood of complacency and political wrong-headedness. It also seems to be a satisfying artistic outlet for him. In Colescott's art the message, often challenging and even dystopian, is combined with printmaking's visual delights of line and color to engage the viewer.

Warrington Colescott's art has been published in *Artful Jester*, a book about humor in art from Ten Speed Press (Berkeley, California). His prints will be included in a portfolio and exhibition at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. in 2005. Colescott is a Fellow of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. His exhibit at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery was in April 1998.

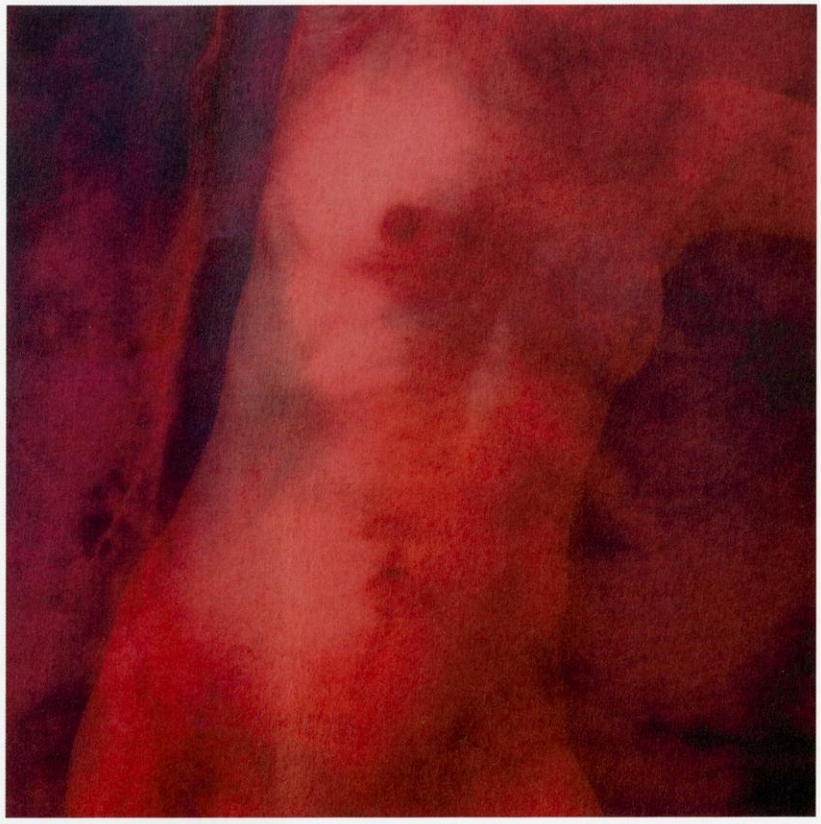



*Medicare Monologues* (2004)
14.75" x 21.75"
Color etching

## JANICA YODER

Dousman artist Janica Yoder uses color photography to explore avenues to a heightened perception of the visual glories of figure, object, and environment. Constance White, a professor of design at the Chicago Art Institute, says that the objects we see all around us "have been transformed by her lyrical way of seeing. Yoder's work frames and makes visible the elemental material of our sensuous imaginations and primal emotions. The color and texture can be at once luscious or chilling; the rendering of space and form voluptuous or stark."

Yoder had one-person exhibitions in 2004 at the Grace Chosy Gallery in Madison and at the Tory Folliard Gallery in Milwaukee. In 2003 her photography was included in New Artists at the Kraft/Lieberman Gallery in Chicago. Yoder's show at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery was in September 1997.



*Red Fugue* (2004)
21" x 21"
Ilfochrome color photograph

## CHARLES MUNCH

Charles Munch lives above Bear Valley in the rolling woodlands north of Spring Green. The imagery in his paintings involves meditations on the dissonances as well as the harmonies of human interactions with the natural world. Munch uses "semi-abstraction" of form and color to communicate mood in narratives involving figure and landscape. Mystery and ambiguity combine with an expressive visual language to create metaphors that challenge usual perceptions of our place in nature.

Munch will show his art in 2005 at the Grace Chosy Gallery in Madison and at the Tory Folliard Gallery in Milwaukee. His painting *Wisconsin Fantasy* is featured on the 2004 Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission fine art poster. His show at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery was in September 1996.

*Deadly Dancing* (2004)
24" x 24"
Oil on canvas

## LAURA DRONZEK

Madison artist Laura Dronzek makes small scale, intimate landscape paintings that invite the viewer to visit a dream place. This place or space is described with moving simplicity in terms of imagery and atmosphere that can be repeated or rearranged in subsequent incarnations. Landscape for Dronzek is a focus for contemplative reverie rather than a topographical description of a particular place.

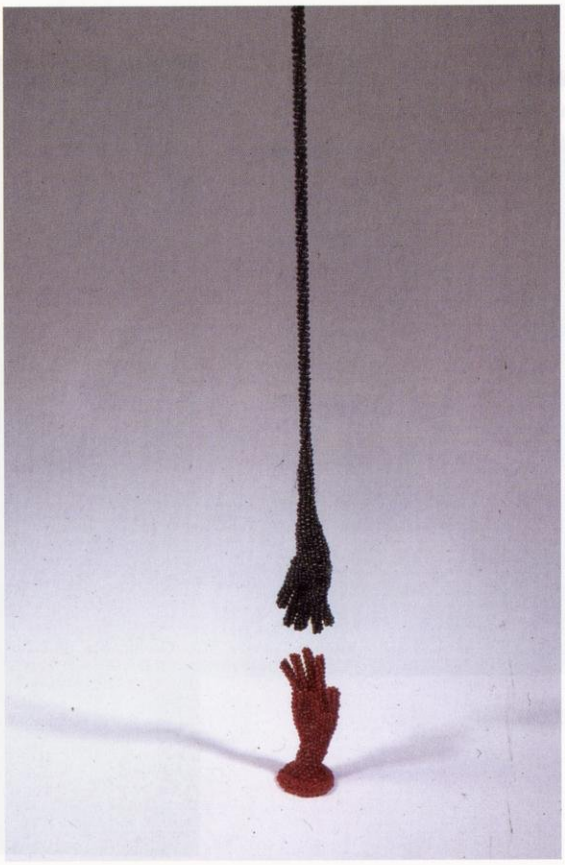
Laura Dronzek's paintings were recently shown in *Planting, Potting and Pruning: Artists and the Cultivated Landscape* at the Wustum Museum, Racine and *News* at the Dean Jensen Gallery, Milwaukee. She has published illustration art for Greenwillow Books, Harper Collins Publishers, New York and was included in *The Best Children's Books of the Year*, (2003) from Bank Street College of Education, New York. Dronzek exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in November 1998.

*Untitled* (2003)
8" x 7"
Oil on canvas

## SONYA CLARK

Madison artist Sonya Clark uses beads to tell stories and express personal feelings. "Beads connect because they have holes through which the thread can pass" she explains. "People communicate because we have holes (eyes, ears, mouths, etc.) through which our thoughts can pass. I use beadwork as the conduit between objects or people to indicate communication and connection."

Clark is an associate professor in the School of Human Ecology at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, where she teaches classes in textile surface design. Her work is in many public and private collections, and has appeared in *Ornament, Surface Design Journal, New Art Examiner,* and *Sculpture* magazines. Recent solo exhibitions include "Reach," at the Maxwell Gallery in Canberra, Australia and "Sonya Clark" at the Sherry Leedy Contemporary Arts in Kansas City, Missouri. She exhibited at the Wisconsin Academy Gallery in March 1999.



*Reach* (2002)
12" x 1" x 1"
Glass beads

# Global Outreach

**Jean Feraca talks about "Here on Earth," a call-in radio show that brings together the best things happening on our planet.**

INTERVIEW BY JOAN FISCHER

Photos by Gerhard Fischer

FROM AFGHANISTAN TO ZIMBABWE and all points in between, Wisconsin Public Radio host Jean Feraca's got us covered.

That's the intent of "Here on Earth," a radio show she started in summer 2003. Show time in Wisconsin is 2–4 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays, but listeners in time zones around the world can channel her by radio or computer (webcasting makes this possible) and call in by phone or e-mail. A handy guide on the show's website (at www.wpr.org) helps listeners everywhere figure out where and when to tune in.

But it's the show's mission that makes it truly global. "'Here on Earth' was conceived to galvanize our international world community," reads the show description. "We search out the gems of the world—international movements, world citizens, cross-cultural conversions, democracy-building initiatives, and the best world literature, movies, arts, food, and culture."

By seeking out all that is constructive and inspiring and emphasizing what we have in common, the show seeks to combat the ills of our time, xenophobia and cultural isolation being chief among them.

That's a lot to ask of a radio show, but Feraca, who's been with Wisconsin Public Radio for 21 years and hosted her daily "Conversations with Jean Feraca" call-in show for 13 of them, thrives on the challenge.

**How did you come up with this idea?**

There were many steps along the way. The very first step was seeing pictures from the first mission to the moon—to see earth from space without its geopolitical boundaries, the earth as one. And I felt that that's the direction

that we were tending in. That was a long time ago.

The biggest prompt came on 9/11, when my husband and I were in Cordoba, Spain. We had just visited the great mosque, which was an extraordinary experience and a real insight into Islam. And we'd gone to the synagogue, which was Maimonides' synagogue. He was a great 12th-century Sephardic philosopher. We were in the gift shop outside the synagogue when the second plane struck, and we watched that on television. It was stunning and shocking, and people were very, very kind to us. They said it was as if that had happened to them. In order to exit the city you have to go through a museum that celebrates the golden age of Islam, when all three religions and all three cultures and philosophies reached a height and worked together under Muslim rule.

What struck me on that momentous day was the complacency and indifference that I, I think typical of most Americans, had felt toward the rest of the world. And I felt that we had to do something to change that.

So my program is really dedicated to trying to counter the effects of the tendency to turn inward, to shore up nationalism—this notion that we have so much to feel superior about. And it's true that we have a lot of gifts to give the rest of the world, but we also have a lot to learn from others. Plus we have this extraordinary international community right here at home.

What gave us the practical momentum was the anniversary of 9/11, when there was a collaboration between WAMC in Washington and the BBC—a live global call-in program that generated 50,000 calls and broke the system. It demonstrated that there really is an international public radio community to be cultivated. And nobody since then has really stepped into the void. So [then–WPR director] Greg Schnirring, in his wisdom, saw right away that there was a niche.

**Why Madison, Wisconsin—why here and why now?**

Why *not?* [laughs] I want to mention that we've had a lot of help from the UW Division of International Studies. The director, Gilles Bousquet, got right on board, and he's given us funds to hire a research assistant. That made a tremendous difference. The partnership with International Studies has been a real boon.

But getting back to why Madison. This is a place that has always had foresight and was always connected to the rest of the world. Right now, the university's definition of itself, according to the old Progressive banner, is that the boundaries of the university are the whole world. It's no longer the boundaries of the state. The influence of the university is worldwide, and that's really obvious,

because we have an international community and we graduate people who go back to their countries all over the world and stay connected for the rest of their lives.

Also, Wisconsin has many sister city and sister state relationships. There was a lot of connection with Central America during the period of the civil wars. And churches have fostered international relationships. This is one of the places in America where people really take responsibility for leadership and use influence and affluence appropriately.

John Nichols [associate editor, *The Capital Times*] had a lot to do with this as well. He and I were on a panel that the International Institute sponsored, looking at the way international news is reported here at home. The consensus was that most of what gets reported is news about breakdown—for example, genocide, political corruption, disease, famine. These images and reports tend to reinforce the American notion of cultural and moral superiority, and also insularity—everyone's dying to come here and we don't need to care about the rest of the world, we're just lucky to be Americans.

John and I started a monthly feature on "Conversations with Jean Feraca" called "From Shanghai to Sheboygan," just to test the waters and see if people would be interested. John would bring in headlines and stories from newspapers from around the world and talk about issues from an international perspective. And it really took hold. It was obvious that people cottoned to this and wanted more of it. We continue that. He still visits on a monthly basis. And that was the germ, you might say, of "Here on Earth."

**You're also collaborating with Radio Netherlands. How did that happen?**

Radio Netherlands put out the word that they were looking for new partners, and we responded. They have a program called EuroQuest. It's in magazine format and is hosted by an American who's living in Amsterdam, Jonathan Groubert. It's actually a program that explains Europeans and the European Union to non-Europeans. Through them we get to play in a bigger pool. We have a new source of program ideas and guests to draw from.

**You say you're getting calls from all over the world. What other kinds of signs are you getting that this is catching on?**

This is not scientific, mind you, but radio has never been scientific. Radio is anecdotal. Radio is people. And I know, from the difference in the quality of responses, that people are beginning to discover us and we are developing a loyal following. And it is interesting that we have regular listeners in New Orleans and in Italy ...

There's this guy named Hadi who's been listening since day one. He's a regular caller. He had an interesting accent, but I didn't know where he was from

until we did a program with these two guys who happened to be here for a conference on African literature. One of them is Kwame Dawes. He's a poet who teaches in South Carolina and is originally from Ghana, and he grew up in Jamaica. We had him on with a man from Congo, Ricardo Lamko, who is a fabulous musician and has created a fusion of music from Congo and Cuba. So we paired these two and had a wonderful program about the music and influence of Bob Marley. Hadi called in and was so excited and inspired. He told us he's from Mali, and he talked about how he has been able to overcome mental slavery through the influence of Bob Marley.

So I love it that we have loyal listeners like Hadi.

**How do you cope with language problems?**

At first we deliberately went for people who had an accent because it brought in a sense of internationalism. But we quickly learned that you have to have fluent English speakers, and that the accent can't be too strong because the voice is all you've got. You have to be able to understand. So we do preinterview our guests.

**Which shows so far have been the most successful and why?**

The program I described with the two men from Africa. Because when you think of Africa, what do most Americans probably think of?

**As you said, there is a lot of negative stuff—AIDS, famine, warfare ...**

Well, these guys were just a hoot. They were full of energy, very bright, incredibly creative, contributing to the culture in new ways and creating what I call "world jazz." That's really what I'm going for. The theory is that because the world is swirling and melting everybody together, there is a synergy about all of that, and new forms are emerging. Now, one of the worst is Wal-Mart. But there are other things that are happening, and these guys are the embodiment of that in terms of music and in terms of cultural jazz—that's what we're on the lookout for.

Another program that really worked and that I was thrilled by—do you know the children's book, *Beatrice's Goat?* It was a bestseller some years ago, and it's a true story. There was an article in *The New York Times* about the real Beatrice—a young girl in Uganda, the eldest in a family where there wasn't enough money to send her to school. You have to be able to buy a uniform and books, and the family couldn't afford that. Fortunately they were gifted through Heifer International with a goat. It fell to Beatrice to tend the goat. Because they had the goat, their nutrition improved, they had protein in their diet, and they were able to sell what they didn't need at the market, and that gave them petty cash. And lo and behold, Beatrice was able to go to school. Beatrice was very smart, and she went right up the ladder and then went to an all-girls school in Kampala. Now she's finishing up a transitional year at a special school in New England, and she's going to Middlebury College this fall.

**And she was on your show?**

She was on our show, and she was so sweet. I had her read from the book. And Rosalee Sinn, who was the coodinator of all this at Heifer International, was on the show with her. We also heard from the headmistress of her school. I happen to have known all about the high school she went to in Kampala because we'd done another program on Uganda with a woman who'd graduated from the same school ... and then, what was really funny—somebody called in and said that they had donated a goat to Will Allen! [Editor's note: Allen runs an organic farm for inner-city youth in Milwaukee and has been featured on Feraca's old program as well as in the *Wisconsin Academy Review.*]

And I thought, yes! This is what I wanted! This is the wraparound, this is the weave, this is the transcendence that I was hoping for. This is the poem of the world.

And then somebody else called in, in tears he was so moved by the program, because not only did Beatrice get to go to school, but all of her siblings got to go to school. It totally transformed the life of this family. Somebody called in and said they'd been looking for something like this, and ordered lots of copies of the program and the book. And I happen to know that a friend of mine sent a $1,000 contribution to Heifer International. That's the power of radio used at its best.

We had a program on Canada recently that was controversial. Our guest was a social researcher from Toronto who wrote a book called *Fire and Ice,* and who was just as convinced of Canadian superiority as we are of American superiority. And, frankly, he irritated the hell out of me. But it was a very interesting program. It was provocative. It was premised on the difference between "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" and the Canadian "peace, order, and good government," and on other very interesting differences in the origins of our countries and the way the national character of our two countries has developed.

**So although your show's publicity materials say "Come celebrate what's right about the world," you also foster critical examination. Would you say the show is equal parts celebration and critical examination?**

I came into journalism as a poet. I think like a poet. What does a poet do? A poet takes the raw materials of experience, refines them, orders them, and strives for transcendence. It's not that you deny reality, it's that you think of it as a kind of yeast. If you massage the materials in the right way, something's gonna rise. And people absolutely need ... I mean, to me, I couldn't live without art. And this is an art form that I think is absolutely vital and necessary to survive the information age and the onslaught of horrific news that we are barraged with day after day. We have to have a counterstream. And in my own little way, this is a little candle we're trying to light in this immense darkness that we're living through. ✹

*Joan Fischer is editor of the* ***Wisconsin Academy Review.***

poetry

## A Barn Aire

I sing
of the clumsiness of cows:
how they stretch their heavy necks
distend their mouths
and twist and violently shake their heads—
yellow teeth exposed—
a pantomime of moaning to the sky.

I sing
of their constant hesitation,
their indecision,
awkward, standing,
backing up,
colliding with each other,
ungainly monsters
in the backyard:

Hooves caking with muck,
loose and lonely, lying down,
accepting of mud
dark as feces—
chocolate-black and sticky—soiling
white legs
and creamy shanks and udders.

Eyes shy and sad,
round and fearful.
Ears swivel, flap in irritation.
Bodies, heavy with ancient,
muddy souls,
willing, move into the barn
and the barn air fills with
animal longings—moist and rising.
The dark high loft of the
shadowed barn
absorbs them.

Cows disperse
into their stalls,
swaying great heads,
stamping the straw.

The clamp of the stanchions,
noise of chains and
quiet, efficient clanking of pails
by the herders—
the sepulchral lowing—

in the solemn
barn ritual
of giving

*by Betty Irene Priebe*

*Betty Priebe has worked as an artist and printmaker and as a librarian. Her equal and ongoing interest in poetry and writing has brought her to complete two books of essays, a children's book, and a poetry chapbook that is forthcoming from Goldfish Press, Seattle, in spring 2005. Her poetry has been published in* ***Free Verse, Wisconsin Poets Calendar, Poetry Depth Quarterly, Hellp!, Writers Cramp,*** *and* ***Chrysanthemum,*** *and in local anthologies.*

## Wall

My neighbor said he thought he'd build a wall; wanted to know if I'd go halves on it. I asked him what he was going to make it out of and he said "Words," and I said I'd help him out as much as I could. I asked him how high he was going to make it and he said "High."

He started out with long, Latinate words, at least five syllables, carefully staggering the joints, but he ran out of his own almost right away, so I had to give up a lot of mine. He tried to maintain a structured form, but soon it degenerated into a random jumble, mostly nouns and verbs—he was saving the adjectives to decorate it when it was finished, he said, stacking them neatly against the porch. The articles and conjunctions kept falling out and accumulated in forlorn drifts at its base.

He worked on it every evening, after coming home from his regular job, until night fell, late into the autumn. Joggers would occasionally stop to offer advice and put in a word or two. It spread like a blackthorn hedge above its massive foundation, tangling tightly as the barbed serifs hooked together. The wind whistled through the small openings of the a's and e's as the larger counters of the o's, b's, d's, p's, and q's resonated at a lower pitch. He placed the sharpest words along the top of the wall. "Expect trouble," he said.

During the winter, the ascenders and descenders began to distort and twine around letters in adjoining words. Just before the solstice, I hung the most ornate plural nouns and third-person-singular verbs I could find on the north side of the wall. Dangling from each terminal s, they swung like bells, chiming as the snows fell. That spring, suffixes sprouted from the side that faced the sun.

*by F. J. Bergmann*

*F. J. Bergmann (Jeannie) is mostly from Wisconsin. She graduated from UW–Madison in 1979 while writing as little as possible. She is a web designer, editor, illustrator, and rural mail carrier and is to blame for madpoetry.org, a local poetry website, as well as her own site, fibitz.com. She has won numerous prizes and was published in the summer* ***Wisconsin Academy Review*** *as a runner-up in our 2004 poetry contest. In 2003, she received the Rinehart National Poetry Award, and her chapbook,* ***Sauce Robert,*** *was a co-winner in the Pavement Saw competition.*

## Erasure

I pour a cup of coffee
and the cup disappears.
The sink shimmers, then gone.
The walls fade, and I'm near
the back yard maple,
which vanishes. The evening clouds
drift off. The stars wink out.
My jeans and t-shirt disappear.
The house next door becomes thin air.
Ditto the vague and distant treetops
and chimneys. Then the walls of my house
pop up like a jack-in-the-box.
Naked, I step through the back door.
The coffee's still warm. I pour
a new cup, step back outside.
Houses and trees look the same.
My toothless mutt is barking
for love or hunger or both.
We have each other. Clouds pass.
The lilac bush's blossoms
smell better than ever.

*by Charles Cantrell*

*Charles Cantrell's most recent work appears in* ***Rosebud,*** *the* ***Wisconsin Review,*** *the* ***Mid-America Poetry Review,*** *the* ***Licking River Review,*** *and* ***Artful Dodge.*** *Nominated for a Pushcart Prize, Cantrell also has a chapbook,* ***Cicatrix,*** *through Parallel Press and one through Pudding House,* ***Greatest Hits.*** *He teaches English at Madison Area Technical College.*

## Milwaukee Winter River Sundown

Shadows of willows and oaks
on the west bank of the river
Lengthen across snow-covered ice
touching trees on the other side
Reaching up their trunks
as the sun lowers
Till the west side of the river
the snow-covered ice
And the trees on both sides
are in shade
Except where the last of the sun
goldens their crowns.

*by Antler*

## Blind Boy Hearing Snow

The blind boy wakes at night
hearing snow fall,
The blind boy who can never see snow,
who lies on his dark bed alone
listening ....
Not many people can hear snow fall
or be able to tell
Sound of snow falling through sky
from sound of snow falling on ground
he thinks
Wishing himself outside on a drift
letting the snowflakes melt
on his eyes ....
Falling back asleep now, the sleep
of a boy who can never see snow,
The last thought that drifts into his mind
as he drifts deeper into sleep
as snow drifts deeper outside
is how comforting falling asleep
hearing falling snow ....

*by Antler*

## The Archaeology Lab

You find the Lake Farm artifacts,
labeled, in seven oak cabinet drawers.
Lithics: *7 points. 15 scrapers.*
*14 point fragments. 1 drill.*
A spear point shaped like a perch,
carbon-dated at five-thousand years.
Ceramics: *cordmarked sherds,*
*punctate exterior* designed
by Early Woodland people
who pressed small sticks in wet clay.

In the lid from a box of fasteners
(brass, two-pronged with a
flattened head, the kind that
used to be everywhere), *10 points,*
*Area D.* From beach site 459
*folded rimsherds,* brown clay
thinned with a cord-wrapped paddle,
displayed in the glossy carton
from an Apple HyperCard.
In a gift box printed with holly,
green and red on gold,
sherds marked by the thumbnail
of someone who fished Waubesa
when Jesus was alive.

*by Judith Strasser*

*Judith Strasser is the author of a memoir,* ***Black Eye: Escaping a Marriage, Writing a Life*** *(Terrace Books/University of Wisconsin Press) and a poetry chapbook,* ***Sand Island Succession: Poems of the Apostles*** *(Parallel Press). Her poems and essays have appeared in* ***Poetry, The Kenyon Review, Prairie Schooner, Witness,*** *and many other literary magazines.*

*Antler is the author of* ***Factory*** *(City Lights, 1980),* ***Last Words*** *(Ballantine, 1986) and* ***Antler: The Selected Poems*** *(Soft Skull, 2000). He won the 1987 Witter Bynner Prize from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters in New York City. He also won the 1985 Walt Whitman Award, given by the Whitman Association to an author "whose contribution best reveals the continuing presence of Walt Whitman in American poetry." Allen Ginsberg called Antler "one of Whitman's 'poets and orators to come.'" Antler was Milwaukee's poet laureate in 2002-2003.*

## The House We Haunt Is Ours

we wander through the corridors
inside the middle of the night
in little hours

I toss
she turns
we flail our arms and knees in bed
we kick at covers
spiders do the backstroke in a pool

all I need is time to write
some time to think
to get the manuscript together
I have to write better
that's the answer
writing better

she never thought she'd have no family
live unmarried
have no money
be unhappy
nuns have better sex lives

she comes back to bed and I get up
and I come back then she gets up
we alternate like this all night
shift workers at the abandoned slumber mill
the haunted house
sleepily we punch in
we punch out

separate we descend the creaky stairs
float floor to floor
swim room to room
we roam and write
check e-mail watch tv
burnt popcorn treads butter in a bowl
we stroll the blacktop
looking for our car
the keys
in the yellow lighted empty parking lot
outside the silent factory
the grinding little hours
the crawling hours
the cobweb hours
blinking in the darkness

so few words pass between us
at the gate in the chain link fence
no gestures
waves
no overtures
I whistle and I swing my lunch pail back to work
as she heads home alone to warm the bed
we haunt the little hours
that pass for night

*by Bruce Dethlefsen*

*Bruce Dethlefsen lives in Westfield.*

## Poverty

Poverty eats at my table daily,
steals what little money I have
hidden in a cookie jar,
drinks my cheap wine
and pinches my wife's ass
when she washes the dishes.

Do not come here any longer, Poverty.
You are not welcome.
Go down to my neighbor's house,
they have three cars and no children,
Go down and knock on their door,
smile and tell them you are fortune and fame.

*by John Smelcer*

*John Smelcer lives in Alaska, but he has been a visiting professor at the University of Wisconsin in Eau Claire, Madison, and Milwaukee and considers Wisconsin his second home. He is the author of numerous books of poetry, mostly recently* ***Without Reservation,*** *winner of the Binghamton University Prize and the Western Writers of America Award for Poetry.*

Photos by Bill Blankenburg

# Flimflam

BY WILLA SCHMIDT

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

SECOND PLACE

ONE EVENING AS GENEVIEVE THORPE sorts laundry, a square of crumpled linen catches her eye, a handkerchief. Peter's? He has stacks, mostly untouched, birthday offerings from nieces and nephews, doting aunts. His, yes, there's the monogram: boxy letters, embroidered royal blue on sober, tasteful beige. She lifts the expensive fabric out of a week's cumulation of shirts and underwear, momentarily confused by a heady floral fragrance. It is intimate as warm breath on skin—tropical, sultry, insinuating.

Genevieve doesn't wear perfume. She finds heavily scented people overdone, inconsiderate of those around. She puzzles over her discovery long after the handkerchief is washed and back in its drawer. She says nothing to Peter.

The following weekend, rummaging under the driver's seat for a cloth to wipe a clouded windshield, she brings up ticket stubs. Two of them, for a play on a Wednesday night, five weeks before. For the life of her, Genevieve cannot remember what she was doing that evening. What she knows is that the play is not one she has seen.

Peter sells insurance and often stays late at his office or makes evening visits to clients who are unavailable during

She still couldn't believe that sleek Peter Thorpe, brought to her desk by an impacted wisdom tooth, had noticed her, much less invited her out for dinner.

the day. She can't remember if January 11 was one of those evenings; it might have been. *A Chorus Line,* a theater two towns away. Peter has never mentioned it, and she doesn't ask.

Genevieve has been uneasy for some time. She believes Peter has changed. So often he seems to look right through her, doesn't hear; she is forced to repeat things. Has she disappeared, she sometimes wonders, but is unable to express this worry in acceptable terms. When she tries, ever so carefully, her vagueness annoys. Peter wants examples.

"Please, Gennyvee," he says, with the suggestion of a sigh. "Be specific. Lose the static. Nail down the problem. Now let's start over." She pictures him in a business meeting, issuing these orders to nodding colleagues.

She tells him again she wishes he'd spend more time with her in the evenings, she misses him. Genevieve works all day too, as a receptionist in an office of oral surgeons. Lately she spends many evenings alone, reading, watching television, waiting for Peter. When they were first married, they always ate supper together, cooked together too. Spicy Italian, Greek dishes, crusty bread, hearty red wine. Before the espresso cooled they'd be in bed, and afterwards, tiramisu, lemon sorbet ...

"Are you forgetting, Gen, that it's all for you, for us? Overtime now means payoffs later, you know that, duchess. Hang in a little longer, it'll be worth it, you'll see." He skims a finger across her forehead, along the line of her mink brown, swept-back hair.

She tries to remember when he started calling her Gen. And Gennyvee. She doesn't want to hurt his feelings, he means well. Everyone calls her Gen, so why not Peter too? But Gennyvee ... At first she told herself it was sweet, a sign of his affection. These days it makes her grit her teeth.

"Geneviève. Suits you perfectly, with those cheekbones. Geneviève."

Peter took a sip of wine, then leaned back and studied her. When he pronounced her name it sounded like John Vee Ev. He had studied French in college, spent a summer in Paris. He should know.

Genevieve smiled. She almost blurted the truth, that she was a mongrel mix of English, Irish, German, who knew what all—but she adored his fantasy, why not let him keep it? She still couldn't believe that sleek Peter Thorpe, brought to her desk by an impacted wisdom tooth, had noticed her, much less invited her out for dinner. "My mother's father was born in Montreal," she ventured. It was true, even if his name was Riley.

"Oho, there you go. That dark elegance, those fine bones ..." He tipped his glass at her, took a generous swallow. "Gallic blood, unmistakable."

After the wedding they moved into a small but presentable apartment in a new subdivision and agreed to start saving for a house. "No point socking dough into other people's property," Peter declared. His job was going well. A superior had called him "executive meat," and hell, "Hell, Genevieve," he said, "I wouldn't want to disappoint the guy, astute dude like that."

Genevieve is riding the bus, on her way to work. Peter leaves earlier and always takes the car, because he needs it during the day. She doesn't mind. Her trip is short, fifteen, twenty minutes. It's February, frigid, the world outside the bus' smeared windows locked in ice and gray, relentless stone. She sits in the first row of seats facing the front.

The bus stops and a young woman climbs on, lifting up the step before her a very small boy. They sit just in front of, perpendicular to Genevieve, on the long seat facing the aisle. Both of them, woman and boy, wear worn-looking jackets and knit caps of cheap, synthetic material. Young to be a mother, Genevieve thinks. Hardly twenty. The woman is thin, with chalky skin and light hair, plain at first glance but on further examination almost lovely in a fragile, doll-like way. Genevieve notes this as she watches the woman watching her young son.

The boy's bundled legs stick straight out, scarcely reaching past the edge of the seat. He wipes away tears brought on by the cold in a clumsy way, sticking his tiny finger into his eye, then extending it again, a slow-motion flicking off of wet. This gesture, repeated several times, fascinates Genevieve.

The woman says nothing; she looks at her boy. In spite of her delicate appearance she reminds Genevieve of a lioness silently, expertly guarding her young. After a moment she removes her gloves and snugs the child's cap down around his ears. Her hands are chapped, her fingers reddened, ringless.

"Bad timing, Gen." Peter's voice was solemn, but calm, reasonable as always. "We'd regret it the rest of our lives, and it'd hardly be fair, would it? To the kid? We've got ourselves a dandy plan, well thought out. No reason to scrap it all for one little mistake. There'll be time later, once we've got our house, done some traveling ..."

Genevieve nodded. She'd known what he would say, wasn't surprised. He was right, of course it was too soon. They'd agreed, hadn't they? To wait until they'd built up their savings? Until Peter was established in his firm? All they had right now was the money Genevieve's grandparents had left her, which they hoped to use as a down payment. Besides, she enjoyed her job, loved their selfish hours together. She made an appointment at a clinic for the following week.

But why the sudden emptiness, as if in a matter of seconds her body had shed its warm fullness and shrunk to a rattling gourd? She thought she must have seen too many of those old movies, the ones where the husband comes home and the wife says, "Honey?" then ducks her head and the husband, the husband looks first idiotically bewildered, then unbelieving, then—getting it

at last—breaks out in a huge grin, swoops her up in his arms and yells something like "Whahoo!" or "Yippee!" and then remembering, puts her down ever so gently, ever so tenderly, and whispers, "Oh, but be careful, you've got to take it easy now."

John Alford is rumbling in his Colonel Sanders voice, "I want you to know, Genny, I think highly of that husband of yours. I like a fellow who knows what he wants and goes after it, doesn't get addled by the flimflam." A waiter approaches with a tray of drinks.

"Well, speak of the devil! Enjoying your party, Pete? We've been discussing you, your charming lady and I." Peter has joined them, juggling a plate of stuffed mushrooms and a glass of white wine. He drapes his free arm around Genevieve and smiles.

"Only good stuff, right? The party—what can I say, phenomenal!" He lifts the hand resting on Genevieve's shoulder to take in the room with a brief wave. "I'm, well, what can I say, I'm *humbled*. All these people here on my account!

has full hair that drops to her collarbone in wide, soft waves; her lipstick matches the dress. The woman senses his glance, excuses herself and approaches.

"Okay you two, what're you cooking up? No fair leaving me out." She grabs both men's arms playfully and turns her sleek face first to Alford, whose grin is decidedly unfatherly, then to Peter, who removes his hand from Genevieve's shoulder to catch his wine glass, which the jostling threatens to tip. "Well, Mr. Man of the Hour, what's the poop?" she asks with a flirty wink.

"Martini, my dear? Or something else—champagne?"

Genevieve declines, she is too nervous. "Peter is so thrilled," she says. "He's always hoped to eventually work with you." Alford is senior vice president at Peter's firm. He is silver-haired and impeccably groomed, distinguished in spite of a protruding paunch. Genevieve has met him at company gatherings and appreciates his courtly manner. She likes it that he is fatherly, not wisecracking and pushy like so many of Peter's colleagues, though Peter has assured her Alford can be ruthless when business requires it. A force to be reckoned with.

Humbled, and honored. And grateful, John, to you. But no Mrs. Alford?"

"A touch of flu. Sends her congratulations. Speaking of my better half, have I told you, Pete, how much your Genny calls to mind my Dorothea as a young woman, when I first wooed her? Same delicate manner, demure, we used to call it. Fine quality, my dear. Sadly lacking today, unfortunate," he rumbles on, shaking his head.

Peter gives her shoulder a delighted squeeze. He is proud. Genevieve smiles, embarrassed, but Alford has turned away. He is looking at a tall, shapely blond in a scarlet dress standing a few feet away in another small group. She

Peter clears his throat. "Sandra, meet Genevieve, my wife. Gen, this is Sandra Storey, latest addition to our team. She took over my old job, I think I told you?"

Genevieve shakes Sandra's hand. Small talk flies back and forth but when the conversation turns to business Genevieve excuses herself. In the spacious, mauve-toned restroom she stands at the mirror and cups her palm over her face. As a familiar scent of tropical blossoms overwhelms her, her eyes in the glass widen, grow rounder, darker.

At one of the yawning sinks she carefully washes her hands. Then she combs her hair and strolls out through clusters of chattering people to where her hus-

band stands, laughing happily, flanked by the animated figure in red.

"So I'm sitting at my desk, thumbing the old appointment book, trying my damndest to look enthused." Peter's voice was high-pitched and breathless, his face flushed. Genevieve didn't know yet if the news was good or bad. He kept her in suspense while he stripped off his shirt and tie and got ready to take a shower.

"And? Come on, Peter, stop teasing! What happened?"

He'd called her office at noon and said he'd be home five-thirty sharp with something to tell her. He'd sounded serious, verging on somber, refused to give a clue. She'd been excited at first, but as the afternoon wore on dire imaginings crowded her head. "They didn't let you go, did they? With the cutbacks everywhere ... We've got my salary, Peter, it'd be hard but ..."

"Ah, my sweet silly Gennyvee. No, they didn't let me go. How about junior vice president? Already! Fastest ever! Just like that!" His face cracked in a grin and he wrapped her in a bear hug. When she protested that she couldn't breathe he loosened his hold a bit and continued, "Alford—you remember John—comes to my desk this morning, says he wants to talk, over coffee. So we go next door, sit down, and wham! He hits me with it. They're expanding luxury coverage and Alford wants me to head the team, under his supervision! The leadership needs new blood, he says; they need to reward their promising young stars." He danced gleefully around the room, half naked, then came back and hugged her again. "'Promising young stars!' His very words!"

How could she have doubted? Of course Peter would do well, why ever think otherwise? Trust, believe, that was all she needed to do. Her own wishes too, if she kept them focused, steady before her, if she didn't give in to the annoying questioner who always seemed to be tap-tapping her on the back, would surely, in time, come true. Limp with joy, she swayed in Peter's arms.

Through the car windows, Genevieve watches the sun go down behind marshland and scrub woods that stretch to the horizon in a screen of humid grayish-green. She looks at Peter, who sits very straight as he drives. He is wearing a T-shirt and shorts and seems relaxed, almost boyish, quite a contrast to his workaday self. She reaches over, gently massages the back of his neck. He turns and smiles, pats her knee, then concentrates once more on the road.

It is June, the evening heat still potent, but the Mercury is air-conditioned, agreeably cool. Genevieve too wears shorts and a light shirt. She is happy. They are taking a vacation at last.

## WINNING WORDS

*Comments by contest judge Dwight Allen*

"Flimflam" is a delicately, subtly drawn portrait of a marriage in peril. The final scene, at a northwoods supper club where plates are piled high with Friday night batter-fried fish, is brilliantly done.

Not a real one, just a five-day extended weekend, but enough, she thinks, time enough to give him her news. This time he'll be overjoyed, she knows, like the movie husbands. She can't quite imagine Peter hollering "Yippee!" but he might sweep her up and do a little victory dance ...

Things have changed, for the better. Genevieve still has some difficulty believing this but she grows more and more certain as the weeks go by. Peter cares for her again.

Not like when they were first married; that would be asking too much. But he enjoys being together again, going to movies, visiting friends, simply sitting and talking. He still works long hours, even longer since his promotion, but when he comes home, he is happy. They talk about the house they've picked out, a trip to Europe in September. And once, just once, Peter even let slip something about starting a family, before they got "old and muddle-headed."

Sometimes they cook up a big batch of pasta again and collapse giggling into bed afterward, savoring the tang of pesto and chianti on each other's lips.

Genevieve has almost forgotten the handkerchief, ticket stubs, woman in a red dress. When she thinks of them, she laughs a little, at the way her imagination leads her down such gloomy paths. Silly, she thinks; Peter is right, you are silly. She is thankful she kept her suspicions to herself.

"Stop for dinner?" Peter asks. "Things'll be closed by the time we get to Big Fork. Anyway, I'm starved now."

"Good idea," says Genevieve. She too feels hungry all of a sudden. At the next town they pull into the parking lot of a log cabin–style supper club. It's Friday, fish fry night, but the main crush of diners has finished and they are led to a cozy table on the far side of the room. A gigantic moose head keeps stern watch from the wall above them. They look up at it and smile at each other. At the next table a man and woman sit huddled in conversation.

"Another hour, hour and a half," Peter says. He takes a long swallow of beer, exhales loudly. "Hits the spot," he sighs. Genevieve has agreed to drive the rest of the way, she knows the road well. They are heading for her grandparents' old resort, now run by Genevieve's cousin. Since the season hasn't officially opened, they can stay in one of the cottages for almost nothing.

The food arrives and they wolf down crispy chunks of batter-fried fish, greasy french fries. After they spoon last bits of cole slaw onto their plates, the waitress brings more of everything and they continue eating, lazily now, chatting between bites. "God, Gen, you're a ravenous beast," Peter kids as she spears a forkful of fries. "What's going on?" She laughs. Any minute, she thinks, any minute now he'll guess!

But Peter is talking about the house again, the one they're sure they'll buy. The third bedroom, he says, the one that looks out on the tree-filled yard and has a small fireplace, should be a study. Genevieve is only half listening. She is thinking about a little boy sitting with his feet straight out, flicking tears from his eye with a tiny stiff finger.

"I never went there in the afternoon, that's crap. I did *not* see her in the afternoon!" The voice, male, is low but annoyed and distinct. It comes from behind her and pierces, as if the speaker were aiming a narrow shaft of sound straight at Genevieve, determined to pull her out of her dream. She looks at Peter; he is still talking, hasn't noticed. She smiles, then tunes him out altogether, straining to catch what comes next.

Another voice, female, murmurs an unintelligible response, soft and teeming with protest, unmistakably sad. Out of the corner of her eye Genevieve glimpses a fair, matronly figure, permanented hair, glasses with rhinestone frames. Fiftyish. Genevieve doesn't have the nerve to turn around and look at the man.

"You gotta bring it all up again! You're opening a goddam sewer!" The male voice is louder now, agitated. Peter stops midsentence and stares past Genevieve at its source. Now the responding murmur, clearly distressed, soft sobs mixing with the woman's still inaudible reply.

"Come on, Angie, cut it out," the deep voice interrupts. "Stop the goddam bawling. You think you're the only one got hurt? I been hurt too. Oh yeah, I been hurt. Tell me about it. Here's what you gotta do. Ya gotta turn the corner on this thing, get it behind you, know what I mean? It's over, forget it. Come on now, that's the girl. There's my Angie."

Sniffling sounds and the murmur again, fading, resigned but not yet ready for total concession. Leaving the man, who wants an end to this, exasperated, suddenly very angry: "Christ almighty, you think she meant something to me? I saw her maybe four, five times. And never in the afternoon, never! I don't care who told you, that's a goddam lie!"

Genevieve wants Peter to look at her, to laugh about this together. She tries to capture his gaze but he keeps staring, staring past her at the man she can't see. His face is drained of color, his mouth twisted in a way she hasn't seen. Then, as if caught in the middle of some devastatingly private act, he jolts to attention, throws furtive glances around the room. Finally he meets her eyes. He is wearing his usual look, composed, smiling, radiating confidence.

"Can you believe that?" he whispers, bending close and taking her hand. "Come on, Gennyvee," he says in a normal tone, "Finish your coffee. Time to hit the road."

As they get up Genevieve turns to the adjacent table, but it's too late. The couple has slipped away. "What did he look like?" she asks, bereft. She needs a face for that hard voice.

"Fat guy," Peter answers. "Middle-aged. Dark hair, slicked back. Oily." He grimaces. "What you'd expect." They stop at the cash register, head out the door. "I'm beat." Peter yawns. "Even coffee's not gonna help. You're on your own, kiddo."

Genevieve slides behind the wheel. The road is empty; the narrow path of their lights breaks the dark. Peter closes his eyes but can't get comfortable. He squirms and fidgets in the seat beside her, dozing off, jolting awake again.

She is trying to compose a speech, but a small animal has lodged in her throat, choking her. The noises it makes are troubled and soft. If she opens her mouth, they'll escape as murmurs. If I could scream, she thinks, if only I could scream. She lowers the window and gulps fresh, newly cool air. On either side of the road pines mass darkly, suck in the damp, exhale pungent resin.

I've got news, Peter, good news ...

Peter is snoring. Genevieve watches the road's dim ribbon and silently blinks back tears. ✹

*Willa Schmidt is a former UW–Madison reference librarian whose prose and poetry have appeared in such publications as* ***Potomac Review, Calyx, St. Anthony Messenger, Wisconsin Academy Review*** *and* ***Mobius.*** *She recently took first place in the Annual Memoirs Competition of the Writers Workshop of Asheville, North Carolina, and is currently working on a series of stories about growing up German-American in post–World War II Chicago.*

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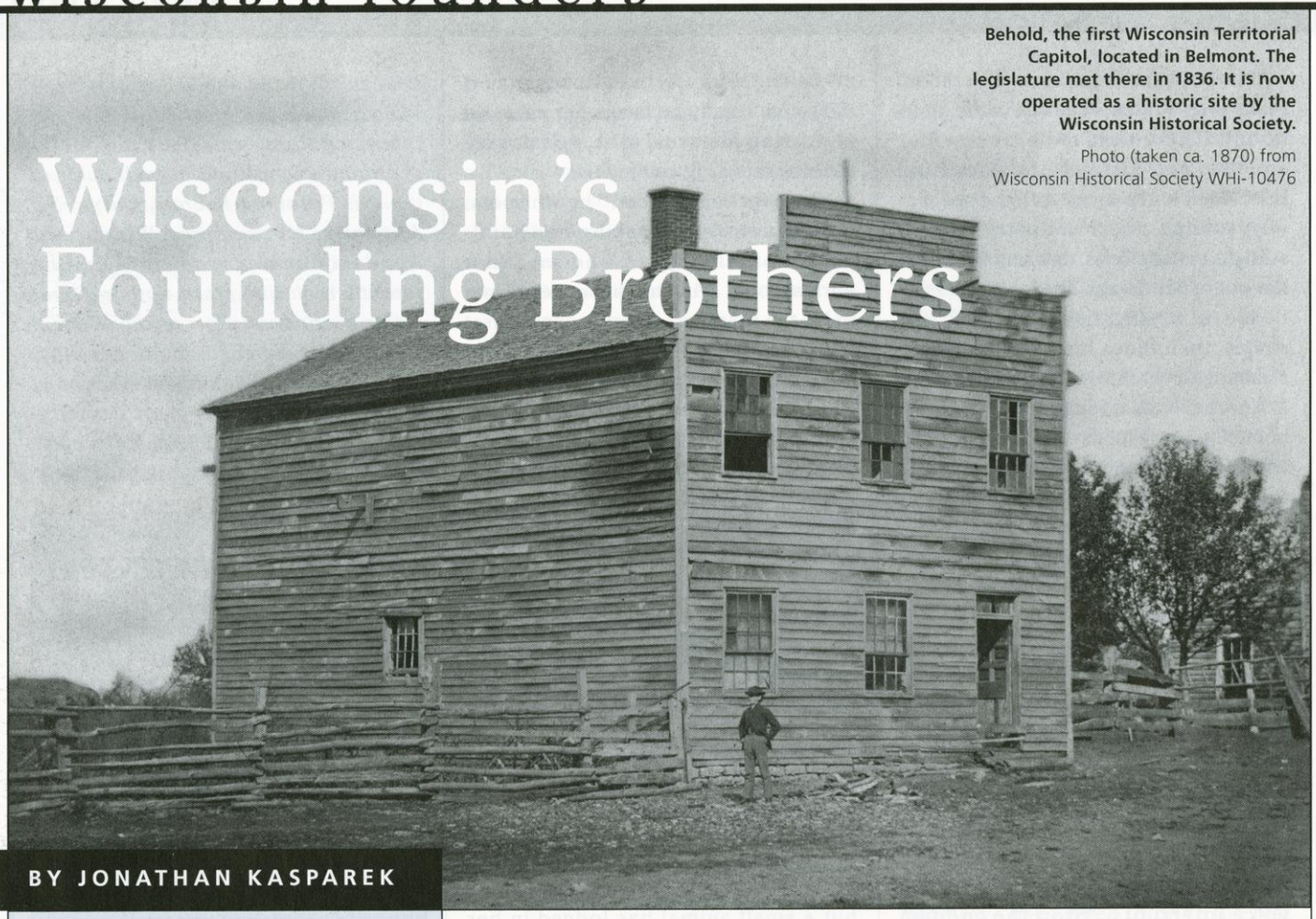


**Behold, the first Wisconsin Territorial Capitol, located in Belmont. The legislature met there in 1836. It is now operated as a historic site by the Wisconsin Historical Society.**

Photo (taken ca. 1870) from Wisconsin Historical Society WHi-10476

# Wisconsin's Founding Brothers

BY JONATHAN KASPAREK

**In last winter's magazine, we took a look at our nation's founders with Joseph Ellis and his book *Founding Brothers*, focusing in particular on what Ellis calls our founders' "silence" on slavery. Now, as a wrap-up to the Wisconsin Cultural Coalition's "A More Perfect Union" initiative, we're looking at Wisconsin's founding brothers, who, like their forebears at the national level, wrangled over the rights of African Americans and those of another oppressed group: women.**

A MORE PERFECT Union

An initiative to improve civil discourse and community involvement in politics led by Wisconsin's Cultural Coalition. More information at Portal Wisconsin, www.portalwisconsin.org

IN HIS PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING BOOK *Founding Brothers: The Revolutionary Generation,* historian Joseph Ellis examines the careers of the nation's founding generation and demonstrates that such iconic figures as Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and others were not the infallible geniuses of popular imagination. Rather, they had shortcomings and personality quirks as glaring as those of future national leaders. Moreover, they fought bitterly over the meaning of the one event, the Revolution, that drew them all together. We often view the founding era of the American Republic as a golden age of political discourse from which subsequent generations have fallen short. In fact, the process of securing independence, creating a national identity, and establishing a republican government was contentious and acrimonious every step of the way.

Despite conflicting opinions and clashing personalities, the work of the founders was, with some exception, an astonishing success. The Constitution they developed has been amended but never replaced. It was crafted to draw support from most factions and was strong enough to survive the stormy first decades of independence.

Although never repeated on a national scale in this country, the Constitutional Convention was emulated many times as new states developed from dependent territories to states in the union. Issues contentious in 1787—such as the relative powers of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches—became precedents for establishing state governments within a

few years. But as the nation developed, new issues emerged that strained later founding generations.

Those who had governed Wisconsin during a stormy political life as a territory failed in their first attempt to craft a constitution. In 1847, Wisconsin voters rejected a constitution over such issues as including African Americans in the civic life of the new state, protecting indebted homesteaders, and allowing married women to maintain an independent economic stake in society.[1] In this article, we'll examine how Wisconsin's founding brothers wrangled with these issues and with each other—but how, like our nation's founding brothers before them, they ultimately managed to rise above these differences to craft an enduring constitution for our state.

## DODGE V. DOTY

Of those delegates who gathered in Madison in 1846, none brought more ambition and political baggage than James Duane Doty (1799–1865), the most controversial figure in territorial politics. Born in 1799 in New York, he moved to the northwest in 1818 and quickly became a favorite of Lewis Cass, the Michigan territorial governor. Between 1824 and 1832, Doty was a federal judge for "western Michigan," the area that would become the state of Wisconsin. Traversing the area on horseback or by canoe, Doty got to know the area better than anyone, a knowledge that fueled his successful land speculation into a small fortune.

Absent from the convention was Doty's antithesis, the most popular leader and incumbent governor, Henry Dodge (1782–1867). In 1827, Dodge migrated from Missouri to the lead-mining area in what is now northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin along with his family and slaves. Dodge came from a military background (he had been a brigadier general in the Missouri militia) and quickly established himself as the leader of the lead region and as a militia leader during the Black Hawk War of 1832. In politics he was a dedicated Jacksonian and promoted the virtue of the frontier settlers over the dangerous merchant classes of the east.[2]

Dodge and Doty represented two types of settlers in the new territory: the frontier settlers out to subdue and exploit the land, and the sophisticated speculator ready to use the territory to advance personal fortunes.

These two represented two types of settlers in the new territory: the frontier settlers, often with southern roots, out to subdue and exploit the land, and the sophisticated speculator ready to use the territory to advance personal fortunes. Much of the dynamics of territorial politics involved their feud. The conflict began in 1833, when Doty secured the release of eight Ho-Chunks who had escaped from Fort Winnebago, pursued by Dodge and a company of militia. After Doty publicly implied that Dodge had failed to manage the situation, a furious Dodge prepared to confront Doty personally, but duties kept him in Mineral Point. For some reason, Doty continued to challenge Dodge's reputation, sarcastically referring in a letter to the *Galenian* as "the much vaunted authority of Gen. Dodge," and the two continued to exchange insults for years.

The most dramatic encounter between them involved the selection of the territorial capital. When the first territorial legislature gathered in temporary quarters, Dodge left the location of a permanent seat of government up to the legislature, expecting them to put aside personal consideration. To his chagrin, the legislators began squabbling over the location, many advancing the prospects of their own towns. While the debate raged, Doty arrived. After he dispensed gifts of city lots to legislators, the legislature designated Madison the capital and awarded Doty funds to erect public buildings there. Despite his shock at the legislature's apparent lack of civic virtue, Dodge signed the bill making Madison the capital. Doty had outfoxed him again.[3]

The Dodge–Doty feud dominated territorial politics and eventually forced a realignment in which pro-Jackson Dodge supporters gained firm control over the local Democratic party and Doty was reluctantly forced to join the developing Whig party. Dodge served as governor from 1836 to 1841 and from 1845 to 1848; he was elected delegate to Congress in the intervening years. Doty, too, served as delegate, from 1839 to 1841, and as governor, from 1841 to 1845. Other major figures emerged on both sides of the feud. Dodge remained publicly aloof from political strife, but others who opposed Doty had less restraint.

Doty's most determined critic was Moses M. Strong (1810–1894) of Mineral Point, who had arrived in Wisconsin in 1836. At first he cooperated with Doty's speculative schemes, purchasing 40 lots in Madison on behalf of eastern speculators, but then instigated legal inquiries into Doty's land claims. As Territorial Attorney, he began an investigation of Doty's title to Madison land and began a suit to recover money entrusted to Doty

Some delegates thought they could improve on earlier constitutions in the face of social and economic changes that had occurred in the last 50 years. In many ways the Wisconsin Constitution was more democratic.

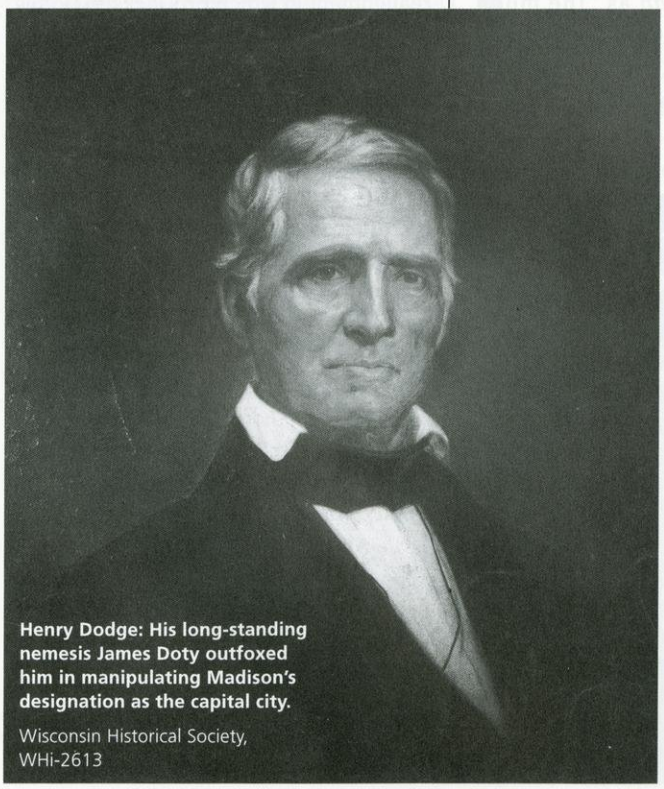
and others for the construction of the territorial capitol and other buildings in Madison that were left uncompleted. When the Whigs gained the presidency in 1841 with William Henry Harrison, Dodge and Strong were dismissed and Doty was appointed governor. Strong continued to rail against Doty's heavy-handed actions as governor from the legislature and to use his position to thwart Doty's appointments.[4]

In addition to Moses Strong and Doty, the delegates were joined by Marshall Strong (no relation) and Edward G. Ryan of Racine. In 1836, Marshall Strong (1813–1864) settled in Racine, where he practiced law; he represented his adopted city in the territorial legislature in 1839 and again from 1845 to 1846. Edward G. Ryan, an immigrant from Ireland via New York and Illinois, was also a lawyer. He had been part of the "loco foco" faction of New York Democrats that embraced anti-monopoly and anti-corporation principles, which Ryan brought to Wisconsin in 1842. He had no political experience at all when he arrived at the convention, but he had firm convictions and a bellicose demeanor that often carried the day. He authored the provision that outlawed all banks from the state.[5]

Perhaps not surprisingly, these figures were unable to put aside personal antipathy and work cooperatively at a critical moment. Delegates spoke freely and at length on all subjects. There was no official journal, so the proceedings were documented by various partisan newspapers; members frequently rose to denounce newspaper accounts of the proceedings and correct misquotations.

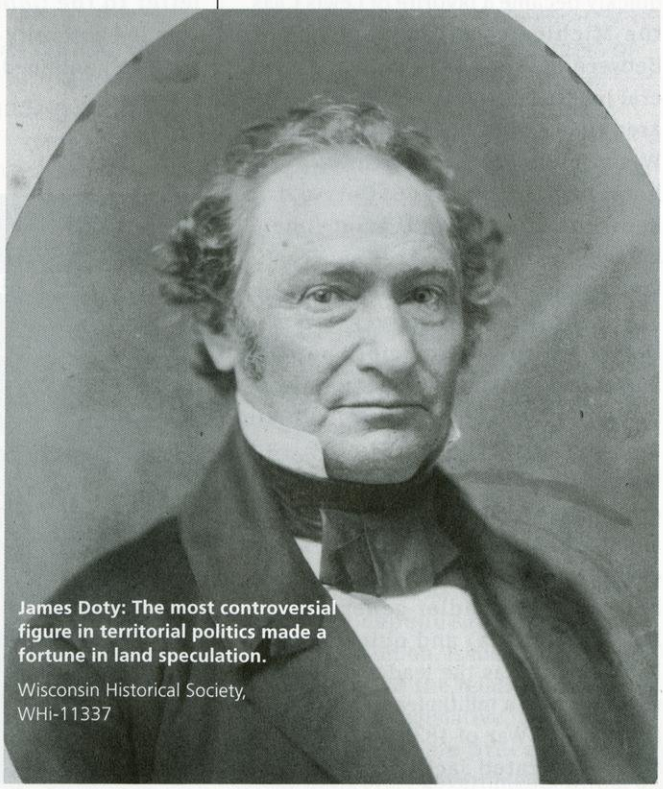
The basic framework of government closely followed familiar precedents established by the U.S. Constitution and imitated by other states. The delegates created a bicameral legislature. Like the U.S. president, the governor had veto power over legislation subject to a two-thirds vote override. Like the U.S. Senate, the Wisconsin Senate had to approve gubernatorial appointments. Like the U.S. Constitution, the 1846 Wisconsin Constitution contained a Bill of Rights outlining such familiar rights as freedom of speech, religion, and assembly.

Some delegates, however, thought they could improve on earlier constitutions in the face of social and economic changes that had occurred in the last 50 years. In many ways the Wisconsin Constitution was more democratic. The justices of the supreme court, after long debate, would be elected to five-year terms rather than appointed for life. Other elected officials received short terms: one year for members of the assembly and two years for senators and constitutional officers. This was believed to be more democratic and more suitable to a young state on the



**Henry Dodge: His long-standing nemesis James Doty outfoxed him in manipulating Madison's designation as the capital city.**

Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi-2613



**James Doty: The most controversial figure in territorial politics made a fortune in land speculation.**

Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi-11337

edge of settlement and would guarantee a government more responsive to the people. But other issues proved to be too controversial.

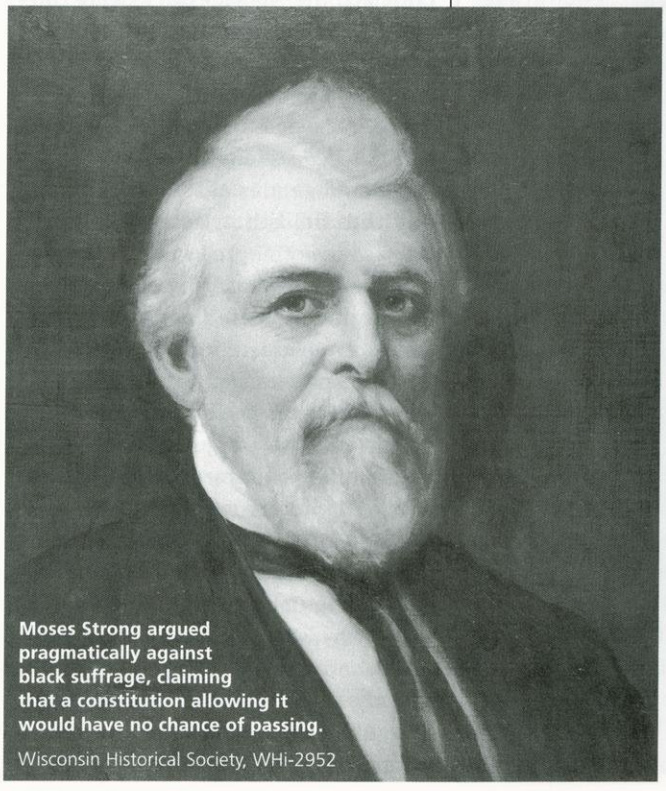
### WHAT ABOUT BLACKS AND WOMEN?

One of the most heated debates involved who would be able to participate fully in civil society. It began on October 9, when Moses Strong introduced the article on suffrage. Strong's committee proposed giving the franchise to every white male citizen 21 years or older and to non-citizens who had filed a declaration of intent to become citizens. In either case, voters were required to have resided in the state for only six months. This provision struck some delegates as too generous. Strong's experience in the rough-and-tumble lead-rush district may have shaped his vision for the quick incorporation of new immigrants, but delegates from the growing commercial centers of the east wanted voters to have a greater commitment to their state before they could have a voice in its government. In the end compromise prevailed. The provision of alien suffrage remained, but the residency requirement was extended to one year.[6]

Moses Strong and Edward Ryan both vigorously opposed black suffrage, with Ryan predicting that the state would be "overrun with runaway slaves" should such a provision be included.

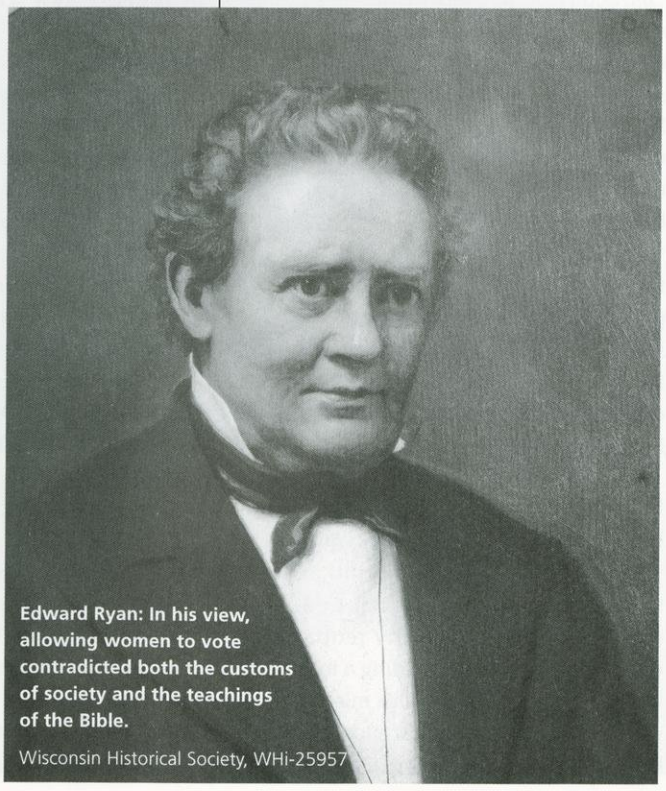
But the debate over who could vote did not end there. Abolitionists petitioned the convention to strike the word "white" from the article, thereby allowing African Americans to vote. (According to the 1840 census there were 185 free blacks and 11 slaves residing in the territory despite the anti-slavery provisions of the Northwest Ordinance.) Moses Strong and Ryan both vigorously opposed black suffrage, with Ryan predicting that the state would be "overrun with runaway slaves" should such a provision be included. Moses Strong argued more pragmatically, stating that if the constitution allowed African Americans to vote, it "would not receive fifty votes west of the Rock River; the people would deem it an infringement upon their natural rights thus to place them upon an equality with the colored race." Another delegate resurrected the popular "no taxation without representation" argument from the Revolution and argued that although "it is true that the negro is not a white man, nor can we make him such but it is nevertheless true that he is here among us ... he knows no other country or government, is protected by our laws, and made subject to them." Hence blacks had a natural right to participate in the government.

Future governor Alexander Randall led a group of moderates sympathetic to black suffrage but mindful of popular opinion and secured a compromise. The convention opted to submit the question of black suffrage separately at the



**Moses Strong argued pragmatically against black suffrage, claiming that a constitution allowing it would have no chance of passing.**

Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi-2952



**Edward Ryan: In his view, allowing women to vote contradicted both the customs of society and the teachings of the Bible.**

Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi-25957

If wives could be trusted with maintaining homes and raising children, reasoned David Noggle, then surely they could not be so susceptible to fraud and could certainly manage their own property.

same time as the constitution. With this, the votes of Ryan, Moses Strong, and their followers were secured.[7] The editor of the *American Freeman* in Waukesha (then known as Prairieville) expressed outrage at the compromise. "Let every Liberty man," he wrote on November 24, "that hates oppression and is opposed to seeing his adopted land disgraced by the adoption of a constitution that is to govern a great and growing people reject any and every one that ... offers such insult and injustice to the colored man."[8]

Liberal Democrats had more success in enshrining two other reforms in the constitution: the exemption of homesteads from debt seizure and the right of women to own property independently of their husbands. Discussion ran hot on both issues. Those who supported exempting homesteads from debt sales characterized the seizure of one's home as a barbaric relic of feudal Europe and urged the convention to protect the sanctity of the home and family. Horace Patch of Dodge County warned the convention of the need for homestead exemption to preserve a fundamental freedom key to republican government: "While I would extend an arm of the law to the creditor for the protection of his property, and assert his rights, I would not beggar the debtor nor erect over him a petty monarchy (in the shape of a creditor) to trample upon him with impunity."

But conservatives wanted none of it. Marshall Strong argued that the convention had no business enacting such "experimental" provisions and argued that however well intentioned, the exemption might actually jeopardize economic rights by providing a loophole by which persons of wealth might avoid paying their debts. His arguments bubbled over with hyperbole as he predicted the breakdown of society: "When I see such a general invitation for the most stupendous frauds about to be engrafted into our constitution... [I] know that violence and bloodshed will follow in its train."[9]

Ryan, too, predicted disaster if the constitution granted property rights to married women, an idea he denounced as contrary to both the customs of society and the teachings of the Bible. Women had no place in the economic or political life of the state, and he feared that such a provision would "lead the wife to become a speculator, and to engage in all the turmoil and bustle of life ... and thereby destroy her character [as] a wife." He also suggested that it would provide ample opportunity for husbands to "cover up their frauds." In an era in which fortunes were made and lost in land speculation, any change to property law might encourage scoundrels to take advantage of federal land policy.[10] Ryan and Strong identified with the propertied and professional classes of the territory and had not themselves engaged in the speculation in western land. They also had very traditional conceptions of a woman's sphere—that it was a mother's duty to raise rather than be good citizens—and they took it upon themselves to protect the inherently naïve and helpless woman.

One who favored the proposal was David Noggle (1809–1878) of Beloit, who refused to believe that women somehow needed protection from the predatory and unscrupulous frontier speculator. In one of the keenest debates of the convention, Noggle assured its passage by pointing out the fatal flaw in Ryan's and Strong's argument. If wives could be trusted with maintaining homes and raising children, he reasoned, then surely they could not be so susceptible to fraud and could certainly manage their own property. He mocked not only Ryan and Strong, but also the same assumptions that had come to dominate the debate over women's rights in the 19th century, ridiculing the notion that "the gentle, fair sex are so destitute of virtue and integrity that they will sell their peace for pence ... that the intelligence, integrity, virtue, and excellence of your mothers, your wives, and your daughters depend wholly upon legislative action." Following Noggle's defense, the convention approved the entire article. However, conservatives managed to limit the homestead exemption to 40 acres and $1,000 as a means of preventing the sort of fraud that so worried Strong and Ryan.[11]

## THE FAILURE OF '47

The passage of the exemption article so enraged Marshall Strong that he stormed from the convention and began a campaign to defeat the proposed constitution from his seat in the territorial legislature.[12] The U.S. Constitution worked because of compromise, but the compromises embodied by the Wisconsin constitution satisfied no one. Liberal Democrats attacked the suffrage article. The Madison *Wisconsin Argus* criticized the "unnecessary delay" presented by the one-year residency requirement as unfair to immigrants. Abolitionist groups attacked the exclusion of African Americans from the article. The *Madison Express* challenged the racial and gender assumptions of the day that held that, as expressed by Ryan, "every negro was a thief, and every woman worse" by calling attention to the educated and prosperous African American population of New York. Despite its support for black suffrage, the *Madison Express* opposed the exemption article, arguing that it "established different interests between the husband and the wife" and suggested that "the rich swindler" could exempt a fortune on a 40-acre homestead. The Milwaukee *Courier* sarcastically wondered why women could not be trusted with their own property if they were already entrusted with their husbands' property and children. "Is woman," asked the editor on February 24, 1847,

in response to one of Marshall Strong's speeches opposing the constitution, "naturally bad, dissolute, corrupt .... People of Wisconsin, is this your estimate of her character? Will you sanction this foul slander upon your wives, sisters, and daughters by rejecting this constitution?"[13]

Territorial leaders including Moses Strong and Ryan did their best to undo the damage caused by Marshall Strong and others, traveling from town to town to urge ratification. Nonetheless, on April 6, 1847, those who opposed the constitution were victorious: the people of Wisconsin voted 14,119 for adoption and 20,233 against. Black suffrage was rejected even more decisively, 15,415 against 6,864.[14] The issue was not any fundamental defect in the framework itself, essentially the same blueprint hammered out by James Madison and others in 1787, but the "new, untried and unsound principles" that seemed too threatening to conservatives. The editor of the *Wisconsin Argus* characterized the constitution as "blotted and marred by these unsound and pernicious principles, got up and crowded into the document for the special glorification of a few soulless, brainless demagogues and renegades." The editor of the Milwaukee *Courier* had championed these reforms and bluntly declared the defeat of the constitution a victory for organized wealth.[15]

So what next? Had Wisconsin's founding generation completely failed? The people had voted for statehood but rejected a constitution. After a long summer of speculation, Dodge called a special session of the legislature to convene on October 18, and he urged the gathered legislature to take quick action, citing the desperate financial need for statehood, since congressional appropriations (the territory's "allowance" from the federal government) no longer paid for the administration of the territory. By the end of the month, the legislature scheduled a special election for November 5 to elect delegates who would meet on December 15.[16]

The second convention met in December 1847 and was a smaller, more disciplined group. Those who had dominated the earlier proceedings, most notably Ryan and both Strongs, were absent. Generally younger than their predecessors, the delegates included several figures who would guide the new state through the tumultuous 1850s and Civil War years, including two future governors, Louis P. Harvey and James T. Lewis. Only one of the established territorial leaders was present: Morgan L. Martin of Green Bay, whom the delegates quickly elected president of the convention. The old, divisive issues were quietly disposed of. The suffrage article gave voting rights to free white male citizens 21 and older and non-citizens who had filed first papers for citizenship, but it empowered the legislature to enfranchise "persons not herein enumerated," subject to a popular vote, which allowed the possibility for black suffrage. The exemption article again provoked much discussion but


**Black suffrage was voted down overwhelmingly in 1847, much to the disgust of such abolitionist voices as the *American Freeman* newspaper in Waukesha. Shown here: the Henderson family, who were among Madison's earliest settlers.**
Wisconsin Historical Society WHi-4175

passed by two votes. The most divisive issue—property rights for married women—was quietly dropped. The convention adjourned with a new constitution in just six weeks.[17]

Without the controversial proposal for women's property rights and without the concurrent proposal for black suffrage, public debate was less heated than it had been previously. Generally seen as a more conservative and simpler document, the new constitution met with almost universal acclaim. A writer for the Prairie du Chien *Patriot* enthusiastically backed ratification now that the "obnoxious" provisions had been jettisoned. Only one newspaper stubbornly stood by its beliefs: the Waukesha *American Freeman* refused to support the constitution because it did not provide immediate voting rights for African Americans. The editor urged rejection of the "mongrel, God-dishonoring, liberty-hating, man-crushing document." Despite this dissenting voice, on March 13, 1848, voters approved the constitution by a vote of 16,797 to 6,383.[18]

From there it was smooth sailing. On May 29, 1848, President James K. Polk signed the bill admitting Wisconsin to the union. One of the first two senators to take up his duties was Henry Dodge. He remained in the Senate until 1857 when he moved to Iowa. Doty, too, moved west and was appointed governor of Utah Territory by Abraham Lincoln. Other key players remained. Morgan Martin enjoyed a successful career as a lawyer and judge in Green Bay. Moses Strong became the dominant political figure in western Wisconsin. Marshall Strong gave up politics completely. Edward Ryan returned to Racine and eventually became chief justice of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, although his misogynist beliefs remained intact.

Like Washington and his cohorts, many of these men and others who drafted Wisconsin's constitution have earned their place in our in history books. Some are commemorated by the names of our streets, buildings, and towns while others have been nearly forgotten. But all of these argumentative, difficult, and sometimes devious figures stand as Wisconsin's founding brothers. ✹

*Jonathan Kasparek described the process of Wisconsin statehood in a chapter in* ***The Uniting States*** *published by Greenwood Press in 2004 and is the author of the forthcoming* ***Voices and Votes: How Democracy Works in Wisconsin*** *for the Wisconsin Historical Society. He received a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 2003 and teaches at the University of Wisconsin–Waukesha. He lives in Madison with his wife, Abby Markwyn, and son, James.*

## Notes

1. This essay is based in part on research undertaken by the author for the entry on Wisconsin in *The Uniting States,* edited by Benjamin Shearer and published by Greenwood Press in 2004, which describes each state's development from a territory into a state.

2. Joseph Schafer, "Five Wisconsin Pioneers," *1933 Wisconsin Blue Book,* 19-31. Unless otherwise noted, biographical information derives from the *Dictionary of Wisconsin Biography,* the *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress* and Alice Smith, *History of Wisconsin, Volume I: From Exploration to Statehood.*

3. Alice Smith, *James Duane Doty* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1973), 130-134 and 192-204.

4. For the Doty-Strong feud, see Smith, *James Duane Doty,* 219-229 and 269-274.

5. Alfons J. Beitzinger, *Edward G. Ryan: Lion of the Law* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1960), 1-22.

6. Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Convention of 1846* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1919), 75, 230-240, 275-98.

7. Quaife, *Convention of 1846,* 214-229, 240-265, 275-98; Moses M. Strong, *History of the Territory of Wisconsin* (Madison; State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1885), 521-22.

8. Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Struggle Over Ratification* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1920), 222-23.

9. Quaife, *Convention of 1846,* 631-36 (Patch) and 647-58 (Strong).

10. Quaife, *Convention of 1846,* 631.

11. Quaife, *Convention of 1846,* 658-670; the quotation is on page 661.

12. "Speech of Marshall Strong, 5 February 1847," in Quaife, *Struggle Over Ratification,* 235-261.

13. Madison *Wisconsin Argus,* 3 November 1846 (pp. 151-55); *Madison Express,* 10 November 1846 (pp. 162-63); *Madison Express,* 8 December 1846 (pp. 174-75); and Milwaukee *Courier,* 24 February 1847 (pp. 564-87), all in Quaife, *Struggle Over Ratification.*

14. Official returns by county are reprinted in Quaife, *Struggle Over Ratification,* 697.

15. Madison *Wisconsin Argus,* 13 April 1847; and Milwaukee *Courier,* 14 April 1847, both in Quaife, *Struggle Over Ratification,* 344-45 and 612-14. Strong, *Territory of Wisconsin,* 550-57.

16. "Governor Dodge's Message on Statehood," 18 October 1847, in Milo M. Quaife, ed., *The Attainment of Statehood* (Madison: State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1928), 2-3; *Laws of Wisconsin Territory,* special session 1847, pp. 3-11, reprinted in Quaife, *Attainment of Statehood,* pp. 4-10; Watertown *Rock River Pilot,* 9 February 1848, in Quaife, *Attainment of Statehood,* pp. 88-89.

17. The journal of debate is in Quaife, *Attainment of Statehood,* pp. 173-183.

18. Prairie du Chien *Patriot,* 15 February 1848 (pp. 113-14), and Waukesha *American Freeman* (p. 95-98), all in Quaife, *Attainment of Statehood.* Strong, *Territory of Wisconsin,* pp. 564-76.

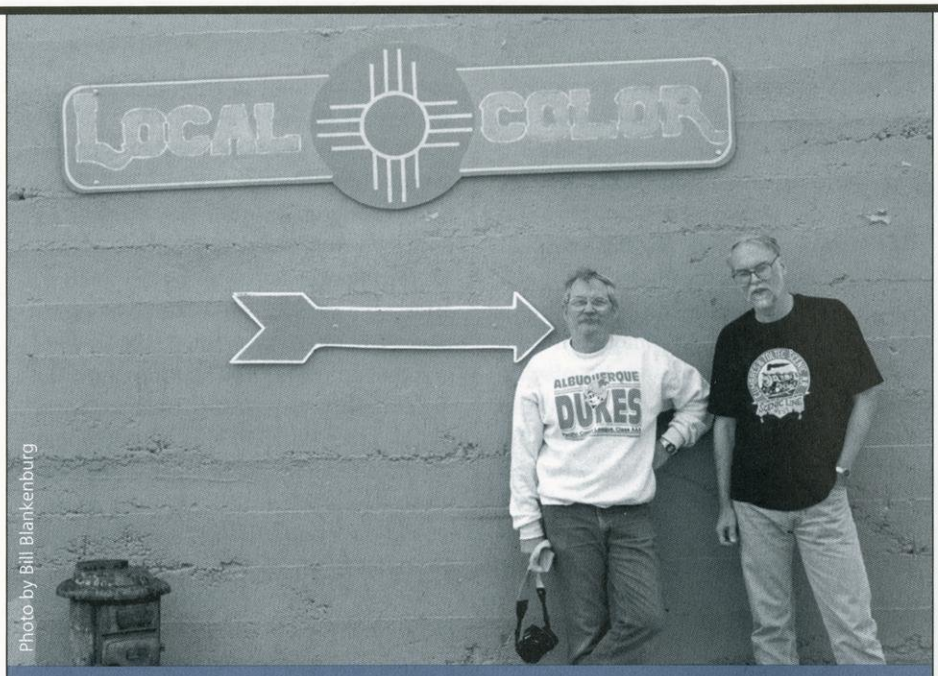



Photo by Bill Blankenburg

# IN MY WORDS

## Readers write about ROOMMATES

### The Essential Roommate

She was ever there—my roommate, climbing over the rails of my crib, entertaining me, and ultimately teaching me the way out. She pushed our twin beds together and insisted on a nightlight while she held my hand, fearfully determined that the horrible killer who stole Chicago's little girls couldn't snatch me from my bed. Insomnia plagued her so that she would relate from her prodigious memory every detail of the latest chapters of whatever storybook she was reading: the Hardy Boys, Albert Payson Terhune's heroic dog stories, *The Three Musketeers*. She plotted new arrangements for our 9' x 12' room, assuring me that we'd have more space if we just pushed the same furniture around to different locations. We very carefully squeezed our wardrobes of 100 percent cotton dresses, blouses, and full skirts with crinolines into a 2.5' x 3' closet.

As master decorator, she chose wall lamps with eyelet shades laced with blue ribbons to match the lacy blue-and-white wallpaper. An eyelet skirt with ribbons rejuvenated the old marble-topped table on which she arranged her extensive perfume bottle collection. I could use and play with them *if I put them back* in their precise, hierarchical display. When the scuffed wallpaper faded, she decided we should scrape it off (along with three underlying layers), scrub the walls clean (of a glue NASA could use to affix heat shields), spackle smooth the distressed plaster, and paint the room, she assured me, a pale "blush rose" color ... which, when dry, metamorphosed into shrieking, neon-flamingo pink. She never criticized my pasting animal pictures all over the walls. Years later, she hooted when I declared I suffered mightily from "fear of pink."

We lounged most Sunday evenings on our pink satin patchwork quilts made from scraps that she sent for from a lingerie factory. After she won a tiny AM radio for selling the most magazine subscriptions for a school fundraiser, we could enjoy without adult interruptions the mysteries solved by Sam Spade, the literary variety of Lux Theater, the amazing talents of the Shadow, and the predictable cases of Mr. Keene, Famous Private Investigator. We howled as every character introduced to Mr. Keene during the course of his investigation would exclaim, awestruck, "*You're* Mr. Keene, *the famous private investigator*?" We listened faithfully to the Cub "away" games, cheering our heroes, Hank Sauer and Frank Baumgartner. At bedtime we would talk about fears and dreams and the oddities of adult behavior as well as techniques for handling them.

But our interests were extensive. Impatient for me to share her joy, she taught me to read well at a young age, and we both devoured everything from Archie comics and library books to the *Chicago Daily News,* the *Saturday Evening Post* and *National Geographic*. And when we slept, we dreamed of travel and sometimes, big closets.

We went to college, married, and moved to distant cities, sharing always our miseries and triumphs, books and goofy incidents, and ironies we hoarded for retelling. She died a while ago, but she nourishes my thoughts, whispers encouragement in my dreams, and forever will share all my ... rooms.

I listen to people planning dream homes that grow bigger by the year. Top priority is a bedroom for each child because he must have his "own space," his privacy, and a place for his possessions. If they asked me, and of course they will not, I would tell them that privacy, space, and possessions are illusory necessities. It is the roommate that is essential.

*Georgina Stenstrom*
*Beloit*

### I'm So Easy

The best roommate I ever had was myself. Don't get me wrong, I have lived with truly wonderful people in the past, but when I finally got an apartment of my own, life was good. Let me tell you why.

There was no one to answer to. No sister who wanted the light out when I wanted to read in bed until the early morning hours. No one yelled if I

splashed water on the bathroom floor and didn't clean it up—it would dry by itself anyway, I always figured. And speaking of bathrooms, I could spend as much time in the shower as I wanted. That alone is worth the price of higher rent.

Then there is the food issue. I could eat whenever I wanted, and if I wanted to have watermelon or popcorn for dinner there was nobody to question my choices. And for the first time in my life I got to eat all the sweet corn I wanted. There is no sharing if you are your own roommate. Plus no one looks at you sidelong when you mix mayonnaise with your scrambled eggs or commit other weird food oddities.

The decorating was a breeze. If I wanted my grandmother's ugly crocheted afghan that didn't match anything as a couch throw—fine, who was going to complain? No matter what ugly, used, fake antique I might bring home, I was the only one who had to look at it and if I liked it, so be it, it was in.

In my own place I could spread out. My hobbies could overtake the dining room table and stretch even further at my whim. If I wanted to store my new mountain bike in the living room and call it art—good for me.

Was it ever lonely? Sometimes, but the telephone came in handy and I paid the bills because I lived by myself. Of course, I now live with my husband, who is my best friend, and he will eat whatever I cook and never complain about my decorating choices. And he kills stuff for me, like centipedes. While I really can see both sides of the roommate question, I am so glad I got to explore the real me by living alone for a few years, and I would advise anyone to do the same.

*Lisa J. Cihlar*
*Brodhead*

## Brotherhood

The whiskey bottle passed slowly from hand to hand under the hard light of the small room's single ceiling bulb. Each of us took a pull on the bottle, not caring about the lack of refinement that cups or glasses would have offered.

Because Andy had rank, he had earned one of the small rooms off the main bay of our dilapidated barracks in the sprawl of Fort Hood, Texas. He had invited Joe, Bob, and me to share the bottle as we relaxed, finding seats on Andy's bunk or his footlocker. Although I don't recall, it wouldn't have been unusual for soul music—maybe Aretha, maybe the Temptations—to be playing on the small, portable turntable of the type manufactured to accommodate the masses of young people hungry for the latest hits on 45 rpm records.

All in all, there was nothing unusual about the evening. We were just four young GIs—barely more than boys, really—working even in a moment of leisure to convince ourselves we were tough enough for our destination.

Maybe the certainty of that destination is what made one distinction among us irrelevant. Andy, Joe, and Bob were black, and I was a white kid still showing a trace of freckles under a deep Texas tan. These were my first "roommates."

None of us were oblivious to racism. We saw it and heard it every day. It pervaded Army barracks as a foul malady. But by some grace, perhaps brought on by impending doom, we had found a brotherhood born of our immediate circumstances, a love of music, an awe of Cassius Clay (then transforming himself into Muhammad Ali), and a shared sense of wry humor common to our working-class roots.

Such friendships, in truth, were not altogether uncommon, the web of brotherhood defying colors and cultural differences. But all and any who dared to cross the invisible lines usually paid a price in derision, coming especially from those troops whose wall lockers were decorated (inside) with Confederate flags. I was called "nigger lover," and I know my friends of color took similar kinds of abuse, simply for being human.

But we were brothers. The scene in Andy's room was regularly repeated in other venues, a favorite being the tool room where our engineer platoon cleaned and stored our squad boxes of equipment. When people get down to our most common denominator, not even the nastiest of the ignorant can shake that shared humanity.

At the coming of spring in '67, our battalion shipped out, and nearly everything changed. But that sense of shared humanity didn't fail us in the face of war. We traded Andy's "crib," as he called it, and the platoon tool room for sandbagged bunkers, which we shared with snakes, insects, and the occasional rodents that were faster than we were on the draw. Whiskey was hard to come by for enlisted men in Nam, but occasionally in base camp what passed slowly from hand to hand was a joint of Vietnamese weed.

We watched one another's backs, gave incompetent lieutenants fits, and, as we became "old men," gave the "cherries" (fresh replacements from the States) balanced doses of hard advice and outrageous tales calculated to keep them alive.

But eventually, of course, the Army shook us loose from Nam, one by one. We lost track of one another. Since then, I have tried to locate Andy in Richmond, Joe in Cleveland, and Bob in Chicago, but they have disappeared into the country that sent them to war.

I think about them often. I miss them. We were brothers.

*Alan Jenkins*
*Eau Claire*

## A Year at Jason's

I move into his house after I leave my husband of eight years. I live in his house, in a town an hour away from my husband, for almost a year.

For the first month, through November, I wake up at 3 a.m., sweating. I am unused to a house kept so warm at night. My doorless, walk-in closet is directly over the first-floor boiler room. I do not sleep well in the heat and lie awake listening to the soft *click–pop–hiss* of the boiler igniting.

Jason and I are co-workers at the same small company. He has been looking for a housemate to share expenses. I am anxious to move out of my husband's house and figure a co-worker is a safe bet. There is an attraction between us that we try to ignore.

Three weeks after I move in, we are commuting to a job together. He is driving my car. I am exhausted from insomnia and stress. He says, "Put your foot up and I'll rub it for you."

Later, I consult my girlfriends: Is a foot rub between a man and a woman with no defined relationship ever nonsexual? I'm hoping someone will say, "Sure."

The answers come in one by one: No. No. No. I know I am in trouble.

A week later, while we are talking on the couch, he touches me. He rubs my shoulders. I massage his hands. We melt together into a heat like I've never known.

But I do know this: I would never have touched him first. I am living in his house. I am married. I am in crisis. After he touches me, I am lost. I fall in love.

For seven months, we have hot sex. After each time, a day or maybe a week later he says, "I think we should just be friends," and then doesn't touch me for a few weeks or maybe a month.

My divorce is finalized in May. I start looking for a house to buy. I want to be with Jason openly; build a relationship that explores our physical attraction, not ignores it. He is unwilling. Afraid.

He makes love to me in June. Two weeks later, much too late, he tells me what I've suspected for a month: "I've met someone." The air in the kitchen turns to sand and my lungs fill. But I do not disintegrate, leaning there against the kitchen island. Instead I say, "I wondered when you would tell me." He looks at me. "It's a small house, Jason—I know when you're flirting on the phone." I house-sit for some friends so that I can get away from him. He wonders why I'm doing this. I wonder at his denseness.

Weeks later, after his new romance has disintegrated, after our only argument, I thank him for breaking my heart. And I mean it. Thankful that I realize he has nothing to offer me. Thankful that I have seen his true self; this man who says he is my friend, says he wants to be respectful of my feelings, even as he leads another ex-girlfriend into his bedroom while I'm at home.

In August I buy a house, but he never offers to help me move.

In August, in his house, he touches me again. I let him.

Four months later, living in the quiet coolness of my own house, I remember the gentle *click–pop* of the boiler igniting. *Hiss*. Too hot. I am oh so comfortable here in my own room.

*Laura Lee*
*Stevens Point*

## Potluck

Colleges are educational institutions. Especially dormitories.

As I had only older brothers for siblings, living in a girls' dorm looked like cloud nine to me. Because I wanted to soar, I declined to room with anyone I knew and signed up without a roommate instead. I was going potluck.

Most of the girls were freshmen on my floor at the Elizabeth Waters dorm, on the UW–Madison campus. Most had requested friends as roommates, except for Stacy—my assigned roommate.

It was a long time before I realized the logistics of roommates. At year's end, a process of selection occurs as new acquaintances form bonds, and this does not come out neat or even. Inevitably some girls remain that nobody wants to room with, and these are paired with unsuspecting freshmen.

Stacy was a junior from New York. She knew more than I ever hoped to learn about the Madison campus and quickly educated me.

She smoked constantly. When home, she stayed up late smothering me under clouds of smoke. Stacy taught me not to succumb to smoking, which would force me to live with that stale smell 24 hours a day.

She believed possession was nine-tenths of the law and borrowed incessantly. I listened with horror as she explained one morning, "But Jean, I needed your pajamas for that all-night pajama party. I can't imagine how they got soaked with beer!" Stacy taught me to avoid all-night parties at all costs.

She loved my chocolates, forcing me to hide them in the bowl of my desk lamp, but one day she turned on my desk light when I was out. I spent hours chipping out a melted-down, charred mess. Stacy taught me that what's mine is mine and not yours—especially if you don't ask.

She believed that curfew didn't mean her. A pebble thrown on our window meant that she expected me to unlock the corridor door and sneak her in. Stacy taught me that an 11 o'clock curfew means goodnights must be completed by 10:58, before the night watchman turns that lock.

I made many friends that year, including a special one who became my roommate at the end of the first semester. Stacy taught me that good friends are out there, but you have to search for them.

I learned a little bit in my classes that year, but it was from Stacy that I learned the most important lesson: Stand up and be counted if you don't like what's going on. For the rest of my life I preferred planned potlucks.

*Jean Willett*
*Madison*

## Share Your Stories

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

**RESOLUTIONS,** deadline extended to October 15 (for the winter issue). How has a resolution changed your life? Any story pertaining to resolutions.

**GROWING OLDER**, deadline December 1 (for the spring issue—note this topic has changed from one that was previously published). We're always growing older. Any story about you and changes related to time passing.

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.

*WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW*

# POETRY CONTEST 2005

## FEATURING THE JOHN LEHMAN POETRY AWARD

All 3 winners will be published in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*

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## DEADLINE: DECEMBER 6, 2004

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*Wisconsin Academy Review*/ Poetry Contest
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters
1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53726

**QUESTIONS?**

Please see **www.wisconsinacademy.org** or
e-mail editor Joan Fischer at jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org or
call 608/263-1692 ext. 16 (e-mail preferred!)

## SPECIAL THANKS

**Avol's Bookstore,** Madison
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**Abella Studios,** Madison
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**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 6. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 6. 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 2005. Winning poetry will be published in the spring 2005 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review,* which appears at the end of March, in time for National Poetry Month (April).

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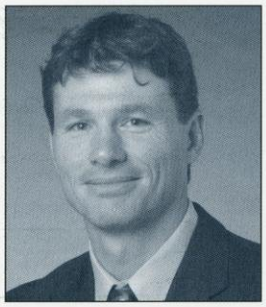
# Meet the Wisconsin Academy Staff

As our 2004/2005 season begins, we'd like to reacquaint you with some familiar faces and introduce you to some fresh members of our crew.

## MICHAEL STRIGEL

*Executive Director*



Michael Strigel joined the Wisconsin Academy in 1998 as a conference planner and moved on to become director of programs and associate director before being named executive director in 2003. As associate director, he was responsible for the Wisconsin Academy's strategic plan. His accomplishments include developing and leading the Wisconsin Academy's new cluster of programs aimed at revitalizing the Wisconsin Idea. Examples include Waters of Wisconsin, an initiative in sustainable use of the state's water resources, and the Intelligent Consumption Project, which examined how to best use and conserve Wisconsin's forest resources.

A native of Wisconsin, Michael holds an MS in land resources from UW–Madison and a BS in public communication from Cornell University. His previous professional experience includes work as a field ecologist in Oregon, California, and Wisconsin and serving as president of the Wisconsin Wetlands Association. He also worked as a flood mitigation specialist with the Federal Emergency Management Agency in Chicago. Michael lives with his wife, Molly, and two cats in an old house on Madison's near East Side. You can reach him at mstrigel@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 11.

## JOAN FISCHER

*Director of Programs*
*Editor,* ***Wisconsin Academy Review***

Joan Fischer joined the Wisconsin Academy in 2000 as editor of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* and director of marketing and communications. As editor, she revamped the *Wisconsin Academy Review* into a magazine that has twice won awards for excellence from the Milwaukee Press Club, and her accomplishments in marketing and communications include increased coverage in the news media, a restructuring of membership fees, and a much-improved presentation and overall look for the organization. She became director of programs in 2003 and has been busy this past year planning Academy Evenings, the Wisconsin Academy's new forum series in Madison's Overture Center and around the state.

Joan grew up in California and holds a BA in English from the University of California at Berkeley and an MA in journalism from UW–Madison. She lived in Germany for many years and worked as a journalist there, including as a reporter for The Associated Press. Before joining the Academy, she was managing editor of *Madison Magazine*. Joan and her husband Gerhard have two children in middle school. You can reach her at jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 16.

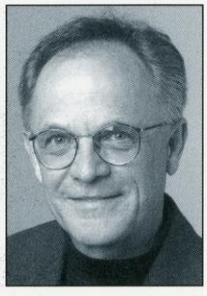
## GAIL KOHL

*Director of Development*

Gail Kohl has been with the Wisconsin Academy for 11 years. She began her professional career as an elementary schoolteacher. Among her proudest achievements ranks her ground-floor involvement in the development of American Players Theatre in Spring Green. While her husband, Tim, served on its board of directors, Gail conducted a volunteer effort to build audiences by organizing and holding special events. She enjoyed her work with the founders of the theater, including renowned actor Randall Duk Kim, who is now a Wisconsin Academy Minerva Laureate. Following APT, Gail served as program director for the Frank Lloyd Wright Heritage Program, a National Historic Preservation effort operated jointly with the state of Wisconsin. It was there that Gail met Frank Lloyd Wright's personal photographer, Pedro Guerrero, and arranged for an exhibition of his photography not only in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery but also at the Monona Terrace Community and Convention Center, an exhibit that has since become permanent. Gail has two children and a beautiful grandson. You can reach her at gkohl@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 14.

## RANDALL BERNDT

*Gallery Co-Director (part-time)*



Along with Martha Glowacki, Randall Berndt is in charge of directing and curating exhibits at the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in the Overture Center. Randall has curated exhibitions in the Wisconsin Academy's gallery on University Avenue since 1995's *Maps of Encounter: The French in Seventeenth*

*Century Wisconsin*. He also organized *Singular Visions: Ten Wisconsin Painters at the Academy* in 2000 and *Visions of Water: Waters of Wisconsin in Art* in 2002. Randall holds an MFA in painting from UW–Madison and pursues an active career as a practicing artist. His art is shown in Madison at the Grace Chosy Gallery and has been included in many other gallery and museum exhibitions. His paintings have been featured on posters for the Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission and for the First Wisconsin Book Festival. When not kicking the soccer ball around with his 8-year-old son, Berndt likes to be conjuring those paintings in his studio. Otherwise it's up to the family farm in Green Lake County. You can reach Randall at rberndt@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/265-2500.

### MARTHA GLOWACKI

*Gallery Co-Director (part-time)*

Martha Glowacki, together with Randall Berndt, is in charge of directing and curating exhibits at the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in the Overture Center. Prior to joining the Wisconsin Academy, she was curator of the Gallery of Design at UW–Madison's School of Human Ecology. Martha is also an accomplished sculptor who works primarily with metal. She has a bachelor's degree in art education and an MFA in art from UW–Madison. Her sculpture is in many collections, including the Elvehjem Museum of Art, the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art, and the John Michael Kohler Art Center in Sheboygan. You can reach Martha at mglowacki@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/265-2500.

### BARBARA SANFORD

*Publicity and Events Coordinator (part-time)*

Barbara Sanford joined the Wisconsin Academy this summer with the primary job of drumming up audiences for the new Academy Evenings forum series as well as building membership. She spent 16 years with the South Central Library System, where she coordinated numerous marketing, promotional, and advocacy campaigns. Prior to that she held communications positions at the UW–Madison department of life sciences communication and the Wisconsin Department of Justice. Sanford has a master's degree in television/radio/film from the Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University and a BA in history and English from UW–Madison. She has worked on special events for many local arts organizations and is a busy freelance writer for several area publications. You can reach her at bsanford@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 13.

### CHRIS MARSH

*Office Manager (part-time)*

Chris Marsh joined the Wisconsin Academy in 2001 as office manager. Her main duties are bookkeeping and membership services. Chris was born in England and lived with her family in Germany, Greece, and Israel, among other countries. Prior to joining the Wisconsin Academy she worked for seven years as an administrator at the former Canterbury Booksellers in Madison. When she's not at the office, she is busy taking care of her one-year-old son, Jack. You can reach her at cmarsh@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 15.

### JENNIFER STOFFLET

*Gallery Operations Coordinator (part-time)*

Jennifer Stofflet joined the Wisconsin Academy this summer to handle various operations in the James Watrous Gallery, including serving as registrar and supervisor to the many work-study students who will help staff the gallery. She is a 1991 art history graduate of UW–Madison. She worked at the Madison Art Center (now the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art) as assistant manager and book buyer for its gift shop, as well as artist and gallery coordinator at the Internet company GUILD.com. She was also an associate registrar and acting registrar for the Elvehjem Museum of Art. Jennifer lives in Madison and is currently having fun with all the projects that come along with being a first-time home owner. You can reach her at jstofflet@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/265-2500.

### ALLISON BUCHHOLZ, CPA

*Financial Consultant (part-time)*

Allison Buchholz is the owner of AMB Solutions, LLC (www.amb-solutions.com) and serves as a financial consultant to the Wisconsin Academy. She started her company to help businesses and organizations improve financial reporting and budgeting. Allison holds a bachelor's degree in accounting from UW–Milwaukee and is a certified public accountant. She has worked for Arthur Andersen and Virchow Krause & Company. After the birth of her first daughter, Adelyne, she decided to start AMB Solutions. Just recently she welcomed a second addition to her family, Elynora.

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

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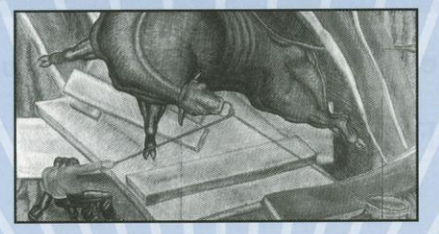

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Love a particular program? Consider becoming a sponsor! Your gift to underwrite one of our programs—our art gallery, the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, the Academy Evenings forum series, or the Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy—will be accorded high visibility (with logo, if desired) in all publicity materials associated with that program.

### 5 The Great Performance Fund

Through this fund, the Pleasant T. Rowland Foundation has given the Wisconsin Academy a matching grant of $1.5 million to support our art gallery in Overture and our Academy Evenings forum series. Your contribution to this fund will be matched dollar-for-dollar. We have raised more than $1 million toward this goal, which must be met by the end of 2006 in order to receive the full benefit.

### 3 The Minerva Society

Join our most generous group of donors with a gift of $10,000 a year or more. These donors are accorded our highest recognition at the Fellows induction celebration each year.

### 4 Planned Giving

Leave your legacy to the Wisconsin Academy by including us in your estate planning.

**For more information on how you can support the Wisconsin Academy, please contact**


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SUPPORTING

# the sciences, arts & letters in our state

The Evjue Foundation was established by the late William T. Evjue, the founder and longtime editor and publisher of The Capital Times, Madison's afternoon newspaper. His will directed that the dividends from his controlling stock in the newspaper be distributed to the Foundation, which, in turn, would distribute the proceeds to deserving educational, cultural and civic organizations in the newspaper's circulation area.

For the past several years, the Foundation has been able to contribute more than $2 million annually to dozens of causes — including an annual grant to the University of Wisconsin of more than $750,000. Since its inception, the Foundation has distributed more than $31 million throughout Madison and Dane County, representing a substantial portion of the profits of the locally owned The Capital Times Co.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters has been the recipient of several Evjue grants over the years. They have helped support the Academy's much-heralded Aldo Leopold Conference, the Bill of Rights symposium, the ambitious Waters of Wisconsin project, and several other Academy programs through the years.

This year's grant of $7,500 will help make available extra copies of the Wisconsin Academy Review at the James Watrous Gallery's new home in Madison's Overture Center.

**THE EVJUE FOUNDATION**

— the charitable extension of The Capital Times
Madison's local newspaper

**The UW–Madison Memorial Library mosaic mural (1977) by James Watrous, titled *The Library: Symbols, Sounds, and Images.***

Image courtesy of UW–Madison Library Archives

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