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wisconsin people & ideas

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Art of the Land

The Work of Jacque Mills-Weir

ICE AGE VISIONARY

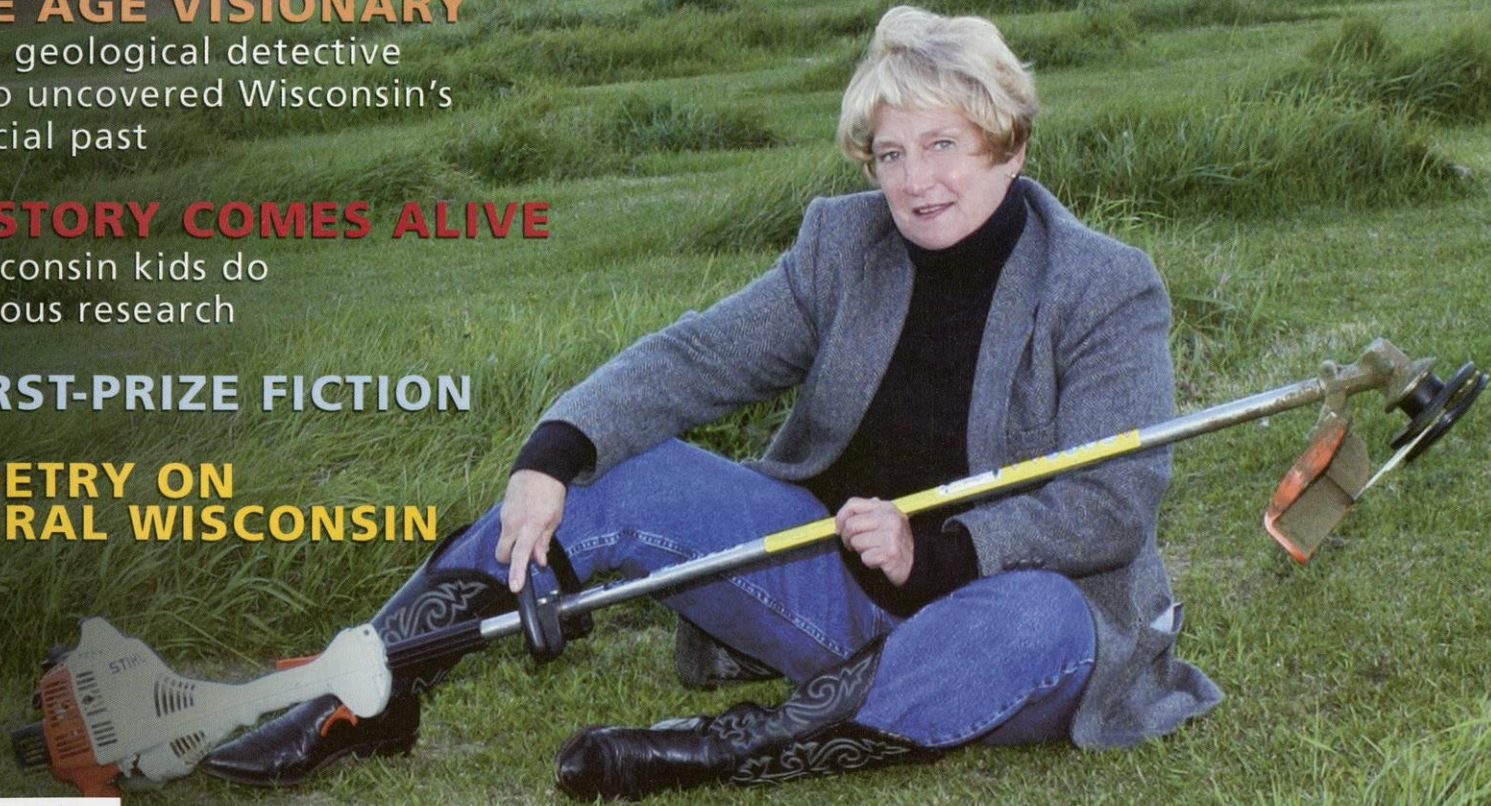
The geological detective who uncovered Wisconsin's glacial past

HISTORY COMES ALIVE

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Volume 53,
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Photo by Mary Soddy



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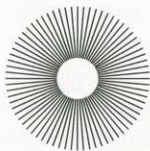
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Jane Bartell (left) and Kelly Parks Snider teamed to found Project Girl, an effort to get girls thinking critically about toxic cultural messages. Story on page 47.

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

The Wisconsin Academy was founded in 1870 as an independent, nonprofit membership organization separate from the state and the university. For financial support we rely on grants, donors, and our members.

Enrich your life (and receive this magazine regularly) by becoming a member! Learn more about us on page 16 and send in the enclosed membership card. You can also sign up for membership or donate online at www.wisconsinacademy.org

I Want Your Ideas

BY MARGARET LEWIS, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



I'm listening.

Since starting as executive director of the Wisconsin Academy on May 1, I've learned that:

- Nanotechnology may mean paint products that fix themselves when damaged;
- New liberal arts offerings for physicians are improving communication with patients;
- Our brains are not depleted by age but continue to replace and produce more neurons;
- Native American artist and UW-Madison professor Truman Lowe is curator of contemporary art for the Smithsonian's new National Museum of the American Indian.

All this from attending our Academy Evenings! I can't imagine a more satisfying job.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters seeks to connect people and ideas for a better Wisconsin. It's a wonderful venture, but the organization's success depends on finding issues people want to think about and sharing knowledge with the public and those who shape public policy.

So, I'm listening.

The Wisconsin Academy's latest effort to inform policy was our May conference, "The Future of Farming and Rural Life in Wisconsin," which brought together 470 farmers, agribusiness leaders, artists, faculty, and state leaders to consider how we can preserve our state's productive lands, communities, and way of life—and still meet the need for a safe and healthy food supply and alternative energy sources.

Six regional sessions prior to the state conference developed 83 recommendations for the conferees to digest before writing a final report to the governor and the public this summer.

Among participants were U.S. Rep. Ron Kind; Rod Nilsestuen, secretary of the Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection; and State Rep. Al Ott, chair of the Assembly Agriculture Committee.

The conference reflected the Wisconsin Academy's unique mission to foster interdisciplinary dialogue and find common ground. It unveiled original music by UW rural sociologist Michael Bell that was inspired by "Wisconsin's People on the Land," an exhibition of paintings, photographs, and transcribed interviews with the artists and the farmers they portrayed. The exhibition drew thousands of visitors during its seven-week run in the Academy's James Watrous Gallery in Madison's Overture Center for the Arts.

Many conference sessions opened with a poem from this magazine's statewide poetry contest. Wisconsin Academy

Fellow Warren Nelson's orchestra from the Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua shared selections and slides from historic Wisconsin and Minnesota. And Shorewood artist David Lenz told stories of his friends and painting subjects, Erv and Mercedes Wagner, dairy farmers from Sauk County who feel the pressures of development encroaching on their valley.

The conference enriched dialogue, going beyond partisan bickering and special-interest politics. It created opportunities to network and improve operations, and it gave policy makers a blueprint for moving the state forward. The Wisconsin Academy and its supporters can feel proud.

Now we must look ahead. We will continue the high quality of the Wisconsin Academy's four core programs: this magazine; the Academy Evenings lecture series around the state; the James Watrous Gallery, which celebrates Wisconsin artists; and the Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy, under whose banner the Future of Farming initiative will be completed.

I want to build awareness of and extend the Wisconsin Academy's public conversation by developing an e-newsletter, using electronic chat rooms, and raising funds to keep our programs accessible to a broad and inquiring audience in all areas of the state.

Excellent programming should appeal especially to younger members and the intellectually curious of all ages. And we should seek new partners among civic leaders and educational institutions to expand Wisconsin Academy programs and membership.

I plan to update our website often with our schedule of events and other news that interests you. I welcome new ways to generate excitement for our many rich offerings, including a four-part series this fall on immigration. (See the inside back cover for details.)

I would be delighted to speak to any civic group in your area or small group in your home about the benefits of Wisconsin Academy membership and support. Please send me your ideas for speakers or topics you would like to bring to your community.

You can reach me via the contact information below and on page one.

I am all ears.

Sincerely,

Margaret Lewis
 mlewis@wisconsinacademy.org
 608/263-1692 ext. 11



We wanna be on TV

A fair wind is blowing for nonprofit cultural, environmental, and other groups who long for the mass exposure of television but couldn't dream of paying for it in either the form of advertising or their own production.

I suspect that describes most of us. But technology is on our side and is coming to the rescue in Wisconsin.

We saw the change coming—happily, happily—all year during our Academy Evenings season. At our Middle East miniseries in Overture last fall, for example, we were fortunate enough to have three television groups—Wisconsin Public Television, WisconsinEye, and City Channel 12—wishing to tape our presentations and sensibly agreeing to divvy up camera duties and share footage whenever possible.

What caused this bounty? The advent of digital television, for one thing, which Wisconsin Public Television rightly calls a revolution. To receive the digital signal, says WPT on its website (www.wpt.org), viewers need one of three pieces of hardware: a digital television, a set-top converter box for your analog TV, or a TV tuner card that adapts a home computer to receive digital broadcasts.

These items, which still sound arcane but soon will be used by all—in fact, analog broadcasting, the norm now, will be completely replaced by digital broadcasting by early 2009—give viewers access to four daytime multicast channels that Wisconsin Public Television launched in February. An important part of this new programming will be the kind of cultural and lifelong learning content generated by the Wisconsin Academy and other nonprofits.

Then there's the Research Channel, a national consortium to which UW—Madison and UW—Milwaukee are contributing partners. The Research Channel broadcasts to nearly 22 million television households nationwide. Locally, the Dish Network carries the

Research Channel, as does Charter Communications through its On Demand service. On occasion, the Research Channel's UW partners have taped our presentations (example: Hector DeLuca's Academy Evening talk on vitamin D). See www.researchchannel.org for more information.

And since May there's WisconsinEye, a C-Span-style network that covers government action live from the Capitol as well as all manner of topics of civic importance around the state. Examples: our recent Academy Evening on Puentes as well as our Future of Farming and Rural Life forums and statewide conference. As of press time WisconsinEye had finalized agreements to launch digital channels on the Charter and Time Warner cable systems; visit www.wiseye.org for the latest information.

Add these to city and community access channels throughout the state and what do you have? More potential TV coverage than we ever have had before. These channels welcome exactly the kind of high-quality cultural and intellectual content that the Wisconsin Academy and other nonprofits churn out as their mission, and some of them are going to have many hours of air time to fill.

Finally, a place where we can preserve our programs and ensure that bigger audiences enjoy them. As these developments move from the cutting edge to the everyday and become easier for people to access, they will be a huge benefit for our cultural and educational organizations and the people we seek to serve.

Joan Fischer

jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org

Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org (under "What's New" on the home page) to find out where to view our programming on the web and on television.

UP AND COMING

IN THE WISCONSIN ACADEMY'S JAMES WATROUS GALLERY

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Tues/Wed/Thurs 11–5; Fri/Sat 11–8; Sun 1–5
Admission free of charge

U.S. ROAD TRIP DOUG FATH STILL MARSHA MCDONALD

Through July 8



Doug Fath's black and white oil paintings record images from a cross-country road trip. Marsha McDonald's paintings are muted, quiet explorations of landscape that explore light and color as both phenomenon and metaphor.

NEW PAINTINGS ROBERT ATWELL INSIDE OUT JESSICA JACOBS

July 17 – August 26



Robert Atwell's colorful, patterned paintings and interactive wall installations derive their abstract shapes from sources such as popular culture, cartoons, digital graphics, and the Midwestern landscape.

Jessica Jacobs works with various color photography strategies to create images that carry a sense of adventure and the feeling of exploration in a fantastical world.

Art of the Forest

STEAMING COCOA IN CRISP morning air, clothes that smell of the previous night's campfire, tree-lined hiking paths on soft earth, and surviving in the wilderness on s'mores and hotdogs—these are childhood memories that feed romantic notions of the forest. But when we are children we speak like children, understand as children, and reason as children—and as adults we inherit a world of accountability.

Ute Ritschel, a cultural anthropologist from Darmstadt, Germany, is organizing "Forest Art Wisconsin 2007," a unique interdisciplinary collaboration connecting artists and participants in the exploration of "nativeness" and "invasiveness" from ecological, social, and artistic perspectives.

The project began with a conference in April titled "Native/Invasive: Perspectives on Art and Nature, Culture and Curating," in which an international

assemblage of artists, curators, foresters, and environmentalists addressed complex issues facing forest management, sustainable design, and art in the environment.

The project culminates in a group exhibition in the Northern Highland-American Legion State Forest near Minocqua. Internationally known artists, students, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, the University of Wisconsin, and the community of Minocqua have joined to create Wisconsin's first Forest Art exhibition, which opened June 16 and features guided tours through September.

Ritschel, who has curated forest art projects in Germany, believes that placing artwork in nontraditional settings, such as backyards or gardens, invites the public to investigate assumptions about and relationships with living environments.

Take, for example, Mark Nelson's "White Collar Woods," in which the artist dresses trees with large-scale shirtsleeves complete with cufflinks. This absurdist allegory elucidates how recreational gentrification functions as a type of urbanizing invasiveness, threatening rabid consumption of the North Woods.

Another forest artist, Jennifer Angus, is known for designing vivid wall-papers, installations, and curios using the intricate natural beauty of real insects. Inhabiting her installation space is like entering an entomological hall of mirrors. Patterns within patterns within patterns induce redefinitions of beauty, habitat, and the compulsion to collect. When the forest itself serves as the gallery space, Angus' medium shifts from real-life dead bugs, whose post-mortem frames are too fragile to survive the elements, to an army of sculpturally



(left) Bugs come marching in Jennifer Angus' *Big Blue Bugs Bleed Blue Black Blood*.
(right) German artist Wolfgang Folmer creating *Stamm-Bilder-Weg* (Trunk-Images-Path).

fabricated insects. The sheer quantity of her blue beetles eulogizes the multitudes of overlooked creatures dependent on forest habitat.

In Wolfgang Folmer's sculpture, *Stamm-Bilder-Weg* (Trunk-Images-Path), Folmer removed the bark of a tree and



(above) *N n A a T t U R A L I I S v E e D*, by Scottish artist Alec Finlay

(below) *Choose*, by Argentinian artist Edgardo Madanes

used freestyle design to carve random figurative motifs into the wood. By studying the resulting composition from various viewpoints, the viewer comes to a subjective, holistic understanding of its meaning.

The majority of the participating artists are not Wisconsin born, but many are Wisconsin favorites (and familiar to visitors to the Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery). North American artists include Jennifer Angus, Brenda Baker, Rosemary Bodolay, Laurie Beth Clark, Sam Dennis, Henry Drewal, Aris Georgiades, John Hitchcock, Tom Jones, Tom Loeser, Truman Lowe, Nancy Mladnoff, Frances Myers, Mark Nelson, Doug Rosenberg, Bird Ross, Stan Shellabarger, and Gail Simpson. Pushing the metaphor further, Ritschel has invited numerous international artists to participate. These contributors will likely serve as a control for geographically driven narratives. They include Edgardo Madanes from Argentina, Helina Hukkataival from Finland, and Alec Finlay from Scotland.

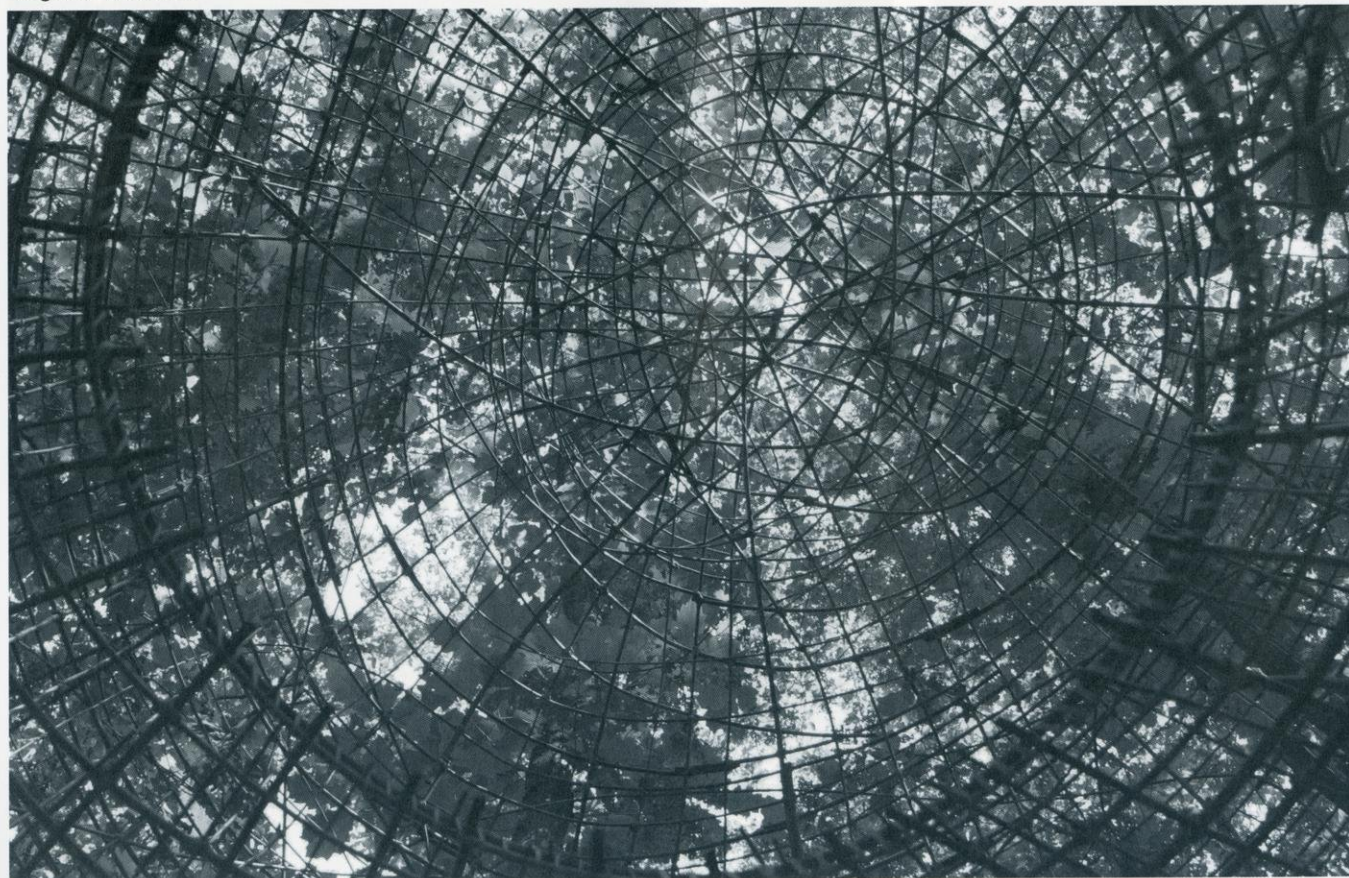
Daniel Bräg, Petia Knebel, Jens J. Meyer, Roger Rigorth, Waltraud Munz, and Wolfgang Folmer are all from Germany.

"Forest Art Wisconsin 2007: Native/Invasive" is made up of more than 20 interactive artworks visible from Raven Nature Trail, a popular 1.5-mile nature walk close to Hemlock Lake in Northern Highland-American Legion State Forest, which is Wisconsin's largest state-owned forest. Tours, forums, and other activities as well as opportunities to meet the artists increase viewer awareness of sustainability and the future of the forests.

With 150 campsites in this beautiful natural setting, there's also ample room for visitors to pitch a tent, paddle a boat, and otherwise rekindle their relationship with the forest.

Ute Ritschel is an artist in residence at UW-Madison's Arts Institute. For more information about Ritschel or Forest Art Wisconsin, visit www.forestartwisconsin.com.

by Karin Wolf



Entering the Vision

A major exhibition at the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan showcases works by folk and vernacular artists.

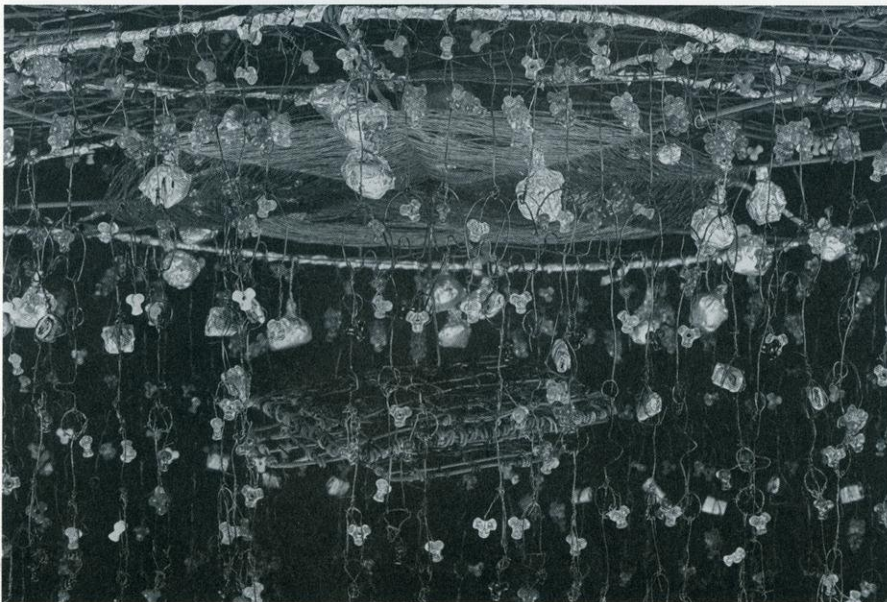
MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN LUCKY enough to have lived near someone with an unusual vision—a vision that drove that person to create a complete world in his or her yard. Maybe you even observed a steady progression of hand-built statues, animals, and structures turning those surroundings into an often magical, sometimes eerie environment.

Most of us have been unable to witness artist-built environments; however, from June to January the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan features a museum-wide exhibition, *Sublime Spaces & Visionary Worlds*, showcasing its collection of more than 10,000 objects created by 22 self-taught, folk, and vernacular artists, 11 of whom hail from Wisconsin. The exhibition was curated by the Arts Center's Leslie Umberger with guidance by director Ruth DeYoung Kohler.

The Kohler Foundation, Inc., which has generously gifted many of these artists' works to the Arts Center, has been instrumental in conserving entire environments. With weather, vandalism, neglect, or theft taking their toll on the artists' creations, preservation has not always been possible. The Foundation has been instrumental in conserving artist environments since the early 1970s, beginning with Fred Smith's Wisconsin Concrete Park. The Arts Center began collecting vernacular art with the acquisition of Eugene Von Bruenchenhein's great body of photography, low-fire ceramics, paintings, mixed-media sculpture, and more when his home could not be saved. After Eugene's death, his wife, Marie, worked with the Arts Center to document and conserve his work. In some instances artists have learned about the commitment of the Kohler Foundation and the Arts Center to the work of vernacular



(above) Emery Blagdon inside his work, *The Healing Machine*, Garfield Table, Nebraska. Photo by Sally and Richard Greenhill, 1979. (below) *The Healing Machine* (detail), c. 1950–86; wire, plastic beads, mixed media. John Michael Kohler Arts Center Collection.



artists and have contacted the organizations regarding conservation efforts. Upon her death, Wisconsin artist Mary Nohl left her home and its contents to the Arts Center. Nohl was unusual among the vernacular artists in that she came from a privileged background and earned two degrees from the Art Institute of Chicago.

“Mary derived great satisfaction from her experimentation with materials and techniques, blending her love of the life she created for herself in her lakeside home with her years of immersion in art,” notes researcher Jane Bianco. Citing two examples of Nohl’s desire to explore new media, Bianco added that after viewing an exhibition of Alexander Calder’s wire objects, Nohl wove found

wire into her eclectic three-dimensional masks and figures, and within days of attending a lecture by glassmakers Michael and Frances Higgins, Nohl experimented with her own painted and fused slump glass forms.



(above) Von Bruenchenhein house (interior site view, parlor with painted wall). Photo: 1983, John Michael Kohler Arts Center Artist Archives.

(below) Stella Waitzkin, *Wreck of the UPS* (site view, Chelsea Hotel, New York), c. 1993–2003. Photo: 2006, John Michael Kohler Arts Center Artist Archives.



SEE IT

Sublime Spaces & Visionary Worlds runs through January, with a conference about the work of vernacular artists September 26–30. The John Michael Kohler Arts Center is located at 608 New York Ave., Sheboygan, and is open MWF 10–5, TTh 10–8, and SaSu 10–4. More information at www.jmkac.org, tel. 920/458-6144.

Collecting and conserving the work of vernacular artists is an ongoing process. Two recent acquisitions will be on view to the public for the first time. In rural Nebraska, Emery Blagdon created his “healing machine”—a complete indoor environment he created in a shed on his property using wire, metal, stone, and a variety of other materials. He believed in the healing powers of these substances and felt that his healing machine could cure a wide range of illnesses such as cancer and arthritis. New York artist Stella Waitzkin lived in the legendary Chelsea Hotel where she created the “Lost Library” in her apartment, a sanctuary filled with replicated contents, primarily wordless books cast from colored resin. Notes curator Leslie Umberger, “Waitzkin was virtually inseparable from the era she embraced in the heart of New York City. The secret of sanctity lies not simply in the locale nor in the believer, but in a complex relationship between the two.” The Arts Center is now home to an elaborate three-wall section of this environment.

by Kathleen Quigley

Short Story Contest 2007

Meet Our Winning Writers

This year's *Wisconsin People & Ideas*/Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops Short Story Contest drew 98 entries from all over the state. We are pleased to present the three winners as well as our finalists and semifinalists, who also deserve public recognition. Our congratulations to all for having come so far.

We wish to thank our lead judge, Charles Baxter, and our panel judges, Marilyn Annucci, Laura Jean Baker, and Timothy Walsh (judge and contest coordinator), for their hard work selecting the winners. Special thanks to literary agent Katherine Fausset (Curtis Brown Ltd., New York) for reading the first-place story and sharing her comments with the author.

**FIRST PLACE**

"Service,"
by Christopher Scalia, Madison

Prizes: \$500, publication in this edition of *Wisconsin People & Ideas*, a reading at the Wisconsin Book Festival, and a review by literary agent Katherine Fausset.

**SECOND PLACE**

"Salting the Walks,"
by Kirk Farber, Milwaukee

Prizes: \$250, publication in the fall edition of *Wisconsin People & Ideas*, and a reading at the Wisconsin Book Festival.

**THIRD PLACE**

"Sonia,"
by Ingrid Aamot, Madison

Prizes: \$100, publication in the winter edition of *Wisconsin People & Ideas*, and a reading at the Wisconsin Book Festival.

FINALISTS

- #13 "Closet Behind Right Field"—Dennis Trudell, Madison
- #24 "Report of the Guardian of the Sick"—Anthony Bukoski, Superior
- #54 "Old Buck"—David Brainard, Three Lakes
- #79 "Sonia"—Ingrid Aamot, Madison
- #87 "Service"—Christopher Scalia, Madison
- #92 "Salting the Walks"—Kirk Farber, Milwaukee

SEMIFINALISTS

- #14 "Fall Color"—Cathy Riddle, Middleton
- #17 "O/W Fine"—Clair Schulz, Muskego
- #41 "The Accordion King"—Bess Berg, Madison
- #60 "To Walk Chalk"—Melissa Olson-Petrie, Cedarburg
- #67 "With 27"—Gregg Williard, Madison
- #94 "Miles"—Kathryn Gahl, Two Rivers

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We thank our sponsors for their generous support of Wisconsin writers.

Hear them at Book Fest!

The three winners of our short story and poetry contests will read at the Wisconsin Book Festival on Thursday, October 11, 5–6:30 p.m., at Avol's Bookstore, 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison.

Heads up: Our next short story contest deadline is Monday, Dec. 3. More information in the fall edition of *Wisconsin People & Ideas*.

The Power of Words Unstated

The things we don't say take center stage
in a collection by Shoshauna Shy.



Photo by Marty Drapkin

Madison writer and editor Shoshauna Shy has a mission to bring poetry to the public, demonstrating that commitment through her writing and related projects. A member of the poetry performance group Prairie Fire Quartet, Shy also has created the website "Book That Poet!" (www.bookthatpoet.com), which links poets and audiences, as well as the imaginative Poetry Jumps Off

the Shelf program, founded in 2004 to put poems in unexpected places. So far those places include rented bicycles, Community Car glove compartments, neighborhood welcome kits, java jackets, and, coming soon, postcards. This location is especially appropriate given the title of Shy's first full-length collection, *What the Postcard Didn't Say* (Zelda Wilde Publishing, 2007), a book of accessible, unsentimental, character-driven poetry, enjoyable as much for what's unstated as for what is.

Whether told in the first or third person, almost all of these poems incorporate fictional narrators, or personae—sometimes more than one to a poem—with a story to tell, secrets to hide, their own point of view. Memorable characters include a maid whose employer tempts her to steal in "Sting"; a grown man who lives with his mother and writes anonymous love letters to her bridge friends in "Back Route to Baraboo"; the child of a couple who had to get married in "Keepsake"; a checker held up by an ex-boyfriend in "The Sound of Spite's Name"; and a mother desperately focused on her own clothing in "Bringing My Son to the Police Station to Be Fingerprinted."

If some pieces are based on facts or on experiences of the poet, Shy's personal relation to that "reality" is refreshingly inconsequential to the poem. Instead of dwelling on her own biography, she explores the undercurrents of situations you might have read about in the morning paper, or heard your parents discuss when you were a child and they thought you weren't listening: infidelity, abandonment, sexual predators, messy divorces, abuse, social change, revenge, estranged families, suicide, murder, poverty—in short, the messy facts of life.

Suggestive titles develop her stories quickly: "Emergency Surgery 3rd Grade," "The Pill Arrives in Wilmette," "Why You Got Your Wallet Back," "When Ann Landers Asks, 70% Say They Regret Having Kids," or "Dancing with His Ex at His Wedding."

Bringing My Son to the Police Station to Be Fingerprinted

My lemon-colored
whisper-weight blouse
with keyhole closure
and sweetheart neckline is tucked
into a pastel silhouette skirt
with side-slit vents
and triplicate pleats
when I realize in the sunlight
through the windshield
that the cool yellow of this blouse clashes
with the buttermilk heather in my skirt
which makes me slightly queasy
however

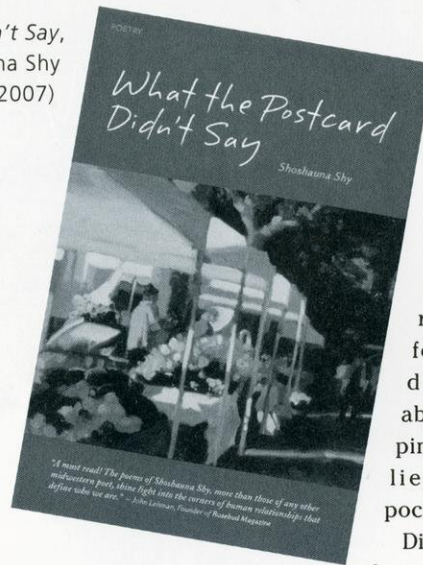
the periwinkle in the pattern on the sash
is sufficiently echoed by the twill uppers
of my buckle-snug sandals
while the accents on my purse
pick up the pink
in the button stitches

and then as we pass
through Weapons Check
it's reassuring to note
how the yellows momentarily mesh
and make an overall pleasing composite

by Shoshauna Shy

(previously published by Poetry Northwest, Poetry Daily and Poetry 180)

What the Postcard Didn't Say,
by Shoshauna Shy
(Zelda Wilde Publishing, 2007)



Shy likewise has an eye for the visually vivid, significant detail: a mysterious pearl; a candy-cane print bathrobe; an ant on a courtroom bench, or, in “For Better and for Worse”: “See orange peels the disposal/hiccapped, the dent above/the wheel well, the crash/of a pine through the neighbor’s roof, the lies our son whipped/out of his pocket.”

Divided into four sections that extend her title’s travel metaphor—

“Accommodations,” “Luggage,” “Detours,” and “Souvenirs”—each part turns around the other meanings of these words. “Accommodations” refers to marriage and its difficulties, for example, and “luggage” to secrets, while most of the last part’s “souvenirs” are memorable for some unpleasant reason.

Each section begins with a numbered “What the Postcard Didn’t Say” that draws our attention to omission as a narrative choice and to the postcard form itself: a form we all use, as well as a form through which we put on other identities, moving among locations and vacations, altering our words, even ourselves, depending on the receiver. Unlike the typical, vague vacation card, however, Shy conveys a story through the presence, and absence, of a few carefully chosen words, as in “What the Postcard Didn’t Say—#17”: “Tonight I sleep/on this cabin floor/Tomorrow bleach my hair/change my name/From now on your dad/gets to deal with you/I’ll look you up/when you hit 18.”

Although these strong but fragile poems focus on the sometimes unpleasant, sometimes tragic lives of breakable people, they are, nevertheless, often comic, occasionally surreal, and always considerate of their characters’ humanity. After you’ve read the book once, read it again, slowly. Examine a few figures at a time, run your fingers along their edges and hollows, feel for the missing chip, appreciate their contours and contortions.

Review by Wendy Vardaman

Picnic on the Meridian 1956

Father’s penny loafers gleam
as he crouches in the grass.
Mother and Miniature in matching dresses
remove sandwiches from the hamper.
Junior’s cowlick shines with cream
as Eisenhower cuts the ribbon
of the first interstate—the great
public equalizer.
Now not only the rich in airplanes
can cross the country
because anyone with an automobile
can load up Wife-&-Kids-Plus Lassie
and drive 40,000 miles

without a single stoplight.
Midwestern fathers unroll maps
because they’re not stuck on the train
to Cleveland in-laws anymore.
Co-eds get the notion
to visit Evie in Des Moines,
will be there by Tuesday,
no calling ahead.
It’s a brand-new era.
Mother whips off her scarf.
Lets the American wind
toss her curls.

by Shoshauna Shy

*Wendy Vardaman holds a Ph.D. in English from the University of Pennsylvania and has poems, reviews, and interviews in or forthcoming in journals including **Main Street Rag**, **Free Verse**, **Pivot**, and **Portland Literary Review Journal**. She received a Pushcart Prize nomination in 2005 and was runner-up in 2004 for the Council for Wisconsin Writers’ Lorine Niedecker Award. Vardaman lives in Madison and serves as poetry editor for the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets’ electronic newsletter.*

Jazz as a Way of Life



One jazz great interviews another: Ben Sidran (left) and Chick Corea.

Photo courtesy of Ben Sidran collection

Ben Sidran does not play a note on his new box set. In fact, hardly anyone does. But don't be fooled: It just might be his finest jazz record.

Talking Jazz: An Oral History compiles 60 interviews with jazz musicians that Sidran conducted for National Public Radio in the 1980s. The 24-CD set comes with an 80-page booklet with essays from writers, critics, and musicians, illustrated with classic photos from Lee Tanner.

What unfolds is the story of jazz through the spoken voices of those who created it. Max Roach, Art Blakey, Paul Motian, and Tony Williams detail the evolution of jazz drumming. Dizzy Gillespie reflects upon Charlie Parker's legacy. Sonny Rollins remembers how the sounds of cities became the tone of his saxophone. Collectively, says Sidran, the interviews are "a slice through the jazz world at a particular time, from the end of the first and second generations of musicians through the younger ones."

Of course, Sidran himself is a jazz musician and scholar who has recorded more than 30 albums and authored several books. He has played piano since his childhood in Racine and famously in college at the

University of Wisconsin–Madison in the 1960s before graduating to worldwide acclaim. As a result, Sidran brings technical expertise and credibility to the interviews on *Talking Jazz*. Even more important is his intuition about what makes musicians tick—and how to draw those experiences out of the musicians. "I got better at doing less," he says about his role as interviewer, leaving the musicians to embrace "the sound of their voice as it captures the sound of an era."

Given space to examine what really mattered to them, the musicians "reveal the human aspects of what their lives are like," says Sidran. They contemplate the balance between commerce and artistry, tradition and innovation, personal and professional demands, the

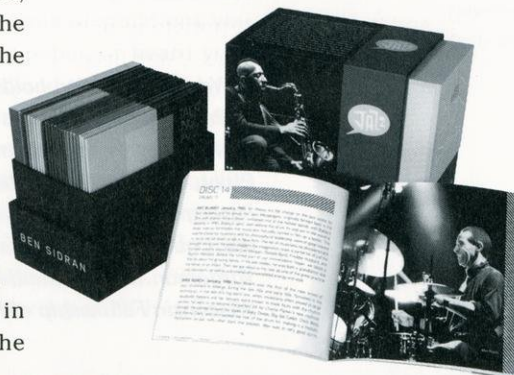
audience and one's inner voice. It is in those human aspects of their lives where we find clues to how great musicians get their sense of style, the distinctiveness that makes their music memorable. "Nobody knows where style comes from, but it is the most important thing they do," says Sidran.

By chronicling the lives of jazz musicians, *Talking Jazz* is a significant historical recording. As Sidran says, "The CDs are a document of a prototypical way of life that is impossible to re-create." But ultimately, the box set makes the case that jazz was a musical revolution and more importantly a means to make sense of race, politics, and society in 20th-century America. Through anecdote and experience, jazz emerges as a way ordinary Americans dealt with opportunity and inequality, freedom and discrimination, through extraordinary music.

And what makes *Talking Jazz* more than history—what makes it a living, breathing work of jazz itself—is that it assembles individual voices into a congregation, the way a great jazz combo creates a masterwork by pressing singular talents together. African American culture and jazz in particular has long drawn strength from the tension in American society between the individual and group, and indeed that tension drives many of the exchanges on *Talking Jazz*. When you hear those individual exchanges as a group, however, they become greater than the sum of their parts. While *Talking Jazz* may feature little music, it will stand comfortably alongside *Kind of Blue* or *A Love Supreme* as a tribute to jazz's power to explore the world in which we live.

Talking Jazz is available at www.talkingjazz.com.

by Alexander Shashko



Stem Cell Science Hits the Road

Stem cells, especially human embryonic stem cells, remain a hot topic in the news and in conversations throughout the nation. In Wisconsin, a public education initiative called the Wisconsin Edge is working to develop an informed public perspective on this much-discussed but little-understood subject.

While the group makes no claim of impartiality—it is a partnership between the Wisconsin Technology Council, which serves as a science and technology advisor to the governor and the legislature, and the WiCell Research Institute, a subsidiary of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation and home of the National Stem Cell Bank—it is devoted to bringing scientists, research professionals, and business leaders together with civic and business groups for discussion based on the best scientific knowledge available.

Many people who have read or heard about stem cell research understand that different perspectives about such research exist. However, fewer people are equipped to accurately answer such key questions as:

- What is the potential for human embryonic stem cell research to improve human health and the human condition?
- What are the differences and similarities between adult and embryonic stem cell research?
- How might stem cell research breakthroughs help improve our economy in Wisconsin and beyond?

The Wisconsin Edge addresses these questions and more. Since the initiative launched in January, 25 presentations have been held before nearly 1,000 individuals. More than 40 presentations will have been made by the end of September.

The public is thirsty for knowledge-based discussion, notes Tech Council president Tom Still.

“Wisconsin is home to human embryonic stem cell research, and Wisconsin citizens have already signaled their support for human embryonic stem cell research through public opinion polls and their votes,” says Still. “The goal of the presentations is to help people understand what human embryonic stem

cells are and the potential of the science to provide powerful tools for drug discovery and increase our knowledge of the disease process. This will help scientists develop better therapies for, or even prevent, specific health problems in the future.”

Travis Berggren, a researcher for WiCell, has traveled across southeast and south-central Wisconsin as a Wisconsin Edge presenter. These engagements have helped him identify what people want to know.

“Knowing and seeing that there is so much misinformation out there about human embryonic stem cell research, I find it is important to offer an environment where people can ask questions and get direct answers to some of the basic concepts and facts surrounding stem cell research,” says Berggren. “People in Wisconsin value face time and information from experts in the field. That’s what we’re offering.”

Bob Harrington, a program coordinator and previous club president of the Oshkosh Noon Kiwanis Club, participated in a Wisconsin Edge discussion at a club meeting. He found the presentation understandable and valuable. “These are factual,

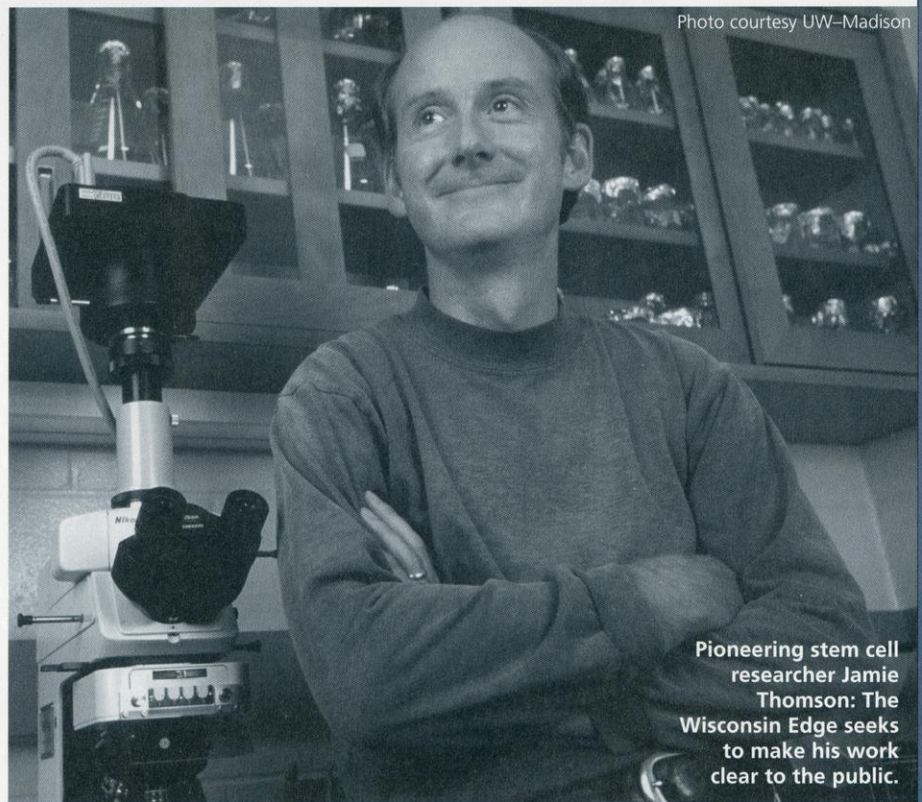


Photo courtesy UW-Madison

Pioneering stem cell researcher Jamie Thomson: The Wisconsin Edge seeks to make his work clear to the public.

evenhanded presentations that provide much-needed information about the potential health benefits of stem-cell research as well as how this field will improve the Wisconsin economy," he says.

Some lesser-known facts and commonly asked questions about human embryonic stem cell research include the following:

- The cells used in human embryonic stem cell research in Wisconsin come from in vitro fertilization (IVF) clinics where couples specify the fate of their embryos. Almost all embryos donated to research would be destroyed otherwise.
- Though there are more than 400,000 surplus embryos being held by IVF clinics, WiCell Research Institute has used only 19 embryos since its inception in the mid-1990s. The cell lines derived from these 19 embryos have been used for research around the world.
- Human embryonic stem cell research is a young field that began in 1998 when UW–Madison researcher James Thomson became the first to successfully isolate and grow human embryonic stem cells in a lab setting.



Photo by Jeff Miller

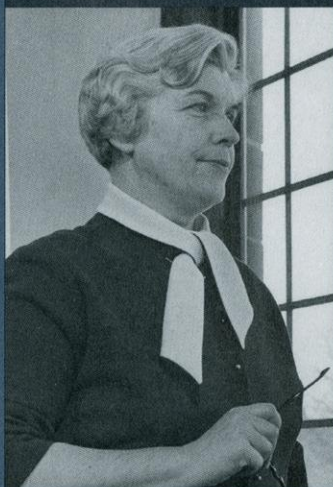
- Human embryonic stem cell research is a global industry. Countries around the world, including China, Singapore, Australia, and those in the United Kingdom, are investing hundreds of millions of dollars in research funding.

For more information about the Wisconsin Edge, including booking a presentation, contact Ryann Petit-Frere at the Wisconsin Technology Council, 608/442-7557 ext. 28, ryannp@wisconsintechcouncil.com.

In Memoriam

"I believe in the Academy and its purposes. It provides an unusual opportunity to unite arts, humanities, and science in making Wisconsin a respected home for ideas."

—Martha Peterson, president of the Wisconsin Academy Council, 1982



Martha Peterson at UW–Madison, 1966.

We honor the memory of Martha E. Peterson, an exceptionally able university leader who unstintingly shared her wisdom and expertise with the Wisconsin Academy as council president, foundation board member, and a Fellow, an honor bestowed upon her for a life of remarkable achievement and vision. She retained close ties to the Wisconsin Academy right up until her passing last summer at age 90 due to complications from Alzheimer's disease.

Born on a farm in Kansas in 1916, she earned advanced degrees in mathematics and a Ph.D. in educational psychology. After years as a mathematics professor and dean of women at the University of Kansas, she arrived in Wisconsin in 1956 to serve as the University of Wisconsin–Madison's dean of

women and eventually became dean of students. During this time she met Maxine Bennett, MD, who was to be her lifelong companion.

In 1967, Miss Peterson, as she preferred to be called, was named president of Barnard College in New York and earned widespread respect for her skill in fostering calm on that campus during the turbulent Vietnam War protests. She returned to Wisconsin in 1975 to become the first woman president of Beloit College, a position she held until 1981. There she was credited with restoring fiscal stability when enrollment and the endowment were shrinking.

In the years that followed she served on numerous corporate boards (including Exxon, Metropolitan Life, and R.H. Macy's), often serving as their first woman director.

Her service to the Wisconsin Academy cannot be underestimated. "We are most grateful for the leadership Martha Peterson gave generously to the Academy, and the wisdom she shared with our state," says Margaret Lewis, the Wisconsin Academy's executive director.

"I had the great privilege to know her over the years and always found her counsel and leadership to be exemplary," notes development director Gail Kohl.

Click Your Way to Culture

At age 5, Portal Wisconsin has solidified its role as our state's best online gathering place for culture.

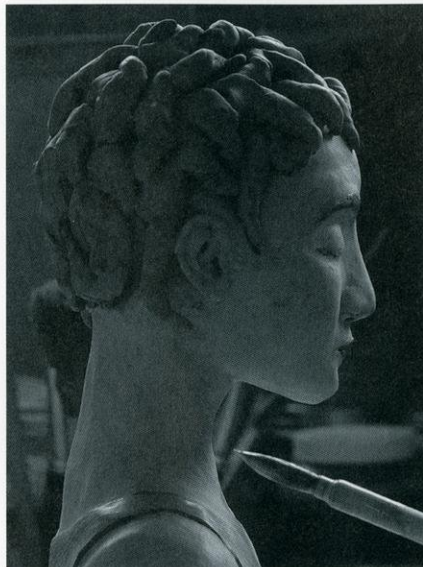
INTERNET SITES COME AND GO like trendy restaurants, but one online cultural resource has proven it is here to stay. Portalwisconsin.org (www.portalwisconsin.org), a nonprofit site supported by the Cultural Coalition of Wisconsin, celebrated its fifth anniversary earlier this year. The site launched in January 2002 with the goal of spotlighting Wisconsin's vibrant arts, culture, humanities, and history.

Portalwisconsin.org makes use of the web's power to aggregate large volumes of information and make it easily searchable. It's a place where you can view an ever-growing gallery of contemporary Wisconsin artists, find a concert or an exhibition taking place near you, read cultural news, take a virtual tour of a state historical site, or even watch streaming video of many of the Wisconsin Academy's Academy Evenings lectures.

"The initial impulse behind this site was to give Wisconsin citizens and visitors to our state an easy way to explore, in one place, all that our culture has to offer," says Ann Engelman, the first project director of Portalwisconsin.org and a driving force in launching the site. "When many people think of Wisconsin, they think of the Packers or outdoor activities like snowmobiling, but there's a lot more to Wisconsin. We want both residents and visitors to have the information they need to take advantage of what's out there."

A statewide events calendar allows web surfers to find events taking place anywhere in the state and spanning a number of topics, from visual art and theater to music and history. Parents can click to find events suitable for kids.

The most visually rich part of the site is a juried gallery of contemporary Wisconsin artists. A panel of five respected artists, curators, and educators (which has included the Wisconsin



From the Portal gallery: A work in progress by Robin Murphy.



Academy's gallery co-director, Randall Berndt) reviews applications submitted by state artists. Artists selected for Portalwisconsin.org run the gamut from traditional landscape painters to politically engaged installation artists. Art quilters mingle online with photographers, potters, and more.

The goal of the online gallery is to help artists gain wider exposure and to raise the public's awareness of the talented artists residing in every county of the state. It also has provided them with an online community. Notes Land O'Lakes artist Marilyn Annin, "Having my work included on Portalwisconsin.org has given me an emotional boost. I'm somewhat isolated up here in the bewildering

North. Now I'm part of the Wisconsin art community."

The explosion of high-speed Internet connections in workplaces, schools, and homes has also led to great possibilities for online video. Yet in a world of YouTube and MySpace, it can be hard to find high-quality content. Portalwisconsin.org's growing video and audio section includes "Academy Evenings," the hip-hop poetry of teens from the "Youth Speaks" program, and other compelling content.

Housed at Wisconsin Public Television (WPT), the site is a joint project of seven partners known collectively as the Cultural Coalition of Wisconsin. Along with WPT, those partners are the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters; the Wisconsin Arts Board; the Wisconsin Historical Society; the Wisconsin Humanities Council; Wisconsin Public Radio; and the University of Wisconsin—Extension Continuing Education, Outreach, and E-Learning.

Says James Steinbach, acting director of television at Wisconsin Public Television, "We created this site not just to promote what the members of the Cultural Coalition are doing. It's also about providing a service to the rest of Wisconsin's cultural community. We've made a place where everyone can join forces to reach a greater audience."

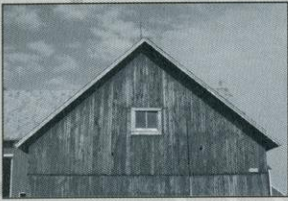
Portalwisconsin.org has been successful by any measure, with more than 433,000 visits in 2006 and citations by the Center for Digital Democracy, the Partnership for a Nation of Learners, and others as a model project for collecting cultural and educational information online.

To learn more, contact project manager Jennifer A. Smith at smithja@wpt.org, 608/263-2166.



the gallery

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



the idea

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



the public forums

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

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- Discounts on ticketed Wisconsin Academy events, including our forums and writing contests
- Our peer-reviewed journal, *Transactions*, devoted to topics treated in various Wisconsin Academy programs

the magazine

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



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Ice Age Visionary

Charles Whittlesey, the
Kettle Moraine, and the Ice
Age Theory in Wisconsin

A little-credited geologist
from Ohio taught us much of
what we know about
Wisconsin's glacial past.



Studio portrait of Charles Whittlesey
dressed for a field trip, 1858.

Wisconsin Historical Society Image 36627

BY NELSON R. HAM AND JOHN W. ATTIG

THE PICTURESQUE LANDSCAPE OF THE KETTLE MORaine in eastern Wisconsin is well known to many of our state's residents and visitors. This complex landscape of glacial landforms, stretching some 125 miles from Walworth County northward to the Door Peninsula, marks the junction of two great lobes of the North American ice

sheet that covered eastern Wisconsin during the last ice age (the so-called Wisconsin Glaciation in North America). But although many who visit the region have at least a passing notion as to its glacial origin, few are aware of the crucial role this landscape played in the earliest application and acceptance of the ice age theory in North America. For it was in the first scientific study of the Kettle Moraine in the mid-19th century that Ohio geologist Charles Whittlesey (1808–1886) adopted Louis Agassiz's theory of glaciation to explain its formation. At the time, Whittlesey was

literally and figuratively “breaking new ground.” Not only was he exploring new territory, but he was also challenging the widely held belief for the “diluvial” origin of the loose sediments that covered land nearly everywhere in the northern latitudes—namely, that these were laid down by floods or ice rafting.

Yet despite Whittlesey's pioneering work in the middle of the 1800s, he was quickly overshadowed by Thomas Chrowder Chamberlin (1843–1928), a dominant figure in late 19th-century geology and especially the burgeoning field of glacial geology. Chamberlin was

This photo from 1908 shows the Kettle Moraine much as Whittlesey would have seen it for the first time in his travels in Sheboygan County. It was taken by noted geologist William Alden.



a force to be reckoned with, and by all measures didn't easily share the limelight of scientific discovery. He would eventually supervise the production of *The Geology of Wisconsin*, a four-volume first magnum opus that documented the geology of the Badger state. Chamberlin wrote on the Kettle Moraine in this work, but his seminal paper appeared in the *Transactions* of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in 1878. Somewhat confusing is that Chamberlin referred to the Kettle Moraine as the "Kettle Range" and used "Kettle Moraine" to refer to all of the various glacial ridges (moraines) that marked the maximum extent of the last continental ice sheet in central North America.

Indeed, in retrospect it seems that Chamberlin gave only passing credit to Whittlesey's pioneering studies. And today few seem to know of or acknowledge Whittlesey's work about the Kettle Moraine, despite the fact that he contributed much fundamental knowledge to our understanding of landforms produced by continental glaciation. To us it now seems clear that Whittlesey

set the groundwork for the establishment of glacial geology as a flourishing discipline of the geological sciences just a few short years after he completed his visits to Wisconsin.

YOUNG WHITTLESEY

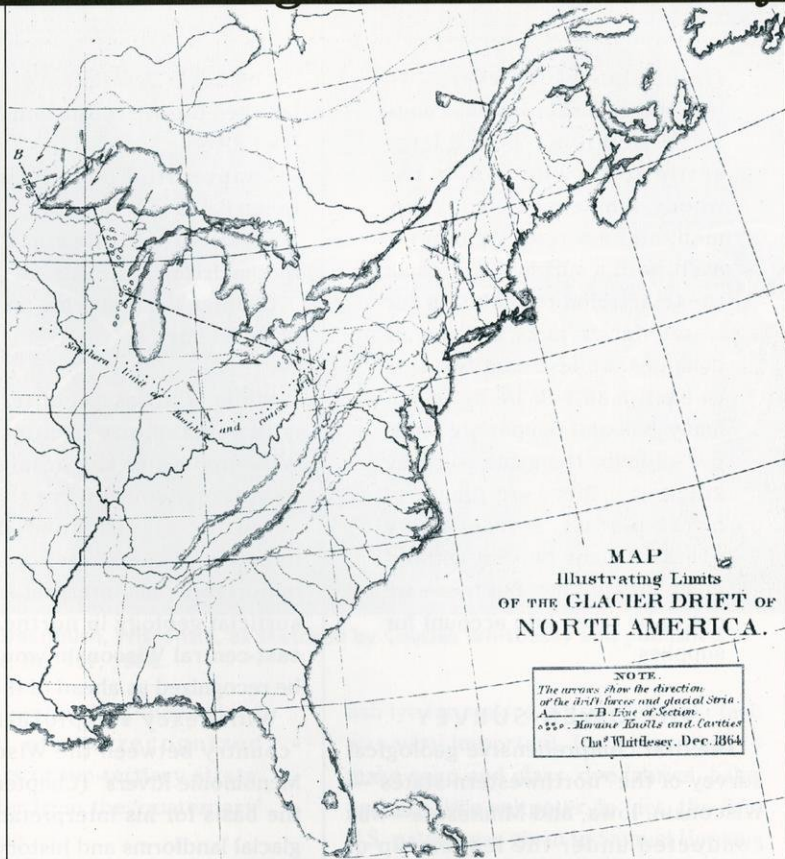
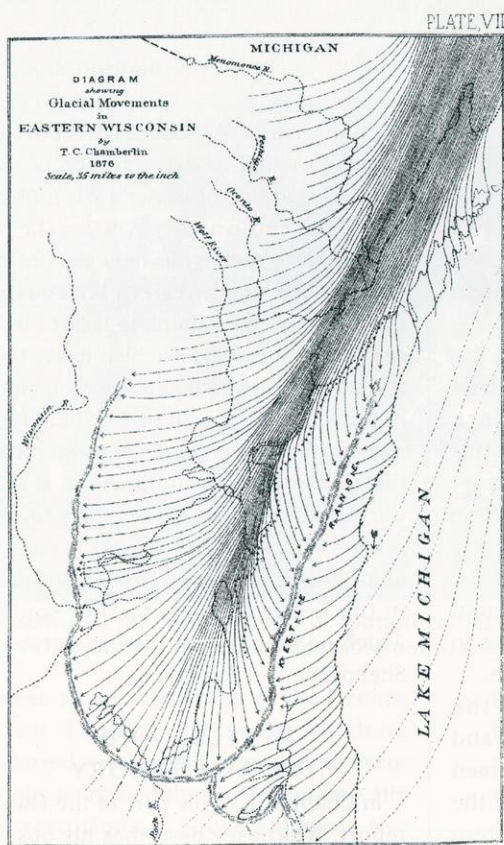
Whittlesey was born in Southington, Connecticut, October 4, 1808, the son of Asaph and Vesta Whittlesey. In 1813, Asaph left Southington with his family for Tallmadge, in Portage County, Ohio—a religious colony of New England Congregationalists. Both Asaph and Vesta were partially disabled and couldn't farm; as such Asaph served as justice of the peace and postmaster of Tallmadge for many years. He died in 1842.

The young Whittlesey attended four years of school in Southington, continued in Tallmadge, and in 1827 became a cadet at West Point, graduating in 1831. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Fifth United States Infantry and was stationed at various places, including Green Bay. This was likely his first visit to the North Woods of Wisconsin. Whittlesey

resigned from the army at the end of the Black Hawk War, opened a law office in Cleveland, and became part owner of a newspaper. In 1837, he was appointed assistant geologist of the state of Ohio.

Although a first geological survey of Ohio lasted just two years, Whittlesey is credited with making countless studies that greatly aided the economic and agricultural well-being of the state. By the end of his career, the breadth of his professional work would be most impressive—he published on geology, archaeology, history, and religion, to name a few key disciplines. His geological contributions to that part of the country are recognized by a large glacial lake (now "extinct") named in his honor—Glacial Lake Whittlesey.

In about 1844, Charles Whittlesey would begin nearly 15 years of fieldwork in northern Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, instigated by the discovery of iron ore. He was quite fond of exploration and the adventure that accompanied his scientific work. Of particular note is a photograph on file at the Wisconsin Historical Society, taken in a studio, of Whittlesey in full



Map of glacial flow directions of the Green Bay and Lake Michigan lobes during the maximum extent of ice during the Wisconsin Glaciation, and the location of the Kettle Range (Kettle Moraine).

Map showing the southern extent of glacial deposits in the central and eastern parts of North America, as compiled by Charles Whittlesey.

field regalia, rock hammer poised in hand—an unusual pose for such a learned man of his day. He would come to write about not only the science of exploration, but also the adventure. “Two Months in the Copper Regions of Lake Superior,” published in the *National Magazine of New York* in 1846, gives a glimpse of Whittlesey at work during an expedition along the southern shore of Lake Superior in the late summer and early fall of 1845. Travel was by a relatively light, flat-bottom sailboat called a Mackinaw boat—the boat of choice during the fur-trading era in the Great Lakes region. The Mackinaw was modeled after the birch-bark canoe and not made for travel in open water. Whittlesey’s description shows a fondness for the boat, but some trepidation from inexperience.

“These long, narrow, flat-bottom boats carry a heavy burden, go well before the wind, and are easily drawn ashore. The bark canoe, like the Mackinaw boat,

has no keel, and the safety of both consists in being able to make a harbor of every sand beach, in case of a storm. The expert voyageur has a kind of second sight in regard to weather, smelling a storm while it is yet a great way off. It is only when a great saving may be made, and the weather is perfectly fair that he ventures to leave the vicinity of the shore, and cross from point to point in the open sea . . . Of course, the birch canoe and the Mackinaw boat, being without keels, cannot sail upon the wind. Our yawl, with a keel of four inches, having nine men and a ton of provisions aboard, sank about sixteen inches in the water. She was provided with a cotton square sail, containing forty square yards, and had row locks for six oars. How she would row, how she would sail, and how she

would brave the storm, we could only surmise, and the surmises were rather against the little vessel.”

Also interesting is Whittlesey’s description of the proper outfitting required for an expedition such as his, in this case the importance of food.

“Much of the comfort of a trip in this region depends on the outfit. Arrangements should be made for a supply of at least two pounds of solid food per day for each man, and a surplus for friends who are less provident. The cheapest, least weighty and bulky, as well as the best for health and relish, are hard bread, beans, and salt pork of the very best quality. Tea, coffee, and sugar are in such cases not necessities, but are, for the expense and trouble, the greatest and cheapest luxuries that can be had under any

circumstances. To every two men there must be a small camp-kettle, and if in a boat a large kettle and frying-pan. In the woods, a hatchet to every two men, and a strong tin cup for each, with a surplus of one-half these articles to make up for losses. Knives, forks, and spoons disappear so fast, that two sets to each man will be none too many. Salt and pepper are indispensable for the game you may kill; and if there are plenty of horse-pistols, a great many pheasants may be shot without much loss of time. But these are not to be taken into account for supplies."

THE OWEN SURVEY

The first comprehensive geological survey of the "northwestern states"—Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota—was conducted under the leadership of David Dale Owen and published in 1852. Fieldwork for the survey took place in the latter part of the first half of the 19th century, and Whittlesey was a lead geologist. His contribution to the Owen survey, "Geological Report of That Portion of Wisconsin Bordering on the South Shore of Lake Superior," surveyed in 1849, comprised five subsections:

Chapter I: General Geology of the District

Chapter II: Description of the Country between the Wisconsin and Menomonic [sic] Rivers

Chapter III: Red Clay and Drift of Green Bay and Wisconsin

Chapter IV: Remarks on the Barometrical Observations

Chapter V: Lumbering on the Waters of Green Bay

While Whittlesey's observations on iron formations in northwestern Wisconsin and the adjacent Upper Peninsula would have the greatest scientific significance at the time because of their obvious economic importance, his interpretations of the surficial geology in northeastern and east-central Wisconsin would come to be recognized as ahead of their time.

Whittlesey's exploration of the "country between the Wisconsin and Menomonic Rivers" (Chapter II) formed the basis for his interpretations of the glacial landforms and history of eastern Wisconsin, namely the Kettle Moraine. This particular trip started in Sheboygan, then went to Fond du Lac, Appleton via Lake Winnebago, and Green Bay via the Fox River. From here his group traveled along the western shore of Green Bay to the mouth of the Oconto River, then up the Oconto to "its sources." Whittlesey's group returned from the Oconto, portaged to Shawano Lake, and then traveled partway up the

Wolf River. They returned to Oshkosh on November 1.

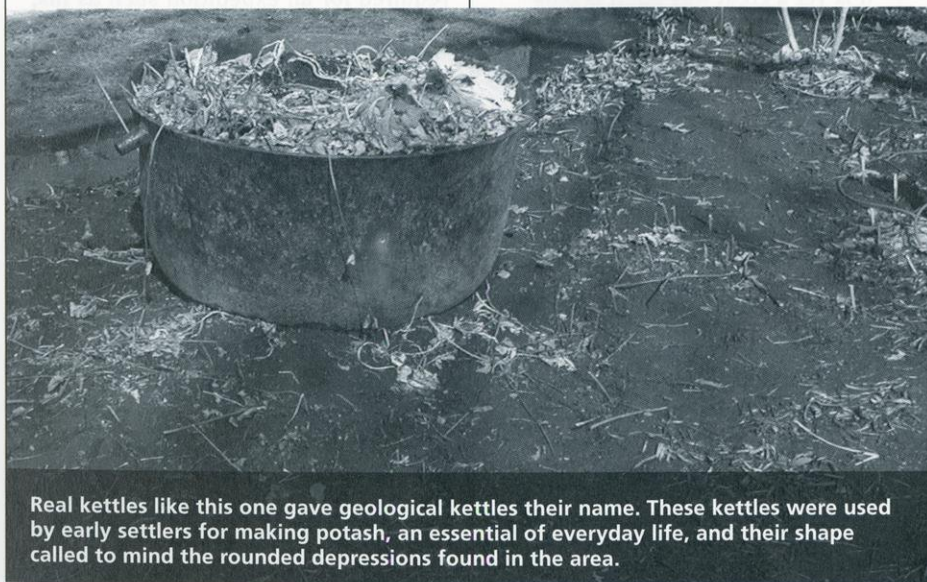
Chapter II of Whittlesey's report is largely devoted to a description of the bedrock geology of eastern Wisconsin. He reported on the similarity of Precambrian rock types between northeastern and northwestern Wisconsin, but the apparent complete lack of iron ore in the northeast. He also described the sequence of sedimentary rock units resting on the Precambrian, including recognizing the gentle dip of these rocks toward Lake Michigan. However, it was during this trip that he made critical observations and interpretations of landforms he believed to be like those in the Kettle Moraine farther south, which he first saw on his trip between Sheboygan and Fond du Lac.

KETTLES AND ICE AGE THEORY

In Chapter III of his part of the Owen report, Whittlesey describes his observations on the "loose diluvial matter" in Wisconsin, seen on his expedition of eastern Wisconsin. Of particular note is his observation of the "red clay" that covers the landscape nearly everywhere in eastern Wisconsin, and which he recognized as occurring from Milwaukee to Door County and north of Green Bay. Whittlesey also recognized that the red clay deposit could be traced west to the valleys of Lake Winnebago and the Fox and Wolf rivers.

The red clays to which Whittlesey referred are now known to be several different glacial deposits—representing readvances of glacial ice into the Lake Michigan basin and Green Bay lowlands during the overall deglaciation of the region at the end of the last ice age. The clays were deposited in places directly by the glacier, and in other places in lakes that formed at the glacier's edge and extended for tens of miles beyond the ice margin.

The only major interruption to the continuity of the red-clay cover that Whittlesey saw was the "high gravel ridges" that separated the "waters of the Sheboygan River from those of the Rock River and Lake Winnebago." He also found similar deposits farther



Real kettles like this one gave geological kettles their name. These kettles were used by early settlers for making potash, an essential of everyday life, and their shape called to mind the rounded depressions found in the area.



Woodcut of the "drift cavities" or "potash kettles" near Greenbush, Wisconsin, as sketched by Charles Whittlesey and published in an article in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, No. 197, 1864.

north in the watershed of the Oconto River. The gravel ridges to which he referred west of Sheboygan would eventually be named the Kettle Moraine. His descriptions of these ridges in the Owen report represent the first scientific documentation of the Kettle Moraine in Wisconsin by a geologist. As Whittlesey noted later, Increase Lapham had previously traced the topography of the Kettle Moraine from southern Wisconsin to the headwaters of the Sheboygan River. And, as importantly, he would come to believe that some of the deposits were laid down in direct contact with stagnant glacier ice.

In 1851 Whittlesey summarized his observations to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and therein seemingly appears the first use of the term "drift" for surficial deposits in Wisconsin and mention of the term "Potash Kettle country" as used to describe the region we know today as the Kettle Moraine:

"Mr. W. [Whittlesey] commenced by stating, that, as yet, the loose materials—the sand, gravel, clay, and boulders—that are spread over the indurated rocks of the west, and north-west, have received no scientific name.

They will, at present, be called by the common appellation of 'drift,' or superficial deposits, as

it is not certain that they belong to any of the recognized members of the tertiary strata, and differ from the 'quaternary' of Europe ..."

Whittlesey would also give a short description of the topography of the land, emphasizing the closed topographic depressions or hollows that glacial geologists now call "kettles." Reference was also made, for the first time, to the regional name "Potash Kettle country" used by local settlers.

"In Wisconsin, the most remarkable accumulation of limestone pebbles and boulders, in masses, may be seen between Sheboygan and Fond du Lac of Lake Winnebago, being a series of peaks and hollows, from twenty to one hundred feet deep; very steep at the sides, without water; and constituting an elevated ridge of more than fifty miles in length, in places three hundred feet above Lake Michigan. It is known in the region as the 'Potash Kettle' country."

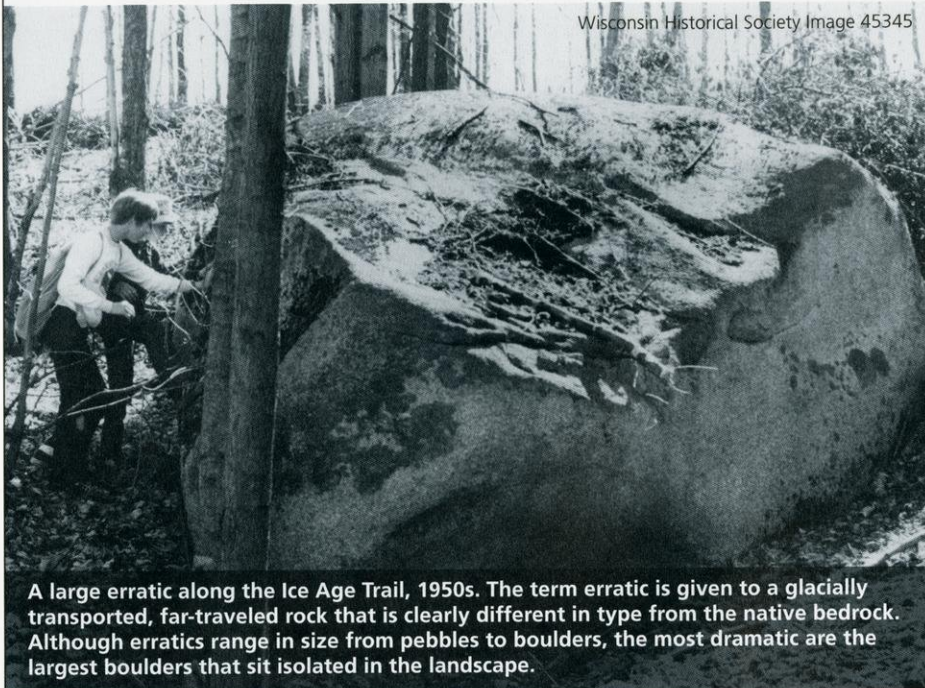
The term "Potash Kettle" referred to the similarity between the rounded, bowl-shaped depressions common in the Kettle Moraine, and the deep cook kettles early settlers used to boil down

ash lye for making potash cakes. Potash was very important, for it was used to make soap and glass, dye fabrics, bake, and produce saltpeter. In fact, the first U.S. patent was given to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for a new process in the production of potash.

At the conference, summarized in his 1857 paper, Whittlesey would go on to show land and freshwater snails, and wood fragments he had collected from the surficial deposits over much of the western states, all of which to him showed that the western Great Lakes had not seen an influx of the ocean. Finally, and just as importantly, Whittlesey suggested the importance of some yet unrecognized "force" that brought the mixture of surface materials to the western Great Lakes states, and also "in doing so, scratched, polished, and abraded the surface of the underlying indurated rocks."

So Whittlesey had seen the evidence of continental glaciation in Wisconsin and elsewhere, but would not yet commit to glaciers being responsible for his newly named "drift." In his writings nearly 15 years later, it would be apparent that he had been thinking of continental glaciation all along.

In 1860, Whittlesey published a short but definitive paper on his ideas about the unusual "drift ridges" of eastern Wisconsin—"On the Drift Cavities, or 'Potash Kettles' of Wisconsin"—again



Wisconsin Historical Society Image 45345

A large erratic along the Ice Age Trail, 1950s. The term erratic is given to a glacially transported, far-traveled rock that is clearly different in type from the native bedrock. Although erratics range in size from pebbles to boulders, the most dramatic are the largest boulders that sit isolated in the landscape.

presented at the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Whittlesey began to believe that only a glacier could account for the sum of evidence he had seen in the middle west of North America.

His description of sections of the moraine is especially lucid and the analogy with a potash cook kettle now more obvious:

“Along the summits or dividing ridge between the waters of Rock river and those of Lake Michigan, there are numberless crater-like depressions in the drift materials, which are called by the people ‘potash kettles.’

They are in the form of cavities, sunk below the general surface, ten, fifteen, and even one hundred feet, their outline rudely circular, and their sides as steep as the earth will stand. Mr. Lapham has traced them from the southerly line of the State, east of Beloit, along the height of land northerly, as far as the heads of the Sheboygan river, a distance of about one hundred miles.

The materials in which they are found are the coarse drift, such as everywhere in the west

occupies the summit of the country.

To get an idea of the appearance of the ‘potash kettle’ country, imagine a region of drift moraines inverted. Instead of a surface thickly set with rounded hillocks, suppose it to be occupied by cavities of irregular size and depth.

If the grinder of a mastodon is reversed and impressed upon a piece of wax, the depressions which result, will represent the drift cavities as contrasted with drift elevations. In traveling through such a region the explorer frequently finds them so near together, that [he] no sooner rises out of one than he is obliged immediately to descend into another, the diameter of which may be no more than twice or thrice its depth.

There is very seldom any water in the bottom, owing to the loose and porous character of the gravel drift. Boulders are seen at the bottom, on the sides, and on the surface around them.

When they are thickly set, as at the source of the Oconto river, and no hillocks between, the rim or edge between them is

sometimes so narrow that large boulders have not base enough to rest upon, and tumble down the sides.

The internal slope is frequently straight like a funnel or inverted cone, but more often cup-shaped or curved in a manner correctly expressed by the form of a kettle.”

Whittlesey then went on to explain how, while working for the Owen survey, he considered the traditional diluvial explanation (formation by floods or iceberg rafting) for all of the drift deposits in the Kettle Moraine to be inadequate. He was particularly perplexed by the topographic depressions seemingly set into the landscape, namely the “kettles,” and the polished and scratched bedrock that could be seen occasionally exposed from beneath the “drift” of the Kettle Moraine.

“While exploring the district in 1849, it occurred to me that these cavities could not be explained by the usual and well-known examples of aqueous deposits. Terraces and oblong ridges of sand or gravel might be formed by currents and eddies acting upon loose materials. It is not difficult to perceive how mounds, irregular elevations, and undulations could be thus built up by gradual accretion *above* the general surface.

But the formation of a *system of depressions*, of a uniform character, over large tracts of country without natural mounds or ozars, is something quite different, in fact, quite opposite. And yet this has occurred in the drift, and must therefore be due to a phase of the drift phenomena.

The rocks beneath the superficial materials in which these cavities are formed are everywhere polished and grooved by the drift forces.”

This last sentence was testament to Whittlesey's belief in the effectiveness of glacier erosion. Whittlesey would now go on to invoke continental glaciation as the ultimate cause of the drift in the upper Midwest. And he would specifically invoke the melting of stagnant blocks of glacier ice, now recognized by modern glacial geologists as a common product of deglaciation, to explain the origin of the odd depressions that he described from the Potash Kettle Country. The theory of glaciation was espoused by Louis Agassiz in Europe nearly two decades earlier in his seminal book *Étude sur les glaciers*, but not without strong disagreement. Whittlesey agreed and also cited the glaciological observations of one of the first expeditions to Arctic Greenland by H.H. Kanes.

Using both Agassiz's work and Kanes' observations showed remarkable foresight on the part of Whittlesey. At once he hypothesized the likelihood of past climate change as a cause for the growth of a continental glacier that advanced to a relatively low latitude, and the formation of "kettles" by the final melting of buried, stagnant ice blocks that became stranded from the wasting glacier during deglaciation. He applied modern analogues to interpret the past, which is part of the uniformitarianist approach of modern geology. Here was a succinct explanation for the origin of the "kettles" of the Wisconsin Kettle Moraine:

"At the foot of the Alps, moraines are formed mechanically by the movements of glaciers, carrying forward earth and stones, that are finally left in rounded heaps on the more level country. Masses of ice become entangled with the loose materials, which in due time melt away and disappear.

Without entering at large into a discussion of the drift force, I assume for the present purpose that, in the early periods of the drift epoch, it was glacier ice. Nothing else seems to be equal in energy to the results we observe. A strong objection to

this view has been removed by the observations of Dr. H. H. Hayes, of the Kane Arctic Expedition.

On the north-west coast of Greenland, which is a vast glacier, the ice was found to be progressing toward the coast over a country that was comparatively level. It had a movement not only down inclined surfaces, such as the slopes of mountains, but along flat land, and even up inclinations that were opposed to its progress. If the temperature of Greenland or the Arctic Circle was brought down to latitude 40 north, glaciers would exist. Regarding the explanations of Agassiz and Desor as to the cause of the motion of glaciers to be correct, that it is not wholly due to gravity, there is nothing improbable in such a movement over a level country.

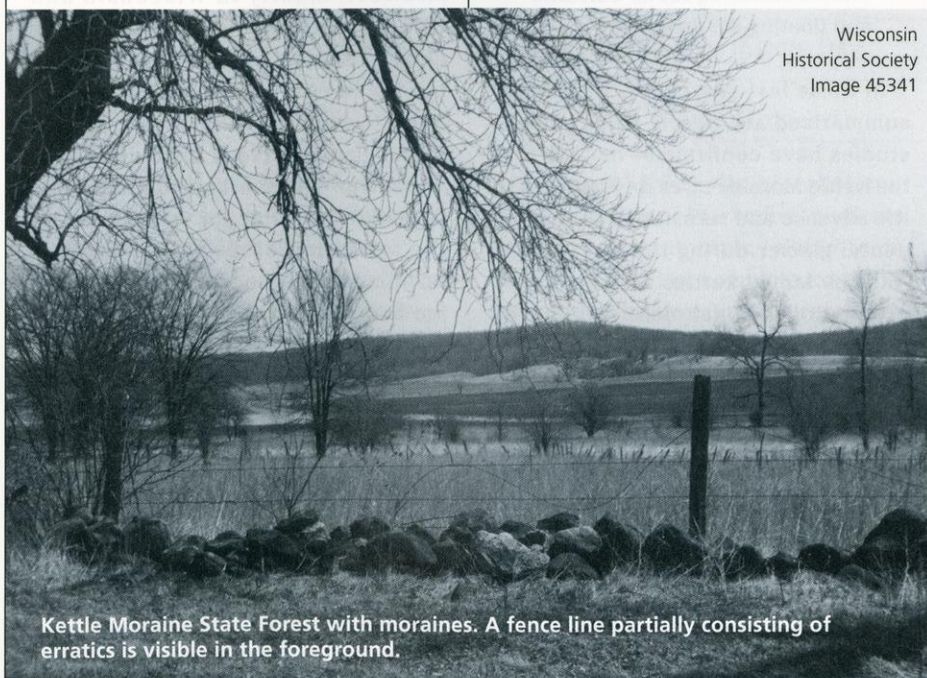
Suppose the northern hemisphere during the ice period to have been covered with neve to the depth of several hundred feet, as Greenland is now.

This field must have been first attacked by the heat of the sun on the side of the equator. Its

southerly limit being at lat. 40, it would be along this edge rather than upon the surface that it would be first melted. The conditions existing in all glacier regions would then be found, only the field would be a larger one. The alternate thawings of the day and freezings of the night would create a tardy, but a restless, expansive force. On the north, the extent of the mass would be such that in that direction there could be no movement, and the expansion must produce all of its effect in a southerly direction. Thus, so far as resistance in the rear gives rise to motion in front, the fixed mass of ice is equal to a central mountain chain.

Admitting the probability of such a state of things, it follows that along the southern edge of this all-pervading glacier, fragments and masses of ice would be enclosed in and buried beneath the drift materials.

Sir John Richardson, in 1849-'50, while journeying down the Mackenzie river, discovered ice at different



Wisconsin
Historical Society
Image 45341

Kettle Moraine State Forest with moraines. A fence line partially consisting of erratics is visible in the foreground.

depths beneath the surface of the earth, even to several hundred feet. Although potatoes were raised in the soil at Fort Hope, it did not thaw during the short summer months more than two or three feet in depth.

It is reported that in Patagonia huge piles of stones and ice are seen mingled together for years. My first impression on viewing the cavities at the head of the Oconto, was that they are due to subsidence. In the cases just cited, if the mixed mass consisted more of ice than of earth and stones, the surface should be one of pits and depressions. Hillocks or moraines could only occur in such materials where the earthy and imperishable parts are in excess. When the proportions are about equal, there would be both cavities and moraines.

...These facts, somewhat contradictory, if we admit of but one transporting agent, may be reconciled on the supposition that in the earlier days of the drift period, glacier ice predominated, and as this diminished under the effect of increasing temperature, aqueous currents and floating ice prevailed."

In these last sentences, Whittlesey summarized accurately what modern studies have confirmed—namely that the Kettle Moraine owes its formation to the advance and retreat of a vast continental glacier during the last ice age. And the famed kettles are the logical product of the final melting of buried blocks of stranded ice that separated from the retreating glacier as it wasted northward during deglaciation. The deposits—the washed sand and gravel—so common in many parts of the Kettle Moraine are not contradictory to this scenario of glaciation, for they represent the natural reworking of glacial sediment by meltwater produced from the melting glacier. This process has been observed by countless geolo-

gists and tourists visiting modern glaciers today.

Much of Whittlesey's quarter-century of work on the glacial geology of the upper Midwest would be summarized in 1864 in the *Smithsonian Contributions to Science*, No. 197: "On the Freshwater Glacial Drift of the Northwestern States." Louis Agassiz was one of two reviewers. Included here were details missing from some of Whittlesey's earlier writings, namely drawings of the Kettle Moraine, interpretations of the vertical succession of glacial deposits, and a map. In this report appeared the first map of the glacial geology of the midwestern and eastern U.S., showing the southern limit of glaciation, ice flow directions deduced from striations, and "moraine hills and knolls" demarcating the Kettle Moraine in Wisconsin. Indeed, the Kettle Moraine may be the first glacial landscape of significance shown on a glacial geologic map of North America.

WISCONSIN AFTER WHITTLESEY

In spite of Whittlesey's ingenuity in interpreting the origin of the Kettle Moraine, it was Thomas Chamberlin, nearly 35 years his junior, who came to be known as the preeminent glacial geologist of his time. Chamberlin spent his career in the Midwest, mostly in Wisconsin and Illinois, and would conduct more detailed studies of the Kettle Moraine, but would eventually assign William C. Alden to complete the first detailed map of the glacial geology of southeastern Wisconsin. Chamberlin and Alden were largely responsible for reconstructing the formation of the Kettle Moraine during deglaciation—the positions of ice margins, directions of meltwater flow, and so forth. Indeed, much of the deposits that make up the Kettle Moraine were laid by glacial meltwater. Modern geologic mapping in the past 20 years has focused on the details and the three-dimensional nature of these deposits, especially as they relate to sand and gravel resources and groundwater issues.

After his time in Wisconsin, Whittlesey spent the remaining 20 or so

years of his life in his boyhood home of Ohio and was a well-respected scientist and statesman. It is said that he was at times bitter at what he perceived to be a lack of due recognition for his scientific accomplishments, especially outside of his home state. The degree to which the Kettle Moraine played a role in his feelings will never be fully known, but it seems likely to have been important. Whittlesey was pushing the boundaries of science in a most fortuitous way given our current recognition of global environmental change. Nearly 150 years ago, Whittlesey hypothesized climate change as an explanation for how glaciers could have expanded to lower latitudes and covered the upper Midwest, and used the observations of other geologists at modern glaciers to explain the origins of Wisconsin's glacial landscape—a uniformitarianist approach.

Although Whittlesey himself may have been frustrated at times because of his self-perceived lack of recognition, as we look at him today, his fieldwork and scientific papers pioneered many aspects of geological science in the Midwest, including several key concepts of modern glacial geology. We agree with several writers in the last century who wrote of Whittlesey as being America's first glacial geologist. Indeed, the fundamental questions of how the Kettle Moraine came to be and how those curious "kettles" formed were answered nearly 150 years ago by an adventurous, observant, and most careful scientist from Ohio. *

Nelson Ham is an associate professor of geology and environmental science at St. Norbert College in De Pere. His research focuses on the origin of Wisconsin's glacial landscapes and modern glacial processes in Alaska.

*John W. Attig is a glacial geologist and a professor in the UW-Extension department of environmental sciences. He conducts research and teaching with the Wisconsin Geological and Natural History Survey and is co-author (with Robert H. Dott, Jr.) of **Roadside Geology of Wisconsin** (Mountain Press Publishing, 2004).*

Every Day Is History Day

A middle school and high school celebration of our nation's past takes place throughout the year.



BY SARAH CLEMENT

Wisconsin students travel to the University of Maryland—College Park every spring to represent the state at the National History Day competition.

Photos courtesy Wisconsin Historical Society/National History Day

IT'S A WEEKDAY AND LAURA BALL, a middle school student, isn't in class. Instead she's at the Wisconsin Historical Society archives holding a document more than 100 years old. With the help of an archivist, Laura found one of the key documents she'll need for her National History Day project—a handwritten petition by Wisconsin's first female lawyer.

Laura has traveled across the state to read this historical treasure, but first she'll have to decipher the writing.

Laura is one of some 6,500 students who participate in National History Day. From the name, you might think that National History Day, or NHD, is one day when students get together to celebrate the past—and you'd be partly right. But National History Day is actually much more than a day; it's a yearlong academic enrichment program. NHD engages students in their own historical scholarship throughout the school year while developing essential life skills for a successful future.

Working individually or collaboratively in groups of two to five, students choose a research topic related to an annual theme. They complete extensive research, often investigating resources far beyond the confines of their own classroom. Students interview experts and delve into libraries, archives, museums, and wherever else their topic might take them. To cap their scholarship, students present their research by producing historical documentaries, exhibits, dramatic performances, and research papers. In grades 6 through 12, students may enter their projects in a

series of competitions at the local, regional, state, and national levels.

The program began in 1974 as a way to reinvigorate history education. Faculty at Case Western Reserve University in Ohio, led by history professor David Van Tassel, created a one-day contest for middle school and high school students to present their historical research and celebrate their interest in history. As the concept expanded nationally, programs developed in almost every state, along with year-round programming that culminates in a weeklong national contest held in June at the NHD headquarters, the University of Maryland-College Park.

Wisconsin's participation in NHD has grown significantly over the past five years, from fewer than 2,000 students in 2002 to an estimated 6,500 students in 2007. Since the Wisconsin Historical Society began coordinating the program in 2001, it has become one of the Society's major educational outreach programs to middle school and high school students. Each year Society staff members host workshops for teachers, visit classrooms to introduce the program to students, invite students to the Society to learn about research, and organize competitive events.

Each year National History Day introduces a new theme to guide student research. The topic of each project

must connect to that year's theme. Themes are broad enough to encourage creativity in topics, yet tangible enough to inspire students to see connections between their research topic and larger ideas in history. For the 2005-2006 school year, the theme was "Taking a Stand in History: People, Ideas, Events." For 2006-2007, it was "Triumph and Tragedy in History." For 2007-2008: "Conflict and Compromise in History."

MAKING IT TO WASHINGTON

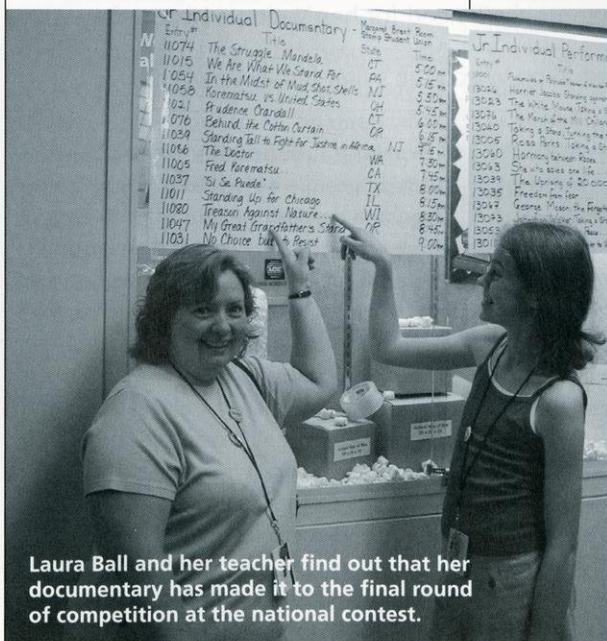
Taking the 2005-2006 theme as an example, Wisconsin students investigated a wide variety of subjects ranging from activists who had stood up in their own communities to events that changed history across the world.

Amber Will and Mai Ka Thor of D.C. Everest High School in Schofield had already decided that they were going to participate in NHD even before they knew the annual theme. They had created projects several times before through their school, even making it to the national contest in 2004. "We love the competition of the contest," Amber says, "but we truly enjoy the information and contacts we get from participating." To choose their topic, they first decided they were going to research Wisconsin, and then relied on

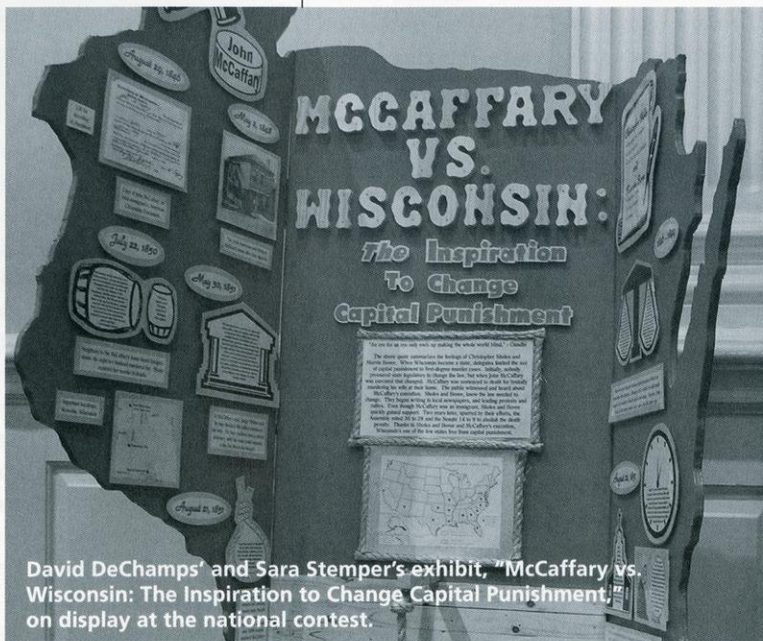
topic ideas from the Wisconsin NHD website to learn about intriguing topics in state history. In the end, they selected "Black Thursday," a 1968 protest in which approximately 94 African American students at the Wisconsin State University of Oshkosh (UW-Oshkosh) took over some of the school's administrative offices to protest what they saw as discriminatory treatment by the university.

Although neither of them had heard about the subject before, the young scholars soon become experts. At first Amber and Mai Ka's research progressed slowly as they investigated background information on the civil rights movement. As they looked for other resources specifically about the Black Thursday protest, they realized that there had not been much written about the topic. The classmates kept looking, however, and eventually found their way to an online exhibit about the protest at the UW-Oshkosh archives.

"Once we found the archives, we were ready to go," Amber recalls. The team spent two days sorting through newspaper clippings, media clips, and transcripts looking for valuable information about the event and its impact on the community. "Our most memorable experience probably was entering the archives for the first time," says Amber. "[The archivist] brought out two big



Laura Ball and her teacher find out that her documentary has made it to the final round of competition at the national contest.



David DeChamps' and Sara Stemper's exhibit, "McCaffary vs. Wisconsin: The Inspiration To Change Capital Punishment," on display at the national contest.

boxes and we started jumping up and down—literally. We were so excited by seeing all the information available for us ... it was like digging through history.”

Like many NHD students, Amber and Mai Ka wanted to take their research a step further and eventually interviewed several people involved with the protest. The students found that conducting interviews was a great way for them to learn more about their topic. “You are able to listen to a first-hand experience of someone who was actually there,” says Amber. “You can see the memories flash before their eyes as they recall their experiences.”

Amber and Mai Ka developed their research into a 10-minute documentary, weaving together months of investigation and a multitude of sources. After several levels of tough competition, they again had the opportunity to represent Wisconsin when they qualified for the national contest with their documentary “Do Your Thing! Taking a Stand on Black Thursday at UW–Oshkosh.” In addition, they won the Outstanding Wisconsin Entry in the senior division.

AS YOU LIKE IT

Students and teachers alike enjoy the flexibility National History Day allows for students to take ownership of their projects, including presentation category selection. Depending on personal interests or strengths, students can choose to present their research in one of several creative formats: dramatic performances, museum-style exhibits, documentaries, and research papers. In 2008, students will also be able to present their research in a new format—on a website that they create.

Exhibits have long been the most popular category for NHD students, and the variety and creativity at any competition can be truly astounding. Limited only by a size restriction and their imaginations, students often create projects rivaling displays in museums.

David DeChamps and Sara Stemper are Green Bay students who decided to participate independently in NHD even though it was not assigned as a school

“When I found it, I felt so amazed. It was like holding a piece of history,” notes young historian Laura Ball.

“Here I was touching a document that, over 100 years ago, Lavinia Goodell had touched—that Lavinia had handwritten, in fact.”

project. Because they were both interested in the death penalty, they opted to narrow their topic and research a Wisconsin connection to this larger issue. The pair finally decided to look at the case of John McCaffary, the last man to be executed in Wisconsin under the death penalty. McCaffary was convicted of murdering his wife and sentenced to death. His 1851 hanging did not go as planned as he struggled to live for 18 minutes in front of the estimated 2,000 to 3,000 witnesses. The students’ research led them to the conclusion that McCaffary’s gruesome execution inspired Wisconsinites to take a stand to end capital punishment in the state.

David and Sara found a presentation category that they felt could most effectively convey their thesis. “We believed the performance category would be too dramatic to present. We needed to decide between a documentary or an exhibit.” Having considered the merits of each category, they chose to showcase their ideas in an exhibit.

Working with the same ideas as museum exhibit designers, the students set about creating an attention-grabbing exhibit that could showcase their information succinctly. The teammates recall, “We selected the information that was most important to convey. We laid out our research and discussed ways to organize our points. We decided to shape our exhibit like Wisconsin, as well as design a gallows on the bottom. This way our exhibit would show exactly what our topic was.”

LET THE COMPETITION BEGIN

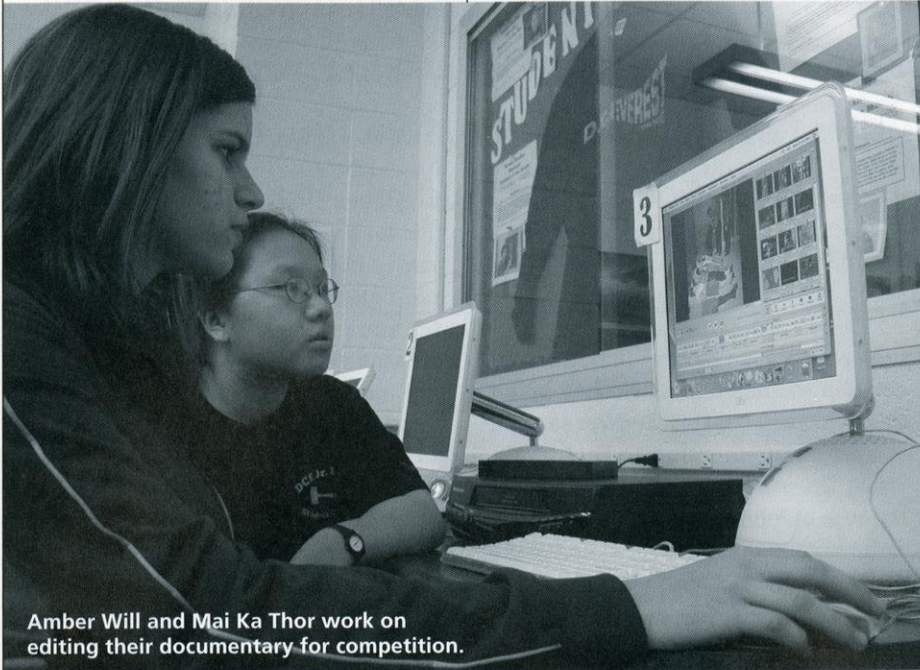
Once students have completed projects, they have the option of entering

them in the NHD competitive cycle. NHD competitions provide a creative forum for students who wish to present their research outside of the classroom. Students have the opportunity to speak with and receive feedback from historians and other professionals.

The competitive cycle often begins with a school history fair at which students present their research for other students, community members, and administrators. Depending on the number of participants at a school, students are selected to represent the school at regional competitions held across the state each March and April.

From the regional competitions, students can advance to the state contest held in Madison at the Wisconsin Historical Society in late April. Here hundreds of students spend the day presenting their projects and learning from the research of their competitors. At the end of the day, 28 projects are selected to advance to the national competition, and special awards are presented for outstanding projects in a packed auditorium filled with enthusiastic students.

When Laura Ball began her project as a middle school student in Wauwatosa, she wasn’t aware that there was a national contest or that she would be attending it the following summer. Laura followed her own personal interests when selecting her topic—Lavinia Goodell, Wisconsin’s first female lawyer. “I knew who Lavinia Goodell was through my mother, who is a lawyer. I had attended a Wisconsin Supreme Court argument and was not at all surprised to see three women justices. That would have been unheard of in Lavinia’s day, and this impressed upon me the change that she had wrought,”



Amber Will and Mai Ka Thor work on editing their documentary for competition.

says Laura. “While she was not an obvious topic, she took an important stand in history—opening the Wisconsin bar to women.”

Researching a topic from the mid-1800s presented its own set of challenges, but Laura’s creative thinking helped her overcome those obstacles. She tracked down newspaper articles, photographs, letters, a petition, and an unpublished manuscript—all from the 1800s—and she also interviewed Catherine Cleary, Goodell’s biographer.

Laura feels confident that the research skills she learned not only were valuable educational experiences, they were also valuable personal experiences. “At one point in her story, Lavinia Goodell submits a petition to the Wisconsin Supreme Court asking to be admitted to argue a case before them despite her gender, which they disapproved,” recounts Laura. “An archivist at the Wisconsin Historical Society helped me track down this petition, and when I found it, I felt so amazed. It was like holding a piece of history. Here I was touching a document that, over 100 years ago, Lavinia Goodell had touched—that Lavinia had handwritten, in fact.”

Using the research she had collected, Laura created her documentary, “Treason Against Nature? The Story of

Lavinia Goodell.” She advanced from the Milwaukee regional competition to the state event and the national contest. After each event, Laura reviewed feedback from her judges and continued working on her project. In the end, Laura’s documentary placed 11th in the nation and she won the junior division Women’s History Award and the Jamestown Award, allowing her to represent Wisconsin at Jamestown’s 400th anniversary.

WHY DO IT?

Students and teachers agree that the National History Day program is a valuable educational experience. Students gain essential life skills that will help them succeed in school, college, and the workplace. The program develops students’ abilities to complete extensive research, critically analyze and develop conclusions about information they have discovered in a variety of sources, and present and defend their interpretations in a critical yet creative forum.

Paul Aleckson, Amber and Mai Ka’s teacher at D.C. Everest Senior High, is a longtime NHD teacher and feels that for many of his students, NHD is the best experience they’ve had in school. “History Day is the ultimate authentic learning experience,” he says. “My

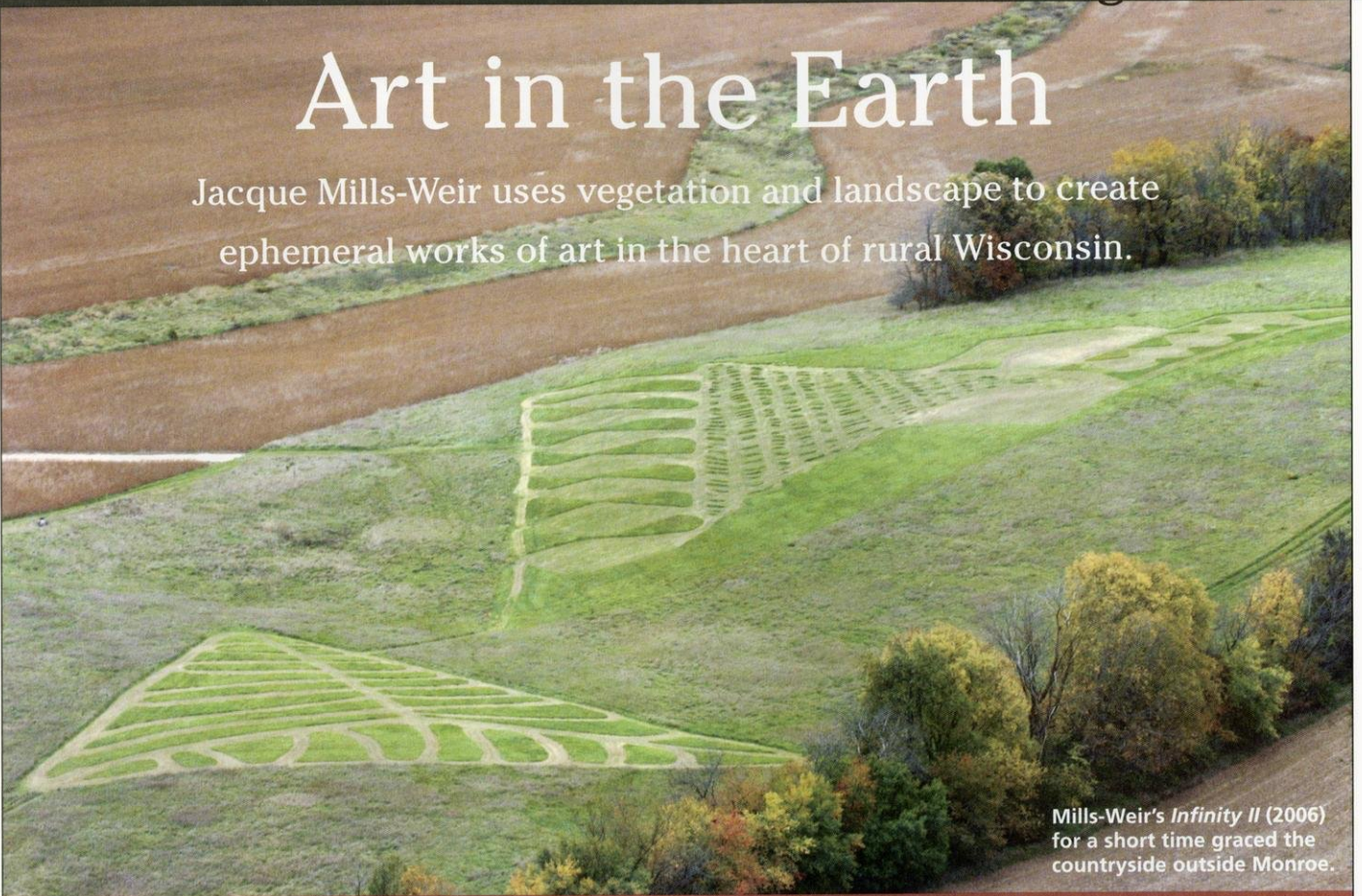
students continue to amaze me with their ability to find people to interview. They’ve located members of the Little Rock Nine, Freedom Riders, Vietnam vets who were in POW camps, authors of books at universities across the country, and on and on. It’s awesome. If teaching research skills is your goal, then History Day is a great method to use.”

Beyond the classroom, National History Day makes history exciting and fosters a love of learning in students. “It rocks!” said D.C. Everest participant Casie Purdue in an effusive testimonial a few years ago. “Not only do I actually pay attention in history class now, I want to learn more about it. I want to go beyond the little wimpy preliminary research textbook and find primary sources and firsthand references. I am intrigued with history on whatever topic in whatever time period. History is where the nation and this world came about to where it is today. That is *amazing!*” *

Sarah Clement is state coordinator for National History Day in Wisconsin. You can reach her at historyday@wisconsinhistory.org or call 608/264-6487. For more information about the program, visit www.wisconsinhistory.org/teachers/historyday/. The 2007–2008 theme is “Conflict and Compromise in History.”

Art in the Earth

Jacque Mills-Weir uses vegetation and landscape to create ephemeral works of art in the heart of rural Wisconsin.



Mills-Weir's *Infinity II* (2006) for a short time graced the countryside outside Monroe.

BY RENÉE GOUAUX

“Our first sanctuary is this earth.”

—Plotinus

When Jacque Mills-Weir asks permission to create a new piece, she doesn't go to the usual sources—she goes straight to the land.

“My way of asking permission is more like a prayer or meditation. Of course I don't wait for a literal answer, but creating a large-scale work like this involves patiently waiting for lots of things to either come together—or not,” says Mills-Weir.

My first visit to the site of her project *Infinity II* in spring 2006 was initially baffling. I pulled off the highway outside of Monroe, as instructed, and looked once, only to see quintessential Wisconsin farmland roll out in front of me—and then took a harder look, which revealed unusual geometric patterns cut into the grassy hillside. I drove closer and parked below a large triangle that stretched for hundreds of feet across the grassy hillock. To my right, on an adjacent slope, was a smaller area of cut grass in the shape of a diamond.

Mills-Weir had just finished the initial placement of her new work by “sketching in” its perimeters with a weed eater. “Having this project within sight of family farms that I've had a connection to throughout my life means a lot to me,” recounts Mills-Weir. “Finding a site and then receiving permission from

landowners or state agencies is a big step in making one of these projects happen. Fortunately, I've had good luck.”

Unlike much of contemporary sculpture that is shipped around the world in crates and has no specific connection to its site, earthworks such as hers are so woven into their specific location that the work and site become inseparable. Exactly where her piece begins and ends is a question that this genre of contemporary art, referred to as earthworks or land art, actively engages. Catalyzed by a core group of individuals whose work was rooted in American Minimalism, land art emerged as a distinct new genre in the late 1960s.

Not surprisingly, this new direction had its ties to the social and cultural turbulence of the times as well as to ancient practices. “Art had to be radical,” stated artist Michael Heizer. “It had to become American.”¹ Heizer, along with the movement's other early practitioners—Walter de Maria, Nancy Holt, Robert Morris, and Robert Smithson—were discontented with the existing structures of galleries, museums, and collectors who all primarily valued art as a commodity. As an art form it completely reoriented itself away from the commercial grasp of the art world into the raw expanses of the landscape, subject to the forces of nature.



It's all about the process: painstakingly building the center stone pattern of *Compass to the Gods* (opposite).

When Robert Smithson was introduced to Michael Heizer in 1968—thanks to the camaraderie shared at Max’s Kansas City Bar in New York—Heizer had already completed 10 temporary works that included “trenches, motorcycle drawings, and dispersals of soil from moving vehicles and pigments into the wind” in the Nevada desert.² When Walter de Maria created his first mile-long chalk drawing in the Mojave Desert in the spring of 1968, Heizer was there as a supportive presence.

In spring 1970, one of that generation’s most iconic earthworks was envisioned when Robert Smithson and his wife, Nancy Holt, found—after two months of searching—an ideal space to transform in the Utah desert:

“As I looked at the site, it reverberated out to the horizons only to suggest an immobile cyclone while flickering light made the entire landscape appear to quake. From that gyrating space emerged the possibility of the *Spiral Jetty* ... No ideas, no concepts, no systems, no structures, no abstractions could hold themselves together in the actuality of the evidence. There was no sense wondering about classifications and categories, there were none ...”³

Smithson’s writings and work continued to help define and establish this movement until his tragic death while working on a piece in Texas in 1973. However, this particularly American strain of earthworks may have had its original muse

in Henry David Thoreau, who wrote a century earlier in his essay, “Walking”:

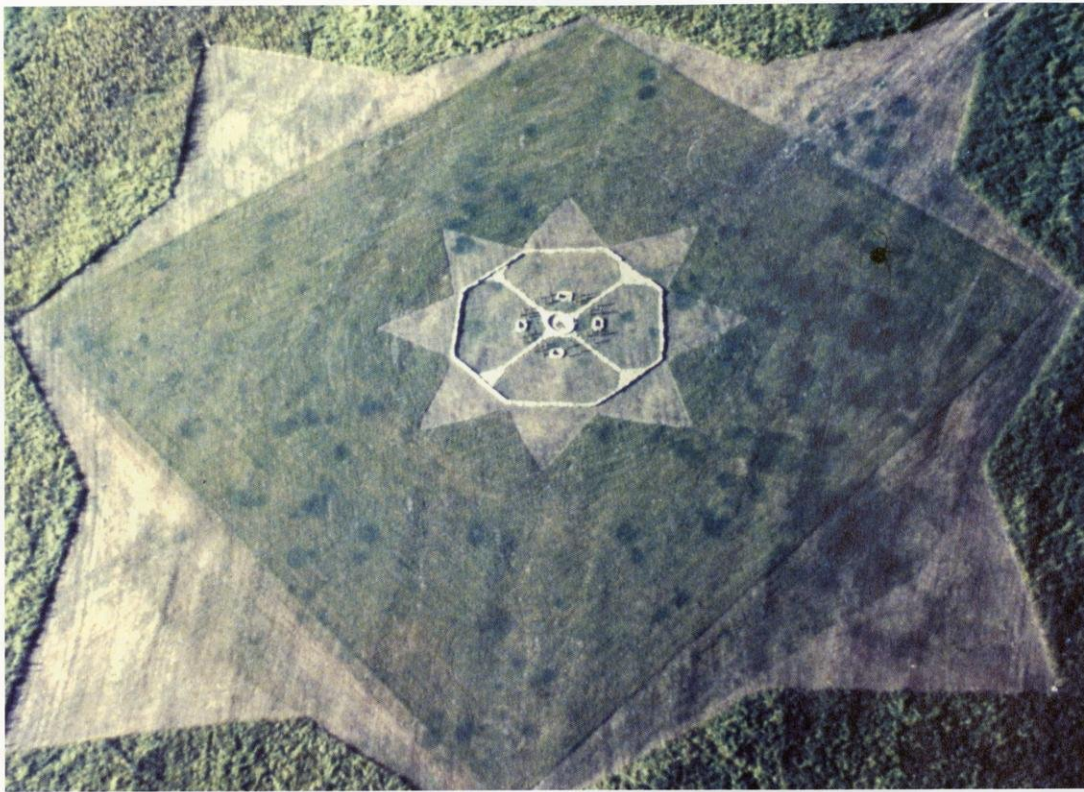
“I wish to speak a word for nature, for absolute freedom and wildness, as contrasted with a freedom and culture merely civil—to regard man as an inhabitant, or a part and parcel of nature, rather than a member of society. I wish to make an extreme statement, if so I may make an emphatic one, for there are enough champions of civilization.”

SHAPING HER SPACE

Like many of its land art predecessors that have become contemporary icons, such as *Spiral Jetty* or Heizer’s *Double Negative*, Mills-Weir’s work manipulates the landscape as a material in its own right on a monumental scale. Overlooked, transitional spaces that seem to have little value to most people are just the kinds of places Mills-Weir seeks out.

The fact that her work doesn’t disturb crop production and uses existing roads for access are big advantages when she’s looking for temporary leases. The hillside she’s working on for *Infinity II* has a newly built road most of the way to it that was constructed by the current owner with the hope of it becoming a paved road for future homesites.

“Those plans for the property probably worked in my favor,” reflects Mills-Weir. Not farmland, development, wildland, or a



Compass to the Gods (1993–1994, Iowa), by Jacque Mills-Weir

park, *Infinity II* emerges out of a void and reinvests that emptiness with new meaning.

Working from a series of drawings, Mills-Weir laid out the work's primary shapes on these two hills using an ancient measuring system of stakes and strings.

"Working on the curved surface of this hillside has been a real challenge," says Mills-Weir as she points to a particular line. "After staking things out, I make adjustments from what I see on the ground and then go up in the plane. I usually don't know exactly what I've got until I see it from the air."

She has spent the better part of one week just getting her piece "sketched in." Mills-Weir works alone in the morning on the land, measuring distances and cutting lines with her weed eater and goes up in a plane in the evening when she can arrange for a ride. "I'm also fortunate to have some really generous people in the community behind me," she says. "That's a big part of this kind of a large-scale project. I work on a very limited budget and have extra help from Tom Fey as a nearly full-time volunteer assistant. We depend on the offerings of the community, which include everything from flying in a volunteer's small plane to using a neighbor's riding lawn mower for cutting—or for sculpting the work itself."

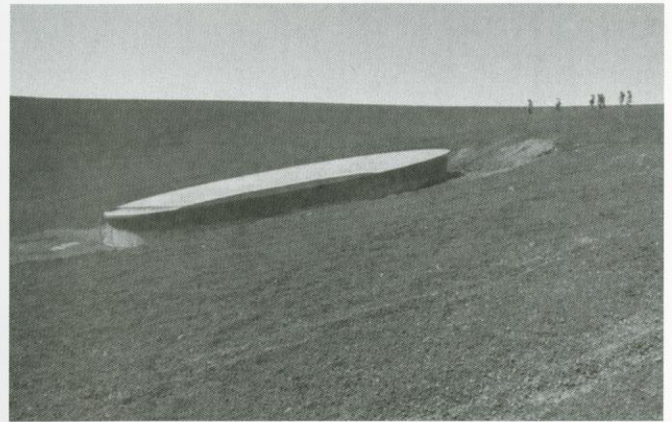
One of the dominant themes running through the history of this work—from Heizer's first motorcycle drawings in the desert through Smithson's and de Maria's desert pieces and including the work of Mills-Weir—is an engaged physical relationship with the landscape. It took me no less than a few minutes after I got out of my car and walked up the hillside

into *Infinity II* to realize how separated from nature I had been until that moment. I immediately started noticing things I'd overlooked from the car. I could now see how well the nearby row of trees framed in one side of her work.

And then I realized how deftly placed the work was in relation to the road we walked upon and the country highways in the distance. And when I reached the highest point on the hillside, within the work itself, its lines, textures, and colors seemed to be both an extension of the landscape as well as an alteration that amplifies its surroundings through its human inflection, without signs or flashing lights. The entire project impressed me as a revealer of both the landscape and our experience within it.

Mills-Weir hasn't always worked on the grand scale of the landscape. As a graduate student at the University of Iowa she focused on textiles and sculpture. During this time she gained exposure to a broad spectrum of contemporary art practices, including the work of artists involved in large-scale earthworks.

She also was influenced by her peers. "Wen Ying Huang, a fellow grad student from Taiwan, and I talked a lot about aesthetics and philosophy," says Mills-Weir. "One day she told me that my work would be more successful if I either worked larger or smaller. After gaining confidence in my own work as a grad student, I took Wen Ying's advice and made my first piece, *Catching Heaven's and Angels' Tears*, along a creek outside of Iowa City."



James Turrell's *Roden Crater* from the outside and inside. This work by Mills-Weir's mentor and close friend is one of the most ambitious contemporary land art projects to date. It is still under construction outside of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Photos by Debbie Leavitt

Since that first earthwork in the early 1990s, she has continued to create projects everywhere her life has taken her. While living and teaching art in Flagstaff, Arizona, she made two major pieces that have been critical to the development of her ideas.

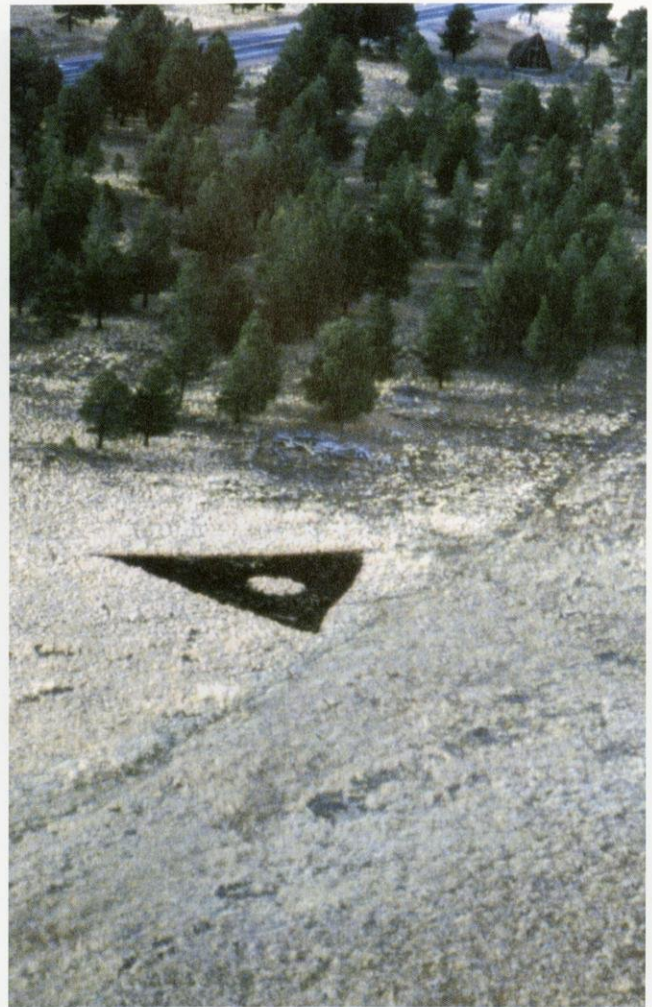
The first involved draping hundreds of yards of blue mesh across the Grand Canyon over the Little Colorado River. She worked closely with the Navajo people, and things did not always run smoothly. For the first time she faced a situation where she could not always control the interpretation and meaning of her work. James Turrell, who lives near Flagstaff and is one of the most prominent land artists working today, reminded her that these kinds of pieces, which involve so many variables, "are not always predictable, and have a life and spirit of their own," Mills-Weir recalls. This was an important realization for her. Instead of quitting or returning to solo work in her studio, she realized that a crucial part of her process would be the ability to grow and change with the challenges of each project.

With this in mind she executed her second major Arizona project, *Infinity I*. This piece involved the drama of a controlled burn in the Arizona desert and an opportunity for Mills-Weir to work with state and volunteer firefighters. Sharing Michael Heizer's interest in creating an earthwork by subtracting mate-

rial—instead of following sculpture's tradition of adding monuments to the landscape—Mills-Weir through her controlled burn "erased" an area of grass, forming a charred triangle except for a small central "oculus" or circle of grass left in its center. Could it be that in order to "see through" to the world of the infinite, the boundless, one first must vanquish—or burn—the finite, closed world of the triangle? With the success of *Infinity I*, Mills-Weir realized that she had created both an audience and a sense of community within the Flagstaff area.

During that time period, James Turrell's *Roden Crater*, one of the most celebrated and ambitious contemporary land art projects to date, was actively under construction. Part observatory, part earthwork, the project is built in and around a massive and extinct volcano. Using the landform of the eroded volcanic cone—the Roden Crater—and a series of carefully designed tunnels and chambers, Turrell's work reveals the celestial beauty of light from the sun and moon.

While this work directs its viewers' attention skyward, Mills-Weir has centered ours firmly on the earth. Even though they look in different directions for inspiration, Mills-Weir acknowledges the importance of her friendship with the Turrell family. "The Turrells have always given me a lot of support. Jim introduced me to the idea of object impermanence based on his belief that all matter is composed of light, which has a begin-



Infinity I (1996, Arizona), by Jacque Mills-Weir, up close in the making (upper left) and as a final piece seen from the air (above).



(left) *Angel Net* (1995, hanging over the border between Wisconsin and Iowa), by Jacque Mills-Weir.

ning and an end, and is therefore transient. A sense of impermanence plays a huge role in the kind of work I do as well.”

Still under construction after more than 20 years, the *Roden Crater* project, with its monumental scope and equally large budget, would not be the direction Mills-Weir would take with her work. She wanted to continue making large-scale earthworks, but she also wanted to work as an individual within her own economic means. A return trip to visit family in Wisconsin was a refreshing change from the desert, and it convinced her of the possibilities here for new work.

COMING HOME

During the 2005 growing season, Mills-Weir created her first earthwork in Wisconsin, *The Journey Beyond and the Journey Within*. Though it was originally conceived as one piece, its second part, *The Journey Within*, came as a natural outgrowth from the success of the first.

“For me this piece said everything I wanted it to. I saw it as the formal presence of two separate forms and emotions—dualistic aspects—in one space that have to relate to one another,” says Mills-Weir. “Originally I thought of it as the male



The Journey Beyond and the Journey Within (1995, detail above and opposite). This was Mills-Weir's first earthwork in Wisconsin.

Photos by Tom Fey

and female aspects in each of us. However, the viewer should interpret the forms for him or herself."

The totality of this piece, as is the case for many earthworks, can best be appreciated by looking at it from the air or the next best thing—a photograph of the work taken from the air. With this seemingly omniscient perspective, the piece appears to be both exceedingly subtle and profound, as roads and paths take on the sinewy characteristics of a storyline. The work is equally split on either side of the existing road—the physical "givens" Mills-Weir had to work with. She carved a series of meandering paths that connect *The Journey Within* to the rest of the work, the existing road, and out into the surrounding grasslands. On one level, the work exists as an overlay of lines and shapes onto the landscape like a monumental drawing, but in a deeper sense it becomes an opportunity for all its viewers to re-envision their experience of and relationship to the landscape.

Created over a period of three months using only a weed eater and riding lawnmower, *Infinity II* embraces as one of its core elements the realities of work and time. For Robert Smithson, the inherent sense of time in a work of art could not be separated from the time an artist spends in the process of creating the work itself. This practice in time, he believed, was deeply rooted in a dimension that joins the past and the future.⁴

The activity of making a work for Mills-Weir—the hours of cutting and recutting grass, measuring and staking out the work, observing her piece from many perspectives—is the phenomenological ground her work is built upon. The process and practice of its making are as important as the final outcome. And when her work is complete she can then leave it—or return it—to the sovereignty of the natural world. Her practice and participation in creating land art becomes a vital link to both the movement's recent originators and the early practitioners from cultures as diverse as the ancient builders



of Stonehenge in England to the creators of the Nasca line drawings in Peru as well as the Native American effigy mound builders here in Wisconsin.

Many earthworks, including the work of Mills-Weir and much of Robert Smithson's fieldwork such as *Spiral Jetty*, which recently reemerged covered with elegant, ghostly white salt crystals after being submerged for 20 years, are ephemeral and unmarketable, yet their value as photographic image has not been lost on either the artist or the art world's predilection for the commodified object. Land artists understood how complementary the photographic medium was to their impermanent work executed in remote locations. Smithson had the advantage of a cameraman sent by his gallery who filmed and photographed *Spiral Jetty's* construction from a helicopter, among other vantage points. Most earthworks would not be known to us today without the camera. Ironically, because of the photograph, earthworks have become a commodified and packaged part of the culture

industry they first set out to escape. Yet in the translation to flat, glossy photograph of the rarefied and transformative act of experiencing an earthwork and sensing the endured time and work involved in its creation, along with absorbing the context of its surroundings, something quite real is lost.

My own work and travel obligations kept me from a return visit to the site of *Infinity II* until the height of the growing season in late July 2006. Arranging to meet Mills-Weir midmorning in order to avoid the heat of the day, I parked my car along the newly built road that ends in the soybean field below the sculpted hillside. The interior spaces of the two large primary shapes had been sculpted into paths and other deep green geometric forms of tall grass. A row of trapezoids was neatly cut into the bottom of the hill, like diamonds on a playing card.

As we walked up the hillside, the air wrapped around us like a sweaty cloak, hotter than I had imagined. A minor kingdom of insects buzzed and flitted up and around us and back

through the tall grass. The hillside hummed with life. Not only had the piece completely changed through days of summer growth, mowing, and trimming, but everything around it had changed as well. The line of trees that bordered one side of the piece was now a dense wall of leaves that obscured part of the piece from the road. The surrounding fields had sprung into orderly rows of a dark lush growth. By stepping out of my car and walking up into the work I became keenly aware of not just the evolving sculpture but the constancy of the changing earth around it as well.

When asked about the yellow-brown color on some of her most recent trimming, Mills-Weir responded with a sigh, "The grass is finally starting to slow down. In August I'll finally be able to finish my part of the piece. The grass has been growing too fast this July for me to maintain what I've already got in place and continue to add more."

In early October I returned once more to the work in the late afternoon and saw the lavender-hued hillside in the distance drawn out with its unique geometry whose system of measurement was motivated not by extraction and exploitation but rather from an interest in reinvestment and renewal.

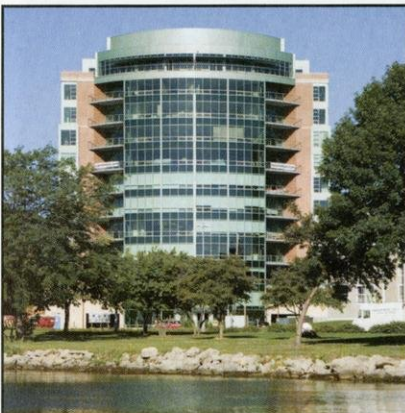
Infinity II stretched out onto the horizon line of Wisconsin farmland and back across the cultivated planes of ancient civilizations into the unfinished continuum of life itself. *

NOTE: Mills-Weir will be creating an earthwork this fall with students at Edgewood College on the college campus in Madison. For more information, visit the art department link at www.edgewood.edu.

Born in Missoula, Montana, and educated at Wellesley College, Renée Gouaux is a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin-Madison with an MFA in studio art. At the university she developed a strong body of work that combines her interests in painting and sculpture. She studied the history and development of three-dimensional objects in the 20th century, contemporary art theory with an emphasis on multiculturalism, gender and identity, art in the public domain, and contemporary art practices.

Notes

1. Beardsley, John. *Earthworks and Beyond*, Abbeville Press, 1989: 13.
2. Ibid.
3. Smithson, Robert. *The Writings of Robert Smithson*, ed. Nancy Holt, New York University Press, 1979: 109-115.
4. Tiberghien, Giles. *Land Art*, Art Data, 1995: 146-148.



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A New, Old Kind of Llama

A Wisconsin woman finds the future of llamas in the very ancient past.



BY ERIC RASMUSSEN

Prettier than your average llama: The suri llama's long, soft fleece, which is similar to mohair or cashmere, is perfect for high-end fashion wearables.

Photos courtesy of Victoria Miller

THE AVERAGE PERSON'S KNOWLEDGE OF LLAMAS ends at the informational sign posted on the zoo fence. First, llamas are pack animals, originally domesticated in South America. Second, llamas spit, so be careful. And third, even if it is only implied, the animals you see grazing in the enclosure, whether black, white, brown, spotted, fuzzy, tall, or short, are all *lama glamas*, or llamas. These placards are *mostly* accurate. The modern llama did originally call the Andes region of South

America home, and is in fact the western hemisphere's only native pack animal (cows and horses came over from Europe with the conquistadors, and later, the settlers). Spitting is the llama's only defense mechanism. However, absent the stress of being poked in the face by sticky-fingered children, llamas are gentle animals that rarely spit. Our third llama precept, that a llama is a llama is a llama, is also true, assuming the zoo wardens have not

tried to sneak an alpaca, vicuna, guanaco, or other llama-like mammal into the pen. This third fact, however, is about to change.

Victoria Miller, who owns Silver Moon Suri Llamas in western Wisconsin, is working on breeding a whole new type of llama. Actually, to be more accurate, she and the organization she helped found are working on breeding a very, very old type of llama. According to Jane C. Wheeler, vice president of

breeding

research for the *Coordinadora de Investigación y Desarrollo de Camélidos Sudamericanos* (CONOPA), a Peruvian organization that studies American camelids, llamas were first domesticated 6,000 to 7,000 years ago, and over the next several thousand years, the animals were bred to specialize in the different purposes they served, from transportation to meat to fiber for textile production. When the Incan empire fell, so did the state-owned llama herds and their sophisticated breeding practices, causing these breeds of llamas to begin fading away. These ancient breeds of llamas were further diluted when the animals traveled north to populate North American farms and zoos. Without any specific agricultural objectives, llama breeders focused on the attractiveness of the animals as the major desirable trait, and the standards that defined the ancient breeds were lost. Victoria Miller explains, "You can breed two black llamas together and get a spotted llama—there is no predictability." The modern llama is essentially a mutt.

Miller first discovered llamas for herself in 1986. She had acquired some land just south of Eau Claire and was looking for a grazing animal to raise that did not need to be slaughtered or milked. Driving home from La Crosse

one day, the answer presented itself when she observed several llamas in someone's front yard. At that time, the llama's popularity in the Midwest was exploding. From the mid-1980s through the mid-1990s, many people were searching for ways to use the land that opened up as dairy farms disappeared. Llamas are low maintenance and serve as perfect centerpieces for a small farm. For the next seven years, Miller, who describes herself as an agrarian at heart, worked on constructing a beautiful llama farm and building her herd, focusing her breeding on increased quality of fiber.

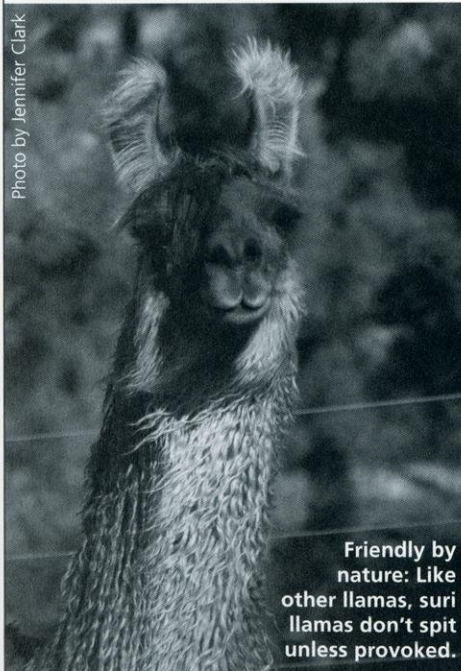
Then, in 1993, one of her llamas produced a surprise. "A llama was born on the farm that was unlike anything we had ever seen." This llama's wool was different from the rest of the animals in her herd. Most llamas' fleece is coarse or fluffy; this llama's was long, lustrous, and draped in ringlets, and was much finer than any she had previously observed. This animal had suri fiber, which archaeologists believe was the primary feature of ancient Andean llamas used as sacrificial animals. Before starting her llama farm, breeding show dogs had provided Miller with a creative outlet, and that experience, coupled with the new arrival in her llama barn, led her to a realization:

through selective breeding, modern llama ranchers could recapture the types of llamas that had been lost.

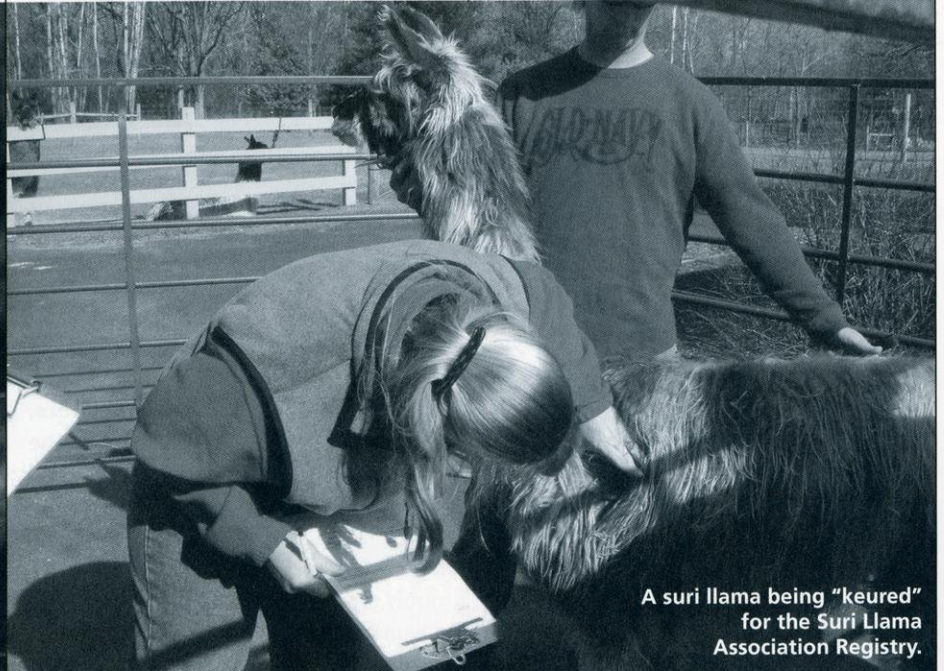
The difficulty of this llama breeding process is a little challenging to comprehend. Imagine adopting a few dozen mutts from the local humane association and then selectively breeding this group to create a purebred golden retriever. To make the process even more complicated, assume no one has seen a purebred golden retriever in several thousand years, and no record exists of what these animals looked like or how they behaved. The puppies that come closest to exhibiting the characteristics one thinks are correct are relatively rare, which makes inbreeding an immediate and substantial obstacle. If several people are working on re-creating a purebred golden retriever using their own groups of mutts, the chances of success increase, but it presents a new layer of problems. Who decides which puppies are the closest to the breeding goals? Who sets those goals?

As part of her research into suri llamas, Miller discovered that hers was not the only farm that had produced an animal with this type of fiber. Across the country, other llama owners had bred similar animals. At the same time in the mid-1990s, llama sales, which had peaked a few years earlier, had started

Photo by Jennifer Clark



Friendly by nature: Like other llamas, suri llamas don't spit unless provoked.



A suri llama being "keured" for the Suri Llama Association Registry.

to wane, and those who had been making money on breeding and selling llamas saw their profits begin to fall. Llama breeders understood that they could rekindle their businesses through these animals, and that an organization needed to be created that would set breeding goals and standards, certify the animals that had achieved those standards, and act as a guide for future suri llama enthusiasts. "We wanted this to be more than just a trend. We wanted suri llamas to be a recognizable breed that would be around forever," says Miller.

So in 2003, Miller invited several other llama owners from the United States and Canada to discuss the creation of the "first ever" breed association for suri llamas. This initial meeting saw the advent of the Suri Llama Association, with 20 initial members. After spending two years building the necessary infrastructure, this group is now fully functional. Their first job as an organization built around an animal that was being re-created was to establish official breed standards, a registry, and a process for allowing animals into that registry. "You have to have standards to know where your breeding program is heading," explains Miller, "as with dogs, cats, or horses."

Because the suri llama's fiber distinguishes it from other llamas, that fiber constitutes much of the breed standard. When a llama owner wants to register an animal with the Suri Llama Association, it must undergo a keuring (inspection) process. Two qualified, unbiased inspectors analyze the animal's coat for luster, lock, handle, and uniformity. If the animal's fiber holds up, the inspectors then consider the conformation and movement of the animal. In addition to this inspection, the association takes a sample of the animal's DNA and marks it with a microchip before adding it to the registry database. Miller estimates that as of early 2007, North America is home to approximately 2,500 suri llamas.

While the primary responsibility of the association is to inspect and catalog the llamas, they have put considerable effort into marketing the animals as well. They produce a glossy, full-color

magazine titled *Suri Llama*, the second issue of which will be coming out in 2007. In June 2007, the association hosts its second national conference in Colorado, where representatives from the 120 member farms will meet, assess their progress, and listen to presentations by experts on everything from breeding practices to suri-related archaeological discoveries. Miller is president of the organization, and in addition to planning the magazine and conference, she networks with other suri llama owners, helps train inspectors, and assists in conducting keurings across North America. Suri llamas are her full-time job. She explains, "I do often stop to appreciate how fortunate I am—to be able to work on the land with clean, gentle, and intelligent animals, yet nurture my creative side by 'building' a breed and the attendant association." While she obviously believes all this work for suris is important, she hopes this structure can serve as a model to lovers of other types of llamas (wooly and silky llamas, for example), further advancing the marketability and presence of all llamas in America.

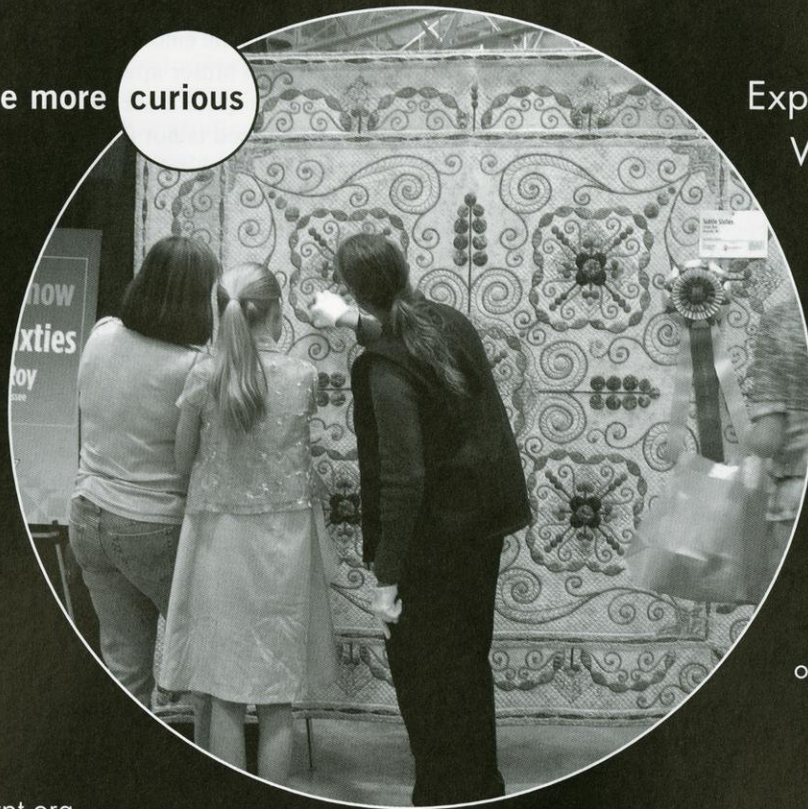
While re-creating an ancient breed is interesting, and the establishment of an organization to help do so is impressive, there is one issue left unaddressed—the bottom line. Regardless of the passion people feel for their llamas, it takes money to keep an organization going and solicit new members. As a former small business owner, Miller is very aware that suris must remain profitable if they are to attract future enthusiasts. "Right now we are focused on creating a breeding stock," states Miller, which means that interested suri llama enthusiasts can make money from breeding their animals and selling the offspring to new buyers. Eventually, though, the high-quality fiber these animals produce will impact high-end fashions. "It's similar to mohair, cashmere, or alpaca," Miller says. "At this point in time, we can't produce enough fiber to support a fashion industry, but that's our goal."

However far into the future suri sweaters at Nieman Marcus may be, what will keep most people interested in

suri llamas is the emotion these animals elicit. When Miller speaks about suri llamas, it is quite clear that what she has discovered is not a get-rich-quick-through-livestock scheme, but a pursuit that speaks strongly to a post-farming culture. In a literal sense, the Wisconsin landscape is very welcoming to llamas. Our climate is llama friendly, and the barns and pastures that already define the countryside make the perfect llama habitat. In a cultural sense, those whose heritage includes agricultural work often find that llamas can fill embedded yearnings for ancestral lifestyles. Most llama farms are started by middle-aged folks who have grown tired of the corporate world and are seeking a way to reconnect to the land in a simple, sustainable way. In the past, this rediscovery of a pastoral lifestyle held the potential for earning a decent living. Now, with a rediscovered agricultural objective, llamas' value is poised for big increases. And not only is there money to be made through the sale of suri llamas and their fiber, but llama farmers also enjoy significant tax advantages. Miller is convinced that as these trends continue, llamas will outgrow their current foreign status in Wisconsin and the Midwest, which maintains them as a popular zoo attraction. And when these animals solidify their place in the redefined character of Wisconsin agriculture, our understanding and appreciation of them will not be limited to the simple sign on the zoo fence. *

*Eric Rasmussen teaches high school English in Eau Claire. He is a frequent contributor to **Volume One** magazine, an arts and entertainment publication in the Chippewa Valley, and is an occasional poet, both slam and otherwise.*

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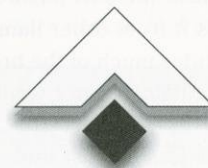
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POETRY

contest runners-up

POETRY CONTEST 2007 RUNNERS-UP

This year, the statewide *Wisconsin People & Ideas* Poetry Contest had a theme: farming and rural life in Wisconsin, in keeping with the Wisconsin Academy's public policy initiative, the Future of Farming and Rural Life in Wisconsin. The contest brought in just over 100 entries comprising close to 300 poems. It is our pleasure to publish in this issue poems by our 10 runners-up. We thank our panel judges, Mary Wehner, Charles Ries, and Jeannie Bergmann, our sponsor and contest coordinator, John Lehman, and especially our lead judge, Bruce Taylor, for their hard work in choosing these poems from a pool of quality work.

Early bird alert: On September 1 we begin accepting entries for our next contest, with a deadline of Monday, December 3. The contest will not have a theme.

Real Maple

Finally, darkness came down on the ridge,
and the mist, which had waited all day
in lonesome, silent hollows
rose up slowly
to fill the forest with doubt.
Even the sheep in the pasture
stopped eating and went back
to lie down in the straw.

Our work was nearly done,
so we poured the last of the golden day
into shining rows of glass jars
and packed them away in boxes.
We stood at the fire
in the purple twilight
as the last logs cracked
and fell into the red coals.

When the darkness was complete,
the wind came up singing
with a soft rain on its wing,
so we picked up our things
and left that magic place.
We passed through the gate
to the muddy road
and down the hill in silence.

by Geoff Collins

Geoff Collins grew up in Milwaukee near the Miller Brewery. He currently lives in Marshall, a small farm town in eastern Dane County, with his wife, Jami, and two young daughters, Lydia and Jorie.

A Different Kind of Religion

The creek beds are cracked;
diamond-shaped;
the weave of snakeskin.

The lush ditches have withered.
What remains is ravine.
Cornstalks in the fields

reveal their spidery roots
above the dried clods.
The prayers, the dances,

the ritual songs have failed.
Curse words
push the slightest clouds

further from the land. God
dries out our mouths
with the wind from an invisible fire.

by Victor Streeby

Victor Streeby was born near Ottumwa, Iowa, and has lived in southeastern Wisconsin since 2000. He has a B.A. in philosophy from the University of Iowa, an M.A. in English from Iowa State University, and a Ph.D. in creative writing from the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. His poetry explores the interrelationships between the human and nonhuman inhabitants of rural Midwestern landscapes, working-class themes, and the effects of harsh weather extremes on those who depend upon a particular geography for their livelihood.

Hay Season

I pause at midday in bright sunlight
streaming through cracks in the boards
to rest in dark hay,
warm and sweet, a reward
I take for practicing the ancient art
of hay-making,

a moment stolen to lie
among the bales
watching dust motes
dance in the air
willing time to wait

as the old farmers must have paused
after the swing of the scythe
that would keep winter at bay,
dull the sharp knife of drought.

Beneath me Holsteins
rattle metal stanchions.
The collie barks.
In the distance a tractor
whine sets back in motion
the movement of the sun.

by Nancy Jesse

Nancy Jesse taught English at Madison West High School for 30 years before retiring in 2005. She grew up on a dairy farm in Barron County where some of her favorite activities centered on relishing moments “stolen” from the work of farming—eating wild plums while bringing in the cows from pasture, picking the first bloodroots of spring as a break from picking rocks, resting in the haymow before the next load of bales had to be mowed away. Although her family often viewed this as goofing off, her pauses to savor the moment have provided the material for poems such as “Hay Season.” She now lives in Madison with her husband, Paul, who provides subjective reviews of her poetry.

Friday Nights the Whole Town Goes to the Basketball Game

Frank said, "Listen, Bill,
this is no joke. Chinese
tanks. Chi. Nese. Tanks,

Bill. Were spotted rolling up
I-94. What you think you know
about the United Nations

is *lies, lies*, spread
by an international conspiracy
to take over our homeland.

We've got to protect our country.
We've got a constitutional right
to bear arms. But I'm ready.

I'm ready. I've got guns
and ammunition
buried in my front yard.

I'm warning you,
you'll regret it
if you don't do the same."

Bill said, "Frank,
Frank, whaddya thinking?
What if the Chinese

show up in February,
Frank? This is Wisconsin,
for Chrissake. How're you

going to get those guns
out of your front yard
when the ground is frozen?

Whaddya gonna do then,
Frank?"

by Teresa Scollon

Trespassing

Above a bloated Hereford sprawled and rotting
on hoof-torn Gobbler's Knob, vultures hang.
A windmill's bladeless tower sloughs shadow
across a corrugated roof rained
russet, squalled slack. Cankered apple trees root

in recollection of the slow talk
that floated from the porch, until the last
speakers died off or sold out, scattering,
yielding this hill to scrub cedar and half-wild
cattle that live as though they will never be

driven up a trailer's steep ramp and carried,
lurching through these ruts, to the highway.
And it seems now the cattle are correct
to stand groaning at the woods' edge, pawing
the winnowed mold as the first vulture

drops. It seems the air can never clot
with diesel and calls of hired men, but hold
only the blunt hum of flies blacking
an eyeball, of bees throwing themselves at bruised
apples dusted brown just before first frost.

by David Camphouse

David Camphouse was born in Centralia, Illinois. He studied horticulture at Southern Illinois University and creative writing at the University of Wisconsin. He is currently a mason and a landscaper in Milwaukee.

Teresa Scollon grew up in the best village in Michigan and now lives in Madison. She works by day at the DNR in the company of good people with great stories.

On Being a Farm Kid

From six to thirteen, Mama drives you to school
with siblings banging lunch buckets, calling shotgun.
From fourteen to eighteen, you're riding
a yellow bus of future farmers, homemakers, Marlboro men.

Who can recall their faces, the one who was gay,
the aromatic ones straight from milking
or slopping hogs? But you leave them
for mountain climbing, theater, jazz.

Perspective doesn't know where you live yet,
only advertisers, the wallet starting to bulge
with memberships and plastic, promises of better
living through chemistry and mortgages—

you can't *Just Say No*. At the travel agency,
you peruse how wild turkeys poke in the plowed
land, a skunk labors up and over each furrow,
and shadows lengthen over white-tailed does.

Rural Route One: a travel destination you think
unique and beautiful and fabulous. In the glossy
light beckons a road with no end. Dutch elms
look fake, too tall, but the canopy waves and

in the distance, your father walks toward you,
knuckles swollen, hands full of arrowheads.

Look what I found, he says, winded
from plowing, eyes wise, all of him avowed

to leave the earth the way he found it.

by Kathryn Gahl

Kathryn Gahl loves red lipstick, the tango, and vintage clothing. Her poems and stories appear in numerous journals, including *The Baltimore Review*, *Iris*, *Margie*, *The Notre Dame Review*, *Permafrost*, *Porcupine Literary Arts Magazine*, and *Slipstream*. In addition to being a runner-up in the poetry contest, she was a semifinalist in this year's short story contest. She lives with her second and last husband on 42 acres where she is at work on her first novel.

Wishful

A small tavern blinking neon
down the road past bur oaks
and sycamores. Winter nights
driving nearly snow-blind,
guided by silos and neighbors' barns,
I know, coming or going,
where I am. One weathered crow,
pecking a corn-shock,
doesn't stand for anything dark
or sad. I'll stop, wipers
flipping flakes to slush. As I
roll down the window, don't I
hear a guitar? Isn't there a dance?
Stools, round as a dime, silver-
bottomed, a mirror that flows
with smoke like a stream in the woods,
fog lifting past trembling or fallen leaves.
The roots of my life
go deeper than the pine-break
that shields our house.
I won't more than look
at the women
in tight sweaters.
I swear it.

by Charles Cantrell

Charles Cantrell has poems in recent issues of *Rivendell*, *The G.W. Review*, *Rosebud*, and *On Retirement* (anthology from University of Iowa Press). New work is forthcoming in *Plainsongs*, *Mudfish*, *The Fox Cry Review*, and others.

One October

These trees on the edge
of this prairie afternoon
walking toward us

One October goose
squawking over your farmhouse
stretching neck and sky

Grey squirrel's tail glides
slides rides with red tail hawk
across neighbor's pond

Wild turkeys prancing
under those yellow maples
talking turkey talk

Whole October moon
hanging out in cold old oaks
next to stone silo

Empty fields speaking
of winter in our windy
haiku dancing

by CX Dillhunt

CX Dillhunt was born in Green Bay and grew up happily in the 1950s with his five sisters and six brothers in big houses near the Fox River. Co-editor of the Wisconsin Poets' Calendar: 2006, he is the author of *Things I've Never Told Anyone* (Parallel Press, 2007), *Girl Saints* (Fireweed, 2004), and co-author of *Double Six* (Endeavor, 1994) with his son, Drew. Many of his prairie and travel haiku are published in the international journal *Hummingbird* (Richland Center).

Progress

I felt defeated
the day I rolled into town
after a year's absence,
and saw the new stoplight,
bulbs still wrapped in gray plastic,
steel poles straight and ready
to direct the masses to
church and to
Halverson's grocery store.
No one had asked me if I
minded this intrusion on the landscape,
if it bothered me how the
narrow shapes
sprouted out of the ashes of cornfields
and split-rail fences, and
brown water cow-ponds.
But then again, no one had asked
me about the six pumping stations,
four burger joints,
and the extra lane on the highway.
No one had asked me
about the vinyl-sided subdivision,
in various shades of taupe and gray,
built in place of the white house
where the old man sold straw from his
front porch.
And if they had asked,
I would not have been
available to comment,
too busy, I'd say, with a turn
of my chin, too busy
living elsewhere,
in search of progress.

by Jessica Eskelsen

Jessica Eskelsen grew up in East Troy. She currently lives in Milwaukee, where she strives to do something creative each and every day—even if it hurts. This is her first published poem.

Small Farming in Iowa County

Farming comes after my permanent heavy-equipment job and on weekends. The neighbors, Lew, who has the one-eighty down the road, hires out building stone walls and fancy house fascia for the part-time immigrants from Chicago who now own

most of the town land, and, Joe, up on County Z, doubles at the local cheese factory that makes organic cheddar for city folks. On winter Sunday afternoons with the snow crusted brown as old scabs in the yard we send the kids out to play so

we can jaw by the wood stove and drink Old Style. We always argue about the same things, how to get out of Iraq without running like a spooked white-tail or whether eliminating farm subsidies will increase crop prices. Eventually

we give up, stocking feet pushed to the fire, nod off to the hum of the wives' voices spinning out of the kitchen, they complain about the commute to Madison where they clerk at the mall so we don't end up with the auctioneer

waving his cane next to the barn, how they'd rather be home-schooling the kids, watching the sunrise in the east pasture instead of over Highway 18-151, and they fret over the liquid nitrogen that boosts the corn crop before

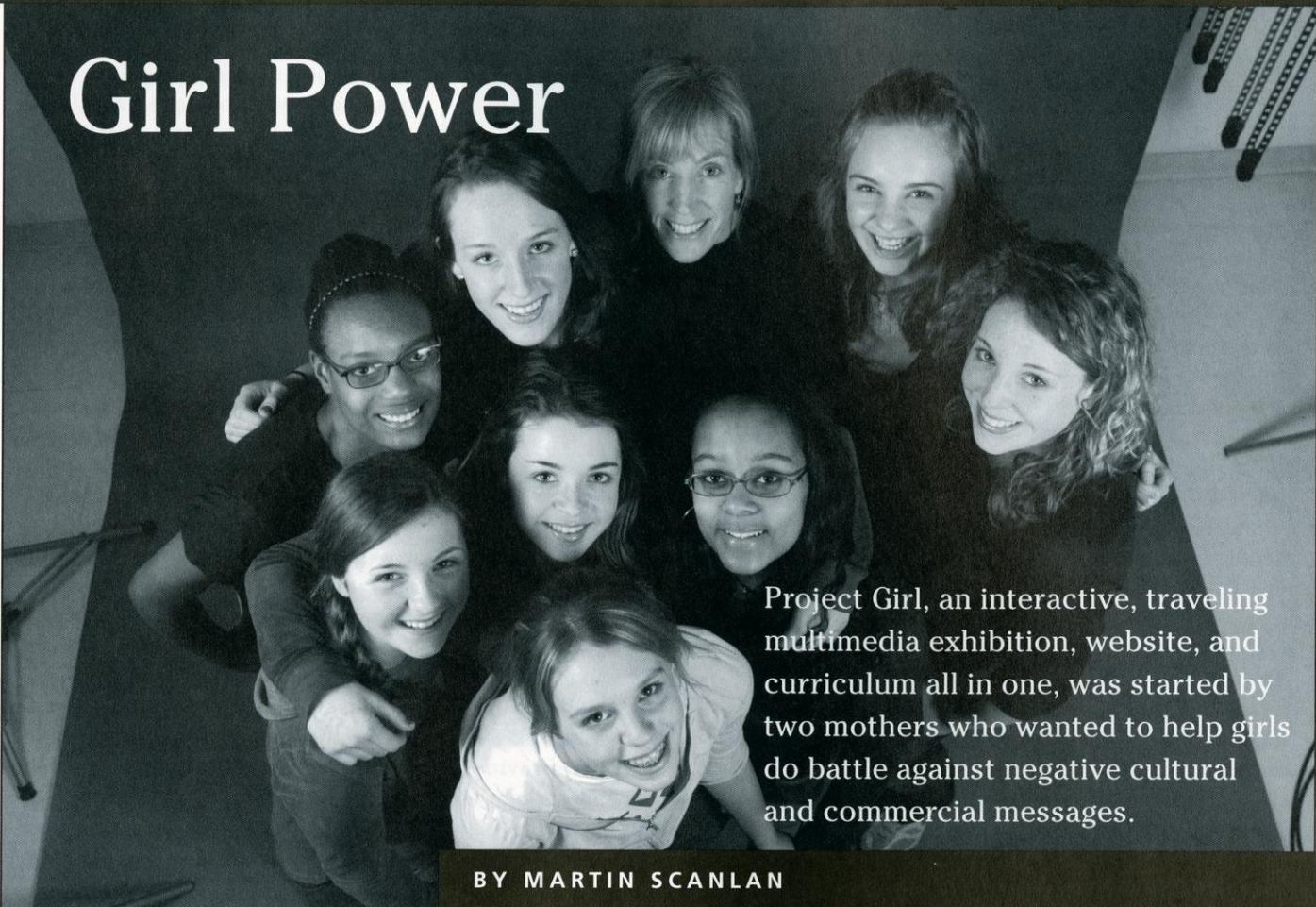
slipping like a poisonous snake into the groundwater and worse they heard about some local boys who learned how to make crystal meth from it. With Lew's bypassed heart and Joe's bad back we're one illness away from selling out to some city surgeon

who'll pay 4,000 an acre for land our families have farmed for three generations. I worry too but worry doesn't fix the fence the calves keep busting up and if we lose the place I'll have time to see the country sunset everyone speaks of.

by Bruce Noble

Bruce Noble retired from professing at Purdue University in 1996 and headed "up north." He resides in Madison with his wife and 11-year-old son during the school year and escapes to his in-laws' farm in Iowa County when the indigo buntings return. (For the past two years he has written a fresh poem every day that he e-mails to a poet friend and receives a haiku in return—often his poetry is an improv riff on the poem received. The best of the wobbling stack of more than 700 poems constantly call to be edited. However, much of Bruce's time is spent writing fiction.) He has just completed a first novel that he hopes an astute agent will find irresistible. A second novel is taking shape as you read.

Girl Power



Project Girl, an interactive, traveling multimedia exhibition, website, and curriculum all in one, was started by two mothers who wanted to help girls do battle against negative cultural and commercial messages.

BY MARTIN SCANLAN

Some members of the Project Girl gang.

Photos by Mike DeVries/*The Capital Times*

IT TAKES AN AUDACIOUS ART PROJECT to purport to advance social change. Project Girl is an art exhibit brimming with such audacity. Kelly Parks Snider, a visual artist, and Jane Bartell, a video producer—both of them mothers of teens and tweens—created Project Girl to catalyze adolescent girls to change how they view commercial advertising and contemporary media entertainment.

Bartell describes the purpose of Project Girl as “helping girls identify and prevent commercial advertisers from manipulating their lives through use of popular media, which includes TV, the Internet, movies, magazines, books, and billboards ... Project Girl encourages girls to take back control from the commercial advertisers who are trying to shape and manipulate them.”

Project Girl’s power to spark the kernels of critical awareness in adolescent girls provides important lessons for formal educators about how art can

serve as an agent of personal transformation and social change.

Project Girl is tripartite: a workshop-based interactive art exhibition, a multimedia curriculum, and an interactive website. Reflecting two years of work exploring the effects of contemporary media on young women’s lives and attitudes, Project Girl has attracted the attention of women leaders both locally and nationally. Lt. Gov. Barbara Lawton, speaking at the Project Girl exhibit opening in Madison in March, encouraged young women to see themselves

as connected to a larger context: "There are lots of stereotypes that will follow you as women ... And we have a lot of work to do. And we are doing it and we're going to need you to come up behind us and be right there with us."

The opening also featured a presentation by Lyn Mikel Brown, an advisor on the project and a nationally recognized leader in the field whose works include *Packaging Girlhood: Rescuing Our Daughters from Marketers' Schemes* (with co-author Sharon Lamb) and *Girl Fighting: Betrayal and Rejection Among Girls*.

In Brown's presentation on media literacy, a video of which now accompanies the exhibit, she impressed upon the young women that they're being sold a bill of goods by most advertisers: "You girls are being marketed an image of power. But it's not real power like the kind of power to change the world. The kind of power they're marketing is the kind of power to choose between different colors of lip gloss, or clothing, or to buy things to look a certain way.

We need you to have real power in the world—the power to change things for the good."

Project Girl is nourishing that power.

ART AS A TOOL OF ENGAGEMENT

Project Girl advances social change by combining a multidimensional interactive art exhibit with an effective curriculum and interactive website. Together, this provides the middle school participants with tools to better understand the motives of commercial media and to respond to those influences in a healthy way. As education reporter Elissa Gootman noted in a recent series in the *New York Times*, middle school years are in many ways the critical years in transitioning from childhood to maturity (Gootman, 2007a, 2007b, 2007c). Project Girl provides provocative messages and challenges not only to adolescent girls, but to all who have the most at stake in seeing

these young women emerge through these years with balanced attitudes toward their bodies, strong relationships with peers and parents, and healthy aspirations toward activism and civic engagement.

The roots of Project Girl were monthly workshops that Parks Snider and Bartell organized throughout 2006. These workshops brought together two dozen middle school students with artists, poets, researchers, and psychologists. Significantly, Parks Snider and Bartell drew young women coming from diverse backgrounds in terms of race, ethnicity, and economic status. Each workshop provided a unique angle to critically examine and respond to images of women in media. These workshops approached the material from multiple angles: students listened, discussed, and created art that was both reflective and expressive of the workshop material. By having the young women work directly with images of women in the media (e.g., digging through magazine ads, watching



commercials) and providing a safe forum for exploring controversial issues (e.g., body image, objectification, glamorized violence against women, stereotypes, and gender definitions), Parks Snider and Bartell cultivated an exhibit and curriculum that is both rich and relevant.

Importantly, the art created by the young women themselves is at the center, not the periphery, of the Project Girl exhibit. The young women who participated in these monthly workshops served as both sounding boards and advisors. As Bartell puts it, they were integral to shaping the message of Project Girl: "They helped us understand if we were treading into touchy territory and allowed us to present information that they'd be receptive to through peer-to-peer teaching. We defused landmines with them."

Working together with the adolescents in these workshops, Parks Snider and Bartell helped the young women explore subtle, powerful phenomena. In no small part, the genius was engaging them without preaching at them. For instance, in one session the students examine brand conditioning. Parks Snider cautions the students, "Pay close attention to advertisements because the messages have become a part of our mental environment. We often take in ads without even realizing it!" Rather than telling them that they're being manipulated, however, Parks Snider just asks the prompting questions ("Who's pressing your buttons? What are some 'wham moments' when you've been violated unexpectedly by a particular ad, and why is reflecting on that important?"). Through the activities of looking at ads the students take responsibility for identifying brand conditioning for themselves.

Project Girl uses multiple strategies to build the skills of critical media literacy. Some are traditional, such as writing poetry. Examples of the students' work sometimes examine doubts and insecurities: "Why can't I be the skinny, tall, beautiful girl that always gets the spotlight?/Why can't I be the bright of the brightest stars in the sparkling summer sky?/Why can't I be

Real Girls, Real Power

After writing about the way media and marketers have co-opted Girl Power to be the *image* of power—to shop, to make ourselves over, to be sexual objects—it was an honor and a relief to be a small part of Project Girl. Kelly and Jane are living muses, inspiring girls' creativity and imaginations, putting real power back in their hands and minds—the power to create a world that takes them seriously, that reflects their wonderful diversity and celebrates their true potential.

Girls who have real power don't settle for the same old same old; they don't squander it on the mundane; they aren't taken in by the appearance of things. After speaking to a room full of middle school girls and touring the Project Girl exhibit, I felt as if someone had lit a raging bonfire in the midst of dreary sameness. Okay, more like in the midst of pink, glitzy, sexy sameness. These girls, both the artists and the audience, are the girls that corporations spend billions on to foster body consciousness, self-hate, and competition with other girls. Instead they question, challenge lies, open up possibilities, and imagine the world as if it could be otherwise. Thanks to Project Girl, these girls aren't buying. They have better things to do.

By Lyn Mikel Brown, Ed.D. Mikel Brown is author of *Packaging Girlhood: Rescuing Our Daughters from Marketers' Schemes* and co-creator of Hardy Girls Healthy Women (www.hghw.org).

the lead of the perfects?" (excerpts from Colleen's poem, "Why").

Other examples show the young women celebrating themselves: "My hair is like lapping waves, curling in the spring./My eyes are as dark and beautiful as a dark piece of chocolate./...My smile is as big as a watermelon. As I smile, it reminds me of the Sun smiling at me./As I think of myself, I feel that I'm as strong as a horse./...I love myself as much as I love others" (excerpts from Jasmine's poem, "Song of Myself").

Still others show them finding power in activism: "This emptiness is beautiful; it leaves/you free to create instead of the usual .../everyone telling or showing./You are left to think for yourself, left/to your own uninterrupted creation ... You!" (Madison's poem, untitled).

Other strategies approach the content in a much more technologically savvy manner. One example of this is the video collage work in the exhibit that Parks Snider and Bartell created in collaboration with digital artist Mary Waitrovich. These montages—flashing images of advertising over a soundtrack mix of music and voices of young women—show the genius of art activism, engaging a generation savvy in

information technology by speaking to them via their own medium. Integrating the art of the young women with the professional work of Parks Snider in visual arts and Bartell in video production sets Project Girl apart from other efforts to impact the attitudes and choices of young women.

ART AS A TOOL OF SOCIAL CHANGE

Participants attending the Project Girl exhibition reflect its initial impact. For instance, Danielle, a middle school student, explained that after attending Project Girl she has started noticing product placement: "Last night I was watching 'American Idol' and I saw Coke. They were drinking out of Coke glasses rather than just normal glasses and I wouldn't have noticed that before."

Rachel, another participant, reflected on the effect of the exhibit in helping young women develop the skills to think independently: "If girls get a message to be themselves, act themselves, and not fall into the media, then the media, they won't be as powerful." Ashley, a third participant, described how the images



Photo by Mary Waitrovich

Hang Outs: The Mall (2006), Project Girl artists, mixed media.

of the exhibit stuck with her: "I went home and had a lot of reflection time. Whoa. It's just so different than I thought the media [were] ... The media [aren't] interested in how you feel at all. They just want to make more money and more money, and they don't care what they do to get that!"

One core strength of Project Girl is employing various forms of art to engage students' multiple intelligences (Gardner, 1983, 1993). Participants are involved linguistically, visually, kinesthetically, musically, interpersonally, and intrapersonally. The art of the exhibit is multidimensional, weaving together the professional and the personal. As Parks Snider described the power of art as a teaching tool: "Art heightens a level of awareness and transforms people. It educates people, but it doesn't do it in a way where it's talking at you. And I think it's very important, particularly with [middle school] girls, because they're resistant to that sort of education."

A second strength of Project Girl is its focus on connecting with the young women it seeks to impact. Part of this emerged from incorporating the work of the initial middle school students into the art exhibit. This impressed students attending the exhibit, as Danielle reflected: "That was a big thing ... just the regular girls helped with that art

and it was really cool. It looked professional, like it could be in museums."

Additionally, the curriculum workbook (*The Project Girl Workbook: A Guide to Un-Mediafying Your Life*) teaches media messages in a non-threatening, engaging manner. The workbook is a panoply of original art, images, slogans, quotes, and reflections that is at once delightfully droll and profoundly provocative. The interactive website is tailored to appeal to this target audience. With its website component, Project Girl distinguishes itself from an emerging array of innovative sites providing tools for critical media literacy (e.g., adiosbarbie.com, about-face.org) by being the product of a collaboration with Project Girl workshop participants who helped design the messages and interactive content. It also keeps art in the forefront as the means to engage and educate.

A TOOLBOX THAT LASTS

Maya Angelou once said, "Nothing will work unless you do." Project Girl, an innovative approach to educating middle school girls in critical media literacy, works. It works to counterbalance the barrage of objectifying, deprecating images of femininity that assault women on a daily basis. It works to rejuvenate educators and parents alike who are looking for tools to help

them inspire critical reflection on these images. Instead of simply decrying destructive messages about young women in the media, Project Girl does the heavy lifting of providing effective, innovative tools to critique and counter these messages.

Project Girl demonstrates how art helps us plumb the complexities of our world that often elude other lenses. In the words of Lt. Gov. Lawton, "It is a way we can work with ideas that are too difficult sometimes for words, too complex for us to articulate. And so we communicate with each other through art."

Using the arts has proved to be an effective approach to get Project Girl's media literacy train moving down the tracks toward increased awareness and more critical consumption by middle school students. But the power fueling the engine is found in the girls themselves. "Innately at this age, girls are activists," comments Park Snider. "They have gobs of energy. Just give them a cause, ask for their help, give them the guidance and set them up so they're successful, and they can do it. They can make change happen." *

Martin Scanlan, Ph.D., is an assistant professor of educational and policy leadership at Marquette University and a professional advisor with Project Girl.

To bring Project Girl to your area, as an exhibition, a workshop, or to incorporate into your program or curriculum, please contact Kelly Parks Snider at kpsnider@charter.net or 608/576-2847.

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A Passion for Quilting

For award-winning Appleton quilter Patricia Streim, her work is an art, a craft, and a labor of love.



Our ancestors created quilted bed coverings out of necessity to provide comfort and warmth for loved ones. Today, quilting has become a popular pastime as well as a way for women and men to express themselves through a fabric medium. Fiber art adorns the walls of museums. The phenomenon of the quilts of Gee's Bend attests to the historical significance of the stories behind the skill. Many contemporary quilters display their work on beautifully designed quilt racks or on the walls of their homes.

Appleton resident Patricia Streim is one such contemporary quilter. The walls of her home are filled with many of the beautiful quilts she has created. Streim explains why she never uses them on the beds. "Quilts are fragile and should be handled as little as possible. Hanging them on the wall allows more people the chance to view and appreciate them."

Streim says she always had an interest in quilting but didn't know how to learn about it. She recalls with fondness that as a 15-year-old she did housecleaning for a woman who had a number of floral appliqué quilts in her home. "I can still remember them so clearly."

As a young mother with three sons, Streim sewed garments for herself and her boys. She had acquired sewing knowledge from her mother, who was an accomplished seamstress. "I learned a lot from her," says Streim.

Eventually she attempted other stitching techniques. "I tried to learn tatting and couldn't pick that up. I also tried doing cross-stitch and didn't care much for that," she says.

Streim's passion for quilting began around 15 years ago. "I walked into a Neenah quilt shop and signed up for a quilting class. The rest is history," she says.

Today Streim is an avid and accomplished quilter whose creativity and precision stitching have been recognized with

numerous quilt contest awards. In fact, the very first quilt she entered in a contest received an honorable mention award. "I had just started quilting," says Streim.

It may be a labor of love, but creating a contest quilt is an arduous task. Streim says her motivation for entering a contest is not just for the sake of competition. It's a validation of her skill.

"The judges look at everything. Having a winning quilt makes me know I'm doing really good work. I'm very particular when I'm stitching. I like nitpicky things and it's rewarding when the judges recognize my work. I do more detailed work on the back as well as the front of a quilt when creating it to enter in a show. The judges look for details and I want to have that," she says.

Streim remembers a very exciting win for her was a first-place award in the Star Point Quilters Show in Stevens Point. "I'm very proud of that one, because Stevens Point is my hometown."

Her most recent award was for a quilt she entered in the Quilt Expo quilt contest held last September in Madison. "Flowers for Dad," her first quilt made with wool batting and wool appliqué, received an honorable mention in the machine-quilted bed-size appliqué category of the event's 10-category juried and judged contest.

"I was proud to be a part of the Quilt Expo. It's wonderful to have a larger quilt show right here in Wisconsin," says Streim.

The 2006 contest featured 246 quilts submitted by quilters from across the country and all were exhibited at the event. Streim says she is looking forward to attending the 2007 Quilt Expo that takes place September 13 through September 15. She also plans to enter quilts in future Quilt Expo contests.

quilt expo

w i s c o n s i n p u b l i c t e l e v i s i o n

The title “Flowers for Dad” is a tribute to Streim’s late father, who died while she was working on the quilt. “I decided to finish the quilt and dedicate it to him. He was a gardener—a vegetable gardener, but he also enjoyed flowers,” says Streim.

The neutral-toned background of Streim’s award-winning quilt provides a canvas for nine squares that depict colorful floral arrangements and greenery gently cascading from decorative containers.

She talks lovingly of her father and her plans to create a quilt in his memory that is on hold for now. The quilt, which has special meaning for Streim and her family, will be created from her father’s shirts. “Every time I get started on it, I get too emotional. The floodgates open,” she says.

The inspiration for her quilts can come in a number of ways. Sometimes it’s a pattern she sees. Sometimes it’s a fabric that

she just has to have. “I don’t believe in not choosing a fabric because it doesn’t coordinate with my home decor. I say, if you love that fabric, just get it and use it. Don’t limit your creativity.”

Streim looks at quilting as both an art and a craft. “It’s an art form for the quilters who create their own patterns and it’s more of a craft to put the pieces together,” she says.

When beginning a new quilt, Streim decides on a design and then checks to see what she has in her fabric stash. It also may require a trip to the store. “Appleton has a variety of quilt shops and I believe in supporting all of them,” she says.

Streim uses two standard sewing machines to make her quilts. One is for piecing and decorative stitching. The second is more of an industrial-type sewing machine that she uses for the actual quilting process.

Each year, she makes a number of quilts. Some are donated to charities and some are gifts for family members and her best friend. “I get a tremendous amount of joy out of giving my quilts as gifts. It’s fun giving them away to people who don’t expect them,” she says.

Her first grandchild arrived nearly a year ago and already she has made several quilts for him. For his first birthday, she’s creating a birthday signature quilt. Traditionally a signature quilt is given as a gift for a special occasion and has blocks with blank areas for family and friends to sign.

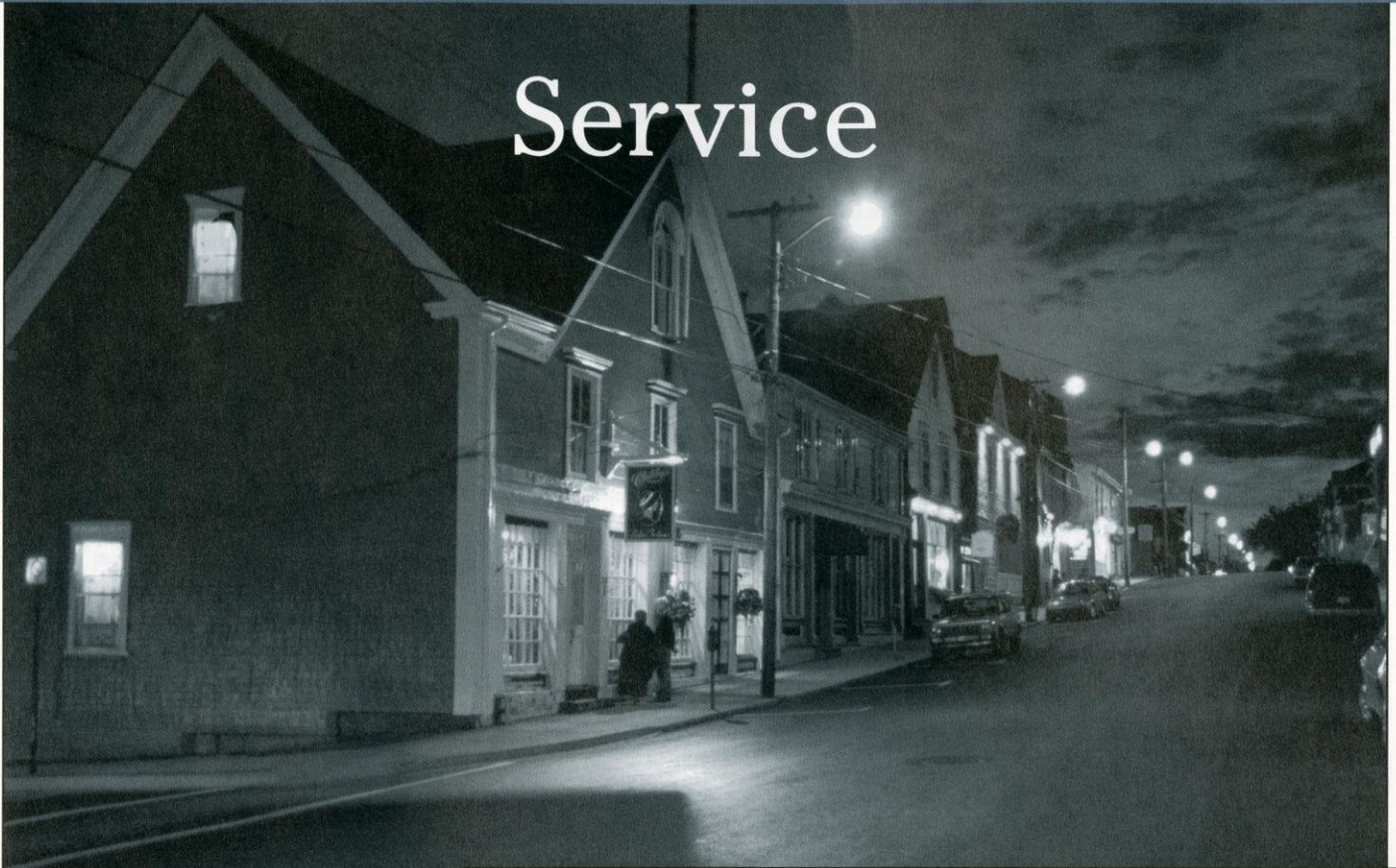
Streim is a member of the Darting Needles Quilt Guild, which has around 260 members from the Green Bay, Appleton, and Oshkosh areas. The guild makes about 200 “sunshine quilts” every year that are donated to local domestic abuse centers. The guild also provides its members with classes and offers support in the way of nationally known speakers and various learning opportunities. “After attending a meeting, you come away so inspired,” says Streim.

That inspiration is an essential ingredient in Streim’s quilt-making process and the creation of family heirlooms. “I know my husband and my sons appreciate what I do. I hope as they grow older they will appreciate it even more,” says Streim. *



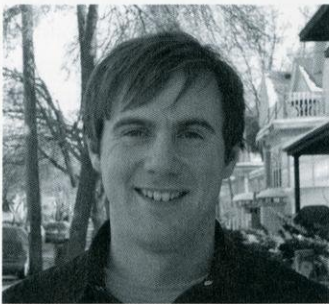
The 2007 Quilt Expo takes place September 13–15 in the exhibition hall at the Alliant Energy Center in Madison. The expo is sponsored by Wisconsin Public Television and the weekly television program “Sewing with Nancy.” This story was contributed by Wisconsin Public Television. More information at www.wiquiltexpo.com

Service



BY CHRISTOPHER SCALIA

Photos by Bill Blankenburg



WISCONSIN PEOPLE &
IDEAS/HARRY W.
SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS
SHORT STORY
CONTEST WINNER

FIRST
PLACE

IT HAD GOTTEN TO THE POINT where Andrew was performing the nostalgic vigil every week—on his way to the grocery store, his way back from the gym—even though the neighborhood was nowhere near anywhere he had to be. At first he was compelled by curiosity and boredom to drive slowly down the street and see what houses had been razed, what had replaced them. He only needed a glimpse of his family's old home.

A few weeks ago, though, the radio was playing a song he hadn't heard in a while and it seemed appropriate to pull over and gaze at a house he hadn't been inside since his parents moved to South Carolina nearly a decade ago.

Andrew wasn't stupid; he knew this habit was strange, especially for someone as stable as he considered himself. And he'd been watching enough news lately to know that there were better things to do in a D.C. suburb than sit in a parked car and stare at houses. Yet he couldn't imagine

that he'd ever be perceived as threatening to this place, as not belonging to the neighborhood he'd grown up in. Besides, he didn't have anything more important to do. Not anymore, anyway. A few months ago, this same time of night, he might have been scrambling around his accounting firm's office—making phone calls, polishing off reports, thinking how unhealthy it was to work so late so often. One round of layoffs later, Andrew spent much of his time trying to retrieve that frantic lifestyle by hunting for job openings.

For a while he staved off bills and boredom by working at a clothing store, until his manager called last week to notify him that he wouldn't be needed until further notice.

"You know how things are right now," the boss explained. "People are too scared to shop. Hopefully they'll catch this psycho soon and we'll call you then."

Andrew had spent this afternoon in his apartment, reading the newspaper, watching CNN, and changing the font on his résumé from ten to nine-and-a-half-point Times New Roman, an adjustment that gave him more room to elaborate just how much his years as a financial consultant had improved his communication skills. He grew impatient by dusk. He drove to the bookstore, where he browsed *Time* and *Newsweek*, then—almost instinctively by now—drove to the neighborhood.

Andrew rolled down his windows to enjoy the fragrance of the air lightening toward autumn. Voices drifted in from down the block.

The new owners of his old house—Andrew assumed it was the same people who'd first bought the house from his parents—had added a sunroom to the north side, below what had been his sister's room. The yard had too many weeds and was a bit too brown because the family wasn't as diligent as Andrew's father, who'd have already raked the few oak leaves that were resting on the tips of the high grass. Otherwise, Andrew may as well have been looking back in time, peering at the walls behind which he was doing his homework, watching television with his sister, eating a dinner that his mother had joked about slaving over but that she had in fact reheated after work. Maybe that was one reason he came: to remind the place of who'd been there before. As if the place had a memory and could be lonely. It wasn't like his family needed, or wanted, him to keep track of the changes for them; they weren't exactly asking for updates. His sister Claire had spent high school in Charleston and didn't have the same connection to the house. And his parents—they spent last summer in

their Winnebago traveling West and were now in New England for the autumn. "Extraordinary colors here," his mother had said when she called a few days ago. "I've never seen anything like it." So maybe Andrew came to make sure the place didn't forget him. As if he'd become something worth remembering. He laughed at this thought—he sensed he wasn't serving anyone but himself, catering to anything but his own loneliness.

The voices down the street grew louder and disrupted the calm Andrew had come for. He started his car, turned on his lights and drove down the block toward the noise. Past the Sullivans', the Matthews', the Scotts', the Millers', and the voices became yells and soon Andrew was across from where the Davenports had lived before Mrs. Davenport passed away. Andrew was especially curious because he had been a close friend of the Davenports' son, Ben. The boys hung out together through high school and still kept in touch, though sporadically: the occasional e-mails (forwarded jokes, funny websites, basketball pools), invitations to house parties. Even though Andrew considered Ben a friend more for what they'd done together in the past than for times they shared now, he tried to stay in contact because, he figured, anyone with a family life as troubled as Ben's needed someone reliable. Now it seemed that Andrew would have a good story to tell Ben the next time they spoke. Something to say about the crazy people who moved in.

Andrew leaned across the passenger side to get a better look. A man wearing sweatpants and a blazer was at the door screaming, demanding that the woman standing in the doorway let him in. "This is my house," he yelled. "Get out of my house!" The woman was trying to be polite but the man only yelled louder so she apologized, as if she were at fault, and closed the door. For ten minutes, the man kept pounding on the door and yelling, insisting that she let him in.

Andrew didn't leave either—he sat in the car and watched. He recognized this man's voice, his tall stature and the

graceless way he moved. Andrew wanted to help him. He considered approaching the man and trying to calm him and taking him home. "Mr. Davenport," he'd say, "it's all right. Let me take care of you." But Mr. Davenport got in his car before Andrew did anything. Andrew didn't move until the police arrived.



Early the next day, Thursday, Andrew called Ben's cell phone. The recorded greeting was surprisingly sedate; probably, Andrew guessed, out of professional necessity. "Haven't seen you in a while," Andrew said to the voicemail. "I needed to talk about something, so give me a call when you get a chance. I'll be at home."

Andrew was almost relieved Ben didn't answer; he hadn't decided exactly what he should tell Ben, and he didn't know how his friend would react, if he would care at all. Mr. Davenport was an aloof person even when Mrs. Davenport was healthy and grew only more distant when she was dying. That distance had seemed to frustrate Ben as much as his mother's sickness did. "I can't remember the last time I saw him sober," he had said a few months after Mrs. Davenport had been diagnosed. It was their senior year, and Andrew was visiting Ben at college. They were having dinner at a TGI Friday's with Ben's girlfriend, Tina, whom he'd been dating for a few months and would break up with in another couple of years.

"It's like the selfish bastard would rather get loaded than comfort mom," Ben said, as Andrew and Tina let him vent. "He doesn't care what his own wife's going through."

Tina was the first to speak up. "I'm not saying your dad's handling this the right way," she said. "But everyone has their own way of dealing with problems. This is just your father's own warped way of getting through it."

"But he's acting like nobody else is going through it," Ben said. "Like

mom—like his dying wife—doesn't need help."

Mrs. Davenport's leukemia was merciful, at least in its length; she died within a half year of the diagnosis. Mr. Davenport moved into a one-bedroom apartment with a foldout sofa for his son, who never dropped by to use it.



Ben called Andrew back in the early afternoon.

"Your timing could not have been more perfect," Ben said. "I'm having people over tonight for my world television premiere."

"You were interviewed?"

"Better. Just believe me when I say that you're going to like it." There was a pause as Ben talked to somebody in the background. He still had a job because, unlike Andrew, he had never worked at an accounting firm that took liberties

with basic math. Ben returned to the phone. "So why don't you come over and we can chat then," he said.

"Maybe," Andrew suggested, "we should talk about this in private."

"Ooh ... when did you get so mysterious?" Ben asked. "You're not one of the people who's afraid of going outside now, are you?"

"It's not that," Andrew said. "I'm just not sure it's the kind of thing that passes as party conversation."

"Are you going to confess your shooting rampage?"

Andrew wasn't at the point where he could joke about the killings. Ben could—he could joke about most things. And Andrew's family could because they'd moved from there. His dad had left a message on the voicemail the other day. "Just calling to make sure you haven't been sniped," he said. He was Irish and maybe this was how he showed concern. His sister at least showed an ounce of legitimate worry ("Checking in to see how you're holding

up") before she made light of things ("I'm sure you're safe, though, because it seems like this guy's only targeting people who leave the house"). But Andrew was only troubled by it all. People were afraid to go outside. Schools were canceling sporting events, classes. Gas station owners were draping tarps over their awnings to block the sniper's view.

"Be at my place around ten," Ben said. "And if it makes you feel better, I'll let you borrow my bulletproof vest."



The party made Andrew glad he didn't go out more often. He was one of thirty people at Ben's apartment. Everyone was watching a reality television show called *ExtermiDate*, in which four attractive and sexually charged men or women go out with a person of the opposite sex, who has to choose



Winning Words

Lead judge Charles Baxter on why he chose "Service"

"Service" is a story about hauntings: the way we are haunted by nostalgia for the places where we once lived, and for the people we once were. The story is also haunted by contemporary terrors, and in the story's beautiful and striking ending, we are given a dramatic antidote to those terrors, and, in the same breath, a cure, of sorts, for nostalgia.

just one contestant with whom to end the night. On that night's episode, four women were trying very hard to convince Ben and the cameras that they deserved to be loved.

"This part's hilarious," Ben prophesized to his guests right before a girl on the television leaned over and stuck her tongue in his mouth. The other three contestants watched in a combination of jealousy and disgust. The partygoers laughed.

Andrew stood in the back of the living room, crowded beside a coffee table and a man who wore shorts and whose work socks had left rings around his calves. He was too preoccupied with his news for Ben to laugh along with everyone else. It didn't help that every other guest was a friend of Ben's from work or college. The one person Andrew thought he recognized—a petite woman from Ben's office wearing a beige pantsuit—never made eye contact with him, so Andrew gave all his attention to the television.

"Ladies, I've found out a lot about you so far," Ben's televised self said. "But I was wondering what you'd do to prove that you're the right one for me."

The partygoers began hooting, hollering, and "wooooo"-ing as a woman with breast implants straddled Broadcast Ben in a hot tub. The other women frowned at each other and shook their heads.

Andrew imagined what Tina would have done if, five years ago, someone had told her that her boyfriend would be making out with a stranger on national television. She might have dumped him right away. She might have reasoned that this was just Ben's way of dealing with his problems.

"You're both awesome girls," Broadcast Ben said to the final two contestants, "and we've had a lot of fun tonight. But the name of the game is *ExtermiDate*, so I'm sorry but I have to let one of you lovely ladies go." The room shook with celebration when Ben chose to keep the implant-bearing lap-dancer.

"I just felt like Angela was really interested in pleasing me and making me happy," Ben explained to the cameraman. "The other girls were about winning the game, but Angela was all about winning me." The discarded finalist accepted her defeat graciously. "If Ben's just looking for a hoochie mamma, then he made a good choice. But Bennie Boy, when you're ready for something real, give me a call." Angela, meanwhile, thanked her new date for making the right decision. "And Ben," she nearly whispered in his ear, "I promise, I'm gonna *really* take care of you once we're alone. You haven't seen anything yet."

The guests clapped and real-life Ben waved in acknowledgment. "Thank you, thank you." More laughing, clapping, and Ben bowed. Andrew joined the line of people waiting to offer Ben a congratulatory slap on the back.

Someone turned the television on mute; the news aired pantomime coverage of the afternoon's shooting.

Ben gave Andrew a masculine half-hug. "Are you glad you came or what?" he asked. Andrew feigned excitement by laughing, nodding, and slapping five as if he hadn't had many opportunities to watch Ben select from his choice of women. "Do you have a second to talk now?" he asked.

"Sure, bro. What's going on?"

"I don't mean to be antisocial, but is there a more private place we can talk?"

"Let's see if anybody's in the shitter," Ben suggested, and when nobody answered his knock on the bathroom door they went in. Ben put the toilet lid down and sat there; Andrew leaned against the door.

Andrew began with a lie: "The Millers called me last week to take care of their cat while they were out of town—"

"You're still taking care of the Millers' cat?"

"Only when they can't find anyone else." And he told Ben what he saw the night before. "Wow," Ben said. "Wow."

Andrew was encouraged by this reaction, thinking that Ben was more likely to do something for his father if he understood the situation's seriousness. "I don't know what his state was or whatever," Andrew continued, "and I know your history with him, but I think you need to help him out."

Ben nodded and stared beyond Andrew. "Unbelievable," he said. "The crazy fuck's still drinking his ass off."

"You don't know that for sure. I couldn't tell if he was drunk or not."

"Of course he was," Ben said. "Why else would he have gone to the house? He hasn't lived there for years."

"I don't know. I guess that's what I think we should try to figure out. Maybe you could talk to him. Help him."

"I'm sure the cops are handling things fine."

"But your dad left before they got there. Besides, there's a difference between arresting someone and helping them."

"My father doesn't care about other people's problems." Ben's tone was at once calm and defensive. "Why should I worry about his?"

"You were mad at your dad for not helping your mother. Why not be the bigger man?" Andrew considered this statement after he made it and decided it would appeal to Ben's ego.

"Thanks for letting me know," Ben said. He was looking up at the shower curtain and began folding it down the rod. "But I'm sure it's no big deal. Like you said, the police took care of it." After a few seconds of silence, Andrew

left the bathroom and got his coat. As he was leaving he heard Ben tell somebody to turn on the VCR. "Let's watch this baby again!"



Andrew couldn't figure out why he felt so strongly that Mr. Davenport deserved better from Ben. It wasn't as if Andrew ever saw much of Mr. Davenport; one of the few occasions he had spent any significant time with him—Mr. Davenport was driving them to a playoff game a couple hours away—nobody said a word, as if no one knew how to handle the situation. As if they were mourning. It was always Mrs. Davenport who'd taken them to games and picked them up from parties. Probably ninety percent of the conversations between her and Andrew were in the family's minivan. "Andy," she'd say (she was the only person who called him Andy), "you made Coach Edwards look like a genius today!" She always wore dark-blue sunglasses when she drove, and she'd tilt her face up to look at Andrew in the rearview mirror. "Andy, you behave yourself tonight. And make sure those girls aren't rude to my son."

Andrew didn't see her at all for the first few years of college; his parents moved after he graduated from high school, leaving him little reason to spend breaks in Virginia. And he saw her only once between the diagnosis and her death. Tina had called him to suggest he spend Thanksgiving with the Davenports, and offered to pick him up. "But I'm nearly two hours out of your way." (Andrew didn't mention that he was also surprised she'd offered since they'd only met once before.)

"That's okay," Tina said. "I'm sure she'd love to see you."

They arrived at the Davenports' early Wednesday night. Andrew had prepared himself to be shocked by Mrs. Davenport's appearance—he assumed she'd be unrecognizable—but she only looked a bit skinnier and while she moved little all weekend, her personality was still all generosity and

compliments. "Ben tells me you're the big man on campus," she said, though Andrew was sure Ben never said anything like that. "How many girls are you dating this week?"

On Thanksgiving Day, Tina prepared the turkey while Ben and Andrew took care of the table settings and side dishes. Andrew went to the buffet to get the silverware and china, opened its doors and paused a moment. He didn't know whether he should set a place for Ben's dad; he hadn't yet seen Mr. Davenport.

So Andrew didn't doubt Ben's stories about his father's aloofness and thoughtlessness. Nor was he sure that Tina had been right to call that behavior understandable or even forgivable. But maybe these strange returns to the old house meant the man was remorseful, that he regretted how he had treated his wife while she was dying. Maybe he was trying to let himself back inside for a second chance. Or maybe he was reaching out for something he remembered, something that made him happier. Andrew thought that someone like that deserved help.



The business card Tina gave Andrew years ago identified her as an education counselor; she coordinated high school trips to D.C. He wasn't sure the number would still reach her, but it did. She sounded surprised to hear from him.

"How long has it been?" she asked.

"Since just before you broke up with Ben. What is that—five years?"

"Gosh," she laughed, "a few things have changed." She was seven months' pregnant, she told him. Married to a guy she worked with, living in the suburbs. She still liked her job—she'd been promoted to excursion and event coordinator—but schools were starting to cancel their trips. "I understand their reasoning," she said. "It's too dangerous to drive a busload of kids anywhere when you can get killed just filling your gas tank. I just hate that this psycho can change how everyone lives." She asked

how his parents and sister were; she had always seemed to like his family even though she'd never met them. Andrew mentioned his parents' own events and excursions. "Good for them," she said. "They deserve it."

She invited him over for dinner. "I don't want to intrude," he said.

"Don't be silly. You wouldn't be intruding at all."

Andrew arrived an hour late because the police were blocking off parts of the Beltway. She lived in a modest two-story house in a tree-lined neighborhood full of the same, with a small front yard and a driveway with room for one car. She opened the door before he was even on the front porch, and greeted him with a long hello and a hug widened to accommodate her extra girth. "Come in! Come in," she urged him, then to her husband, "Randall! Andrew's here," as if the guest were eagerly expected. A slender, balding man apparently a few years older than Tina entered the room and shook Andrew's hand enthusiastically. "So good to meet you," he said. "I always love meeting Tina's friends from college. They always give so much good stuff to tease her about!"

Tina laughed, leaning back and opening her mouth wide. "Oh," she said, "Andrew's too nice to say anything bad about me."

"Nice?" asked Randall. "He's too smart to say anything bad about you right now—we haven't eaten yet."

After they each had two helpings of Randall's eggplant spaghetti specialty, Tina's husband excused himself. "Sorry to be rude," he said, chuckling as he patted Tina's belly, "but the quality of this kid's education rests on the outcome of tonight's ball game."

Tina poured two cups of coffee and Andrew described the scene outside the Davenports' place. He described Ben's response the night before. "I don't know why I thought he'd care. But I feel like somebody's got to help out Mr. Davenport." Tina nodded, her mouth closed tight so that her lips disappeared into it. "And I know how much you cared for Mrs. Davenport..."

Lips still pursed, Tina leaned back and looked at the ground, then let out a

breath. "Wow." She leaned forward and looked back up at Andrew. "I think I actually had more sympathy for Mr. Davenport before I got married," she said. "Back then it was easier to understand somebody who didn't take care of his spouse. I mean, let's face it, I was with Ben and I'm not sure we cared about each other as much as we thought we did. At least not compared to what I have now. And especially lately—all that's been going on has made people take a closer look at their family, you know? So ..." Her lips withdrew into her mouth momentarily. "I guess what I'm saying is that I guess I don't think Ben's dad is worth—" Andrew could see that she was struggling not to sound monstrous. "He's not worth disrupting my life over." Andrew nodded. "I know that sounds awful, Andrew, I know. But my circle, the people I need to give my time to, it's changed. It doesn't include Mr. Davenport. It hasn't in years."



Two nights later, the night after the shooting at the Home Depot, Andrew searched for Mr. Davenport's phone number. It took him a while to remember the first name, and it was little help when he did because there were no listings under "Todd Davenport." There were three under "T. Davenport." A woman answered at the first number. "Sorry," Andrew said, "wrong number." Nobody answered at the second number, and a young-sounding voice answered at the third. "I'm trying to reach Todd Davenport—is he available?" "Sorry," the voice said, "wrong number." When Andrew tried the second one again there was still no answer. He called that number three more times in the next ten minutes, then paced himself at one call every fifteen minutes until ten o'clock. Nobody ever answered.

He left his apartment, drove past empty parking lots and watchful police cars to the old neighborhood. He

parked across from the Davenports' old place. Light from the foyer and living room draped itself onto the front lawn. Andrew couldn't see anyone moving inside, and though the air's lightness opened itself to echoes, he didn't hear a murmur of human activity. But from the other side of the street, where he was leaning against his car, he sensed the whole family—probably a couple of children, both parents—was home. The house simply seemed full, complete, like it wasn't considering anything outside its doors; it had everything it wanted within them. Yet he was here to defend the man who'd intruded on this completion, who'd confused it with his own. Andrew didn't come to make these people welcome Mr. Davenport, but surely they could offer sympathy or help somehow. Surely a family that loved itself could cast that love outward. People everywhere wanted easier times, when anyone could go anywhere without feeling endangered—surely these people could understand somebody else who was scared and



struggling for a simpler past. Andrew only needed to explain.

He opened his mouth to feel the chilled air against his throat; he watched it drift from him in a thin cloud, followed its diffusion. At last, pushing himself from the car, he moved toward the house. Across the street and onto the walk and onto the porch. To the door. He was sure he heard the bell ring, low, yet the house didn't stir until he knocked and children—they must have been children—thumped upstairs. He tried not to peer into the foyer windows, and looking away from the door he saw that several of the panes of the large living room windows were covered with boards.

He knocked again when the moving inside stopped. As he rapped on the door he thought he heard someone move behind it, but he couldn't be sure it wasn't the echo of his own hand. He couldn't be sure anyone stood just behind the door until he heard the children's feet run downstairs—if he looked up maybe he would have seen the kids coming down the staircase, but Andrew still wouldn't peer inside—and he heard someone, not feet away, tell the children to get ready for dinner. He knocked again, gently, three times. The body on the other side receded from the door. The foyer lights went dark.

Andrew drove from the small, winding streets hemmed in by homes and accelerated down the road that would take him to the Beltway. The night, the past few days, left him unsatisfied and he didn't want to return to his apartment. But he couldn't think of anywhere else to go.

Traffic slowed as he approached a light. To his left was a gas station, one whose owner hadn't draped tarp down from the awnings, so Andrew could see that an elderly man was sitting in a long black Cadillac, headlights on. He was peering anxiously outside, as if trying to gaze past the cars on the street and looking for something on the other side of the road. Then he turned in his seat and peered out his back window.

When the light turned green, Andrew cut into the left-turn lane and pulled into the gas station. His car tilted with

the incline into the lot; its tank was full. He drove away from the pumps and parked near the service garage. Getting out of his car, he looked toward the store to see where the cashier was, but the windows by the register had been boarded up.

Andrew approached the man's car from the front holding his hands in the air. The headlights shone directly on him, made him squint. Andrew waved once he and the man made eye contact, and he rounded toward the driver's door. The man looked up, eyes wide, and leaned over to roll down his window.

"Do you need help, sir?" Andrew asked.

"Oh—I didn't realize this was full service." Skin hung from the man's cheeks and chin as if he were shedding it. His eyebrows needed to be clipped and large ears sprouted from under his gray hair.

"Sure is."

"That's a relief." His smile showed a set of straight yellow teeth. "Yes, sir."

"Regular, please."

Andrew nodded, then walked around the front of the car, whose headlights were still on. He opened the gas cap, lifted the pump's nozzle, eased it into the valve, and felt the pump stir when the fuel hissed through its artery. Andrew stood in the night's open air. He saw the people watch him as they drove by. ☀

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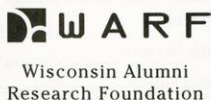
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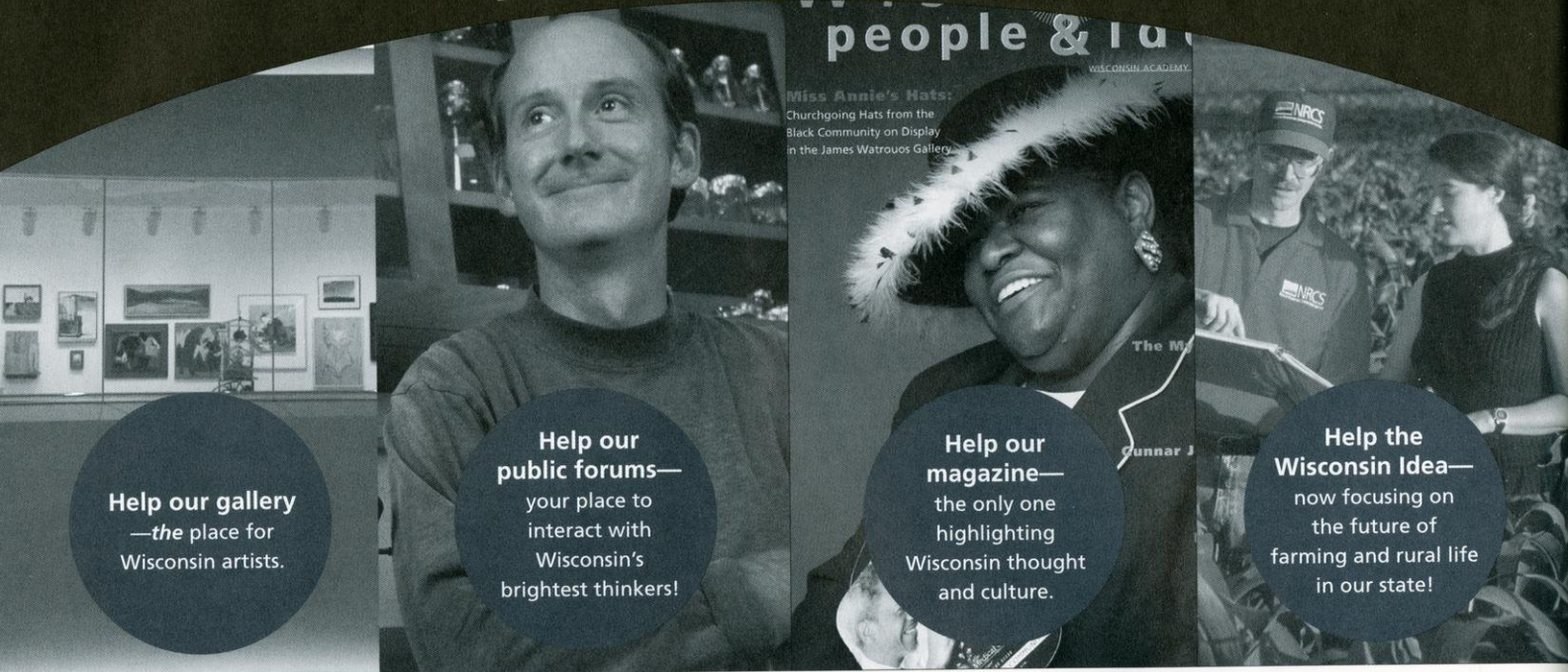
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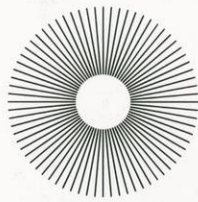
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UNDERSTANDING IMMIGRATION

AN ACADEMY EVENINGS MINISERIES

The United States was founded to serve as a home and a source of hope and promise to people from around the world. Why do we struggle to continue fulfilling that promise? Understanding immigration means understanding America—our past, present, and future. This series, with an emphasis on immigration from Mexico, will explore the questions and controversies surrounding immigration and look toward forging a just and sustainable immigration policy for the 21st century.



IMMIGRATION THEN AND NOW

Thomas Archdeacon

Tuesday, Sept. 11, Capitol Theater, Overture, 7–8:30 p.m.

An examination of immigration in our nation's history and how it compares and contrasts with immigration today. Presenter: Thomas Archdeacon, professor of history, University of Wisconsin–Madison.



IMMIGRATION IN WISCONSIN

Jose Olivieri

Tuesday, Sept. 18, Capitol Theater, Overture, 7–8:30 p.m.

The impact of immigration, particularly immigration from Mexico, on Wisconsin's workforce and other aspects of life in our state. Presenter: Jose Olivieri, an immigration attorney with Michael Best & Friedrich, Milwaukee.



FEELING THEIR CLOUT: The New Immigration and Political Power

Benjamin Johnson

Tuesday, Sept. 25, Capitol Theater, Overture, 7–8:30 p.m.

On the streets and in the voting booth, the impact of immigration and organized immigrant advocacy groups on U.S. politics. Presenter: Benjamin Johnson, director, Immigration Policy Center, Washington, D.C.



IMMIGRATION TODAY: The Problem and the Debate about Solutions

Tamar Jacoby

Tuesday, Oct. 2, Capitol Theater, Overture, 7–8:30 p.m.

What are the most vexing issues in immigration today, and how can we resolve them? What might constitute a just and sustainable immigration policy? Presenter: Tamar Jacoby, a senior fellow of the Manhattan Institute and author of *Reinventing the Melting Pot: The New Immigrants and What It Means to Be American* (Basic Books, 2004).

**Presentations at the Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State Street, Madison.
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