Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 49, Number 1 Winter 2003

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Winter 2003

wisconsin academy review

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

City Kids Learn Farming with Will Allen and Growing Power

■

Teaching from the Soul with Parker Palmer

■

The Strange Story of How *A River Runs Through It* Got Published (You Heard It Here First)

■

Industrial Ecology: A New Opportunity for Wisconsin's Economy

■

Harry Harlow's Cruel Research About Love

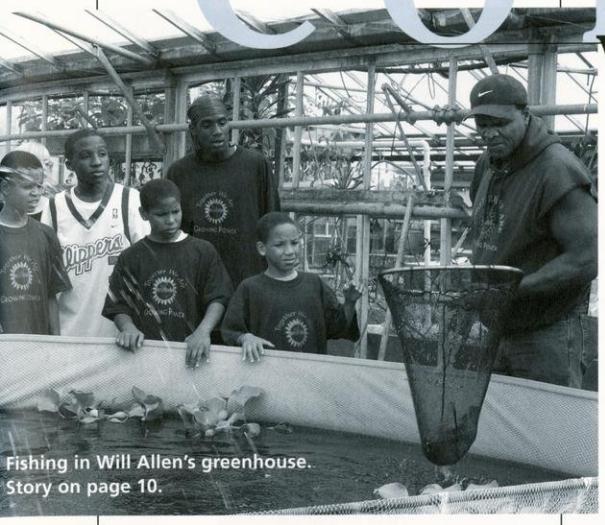
Price: $5

Will Allen and kids: Farming in the heart of Milwaukee
Photo by Martha Busse/ Sutter Photographers

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters Winter 2003 Volume 49, Number 1

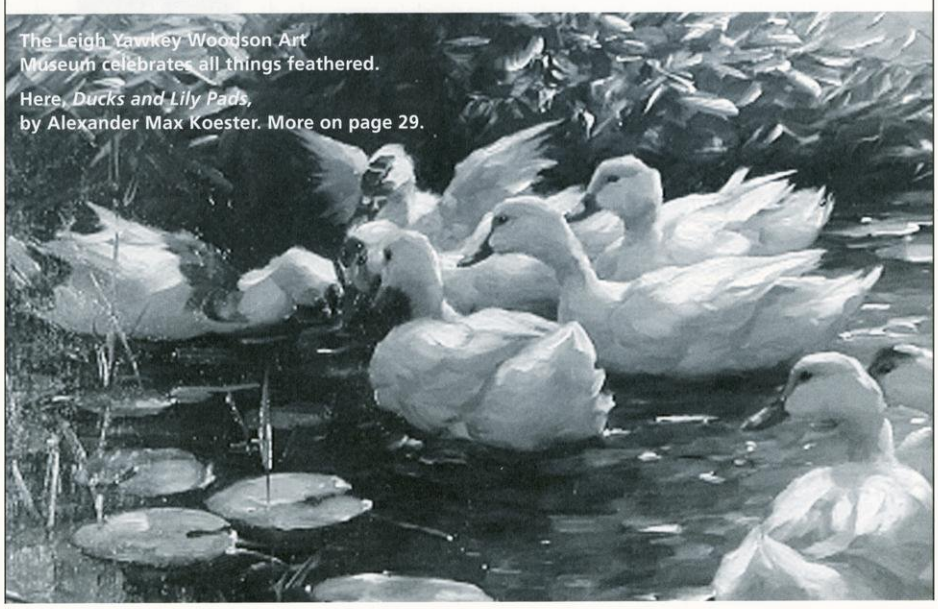
contents

winter 2003



Fishing in Will Allen's greenhouse.
Story on page 10.

features



The Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum celebrates all things feathered.
Here, *Ducks and Lily Pads*, by Alexander Max Koester. More on page 29.

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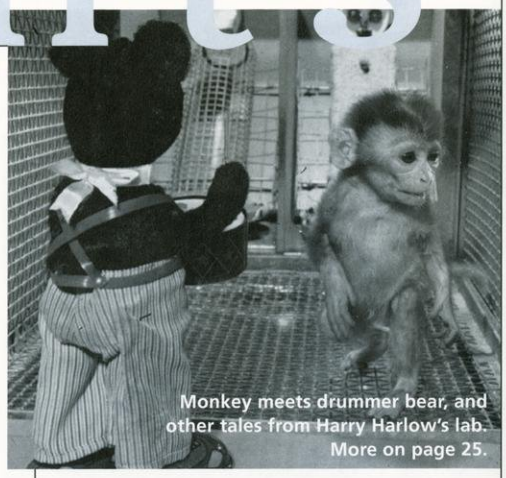
contents

winter 2003

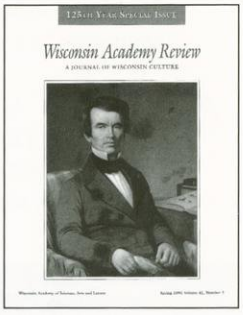
departments



Monkey meets drummer bear, and other tales from Harry Harlow's lab. More on page 25.

Past and Present

"I can never forget the difficulty I had in making a beginning—how nearly everybody I approached ... thought that an attempt to organize anything that could properly bear so high and comprehensive a title would surely prove a failure. I said, 'My conviction is otherwise. One with another is competent to a systematic work in any field of needed service.'"



—John Wesley Hoyt, first president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, in a 1911 letter looking back on his efforts to found the Academy. The letter was published in the spring 1995 edition of the *Wisconsin Academy Review.*

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters provides a place where people who care about 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, separate from the state and university. Our mission is "to encourage investigation, disseminate knowledge, and promote integrated application of sciences, arts, and letters to preserve and further develop Wisconsin's heritage of cultural and natural resources." *Your membership is important to us.* Find out on page 9 how to join.

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

The arts make money—and magic

Have you heard the news? The arts bring in money—lots of it. According to a new study by Americans for the Arts, the nonprofit arts industry generates $134 billion in economic activity each year and provides the equivalent of nearly five million full-time jobs. In Wisconsin, nonprofit arts generate nearly $290 million in economic activity annually and account for some 9,500 full-time jobs.

Those numbers are too big to ignore. Even people who don't care much about the arts—who regard them as an expendable garnish, the cherry on top—must acknowledge that they're a hefty slice of the economy pie. Indeed, a number of recent studies attest that the arts have become central to a new economy. Any community wishing to prosper economically must cultivate its arts scene.

People are demanding the arts; they see the arts as central to their worldviews and lifestyles. Recent books ranging from *The Cultural Creatives, The Rise of the Creative Class, The Not-So-Lost Soul Companion,* and the more humorous *Bobos in Paradise* say that the arts are a big draw for professionals of all stripes, including sought-after techies, when choosing where to live. These "new professionals"—or "knowledge workers," "creative class," or "cultural creatives," as various authors call them—number anywhere from 38 million (says author Richard Florida in *The Rise of the Creative Class*) to 50 million (say Paul Ray and Sherry Ruth Anderson in *The Cultural Creatives*). If Wisconsin wants to become an important center for any new technology, these studies indicate, we'd better offer an arts scene to go with it. And, while major arts centers with the traditional "SOB" (symphony–opera–ballet) can serve as a nucleus, a vibrant "street-level" culture—grassroots, often locally based arts you'll find in music clubs, small galleries, experimental theaters—is even more important.

This appears to be a real change, not mere fad-spotting. Increasingly, the importance of the arts to these new professionals is accepted as fact to anyone studying economic trends. In this edition's article on industrial ecology, for example, a table of the old versus new economy (page 59) includes cultural amenities as a key to economic success.

So that's the economic argument for the arts: a savvy community supplies what people are demanding. But the arts are much more than a lure. What's heartening about this new demand is that it bespeaks a new way of viewing the world. According to these studies, people no longer are content to keep different realms of knowledge and experience—scientific, spiritual, creative, physical—in discrete compartments. Rather, the creative class seeks to draw from all these areas in order to better connect with each other, with themselves, and with the world. They're interested in the big picture, in how different systems work together. Appreciation of the arts and concern for the environment, for example, are important parts of the blend.

This may sound esoteric, but on a gut level, the connection is clear. Our recent Waters of Wisconsin Forum on sustainable water use provides a concrete example. I was describing to Andy Moore—the producer of Wisconsin Public Television's long-running *WeekEnd* and its new series, *Here and Now*—how the forum blended the arts and sciences. "Every session on water science and policy opened with a poetry reading," I said. "Now, that may sound kind of odd, but ..."

"Not at all," said Andy. "I think that's the way things are going to get done from now on."

The forum's culture czar was Fabu Mogaka, a poet and a member of our board. As an African American woman, she was determined to have the forum's cultural presentations reflect the ethnic diversity of our state. The mix included Native American drummers, Latino poets and musicians, and black gospel singers along with Warren Nelson and his Big Top Chautauqua band. Rightly, the goal was inclusion. What concerns all of us more than our waters?

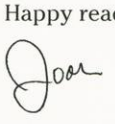
These artists, on the agenda as "culture bearers," took the scientists, policy wonks, and business representatives outside of their usual realm. "Normally at these things we just talk to each other," one scientist said. For many participants, the arts presentations reminded them why they'd entered their fields.

"Blending spirituality, the arts, and science is essential to help everyone embrace a sense of personal responsibility for the long-term well-being of our waters," notes Theresa Stabo of the Department of Natural Resources. "The culture bearers, through images, words, and music, articulated the deep love resource managers have for Wisconsin and explain why we chose to commit ourselves to the profession."

The arts help us express why we care, and often connect us to each other and to a larger purpose.

People are demanding more arts in their lives and in their communities? What a wonderful thought for the New Year.

Happy reading,



Joan Fischer
joanfischer@wisc.edu

For more information about the arts and economic impact, see the Americans for the Arts website, www.artsusa.org, and the Wisconsin Assembly for Local Arts, www.wisconsinarts.org

Wisconsin's Year of Water

Drafted by the Wisconsin Academy, signed by Gov. Scott McCallum—and endorsed by Gov.-elect Jim Doyle

WHEREAS, water is an essential human need and the basis for the health, beauty, and biological diversity of Wisconsin's ecosystems; and

WHEREAS, the State of Wisconsin sits at the juncture of two of the world's great water systems, the Mississippi River and the Great Lakes; contains 15,000 inland lakes and 44,000 miles of perennial inland streams; 5.3 million acres of wetlands; and holds, beneath its surface, groundwater sufficient to cover the state to a depth of 30 feet; and

WHEREAS, this unique abundance of water nonetheless constitutes a limited resource that must be used and stewarded wisely in the interest of future generations and the diversity of living things that depend on it; and

WHEREAS, Wisconsin has a rich and varied water heritage that has long expressed itself through our history, arts, and literature, and these cultural aspects of water add immeasurably to our state's character, and the quality of life we enjoy; and

WHEREAS, October 18, 2002, marks the 30th anniversary of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, known informally as the Clean Water Act; which established national goals for eliminating pollution discharges into waters and achieving water-quality levels that are fishable and swimmable; and which provided standards and tools, and appropriated funds to improve water quality; and which in the 30 years since enactment has contributed dramatically to the improvement of water quality in Wisconsin and around the nation; and

WHEREAS, water is essential to the health of Wisconsin's economy, and fundamental to the future of our state's businesses and industries, agriculture, commercial and recreational fisheries, tourism and recreation; and

WHEREAS, Wisconsin's abundance of water confers special responsibilities and opportunities for leadership as the nation and the world confront growing challenges to freshwater supply and quality; and

WHEREAS, Wisconsin has long been distinguished by a conservation ethic that recognizes and affirms the responsibility of our citizens for the health of our waters and the environ-

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Gov.-elect Jim Doyle endorses 2003 as the Year of Water:

"With the tremendous leadership of the Wisconsin Academy and others, I know we will take this occasion to build on the Waters of Wisconsin event, celebrate water as our most precious natural resource, participate in a statewide effort to understand and appreciate our waters, and work together on projects that conserve and sustain our waters for future generations."

State Honors the Wisconsin Academy's Water Initiative

The state of Wisconsin commended the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters for its Waters of Wisconsin initiative on sustainable water use. At the Wisconsin Academy's urging, Gov. Scott McCallum proclaimed 2003 the Year of Water in Wisconsin. And Darrell Bazzell, secretary of the Department of Natural Resources, presented the Academy with a Wisconsin Clean Water Achievement Award for its extraordinary water stewardship efforts.

The Wisconsin Academy received these honors at the Waters of Wisconsin Forum on October 21–22 at Monona Terrace in Madison. More than 700 people attended the forum, which sought to lay the groundwork for a state water policy and increase public awareness and knowledge about water issues. This work will continue during Wisconsin's Year of Water (see interview on next page). A formal report of the Waters of Wisconsin's findings and recommendations will be issued in January. A draft report is available for comment at: www.wisconsinacademy.org/wow/forum/report/

Waters of Wisconsin committee co-chairs (from left) John Magnuson, Pat Leavenworth, and Steve Born had plenty to celebrate at the Waters of Wisconsin Forum.

Photo by Martha Bisse/Utter Photographers

ment in general; and sustaining the quality and abundance of Wisconsin's aquatic resources and ecosystems depends on citizen awareness and appreciation of connections within the entire hydrological cycle, as well as leadership at all levels, in all our communities; and

WHEREAS, I urge all of our citizens, and our state's businesses, nonprofit organizations, local governments, agencies, schools, universities, and other institutions to act on a daily basis to become better water stewards; to undertake educational activities that enhance our appreciation of water; and to support public policy efforts that will improve and sustain the health, abundance, and well-being of Wisconsin's water resources and aquatic ecosystems.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Scott McCallum, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, do hereby designate 2003 as the Year of Water in Wisconsin and commend this observance to all citizens.

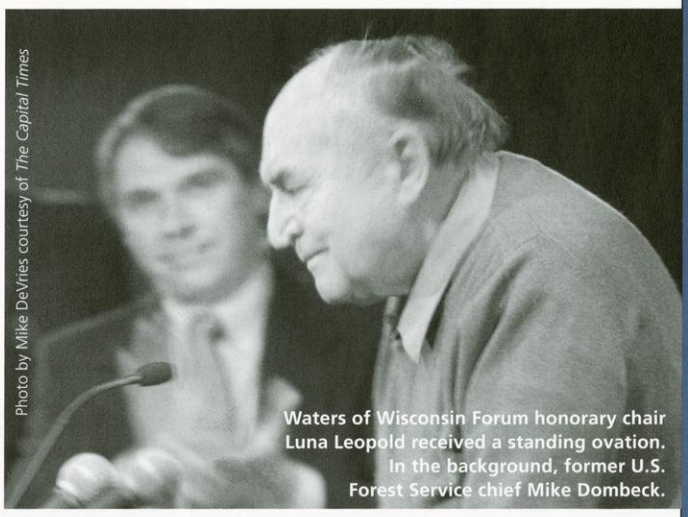
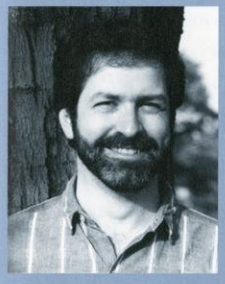


Photo by Mike DeVries courtesy of *The Capital Times*

Waters of Wisconsin Forum honorary chair Luna Leopold received a standing ovation. In the background, former U.S. Forest Service chief Mike Dombeck.

From WOW to YOW: What's it all about?

An interview about the Year of Water with Curt Meine, a leader in the Waters of Wisconsin initiative and director of conservation programs for the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.



Why YOW, and why now?

We all know that Wisconsin is blessed with abundant waters, and that water defines so much of what it means to live here. Yet it's easy for us to take water for granted. The Year of Water is intended to make sure that we don't! It is a natural extension of the Academy's Waters of Wisconsin initiative, and is in fact one of the WOW committee's main recommendations. The Year of Water gives us a chance to celebrate our waters, to focus on the role of water in our lives and landscapes, to encourage broad citizen participation, and to encourage discussion of important water issues. The idea is not to hold one big "event," but to provide an umbrella under which a wide variety of activities can occur over the next year.

Can you name a few examples of YOW projects?

We hope that citizens, communities, local governments, businesses, tribes, schools and universities, and other organizations will do what they are best suited to do. A water treatment plant may want to hold a community open house. Local service organizations may organize a streamside clean-up day. A college may sponsor a public lecture series on local aquatic ecosystems and water resources. Nonprofit organizations may hold a workshop on volunteer water monitoring programs. Native tribes may highlight their tribal water stewardship programs. Businesses may want to demonstrate water conservation measures that they have adopted. Elected officials may want to hold special informational meetings on state or local water use and water issues.

Water is so essential to all we do that virtually any organization can think of ways to participate. We hope, as our WOW co-chair Steve Born has put it, that the Year of Water will allow "a thousand flowers to bloom" (with proper watering, of course!).

Have you heard much enthusiasm for the Year of Water out among the many groups you name?

Absolutely. We already have the official "stamp of approval" from our colleagues in state government, including, of course, the governor's office. We've had many discussions with UW System colleagues around the state about working the Year of Water into educational projects. Many conservation and environmental organizations have built the Year of Water into their upcoming programs. The business community has many success stories to tell, and the Year of Water provides a great opportunity. The more we get the word out, the greater the enthusiasm grows.

What excites you the most?

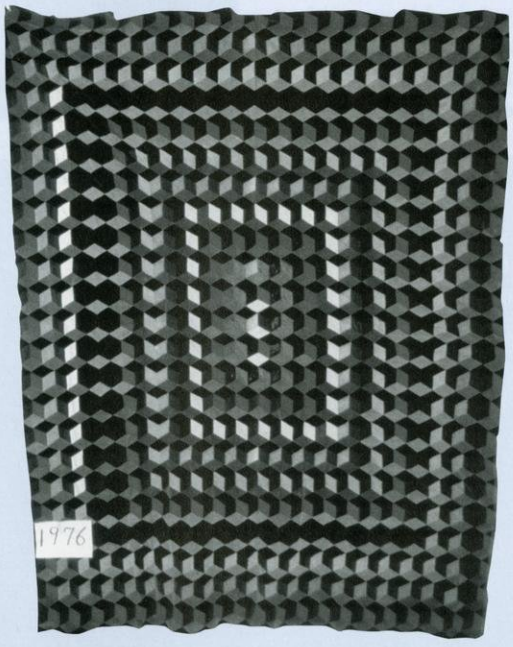
Really, the unlimited possibilities. Think of the waters of the state as a whole. Every local water body and every human community is different. Every stream and lake and wetland has its unique hydrological and ecological characteristics, and its own human stories associated with it. By focusing, however we wish to, on our own home waters, we can explore these water connections across Wisconsin. That, we hope, will strengthen the sense of local commitment and stewardship. In the end, that is what will sustain our waters for the future.

HONORING GRANDMA'S ART

"There is something powerful about making a quilt. If it were possible to unlock the thoughts and feelings a mother or great-grandmother held as she placed each precise stitch into fabric, it would become storytelling pure and simple."

—Ellen Kort, Wisconsin Poet Laureate and author of *Wisconsin Quilts: Stories in the Stiches* (Howell Press, 2001)

All quilts tell a story, and Wisconsin soon will have a notably charming, history-rich space in which to share them. An 1855 farm in Cedarburg will house a quilt and textile museum—apparently the first such museum in the Midwest.



The museum is the brainchild of the Wisconsin Quilt History Project, Inc., which a year and a half ago purchased a farm that had been founded by German immigrants and remained in family hands for several generations.

"Here was a place that could possibly disappear due to housing developments encroaching on the area," notes Marion Wolfe, one of the project's leaders. "We could save the farm and buildings original to the site and have a quilt museum with real atmosphere and history."

The farm includes an old stone house, a large barn, a silo, a chicken coop, a corn crib, a milk house, a wagon shed, an outhouse, and a stone building that encloses a blacksmith shop.

The museum, to be called the Wisconsin Museum of Quilts and Textiles, will open in three to five years. Wolfe and others are now busy raising the some $1 million needed to get the farm in museum-worthy order, especially the barn, which will house the main exhibit space.

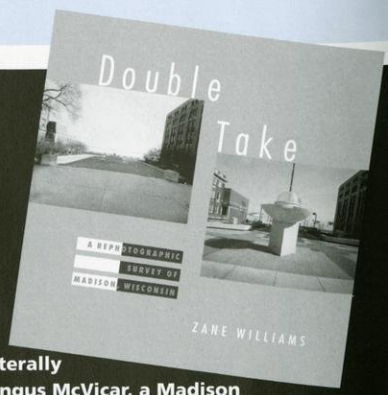
The Wisconsin Quilt History Project, Inc., a volunteer-run nonprofit, has long worked to preserve Wisconsin's quilt-making heritage. Its Quilt History Days project documented nearly 7,000 quilts from 40 Wisconsin counties, and in 1998, the group arranged exhibits of 120 documented quilts—most of them never shown before in public—in the Milwaukee Art Museum, the Captain Frederick Pabst Mansion, and the Kneeland-Walker House and Gardens. The group's book, *Wisconsin Quilts: Stories in the Stitches*, an account of Wisconsin's memorable quilts and quiltmakers, was published in 2001 with astonishing success—the first printing of 2,000 books sold out in one month. A quilt museum seemed like a logical next step, especially when the Hoffman-Boeker farm became available.

The Wisconsin Museum of Quilts and Textiles will promote quilt research and educate a wide audience about the beauty, importance, and evolution of quiltmaking. Plans include national and international exhibits of quilts, and various quilt and textile classes (example: seminars on how to preserve quilts and fabric heirlooms).

For more information, contact the Wisconsin Quilt History Project at P.O. Box 174, Thiensville, WI 53092, or visit www.wiquiltmuseum.com

by Edna Francisco

MADISON REVISITED



It's a hefty, gorgeous coffee table book that will engage you, excite you, and occasionally break your heart. Photographer Zane Williams literally followed in the footsteps of Angus McVicar, a Madison photographer from another era, and reshot scenes that McVicar captured from the 1920s to the 1950s—standing in precisely the same location, at the same time of year (and often at the same time of day). The result is a revealing testimonial to change in the capital city. *Double Take* is available from the University of Wisconsin Press for an astoundingly low price, given the quality ($45, hardcover).

GO FLY ONE

You can spot Guildworks, a kite studio and flight gallery in Madison, by the brightly colored kites flying outside. A peek through glass windows reveals an array of flying contraptions and a workstation of tables and kite construction tools. Visitors are welcome to stop by Guildworks to admire the detailed craftsmanship of kites, learn about the creation process, and even test-fly small models.

"We wanted to have people see what we're doing, to have them experience us working in the workshop," says Marc Ricketts, who owns Guildworks along with Curtiss Mitchell and Tim Elvertson. "We let people come in and put a kite in their hands. If they're ordering a kite, they can pick out the colors from the rack."

The trio moved their kite business from Boston to Madison after attending Kites on Ice, which has kitemakers of national and international renown flying their works on a frozen Lake Monona, cheered on by crowds of spectators (Kites on Ice takes place this year February 1–2, with Monona Terrace as the site of indoor kite activities).

"We decided this would be a great place to move the business," says Ricketts. "It's a really friendly environment here, and people are interested in kites."

In addition to traditional kites, Guildworks creates and sells big kites for kite surfing and buggying (in which the kite pulls a person on a three-wheeled cart). Guildworks kites are sold all around the world.

But Guildworks activities are not limited to kite sales. The young owners have choreographed kite performances at dance and music festivals, schools, and corporate events. An indoor kite show titled "UFO" has been performed all the way from Whitewater to Hong Kong. They have given kite-making lessons for kids in local schools. And they are working to incorporate trapezes, stilts, and other movement arts into future kite performances.

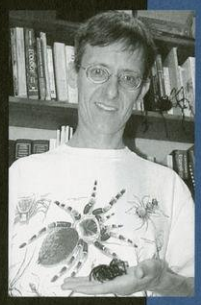
The business also provides indoor decor—sculptural, architectural fabric structures and lighting—to change the look and feel of spaces. Their kite designs have been on display at the American Craft Museum and featured as part of an exhibit on functional art in New York.

Guildworks reflects the concept behind its name. "When I was in architecture school, I developed the name 'Guildworks' with a couple of friends of mine," says Ricketts. "The idea of people working together who share a skill, craft, or art—I had that notion for the company when I started. I wanted a company that could connect many artists in a related field and craft. The name is not connected to one type of work because we're not just about kites."

Guildworks is located at 2322 Atwood Avenue in Madison. For more information, go to www.guildworks.com

by Edna Francisco

WHO'S WHO



MICHAEL L. DRANEY

OCCUPATION
Biology professor and arachnologist, UW–Green Bay.

YEARS IN WISCONSIN
I moved here from New Mexico in 1999. It still has yet to get colder than about −80° F, despite the warnings from Green Bay locals.

CLAIM TO FAME
I found the first U.S. specimens of the spider *Walckenaeria palustris* in Chicago's Cook County Forest Preserve, with my colleague, Petra Sierwald, of the Field Museum. I'm also one of very few people in the country who can identify our sheet web spiders, the most species-rich group of spiders in North America.

CURRENTLY WORKING ON
A taxonomic revision describing 22 new species of North American spiders. I'm also trying to construct a key to the 157 genera of North American sheet web spiders.

MY MISSION
I'm trying to do my small part to conserve the earth's biological diversity by furthering our understanding of Great Lakes-region arachnids.

QUOTE TO LIVE BY
"Bugs are not going to inherit the earth; they own it now. So we might as well make peace with the landlord."
—Thomas Eisner, entomologist, Cornell University

WHAT THIS STATE REALLY NEEDS IS:
More understanding of and appreciation for the great variety of organisms that inhabit Wisconsin.

SIMPLE PLEASURES
I play mandolin and ukulele, and I juggle up to six or seven objects, depending on the day.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

$25 NEW SPECIAL OFFER

Wisconsin Academy
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$25 NEW SPECIAL OFFER

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters provides a place where people who care about 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." The Wisconsin Academy is an independent, nonprofit organization, separate from state government and the university. We are funded by grants, by private endowments, and by our members. ***Your membership is important to us.***

WHAT YOU'LL SUPPORT

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

- **Waters of Wisconsin,** a statewide initiative on sustainable water use and management. Our study will lay the groundwork for a new water policy for our state and provide independent, reliable information and recommendations to legislators and the general public.
- **The Wisconsin Academy Gallery,** the only noncommercial gallery in the state to feature different Wisconsin artists every month. In September 2004, the gallery is moving to the Overture Center in downtown Madison.
- **Public Forums** on topics of current interest. As of 2004, the Wisconsin Academy will hold weekly forums, readings, and lectures in the Overture Center and bring many of these presentations to other locations throughout the state.
- **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 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.
- **Discounts** on Wisconsin Academy events.
- **Invitations** to gallery receptions, special events, and conferences.
- ***Transactions,*** a peer-reviewed journal published since 1872. A special issue on Wisconsin's waters will appear in summer 2003.

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

We are pleased to offer a **special one-year introductory membership price of $25** to readers of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* (regular rate: $50 for one year, $120 for three years). There is no obligation to renew after one year.

TO JOIN

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Will Power

Former basketball player Will Allen is growing young hearts and minds—and healthy food besides—in low-income Milwaukee.

BY MICHAEL PENN

Will's Roadside Farm Market, run by Growing Power, is on Milwaukee's busy Silver Spring Drive. The greenhouses, farm animals, and rows of crops provide a peaceful oasis.

Photos by Martha Busse/Sutter Photographers

OF ALL THE THINGS WILL ALLEN GROWS on the north side of Milwaukee, the most impressive is dirt. His dirt is spectacular—as black as coal, as soft as raindrops, as richly fragrant as a cup of coffee. And he's absolutely loaded with it.

Allen, a basketball player turned organic farmer turned entrepreneur turned community activist, runs something of a living laboratory on the two-acre plot near the city's northern border. Each year, he leads hundreds of visitors—university agronomists, neighborhood gardeners, inner-city school kids—through the five greenhouses and small plots he maintains. And the third greenhouse, where he keeps the soil, is always the showstopper. While the other greenhouses are choked with verdant life, the soil room is comparatively open and still, a long, bright corridor where, at first glance, it seems nothing is happening. Plywood boxes sit in rows on long tables, looking like a lineup of bureau drawers waiting to be assembled. Each one is topped with a fine, soft mulch. Vague shapes of food well past its prime—a moldy potato here, a wilting head of lettuce there—suggest the world's worst produce market. But closer inspection reveals that the food's not there to be admired, but to be silently, relentlessly consumed.

When visitors get down close to those boxes they begin to see wriggling bits of life, little red threads that keep moving through the mass. Worms! Hundreds of them!

When you account for all the boxes in the room, the worms number in the thousands. And no one on Allen's farm works harder. Every day, every night, they sift through the immature compost that Allen and volunteers pile on top of them, slowly breaking it down, digesting it, converting it. In their tracks they leave a soil so high in nutrients and microorganic life that it's considered one of the finest fertilizers around.

This worm poo—politely known as castings—is the secret to Allen's operation. The little buggers are hungry. They just can't stop making soil. In an average day, the worms will yield several hundred pounds of the stuff. That's a lot of dirt to use, even for a farmer.

But Will Allen is growing more than plants in Milwaukee. He's also growing people. He is co-director of Growing Power, a nonprofit that is working to get good food into the hands of people who have grown disconnected from the land. The philosophy behind the organization is that many people—especially those in cities—have become uprooted. They don't know about food, about how it grows, about where it comes from, about what makes good food good and bad food bad. And, increasingly, they're cut off from sources of fresh, healthy produce. Grocery stores and farmers' markets are pulling out of cities, leaving behind minefields of fast-food joints and processed junk.

Allen has been selling his vegetables in those farmers' markets for years, and he has seen the degradation firsthand. A few years ago he rallied a group of farmers to help save the struggling Fondy Farmers Market, one of the only fresh-produce markets to serve inner-city neighborhoods. (Milwaukee's Hunger Task Force has since spearheaded an effort to revitalize and renovate the market, turning it into a year-round food center.) As an African American—hell, as a Human American—he is distressed by the flight of food from city centers. He has watched the poor grow hungry, and the hungry grow poor.

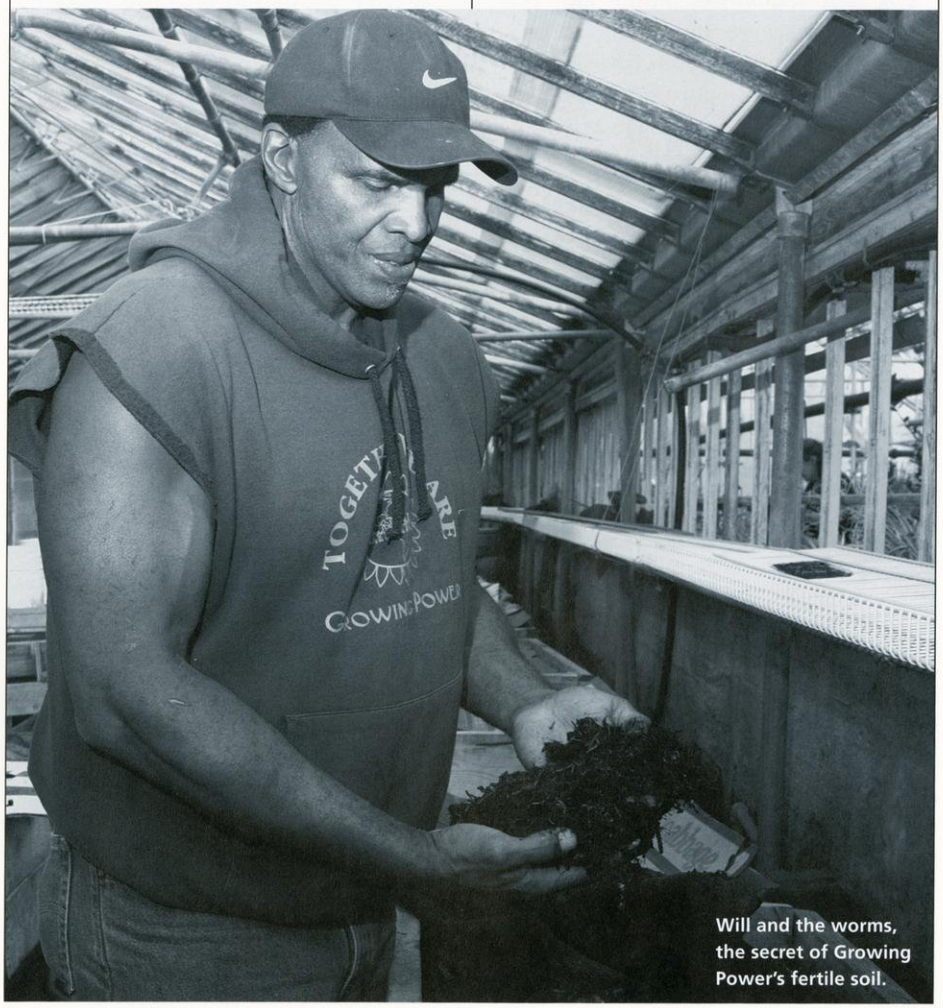
"What we're talking about is dependency," he says. "If you don't have food, you have problems. You know, we talk about all the problems of the inner cities. Food is the last thing people talk about fixing. We talk about the schools, or the streets, or the neighborhoods, but we need to be starting with food. You can't be happy without adequate food. Why should someone care about rehabbing their house or fixing up the neighborhood when they're hungry, and their kids are hungry, and they can't find good food?"

Which is why he loves showing people those worms. Allen has spent most of his life nurturing things. And he knows that nothing—neither plants nor people—grows without fertile ground.

"A LITTLE HOPE, A LOT OF WILL"

Before he was a farmer, Will Allen was the son of a farmer. He has spent most of his life in the dust of the field. Farm life is hard life, full of stretch and strain and trauma, and Allen has the bone spurs—several in each shoulder—to prove it. At 53, he's nearing an age when he might be contemplating slowing down. But if anything, he's just getting started.

In addition to the Growing Power site in Milwaukee, Allen raises vegetables on a 100-acre plot in Oak Creek. He runs the Rainbow Farmers Cooperative, a group of organic farmers around southeast Wisconsin who sell fresh produce year-round through farmers' markets and community-supported agriculture (CSA) deliveries. He helps develop farmers' markets and works on regional marketing plans to help farmers find customers for their crops. He teaches, trains, and works for various farming committees. And when he can, he drives his beat-up pickup truck around town, stopping at groceries and produce stands to pick up their food waste, which he adds to the



Will and the worms, the secret of Growing Power's fertile soil.

"You can't be happy without adequate food. Why should someone care about rehabbing their house or fixing up the neighborhood when they're hungry, and their kids are hungry, and they can't find good food?"

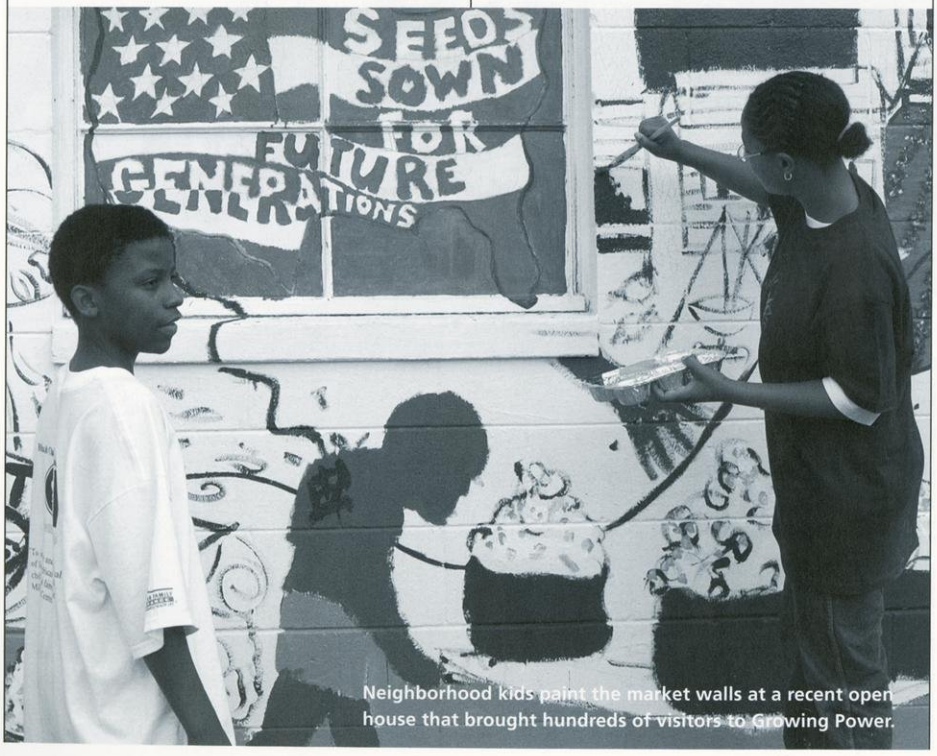
three long trenches of compost behind the Growing Power site.

Allen's goals are not modest. They are nothing short of reinventing the way food is grown and distributed—not just in Milwaukee, not just in Wisconsin, but everywhere. "In the old days, people grew food in the backyards. They did grow food in the cities," he says. "Now we're looking at a situation where we're losing a lot of the land where food is grown. We're losing a lot of the countryside to development." But he says this looming crisis presents an opportunity, a chance to find our roots, quite literally. "There's a huge opportunity within our cities to start transforming vacant lots and turn them into places to grow food."

Reconfiguring the landscape is a mammoth cause, but Allen is built for mammoth causes. In fact, the only thing around the north side of Milwaukee larger than Will Allen's vision is Will Allen himself.

Allen stands six feet, seven inches tall, and he fills every inch of it. His arms hang like tree limbs from the broad expanse of his shoulders. And his hands—when you shake hands with him, yours just sort of disappears for a moment, enveloped in a human baseball mitt of muscle and tendon.

He's so big that everything around Growing Power seems small by comparison. He ducks under transoms and sidewinds his way through the narrow greenhouses and farm buildings. He casts shadows on crops. He makes the chickens nervous. When he works on the compost piles, the four-pronged compost turner looks like a dinner fork in his hands. He seems larger than life, even farm life, with its wide open spaces and endless labors.



Neighborhood kids paint the market walls at a recent open house that brought hundreds of visitors to Growing Power.

There was a time when you couldn't have pried those hands from the soft leather of a basketball. Allen's dreams of youth weren't of the field, but of the court. His height and bulk made him a natural athlete, and he went on to star for the University of Miami's basketball team. In 1970–71, his senior year, Allen—then going by the very '70s handle of "Willie Allen"—led the team in scoring and rebounding.

He was good enough to be drafted by both the National and American Basketball Associations, and ended up playing for the ABA's Miami Floridians for one season, the Floridians' last, as it turned out, before the team folded. It was a tough year. Allen didn't play much—he says playing time in the ABA was even more political than the era in which he played—and "I hated that ball," he says, remembering the ABA's quirky, patriotically striped ball.

After the Floridians retired in 1972, Allen wasn't quite ready to give up on his hoop dreams. He moved to Europe, playing professionally for several teams during the next five years. His last tour was in Belgium, and by that time, the itinerant life of a journeyman player was wearing thin. He and his wife, Cynthia, had started their family, and their three children were growing up a long way from what they all still considered home. Allen once joked that he decided to quit basketball when he realized his kids were speaking more Flemish than English.

In 1976, the family moved to Oak Creek, where Cynthia's family operated a farm. Will's upbringing on a farm near Bethesda, Maryland, made him a natural for helping out in the fields. He farmed part-time, in the off-hours from his full-time endeavor of managing Kentucky Fried Chicken restaurants for the Marcus Corporation. That led to a stint in marketing management with Procter and Gamble. But office work wasn't his calling. Even in Belgium, he had raised chickens and a large garden. He knew he was meant for the land.

Ten years ago, Allen put his suit into the closet next to his basketball shoes and returned to farming full-time in Oak Creek. He bought the Growing Power site—part of the last working farm within city limits—as a place to sell produce from his land. But eventually the little farm, wedged on Silver Spring Drive among apartment complexes, modest ranch homes, public housing projects, and an Army reserve training base, began turning out crops of its own. Allen used the land as a proving ground, testing new plantings and trying techniques he thought might yield promising results when applied large-scale on his organic farm.

All along, Allen stayed connected to community efforts, helping manage farmers' markets and for a while serving on the board for the Hunger Task Force. In 1995 he met some kids from a neighborhood near downtown Milwaukee who needed help with a garden. The children wanted to grow food to sell at the Fondy market, alongside the rural professionals who kept their neighborhood stocked with produce. Allen agreed to take a look at their garden. When he saw it, he shook his head. These were two measly, scrawny, weedy plots of land, barely eight feet across.

"You know, this is too small of an area to grow very much to sell," Allen told them. He offered a better alternative—a swath of land behind his greenhouses. He said he'd help them design and plant the garden, and so they did. Eventually, news of what was sprouting on Will's land got out, and a reporter showed up to do a story. Suddenly, everyone wanted Allen's help.

Allen started a nonprofit, called Farm City Link, which became the progenitor of Growing Power. He got funding to continue teaching gardening to children. Heifer International, a charity that works to advance sustainable agriculture around the world, gave him money to expand his vermiculture, or work with worms. The operation began to grow, and soon Allen was fielding calls, meeting groups, leading tours—doing everything he could to establish Farm City Link as a vital bond between the people who grow food and the people who eat it.

"There's a huge opportunity within our cities to start transforming vacant lots and turning them into places to grow food."

But it wasn't easy. Allen—visionary, thoughtful, and sociable in his quiet way—is a natural for the networking and face-to-face aspects of community work. (During the two-hour session I spent with him, Allen received 16 cell phone calls.) What Allen needed was a partner who could keep things like grant applications, deadlines, and schedules on course. In basketball parlance, Allen, the gifted scorer, needed someone to play defense and direct the floor. He needed a point guard.

He found one when he met Hope Finkelstein, a Madison organizer and activist. Finkelstein had given birth to Growing Power in 1998, just before she showed up at Allen's facility as part of a tour group. Finkelstein had formed Growing Power to draw together the various disjointed efforts related to food and farmer assistance she had encountered around Madison. She envisioned her initiative would be about "eating and meeting"—getting people working together toward the unified goal of providing food for people who need it. As she and Allen compared strategies, each realized that their goals were harmonically aligned, and that they could accomplish more together than separately. Finkelstein agreed to merge oper-

Making friends with a goat on open house day.

ations, retaining the Growing Power name. She and Allen now share direction of the staff of seven and a volunteer team of more than 100. Finkelstein recently moved to Alaska, where her husband is doing research, but she remains involved and presides over the organization's board of directors.

"Their partnership has been very important to the success of Growing Power," says Jerry Kaufman, a retired UW–Madison professor of urban and regional planning who serves on Growing Power's board. "Will knows how to grow things and how to communicate. And Hope does a lot of the fundraising and grant writing. They work very well together."

Feeding off their combined talents, Growing Power is thriving, sprouting new programs and cooperative efforts like so many offshoots. While most efforts are based in Milwaukee, Growing Power is initiating projects in Chicago and throughout Wisconsin. Finkelstein has also started projects in Alaska. The two directors are quite a pair, and not just for their energy and effort. Finkelstein is as short and spry as Allen is huge and imposing. At least 18 inches shorter than Allen, she barely sees above his elbows. Soon, she began to say that Growing Power worked with "a little bit of Hope, and a lot of Will."

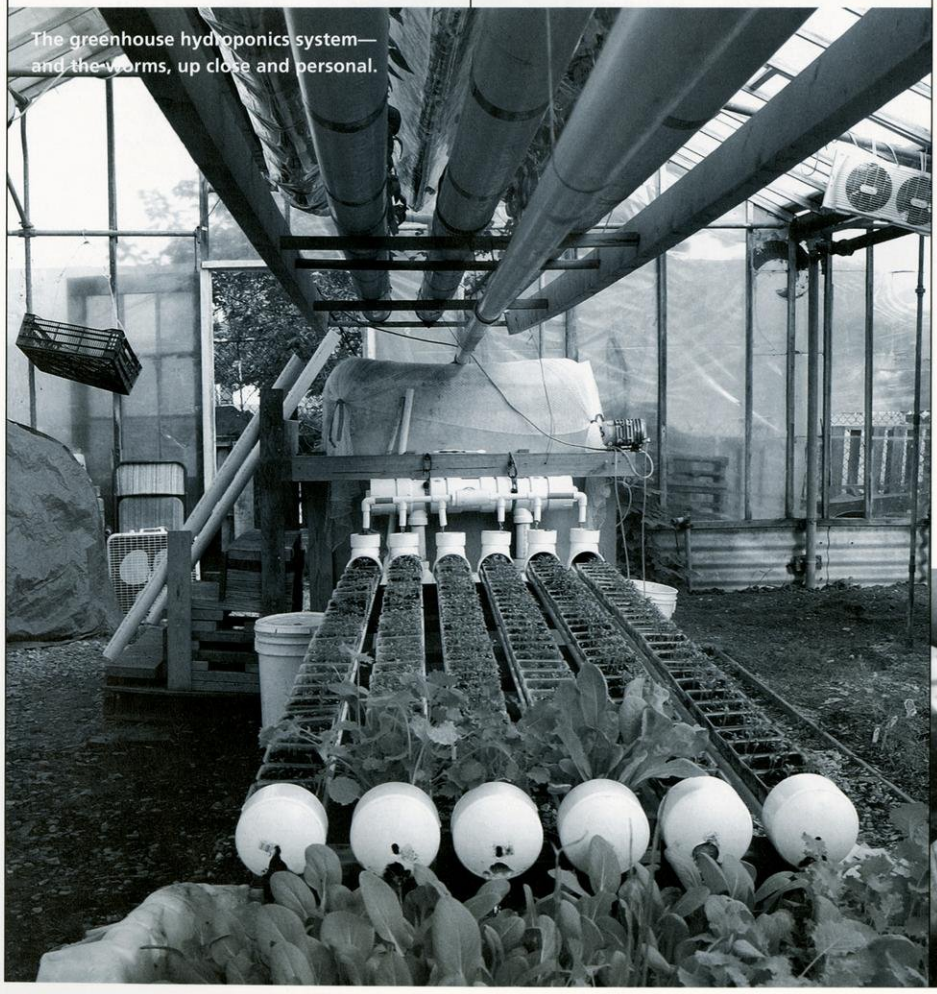
KIDS GET THEIR HANDS DIRTY

Growing Power's multitude of projects lump essentially into three broad categories: training, through on-site workshops and hands-on tutorials; networking, which involves everything from assisting farmers to helping communities that want to convert vacant lots into gardens; and producing food. Each area has brought its own harvest. The food, in particular, has been voluminous. The organization coordinates the distribution of more than 150,000 pounds of food to Wisconsin nonprofit agencies, and its Market Basket program—which works much like a CSA—has become a national model for linking farmers with inner-city consumers.

Each week, Growing Power receives produce from organic farmers around the Midwest and parcels it out into shopping bags. Just as in a CSA, people sign up to receive the weekly haul, except that there's no up-front subscription fee, and there's no commitment to sign on for any period longer than a week. Growing Power charges $12 for the bag, which usually contains about $20 of food, a deal Allen says helps both consumers and farmers. Consumers get a price break, he notes, and farmers like it because they don't have to market or sell their crops. "They can go back to their farm and do what they like to do, which is grow food," he says. "Everybody wins."

Market Baskets are available in Milwaukee and throughout Wisconsin through the SHARE food network. Growing Power has also recently started a program in Chicago, and Allen hopes to find enough farmers and volunteers eventually to fill 1,000 bags a week.

Growing Power's other programs, however, target not just sustenance, but sustainability. Its modest facility is a locus for activity; Allen tries to fill the calendar with visits and tours, so that people can come and "learn among the plants." The atmosphere is like a Willy Wonka factory—except that it's all about the main course, not dessert. In a space no bigger than a smallish supermarket live some 20,000 plants and veg-



The greenhouse hydroponics system—and the worms, up close and personal.

etables, from tomatoes and leafy greens to exotic varieties like Japanese kiwi. There are also fish, chickens, goats, rabbits, fruit trees, vines, peppers, and flowers, and a commercial kitchen where community growers can process honey and jams. And, of course, the boxes of worms and soil.

Seeing the soil brings about a change in his audience, Allen says. "When kids come in here, they've got their pockets full of candy, and they're pretty wild. But when they get their hands on the soil, they just mellow out. I think it's very spiritual to touch the soil. It's kind of like playing in a sandbox."

Since many schools have sacrificed greenhouses and garden plots in the name of cost-cutting, Allen's farm offers some kids their only chance to get down and dirty with dirt. "You can sit around in a classroom and talk or read about this, but kids will never make the connection until they actually do projects," he says. "This is a place where they can come and get hands-on experience."

About 30 different schools and community groups play in the Growing Power sandbox each year, and some of them keep coming back. Several Milwaukee schools place students there as interns, spending one day each week learning the finer points of aquaculture, composting, and other age-related topics. Twelve students are enrolled in Growing Power's Youth Corps, a multi-year apprenticeship that trains under-privileged grade-schoolers in almost every aspect of the operation—from hoeing weeds to constructing hydroponics systems.

Some of that stuff—hydroponics, for instance—is pretty advanced agriculture, more what you'd expect to find in a university lab. But Allen dismisses the suggestion that he's gone high-tech. "Everything we do is very simple," he says. "We use what's available in the community and make it available so that everybody can afford to do this."

His latest fascination is the stack of pipes and tanks humming away at the rear of Greenhouse No. 4: Growing Power's newest hydroponics demonstration project. The system is somewhat like a contained river—a complete ecosystem that replicates nature in plastic and PVC. At one end is a six-foot-tall tank, filled with plump tilapia fish. The water that circulates into and out of the tank travels through a series of plant beds that filter the fish waste, both helping them grow and obviating the need for expensive filtration. The tank came secondhand from a paper mill, and most of the pumps and pipes are commonly found varieties. "We built this whole system for about one thousand dollars," Allen says. "People who come see this may not think that they can do it, but they can."

"You can sit around in a classroom and talk or read about this, but kids will never make the connection until they actually do projects. This is a place where they can come and get hands-on experience."

Phil Cerreto, a Growing Power staffer who helped build the system, says it represents a real option for raising food in cities. He says the system enables someone to grow—with very little space and not too much effort—a veritable dinner plate of food. Beyond the fish, which can reach two pounds each, Growing Power nurtures basil and other leafy greens in the filter beds, and fat eggplants dangle their roots into the pipes that lead to the tank.

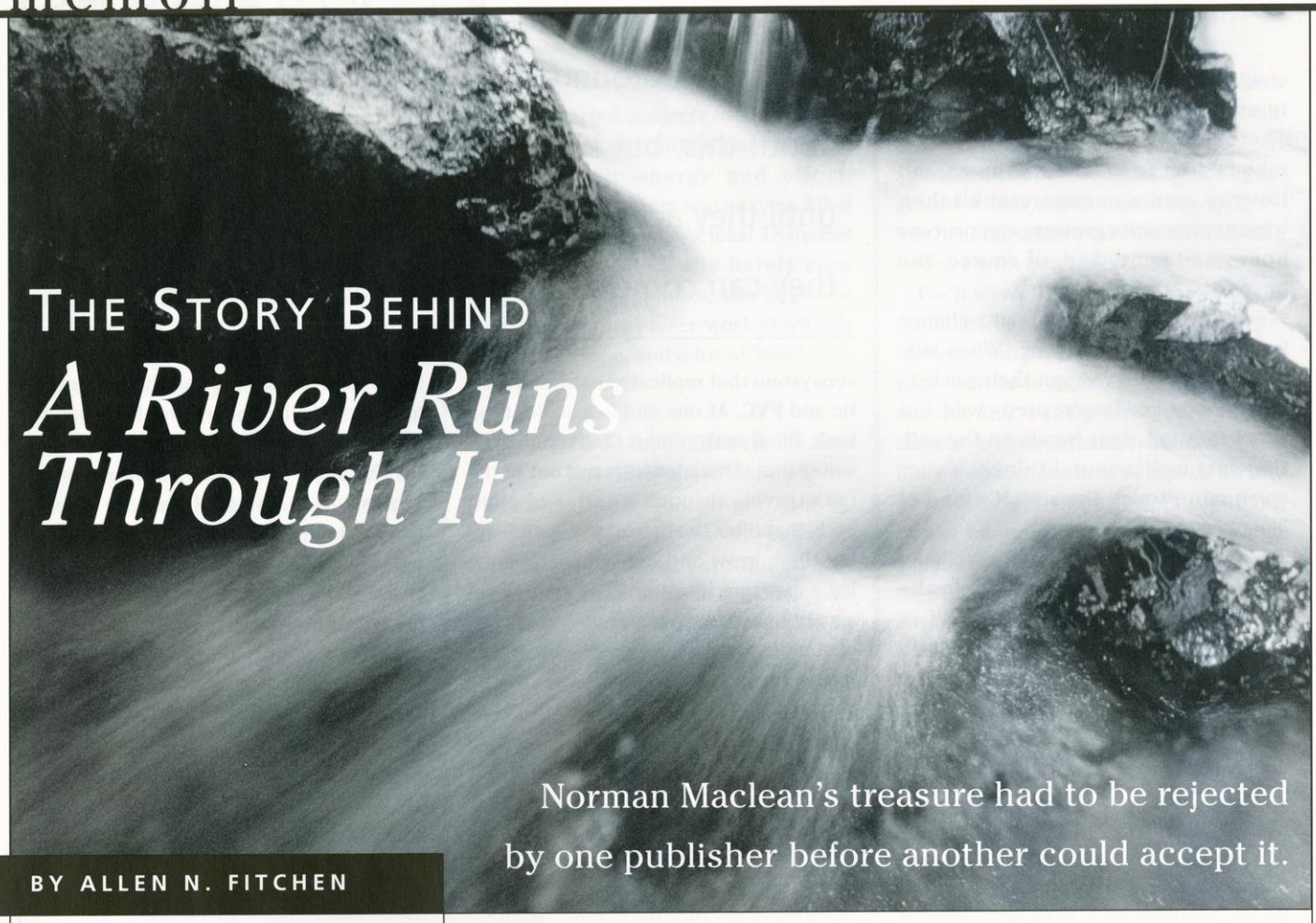
"You can get a lot of food out of this system," Cerreto says. The project illustrates one of Growing Power's main thrusts: that urban farming doesn't need to mean a cornfield among the skyscrapers. "All you need to grow food is light and heat. Anywhere that you have light and heat, you can do this."

Continuing to grow Growing Power won't be without challenges. The organization has an advantage by not being entirely dependent on grants for survival. Programs like Market Basket, as well as fees collected for special training sessions and entrepreneurial consulting work, help offset costs.

Another advantage is that Will Allen's shoulders are used to carrying a burden. Over years of farm labor, basketball, and hard work, he has worked them literally to fragments, and now those bone spurs tear constantly at his muscles. Lately, they've hurt like hell; each movement comes with a twinge of pain. He knows he needs surgery, that he has to give his body a break. But, for now, that will have to wait. There's too much to do, too many rows to hoe.

Slowing down? Where there is this Will, there is just no way. ▼

Michael Penn is senior editor of ***On Wisconsin****, the alumni magazine of the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He has written about Wisconsin places for the* ***Chicago Tribune*** *and other publications.*



THE STORY BEHIND *A River Runs Through It*

Norman Maclean's treasure had to be rejected by one publisher before another could accept it.

BY ALLEN N. FITCHEN

We thank Joel Snyder for his photographs of Montana's Big Blackfoot River and its tributaries, the setting of *A River Runs Through It*.

NORMAN MACLEAN DID NOT START writing fiction until he was in his 70s; his first book of stories came out in 1976, when he was 73; it was published not by a trade house but by a university press. *A River Runs Through It and Other Stories* has had an extraordinary career by any publishing standards: it nearly won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction; the title story was made into a major motion picture and has been translated into a dozen languages, from Chinese to Swedish; and the several University of Chicago Press editions of the book have now sold well over a million copies. Perhaps because of its somewhat unusual origins and unexpectedly dramatic success, the notion grew, over the years, that *A River Runs Through It* had been rejected by as many as 20 commercial publishers before it was finally accepted by Chicago, as claimed by a reviewer in the Toledo *Blade* in the summer of 1981. What follows here is a good deal closer to the truth.

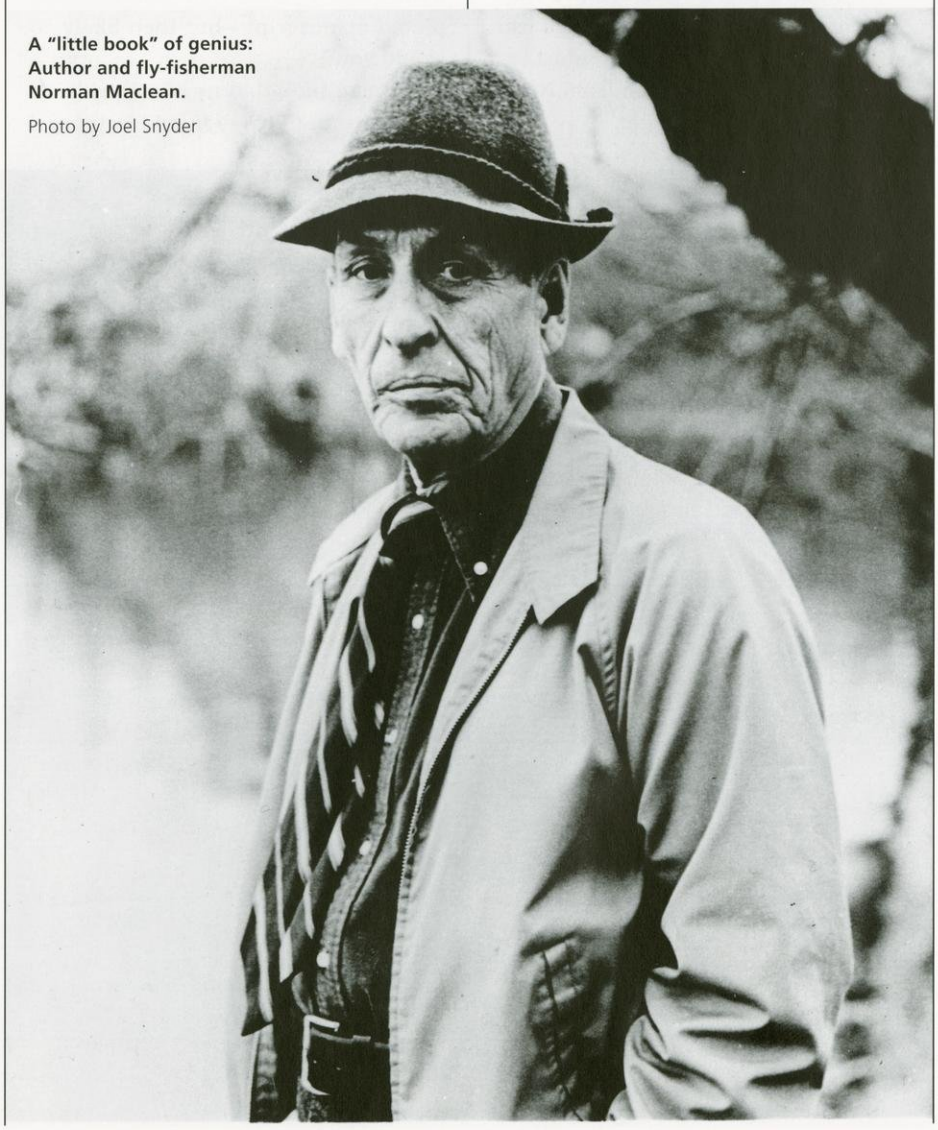
Norman Maclean walked into my University of Chicago Press office, and into my life, on a May afternoon in 1974. I'd known his name for years—having been introduced to the work of the "Chicago School" of criticism when I was a grad student in English literature at Cornell University in the late '50s—but I had never encountered him on the Chicago campus, even though I'd been at the Press since the beginning of 1968. What I knew about him was sketchy: that he had been a legendary teacher, three-time winner of the coveted Quantrell

Award; that the death of his wife had hit him very hard in the late '60s; and that he had retired from teaching not long ago. I had no idea, at the time, that he was a hell of a fly-fisherman.

I'm not sure exactly what our respective expectations were, but he might have thought that I was on the youngish side for a so-called senior editor, and I hadn't imagined that the William Rainey Harper Professor Emeritus in the College of the University of Chicago would feature the deeply lined, leathery visage of a seasoned outdoorsman, nor that he would be quite so tentative and deferential, quite so unsure of himself, in talking about his writing and how it might see its way into print. What I realize much more clearly now than I did then is how inexperienced Norman was in the world of publishing. Although renowned and revered as a teacher, he had committed to print very little over the course of his long and distinguished career, and had attained his eminence in the field long before "publish or perish" became the order of the day in the groves of academe. Having been at a loss as to what to do with some stories he'd written, Norman had arranged our meeting, he reminded me, at the suggestion of his colleague and close friend Wayne Booth—one of "my" Chicago authors and a member of the Press's governing Board of University Publications—who thought that I might be able to give him some useful advice about getting the stories published. I told him I didn't know how helpful I could be, since it was a longstanding policy of the University of Chicago Press, as a scholarly publisher, not to issue works of fiction, and I had no experience and very few connections in trade publishing, hence wouldn't be able to give him many "leads." I added, however, that I'd be more than happy to take a look at the stories and let him know what I thought.

The only story he'd brought with him, "USFS 1919," was of novella length, and was based on his experiences working for the U.S. Forest Service in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho and Montana when he was a young man. I can't recall now whether I read the story immediately and set it aside or whether I just sat on it for a while. What I do know is that I had a note from Norman dated June 9, 1974, to the effect that I hadn't gotten back to him yet, that he would be leaving soon for Montana (where he summered in his cabin every year), and that he would be calling me in the next couple of days to see if I would "have any advice as to what if anything [he] might do this summer besides trout fishing." I was to understand, he added, that I wasn't under any obligation to read his story, but that he wanted it back.

I took the story home with me that evening, either to read or revisit, and found myself in something of a quandary. "USFS 1919" appealed to me personally very strongly. As a boy growing up in upstate New York I had spent many of my own summers in the woods (though not working for the Forest Service!), and was accordingly fascinated by Norman's encounters with forest fires and logging crews and rattlesnakes. I felt a special affinity, too, with his notion "that life every now and then becomes literature," for my own early, clumsy attempts at "creative writing" had been similarly impelled. But the problem was that, however much I liked the story, it hardly added up to a book, and all Norman could give me to bulk it up were a couple of real "shorties"—on his duck-hunting experiences, and on what he called (in an odd juxtaposition) "logging and pimping"—and the promise of another lengthy one, on trout fishing, in six months or so. I told Norman that



A "little book" of genius: Author and fly-fisherman Norman Maclean.

Photo by Joel Snyder

we didn't have a whole lot to go on, but that I would be honored to act as his agent and to approach a commercial house on his behalf.

Figuring that I might have better luck if I stuck close to home, and that the chances for name recognition were better in Chicago than New York, I spoke in mid-July with an acquaintance in publishing, Durrett Wagner, vice president and editor of the Swallow Press, who said that he'd be happy to have a look at "USFS 1919." The summer slipped by as quickly as it usually does, and was brought to an end by a letter dated September 18 from Norman out in his cabin on Seeley Lake. "It has snowed three times already," the letter began, "once in late August and twice this month. Sunday was the opening of elk season, and the woods around here were full of hunters, and when I go fishing now even I wear an orange shirt lest some dumb son-of-a-bitch from North Dakota think I'm an elk lying on its belly taking a drink...."

The message was clear: Norman wondered what the hell had been going on, if anything, with his story, and went on to say that he would "have to assume that no news is bad news. Anyway, this is a pretty safe assumption (for authors) to make in dealing with publishers." I sent off a reassuring note to Norman, kept after Swallow, and finally heard from Durrett Wagner at the end of September. "In one sense the Maclean piece was easy reading," he wrote, "because it is indeed a stunning and delightful thing." But he went on to say "No, with a couple of reservations. One, if Maclean made it nonfiction instead and if his various pieces ended up hanging together as a kind of legitimate autobiographical book, then we'd like to look at the completed manuscript—but then likely so would you!"

Norman took that news in stride on his return to Chicago in mid-October, I think in large part because he brought back with him a rough draft of "A River Runs Through It," the long story about trout fishing and his brother that he'd been working on for nearly two years. It was a story that came out of his heart and his guts: he told me that it had been the hardest thing he'd ever had to write. It was apparent that he was immensely proud of it; I came to know that he was incredibly sensitive about it. I read it the minute he gave me a copy, and was no longer in any "quandary" whatsoever: I loved it; found it brilliant, compelling, and intensely moving all at once; and wanted desperately to be its publisher. The problem: Chicago had never in its long and illustrious history as a scholarly press published an original work of fiction. If the problem could be surmounted, however, there would surely be a prize, for this was a work of genius, fiction or no, by one of the University of Chicago's living legends, and eminently deserving of publication. The game plan

we came up with was this: submit Norman's manuscript to one of the most distinguished trade houses in the country and pray that it would be turned down on the basis that it "just wouldn't sell." With the "commercial" nature of "A River Runs Through It" thus not being an issue, the Press Board would feel that it was performing an admirable service in taking exception to its longstanding policy—and in the process making available to the general public a work of superior quality, whatever its salability!

Norman thought the plan was okay, or at least the first part of it. As he wrote me in November, "I very much approve of your and Morris Philipson's [Morris was then the director of the University of Chicago Press] recommendation that, when I finish the present story on fly-fishing and my brother, I put it together with the Forest Service story and maybe a real short story or two and see if we can get one of the big eastern commercial companies to examine the package. When I finish this present story I will have at least three stories I should be willing to stand on, two of which are about as good as I can do, whatever that means, and at age 72 (nearly) I probably don't have the time (or maybe even the inclination) to improve much. So somewhere along here soon I might as well stop writing long enough to find out whether I should ever start again."

He gave us the penultimate draft of "A River Runs Through It" in early January. It was accompanied by "USFS 1919" and the very brief story, "Logging and Pimping and 'Your Pal, Jim.'" The three stories went off shortly to Bill Koshland, a former colleague of Morris's at Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., along with a cover letter from Morris saying that he had enjoyed the stories enormously, but that they were "not the sort of thing that could be published at Chicago," and recommending them to Knopf, "thinking of the best possible place where they could be published." There was no word from Knopf in February, but I did have a somewhat wistful note from Norman, accompanying some revised pages for "A River," in which he remarked that he had "received very laudatory comments about this last story from my friends. As a writer, I seem to have the not unusual gift of drawing praise from my friends and not an adjective from a publisher. Still, I also have a special feeling for this last story and in my heart believe that someday it will be published, but probably not while I am around to see it or to watch trout rise in the evening...."

I'm not positive about exactly what transpired next, but I believe that Angus Cameron, the veteran editor at Knopf (and surely a fellow Scotsman) called Norman early in March to tell him how much he'd personally been taken with the stories, and how he was determined to lobby with the powers that be for their publication by Knopf. When Norman told me about the call I didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but there's no doubt that my emotions were decidedly mixed as we toasted our "success" with glasses of bourbon that evening after work. But then came the crusher or the clincher, depending on one's point of view, in the form of Angus Cameron's letter to Morris Philipson of March 17, 1975, which I quote here in its entirety:

Dear Morris:

I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to make any kind of consensus on Norman Maclean's manuscript. Bob Gottlieb read it, and agreed fully with me and with you

HOW THE SCHOLARLY SURVIVE

The reader may regard this account of an unusual manuscript's acceptance by a university press as a quaint bit of history—may wonder, that is, what all the fuss was about. Was scholarly publishing really so different 30 years ago that a case had to be made for publication of a book on grounds that it wouldn't sell commercially? The answer, in a word, is yes. In the 1970s, university presses were an integral part of the scheme of things in higher education: they had a clear role to play—to publish important contributions to knowledge made by scholars in any and all fields of academic inquiry. For the most part they enjoyed strong institutional support, and their administrators were themselves scholars, hence products of a system in which promotion was based in large part upon publication. University presses were not expected to make money, or even to break even; rather, their operations were to be partially underwritten as part and parcel of the educational enterprise. And although scholarly books were not, by definition, "bestsellers," they could count on solid core sales to academic individuals and libraries, sales unthreatened by competing technologies.

Over the past three decades, scholarly publishing has become something else again, perhaps the most fundamental change having to do with the interpretation of "institutional support." That is, as universities have become increasingly strapped for funds, they have found it more and more difficult to underwrite operations considered anything other than absolutely essential, and have, among a number of other consequences, put more and more pressure on scholarly publishers to make money, if possible, and at the very least to become self-sufficient. The very ground rules have changed, in other words, and much else is different as well. The people overseeing university presses now are more often professional administrators than scholars; the "core" market for scholarly books has shriveled, with sales to libraries down most of all; and the availability of scholarly knowledge in digital form has cut into conventional book sales as well. No wonder, then, that university presses increasingly have come to resemble the quality commercial publishers of 30 years ago and more. In order to fulfill their traditional role as publishers of significant contributions to knowledge and at the same time to survive, they have no alternative but to publish more and more "trade" books, books with a broad general audience—more and more books, that is, like *A River Runs Through It.* —*Allen N. Fitchen*

For those of us in love with the "little book," and so eager for it to appear under the Chicago imprint, the letter from Knopf was all we could have hoped for—and our signal to spring into action.

that Mr. Maclean can write. His point, which I found myself not too effectively combating, was that it was a nice book but not a saleable book. I suppose one could say that he's written the wrong book, especially for one who writes as well as he does. In any case, I guess we're not going to be able to make a publishing offer on it. I'm sorry about that. I wonder if you'd give me his address, I'd like to write directly to him.

Best regards,
Angus Cameron

Photo by Allen N. Fitchen

Norman was stung by the rejection, no doubt about it. In the initial version of the first paragraph of his acknowledgments he wrote, "Although it's a little book, it took a lot of help to become a book at all. When one doesn't start out to be an author until he has reached his biblical allotment of three score years and ten, he needs more than his own power. Then, to make matters worse, the stories turned out to be Western stories, and one has to try to get a book of Western stories published in New York before he can realize how fully the state of literary criticism in New York City reflects its financial condition."

For those of us in love with the "little book," however, and so eager for it to appear under the Chicago imprint, the letter from Knopf was all we could have hoped for—and our signal to spring into action, to marshal our forces in making the case for publication to the Chicago faculty governing board.

We had a lot going for us in that three of Norman's greatest admirers were also three of the most distinguished and most articulate members of the English department—Wayne Booth, Gwin Kolb, and Ned Rosenheim. Each had read all of the stories; each found them superb, for a variety of reasons; each agreed to provide a statement supporting publication of the stories by the Press for presentation to the board. The quality (and prescience) of those statements is epitomized by Gwin Kolb's, quoted here:

> "In his collection of stories, Norman Maclean has realized four distinct though related ends. First, he has produced a group of superb tales, tightly constructed and masterfully written, which mix hilarious comedy, poignant seriousness, and an unusually rich understanding of human nature. Secondly, he has recorded the partial autobiography of a remarkable man and teacher, tough, benevolent, sensitive, wise, sophisticated but direct and open. Thirdly, he has described the crafts of fly-fishing and forestry with such grace and gusto that the most untutored reader is steadily absorbed and delighted. And finally he has vividly and compellingly recreated a vanishing way and mood of life in the huge tract of land called the American West.
>
> "Any one of these achievements would make the collection deserving of publication. The combination has produced an extraordinary book which certainly approximates the unique and which cries out for distribution to a wide audience. I therefore fervently recommend that the collection be published by the University of Chicago Press."

With that kind of testimony, and given the fact that Booth and Rosenheim happened also to be members of the board itself, it was a foregone conclusion (certainly in retrospect) that publication of Norman's fictions would be not simply approved but enthusiastically embraced at the meeting of the board on April 9, 1975. I couldn't have been more elated, couldn't have been more excited at the prospect of working with such a rare author, couldn't have been more delighted that Chicago's initial venture into the realm of fiction would be with *A River Runs Through It.* Norman signed a contract shortly thereafter, the manuscript was put "in work" early in May, and the book itself appeared the following March. The rest, as they say these days, is history. ▼

Allen N. Fitchen, emeritus director of the University of Wisconsin Press, was Norman Maclean's editor at the University of Chicago Press from 1974 to 1982. Fitchen lives in Madison.

The Courage to Teach: Rejoining Soul and Role

At the heart of good teaching is the heart of a teacher, says an educator who found herself enlightened by a fellow professional, Parker J. Palmer.

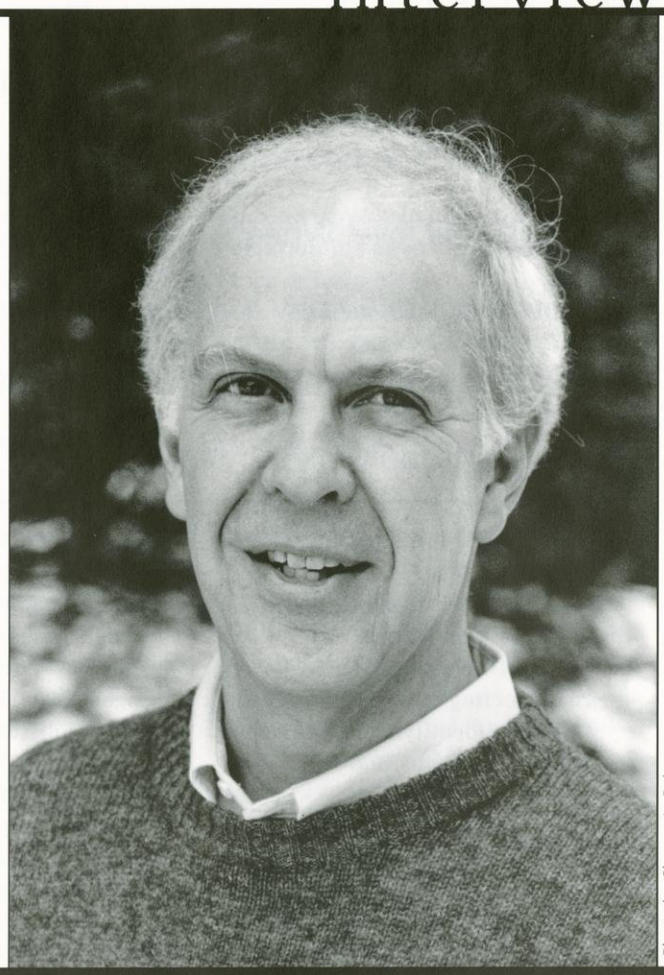


Photo by Sharon L. Palmer

INTERVIEW BY GEORGIA WEITHE

IF A PROGRAM CALLED "THE COURAGE TO TEACH" had existed 10 years ago, I might not have left teaching. During my 20-year career, I found myself working in institutions that wanted me to keep my integrity under wraps; eventually it became clear that I could keep my job only by denying my own selfhood. When I could no longer endure this divided life, I walked away from the pain and toward my own truth.

Several years later I heard a program on Wisconsin Public Radio where a number of experts were proposing solutions for our troubled public schools. I was captivated by a speaker whose voice stood alone in calling for a response that addressed the inner needs of teachers rather than the usual external fixes like building state-of-the-art facilities or buying computers. "At last," I thought, "someone with the attention of a national audience is using his platform to acknowledge that at the heart of good teaching is the heart of the teacher."

I was delighted to learn that the voice belonged to a world-renowned educator and activist who lives in Madison: Parker J. Palmer, author of the bestselling books *The Courage to Teach: Exploring the Inner Landscape of a Teacher's Life* and *Let Your Life Speak: Listening for the Voice of Vocation*. Palmer gets many calls from admirers of his work, and he is sometimes off the road long enough to invite them to his home for a cup of tea and a conversation.

In his living room one crisp fall morning, I began my journey toward understanding the Courage to Teach program, which Parker developed in conjunction with the Fetzer Institute, a Michigan-based foundation. In the fall of 1994, a pilot group of 25 K–12 teachers, facilitated by Parker, began a series of eight quarterly retreats of three days each over a two-year period. Today, supported by a national Center for Teacher Formation that has trained 60-plus facilitators, this two-year program is found in some 30 locales across the country. Unlike typical staff-development efforts,

"I was blessed with a father who had a profound respect for selfhood, and he surrounded me with the gift of unconditional love. When we are accepted that way, we find ourselves drawn by a very powerful force field that makes us want to grow from the inside out, toward our deepest gifts, our fullest integrity."

which emphasize technique, this unique program focuses on:

- renewing heart, mind, and spirit through the exploration of the inner landscape of a teacher's life;
- reconnecting to one's identity and integrity, identifying and honoring gifts and strengths, and acknowledging limits;
- creating a context for careful listening and deep connections that both build community and honor diversity in person and profession;
- helping educators create safe spaces and trusting relationships in schools, with students and colleagues, and within their communities; and
- exploring the connection between teachers' inner lives and the renewal of public education.

My conversation with Parker Palmer inspired me to become involved in this work, and in 1998 I began training to become a facilitator. Through Courage to Teach, I found a way to stay involved in the field of education by helping teachers reclaim the heart to teach. Recently I met with Parker again to talk about this movement that has grown so remarkably over the last eight years.

What stepping stones in your personal and professional life predisposed you to create something like the Courage to Teach?

Palmer: I was blessed with a father who had a profound respect for selfhood, and he surrounded me with the gift of unconditional love. In my middle years, as I looked back on that gift, I realized that when we are accepted in that way we find ourselves drawn by a very powerful force field that makes us want to grow from the inside out—not toward someone else's designs for us, but toward our deepest gifts, our fullest integrity.

That's what my father gave to me—and that's what it's like to sit in a teacher formation group, where we follow principles and practices that are always rooted in respect for the human soul, a respect that gives you the safe space and the courage necessary to grow.

On the journey that took me from my home, where selfhood was respected, toward my eventual philosophical conviction that selfhood is a key to doing good work, there were a lot of life experiences in which my selfhood was ignored, invaded, or abused. I did a Ph.D. at the University of California at Berkeley, and had the same experience that lots of people have in graduate programs: your selfhood doesn't matter; all that matters is your capacity to hold objective knowledge and make the right external moves.

In graduate school, and later in the world of work, I found it deeply distressing and alienating to have my identity and integrity overridden and denied. I think it was this woundedness that drove me to try to understand these things more deeply, to try to create spaces, settings, and relationships where selfhood could be honored in ways that deepen our work in the world.

As someone who had primarily been involved in institutions of higher education, what moved you to develop a program for public school teachers?

I think of public school teachers as the culture heroes of our society. Daily they are asked to deal with the consequences of social problems that no one else knows how to solve—and daily they are beaten up by politicians, the public, and the press for their alleged inadequacies in doing so. Yet they are the people who are more committed than most of us to the young people of our society, and who are working with them on a daily basis, trying to reweave our tattered social fabric! I call that cultural heroism, and I think it deserves support from the rest of us.

Courage to Teach retreats focus not on techniques, but on helping participants explore the inner life. How can that make a person a better teacher?

In any kind of professional practice, if you're not invested in it—with your true self, your authentic gifts, and your genuine passions—then you are not doing your work at its most profound depths. We want to liberate these inner powers in teachers, or provide a setting in which they can liberate themselves, a place where they can rejoin soul and role and bring their inner truth more fully to the vital work they do.

Good teaching doesn't come ultimately from technique. Good teaching comes from the identity and integrity of the teacher, from being fully present in the act of teaching. We too often teach technique in a way that distances teachers from students—or doctors from patients—because tucking selfhood away is what we mistakenly think makes for sound professional practice. Of course we want professionals who are technically skilled, but if the selfhood of the professional is withheld it is harder for the student to learn, harder for the patient to heal.

Why are we encouraged to keep *what we do* separate from *who we are* in our culture?

In part because of what I call the *myth of objectivism*—the idea that in order to know anything well we have to distance ourselves from the object of knowledge. We are supposed to make everything

around us into an object that we can know dispassionately and at a distance so that our subjectivity—which is the source of all dangers according to this theory—won't slop over onto whatever it is we are trying to understand.

But if you look at the lives of great scientists, you find people who were passionately connected with what they were studying. And if you look at good professional practice, what you'll see is that doctors who know how to enter into a relationship with a patient, not objectify them, are the real healers. And teachers who know how to enter into a relationship with students—not teachers who stand at a distance and simply deliver information—are the ones who help students learn. Real work is always relational, and relationships are impossible when we distance ourselves and objectify each other.

In Courage to Teach retreats, how do you create a context in which the identity and integrity of the individual is honored?

In our culture, we know how to create spaces that invite the *intellect* to show up, to argue its case, to make its point. We know how to create spaces that invite the *emotions* to show up, to express anger or joy. We know how to create spaces that invite the *will* to show up, to consolidate effort and energy around a common task. And we surely know how to create spaces that invite the *ego* to show up, preening itself and claiming its turf! But we seem to know very little about creating spaces that invite the *soul* to show up, this core of ourselves, our selfhood.

In Courage to Teach, we work hard on ground rules that make the soul feel safe, such as no fixing, no saving, no advising, and no setting each other straight! We also learn some practices—such as speaking from our center to the center of the circle rather than directly to another person, and asking each other honest, open questions in order to evoke the inner teacher—practices that honor the soul and make it feel welcome. We learn to be fully present to each other and receive each other as we are, with unconditional regard. When we do that consistently and well, people are thrown back on their own inner teacher, their own source of inner wisdom, and they are able to grow.

Because I value all the human faculties, I find it fascinating that when the soul comes forth, our other faculties are redeemed. Now we learn to think "with the mind descended into the heart." In the presence of the soul, the intellect comes down from the top of the tower, where it wants to command and control, to a grounded place where it can serve a common work. In the presence of the soul, the emotions no longer blow us apart but become connective tissue. In the presence of the soul, the will becomes less willful and more like the willpower needed to accomplish a difficult task. And the much-maligned ego is also redeemed! In the presence of the soul, the ego gives us that sense of self necessary to speak truth to power—something we must do if we are to transform our institutions.

What transformative influence might the Courage to Teach program have on our educational system?

A number of evaluations show that the program renews teachers' sense of vocation, brings them into deeper learning relationships with their students, helps them become better colleagues, and draws them toward leadership roles in institutional change.

But let me put this in a larger frame. From the beginning we've embraced a "movement model" of social change, a model that comes from my own study of social movements that have made history—the civil rights movement, the women's movement, the movements for liberation in Eastern Europe or South Africa or Latin America.

As you scan these movements, you can discern stages of evolution that they seem to have in common. And the first stage always seems to involve people who feel very isolated, whose identity and integrity is up against some major institutional obstacle, making a critical inward decision to live "divided no more." They decide—not just once, but over and over again—to rejoin soul and role, to no longer act on the outside in a way that contradicts some truth they hold on the inside.

I sometimes call this the "Rosa Parks decision" because she's an icon of the apparently powerless person who sparks a movement by deciding one day to live "divided no more"—which is what sitting at the front of the bus was all about. In that act Rosa Parks was saying, "I'm no longer going to behave on the outside as if I were less than the full person I know myself to be on the inside."

Now, there's much more to a movement than that, but this is the starting point. The decision to live an undivided life is the spark that jumps from one person to another, to another, until you have a conflagration of change. In the Courage to Teach movement, we are trying to support people in making the decision to live divided no more. And we are doing that in a communal context

"Good teaching doesn't come from technique. It comes from the identity and integrity of the teacher, from being fully present in the act of teaching. We too often teach technique in a way that distances teachers from students—or doctors from patients—because tucking selfhood away is what we mistakenly think makes for sound professional practice."

"I think of public school teachers as the culture heroes of our society. Daily they are asked to deal with the consequences of social problems that no one else knows how to solve—and daily they are beaten up by politicians, the public, and the press for their alleged inadequacies in doing so."

where that decision can be nurtured and strengthened, and in which people can walk with one another as they live out the implications of that decision.

So this is not about "self-help." As important as the inner journey is, it is also important that we take it in community—because it is as easy to get confused and lost inside yourself as it is in New York City. In community, over a period of time, we have a chance to "triangulate" our position as we listen to others and they listen to us. This sort of community exercises a subtle set of checks and balances so that our inner journey is less likely to take us into narcissism than toward that vital intersection where our truth meets the world's needs.

If reconnecting "soul and role" is what the Courage to Teach program is all about, surely people in all kinds of fields could use it. Why limit it to teachers?

We started out in 1994 wanting to give a gift to the culture heroes who educate our children in the public schools. By all available measures—book sales, numbers of groups going on around the country, the infiltration of these ideas into the discourse about education—the gift has been well received, and we are working hard to keep being able to give it. But in this field alone, the need is huge and our resources are limited!

Even so, other professions have begun to adopt this work in ways that sometimes amaze us. For example, an organization called the Accreditation Council for Graduate Medical Education (ACGME) accredits the 8,000 medical residency programs in this country, in which people take the final formal steps toward becoming a physician. The ACGME staff and board read *The Courage to Teach: Exploring the Inner Landscape of a Teacher's Life* and decided that it gave voice to some of the principles and practices that characterize medical education at its best.

So in 2001, the ACGME established an annual "Courage to Teach" Award for 10 exemplary programs where teaching is relational and engaged, where the patient is not objectified, where medicine is being reclaimed as a heartfelt human exchange rather than just a technical exercise. We are now working with them to create a retreat program for people in medical education that parallels what we have been doing with public school teachers. [For further information, see www.acgme.org]

An organization in Washington, D.C., called the Institute for Faith and Politics works with members and staff of the Senate and the House of Representatives. They came to us and said, "We want to be trained in teacher formation principles and practices because we want to start doing retreats of that sort for political leaders." So we have worked with representatives of that group, and have a continuing relationship with them. We have also done formation retreats with philanthropists through the Council on Foundations, with community organizers, with college presidents, and many others. "Courage" work is leaping across all kinds of professional boundaries in part because the need is there.

But the spread of "Courage" work also reflects the fact that we have figured out how to raise inner-life issues in ways that create hospitable space for people of diverse religious and philosophical convictions in our pluralistic and secular society. We do so by relying on the metaphors provided by the seasons, which seem universally to reflect the changing seasons of our lives. After all, beneath our religious and philosophical diversity that is so rich but that so easily divides us, we are creatures embedded in nature, and we quickly find common ground there. When you frame questions of meaning in ways that allow people to speak to each other about these things without giving or taking offense, you find countless people hungry to talk to each other about the concerns of their hearts.

Georgia Weithe is an educational consultant and founder of the Reflections Educational Consulting Firm. She is a trained Courage to Teach facilitator who launched the first Courage to Teach program in Wisconsin. Weithe can be reached at 608/583-2412 or reflect@mhtc.net. For more information about the Courage to Teach program nationally, regionally, and in the state of Wisconsin, please see the website of the Center for Teacher Formation at www.teacherformation.org

A baby monkey clings to its cloth "mother" in one of Harry Harlow's famous experiments.

All photos courtesy of the Harlow Primate Laboratory, University of Wisconsin–Madison, and the UW Archives.

Devil in a Lab Coat?

INTERVIEW BY EDNA FRANCISCO

Harry Harlow, seen by many as one of primatology's cruelest researchers, had a clear vision of the "beautiful, intricate tapestry" of human relationships, says biographer Deborah Blum.

IF EVER YOU DOUBT THE NECESSITY OF LOVE, consider Harry Harlow and his rhesus monkeys. In some notorious experiments, Harlow, a UW–Madison primate researcher, raised individual monkeys in total isolation, devoid of interaction with their own species or any other.

When placed with other monkeys as adults, the formerly isolated monkeys were outcasts who were unable to form any social or sexual bonds. When forced to breed—the experimenters actually strapped the female's legs into a receptive position—the mothers would either ignore their babies or worse. One of them gnawed off her infant's feet and fingers, and another crushed her baby's head in her mouth.

Small wonder that Harlow was widely considered to be a kind of Hannibal Lecter by proxy. And it is into that heart of darkness that science writer and UW-Madison journalism professor Deborah Blum ventures in her new biography of Harlow, *Love at Goon Park: Harry Harlow and the Science of Affection* (Perseus Publishing; "Goon Park" is the nickname for the psychology department's often scribbled address, 600 N. Park Street). This is Blum's second foray into monkey country, having authored a book called *The Monkey Wars* based on a Pulitzer Prize–winning series about primate research she wrote as a reporter for the *Sacramento Bee*.

Blum pays full respect to Harlow's complexity. As cruel as his late-career experiments could be, Harlow's other work explored the presence and mean-

ing of love rather than its absence. He was an original thinker who opposed the popular psychology of his time, including the idea that food, not love or affection, was the basis of mother and infant relationships. The search for other answers led Harlow to significant realizations: the importance of not being alone, of being touched and loved. He showed that love is a scientific mystery waiting to be solved. And he affirmed that monkeys are intelligent and can reflect how and why humans relate to each other the way we do. Throughout his 50-year career Harlow made significant contributions. In 1932, he established the UW's primate laboratory (which still bears his name) and the first monkey-breeding colony in the nation. In 1964, he was instrumental in making Madison a site for one of the country's seven regional primate labs. And he is still the only primatologist to have received the National Medal of Science.

It is virtually impossible for professionals from a number of fields—medicine, psychology, social work—to ignore Harlow's work, including science writer Blum.

How did you come to write this book?

Harry Harlow and his subjects, 1958.

Blum: About four or five years ago I was writing articles for *Mother Jones* on the overwhelming impact on children when parents pretend they're not there. Then I started thinking to myself, "This is Harry Harlow's work!" I was familiar with Harlow's studies on the influence of parents on children. Also I had been thinking a lot about writing a book called *The Perfect Child*. How do we define a perfect child? What makes a perfect child? I was interested in these types of relationships.

My original thought was to write about Harry Harlow and use his research to talk about how parents shape their children and maybe even how we define a good child. That good child stuff went completely out of the book. The story became about how someone unexpected, like Harry Harlow, could have such a tremendous influence in changing our lives. I would say to people, "I love this paradox. Here's this uninvolved dad crusading for being a good parent." But the book ended up beyond the parent and child relationship. It became about redefining love. It talks about the profound importance of relationships on who we are.

Another thing that got me interested in the book: Harry's cloth mother study that showed a baby needs to be touched. You can look at that today and think, "Well, everyone knows a baby needs to be touched!" But this was a revolutionary study. Scientists didn't believe touching was critical in infants before. Many believed the bond between babies and mothers was conditioned by food. That made me say, "Wait a minute, this represents a huge change in how we think." The way we define love and connection is surprisingly new. We may act as if those definitions came down with Moses off a mountain, but in fact they were written within my lifetime.

What does your book teach us about Harlow's work?

It talks about what it means to be a social species. It teaches us the value and importance of connection. It says that the most important roles we have are being part of a safety net: we support other people, and they in turn support us.

The way to live the best and healthiest life is in the process of building what Harry calls a solid foundation of affection. It's an important part of who we are. It works for us externally; we're happier when we're connected. It works for us internally; having people to lean on when you need it and being the post when someone needs to lean on you actually helps your own internal chemistry.

As we order our priorities, many of us forget that we are designed to be together. We think in this sort of 21st-century world: "We don't have time for that." "Yeah, I'll call tomorrow."

But we need to remember that even those small connections matter. Harlow's research gives a good, solid reminder: relationships influence who we are. Harry saw us in this beautiful, intricate tapestry of relationships. Relationships begin on day one, and we continue them throughout our lives. One relationship leads to another. Following that logically means we are extremely vulnerable to having that whisked away. If you break all those bonds, you don't function well. It's remarkable in the way we're designed. Isolation for monkeys and for us is next to psychopathology—you get a Unabomber alone in this little weird cabin up in Montana. You can say, "I don't have time. I don't have time." You can be very successful by making those choices , but you pay a price for it. I really like that message. It says,"Be connected."

What does your book teach us about Harlow himself?

I hope people will see him as a real person. He has been demonized as being the ultimate mad animal scientist, and because of that, fewer people supported or understood his work. I hope the book will bring people to say, "No, he wasn't the devil in the lab coat."

Harry Harlow was a complicated person who was really intensely focused and compulsively tunnel vision–like, but

his intentions were never bad. Some of his experiments were just so personal. When people questioned his depression experiments by asking, "Why are you isolating these monkeys?" he said, "Because this is what depression feels like." These studies coincided with Harry's own personal life struggles, after he returned from a depression treatment in Minnesota. You can't realize that and say, "Now there's a man who's out there to torture monkeys!" Harry was a scientist who was desperate to understand something he knew could destroy people's lives. He experienced what happens if you barrel toward your goal without looking at either side of the path. I hope the book makes him a real, three-dimensional human being, not a cartoon bad guy.

Harry can even be inspirational. He struggled and overcame a lot. When he came to UW–Madison, his department wouldn't give him a lab, but eventually he built one himself. I love the way he did that. At one point, Harry and his students were pretending that they were building outdoor cages, but they were really making a building addition. And he convinced the university to keep it and even bring it up to code. To me, there's a lot to admire in him. He wasn't a quitter. He did his best to take all the bad things that happened to him and turn them into something positive.

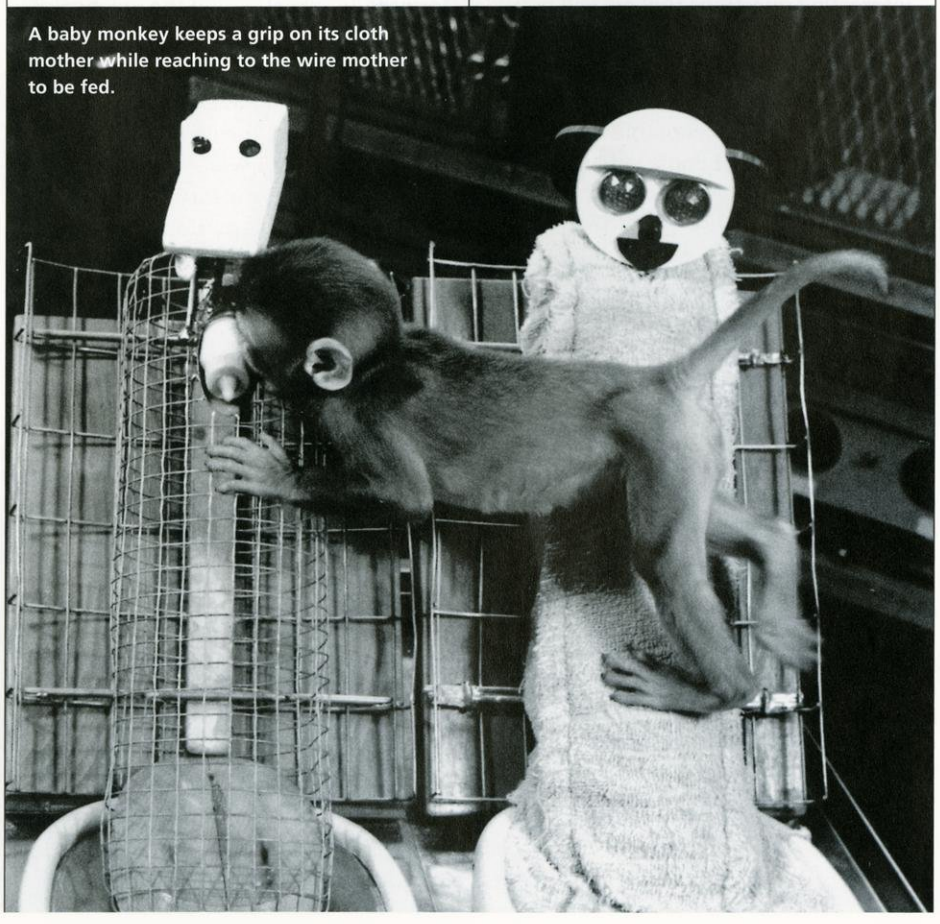
Why was Harry Harlow so controversial?

Partly it was because he liked being controversial. He liked to make people react. He would say provocative things. Even his professional talks are laced with sarcasm and jokes about everything from women to religion. Partly it was because as his career ended, the animal rights movement began. People took another look at his work and didn't like some of his choices. And some of his choices are tough ones. He did isolate baby monkeys. He did study depression and grief and loneliness. He deliberately built evil mothers to study psychopathic behavior. Members of his profession began asking themselves, "Where are the ethical lines on how we deal with animals?" By contrast, I don't think Harry ever saw his experiments as brutal.

"Harry saw monkey research as applicable to human behavior, and he believed that if you were an honest scientist, you couldn't look only at the nice, warm, fuzzy stuff. 'If you want to look at love, you have to look at love in all of its dimensions,' he said."

Harry saw monkey research as applicable to human behavior, and he believed that if you were an honest scientist, you couldn't look only at the nice warm, fuzzy stuff. Once he started to see the direction of his research, he justified it by pointing out: "If you want to look at love, you have to look at love in all of its dimensions." He saw his research as part of this intrepid look at relationships, both good and bad. And that's where I think he ended up going into things—such as the depression study that isolated monkeys—that people reacted to so strongly.

At UW–Madison, there was a period when, if you said the name Harry Harlow, you could really bring out animal activists. There was a time when researchers here felt that activists didn't even see or look at their work. The activists just tagged it to Harlow, who was to them a signal to dislike the research. The last section of *Love at Goon Park* describes a whole period here and elsewhere in which some animal activists used Harry's name as



A baby monkey keeps a grip on its cloth mother while reaching to the wire mother to be fed.

shorthand for animal cruelty. I don't ignore the ethical issues in the book, but I do try to make people see what an amazing, troubling, paradoxical mix of dark and light this work can be.

What was the most difficult thing about writing the book?

When I began, I heard from a few people related to primate research who said, "You know, boy, it's been peaceful, and we wonder if your book is going to be a reminder of all these things that used to make people angry." I had to rethink that. It was an interesting thing to deal with doing this book because we'll never do those kinds of experiments again. I don't think they can pass an institutional review board today. I don't think anyone would propose them. We don't need to because they've been done. Harry's were so powerful and so profound. The isolation experiments that have been so controversial were arguable studies. So there are probably interesting questions that we will never get to answer because we made that decision to no longer pursue that murky, thorny, ethically complicated territory. To me, that's an acceptable decision. I am not in favor of conscious maltreatment of animals.

Do you view Harlow's work differently now?

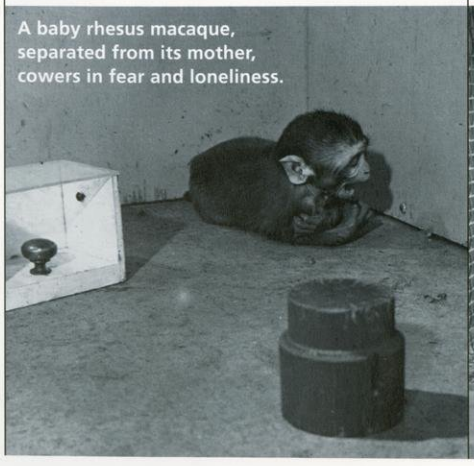
While writing, I reflected on the ethics and driving force underlying animal research, asking such questions as "What are you willing to pay for knowledge? What's the price of an important piece of information?"

In questioning Harry's studies, I think you have to consider their value. Was it worth it if it helped redefine the way we look at love, if it helped us believe that touch mattered, if it's going to help neglected and abused children? In the end, I think it was. We wouldn't be where we are in psychology if those studies had not been done. I truly believe that his research provided essential information: the theoretical foundation to go forward in investigating the science of love. They are bedrock today in understanding what happens to mistreated kids. His work made us aware that we exist in this very fragile and important web of relationships.

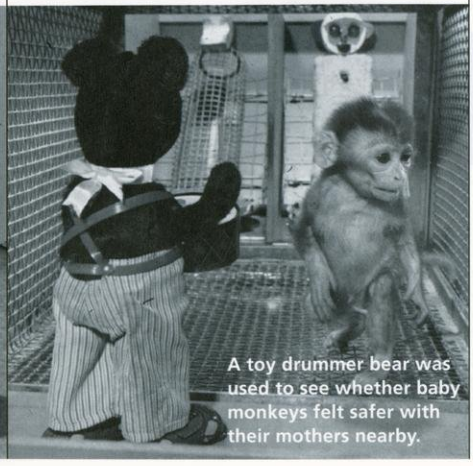
I also think you have to look at Harry's work in the context of the time—people overlooked Harry's accomplishments because they were so hung up on taking the 21st-century view of what mid-20th-century research ought to have been like. During his time, there were other animal studies involving unthinkable procedures, such as dropping live rats in boiling water. Harry didn't see the shadowy issues that we see now because the ethical questions that we're bringing weren't brought up then. And I've talked to scientists of that generation. One scientist said, "There are no ethical issues. My animals are healthy. They are in clean cages. I take good care of them."

We move forward in crude and clumsy ways. So much of Harry's research is absolutely exquisite and delicate. It's just prying at relationships, and some of it is deliberately breaking relationships apart. You can look back on that and say, "Well, that's not elegant enough." But people will look back at what we do now and say the same thing. We get smarter partly by going too far. I look now at the ethical animal research end of it, and I see it is very complicated.

"Was it worth it if it helped redefine the way we look at love, if it helped us believe that touch mattered, if it's going to help neglected and abused children? In the end, I think it was. We wouldn't be where we are in psychology if those studies had not been done."



A baby rhesus macaque, separated from its mother, cowers in fear and loneliness.



A toy drummer bear was used to see whether baby monkeys felt safer with their mothers nearby.

Edna Francisco is a graduate student in journalism at UW–Madison and an intern with the ***Wisconsin Academy Review.***

high-flying art

How the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum got its wings.

AS WITH SO MANY GREAT IDEAS, THIS ONE STARTED SMALL. In the late 1960s, a group of community-minded folks in Wausau began generating ideas about creating an art museum. Spearheading the plan were Alice Woodson Forester and her husband, John, with the cooperation and support of Alice's sisters, Margaret Woodson Fisher and Nancy Leigh Woodson Spire. Their idea was to create a museum that would honor the memory of their mother, Leigh Yawkey Woodson—and that would always be open free to the public. Their dream became reality.

Today, the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum is deeply enmeshed in the fabric of north-central Wisconsin's cultural scene. It may be hard for some people to recall when there wasn't an art museum in Wausau.

***Ducks and Lily Pads*, by Alexander Max Koester**

BY JANE WEINKE, CURATOR OF COLLECTIONS
LEIGH YAWKEY WOODSON ART MUSEUM

Ray Sexton (American, 1959–1996)
***Water-Colors*, 1992, oil on canvas**
Museum purchase

Water-Colors was inspired by the dancing reflections on the water of a John Twachtman painting. While the 19th-century work depicted a schooner, Sexton chose red-crowned cranes and translated the birds' broad surfaces and overall graceful quality into an impressionistic style.

Paul Howard Manship (American, 1885–1966)
***Owl*, 1932, bronze**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the John and Alice Forester Charitable Trust

Modeled for the Paul J. Rainey Memorial Gateway at the Bronx Zoo, the owl is one of 22 animals designed and drawn from life by Manship for the project in the early 1930s. This cast remained in the artist's collection until his death.

In truth, the museum's "birth date" is officially February 2, 1973. That's when articles of incorporation were drawn up—and the work began to find a physical home for a museum that existed only on paper at the time. In keeping with the civic generosity of the Yawkey and Woodson families, John and Alice Forester donated their Cotswold-style home located at the corner of Franklin and 12th Streets. Renovations and the addition of two large galleries and public amenities turned the Foresters' residence into a warm and inviting space to exhibit works of art. But what to exhibit for the museum's public debut in September 1976?

Since both Mrs. Woodson and her mother, Alice Richardson Yawkey, had been avid collectors, it seemed appropriate to showcase objects from their collections of decorative arts. Their 19th-century glass baskets and 20th-century Royal Worcester bird and floral porcelain pieces designed by Dorothy Doughty found a new home in the museum's intimate, homelike galleries.

But there were still those big new gallery spaces with their parquet floors and 12-foot-high fabric-covered walls to fill up. The Foresters asked their friend, noted wildlife artist and naturalist Owen J. Gromme, for ideas, and he conceived an exhibition that explored artistic interpretations of birds—a subject near and dear to local audiences. Gromme, an artist closely associated with the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, called "a few of his friends" across the United States and secured 46 paintings, drawings, and sculptures for *Birds of the Lakes, Fields and Forests*.

The exhibition proved to be so successful that—just like the swallows to Capistrano—it has returned to the Woodson every year, albeit always in new manifestations. Since 1977 the exhibition's official title has been *Birds in Art*, a name that has become almost synonymous with the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum.

Martin Johnson Heade (American, 1819–1904)
***Two Hooded Visorbearer Hummingbirds,* 1864–65, oil on canvas**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the Nancy Woodson Spire Foundation

A GEM FOR THE WOODSON

Martin Johnson Heade, one of the most important 19th-century American painters, created evocative landscapes and tantalizing hummingbird studies by capturing the mood and the atmosphere of his subjects.

Drawn to South America by a lifelong fascination with hummingbirds, Heade departed for Brazil by steamer in September 1863. In his quest to depict the exotic species of the tropics, the artist expanded considerably on the previous efforts of John Gould and John James Audubon. Heade added lush plants and steamy forests as background settings for 20 species of hummingbirds, which today exist in 45 known paintings measuring approximately 12 by 10 inches and collectively called the "Gems of Brazil."

Upon first glance at *Two Hooded Visorbearer Hummingbirds,* a pair of delicate, vibrantly colored birds attracts your eye. Hooded visorbearers are distinguished by glittering jade green throats and fiery red head caps. Heade depicted the birds uncharacteristically still—allowing the viewer a clear look at these elusive diminutive creatures. The hummers are perched on tree branches laden with moss, which hangs like the moisture in the air. The distant mountain is obscured by a darkened mist, accented only by a slight halo of light. The visorbearer pair exists seemingly unaware of these conditions or the exotic landscape surrounding them.

This extraordinarily beautiful and historically significant painting represents an important milestone in the growth of the Woodson Art Museum's permanent collection.

Michael James Riddet (American, b. 1947)
***Fishing Tackle Maker,* 2001, acrylic on composition board**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the
John and Alice Forester Charitable Trust

The title refers to Edward Pole, a well-known tackle maker who opened his Philadelphia shop in the 1770s. The tube flies, made in Aberdeen, Scotland, were a gift to Riddet in 1961 and had not been out of their package for 40 years until serving as models for this *trompe-l'oeil* painting.

"What do you want to be when you grow up?" is a question often asked of children—but rarely asked of museums or other cultural organizations. Little did members of the founding family or the Wausau community know that this fledgling inaugural exhibition would give rise, within just a few short years, to the Woodson Art Museum's institutional persona.

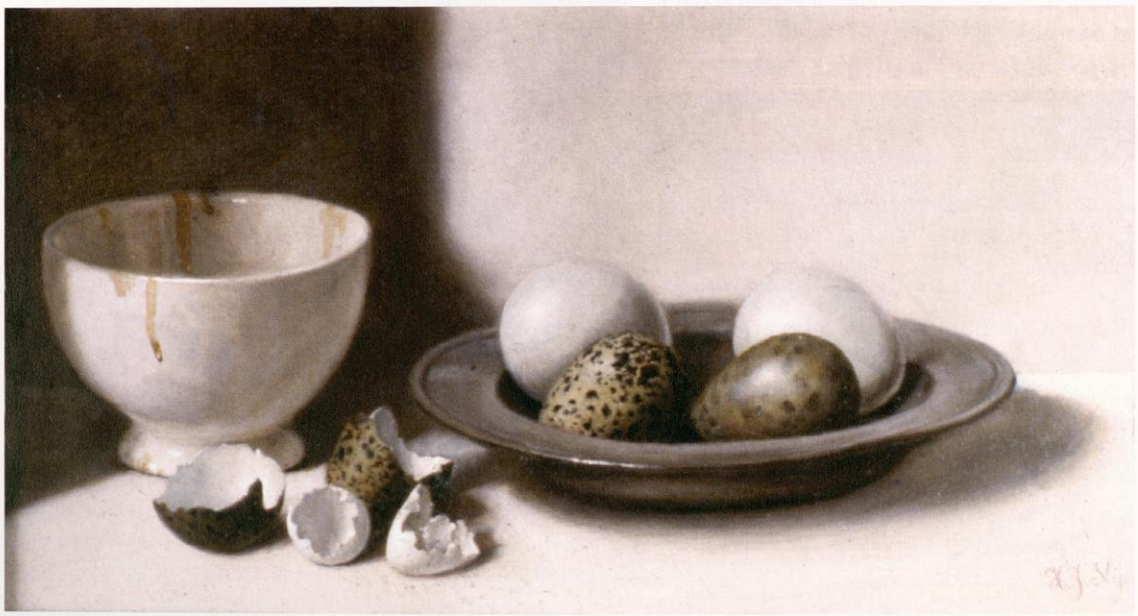
In 1977 the museum purchased its first work from *Birds in Art*—a gravity-defying woodcarving of blue-winged teals by Wisconsin sculptor Robert K. Searles. This single acquisition set in motion a collection concentration devoted to artwork featuring avian subject matter as either the primary or secondary focus. The museum's board of directors formalized this collecting direction in 1983, which means that birds are—and will continue to be—the raison d'être for the Woodson's collection.

And *Birds in Art* remains an important source for acquiring contemporary works by American and international artists, with the Museum purchasing a number of works from each exhibition as standard operating procedure. Of the Woodson's approximately 3,400 collection objects, a good 73 percent explore avian and nature themes at some level. Of these, 212 pieces have come to the collection directly from *Birds in Art*.

Contemporary works also come to the collection through generous donations, many from artists themselves. The drawing collection is a prime example. To celebrate the Woodson's 15th anniversary in 1991, more than 250 artists from 16 countries

Hendrik J. Slijper (Dutch, b. 1922)
***Still Life with Mallard Eggs,* 1988, oil on panel**
Museum purchase

Slijper is an emotional painter known to spend great lengths of time observing and waiting for the image of a composition to form in his mind. This still life was completed in less than two days—two long days.



Alexander Max Koester (German, 1864–1932)
***Ducks and Lily Pads,* ca. 1910, oil on canvas**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the Nancy Woodson Spire Foundation

Koester painted waterfowl frequently between 1898 and 1932. Each painting is a spontaneous vision of ducks, water, color, and reflection captured by the artist with his characteristic bravura brushwork.

Kent Ullberg (American, b. Sweden 1945)
***Rites of Spring (4/5),* 1998, bronze**
Museum purchase with funds provided
by John E. Forester in memory of Alice Woodson Forester

Ullberg created a monumental sculpture that is about the abstract form of the whooping cranes and the imposing diagonal created by their wings. It is also about the birds' habitats and, more important, their triumph as a species.

donated preliminary sketches, field studies, and finished sheets executed in pencil, ink, charcoal, and pastel.

Similarly, in 1993 a blue-ribbon artist steering committee assembled donations of small-sized paintings, works on paper, and sculpture from 156 artists as a tribute to the museum's benefactors. Happily, the project came to fruition prior to Alice Woodson Forester's death in 1994.

Wisconsin artists have always fared well in attracting the eye of *Birds in Art* jurors, despite increasingly stiff competition from international artists. Consequently, state artists also add a distinctive Wisconsin flavor to the Woodson's permanent collection. In addition to Gromme and Searles, 26 Wisconsin painters, printmakers, and sculptors are represented. The most recent addition is a *trompe-l'oeil* still life by Gays Mills–based painter Michael James Riddet acquired from the 2002 *Birds in Art* exhibition.

Charged in its mission statement with a vision to establish a collection acknowledged as the world standard for art of avian and nature themes, the Woodson Art Museum has steadfastly pursued historic

Frank Weston Benson (American, 1862–1951)
***Chickadees,* 1938, watercolor on paper**
Museum purchase with funds provided in memory of Alice Woodson Forester

In fall 1938, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts presented a two-person exhibition featuring Benson and his longtime friend, Edmund Tarbell. Benson's watercolors were lauded for their expressive compositions and their spontaneous and fluid lines. *Chickadees,* included in the exhibition, was purchased by another well-known nature lover, poet Robert Frost.

Elliot Offner (American, b. 1931)
***Posturing Crane (1/6),* 2002**
Bronze
Museum purchase with funds provided by the John and Alice Forester Charitable Trust

A longtime professor of art at Smith College, Offner writes: "This crane, one among many I have made, stretches a single wing for its own reasons and suddenly its posture is surprisingly beautiful and enigmatic."

works as well. The early artist-naturalists are well represented. Lithographs by John James Audubon, Mark Catesby, and John and Elizabeth Gould provide the artistic and scientific foundations for artists such as Frank W. Benson, Roland Clark, and J. N. "Ding" Darling, leading specialists in etched scenes of game birds and their pursuit, whose works are also found in the Woodson's collection.

Painting highlights include works by Swedish Impressionist Bruno Liljefors, admired for his passionate objectivity in depicting his native countryside and its wildlife, as well as early 20th-century American works by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Francis Lee Jaques, two of the most influential bird artists in North America. Other significant painters of this period in the collection include George Edward Lodge, Charles Tunnicliffe, Lynn Bogue Hunt, Ogden Pleissner, and A. L. Ripley. Noted contemporary American and international painters Ken Carlson, Bob Kuhn, Lars Jonsson, Peter Scott, Ray Harris-Ching, Robert Verity Clem, Roger Tory Peterson, and Robert Bateman are considered masters by peers, scholars, and critics, and are revered as among those who have given shape to wildlife painting today.

Construction of the Margaret Woodson Fisher Sculpture Gallery in 1994 opened an entirely new venue in which to exhibit artworks from the collection. In this beautifully landscaped 1.5-acre enclosed garden are sited five large-scale bronzes. A shaded arbor serves as a restful connecting point between the Sculpture Gallery and the museum proper. The garden itself features fully accessible brick walkways, benches positioned for viewing artworks, and open spaces that come in handy during each summer's Concerts in the Garden series and each fall's OctoBIRDfest family festival.

Eight additional sculptures are situated in other areas of the museum's grounds. The first outdoor work—Kent Ullberg's *Eagle Rock*—has stood as a sentinel at the 12th Street entrance since 1983. A second Ullberg bronze, *Rites of Spring*, is a visually striking 12-foot-high pair of whooping cranes installed near the entrance to the Sculpture Gallery. Approaching the main entrance of the museum, bronze wood ducks and marble trum-

Ogden Pleissner (American, 1905–1984)
***Lone Gunner,* ca. 1940, watercolor on paper**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the Nancy Woodson Spire Foundation

Superb drafting skills, perfect perspective, and a love of the outdoors are characteristics that place Pleissner's watercolors at the forefront of sporting art.

peter swans offer visitors a hint of the bounties of nature that await them in the indoor galleries.

A sentimental outdoor sculpture favorite is *Duck Baby*, the centerpiece of the museum's English garden. Mrs. Yawkey had given the Wausau School District this bronze fountain of an angelic young girl holding two ducklings in 1926, and the district returned the favor by donating this piece of familial and community history back to the museum in 1995.

Sculpture indoors is also a growing segment of the museum's holdings. In addition to the work of contemporary artists acquired through *Birds in Art*, such as Elliot Offner's magnificent *Posturing Crane* included in the 2002 exhibition, historic bronzes have been acquired. Works by Anna Hyatt Huntington, Albert Laessle, Arthur Putnam, Antoine-Louis Barye, and Paul Manship are now part of the Woodson's collection.

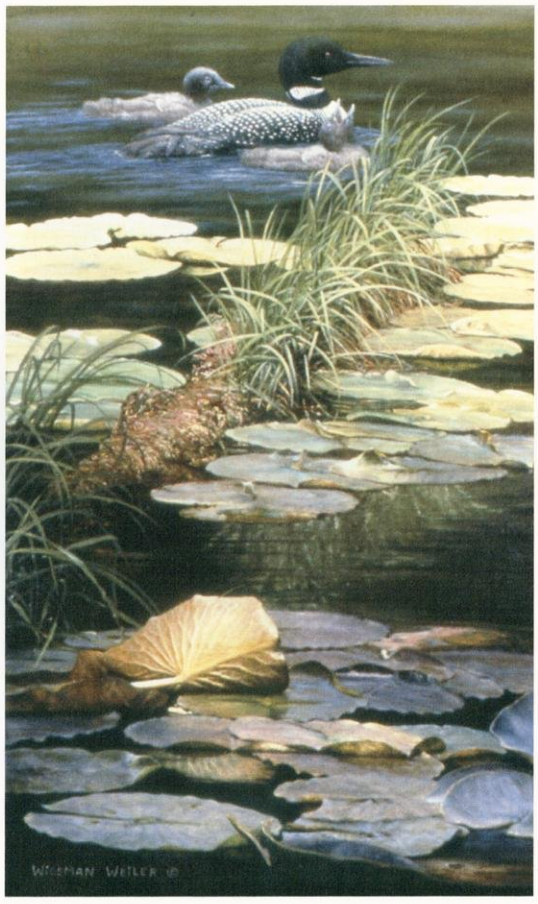
Museums and their curators are acquisitive by nature. The quest for significant and collection-worthy artworks is a never-ending process—especially for a relatively young museum that seeks to establish its collection as the premier venue for art of avian themes. Such a goal requires vision, diligence, patience, and, of course, funding. The annual *Birds in Art* exhibition is an important element in enabling the Woodson Art Museum to achieve this goal, along with the generosity and support of artists, donors, and friends.

The museum has come a long way since the Woodson family took action on their dream and Owen Gromme called upon fellow bird-artist friends. Embarking on its second quarter-century of service, the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum continues to soar—to the delight of an enthusiastic and appreciative worldwide audience for avian art.

Jane Weinke is curator of collections at the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum.

Fidelia Bridges (American, 1834–1923)
***Birds by the Shore,* 1873, watercolor and gouache on paper on illustration board**
Museum purchase with funds provided by the John and Alice Forester Charitable Trust

Bridges began her art studies at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Art, where she met prominent American landscape painter William Trost Richards, who became her mentor and lifelong friend. They both believed that American art should reflect the greatness of the landscape.



Sandra Wiesman Weiler (American, b. 1951)
***Loon Haven,* 1998, oil on composition board**
Gift of Irving and Janet Blaesing

Weiler, a Marshfield-based painter, writes: "I came upon a small inlet where the air held a mystic quality and time seemed to stand still. It was a haven in which to raise and nurture two chicks. Nothing is more synonymous with wilderness country than the loon."

IF YOU GO

Location: Franklin & 12th Streets, Wausau
Hours: Tuesday–Friday, 9 a.m.–4 p.m.; Saturday–Sunday, noon–5 p.m.
Admission free
Free on-site parking
For information call 715/845-7010 or go to www.lywam.org.

2003 EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

January 25–March 30
Francis Lee Jaques: Master Artist of the Wild

April 5–June 1
Feast the Eye, Fool the Eye: Still-Life and *Trompe-L'oeil* Paintings

June 7–August 24
Roots: Insights and Inspirations in Contemporary Turned Objects

June 21–August 24
Expanding Boundaries: From the Art Quilt Network

September 6–November 9
Birds in Art

November 15–February 1, 2004
Children's Book Magic: David Diaz & Robert Sabuda

poetry

Parting Dark Waves

And this is the story I fondle often
slipping it in and out like a gold pocketwatch
like a hairbrush pulling through thick strands
throwing sparks in a cold room
where Emma Goldman has unpinned my grandmother's hair
where the hairbrush takes
such intimate privilege
parting dark waves
down the spine
and Red Emma whispers lovingly:
Such beautiful hair …
my little conservative

This gesture
framed
stolen
from all I don't know
Just the repeated motion of the brush
the tremors of awareness
the live sparks
slipping down my spine

by Andrea Musher

For My Father Six Years Later

"Death deepens the wonder—"

—Tillie Olsen

When I was young I thought death
was an accident
that only happened
to people who weren't
careful.
I was going to be careful.
I warned everyone I loved
to be careful
not to die.

Then you were gone.

In another life
you had a daughter:
She was holding out her life to you
like an apron full of wildflowers
lily mouths of orange, queen anne's lace, black-eyed susans
all the ladies of the field
ripening wrinkling
waving in the wind
that mowing hand knows
what will lie low
in the seasons of the earth

It is our dead
that admit us

It is our dead
that carry us
over

It is our dead
that let us know
there is something more
than we know
now

The conversation continues
though speech is transformed
Vision of leaves thinning
admitting more sky

by Andrea Musher

Andrea Musher was born in Chicago and grew up in suburban Maryland outside Washington, D.C. She holds a B.A. from Cornell University and a Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin. Musher has received a number of awards and grants for her poetry and also has collaborated with other artists on performance pieces based on her work, including ***Mothers and Other Lovers*** *and* ***If It Weren't for Her Stays.*** *She teaches English and women's studies at UW–Whitewater. In 2001, Musher was named Madison's poet laureate. As a poetry activist, she would like to start a consulting firm with the motto: "Hire a poet to fix your facts."*

Dog Day

Day wakes up
like a punished dog,
paws over snout,
what done good
done bad. Last night
was late bite
nip tear dog
to dog, growl
and bark, tin
can dog in search
of a second
chance
to change
changing barely
the words wag
dog wag
and thump thump.

The poster at
the post office says
This day should light into you
or *was it let*
the light in
This one day
is Life letting light
into you
but it's hard
to woof
when stuck
in line
by the exit
waiting
for a second
chance
to send it off—
the letter, important
letter, Dog words,
Dog whimper, come
back, not
the leash, tail curl,
paw bent
and told
to *wait-stay-sit-come*
good dog bad
dog *This is*
the light This is
the beginning
of your life.

by Francine Conley

Gloria

had endless bikinis that tied together
the rolls of her secretary skin. Once home
from work, she'd walk in her door
and exit again wearing curlers and some bright
bikini piece, a fuzzy top, in neon pink

or yellow. Gloria had a 5 o'clock morning face;
the kind that blushes too much rouge and licks
a lot of red lip. She had a body hosed up
in panties day in and day out. Summers,
she'd let the sweat drop from her beehive hair,

not stopping once to wipe her ninety-degree
mascara streaks. Summers, she was free free free
from eight, to four, so she'd stroll her dimpled legs
around her always unfinished garden,
swiveling her ass like a barber's chair and wearing

honest bikini bottoms or the kind that hide nothing.
In September, it was the patio: Gloria holding
a cigarette in one hand, spatula in the other, flipping
fried burgers for her extended blond family:
one son, an ex-convict; the other, a young policeman;

her father, a Vietnam Vet, slumped, in his wheelchair.
In between meaty tosses she'd pour Cherry Kool-aid
into floral dixies for her red, round grandchildren—all the while
smoking smirks and cackles at her father's bad jokes,
the kind that made him laugh too hard and cough.

All the neighborhood kids marveled
at her six-foot silhouette, how she could crack gum
and caramel her voice to say, *why, hello, there*—then spark
a smile that fired and disappeared, all the wrinkled years
she'd spent, pushing paper, and licking our city stamps.

My bedroom window faced her yellow bathroom blinds
and a twenty-four-hour light that made her tired shadow,
studded with curlers look a little American, and a lot
of Lady—as if Gloria were a stamp whose picture read:
our Country's hero, Our Patio Lady, Oh, Gloria.

by Francine Conley

Francine Conley has written and performed five one-woman shows based on her poetry, including ***Windows*** *(2003), and her current project,* ***Shoes*** *(2003). She has published in a variety of magazines such as* ***Zone 3, Paris/Atlantic, and Boomerang.*** *Her chapbook,* ***How Dumb the Stars,*** *is available through Parallel Press.*

Chupacabras

He scans oak shadows for them,
my friend, blames his father
for teaching this nervous, nagging fear
of a marauding half-goat, half-pig
that slurps the blood of cows, of sheep dogs,
of people too drunk, too stupid
to sleep indoors behind deadbolts and bars,
a Latino legend worded father to son,
like the exact location of an avocado tree
under which the *conquistadores* buried
a bag of *oro,* yet to be discovered, big as a wagon wheel.
It comes on, this dark worry, like a flower,
slowly taking root, then bursts full upon him
as we blab away evenings on his porch,
chewing cigars until the nub oozes off.
He thinks I never see his eyes dart,
how they flare floor to sky, tree to fence.
Even his roll-belly Basset Hound,
Sir Mongo of Tallahassee, gives him the creeps,
the way Mongo, unseen, slobbers your ankle
or scuttles as a shadow across the yard,
through the whap-whap doggie door.
There are *monstruos* in this world, dear friend,
but your father, in his icy whispers,
has birthed this fear by mistake, a joke too close
to the primal, a honeycomb of nightmares.
Mirala hoy. Look at it now, this fear. Touch
it like a sandy scar, trace it the length
of your body, the shape it twines up your back,
an old lover, now forgotten, a solitary
fugitive force against its own best time.

by Ryan G. Van Cleave

Herndon, Iowa, During the Drought

The slit eyes of stars
refuse to open
upon such wide mouths

No first crops smile
across the land to break
the spiritual silence

My father thought
he saw an elderly angel
lounging beside the hot
press of sun at noon

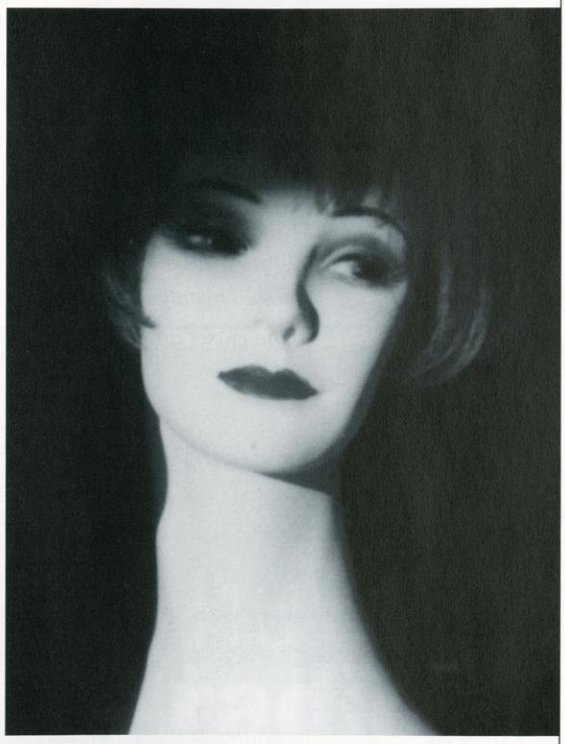
On second look
it was wildflowers
a matrix of buds
and wilting leaves

by Ryan G. Van Cleave

Ryan G. Van Cleave has taught creative writing and literature at the Florida State University, UW–Madison, and UW–Green Bay. He currently works as a freelance writer and editor in Green Bay. His work is forthcoming in ***The Harvard Review, The Iowa Review,*** *and* ***Ontario Review.*** *His most recent books include a poetry collection,* ***Say Hello*** *(Pecan Grove Press, 2001), an anthology,* ***Like Thunder: Poets Respond to Violence in America*** *(University of Iowa Press, 2002), and a creative writing textbook,* ***Contemporary American Poetry: Behind the Scenes*** *(Allyn & Bacon/Longman, 2003).*

Business Lunch

I have lived this day a thousand times since your voice
peeled me like an egg. Since you told me that I broke your heart
by being married, a second time. A joke, but a woman
widening around the curve of 35 takes what she can get,
tunes it like a radio. Men you meet over the phone
are rarely as amazing as they sound. Perhaps that's why
I held my thighs steady like a virgin when you walked into
that room that first time and held out your hand. You,
Adonis in Cardin. Me, dirty dishes in the sink.
Now, alone, this scene a tattoo on my brain:
cobblestone patio, hobbled wrought iron table, glass top.
Dogwood heavy as an ache. Blue tortilla chips on the table.
The sun screams *April April* as the sky clouds over.
All of this in the silence between *hello again* and
an open menu. The table leg, pressed against your calf,
flicks her tongue and moans. Cuts me like a ragged can.
That should be me there, my skin against your skin,
rubbed like a cricket. Ok. It's Ok.
Find me sexy. Raw. Fresh as new sheets. Tolerable.
Anything but a commission. A way to kill time.
You move in and out of my sleep like a snore, but
my husband still leaves stains on the next pillow.
The same rusty smell on my gut. Even in my wildest fantasies,
you and I twisting like a raccoon tail on a car at an Amoco
station filling up to head north on the turnpike, lips
pressed dry as a prairie, full jeans pressed full as a panic,
your full hand going up under my v-neck tee
like a gulp of warm red wine, even then I can't
rewind and make my steady, practical marriage gone.
Instead I picture him dying, a painful death that will
be my fault, that will spill me like milk. Until
you and I, long distance longing, stumble across each other
across a crowded cantina somewhere near Waco and stop.
Frozen as embryos. You, wrapped around a blonde
with no hips. Me, halfway between a lemon
and a free tequila as B. B. King trickles down my neck.
Will we start again? You, me, the distance,
pant like dogs. I can never play this out far enough.



by Cathryn Cofell

Her Religion

The only hard part about the abortion
was getting the car to start.
Before and after, it was all just mechanics,
the clutch and shift, the slow acceleration,
finger across a map of unfamiliar roads,
blue veins with a thin pulse.

She was only sixteen, but understood her religion
better than any Sunday morning harridan.
God would forgive her. Her mother would not.

We rode without speaking. I drove, spun static.
You watched the road melt like chocolate,
clicked your fingers in time with telephone poles,
cleared your throat at passing towns, smiled at the state line.

At fourteen she was caught smoking.
Said six Hail Marys for Father Bob locked in hot prayer,
smoked twenty-six Camels for her mother locked
in the closet until her lap bulged ash and vomit.

It didn't take as long as we thought it should.
A half dozen sips of water,
a few paces past a sterile window,
a pause to watch three boys in a park
throw rocks at a street sign.
Thoughts of them growing up,
coming back with signs and more rocks.

Not fathoming the penance for a broken curfew,
broken condom, broken savings, she climbed
into the car without breaking down, turning to salt.

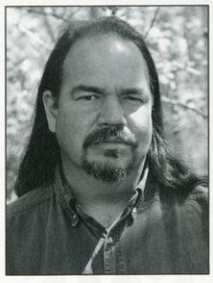
And then, there you were, pale as a mason jar
in your backless blue paper prom gown
your belongings tied in your sweater like a secret.
Next time, you'll do the driving.

by Cathryn Cofell

Cathryn Cofell's poetry can be found in ***Prairie Schooner, Phoebe, Rattle,*** *and many publications. A second chapbook,* ***Tiny Little Crushes,*** *was just released from LockOut Press. She is the recipient of a Pushcart nomination and the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters Outstanding Poem Award for two consecutive years. She chairs the Wisconsin Governor's Poet Laureate Commission and serves on the board of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.*

The Tractor Man

BY MARK TURCOTTE PHOTOS BY BILL BLANKENBURG



WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

THIRD PLACE

JESSE WIND WAS DRIFTING OUT OF SLEEP in the back seat of the rocking car. As he woke he held his eyes closed, curling himself into the motion of the car, his head swaying gently. And still with eyes closed he let his ears roam for sound. He listened, searching the interior of the car for any other signs of life. His ears sniffed at the heated air, identifying and dividing out the sound of his sister, Junie Sue. That was her. That was her humming that was nearly lost in the sound of the car's tires buzzing against the pavement. That was her. Everything inside of him leaned toward his sister and her humming. As he focused, as he tuned her in, the insect song of rubber and road fell away. That was her. There she was. He held his eyes closed, his head swaying, curling himself into the motion of the car.

Then Jesse turned toward something faint, something low and heavy. His ears pushed through the rush of wind from the half-open window beside his head. He listened, he reached beyond the roaring to unravel a creaking sound. It was the thick window glass ticking and rattling against the insides of the car door. He listened, his head swaying. For a tiny moment the whine of the highway began to rise again. He fought it off and narrowed in on a low growling. The growling thing. The snoring thing. It was his stepfather, Roger, sleeping from deep

within the greeny, glassy walls of the bottle of his throat. Jesse held his eyes closed. He swallowed. With his ears he zeroed in on the sound, squeezing it with all his might. Tighter and tighter. Roger suddenly stopped breathing, choked, gasped, then began again to snore. Jesse listened. He held his eyes closed, his lips trembling, curling himself into the motion of the car.

Jesse knew that his mother must be driving the car. Again, his ears picked through shards and slivers of sound. His head swaying. He found her quickly. That was her. That was her vast and deafening silence gripping the steering wheel. That was her. There she was. He held his eyes closed, curling himself into the endless silence of her driving, her plunging them deeper and deeper and deeper into the world.

Jesse drifted, his head swaying. The car rocking. Jesse drifted into the comfort of a dream of a gliding train and its clicking, clicking wheels.

✳

Jesse's mother was shaking him awake. *Get up, get up now*, she was saying. *Eat some oatmeal, you and Junie Sue*. He could hear her bare feet scuffing across the room.

He sat up, swinging his legs over the edge of the sunken mattress, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his fists. The room and its warped wooden floor came slowly into focus. It was small, even smaller than their house on the reservation. He took it all in as he fumbled for his pants, found them folded on top of his dirt-smudged sneakers on the floor next to the bed. His mother lifted a steaming pan from a small hotplate, carried it to a crooked table. She hurriedly poured the hot oatmeal into two waiting bowls. As he watched the steam from the bowls rise and disappear he became aware of his big sister squirming beside him. She was shoving her legs into her blue jeans, yawning behind the mess of her strawberry-blond hair falling around her face. She rose, teetering on stiff legs, mumbling to herself a slurred chant. *Wake up wake up.*

Jesse stood, struggling to fasten the button at his waist, the bottoms of his feet tingling against the rough wood. On another sagging bed, in a stark shaft of sunlight from a tiny window above, Roger sat grunting, leaning over to tie the laces of his boots. The bent cardboard boxes that held all of their belongings had already been unloaded from the car and were stacked like a tower in the corner separating the two beds. Beyond the table and the two cooling bowls was an open door to more bright daylight. A small black dog was lying on its side in the dirt, its tail twitching up and down, making little puffs of dust.

Jesse moved to the table and plopped down in one of the spindly chairs across from Junie Sue. As their mother splashed a bit of Pet Milk into each of their bowls, they lifted their spoons and, in the same instant, both of them asked, "Where are we, Mama?"

"You don't need to know," Roger snapped. He was striding toward the doorway, a cup of coffee in his vibrating hand.

"But where," they began to say again, before being interrupted by a scowling Roger.

"You're in Heaven," he coughed, "waiting for your day in Hell." The children watched a smirk crawl across his face. They didn't understand his comment, or how clever he thought it was, but knew well enough to fall silent and go back to their food. Their mother caught their eyes, placed a finger to her pursed lips.

As Roger stepped out the door he looked back. "Bring those kids along with you, Dot," he grumped. "Maybe Junie can work today."

Jesse waited to be sure that Roger was gone before he asked again. His mother sighed and turned toward him.

"Yesterday I told you we were almost to Idaho," she said, managing a smile. "Well, today we're in Idaho." She was holding the smile, but her voice was strained, her hazel eyes weary. "We're here to pick potatoes," she added.

The children returned to their bowls while their mother rinsed the cooking pan and a few pieces of silverware in a dented silver metal pail. Jesse closed his eyes, chewing, listening to the slosh of water and the dull tunking of the pan against the inside of the bucket.

After awhile Junie Sue asked, "Do I have to pick, too?"

"No, no, darlin', you just stay away from your step-daddy today," their mother answered. She cleared their empty bowls from the table.

"Seconds, please," Jesse said, waving his spoon, clowning.

She turned away. "Not this morning, son," she said, then swiped with a pale finger a last lump of oatmeal from the rim of one of the bowls and offered it to his grinning lips.

✳

The two children trailed their mother across the vast, sun-flooded field, tripping over the furrows, the clods of dirt and scattered potatoes. It was hot, despite the steady breeze that twisted around them. Junie held her hair behind her ears. They spotted Roger a few yards away, bent over, flinging potatoes into the large, grey canvas bag he was dragging between his spread legs. Another bag, empty, was draped over the back of his neck, behind his bobbing head. Their mother looked up at the sky, pushed her black hair away from her face, then leaned down to them.

"See those kids?" she said, pointing toward a small group of children in the near distance. "Now, go on over there and make friends." She gave them each a pat on their rear ends.

Jesse and Junie Sue hadn't had a chance to run and play since they left the reservation. They had been trapped in the car for what seemed like forever, gnawing on cheese sandwiches, staring at the passing landscape, stopping only now and then, and just long enough to refuel and pee before getting back on the endless road again. Even though they were both unsure about throwing themselves into the middle of a group of strangers, they trotted toward the other children, happy to stretch and move over the wide-open ground.

"Remember, Jesse," Junie panted as they ran, "Mama says most of the kids here speak Mexican, so we won't know what they are talking about."

Winded, trying to keep up with the longer strides of his sister, Jesse could barely answer, but managed to say, "Mexican, okay, I know, I know."

As brother and sister neared, the group of children turned together and began running in their direction. Jesse and Junie Sue stopped in their tracks, unsure of what was happening. The others waved frantically, hollering out something that was lost in a gust of wind. Jesse leaned in the direction from which they had come, ready to run back to his mother. "Wait," begged Junie Sue, "I know what they're saying. It's not Mexican." And then Jesse heard it, too.

"Mouse, mouse, mouse," the children yelled, pointing at a small cloud of dust racing toward Jesse and his sister. The mouse zig-zagged and dashed between Jesse's legs before he had a chance to react. He and Junie turned and joined in the chase. All of the children thundered after the animal as it skittered in a wide circle, then abruptly careened back into the midst of the gang and their flailing legs and arms.

Some of the group squealed and leapt out of its way. Others dived at the tiny blur, their hands trapping only dirt. Jesse crashed into another boy and they tumbled over. They glared at each other, then scrambled to their feet to continue the pursuit, the mouse leading them across the field toward the sound of a clanking tractor. Jesse heard it and glanced up just long enough to see that the driver was leaning back in his seat, squinting up into the sky, letting the tractor sputter forward, its big wheels guided by the deep rows. The rest of the children stopped and called out to the two boys.

Jesse and the other boy ignored them, intent on the bouncing tail of their prey. They were gaining on the mouse. Jesse looked up again. The driver of the tractor was still looking skyward. The rest of the children were yelling. Jesse could hear Junie repeating his name. As he looked down again the mouse disappeared into the shadow of the smoking machine, and at the last possible moment the boys pulled up, falling over each other to avoid the wheels of the tractor. The driver lurched forward, stalling the engine. The boys, sprawled on their bellies, looked up at him. Out of the corner of his eye Jesse caught a glimpse of the fleeing mouse, then watched over his shoulder as the other children scattered in the opposite direction, his sister leading the way.

The driver, at first just a shape against the blazing sun, shouted down at them with words that Jesse didn't understand, but the other boy answered quickly. Jesse stood up and shook his head, a bit groggy, a little bit afraid, his eyes adjusting as he gazed up toward the man and the blaze of sunny sky behind.

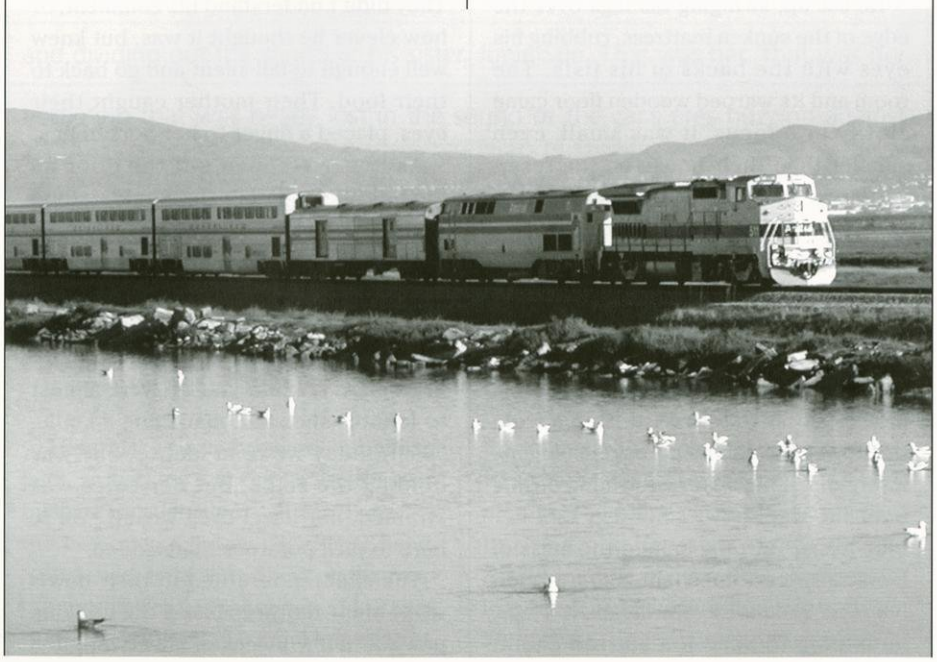
The two talked some more, then the man smiled at Jesse. A gold tooth glinted in his mouth. Jesse was amazed at the sight of it. The tractor man raised a bottle of orange soda pop to his lips, his long dark fingers wrapped around its neck. As he took a slow drink Jesse thought that the bright color in the bottle was beautiful against the man's sun-blackened face. Sunlight splashed through orange, splayed through fat droplets of sweat that coated the outside of the glass. Jesse blinked twice. The man lowered the bottle and began to laugh. Even his dark eyes seemed to be laughing along with his wide mouth. Jesse noticed then that several of his other teeth were missing.

"Hey," the man said, "what kind of Mexican are you?" He was still grinning. "Did that mouse steal your tongue?"

"I'm not Mexican, I'm Indian," Jesse blurted out, surprised at the stranger's sudden use of English.

"Oh, well, Indio," the man chuckled, "that explains everything." He looked at the other boy and said something with those odd words again. They both laughed. Jesse's legs began to shake and he pictured himself sprinting away. "This boy, here, he's called Tico," the man said, turning back to Jesse, "and me, I'm Armando from Los Angeles. You know, the City of Angels, in California?" He flapped his arms like wings, laughing, the gold tooth showing again.

The flash of the tooth was so bright to Jesse's eyes he imagined that somehow a tiny nugget of the sun was beaming from between the man's lips. The nugget of sun grew bigger and bigger until it seemed that the man's mouth had swallowed a ball of golden light. And Jesse, dazzled, was sure that he could see, beyond the rays shooting from the dark face, behind the shadow shape of the man's head, two long and shimmering



wings rising and falling, slowly so slowly, rising and falling. Whoosh whoosh whoosh, the wings parted the stifling air. Whoosh whoosh whoosh in Jesse's ears, the wings rising and falling until the powerful light exploded and disappeared and the boy found himself watching tails of Armando's baggy, unbuttoned shirt flapping out from his sides in the breeze. Whoosh whoosh.

Jesse blinked three times. "I don't know nothing about a city with angels," he finally said, turning his gaze downward again.

"Well, that's where I'm from. And where do you come from, little Indio? What's your name?"

"The reservation," Jesse said, flatly, nudging a clod of dirt with the toe of his sneaker, keeping his eyes lowered. "I'm Jesse."

"Ah, Tico, he's a tame Indio," Armando said, winking, "so we don't have to worry about getting scalped." On the ground beside him Jesse saw Tico's shadow stretched out across the furrows, and he watched it smooth a hand over the top of its hair. He winced but now he knew that the Mexican boy understood English. There was more of the strange talking, more light laughter. Jesse still looked at the ground, noticed that his legs had stopped shaking, and he began to feel that their laughing was a good thing, that maybe he could laugh with them. The sound of it spun around him, pulling at a gurgling chuckle that was rising in his belly. He grimaced to keep it down, swallowed just in case. A tiny snort burped from his nose.

Now, both of the Mexicans erupted with laughter. Jesse looked up. Tico was bent forward, one hand clamped against his stomach, the other reaching out to steady himself on Jesse's shoulder. Jesse looked at Tico's face, only inches from his own, saw that his eyes were wild and friendly, felt the hand on his shoulder, then let loose with laughter of his own.

"Okay, okay," said Armando, catching his breath, "that's enough fooling around. Here, you mighty mouse-hunters can finish my Orange." He handed the bottle down to Tico and started the tractor. He waved as the machine jerked forward. "And next time watch out where you're going," he called.

Tico took a big gulp of the pop before he pushed the bottle into Jesse's hand. Jesse raised the bottle to his lips to take a quick sip, then placed it back into Tico's waiting fingers.

The boys walked together back across the field toward the line of small sleeping shacks. They sat down in the shade of one of the buildings. Tico offered the bottle again to Jesse. Now, he thought about Armando's missing teeth and stared down into the warm liquid. This time he refused the drink. Tico shrugged and with one long drink finished the bottle. He tossed the empty aside and stood, motioning for Jesse to follow.

They spent the rest of the day playing around the shacks. They ran back and forth into the field for more mouse-hunting. They collected potatoes and piled them in a mound that reached to their knees. They lobbed potatoes at the empty pop bottle, watching it spin with every hit. They lobbed potatoes into the air to see who could throw the highest. They lobbed potatoes for distance. They lobbed potatoes at the black dog. It lifted itself from the ground, ambled away and settled beneath the fender of a nearby truck. They lobbed potatoes at each other, ducking and chuckling, until Tico crumpled to the ground from a direct blow to his ear. They lobbed potatoes at potatoes. Then, they stomped potatoes, they crushed potatoes with giant steps, the wet meat splattering into the dust.

Jesse cradled a potato in his hands. It was hard and coated with dirt, rough in his palms. He broke it open and held the cool insides to his lips. The two boys chewed potatoes, lying on their backs in the dirt, pointing at passing clouds, until they each were called away by the sound of their mothers' voices.

As he bounded through the doorway Jesse's mother handed him a towel and told him to take off his sneakers. "You haven't washed in days," she said. "Go up to the showers, find a bar of soap, and get yourself clean."

"Alone?" Jesse protested.

"Go, go, go. Follow your friend. He knows what to do."

Jesse and Tico and a few other boys straggled behind the men as they all trudged barefoot toward the low, tilted building that held the showers. The men, shuffling in a heated pile, were silent but for a stray cough or sigh or clearing of a throat. The two boys moved along in the same manner, serious in their imitation of the men, while the rest of the boys chattered, bumping and scuffling with each other. In the west the sun was sinking. Jesse watched his own strangely tall shadow striding across the bare ground.

Armando, the tractor man, was at the rear of the loose formation of men, just a few steps ahead of the boys, yawning and stretching as he peeled off his stained and faded yellow shirt. He rolled the shirt into a loose ball and used it to wipe the dirty sweat from his face. The skin of his chest and back was just as black as his face and hands, and his thin torso rippled with muscle.

Jesse watched Armando, then took a quick glance around. He was relieved to find that Roger was nowhere in sight. He guessed that his stepfather had gone directly from the field to the car to retrieve the bottle that was stashed in the trunk. His throat tightened and he stared down at his shadow. As he looked up again he found the tractor man grinning in his direction.

"Hurry up, now, you mouse-hunters," he said, flashing his shiny tooth. "Pronto, pronto. The water will be ice-cold."

In a small room just inside the building the men stripped and hung their belongings on several high hooks lining two walls. Still, they were nearly silent in their exhaustion. Jesse and Tico left their clothes and towels in two heaps in a corner of the concrete floor. Casually covering themselves with their hands, they moved into a larger room where

the now naked men milled about, waiting for their turn at one of a dozen showerheads. Some of them were rinsing and wringing shirts in the splashing water. Jesse quickly pulled his eyes toward the wooden underside of the roof, pretending to be interested in the exposed rafters.

He stared up at the grey boards until he felt a hand on his shoulder. Armando, still grinning, was pushing both he and Tico toward the cascading water of one of the showers. Both boys jumped, yelping as the cold water struck their bodies. They danced in circles, holding their breaths and scrubbing their hands across their faces and through their hair. They bolted from beneath the water and trotted back to the room where they had left their clothing. Armando, stepping into his dusty pants, laughed out loud as the boys shivered and rubbed themselves with their towels.

"I told you so," he roared, playfully shaking a finger at them as he disappeared out of the door and into the fading light.

The boys stumbled and laughed as they scrambled to get back into their clothes. They each draped their towels around their necks and left the building. Outside, Tico gave Jesse a quick slug on his upper arm, then ran ahead, giggling. Jesse chased after him. He felt cool, brand new, racing over the flat dirt. He felt fast as he gained on Tico, faster than anyone, and just as he was about to catch the other boy he looked down to discover that his shadow was now lost in the growing darkness. And then, before he could raise his eyes again, he slammed into someone, bounced and nearly stumbled over backward.

Roger was standing over him, glaring, his nostrils dripping, quivering. Jesse noticed a half-empty bottle in his left hand. Tico had vanished.

"Who told you to take a bath?" Roger blurted. His speech was twisted, his voice hoarse. The boy realized that Roger must have already been yelling at his mother and Junie Sue. There was a deafening rush of wind at his ears. Jesse focused on the sound, pushing it away.

He tried to breathe. He wanted to answer but his throat was dry and clogged. He stammered, *uh uh uh, Mama*, then gave up and turned his gaze toward his feet. He could feel a dusty potato jammed in the back of his mouth. His chest emptied of air.

Roger didn't want an answer. "Now, what do I do for a towel? How am I supposed to take a bath?" He jerked the towel from Jesse's neck, nearly pulling him over.

Jesse was crying deep in his throat, somewhere behind the potato. He knew what was next. He closed his eyes. He waited, listening. He knew that Roger was raising his arm. He waited. He could hear the slow, spreading open of Roger's huge, rough hand. He waited. The roar of the invisible wind rose again to his ears. He shook his head. It grew louder.

WINNING WORDS

Novelist Abby Frucht, head judge of the contest, on why she chose this story

Some stories achieve resonance in pacing, some in setting, some in voice, and some in wisdom. "The Tractor Man"'s resonance comes from its discretion, its delicate respect for a child-protagonist and his rhythmic, stubborn dreams.

Suddenly, he felt himself being lifted from behind as two hands gripped him beneath his armpits. He grunted out a breath as he was raised even with, and then above, the stunned expression of Roger's face. The dark sky was all around him as the hands plopped him down on a pair of shoulders. Jesse swooned at the height, then realized he was sitting behind the bushy head of Armando. The two men stood nose to nose as Jesse swayed above them, waving his arms, trying to keep his balance. Armando was speaking lowly into Roger's face, his lips nearly touching the other man's. Roger, eyes wide, began tilting back his head as if he wanted to get away. Instead, there was a blur of motion, little more than a jostle, and Roger was sitting on the ground, the bottle still in his hand, his eyes even wider.

Armando turned and quickly strode away toward the sleeping shacks. Jesse bounced lightly on his perch, looking back to where a small circle of people had gathered around Roger. After a few more steps Armando stopped and lifted Jesse down from his shoulders. He winked at the boy, then walked off without saying a word.

Jesse sat at the table, flipping through the pages of a tattered Yogi the Bear coloring book. The flame of a kerosene lamp cast a fluttering light over the pages. He had no crayons, he was just looking. His mother sat across from him, pushing blue thread into the eye of a shining needle. Junie Sue sat cross-legged on the floor, a small book in her lap. As usual, she was humming quietly, rocking slightly.

Jesse found his favorite page in the book. He stared down at the simple drawing. There was Yogi on a passenger train, tucked softly beneath the thick blankets of his bed in a sleeping car. There was a line of Z's scrawled above his hatted head. Through a window next to Yogi there stretched a landscape of snow-drifted pine trees, and in the distance a row of ice-capped mountains. Every edge was smooth, and Jesse believed that there must be no warmer, safer place in the world than beneath the blankets of that bed. He envied Yogi on his pillow and always wished that he were in the picture, that he was the one sleeping on the gliding train. Sometimes, if he listened hard enough, he could hear the picture speaking to him with the rhythmic clicking of the unseen wheels riding over the invisible rails.

All three looked up as Roger clomped through the open door. They waited, unmoving, holding their breaths. The bottle now hung empty in his fist. He looked at no one, walked heavily toward the bed beneath the small window and sat on the edge of its bare mattress. He weaved from side to side, muttering, already falling into sleep. The bottle slipped from his fingers, thunking on the

floor. The other three exchanged glances.

Jesse closed the book and crossed the room toward Roger. He climbed carefully onto the bed and stood behind the still upright but drowsing man. He leaned forward to wrap his thin arms around Roger's damp neck. Pressing his nose against the man's short-cropped head, he whispered, *daddy daddy daddy*. The smell of the sweaty scalp reminded Jesse of a sour dishrag. Roger grunted and slumped sideways onto the mattress. Jesse lay against his back, repeating, *daddy daddy*.

Rising from beside his sister in the darkness, Jesse found his mother sitting outside on the concrete block steps in front of the door of the shack. She was still dressed, smoking a cigarette, a slight breeze pulling the smoke toward the starry sky. He sat beside her and she pulled him close under her arm. They sat in silence for a long time. Jesse, his head snuggled up to her side, listened to his mother's heartbeat mixing with the sound of his own blood pumping past his ear.

"Well, Jesse," she finally said with a sigh, "in a few days we'll have enough money to go on to California."

He unwrapped himself from her embrace. "California?" His mind raced in remembering Armando's City of Angels.

"Yes, there's more work for us in California," she answered. "It'll be nicer there."

Cal-i-for-ni-a. Jesse pulled the word out slowly with his tongue. "Mama, are there really angels in California?"

"Angels?" She looked down at him. "No, I don't think there are any angels in California. Who put that idea in your head?"

Jesse was quiet for a moment, then asked, "What about a tractor man? Will there be a tractor man there?"

His mother blew out a long breath of smoke, reached to smooth her hand over the top of his short, spiky hair. She gazed into his eyes and finally said, "Oh, I imagine there's a tractor man just about everywhere you might want to go."

Jesse sat there, leaning again into his mother's soft side for what seemed a very long time. He closed his eyes, listening to her heart, to his own blood pumping past his ear. Whoosh whoosh whoosh. The night around them was filled with soft hisses and buzzing. He held his eyes closed. He drifted. He began to dream another sound, the clicking rhythm of a distant, gliding train.

Mark Turcotte is the author of three poetry collections, including ***The Feathered Heart*** *(1998), and his newest,* ***Exploding Chippewas*** *(Northwestern University Press). Three times nominated for the Pushcart Prize, his work has most recently appeared in* ***Poetry, Ploughshares, Laurel Review, Prairie Schooner*** *and* ***TriQuarterly.*** *Turcotte was selected as a 1999 Literary Fellow by the Wisconsin Arts Board and is the recipient of a 2001–02 Lannan Foundation Literary Completion Grant. "The Tractor Man" is his first work of fiction since 1977, and is a chapter from a novel in progress. A member of the Turtle Mountain Band of Chippewa Indians, Turcotte lives in Fish Creek with his wife, artist Kathleen Presnell, and their son, Ezra.*

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We thank these booksellers for their generous support of Wisconsin writers.

This story concludes the presentation of our 2002 short story contest winners. Look for the winners of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*/Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops Short Story Contest 2003 starting with next summer's issue.

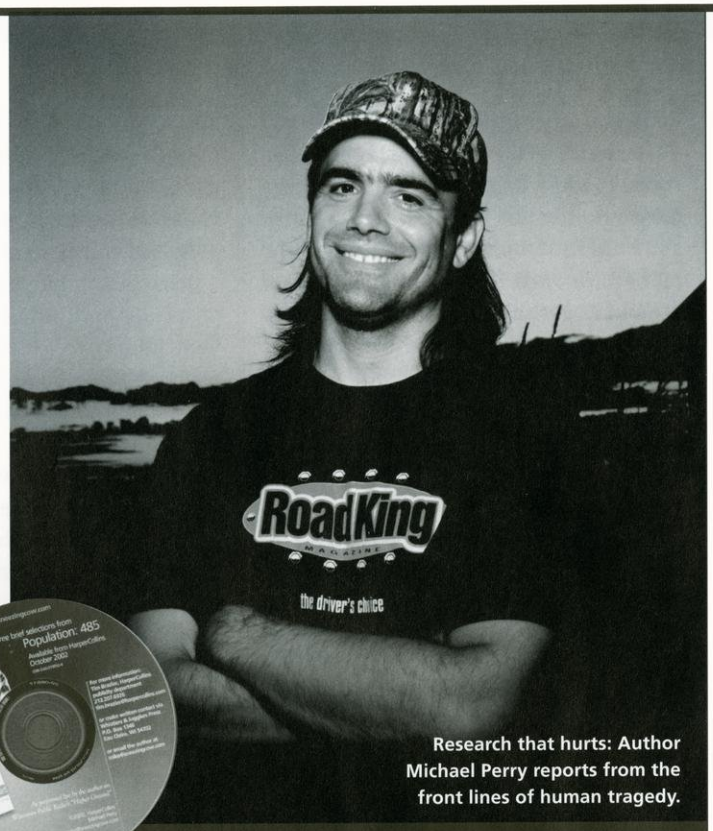
Population 485: Meeting Your Neighbors One Siren at a Time

by Michael Perry (HarperCollins, 2002)

Something Noble in the Smoke and Ruin

"The world is filled with hidden running water."

—Kenneth Rexroth



Research that hurts: Author Michael Perry reports from the front lines of human tragedy.

REVIEW BY ALAN JENKINS

THE EPIGRAPH FROM THE POET REXROTH DOES NOT APPEAR until the 10th and final chapter of Michael Perry's *Population 485*. As it pertains to Perry's breakthrough work about the lives of rural first-responder EMTs and firefighters, the Rexroth quotation is nearly a grand summation of the book and for that matter, the author himself.

There are many hidden currents we do not see in this life, and we risk evolving into a society not wanting to know certain grim facts about our world. But Perry does not suffer any apparent illusions as he wickedly satirizes our interminable stumblings and bumblings and in the end proves willing to face disaster and ruin.

Anyone unfamiliar with the general sensory feel of disaster can pick from numerous examples in *Population 485*. None of them are uncommon. The cast of characters is another matter. We ride into mayhem with the One-Eyed Beagle, Lt. Pam, Tricky Jackson, and the author's own mother, an emergency medical technician who barrels down backroads in her big Lincoln in the rush to save life and limb.

In Perry's New Auburn, whose numbered souls account for the book's title, it's not so easy to ignore the facts. Grim or otherwise, not much is hidden in a small town, although the people know an admirable modesty and humility.

Subtitled *Meeting Your Neighbors One Siren at a Time*, Perry's work can make you wince one moment and burst forth the next in a guffaw of human recognition. But this is no post–9/11 firefighter book. Those who have followed Perry's themes and philosophical musings understand that Perry has "walked the walk" for a while. A registered nurse by training, and an essayist, writer, and performance artist, Perry has been an active EMT since 1988 and a volunteer firefighter since 1995. He is a regular guest on Wisconsin Public Radio and has published articles in *Esquire, The New York Times Magazine* and *Salon*.

This is not research. It hurts, and you know it.

Population 485 introduces a rural community with a long history and chronically shrinking prospects. But make no mistake: even the most hardscrabble crossroads are touched with nobility.

Within Perry's mural of four-lane highways and woodland backroads, a select group would scoff if you pointed a word such as "nobility" in their direction. But Perry, being in and of the place, does just that. I can imagine him saying, "Got 'em in my crosshairs."

Call them "rustic," if you will. Perry's knights-errant show their colors plainly, albeit mischeviously on occasion. These are the folks who show up when no one else knows exactly what to do. Heart attacks, barn accidents, standoffs, car

crashes, suicides, the deaths of strangers on the four-lane, and fires, oh yes, plenty of fires.

The book begins and ends with accounts of two tragic accidents, which perhaps even Perry in the writing found startling for the full circle they draw together. Perry has touched something, and it is larger than a nerve or a pulse. He is after something more deeply held. This is not entertainment.

In part, what Perry reclaims for us to scrutinize carefully is citizenship. He makes it pretty clear that full citizenship can be a wild and precarious ride. Imagine yourself in a community where nearly all of the nearly 500 people have probably heard about your latest *faux pas*. If you are also known as one who will risk life and limb to save a neighbor's humble slice of the polity, you may be forgiven your quirks.

You might be the butcher, the storekeeper, or the carcass hauler. You might even be the prodigal who returns home to fight fires, write books and, well, live. Whatever their station, Perry's firefighters and first-responders show up ready to risk it all for a disappearing idea of civilized rural society.

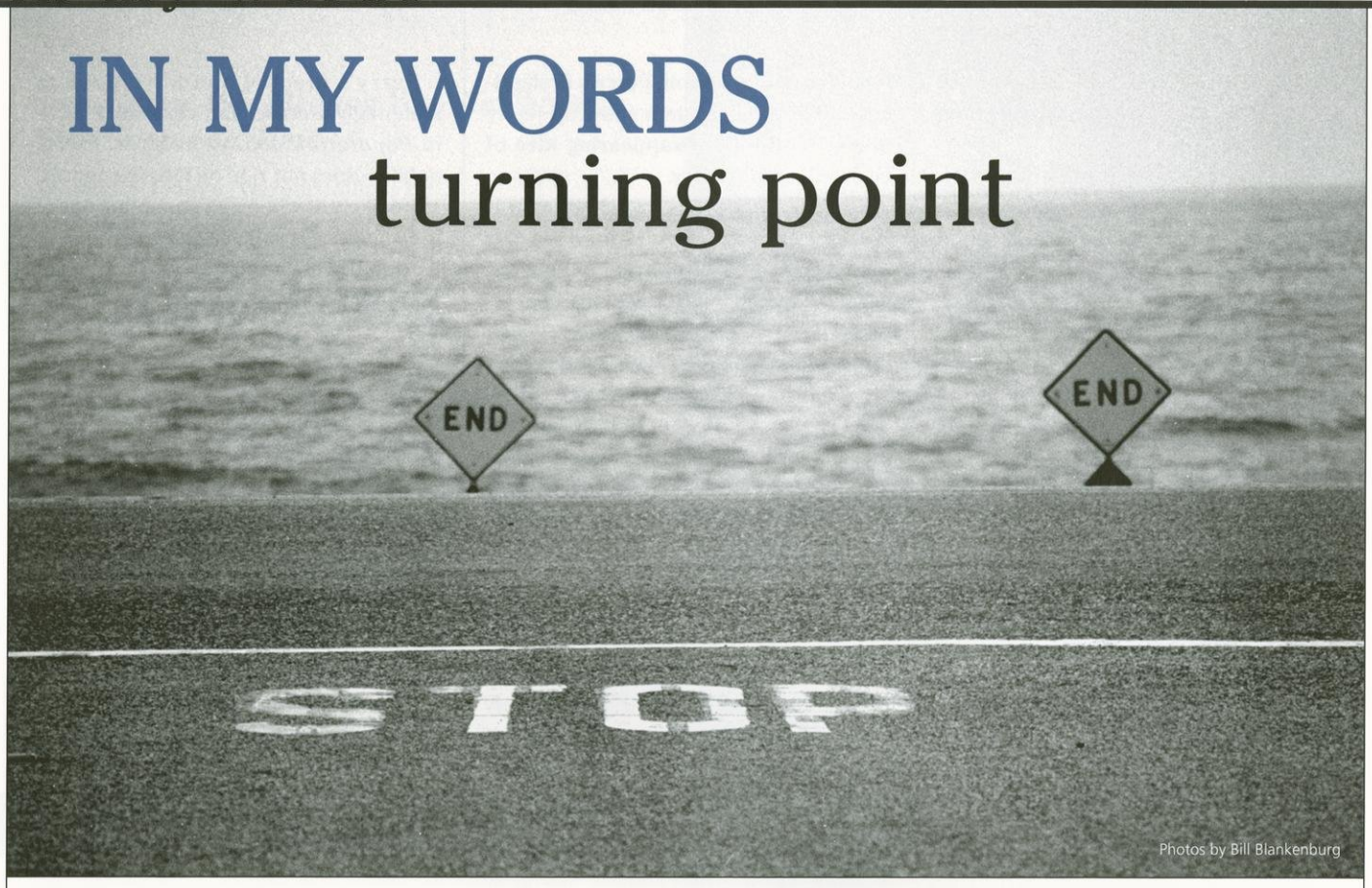
Perry's language is polished, as if it was a pumper truck shined up for Jamboree Days in "Nobbern." Within the vernacular Perry practices, his characters reveal hidden running waters, which in the end are Perry's own. When *Salon* characterized Perry as a "sensitive new-age Hemingway," some of his admirers laughed, vowing to keep that one alive long after folks in New Auburn forget about that idea of displaying Perry on a parade float festooned with the tissue-paper announcement "Writer."

Nonetheless, *Salon* arrived in the general vicinity Perry inhabits. Perry's vernacular renderings bring to mind the honest local language of David Lee's *My Town*, or the soulful Vermont poems of Hayden Carruth. It's not odd to compare Perry's prose to the work of rural poets. He has captured a language rich in metaphor, nuance, rhythm, and wit.

Perry's ideal of a noble citizen is stunningly archaic, and very much alive in *Population 485*. In Perry's world, nobility does not ride off into the sunset. More likely, it will come stumbling out of the smoke and ruin, shaking its head at its dumb luck and ready to do it again. And that's a fact.

Alan Jenkins' poems and book reviews have appeared in the ***Wisconsin Academy Review, Petroglyph, North Coast Review, The Wisconsin English Journal, A View from the Loft*** *and* ***The Wisconsin Poets' Calendar,*** *among other publications.*

IN MY WORDS
turning point



Photos by Bill Blankenburg

For this debut edition of "In My Words," readers were asked to describe a turning point in their lives. This could include experiences with jobs, friends, teachers, one's health—anything that represented a turning point.

My Marshall Scholarship

When I look back on the turning points or watershed events of my life, I often think about the Marshall Scholarship I was awarded in the spring of 1954. It is not only the scholarship that I remember, of course, but the three exciting years of living in London—the London School of Economics, my "digs" off Church Street near Kensington Gardens, Covent Garden ballet and opera, my extensive travels through England, Scotland, and Wales, and all of the other eye-opening experiences of a young student maturing in a foreign land.

But I also remember quite vividly the winning of the scholarship itself. I first saw it advertised on one of the bulletin boards in Bascom Hall at UW–Madison in the fall of 1953. I was a senior then, just returned from a summer tour of Europe, and I loved Europe, I adored foreign travel, and I couldn't wait to get back. This was the first year of the Marshall Scholarship program—a warm British gesture of "thanks" for American Marshall Plan aid.

After my advisor encouraged me to apply, I filled out the lengthy forms, but it was not until December that I learned I was among some 12 students from the region selected to be interviewed for the three Midwest openings. The interview took place at the British Consulate General in Chicago. I thought I was well prepared, but as the train pulled into the station in downtown Chicago and I grabbed a cab to the British Consulate, I became increasingly nervous. There were three people on the selection panel. The Consul General sat in the middle—an imposing man with a short but full gray beard. Having spent some time trying to guess what they might ask, I was not surprised by any of the first questions. I mentioned that the London School of Economics was internationally known for international relations, which was why I wanted to study there.

Then came the zinger. "But Miss Edler, surely you must also be aware of the leftist orientation and reputation of the London School of Economics," queried one of the three. "Don't you have some concern about the ideological environment there and how it might bias the content of your course of study?" (To understand this interchange it's crucial to point out that 1953–54 witnessed the height of McCarthyism in the country as a whole, and in McCarthy's home state of Wisconsin in particular.)

Knowing that I was treading in some murky waters, I decided to be as forthright as possible. "Well, that may well be

the case, but you see, I don't exactly agree with the junior senator from Wisconsin."

Well, that did it! The Consul General threw back his head and guffawed, "Ho, ho, ho! Well, I think that's all we need to hear from Miss Edler." Then he jotted something down in his notes and, after a few more pro forma questions, I shook hands all around and was ushered from the room. But from that moment on, I knew that I "had" that Marshall Scholarship, just as surely as I knew that the British Consul General was clearly not a supporter of Joe McCarthy.

I received notice of the award in early 1954 and became one of the first 12 American students to benefit from that particular example of British educational philanthropy. In October, we all sailed on the *Queen Elizabeth II* to embark on our academic programs in Britain. My own life has been indelibly marked by the three years that followed. The many close friends I made, the knowledge and insights I gained, the cultural opportunities I otherwise might never have had, and the doctorate I finally earned all have become an inseparable part of the person I am. I remain deeply indebted to my Marshall Scholarship, to the generosity of the British Government, and to that British Consul General in Chicago almost 50 years ago.

Carol Edler Baumann
Cascade

Death and Clarity

All my life I have been afraid of death. Not dying, not a long drawn-out process of pain and suffering and leave-taking, but the actual condition of being dead. From my earliest years, from the time before language, I imagined being dead as a nightmare of being alone in the dark, trapped in myself. Invisible. Forever.

The fear grew along with me. Nights I would wake up on the edge of sleep, jerked back to consciousness with the words ringing in my head: *Someday I'm going to be dead.* In my 20s I became a hypochondriac, sitting in the bathtub of my New York City apartment, reading the Merck Manual. For years I was convinced I had a brain tumor, that I carried death within me like an evil little potato, waiting to sprout.

I entered my 40s innocent of death. No one I cared about deeply had died, with the exception of my beloved grandmother, whose sudden death had triggered a visceral and irresistible reaction—I was pregnant with my older daughter two weeks later.

When I met Mimi, she already had ovarian cancer, and I knew what that meant: she would be dead within five years, probably sooner. But I had never met anyone less afraid of death than Mimi. She was angry, and worried for her daughter, Sophie, who was two-and-a-half when Mimi was diagnosed. Mimi decided that she would live until Sophie went to kindergarten so that Sophie would have some authentic memories of her mother.

Even knowing what I knew, even with my own tremendous fear of death, I never believed Mimi would die. It wasn't because she was particularly brave (though she was) or in denial (she wasn't). It was just that she was more alive than anyone I'd ever known.

She would call and say, "Let's play!" And we'd go out for ice cream or Hunan chicken. We sat in the park and watched our daughters swing and slide. Mimi told me how pissed she was at someone at the university for actually lifting the wig off her head to see her chemotherapy-induced baldness.

Late that summer she began wearing a morphine pump—"Just to get me through this little setback," she explained. "I really shouldn't be driving with it, but hey! I gotta get out!" In October her sister, who also had ovarian cancer, died in California. Mimi had wanted to go and say good-bye, but she was already too sick.

Four weeks later Mimi lay dying at the new hospice center on the edge of town. I went to say good-bye on a bitterly cold morning. A month earlier she had been herself, large and irreverent. Now she lay wraithlike in the bed, all bones and big eyes and tender bald head.

On the phone a week earlier, Mimi had said, "We're not doing tears or soppy, hon." I sat beside her bed, my coat over my arm. *I'm not going to cry,* I told myself.

"Hello, dear," I said. "I came to say good-bye."

Mimi's hand fluttered up near her skull. "It's everywhere," she whispered. Her words were slurred and low. "It's in my brain, it's everywhere."

"I know, Mimi," I said. "You were brave, you fought as long as you could. Sophie's in kindergarten. You made it!"

"I couldn't go on," she said. Her white, white hand came to rest on top of the sheet. She opened her eyes with an effort and looked straight at me. "It wasn't up to me," she said clearly. "It never was."

I left soon afterward. The kind woman at the reception desk handed me tissues as I stumbled by, eyes streaming. I sat in the freezing car for half an hour, howling with anguish and rage, and then I started for home.

Not far from my house, I sat at a stop sign, waiting. I looked ahead, at the road stretching away from me and up into a hill. I heard Mimi's voice saying *It wasn't up to me and it never was.* And for just a moment, looking at the road, I was inside those words, I felt them, I *believed* them. For a second I let go of the fear that had haunted me my whole life, let go of my convulsive determination to not die, to change my fate, to resist what I couldn't control. I felt as though I wasn't driving after all, as though my car would glide up the hill on its own, and all I had to do was sit back and enjoy the ride. I felt light, relieved, *free.*

Then a car honked behind me, and the world snapped back into place. I pressed down the clutch and drove on. But I had felt, just for a second, such a lightness, a letting go that made my fears fall away. I had felt what it was to be truly alive. No big answers—just a seed, the possibility of something else.

I drove home, knowing it was a start.

Harriet Brown
Madison

Knowing and Doing

The oft-quoted contemporary *philosophe*, Lawrence Peter Berra, has offered this sage advice: "When you come to a fork in the road—take it."

Forks are a common geographical feature on the highway of life. Some represent slight jogs requiring only a modest course correction. Others are major turning points leading to acute changes in direction. The latter are pivotal moments generated by developments over which we generally have little or no control. Recognized as events "that will forever change your life," they are part of a spectrum ranging from the loss of a loved one to winning the lottery. Sometimes turning points are not so immediately dramatic or evident. They become apparent only in retrospect.

Like most other people, I have experienced moments of precipitous change. On such occasions instinct generally overrides intellect. You react, deal with the crisis as best you can, and then move on to confront those lesser but recurring forks in the road.

I have lived long enough to recognize and appreciate that there also are discrete stages of life which lead to changes of perspective. At these intervals you realize things will not be the same as they were before. In my own experience, these revelations usually occur when the second number in my chronological age is the same as the first: 22, 33, 44, etc. (I'm shooting for 99!) During a college homecoming celebration more than a generation ago, a fraternity brother of mine poignantly articulated the feeling. We were dutifully catching up on various events in our lives following graduation. He suddenly sighed wistfully and, recalling our years together on campus, said, "I wish I knew then what I know now and could do now what I could do then."

Obviously, we both had come to an important turning point.

Arthur Hove
Madison

Widow

"…. he was killed in a car accident Friday night."

Nine words from his obituary—the same nine words creating a death sentence to my spirit. No feelings came. Nothing. On Monday at the funeral, the tears and the pain initiated their torture. It hurt to be alive. Every single second delivered more pain. The deep sorrow in my daughter's eyes reflected my own. The abundant love and compassion of family and friends couldn't get through. An emotional wall of ice grew around me. It kept any more pain from adding to the overwhelming burden already there. The emotional ice wall grew thicker and thicker.

Finally my words came out to a friend who had been widowed twice—someone who also lived this heartache, this pain that went through body and spirit into the soul. She told me I would be hurt again, it is part of the human condition. Those words were the lightning bolt that broke through the wall. The emotional ice block instantly melted into puddles around me. The compassion of others became soil forming the earth of my new being. There are still moments of heartache and loss, but being alive means now to feel once again. Slowly the seeds of hope and joy grew. Twenty years later there is a forest of love surrounding my being. Can I trust enough to love again?

Gail Lamberty
Roxbury

Schools of Fish (or, the Reasons Why I Teach)

The *Purdue Alumni Magazine* arrives and I flip through its slick pages while watching an afternoon soap, a mindless break from grading papers. I am sick of teaching. I am tired of 18-, 19-, 20-year-olds.

I didn't recognize that girl radiating off the page with her round face, glasses, and dark skin. Even a name I was so fond of—a name that sounded like a kiss on the palm of the hand being thrown for a catch—didn't jog my memory. Only later, startled out of sleep, did I remember she was mine for a semester: one fall, years before.

There, at last, was an answer to the question I always carry as a teacher: what happened to that student? Here, it says, she has done well: summa cum laude, a year in London, an English major. Back then, she sat each hour curled in the window, notepad on her knees. She had long dreadlocks and the light from the window shone on her face. I was continually startled by her beauty and intelligence. I believed she was destined to excel. The print on page 33 proves me right. I can be satisfied.

But then, what of the other 26? Are they happy? Are they well? They do not call and they do not write. I have since moved. They cannot find me even if they wanted to. I am left only with brief and illuminated glimpses: mental snapshots of who they were at 18 when I tried to teach them something about literature, and so, about life.

Elizabeth walked in the door late the first day. The whole room stopped to gawk in silence at her long legs. She looked like a runway model, but got the highest grade in the class.

Tony from Detroit came up to me that last cold day in December and said, "I know I didn't do all that well in your class, but you're an awesome teacher," and he gave me a hug—tight and fast—before running out the door. I would've caught and held him close if I'd known it was forever. You learn you can never know when and where they go.

The blonde who disappeared mid-October had a boyfriend I didn't trust. A year later, he returned a book I had lent her about Marilyn Monroe. There was no note, no explanation.

Bill drove a friend whose brother had committed suicide all night from Indiana to New York. "I don't think he should be alone," he said, and wondered if I'd still accept his paper. It was a rare stupid question.

Faces come back to me like books I treasure but haven't read in a long time. They greet me like magic—like some-

thing well-loved and worn and believed-in that you can never quite throw away.

Kelly nearly died after an asthma attack brought on by the small boy in the corner who said the Holocaust wasn't all that evil. Greg called 911 that day and later we diagnosed his dyslexia, banishing forever his high school teacher's claim that he was lazy. Chad, the fireman, said he was glad when Little Hitler stopped showing up for class.

I hope Chad still fights fires. I hope Greg writes letters home. Kelly's boy is now nine or 10, but I hope she still kisses him on the forehead, tucks the blanket under his chin.

I hope Mark's in love: the sweet boy in the back who anonymously sent me flowers the third week of school. Even after I figured him out and told him it was inappropriate, he remained one of my favorites. At the end of the year, he gave me a book of Georgia O'Keeffe prints and flowers I couldn't throw away. But her lovely images only pale against the memory of those September mums. He stood at the front of the room, perfectly calm, and said, "You remind me of my sister and I thought someone should send you flowers."

I am struck that, over and over, fine people pass you as quickly as the sea. Years later, faces rise to the top like bubbles—or you catch, at the end of your brain, a sliver of a silver shape, like the side of a fish glinting in the water. You remember how dazzling and multitudinous students are. And you remember this is the lesson. You teach for these schools of fish in your memory.

You teach because there was a sunny day at Purdue when you discussed Edgar Allen Poe and had the privilege to call on a girl curled in a window named Lakiska Flippen, who grew up to be somebody. You teach because she was exceptional and because maybe, just maybe, you were the person who let her know it. ▼

Christine Butterworth–McDermott
Madison

Kicking the Wall

One evening in late fall, about five years into my second marriage, I kicked a hole in the living room wall during a fight with my wife—an act that shocked us both and quickly ended the fight. My wife didn't run, yet wisely backed into the kitchen. Shock, guilt, fear filled me, but also a hint of uncharacteristic swagger.

How we arrived at this fight had mostly to do with my three-year battle with a chronic, debilitating illness called fibromyalgia. We were uninsured and because I was not working, we were hovering around the poverty line. And as if the fire didn't have enough kindling, my daughter was born, introducing sleep deprivation to the mix.

In this particular fight, my wife suggested I might be well enough to try work again, to help with our finances—an understandable request given the burden my illness had placed on our family. But I was far from understanding. Indignant rage raced through me like a fever. How dare she doubt me, insinuate that I was somehow milking my illness? That's when I kicked the wall—and in truth, I could have just as easily kicked her.

Ironically, several years before my illness, I actually had specialized in counseling men who battered their wives, a role that engendered plenty of cocktail party kudos—especially from women. I would explain how the man loses his job, feels impotent in his life, cannot save face, resorts to animal instincts and kicks the wall. A week later he kicks the wife.

Luckily, I stopped before the final step. Therapist, analyze thyself.

Before fibromyalgia, I'd been a devoted and worthy breadwinner, working two very tangential but solid careers as a therapist and carpenter, holding more than my own in the household. I was a dedicated, albeit fumbling stepparent to my wife's son. I willingly helped with the cooking, cleaning, laundry, repairs. But once my health faltered, beginning with an undetermined flu-like achiness that just wouldn't go away, the good husband became distant, bitter, the stepparent, irrational and impatient. Worse yet, the doctors struggled to find a diagnosis. The months of achiness were followed by sudden weight loss, night sweats, prostate problems, sleeplessness, colds that wouldn't

quit, forgetfulness, and eventually depression.

My wife moved upstairs so she could get some sleep, creating some understandable distance between herself and her night-sweating husband. Though I couldn't blame her, it hurt just the same. I was a 40-year-old, uninsured, asexual, and disabled man. If I couldn't be a breadwinner, a husband, a lover, a kind stepfather, then who the hell was I? The answers varied, but added up to the same thing—a lazy sot, a wimp, a girlie man. (Every other fibromyalgia patient I knew was a woman.)

As a therapist I'd taught my male clients how to get in touch with their feminine natures, to value the home as much as the workplace. But now I saw a critical prerequisite to that scenario: *Be vulnerable—but only after you've proved you can bring home "the bacon."* Take away my ability to provide, and suddenly the 1950s aphorisms I grew up with quickly overwhelmed my 1960s feminist rhetoric. *Big boys don't cry. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Nice guys finish last.*

I gamely attempted the John Wayne approach to healing, battling my health problems like a terrorist attack. The result was I got even sicker, and consequently more pissed-off and despondent.

During this time, a thin, insistent voice arose in me, one that had a petulant quality—a whiny little boy's voice. He *wanted* permission to be sick, to not go to school, to be taken care of without obligation, to be unconditionally coddled. When I kicked that wall it was as though this boy's big brother had finally stood up for him, had confronted the neighborhood bully—who looked very much like my wife.

But a few days after the big fight, as I spread plaster over the hole in the wall, I began to see the proverbial forest for the trees. Yes, I had finally stood my ground against the "bully," but the bully was neither my wife *nor* the illness. The bully was myself, unable to accept my frailty.

Sadly, despite my eventual awakening, my wife and I didn't make it, the illness having created too wide a rift for us to bridge. But my health has improved. I slowed down, got therapy, and pursued another career track that, while less lucrative, is much less stressful.

I'd like to say the war is over, but I still succumb to testosterone-induced longings for six-pack abs, macho SUVs, and stunning stock portfolios. I still get angry at my body's limitations and have urges to kick walls. But my saving grace is my six-year-old girl, who just the other night asked me, "Papa, what's a disease?" When I finished answering, she cocked her head at me and asked, "So why does the daring young man fly with the greatest disease?"

Oh, to be that daring.

Guy Thorvaldsen
Madison

World War II and Dad's Turning Point

One legacy from my father is a set of 10 hours of audiotapes with stories about his family, his growing up, and his life. Judy Pierotti, a classmate of my wife's at Oberlin and a Madison resident, runs a business called Voice Treasures, for which she tapes the stories of our parents' generation. She interviewed my father a half-dozen years ago. Now, with Dad gone, I, my brother, our children, and my grandchild have this treasure of Dad's stories and reflections about life.

One particular comment stands out. Responding to a question about his years of service in the Navy during World War II, Dad replied: "One of the best things about them was that it broke the line of my life abruptly and completely. It gave me time to think about what I wanted to do with my life, and to reach the decision that I was certainly not going back to the school at home. It made me think about what choices I had to make and what questions that I would be asking of advisors about the kind of work that I should be doing. So it was a clean break and it gave me a chance to start over."

A direct consequence of this decision was Dad's becoming director of the University of Wisconsin Press, where he served out his career for 35 years from 1947 to his retirement in 1982.

Up until the war, Dad had been on track to follow in an established family pattern of taking over as headmaster of the Webb School of California, the prep school that his father had founded in 1922 in Claremont. Dad's grandfather W.R. Webb (Old Sawney) was the first to found a Webb School, which he did in central Tennessee in 1870, where his eldest son, W.R. Webb Jr. took over as principal in 1914. Dad's father, Thompson Webb, taught for his brother in Tennessee and later opened the school in Claremont. His eldest son, Thompson Webb Jr., was an unconscious choice as his father's replacement. In preparation, my father attended college and graduate school, and spent the two years prior to World War II teaching at prep schools.

On December 7, 1941, he was teaching at the Catalina School for Boys on Catalina Island when he heard the news of Pearl Harbor. Dad enlisted in the Navy, and after officers' training was assigned to the *Nassau,* an escort carrier, which soon saw service in the humid South Pacific during the Guadalcanal campaign in the Solomon Islands. Later, in 1943, it took him north as the only aircraft carrier in the fleet that protected the army troops invading Attu, an island in the Aleutian that was then occupied by Japanese troops.

These and other campaigns, combined with the long hours at sea, gave Dad plenty of time to review what he wanted to do with his life. In discussions with my mother, he decided to break with his parents' plans for him and seek advice from family friends who included a college president or two. These discussions led him to apply his editing and administrative skills in university publishing, first at the University of California Press and then in Madison. It was a bold decision that took some courage to make because he had to say no to the wishes of his father, of whom Dad was fond. And when the decision led to his life at the University of Wisconsin, it had him and my mother far away from their families in southern California and in another climate

entirely, which fortunately Dad's love of skiing helped him adapt to. Though not pleased with Dad's decision, his parents respected it; and then, during a visit in the 1960s, they told him that they could see that he had made a good life in Madison. With that statement, he finally had their full blessing for his chosen profession and life, which among other honors included serving as president of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

Thompson Webb III
Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

Switching Gears

When I demoted myself this year, the reaction was pretty interesting. Friends from Boston to Las Vegas weighed in with their support, concern, and their own irritations.

From a travel agent: "As one who comes from a long line of family who died very young, I relate strongly to your desire to do what's important to you."

From an architect: "I am very jealous. I understand the emotional and physical drain at the end of the day. Lately I come home, ignore the stack of notes by the computer, and crash on the couch."

From a business writer: "I was surprised to hear about your career plans, but maybe not totally. I've had to work a fair amount of overtime this year, and I often find myself wondering whether it's really worth it."

From an adult ed teacher: "Sounds like you're making some pretty big decisions in your life. I know that initially it was tough when my husband quit his job, but in the long run it was the best thing he could have done for himself as well as for his family."

From a sportswriter: "I was surprised you gave up your job. That sounded like a pretty impressive one. Guess the frustration, though, wasn't worth it anymore. Will a part-time job there be enough for you?"

From a minister: "You know I support you in your quest for a new and more emotionally and spiritually healthy life."

From a reading teacher: "I really like the idea of partial retirement! Doesn't it seem like we have more money than time anyway? I think it sounds like a great way to give yourself a break."

From a former editor: "I didn't like being a boss, either. I didn't like telling people what to do, and I didn't like it when they wouldn't do what I told them."

I decided to be a journalist about 30 years ago, and although I never seriously aspired to work for the heavy hitters in the business, I pictured myself making steady progress, or at least holding steady, from college graduation to retirement.

Now, at the halfway point—that's age 46, by my optimistic estimate—I made the decision to backslide, by traditional standards, anyway.

First a reporter, then a copy editor, then a features editor. The oddest thing I did was job-hop—eight publications in about four years, during my 20s—always looking for something better.

Guess that's what I'm still doing now, but that pertains to life instead of work.

As an editor playing a shell game this year, I ended up with a writing position to fill. And in the midst of longer work weeks because of budget cuts and fewer staff, that part-time job sure looked good to me. So I made a pitch to hire myself.

Time has started to mean more than money, particularly when the people you care about die—or scatter because you're too busy doing time at the office.

The hardest part, so far, has been the ego issues. Much as I believe that newspaper work is a "calling" for many of us, it's also about the power to set an agenda, form opinions, generate chatter, champion a cause, make a difference.

It's certainly not about making great money, but it's a way to make your priorities and words—if not your face—known in an honorable way. Those opportunities are greater for an editor than a writer, which is one reason this turning point is hard.

But it's also right, and necessary. I've gained perspective from the reactions of friends, particularly those who have known how to separate "work" from "life" for a long time.

From a special ed teacher: "Good for you! If you can manage it, why work full-time?"

Why, indeed?

Mary Bergin
Madison

Share Your Stories

We welcome your contribution to "In My Words." Stories should be no longer than 600 words (that's shorter than some entries in this issue; we are reducing word count to accommodate more contributions). The next topics are:

OFF THE BEATEN PATH, deadline February 1 (for the spring issue; this is an extended deadline). Tell us about any experience that took you out of your normal realm regarding people, a place, or an event. How did it change you or make you see things differently?

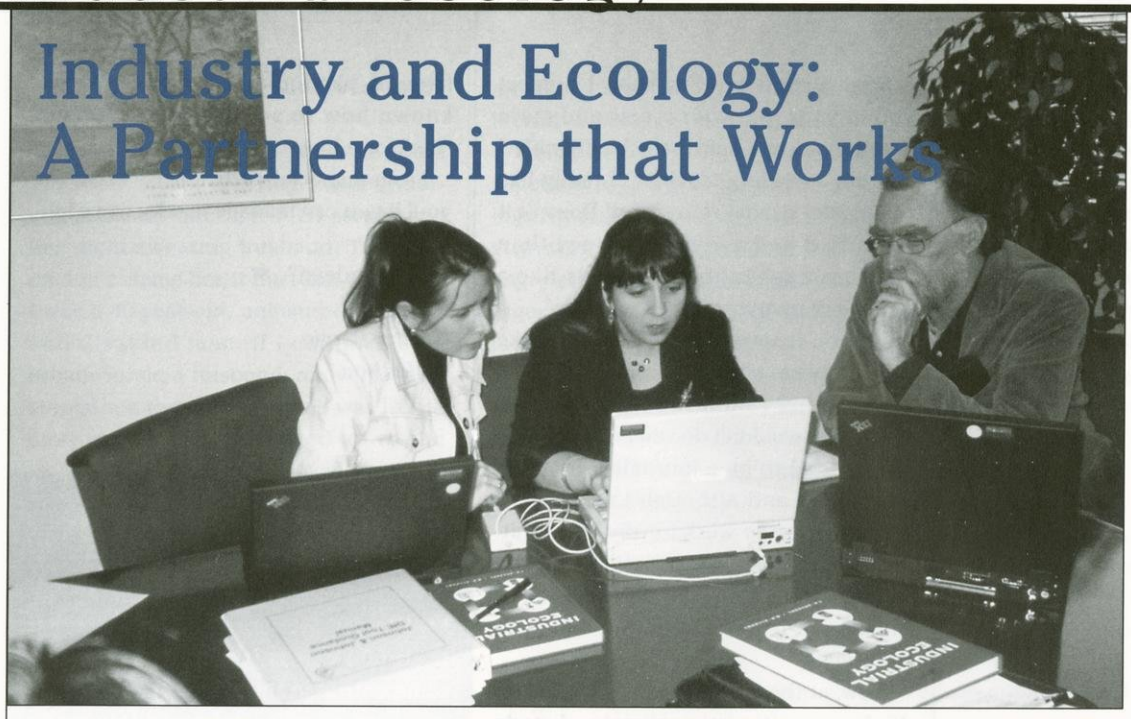
BULLIES, deadline March 1 (for the summer issue). Here's your chance to recall, in humorous and/or brutal detail, anyone who had the power to make your life miserable. Childhood tales are welcome, but don't forget that supervisor from your last job...

Please note: A proposed topic called "Lost and Found," intended for the summer issue, has been dropped from the lineup.

E-mail submissions are greatly preferred. Please send them to: joanfischer@wisc.edu under the subject heading "In My Words." You may mail your submission to In My Words, *Wisconsin Academy Review*, 1922 University Avenue, Madison WI 53726.

We will contact selected authors prior to publication; names may be withheld from publication on request. ***We regret that we cannot take phone inquiries or return submitted material.***

Industry and Ecology: A Partnership that Works



A "design-for-the-environment" seminar with textbooks on the emerging discipline of industrial ecology.

Photo courtesy of Patrick Eagan

The emerging field of industrial ecology answers the needs of industry and our economy by focusing on the sustainability of our planet.

BY PATRICK EAGAN AND REBECCA CORS

In the fall issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, an article by Kay Plantes called "Business for Good" described environmentally sustainable business practices and included the perspective of UW–Madison engineering professor Patrick Eagan. Eagan travels around the world helping companies infuse environmental considerations into product design. In Plantes' article, Eagan said, "Wisconsin companies that fail to heed global environmental pressures do so at their own peril." We found this warning compelling enough to ask Eagan to elaborate on the subject. He and coauthor Rebecca Cors responded with this forward-looking piece that describes how increased environmental responsibility can help Wisconsin become part of a New Economy of regional partnerships that value learning, culture, and the environment. Eagan challenges businesses, consumers, and state agencies to join forces and offer leadership for these integrated economic and environmental priorities.

ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES AREN'T ALWAYS IN THE FOREFRONT of people's minds, especially when money is tight. You don't have to go far to hear people talk about draconian environmental laws and how companies and society can't afford to be environmentally conscious.

At the same time, many people are concerned about reports showing that human activities may well have exceeded the earth's regenerative capacity since the 1980s.[1] Every year more organizations worldwide are finding that balancing their financial, social, and environmental activities is key to their longevity. To review the environmental integrity of their own products and those of their suppliers, many of these organizations, particularly large multinational corporations, are turning to approaches that have been associated with a relatively new field called industrial ecology.

Environmental responsibility will soon become integral to Wisconsin's economy, since this state is home to many industries that supply these large companies. For example, all three major U.S. automakers require their Tier 1 suppliers to attain ISO 14001 certification, a globally established environmental management and quality system standard. Automakers and many other businesses, including the electronics sector, are making environmental impact one of the primary criteria for selecting and retaining suppliers.

Environmentally responsible practices, often called sustainable practices, are available and becoming critical for more businesses to remain competitive. We offer this article to stimulate thought and debate about various approaches that at once improve the state's economy, environment, and society. Professionals statewide have tried thousands of ways to express the critical importance of environmental protection for long-term social and economic sustainability, to little overall effect. We wish to demonstrate in this article how environmental responsibility and state and national leadership are becoming increasingly critical to economic and social prosperity. Our discussion addresses the following questions:

- What is industrial ecology?
- What opportunities does industrial ecology present for Wisconsin?
- How can Wisconsin capitalize on these opportunities?

WHAT IS INDUSTRIAL ECOLOGY?

The textbook definition for industrial ecology reads something like this: the means by which humanity can deliberately and rationally approach and maintain a desirable carrying capacity, given continued economic, cultural, and technological evolution. The concept requires that an industrial system be viewed in concert with surrounding systems.[2]

Industrial ecology relies on a unique set of premises. According to Reid Lifset, editor of the *Journal of Industrial Ecology*, these include tracing the flow of materials, "lifecycle" thinking, reducing materials use, identifying opportunities for recycling, and more participation by industry in environmental management.[3]

Some describe industrial ecology's focus on the lifecycle of a product as understanding its environmental impact from cradle to grave—and back to cradle. Businesses use the term "value chain analysis" in a similar way. Value chain analysis looks at every step from raw materials to the eventual end user—right down to disposing of the packaging after use. The goal is to deliver maximum value to everyone along the value chain for the least possible total cost.

The impetus for industrial ecology, which has been supported since 1993 by the National Academy of Engineering, comes from the realization that we can accomplish more to preserve the environment, and be more proactive in our approach, than was originally conceived in the "pollution prevention" strategies devised during the first wave of environmental legislation in the 1970s. In 1998 the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recognized this opportunity and convened an industrial ecology workshop. Barbara Karn, program officer in environmental engineering at EPA, said, "What EPA is doing primarily now is pollution prevention. For the most part, it is still not looking at total industrial processes".[4] Professionals agree that incremental environmental improvement is not enough. For example, architect and industrial designer Bill McDonough promotes innovative product development, use, and recycling systems that result in zero waste throughout the product lifecycle.[5]

Like many fields, the focus of industrial ecologists is continuously evolving. For example, along with the foundation concept of systems thinking, industrial ecologists also promote an integrated "triple bottom line" approach that simultaneously considers economic, environmental, and social priorities.[6]

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WISCONSIN

With its emphasis on ongoing innovation and a systems approach, industrial ecology can help Wisconsin compete in a New Economy composed of knowledge-based professionals (often called "knowledge workers"), adaptable organizations, and regional partnerships. This critical direction presents exciting opportunities for state business and government. Wisconsin and the United States have an opportunity to help lead the world's development and application of industrial ecology tools, which can benefit both industrialized and developing countries.

The region's government, business, and nongovernment organizations are finding they can be most effective when involved with such regional partnerships as the Midwest Regional Rail Initiative, the UW Consortium for Global E-Commerce, and the Rock River Coalition. The recognition by organizations and communities of the power of regional partnering is causing a shift from the Old Economy to the New Economy (see table below). Many states and regions are embracing this New Economy, which emerges where multistakeholder partnerships innovate and thrives where learning, culture, and environment are valued. These values and approaches also emerge as businesses embrace the systems approach of industrial ecology to improve a company's economic, environmental, and social functions at the same time.

While many Wisconsin organizations and citizens recognize the importance of New Economy approaches, Wisconsin communities are not leading the pack. A number of regions in Wisconsin recog-

Beliefs About Economic Development in the Old and New Economies[7]

In the Old Economy, people believed...

- Being a cheap place to do business was the key.
- Attracting companies was the key.
- A high-quality physical environment was a luxury that stood in the way of businesses.
- Regions won because they held a fixed competitive advantage in some resource or skill.
- Economic development was government-led.

In the New Economy, people believe...

- Being a place rich in ideas and talent is the key.
- Attracting educated people is a key.
- Physical and cultural amenities are key in attracting knowledge workers.
- Regions prosper if organizations and individuals have the ability to learn and adapt.
- Only bold partnerships among business, government, and the nonprofit sector can bring about change.

Wisconsin's premier biotech and high-technology expertise emerging from its university system, coupled with Wisconsin's longstanding industrial prowess, present an opportunity for bold leadership in the 21st century. These ingredients make industrial ecology a natural fit for Wisconsin.

nized the opportunities that come with participating in the New Economy in their 2001 applications to be designated as technology zones. Wisconsin technology zones receive tax credits for high-technology business recruitment and expansion. Greater Madison application representatives stated, "... the zone designation will be an important tool for positioning the Madison area as a global leader in the New Economy".[8] Likewise, the Wisconsin Environmental Initiative (WEI) is a nonprofit educational organization that brings business, citizen groups, and government together around a common principle: that doing well financially in today's marketplace begins by doing good for the environment. Yet in a recent report, Milwaukee's "new economy score" produced a ranking of 40th among the 50 largest metropolitan areas in the United States.[7] It is time for the state's communities and businesses to consider industrial ecology, which offers actionable steps to optimize business production, eliminate waste, and create a more livable society that embraces the New Economy.

Industrial ecology introduces a new role for business as a steward of the environment. This role connects businesses with an important multi-stakeholder network that allows them to anticipate environmental issues and regulatory changes and partner with environmental regulators and communities to identify proactive approaches. "Business responsibility in the new millennium involves more than compliance with government regulations or implementing recycling and energy-efficiency initiatives. Leadership companies take a more comprehensive approach, which integrates environmental responsibility as a core business value at all levels of their operations," according to John Imes, WEI executive director.

As Kay Plantes noted in her article in the fall *Review*, environmental stewardship is becoming more and more important to businesses' bottom line as shareholders become increasingly interested in the environmental profiles of the companies in which they invest. These shareholders are seeing that efficient companies with environmentally conscious policies offer less risk and potentially greater return. The Carbon Disclosure Project, a special project of the Philanthropic Collaborative of Rockefeller Philanthropy Advisors in New York, is coordinating an initiative to send a letter to the 500 largest quoted companies in the world by market capitalization, asking them to disclose information on their greenhouse gas emissions. The consortium of institutional investors involved in this initiative has $4 trillion in assets, according to a press release from the Carbon Disclosure Project.

As industrial ecology becomes a more commonplace approach, new market niches are emerging. For example, as by-products are increasingly reused rather than disposed of, companies need fewer waste handlers and more by-product managers. Introduction of new technologies creates a need for more in-state industrial ecology experts to assess, support, and market emerging technology, materials, and processes. This enhances the overall state economy by attracting more knowledge workers.

A shift to an environmentally strategic paradigm also requires support for organizational change, new equipment and technology, and management of new types of information. Organizational development is not an insignificant factor, and many people, like AT&T Vice President Brad Allenby, already recognize that "in many cases the kind of organizational changes required to implement the principles of industrial ecology in existing firms implies fundamental culture change."[9] Translating environmental concerns into business language will be critical for this industrial transformation.

As with any emerging technology or approach, industrial ecology requires an up-front investment to reap continuous, long-term economic rewards. Therefore, strong government leadership and incentives are critical for enabling Wisconsin businesses to embrace an environmental perspective. Collaboration between the Wisconsin Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Natural Resources is important, along with promoting connections at all levels to strategically design these incentives and integrate services. For example, the Small Business Clean Air Assistance Program is funded primarily by the DNR and housed at the Department of Commerce. This interagency service helps small businesses learn about environmental regulations that may affect them. "The goal of our program is to help small businesses understand and comply with the regulations of the Clean Air Act amendments while remaining economically competitive," explains Pam Christenson, program ombudsman.

State government can also consider leveraging its purchasing power. Possibilities include implementing an environmental purchasing program (see sidebar on tools of industrial ecology) and creating an "environmentally preferable products" list that features, and thus promotes, Wisconsin's products and services. The latter could be modeled after the U.S. Department of Agriculture's growing bio-products list

(see www.usda.gov/energyandenvironment/environmentally.html).

Wisconsin has the capacity to leverage industrial ecology tools that could lead the nation toward a more environmentally and economically sustainable future. Wisconsin's premier biotech and high-technology expertise emerging from its university system, coupled with Wisconsin's longstanding industrial prowess, present an opportunity for bold leadership in the 21st century. These ingredients make industrial ecology a natural fit for Wisconsin during a time when the world needs a champion of environmentally responsible industrial practices.

Experts have observed that various countries emphasize different aspects of environmental protection. The United States is a leader in environmental clean-up, but lags behind Japan in energy efficiency and behind Germany and the Netherlands in developing consumer take-back approaches.[2] For example, regulations and market pressures are causing companies and nongovernment organizations in many Northern European nations and Japan to compete on environmental merit. However, the regulatory and market climate in Wisconsin, and in the rest of the United States, has not yet reached the "tipping point" that would promote greater use of strategies for environmental sustainability among businesses.

Some U.S. businesses, like Rockwell International, are finding industrial ecology critical for survival. "Over the past several years we have seen an increase in environmental awareness in our customers, especially in Europe," says Mark Ishihara, Rockwell's manager of environmental services. "This increased awareness has challenged us to consider the environmental impacts of our products before, during, and after their life if we want to maintain and increase our market share in the region." Comprehensive U.S. advocacy and leadership would accelerate development and adoption of the industrial ecology tools that the world needs.

Many businesses and governmental agencies are wondering how they can possibly embrace more environmentally

Tools of Industrial Ecology

Here are some of the most widely used industrial ecology tools. In many cases industrial ecology means applying existing quality tools, improvement programs, and management systems approaches to environmental problems. In addition to reducing pollution and environmental risks such as liability, some of these tools can save companies money and open up new markets for their products.[11]

DESIGN FOR THE ENVIRONMENT

This range of tools, from complex lifecycle analyses to streamlined, matrix-based measures, provide valuable information about the environmental effects of a business's activity. They also reveal potential environmental liabilities associated with products or services and opportunities to reduce costs.

POLLUTION PREVENTION

The benefits of pollution prevention are realized by activities that reduce waste and emissions at the source.

PURCHASING TOOLS

Purchasing tools have been developed for health-care facilities in the United States. Catholic Health Care West, Santa Cruz, recently switched to reusable pulse oxymeters solely because they are reusable. Motivated by customer feedback about environmental attributes, this switch in products saves the hospital $1.2 million annually and reduces landfill waste by one million units over five years.

ENVIRONMENTAL MANAGEMENT SYSTEMS

Environmental management systems, a quality-based approach for incorporating environmental considerations into business decisions, have been promoted by Wisconsin's DNR and are emerging more broadly in the state.

ECO-INDUSTRIAL PARKS

Eco-industrial parks are business parks where neighboring companies can function in a symbiotic way by utilizing nonproduct (waste) from their neighbors as raw material. The oldest and most famous example is the Kalundberg, Denmark, eco-park. In the United States, eco-parks are emerging in places like Choctaw County, Mississippi; Minneapolis; and Burlington, Vermont. The U.S. Center for Eco-Industrial Development website, www.usc.edu/schools/sppd/research/NCEID/Profiles, lists these and other projects.

EXTENDED PRODUCER RESPONSIBILITY

Sometimes known as manufacturer take-back or product stewardship, extended producer responsibility places responsibility on producers for the environmental impact of products throughout the product life cycle. This approach came to life with the 1990 German Ordinance on the Avoidance of Packaging Waste in 1990. In the United States, Xerox and GE Medical Systems take back their products at the end of their useful lives.

BUSINESS STRATEGIES: VOICE OF THE ENVIRONMENT

Organizations can work to expand their dialogue with environmental "customers," including suppliers, disposal services, and consumers. One promising approach is a modification of a quality tool called the Kano technique, which helps make an environmental connection between market opportunities and an organization's existing business strategy.[12]

RECONFIGURING

At the most fundamental level, industrial ecologists consider how businesses function in society. A broad approach is to consider the advantage of a service economy, where more businesses lease and service their products rather than sell them.[13] One example is the car-sharing organizations that are springing up in places like Boston, Seattle, Traverse City, Michigan, and Boulder and Aspen, Colorado. These businesses provide members convenient access to a fleet of automobiles when they need them, offering an alternative to car ownership. In fact, the Madison Environmental Group recently completed a feasibility study for the creation of a Madison-based organization.

To remain competitive, Wisconsin businesses cannot afford to overlook the economic and environmental advantages of such strategies as pollution prevention, waste minimization, materials reuse, and understanding customer preferences and needs.

conscious practices during tight economic times. But to remain competitive over the next few decades, Wisconsin businesses cannot afford to overlook the economic and environmental advantages of such strategies as pollution prevention, waste minimization, materials reuse, and understanding customer preferences and needs. Because business resources are limited for making this important investment, governments, businesses, and nongovernment organizations need to create support networks.

CAPITALIZING ON OUR OPPORTUNITIES

Industrial ecology may sound like a lofty panacea that requires a clean slate to implement. An example: how can we reuse waste if businesses are not already clustered so that one's waste is in a proximal supply stream for the other?

Wisconsin's consumers, businesses, and government organizations must band together to transform these challenges into opportunities. A solution to the "waste as supply stream" example begins with an understanding of current recycling systems, from those in the United States to others like the industrial metabolism analysis being conducted in Europe's Rhine River basin, the most heavily industrialized region in the world.[10] Understanding the successes and challenges of current reuse can reveal improved approaches for reuse.

A growing trend in balancing environmental and economic priorities is citizen-government partnerships. In many countries, including the United States, more and more citizens and nongovernment organizations are working with government to define environmental priorities and design appropriate incentives. A more individual approach involves consumers educating themselves about the environmental impact of products in order to leverage their purchasing choices to cast an economic "vote" for more environmentally benign products. Consumers can learn about green products through such websites as Domain Earth (www.domainearth.com/product/), Buy Green (www.buygreen.com), Greenseal (www.greenseal.org), and the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, www.energystar.gov. An alternative to computer learning is to visit area grocery cooperatives. Just as businesses use environmental purchasing surveys to expand their dialogue with suppliers, individuals can expand their environmental dialogue with companies by inquiring about the environmental impact of their products.

Some businesses have already incorporated environmental markets into their vision and mission. Johnson Controls, already a leader in energy efficiency, has been very active in developing the United States Green Building Council's "Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design" (LEED) rating system. From 1990 to 2000, Johnson Controls products have saved their customers $17 billion and significantly decreased the environmental impacts of that energy production, according to Paul von Paumgartten, director of marketing at Johnson Controls.

More businesses need to follow suit and participate in their regional communities. A coalition comprised of groups (below) that affect a business sector's livelihood would provide a regional support base with great creative and political power:

- Customers
- Employees
- Others in your industry who are interested in industrial ecology
- Suppliers or buyers
- Government programs that affect your business
- "Success story" industry contacts
- Nongovernment organizations who could help promote your transition
- Industrial ecology experts at government organizations, consulting firms, and universities

Such coalitions offer collective capability and capacity that is greater than efforts by individual businesses. These networks would offer excellent resources to formulate innovative approaches, procure funding and other resources, and develop a strategy for long-term monitoring and continuous improvement.

How can Wisconsin's government take action on some of these approaches to partner with consumers and businesses to promote the state's long-term economic and environmental viability? Especially given the tight economic times, how can the state draw the financial and thinking power to support a transition to New Economy, 21st-century approaches like industrial ecology?

Wisconsin can lead the nation's industries into the new millennium by declaring itself an incubator for industrial ecology. Wisconsin government could assemble a worldwide coalition that engages entrepreneurial thinkers and funders in this type of initiative. To provide this support, government needs to embody the performance excellence that it promotes. Government should join business in understanding consumer preferences, and in learning how those preferences align with environmental attributes of products and services. To foster this type of systematic innovation, government and business need to join forces to identify and create multisectoral organizational infrastructures and cultures. Along with legal tools that align government and business decision-making, these earnest partnerships between government and business are the key to identifying, prioritizing, and implementing important

new directions for Wisconsin's future prosperity.

An agenda for state government includes:

- Creating complementary economic and environmental state policies
- Creating regulations and programs that support the holistic, systems approach to environmental protection
- Understanding the promise of industrial ecology and educating Wisconsin businesses
- Creating state programs and seeking federal funding for research and development of new technologies at our universities
- Fostering multi-stakeholder partnerships at the local level to help business make these transitions
- Developing regional coalitions to assemble shared resources among Midwestern states that support the transition of business sectors to industrial ecology approaches
- Establishing and supporting an international business-to-business information exchange

Our safety and prosperity are at risk if we fail to recognize increasingly unmanageable pollution problems. Industrial ecology offers proactive approaches that many companies in Northern European nations and Japan are embracing because industrial ecology makes sense for the future of business and the environment.

It may be difficult for the state's businesses to look beyond more immediate survival measures during tough economic times. However, as more customers raise environmental requirements for supplies and other products, industrial ecology tools will become critical to competitiveness.

As industrial ecology approaches emerge and become more commonplace over the next five to 10 years, there is a window of opportunity for Wisconsin to get ahead of the "competitiveness curve." Now is the time for the state's businesses, government organizations, and nongovernment organizations to work together toward a safer, healthier, more prosperous tomorrow. With committed, integrated leadership, Wisconsin has the capacity to harness these approaches and to position itself to lead the region and nation toward a more financially and environmentally sustainable future.

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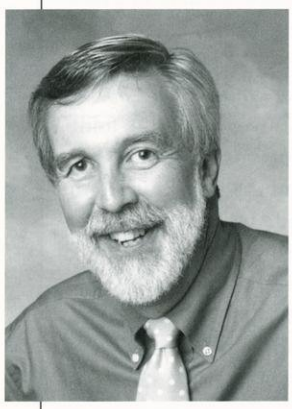
The Centrality of the Common Good



The great Athenian statesman Pericles—who gave his name to the most brilliant period of Athenian society that has since become the foundation of democratic society everywhere—was denied citizenship for his third son, whose mother was Pericles' mistress, the lovely and intellectual Milesian (non-Athenian), Aspasia. The son was judged not worthy of belonging to Athenian society because his mother was an alien—not of Athens. Ever since, society has struggled with a fundamental question: who does belong and what is the common agenda?

Thanks to the Johnson Foundation Wingspread Conference Center, which recently hosted a very significant event on the "common good" for the Academy and the people of Wisconsin, I had my attention drawn forcefully to Pericles. On the wall of our meeting room was the following statement from Donald Kagan's definitive work, *Pericles of Athens and the Birth of Democracy*:

> "Pericles knew that any successful society must be an educational institution. However great its commitment to individual freedom and diversity, it needs a code of civic virtue and a general devotion to the common enterprises without which it cannot flourish or survive."

This statement set the perfect tone for our Wingspread meeting. As you know, the Academy has been working for the last two-and-a-half years on the subject of Wisconsin's waters in an effort to create a series of nonpartisan recommendations for the management of Wisconsin's waters over the next 75 years. This work, which has been both scholarly and inclusive, was the topic of a Wisconsin Academy forum in October that drew 712 citizens of the state together on certainly one of the key elements of the common good—our water!

The Wingspread Conference Center offered to host a post-forum follow-up planning meeting at their magnificent Racine setting so that some specific recommendations could be hammered out among thoughtful people with a variety of backgrounds, opinions, and values. The Academy did just what Wingspread says its mission is:

"Wingspread conferences are small meetings of thoughtful and rigorous inquiry convened in an atmosphere of candor and purpose. We seek out knowledgeable people who willingly reexamine their assumptions, relish the civil friction of ideas and are determined to reach solutions."

The place for the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in the years and decades ahead should be right in the middle of issues concerning the common good. Even as the Academy rightfully celebrates those extraordinary individuals whom Pericles and other thinkers through the ages have identified as essential to our social progress, never should it be far from our collective consciousness that individual achievement is rooted in a vigorous and well-tended sense of the common good. Based as the Academy is on knowledge, a great gift we can give to Wisconsin is utilizing that knowledge and civil discourse for the strengthening of the common good that benefits all of us.

I am put in mind of Alfred P. Sloan, the head of General Motors in the 1920s, who uttered the famous remark: "What's good for GM is good for America." I do not know whether he was right or wrong, but I do know that his statement has certainly come in for lots of discussion ever since it entered the American mainstream of political thought. His statement does raise in my mind the dilemma of just how one determines what exactly *is* the "common good." For instance, how should one think about Sloan, who became a leading philanthropist and created the world-famous Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research? Is it reasonable to say that his success at building General Motors resulted in his ability to contribute mightily to the common good? I am also put in mind of Will Allen, who is featured on the cover of this edition of the *Review*. Is he not contributing significantly to the common good?

But, however one defines the common good—and certainly the proper definition is worthy of much debate—I believe we all stand on the common good and rely on it. Support of the common good is an honorable task for the Wisconsin Academy, and I hope that the Academy's support for strengthening the common good will flourish in the years ahead. Thanks again for giving me the opportunity to express my opinion, and I welcome your comments.

All the best,

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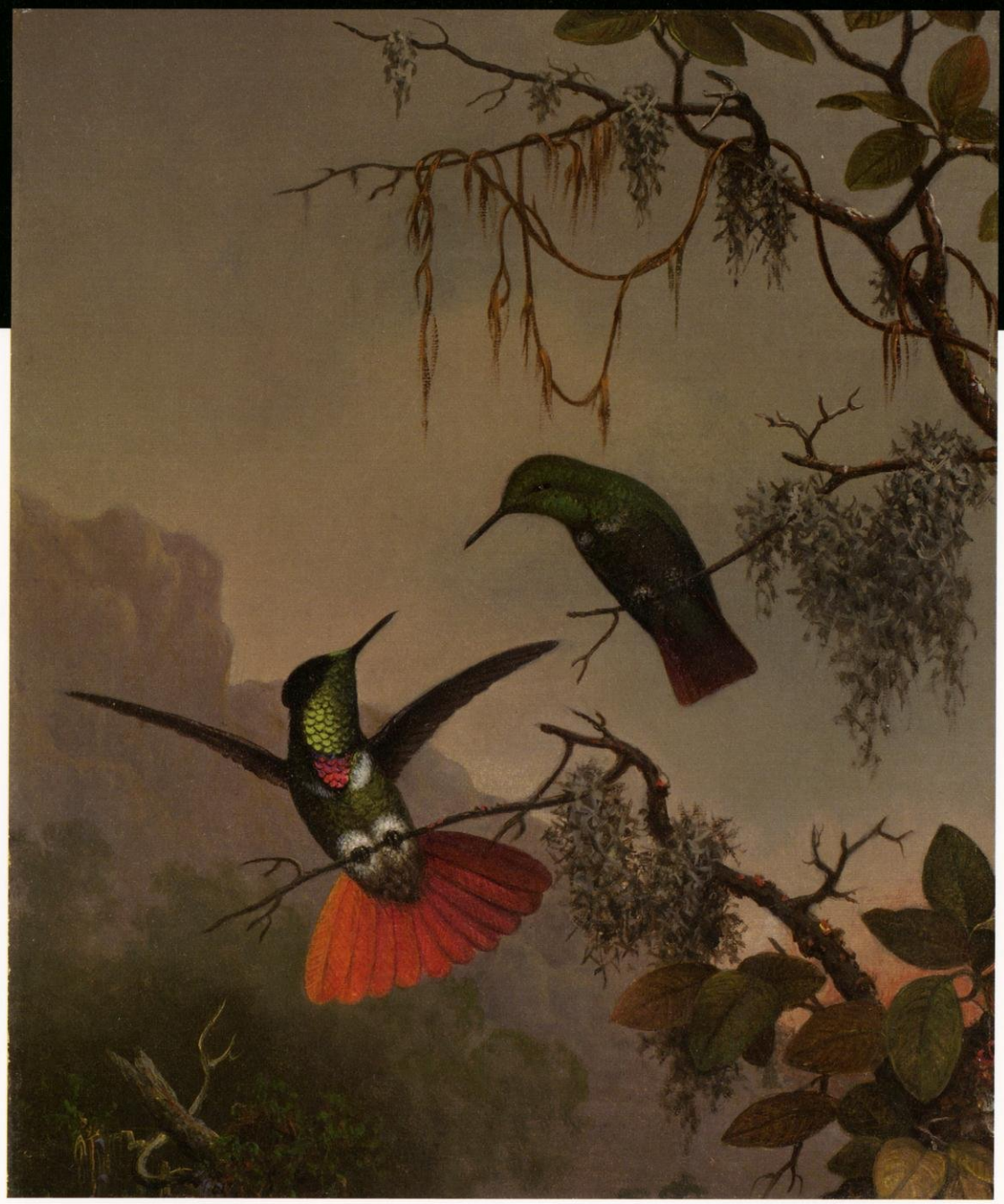

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