Wisconsin people & ideas. Volume 52, Number 2 Spring 2006

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

wisconsin people & ideas

WISCONSIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS

Dancing in Two Worlds

Native American Photographer Tom Jones Takes Aim at Traditional and Mainstream Cultures

CITIZEN SCIENTISTS UNITE:
Wisconsin Nature Needs You!

BASSIST RICHARD DAVIS STRIKES A NOTE FOR RACIAL TOLERANCE

OH, THE HUMANITIES!
A New Partnership With the People Who Bring You the Wisconsin Book Fest and More

STATEWIDE POETRY CONTEST WINNERS

Spring 2006
Volume 52,
Number 2

Price: $5

91

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Formerly the Wisconsin Academy Review

discussion that builds community

ACADEMY EVENINGS

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

MADISON

Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street

Crime, Punishment—and Truth by Testing

Tuesday, April 11, 7–8:30 pm, Wisconsin Studio

UW–Madison law professors John Pray and Keith Findley run the Wisconsin Innocence Project, which has freed several life-sentence prisoners based on revisiting their cases using DNA evidence. We'll hear from Pray, Findley, and two of the wrongly convicted individuals they helped free.


Keith Findley


John Pray

Writers in the Round: African American Voices

Tuesday, May 9, 7–8:30 pm, Wisconsin Studio

Poets Amaud Johnson and Fabu Mogaka and fiction writer/playwright Catrina Sparkman read in the third evening of our series highlighting work by writers of diverse ethnic backgrounds.


Amaud Johnson


Fabu Mogaka


Catrina Sparkman

I-94 Outreach: Mayors Tom and Dave

Tuesday, May 16, 7–8:30 pm, Promenade Hall

A highway connects us, but worlds divide us—or perhaps not. Can Madison and Milwaukee learn to love each other? What ideas and initiatives can help mend this star-crossed relationship and let it bloom for the good of our state? Madison mayor Dave Cieslewicz and Milwaukee mayor Tom Barrett will present their visions and field questions from the audience and from a panel of experts. Moderated by Tom Still of the Wisconsin Technology Council. Panelists are Jim Haney, Wisconsin Manufacturers & Commerce; Cory Nettles, Quarles & Brady; John Imes, Wisconsin Environmental Initiative; Anne Katz, Arts Wisconsin; and Julia Taylor, Greater Milwaukee Committee.


Dave Cieslewicz


Tom Barrett

FOX VALLEY

Exploding, Sizzling, Really Cool Science

Thursday, May 4, 4–5:30 pm and 7–8:30 pm (two presentations!)
University of Wisconsin–Fox Valley
1478 Midway Road, Menasha
In cooperation with the Fox Cities Children's Museum

A colorful, action-packed laboratory presentation by UW–Madison professor Bassam Z. Shakhashiri, a chemist and science educator who engages audiences ages 5 to 105 in the fun and facts of science. Audience members will walk away with memorable information about our natural world—and teachers and parents will get useful tips about incorporating science learning into the classroom and everyday life.


Bassam Shakhashiri

Events are free of charge, but tickets are recommended to ensure seating.
More information at www.wisconsinacademy.org or 608/263-1692 ext. 10

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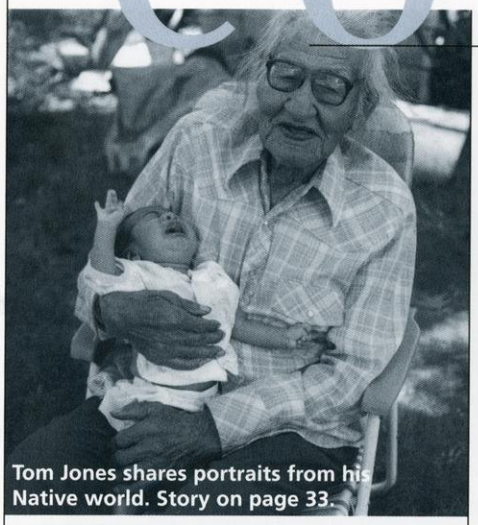
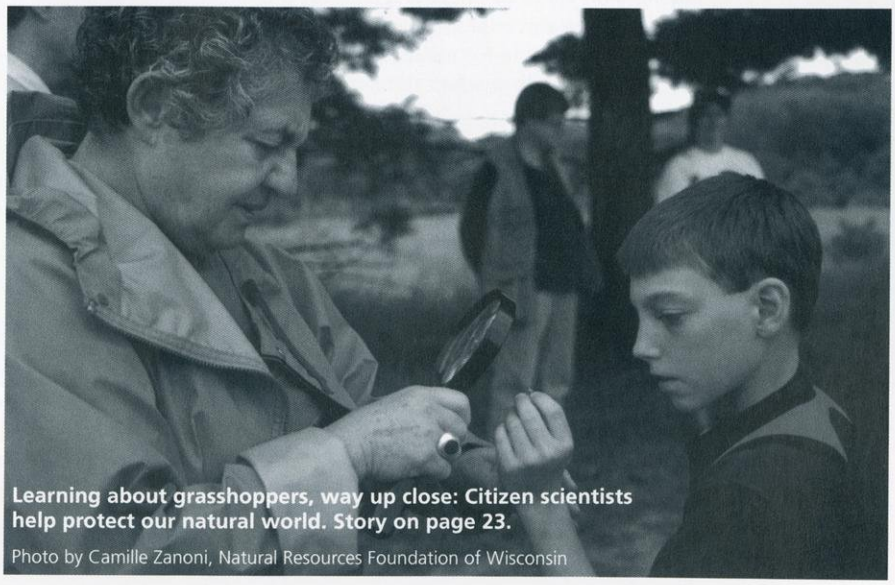


Tom Jones shares portraits from his Native world. Story on page 33.

features



Learning about grasshoppers, way up close: Citizen scientists help protect our natural world. Story on page 23.

Photo by Camille Zanoni, Natural Resources Foundation of Wisconsin

Wisconsin People & Ideas (formerly the *Wisconsin Academy Review)* (ISSN 1558-9633) 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.

Wisconsin People & Ideas
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John Lehman, Poetry Editor

Printed by MAS Graphics, Menomonee Falls

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of sciences arts & letters

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departments

Bass player Richard Davis in younger years. Catch up with him now on page 13.

ENLIGHTEN YOUR LIFE!

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters connects people and ideas from all areas of knowledge and all walks of life to learn about the latest achievements in thought and culture in our state and explore how we can best address our problems. It is a place where all people can come for reliable, unbiased information and interaction with some of Wisconsin's greatest thinkers.

Enrich your life (and receive this magazine) by becoming a member! Learn more about us on page 11.

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

The name is our game

If you experienced some surprise upon finding this magazine in your mailbox, we hope it was a pleasant one!

In our last edition, we let readers know that a name change was coming and why. We had been led to recognize, after much soul-searching and conversation with members, potential members, booksellers, colleagues, marketers, friends, and our hairdressers—always the source of frank opinion and the real word on the street—that the name *Wisconsin Academy Review* was, well, academic, in a dry and daunting sense of the word. The title, we were told, did not accurately impart the engaging, accessible content to be found inside. Many people felt it was not for them.

With the new name, we hope we have made things clear. The Wisconsin Academy's mission is, in colloquial terms, "to connect people and ideas for a better Wisconsin." Our magazine title now gives you "Wisconsin People & Ideas." Pretty simple, eh?

As obvious as that choice now seems, it is seldom a straight shot to the perfect thing. We banged our heads over many options. As a fun and frustrating game, I invite you to think of a really cool company or product—and then try naming it. Go to the federal trademark website, www.uspto.gov, and see if that name has been taken for a similar good or service. Bear in mind that sticking "Wisconsin" in front of something does not make it yours. I didn't understand this until one trademark attorney said to me, "Wisconsin Coca-Cola." You can see why the Coca-Cola Co. would have a problem with that.

It's a miracle anything gets named. We tried *Wisconsin Arts & Minds* (shot down by an East Coast ad agency that had trademarked "Arts and Minds" for a line of its products). We tried *Wisconsin Arts & Ideas,* but, sans "Wisconsin" and the plural, it was taken by a company producing programs and services for museums, which was thought to overlap with the Wisconsin Academy's art gallery and related visual arts programs—and also emphasized the arts too much among our disciplines, the scientists in our ranks felt. We considered just plain *Wisconsin Ideas,* but discovered a University of Wisconsin System newsletter with that name. We came up with *Wisconsin Minds & Matters,* which was available—but was rejected for sounding too focused on weighty, controversial issues.

Then we talked to board member Jim Armstrong and, as usual, the sun came up. Armstrong heads a communications firm called Good for Business and was behind our new logo and communications revamp a few years ago. This included leading us to our new, mission-based tagline, "Connecting people and ideas for a better Wisconsin." Armstrong considered that line, looked at the magazine, and made the leap. (And if you wish to learn more about Armstrong's communications ideas, you can read about his new book on page 20.)

Wisconsin People & Ideas is plainspoken and to the point. It is so simple that it almost sounds generic, which allows our cover subjects and their stories to remain in the forefront. These qualities—plainness, honesty, attention to substance rather than flash—strike me as being quintessentially Wisconsin.

And so we found our new name. Now it's yours, and we hope you like it.

PARTNERS ON BOARD

Another exciting development debuting with this issue is the participation of the Wisconsin Humanities Council, a nonprofit whose mission is to infuse our cultural, social, and intellectual lives with the humanities disciplines.

"Our state's most creative minds—particularly those studying literature, language, history, musicology, philosophy, and other humanities disciplines—have opinions and ideas that resonate beyond the walls of academia and into the halls of public discourse," writes Wisconsin Humanities Council executive director Dean Bakopoulos in his introduction to their section on page 43.

So what are the humanities? Beyond naming the particular disciplines, the Council notes, "The humanities seek answers about who we are, where we have been, what we value—and why."

We can certainly make room for more of that discussion in *Wisconsin People & Ideas.* We are pleased that the Wisconsin Humanities Council sees the magazine as a good way to help reach "the halls of public discourse." And we are certain our readers will enjoy and look forward to the Council's valuable and engaging contributions.

Joan Fischer, editor
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Direction: StageNorth!

A theater in tiny Washburn offers high quality performances year-round—and doesn't shy from controversy.

IT'S A CRISP WINTER DAY, the kind where the blue sky and the sun shining on snow make you forget you can see your breath in the air. Nestled along Lake Superior lies Washburn, a sleepy town of about 2,300 with a picturesque beauty that charms in every season—the perfect haven for artists.

It was the vision of an artistic haven that gripped Jan Lee in the year 2000, when she decided to buy a Swedish-Lutheran church in the heart of Washburn and turn it into a performance venue. Lee was undeterred by the small population of Washburn. "Just because people live in small communities doesn't mean they shouldn't have year-round access to quality entertainment," Lee says. Out of that belief, StageNorth was born.

And some five years later, StageNorth is still going strong. The bustling 90-seat entertainment facility features both local and international concerts—approximately 16 each year—and produces a minimum of six plays annually. It is also used for producing middle school plays and a musical every two years because there is no theater department at the local school. Vigorous use has not diminished the charm of the building, which dates back to 1887 and still has the original church bell.

In 2002, the theater was officially declared a Wisconsin Treasure. Observers like Anne Katz, executive director of Arts Wisconsin, say the honor is well deserved.

"StageNorth is a marvelous cultural asset for the Bayfield peninsula," says Katz. "Jan Lee's professionalism and commitment to quality and community shine through in all of StageNorth's work, and she's a great advocate for the arts on the local level."

Nor does Lee shy from controversy. Late this winter, StageNorth was poised to produce *The Laramie Project,* a soul-searching, documentary-style drama about the 1998 murder of Matthew Shepard, an openly gay college student who was beaten and left to die outside of Laramie, Wyoming.

Charming quarters up North—but in coming years StageNorth will decamp to a larger venue.

You wouldn't see that production in just any small town, but Lee insists on having serious drama in with the mix of classics, comedies, and tried-and-true standards.

"It's a wonderful, powerful work," says Lee, reflecting upon the selection. "We're living in a different time now than even five years ago when the play was first produced. Nationwide, our discourse has become so divided and so extreme that it's important to do a play like this."


Founder and driving force Jan Lee

In the spirit of "Will it play in Peoria?" one must ask: Will it play in Washburn? The fact that Washburn mayor Irene Blakely is in the cast would seem to show at least some measure of community support.

"A wonderful line in the play is when the priest says, 'If you're going to tell this story, just tell it right,'" says Lee. "I'm not so much concerned about the audience response right now as that we just do it right."

A question-and-answer session between the audience and actors following a Saturday performance will help foster a community discussion, notes Lee. "It will be interesting to hear how everyone will process this out loud."

From her confidence and capability, it's clear that Lee has been around the block in the theater world. She holds a degree in theater from the University of Minnesota, has done graduate study at the University of California–Irvine, and is a cofounder of the Sugarbush Dance Theater in Albuquerque. Her credits as an actor, singer, playwright, director, designer, and producer include work on a critically acclaimed off-Broadway national tour of *Woody Guthrie's American Song* and 17 years as a regular performer with the celebrated Big Top Chautauqua in Superior. She has also taught acting at Northland College in Ashland.

That broad range of experience enables Lee to work well with both local community members and professional performers.

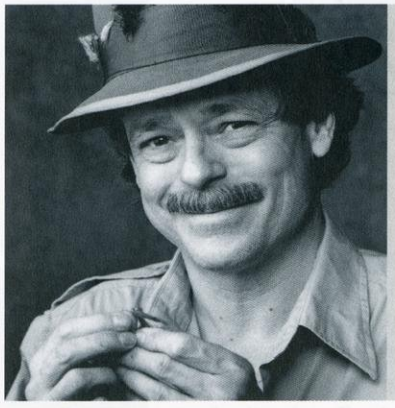
The main way to get professional performers from outside the area is to catch them on their way to Duluth or the Twin Cities, Lee says. A whistle stop at StageNorth gives them a chance to make a little money while traveling as well as play for a different audience.

Tom Mitchell, a local artist, has collaborated on multiple projects with Lee, including a production of *Our Town* in 2001. Lee has a gift, Mitchell says, for getting the most out of community members with no prior training or acting experience.

Lee's success has been such that StageNorth will soon move to a new and bigger home. The group has purchased land in Washburn closer to Lake Superior, with the aim of building a new theater with double the seating capacity, but "the same signature intimate feeling," Lee promises.

In the meantime, upcoming events at StageNorth include an April 29 performance by the Columbia Country Sheiks, a bluegrass duo featuring John Fabke (of the Nob Hill Boys) on guitar, banjo, and mandolin and Brian O'Donnell on fiddle; singer/songwriter Dorothy Scott, who has performed with Carole King and Joan Armatrading, on May 27; and a production of the Neil Simon comedy *Chapter Two,* directed by Jan Lee, June 1–4. For more information regarding these events and others, visit www.stagenorth.com or call 715/373-1194.

by Amanda Andrew



Actors and productions have included (clockwise) Tom Mitchell in *One Man's River;* Tom Mitchell and Nash Rochman in *The Ice Fishing Play;* and Janet Bewley in *Talking Heads.*

Poets, Come Spring and Fall

The next gathering is April 21–22 in Door County

Like arrows of geese, poets from all over Wisconsin flocked to Kohler's Inn on Woodlake for the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets' annual fall conference last November. For a few short hours, we came together to share the "shadowy sprites of words that cast their nets/to capture minds and spirits and hold them fast" (from "Here's to Words" by Barbara Larsen, Sister Bay).

Nearly 110 people navigated registration, the Friday night poetry reading, and a couple of business meetings before settling in for the traditional Saturday morning "roll call" reading. We sat in clusters around tables, reveling in the stream of images and syncopated rhythms. Where else could one go to tap into the poetry pulse of Wisconsin?

The poems ranged in feeling and theme from angry to awed:

"I regret to inform you...
that I've brought you a flag an American flag
carefully folded into the shape of your son's name..."
From "I regret to inform you..." by Ellen Kort, Appleton

"It's a miracle how the Bed
nestles us safely
a third of our lives
as the eight-thousand-mile-thick earth
beneath us twirls..."
From "A Miracle" by Charyl K. Zehfus, Sheboygan

From humorous to heartbreaking:

"The fish are at it again.
I turn and see them rising
out of the aquarium, swimming
through the livingroom ..."
From "Recurring Dream" by Sarah Gilbert, Appleton

"... I never saw her again.
She died on the Saint Nick's eve that followed.
I was quarantined with the measles
and could not journey up that gray cloud highway
to linger near her one last time ..."
From "My North Country Grandmother" by Jerry Hauser, De Pere

From sassy to sublime:

"He was the boy, kindergarten savage,
who chased me with a garter snake,
as I fled breathless to the house ..."
From "Snips and Snails" by Joey Wojtusik, Three Lakes

"What's not changing in time?
The glass in the window pane
sags slowly, the sunlight
streams through the glass, the cat
washes her face with her paws...
Outside, a wind is blowing the leaves about.
The universe we once thought steady-state
is flying apart ..."
From "Dynamical Systems" by Robin Chapman, Madison

As if to echo Chapman's poem, the conference threatened to fly apart when main speaker Kathleen Blaeser, a Native American poet (Anishinaabe), could not give her "Natural Poet" workshop due to a death in her family. But leave it to poets to hold things together. Fellowship membership chair Peter Piaskoski and Wisconsin's first poet laureate, Ellen Kort, gave up their comfortable seats in the audience to lead the group in a similar "leafy" vein.

Piaskoski wove the nature ethics of the Lakota tribe, Aldo Leopold, and Thornton Wilder, like living vines, into a strong skein of meaning. Gently tended by Kort, by the end of the workshop everyone had drawn a tree, naming those who have nourished them in the roots and labeling the branches with the names of those they have nourished. We each chose one of those names and wrote whatever came to mind, planting new feelings and phrases for poems.

Surrounded by such a forest of support, I, a first-time conference participant, felt uplifted, though also a bit overwhelmed. One could be impressed by the breadth of expressions, yet realize, with a jolt, that a few of the well-polished gems of others were so similar to some of one's own attempts it seemed time to move on to a new angle or subject.

Actually, it was interesting to note how certain ideas seemed to recur to poets from different places, as if some verses are floating in the air. Despite the distance from Superior to Kenosha, or La Crosse to Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin poets remain connected by the oxygen of ideas we share.

Many of us will join the Fellowship again at the spring conference April 21–22 at the Landmark Resort in Door County. The group will journey together "In Search of Voice" with Iowa poet and teacher Jan Weissmiller, who is known for her NPR series, "Live from Prairie Lights." A special performance of Kristine Thatcher's play, *Niedecker* (about poet Lorine Niedecker), will be presented by the Third Avenue Playhouse of Sturgeon Bay.

Like the "Little Bird" in "Pajarito" by JoAnn Chang of Milwaukee, "Tu corazon/es la boca abierta/de un pajarito/que siempre tiene hambre ..."

Or, in English: "Your heart/is the open mouth/of a little bird,/always hungry ..."

Our hearts are always hungry—for poetry.

by Charyl K. Zehfus

For more information, visit http://www.wfop.org

From Bleak House to Bright Future

FLY-FISHING NOIR?

A young Wisconsin publisher is drawing national attention for strange fiction from the dark side.

It was the dream of two best friends, born in the Philosophy Club at Madison East High School. Benjamin LeRoy and Blake Stewart had never been told that best friends going into business together is not a good idea; that a whopping percentage of small businesses fail within the first year; and that publishing books is a great way to lose money.

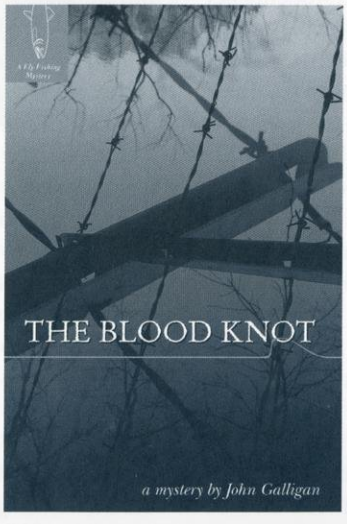
Actually, they had been told and chose not to listen. "We were just two smart-ass kids with business cards who were able to say 'Oh yeah, we have our own business,'" says LeRoy with a laugh, looking back from the ripe old age of 30 to describe their early adventures.

Drawing on savings and credit cards, LeRoy and Stewart started Diversity Inc., a multimedia conglomerate that included a press, an art gallery, and management of a rock band. They published their first book in 2000. The critical successes began rolling in after the pair decided in 2003 to concentrate on books and renamed the business Bleak House Books, with a focus on mysteries and on what might be called the dark side of literary fiction.

Last year, Bleak House Books received what some struggling small publishers might consider the ultimate blessing: salvation in the form of a benevolent purchase. Big Earth Publishing, a company based in Neenah that has been acquiring presses in Wisconsin and in Colorado, now publishes Bleak House as an imprint, with LeRoy (formerly president of Bleak House) as publisher and Stewart, formerly CEO, as a part-time consultant. (The other staffer is associate editor Alison Janssen, who had already been with Bleak House.) The deal offers LeRoy and Co. a generous budget and the freedom to keep building the distinct, quirky, and increasingly appealing Bleak House stable.

"What's important to me is seeing the company grow," says LeRoy. Bleak House is set to publish 15 to 20 books in 2006—up from six books in 2004 and four in 2005.

LeRoy also looks forward to helping worthy authors score national attention. He's already had great success in doing that, and has found some of his most remarkable treasures very close to home. John Galligan, a professor at Madison Area Technical College, was LeRoy's creative writing instructor in 1995. In 2001, LeRoy published his book, *Red Sky, Red Dragonfly*.



Says Galligan: "I was really on the ground floor when they were struggling to get a name in the literary world."

That book did well, and a second novel, *The Nail Knot* (2003), did even better; it kicked off a series of what one fan describes as "possibly the only fly-fishing noir subgenre out there." Its successor, *The Blood Knot*, drew accolades in *Publishers Weekly*, which praised Galligan for "writing with flair and passion about fly-fishing, art, and fate." The author is now hard at work on *The Clinch Knot*, slated for publication in spring 2007.

Another Bleak House hero is Nathan Singer, author of *A Prayer for Dawn* and *Chasing the Wolf*. LeRoy calls this master of bizarro plots "the future of the written word, as far as I'm concerned."

How strange is Singer? Check out this brief description of *Chasing the Wolf* in *Booklist*: "In this unconventional novel made up of a pastiche of desperate diary entries, e-mails, and newspaper articles, tattooed and dreadlocked Eli Cooper, a 27-year-old white NYC artist dubbed the child of Edvard Munch and Jackson Pollock, suffers a severe emotional shock upon discovering that his wife, Jesse, a black dancer, has been killed in a tragic accident."

LeRoy loves his authors, and his authors love him back. Says Galligan about Bleak House: "They're going to become one of the premier small fiction houses in the industry."

LeRoy's and Stewart's dreams have changed since their days in the Philosophy Club—but the modifications have been in accordance with some real and impressive accomplishments. "Money is nice," says LeRoy, "but I like the validation of people knowing who you are and respecting what you're doing."

by Amanda Andrew

Some stars from the Bleak House stable. Way up top, Ben LeRoy chokes Alison Janssen while Blake Stewart looks on.

Life in Letters

Arts Camp for Grown-Ups

The Rhinelander School of the Arts offers a warm and fuzzy environment for creative growth.

By Heather Lee Schroeder

What do you get if you combine the rolling hills and shimmering lakes of northern Wisconsin with a one-week multi-arts and culture program for adult learners? The answer, of course, is the School of the Arts at Rhinelander.

The 43-year-old program, which is offered by the University of Wisconsin's Continuing Studies program through the Liberal Studies & the Arts Department, draws more than 300 students who take classes in writing, the visual arts, music, theater, and other artistic disciplines. Organizers like to describe it as a summer vacation that enlightens.

"It's kind of a fun camp for adults," said Christine DeSmet, a faculty associate in the Liberal Studies & the Arts Department and a frequent School of the Arts instructor.

In the beginning, the School of the Arts was dedicated to teaching the craft of writing, but over the years it has evolved into a more comprehensive format. The writing program still remains a strong focus in the school, though, and the students who have attended it are passionate about their experience.

Author Jacqueline Ann Zenk (*Juneau and Sauk County, 1850–2000*), who lives in Lyndon Station, has attended the School of the Arts for eight years. She credits the program with helping her finish a draft of her historical novel *The Kaleidoscope* and with encouraging her writing.

"They will accept you for who you are and where you're at. All the teachers I've had are very, very good. They're excellent. I've had to scramble to keep up. I've had to reach and reach," she says.

Darlene Kronschnabel, who has been teaching in the program for 17 years and who spent many years attending it before she began teaching, said one of the biggest values of the School of the Arts writing program is that the students get to build an artistic community with like-minded people.

"People never think to ask you about that creative part of yourself," she explains. "One of the wonderful things is all this creative talent coming together and being able to exchange. You're there with kindred spirits, and you get to know people creatively."

Kronschnabel has taught a variety of classes from writing and selling a feature article to a how-to on writing cookbooks. (Her recently published *Seasons in a Country Kitchen Cookbook* was featured in our winter issue.) She is now focusing on writing life stories. Her students are a varied lot—from true beginner to published author like Zenk—but all of them have at least one thing in common: their eagerness to learn.

"As instructors we're there to put information out there for those who have never written and to encourage those who are well into it," she explains. "It seems like I get more than I give when I'm there. It's inspiring."

For writers who have taken other workshop-style courses, the format at the School of the Arts will feel different. In the classic workshop model, the writer is required to submit his or her writing to group critique. The process is primarily one-sided; the group comments on the work, and the writer remains silent, taking it all in. In effect, the student's writing becomes a teaching tool that allows the instructor to impart craft lessons.

At the School of the Arts, the writers are given optional assignments each day. If they choose to finish them and share them, they will get feedback, but the organizers agree that the workshop process is much more of a give-and-take experience designed to both encourage the writer and to teach craft points.

"It's very workshop oriented, but it's relaxed. It's safe. People can put their toe in the water and try it out," DeSmet says. "Our programs have a reputation for being very friendly and almost folksy, especially the School of the Arts."

"Everyone, including the instructors—maybe especially the instructors!—is a learner as well as a teacher," adds the program's director, Miranda McClenaghan.

The writing classes are around 90 minutes long and meet every day for five days. Enrollment is restricted, so students get a lot of individual attention. Most students, who generally range in age from 45 to 65, take up to three classes during the week. For many of them, says McClenaghan, the session becomes a week of vacation and relaxation, particularly since attendees are responsible for choosing their own lodging.

In addition to the classes, attendees can eat lunch together in the cafeteria of the middle school where classes are held and participate in daily programs. They also can attend a variety of evening functions designed to build camaraderie among the students. These include a kickoff party, an open house, and a minicourse session.

Students and teachers alike agree that the School of the Arts at Rhinelander is a transforming experience.

"I see people who change their lives by going there," DeSmet says. "That sounds big, but that's really what happens. People get courage to come, and through our teaching and encouragement, people blossom. That's so fun to see, and I see that every year I'm teaching. Every year."

This year's program runs July 24–28. Registration begins on April 1. Visit www.dcs.wisc.edu/lsa/soa/ for more information.

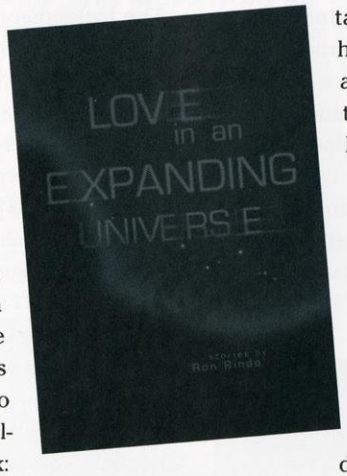
Heather Lee Schroeder, a longtime books columnist for ***The Capital Times*** *in Madison, is completing her MFA in creative writing. Her column, "Life in Letters," explores writers and the writing life in our state.*

Lovecrazy

Ron Rindo's new collection offers a cast of characters driven to despair by love in all its manifestations.

Love in an Expanding Universe
New Rivers Press
By Ronald J. Rindo

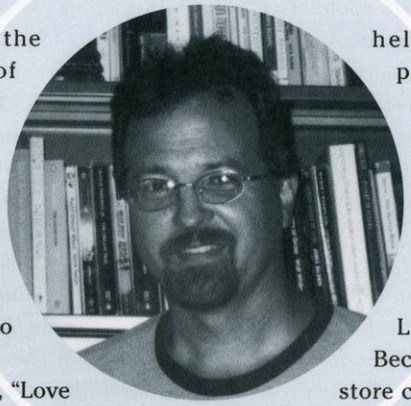
Wisconsin author Ronald J. Rindo's new short story collection, *Love in an Expanding Universe*, should have a warning stamped on it: "Danger: Men in Love." In these stories, relatively ordinary men find themselves in extraordinary situations when love pushes them too far. This combustible collection is yet another notable achievement for Rindo, a UW–Oshkosh English professor whose work has been praised by the likes of Charles Baxter ("Like Cheever, he has a highly developed understanding of longing, of desires without any object," wrote Baxter about a previous collection).



The opening story, "Crop Dusting," introduces us to Larry, a man who a year after his divorce still cannot sleep by himself in his own bed. Every night he curls up hidden in a cornfield across the road from his ex-wife's house, but Larry is no stalker; he is uncontrollably in love with his ex:

"I'm a good person. But things aren't right for me. I tell myself, maybe I'm not breaking any laws anyway, you know? No law against still being so in love with someone you sit all night in a cornfield watching her house in case a fire would start or something so you could rush in and save her. Is there a law against that kind of love?"

This is the collection's motif: characters are driven to the point of madness because of love. Larry goes on to call love a disease, as if the emotional feelings of love go beyond hormonal, and it seems that most of the characters in this collection would agree. Love dictates their lives, and there is nothing they can do about it.



In Rindo's title story, "Love in an Expanding Universe," David comes home late at night to his wife and children after his weekly rendezvous with another woman. In the middle of the night David gets a call from his neighbor and soon finds himself helping his neighbor dig a grave for his dead dog. The neighbor's own acceptance of his ordinary love with his wife contrasts with the affair David pursues even though he knows he could lose his family.

Still, David risks this because he and many of Rindo's characters believe that "Love should pull us off our feet, carry us beyond our own borders, leave us weightless, intoxicated, gasping for air." There is a real sense of desperation in this collection, a feeling that these characters are vulnerable and minuscule against the vastness of the ever-expanding universe that surrounds them. They want their lives to be amazing because there is so much to be loved and explored.

In "Middleman," Frank is trying to come to terms with his failing marriage at the same time his eccentric artist friend has moved in after getting kicked out of his own. "Adrienne's Perfection" gives the reader a teenage slacker who helps his seemingly perfect sister when love brings her trouble. An elderly man recalls all of the great meals he and his wife shared as she lies dying in "Hunger at the End of Life." In "Like Water Becoming Air," a grocery store clerk stumbles upon a woman who thinks he is her dead son, and in "Noncustodial Fatherhood," a recovering alcoholic father tries to regain a place in his son's heart.

After the first story it is apparent this is the work of a master, but when writing about love there is always the danger of repetition. Luckily for us, Rindo's imagination keeps spinning. These stories transcend the typical love relationship between a man and a woman and reveal love accurately, in its many forms. Rindo's deft use of detail keeps us moving along as well; facts that at first seem insignificant all fit into place when the stories take unexpected turns ranging from surprising to absurd. Rindo turns these instances of absurdity into moments of clarity, and the reader cannot help but feel sympathy for these hopeless souls. Through Rindo's poignant portrayals we see that these characters are, after all, humans gripped by the disease of love.

By Shelby Anderson

Shelby Anderson recently graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh and lives in Minocqua, where he works as a reporter with ***The Lakeland Times.*** *His writing has also appeared in* ***Silent Sports.***

Book Bash and Book Arts

Earth Day, April 22, will see the fruitful and bustling convergence of books, the arts, and the sciences at the home of the late Frances and Frederick Hamerstrom in Plainfield for the second **Wisconsin Literary Bash,** sponsored by the Wisconsin Center for the Book.

In addition to the writings of the Hamerstroms, this non-urban book bash features Justin Isherwood (author of *Farm Kid,* Badger Books) and Jerry Apps as well as Bill Christofferson reading *The Man from Clear Lake* (UW Press), a celebrated work about the late Earth Day founder and U.S. Senator Gaylord Nelson. Publishers represented also include Itchy Cat Press, Home Brew Press, and the Wisconsin Historical Society Press.

The day includes home tours at 11 a.m., 1 p.m., and 3 p.m. by Deann De La Ronde, illustrator of Fran Hamerstrom's first book, *An Eagle to the Sky.* A percentage of sales will benefit the Hamerstrom Fund for Writing, the Hamerstrom Restoration Project, and the Wisconsin Center for the Book.

Fans of the Hamerstroms know that this date also falls during the "booming" season of the *tympanuchus cupido pinnatus*—the greater prairie chicken. The book bash coincides with the first Prairie Chicken Festival in central Wisconsin, an event celebrating grassland conservation. For more information, contact SchwabS@co.portage.wi.us.

One-day access to the property (at N6789 3rd Avenue, Plainfield) has been made possible through a collaborative effort with the Hamerstrom family. Other organizations include Historic Point Basse, Wisconsin Public Radio, and the International Crane Foundation.

Also in April, the public is invited to the first **Milwaukee Book Arts Festival,** to be held April 9–12 at the Golda Meir Library on the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee campus. This Wisconsin Center for the Book event includes workshops, presentations, and an exhibition hall featuring book artists and fine presses from the Upper Midwest and across the United States. For more information, contact special collections, UWM Libraries, 414/229-4345, or libspecial@uwm.edu.

The Wisconsin Center for the Book this year celebrates 20 years as an affiliate of the Library of Congress. The Center is also affiliated with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. For more information, contact wcb@wisconsinacademy.org or visit www.wisconsinacademy.org/book.

by Mary "Casey" Martin

violin artworks

Visual artists unite in a chorus of support for music by taking up their brushes, tools, and torches in a benefit for the Wisconsin Youth Symphony Orchestra (WYSO).

The Art of Note project, now in its third year, invites visual artists to decorate, deconstruct, or in any way make artistic use of retired musical instruments. The artworks are then exhibited at several venues in and around Madison, where they may be purchased outright or won through a raffle at the end of the exhibition rounds, with all proceeds benefiting WYSO.

The effort has attracted top-notch artists, some of them internationally renowned: Bruce Nauman, Charles Munch, Briony Jean Foy, Steve Feren, Kathy Armstrong, David Gilhooly, Richard Judd, Lois Mueller, Natasha Nicholson, Anna Wu Weakland, David Wells, and, for the first time, a youth symphony member, Margaret Mackenzie, who was selected for participation through a contest.

Standout pieces this year include a beautiful two-tiered wood and glass table created by furniture maker Richard Judd using the scroll and fingerboard from three violins; a glass violin by sculptor Steve Feren made by casting an actual violin; and a violin that sculptor David Gilhooly neatly cross-sectioned and filled with ceramic frogs (a piece that sold quickly for $5,000).

David Gilhooly

Steve Feren

The instruments will be exhibited at the following locations in Madison throughout the spring, with the raffle, reception, and auction to take place June 2. For more information, visit www.artofnote.org:

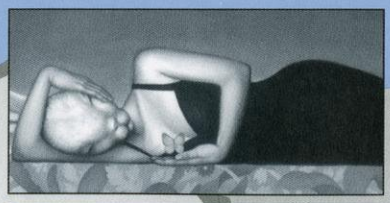
THROUGH MARCH 31
Promega Corporation
2800 Woods Hole Road, 608/274-4330

APRIL 5 THROUGH APRIL 29
University of Wisconsin Hospital
Surgery Waiting Room
600 Highland Avenue, 608/263-6400

APRIL 3 THROUGH APRIL 29
Goodman's Jewelers
220 State Street, 608/257-3644

MAY 2 THROUGH MAY 31
Grace Chosy Gallery
1825 Monroe Street, 608/255-1211
Gallery Night reception May 5, 6–8 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 6–9 P.M.
Raffle, Reception, Auction
Boardman Law Firm, 4th Floor Atrium
US Bank Building, 1 South Pinckney Street
(complimentary underground parking)



the gallery

The James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy in Madison's Overture Center for the Arts is *the* leading showcase for Wisconsin artists. Many exhibits presented there tour to other galleries in Wisconsin.

the idea

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

the public forums

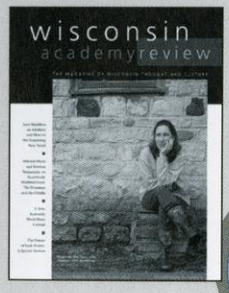
These gatherings bring the public together with experts on a wide variety of timely topics for fruitful discussion and learning. The Academy Evenings forum series takes place at the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison as well as at partnering venues in Milwaukee and the Fox Valley. More locations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

$25 gets you here!

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

Our programs are a catalyst for ideas and action.

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



the magazine

The award-winning *Wisconsin People & Ideas* (formerly *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:

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

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

membership directions

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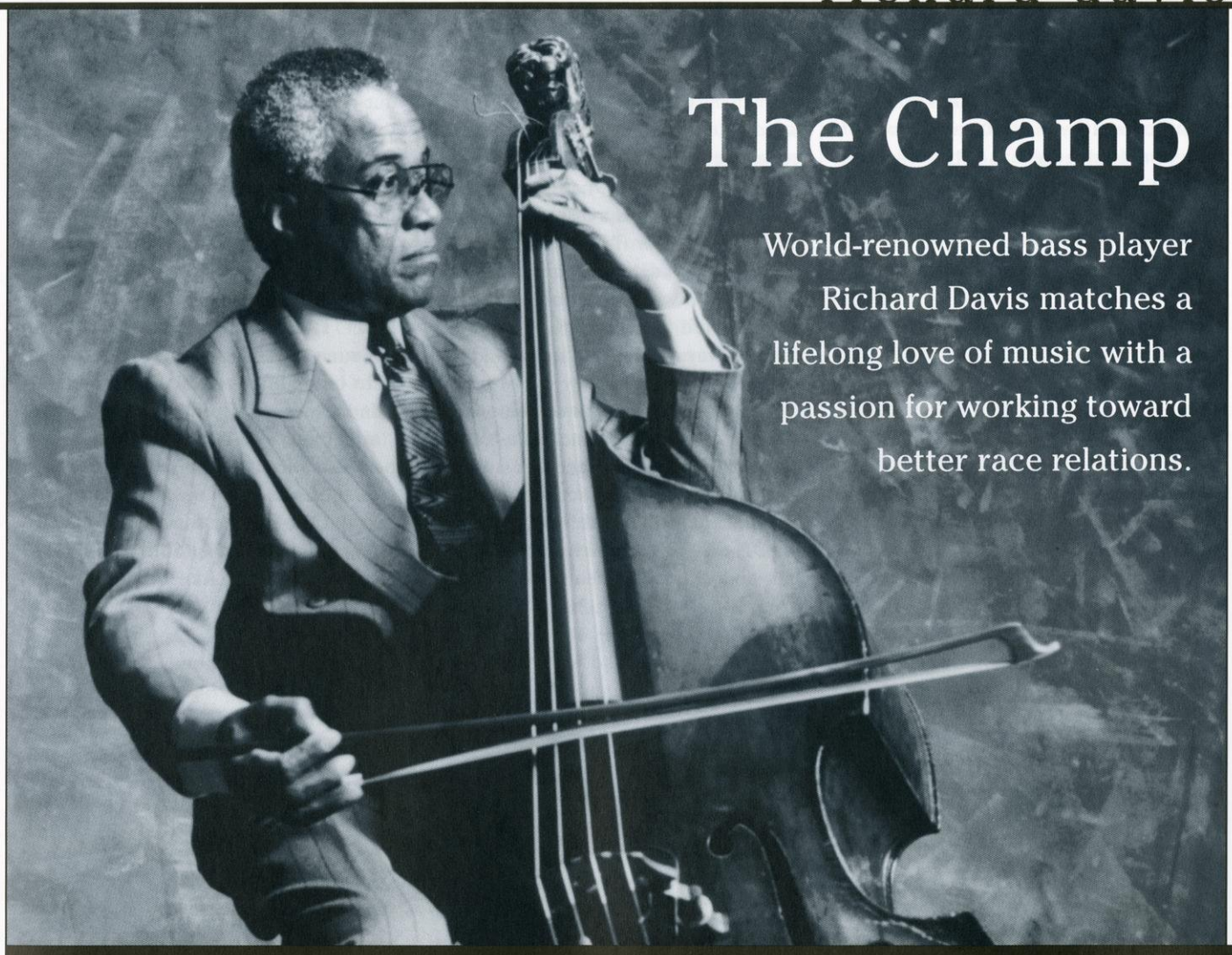


The Champ

World-renowned bass player Richard Davis matches a lifelong love of music with a passion for working toward better race relations.

BY MICHELE DRAYTON

All photos courtesy of Richard Davis

DIVERSITY, WROTE RICHARD DAVIS in liner notes to *The Bassist: Homage to Diversity,* is a pursuit requiring a 24-hour-a-day focus. He should know.

Dealing with race is not a weekend hobby for Davis, a professor at the University of Wisconsin–Madison whose wide-ranging virtuosity has placed him in recording studios and performance halls from Russia to South America with such greats as Sarah Vaughan, John Lennon, Ben Webster, Eric Dolphy, Igor Stravinsky, and Leonard Bernstein.

His work both on campus and in the community, in such projects as a "Retention Action Project" designed to keep students of color at the university, and the Institute for the Healing of Racism, for which he serves as president of the Madison and Milwaukee chapters, keeps him in the trenches of the battle against racism.

He's not the kind of intellectual who contents himself with quoting W. E. B. DuBois chapter and verse, or making the rounds of speaking engagements, or collecting such books as *Einstein on Race and Racism* or *Uprooting Racism: How White People Can Work for Racial Justice*. He does all that. But he also is intent on putting his fight into practice.

"All of us have been, in a sense, conditioned to think a certain way about ourselves and other people. Some of

those conditions revolve around attitudes when looking at other races and ethnic groups," says Davis. "Most of them are false because they've been shaped to stereotype a people. And people who do that have not been around enough people of different ethnic and racial backgrounds to have a true concept of who and what they really are. So they've been conditioned to think in a negative way."

Davis takes his cues from his extraordinary life as a musician during an era when all too often he and his peers were smacked by the "color bar," and from the Institute for the Healing of Racism, a national group that inspired him to found local chapters.

In his book *Healing Racism in America: A Prescription for the Disease*, national institute cofounder Nathan Rutstein calls racism an old epidemic. "The symptoms over the years have become a natural part of our attitude, our behavior; racism has become a permanent part of our personality and national culture ... In order to begin a collective cure, the citizenry must come to terms with the true nature of racism, recognizing that it is a disease. We must understand how it came into being; must acknowledge that ours is a racist society; that we have all been infected or wounded by it; and that we must develop ways to heal ourselves and the rest of the community."

The marquee says it all: Davis and the greats.

Davis takes the words to heart, and, like any superb jazz musician, he knows how to improvise. His race talk suffuses lectures and campus activity and his leadership of the local institute chapters. The living room of his comfortable but modest home in central Madison is ornamented with dozens of photos of family members and fellow musical luminaries—and also with numerous chairs, many of them folded and ready to form a circle for racial discussion groups of as many as two dozen participants. Six boxes of Kleenex stand by for the frequent emotional moments.

"No, I don't get tired," Davis says, chuckling. "It's the only way I can feel that progress is being made—by my efforts. When white people start talking to each other about it, then I can relax. Some whites think it's not their problem; it's those people. It's *them*. There are some very good white people out there, but they are overshadowed by the ones who are in control of the institutional stuff."

Davis in his home with participants in an Institute for the Healing of Racism workshop. Photo by Stevie Anderson

Davis is confident his work will improve things, even as racial disharmony blots American society. Pick a topic, any area. For instance, a Vanderbilt University study conducted from 1999 to 2003 found black consumers paid more than whites on auto loans financed by the American Honda Finance Corp.

And Davis can discuss any number of personal affronts, such as when a white student invited him to dinner but then brought the meal to him early to avoid having him sit at the table with a relative who did not like black people. "That's like serving me at the back door," Davis says.

Still, Davis is hopeful. Ask him why and he will say, "Because I'm doing something." Then he will flip the question: "What about you?"

COMBAT AS METAPHOR

Davis likens himself to a fighter and has studied fighters all his life, beginning with Joe Louis way back when he was a kid on the south side of Chicago. Nowadays Winky Wright grabs his eye in rare, spare moments. He admires other fighters, too: Paul Robeson, Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X.

Take a look at his 1995 release, *Reminisces,* for more of his early influences. Snapshots arrayed in the CD jacket include his biological mother, who died at age 24 while giving birth to him; his foster parents, Robert and Elnora Johnson, who lovingly raised him and two of his brothers; their barbecue restaurant that paid his way through college; a quartet that included Sonny Blount (Sun Ra) rehearsing in his house in Chicago; Davis and his date on prom night; and Davis at age 12—with a sweet brown face and large, penetrating eyes that, 63 years later, still have an arresting quality.

Combat is an apt metaphor for his young life. He was a toddler when he heard relatives talk about black people getting lynched. His foster mother

meted out a list of dos and don'ts: Do earn the best grades. Don't look at a white woman—eye rape, it was called. Do look your best downtown because you represent the whole race.

"Can you imagine that?" Davis asks. "That's a heck of a responsibility!"

Still, he considers landing in the Johnson family to be the biggest stroke of luck in his life. In addition to the Davis brothers, the Johnsons were raising two girls and a boy who also were siblings. And Davis credits the girls, young June Miles in particular, who was eight years his senior, for giving him a lifelong love and appreciation of women. June answered all the hard questions ("How do you make twins, June? Do you do it twice?") with patience and sound information.

And it was June who introduced him to the bass and encouraged him to play it. She loved the bass, and her mournful answer to Davis's question, "Why don't *you* play it?"—"Women don't play bass!"—is something that angers Davis, he says, to this day.

Davis, too, fell in love with the instrument—its shape and sound—and devoured knowledge about it wherever he could. He nursed a habit of visiting his old public school teacher, violinist Walter H. Dyett, past graduation. "Captain Dyett," as he was called, shaped the development of a long list of musical stars, including Nat King Cole, Clifford Jordan, Dorothy Donegan, Gene Ammons, and Dinah Washington.

Davis also studied with a contrabassist from the Chicago Symphony and performed with the Chicago Civic Orchestra. He earned his bachelor's degree in music education from VanderCook College of Music, and worked with Ahmad Jamal and Don Shirley in Chicago before moving to New York in 1954. There he found mentors in Milt Hinton, George Duvivier, Ray Brown, Al McKibbon, and Percy Heath.

When Davis looked to a career in classical music, he initially came up against closed doors. "They didn't want any black people in symphony orchestras in

Richard Davis (foreground) with the amazing Sarah Vaughan, ca. 1961. With him are pianist Ronnel Bright and drummer Percy Brice.

"They didn't want any black people in symphony orchestras in those days," says Davis. "Even when I auditioned they would take me last."

those days," he says. "Although I auditioned for those orchestras, I was auditioning knowing that I wasn't going to be accepted. But I was going to let them know that I could play that music, too.

"Even when I auditioned they would take me last. No matter what time I got there, I'd be the last one because they didn't want to waste time with someone who wasn't going to be in the orchestra. And when I got to playing, they were packing up their attaché cases and closing out. But they let me play because it was less of a burden than for me to make a complaint or for something to come up where I was being completely ignored," he says.

CLIMBING THE CHARTS

By the time major orchestras warmed to him, Davis had become smitten with another city: "I wanted to stay in New York and do all that work. In New York, you could work with this orchestra, that orchestra, play all this kind of stuff." Nicknamed "Tank" and "Ironman" for his high energy, Davis could wend his way musically from the world of Bach to Parker to the Campbell Soup Company. The world was his oyster.

Still, he was black. In the book *Notes and Tones*, he describes how a police officer arrested him after a performance because he refused to show identification. "He ... could only relate to the fact that he was a white officer approaching a black man who didn't fit his image of maybe a Madison Avenue white fellow," Davis told the author and drummer Arthur Taylor, now deceased.

Davis joined jazz pianist Andrew Hill on a string of 1960s-era Blue Note recordings documented by such titles as *Black Fire, Smokestack,* and *Judgment.* With his bass, Davis created a mournful, humanlike cry in the song "Wailing Wail," and his plucked lines added poignancy and nuance to the rolling texture of the ballad "Verne," both from the *Smokestack* LP.

The LPs emerged during a bloody decade punctuated by church bombings in Birmingham, the Mississippi murders of three civil rights workers, student sit-ins, and urban riots in Watts and other cities. As stubborn social patterns loosened under the uneven heel of progress, music took a new direction with the avant-garde.

Having fun in the 1970s.

"Things were pleading, in a sense, to extend past the norm of European music. It was almost like freedom or emancipation or something of that nature—of not being contained in the envelope of Euro-classical music," says Davis, who won listener and critics' polls consecutively from 1967 to 1974 in *Downbeat* magazine.

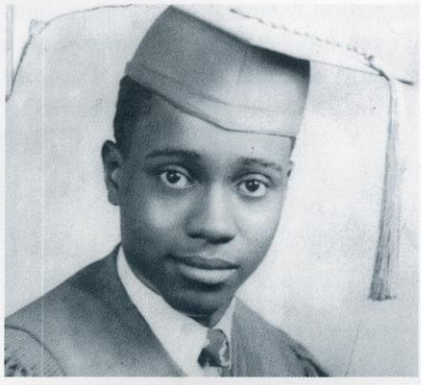
Veteran jazz saxophonist and flutist Frank Wess, an alumnus of the Count Basie Orchestra, knew Davis then and has performed with him over the years. "He's been on top of the game for a long, long time," he says of Davis.

"Richard was actually far more advanced than a lot of the bass players many years ago," says Grammy-winning trombonist/arranger Slide Hampton. "He did a lot of work with Thad Jones's band, and that was a good place [in which] to be that kind of bass player because Thad's music was so in advance of everything."

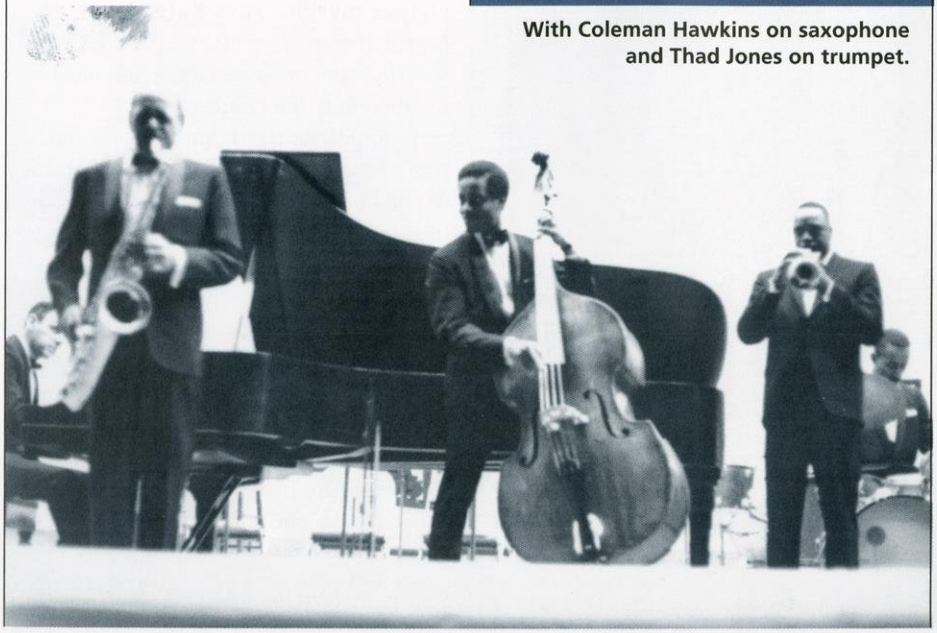
As commercial music encroached on the popularity of jazz, musicians began to explore other venues. Some packed for Europe. Davis, who had wooed audiences at UW–Madison as a visiting clinician, got an offer to teach. He arrived in 1977, tenure in hand. The move caused some of his jazz colleagues to question—of all things—his timing. Why leave New York at the peak of your career? "Yeah, a lot of people say that. It's possible that it might have been the peak of my career, but you never know where that peak is anyway, I don't think," Davis says with a shade of wistfulness. "Once in a while you just have to change what you're doing."

Peter Dominguez remembered Davis from an earlier campus visit. The leather-clad bassist "had every bass player within a 100-mile radius standing in Mills Hall," Dominguez recalls. That first class taught Dominguez about stretching. Davis held up a series of charts—anything and everything—and said, "Play." "That first lesson was monumental to me," says Dominguez, now a jazz studies and double bass professor at Oberlin.

"The administration, students, even good colleagues of mine, didn't understand what Richard was about. They didn't see that he was much broader and made you show him that you really wanted to work at this and devote your time to this before he would open up," Dominguez says. "There's something [about Davis] that's all-encompassing and makes and motivates somebody to really find out what's tried and true in themselves. He's able to pull that out."



From top: Playing bass at 18; high school graduation in 1948; with his brothers and his foster mother, Elnora Johnson (standing behind Davis, who's eyeing the camera); and looking cool in the 1960s.



With Coleman Hawkins on saxophone and Thad Jones on trumpet.

FOCUS ON RACISM

Davis's ability to get to the essence of a thing carries over into his life as an activist. Besides his jazz and European classical bass courses, he teaches a seminar called "Race, Racial Conditioning and the Oneness of Humankind." His final exams have included letter writing. One student wrote about relatives who bandied about racial epithets like hot biscuits at dinner. For students unwilling or unable to take a stand, Davis holds out hope. One day, perhaps, they will.

On campus, Davis formed the Retention Action Project to highlight issues minority students face on a majority white campus. The *Wisconsin State Journal* had reported that some Midwestern corporations were scratching the university from its recruiting schedule because graduates lacked cultural competence.

As for the Institute for the Healing of Racism, Davis was so taken after hearing Nathan Rutstein give a speech in Michigan that he assembled 40 people to establish an institute in Madison. Attendees meet once a week for eight weeks to reflect upon and talk honestly about race. They might open up with the help of a documentary such as *Color of Fear* or the Oscar winner *Crash*. People can say what is on their minds, freely. Their words do not go farther than the meeting space, which usually is Davis's living room in Madison.

In the USSR, 1972

"We started in diapers. Now we're wearing pants," Davis quips about the institute's progress.

Some people attend with a plan to change other people; they themselves are okay, they say. "Then, by the middle of the eight weeks, they come to the realization that they have a lot of work to do on themselves," says institute board member and co-facilitator Carol Samuel.

Samuel, who teaches math and English as a second language at Robert La Follette High School in Madison, joined the organizing team at Labor Temple on South Park Street in 2001.

"It's changed my life," Samuel says. "Being a facilitator was really eye-opening for me. I'm impressed with people's willingness to be really open and express their feelings. That has been a very good experience."

She praises Davis's skills as a teacher and facilitator.

"He is very patient with people. If people come really willing to learn, he does everything he can to help them," says Samuel. "And he studies constantly. Just from living life as an African American man, he has an amazing amount of experience that he shares very willingly with everybody."

The first goal is to work on yourself. "One of the things we say is, I can only change myself," says Kate Marrs, co-facilitator of the Milwaukee group. "Maybe someone else can be influenced by observing the change in me."

Especially promising for the institute's future, notes Davis, is the addition of what he calls the "next generation" of facilitators. Ashley Valentine, a 27-year-old research scientist at UW–Madison, is one of them. She was drawn to learn more about race relations while taking a music class with Davis and hearing, through Davis and other channels, how the campus climate for minorities often is not considered welcoming. After participating in several sessions with the institute, she is now training to be a facilitator.

"It's been a very educational process—and an emotional education. I

have learned a lot about different people's experiences in our community due to skin color. And it has been motivating to learn how I can change these conditions in my life and in the climate of our community," says Valentine.

Another new trainee, Sarah Galanter, a kindergarten teacher in Madison, says she is able to apply lessons learned at the institute in her interaction with children and parents at her school. "I'm now more confident in talking with parents of color about race issues," she says. "I'll make suggestions for involving them in the classroom and not be afraid to say that we want and need their presence as African American parents."

No platform, however, takes Davis far away from the music. With all he does—including running a yearly conference for about 100 young bassists—he manages to perform and record. His work with IPO Recordings on two highly regarded recent CDs, *With Malice Toward None* and *One More—Music of Thad Jones*, drew plaudits from jazz critics.

"Musicians like Richard and the others who we are fortunate enough to get for these sessions are a national treasure, the last of the 'first generation' jazz greats who participated in the creation of so much of the music as we know it," says IPO label founder William Sorin.

"Davis is a dedicated professional of the old school, a man who has been on the front lines and in the trenches of the jazz wars and has a lot to teach about music and culture," says fellow musician Ben Sidran.

Fellow musician Ben Sidran, a friend of Davis's since 1978, also recognizes Davis's place in the nation's jazz history.

"He is a dedicated professional of the old school, a man who has been on the front lines and in the trenches of the jazz wars and has a lot to teach about both music and culture," says Sidran.

Always in Davis's work is that spark toward a new direction, a better way. His solo work, especially with the bow, reveals a masterful musician and a man of great sensitivity and unfettered emotion.

His vision of diversity brought him to the following musical selections on his CD *The Bassist: Homage to Diversity*:

- Duke Ellington's "Come Sunday," to represent the merging of a religious and jazz performance;
- "A Flower Is a Lovesome Thing," to whet the ear for more from the brilliant composer Billy Strayhorn, who Davis notes was gay;
- "Lift Every Voice and Sing," which brought to mind, Davis says, a 13-year-old whose hugs made 80-year-old nursing home residents feel loved; and
- the jazz tune "Little Benny," to recognize black men and women musicians who roundly scuttled any notion that theirs was an inferior music.

Davis's inclusive vision of humanity comes to an even fuller expression in his CD *So in Love,* which has the depth and feel of a post-9/11 meditation.

"Hate transformed into love is the only journey I can see that we all should take," writes Davis in the liner notes. "After all, we are all related to each other. I dedicate this CD to the oneness of humankind in the hope that we are curious enough to know what that journey would feel like." ✹

With George Adams

Michele Drayton is a former staff writer for daily newspapers and a former announcer/producer for WMNF 88.5 FM in Tampa, Florida. Her freelance work has appeared in newspapers, magazines, and the book ***God Just Showed Up: Stories of Hope in Everyday Experiences*** *(Moody Press).*

Your True Cause

Every business has one, says communications expert Jim Armstrong in a new book intended to help business leaders, employees, companies, and other groups unearth their deeper purpose.

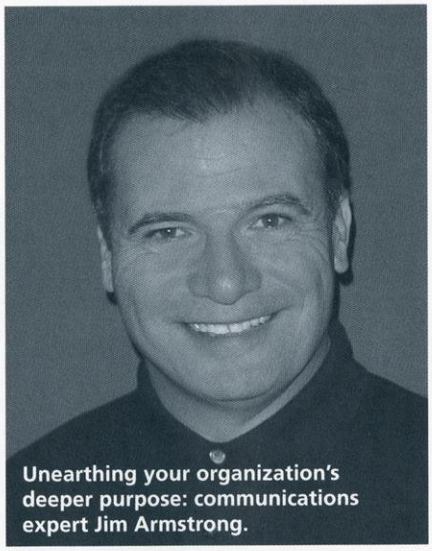
BY JOAN FISCHER

Business leaders and all staff members who care about their work: Why do you get up in the morning?

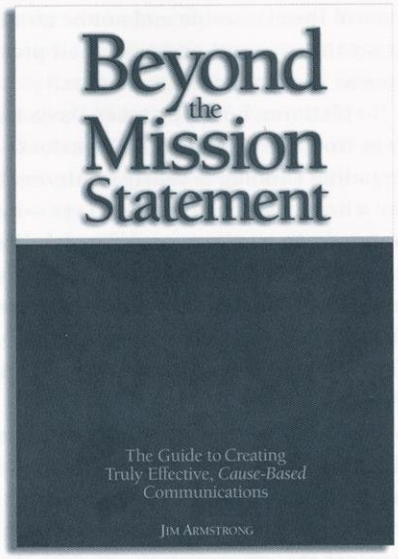
It's a deceptively simple question, and the first one Jim Armstrong poses in his new book, *Beyond the Mission Statement: The Guide to Creating Truly Effective, **Cause**-Based Communications* (Paramount Market Publishing).

Armstrong is the founder and creative director of Good for Business, a communications firm based in Madison that since its establishment in 2001 has promoted everything from Clif Bar, British Telecom, and AIDS Awareness to the Waukesha Economic Development Council, Kimberly-Clark, and T. Wall Properties. An advertising professional with 25 years' experience and more than 500 awards behind him, Armstrong believes that every business has a cause—a reason for existing that transcends making a profit or increasing shareholder wealth. His mantra is "A business isn't a brand to be built, but a cause to be believed in."

"Not every business is ready to operate from a place of noble cause. But I think the number of businesses that are is growing," says Armstrong. "Their cause can be institutional—they want to make a culture of work where employees are truly honored, revered, and cherished; external—they have an incredible product or service that will truly make the world a better place; or community-based—they want to leave a positive imprint and legacy on the community they call home. Their cause can also be a combination of all of these. And often it is."



Unearthing your organization's deeper purpose: communications expert Jim Armstrong.



Full disclosure: Armstrong and his team are responsible for the changes in the Wisconsin Academy's own look and message over the past three years, including our new logo and, as of this issue, our new magazine name. During the course of this work, Armstrong became a member of the Wisconsin Academy board of directors.

We can say firsthand how Armstrong's method of "unearthing cause and creating communications," as he puts it, really does have the profound effect of an unearthing. Our organization's value and purpose, which felt difficult to formulate, became much clearer to everyone—to our leadership, our staff members, and to the audiences we serve.

We're not the only grateful ones.

"Connecting with Good for Business has been one of the best things that's ever happened to us," says Anne Katz, executive director of Arts Wisconsin, which before working with Armstrong's group was called the Wisconsin Assembly for Local Arts.

"They have been amazingly generous with their time, energy, and creativity," says Katz. "Good for Business was an integral part of our strategic planning process in 2004, helping us crystallize our vision, mission, and purpose and leading us to our new beginning as Arts Wisconsin."

Good for Business is now working with Arts Wisconsin on promoting Wisconsin as a destination for cultural tourism.

Those who cannot directly experience the Armstrong touch can now turn to his book, which will be published in April. At its heart is the "mission in a message," a process to create a cause-based communication plan based on answering 10 essential questions.

Seriously addressing those questions, a discussion that ideally involves all

members of an organization, is like giving a deep-tissue massage to the corporate body. No aspect of the organization's identity, purpose, goals, and methods are left untouched.

A sample question: What is the one word that captures your organization's benefit and primary idea? Just one word. (Try this at home!)

That word becomes the unifying principle in all communication. As challenging as that word is to determine, once it is there everything else falls into place around it and makes eminent sense. (See examples below.)

Other eye-opening elements in the book include clearly distinguishing between mission and cause, and linking organizations to cause in surprising ways.

Example of a mission: "To support scientific research by moving inventions arising from university research to the marketplace for the benefit of the university, the inventor, and society as a whole, and investing licensing proceeds to fund further research at the university."

The cause: Ensuring that our discoveries improve the human condition.

Another example of a mission: "To provide a vibrant, caring, and safe learning community that enhances and empowers the lives of young people by offering optimal learning opportunities for intellectual, emotional, physical, and aesthetic growth."

The cause: Producing joyful learners.

And would you guess that a hotel's cause might be this? "To create a sense of community, both internally and externally."

And a bank: "To personally help."

Armstrong did not have to go trolling for a publisher. On the contrary, someone from Paramount Market Publishing, based in Ithaca, approached him to write a book after hearing him speak at a meeting there.

"The kinds of discussions that can ensue from these exercises can help an organization better understand and clarify its direction even without the help of a consultant," says the book's publisher, Doris Walsh. "The value in the book will be in helping people think through what their communications should emphasize."

Certainly writing the book has been a learning experience for Armstrong. Besides being a grand lesson in the power of organizational skills and good notes, "I also learned that our value proposition, that business can be a force for good, is a true proposition," says Armstrong. "After reviewing all the client projects, engagements, and relationships we have had since starting Good for Business, I'd have to say that 90 to 95 percent of those experiences were grounded in wanting to make the world a better place. This is very fulfilling." ✹

Joan Fischer is editor of ***Wisconsin People & Ideas*** *and associate director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.*

THE ARMSTRONG TOUCH

BEFORE

Wisconsin Academy
of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Since 1870, supporting thought, culture and the exchange of ideas.

AFTER

wisconsin academy
of sciences arts & letters

Connecting people and ideas for a better Wisconsin.

The One Word: Connecting

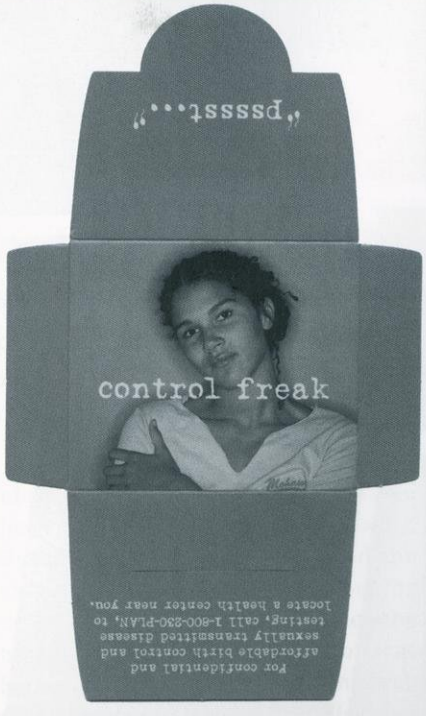
Wisconsin Assembly for Local Arts

Advancing the arts in Wisconsin and all of its communities.

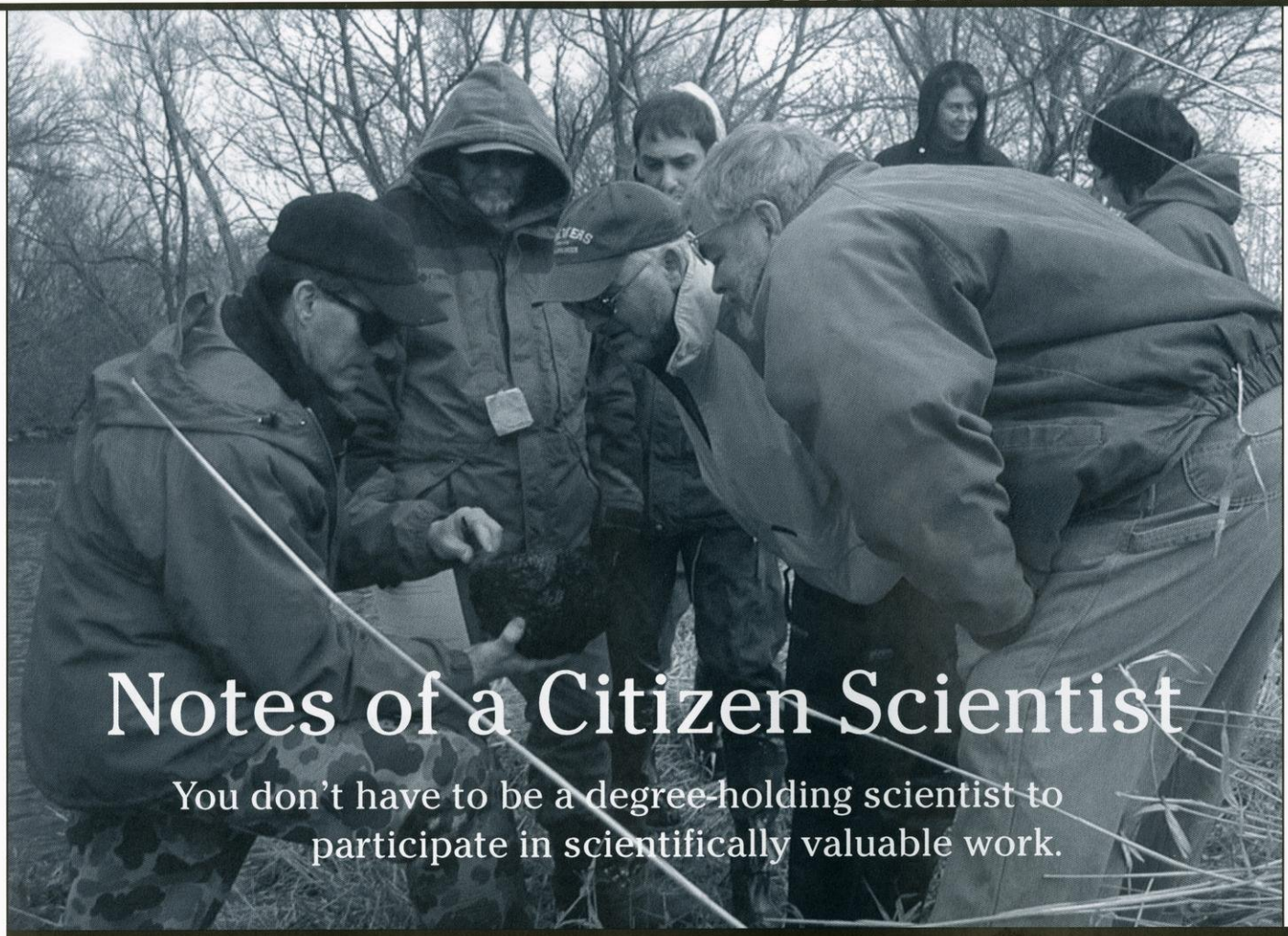
ARTS WISCONSIN
everyone. everywhere.

Everyone. Everywhere.

The One Word: Everyone



Pull *this* from your purse: A condom cover that uses humor to help young women practice safe sex.



Notes of a Citizen Scientist

You don't have to be a degree-holding scientist to participate in scientifically valuable work.

BY JACK BUSHNELL

Learning how to monitor streams: Volunteers examine macroinvertebrates on a rock taken from the east branch of the Rock River during a training session held in Mayville.

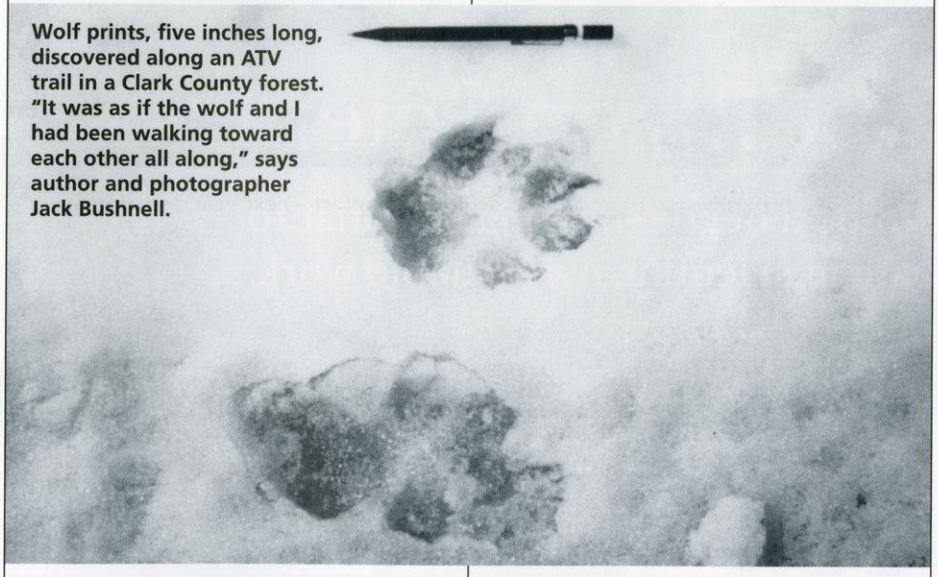
Photo courtesy of the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources

KNOWING WOLVES ARE NEARBY heightens the senses considerably. Every track in the snow, every nibbled twig, every scat I come across requires attention, not because I think they belong to wolves but because the animals who left them walk the same ground, participate in the same ecological network. Here are a fisher's prints heading off in deep snow, a fellow predator with feet like miniature bear tracks.

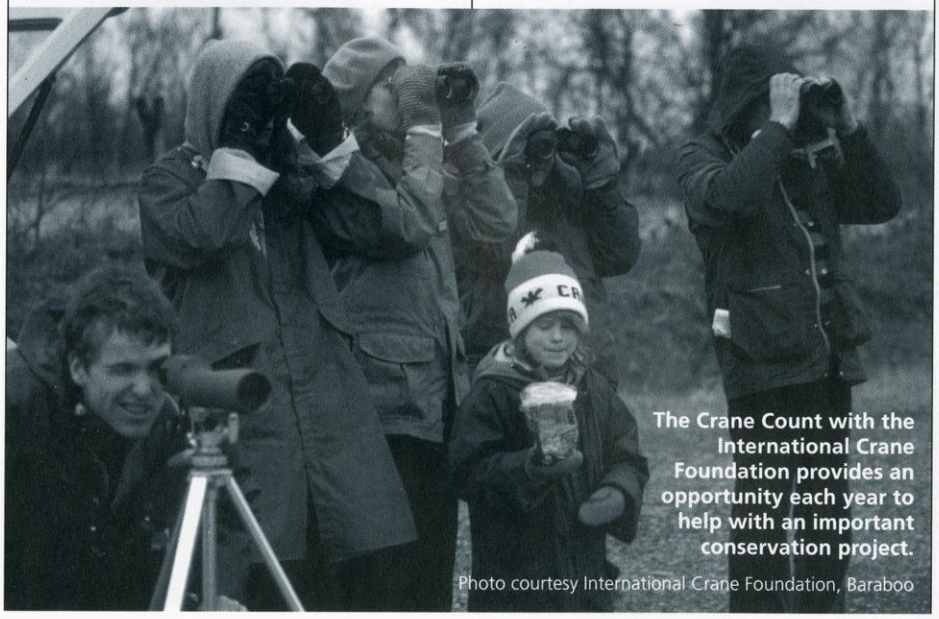
Fishers are particularly fond of hares and porcupines, but they'll feed on smaller rodents too, especially in winter when food is scarce. Perhaps this one was in search of a careless squirrel or chipmunk. Over there is the site of an owl attack, a ragged hole in the snow at the edge of the trees, a set of mammal prints that comes to an end and does not return to the safety of the forest. The traces of the wings are startlingly clear, as if their scalloped ends had been deliberately etched in the powder. By the angle of those wings and the clear tail drag, I make a guess about the dead branch not far away on which the bird had been waiting. A pile of scat back in the trees suggests that the prey was a raccoon, probably a smaller one. Mired in a foot of snow the morning after a March storm, it never had a chance. Like floundering inside a box.

There are plenty of other signs, of course. Turkey tracks marking a kind of stately progression from the trees, across the road, and into the trees on the other side. Deep, narrow wells in the drift on a hill, at the bottom of each the side-by-side teardrops of a white-tailed deer's hoof. Faint pairs of tiny mouse tracks, whispers on the snow's surface. The shredded base of a poplar, three feet of bark hanging in tatters, probably a bobcat's favorite scratching post.

And then there are the wolves. I hike an ATV trail deep into county forest less than a week after a heavy snow. As Dick Thiel, a natural resources educator with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources and perhaps the preeminent wolf specialist in Wisconsin, told me, "Wolves haven't evolved far enough to know how to *build* roads, but they're smart enough to know how to *use* them." He showed me my first wolf tracks on a county forest logging road. Today, I'm hoping this ATV path will be a wolf trail too. For a long time, I note only the hopping prints of squirrels and mice, the numerous tracks of deer. I see a wolf spider on a patch of leaf debris, and a woolly caterpillar making its slow way up a snowbank. It's a beautiful day, with a blue chilly sky, but I begin to think it's not a day for wolves.



Wolf prints, five inches long, discovered along an ATV trail in a Clark County forest. "It was as if the wolf and I had been walking toward each other all along," says author and photographer Jack Bushnell.



The Crane Count with the International Crane Foundation provides an opportunity each year to help with an important conservation project.

Photo courtesy International Crane Foundation, Baraboo

That's when I look down and see the five-inch print in the snow, right next to my foot, pointing in the opposite direction. Tracker and author Tom Brown says that if you track fast enough, "You eventually reach the end and find a set of prints with the animal's feet still in them." There is no wolf beside me this day, but my skin prickles with the immediacy of it just the same. It is as if the wolf and I had been walking toward each other all along, and at the moment of our mingling I had come fully awake. And alive.

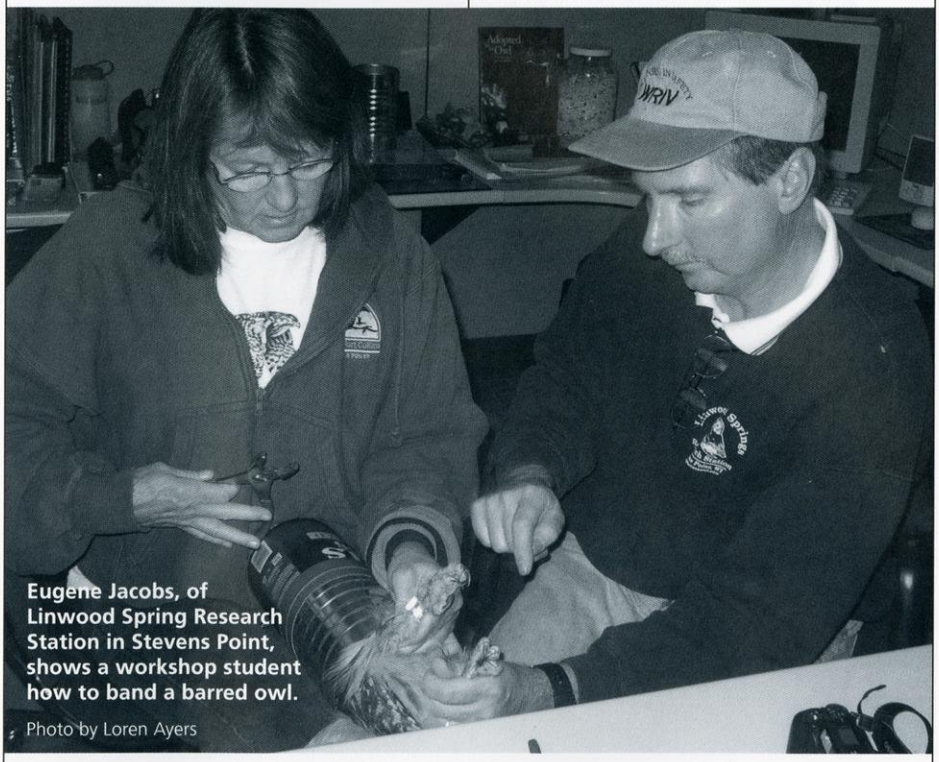
In the last year and a half, I have walked with wolves, held a goldfinch's beating heart in my hand, attended frog concerts, picked through scat in search of tiny rodent jaws and skulls, and flushed wriggling, crawling creatures out from under stream rocks and sunken logs into my waiting net. All in the name of citizen science. At the Beaver Creek Reserve (BCR for short), near Fall Creek, Wisconsin, I have participated in numerous workshops and ongoing projects involving reptiles, amphibians, mammals, stream monitoring, bird banding, and a large, statewide program called NatureMapping, which had its beginnings at Beaver Creek Reserve. It is an internet-based, GIS-technology, biodiversity website for data input, probably the most sophisticated program of its kind in the country. If I want to report the sighting of a red fox, for example, I can go to the website and "drill down" on a map of Wisconsin to the very spot where that fox crossed a field or stood temporarily revealed in my headlights. With a click, my sighting and its location are entered, and thus the map of fox ranges in the state grows by one.

Citizen science is based on the premise that large numbers of volunteers, initially trained by a local biologist or naturalist, enable widespread gathering of data that can later be made available to scientific specialists in their own research and to state agencies managing natural resources. The idea that you don't have to be a

scientist in order to participate in scientifically valuable work is at least as old as Thoreau in this country, and probably as old as Aristotle. But it may have gotten its institutional start at the Cornell University Laboratory of Ornithology, which began in the late 1920s to solicit bird-watchers' sightings in order to construct a comprehensive database of the birds of central New York's Cayuga Lake Basin. It came of age in 1987 with Project FeederWatch, a national program involving volunteer monitoring and tallying of bird species at outdoor feeders. Now, depending on where you live in the country, you can participate in a variety of citizen science initiatives, including the Illinois PrairieWatch, Vermont's Important Bird Area program, the Alabama Water Watch, and the Virginia Save-Our-Streams (SOS) program. There's even a national Society for Amateur Scientists that sponsors an annual Citizen Science Conference. But of course it's not really the programs or the organizations that define citizen science; it's the individuals, lone volunteers making their own personal commitments to nature.

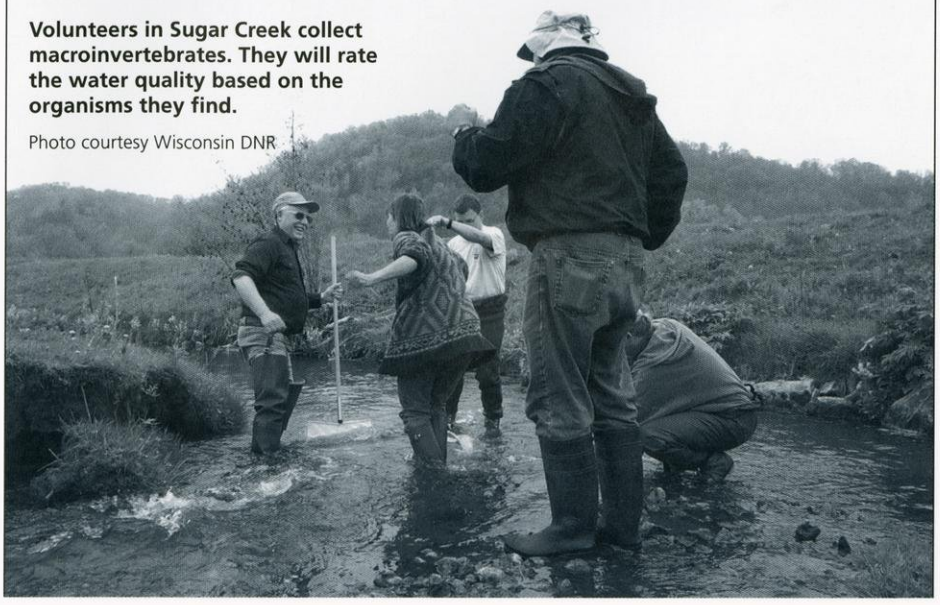
When I first talked to Rick Koziel, Beaver Creek Reserve's director, almost three years ago about his plans to initiate a citizen science program, he told me the Reserve's emphasis would be not so much on the product of science, the data, but on the enthusiasm, the "hook" of scientific activity for its own sake. Tall and slender, with a trim, graying outdoorsman's beard, Koziel always dresses as if he's about to head into the field, once he clears the last bit of paperwork off his desk. Over the past 25 years, he has embodied that enthusiasm for nature and research, inspiring others with his own excitement. But he is also keenly aware of the practical benefits of citizen science. Every workshop I've attended, and most of the brochures and newsletters, refer to tighter state and federal budgets, the lack of DNR personnel to accomplish animal and plant surveys, the need for volunteers to get out and perform many of the resource management tasks that the state can no longer afford to fund. The rhetoric (consistent, by the way, with citizen science programs across the country) is of caring for one's own little corner of the world, joining with others in a common cause. Among the circle of like-minded people whom I see at the workshops, people who are becoming my acquaintances and friends, there is no question about the rightness of our work.

And yet I am skeptical at first. Not about the importance of trying to save wild places, or provide habitat for indigenous species, or ensure that there will be woodlands and open fields and clean streams in our future. No, my concerns are, I guess, personal, idiosyncratic. When I sit next to a creek with my monitoring kit, mixing reagents in bottles and vials, gauging oxygen saturation in the water, I feel like a scientist. I follow strict protocols that enable me to measure stream flow in cubic feet per second or water turbidity in nephelometric turbidity units (NTUs). When I



Eugene Jacobs, of Linwood Spring Research Station in Stevens Point, shows a workshop student how to band a barred owl.

Photo by Loren Ayers



Volunteers in Sugar Creek collect macroinvertebrates. They will rate the water quality based on the organisms they find.

Photo courtesy Wisconsin DNR

scare up various insect larvae from their hiding places beneath the surface, I group them by species and create a macroinvertebrate biotic index number that indicates the health of the stream. Simply put, the wider the range of species present, the healthier the ecosystem. But I don't fully understand the equation that gives me that index, any more than I understand the chemical processes involved in measuring oxygen levels.

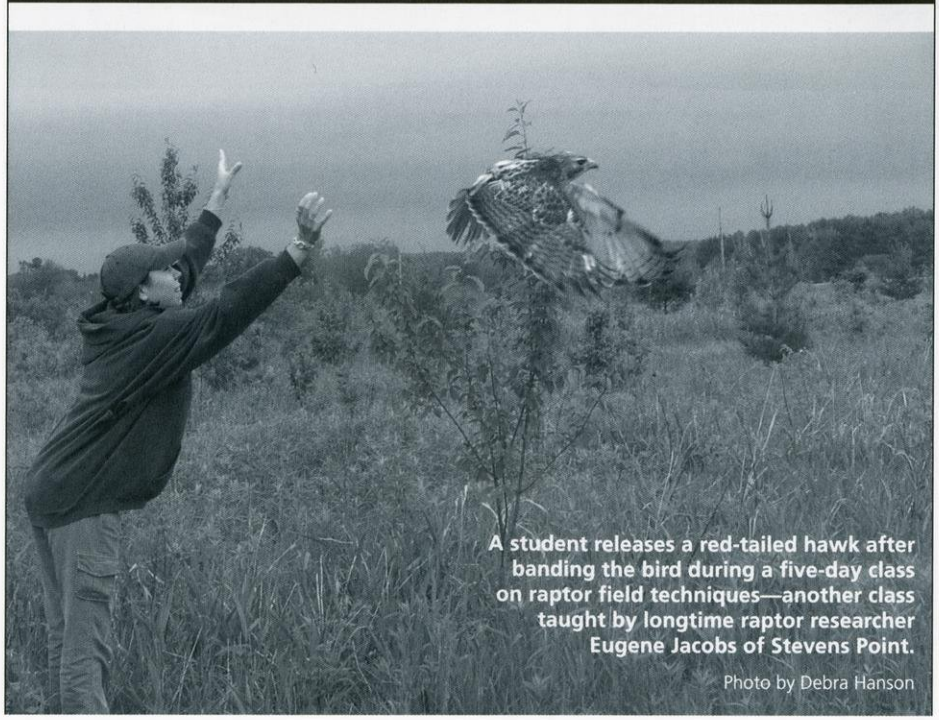
I'm not a scientist, after all, despite the scientific paraphernalia that I lug from my car to the stream bank. I'm someone who likes to get out in the woods with a pair of binoculars, a hand lens, a couple of field guides, and the freedom to go where I choose. I've never been much of a joiner, yet here I am a deputy of the state, a citizen soldier carrying out someone else's projects, supporting someone else's priorities. Are they also *mine*? Does the DNR care for Wisconsin's natural places because they believe in the inherent value of a world in which wild things surround us? Or are they primarily interested in revenues from hunting, fishing, and boating licenses? Does citizen science, with its protocols and specific goals (that turn me into a datagatherer) take the joy out of my treks in the woods? Or does it all turn out to be a bit more complicated, a bit more surprising than that?

NATURE NEEDS YOU

Citizen-based monitoring has a long and successful history in Wisconsin, note Wendy Stankovich and Jill Rosenberg in their booklet, "Who's Who of Citizen-Based Monitoring in Wisconsin" (produced by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources and UW-Extension). A recent survey found that there are more than 150 volunteer monitoring groups in the state, and they contribute more than 300,000 man-hours each year—an estimated value of $20 million annually, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

The list of volunteer options is amazing. Interested in insects? In birds or mammals? In soil, streams, native plants, or weather patterns? It seems there is a volunteer need to fit almost any specialized interest.

To find a group for you, including options in specific counties, go to http://ATRIweb.info/cbm/whoswho.



A student releases a red-tailed hawk after banding the bird during a five-day class on raptor field techniques—another class taught by longtime raptor researcher Eugene Jacobs of Stevens Point.

Photo by Debra Hanson

On the day I find the wolf print in the snow, I have driven roads with names like Coon Fork, Horse Creek, and Goat Ranch. I am deep inside a 300-square-mile forest that spans Eau Claire and Clark counties in western Wisconsin, and I know that I am roughly at the junction of two separate packs, the Eau Claire River pack and the Iron Run pack. My wolf had stopped to look south into a woods of aspen and oak, then had continued west, in the direction I had just come from. Blinded by the obliterating tire treads of ATVs, I had been walking on wolf tracks all along without knowing it. Now I was journeying into this animal's past, back in time to discover what it had been doing before it met up with me. In his book *Nature Observation and Tracking*, Tom Brown writes, "Tracking produces a kind of communion. Each clue draws you closer to the being that left it. With each discovery, your own tracks become more deeply entwined in the mystery you are following. The animal comes alive in your imagination. You can feel it moving, thinking, and feeling . . ."

Though the tracks come and go, sometimes obscured by tire prints, sometimes sharp and clear in the melting snow along the edge of the trail, I begin to piece together the wolf's activities. By their look, I figure the tracks are at least 24 hours old, but it feels as if the wolf had passed only minutes before I arrived, so palpable is its presence. Here it left the trail, made a couple of tight loops, stopped at a bare place beneath a small oak, probably marked the tree, then returned to the trail. Further along—or, rather, further back in time—it left the trail at somewhat regular intervals to mark a small hump of exposed earth, then again the base of a birch, then again the dirt and roots of a shallow embankment. Once or twice, I find evidence of more than one wolf, lots of footprints stepping in each other, and I decide there was probably at least a second whose

tracks in the middle of the trail may have been covered later by ATVs.

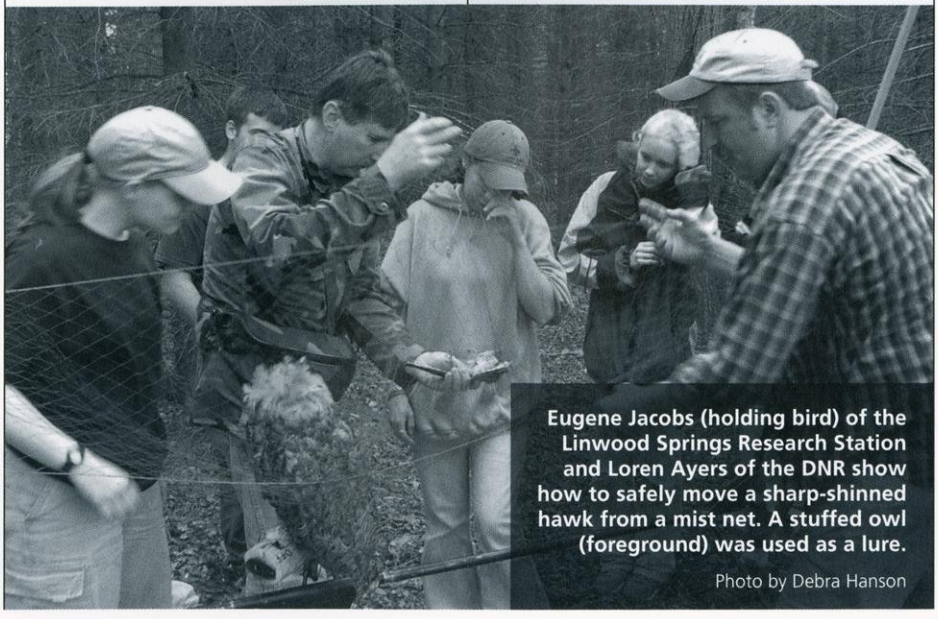
At one point I stop to jot some notes, take a drink of water, eat half a sandwich. It occurs to me that a wolf is constantly working. If it is not explicitly in pursuit of prey or eating what it has helped to kill, it is diligently patrolling and marking the boundaries of its territory, signaling to other wolves (and coyotes) that they cross this invisible fence at their peril. A wolf must be always attuned to food sources and to competitors. To lose concentration is to lose out, to starve perhaps, or be attacked by rivals. This is serious work with serious consequences.

As I stand thinking, I hear faintly through the trees the buzzing of engines, and a minute later four men on ATVs speed by, churning up the snow, erasing the wolf prints in front of me. When I continue on, the tracks are harder to find. Here's a single print, there's another, but not the extended strings I'd been seeing before. Soon, the men return and roar back the way they had come, thus completing two sweeps, one east, one west, as if wiping clean a long blackboard. The marks of the wolf are now effectively gone. If I had come to these woods an hour or two later I would have missed all signs of it.

The writing of the wild is all around us, though it remains often illegible beneath the treads of our internal combustion engines. Is this what citizen science is about, then? Marking the passing of the animal in the act of recording in careful detail its presence? When you track, you don't leave the woods with anything but your memory and the words to help preserve it. As I left that day, retracing my steps, I saw that even my prints had been obliterated by the ATVs, as if I too had never been here. Though you would not know it by looking at the ground, a wolf and I had stood gazing into the trees. We had diverged from our trail frequently to inspect our surroundings. We had covered miles of forest at a steady clip, our tracks appearing out of an unclear past and drifting into an uncertain future. I had come today to record a brief chapter in the history of a wolf,

A robin tangled in a mist net at Beaver Creek Reserve. Volunteers will determine its weight, age, and sex, then band it before releasing it back into the wild.

Photo by Jack Bushnell

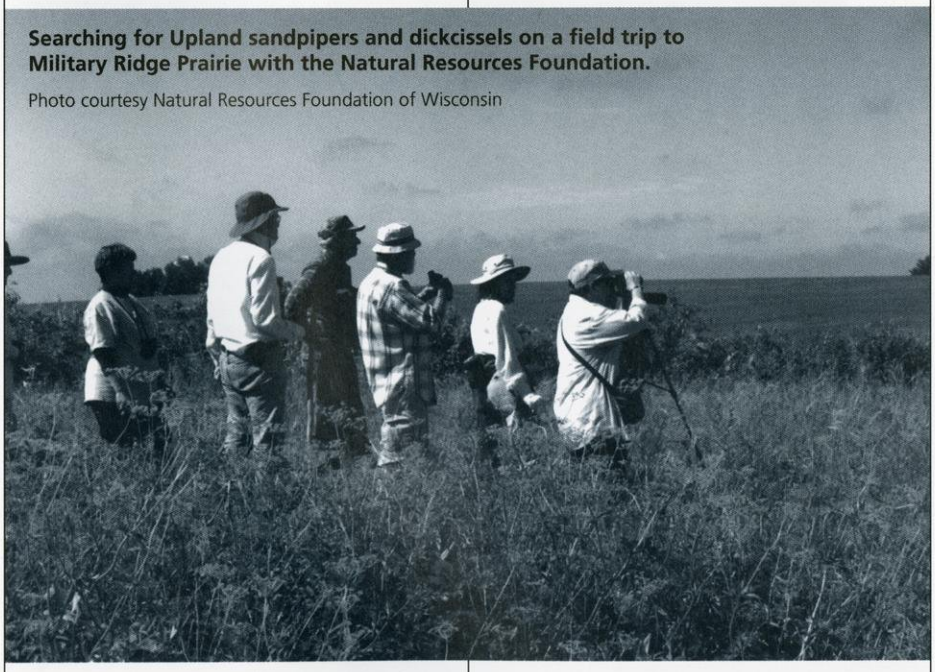


Eugene Jacobs (holding bird) of the Linwood Springs Research Station and Loren Ayers of the DNR show how to safely move a sharp-shinned hawk from a mist net. A stuffed owl (foreground) was used as a lure.

Photo by Debra Hanson

but I could not do so without marking my own passing as well. We were indeed inextricably entwined.

Beaver Creek Reserve has sponsored a weekly bird-banding project for almost a decade, but the men I worked with one spring morning have been banding birds in various parts of the country for 20 or 30 years. Augie Wirkus, a former high school biology teacher and a master bander, has put metal anklets on at least 12,000 birds. Bruce Steger, who worked in the intelligence field in Washington, D.C., for almost 20 years and then moved to Wisconsin to take a job with a supercomputer company, has at least 10,000 banded birds to his name. Larry Bennett, a longtime volunteer at BCR, is an old friend of Wirkus's and has been involved in Beaver Creek's banding project since its inception. All of these men are retired, but they've always been citizen scientists, even before that label meant anything around here.



Searching for Upland sandpipers and dickcissels on a field trip to Military Ridge Prairie with the Natural Resources Foundation.

Photo courtesy Natural Resources Foundation of Wisconsin

This particular morning, I arrive a little before 6 a.m. to help set up the mist nets, eight feet high with fine mesh and four rows of pockets along their entire length. We place the nets around the feeders behind the nature center at Beaver Creek. When a small bird flies into the virtually invisible net, it tumbles into a troughlike pocket where it becomes entangled in the mesh. If it's your job to retrieve that bird, you grasp it gently but firmly from behind, carefully pulling its wings and toes free of the netting. For this delicate work, Wirkus uses something like a dental tool with a hook on its end. Bennett has a small leather case of darning needles. Once you have taken the bird from the net, you carry it inside and, in a large three-ring binder, you record the type of bird, its sex (in juveniles, who haven't yet acquired their adult colors, it's often necessary to enter "U" for unknown), its age ("AHY," after hatching year, or "ASY," after second year), and its weight. These banders had rigged up a plastic cone into which the bird was slipped headfirst and then placed on a scale already calibrated to subtract the weight of the cone itself.

But before any of this recording of data comes the banding. From a board with strings of shiny, beadlike bands, each string coded by bird size and type, one person removes a band with a number stamped along it. Using a special plier, he slips the band around the leg of the bird and tightens it in place. The number, unique to that particular band, is recorded in the binder and later in a national database. It will tell future researchers where a bird has come from and therefore where it might be going. Bird banding helps ornithologists, state agencies, and others monitor and measure migration routes, nesting sites, population distributions, and longevity of individuals and species.

At first, as I help out, I can't avoid that nagging skepticism again. We're gathering important data, it's true, but in order to do so we must capture, hold, manipulate, weigh, and then "brand" each bird, putting our mark on it and returning it to nature where we can now keep track of it, usually by capturing it again. As physicist Werner Heisenberg pointed out, science is intrusive: in the act of observing nature we alter it, introduce ourselves into the equation, make it ours. Bruce Steger tells us on this Thursday morning that many people oppose bird banding because it is stressful for the birds, which are sometimes injured in the process. I think about wolves and other large mammals, caught in steel traps and then fitted with satellite collars, which they wear for the rest of their lives.

But I'm skeptical only for a moment, for when I ease a goldfinch from the net and hold it in my hand, look into its eye, feel the hum of its heart beneath my fingers, I cannot doubt the value of what I am doing. The value to science, of course, but perhaps more than that, the value to me. And others like me. While removing a nuthatch, I notice, as if for the first time, its color, the blue of its feathers, the rust streaks on its sides, the pure, clean white of its breast, the black cap. After I've retrieved a downy woodpecker (it cries plaintively, though it is unhurt), Steger opens its mouth and stretches its tongue out to show me its full length, three times as long as its long beak, with barbs on the end to hook insects and grubs. Here is nature close up, in all its concreteness and particularity, its fragility and its hardiness. On this day, we also net red-winged blackbirds, purple finches, tufted titmice, robins, chickadees,

juncos, and white-throated sparrows. These are not birds in a book, laid out flat and glossy for me to identify. They are birds in the hand, light and hollow-boned, quick and alive. Without citizen science, I would never have met them, never so intimately, never to such permanent effect.

We work for about six hours this day, until almost noon, while my new friends tell of birding in Texas, in Florida, in Canada. They chuckle over a story about Wirkus rushing out to retrieve a bird from a net, only to leave his nose print on the glass of the door when he can't get it open quickly enough. I hear the story of a friend banding a hawk; the bird put its beak right through his cheek, just missing his eye. We play cribbage, eat doughnuts, flirt with the pretty intern who stops by briefly. She has clearly already been welcomed into their circle. I like the way citizen science allows distractions, allows us to fill the spaces of the work with our *lives*. I like the way we transform it into an affirmation of community. Sure, our data will be used by state agencies, but our common cause begins to feel a lot more like friendship and shared interests. Among these men, with their easy comfort in each others' company, I realize just how personal citizen science, like science in general, really is. They haven't shown up once a week for the last 10 years because someone else wanted them to. They've come here because they love doing what they're doing. And they obviously enjoy doing it together.

In late April, I return to wolf country, but this time with a long-handled net and a plastic tub full of stream monitoring equipment. On the banks of the Iron Run River, I lay out a 30-inch tube for measuring turbidity, a stopwatch to time the flow, a carefully packed kit for assessing oxygen content, trays for collecting and sorting invertebrate larvae, data sheets attached to a clipboard. I put on my waders and I step into the cold current. With the spring melt, the stream is running high. Now and then, a car passes on the nearby dirt road, turkey hunters in camouflage eyeing me curiously. Perhaps they think I'm a DNR guy. Oddly, I don't mind assuming that role for the day. I discover that, though I don't understand all of the chemistry behind some of these protocols, I'm having fun nevertheless.

My favorite procedure is the collection of invertebrates. It's a little awkward for someone alone, because I must hold the net downstream with one hand while I plunge the other into the icy water, lifting submerged stones, rocks, and branches, disturbing the bottom, rubbing substrates clean. But when I dump the contents of the net, my tray is alive with larvae, primitive in their look, scrabbling and rudimentary in their movements, not yet the winged insects they will become. There are caddisflies, each protected by its own "shell" fashioned of mucus and tiny bits of twig; crane flies, thick and gray and wormlike and slow; damselflies, slender, almost graceful, with forks at the ends of their tails, like fine tridents; mayflies, similar to damselflies, but stockier, more powerful looking; small, segmented riffle beetles and midges. A threadlike, pinkish tubifex worm curls and straightens in my palm.

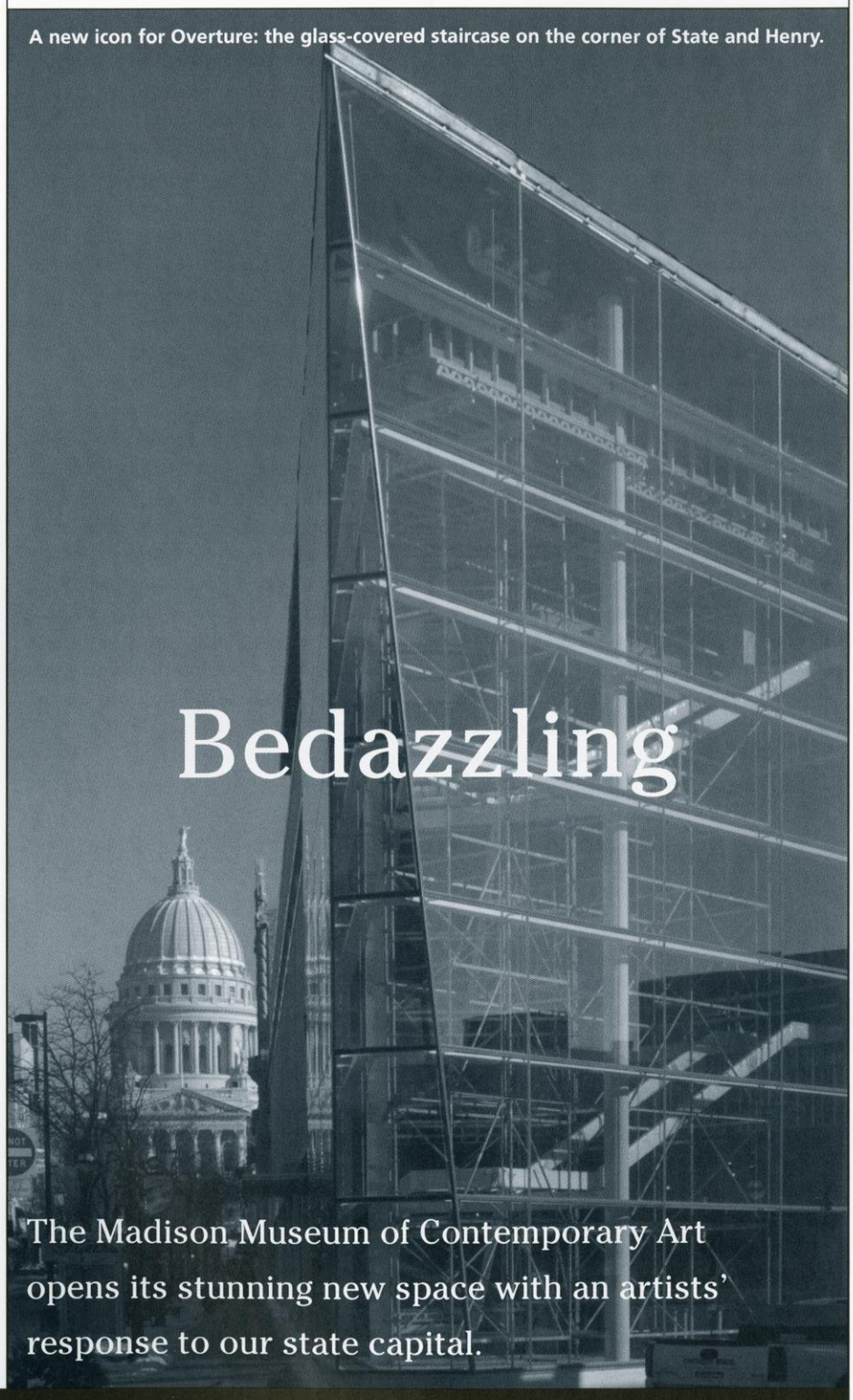
The real treasures, just for the record, are stonefly, dobsonfly, alderfly, or water snipe fly larvae. Because these are the most sensitive to pollutants, their presence immediately signals a healthy stream. As Meg Marshall, Beaver Creek's first citizen science director, told me, "If you find one of those, you can stop right there." Though I don't come across one of them on this particular day, my collection still indicates a stream in good health.

But it does more than that. It takes me (like tracking and bird banding) behind the "curtain" of nature to what is usually unseen, unnoticed, or out of reach. Standing in the red-tinted water of Iron Run, I see only a sandy, pebbly bottom at first, some broken ends of branches, a few deeper pools near the banks. Nothing moves except the water itself. But after stirring up that bottom and emptying my net, I find that the river has been teeming with life all along, even in this still-dormant season before the grass has greened or the leaves have appeared on the trees. I simply hadn't been able to see it. I hadn't had the knowledge or the tools to decipher and record the story it was telling. Until now.

Once again, citizen science and its protocols have put me in intimate contact with the natural world, not nature mediated through a lens, but against my skin, grasping and slippery, one creature to another. Ample recompense, I think, for any autonomy I may have given up to join this or any other citizen science project. For three hours, I have gotten to know a stretch of stream very well. Like other volunteers on other waterways around the state and the country, I have transformed an undulating line on a map into a complex, living thing simply by traveling to it and attending to it with care. I'll be back in a couple of months to record my observations again. And once again, data will become flesh in my hands, will take on dimension and volition. And discrete integrity. Not streams or damselflies, but *this* stream, *this* damselfly. I look forward to my return, just as I look forward to my next bird-banding session, my next hike in the snow.

Twenty-five miles from my front door, two wolf packs roam and hunt. When I go to their territory, I notice everything. And I jot it down. As with any scientist, my job is to pay attention, to inscribe what I see, to put in words what has not yet been written. All my workshops and equipment have given me an excuse to be in the woods, but now with a new kind of awareness and knowledge. What I do with this expertise—what meaning I bring to it—is up to me.

Jack Bushnell is an award-winning essayist and children's author. His essays frequently explore scientific subjects, but he's also fond of writing about baseball. His third book, ***Farm Crossing,*** *was published in 2004. Bushnell teaches at the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire.*



A new icon for Overture: the glass-covered staircase on the corner of State and Henry.

Bedazzling

The Madison Museum of Contemporary Art opens its stunning new space with an artists' response to our state capital.

BY JOAN FISCHER

THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE WHO, truth be told, value a museum experience as much for the residual pleasures—the gift shop, the grounds, and above all, the café—as for viewing the art itself.

These museum loungers will have a sophisticated and gorgeous yet welcoming new home on State Street when the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art opens its doors in the Overture Center on April 23.

To say this museum has been "improved and expanded" does not do justice to what has in fact been a transformation. When last seen in its own digs, the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art (MMoCA for short, pronounced "em-OH-kah") was called the Madison Art Center and was forever having to explain its emphasis (Contemporary art! Contemporary art!). It was part of the Madison Civic Center and as such suffered from both space constraints and a design that was beginning to feel dated.

Ah, but now. The new museum has twice the total gallery space, located on three floors; a 230-seat lecture hall; a study center for drawings, prints, and photographs; a classroom/workshop; a greatly expanded gift shop; a rooftop restaurant; and, just outside the restaurant, the pièce de résistance: a 7,170-square-foot outdoor sculpture garden for exhibiting large-scale sculpture. It is also designed to host everything from weddings and bar mitzvahs to summer night movie screenings. Open year-round, it is a spectacular urban space that offers a bird's-eye view of pedestrian and street traffic as well as a warts-and-all look at old buildings and such landmarks as the Orpheum Theatre's vintage marquee, the Capitol Theater tower, and, with a little more breathing room, the Capitol.

Moreover, the museum's four-story, prowlike glass corner on State and Henry, revealing a glass-and-steel stairway within, offers the Cesar Pelli-designed Overture Center its second iconic feature (the first being the glass dome above the main entrance, which is also visible from the rooftop garden).

What aspects of the new venue excite director Stephen Fleischman most?

"The spaces are impressive, elegant and will greatly enhance the museum's ability to serve its mission," he says. "Among my favorite spaces are the main galleries on the second floor. The high

ceilings—17 and a half feet—and the natural light sources—from a clerestory window and skylight—particularly distinguish them. The galleries are very flexible and will easily accommodate large-scale exhibitions."

He is looking forward, too, to the lecture hall and hands-on classroom forming "the backbone of the museum's education program."

The lecture hall, with its comfortable, graded seating and built-in audiovisual system, is already the source of much hand rubbing by other groups wishing to use it, including the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, which next season plans to move its Academy Evenings forum series to that venue.

The museum is the last resident group to move into Overture—a move that comes with a price. But Fleischman is not sounding daunted by the challenge.

"The museum was recently awarded a $750,000 challenge grant from the Kresge Foundation," Fleischman notes. "To secure the grant, MMoCA needs to raise nearly $2 million in endowment funds by next summer. Given the success in raising funds for the rooftop and the museum's endowment—more than $7.5 million in endowed funds thus far—I feel very confident that MMoCA will achieve this goal."

A SPLASHY DEBUT

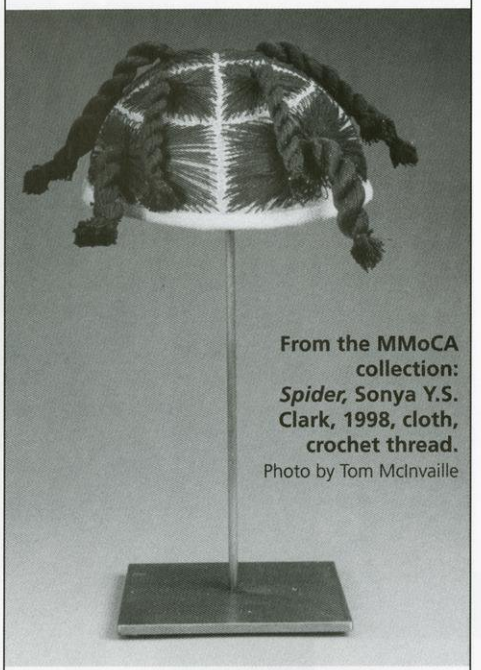
The museum's debut exhibition will show off the new space to perfection. "Between the Lakes: Artists Respond to Madison" (April 23–July 16) features seven artists of national and international renown creating original works as a visual arts reflection on Madison and Dane County in honor of the capital city's sesquicentennial:

Sculptor **Siah Armajani** was born in Tehran and now lives in St. Paul. His work examines the ideals of democracy and intellectual freedom and often references such figures as Walter Benjamin and Emma Goldman as well as the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. His sculptures address both philosophy and architectural form.

Matthew Buckingham, a filmmaker and installation artist who grew up in Iowa and now lives in New York, uses personal and historical narrative to explore timeless issues from our past. His works question our notion of history and our interaction with it. As part of the exhibition, Buckingham in May plans to screen his 2003 film, *Muhheakantuck: Everything Has a Name*, on the Museum's rooftop garden. Buckingham also will be an artist in residence at the University of Wisconsin–Madison's Art Institute this spring.

Lee Mingwei, based in Berkeley and New York, creates collaborative, sculptural installations that explore themes of intimacy, trust, and community, drawing inspiration from his personal life, including his childhood in Taiwan. Often his installations invite viewer participation, thus strengthening community dialogue.

Sculptor/installation artist **Truman Lowe** and ethnobotanist **Donna House** will collaborate to create a work highlighting Dane County's natural heritage. Lowe's sculptures often incorporate wood, stone, and feathers and reflect their natural environments as well as his own Ho-Chunk heritage. House, a Navajo, focuses on spiritual ecology and the conservation of culturally important and endangered plants and animals. Lowe is a professor of art at UW–Madison and curator of contempo-



From the MMoCA collection: *Spider,* Sonya Y.S. Clark, 1998, cloth, crochet thread. Photo by Tom McInvaille

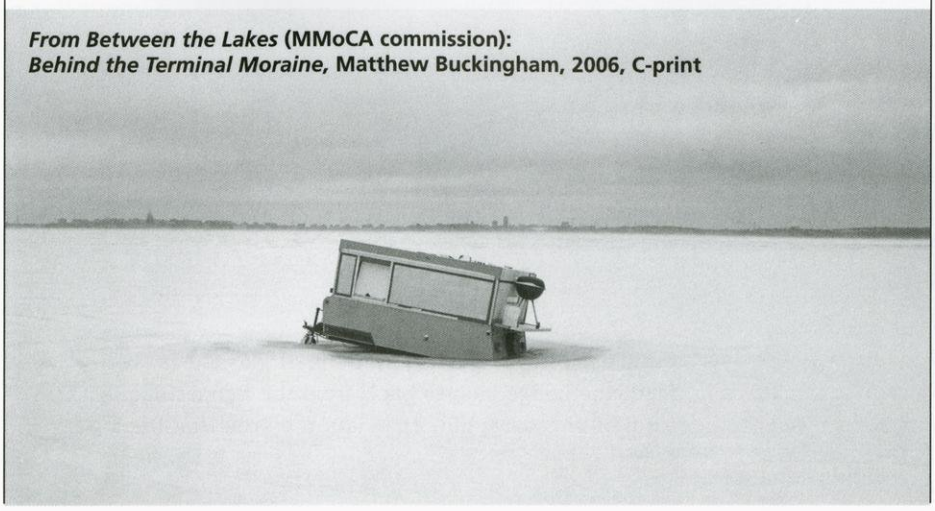
From the MMoCA collection: *Dapple Gray,* Deborah Butterfield, 1980, wire and steel

rary art at the National Museum of the American Indian at the Smithsonian Institution, for which House worked on the design and implementation of an acclaimed "native landscape." Lowe is a Fellow of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and will be the featured speaker at an Academy Evening on Tuesday, November 14.

Nancy Mladenoff grew up in the mining region of northern Wisconsin, and her paintings are filled with biological and abstract forms. She also creates photographs of painted plants and insects—mushrooms and butterflies, in particular—that draw the viewer into a world that feels both natural and abstract. She is a professor of art at UW–Madison.

Alec Soth, from Minnesota, is one of the nation's most acclaimed young photographers. He uses a large-format camera to capture his subjects—whether people and places along the Mississippi River portrayed in his acclaimed book, *Sleeping by the Mississippi*, or romance-themed scenes at Niagara Falls—in a way that feels immediate, real, and utterly natural. "Alec Soth has a wonderful and terrifying eye," noted critic John Wood. "Soth's work keeps pulling you back to look again because he composes with the skill of the greatest of photographic artists."

From *Between the Lakes* (MMoCA commission): *Lothlorien,* Alec Soth, 2005, photograph



From Between the Lakes (MMoCA commission): *Behind the Terminal Moraine,* Matthew Buckingham, 2006, C-print

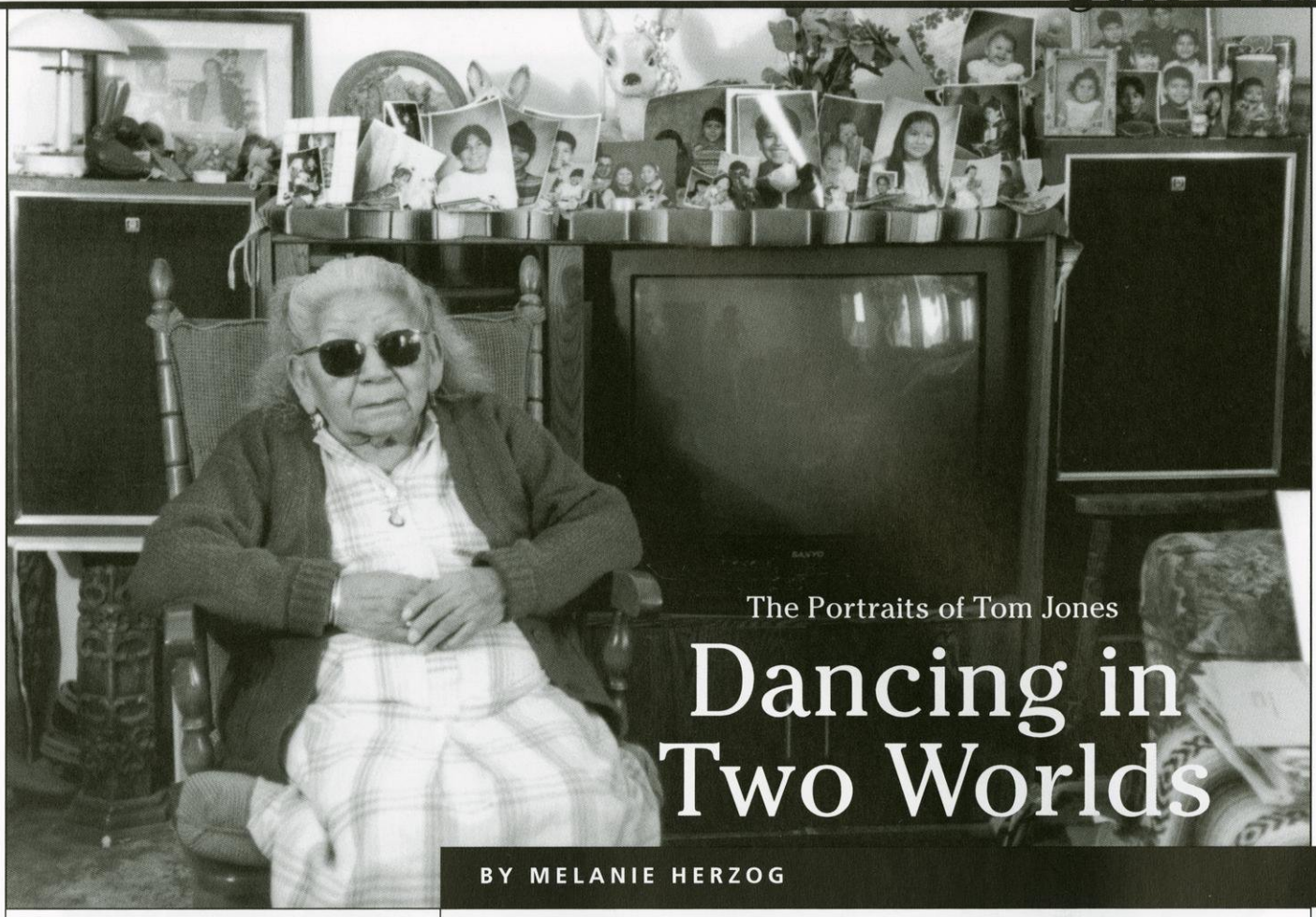
From the MMoCA collection: *Tim House (In Green Pastures),* Clayton Brothers, interior detail, 2001, mixed media on wood panel

Between the Lakes, curated by Stephen Fleischman and museum curator of exhibitions Jane Simon, will be accompanied by an extensive catalogue as well as a free audio guide available to all visitors.

Speaking of the word "free"—despite the museum's new big-city digs and ambiance, admission will remain free of charge, a tremendous gift to Madison residents and visitors.

And as for the museum loungers among us—our weekend afternoons are now accounted for. ✹

Joan Fischer is editor of ***Wisconsin People & Ideas*** *and associate director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.*



The Portraits of Tom Jones

Dancing in Two Worlds

BY MELANIE HERZOG

Nina Cleveland, **1998, by Tom Jones**

Photographer Tom Jones honors his Ho-Chunk tribe's culture and traditions in the midst of modern mainstream America.

On contents page:
***Jim Funmaker and Grandchild,* 1999, by Tom Jones**

NINETEENTH-CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHS of Native Americans served for their non-Native viewers as visual evidence of the "noble savage" of the mythic West, and of the success of the U.S. government's policies of assimilation. At the same time, writes Seminole/Muskogee/Diné photographer and scholar Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, these photographs tell "stories of resistance and resilience, stories of survival."[i]

By the close of the 19th century, Native Americans began to use photography to document their own lives from their own perspectives, in images that, as Onondaga/Micmac/French Canadian artist and scholar Gail Tremblay writes, "reflected the ordinary lives and extraordinary realities of indigenous people as they danced in two worlds, carefully maintaining their own culture and values by doing things that kept their communities alive."[ii]

Contemporary Wisconsin Ho-Chunk photographer Tom Jones, born in 1964, represents such "dancing in two worlds" as he honors Ho-Chunk elders and family, documents the realities of contemporary Ho-Chunk engagement with non-Native culture, and celebrates the resilience and survival of a people with a particular history of colonization, dislocation, and relocation. With trickster-shifting humor, which he regards as a ubiquitous Ho-Chunk characteristic, Jones often interrupts and subverts

***Ho-Chunk Veterans: Keith Snake, Ebenezer Hall, and George Stacey,* 2001, by Tom Jones**

stereotypes manifested in 19th-century photographs of Native Americans, presenting instead a complex and nuanced view of current Ho-Chunk life.

Tom Jones grew up in Florida, spending summers in Wisconsin, the homeland of the Ho-Chunk (formerly called Winnebago). He recalls that his mother raised him "with the values of our culture. I did not fully understand this until I was in college. I have always felt connected with my family but the community is different."[iii]

His family moved back to Wisconsin when he was 15, and Jones regularly traveled the two-hour bus ride north from their home in Madison to Black River Falls, the tribal center for the Ho-Chunk Nation, to visit his grandfather, Jim Funmaker Sr. (1903–2004), who features prominently in his photographs. It was during these visits that he began to establish a connection with the Ho-Chunk community. In 1988 Jones graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and in 2002 he completed his master of fine arts degree in photography and his master of arts in museum and curatorial practices at Columbia College in Chicago. His work is now in the collection of Columbia's Museum of Contemporary Photography and at a growing number of national institutions, including the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of the American Indian. He currently holds the position of lecturer in photography in the art department at UW–Madison.

The Ho-Chunk have a particular history of colonization, dislocation, and relocation: they were removed from their homelands in Wisconsin seven times, and while some remained in Nebraska, where they were relocated, some returned home, Jones emphasizes, "because this was their land." Never allotted reservation land in Wisconsin, the majority of Ho-Chunk people live today in small communities in the south/central portion of the state. Jones discusses the way he has established a connection with the community at Black River Falls through his photography:

***Choka with Deer Hide*, 1999, by Tom Jones**

"Our tribe is not like the many tribes who live on reservations ... the Ho-Chunks live much the way we did before white contact. We live in small villages/trust lands throughout the lower two-thirds of Wisconsin. This is land that we have bought back. It was not until I started this [photography] project that I got to know more elders of the community, and of course not all of them. When I started the project with the elders I saw it as a way of getting to know them and hopefully to learn things from them. During two summers while I was in graduate school, the tribe had internships; this also gave me more time to spend with my grandfather and tribe. I have wanted to learn more about the medicinal plants and this time gave me the opportunity to do this. In general, the traditional ways of the tribe are very complex, and every day is a learning experience. Many tribes have lost their old ways, so we are very fortunate to still have these."

Though he says he had wanted to photograph Ho-Chunk elders for some time, the impetus for actually doing so—the project of which he speaks—was inclement weather. As a graduate student Jones traveled to Wisconsin to produce a series of photographs of sacred burial mound sites. It was raining, so he took his camera indoors and instead began photographing his elders at Black River Falls. He immediately recognized that it was more important to record these images, while these elders were still present, than those of the ancient burial mounds. He recalls, "A lot of the [elders] I knew and respected were passing on, and I'd never seen anything like this done with the Ho-Chunk."[iv]

Beginning in 1998, Jones produced a series of photographs of his grandfather, other elders, and additional members of the Ho-Chunk community at Black River Falls. He prints these images large, 18 by 18 inches, so that they will "have a presence." Emphasizing the agency of his subjects, Jones says, "I want my people looking back at the viewer ... I want the public to see the strength and resilience of these people."[v]

Art writer and activist Lucy Lippard writes of Jones's photographic portraits:

***Honoring the Ho-Chunk Warrior: Emanuel Thundercloud, 2001,* by Tom Jones**

***LaVern Carrimon Memorial,* 2002, by Tom Jones (reproduced from original color photo)**

> "Portraits are difficult enough to make in the best of circumstances. Portraits of Indian people have a horrendous history and are consequently even more difficult. Tom Jones solves this problem unselfconsciously, choosing to shoot in black and white so that he can refer back to the romanticism of historical Indian portraiture (taken of course primarily by white men) particularly that of Edward Curtis, a figure toward whom Native people are mightily ambivalent...."[vi]

For many European American viewers at the turn of the 20th century, the nostalgic, melodramatic, and sometimes staged photographs by non-Native photographers such as Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952) served as evidence of the exotic, inevitably "vanishing" Indian. Boarding school photographs also attested to the apparent success of the U.S. government's policies of assimilation and the "civilizing" of Native children.[vii] Such photographs deny the complex realities of Native peoples' lives and instead center through the camera's lens the gaze of colonialist fantasy and desire, resulting in the "absence" of the Indian, argues Chippewa writer and literary scholar Gerald Vizenor.[viii]

Indeed, as a number of scholars note, the terms by which the making of photographic images are conceptualized—"taking" a picture, "shooting" a photo, "capturing" an image—suggest invasion, possession, and dispossession. Tuscarora photographer and scholar Jolene Rickard reminds us that "the use of photography and the colonization of Indigenous North America form an historic intersection that is focused on a specific period in the contact narrative," and that, though these images document a particular historical moment, they also have a wider impact—"They represent what is Native America to most viewers."[ix]

Through deliberate reference to this contested history of photographic representation, Tom Jones subverts its romanticized construction of frozen timelessness, for his subjects live very much in the present. In doing so, he takes his place in the lineage of Native American photographers such as Jennie Ross Cobb (Cherokee, 1882–1958), Richard Throssel (Metis/Cree/Scottish/English, 1882–1933), Horace Poolaw (Kiowa, 1906–1984), and Lee Marmon (Laguna, b. 1925), who, since the end of the 19th century, have created what Laguna/Santo Domingo/Jemez curator and writer Theresa Harlan terms "a space for indigenous realities" as they center

***Julia White and Evelyn Funmaker,* 1999, by Tom Jones**

their own indigenous perspectives through the camera's lens in resistance to the colonizing gaze of earlier non-Native photographers.[x]

Jones's photographs are often about the relationship between photographer, subject, and audience, about who is looking at whom, about stereotypes and Ho-Chunk reality. In these images he reclaims photographic sovereignty, interrupting the history of colonialist photographic practice, often with wry yet gentle humor, and revealing what art historian and critic Linda James terms "the ridiculous yet deeply serious nature of everyday existence."[xi]

To declare sovereignty in the terrain of representation of Native people, contemporary Native photographers employ appropriation as a conscious strategy, exposing and deconstructing the non-Native appropriation and romanticization of Native images and culture that continues even today.

Theresa Harlan writes, "Native survival was and remains a contest over life, humanity, land, systems of knowledge, memory, and representations. Native memories and representations are persistently pushed aside to make way for constructed Western myths and their representations of Native people. Ownership of Native representations is a critical arena of this contest..."[xii]

Claiming such ownership, Jones deconstructs these myths with humor, affection, and abiding respect for his Ho-Chunk subjects as he explores themes of family, elders, community, patriotism, adaptation and appropriation, resistance, persistence, and survival.

In *Choka Watching Oprah* (1998)—see back cover—Jones's grandfather Jim Funmaker (Choka means "grandfather") is seen reclining amid flowered cushions on a striped couch, raising his sunglasses to get a better look at his television. The striped couch and flowered cushions resonate with the aesthetics of Woodlands floral and Plains geometric porcupine quillwork and beadwork, a reminder of the history of the Ho-Chunk's removal from the Woodlands of Wisconsin to the Plains of Nebraska—and their return.

***Jim Funmaker Collecting Medicine,* 1999, by Tom Jones**

Covering the entire wall behind the television is a commercially produced pictorial tapestry depicting a large bear, which appears to turn its head in Oprah's direction. On the wall behind Mr. Funmaker are numerous photographs of family members, superimposed on a wildly patterned blanket. Adorned with stereotypical images of war-bonneted warriors, shields, pipes, drums, moccasins, painted and quilled buffalo hides, and pottery set against a generic mountain landscape that repeats like the "Indian" motifs on the blanket, this machine-made blanket can be read as a kitsch critique of "Indian blankets" and other items manufactured to serve the desire for "things Indian."

At the same time, this blanket is, for Mr. Funmaker, worthy of display in his living room. As does the bear tapestry, this blanket problematizes an easy reading of Jones's photograph, for its presence demands that viewers also consider ways that such objects can carry positive and empowering meaning for Native consumers.

Jones takes care to represent the clans of the people he photographs, often through the inclusion of the unexpected—a pictorial wall hanging, jewelry, commercially produced objects, or an image screened on someone's sweatshirt. His grandfather, obviously, is a member of the Bear Clan. Intergenerational familial relationships are emphasized as well in the presence of multiple photographs of family members on the walls and on shelves in the interiors occupied by his subjects.

In *Nina Cleveland* (1998), page 33, a family matriarch is seated in front of an abundance of photographs of her children and grandchildren. These photographs cover every available horizontal surface, including the blank-screened television and large stereo speakers. The ubiquitous presence of these photographs underscores the crucial importance of children as part of one's identity, and also attests to the importance of photography for the Ho-Chunk as a means of recording and preserving family history.

While, as Lippard notes, place is not the focus of Jones's work, it is integral to the lives of the people he photographs, and a sense of place pervades his work.[xiii] In *Jim Funmaker Collecting Medicine* (above) and *Choka with Deer Hide*, page 35, Jones documents his grandfather engaged in activities that are dependent upon profound knowledge and long-term familiarity with one's home place. Through these photographs the multifaceted nature of contemporary Ho-Chunk life is suggested: Mr. Funmaker watches Oprah Winfrey on television, and also holds medicinal knowledge and tans deerskin.

***Jingle Dress Dancer (Dorothy Crowfeather),* 1999, by Tom Jones**

An enduring connection with place is also suggested by the enormous old tree trunks in *Julia White and Evelyn Funmaker* (1999), page 37. These two young girls in dance regalia and sneakers are contained within the space created by these trees and the frame of the photograph, a space that suggests the security of community rather than confinement. Jones's juxtaposition of the trees and the children suggests a continuity of the past through the present and into the future.

The trickster-shifting humor of many of Jones's photographs recalls the work of contemporary Mohawk photographer and filmmaker Shelley Niro (born in 1954). With wit and affection, Niro's photographs of her sisters, her mother, and other Native women subvert stereotypical "stoic" images of Native American women.[xiv]

Similarly, Jones's *Jingle Dress Dancer* (1999), above, depicts a young woman, Dorothy Crowfeather, in elegant dance regalia at a summer powwow, brandishing a huge "super-soaker" water gun. Niro says, "[Native] people are going to have to start using their imaginations ... and start creating their own image of themselves ... to reaffirm what we are."[xv]

Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie asserts, "No longer is the camera held by an outsider looking in, the camera is held with brown hands opening familiar worlds. We document ourselves with a humanizing eye, we create new visions with ease, and we can turn the camera and show how we see you."[xvi]

As an affirmation of the role of Native Americans in the U.S. military, Jones began his ongoing series "Honoring the Ho-Chunk Warrior" in spring 2000 at the Ho-Chunk Memorial Day Powwow with images that feature the flagpole memorials honoring deceased veterans (page 36). Each flag raised at the powwow represents a veteran; affixed to some of these poles are memorials, containing offerings of tobacco, medals, photographs, and other memorabilia, to those who have died. This series, consisting of color as well as black and white photographs, documents an aspect of Ho-Chunk life that Jones believes needs to be recognized. Says Jones:

> "I wanted to do this photographic essay to honor our veterans ... One in four American Indian males is a United States veteran. Ho-Chunks have fought in every war for the United States except for the War of 1812. The Ho-Chunks did this even though they were not granted the right to vote until 1924, and during the Indian Removal Act were removed at least seven times from Wisconsin by the United States government. This is the conviction we have as a people ... I honor these people who give of themselves freely to protect this land. Traditionally, Ho-Chunks are taught to live

***Waylon Welch/Mohican,* 2004, by Tom Jones (reproduced from original color photo)**

their life for the betterment of others. The veterans have done this."[xvii]

Both his parents are veterans, and Jones sees this work as paying tribute to them, as well as to the Ho-Chunk as a people. Photographs of elder and younger veterans in this series depict their dignity, individuality, and humanity. This series was exhibited at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum during the summer of 2003, and at other venues as well.

Jones's identity as a member of the community he photographs affords him access to an inside perspective and is a source of the comfortable familiarity that is suggested by many of his photographs. At the same time, this access necessitates awareness of the need to respect the boundaries of what can be photographed and what can be shown to the outside world. Writing of contemporary Hopi photographers in 1983, Victor Masayesva said,

"As Hopi photographers we are indeed in a dangerous time. The camera which is available to us is a weapon that will violate the silences and secrets so essential to our group survival ... When [the camera] is used as an individual foray into group values, it can destroy what the group has arrived at as being good ... We must look to our culture for guidance, listen to our cultural conscience, and take our cue from our comprehensive tradition which has sustained our forebears over centuries. I believe we would not be far from the mark if we were to take photography as ceremony, as ritual, something that sustains,

***Choka Burning Trash,* 2000, by Tom Jones**

enriches, and adds to our spiritual well-being."[xviii]

Masayesva also notes that for Native photographers, "refraining from photographing certain subjects has become a kind of worship," for he points out that while Hopi photographers desire to photograph dances and ceremonial events that should not be photographed, to do so would threaten Hopi survival. This is an issue with which photographers from all Native communities must contend.

During the summer of 2003, Tom Jones began to photograph in the Ho-Chunk Medicine Lodge. While his earlier work was intimate in its familiarity with his subjects, this new work includes aspects of Ho-Chunk life that should not be seen by outsiders, or should be seen only under certain conditions. As Jones points out, photographs made of the Medicine Lodge by non-Native photographers in the late 1800s and early 1900s were marketed as stereoscope cards or postcards. Wisconsin photographer and entrepreneur H. H. Bennett (1843–1908), well known for his photographs of the Wisconsin Dells landscape and of Ho-Chunk people, photographed the Medicine Lodge and sold these images as stereoscope cards.[xix]

"So the tribe has allowed photographs to be taken of this event, but what I think it comes down to is trust; how are these images going to be used and are they going to be used against us in any way," says Jones. As Victor Masayesva says, this is a matter of survival; Jones emphasizes that when the U.S. government outlawed Native American religious practices in the late 1800s, such photographs taken by outsiders served as evidence to prosecute and imprison the individuals in the photographs.

"This is a contributing factor as to why so many tribes lost their traditional ways and why others took them underground and insisted that there be no photographs taken of any traditional ceremonies," Jones says. He also notes, "Our tribe has purchased the original H. H. Bennett glass negatives of the Medicine Lodge images back from the Bennett family. This form of photographic repatriation by the Ho-Chunk Nation takes repatriation to a new level of cultural ownership and rights."[xx]

Jones continues to think about what it means to produce this new work and to whom it will be shown, and says,

> "I have had only a few negative experiences. One was at an opening, when a tribal member said his mother would be upset that I had an image of something from the Medicine Lodge. Another time I was taking photographs at the Medicine Lodge and someone stood in front of the camera and said they were offended that I was taking photographs. This is something that is still taboo with people. I went to the leaders and asked for permission to do this and they were fine with it. There are specific times when it is not accepted. The majority of photographs I have taken at the Medicine Lodge I am sitting on and don't know if I will ever show them to the outside world."

Reflecting on the trajectory of his photographic career, Jones describes the responses of the Ho-Chunk to his work:

> "The tribe has enjoyed the work and now people are asking me to photograph them as opposed to me having to ask. I have donated about 80 prints to the tribe, which they have hanging in the Executive Building in Black River Falls. One person came up to me and said they started crying when they saw them there. So often in the media all we see are other groups and not our own. When we are able to see ourselves it is quite moving."

In his photographs, Jones embraces the complexity of the present moment in images of resistance, resilience, and survival, indeed, of "dancing in two worlds." As he references the history of photography of and by Native Americans, he claims space for Native peoples' self-representations and self-affirmations. Made with humor, affection, and respect, Jones's photographs are a tribute to his Ho-Chunk community, offered to his community as a source of pride for future generations. ✹

Melanie Herzog, MFA, Ph.D., is a professor of art history at Edgewood College in Madison. Research for this essay originated in a National Endowment for the Humanities Summer Faculty Institute, "Working from Community: Native American Art and Literature in an Historical and Cultural Context," at Evergreen State College, Olympia, Washington.

NOTES

i Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, "When Is a Photograph Worth a Thousand Words?" in *Native Nations: Journeys in American Photography* (London: Barbican Art Gallery, 1998), 42. This essay was reprinted in *Photography's Other Histories*, ed. Christopher Pinney and Nicholas Peterson (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2003), 40-52. Also see Christopher Pinney's discussion of "colonial photographic practice," in "Introduction: How the Other Half..." in *Photography's Other Histories*, 1, and Jane Alison's introduction to *Native Nations*, 11-21.

ii Gail Tremblay, "Constructing Images, Constructing Reality: American Indian Photography and Representation," *Views: A Journal of Photography in New England* 13/14 (Winter 1993): 10.

iii Tom Jones in e-mail correspondence with the author, July 19, 2003. Unless otherwise attributed, subsequent statements by Tom Jones are taken from this correspondence and other conversations from July 2003 through June 2005.

iv Quoted in Jacob Stockinger, "Photographer Jones Documents Ho-Chunks," *The Capital Times*, March 21, 2003, C1.

v Ibid., C8.

vi Lucy R. Lippard, "Like a Feather in the Air," unpublished manuscript, 2002. I am grateful for Tom Jones's willingness to share this exhibition catalogue essay with me in advance of its publication. Written for an exhibition to be titled *America: First People, New People, Forgotten People*, Lippard's essay discusses the work of photographers Tone Stockenström and Scott Nava along with that of Tom Jones.

vii See *Away from Home: American Indian Boarding School Experiences*, ed. Margaret L. Archuleta, Brenda J. Child, and K. Tsianina Lomawaima (Phoenix: The Heard Museum, 2000), also Gerald McMaster, "Colonial Alchemy: Reading the Boarding School Experience," in *Partial Recall: Photographs of Native North Americans*, ed. Lucy R. Lippard (New York: The New Press, 1992), 76-87, and Jolene Rickard, "The Occupation of Indigenous Space as 'Photograph,'" in *Native Nations*, 60. Plains Cree writer and scholar Gerald McMaster refers to the intentions of such photographs as "a type of colonial alchemy: transforming the savage into a civilized human being," in "Colonial Alchemy," 79.

viii See Gerald Vizenor, *Fugitive Poses: Native American Indian Scenes of Absence and Presence* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998).

ix Jolene Rickard, "The Occupation of Indigenous Space as 'Photograph,'" in *Native Nations*, 57.

x Theresa Harlan, "Indigenous Photographies: A Space for Indigenous Realities," in *Native Nations*, 233-245. Also see Theresa Harlan, "Adjusting the Focus for an Indigenous Presence," in *OverExposed: Essays on Contemporary Photography*, ed. Carol Squiers (New York: The New Press, 1999), 134-152. Jennie Ross Cobb portrayed the lives of her fellow students at the Cherokee Female Seminary in Tahlequah, Oklahoma, with an intimacy and familiarity that are absent in the more formal, official visual records of life at the school; see Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, "When Is a Photograph Worth a Thousand Words?" in *Native Nations*, 53; also Joan M. Jensen, "Native American Women Photographers as Storytellers," in *Women Artists of the American West Past and Present*, an internet course and interdisciplinary resource featuring the vital contributions that women have made to the art and history of the American West, codeveloped by Susan R. Ressler and Jerrold Maddox, http://www.sla/purdue.edu/WAAW/Jensen/NAW.html. Theresa Harlan writes of Richard Throssel, Horace Poolaw, and Lee Marmon, "[They] all picked up the camera and with their photography celebrated their communities and the relationships held within each community," in "Indigenous Photographies," 235.

xi Linda R. James, "Tom Jones," *New Art Examiner*, July-August 2001, 99.

xii Theresa Harlan, "Creating A Visual History: A Question of Ownership," *Aperture* 139 (Summer 1995): 20.

xiii Lucy R. Lippard, "Like a Feather in the Air."

xiv Allen Ryan writes that Niro's photographs "impart a playful energy and familial affection missing from many archival photo collections. Moreover, her work is a welcome corrective to all those humourless depictions of nubile princess, nurturing earth mother, sultry vixen, and servile squaw that have long been fixed in the popular imagination." Allen J. Ryan, *The Trickster Shift: Humour and Irony in Contemporary Native Art* (Vancouver: UBC Press, 1999), 62.

xv Shelley Niro, quoted in Allen J. Ryan, *The Trickster Shift*, 13.

xvi Hulleah Tsinhnahjinnie, "Compensating Imbalances," *Exposures* 29, 1 (Fall 1993): 30.

xvii Tom Jones, quoted in Ben Bromley, "Soldiers," *The Star Times*, May 24, 2003, B1-2.

xviii Victor Masayesva Jr., "Kwikwilyaqa: Hopi Photography," in *Hopi Photographers/Hopi Images*, 10-11.

xix On H. H. Bennett see the Wisconsin Historical Society, *H. H. Bennett Studio & History Center*, http://www.wisconsinhistory.org/hhbennett/.

xx Tom Jones, e-mail correspondence with the author, March 25, 2004.

THE HUMANITIES IN OUR LIVES

On behalf of the Wisconsin Humanities Council, I'd like to say it is our pleasure to join *Wisconsin People & Ideas* magazine with a special section in every issue highlighting the role of the humanities in our lives and the life of our state. We will do this through two contributions: "The Public Scholar" and what we call "The Humanities Moment."

In the Public Scholar, we will ask one of Wisconsin's most creative humanists to explore an issue of social or cultural importance through the lens of the humanities. In doing so, we hope to illustrate that our state's most creative minds—particularly those studying literature, language, history, musicology, philosophy, and other humanities disciplines—have opinions and ideas that resonate beyond the walls of academia and into the halls of public discourse. At the Wisconsin Humanities Council, we believe that the energy and ideas at work in the academic realm are a crucial element to building conservation and community throughout the state, and we are happy to share them in this publication.

As for the Humanities Moment—well, many of us have had one! It's that spark of illumination we experience when an encounter with one of the humanities disciplines leads to a moment of insight about ourselves and our world. We'll ask humanists around the state to share those moments with our readers.

This edition's Public Scholar essay was originally delivered as a lecture at the 2005 Wisconsin Book Festival. In it, UW–Madison professor and nationally acclaimed author Craig Werner ruminates on the meaning of the Constitutional mandate for the federal government to "provide for the common defence," a phrase that inspired this year's statewide book discussion series, *A More Perfect Union.* That series and the Wisconsin Book Festival are programs of the Wisconsin Humanities Council. For more information on either program, please visit www.wisconsinhumanities.org.

We are delighted to be a part of this magazine, and look forward to getting to know our readers as members of Wisconsin's vibrant humanist community.

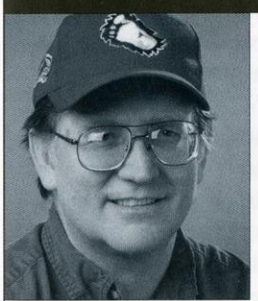
wisconsin | humanities | council
community through conversation

—Dean Bakopoulos
Executive Director
Wisconsin Humanities Council

Diversity and Our Defense

The greatest threat to democracy lies in reducing our politics to either/or choices.

BY CRAIG WERNER



WHEN THE ORGANIZERS of the Wisconsin Book Festival asked me to talk about how the humanities can help us understand the notion of the "common defence" invoked in the Preamble to the Constitution, my thoughts turned to stories. How do the stories we tell ourselves shape our sense of our commonality? When does an attack, or a potential attack, require a military defense? Whose stories count? Whose don't? How can the humanities help us work through the meanings of the stories we have?

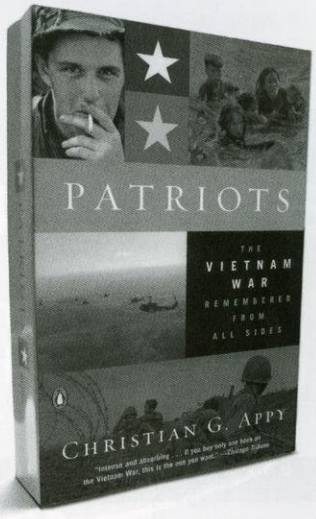
Before elaborating on those thoughts, I'd like to quote the sentence from the Preamble to the Constitution that includes the phrase: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish the Constitution of the United States."

Clearly, the founders understood the common defense as part of a larger picture, one thread in a tapestry including peace, justice, liberty, and the general welfare. Each of those terms has its own ambiguities and complexities; each is in some sense dependent on the others.

No issue is more difficult for a democracy than going to war, yet our public discussions too often devolve into ideological posturing and name-calling. War-mongering Republican fascists, moneybags drenched in the blood of innocent children, squaring off against tree-hugging, Christmas-hating liberal draft dodgers. Red State Us vs. Blue State Them. Or vice versa. Most polls indicate something like 30 percent of the American public will support absolutely any war; 10 or 15 percent will oppose any war. In a democracy, that means the

remaining 50 to 60 percent of us have a crucial role to play. We can begin by insisting that the either/or stories belching out of the cable TV have precious little to do with the lives most of us lead.

Better stories exist, and the Wisconsin Humanities Council's *A More Perfect Union* book discussion series provides a good place to start conversations with the potential to affect our shared public life. In what follows, I'll be drawing on the approach to literature pioneered by F. R. Leavis, arguably the most important literary critic of the 20th century. Leavis championed the idea of literature—and by extension all art—as a moral engagement with the world. The best books and plays confronted readers with "thick models" of reality, the primary purpose of which is to help us think through the moral and political decisions we make in our own lives. For Leavis, stories that oversimplify reality inevitably encourage simplistic decisions and generate actions with bad consequences. Critic and intellectual historian Terry Eagleton sums up Leavis's vision of the humanities as "an arena in which the most fundamental questions of human existence—what it meant to be a person, to engage in significant relationships with others, to live from the vital center of the most essential values—were thrown into vivid relief."



These are, of course, precisely the questions raised by the experience of war, and they are what connects the books on the Festival's list of common books. I'll be talking about two of those: *Patriots: The Vietnam War Remembered from All Sides,* Christian G. Appy's collection of oral histories of the Vietnam War, and Philip Roth's brilliant dystopian novel, *The Plot Against America.* Before I turn to the texts, I'd like to propose three concepts that can help us process and respond to Roth's and Appy's stories: (1) the concept of double consciousness as defined by the African American intellectual W. E. B. Du Bois; (2) the idea of "faction" presented by James Madison in the *Federalist* papers; and (3) the "children's story" of the blind men and the elephant, which originates in the tradition of the Sufi, a sect of Islamic mystics with a longstanding concern with pedagogy and the nature of truth.

Together, these ideas can help us think more clearly about the rhetorical sound and fury attendant upon war. Specifically, they point out the dangers of uncritical acceptance of one of the most common images used by politicians during what the British call the "run-up" to war: the idea of a unified nation in need of defense. In recent times, this image has been deployed primarily by those in support of a war effort, but, as Roth makes clear, the image is not intrinsically "pro-war." What is crucial is that once either side defines our "common interest," anyone who disagrees will be attacked as "unpatriotic," a betrayer of the "real America" in her time of need.

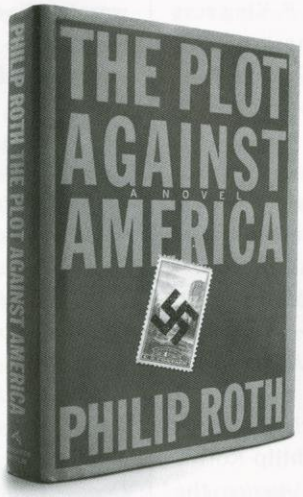
While Du Bois formulated double consciousness as a way of talking about the position of blacks in Jim Crow America, the idea has been applied to the experience of many other groups. Emphasizing the psychological impact of occupying an "inferior" position, Du Bois observed that the marginalized individual and group must always maintain an awareness of how they are being looked at: "It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world that looks on in amused contempt and pity. One ever feels his two-ness,—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder." The stereotypes aren't abstract. A black man who behaves "like anybody else" ran a very real risk of being questioned, beaten, or, to use the contemporary case, pulled over for "driving while black." The difference in racial responses to the disastrous relief efforts following Hurricane Katrina underscores the continuing reality of double consciousness.

Double consciousness is usually used to raise questions of difference, but Du Bois insisted that it offered a meaningful way of imagining an American identity that accepted diversity, rather than repressing it in the name of some abstract "common interest." In a passage that illuminates the reasons why so many African Americans sought, and continue to seek, to serve their country through military service, Du Bois continued: "The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife—this longing to attain self-conscious manhood, to merge his double self into a better and truer self. In this merging he wishes neither of the older selves to be lost.... He simply wishes to make it possible for a man to be both a Negro and an American, without being cursed and spit upon by his fellows, without having the doors of Opportunity closed roughly in his face."

While the recognition of difference is sometimes attacked as "divisiveness," the Founding Fathers understood the philosophical point perfectly well. In *Federalist* papers numbers 10 and 51, James Madison states clearly that what he called "faction" is not a betrayal of commonality, but the raw material of democracy as well as an intractable aspect of human nature. Rather than deny or repress difference, Madison urges his fellow citizens to mold faction into a source of democratic virtue: "It is of great importance in a republic not only to guard the society against the oppression of its rulers, but to guard one part of society against the injustice of the other part. Different interests necessarily exist in different classes of citizens. If a majority be united by common interests, the rights of the minority will be insecure."

In essence, Madison is cautioning us against the sort of either/or approach manifested in the division between Red States and Blue States. The only source of protection for a minority in a democracy lies in accepting our multiplicity. Each of us belongs to many groups defined by race, gender, religion, economic position, intellectual beliefs. Madison envisions a nation in which "the society itself will be broken into so many parts, interests, and classes of citizens, that the rights of individuals, or of the minority, will be in little danger from interested combinations of the majority."

Recognizing diversity as a fundamental and desirable aspect of a democratic society leaves us with the question of how and when to take action, obviously a crucial question in times of war. This is where the story of the blind men and the elephant can be of use. The basic outline of the story is simple. Six blind men are living in the court of a prince. A merchant from far away brings an elephant to the court, where no one has ever seen such a strange and wondrous beast. Wanting to share in the excitement, the blind men ask the prince's permission to experience the elephant. Each of them is allowed to approach the elephant for a brief period of time. After they have done so, the blind men gather to describe the animal. When the first says the elephant resembles a fan, the rest respond with disbelief, clamoring to correct the obvious error. One by one, they describe the elephant as a wall, a spear, a pillar, a broom, and a rope. Finally the prince—the Sufi image for the enlightened individual—intervenes and explains that the elephant is in fact all of these things. For the Sufi, the elephant is a metaphor for the truth. Each of us perceives a part; very few of us even understand that our viewpoint—the viewpoint of our faction—is partial. The story values multiplicity without surrendering to relativism. Truth *does* exist. But understanding it requires us to transcend our narrow self-interest.



The oral histories collected in Christian G. Appy's *Patriots: The Vietnam War Remembered from All Sides* illustrate the potential uses of a double-conscious, or in this case multiple-conscious, approach. As the subtitle indicates, Appy considers the Vietnam War from *all* sides. The voices come from the U.S., South Vietnam and North Vietnam, from men and women, politicians, officers, and ordinary soldiers. Together, these illuminate the extreme difficulty of pinning down what patriotism meant in the context of a war that looks so different depending on what information you take into account. When I teach courses on Vietnam, I begin by offering the students three different chronologies and ask them to talk about what story each implies. We begin with an "American chronology," which begins with the fall of Dien Bien Phu and extends through the fall of Saigon. Viewing the war in this context, the main story concerns the Cold War. Several of Appy's sources, especially those who were in Vietnam during the late 1950s and early 1960s, were absolutely convinced they were defending the free world from the very real threat of Communist domination.

Rather than deny or repress difference, James Madison urges his fellow citizens to mold faction into a source of democratic virtue.

The problems with the story begin to appear when you shift to the "French chronology," which begins in 1627 and charts the increasing economic and political domination of Southeast Asia by European colonial powers. The French chronology illuminates the internal tensions that make it nearly meaningless to talk about a single unified Vietnam with a common interest. Ethnic, economic, and religious factions, especially those between the Buddhist majority and the Catholic minority, played an absolutely crucial part in defining the "sides" in the war the United States inherited. Ho Chi Minh's invocation of the American Declaration of Independence when he appealed for U.S. support for Vietnam against the French recasts the Cold War story as a story of nationalist patriots following the lead of George Washington and Patrick Henry. The "Vietnamese chronology" reinforces the nationalist story by extending the timeline to 208 B.C., when the Vietnamese first established independence from China. Viewed in terms of millennia rather than decades, the dominant theme of Vietnamese history is the struggle against the Chinese. If American policy makers had truly understood the significance of this fact—readily available to anyone with a commitment to double-conscious analysis—we might well have made smarter decisions at several key points along the way.

Closer to ground level, Appy's book includes dozens of stories that illuminate the problems created by double consciousness within the U.S. military. For a significant majority of the ground soldiers after the early years of the war, the "common defence" applied not to the United States—and definitely not to South Vietnam, which many viewed with contempt—but to the members of one's own company, platoon, or squad. The connection between an ambush in the Central Highlands and the streets of San Francisco seemed obscure at best. Again and again, ordinary soldiers express a matter-of-fact belief that the military brass and American politicians—the very people who had taken control of the functional definition of our national interest—had no idea at

wisconsin humanities council

Roth cautions us not to accept rhetorical slogans and a charismatic image as a substitute for serious discussion of issues.

all what was actually going on. The situation was particularly acute for black soldiers, especially after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr. As Yusef Komunyakaa, whose book *Dien Cai Dau* is the most powerful literary engagement with Vietnam, told Appy, the North Vietnamese openly addressed the reality of black GI double consciousness: "There was a whole racial divide in Vietnam that hasn't really been talked about that much. It was intense. At the clubs in the rear, once people started drinking, there was a lot of name-calling. And of course Hanoi Hannah would talk about race. It was as if she were talking directly to you. She'd say things like 'Soul Brother, what are you dying for?' It was like a knife in the gut. And she also had some idea of the popular culture of black Americans. Just the mention of a singer like Ray Charles or B. B. King sort of legitimized her voice. You felt a momentary hesitation. It stopped you in your tracks. And sometimes that's enough to get you killed—that moment of doubt. Most of us didn't have the privilege of doubt."

As a whole, then, *Patriots* provides a prince's eye view of Vietnam, which cycles around the profound problems with the American understanding and conduct of the war. Several of the "lessons" emerging from the story—the dangers of reducing the "enemy" to a monolithic entity and failing to consider the deep history of the place in question—have clear relevance to our more recent forays into Kuwait, Afghanistan, and Iraq.

This does not mean, however, that asking such questions inevitably leads to an anti-war approach. In Philip Roth's double-conscious masterpiece, *The Plot Against America*, the American people's willingness to simplify their own complexity and embrace a pacifist agenda puts democracy itself at risk. Set in the first years of the 1940s, the novel chronicles the sudden rise to political power of Charles Lindbergh. Elected to the presidency on an anti-war platform, Lindbergh, who Roth's Jewish characters view as a Nazi sympathizer, oversees the nation as it drifts slowly into a kind of apple pie fascism. Rather than advocating direct violence against Jews, the Lindbergh administration initiates a series of programs aimed at assimilating Jews into an increasingly homogenous American "mainstream." The "Just Folks" program sends Jewish children to live with "American" families; the Office of American Absorption relocates families into areas where they are the only Jews. Bit by bit, anti-Semitic violence increases. Lindbergh's approach, at least in the early stages, differs from Hitler's, but the end result threatens to be the same. Moreover, America's refusal to enter the war allows Hitler to consolidate his European victories and makes a Nazi victory over Britain seem nearly inevitable.

In spinning out his alternative historical fable, Roth makes several points relevant to our understanding of the "common defence." First, and most important, he insists that war is sometimes necessary. If we take James Madison's emphasis on protecting the rights of minority factions seriously and imagine ourselves in the position of the prince striving to see the whole elephant rather than as members of a single faction, we can't simply say "It's not our problem." The barely concealed subtext of Lindbergh's campaign against FDR is "Why should American—which is to say white Christian—boys die to save Jews?" *The Plot Against America* models the consequences of making that choice and calls on us to reconsider the limits of pacifism. Second, Roth cautions us not to accept rhetorical slogans and a charismatic image as a substitute for serious discussion of issues. Roth's Lindbergh runs a sound bite campaign based on PR stunts and "character." Casting himself as a barnstorming individualist in contrast to FDR's moody intellectual, he convinces huge numbers of Americans to abandon their factions and sign on with a monolithic idea of Americanism. The novel dramatizes Madison's warning. If we reduce our politics to either/or choices, oppression is the inevitable result. Diversity is the key to our common defense.

Craig Werner is the Evelyn and Michael Howe Professor of Afro-American Studies and Integrated Liberal Studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He is the author of ***A Change Is Gonna Come: Music, Race and the Soul of America*** *(Penguin) and* ***Higher Ground: Stevie Wonder, Aretha Franklin, Curtis Mayfield and the Rise and Fall of American Soul*** *(Crown/Random House), among other books. He has won numerous teaching awards and is a member of the nominating committee of the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame. A member of "The Deadly Writers Patrol," a writing group composed primarily of Vietnam veterans, he is currently working on a book, in collaboration with Vietnam veteran Doug Bradley, on music and the experience of Vietnam veterans.*

READING AND TALKING

Get with the program!

Interested in reading and discussing these books? The Wisconsin Humanities Council lends up to 15 copies of each title in its book discussion series, *A More Perfect Union.* It also provides discussion guides and can even help pay for a visiting scholar to speak with your group. To learn more about *A More Perfect Union,* visit the Wisconsin Humanities Council's website, www.wisconsinhumanities.org, or call 608/262-0706.

The Humanities Moment

Brought to you by the Wisconsin Humanities Council

In this feature, an author reflects upon a life-changing encounter with one of the humanities disciplines. These include (but are not limited to) literature, history, philosophy, anthropology, film, music, and other arts criticism, jurisprudence, religious studies, and languages. The humanities seek answers about who we are, where we have been, what we value—and why.

In the Quiet Depths of Cattle Land

This cowboy book put hair on my chest.

BY BENJAMIN PERCY

I WAS A COWBOY WHEN I first read *The Virginian*. This was the summer before I went to college, and I spent my days breeding, breaking, branding, shoeing, herding, and castrating cows and horses, cleaning stalls and bucking hay bales into pickup trucks. I wore a belt buckle the size of a frying pan and more often than not smelled like a barn. There were those at the Lazy H outfit who considered cowboy too antique and glitzy a title, and instead called themselves horsemen or hands—but I liked cowboy, and that's what we were.

The ranch foreman, Joe Kellogg, gave me the book as a graduation gift. He said it was his favorite, and seeing as I wanted to become a writer, I ought to wean myself on the best literature had to offer. Joe was 50, mustached, and as deeply tan and wrinkled as a piece of jerky. The book was similarly weather-beaten. He handed it to me and said, "Reading this will make a man out of you."

Five years before, my father said something similar when he whipped fastball after fastball at my face, teaching me to stand tough in the batter's box and fight those inside pitches. Got to admit, I initially greeted *The Virginian* with roughly the same enthusiasm as a knuckleball to the teeth.

You work all day moving irrigation pipe and herding cows and mending barbed-wire fences, and you can get yourself a beer in Central Oregon, no matter if you're 18; and at this time I was more interested in the Someplace Else Tavern—with its pool table and mechanical bull and girls with moisture clinging to their cleavages—than reading some dog-eared book.

But at Joe's pestering, I began it. And once I began, the pages fluttered by so swiftly they made a breeze on my face. Right then, more than anything in the world, I wanted to tug on my leather chaps and ride for the mountains, spurring my horse forward at such a speed his hooves would rise off the pasture, into the sky, and we would be flying—50, 100, 150 years into the past—to an era when "days [looked] alike, and often [lost] their very names in the quiet depths of Cattle Land," when women wore scarlet knickers, when grizzlies and Indians lurked around every corner, when poker games inevitably went bad, and the six-shooter was the tool to fix all problems.

I don't know how to say it any better than this: the book made me ridiculously happy. And as corny as this sounds, it changed me.

Originally published in 1902, Owen Wister's *The Virginian* is the first fully realized Western. The mythical cowboy figure—the man of few words, the man of action, the man who gets the girl and brings justice to the frontier, the man we know so well from countless films and pulp novels—makes his first appearance here.

He is the Virginian, a nameless and "slim young giant, more beautiful than pictures," who has "plainly come many miles from somewhere across the vast horizon." If you imagine a yellowed map of the United States, and if you imagine a red arrow moving across it—accompanied by old-time piano music—from the civilized East to the untamed West, tracing the passage of the hundreds of thousands who in that era heard the call "Go West!" and went, many of them braving the wilderness only to be buried in it, you have the Virginian's journey to Wyoming.

From the beginning I felt a profound jealousy of him. Fourteen years old and he lights off for the territories, where every breath is "pure as water and strong as wine" and where

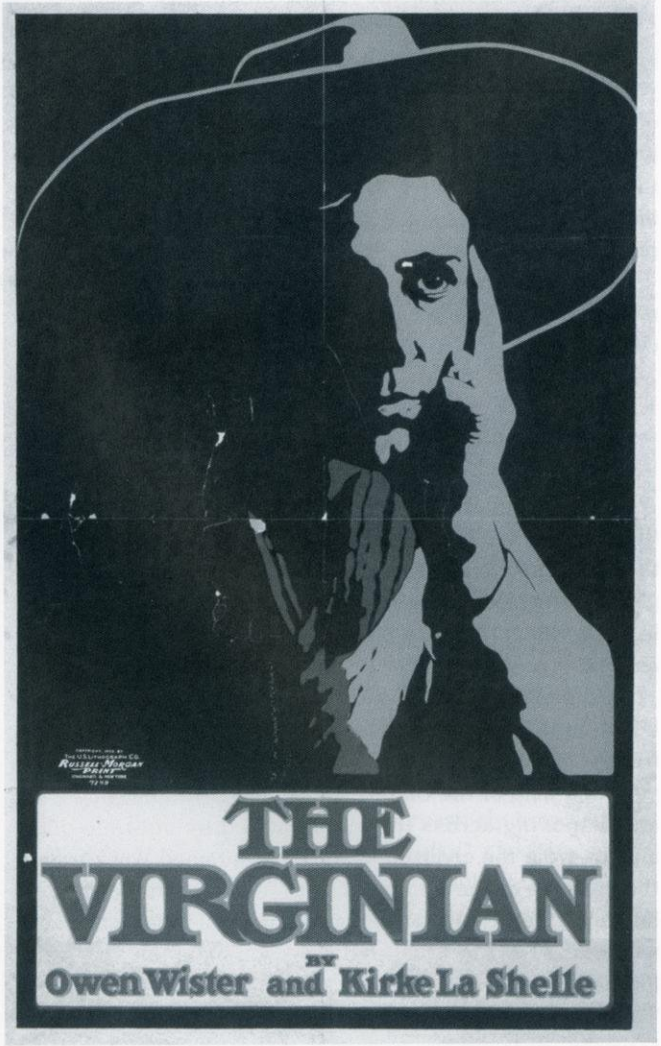
Society no longer sends its sons into the wilderness to prove they are men, and years later they're still not sure if they're all grown up.

he earns a reputation as a horseman and as a man working for the Sunk Creek Ranch.

By God, I wanted that!

At 18, I was a legal adult—but aside from a diploma, where was the proof? It struck me then that society no longer sends its sons into the wilderness to slaughter large beasts and prove they are men. Instead parents buy their boys a Nintendo and 10, 20, 30 years later they're still not sure if they're all grown up.

Wister, like some great and terrible Moses draped in leather and carrying a buffalo gun, taught me to reexamine what it means to be a man. He *demanded* it.



Courtesy Theatrical Poster Collection, U.S. Library of Congress

When trying to explain to his beloved why he must gunplay with a no-good rotten scoundrel of a cattle thief, the Virginian says, "Can't yu' see how it must be about a man?" And in many ways *this* is the novel's central concern—the merit of a man—and for a long time I wandered in the Virginian's incompatible world, the world I still occasionally dream in, comparing myself to this 100-year-old hero.

Whenever I go home, I go to the Someplace Else Tavern. Antlers and bear traps and fishing rods and snowshoes decorate the walls. The bar is 30 feet long and made of pine, smooth with lacquer, dusted with peanut grist, with a bright brass foot rail lining its bottom. The stools are not stools at all but saddles somehow attached to a swivel system fixed to a short steel pole. And behind the bar there is a mirror that stretches the length of it, stenciled with Wild West scenes—cowboys warming beans over a fire, chasing buffalo with long rifles propped against their shoulders, fistfighting Indians in feather headdresses.

I imagine myself among them. I like to think I'd do all right. Quick draw, talented horseman, resilient drinker, feared by men and cherished by women. I sip my Coors and down a whiskey shooter and through the surreal fog of cigarette smoke, it almost seems possible—I am *almost* there—a sensation similar to the one I experience every time I crack open *The Virginian* and feel "steeped in a reverie as of the primal earth." To lie down with wild animals, with elk and deer, would be the only way to make my waking dream complete, "to leave behind all noise and mechanisms, and set out at ease, slowly, with one packhorse, into the wilderness, [where I would] feel that the ancient earth was indeed my mother and that I had found her again after being lost among houses, customs, and restraints."

Benjamin Percy teaches writing at Marquette University. He is the author of the newly released short fiction collection ***The Language of Elk*** *(Carnegie Mellon University, 2006). His stories appear in* ***The Paris Review, Chicago Tribune, Greensboro Review,*** *and many other places.*

wisconsin humanities council
community through conversation

poetry contest winners

Poetry Contest 2006

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS

FIRST PLACE

"The Tao of Ice Fishing," by Thomas M. Toerpe, Baileys Harbor

Winner of the John Lehman Poetry Award

Prizes: $500 and a CD recording session at Abella Studios, Madison

SECOND PLACE

"Bliss," by Paul Terranova, Madison

Prizes: $100 and a $100 "Color It Green" gift certificate from McKay Nursery, Madison

THIRD PLACE

"I Want to Be Spring, Spring Wants to Be Me," by CX Dillhunt, Madison

Prize: $50

Winners' Reading on Thursday, April 20, 7–9 pm at Avol's Bookstore, 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison

This year's *Wisconsin Academy Review* Poetry Contest—next year, to be renamed after *Wisconsin People & Ideas*—drew more than 250 entries comprising close to 800 poems. It's no easy task selecting only 13 of them for honors! We would like to thank our judges, Laurel Yourke, Peter Sherrill, Michael Kriesel—and especially our lead judge, Marilyn Taylor—for their time and dedication. As always, our poetry editor and contest sponsor, John Lehman, deserves special thanks for his dedication and hard work. Thanks, too, to the Reader's Loft in De Pere and Avol's Bookstore in Madison for their monetary support, to Avol's for also hosting our winners' reading, and to Abella Studios and McKay Nursery in Madison for their prize contributions.

Over the last few years, many questions have been raised regarding the integrity and trustworthiness of poetry contests. The accusations fly, most notably the charge that judges know the contestants' identities and reward their friends among them. At our magazine, we can attest that this was a blind contest; the judges had no access to the names of the poets. We say this to reassure poets who have raised questions about this contest in light of scandals elsewhere.

And now we have our winners. In this issue we invite you to enjoy the winning poems as well as an additional selection by each of our three prize poets. We are also pleased to announce our 10 runners-up, whose work will be published in our summer issue and who are invited to appear at the April reading. They are (in alphabetical order by author):

"Cassandra," Judy Barisonzi, Fond du Lac
"It Is Natural," Lynne Burgess, Holmen
"How to Snare a Poet," Cathryn Cofell, Appleton
"Letter," David Martin, Wauwatosa
"While Arguing Over Politics, My Father Tells Me He Loves Me," Andrea Potos, Madison
"The Fisherman's Chickens," Robert Russell, Monona
"Embers," Kay N. Sanders, Oshkosh
"Degas Dancers," Richard Swanson, Madison
"The Moment," Susan Tollefson, Lancaster
"The Milkmaid's Tale," Linda Newman Woito, Madison

THE JUDGE'S WORDS

Lead judge Marilyn Taylor on "The Tao of Ice Fishing"

Reading this excellent poem for the first time, I was struck by the vividness of the imagery—how successfully it evoked the bleakness of a Wisconsin winter, and how gracefully it played on the central conceit, to "go with the flow." It wasn't until the second or third reading that I realized this was also a carefully and precisely constructed Italian sonnet, following subtly but faithfully the traditional rules of rhyme and meter, even to the unmistakable "turn" after the octave: ("...I'd rather lie in bed/but I get up ...). No mean feat, especially since the first-person narrative voice comes across as naturally as a letter from a friend. It was this rare and unquestionably successful fusion of content, form, and tone that made me decide there was no other choice: "The Tao of Ice Fishing" was worthy of the first-place award.

THOMAS M. TOERPE

1ST PLACE WINNER

JOHN LEHMAN POETRY AWARD

The Tao of Ice Fishing

Lao-tzu, a sage of ancient China said,
"go with the flow," but Lao-tzu didn't live in
Wisconsin. Nature's hardness is a given
when January's fingers choke earth dead.

There is no flow here. Lakes crack, blown fields shed
blades, and the rivers lose their tongues. We're driven
into our dark confessionals, unshriven.
To tell the truth, I'd rather lie in bed

but I get up, gulp down a cup of joe,
then grab my tacklebox from the garage,
zip on my winter gear, climb in the Dodge

to meet my fate, my old, cold-blooded Foe,
to drill, chop, drop and wait until the day
hell freezes over—it's the only way.

Thomas M. Toerpe

The Sandpiper

Miss Bishop, reincarnate on the beach,
plays hopscotch from the shallows to the shore.
The gulls dismiss her as she tries to teach
them patience, something that she's famous for.

Her borders change (like Poland in the war)
between the states of wet and dry, the sweeping
soft sift of water through a sandy floor
where insect larvae, innocent, are sleeping.

The robot body stops. Her bird-heart leaping,
she winds up, spears the larvae where they lay—
but suddenly, she's peeping-running-peeping,
a cowardess abandoning her prey—

Head down, absorbed in what the ripples say,
a Big Disturbance with a little hand
moves, prodding with his cedar-branch, the way
a boy in summer should. He's in command;

Miss Bishop is long gone. He chortles and
(obsessed) collects his treasures from the sand.

Thomas M. Toerpe

Thomas M. Toerpe lives in Baileys Harbor with his wife, Kathy, and their five interesting children. (Aunt Mimi is a frequent and welcome houseguest.) A corporate banker by trade, Toerpe has been working on the craft of formal poetry for seven years, but submission to this year's contest is his first attempt at publication. He is grateful for the honor.

When asked why he writes poetry, Toerpe replies:

I write poetry because it's short and to the point, challenging to do well, and helps me to better appreciate the work of truly gifted writers.

THE JUDGE'S WORDS

Lead judge Marilyn Taylor on "Bliss"

If charm and likability are part of what makes a poem unforgettable, "Bliss" will probably go on forever. Written in deceptively casual free verse, the concrete imagery in this poem is remarkable, as is the total believability of the voice of this loving dad. Never succumbing to sentimentality, this graceful poem owes much of its success to the speaker's wit and charm, and an elusive sense of inevitability that can be put across this well only by a poet of high accomplishment.

PAUL TERRANOVA

2ND PLACE WINNER

Bliss

It doesn't matter that you
just came out of the bathroom,
he runs across the kitchen
like it was a field of flowers
and you were his lover just
back from the war. You have to
be careful, he leads with his
head, and he hasn't learned
the importance of groins.
In the NFL they call this
spearing and you get fifteen
yards. In our kitchen you
get to console him, apologize
for scaring him with your
gasp and slow descent
to the floor.
– But once you understand,
you bend, catch him under the
arms and lift in one motion
out of an old movie,
swing him up over the
legos and the Elmo cell phone, over
the apple peels on the cutting board
and the apple peels on the floor,
pull him close to your chest and
count the two and a half
seconds until he pushes off,
rappels down your body
and lunges for the cat.

Paul Terranova

An Apology to the Poet Laureate of the United States from the Poet Laureate of 1236 Spaight Street

I am writing to explain. I know how fragile
poets' egos are, and well, yes,
I am the guy with the three-year-old
who walked out on your sold-out reading
twice. It probably wouldn't have been so
obvious if we hadn't arrived late, after
they opened up the remaining VIP
seats up front, if the aisles weren't
quite so long or the lights were
lowered. But I think that you,
twelve rows away and five feet
up, bathed in stage lights and the
gaze of a thousand eyes, flowing
from line to line, could not have
noticed a boy whispering as
intently as boys whisper, "I
need to pee... I'm hungry and
I need to pee." Really we weren't
gone long. It's important to a child
to bless every royal blue urinal cake
with his own holy water,
and it takes time to explain an
abandoned coat check – all those
rows of empty hangers disappearing
into the darkness. And by the time we
left the second time, I wanted to tell you
that really you did pretty well if you
look at it right. We stayed the
better part of 45 minutes in a
warm room with hundreds of people,
sitting, hands in their laps, facing the
same way while a man read in
measured tones and didn't even
dance a little or hum a tune. I'm
sure you could understand that comment
after we left, him riding on my hip
arms around my neck down the
sidewalk in the cool evening under
the orange glow of McDonalds, about
liking the way I read your poems
better. I'm the daddy. What
you should remember is that earlier,
sitting on the kitchen floor reading
from your book aloud, I was
stopped cold by a Play-Doh
boa constrictor thrust between
my face and the page – "Look
how many eyes it has! Have you
ever seen a boa constrictor with
that many eyes?" When I
closed the book softly to take
in this new angle on Genesis,
he said, "No Daddy, read me
another pome."

Anyway, I've got to
get back to my window now.
There's a poem stuck in
the neighbor's gutter, and
it's starting to rain.

Paul Terranova

Paul Terranova works as director of the Wexford Ridge Neighborhood Center in Madison. The first recognition he received for his poetry came as a runner-up in the 2003 *Wisconsin Academy Review* Poetry Contest. This is the second. Doing the math, he is planning to win it all in 2009.

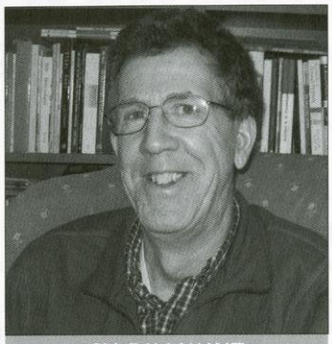
When asked why he writes poetry, Terranova replies:

Every once in a while I find something beautiful and surprising flowing inexplicably from the end of my pen. The quiet exhilaration lasts minutes or sometimes hours, and for that time the world is filled with magic—poetry in the gutters and dust bunnies and hardware stores. It is the closest a white, middle-class Unitarian comes to speaking in tongues.

THE JUDGE'S WORDS

Lead judge Marilyn Taylor on "I Want to Be Spring, Spring Wants to Be Me"

This is a poem that insists upon being read not once, not twice, but many times over, in order to savor the nuances of its shimmering mirror-images, and its delicate use of parallel rhetorical structures. The simplicity of its vocabulary and syntax makes the speaker's intense but unlikely conversation with the spring of the year sound perfectly reasonable. This is a highly rhythmic prose-poem of unusual delicacy and charm.



CX DILLHUNT

3RD PLACE WINNER

I Want to Be Spring, Spring Wants to Be Me

I want to be spring, to rise, flower and bloom, but spring won't let me. Spring wants to be me, wants to wander and walk around, to shout and move about talking all about herself, but I won't let her. Without you, says spring, without you, I say. We stand still for awhile. Go nowhere. We wonder who should speak next. Should we go together or part ways. There is no one here to tell us what to do. As we wait, a quiet crow flies by, the hill slopes, the cloud hangs in the sky, a tree stands, and the ice out on the lake is thinner. We are out of words, out of sorts. Spring, I say. Today, says spring. I couldn't ask for more, I say. I am asking for more, she says. I couldn't ask for more. I am needing more.More time to be with you. I was afraid of this. This was afraid of me. It has happened, I say. Now, I will never die. And I have never been more on fire.

CX Dillhunt

The Window Washer of Prague

I am the window washer of Prague. I am not picky about age or height or style. The builders, owners and occupants are of no interest to me. I don't care about location, color or size. Architects, designers? Romanesque? Gothic? Baroque? The only history I know is *now*. I prefer cubist, tire of art nouveau, and wonder about Americans who think everything is art deco. *Deco schmeco.* Why even have this discussion? I do my work between the walls. When I am good, no one notices.

I am the glass man, the watch-him-up-so-high man, the isn't-he-afraid-he'll-fall man. No one knows my name, but the buildings know my hands, my elbows, my feet. I prefer to think of myself as a building hugger, a dirt mugger, a wall crawler, a rope dope, a pail and rail sort of guy. I only have one goal. I desire each building. I covet their shapes. Being next to a building is my life. I am the mortar of sunshine splashed on your favorite building. Let me be high, let me be low. I enjoy cleaning from the sidewalk as much as from the top, overhanging it all.

Yes, I think about my work. Going down, going up. I think about what I have done, what I will do. I talk to my windows. Mostly, I thank them. They have given me a reason to live. I would be just as happy to go from window to window, floor to floor doing something else. Don't you see? It's the seeing of both sides. And it's the weather. How I long to be the weather blowing, falling, pouring, whining, slapping, clapping, sliding, slipping, slopping along the rooftops, walls, over and around my windows, under doors, going into crevices, cracks I'll never see, never touch. I am the window washer. I am the toucher of buildings, the comforter of the city walls, the singer to her glass, the shiner of sunshine. I am the glass man, the sleight of hand man. I am the hang man, the up man, the down man, the city man, the Prague man.

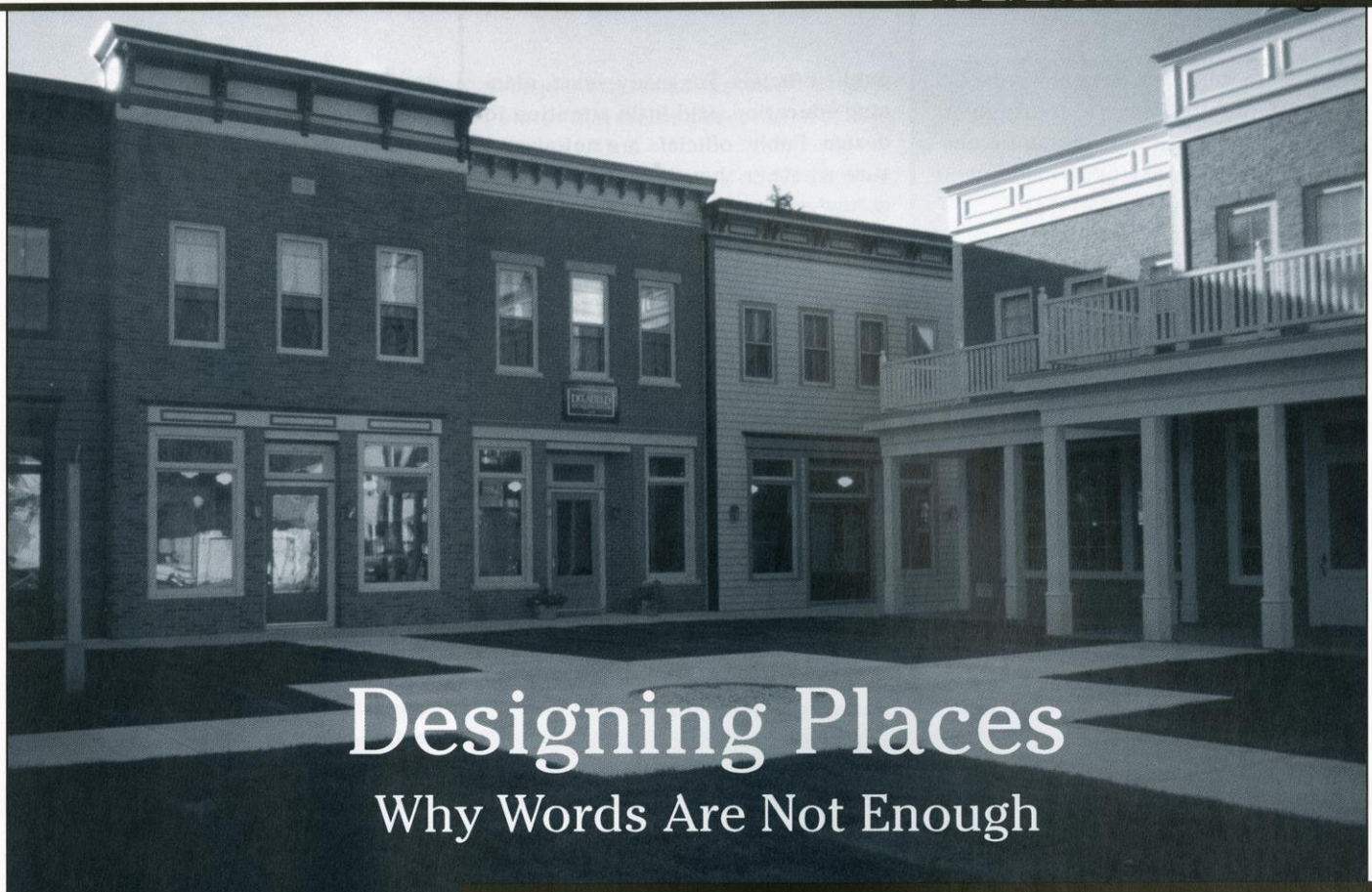
I am the no-style man, though you may call me either *fin de siecle* or *secession.* You will not recognize me on the street, I will not recognize you, I do not recognize me either. I never look at my work when I am done. When I am not on the building, crawling the building, holding the building, I am not. If you want to talk to me, talk to Prague. If you want to hold me, hold my city. If you love me as I love you, you too are the window washer. I am the glass man, the all-hands man, the wish-I-were-a-building man. The window washer of Prague.

CX Dillhunt

CX Dillhunt is the author of *Girl Saints* (Fireweed Press, 2004). He is coauthor with his son, Drew, of the chapbook *Double Six* and is coeditor of *Wisconsin Poets' Calendar: 2006.* His chapbook, *Things I've Never Told Anyone,* will be published by Parallel Press in 2007. Many of his prairie and travel haiku are published in the international journal *Hummingbird: Magazine of the Short Poem.* His poem "On the Way to Riley" is part of the CD collection *PoetSongs: A Wisconsin Year in Poetry & Song* (music by Charyl K. Zehfus) performed at the Michael John Kohler Arts Center in 2002. CX Dillhunt grew up in De Pere along the Fox River in the 1950s and now lives in Madison.

When asked why he writes poetry, Dillhunt replies:

I write to find out where I fit in, where the words fit in. I write to hear my poems think, to hear their answers, their questions. It is a form of travel. I want to see where I go, where I come back from—wondering if I'll come back. I write to find a voice I've never heard before, to hear the familiar voice, to listen. I write for the thrill of it, for the fear of it. I write to hold each day down, to let each day go. I write as a form of thanksgiving, a way of being here.



Designing Places

Why Words Are Not Enough

BY SUSAN B. KING

The Town Center project in Delafield follows traditional design principles with rooflines and windows in harmony and similarly scaled buildings. It is one of many similar developments creating a strong sense of place in Delafield.

Photos by Susan B. King unless otherwise noted

City and town planners are rediscovering such visual and spatial design concepts as harmony, human scale, interconnection, and local character to create livable communities in Wisconsin.

A PROFESSIONALLY TRAINED ARTIST recently conducted a brief workshop for a small committee charged with recommending development standards for new buildings near public land. The workshop required hands-on use of visual skills. Participants were encouraged not to discuss their views as they worked together, moving cardboard boxes of various sizes and colors, raffia (for landscaping), and other elements into formations representing houses in the landscape.

Although group members held differing opinions about Smart Growth and land use controls, the group's nonverbal choices during the exercise demonstrated a surprising and quick consensus about what looked good.

When allowed to discuss their visual decisions, the participants found a vocabulary with words like harmony, consistency, relationships between buildings, proportion, repetition of color and of shape—all aesthetic terms. This surprised several participants, none of whom were designers, who concluded that visual concepts and tools might be useful in reaching agreement about land use issues.

Psychologists have identified multiple forms of intelligence. Among the styles of learning identified by Howard Gardner, two are important for discussing land use—linguistic or verbal and spatial intelligence. Land use ordinances and statutes are usually

verbal, that is, expressed in words. Yet people judge the built environment largely on spatial, visual, and kinesthetic grounds, asking, "How does it look and feel?"

Land use codes rarely recognize or acknowledge key spatial and visual concepts. Such concepts are difficult for lawyers to articulate in words. Architects and designers, professionally familiar with spatial and visual concepts, have traditionally not developed codes. This gap between verbal expression and spatial/visual understanding means that fundamental design principles critical to the successful functioning of neighborhoods and cities get overlooked.

How to address design issues is often unclear to plan commissioners and public officials. For many years, planning education paid little attention to design. Public officials are not always sure whether they are on solid legal ground when it comes to design issues. In dictionary definitions, "taste" refers to the subjective and personal, while "design" is defined as the organization or structure of formal elements. Constitutional law leaves considerable discretion to policy makers in enacting and administering ordinances, provided that there is a logical or functional basis for a requirement.

Changes in planning thinking now suggest that the design or spatial structure and organization of physical elements determine how well a community will function in certain key respects. Intentional, professional design—both spatial organization concerned with the relationship of buildings and space, and the thoughtful, intentional selection of elements in the built environment—can offer powerful tools to give communities a distinctive sense of place, strong local character, and visual coherence. Taste, although subjective, when consistently applied, aesthetically guides, supports, and reinforces the effectiveness of spatial design and sense of community identity.

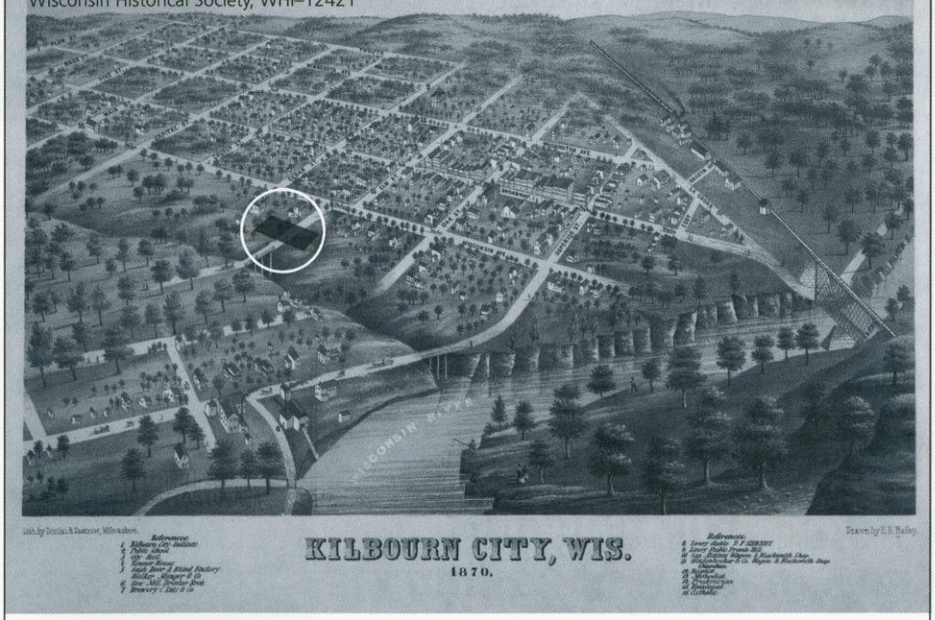
Good spatial design can improve a community's functioning. When public officials and citizens discuss planning issues, they often use the terms "taste" and "design" as interchangeable concepts. Fuzzy definitions confuse many serious negotiations affecting neighborhoods and can undermine serious design decisions when stakeholders object to proposals that appear to be mere personal preferences. Uncertain about the difference between design as a craft and taste as a set of personal preferences, officials can be dissuaded from pursuing requirements and requests that would allow a city or village to function optimally and equitably for the personal and civic lives of its residents—especially children and the elderly.

Speaking from the perspective of design (and not forgetting that clean air, water, and other government functions also affect the livability of a neighborhood or community), a city or village functions well if three basic spatial design factors are addressed:

1. Scale and walking are fundamental to the functioning of neighborhoods.

Welcome to Kilbourn City—now known as Wisconsin Dells. When it was first platted, plans called for a central square (see circle). This 1878 drawing shows land reserved for the square, which was laid out to have a dramatic view of the Wisconsin River.

Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi–12421



"Nolen to Now" Design Conference in May

In Wisconsin, the Traditional Neighborhood Development (TND) principles were first tangibly expressed in Middleton Hills, a project developed by Marshall Erdman and Associates in Middleton and designed by the firm Duany Plater-Zyberk & Company. More recently, in Dane County several developers have explicitly adopted these principles in several projects. A conference called "Nolen to Now: Neighborhood Design for a Sustainable Region," to be held May 18–20 in Madison, will offer opportunities to tour some of these projects, discuss the new visual codes, and consider the possible uses of a nonprofit urban design center to assist communities, neighborhoods, and others in applying the principles discussed in this article. More information is available at http://nolenconference.org/nolen_conference_email.html

The immediate area where one lives should offer human scale and pedestrian friendliness. Once, distance was measured by how far a person could walk in a given amount of time. In the mid–1800s, high schools taught surveying as part of trigonometry. Thus, the founders of Wisconsin's settlements understood space from the perspective of how long it took to walk somewhere and used this understanding to lay out the state's original plats and blocks. Three to five hundred feet represented a reasonable walk and became the standard length of a block. Fifteen hundred feet could be covered in five to 10 minutes and became the radius of the neighborhood with a central space or square.

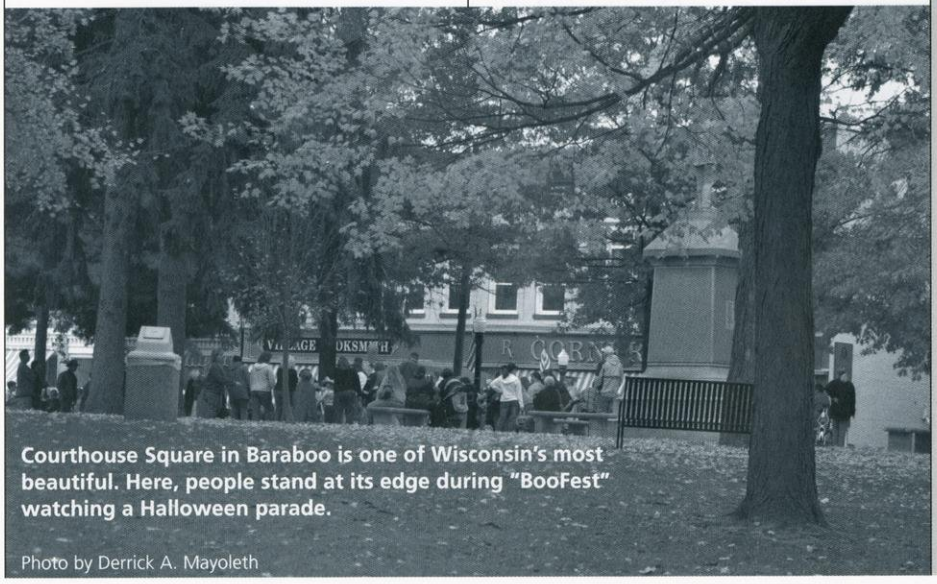
The design term for distance relative to a person's size and physical relationship to buildings and distances is scale. Scale affects the ability of a person to walk to a destination. Equally important to covering distances of reasonable scale by foot is the presence of a safe, comfortable, and attractive network of pathways connecting frequently visited destinations. This network affects a person's willingness to walk, as well as whether a parent will permit a child to walk somewhere. The essential characteristics of pedestrian continuity are present when:

- Each pathway's trajectory has a desirable or useful destination.
- Frequent destinations are located in places that create a succession of five-minute walks.
- The pathway network offers choices of route and is logical, uninterrupted, and inclusive of shortcuts wherever possible.
- The pathway's trajectory is spatially defined by interesting building architecture and landscape, and tempered by the local climate, providing shade when the air is hot and sun when the air is cool.
- Pathways are protected from automobile traffic wherever possible.
- Pathways are visually monitored by people in nearby surrounding buildings, and therefore offer pedestrians a sense of safety.

2. Buildings and the spaces between them need to be interconnected.

Interconnections are needed to get between places. When roads provide the only interconnections, the relationships are linear and no public spaces are created. Public spaces for people to gather and have informal social interaction are a key to civic life.

Sidewalks, alone, are linear and provide limited opportunities for large numbers of people to visit with each other. But interconnections between buildings help create neighborhoods by creating "spaces" offering meeting places. Great cities like New York, Rome,



Courthouse Square in Baraboo is one of Wisconsin's most beautiful. Here, people stand at its edge during "BooFest" watching a Halloween parade.

Photo by Derrick A. Mayoleth

The Human Touch

ELEMENTS AND FEATURES OF TRADITIONAL NEIGHBORHOODS

- An internal balance of housing, jobs, and services. A complete, self-sufficient neighborhood requires many buildings housing a variety of daily activities within its boundaries.
- An identifiable neighborhood center to serve as both a civic focus and informal gathering place for the community.
- Designated sites for civic buildings. Schools, libraries, museums, assembly halls, places of worship, and day care centers occupy the most prominent places in the neighborhood and should be planned in coordination with public open spaces.
- A variety of public open spaces. Natural and landscaped open spaces are for the use, benefit, and enjoyment of the entire community.
- A hierarchy of interconnected streets. Complete neighborhoods contain streets of different traffic characteristics that connect with one another and are terminated by other streets.
- Streets for both people and cars. Neighborhood streets are public places comfortably and deliberately accommodating many modes of transportation, including pedestrians and bicyclists.
- Many separate and distinct buildings. Small lot platting and a variety of buildings not more than four stories high generate a cohesive urban pattern.
- Outbuildings as affordable housing units. Outbuilding residences on single-family lots offer high quality, well-maintained housing for residents of limited income or special needs.

Information courtesy of Richard McLaughlin, an architect and town planner based in Minneapolis.

Elements of Design

Here is a list of elements that designers and architects consider in refining their work. After formulating relationships between spaces and ensuring pedestrian connectivity, local citizen advisory committees often especially enjoy selecting visual and tactile tools appropriate for their local conditions once they understand how to use principles of repetition, harmony, and consistency to apply these elements.

SPATIAL DESIGN

Volume of space
Relationships between buildings
Degree of enclosure
Proportions of enclosed space
Includes design of parks, civic and public squares and places people congregate
Urban and rural areas are clearly differentiated

COMPONENTS OF ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

Distinctive local architectural styles
Building mass and height
Building façade composition
Proportions of defining architectural components
Enclosure of habitable space
Materials (wood, marble, metal, stone, concrete, stucco, etc.)
Configurations (unified use of similar materials, shapes)
Construction techniques (particular to materials used)
Color palette (including brightness, shade, contrasts)
Texture (bumpy, rough, smooth)
Trees, used for defining spaces and paths and unifying disparate elements

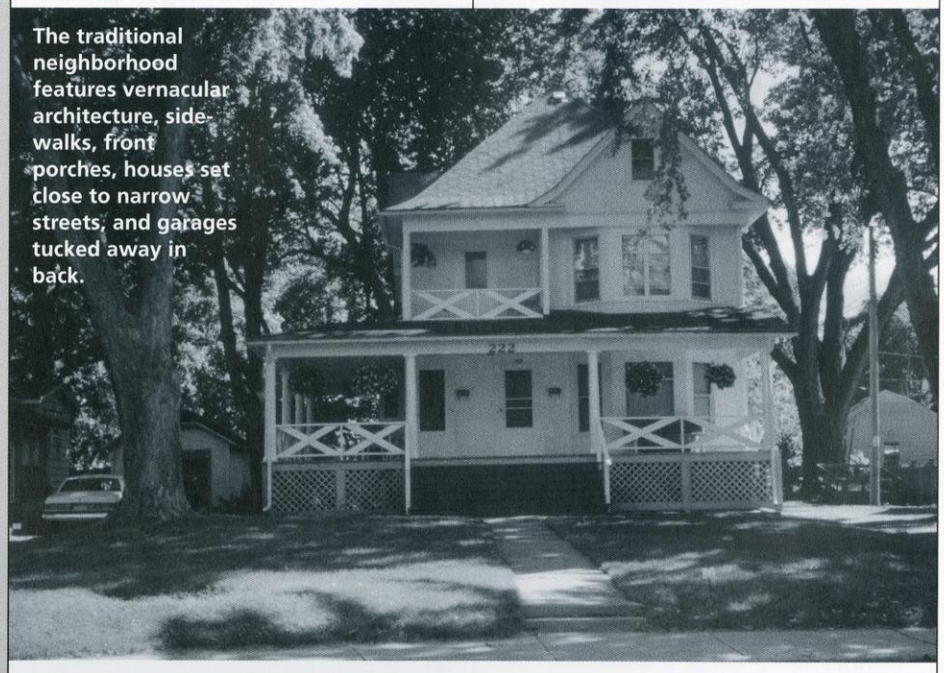
AESTHETIC PRINCIPLES

Repetition
Alignment
Harmonious colors and materials
Variety and whimsy
Use of local and vernacular forms

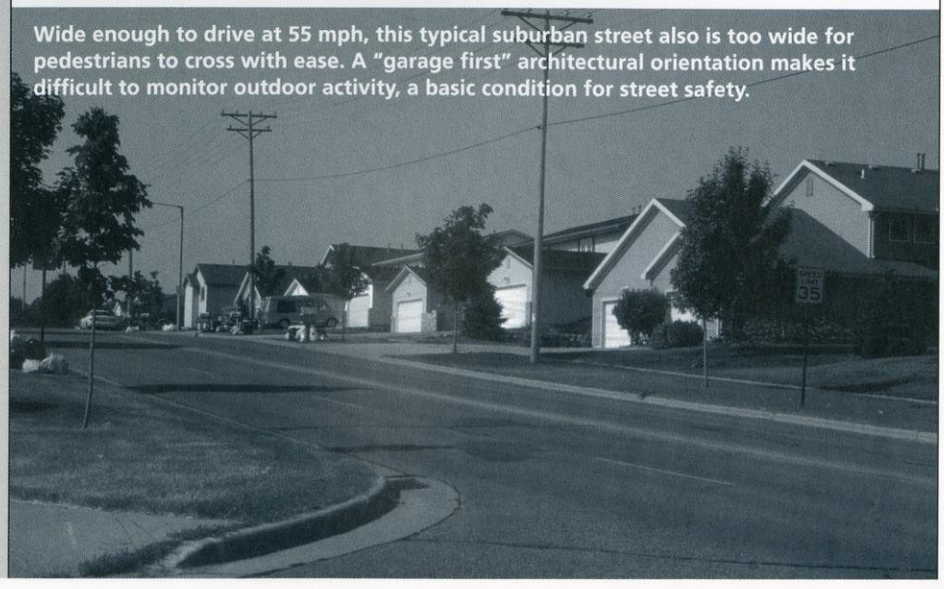
and Paris consist of a series of interconnected neighborhoods. One can pass by foot from one to the next through a series of interconnected spaces centered on important civic and public spaces where people can meet informally and form the ties of community.

Twenty or 30 years ago, the Wisconsin villages of Fish Creek and Cambridge, to name just two, were small and interconnected enough for a person to walk from one end to the next. By contrast, recent development even in these smaller communities shows increasing spatial discontinuity. At some edges of the "old" village, the sidewalks stop; one must take the highway to reach the nearest, newest development. Although nominally part of the village or city, these new developments are not embedded in the villages. The highway is the primary, obvious connection.

A building set alone on hundreds of acres in the countryside may be quite beautiful. Unless it is so large that it is a self-contained community where people live, it undermines the sustainable community by requiring roads for access and mandating that visitors and employees have cars. By posing access difficulties for children and people



The traditional neighborhood features vernacular architecture, sidewalks, front porches, houses set close to narrow streets, and garages tucked away in back.



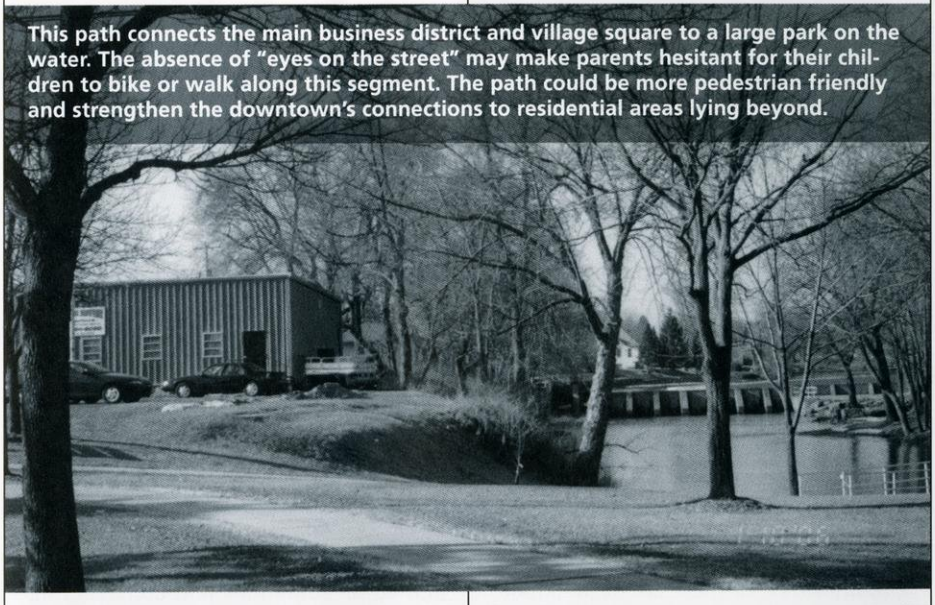
Wide enough to drive at 55 mph, this typical suburban street also is too wide for pedestrians to cross with ease. A "garage first" architectural orientation makes it difficult to monitor outdoor activity, a basic condition for street safety.

without cars, it may necessitate the provision of subsidized public transportation. It may impose time burdens as well. Each person has 24 hours a day. The amount of time spent traveling by vehicle from one activity to another has increasingly become a cause of concern. Potential impacts include individual health, exercise, time spent with family, and sleep deficits.

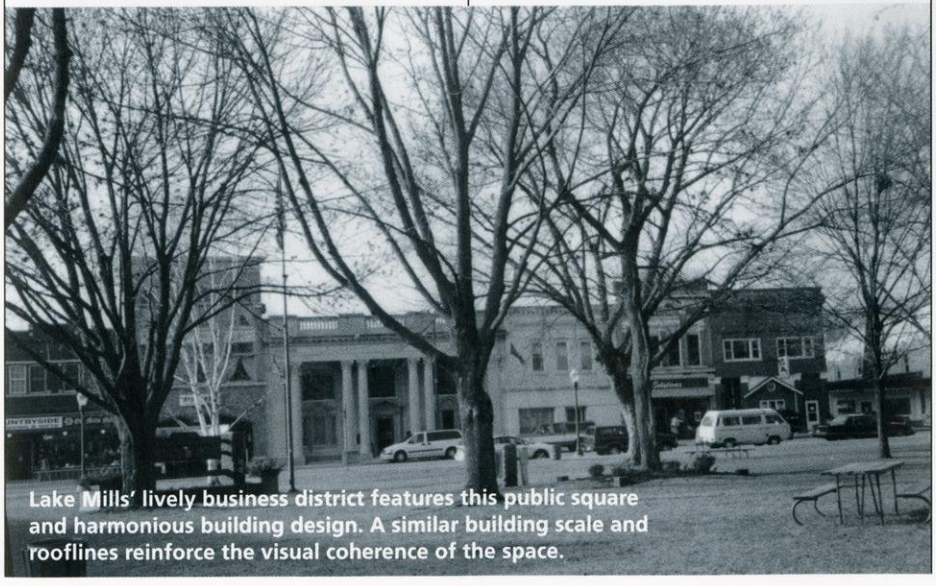
Since the 1950s, extensive use of automobiles and zoning has played a major role in undermining the walkability and interconnectedness of cities and villages in several ways. Zoning and concepts of economic efficiencies consolidate activities of a particular type into acres of commercial districts. This aggregation changes the scale of spaces and increases the distances needed to be covered. Unless large spaces are carefully designed to provide pleasant places, people will not willingly walk the distance of a block through a parking lot. Moreover, single use zoning areas (whether large school campuses or shopping centers) need pleasant small-scale connections to adjacent neighborhoods. Without interconnectedness of buildings and spaces, use of the automobile becomes inevitable and mandatory.

Over time, memories of human scale largely disappeared from the discussions of plan commissions. They forgot or neglected to ask for or require that spatial relationships support walking. Some thought sidewalks were an unnecessary expense. Today many commercial buildings are still routinely built disconnected from each other; only curbs and parking lots lie in between. This has begun to change as some suburban communities are retrofitting with linkages, making it possible for children to bicycle safely from home to school. Since the mid-1990s, issues of pedestrian interconnectedness have begun to appear on the agendas of public officials and the public in discussions of new development.

In the late 1980s, Miami architect Andres Duany was engaged by a client to design Seaside, a Florida resort that would resemble the traditional neighborhoods of New England and the older settled smaller cities on the Eastern seaboard. After measuring, studying, and synthesizing the physical relationships of buildings, streets, sidewalks, and features found in thriving older cities, Duany articulated the principles and elements of traditional neighborhood development. This "TND" formulation describes the concepts of pedestrian continuity, sense of physical safety, and building interrelationships. In addition, it states how, for specific areas within a community to feel right and function according to humanist principles, certain physical features or elements should be present (see sidebar on page 59 for summaries). The presence of these elements, appropriate building configurations, and pleasant spatial interrelationships between roads, sidewalks, and public spaces all address human scale and directly affect whether people are likely and willing to walk.



This path connects the main business district and village square to a large park on the water. The absence of "eyes on the street" may make parents hesitant for their children to bike or walk along this segment. The path could be more pedestrian friendly and strengthen the downtown's connections to residential areas lying beyond.



Lake Mills' lively business district features this public square and harmonious building design. A similar building scale and rooflines reinforce the visual coherence of the space.

3. The design and organization of spaces need to fit the community's size and character.

New hybrid visual codes organize all elements of the urban environment and distinguish between rural countryside and the largest city. They recognize that spaces and relationships must be laid out in ways appropriate to the character of the community. These

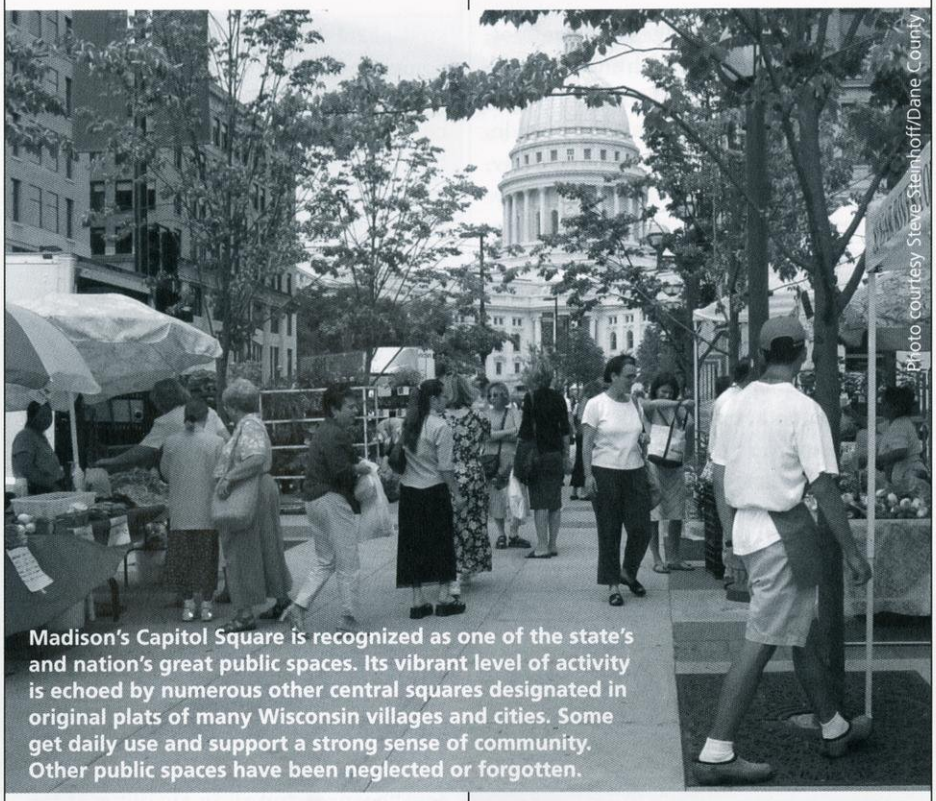


Photo courtesy Steve Steinhoff/Dane County

Madison's Capitol Square is recognized as one of the state's and nation's great public spaces. Its vibrant level of activity is echoed by numerous other central squares designated in original plats of many Wisconsin villages and cities. Some get daily use and support a strong sense of community. Other public spaces have been neglected or forgotten.

elementary "visual" codes can supplement verbal land use regulations and be adjusted by size of community. For instance, five-story buildings and roads of proportionate width are inappropriate in a rural hamlet. The heights and alignments of buildings and physical distances between them, street widths, and sizes of public places differ in cities and small towns. Density, thoroughfare dimensions and design, block dimensions, and other aspects of the human environment need to be suitable for the context and kinds of spaces a community wishes to create.

In 1998, Dane County established a planning grant program called "Better Urban Infill Land Development." The BUILD program assists in issues of spatial design and planning for both rural and urban communities of Dane County. BUILD grants focus on infill projects in existing neighborhoods and downtowns. BUILD offers technical design assistance to villages with no planning staff as well as to cities with professional departments. (For more information, see www.co.dane.wi.us/plandev/build/.)

By developing a clear vision of a desirable community, BUILD projects have assisted communities in reevaluating their physical form. Some projects have identified assets that had been overlooked or perceived as "just" old buildings. Some individual communities have redesigned the spaces, configurations, and pedestrian connectivity of their downtowns. Others have worked on integrating the aesthetic consistency of their downtowns.

Using spatial design principles, the plans resulting from the BUILD program have in some instances reshaped communities. In the case of Rockdale, the plan resulted in reconfiguring a county highway; the new space and corners gave better enclosure to the community and now make for safer street crossing. In addition, the problem posed by the imminent demolition of the aging Rockdale Dam was recognized as an opportunity. The riparian lands made available by the demolition of the dam allowed the creation of an expanded county park and created new linkages between the nearby communities of Cambridge and Rockdale. The new park gateway, when completed, will create a civic space at the heart of the village.

Applying spatial design and traditional visual principles can help communities identify and realize existing opportunities. The sidebar on page 60 lists other visual factors that can affect the creation and appearance of spaces and ensure that pedestrian experiences remain attractive. Local citizen advisory committees often especially enjoy selecting and applying visual tools and elements appropriate for their local conditions. By applying color, line, and other elements using principles of repetition, harmony, and consistency, the elements can further enhance the experience.

Trees, of course, are unique in their ability to shape space, define paths and walkways, and unify architectural elements that may by themselves be visually incongruous. Local character, drama and dignity, and availability of things to do also support the creation of places.

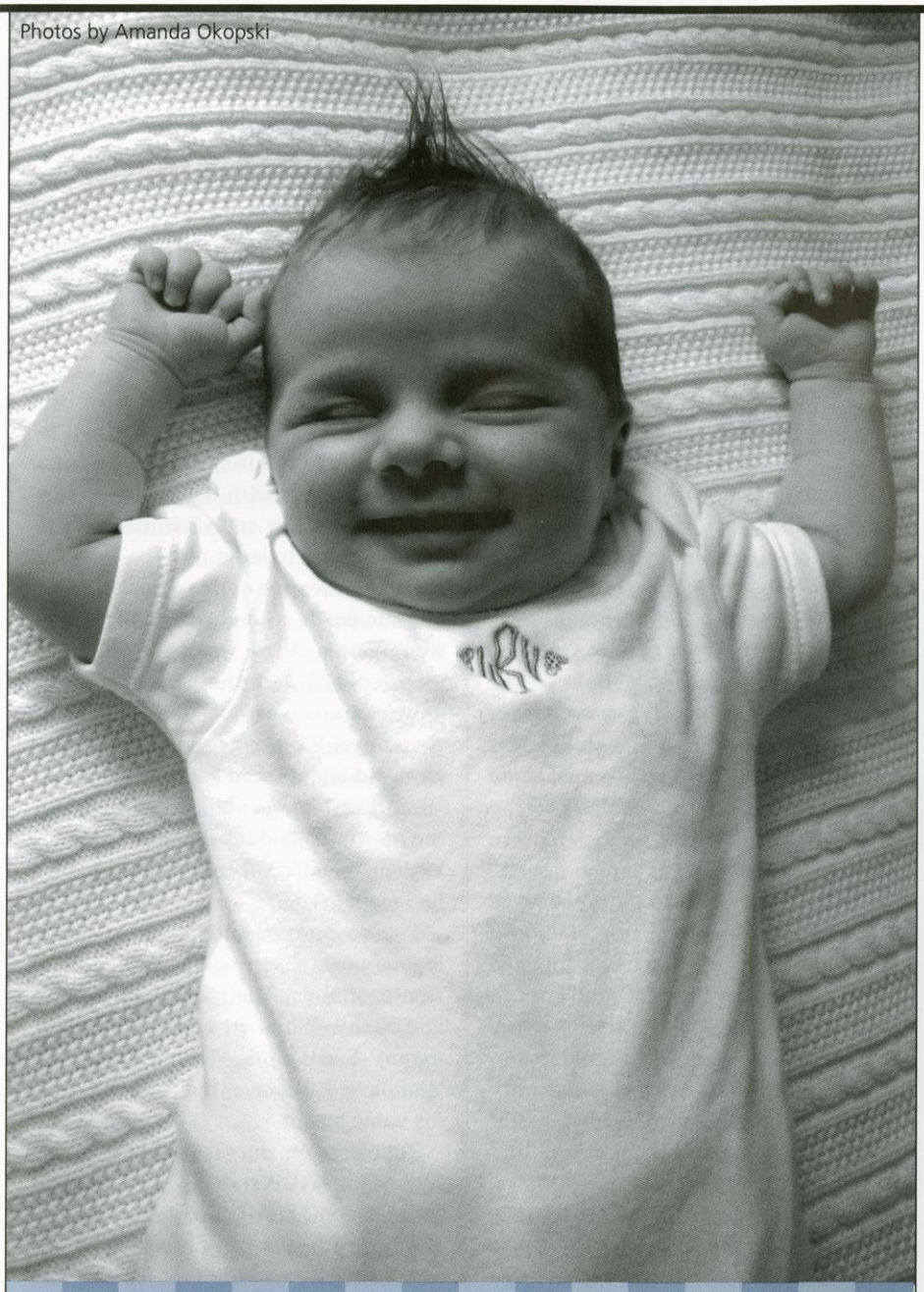
Wisconsin's history began at a time when people routinely walked. Its earliest plats reflect the spatial relationships described in this article. Throughout Wisconsin, remnants of original squares, historic buildings, and features with local character await rediscovery and offer potential opportunities for community revitalization.

Re-creating visually coherent and functional communities can take years. For instance, Delafield's Town Center was one of many catalyst projects begun in the 1980s by a private developer. The city of Delafield supported this vision by adopting architectural and color guidelines and constructing extensive sidewalk and other pedestrian path connectors.

Throughout Wisconsin, greater understanding of spatial and visual design principles, identification of the state's visual heritage, and the development of public urban design centers should foster this renaissance of the Wisconsin community over the coming years. ✹

Susan B. King is an attorney in Madison who has served on the Madison Plan Commission. She serves on the BUILD advisory committee and holds master's degrees in urban planning and public policy. King is a founder of the Neighborhood Design Center.

Photos by Amanda Okopski



IN MY WORDS

BIRTHING

Readers share their stories.

CAPRICORN, SON OF JANUARY

Spring is nature's appointed season for beef calves to be born. These lucky calves are dropped by their bovine mothers on the green freshness of pasture grass or delivered on layers of golden wheat straw in a loafing shed.

But nature can be capricious. A cow bred at the wrong time can find herself laboring to deliver her calf on frozen ground in a January blizzard.

I stand silent watch as the pain of labor seems to intensify as a heifer, a first-time mother, instinctually abandons her herding instinct to seek solitude in the far reaches of her pasture. As the temperature drops below zero and the wind penetrates her thick black coat, the unfathomable pain in her belly compels her to lie down on her side, stiffen her legs, and push. Hard pellets of grainy snow cling to her prostrate body and swirl in circles around her. The incessant straining of her loins must be all she feels. With the strongest contraction she rises stiffly, pushing out the calf's head, front legs, and a bubble of amniotic fluid-filled sack. Gravity helps her as she pushes one last time, dropping her bloody wet calf on the frozen ground.

She turns to look at the strange thing she has done and seems frightened by the thrashing of legs and trembling of a small body that is as black as his Angus sire's. Despite the newness of what has happened, she moves to him, inhaling his distinctive scent, which she unconsciously stores in her olfactory memory. Hereafter she will know him by it. Exploring now, she tentatively licks his fur, tightening the bond of kinship. She finds large parts of the amniotic sack still clinging to him and eats them. She puts her muzzle to his belly and licks his navel, chewing off a long shred of cord that is beginning to freeze.

The calf's body shakes as if moved by an internal earthquake. Ice forms on his long eyelashes and stiffens his wet coat. Every gasping breath he takes must chill his insides. The cow's mothering instincts tell her that her new baby must rise on wobbly legs, find solid footing, then locate her bulging udder to

suck in its warming liquid. All this must happen before her calf freezes to the ground.

She encourages him to rise by pushing him gently with her head and calling to him in deep melodious moos. She relentlessly stimulates his senses with her warm licking tongue, not pausing as she arches her back, pushes internally, and painfully expels the afterbirth from her uterus. The calf responds to this constant prodding, bawls a response, and gathers his gangly legs beneath him. Time and again he tries to stand but falls splay-legged into the slippery snow. When exhaustion and cold would make another try seem impossible, he gains his legs. The cow glances in the direction of the barn, seeming to feel the pull of the herd urging her home, yet she stands quiescent as her calf searches unsuccessfully for her udder with his probing mouth and thumping head. Patiently she takes small steps forward, positioning him to her rear. He searches her flank, belly, the roundness of her bag, then finally locates one of her teats. The warm liquid flow is released, colostrum now (not yet milk), and he sucks greedily. She allows a minute of nursing. It is enough to warm the calf but leave him wanting. She walks slowly toward the barn, breaking a trail through the snow as she goes. Her calf follows, the springtime gift of a winter's day.

Mary Schelm
Helenville

THE AMERICAN GRANDMA

It all came out of the blue—a letter from our distant past saying that Krishna and Sunanda Patil were coming to the U.S. again. They were my first Indian friends in the International Wives, which was a branch of Madison Friends of International Students. We hosted monthly meetings and acted as help in various ways. Now the Patils were in Chicago visiting their daughter and son-in-law, who were both physicians with University Hospital at the University of Illinois. What a surprise! News of their visit took me back in time.

I had ended up driving Sunanda to the hospital in an emergency rush when it became clear she was starting to miscarry. Our International Wives group had been sitting with her, as her doctor hadn't wanted her to be alone during the day. I arrived in my red VW bus just in time to meet the morning sitter. "Hurry, Fran, she's starting to bleed heavily!" I ran into the barbershop on the ground floor of the apartment building and shouted, "Quick! I need two strong men to carry a woman in labor downstairs! Bring that child's seat for her to sit on!" Two strong men came forward. We got her downstairs to the sliding door on the bus, with me shouting at this very shy Indian woman, "Sunanda, you HAVE to put your arms around their shoulders! You'll fall off if you don't!" Sunanda had never touched a man besides her husband, and I had to lift her arms and place them firmly around the strange men's shoulders.

I rushed her to the old University Hospital, this being the days before 911 transport. Fortunately all went well, and the Patils named their baby girl Vijaya, which means victory. When the family returned to India in 1973, Vijaya was almost three years old. We exchanged a few Christmas cards, but life goes on, and by the time the letter announcing their visit arrived, it was already the year 2000.

One sunny day the four of them arrived in Madison to retrace their footsteps and reminisce about old times: Krishna and Sunanda with their grown daughter, Vijaya, and her husband, Sunil. It was a joyous meeting after the long separation. We visited their old apartment building, the hospital, and our old house, where mother and baby had come to stay with us a few days. The visit reminded me of the terrible strain Krishna had been under. During those tense times, he had been Sunanda's only caregiver except for us. In India, Sunanda would have gone home to her mother's during the last three months of pregnancy.

After taking pictures, all of us came to our house for dinner. I am now a far better vegetarian cook than when I had played host to the Patils decades ago.

It was an "auspicious" occasion—a scarlet tanager even flew onto the picnic table, a first for all of us. After dinner the younger couple returned to Chicago, while Sunanda and Krishna spent the night with us, visiting a few old friends. They soon left for Chicago and then back to India.

Our correspondence expanded to include cards to and from Chicago as well as India. A few years after the visit we received a phone call with good news: Vijaya was now the mother of twin boys. We went to visit the three-week-old infants, and I was promoted to "Grandma." It was such a thrill to hold the newborns and take pictures of them in their "naming robes," which Sunanda had made.

The boys are not identical, but they look enough alike to give me identification problems. Their names are Akhil and Nikhil. When we asked what they meant, Sunil said, "They both mean 'complete.'" We never did ask Sunil what his name meant.

Time goes on, our visits continue, and I wonder: Will Krishna and Sunanda come live in America? Who knows what the future holds for a new family, an older family, and an even somewhat older American grandma?

Fran Rall
Madison

VALENTINE'S DAY

I stood in the corner of the room trying to stay out of the way as a nurse offering words of encouragement and instruction in the same breath rushed

back and forth. My engineer son-in-law looked as if he was trying to mathematically figure out how a baby was going to come out of where? My firstborn was giving birth to her firstborn. I did not think I wanted to be there, but my daughter had asked and I had reluctantly agreed.

I couldn't help but think back to when I was the one laboring to bring a new life into the world. It was February 14, 1965, Valentine's Day. After a long day of labor I was wheeled into a delivery room. Everything was happening so quickly that I had little time to think of anything but delivering this baby. I heard a tentative cry and the words, "You have a daughter." My very own Valentine. When the nurse brought a tiny bundle to my side, my first thought was that her head reminded me of an apple, all red, shiny, and perfectly round. Then I saw her face and was startled by the enormous blue eyes staring directly at me as if trying to communicate. I was transfixed. The spell was broken when her little face squished together and she started to cry, no longer tentative but a loud and lusty wail. I have always remembered the look in her big blue eyes that day and have wondered what it meant, if anything, or whether it was something I had imagined in my post-labor daze.

Another Valentine's Day, 1992. My Valentine daughter's 27th birthday. She was six months pregnant with her first child, and her father was lying in a hospital room dying. As his breathing became more labored, my prayers grew frantic—please do not let him die today, not on her birthday. My prayers went unanswered, and at 8:15 p.m., his soul left his body. At that moment, Valentine's Day ceased to be a cause to celebrate life but instead a day to remember death. In the days that followed, my daughter told me that she had a feeling her father would die on her birthday. He had not only died on her birthday, but at almost the exact moment of her birth.

My reminiscing came to an abrupt end as a flurry of activity began at my daughter's bedside. I saw a tiny head with dark hair begin to emerge. My grandson. When I was finally able to hold him, he was screaming at being tossed into this cold, bright world, waving his little fists in protest. I realized that I was crying, too. I was startled because these were not the cold, hard tears of grief to which I had become so accustomed, but warm, soft tears of happiness. I understood then why it was so important to my daughter that I be able to witness the beginning of a new life. Perhaps I needed to see a birth to help me understand and someday accept the cycle of life. I felt my husband's presence in the room and wondered if he could see his first grandchild and what he would have said if he were actually here. I'd like to think he would have said, "Have a good life, Rob, and tell your mother to celebrate Valentine's Day again."

Judith V. Mazzie
Brookfield

A BIRTH IN ENGLAND, 1962

The neighbors knew I was finally going to go into labor when they saw me washing the tiles of the front porch.

Meanwhile, I had come to the conclusion that, after 10 days of delay, perhaps there would never be a baby.

The neighbors were right. At supper, flanked by my husband and high-chaired toddler son, I felt the waters begin to dribble out. Before long, some cramping started and my husband called the nurse-midwife. Nurse Weiss was a reddish-haired woman of indeterminate age, efficient and pleasant. I had never met her until earlier that day; my regular midwife, who had visited me regularly between my trips to the GP, was off for the day. I should have expected this: our first child was also delivered by a stranger when my obstetrician announced he had to leave to give a talk to a service club.

Our toddler put to bed, my husband received orders to open the sealed cardboard box he had obtained weeks before from the chemist, as pharmacists in England are called, and boil a large pan of water in which balls of cotton wool were to be submerged and sterilized. The box held much of the necessary birthing equipment.

I was put to bed in the spare room. The bed was protected with a rubber sheet rented from the Red Cross, and had been warmed daily for the past three weeks with an electric blanket to dry it out and prevent me from taking a chill. Damp was a genuine concern, as we had no central heating.

I was given an oral sedative. Nurse Weiss produced a little tank of nitrous oxide gas and laid it at the head of the bed. Labor progressed, with brief recourse to the gas. At midnight, our second son was born. The GP was called, as midwives were not licensed to stitch up tears. Predictably, my usual GP was not on call; instead, an unfamiliar young woman doctor appeared and put in one stitch.

Nurse Weiss departed. My husband slept in the other bed, the baby in his portable cot next to mine. Then I awoke to the sound of the baby choking. I lifted him out, patted him, ran my finger around his mouth, tipped him on end, shook him gently. Still choking. The skin of his face looked dusky in the near-darkness. I called to my husband, a sound sleeper. At last I hauled myself shakily out of bed and shook him awake.

What to do? We had been given no bulb syringe to suck out mucus, no emergency number to call for help. My husband called Nurse Weiss, who dressed and drove back across Cambridge. In a stroke of good fortune, by the time she arrived our baby son had coughed and choked his way to saving his own life.

The next day, my husband set out to dispose of the afterbirth, which had been left to him. He had decided not to bury it in the garden or burn it on the fire, alternatives that had been suggested. Instead, he chose the third alternative and took it to the municipal incinerator. Back at home, he described the inferno and the men tending it.

When they heard what he was carrying, they were not dismayed. "Hand it here," one of them said, and chucked the parcel into the flames.

Jane Maher
Middleton

MOLLY'S LABOR

Dogs have eight weeks to prepare for giving birth. Can they feel the changes occurring within them, the tiny embryonic sacs with the small paws twitching and stretching? I knew nothing about how to prepare my dog for giving birth, other than the drive we took to see an old boyfriend and his yellow lab when Molly was in heat. It was Memorial Day weekend and his neighbors were having a backyard barbeque. What they didn't realize they were having was a weekend lesson in animal husbandry. Their sons hung over the fence watching Barney mount Molly over and over, until it became boring.

The weekend must have worked, because when we went to the vet a few weeks later, Molly was pronounced pregnant. If I had been smarter, I would have done research, figured out how to make the transition easier for both of us, but I didn't. A friend said when his dog had gone into labor she had panted, which is how dogs deal with pain. The morning I woke up to the tremors of Molly's panting, I knew I could not trick myself into thinking it was probably just an earthquake. It was labor and I was the midwife.

Molly's eyes always drooped, revealing little slices of red, making her look wise and mournful. It tore at my heart that morning; I felt responsible for her pain. The best I could do was stroke her head and tell her it would be okay. It must have been enough. She wagged her tail and dozed off, still panting. One thing I was very clear on was the fact that I did not want her giving birth on my bed. I shifted her to the kitchen and blocked off the entrance. I cooked while we waited. Then I sat beside her and read a book, stroking her back with my free hand. She did not want me to touch her stomach.

She moaned and looked over her body, lifting her rear top leg slightly; she did this for a few minutes. Some fluid came out and soaked the newspaper underneath her. A small sac slid out of her, paws straining against it. Molly licked the sac against the puppy until the sac broke and more fluid spilled out. She licked the puppy all over until it started to breathe on its own. Molly ate the sac. The puppy made small mewing sounds like a kitten and started to move, hunching toward Molly's nipples. She assisted, nudging the pup with her nose. The pup located one and began sucking.

Molly kept panting, every now and then another sac sliding out, and she and the pups would repeat this ancient instinctual ritual. Two puppies did not survive. I don't know why. Molly did not encourage those two like she had the other eight. She probably sensed some weakness or defect that I could not. At one point, I thought she had to relieve herself, so I took her outside and she squatted. One of the sacs slid out and she picked up the whole thing gently in her mouth and ran back inside to repeat the process.

I cleaned the floor and put down a thick blanket for them. When the pups, five black and three yellow, were settled into the crook of her legs, I scooped some ice cream into a bowl. She devoured it and looked up at me, small white dabs of ice cream on her black snout. I curled up next to them, one hand on Molly's back, and we both fell asleep.

Kathleen Quigley
Sheboygan Falls

THE MIDWIFE

My son Paul, his wife, Judy, and their two girls, Amy and Jessie, share a small farm with six Cotswold sheep, a lab, a Chesapeake, and seven barn cats, at last count. The girls on a weekend of shopping in Chicago had left Paul in charge. That's when he got in trouble.

Paul believed he didn't have to worry about the four woolly girls, who were pregnant. They weren't due until the middle of February. He'd give them hay and water, and then, on this cold, bitter January day, he'd retreat to his warm workshop next to the woodburning furnace to restore the 100-year-old armoire he had found in Grandpa Smith's barn.

He tugged on his old brown mackinaw, pulled the wool hat over his ears, found gloves, and headed out to the barn. Sharp wind hit him as he struggled up the hill to the red barn. Though a hundred yards away, he heard loud bellowing. The night before, everything had been calm, quiet.

With a bit of cussing, Paul jerked open the lower barn door, which had been fortified by drifting snow. Five terrified sheep huddled in a corner of the large pen, while Snowflake, a first-time mother, stood in the center, bawling her head off in the midst of labor.

Skittish around Paul, this time Snowflake stood her ground. All Paul had been told was to check for back feet sliding down the slide, with the rest of the lamb following. Surprised, he saw a small tail hanging next to Snowflake's tail. The lamb was coming out the wrong way.

Before panic totally set in, Paul had to do something. The most logical thing seemed to give that tail a pull. With a mighty tug, and a crescendo of sound from Snowflake, Paul tumbled backward; a tiny lamb landed on top of him. Not as small as a kitten, but very small in his eyes.

The little fellow didn't move, didn't breathe, just lay there. Paul grabbed an old towel hanging on a post, and with surprisingly gentle motions for hands accustomed to handling tools, bales of hay, and machinery much bigger than a small soft bundle, wiped the lamb's face, cleared mucus from its mouth, and stroked the tiny body. The little lamb shuddered, opened its mouth, and bawled. Snowflake, still mewling, sniffed the baby and went about tidying up her lamb.

Paul climbed out of the pen and tried to run for the house in foot-high snow. He would call Nancy, their sheepherder friend, who would know what to do.

In the warm, toasty kitchen, he caught his breath and dialed Nancy's number. When she answered, he yelled, "Nance! Help! I just had a baby!"

"Hey, Nance, this isn't a laughing matter."

Nancy calmed Paul, said she was on her way. He retraced his zigzagging path through the heavy snow, squeezed through the door, and thought he was hallucinating. Snowflake looked at him with accusing eyes. Next to her were two babies.

Sensing a clumsy hand had brought her brother into the world, the second lamb had slid out without a whimper and lay on the hay. Well, I'll be darned, Paul thought.

Paul heard Nancy's old four-wheeler pull up to the barn and breathed a sigh of relief. Nance would take over. Maybe his day could be salvaged.

The midwife swears that Paul and Paula smiled at him. At least that's what I heard.

Ruth G. Smith
Mukwonago

Share Your Stories

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

GUILTY PLEASURES, deadline May 1 (extended deadline for the summer issue). Whether it's as harmless as downing a pint of Ben and Jerry's or something a tad more shameful—things you love to do that you are not exactly proud of. (But maybe you can laugh about it!) Anonymity protected on request.

LYING, deadline June 1 (for the fall issue). Time to fess up. Your experiences in telling lies, whether great or small, for a good purpose or bad. What were the consequences of your falsehood? Is it ever right to tell a lie? Is there such a thing as too much truth?

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 People & Ideas,* 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.

If you value the Wisconsin Academy, please consider making a contribution. Here are five easy ways for you to help us keep connecting people and ideas through high-quality public programs, most of them free of charge. All of these gifts are tax-deductible. Any donor contributing $500 or more is accorded recognition on our donor board in the Wisconsin Academy's art gallery in Overture and in *Wisconsin People & Ideas*.

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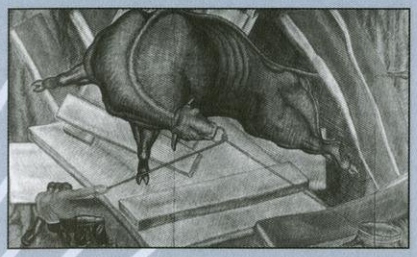

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A simple gift to the Wisconsin Academy, in the form of cash or marketable securities, helps us immensely in carrying out our work. These gifts are used for our general operations. **This year, all gifts will be doubled** in our challenge grant campaign. A donation envelope is included in this magazine.

3 Sponsor a Program

Love a particular program? Consider becoming a sponsor! Your gift to underwrite one of our programs—our art gallery, *Wisconsin People & Ideas*, 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.

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

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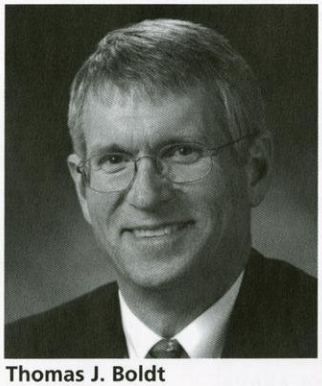
Our New Leaders in a Time of Growth

BY MICHAEL STRIGEL, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

ON JANUARY 1, THOMAS J. BOLDT assumed the presidency of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters Council, replacing Jim Haney, who had served since 2004. Tom is CEO of the Boldt Company, a national consulting, construction, and technical services firm headquartered in Appleton. He has a B.A. from St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota, and attended L'Universite de Paris III and Institut Catholique in Paris, France. In addition to his service to the Wisconsin Academy, Tom is very active with other business and civic groups, including Appleton Downtown Rotary Club, M&I Bank–Fox Valley, Wisconsin Manufacturers and Commerce, St. Olaf College, Children's Hospital of Wisconsin–Fox Valley, the State of Wisconsin Investment Board, and the Wisconsin Environmental Initiative, among others.



Thomas J. Boldt

Tom has been active with the Wisconsin Academy for a dozen years, most recently leading the Wisconsin Academy Foundation as president during a period of rapid and important growth. Under Tom's leadership the Foundation more than doubled in size to nearly $5 million and with accrued pledges should reach $7 million in assets by 2009. This growing endowment will provide the Wisconsin Academy with much-needed financial security in the years ahead. To provide adequate resources for Wisconsin Academy programming during this period of pledged growth, Tom also chairs the Bright Future Campaign to boost annual giving to the Wisconsin Academy. The campaign helped create a $100,000 matching fund that the Wisconsin Academy will offer during the next three years. This means that every gift to the Wisconsin Academy, up to $100,000, will be matched dollar-for-dollar each year.

As Tom moves out of the presidency of the Wisconsin Academy Foundation, Todd A. Berry moves in. Since 1994, Todd has been president of the Wisconsin Taxpayers Alliance, a privately funded and widely respected nonpartisan organization dedicated to improving government through public policy research and citizen education. Prior to that he combined private business experience with service in state and local government. For 10 years he served as a marketing executive at one of the state's oldest food manufacturers. In the late 1970s and early 1980s, Berry was Wisconsin's assistant revenue secretary. He also served on the Dane County Board, the Jefferson School Board, and, for the past 12 years, the North Central College (Naperville, Illinois) board of trustees. An honors graduate of the University of Wisconsin–Madison, Todd holds master's degrees from Harvard University and the University of Chicago Graduate School of Business.

Todd A. Berry

Todd and the rest of the Wisconsin Academy Foundation Board are responsible for the investment allocation and spending policy of the foundation's endowment funds. The foundation was created in 1992 to benefit the Wisconsin Academy by raising funds, investing such funds, and distributing the income for use in Wisconsin Academy programming.

Please share comments for Tom or Todd at contact@wisconsinacademy.org. ✹

Michael Strigel is executive director of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. He welcomes your comments at mstrigel@wisconsinacademy.org, 608/263-1692 ext. 11.

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JAMES WATROUS GALLERY

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

IDEAS, DIALOGUE, CONSCIENCE

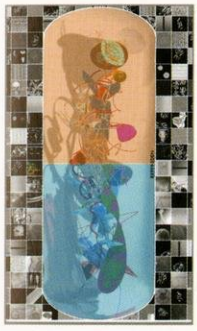
CURRENT WORK BY UW–MADISON FACULTY

April 4–May 21

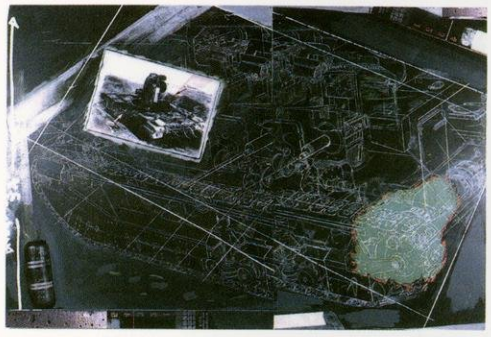
Opening reception Thursday, April 6, 5–7 pm

in conjunction with the Southern Graphics Council Conference in Madison April 5–9

This exhibition showcases the innovative print works created by seven current UW–Madison faculty members working in diverse printmaking areas, from video to book arts. The artists are Jack Damer, John Hitchcock, Frances Myers, Jim Escalante, Tracy Honn, Andy Rubin, and Michael Conners.



Michael Conners (detail)



Jack Damer

Frances Myers

John Hitchcock

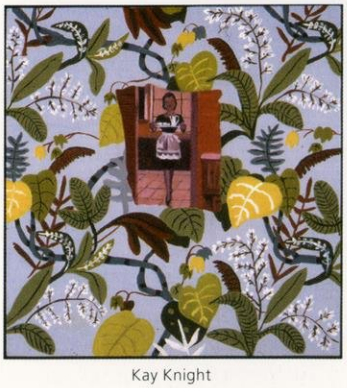
KAY KNIGHT & GINA LITHERLAND

side-by-side solo exhibitions

May 30–July 9

Opening reception Friday, June 2, 5–7 pm

Painters Kay Knight and Gina Litherland, both of Milwaukee, use the human figure and narrative in their work in very different ways. Knight comments on domestic life with pattern, place, and image; Litherland's detailed, narrative paintings draw more on Wisconsin's surrealist heritage.



Kay Knight

Gina Litherland

Located in the Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Madison
Gallery Hours: Tues/Wed/Thurs 11–5; Fri/Sat 11–9; Sun 1–5
Admission free of charge! More info at www.wisconsinacademy.org

***Choka Watching Oprah,* by Tom Jones, 1998**

An interesting cultural encounter. More on page 33.

Price: $5

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