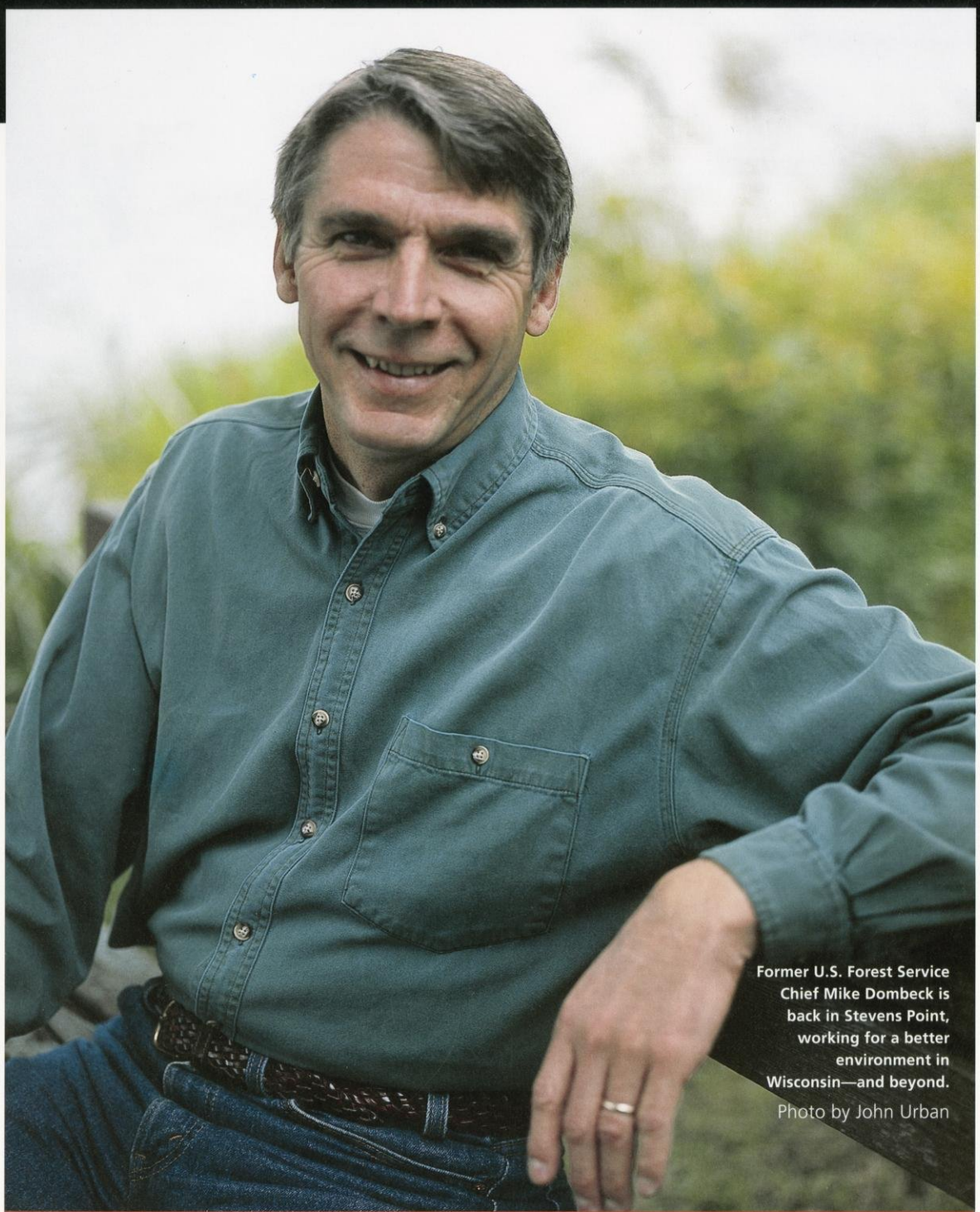
Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 48, Number 1 Winter 2002

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Winter 2002

wisconsin academy review

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE



Former U.S. Forest Service Chief Mike Dombeck is back in Stevens Point, working for a better environment in Wisconsin—and beyond.

Photo by John Urban

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Winter 2002 Volume 48, Number 1

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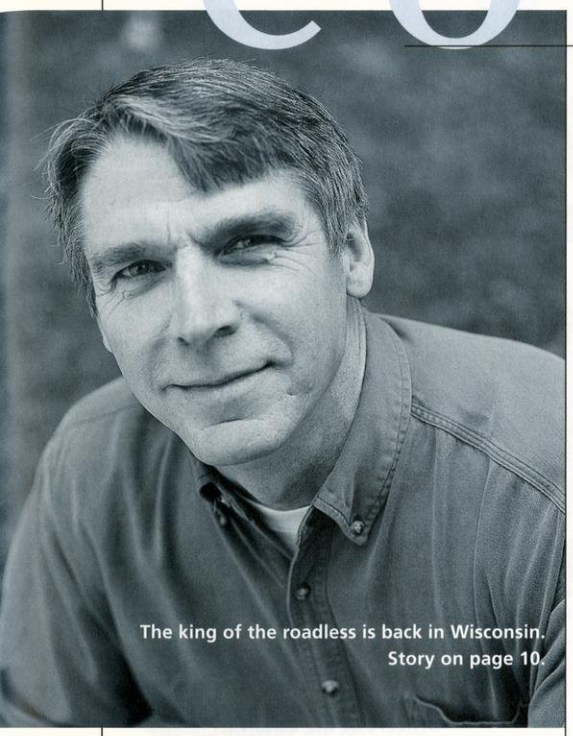
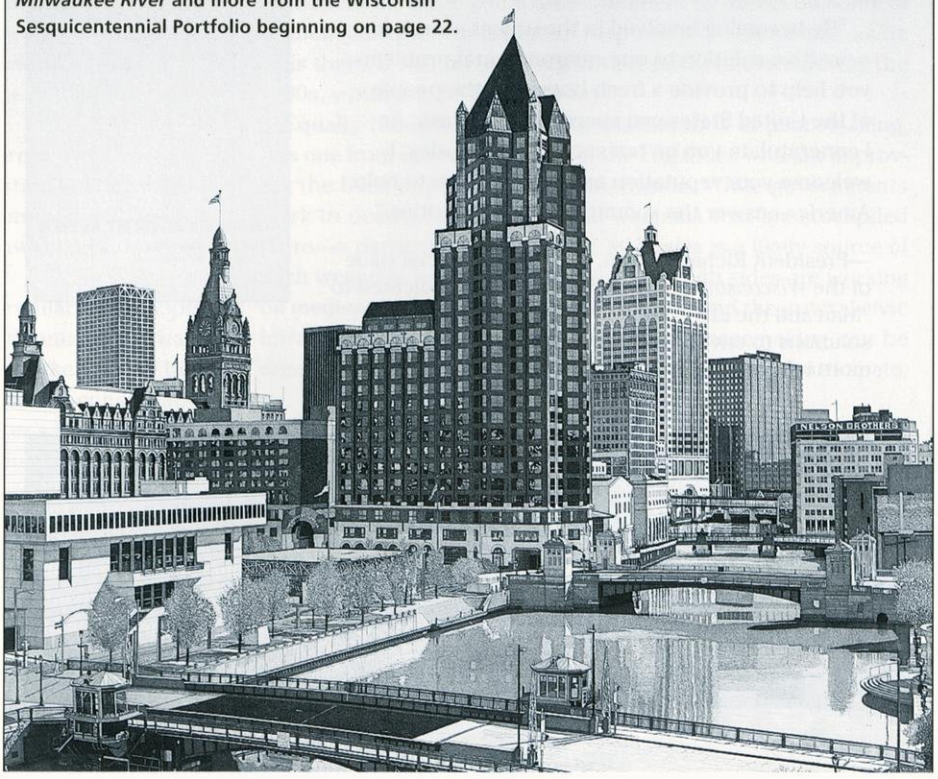


The king of the roadless is back in Wisconsin. Story on page 10.

features

It's an etching, not a photo. See Martin Levine's *Milwaukee River* and more from the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio beginning on page 22.



The *Wisconsin Academy Review* (ISSN 0512-1175) is published quarterly by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53705. All correspondence, orders, manuscripts, and change-of-address information should be sent to this address. The *Wisconsin Academy Review* is distributed free of charge to Academy members (annual fee: $50/regular, $40/seniors/students/K–12 educators, with reduced fees for longer membership periods). For information call 608/263-1692, or visit the Academy website: www.wisconsinacademy.org

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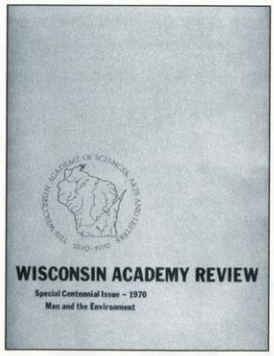
departments

Los Indios, **by Fred Stonehouse, from the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio.**

Past and Present

"By becoming involved in the urgent search for a positive solution to our environmental problems, you help to provide a fresh hope that the people of the United States can succeed in this task. As I congratulate you on ten successful decades, I welcome your reputation and your resolve to help America answer the summons of the Seventies."

—President Richard Nixon, writing in a special issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* (1970) dedicated to "Man and the Environment." We're still working on solutions to environmental problems. See page 9 for more information.



The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters provides a place where people who enjoy reflecting upon culture, nature, and the problems of our times can gather for fruitful discourse and meaningful action. Together, we help create a thinking community. The Wisconsin Academy was founded in 1870 as an independent, nonprofit membership organization, quite separate from the state and university. Our mission is to gather, share, and act upon knowledge in the sciences and humanities for the benefit of the people of Wisconsin. *Everybody is welcome to join.*

The *Wisconsin Academy Review* wishes to thank Bruce Jacobs for his generous support.

Working on Water

"Water, I believe, will be the issue of the century. Within the next 25 years, some two-thirds of the world population will be dealing with water shortages."

—Mike Dombeck, UW System Fellow for Global Conservation, page 13

Just what you need after a trying and tragic year—more bad news. However, the dire message about water comes with some hope: we can act now to ensure that the worst-case scenarios about our water never come to pass.

If you're an Academy member, you may be familiar with Waters of Wisconsin, our statewide initiative on water use and conservation. It will address such headline-making problems as toxins in our waters (arsenic, mercury, PCBs) to runoff, threats to our groundwater, the effects of global warming, and the spread of exotic species.

We embarked on this project because, in talks with representatives from industry, agriculture, conservation, and governmental agencies around the state, the one thing people could agree on was that huge problems with water loom before us—and that our state has no comprehensive, long-term strategy for water use and conservation.

With this initiative, we hope to move our state closer to creating such a strategy. Immediate results of the initiative will include policy recommendations, educational materials for teachers and the public, and—mark your calendars—a statewide public forum at Monona Terrace in Madison October 21–22 to discuss options for sustainable water use and plan a course of action.

The initiative will focus on three main areas:

Status and Trends: What is the current status of our waters, and what trends do they show? This information will be compiled in a report available to schools, lawmakers, environmental consultants, and the public.

Sustainability: Waters of Wisconsin is formulating principles of sustainability to assist and inform decisionmaking in water use. They are designed for adoption and endorsement by businesses, policy makers, municipalities, academia, conservation groups, and others with a stake in our water's future.

Scenarios: How plentiful and safe will our waters be in the year 2075? Using current data, the initiative will project different scenarios for our water's future, depending on courses of action we choose now and along the way. They are intended to promote understanding of the interrelationship between economics, values, and aquatic ecosystems and resources.

Excited about this project? You can be a part of it. Leading up to the statewide forum, we are holding smaller public forums on water around the state, with each forum involving local experts and focusing on water problems in that area. We already have met in La Crosse and Green Bay. On January 16 you can join us in Stevens Point to discuss agriculture and groundwater in central Wisconsin. In March, our public forum in Milwaukee will focus on Lake Michigan and urban water issues. And in May, we'll be up in Ashland discussing Lake Superior and the northern forests. Please see our website, www.wisconsinacademy.org, under "Waters of Wisconsin" for details about the forums, or call us at 608/263-1692.

In the meantime, you can read Mike Dombeck's article in this issue as a primer for the topic. We are proud to have Dombeck as a member of our Waters of Wisconsin committee, and thank him for providing such a comprehensive overview of the problems surrounding our waters.

PATHS TO PEACE

"Make love, not war" is a slogan that resonates with most boomers. But when you think about it, it's making peace that's the challenge—and as a society, we spend precious little time talking about it. One thing that struck me when reading Daniel Gómez-Ibáñez's article in this issue is that peacemaking should not only be conducted when nations are at war; ideally, peacemaking should be pursued in between crises to prevent wars from happening. No matter where you stand on the war in Afghanistan, I hope you'll take a moment to reflect on some of Gómez-Ibáñez's "constructive responses" to terrorism, as he calls them. If we had more vigorously pursued them during the 1990s, would we be at war today?

Equally thought-provoking is another look at peacemaking, this one from ordinary citizens in the Fox Cities who are improving the lives of people in Kurgan, Russia. While governments work to destroy deadly chemical weapons that are stockpiled there—a particular concern now, as Russia is a likely source of such weapons for terrorists—people on both sides are working on medical care, education, social services, and the general civic infrastructure. Their story is proof that peacemaking can be done on scales large and small, and that all of us may participate.

A CATALOG IN OUR MIDST

You may notice that we're missing page numbers from pages 22 through 32. Those pages will be overprinted as part of a Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio catalog being published by Andrew and Renee Balkin. We apologize for any navigation difficulties this may cause you.

Happy reading,

Joan

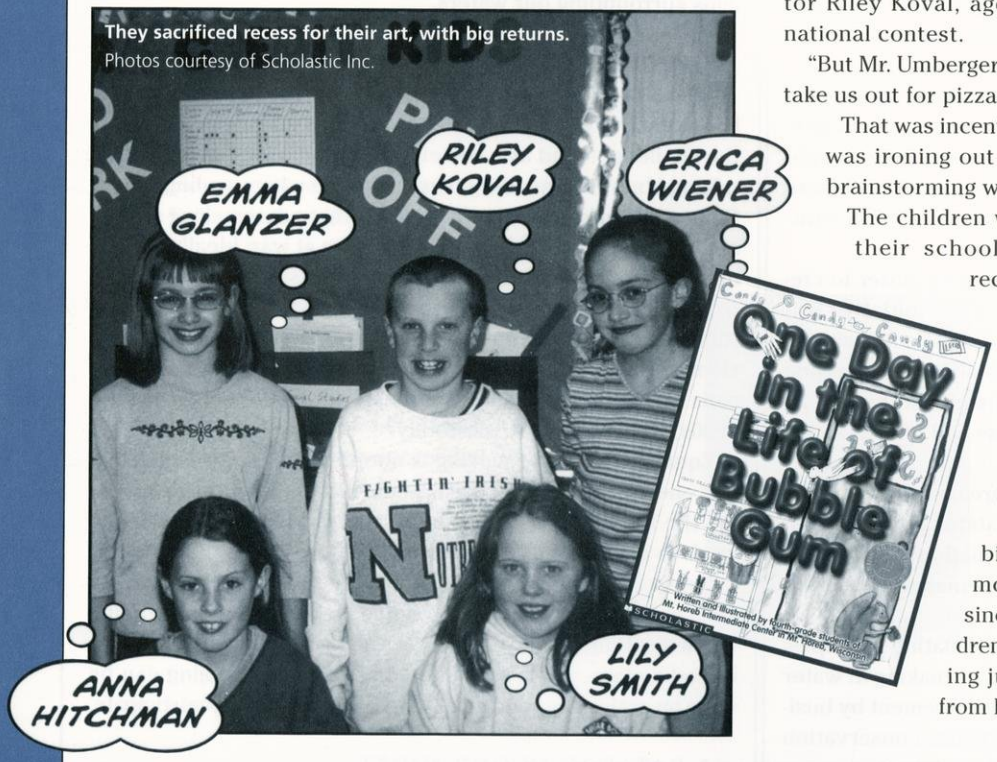
Joan Fischer
joanfischer@facstaff.wisc.edu

The Bubble Gum Kids

"There once lived a piece of plain bubble gum, who lived a very plain and boring life. Then one day, his life changed."

Life as a wad of ABC gum is more adventuresome than you think—at least in the imagination of five Mount Horeb fourth-graders who beat 2,000 competitors nationwide in a writing contest sponsored by Scholastic Inc., which published their story.

One Day in the Life of Bubble Gum chronicles the gum's adventures as "he" is stuck to the bottom of a park bench; scraped off by a park janitor; transported to a taxi on the bottom of someone's shoe; picked up by a bird and a squirrel before being chewed by a dog; etc., etc. If any parents or teachers meddled in the writing process, they did nothing to destroy the "yuck factor" (as the publisher calls it) at the story's end, which is pure kid.



They sacrificed recess for their art, with big returns.
Photos courtesy of Scholastic Inc.

The young authors spent five months writing and illustrating the book during lunch hours, recesses, and after school, led by teacher Mike Umberger. According to author/illustrator Riley Koval, age 10, the kids never expected to win a national contest.

"But Mr. Umberger promised that if we made the top 25, he'd take us out for pizza and a movie."

That was incentive enough. The hardest thing, Riley says, was ironing out disagreements. The most fun thing was brainstorming what would happen next.

The children were given medals and certificates, and their school, Mount Horeb Intermediate Center, received 100 copies of the book and $2,000 in Scholastic merchandise. Scholastic printed 50,000 copies to sell for $3.99 at Scholastic Book Fairs around the country.

Most important, the experience taught the children a lesson in creative thinking, planning, and execution.

"It's given Riley the confidence to write big instead of just for himself," says his mother, Jane Koval, noting that Riley has since entered a poetry contest in which children write about September 11. "He's not writing just for his class, or for what's expected from him at school."

Meet the Muse

The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets is holding its annual contest for the Muse Prize for Excellence in Poetry. The deadline is February 1. Prizes are $200 plus a trophy for first place, $100 for second place, and $75 for third place.

The contest, now in its third year, draws about 170 entries. It is open to all Wisconsin residents age 18 or older. For more information visit www.wfop.org or contact Bruce Dethlefsen, 422 Lawrence Street, Westfield, WI 53964.

NATIVE TONGUES

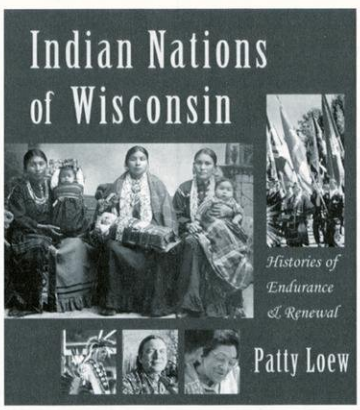
Patty Loew's new book about Wisconsin's Native Americans may be the most authentic treatment to date.

Wouldn't it be refreshing to hear Native Americans talk about their own experience in Wisconsin history rather than get their story through white interpreters?

WeekEnd host and UW–Madison professor Patty Loew, herself a member of the Bad River Band of Lake Superior Ojibwe, goes straight to the source in her new book, *Indian Nations of Wisconsin: Histories of Endurance and Renewal* (University of Wisconsin Press).

Most historians have relied on such sources as missionary reports, trader journals, and government documents in reconstructing the Native American story, Loew notes.

"I tried to find other sources: stories, songs, oral history, wampum, pictographs, and tribal newspapers, sources not filtered through white eyes to reconstruct the past," says Loew.



Tribal elders, historians, and cultural liaisons in each community shared their oral histories with Loew, suggested resources, and also helped edit their stories. "They helped shape my understanding of historical events and served as compass points," Loew says. "It was gratifying and humbling to think that they trusted me enough to do that."

Another difference: Loew gives each tribe its own chapter rather than structure the book chronologically. "My intent was to reinforce the cultural distinctiveness of each Native nation," she says.

Working on the book confirmed something Loew had long suspected: Native people think about history differently from non-Natives.

"For us, history is spatially driven. There is a strong sense of place around which people and events are remembered, often with songs and stories," says Loew. "Dates are reduced to 'a long time ago,' or 'when my mother was a little girl.'"

Often the past she revisited was painful. The hereditary chief at Mole Lake (Ojibwe) showed Loew a ravine in which his grandmother had been hidden as a little girl while the Sioux and Ojibwe battled over the wild rice beds.

"The mass grave in which warriors from both sides had been buried was a sacred site, as were the stands of rice over which they had fought," Loew says. "These events provided the context for the current struggle to prevent Nicolet Minerals from locating its copper mine adjacent to the rice beds near Crandon. For him, history was driven by a sense of place and remembered through family stories."

There's certainly a need for the book in Wisconsin's school system, Loew notes, pointing out that although Wisconsin educators are required by law to teach Indian history and culture, they often cannot find good resources. Loew hopes, too, that her book will resonate with Native Americans.

"I would be gratified if they feel that it gives voice to their interpretations of history and presents the richness and complexities of their lives before and after European arrival," says Loew.

Finally, Loew hopes the book will give non-Natives a deeper awareness of the Native American experience in Wisconsin: "I hope non-Indians find the use of new sources different and appealing. Perhaps it will challenge them to think about the many ways in which different cultures reconstruct the past."

Click Here for Culture

www.portalwisconsin.org

PORTALWISCONSIN.ORG

A new website to be launched on January 14 brings you Wisconsin arts and culture in one swift click.

Portal Wisconsin brings seven nonprofit groups to one site. They are the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters; Wisconsin Public Television; Wisconsin Public Radio; the Wisconsin Historical Society; the Wisconsin Arts Board; the Wisconsin Humanities Council; and UW Extension Continuing Education.

All seven partners are members of Wisconsin's Cultural Coalition, which teamed up in 1996 in support of their common broad mission to provide and foster lifelong learning and greater appreciation of the arts and culture.

Portal Wisconsin will provide a one-stop shop for web users interested in the state's cultural offerings. Portal Wisconsin will pool content provided by the partners and allow users to navigate through it easily by theme, artist, and media, all by keyword search. As Portal Wisconsin grows, such innovations as streaming video and audio, online galleries, and interviews with artists and scholars (streamed and archived) may be added.

COMMUNITY OF WRITERS

"Literature may not save us. But if it can't save us, it's at least one thing that makes us worth saving."
—Ron Wallace, UW-Madison professor and Wisconsin Academy Fellow

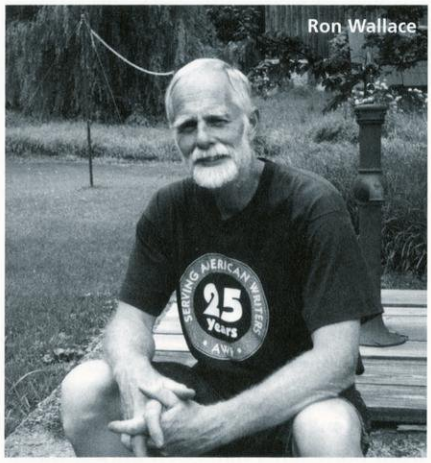
The founding of a Master of Fine Arts program in creative writing next fall will make the University of Wisconsin–Madison the only university in the nation to offer creative writing at the undergraduate, graduate, and postgraduate levels, according to English professor Ron Wallace, who co-directs the new program.

We spoke with Wallace about the program's inception and goals.

Who or what enabled the start of the new MFA program in creative writing? Is this something you've wanted for a long time?

When I came to Wisconsin in 1972 there was no creative writing program per se, although the English department had offered undergraduate courses in creative writing for many years, and such distinguished writers as Eudora Welty, Delmore Schwartz, August Derleth, Saul Bellow, Peter Straub, and Joyce Carol Oates studied here. In the 1970s, with student interest in creative writing surging, my priority was to build the undergraduate program, and in 1978 we established the undergraduate English major with a creative writing emphasis, with its writing workshops and its unique requirement of a book-length creative thesis for graduation.

Periodically over the years, we debated instituting an MFA program, but interest never seemed quite sufficient to merit it. In the 1980s, partly in lieu of an MFA program, we instituted a unique post-MFA opportunity—the Wisconsin Institute for Creative Writing. With a million-dollar endowment from Jay C. and Ruth Halls, the department began offering two fellowships each year (one in fiction and one in poetry) to writers who had completed the MFA degree elsewhere and who had not yet published a book. The fellowships quickly became the premier such opportunity in the country, and today the Institute has grown to six $25,000 endowed fellowships. Fellows teach one undergraduate workshop per semester and give one reading of work in progress while completing book-length



manuscripts. The success of the undergrad and post-MFA programs, along with the growth of the creative writing staff to include Jesse Lee Kercheval, Lorrie Moore, Ron Kuka, Roberta Hill, Judith Claire Mitchell, Amy Quan Barry, and Rob Nixon, prepared the way for an MFA program at Madison.

While my primary interests have been with the undergrad and postgrad programs, fellow professor Jesse Lee Kercheval has been particularly committed to instituting an MFA program. It was her dedication and energy that prompted us to proceed with the proposal that took approximately two years to draft and circulate through the university system for approval. In addition, Tom Schaub [department chair] and Sherry Reames [department associate chair] and deans Phillip Certain and Jane Tylus were instrumental in supporting the proposal.

With the new MFA program in place, Wisconsin will be the only university, to my knowledge, currently to offer programs in all three levels of creative writing—undergrad, grad, and postgrad.

From the outset, the writing staff agreed that our MFA program should meet three requirements: it should be small, so that we could give students considerable personal attention; it should be adequately staffed; and it should provide funding for all students admitted. By alternating the admission of fiction writers and poets annually, we are able to keep the program very small (it is, I believe, with only 12—six fiction writers and six poets—in residence at any given time, the smallest MFA program in the country), and thus our current staff is more than adequate. With the commitment of teaching assistantships for all admitted students, and supplementary scholarship funding from other sources, we are able to offer substantial funding to everyone in residence. All of these elements—the success of our current programs, recent increases in staffing, the commitment of funding—came together to make an MFA possible at this time.

How will this program compare to other creative writing programs? What are the specific goals of the program?

It will be smaller and thus more intimate. It will encourage students to write in more than one genre. It will provide funding for all enrolled students. The major goal is to provide a community in which aspiring writers can develop their craft to its fullest potential.

What is the importance of the program?

One needn't take a creative writing course in order to become a writer, but it helps. In the early 20th century, writers expatriated themselves and found groups and salons in Paris and elsewhere. Over the past 25 years or so, American universities have provided that kind of nurturing environment. Most publishing writers and teachers of writing today attended MFA programs, and the training and support they received there enhanced and focused their work. The great modernist writers believed so strongly in the power of literature that they thought it could take the place of religion, that literature could save us. We may no longer believe so strongly in the power of literature. Literature may not save us. But if it can't save us, it's at least one thing that makes us worth saving.

Interview by Molly Schmidt

Piecing Lives Together

Wisconsin women preparing to enter the workforce can learn job skills while producing a clothing line that is successful enough to be offered in upscale boutiques around the country.

Rita Renner, the chief operating officer of YW Works, an agency of YWCA of Greater Milwaukee that trains people as part of Wisconsin Works, got the clothing idea after seeing a UW–Milwaukee exhibit about a similar women's work program in the early 1900s. As a result of Renner's efforts, many women enrolled in W–2 now create clothing that is sold in small Wisconsin towns as well as New York City and Los Angeles.

The current line includes coats, jackets, sweaters, and accessories. The clothing is constructed by hand of postconsumer and recycled materials and retails from $18 to $200.

Kathy Hawley is director of the Creative Workshop, where the Circle of Women clothing line is made. According to Hawley, the program is extremely successful in building members' self-esteem.

"They get positive feedback from staff," Hawley says, "and all items have tags explaining the product. The women who do the cutting, sewing, and inspection—their names go on the tag."

The women divide into small circles of six. While they work on the clothes, a group leader guides discussion on such topics as relationships and self-esteem. Women in the program attend one four-hour shift a day while studying for their GED or other educational degree. Prior to the workshop, the women must attend the Academy of Excellence, a six-week program that teaches job and life skills.

Woman can spend anywhere from one to six months in the program. An on-staff social worker evaluates barriers the women might be facing, such as lack of education or housing.

Hawley, who has experience in marketing, teaching, and running a small business, enjoys running the program. "There are guidelines, but there is a lot of room for creativity," she says. "Being creative is not just artistic, but being able to think of things in ways that haven't been thought of before, whether it applies to running a staff meeting or designing an item."

And those skills will help participants long after they leave the cutting room, Hawley notes.

by Molly Schmidt

BOUTIQUES CARRYING CIRCLE OF WOMEN CLOTHING INCLUDE:

Details, *Eau Claire*
Goldi, *Shorewood*
Jane's, *Egg Harbor*
Kacia, *Kohler*
Karen's Calling, *Sheboygan*
Lise & Kato's, *Glendale*
M Quest, *Whitefish Bay*
Magic Jacket, *Fish Creek*
Nicole's, *Schofield*
Poppi's, *Oshkosh*
Salamander, *Wauwatosa*
Wisconsin Trader, *Kohler*

WRIGHT'S CAR

Frank Lloyd Wright was one of Wisconsin's most famous citizens—and, apparently, also one of its most difficult retail customers. But dealing with Wright was good business for Orren D. Smart, owner of Smart Motor Company in Madison.

"He didn't always pay promptly, but we never lost a penny on Frank Lloyd Wright," says Jim Smart, Orren's son, who currently runs the business with other family members.

In 1950 Wright came to Smart to buy Crosley automobiles for himself and his apprentices at Taliesin. He particularly liked the low-slung little Hotshot roadster. Wright, who never drove himself, selected his fleet by striding through the showroom and bashing his heavy walking stick on the hood of each chosen car. In 10 minutes he was on his way, leaving O.D. to repaint the cars Wright's signature Cherokee red color—and add the body damage to the bill.

Crosleys were small, economical, and inexpensive cars intended for short trips in the country's burgeoning postwar suburbs. They appealed to Wright's utopian ideal of individual freedom for the common person through affordable housing and low-cost transportation. Over the years Wright bought some 20 Crosleys from Smart.

The Crosley sedan sold for $989, compared to about $2,000 for a major brand car. Unfortunately it was poorly made, with unreliable brakes, a four-cylinder engine in a sheet metal block, and body steel thinner than a disposable pie plate. Crosley engines lasted only 6,000 to 10,000 miles.

Wright's young apprentices were especially hard on their Crosleys when driving them in caravan to the group's winter quarters at Taliesin West in Arizona.

"The car's speedometer went up to 80, so the students thought it was okay to drive them at 80 miles per hour," recalls Smart. "This was a city car with an underpowered motor. The engines would be destroyed."

Fortunately Smart Motors had a crack mechanic on staff to fix them.

by Lynn Entine

Frank Lloyd Wright, wife Olgivanna, and a nephew in Wright's car of choice. The photo was taken at Taliesin in Spring Green in the early 1950s.
Photo courtesy of Smart Motors

From the Forum to the Classroom

Thank you very much for the scholarship that I received to attend the Bill of Rights conference in Milwaukee. Without your support, I would not have been able to attend this wonderful forum.

I am a senior at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, majoring in history, political science, and broad field studies in the School of Education. After graduation, I plan on teaching social studies at the secondary level. Right now, I am student-teaching in a sixth-grade classroom.

The Bill of Rights conference has provided me with several experiences that I can bring to the classroom. I was able to see both an ACLU spokesperson and a CATO Institute spokesperson on the same stage. Chief Justice Abrahamson's elegant speech concerning governmental powers during times of crisis was absolutely wonderful. I listened to Senator Feingold's historic defense of his lonely position on the antiterrorism legislation. And perhaps most importantly, the dialogue that engaged every single participant allowed all of us to think critically about issues that affect every citizen of this country.

I cannot thank you enough for allowing me to experience this conference and everything that it had to offer. And I thank you on behalf of my current and future students, who will undoubtedly be fascinated by the material that I can bring from this conference into the classroom.

Christopher Wilbur
Madison

Editor's Note: This letter was written to Wisconsin Academy members Carroll and Robert Heideman, who established a Learning Fund to support such scholarships. To establish a Learning Fund in your name, please contact the Wisconsin Academy at 608/263-1692, ext. 14.

Cheers for Forum

Congratulations and thank you for the privilege of attending the Fall Forum, "Private Rights, Public Good: The Bill of Rights in Our Lives," in Milwaukee. Your scholarship made that possible for me.

To lay out the timeliness of historical and constitutional issues so relevant to our well-being at this time of national concern was a real asset to assist me in finding my way through the troubling questions of these days. The answers aren't easy, and I salute the Academy for creating the forum to examine the questions that face us by going far beyond the simple rhetoric of superficial responses.

As the day unfolded I was reflecting on the questions with the Chief Justice, the panel, and our junior senator. I was excited to be investigating questions assisted by the extremely knowledgeable presenters. I learned so much, especially how the decisions made now are affecting our nation and our personal lives on a very intimate level. As a result of the forum, my congressional representatives received phone calls from me on Monday.

One of Wisconsin's finest political leaders, Belle Case La Follette, said in her testimony before the Senate Committee on Women's Suffrage in 1913: "Home, society, government are best where men and women keep together intellectually and spiritually, where they have the widest range of common interests, where they share with each other the solution to their common problems." That rings as true today as it did earlier in this century. The forum examined the common interests and identified the interaction of home, society, and government.

The Saturday session made me so proud to be a Wisconsin citizen and a member of the Academy.

Bravo to the Wisconsin Academy for a job well done!

Gail Lamberty
Sauk City

One-Fourth of the Story

The Fall 2001 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* includes a serious error in nomenclature. "Affirmative action" and "racial preferences" are treated as exactly synonymous terms, both in your page headings and in the article by Regent Mohs.

These are not even approximately synonymous terms, and the editors of a learned journal should know better and act accordingly. Affirmative action has consisted of four components, as follows: (1) casting a wide net—that is, in recruiting, reaching out to as wide a range of applicants as is feasible; (2) remediation for underqualified applicants to help them to qualify; (3) mentoring for those who qualify but are at high risk, and (4) racial preferences in both admission and advancement, that is, favoring the less qualified over the more qualified on the basis of targeted racial distinctions. The first three components, which your and Regent Mohs' usages ignore totally, have been responsible for the vast majority of the benefits of affirmative action programs. Ironically, the fourth component, the one you and Regent Mohs treat as comprising the total substance of affirmative action, has actually benefited relatively few, has disillusioned many, and its demise has caused the first three components to be deemphasized or phased out as well in many institutions.

Your fuzzy usage is precisely that manipulated by extremists on both the right and the left to achieve their nefarious ends. Those on the right have aspired to kill the first three components by equating the fourth component with the total package, and those on the left have aspired to sugarcoat the widely unpopular and unconstitutional fourth component by using only the name "affirmative action."

Howard J. Pincus
Emeritus Professor of Geosciences,
Emeritus Professor of
Civil Engineering,
University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee
San Diego, California

Editor's Note: For more on affirmative action, please see the piece by Daniel Bromley on page 51.

The *Wisconsin Academy Review* welcomes your comments. Please send letters to the Editor, 1922 University Avenue, Madison WI 53705, by e-mail to joanfischer@facstaff.wisc.edu or by fax to 608/265-3039. Letters may be edited for reasons of space or clarity.

CORRECTION

In the fall issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* we referred to Helen Myhre as the owner of the Norske Nook restaurant in Osseo. Myrhe sold the restaurant years ago. The present owner is Jerry Bechard.

Calling All Thinkers

THE ACADEMY WANTS YOU

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters provides a place where people who enjoy reflecting upon culture, nature, and the problems of our times can gather for fruitful discourse and meaningful action. Through our many programs and projects, we help create what Aldo Leopold called a "thinking community."

Since 1870, the Wisconsin Academy's mission has been to gather, share, and act upon knowledge in the sciences and humanities for the benefit of the people of Wisconsin. The Wisconsin Academy is an independent, nonprofit membership organization, quite separate from state government and the university. We are funded by grants, by private endowments, and by our members. ***Everybody is welcome to join.***

Christine McDermott

WHAT YOU'LL SUPPORT

Here are a few Academy projects
(for more, see www.wisconsinacademy.org):

- **Waters of Wisconsin,** a statewide investigation of water use, policy, and conservation. Our study will provide independent, reliable information and recommendations to legislators and the general public about how to best manage one of our most precious—and threatened—resources.
- **Public Forums** on topics of current interest. The next statewide public forum will focus on our water initiative. It will take place at Monona Terrace in Madison on October 21–22.
- **The Wisconsin Academy Gallery,** the only noncommercial gallery in the state to feature different Wisconsin artists every month. In 2004, the Gallery is moving to the Overture Center in downtown Madison.
- **The Intelligent Consumption Project** bridges the gap between conservation and consumption, taking forest resource use as a model. A wide range of people in forestry nationwide—from loggers and environmentalists to representatives from business, agriculture, and academia—are working to formulate a viable consumption ethic.
- **The Wisconsin Center for the Book,** affiliated with the Library of Congress, conducts many programs in support of literature and the book arts. Example: "Wisconsin Authors Speak" brings writers to communities throughout the state.

WHAT YOU'LL GET

- The ***Wisconsin Academy Review,*** the quarterly magazine of Wisconsin thought and culture, is a free membership benefit. You'll also receive a newsletter about Academy events and activities.
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Bringing It All Back Home

Former U.S. Forest Service Chief Mike Dombeck has returned to his native Wisconsin after boldly fighting the good fight in Washington (his admirers say). Now a professor with UW–Stevens Point and the UW System, Dombeck is ready to share his vision of environmental management and conservation at home and around the world.

BY ERIK NESS
PHOTOS BY JOHN URBAN

Mike Dombeck and Murphy on the banks of the Wisconsin River. "We need to step back and talk values, focus on education."

"THAT'S BAD." Mike Dombeck is giving me a hard time because I haven't been fishing. It's been a few months since we spent a comfortable September afternoon poking about the Wisconsin River near Stevens Point. He had just moved back to his home state but hadn't unpacked enough boxes to pick up a fishing license, so he did the paddling while I worked the shoreline. It was a throwback moment for Dombeck, who last spring retired as chief of the U.S. Forest Service. At age 15 he began working as a fishing guide in northern Wisconsin. No doubt he was a good one; I caught my very first bass on the sixth cast.

"What's bad?" I ask. "That I haven't had the time, or that I haven't gone fishing with what time I did have?"

"Probably both," he laughs.

You could fairly argue that Wisconsin has already produced its quota of environmental leaders. John Muir, Aldo Leopold, Gaylord Nelson—it's hard to imagine the face of conservation without these green giants. To that trio we may soon add Mike Dombeck. A central Wisconsin native, his family sold the farm when he was 9 and opened a store in the Chequamegon National Forest. He helped finance a degree in fisheries biology with his work, earning the nom de norte of Muskie Mike. Then the Forest Service called, and he and his young

wife, Pat, were off to explore the country. The road ended for a time in Washington, where he first ran a national fisheries program, then got tapped to head the Bureau of Land Management, and finally, in 1997, the Forest Service.

Historically, the Forest Service had been seen as the province of miners, lumbermen, and ranchers, but as Americans grew more interested in outdoor recreation and more concerned about the environment, that culture was changing. As environmentalists racked up legislative victories, the resource industries found other interest groups at the table. Many conservationists give a lot of credit to Dombeck for helping solidify the place of recreation and environment in the resource equations. "What's going on now is sort of a re-adjustment," he says. "I think more than anything else today we're seeing the value of large, unfragmented tracts of land, the open space."

It's not just rhetoric; under Dombeck the Forest Service acted to protect 58 million acres of land from the agency's historical propensity for road-building. He also moved to protect old growth and to prohibit mining in parts of the Rocky Mountains.

Small wonder that conservationists generally regard him as a hero. "Plenty of people give Mike Dombeck the credit for changing the Forest Service from an agency that exists to smooth the way for the logging trucks into a protector of the natural world," stated *OnEarth*, the magazine of the Natural Resources Defense Council, in its fall 2001 edition.

Not surprisingly, during his tenure Dombeck often clashed with timber and mining interests as well as some Republican representatives from western states who opposed his roadless plan.

The roadless proposal is currently under court injunction and may be dismantled by the Bush administration. Perhaps anticipating these changes, in his parting message to Forest Service rangers, Dombeck wrote: "Follow your hearts and never allow your lives to be controlled by the desk-bound, those who equate a National Forest solely to board feet or barrels of oil."

In other words, it was the same thing he was telling me—go fishing.

"Most people want to do the right thing for the land, and they are even willing to sacrifice economically if it's the right thing for the long haul."

What's your favorite fish story?

I hope this doesn't sound too hokey. My mother's birthday is May 8. I remember getting a limit of beautiful walleyes—with her catching most of the fish. It happened to be Mother's Day and her birthday, way back in 1974. We limited out in probably half an hour—caught the most fish and the biggest fish.

Did you learn more about muskies as a fisheries biologist or as a fisherman?

That's a tough one. You learn the appreciation for what they are as an angler. Being outdoors—that's where you develop the appreciation for what we have, for the resources, the water. As a biologist you get into the details of how things work. But I can remember talking to a dear old neighbor, an old fishing guide, Jess Ross. We were looking at the west fork of the Chippewa River, and the fisheries were at a low point at that time. Jess was a longtime guide and had never had a course in biology or ecology. "What do you think's wrong?" I said to Jess. "Well, it's out of balance," he answered. He couldn't have put it more succinctly, and these are the kinds of observations that people make when they are out in nature. It's difficult to say whether one is more valuable than the other.

The other valuable lesson, from the standpoint of being a guide or a fisherman, is you begin to appreciate how important these resources are to other people. To see them connect with these resources and learn to love the land, love the lakes—all that occurs out in nature. In fact, many of the public debates that we have in natural resource management that occur in the statehouse in Madison or in Washington would be a lot easier if we had them right out here. I think we'll find that people's values are not that far apart. Once we take the conflict industry out of the debate, most people want to do the right thing for the land, and they are even willing to sacrifice economically if it's the right thing for the long haul.

Do you ever regret leaving behind a career as a field biologist?

At times. But to see the intimate relationship of how national policy is connected to what's on the land, and what we know about the land—bringing all of that together is really a tremendous challenge and an opportunity. In the U.S. we worry about whether to build a road or not, or whether to cut timber or not. The thing that we often fail to appreciate is that this is a democracy in action. It's the reason that we have a House and a Senate and state houses for debate, for people to lay their ideas out, examine the data, and to disagree. It's all part of what we do here. The other system is called a dictatorship. We don't have to worry about decisions, we don't have to worry about debate, and we probably don't even have to worry about science in that kind of a system.

You spent a lot of time moving around. How would you stay connected to the landscape and develop a sense of place?

That's easy. Spend a lot of time in the woods and on the water. When I was getting ready for a controversial hearing, it was sort of like a Ph.D. prelim. You could pore through briefing books like you were studying for a final exam, or you could go out in the field and look at stuff. I always found it was more valuable for me to spend time talking with employees, with research scientists. Whether the issue was old growth, fire, or recreation, being able to relay the stories about what you saw, that you were actually there talking to local people,

was a much more effective way to communicate issues.

What kind of landscape-level questions do you see us needing to deal with?

The private lands where I grew up around the Chequamegon National Forest, they are virtually all posted. You've got to either belong to a hunting club or be a leaseholder. You just don't walk anywhere, any time on private land. We're forcing more and more people onto the public lands.

Can you elaborate a little on the importance of roadless areas?

From a business standpoint it's a no-brainer. You have 386,000 miles of road, your budget has declined to the point that you're maintaining only 20 percent of your roads to the environmental and safety standards for which they were designed, and you've got the landslide problems in the west and sedimentation into trout streams here. Would anybody build infrastructure while the infrastructure behind them was crumbling?

All of the timber sales that are proposed in roadless areas are very controversial and they're very expensive, so from a cost-benefit point of view, the unit cost is almost double in a roadless area. I don't know one industry CEO who would move forward with that level of controversy, with that level of expense, and with that kind of liability.

If you look at it from a biological view, our greatest diversity, our anchors for threatened and endangered and rare species, are in these areas, our greatest resistance to wildland fire is in these areas. The greatest resistance to one of the most vexing and significant problems of the next century—invasive and exotic species—is in these areas. The highest water quality—the list goes on and on of what the values of these areas are. It's not really a difficult decision. Then you bring it home to a place like Wisconsin, where 79 percent of the 1.5 million acres of the Chequamegon and Nicolet national forests are within a quarter of a mile of a road. You've got to ask yourself: Do we really need more? By and large the anglers, the hunters, the outdoor enthusiasts overwhelmingly want their large, unfragmented tracts of land kept that way.

When we talk about large environmental problems such as climate change, there often are conflict zones between public policy and the science. You've lived in this zone; how do you think we should bridge the gap?

We need to talk a lot more about values than we do. About why it's important to people. What is the spiritual value? Not just the economics of the situation, but the long-term benefits. We tend to focus on public debate in either the two-, four-, and six-year election cycles, and the bottom line currency in a democracy is the vote. But when you're taking a look at landscapes like forests, we're talking about decades and centuries. We've got the oldest trees in the world, the 3,000-year-old bristlecone pines of Joshua Tree, the redwoods and the sequoias.

With global climate change, we know a lot more than we give ourselves credit for. A single tree produces enough oxygen in a year for a family of four to breathe and sequesters anywhere from about 10 to maybe 30 or 40 pounds of carbon. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know that the more of these you have, the better they're going to function and the more oxygen is going to be produced and the more CO_2 will be extracted from the air.

We just need to step back and talk values, focus on education. Of the three or four natural resource problems that we have in the U.S. today, education is one of them. Education is getting more and more challenging because more and more people are growing up in large urban areas. Eighty percent of the people in the U.S. live in large metropolitan areas and big cities and towns. What opportunity are we giving these youngsters to connect to the land? You and I like to canoe and hike, but think of the hundreds of thousands of people who never really have that opportunity. And yet the water that they drink is just as dependent upon a healthy, functioning watershed and ecosystem.

Following the events of September 11 there was a surge of support for energy exploration in the Arctic National Wildlife Area and other places in the U.S. How do you think September 11 should inform our natural resource decisionmaking?

We shouldn't let things like this force us to make unwise natural resource decisions that have long-lasting impact. The land base of the Middle East is basically used up. Some of the unrest—which most people typically link to religious values—is also linked to this poverty. There isn't any topsoil. If you look at the wealth, it's oil based. It's not generated through agriculture or forestry. We need to protect

Writing the Book

Look for a new book on conservation by Mike Dombeck next fall. *From Conquest to Conservation: Our Public Land Legacy* (Island Press, co-authored with Christopher Wood and Jack Williams) is a review of the history of public land policy and changing social values and expectations over time, with a view toward the future.

"It's when we're not in good economic times that our conservation efforts are really going to pay off. Our quality of life is dependent on the quality of the land and the water."

our natural wealth. We're in exceedingly super economic times, or at least we were in the 1990s. It's when we're not in good economic times that our conservation efforts are really going to pay off. Our quality of life is dependent on the quality of the land and the water.

Anything else?

When all is said and done, I'm still optimistic that people want to do the right thing. If anything, in resource management we're spending too much time communicating in too complicated a manner. I was always amazed—particularly when I was at BLM [Bureau of Land Management], because of the arid landscapes that we managed, but even in the Forest Service—why more developers and real estate people aren't just hammering on our door, demanding better watershed management. On so much of the land that they are making a living off of, the limiting factor is water: Scottsdale, San Diego, Las Vegas. You can go around the country and see limits. I have yet to have one land developer say, "You ought to do a better job [on watershed management]."

What that tells me is that we, as resource managers, are spending way too much time talking to ourselves, and also too much time talking about narrow issues and a lot of details rather than the big picture.

Michael Dombeck is Pioneer Professor of Global Environmental Management at the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point and a UW System Fellow for Global Conservation. On the following pages he presents an overview of the quality of our waters and the challenges they face. Dombeck is a committee member of Waters of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Academy's statewide initiative on water use and conservation.

Erik Ness writes about environmental issues for a number of national publications.

DOMBECK'S TOP 10

Here are our biggest conservation challenges for this century, according to Mike Dombeck.

(He does not rank them in order of importance.)

The 1872 Mining Law is the most outdated natural resources law in the U.S. It allows the privatization of public land for $2.50 to $5.00 per acre (even for foreign or multinational mining companies) and allows companies to mine hard-rock minerals (gold, silver, etc.) on public land and pay no royalties. Congress needs to change this law.

Wildland fire. Today we are dealing with the cumulative effects of 100 years of fire suppression, especially in the arid West. It's not *if* there will be a forest fire, but when. Like wind and water, fire is one of nature's cleansing agents. The challenge is to put fire back on the land and do it in a way that doesn't harm people.

Exotic species are a problem that can be described as an explosion in slow motion. Exotics invade new habitats and take over, displacing many native species. Modern transportation is shipping millions of organisms from around the world to new places every day.

Land fragmentation and sprawl. An average of 8,700 acres per day of farmland, forests, and open space have been developed since 1992. That's double the rate of the decade of the 1980s. How much open space do we want to save for future generations?

Loss of old-growth forests. Virtually all of our old-growth forests in Wisconsin were cut by the end of the big timber era, and the largest portion of them in the U.S. have been cut. Doesn't it make sense to leave some of these majestic forest ecosystems intact for future generations?

Loss of biodiversity. We are losing native species of both plants and animals at an alarming rate as we develop the land. Undisturbed wildlands serve as a refuge and sometimes even the last stronghold for rare and endangered species.

Off-road vehicles. More people are going more places with off-road vehicles on public land than ever before. Many public land field managers feel managing off-road vehicle use is one of their top challenges. There is a place for off-road vehicles on the land, but like all uses, it must take place within the ecological limits of the land.

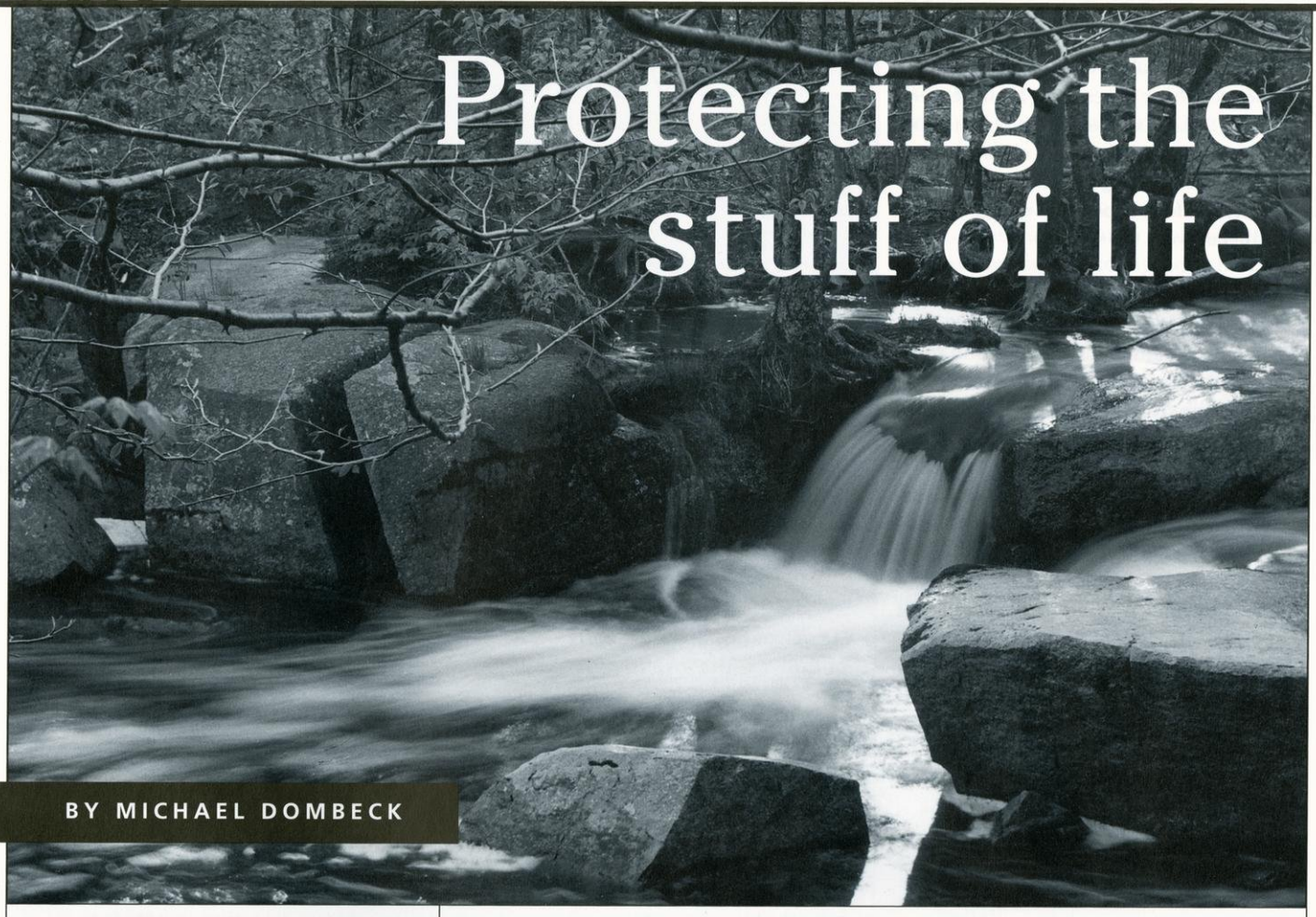
Private land conservation. Few areas offer more promise for conservation and watershed restoration than private lands. The 60 million acres of urban forests in the U.S. hold tremendous opportunity for increasing the number of trees, making our cities and towns more attractive and saving energy.

Water, I believe, will be the issue of the century. Within the next 25 years some two-thirds of the world population will be dealing with water shortages. Our activities on the land must take restoration of watershed function into account.

Education is the key to success in land conservation. All people must understand and appreciate what the land does for all of us.

Protecting the stuff of life

BY MICHAEL DOMBECK



Wisconsin's waters are beautiful, abundant—and threatened.

Photo of the Peshtigo River

ABOUT FOUR DECADES AGO we got our first real view of Earth from outer space. This powerful image demonstrated both the beauty and the limitations of our planet. From the blue oceans to the white clouds, water dominates planet Earth. Water is also necessary for life on Earth. Some 70 percent of our total body weight is comprised of water. We need clean, fresh water every day to stay healthy, and if we go without it for too long, we perish. Isn't it a travesty that on this water-rich planet, so many Americans perceive that they have to buy bottled water for it to be clean and pure enough to drink?

The California energy shortage made national headlines and caused some measure of discomfort and economic stress. Replace the word "energy" with "water" and you have a real crisis. Imagine the immensity of a water shortage and its impact on people in large urban areas. Even though our 21st-century economy and lifestyles depend on electricity, humans lived for thousands of years without it. However, neither humans nor many other organisms can live for long without adequate supplies of clean freshwater. The well-being and survival of every one of us and all future generations depends on water.

The world water shortage is not an obscure problem looming far off in the future. For many parts of the world, the water shortage is not new but has been a

problem for decades—and in some places, for centuries. Only very few societies can afford to buy bottled water as we in the United States do today. According to the World Bank,

- 1.3 billion people lack access to adequate supplies of clean water;
- 3 billion people lack sufficient water for sanitation; and
- 10,000 people die every day from diseases related to polluted water and poor sanitation.

Water problems are in the news but are not taken seriously in most quarters. Here are a few examples:

- *USA Today*, August 27, 2001, reported that in Montana, "Water levels have dropped to critically low levels in Chinook, where city officials are urging residents to cut back only to essential use."
- *Oregonian*, August 11, 2001, front-page headline: "Water, water everywhere isn't enough for two cities."
- *International Herald Tribune*, March 2001, stated that by the year 2025, two-thirds of the world population will be suffering from a water shortage.
- *Washington Post*, 1991, during the Gulf War, a source in Jordan was quoted as saying, "You think we have bad fights over oil? Just wait until we start fighting over water."

Here in North America, we like to think we are immune to water wars. After all, we have plenty of water, or so it seems. But large portions of the United States, including some of the fastest-growing regions, have limited or declining water supplies (examples: Las Vegas and Phoenix). Even places with abundant rainfall are not immune to water problems. In Florida, for example, saltwater is gradually replacing the fresh groundwater reservoir. On the shores of the fifth-largest body of freshwater in the world, officials of the Chicago metropolitan area list water supply as a top concern. Population is growing rapidly while the long-term pure freshwater supply is declining.

In California, water is the single most volatile statewide issue, specifically, how much water to divert from the north to the arid south. In the desert Southwest, battles are brewing over the waters of the Colorado River. The mighty Colorado is already being drained so badly that the once lush wetlands at the river's mouth at the Gulf of California are a sickly remnant of their former splendor. On the Great Plains and elsewhere, we are mining our aquifers. The Ogallala Aquifer, the country's largest, supplies an area stretching from South Dakota to Texas. Since the 1940s, the Ogallala Aquifer has dropped by more than 10 feet, and in parts of Texas it has dropped more than 100 feet. Aquifers can take thousands of years to recharge. We are using water much faster than it is being replenished. At the current unsustainable rate of consumption of the Ogallala Aquifer, it is only a matter of time before its wells go dry.

The question, then, is not if large-scale water shortages will occur in the United States—but when, where, and how bad they will be.

THE DWINDLING WORLD WATER SUPPLY

Astronomers sometimes refer to Earth as the water planet. The view from outer space shows that 70 percent of Earth's surface is covered by water. Upon closer examination we find that 97.5 percent of the water is in the oceans and is too salty to drink or irrigate most agricultural crops. The remaining 2.5 percent is freshwater, but 1.73 percent is frozen in the form of icecaps or glaciers, mostly in the Antarctic and Arctic regions. This leaves 0.77 percent as liquid freshwater present in the form of groundwater, in rivers and lakes, or water vapor in the atmosphere as clouds. Less than eight ten-thousandths of 1 percent is annually renewable and available for human uses.[1]

Freshwater is continuously cycled between Earth's atmosphere and surface. Precipitation either evaporates; runs off the surface quickly into surface waters; is taken up by plants, or more slowly percolates into the earth, replenishing surface waters and recharging aquifers; or in colder regions is locked up as ice and snow. Our natural freshwater supply is replenished continuously. But if this freshwater supply is to last over the long term it cannot be used faster than it is being replenished, which is the unfortunate reality today in most populated regions of the world.

Freshwater is continuously replenished, but the rates of renewal differ sharply. Renewal of water in the oceans, glaciers, largest lakes, and groundwater aquifers can take centuries. Water in rivers is renewed on average every 16 days, and water in the atmosphere is cycled about every eight days. When surface water supplies are contaminated and natural water cycles are disrupted, our usable freshwater supply is diminished.

Historically, most of our surface waters, the rivers and lakes, were clean enough to drink. They likely provided early humans with all the water needed. Because rivers flow downstream they also provided a convenient way to get rid of trash and waste. As populations grew and surface water became contaminated, humans began to tap underground water supplies and aquifers to get clean water and to avoid disease and waterborne epidemics. Contamination or depletion of the water supply is often cited as a probable cause of the decline of many major historic civilizations. Today at the dawn of the 21st century, we are well beyond the point of having contaminated our surface water supplies. Only a very few surface water supplies are clean enough to drink, and none of these are near large population centers where they are needed most. Contamination of groundwater is spreading rapidly. Excessive groundwater pumping and overappropriated rivers are serious problems that are not limited to arid regions of the world. Our world food supply, for example, is currently dependent on extensive irrigation and unsustainable water use.

North America has plentiful supplies of water compared to other parts of the world. Large portions of the United States and Canada receive more than 30 inches of precipitation annually. But the distribution of water does not match the need. Nearly 60 percent of the precipitation falls east of the Mississippi River, and large population centers of the West, such as Phoenix and Las Vegas, get fewer than five inches of rainfall annually. In the far West much of the precipitation falls in the winter and at high elevations where snow melt runs off quickly in the spring. Yet the need for irrigation of crops is in the summer and the need for domestic and industrial water use is year-round. In Los Angeles nearly 70 percent of the water that is used falls in the basin, but almost all of it quickly runs off to the ocean. To help

meet our domestic, agricultural, and industrial water needs we store and transport water over large distances, often at great economic and ecological cost. As we evaluate our water needs, simply focusing on amount gets only at part of the issue. We must focus on:

- How much?
- When?
- Where?
- Of what quality?
- For what purpose?
- At what ecological, economic, and social cost?

WATER AND THE DECLINE AND FALL OF CIVILIZATIONS

History is littered with accounts of extinct civilizations that abused the land. The bare rocky hills of Greece, Israel, and parts of Africa's great deserts were once covered with lush forests. These forests were cut down for fuel and cleared for farming. After generations of unsustainable use and abuse the vegetation is gone and the topsoil eroded. The land has lost its ability to hold soil and water. Water tables dropped, lakes and streams dried up, and deserts expanded. People could no longer survive on the land without technological support. Social and economic disruption followed, and great civilizations lost their prominence in the ancient world. Similar vicious cycles threaten many parts of the world today.

Early European settlers found the New World very desirable. Land east of the Mississippi had plentiful water, lush forests, and grasslands, with precipitation evenly distributed throughout the year. But as the frontier expanded to the West, settlers encountered the arid Great Basin and the southwestern deserts, where the landscape was much less hospitable. Government policies encouraged westward expansion and settlement, and not all these policies were successful or based on accurate information. Believing that trees would bring rainfall to arid land, Congress passed the Timber Culture Act in 1873. Citizens were given 160-acre parcels of land provided they planted 40 acres into trees spaced no further than 12 feet apart and kept them growing for 10 years. In 1874 and again in 1878 amendments were passed reducing the forestation requirement to 10 acres and to 6,750 trees, respectively.[2] Unfortunately, many citizens during the 1800s believed the West to be a vast garden land where eastern farming practices, which depended on adequate rainfall, could flourish. A series of wet years following the Civil War coupled with romanticized notions of the garden West led to a commonly held perception that "rain would follow the plough." Sadly, the net effect of these policies was to lead land-hungry settlers into an impossible task, where they inevitably experienced hardship and failure. The lesson learned during the drought of the 1930s was that without good conservation practices, not rain but erosion, declining soil productivity, and the Dust Bowl followed the plough.

During the same period another tragedy was unfolding east of the Mississippi River. Forests had been cleared by settlers for fuel and agriculture or by timber companies for railroad ties and lumber. The nation's prime hardwood forests of the Appalachians and the great white pine forests of the Northeast and Midwest had been clear-cut with no effort to reforest cutover lands. Forest fires were often intentionally set on these lands to eliminate slash. Many of these fires quickly burned out of control, some taking human lives and destroying thousands of acres of forest and all vegetation along with valuable topsoil. When rains came, the result was serious soil erosion and flooding. The 1871 Peshtigo Fire in northeastern Wisconsin remains the most devastating forest fire in history, killing some 1,500 people and burning 1.28 million acres. The Peshtigo Fire was raging on the same day as the infamous Chicago Fire. Other fires in Michigan burned another 2.5 million acres that same year. With both vegetation destroyed and topsoil either turned to ashes or washed away, the once majestic forests were decimated. The land had lost its resilience to temper floods or dampen drought. Watershed function was lost on millions of acres of land, and it would take decades if not centuries to restore the landscape. By 1900, 80 million acres of charred and decimated stump lands remained east of the Mississippi.[3]

Early settlers used the land as they wished, generally with little knowledge or concern for the health of natural resources. Rivers and streams were dredged for gold and other precious metals. The waters of many western rivers were diverted from their channels for irrigation or to canals for barge traffic, leaving previously perennial streams dry during critical times of the year. Rivers were dammed and waters were impounded for various purposes. Diversions dramatically altered riparian function, provided barriers to fish passage,

Besides killing people, the Peshtigo Fire destroyed the forest and its creatures.

Photo from the Wisconsin Historical Society, WHi (X3) 52189

and changed natural river dynamics. Soil erosion and watershed degradation impacted millions of acres.

RECONNECTING OUR LANDS AND WATERS

After the Civil War, the first conservation movement slowly began to emerge. A milestone was marked by the publication of *Man and Nature* by George Perkins Marsh in 1864. This book influenced the thinking of many early conservationists from Theodore Roosevelt to Aldo Leopold. Wisconsin resident Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior from 1877 to 1881, became the first presidential Cabinet member with an active interest in the conservation of natural resources. He advocated the creation of forest reserves and a federal forest service. In 1891 the Forest Reserve Act was passed authorizing the president of the United States to set aside forest reserves from the public domain. A few years later the Forest Management Act or Organic Act of 1897 was passed. This landmark legislation was based on a report by a National Forestry Committee of the National Academy of Sciences. The Organic Act specified that the Forest Reserves were "to improve and protect the forest, or for the purpose of securing favorable conditions of water flows, and to furnish a continuous supply of timber for the use and necessities of citizens of the United States."

These laws applied mostly to the western United States, where unsettled public-domain lands remained. Virtually all land east of the Mississippi was already in private ownership. The passage of the Weeks Act of 1911 authorized the government to purchase depleted farmsteads, cutover stump lands, and burned-over woodlands for the purpose of "conserving the forests and the water supply." From 1911 to 1945, 24 million acres were added to the National Forests east of the Great Plains, including the 1.5-million-acre Chequamegon and Nicolet national forests here in Wisconsin. In contrast to today's politics, it is interesting to note that it was a Republican president, Theodore Roosevelt, whose conservation achievements go unmatched by any president since. The approach was truly conservative. Conservation is about being conservative in how we treat the land, always erring on the side of land health.

One of the greatest conservation achievements of the last century is the reforestation of millions of acres of the former great forests east of the Mississippi, even though they are a far cry from their historic majesty and diversity. Today we have more acres of forest in the eastern United States than in 1900. Here in Wisconsin there are more acres of forest today than when the first forest inventory was taken in 1936. The real achievement was the beginning of the restoration of basic watershed function, rebuilding topsoil and reforesting the clear-cut, burned-over, and devastated landscape. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said for our agricultural lands, where maximizing crop production generally has taken precedence over other values. Urban sprawl places the economic value and short-term profit well ahead of the long-term health of the land and clean water. The bottom line: our society is simply abusing too much land.

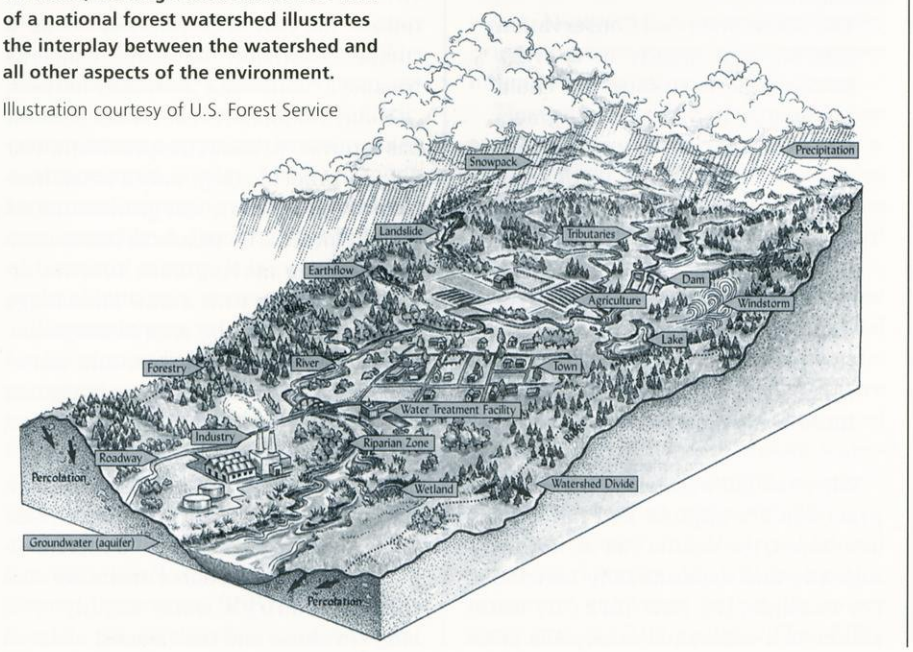
KEEPING OUR WATERSHEDS HEALTHY

A watershed is all the land drained by a single river system. Small watersheds drained by a single small stream are nested in a larger watershed. We all live in a watershed, yet a recent Roper poll found that only two out of five people could guess what a watershed is. One in 10 think it is a shed at a water treatment plant (where bottled water is stored) and one in 20 think it is a pollution event. The Wisconsin River watershed is the largest in the state and is part of the Mississippi River watershed, which is the largest in the country. In the simplest terms, watershed function refers to the interaction of soil, water, vegetation, and animals. An objective of land use should be to keep water on the land longer so that it has time to percolate into the soil, where it is filtered as it moves down to replenish groundwater tables and recharge aquifers. Plants and their root systems bind the topsoil, reducing erosion. The layers of decaying vegetation litter and rich organic soil act as a porous sponge, absorbing the rainfall. The slower runoff moderates the effects of extreme weather events.

Today we have better scientific understanding of watershed processes than at any time in history. Our land-use practices have improved tremendously over the past century. But much of that science is not broadly applied. Additionally, we err in thinking that technological solutions can solve all of our problems or improve upon natural processes. Bell and Overton of the International Biome Program in 1972 said: "Humans are faced with an environmental predicament which can be stated as follows: Humankind's ability to modify the environment will increase faster than their

In nature, nothing stands alone. This view of a national forest watershed illustrates the interplay between the watershed and all other aspects of the environment.

Illustration courtesy of U.S. Forest Service



ability to foresee the effects of their activities ... If it is impossible to eliminate catastrophic outcomes by anticipating them, then it is necessary to adopt a strategy which will eliminate such outcomes without the requirements of anticipation." Aldo Leopold understood this need more than a half-

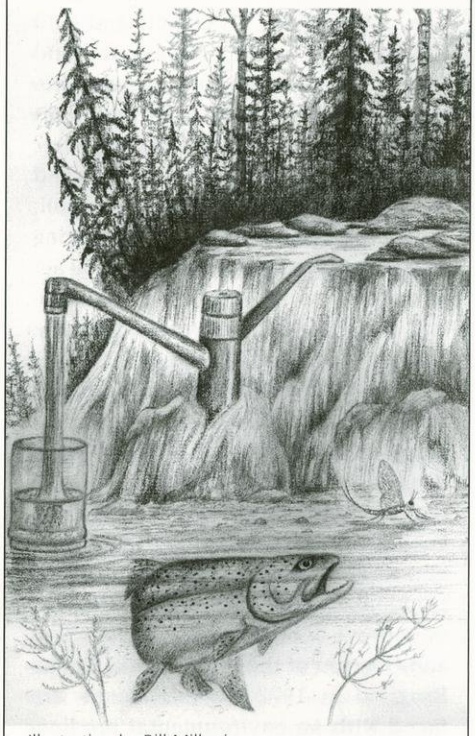


Illustration by Bill Millonig

century ago, when in *A Sand County Almanac* he described our "man over nature" approach to land use and management:

> The Green River Soil Conservation District sign stands in a creek bottom pasture so short you could play golf on it. Nearby is the graceful loop of an old dry creek bed. The new creek bed is ditched straight as a ruler, it has been "uncurled" by the county engineer to hurry runoff. On the hill in the background are contoured strip crops, they have been "curled" by the erosion engineer to retard runoff. The water must be so confused by so much advice.

Where sound watershed management practices are applied and judiciously monitored, the results can be both ecologically and economically beneficial. For example, the New York City water source is a watershed nearly 150 miles away in the Catskill Mountains. This watershed provides 1.3 billion gallons of what has been known for more than a century as the "champagne of tap water" every day to nine million people. The cost of building a water filtration system to handle that volume of water would be over $8 billion, plus an operation and maintenance budget of nearly $2 billion each year. When I see so many people buying bottled water, I am concerned that we are acclimating our children not to expect clean, pure water from our faucets.

FROM FOREST TO FAUCET

The first major laws concerning forest management passed by Congress and signed by the president about a century ago clearly placed a priority on water and watershed management. As we moved into World War II and the post-war housing boom we also moved into our second great timber harvest era, with increasing demand for timber from the National Forests. From the early 1940s to the 1980s timber from the National Forests increased from less than 3 billion board feet to more than 12 billion each year. (A board foot is a 12-inch-square piece of lumber one inch thick. It takes about 15,000 board feet of lumber to build today's average three-bedroom home.) By the 1940s much of the privately owned timber had been harvested, and the remaining old-growth timber was on federal land. In practice, during this era virtually anything that got in the way of timber harvest was referred to as a "timber constraint." Watershed concerns became a "constraint" to timber harvest.

Today National Forest timber harvest has returned to about the pre–World War II level. Unfortunately, only a small fraction of our majestic old-growth forests remain intact. The trends in forest management are moving back to a watershed approach with a new knowledge and emphasis on the entire ecosystem. This is good news for water and watershed health, but we must remain vigilant to be sure the trend continues and accelerates.

In nature there is a direct connection between the forest and the faucet. Our challenge is to build human understanding into that connection. Forests are vital to this country's water supply. The largest volume and the cleanest water in the United States flows off our forested landscapes. Forests cover one-third of the continental United States but supply two-thirds of the runoff. The 192 million acres of National Forests make up 8 percent of the country's land base but supply 14 percent of the runoff. The National Forests contain 3,400 municipal watersheds that directly provide drinking water to some 60 million Americans. A very conservative estimate places the marginal economic value of this water at $3.7 billion annually.[4]

Water is perhaps the most undervalued and underappreciated forest product. Watershed health and restoration should be the overriding priority for forest management. We can leave no greater gift to our children than to leave the watersheds entrusted to our care healthier, more diverse, and more productive.

Michael Dombeck was chief of the U.S. Forest Service from 1997 to 2001. He recently returned home to Wisconsin, where he serves at the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point as Pioneer Professor of Global Environmental Management and UW System Fellow for Global Conservation. As chief of the U.S. Forest Service, he made water and watershed health and restoration a top forest management priority.

The author thanks Jim Sedell for his assistance, and Chris Wood, Vic Phillips and Steve Menzel for their critical reviews of this manuscript.

Notes

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Focus on Water

Two new centers at UW–Stevens Point seek to ensure our waters' sustainability.

BY VICTOR D. PHILLIPS, Dean, College of Natural Resources, UW–Stevens Point
RANDY CHAMPEAU, Associate Dean, Outreach and Extension
MICHAEL DOMBECK, Pioneer Professor of Global Environmental Management
WES HALVERSON, Watersheds Center Coordinator

Water resource stewardship to ensure freshwater quality and supply in perpetuity is a critical need shared by people locally and globally. Wisconsin has a strong leadership heritage in natural resource conservation and management, including water resources. The challenge of safeguarding water resources to benefit the health of the land and people is great, and collaborative, coordinated efforts by many groups, organizations, agencies, industries, and universities are needed. The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is helping facilitate a proactive spirit of cooperation through its "Waters of Wisconsin" program. [See more in Editor's Notes, page 3.]

In this paper we introduce what the College of Natural Resources (CNR) at the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point (UWSP) has to contribute toward capacity building for watersheds education and management in Wisconsin and abroad. We describe two new programmatic centers on our campus, based on longstanding strengths, which complement excellent water-related programs elsewhere in the state. Our new Watersheds Center and the GEM Education Center watersheds program focus on undergraduate and outreach education as well as international experiential learning to add to and extend efforts by other institutions and organizations conducting watersheds research, technical assistance, and policy development.

WATERSHEDS CENTER

In the summer of 2001, the Watersheds Center was established to coordinate interrelated units and programs within the UWSP College of Natural Resources and to facilitate collaborative work and education with external partners. The mission is to partner with citizens and communities throughout Wisconsin in the collection, analysis, and dissemination of watershed-based information to ensure the enduring health and maintenance of our water resources.

Wisconsin is a water-rich state. Our lakes, rivers, streams, and groundwater are the primary fuel for our state's economy. Business profitability, agriculture, forestry production, and citizen quality of life are all directly tied to our state's water resources. Because of its paramount importance, we need to make wise investments in managing both the quantity and quality of this precious resource. Management by watershed is considered the most comprehensive, efficient, and effective approach to managing water resources.

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (USEPA) is encouraging the watershed management approach by states because it is proving to produce better environmental results and is more efficient relative to time and money. Wisconsin is pursuing a watershed management approach because it is a holistic, comprehensive approach to maintaining environmental quality. Although monitoring and managing entire watersheds may seem like a daunting task in terms of time and money, it is proving to be preferable to past approaches.

Wisconsin was recognized nationally for its pioneering efforts in watershed management when it created the Wisconsin Priority Watershed Management Program. Wisconsin established a goal of developing and implementing management plans that would accommodate all the 330 watersheds in the state. Recently, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources (DNR) formally reinforced the watershed management approach by reorganizing its water programs around geographic management units that are defined by river basins or watersheds. Also, the University of Wisconsin Cooperative Extension Service (UWEX) has invested in a watersheds approach by working together with the Wisconsin DNR to hire basin educators to facilitate relevant educational programs within the watersheds. These are commendable, innovative steps that, along with the work of the Watersheds Center and others, contribute significantly to additional capacity-building efforts needed to foster watershed education and management approaches.

Yet, despite the importance of these issues to the state's economic future, few people understand the connectedness of watershed systems. Impacts of human activity on water quantity and quality must be better understood by Wisconsin citizens to better inform and enhance decisionmaking concerning water. At present, no educational entity brings together water-related programs into a coordinated watersheds focus.

The need for significant collaboration among relevant researchers and educators from different state agencies seems imperative if we hope to maximize the efficiency of state efforts directed toward a watersheds management program.

Collaboration, being one of the best approaches to sustaining environmental quality, should not be left to chance. Effective, well-planned collaborative partnerships increase the sharing of resources and facilities to provide watersheds education, networking, research, community service, and outreach.

Issues concerning the quality and quantity of freshwater will be a major economic challenge nationally as we move into the 21st century. The ability

of Wisconsin agriculture and business to expand and grow, or perhaps even operate, may be directly impacted by policies affecting water. People will form opinions concerning the propriety of many business practices based on their perceived opinions concerning how those practices will affect water quality. Recent disputes over the proposed siting of a Perrier bottling plant as well as the governor's efforts to support research to improve agricultural waste and nutrient management are indicative of the statewide policy discussions that will be ongoing.

GEM EDUCATION CENTER WATERSHEDS PROGRAM

Last summer, the USEPA awarded an enabling grant to the college's Global Environmental Management (GEM) Education Center for the GEM watersheds program. The goal is to provide training and outreach education for safeguarding the quality of surface and groundwater resources by developing, field-testing, and assessing a capacity-building model for cooperative international watersheds studies and education. The grant funds enabled us to hire core staff. Michael Dombeck, former USDA Forest Service chief, came on board as GEM Pioneer Professor and UW System Fellow for Global Conservation; and Wes Halverson, an experienced watersheds educator, joined us to coordinate efforts within the Watersheds Center and serve as the GEM Education Center watersheds program manager on the USEPA grant.

For the UWSP College of Natural Resources, the GEM Education Center is a unifying concept, program and planned facility serving as an international model for training natural resource leaders for success in the 21st century. A 10-year, $70 million development plan, including $20 million for programming and staffing and $50 million for a world-class facility, is in progress. The initial GEM program thrusts are smart growth land use planning and watersheds education and management. The GEM Education Center watersheds program features study of, and learning opportunities associated with, selected watershed demonstration sites locally, regionally, and abroad. It is interested in holistic, integrated, interdisciplinary approaches to watershed-scale questions.

Selected pairs of "showcase" watersheds to be identified in Wisconsin and overseas using criteria that will be developed in concert with USEPA and collaborators abroad will offer unique monitoring, assessment, management, and practical as well as international training experiences for students and stakeholders. Working together with local citizens, natural resource management agencies, nongovernmental organizations, and private industry within specific watersheds offers tremendous learning experiences in planning and achieving mutually developed and often multifaceted goals.

Funds will be used to develop the watersheds program with stakeholder and local citizen input, to plan demonstration site infrastructure and projects with collaborative partners, and to build human resource capacity in watersheds and environmental management for students and working professionals. Benefits and outcomes will include holistic knowledge-based products developed from monitoring and assessment studies locally and abroad for implementing sound watershed management plans and land use practices; human resource development for meeting increased staffing needs of natural resource agencies, organizations, and businesses for integrating biophysical and socioeconomic components of watersheds; and increased capacity for building cooperative partnerships and team approaches to watershed management and conservation for sustainable development.

Examples of readily available educational materials developed and offered by CNR are listed below (and relevant websites may be found under www.uwsp.edu/cnr). Watersheds education is a longstanding strength of the college, and these watersheds program elements are featured in the Watersheds Center within the CNR at UWSP. Other watersheds curricular and informational materials available from state and federal agencies and other partners may be utilized as well.

CNR Academic Programs related to integrated watersheds management:

- Water Resources
- Other cross-disciplinary programs: Forestry, Soils and Waste Resources, Wildlife, Human Dimensions of Natural Resource Management, as well as CNR core course curriculum

CNR watersheds units offering Outreach/Extension Programs:

- Central Wisconsin Groundwater Center
- Environmental Task Force
- Wisconsin Lakes Partnership Program

CNR research units working on watersheds assessment and applications:

- Aquatic Entomology Laboratory
- Aquatic Toxicology Laboratory
- Environmental Task Force
- USGS Cooperative Fishery Unit

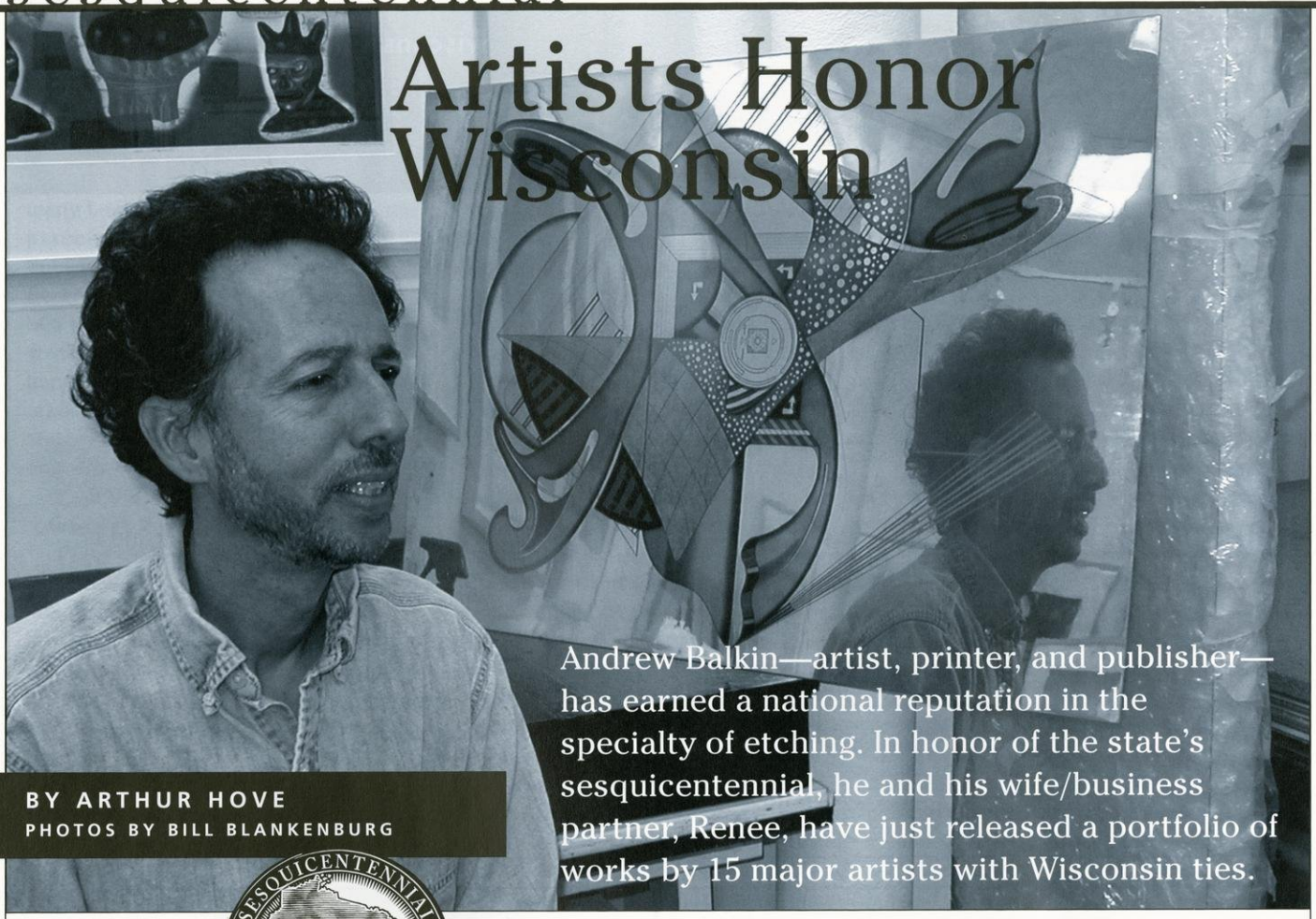
The products of the GEM Education Center Watersheds Program via the USEPA grant will be, first, a capacity-building model addressing training and outreach education for safeguarding the quality of surface and groundwater resources, disseminating an integrated watersheds curriculum, and addressing future educational needs and plans to achieve and sustain healthy watersheds.

Second will be an international watersheds conference hosted or co-sponsored by the GEM Education Center. Prominent in the program will be sharing results and evaluating the success of the GEM Education Center watersheds program capacity-building model by participating GEM staff and collaborators.

SUMMARY

The UWSP Watersheds Center and the GEM Education Center Watersheds Program contribute to a growing team of partner agencies, organizations, businesses, and citizen groups working together in the best interests of the waters, lands, and people of Wisconsin. Our focused strength in undergraduate and outreach education as well as international experiential learning will complement the attributes and assets of partners to embrace and resolve water resource challenges here and abroad. We look forward to building a sustainable future.

Artists Honor Wisconsin



Andrew Balkin—artist, printer, and publisher—has earned a national reputation in the specialty of etching. In honor of the state's sesquicentennial, he and his wife/business partner, Renee, have just released a portfolio of works by 15 major artists with Wisconsin ties.

BY ARTHUR HOVE
PHOTOS BY BILL BLANKENBURG

Artist/printer/ publisher Andrew G. Balkin with *Alistra,* his own sesquicentennial print, in progress.

THE AGB GRAPHICS WORKSHOP IS MARKED by only a modest sign on a nondescript building on Park Street, a thoroughfare on Madison's South Side. The dwelling is humble, but great art is made inside. There Andrew G. Balkin, artist and master printer, oversees the production of prints created by acclaimed artists and printmakers.

It is the site of a steady and intensive bustle of activity. At various times you can see people wiping ink on the face of metal plates, spritzing a sheet of paper with a water bottle to dampen it for the press, or turning the handle of a press as plate and paper meet to transfer an image. Often, you can see internationally known artists looking over proofs or signing sheets in an edition of prints.

Recognized as an inspired and meticulous craftsman, Balkin works in intaglio, a technique that features drawing with sharp tools or etching with acid on copper plates to achieve an array of printed images. Balkin sees himself as a contemporary proponent of this time-honored technique, which dates back to the Middle Ages in Europe. "I'm completely dedicated to working in the traditions of Old World craftsmanship," he says. "I have a passion for plate work. To me, the plate is really a sculpture, and I enjoy the tactile work that goes into making the image."

Andrew Stevens, curator of prints and drawings at the Elvehjem Museum of Art at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, reinforces the skill that is evident in the application of the process. Quoted in a 1998 issue of the Madison alternative weekly *Isthmus*, Stevens said: "To say that Andy Balkin is a magician with an intaglio plate doesn't do him justice ...

The magic here is his amazing knowledge of the plates, inks and papers, backed up by his long practice and acute attention to detail."

Another key element in the equation is the rapport established between the master printer and the artist, who may not be familiar with the nuances of etching. Together, they make images on copper that become works on paper. It is a crucial collaboration, and Balkin carefully prepares for it. "I begin by acquiring a knowledge of their work, by developing a sensitivity to what they want to achieve. This naturally involves a lot of give and take of ideas. It's a case of getting to know an artist's sensibility, particularly when you're working together for the first time. Each artist has to go on faith that the printer has an understanding of what the medium will do and has an ability to bring the artist's ideas to life."

That creative dialogue is stunningly apparent in the prints that comprise the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio. The project has been the primary focus of Balkin's shop over the past three years. It features a suite of etchings by 15 artists with Wisconsin ties. With their work they make distinctive statements about the nature of the Wisconsin experience in conjunction with the 1998 observance of the state's 150th anniversary. It is a vibrant compendium of images that reflect the diversity found in the state's history. In addition, the etchings offer an amazing variety of artistic approaches ranging from precisely rendered realism to examples of satire, impressionism, expressionism, and images that use familiar aspects of the Wisconsin landscape and lore as their major focus. Of the 125 portfolios produced, all but a handful were sold as of press time. Each print is signed and numbered by the artist and bears the mark of the state's sesquicentennial.

The portfolio is a by-product of both a chance encounter and careful planning. The initial eureka moment came when an avid print collector attended a 1996 print fair at the Milwaukee Art Museum and saw a display of the work produced at Andrew Balkin Editions. The collector, David Prosser, was particularly interested in prints featuring Wisconsin subjects and those by Wisconsin artists. He also happened to be well positioned as speaker of the Wisconsin Assembly and a member of the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Commission, the organization responsible for planning a myriad of events and activities commemorating the 150th anniversary of Wisconsin's admission to the Union. Inspired by his initial discovery of the range and depth of Balkin's work, he had an inspiration. Why not create a set of prints to capture the distinctive qualities of the state to include as a highly visible tribute to the state's sesquicentennial? From his newly formed perspective, he concluded that Balkin had the potential to realize such an idea.

Although Balkin and his wife, Renee, who handles administration and marketing, were somewhat hesitant at first, Prosser convinced them that creating such a portfolio was indeed possible and that they were the logical ones to do it. After that, the momentum began to build. Others voiced their enthusiasm for the project—such individuals as Dean Amhaus, former head of the Wisconsin Arts Board and executive director of the Sesquicentennial Commission; James Auer, art critic for the *Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*; and Toni Sikes, head of guild.com, a Wisconsin-based online art marketing firm.

The portfolio seemed a natural—a tangible way to capture the character of the state and at the same time show the diversity that could be achieved when 15 artists were given the opportunity to work on a common theme, utilizing the same basic medium. Individual and corporate collectors, many from Wisconsin, responded enthusiastically and provided an initial surge in sales. They were joined by art museums and libraries who saw both the artistic and the educational value of the project.

Professional assistance for the project came from writer John Anderson and designer Dana Lytle, who created promotional material to market the portfolio. The material was printed at American Printing Company. The Balkins, scheduled by volunteer Pat Blankenburg, traveled throughout the state to present a photo essay on etching and platemaking and show progress on the portfolio.

The sesquicentennial project reached its culmination last November, when Andrew and Renee Balkin proudly presented a copy of the portfolio to Governor Scott McCallum. For the Balkins, it was the culmination of artistic and professional accomplishment in a story that had been unfolding over two decades.

Its origin goes back to that unassuming building that has been their creative haven since Andrew Balkin made a key decision. In 1978, with a freshly earned MFA degree from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, he looked around at the job prospects. Teaching, while appealing, did not seem a viable option at the time. With the encouragement of his university professors, particularly Warrington Colescott (who is included in the sesquicentennial portfolio), he began making a series of prints that were favorably received by galleries in New York. He subsequently rented the building on Park Street and set up his workshop to make his own prints. He also printed the works of other professionals, taught classes in etching to prospective artists, and rented out his studio facilities to local artists who worked in intaglio but did not own a press.

Gradually Balkin felt the need to expand his professional development. After an exchange of ideas with artist John Gruenwald in Milwaukee, the solution appeared to lie in publishing, the creation of a portfolio of etchings that could be sold in a group rather than as individual prints. This led to the establishment of a publications entity that ultimately became Andrew Balkin Editions.

"Throughout my career as both an artist and a printer, I've never made any artistic compromises. I've stuck with classical techniques. And I believe in total quality in the production."

The first portfolio created under the new structure, *AGB 1 + 10*, was a testimonial to both nerve and confidence. The nerve involved Andrew Balkin convincing a number of established artists to join him in a venture that was speculative by its very nature. The confidence reflected a high level of assurance that he had the technical and aesthetic skills to collaborate with artists to create prints that would satisfy the individual artists as well as attract individual collectors and art institutions. The finished product reflected the initial vision. Writing in the portfolio catalog, Chicago-based art historian and critic Dennis Adrian noted, "The artists are of diverse stylistic persuasions and points of view but each, working with the publisher, master printer/artist Andrew Balkin, has achieved an image of remarkable artistic quality and graphic complexity ... Each participant's plate is complex, both forceful and intricate in the vision it presents and the means with which it is realized."

The response to *AGB 1 + 10* was so promising that it generated the enthusiasm to produce a second portfolio, *AGB Encore*. The portfolio is made up of prints from 11 different artists (including Balkin himself) who represent a variety of styles and artistic visions. While the first portfolio was printed in monochrome, the second introduced color to the prints. This meant additional technical concerns, in terms of both the actual printing and working with each artist to achieve the effect they perceived to be essential in realizing their artistic vision. Many of the prints required a number of separate color plates to achieve the results envisioned by the artists. The experience gained on this project provided a broader base for launching the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio. The completion of the project and its enthusiastic reception gave the Balkins a moment to savor their achievement, but it is hardly the end of a continually evolving story.

In his mid-50s, Andrew Balkin feels he is now achieving a level of maturity and experience that makes him a better artist and printer. "Throughout my career as both an artist and a printer, I've never made any artistic compromises. I've stuck with classical techniques. And I believe in total quality in the production—from selecting the best materials to the craftsmanship that's necessary to achieve the best possible work."

Anticipating another encore, Renee Balkin foresees the creation of additional portfolios of prints by noted artists. "That's what we're good at," she says. Andrew enthusiastically endorses the idea.

"Why stop?" he asks rhetorically. "I just want to keep going. It's the mark making that's so exciting."

What is an etching?

Etchings are images created on copper plates using acid to bite or incise lines below the surface of a plate that will eventually hold etching ink. To make a simple etching, lines are drawn with a needle onto a metal plate (usually copper) through an acid-resistant substance called a hard or soft ground. The plate is then immersed in an acid bath that causes the exposed copper to be "etched" or "bitten," leaving fine lines below the surface of the plate. When these lines are deep enough they will hold ink, once the ground is removed. These ink-filled lines, when printed, leave raised lines on the surface of the paper and a plate embossment on the paper.

Andrew and Renee Balkin in their studio.

Arthur Hove, special assistant emeritus at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, served as assistant to the chancellor and director of public information from 1970 to 1989. From 1989 until his retirement in 1996 he was special assistant to the provost. He also taught courses in the School of Business, the School of Journalism and Mass Communication, and the Department of Art. He holds the Distinguished Alumnus Award presented by the Wisconsin Alumni Association and is the author of ***The University of Wisconsin: A Pictorial History*** *(1991) and coauthor, with Warrington Colescott, of* ***Progressive Printmakers: Wisconsin Artists and the Print Renaissance*** *(1999).*

Visit the Balkins

Andrew and Renee Balkin welcome visitors to their studio at:
1021 South Park Street
Madison, WI 53715
Tel. 608/251-7277
Open Monday through Friday; weekends by appointment.

15 ARTISTS 150 YEARS

WITH COMMENTS BY ANDREW AND RENEE BALKIN

The Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio

Andrew Balkin
Nancy Ekholm Burkert
Warrington Colescott
Michelle Grabner
Susan Hunt-Wulkowicz
Martin Levine
Munio Makuuchi
Frances Myers
Bruce Nauman
Gladys Nilsson
Ed Paschke
Fred Stonehouse
Tom Uttech
John Wilde
William Wiley

Alistra
Image size: 22½" x 30" Paper size: 22" x 30" Four plates

Lords of Lake Horseshoe
Image size: 22¼" x 16½" Paper size: 22" x 30"
Four plates

ANDREW G. BALKIN

(b. Niagara Falls, New York, 1947)

Alistra

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Soft-ground Aquatint,
Lift-ground, Select hand coloring by the artist
Sommerset Radiant White

Andrew Balkin's imagery emerges to reflect an ongoing dialectic, stepping out from the traditions of non-objective art as influenced by such artists as Kandinsky, Malevich, and Mondrian, and from Balkin's in-depth studies in late 19th- and early 20th-century philosophies. Gene Baro, the late curator of the Brooklyn Museum, wrote that "Balkin's imagery often depends upon the close interaction of abstract elements and forms that depict or allude to real objects. The tensions created can seem physical, the image aggressive and dynamic despite a harmonious deposition of apparently neutral forms."

In *Alistra,* there is a tension implicit in the centered forms that project an energy at variance with the forms that seem to float and hover in an ambiguous space. Notes Balkin, "I rely on the active response of the observer, as a functioning poet performing a process that gives the art content form. The art I create is the bridge, the mediation between the intellectual and the physical, between the organic and the inorganic."

NANCY EKHOLM BURKERT

(b. Sterling, Colorado, 1933)

Lords of Lake Horseshoe

2001, Etching: Aquatint, Dry-point,
Select hand coloring by the artist
Hahnemuhle Off White

Nancy Ekholm Burkert enjoys an international reputation as an illustrator of children's books. Her work appears in such classics as *James and the Giant Peach* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, a Caldecott Honor Book. Michael Danoff praised her "exquisite detail, precision, and delicacy," mirroring the "craftsmanship and discipline of a classically trained Renaissance artist."

In *Lords of Lake Horseshoe*, Burkert pictures a young boy contemplating his surroundings in the serene setting of a northern Wisconsin lake. The child reigns supreme in his own world far removed from contemporary strife. The print's simplicity of composition and purity of line and color are reminiscent of 19th-century Japanese woodblocks. After her print was editioned, Burkert returned to Madison to hand-color the child's cheeks, providing additional evidence of her loving attention to detail.

WARRINGTON COLESCOTT

(b. Oakland, California, 1921)

Sunday Service

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Soft-ground Spite-bite Aquatint, Hahnemuhle Bright White

Warrington Colescott is Wisconsin's ambassador of satire with the attendant authority to expose the world. In *Sunday Service*, Colescott turns his searchlight on the home team and fans' antics. His print portrays an explosive collision between the Green Bay Packers and the Chicago Bears as well as the ritual sports of tailgaters before and after the game. The result is a riot both on and off the field.

For Colescott, making fun is serious business and fine art. A distinguished professor and master printmaker, Colescott has broadened the scope of multiple plate intaglio printmaking. "I draw with needle and burnisher, carving lines through the waxy resist that covers the plate and then the purity of the copper is open to caustic attack," he writes mischievously. His "caustic attacks" have produced a huge body of work and a secure place in American art.

Sunday Service
Image size: 22¼" x 30¾" Paper size: 22" x 30" Three plates

MICHELLE GRABNER

(b. Oshkosh, Wisconsin, 1962)

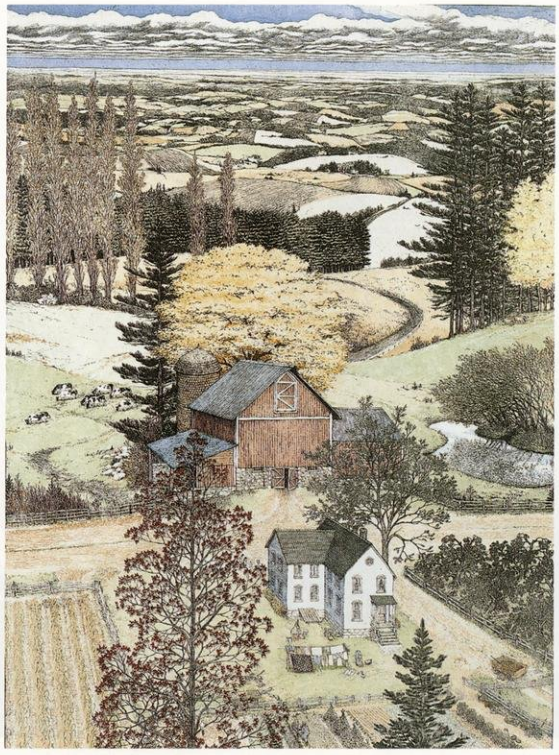
Tigerton Show

2001, Etching: Photo-etching, Soft-ground Aquatint, Sommerset Radiant White

Although Michelle Grabner, a teacher at both the University of Wisconsin–Madison and the Art Institute of Chicago, does most of her art at home in a domestic setting, she sees her work as "a momentary stay against the confusion in a busy day." Often the home is where Grabner finds her inspiration, the patterns associated with domestic articles and products. She is interested, she says, in "making special those things we perhaps don't see, or which are overlooked in a domestic or institutional setting."

In *Tigerton Show*, Grabner transforms a window screen into the basis for a mesmerizing, ethereal vision—a vision that changes subtlety in the shifting light.

Tigerton Show
Image size: 22¼" x 29½" Paper size: 22" x 30" Three plates



An Early Autumn
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30" Six plates

SUSAN HUNT-WULKOWICZ

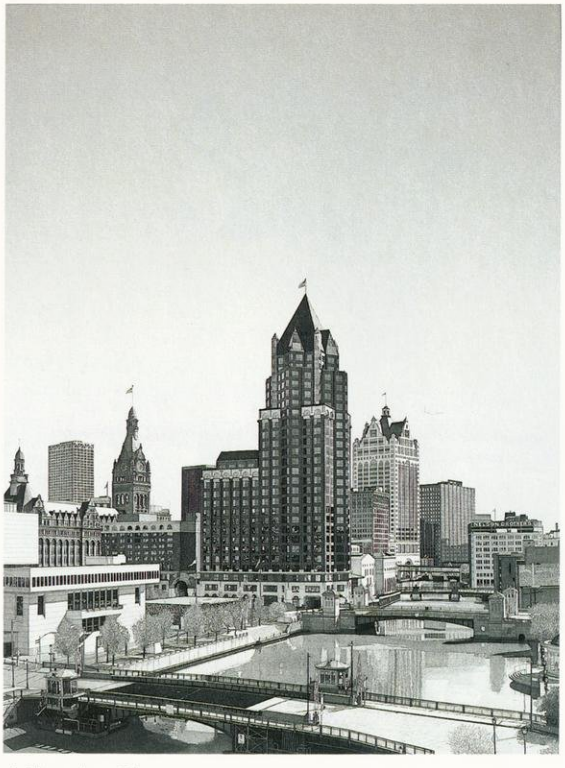
(b. Biloxi, Mississippi, 1944)

An Early Autumn

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Aquatint, and Select hand coloring by the artist
Sommerset Textured Soft White

Susan Hunt-Wulkowicz's art creates an imaginary sanctuary. She says art "has always been imaginary, as I escaped the city by creating places I'd rather be. These works become increasingly detailed to bring the fantasy closer to reality." Through her artwork, Hunt-Wulkowicz shares her sense of community and the beauty of the changing seasons. A rich tapestry emerges from the complex and varied threads of nature's colors and pastoral life in a journey of observation.

Hunt-Wulkowicz spent her early years in Chicago, where she first started creating fine art prints. In 1980, she and husband Dennis McWilliams founded the Chicago Center for the Print. By 1989, they had moved from urban Chicago to rural Wisconsin near Janesville. In *An Early Autumn*, Hunt-Wulkowicz continues her tradition of incorporating minute writing, names, and scriptures that are scattered through the print like the people and wildlife, making them a continual source of discovery.



Milwaukee River
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30" Two plates

MARTIN LEVINE

(b. New York, New York, 1945)

Milwaukee River

2001, Etching; Hard-ground, Aquatint, Roll-up
Hahnemuhle Bright White

Urban architecture continues to be the primary inspiration for Martin Levine's drawings, etchings, and lithographs. This preoccupation with the city has developed from Levine's conviction that "architecture is and remains mankind's greatest achievement when one considers man's humble beginnings. Skyscrapers are true monuments of the 20th and 21st centuries." Concentrating on major American cities, Levine intentionally eliminates people from his work so that the viewer becomes the principal figure in each image. He places every object near and far in perfect focus, permitting the viewer to observe details that escape notice in everyday life.

Internationally recognized for his cityscapes, Levine was specially commissioned to immortalize Milwaukee for the portfolio. He depicts downtown Milwaukee along the river in a view from the roof of the Usinger Sausage Building. The meticulous realism appears at first to be photographic, but it is indeed a hand-rendered etching, revealing a portrait of Milwaukee that is familiar yet undiscovered.

MUNIO MAKUUCHI

(b. Seattle, Washington 1934; d. Palm Desert, California 2000)

Moon Catchers

1999, Etching: Dry-point, Aquatint, Stencil color
Hahnemuhle Bright White

As a young boy during World War II, Munio Takahashi Makuuchi was interned for four years at a Japanese relocation camp in Idaho, an experience that profoundly affected his outlook and art. As an artist, Makuuchi strove to depict human pathos and suffering without resorting to melodramatic imagery. In life as well as in art, he tried to reconcile the tensions in his multicultural heritage.

Makuuchi never attempted to polish his drawings, insisting instead upon the spontaneity of form. He left to others the rigor of technique while he pursued with visceral energy a more primitive expressionism of his highly original vision.

Makuuchi died unexpectedly, shortly after signing his etching for the portfolio. *Moon Catchers* is the artist's last signed print. It frames life cycle events against the magical backdrop of the Northern Lights. The print is a tribute to the artist's family, depicting his daughter-in-law pregnant with his first grandchild.

Moon Catchers
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30" Four plates

FRANCES MYERS

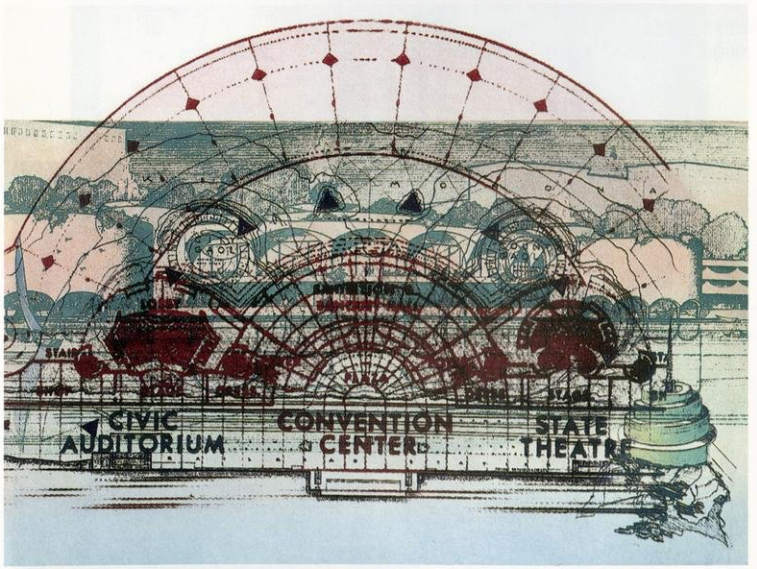
(b. Racine, Wisconsin, 1936)

Monona Vision

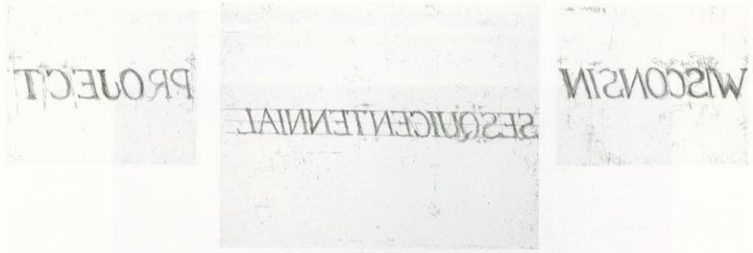
2001, Etching: Photo-etching, Aquatint, roll-up
Rives BFK

Frances Myers has deep roots in traditional printmaking. Nevertheless, as a professor at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, she has been a restless innovator who is always seeking the new. Over the years she has manipulated and then discarded various styles and subjects, moving through a complex range of ideas and materials.

In *Monona Vision* one finds a confluence of her old and new interests. In the late 1970s, Myers was commissioned by Karen Johnson Boyd to do a series of etchings featuring the buildings of Frank Lloyd Wright. Myers was acclaimed for incorporating the purity, economy, and elegance of Wright's architecture into her etchings. *Monona Vision* again honors Wright's genius, but in a different manner. The print embraces the artist's new interests in enlarged Xerox transfers and photo-etchings. As she redefines her art, Myers captures Wright's original vision while adding to it a new sensibility.



Monona Vision
Image size: 22½" x 30" Paper size: 22" x 30" Four plates



tcejorP lainnetneciuqseS nisnocsiW
Image size:Triptych: (left) tcejorP 10" x 12";
(middle) lainnetneciuqseS 18" x 22"; (right) nisnocsiW 10" x 12"
Paper size: 22" x 30" Three plates

Sites Unscene
Image size: 22¼" x 30¾" Paper size: 22" x 30" Two plates

Libertad
Image size: 22⅛" x 30¾" Paper size: 22" x 30" Four plates

BRUCE NAUMAN

(b. Fort Wayne, Indiana, 1941)

tcejorP lainnetneciuqseS nisnocsiW

[Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Project, written backward]

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Dry-point, German Etching

"MAKE ME THINK." This hand-drawn sign in Bruce Nauman's studio summarizes the artist's vital career and arresting creative output. Riding the crest of every major art movement since the 1960s, Nauman has investigated sculpture, videos, spoken and written language, film, dance, and performance. In 1999, *Art News* called him one of the 10 best living artists. Nauman's mark making and use of words demands an active response from the observer—the concentration to divine and experience the artist's intentions.

GLADYS NILSSON

(b. Chicago, Illinois, 1940)

Sites Unscene

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Aquatint,
Hahnemuhle Warm White

Gladys Nilsson provides us a glimpse of a lush world of characters involved in festive rituals. Always inventive, her humor pervades all corners of her watercolors and prints. Nilsson's art is highly stylized and reflects her interest in playful language—puns and malapropisms—and other incongruities of life. Nilsson is one of the original Hairy Who artists, a group later called Who Chicago or Chicago Imagism. In *Sites Unscene*, Nilsson celebrates two Wisconsin inventions: the hamburger and the sundae.

ED PASCHKE

(b. Chicago, Illinois, 1939)

Libertad

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Photo-etching,
Dry-point, Aquatint, and Stencil roll-ups
Hahnemuhle Bright White

Appropriating images from media and history, Ed Paschke's artwork has developed universal themes from contemporary and antiquarian history to convey the polarity and dynamics of social and psychological interactions. Paschke's art is a vehicle to portray the human condition through the human figure. Using aggressive and personal images, Paschke challenges us to focus our attention on socially awkward situations. Recognized as one of Chicago's leading artists, Paschke and his work have been celebrated around the world.

Libertad portrays a goddess staring unconditionally out in space. Is she Venus de Milo—or a god-like rendering of Miss Forward? From any one direction her stare permeates the room, demanding the viewer to focus attention on her.

FRED STONEHOUSE

(b. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1960)

Los Indios

2001, Etching: Hard-ground, Aquatint, Dry-point
Hahnemuhle

Fred Stonehouse grew up in a blue-collar household and admits to having been "a hood in high school." But the sometimes primitive, sometimes brutal quality of his fantastic imagery cannot hide the scholarship and sophistication underlying his mature work. Stonehouse acknowledges many influences, including Guston, Redon, Kahlo, Northern Renaissance painting, and Haitian and Mexican folk art as well as the Catholic Church, Kafka, and the South American novelist García Márquez. The symbols in his prints and paintings, surrealism, and inscriptions raise troubling issues. Eleanor Heatney explains that "Stonehouse's work questions whether traditional myths of redemption and salvation have any meaning in a world torn with senseless violence, wasted life and unnecessary suffering."

In *Los Indios*, the faces of the indigenous people peer out from behind Mexican wrestling masks. What is the hand behind the central figure—a symbol of fate or a depiction of our state? The empathetic characters let their sad, gentle eyes do all the talking.

Los Indios
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30" Five plates

TOM UTTECH

(b. Merrill, Wisconsin, 1942)

Nind Andaki

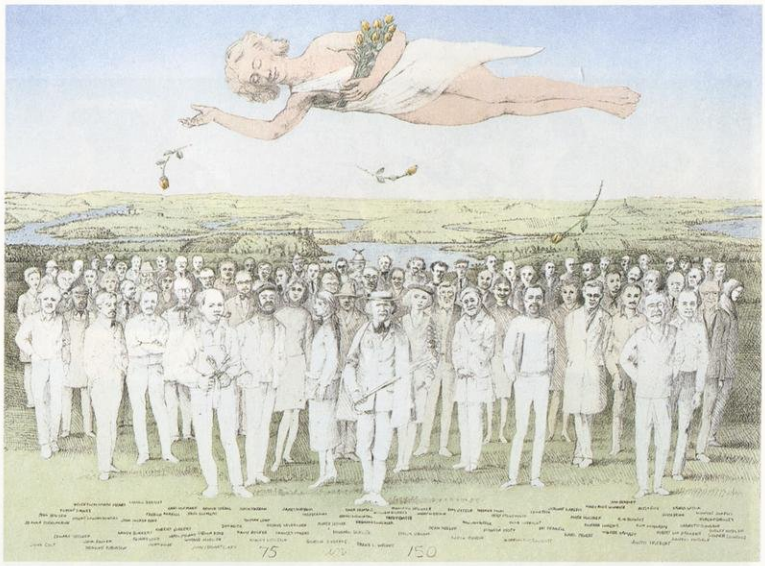
2001, Etching; Aquatint, Soft-ground, Dry-point,
Hard-ground and Lift-ground
Rives BFK

Tom Uttech is a student of wildlife and habitat, and his art reflects his keen observations of nature, yet his finished work will not be mistaken for photographic realism. It is too spiritual, embodying the artist's mystical relationship with the natural world. Uttech makes no drawings or studies in the field. Instead, he calls upon his lifelong experiences in the glaciated forests and crystal lakes of northern Wisconsin for inspiration in his studio.

After teaching painting for many years at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee, Uttech has achieved such a wide following that he is able to devote his energies full-time to his art.

In *Nind Andaki*, he has created a haunting vision of the North Woods. As always, his print captures the wonders of nature—birds, owls, eagles, and wolves. But there is something else, perhaps eerie and almost apocalyptic about this scene, as if one might discover some other presence within this place.

Nind Andaki
Image size: 21½" x 20" Paper size: 22" x 30" Eight plates



75 in 150
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30" Three plates

JOHN WILDE

(b. Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 1919)

75 in 150

2001, Etching, Aquatint, Dry-point and hand coloring of the roses by the artist
Hahnemuhle Bright White

John Wilde, professor emeritus of the University of Wisconsin–Madison, has long been a preeminent figure in Wisconsin art. A brilliant draftsman, Wilde developed his own surrealist vision grounded in his love of Renaissance painting and such universal themes as love and death. The human figure is central to his work, but his figures usually appear in a carefully crafted landscape. Subtle and fascinating quirks of creative expression redefine images, producing exquisite moments on paper or canvas.

Wilde's print, *75 in 150*, is consistent with his large and important oeuvre, but it is also a spectacular tribute to Wisconsin artists who have been his mentors, students, and friends. The print is more than a portrait with hand-colored roses; Wilde has presented those gathered with his muse and her offerings.

As Wisconsin States Into the Future
Image size: 18" x 24" Paper size: 22" x 30"
Three plates

WILLIAM WILEY

(b. Bedford, Indiana, 1937)

As Wisconsin States Into the Future

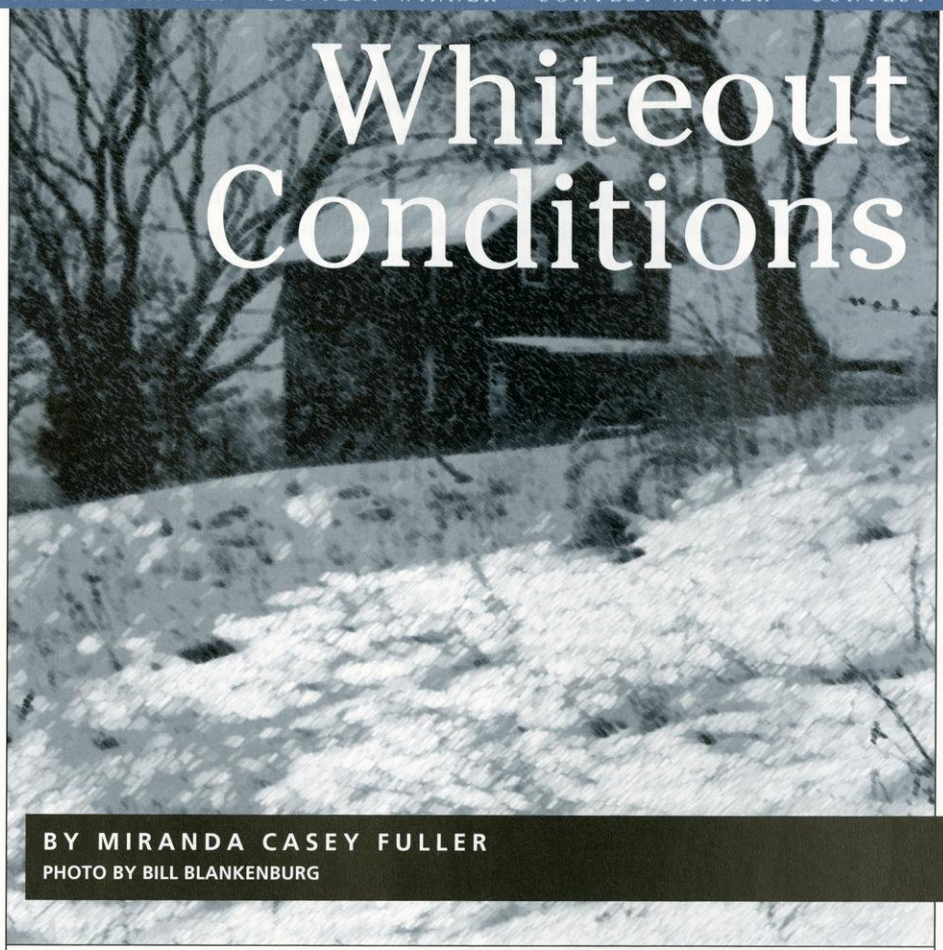
[Signed: Stater]

2001, Etching, Hard-ground, Soft-ground Aquatint, Hahnemuhle Bright White

William Wiley is an internationally recognized artist of great social and moral consciousness, but he delivers his messages with playful good humor. This is evident in his portfolio print, *As Wisconsin States Into The Future*. Like a pirate's map, this witty, intriguing, wonderfully rendered etching yields state secrets each time you explore it.

Wiley, who taught for many years at the University of California at Davis, draws inspiration from cultural history as well as his interactions with family, friends, and other artists. He uses an extensive set of symbols, including words and musical elements, that have both universal and personal meanings. He often appropriates elements from other artists' work as part of the dialogue for his own original compositions.

Whiteout Conditions



WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST 2001 WINNER

THIRD PLACE

BY MIRANDA CASEY FULLER

PHOTO BY BILL BLANKENBURG

THE WIND IS HOWLING AND SNOW HAS BEGUN when Sheryl's water breaks. No surprise there. My daughter has never chosen the easy way to do anything. "How long ago did the pains start? Why didn't you say something?"

"I'm not having pains." She says this as if she were refusing lima beans, as if there were a choice involved.

"Call Grace," I tell my daughter. "She'll need to plan." But I get no more response from Sheryl than I do from the wall behind her.

She waddles to the freezer and pulls out a pizza. Then another. "Only sausage? No pepperoni?"

"It isn't even ten o'clock. Besides, you can't eat that heavy stuff now. I'll make soup." She frowns and walks away, a damp stain darkening her backside. I think about marching into the living room and holding the cordless phone right in her face but the trick is to let Sheryl think she has the upper hand and then work around her. After she gets caught up in a talk show on plastic surgery, I go to my room and dial the midwife's number.

Grace is on her way out the door to a patient fifteen miles north of us. She laughs and says this late winter storm has her hopping—low barometric pressures shakes the ripe ones loose. I'm to call her cell phone when the contractions become regular. Meanwhile, she reminds me, we have plenty to do.

Back in the living room, Sheryl leans against the arm of the couch with a rolled up bath towel between her legs. She scowls at the liposuctioned talk

show guests. By contrast, she looks as overstuffed as the furniture beneath her. "Come help me get set up," I say. But she is busy writing down her surgical wish list from estimates on the screen. She pinches the skin at her ribs and drinks soda. Diet cola, as if to get a jump start on reclaiming her figure.

I return to my room and strip the queen-size bed. From a box of supplies I've been stockpiling beneath the dresser, I take a plastic sheet and cover the mattress. Then I remake the bed, covering the center with wide absorbent pads. I consider taking a leftover pad out to Sheryl but I expect she'll look at me like I'm bringing her a dead fish. If she actually hoists her bottom up and lets me slide the pad beneath her, she'll feel obligated to remind us both, during some much more critical phase of her labor, that I can't really make her do anything.

I spread the pad on the top of my dresser and lay out items from the kit that Grace had us order months ago. Blue sterile draping wrapped in plastic. Paper gown, shower cap, and shoe covers. Packets of gloves. An envelope labeled, "Cord Clamps." Another containing stainless steel scissors. In a blister pack at the bottom of the box is a rubber bulb syringe for suctioning.

The dusky pink syringe reminds me of the plastic uterus from the vocational college where I was Sheryl's significant other for childbirth classes. Somewhere between the cleansing breaths and the pant-blowing, we learned we could cooperate if we didn't talk too much.

When her show is over, Sheryl decides to shower. I gather the rumpled clothes she slept in and leave in their place a flannel nightgown, extra-large with buttons down the front. Three months ago, she showed up big-bellied, broke, and alone. Who knew if she was home to stay or just resting up between rounds. She didn't volunteer a thing and I couldn't bring myself to ask. I bought the nightgown as an act of faith and hid it so she wouldn't mistake my hope for presumption, wouldn't think I was gloating and have to teach me a lesson by taking off again.

The shower stops. Sheryl comes out of the bathroom barely covered by a towel. Her body still dripping, she leans against the doorjamb and squeezes her eyes into lines as thin as knife blades. In a baby voice I haven't heard in years, she whispers, "It huuuurts."

I want to ask, "How do you like them lima beans?" but reach into the bathroom instead for another towel to dry her off. As I pull the nightgown down, my hand grazes a tiny bump bulging from her abdomen. Grace said no amount of pleading or pouting would make her order an ultrasound that wasn't medically necessary. I wonder if this will be the son Sheryl wants.

I help her into bed and wet-comb and weave her dark tangles into a loose braid. She has hardly settled back against the pillows when she reaches for the remote and tunes in her soap. I call Grace and get her voice mail. The contractions still last less than a minute with time enough in between for foot rubs, sips of apple juice, silent gin rummy. Sheryl complains about being hungry. I spoon chicken broth into her mouth and find it easy, even pleasant, with no sass coming at me from the other direction.

At quarter after twelve, Grace returns my call. She has just delivered a small but healthy boy. Her other patient is still in the early stages with membranes intact. No telling whether it's the real thing or not. She'll stay with the new mom another couple of hours, then head down our way. Even with the bad roads, she thinks she'll get here by three at the latest.

The wind and snow increase and the temperature falls. Propane, kerosene and wood will provide plenty of heat and light but the well pump is electric. I fill kettles at the kitchen sink in case the power goes out and carry several loads of wood from the back porch to the box beside the fireplace. In one last burst of self-provision, I am sitting on the edge of the bathtub, watching the water climb, when the room goes dark. Sheryl yelps from the bedroom as if she's been pinched. I pull the little mag flashlight from my sweater pocket and turn the faucet off, hoping half a tub will handle childbirth cleanup. Worst case, I can haul in buckets of snow and melt them over the fire. I light one of the lanterns I'd brought in earlier and try not to think about the last bad blizzard when there was no power for three days.

Sheryl fusses about losing the TV and about being hungry for solid food. I tell her to lift her bottom so I can lay down a new disposable pad. This reminds me of changing her diaper, appropriate in light of the fact that she seems to regress a little with every contraction. By lantern glow, she looks like a toddler hiding from nightmares in her mother's bed.

Mid-afternoon, I stare out the window at a total whiteout and realize Grace isn't coming. I can't even call her cell phone—our line is dead. We'll have to make do.

Not so frightening, really. I grew up watching older women guide the younger ones through home births, some with doctors in attendance, some not. A virtual necessity in this outlying area.

The arthritic midwife who lived nearby let me tag along in exchange for carrying her heavy medical bag and cleaning up afterward. Now and then, she let me cut a cord, catch an afterbirth in a basin, hold a baby while she stitched up a rare bad laceration. She told me to think about nursing school down in the city and I did until Sheryl's father came along. Or rather, until he found out Sheryl was on the way and took off. When he left, I knew I wouldn't be going anywhere.

Had my mother and I gotten along better, I would have had Sheryl in this very bed. When my time came, though, I was afraid. Not of home delivery but of my mother's belief that withholding compassion was a valuable disciplinary tool. I could easily see her using my most vulnerable moments as teaching opportunities. I held out for the hospital, thinking I would be safer in professional hands.

The nearest hospital—ninety miles away and not the least bit progressive—required pre-approval for labor coaches other than husbands, a detail I thought would work to my advantage. My mother and her attitude could just stay in the waiting room. In her place, I pictured a supportive nurse whispering encouragement as she wiped my wrinkled brow. I hadn't reckoned on short staffing, high patient census, and a vigorous labor that skipped the preliminary stages. My crying so irritated the nurses (I think they would have smothered me with my own pillow if they'd had the time) that, pre-approval be

damned, they let my mother come back to hold my hand. She held it, all right—squeezed it hard and hissed that I had better listen to her if I ever wanted this to be over.

I tensed through the next contraction chewing my lips to keep from crying out. Before the pain had entirely subsided, my mother took a hairbrush from her purse and started raking the bangs off my forehead. Tears bubbled up against my will. I felt as though I'd spent hours swimming toward an ocean island, straining for the beach, and now that I'd come this far, there were only jagged rocks where the sand ought to be. I wanted my mother to put our differences aside and help me but I couldn't get my mouth around that simple request. So I tried to say what I wanted through my eyes, begging without words for her support. Even after all these years, I can't decide whether I bobbled the message or whether she couldn't pass up the chance to settle a lifetime of scores with one swift and well-aimed slap of rejection. Toward the end of my labor, I started shaking violently. She told me that if I was old enough to have a baby, I was old enough to stop acting like one. When I rolled away from her and my body did indeed calm down, I marveled at the scope of her control.

The hospital proved a disappointment in other ways as well. At home, I would have had aunts, cousins, neighbors with tender hands willing to caress and massage. Even my mother, after she thought I had suffered enough, would have taken her place among the other women, waiting like the framework of a puzzle, to see what this tiny new piece would bring to the picture. Their voices would have settled over me like a comforter, keeping me warm while I worked the baby out. Capable hands would have cupped gentle counter-pressure around the emerging head.

There was nothing gentle about the hospital. When I said I needed to push, a nurse plunged a gloved hand deep inside me, swore under her breath, and shooed my mother out of the room. Other staff came in, hustled me onto a gurney, and sped me to the delivery room before the baby could pop out in the hallway. Within seconds, I found myself flat on my back, legs up in stirrups, and wrists strapped to a metal table. A doctor I'd never seen before came in, took one dissatisfied look, and made a giant scalpel slice through tight muscle so I wouldn't rip. A few minutes later, he plucked the baby out and plopped her into someone's hands as if he were ridding me of a tumor. He never even looked at her. The nurse who caught her told me I had a girl.

I wanted to comfort my wailing daughter, cradle her to my breast, but I was given a mere ten seconds to touch her cheek. Then she was carried off so my wounds—at least the ones that showed—could be repaired. When a nurse finally put that baby in my arms the next morning, she stiffened and stared. In my ragged condition, I took her bristling for accusation.

❄

By three-thirty, the weather is fierce and so is Sheryl's pain. During contractions, her eyes take on wild-horse terror. She squeezes my hand till I fear my knuckles will crack. Sheryl breathes when I coach her, then goes limp till the next wave begins. Somehow, the nightgown has ended up on the floor.

The pains come quicker and last longer. "Bend your knees and spread your legs," I say. A dark bulge appears during contractions and recedes when she relaxes. As the crowning spot grows from the size of a nickel to a quarter to a silver dollar, I rub clove-scented oil into the skin around the opening, calling forth its stretch. Sheryl starts to shiver. I roll her onto her side to lift the pressure from compressed blood vessels. The change of position and another blanket calm the tremors. At last, she wants to push.

I quickly gather baby things warming by the fireplace, wash my hands in a bowl on the dresser, and dry them with one of the sterile drapes. The gloves catch my eye but I opt for my own clean flesh. Sheryl lets out an extended moan. I turn up the kerosene lantern and say, "Okay. Let's do it."

Sheryl lifts up on her elbows and turns her face into a red balloon of effort. Pushpushpushpushpush. Then rest. Push again. And again.

Each time Sheryl relaxes, she gasps like a swimmer coming up for air. "Come on," I say. "You're almost there!"

She strains and groans until just past five o'clock, the circle of dark hair enlarges to show some forehead. Finally, with one last mighty burst of noise and exertion, there is a face, a head, and with a gentle tug, a tiny shoulder. I catch the plump, blood-speckled baby as it squirts out onto a bed of golden lamplight. With shaky hands, I suction fluid from its mouth and nose. Only after the child wails do I take a look. "A girl," I say. And then I can't help myself—I grin.

Sheryl looks up. "Let me see." I towel the baby off a bit, swaddle her in flannel, and settle her in the crook of my daughter's arm. The cord ropes between them like a lumpy vine till I clamp and cut it. By the time the afterbirth arrives and all the mess is gathered into a trash bag, Sheryl is nearly asleep. She should nurse the baby so her womb will contract and not hemorrhage. "Later," she mumbles and loosens her grip on the child.

I knead her uterus, maybe just a little too hard. She moans and pushes my hand away. I want to take her face in my hands and whisper, "Make the connection now. You might not get another chance." Irony shuts my mouth. I could talk about connection if we had some. But if we had some, she would know all I would tell her without a word.

Every hour, I rub Sheryl's belly and check her for bleeding. She rouses only enough to resist. Between checks, I keep busy, bathing the baby and settling her in a basket near the hearth, then making stew in a kettle perched on a triangle of logs.

Sheryl continues to sleep like a corpse. I clean the cutting board, bag the vegetable peelings, and carry all the garbage out to the unheated back porch where furious gusts rattle the windows and pound the siding like airborne surf. A prickly sensation runs down my shoulders. Storms like this one make short work of the unprepared. What if Sheryl develops complications?

The baby stirs in her makeshift cradle. I have given Sheryl every chance to be the first to really cuddle her. Now the poor thing just needs to be held, no matter who does it. Her body is soft and weighty, pliant as bread dough, warm as a sunwashed kitten. Bits of waxy birth-

covering plaster dark hair to her scalp in tiny spitcurls. As she roots toward my breast, I surge with tenderness. And temptation. Guilty thoughts pool in my gut like ice water. What if I grew less diligent about Sheryl's belly checks, if her bleeding took a turn for the worse? With the power outage and my lack of formal training, no one would blame me for a bad outcome. Just the opposite! People would think I was selfless and brave for getting through the ordeal and starting all over again with a newborn. They would misunderstand the nature of the sacrifice, misidentify who gave whom a second chance.

Ah, but I'm no murderer. Besides, there are more subtle ways to commandeer a child.

❄

The morning after her nightmarish delivery, I held my daughter close, trying to make peace. Her wiry body had just begun to soften when my mother breezed in without knocking and thrust a beautifully decorated package onto my lap. Since I couldn't open it one-handed, she scooped Sheryl out of my arms. "Close your mouth and open your present," she told me. I should have sailed that box out into the hallway, snatched my baby back, and said I already had everything I needed, thank you very much. Instead, I unwrapped a pale pink rosebud print gown with matching sweater, cap, and booties, far nicer than the simple yellow outfit at the bottom of my suitcase. "Beautiful, eh?" My spirit rolled right over then, completely outclassed by this woman who could tuck rivalry and judgment into baby clothes and present them as a gift. One for which she clearly expected thanks.

In the days that followed, she played on my immaturity, telling me to bottle feed so she could take turns. She sent me to bed and walked the floor with my fussy baby over her shoulder. She bought toys and dresses that didn't fit my meager budget. And I was so tired, so starved for affection, I pretended she was doing it for me. When I finally let myself see otherwise, there was no reclaiming the lost territory. I had no money to speak of, no place else to go, so I resigned myself to watching the two of them nodding like a pair of old gossips, making tea parties out of graham crackers and Coke, holding hands on the way out to check the mail.

When Sheryl was eight or nine, I rode with a friend down to the city and decided I had no compelling reason to return. This was May with vacation season just around the corner. I got a job as a cocktail waitress and made enough that summer to bring my daughter down and get us a decent place. I should have gone up right after Labor Day when the tourists cleared out but I was dog tired and wanted to rest up a bit before attempting any kind of a showdown. Seemed like I blinked twice and it was November.

The day before Thanksgiving, I walked through the back door as if I'd just stepped out for milk. Sheryl leaped from her stool and hung on me. My mother frowned over the piecrust she was rolling and said, "You might have called."

I thought our Thanksgiving dinner was tense because we had to split two Cornish game hens three ways. I found out later that my mother had told Sheryl I'd probably be leaving again in a few days. After that, no matter how I tried to get close to her, she kept her distance.

❄

Last July, I moved my mother to a nursing home, closer to dialysis, farther from dependence on me. We might have managed here at home with Sheryl's help but she'd disappeared months before—not my choice but still somehow my fault. My mother links all of Sheryl's flaws to me, except for the fiery temper which is a carbon copy of her own. To her, rage isn't a deficit anyway. It's a necessary burn, an internal combustion that drives her where she wants to go. I suggested once that Sheryl might have needed to get away, to sort out which anger was hers by choice and which had been handed down to her. Nonsense, said my mother. Sheryl left because, when I took off that one time, I'd set a bad example.

After Sheryl reappeared, I kept quiet in case she skipped again. For several weeks, I found myself sitting in the nursing home dayroom across from my mother's wheelchair, enjoying the power of my secret knowledge. As soon as Sheryl asked to see her grandmother, I'd bring her down with me but I counted every day that she kept silent as an affirmation that my mother had been something less than the perfect parent. For the second time.

After a couple of months, satisfaction over-ripened into guilt. I wanted my mother to know that Sheryl was all right but I didn't know how to break it to her that her darling had shown up pregnant and unwed, had followed my bad example once again.

❄

I lower the baby into the basket and go in to check on Sheryl. Her uterus has shrunk to the size of a grapefruit. She passes tiny clots and just a trickle of blood when I press on her belly.

The baby is sleeping. The stew pot is off to the side where it will simmer without burning. I nestle down in the recliner, listening to the wind which sounds like it might be tapering off. Relief lasts just a few minutes before exhaustion overtakes me.

Hours later, I awaken to see Sheryl on the couch in a nest of blankets, nightgown unbuttoned, trying to nurse her child. She fingers silken hair and velvet skin, her cheeks moist in the firelight. I see etched on her face the pangs of a selfish heart stretching to include another, a process as reflexive and non-negotiable as labor. The birth of mother love.

I watch for several minutes, wishing we could simply erase the years of bad blood between us. Sheryl looks over, then quickly lowers her eyes. I pull the recliner upright and ladle stew into ceramic bowls. Sheryl tries to eat with the baby over her shoulder but can't quite manage. As if we have practiced this maneuver many times before, she offers the baby up just as I reach out to take her.

She eats with single-minded grace, a young lioness reviving herself after a punishing fast. When she is done, I hold out my untouched bowl expecting her to wave it away. She hesitates for a

moment, then says thanks and takes it. Our hands brush and, for once, she doesn't recoil.

I mention that Grace is probably worried sick, that she'll no doubt draft someone with a snowmobile to bring her out at first light. Then I venture into sensitive territory. "When the phone lines are back up, we have to let your grandma know what's what." Sheryl nods, her eyes fixed on the fire.

The baby makes smacking noises with her lips. Her small heart beats against my own like a tiny fist knocking at a door. "Let me in, let me in." I nuzzle her fuzzy peach of a forehead. "Wrong address," I whisper.

I hand her back to her mother and get up to feed the fire.

Miranda Casey Fuller, of Hartland, is a mother of six who has been a foster parent, a volunteer firefighter, and a psychiatric nurse. She is now employed as an emergency medical technician. She has won numerous writing contests and has had work published in ***Lichen,*** *a Canadian literary magazine, and in* ***Fiction Fix,*** *an online magazine dedicated to fiction writing. She is working on a short story collection and on a novel set in Northern Ireland during World War II.*

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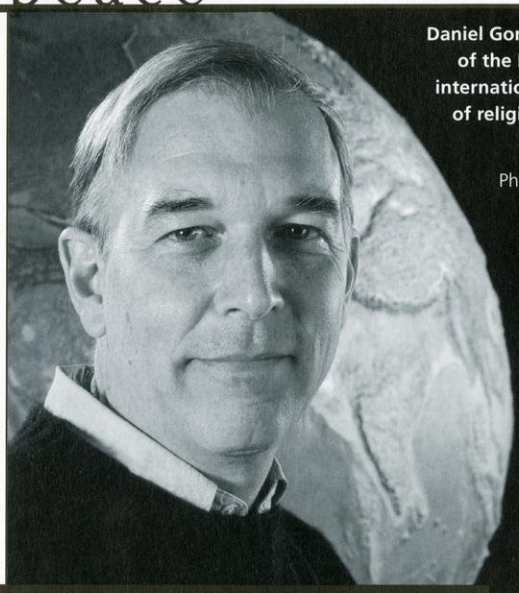
This story concludes publication of the three winners of our Short Story Contest 2001. Please look for the winners of our next contest starting with the Summer 2002 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.



Daniel Goméz-Ibáñez, head of the Peace Council, an international organization of religious and spiritual leaders.

Photo by Joe DeMaio

The Path to Peace

First you listen, says our author, who devotes his life to seeking peace in troubled regions around the world.

BY DANIEL GÓMEZ-IBÁÑEZ

IN THE AFTERNOON OF SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, a friend telephoned me. He writes a weekly newspaper column, usually on the intersection of current events with religion and ethics. We had both been mesmerized by the horror that was unfolding, over and over again, on the television screen. He was struggling with the thought that he would have to write about this terrible event, and what could one say in the face of such an incomprehensible act? Then he posed a question. "Tell me," he asked, "how do you make peace?"

Such a disarmingly simple question! I was taken aback. For what seemed like a long while I did not know the answer. Then I responded with one of those involuntary bits of wisdom that sometimes pop out, unexpected, from our most vulnerable moments: "You listen."

As I write this, in November 2001, the situation in Afghanistan is changing swiftly from hour to hour. Soldiers of the Northern Alliance have taken Kabul. The Taliban seem to have been routed in the north, except for a remnant trapped in the city of Kunduz. But as the Taliban fall back, enmities and factions reappear within the Northern Alliance. Local chiefs emerge to reclaim their fiefdoms. As is so often the case, a supposedly unified opposition is now revealed to have been an uneasy alliance in the face of a common enemy. With victory near, old divisions return with a vengeance.

In spite of the immediacy and deceptive simplicity of a battle viewed from afar, what is happening today in Afghanistan is not likely to bring stability to the region, nor will it make a lasting peace, any more than any previous war has done. It certainly will not stop terrorism. For peace, we must begin by listening.

When we do, we find both opportunities and threats in the aftermath of the destruction at the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. Some good things have happened. For example, Americans today know much more about Islam than they ever did before September 11. Muslim leaders in the U.S. and abroad, the media—even President Bush—told us clearly that in spite of the religious zeal of the attackers these actions were completely at odds with the teachings of Islam. We have discovered something about our neighbors, not only in other countries but also here at home, in our own multicultural society. Many of us were startled to learn that Islam is the United States' second most populous religion (after Christianity), just as it is in the world. The increased understanding is something good that has come out of the tragedy.

The world of Islam also reacted to the events of September 11. Muslims immediately denounced the terrorists' attacks. Many of these statements never made it into the U.S. press, but the condemnation was virtually universal, coming from liberal and conservative Muslims alike.

For example, Sheikh Mohammed Sayyed al-Tantawi, rector of Al-Azhar University in Egypt, the most influential institution of learning in Sunni Islam, warned in his weekly sermon to thousands of worshippers in Cairo that those who attack innocent people will be punished by Allah.

"Attacking innocent people is not courageous, it is stupid and will be punished on the day of judgement... It is not courageous to attack innocent children, women and civilians. It is courageous to

protect freedom, it is courageous to defend oneself and not to attack," he said.

In Lebanon the spiritual leader of pro-Iranian Shiites, Sheikh Mohammed Hussein Fadlallah, said he was "horrified" and that the "barbaric" attacks were un-Islamic "acts of suicide which are not rewarded [by Islam] because they are crimes."

In the days that followed, the United States enjoyed an almost unprecedented degree of worldwide sympathy and support. In the Muslim world the reverberations of the terrorist attacks went even deeper, prompting thoughtful discussions on the future of Islam. Muslims do not want their faith hijacked by extremists wielding Kalashnikov rifles.

The context of these discussions is a faith that for decades has been fragmented, both theologically and politically. Islam does not have a central authority or hierarchy. It is no more monolithic than Christianity, and probably much less so. In fact Muslims are divided by many allegiances—to cause, country, sect, or clan—and the religious and secular loyalties often are intertwined. It is difficult to find individual Muslim leaders or groups who enjoy universal or even widespread respect among the more than one billion adherents of Islam.

In Muslim-majority countries Islam often is the official religion of the state. Many of these countries, especially in the Arab world, have authoritarian regimes and no real freedom of the press. The result is not only a fragmentation of allegiance but also the suppression of critical discussion of the faith because it can easily be interpreted as criticism of the state.

This connection of political and religious orthodoxy is actually in conflict with Islamic theological tradition, which holds that an important role of Muslim scholars is continuously to reinterpret the Koran and other Islamic teachings in the light of current circumstances. Of course thoughtful Muslims are troubled by this conflict. But in many countries conversations on such matters must happen in private.

The present conflict has been interpreted by some as a "clash of civilizations," Islam versus the West, or even Christianity versus Islam. But that is not a useful view of what is happening, not least because the parties to the conflict are so diverse.

As I see it there are two significant factors underlying the conflict. One is the very problem that thoughtful Muslims are discussing more publicly and with more urgency since September 11. It is the question of Islam's ability to accommodate or coexist with modernity. By modernity I mean not only the acceptance of the contributions of modern science, social progress, and history; but more particularly, the recognition of diversity and the acceptance of pluralism in both the secular and the religious spheres. This issue is not uniquely a Muslim problem. It exists to a greater or lesser degree in all faiths, but it is particularly acute in many Muslim countries.

The horror of the terrorists' attacks puts the problem of modernity and Islam into the foreground in many Muslim societies. In spite of obstacles to the free expression of ideas, there has been a noticeable increase in the quantity and quality of public discussions on these issues, not only within the world of Islam, but also between Muslims and people of other faiths. In a speech on November 12, Mohammad Khatami, the president of Iran—a country we believe sponsors terrorism—forcefully presented his vision of an Islam that embraces a pluralistic society. Muslims' increasing willingness to debate the issues of modernity and pluralism in public is, it seems to me, a hopeful sign for the faith as it moves into the future.

The other significant factor underlying the conflict is the image, prevalent in parts of the Third World, of the United States as a bully. To some extent it is inevitable that the world's wealthiest and most powerful country will be resented, no matter what. But if we listen to the voices of people who feel they are victims, or who feel threatened, we can probably learn something that will help us make peace.

Much of the resentment and distrust is rooted in their poverty and our wealth. In the world economy the United States and other prosperous nations are seen as controlling the rules of the game to maintain their advantage. In this view, economic globalization is another form of colonial exploitation. It tends to widen rather than narrow the gulf between the rich and the poor, because most of the advantages of free trade, to take one example, flow to people who are already wealthy and thus in a position to benefit from opportunities for investment. For the economically marginalized, John F. Kennedy's metaphor that a rising tide of prosperity will raise all boats to new heights is countered by the alternative metaphor of a world in which a few people ride in boats while many others struggle in the water.

We cannot hide our prosperity from the rest of the world. Images of our almost unimaginable wealth are everywhere nowadays—in the shopping districts of cities, in places frequented by tourists, on television, in magazines, or at the movies. Our global reach also carries our culture. To some persons living in conservative and traditional societies the culture we project is likely to give offense because our way of life appears to be violent, sexually permissive, and self-indulgent.

Perhaps paradoxically, we also are widely admired for our generosity and for our ideals of democracy and freedom. But when it comes to our foreign policy, we are vulnerable to the charge of hypocrisy. As a nation we can appear self-serving, opportunistic, and uncaring.

In his September 20 speech to a joint session of Congress, President Bush asked rhetorically, "Why do they hate us?" He answered, "They hate what we see right here in this chamber, a democratically elected government. Their leaders are self-appointed. They hate our freedoms—our freedom of religion, our freedom of speech, our freedom to vote and assemble and disagree with each other."

I have to disagree with the president on this point. They do not hate our freedoms. Most people admire our freedoms and in many places they yearn for them. It is our apparent disregard for our own principles that causes resentment. We have a long history of making alliances with dictators—as we have done now to be able to use military bases in Uzbekistan—and supporting authoritar-

ian regimes when we think it suits our national interests, disregarding the plight of the oppressed and ignoring violations of their human rights.

We sent military aid to Afghanistan when the mujahideen were fighting the Soviets, but when the Soviet troops withdrew so did we, as though we never were interested in the welfare of Afghanistan. It is not surprising that people in Pakistan, Afghanistan, Tajikistan, and Uzbekistan wonder if our present alliances will last.

What can we learn by listening to these voices? I think they are telling us how to respond more effectively to the threat of terrorism. And more broadly, I think we can learn how to protect our true long-term interest in the welfare of the globe.

Military action in Afghanistan puts our true interest at risk because it does not solve the problems. It does not address the most important factors underlying our conflict with the terrorists. It does not protect the Muslim mainstream in many countries who are trying to promote an acceptance of pluralism and democratic values. On the contrary, it makes their task more difficult because it appears to confirm the extremists' accusations that America is the enemy of Islam. After all, the overwhelming majority of victims in Afghanistan have been Muslim.

In our response to the attacks of September 11, we must try not to create more people who see themselves as victims, just as we must try not to see ourselves as victims. The mentality of the victim is a big obstacle to peace because the victim believes that peace can only happen when the other—the oppressor—takes the first step to make amends. Someone who feels like a victim usually will not take the responsibility for making a peaceful future; that is the responsibility of someone else, the one who has wronged the victim. And perhaps most harmful is that someone who feels victimized usually believes that any reaction is justified and legitimate. Here are the real roots of terrorism.

These observations suggest alternative responses to terrorism—constructive responses that do address the underlying problems. They hold out the promise of benefiting not only the United States and the West but also the Arab world and the world of Islam. Done skillfully, they can take the wind out of the sails of the terrorists.

First, I think we should stop characterizing the attacks on the United States as acts of war. I think we should call them what they really are: crimes, even crimes against humanity. Because the civilized world agrees with this view, I think it would be in our best interests to give the jobs of prosecution and judgment to an international body. There is no need for the United States to be solely responsible for bringing the criminals to justice. Ideally this job would have been given to the International Criminal Court, but such an organization does not exist yet largely because the United States did not support the proposal to create it. Perhaps the International Court of Justice in the Hague or the United Nations would be appropriate venues.

Second, I think we should work convincingly and vigorously to promote an honest peace in Palestine and Israel. The two nations must find ways to coexist, and the United States can play a decisive role in making that happen. We have more influence there than any other external actor, so it is our responsibility to promote a just peace, and that means allowing for the creation of a viable and stable Palestinian state as well as securing Arab recognition of Israel's right to live in peace. Doing this would make a huge difference in how we are perceived by Arabs and Muslims.

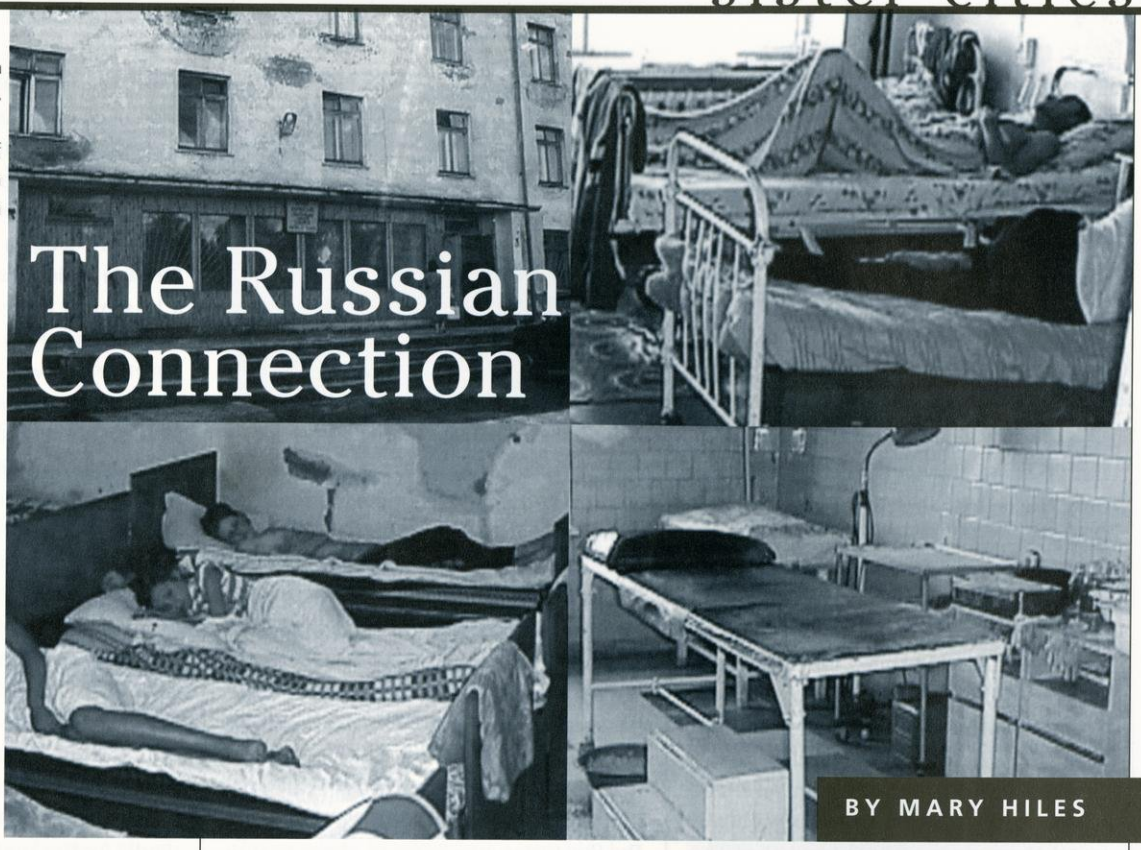
Third, we should invest in economic and social development in Afghanistan and the nations surrounding it. By development I do not mean investing only in projects that conform to our ideas of development, or military aid, and I do not mean changing the economic rules in ways only we find beneficial. I mean investments in sustainable development that respect the culture and the particular needs of the region. We have a precedent for this: the Marshall Plan that helped reconstruct Europe after World War II. Investment like this would make us welcome in the region.

Fourth, I think we should encourage local nongovernmental organizations and international bodies that promote civil society in the region. We should promote education with programs that help schools and universities. We might be able to achieve much by cooperating with the Arab League. Its committees and specialized organizations have the potential for nourishing the growth of education, culture, legal systems, human rights, opportunities for women, transnational cooperation, and democratic institutions in the Arab countries.

And finally, we should not abandon our commitment to the world beyond our borders. We cannot leave because we lose interest, achieve some short-term goal, or run out of patience. Programs like these will take time to plan, time to implement, and time to bear fruit. They will not be easy. We probably will be received with suspicion at first. We will need patience as well as sensitivity and goodwill. Making friends and keeping them is worth the effort.

These responses to terrorism probably cost much less than waging war. They demand real leadership and the political maturity to seek long-term benefits rather than short-term gratification. It is never too late to start down this path.

Daniel Gómez-Ibáñez is the founder and executive director of the Peace Council, an organization built around a core membership of about 25 of the world's religious and spiritual leaders. It was formed as a response to the many appeals at the 1993 Parliament of the World's Religions for effective, practical interfaith collaboration on the critical issues of the world. The group has worked toward peace in such regions as Chiapas (Mexico), Israel, Palestine, Thailand, Cambodia, and North Korea. The Peace Council also was very active in the International Campaign to Ban Landmines, an effort that was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1997. Gómez-Ibáñez holds a Ph.D. in geography and lives in Madison. You can learn more about his organization at www.peacecouncil.org



Images from a Kurgan hospital.

All photos courtesy of the Fox Cities–Kurgan Sister Cities Program

The Russian Connection

BY MARY HILES

Concerned citizens in the Fox Cities have teamed with Russians to improve health care, social services, education, and other aspects of civic life in Kurgan as an accompaniment to the destruction of deadly weapons.

AT LAMBEAU FIELD ON AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON, 60,000 Green Bay Packers fans cheer wildly as Brett Favre hurls a pass into the end zone. Touchdown! A moment later all those people are dead, the victims of a terrorist attack. No one noticed the unattended backpack that was later shown to have contained two 22-inch-tall canisters with enough chemical toxins to kill 10 times the number that actually perished ...

Before September 11, such a scenario seemed sheer Hollywood. Today it seems all too possible. Although jetliners were the September terrorists' weapons of choice, huge arsenals of chemical, biological, and nuclear weapons loom large as potential terrorist weapons. How to reduce that threat?

For nearly 50 years Americans and Russians viewed each other warily—their nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons poised for use at a moment's notice. Today ordinary people in Wisconsin's Fox Cities and the Russian city and state of Kurgan in Siberia are cooperating to reduce the number of deadly weapons and create a safer world.

The process began 10 years ago when then–U.S. President George Bush and Russia's Premier Mikhail Gorbachev agreed to reduce weapons of mass destruction. Since then both sides have reduced their nuclear arsenals, and recently presidents George W. Bush and Vladimir Putin agreed to further reductions. Still, much remains to be done. The Chemical Weapons Convention, ratified by the U.S. and Russia in 1993, called for both countries to eliminate all chemical weapons by 2006. Neither side will reach that goal. The Russians still

"The Americans involved in the program do not prescribe U.S. solutions for Russian problems; rather, they help the Russians find solutions that will work in their own context," says Diana Mann.

have approximately 40,000 tons of chemical weapons; the U.S. has 20,000 tons.

Russia's monumental social and economic struggles have slowed considerably the weapons-destruction process. Since the mid-'90s the Russian people have been pressuring their government to link environmentally safe weapons destruction with attention to the country's deteriorating social infrastructure. In 1996, when the Russian government planned to open a chemical weapons-destruction facility in the city of Grozny, demonstrators chained themselves to the gates of the facility, refusing to leave until they were guaranteed that the weapons would be destroyed in a safe manner and that they would receive help with social needs.

HELP FROM THE HEARTLAND

Enter a group of concerned citizens—physicians, businesspeople, educators, and others—from the Fox Cities, who wished to extend the hand of friendship to the Russian people in the wake of the Cold War. They united in a Fox Cities/Kurgan Sister Cities program. Many of the group's efforts have been in the area of medicine: in 1991 Dr. Montgomery Elmer, a family practice physician in Kimberly, and two other area physicians took 700 pounds of medical supplies donated by area businesses and organizations to a Kurgan hospital. The following year the group arranged, with the help of U.S. military transport, to send 15 tons of donated medical supplies to the region. Tucked into the shipment were 800 pounds of school supplies donated by local schoolchildren.

"As the Soviet Union fell apart, their medical system fell apart, too," says Elmer. "The Russians greatly appreciated the medical aid. It established a connection, a base of goodwill."

Physician and nurse exchanges followed—eight in the last 10 years. And the program expanded to nonmedical areas including domestic violence prevention and Red Cross development.

In 1997, after learning of the 6,000 tons of chemical weapons stockpiled in the Kurgan region, a "community development model" was created to augment the ongoing effort in weapons destruction.

The group's efforts have received the backing of U.S. Senator Russell Feingold, U.S. Senator Herbert Kohl, and U.S. Representative Mark Green, who all have met with delegations from Kurgan and the Fox Cities. In a letter to Elmer in support of a grant application, Feingold wrote: "I commend you and the other participants in the Fox Cities Sister Cities Project, for your continuing commitment to providing better health care to the people of Kurgan, Russia. Your efforts in the area of improved health care and infrastructure are especially important as the Russian government works to dispose of its chemical weapons in a plant proposed to be built near Kurgan."

As of November 2001, the U.S. federal budget included renewed funding for the construction of the chemical demilitarization plant Feingold refers to in Shchuchye—a town in Kurgan where the Fox Cities group has been particularly active—with the final amount to be determined by a House/Senate conference committee.

The Fox Valley's churches, schools, and other organizations have enthusiastically joined the cause. One local church donated nearly $3,000 raised at its annual Christmas bazaar to a Kurgan orphanage and the region's Red Cross; the Fox Valley Pharmaceutical Association raised $6,000 for the program. For more than a decade Charles Lauter, head of Lawrence University's international studies program, has organized student and faculty exchanges between Lawrence and Kurgan State University. Lawrence students work as interns in the Sister Cities program and act as translators. Fox Valley Technical College recently began offering classes in Russian and received a grant to develop a business education exchange with Kurgan State University. In 2002, students from two English-speaking secondary schools in Kurgan will attend Fox Cities high schools; in the fall, students from Appleton high schools will attend the Russian schools.

The program has garnered kudos at home and in Washington. For their outstanding service and leadership in the program, the Appleton downtown Rotary Club recently named Elmer and Dr. John Toussaint, CEO of ThedaCare, Paul Harris Fellows; and former assistant secretary of the Department of Energy Rose Gottemoeller commended the Fox Cities/Kurgan Sister Cities program for being "a model for the kind of partnership that the U.S. would like to develop between the government and organizations in building up the relationships that will allow downsizing of the weapons complex."

In 1998, the federal government provided funds for travel to Kurgan for Elmer, Toussaint, and Oscar Boldt, head of the state's largest construction company and a major influence in the inception and development of the Fox Cities Sister Cities program. Their mission: to determine how best to enhance the Fox Cities/Kurgan relationship. The group was to look at health care, economic development, educational exchanges, and civic democracy-building activities.

Federal agencies "wanted us to explore possible economic opportunities, but we concluded that, given the nature of the Russian economy, commercial investment was impractical for the present," says Boldt, describing the disastrous course of the currency exchange rate. "In 1989, one ruble equaled one dollar. In '91 the exchange was 27 rubles to the dollar; in '94 it was 2,300 to the dollar. Today the official exchange is 28:1, but in reality it's 28,000:1. The Russians just dropped three zeros from their currency. You

can't do business in such an unstable environment."

MAKING A DIFFERENCE

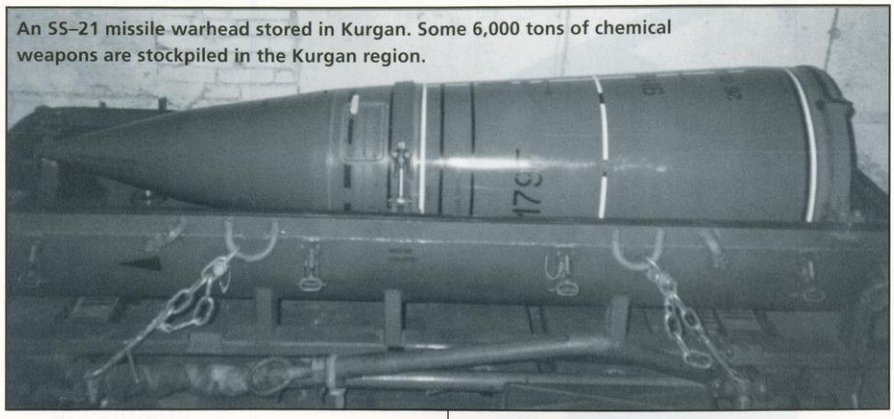
Given the overwhelming problems the country faces, the group's most difficult task was deciding where they could be most effective.

"Like all of Russia, this region is in desperate need of help. And in some respects it is worse off than other parts of the country," says Elmer, noting that out of 79 regions in Russia, Kurgan is the 10th worst in environmental conditions (Chernobyl is 13th); 70 percent of the people in Kurgan live below the poverty line; and 8,000 children are in orphanages. "Much of their health care is Third World," Elmer says.

In one Russian hospital, the visiting U.S. team saw Russian physicians reusing needles, syringes, gloves, and even sutures. Some floors of the hospital lacked water, and there were electrical problems. "If there was a power shortage in the middle of surgery, they had to use kerosene lamps," says Elmer.

The assessment team concluded that they would never have the resources to repair dilapidated physical structures or provide all the needed supplies—nor would that be their role. Instead they formulated a strategy within a framework of limited resources. Their immediate goal is to help the Russians change the delivery of medical and nursing care and the treatment of domestic violence, and to provide some medical and technical supplies. The overarching goal is to develop a community development program that works in the areas of health care, education, business, and civic development.

Since then the group has been awarded several important grants to aid in their efforts. The American International Health Alliance and U.S. Agency for International Development awarded four three-year grants of $250,000 per year to ThedaCare for use in helping the Russians develop and improve maternal/child health, nurses' training, primary care, and public health education. The Department of State awarded the Appleton Police Department $95,000 for use in domestic violence prevention programs. And a



An SS–21 missile warhead stored in Kurgan. Some 6,000 tons of chemical weapons are stockpiled in the Kurgan region.

Municipal Community Problem Solving program grant provided $25,000 to link the Outagamie County Red Cross, Kurgan Red Cross, and American Red Cross in Moscow. The Red Cross networking resulted in the delivery of several tons of food to the people of Kurgan.

Some of the funding has been used to bring Russian medical, social service, and police personnel to the Fox Cities to observe how local systems operate. For example, the Russian doctors and nurses visit Fox Cities health care facilities, where they role-play and "shadow" their American counterparts. During one role-playing experience, a female Russian doctor took the role of someone suffering from a domestic violence injury. In addition to receiving medical care, her "case" was referred to local police and social service personnel for intervention.

"It was an eye-opening experience because right now their medical staff are not trained to make those connections. They only treat the person's injuries—the abuse is considered a private, family matter," says Elmer. "Here they get a different image of how medicine can be practiced."

Similarly, Russian nurses, who do not have the professional status of American nurses, take home new concepts of nursing that involve expanding their role in patient care and working as part of the medical team.

"The Americans involved in the program do not prescribe U.S. solutions for Russian problems; rather, they help the Russians find solutions that will work in their own context," says Diana Mann, executive director of the Sister Cities program. "In helping them change their systems and their training, we help provide assets that will remain whether there is funding or not."

Mary Hiles is associate director of publications at the University of Wisconsin–Oshkosh.

To find out more about the Fox Cities/Kurgan Sister Cities Program, contact Diana Mann at 920/831-0399; sistercities@newrr.com; or visit www.foxcitieskurgan.org

poetry

Grandmother

pulls herself
up onto
end
of
shallow-water
floating-log—
many-turtle
turtle-line
moving up
making
room.
Suns
her
weary
mountain-back.

Sees
muskrat coming
that
look on his
face &
one hand hidden.
Says
no
no more
muskrat tricks
you
let that pawful of mud
just
sink back down where it
belongs.
Says
once was
good
& once
was enough &
you
know it.

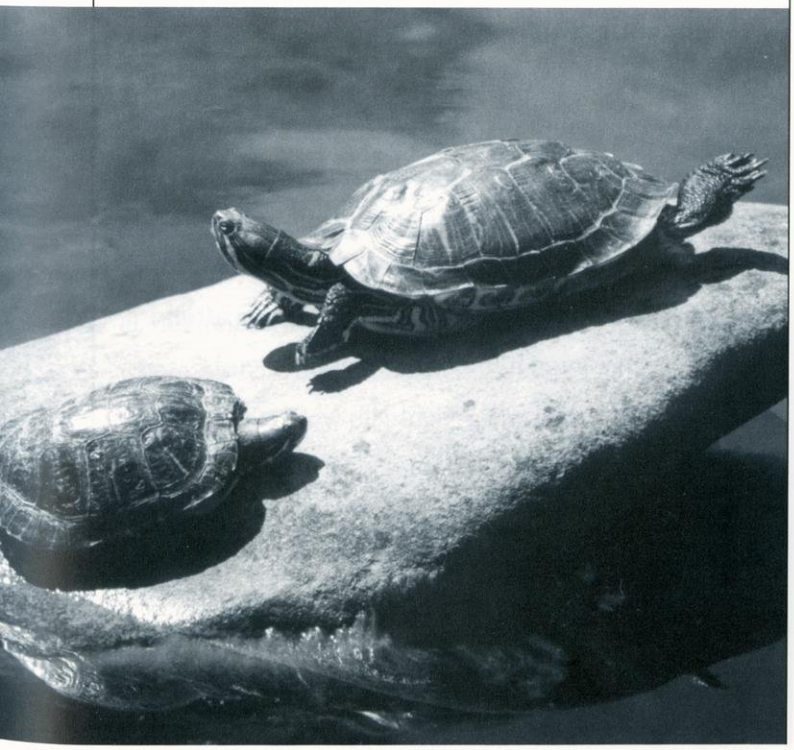
by J. D. Whitney

Grandmother

tells
waddling
rustle-walker
belly-dragging
porcupine
little
one
who
rises in anger
no
you
weren't made
backwards
all
your good stuff
on the wrong
end.

Says
somebody
bothers you
you
show them
ALL
you've got:
grunt
clack your teeth
stink
then
swat with that
fancy tail.
Says
go ask
skunk
to teach you:
we go where
we want.

by J. D. Whitney



Photos in poetry section by Bill Blankenburg

J. D. Whitney teaches at the University of Wisconsin–Marathon County, and occasionally at the College of the Menominee Nation. He has published 14 volumes of poetry and received fellowships from the Wisconsin Arts Board and the National Endowment for the Arts. The selections here are from ***What Grandmother Says,*** *a chapbook published by Parallel Press (2001), UW Memorial Library, Madison. A 71-poem collection of the same title is forthcoming from the March Street Press of Greensboro, North Carolina.*

When One Has Lived a Long Time Among Friends

When one has lived a long time among friends
one sees beneath the everyday faces they wear
the look of the boy or girl they were—
the nephew who helped his eccentric uncle mend
the locks on the cabin in the woods that would
keep out the world for thirty years, the dare-
devil child who leaped from the iron ore boat
into Superior's icy water, the girl who stood
straight in her honor student's pride and white
graduation dress, the dazed child at six
holding baby brother and father's secret,
the teaser, provoking a sibling plot they'd regret—
one remembers their stories like your own.

When one has lived for years among friends
they remember, behind your own changing face,
the child you once were, absorbed in teaching
the kittens to jump, racing for the swings
that doubled as castles for princesses or as horses
for wild western rides. They remember the names
of your brothers and sisters, their sorrows,
that your father left and your mother
drank in so mild a fashion, late at night,
that her friends would think you made it up.

When one has lived a long time among friends
and one has spent black months in the basement
alone for twenty-five years before letting them
know of your despair, they take you in,
call when they haven't heard from you,
as when you have lived for twenty years
with a husband who's suddenly leaving, you carry
the story to their door and they seat you
among the dinner guests, put wine in your glass,
walk you outside in your dry-eyed shock,
when one has lived a long time among friends.

When one has lived among friends a long time
and disaster comes to their door you can hand-
deliver your letter and hug, even if they said
no visits, no calls; and when you have lived
a long time among friends they know,
by a certain tightness in your voice and the way
your face closes, that you are lonely and afraid
and don't want to talk about it now, and they
will walk with you for silent miles around Devil's
Lake or tallgrass prairie until you find at last
a way to speak, and the healing that comes after,
when one has lived a long time among friends.

When friends have lived a long time with you,
and you see that their music is drowning in wine,
you see that their manic pace can't be stopped,
you see that the making of order is killing them,
you see that taking on more work will be the death
of their spirits, you see that gaining more
weight will bring on a heart attack, you see
that refusing to speak will bring on death
of the heart, you see that it is fear that keeps
you each boxed in, then you can touch an arm
and ask old friends if you can help, or be helped.

When one has lived among friends a long time
they can go away and come back to visit you
for a weekend that takes a circuitous route
to the prairie cemetery where a husband was buried
ten years ago, where you scoop soil from the felled oak's
hollow for crockery flowerpots, then meander north
to the hill you haven't returned to since
your divorce, where you find wild turkey feathers,
junipers shading the firepit stones, reclaim the woods,
the walks; and, later, stop, still making your way,
at the small town's antique store, the lunch counter
where pies are homemade and potatoes hand-mashed,
understanding how pilgrimages can take different forms
when one has lived a long time among friends.

When one has lived a long enough time among
friends to know what has befallen each other, told
or held back; what loves lost, kept, regretted; what
hopes and fears for parents' and children's lives—
then it is possible to spend the weekend together
roaming the countryside in walks where talk
is about the future, where each has agreed
to bring to the group what she's learning now,
the fluid gestures of Tai Chi, the Celtic music
of local musicians, the night sky's starry figures—
Orion, The Big Dipper, The Pleiades, Cassiopeia—
cross-country travel to Jasper glaciers, canoeing lessons,
pens for keeping a new journal, and the honest voice
in which you write for the first time what
it means to you to have lived for a long time among friends.

by Robin Chapman

Robin Chapman's poems appear in four chapbooks and two books, including ***The Way In*** *(Tebot Bach), winner of the Council of Wisconsin Writer's Posner Poetry Award, and the chapbook,* ***The Only Everglades in the World*** *(Parallel Press), as well as many journals. She is the recipient of two individual artist development grants from the Wisconsin Arts Board.*

Family farm

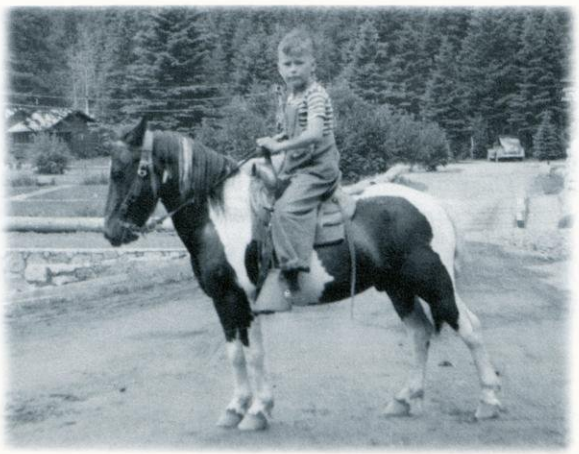
A sharp November wind blew sheets of snow
across the yard and pressed the laden clouds
against the barren fields. He stopped the truck
between the house and barn to wait for word
of what was next. The wife, the one who called,
came out—an afghan wrapped around her head
and shoulders, more for comfort than for warmth.
She nodded toward the barn.

"I ring the bell
for breakfast, but he won't come. I'm scared to go."
She looked at him and said, "The auction's at noon."

"I'm sure he's fine," he lied. "He's likely just
up getting things together. Tell you what:
I'll go and see what's keeping him, OK?
You go on back in. Get some coffee hot."

She turned, then stopped and looked at him again.
"You know, they can take the farm, I'll get along.
But not that man—"

"I know. I'll let him know.
It's not you. What he's going through is hard."



The barn was dark, so he stood and waited while his
eyes opened. Scents of hay and stock combined
with paint, and he relaxed a bit. "You here?"
He laughed. "This stuff ain't looked as good as this
in a 'coon's age." He waited. "The wife says chow
is on the table." Silence. "Time to call it quits."

He leaned against a post and put his hand
on leather. "I remember when your dad
decided to pass this bridle on to you.
It sure is pretty, but it never made
your pony any faster. You were so proud,
I thought you'd bust. The good old days, eh man?"

He moved toward the hayloft, wondering but
not worried about his friend. Again, he spoke
to the shadows. "Hey, I heard you sold your calves.
That's smart. Them bankers wouldn't know which end
to milk, eh? You and me are getting too old
for farming anyway."

He stopped and sighed.

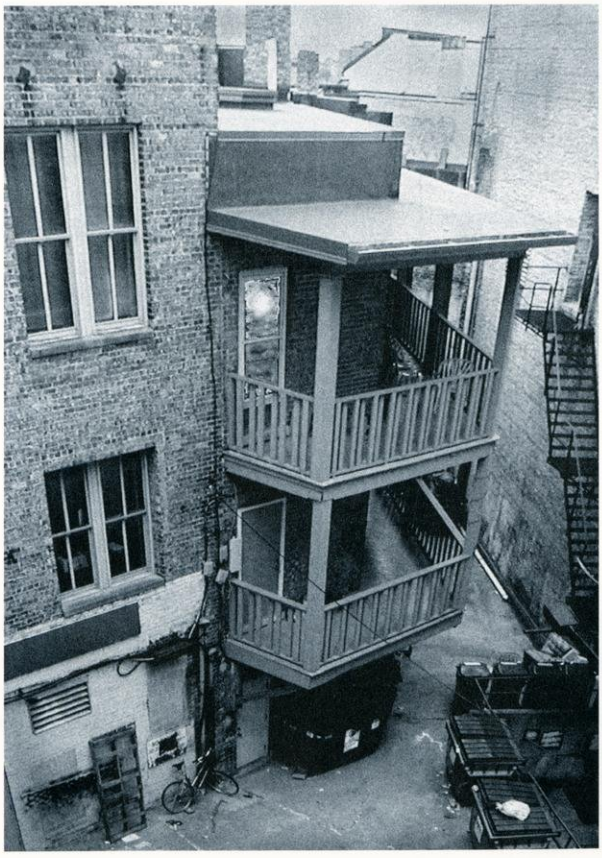
He closed his eyes against it, turned and looked
to see if she had seen. The doors hung wide
and gray light pierced the musky tomb, but she
had gone. From there he could see beyond the house,
where lines of headstones bore a single name.
He shut the doors and turned to the boots—so worn,
so laden with mud and manure it made him proud—
and watched them swing in the sharp November wind.

by Russell King

A quiet light

The city lights looked coldly in at her
through jagged lines of the frost that gathers on
the panes in empty rooms. What kept her eyes
from giving back that gaze was the naked bulb
that hung above her head. What brought her to
that creaking room was dread—and aging locks
that fastened only when they turned just so.
She stood, at a loss amid the dark decay,
and worked to keep the night beyond the door.
And having scared the hallway rats with her steps
(a willful weight to each) in coming here,
she tried to scare whatever ears may lurk
in the shadowed streets below in clomping back.
The city nights have sounds—the highway's whine,
the siren's scream, the cries of angry men—
that strike severely against a mother's ears.
The locks are hurried to guard the inner night
against the outer, and tender songs are sung
to guard the children's ears against the din.
She feared they might become easy neighbors
with it, and stroked their sable curls to ward
off any dreams the outer sounds inspire.
A light she was to no one beyond this room
where now she sat: a quiet light amid
the gaudy glare, a gently warming glow
against the flashing neon ice. She pressed
her lips against their tiny mouths, one kiss
to each of two faces scented with soap.
And then she slept. The child closest to her
turned over in the bed, disturbing her,
and she shifted, but the day hung long
and heavy, weary on her and still she slept.
One young woman—alone—can't keep a home,
a family, a dream, or if she can,
it's thus she does it on a winter night.

by Russell King



Russell King has won numerous awards for his poetry, including the first ***Rosebud*** *national award for poetry in 1994 and the Wisconsin Regional Writers Jade Ring Award. He published his first book of poetry,* ***Harvest Work,*** *in 1995. His second book,* ***A Hint of Frost,*** *a collection of essays, appeared in 1997. It was King's idea long ago to create the position of state poet laureate in Wisconsin, an idea that came to fruition in 2000.*

Back on Defense

because David M.'s
father was a coach
David M. led us
in scoring:
if I'd try
as much as an open
lay-up
I'd be replaced
by Robert P.

so passes
I'd force to David
sometimes landed
in defenders'
hands

which meant
abandoning
our offense

facing an onrush
of strangers

& trying to steal
what would never
be mine

by Mark Wisniewski

Chris Farley's Funeral

Chris Farley's funeral
was in a church closed
to the public,
but I got in
because I
walked in—
or maybe because
my girlfriend looked
like Jewel.
a line

aimed at Chris & his
parents shed agents
toward coffee,
& an SNL star
eyeing my girlfriend
cut in & asked who
I was, & I said
I'd phoned

Chris about playing
the farmer
in my novel,
& he nodded & sipped
& stared.
2 agents away

from having to greet
the parents, my girlfriend
whispered, "I don't think
I can do this,"
& I walked
her outside
into drizzle & wasted
snapshots
of paparazzi
hungry for
anyone.

by Mark Wisniewski

Mark Wisniewski's collection of short stories, ***All Weekend with the Lights On,*** *was published recently by Leaping Dog Press. His novel,* ***Confessions of a Polish Used Car Salesman,*** *is in its second printing. He's won a Pushcart Prize, and his stories and poems have appeared in such magazines as* ***Poetry,*** *the* ***Yale Review,*** *the* ***Missouri Review, River Styx, Prism International,*** *and the* ***Sun.***

World War II GIs were admitted to the university even though some of them were not even high school graduates. Here, GIs and female students sit in front of a Lathrop Hall flowerbed.

Photo courtesy of UW-Madison Archives
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Stop the Inquisition!

BY DANIEL W. BROMLEY

When it comes to university admissions, the rules frequently have changed throughout history to fulfill a greater social purpose. Why all the fuss now about race and affirmative action?

RECENT CRITICISM of the University of Wisconsin–Madison's efforts to attract minority students could easily lead one to infer that this undertaking is massive in scope—and that great harm is being done to the "real" purpose of the university. How else can one explain all the fuss?

First, consider a few facts. In the 2000–2001 academic year there were 589 undergraduate African American students at UW–Madison (167 freshmen, 141 sophomores, 146 juniors, and 135 seniors). As for undergraduates who are Native American, there were another 134 (36 freshmen, 35 sophomores, 29 juniors, and 34 seniors). We see that in the academic year just completed there were 723 undergraduates from these two minority categories pursuing degrees at UW–Madison.[1] This number represents 2.5 percent of all undergraduate students and 1.7 percent of all students at UW–Madison. How many of these students were here under a program to increase minority enrollments need not detain us for long. Whether it is 100 or 150—and it certainly cannot be more than that—is not pertinent.

What is pertinent is how the opponents of affirmative action are pleased to mobilize particular data in the hope of discrediting such policies. Specifically, the opponents of affirmative action wish to convince us that a small subset of these 723 students do not deserve to be here because they are not qualified. Indeed, there seems to be an alarming level of annoyance over perhaps 120 students. What can explain this inordinate—indeed microscopic—focus on such a small number of our students?

The opponents of affirmative action have deployed certain data that seem to authorize them to insist that some very small number of minority students should not be at UW–Madison. We have been told that such students should go to other—less demanding—universities (or two-year colleges) where their chances of success will be higher. We may well be told that it is harmful to the fragile self-esteem of such students to have them here—and by this tactic the opponents of affirmative action can appear sympathetic to those poor souls who, like Sisyphus, are destined to fail at such a daunting task.

It is curious that the preferred indicators of success do not include evidence about what it must mean to be the first person from a particular reservation school in northern Wisconsin to attend—let alone graduate from—college. Neither is it considered success if students from particular districts in Milwaukee, Beloit, or Chicago are exposed for the first time to the stimulating lectures of world-class scholars in any number of disciplines here.

Instead, the opponents of affirmative action, unwilling to consider a large number of possible indicators of success, focus on a few by which the university measures how well *we*—not our students—are doing. Are students able to get the necessary classes to allow them to graduate in four years? Are we making the university experience sufficiently rewarding and challenging so that students will wish to return after their freshman year? Are the students sufficiently motivated that they stick it out for four or more years? Those data reflect on the university and its faculty as much as , if not more than, they reflect on individual students.

We may notice that this cunning focus on a few statistics represents an implicit endorsement of a very particular form of meritocracy—the practice in which individuals with certain socially validated traits are automatically considered deserving of approval, advancement, income, and power. But of course the issue in any meritocracy is first to reach agreement on which attributes make one a part of it. Shall it be stunning beauty? Shall it be transcendental skill on the viola? Shall it be one's GPA? Shall it be unrivaled athletic ability? Shall it be breathtaking mathematical prowess? Shall it be that your parents went to school here?

When a particular meritocratic system has been in place for some time, it may seem unnecessary to discuss the specific attributes upon which that system obtains its legitimacy. To avoid that discussion, however, is simply to perpetuate a particular regime that privileges those well served by the status quo. Indeed, those well served by that system might come to imagine that they have a right of access to that meritocracy. If they can be persuaded to believe that someone less deserving has usurped their rightful place in that meritocratic order, they can be induced to manufacture a claim of some imagined harm. Lawyers stand ready to do their bidding.

It must be noticed that conversations about affirmative action are conversations about the *purpose of the university*. Is the purpose to reinforce current advantage, or is the purpose to alter the life prospects of young people? If the latter, then one could argue that the very greatest impact will accrue to those who are—at entry—relatively disadvantaged. Notice that the idea of purpose concerns whose *interests the university is to serve*. Disagreements about admissions policy reflect differing presumptions about why the university exists. If the purpose of the university is to admit students with the greatest probability of graduating in four years—and with the highest GPA—then admissions policy ought to favor female students (particularly those from out of state), especially if they declare an interest in fields (schools/colleges) with a grading norm that results in high GPAs. Particular numerical indicators will privilege certain groups of applicants. But does one make educational policy on such evidence?

One can point out that the Business School had the lowest percentage of A grades issued during fall semester 1997-98.[2] From this one might wish to conclude that the Business School is not performing well. What is it about the teaching in the Business School that so many of its students are unable to get As? Are the students in business courses less intelligent than those from other schools and colleges? Why doesn't the faculty in the Business School have a goal of "excellence and achievement" that is the norm in other schools? Finally, one might conclude, correctly it would seem, that the Business School has a different (and more difficult) grading norm than other schools/colleges. Would one be wise to make important educational policy decisions on the basis of such flawed data?

The same analysis of grades and grading would reveal that two schools/colleges at UW–Madison had almost 50 percent of their issued grades at the A level. Do such data reveal the matchless "excellence and achievement" of their students? Are their faculty more sterling professors than those in the Business School? Would one be wise to conclude from such data that these are the most successful programs on campus? Would one correctly conclude that these programs attract all of the smartest students? If this is where all the smart students wish to be, then perhaps we should allocate these programs more faculty positions so that these programs could expand to accommodate all of the smart students wishing to enroll there. In the absence of growth, this would of course imply that the programs with lower GPAs, say, the Business School, should be reduced in size. Would one be wise to make educational policy on the basis of such evidence?

It would be foolish indeed to craft university policy—including admissions policy—on the basis of a few scraps of

artfully chosen data. On the contrary, admissions policy is most certainly made, and has always been made, on the basis of the perceived, and evolving, purpose of the university.

CHANGING THE RULES: THREE EXAMPLES

AGRICULTURAL/MECHANICAL ARTS

Between 1863 and 1866 the university and the legislature were engaged in a serious dispute about whether the university should be the home of the "agricultural and mechanical arts." The Morrill Act of 1862 had dedicated 30,000 acres of federal land to states for each senator and representative. The state of Wisconsin received 240,000 acres of federal land. In 1863 the Wisconsin Legislature accepted the land from the federal government but refused, for several years, to create a college of agriculture. There was a bitter struggle over whether the college should be at Madison, at Ripon College, or at Lawrence College in Appleton.

The newly acquired land was quickly sold, with the proceeds (at $1.25 per acre) dedicated to establish the new college in order to teach the sons (but not the daughters) of the average citizen. Once trained and educated, these young men could return to their farms and small towns to become better farmers and better citizens. Today's colleges of agriculture (and of engineering) are the outgrowth of this newly found purpose of the university. Soon agricultural experiment stations, and engineering experiment stations, were established in conjunction with the new colleges in order to facilitate the study of practical problems, and thus to produce valuable and warranted knowledge.

At the time, many faculty members were quite opposed to such "nonsense." Such utilitarian purposes were thought unworthy of close association with the prevailing idea of "pure" learning, which the opponents considered to be the proper purpose of the university. Eventually the dispute was settled in favor of agriculture and engineering at Madison, and the elites of the day were forced to retreat. The legislature and the Regents came to regard education in the agricultural and mechanical arts to be quite consistent with the evolving purpose of the university.

Not everyone was pleased with that outcome. In 1869 President Paul A. Chadbourne publicly (in *Putnam's Magazine*) denounced the contamination of the teaching of "cultural values" by the near presence of educational pursuits so practical and utilitarian. His preference was that such things be taught somewhere else.[3]

Distracting the male students: First class of women graduates from the University of Wisconsin–Madison, 1865.

Photo courtesy of UW-Madison Archives

WOMEN

The Civil War was a serious threat to the survival of the new and fragile university. For many of the usual reasons, women had been unable to enroll here. The University of Iowa was the only public university that, from its beginning, permitted women students equal footing with men. The women's suffrage movement had been pushed aside by the Civil War. Then, in 1869, a professor at Williams College in Massachusetts, a fellow by the name of John Bascom, had—like Chadbourne—written an article in *Putnam's Magazine*. Unlike Chadbourne, Bascom did not lament the incorporation of the practical into the university curriculum. Rather, he understood it as part of the evolving purpose of public universities. Nor was he opposed to the advancement of women; indeed, he had been an outspoken supporter of women's suffrage. A few years later, after Bascom had moved to Madison as president of the university, the Woman's Rights and Suffrage Convention was held here. When the main speaker, Susan B. Anthony, rose to address the participants, she offered a glowing acknowledgment of Bascom, who was in attendance. A few years earlier, while still at Williams College, Bascom had written the minority report of a faculty committee on women's role in higher education. He wrote:

> If the mind of the woman were underfed and dwarfed, her progeny would be enfeebled. This society stood to gain as much as the woman herself if she were permitted a broad and ample education.[4]

We may well imagine the collective gnashing of teeth over the alleged inability of female students to compete with the men. We may equally imagine a few disgruntled individuals using the grades of the newly arrived women students to prove that they were not prepared for such serious stuff—and to insist that they be shipped off to some other less august place for their education. After all, the university stood for "excellence and achievement," and how could women possibly expect to be found excellent by the demanding faculty of the day? Might they be emotionally scarred by the searing exposure to such rigor? Wouldn't failure strip them of their minimal self-esteem?

But the low enrollments of the Civil War years focused the Regents and leaders of the university on women. After all, if the university were in danger of closing its doors because it excluded women, perhaps the better part of wisdom was to allow women to attend the university (and to pretend that they were welcome).

As with the designation of the university as a land grant institution, conservative factions of the Regents and faculty opposed allowing women to attend the university. President Chadbourne imagined that having female students around would be a serious distraction to the male students. The male students of the day were no better. Their resentment and humiliation at the indignity of having

women around was said to have been considerable.

As early as 1863 there had been a "normal department" to which both men and women could be admitted. Chadbourne objected to this arrangement because the normal department trained elementary teachers—another purpose of the university he opposed. Under pressure from Chadbourne's continuing objections, the normal department was closed in 1867. It was replaced by a separate "female college," where the instruction was considered to be much inferior. Once Chadbourne left in 1870, the pace of change accelerated, and the July 1, 1874, graduation was the last one at which men and women had separate ceremonies. Within two years (1876) the number of female students approached 25 percent of the total. Their presence was still resented by a few members of the faculty and by several Regents. But a new purpose of the university was revealed by this important change. That purpose was no longer to educate just young men, but all young people.

WAR HEROES

When World War II ended, total enrollment at UW–Madison more than doubled in one year, increasing by 9,570 students. Today, if total enrollment were to increase as it did between 1944 and 1945, there would be 84,900 students on campus for fall semester 2001. How would we respond to that doubling of students today? If current fussing is any indication, those additional students would be welcomed or resented, depending on who they happened to be.

In 1945 the influx represented our heroes coming home from a virtuous war. The G.I. Bill of Rights assured them a place at the table of higher education quite independent of their high school grades, and largely without notice of their qualifications for university work. In those days anyone who graduated from a Wisconsin high school was welcomed here, but some of the veterans enrolled without even that minimal qualification. Obviously some individuals did very well, and others left early without much redeeming success. We may be assured that no campaigns were launched to protest their presence on grounds that they were unfit to be here. If they wanted to be here, the university was ready and eager to have them among us. The enormous financial and logistical challenges of accommodating their numbers were gladly endured, in part because the federal government picked up most of the financial burden. Indeed, the legislature was able to reduce funding for a time because of federal subsidies. But that was secondary. The purpose of the university in the postwar years was to reward war veterans. And it did so without apology, and without having to explain itself.

These examples show that at different times the university has responded to new and challenging ideas of its evolving purpose. What is it about this history that informs current objections to affirmative action?

It was but 35 years ago that federal marshals were deployed for the purpose of assuring that a few African Americans might enroll at several public universities in the southern United States—universities to which their parents were contributing tax dollars. It now seems quite bizarre. Moreover, as recently as 20 years ago it was quite unimaginable that a Native American would expect to attend UW–Madison. We see that affirmative action was not necessary even 20 years ago since there were few minorities who had the remotest prospect of enrolling at UW–Madison. Those who did enroll came from social and economic circumstances that differed little from the circumstances most white students had known when they arrived at our door.

We see that affirmative action is less about race than it is about socioeconomic circumstances. But since socioeconomic status in America remains a plausible predictor of race (and vice versa), the conversation will inevitably focus on race. It is, apparently, much easier to blame the lack of fitness for the university on racial grounds than it is to focus on the plight of particular groups who, by virtue of socioeconomic circumstances (and geographic isolation, in the case of reservation-bound Native Americans) are at a decided disadvantage in early schooling—and in the other aspects that improve one's preparation for ultimate success in the meritocracy.

If affirmative action were not needed 20 to 30 years ago because so very few individuals from particular classes bothered to try to enroll at the nation's premier universities (or because they were terrorized to keep them out), so affirmative action will not be needed 20 to 30 years from now when the children of today's affirmative action beneficiaries are ready for college. The conversation in those homes will be very much like the conversation in most homes from which the majority of our students are drawn—not about *whether* the children will go to college, but about *which* college they should attend. Affirmative action, like a range of programs during and after the Great Depression, is correctly understood as a transition policy.

The opponents of affirmative action have for too long had free rein with the artful use of data by which they hope to make their personal views seem scientific. But the conversation worth having does not concern who has the better data. Rather, conversation should focus on the purpose of the university. If the purpose of the university is to maximize the GPA of graduating seniors, then let us state that publicly and thereafter admit only those students most likely to deliver that particular outcome. If the purpose of the university is to make sure that no student is here longer than four years, then let us declare that and admit a cohort of students that can, with certainty, deliver that particular outcome. If the purpose of the university is to provide our students with a learning environment that resembles in most attributes the larger world in which they will someday live and work, then let us state that publicly and then undertake the recruitment of entering classes that will produce that outcome.

BASCOM, THEN AND NOW

Back at Williams College, John Bascom had been thinking about the role of the

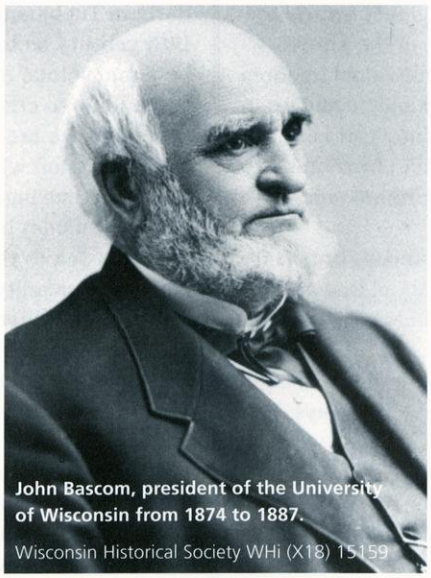
new public universities—and he penned these words:

> The most inclusive test of any educational system ... was the extent and character of its service to the state. It must harmonize the various interests of the state, it must strengthen all the liberties, it must promote the power of the state for all that is good. But no less important, a test of a system of public education is the measure it takes of every human being and the help it gives him in developing his capacities for personal living and for the social good. And the final test is the degree to which it knits the people together in a common moral unity.... The need for state universities ... was even greater in the West than in the East, for the new country had a less disciplined and stable cultural tradition to temper the passion for money-making. Even more important was the fact that any Western state was made up of people of many nationalities, religions, and classes, and the state university could and did bring them together by providing a common experience, common ideals, a common conception of public responsibility and service.[5]

Bascom's reference to the need to "temper the passion for money-making" may seem quaint indeed. But the concerns he expressed in the 1870s are precisely pertinent to the discussion of affirmative action in today's university. Notice that the opponents of affirmative action have a particular meritocracy in mind when they pronounce some students unfit to be here.

And what is that meritocracy? It is one that affirms belonging here only if one has the right numbers on the basis of but a single presumed purpose of the university. And that presumed purpose—to the opponents of affirmative action—is a restricted meritocracy recreating the very conditions that assure some classes of students will always have the right numbers to legitimize their presence. It is also a stunted meritocracy that will always make others feel unwelcome. When the opponents of affirmative action celebrate the wonders of "excellence and achievement," we may be sure that what they have in mind is the perpetuation of a system by which their own self-acclaimed success was reinforced and validated. To suggest that affirmative action programs represent some sort of academic welfare program and thus violate the real purpose of the university is to make severe unsupported allegations of flawed university policy while hiding behind a presumed notion of the correct purpose of the university.

Let us be clear that the university has guidelines under which students showing inadequate progress and performance are exposed to the strictures of academic probation. We are not describing a situation in which rules are bent or broken to allow a class of students to remain in school. Instead, the undue present commotion arises from the meticulous identification of a small subset of students who seem to be performing below the average of all students. From this selective scrutiny, the opponents of affirmative action appear eager to believe that they have now acquired the authority to make a case against such students. It is, however, in the nature of data that any of us could define a class of observations that happen to fall below the average. In the classroom I can easily identify a subset of my students who—guess what?—are performing below the average. My job as an educator is not to denounce their presence in the classroom and to wish them gone. Rather, my job is to reach them and help them to improve.



John Bascom, president of the University of Wisconsin from 1874 to 1887.
Wisconsin Historical Society WHi (X18) 15159

But, again, the central issue here is not about data and contrived stories of alleged fitness for the university. The central issue is one of the evolving purpose of the University of Wisconsin–Madison. This evolution has always been informed by a commitment to moral progress, defining moral progress as "a matter of increasing *sensitivity*, increasing responsiveness to the needs of a larger and larger variety of people and things."[6]

The University of Wisconsin–Madison has always demonstrated a commitment to moral progress—whether in admitting women, in welcoming war heroes, or in understanding the educational needs of the ordinary people in Wisconsin.

Why affirmative action has been targeted as a moral failing of the university remains a mystery. On the contrary, affirmative action demonstrates the moral progress—indeed, the moral superiority—of the university. It is time to stop the inquisition.

Daniel W. Bromley is the Anderson-Bascom Professor of Agricultural and Applied Economics at the University of Wisconsin–Madison.

Notes

1 Office of the Registrar.

2 "Grades and Grading at UW-Madison," prepared by John Wiley on behalf of the University Academic Planning Council, October 1998, Analysis A2.

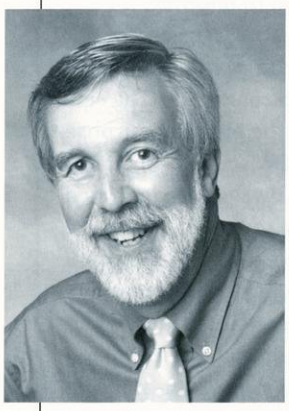
3 Merle Curti and Vernon Carstensen, *The University of Wisconsin: A History*, University of Wisconsin Press, 1949, p. 234.

4 Curti and Carstensen, p. 291.

5 Curti and Carstensen, pp. 292–93.

6 Richard Rorty, *Philosophy and Social Hope*, Penguin Books, 1999, p. 81.

God Bless Whom?



I yield no quarter to anyone in my affection for and commitment to the United States of America. But I indeed have been concerned about the lack of a meaningful analytical response to the great tragedy and enormous pain of September 11. Our need to respond decisively, I fear, has created an environment in which, in the name of patriotism, there has been minimal support for those wanting deeper examination and discussion. God, too, has been thrown into the mix: "God bless America," in the current climate, means that God blesses our government's actions, whatever they may be.

As I write these words, it looks as though the Taliban will be vanquished. But my concern about our lack of critical discussion stands. We still don't know where our global war on terrorism may lead, or what challenges we face in the future.

Think about what this climate means for individual freedom of thought. Viktor Frankl, Auschwitz survivor and psychiatrist, in *Man's Search for Meaning* writes: "Everything can be taken from a person but one thing; the last of human freedoms—to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances, to choose one's own way."

While war sometimes is a reasonable and appropriate response to a national crisis, I would like to think that serious consideration could be given to all other options before resorting to the most costly choice.

Let me be clear: I am not criticizing the outpouring of compassion we have expressed in so many wonderful ways. Nor am I speaking about the generally supportive attitude we have taken toward Americans of the Islamic faith; in fact, I have been heartened by the maturity of most of our responses. And I am not even taking on the antiterrorism legislation that raced through Congress—though I believe that more deliberation, as Senator Feingold requested, would have been more in keeping with the intent and principles of the Constitution and Bill of Rights.

No, I am thinking, on a very basic level, about the realities of war and what we risk getting into. Let us turn to that sentimental American classic, *Gone with the Wind*, and consider the words of Ashley Wilkes: "Let's don't be too hotheaded and let's don't have any war. Most of the misery of the world has been caused by wars. And when the wars were over, no one ever knew what they were all about."

These may be words from a flawed novel, but who can deny their basic truth?

We may also ask how World War II has shaped our response to the present situation. Studs Terkel, in his book *The Good War: An Oral History of World War Two*, quotes an admiral from that conflict: "World War Two has warped our view of how we look at things today. We see things in terms of that war, which in a sense was a good war. But the twisted memory of it encourages the men of my generation to be willing, almost eager, to use military force anywhere in the world."

Evil will never be eliminated from the face of the earth; it is an omnipresent part of the human condition. Nor does evil exist in a vacuum; particular conditions permit it to flourish. There were reasons why Adolf Hitler came to power, and why Imperial Japan developed as it did, leading to the shameful attack on Pearl Harbor.

The question is how to determine the best response to evil. What do we do when it does appear, as it did on September 11? Are we committed to understanding what led to that despicable act? Are we committed to learning from history?

These tasks of national self-examination may be painful, but often the greatest results come from such a discussion. History can always shed light and provide insight. The noted historian Barbara Tuchman's book *A Distant Mirror*, which focused on a 14th century as tortured and exhilarating as our own, would be a marvelous guide to examining various alternatives in responding to crises.

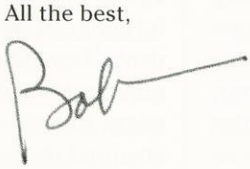
Instead we are simply saying "God bless America"—and don't question what America does. We should bear in mind that from time immemorial humans have claimed that God (by whatever name) blesses their often bloody political actions.

Let us leave the spiritual realm to be invoked by our common humanity and individual needs, and instead turn our attention to understanding, reason, and developing solutions based on old and new knowledge. Let us rely not on emotion and slogans—which clearly have their own place and value—but on the power and leadership of critical thinkers and philosophers.

A mature nation can take the worst tragedy and respond with determination—determination not just to bring the culprits to justice, but to learn, to talk about the hard issues, and to ensure that we've done our best to prevent such events from repeating themselves.

The Wisconsin Academy is nothing if not an attempt to bring clarity to complex and difficult situations. As always, I welcome your comments.

All the best,



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***Libertad,* by Ed Paschke, part of the Wisconsin Sesquicentennial Portfolio.**

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