Wisconsin people & ideas. Volume 54, Number 1 Winter 2008

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Winter 2008

wisconsin people & ideas

WISCONSIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCES, ARTS AND LETTERS

Dreamkeeper

Gloria Ladson-Billings on students of color and our "education debt"

THIS WE BELIEVE

Wisconsinites take part in NPR classic

MILWAUKEE OPENS A JEWISH MUSEUM

OF FARM AND FAMILY

A photo essay by Richard Quinney

KIDS PLAN FUTURE CITIES

0 74470 56320 4

Price: $5

Winter 2008
Volume 54,
Number 1

overture center for the arts

201 state street, madison

ACADEMY EVENINGS

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

Joel Rogers

Bill Kraus

Democracy in Wisconsin: Cleaning Up Our Act

Tuesday, February 19, 7–8:30 pm,
lecture hall, Madison Museum of Contemporary Art, Overture

Whatever happened to clean politics in our state, which was once widely known as a laboratory of democracy? We'll hear perspectives on democratic reform from **Joel Rogers, Bill Kraus,** and **Brady Williamson, Jr.,** some of our state's most independent and original political thinkers.

Keeping the Dream Alive

Tuesday, March 11, 7–8:30 pm,
lecture hall, Madison Museum of Contemporary Art, Overture

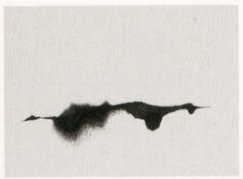
UW–Madison education professor **Gloria Ladson-Billings** is one of the nation's foremost experts on best teaching practices for students of color. How can we close the achievement gap that exists between white children and children of color in our schools and ensure that all children realize their full potential?

No tickets required. Admission is free. $3 suggested donation. Seating is first come, first served.

JAMES WATROUS GALLERY

wisconsin academy of sciences, arts and letters

Kim Cridler



Amy Ruffo

Kim Cridler and Amy Ruffo

Side-by-side solo exhibitions

January 15–February 24
Opening reception Friday, January 18, 5:30–7:30 pm
Artists' talks begin at 6:30 pm

Kim Cridler builds monumental grid-like steel sculptures that often reference iconic vessel forms. Cridler then adds sensuous detail to these vessels using materials such as beeswax and hair. Amy Ruffo's spare, elegant graphite and ink drawings explore the character of line. Ruffo's semi-abstract works are based on her photographs of landscape.

Laura Dronzek

Katie Musolff

Laura Dronzek and Katie Musolff

Side-by-side solo exhibitions

March 4–April 13
Opening reception Friday, March 7, 5:30–7:30 pm
Artists' talks begin at 6:30 pm

Laura Dronzek's intimate, lushly painted imaginary landscapes often depict solitary trees, water, and animals in an eerie, disquieting way. Katie Musolff will show a series of oil self-portraits and portraits of friends and family posed in interior settings.

Admission is free

contents

winter 2008

"My big thing is to change the discourse," says educator Gloria Ladson-Billings. Find out how on page 11.

features

A family farm holds treasured memories. Photo essay begins on page 28.

Wisconsin People & Ideas (ISSN 1558-9633) is published quarterly by the nonprofit Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and is distributed **free of charge** to Wisconsin Academy members. For information about joining, see page 38.

wisconsin academy
of sciences arts & letters

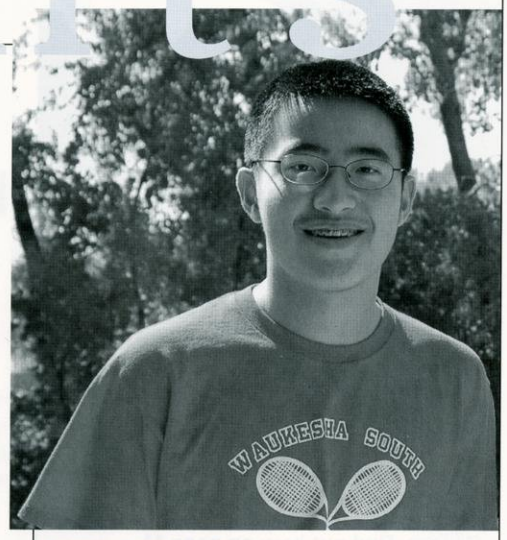
Margaret Lewis, Executive Director

administrative offices/steenbock gallery
1922 university ave. | madison WI 53726
tel. 608/263-1692
www.wisconsinacademy.org
contact@wisconsinacademy.org

contents

winter 2008

departments



Sam believes in green eggs and ham. Story on page 39.

ENLIGHTEN YOUR LIFE!

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters connects people and ideas from all areas of knowledge and all walks of life to learn about the latest achievements in thought and culture in our state and explore how we can best address our problems. It is a place where all people can come for reliable, unbiased information and interaction with 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 38. You can send in an enclosed membership card to join—or sign up online (or make a donation) at www.wisconsinacademy.org.

Thanks/Giving

BY MARGARET LEWIS, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Dear Friends:

One of our members recently wrote that this magazine "brings a richness of mind and heart to many of us who would otherwise never know of these creative contributors."

We are so grateful for that comment, not only to the author for her time and very kind words, but because it means we're doing our job right. The Wisconsin Academy's mission is to enrich the lives of our state's citizens by highlighting our achievements in thought and culture. We are indeed blessed with great minds in Wisconsin, and it is our privilege to help bring them together with citizens for the good of our state. And yes, to "bring a richness of mind and heart" to many people who would not otherwise have access.

We hope that it is gratifying to you, as a member, participant, and supporter, to know that your Wisconsin Academy is having an impact both locally and nationally to uplift and transform thought into results based on the best knowledge available.

For example:

- The Wisconsin Idea's Future of Farming initiative just concluded with the publication of a 240-page book of findings and recommendations for a rural renaissance. It has received national attention in the *New York Times*, on ABC's "Nightline," and in the U.S. Senate at Senator Kohl's invitation. Clearly its impact is going far beyond the borders of our state.

- Academy Evening presentations address matters vital to our state and nation with such topics as immigration (our miniseries in Madison's Overture Center drew some 1,500 attendees) and the future of biotechnology. Recent traveling talks, including presentations by UW professor Ian Duncan on the promise of stem cell research and Shorewood artist David Lenz on the beauty of everyday people, have reached people from the Fox Valley to Sheboygan and Milwaukee. The print and electronic media are giving more attention to our talks and their content. All presentations have been taped by Wisconsin Public Television, Wisconsin Eye, or City Channel 12 and are available on the web. DVDs of the talks may be purchased as gifts or for viewing on your own schedule.

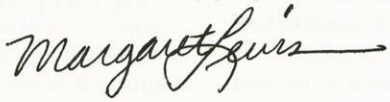
- The Wisconsin Academy's James Watrous Gallery in Overture continues to shine a light on the best of Wisconsin's visual art. With its delightful and well-attended exhibition of animal sculptures by Jeremy Wolf, the gallery also has begun offering "family guides" to assist a new generation of young people in appreciating and developing critical thinking skills with regard to Wisconsin art and artists. With that exhibition and others, the gallery is working to further strengthen its relationship with the Madison Children's Museum and Overture Kids.

- Our new e-newsletter offers a sneak peek at our Academy Evenings, art exhibitions, and magazine articles and serves to connect you more regularly to the people and ideas that fuel our programs.

- Wisconsin Eye has utilized Wisconsin Academy staff as hosts or participants in several panel discussions on topics ranging from the future of farming to the role of the arts in economic development.

None of the fascinating articles, thought-provoking lectures, inspiring art exhibitions, or public policy-changing recommendations would be possible without your support. We thank you for becoming a member of the Wisconsin Academy. And we ask you to think deeply about participating further with a contribution to our annual Bright Future campaign. We want to be able to deliver more of our programs around the state and continue to foster the next generation of interdisciplinary thinkers and problem-solvers.

Thank you for your help in attracting talent, keeping it in Wisconsin, and developing new leaders. Your investment in Wisconsin's creative economy, by making the best knowledge available to all, will improve the quality of life of your family and community. Please return the envelope inserted in the magazine with your gift to support this magazine and other Wisconsin Academy programs.



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

Try This at Home

This I believe: everybody should sit down and write a "This I Believe" essay.

Seriously. There is something so satisfying about the process of crystallizing and honing down something you care about deeply to 350–500 words. The resulting statement makes you feel as if you've learned something in this life. You may also learn something about yourself.

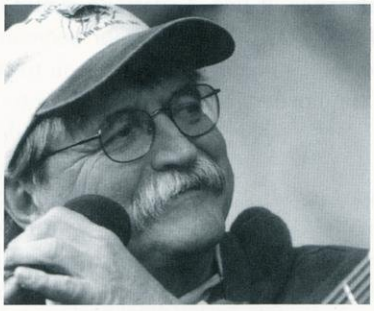
Interestingly, it's not just seasoned individuals who find satisfaction in that process. Of the some 500 submissions the show's producers have received from Wisconsin, around half are from authors under 18.

The "This I Believe" radio broadcast and newspaper column, as you'll learn on page 39, was founded in the midst of the Cold War by journalist Edward R. Murrow, who sought to heal divisions by providing a "common meeting ground of beliefs." Its premise was deeply democratic; it rested on the belief that all people have worthy insights to share. Thus you will see, in a new paperback collection of "This I Believe" essays from the 1950s and from a revival of the show that launched in 2005, essays by the likes of Albert Einstein, Helen Keller, Bill Gates, and Leonard Bernstein alongside pieces by folks you've never heard of—and never would have heard from if it hadn't been for this forum.

The Wisconsin Academy had the opportunity to partner with the "This I Believe" national producers, Wisconsin Public Radio, and Borders Books at a recent public reading to celebrate the paperback release. As part of the partnership, *Wisconsin People & Ideas* offered to publish a selection of Wisconsin submissions. In terms of our programming, this project was a screaming no-brainer. Providing common ground and seeking to elevate public discourse? Celebrating Wisconsin writers? Encouraging a program that is heavily utilized in schools across our state and nation? (Wisconsin educators have downloaded the show's high school curriculum more than 200 times.) That's so Academy.

So try it at home. The book and website offer tips. Tell a story and be specific, they say; ground it in the events of your life and consider moments when your belief was formed, tested, or changed. Focus on one core belief rather than a list. Be positive in that you say what you *do* believe, not what you don't believe. Avoid statements of religious dogma, preaching, or editorializing. Finally, be personal. The essay should be about you and use the words, tone, and story that truly echo your belief and the way you speak.

For inspiration you can see some fine examples starting on page 39. And by all means, send in your finished piece to www.thisibelieve.org.



Warren Nelson needs fellow Fellows. Nominate new ones by February 1.

A CALL FOR FELLOWS

Moving from one inspiring subject to another, it is once again time to nominate Fellows of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters—men and women of extraordinary distinction in their fields. They include such noted figures as medical ethicist Alta Charo, musician Ben Sidran, neuroscientist Richard Davidson, surgeon Hans Sollinger, and artist Tom Uttech.

Fellows enrich Wisconsin Academy programming for the benefit of our statewide audience. You'll see them as Academy Evening presenters, exhibiting their art in our gallery, or being featured in these pages (see a review of a recent book by Fellow Katharine Lyall on page 9).

Warren Nelson is a shining example of a Fellow, and he recently received an additional honor with the 2007 Governor's Award in Support of the Arts, which was bestowed upon Nelson and the Lake Superior Big Top Chautauqua.

"Warren's love and respect for Wisconsin's singular natural beauty, its history and its native and immigrant cultures, are constant themes in the shows and music presented at Big Top Chautauqua and in the many appearances made at venues throughout Wisconsin," notes Gail Kohl, our director of development, who nominated Nelson for the honor.

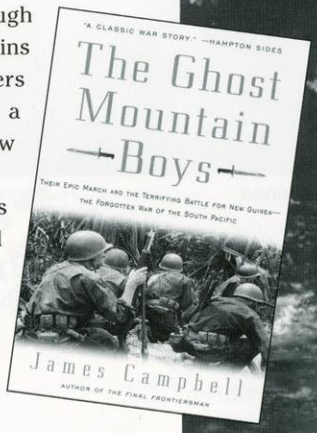
Let's keep up the tradition of honoring our state's brightest lights. Nomination guidelines are available on our website, www.wisconsinacademy.org. **The deadline is February 1,** and our selection of new Fellows will be announced by April 1, with a reception to be held this summer. Anybody can nominate a Fellow—and we strongly encourage you to do so.

Happy reading,

Joan Fischer
jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org
608/263-1692 ext. 16

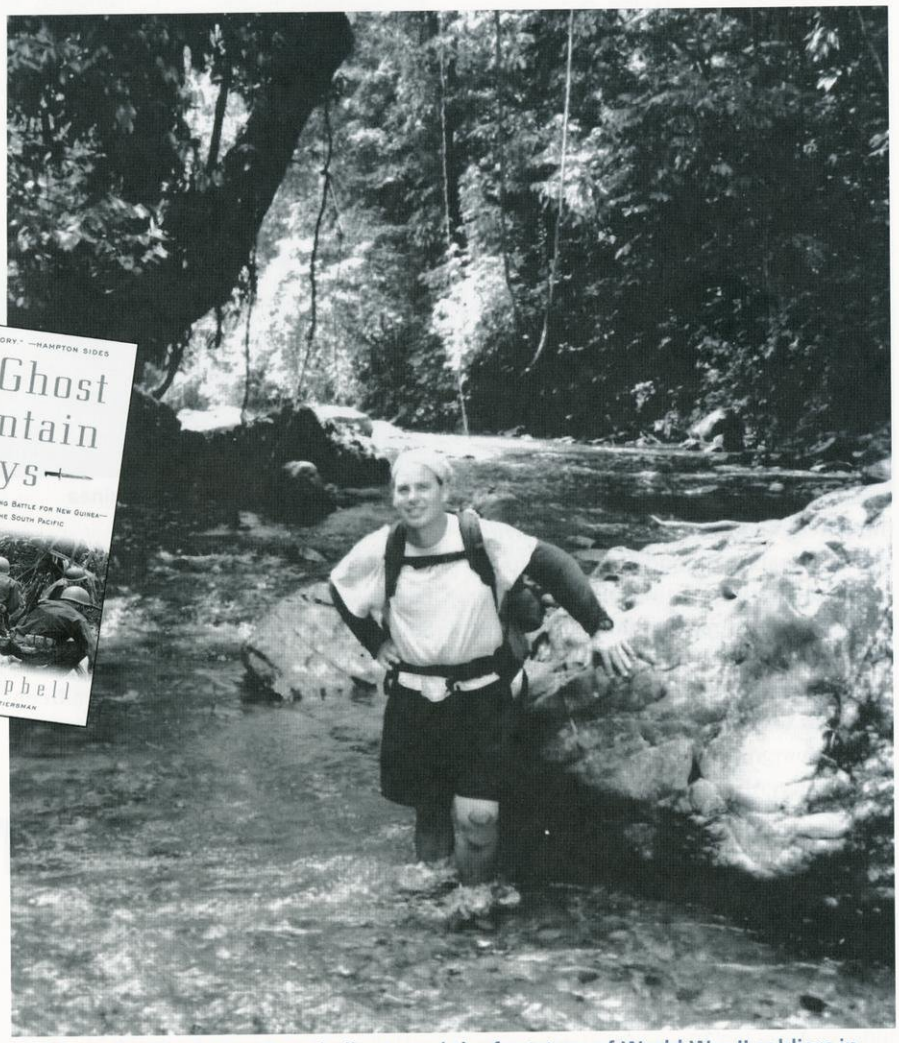
Raising the Ghosts

THE ONLY SURPRISE left about World War II is that it constantly yields more surprises. Coinciding with the recent showing of a 14-hour documentary about World War II by Ken Burns comes *The Ghost Mountain Boys* (Crown), a book about a battle that Burns barely mentions and history had all but forgotten: a grueling 42-day, 130-mile march through swamp, jungle, and mountains that delivered 1,100 soldiers to almost certain death in a poorly planned fight for New Guinea.



The men assigned to this mission were notably ill prepared and ill equipped for battle, despite the fact that General Douglas MacArthur's chief engineer had warned him that New Guinea was "the ultimate nightmare country" where soldiers would face challenges "without precedent in American military history." It was treacherous territory, eerie and menacing in the extreme. Soldiers convinced that the 9,500-foot Mount Suwemalla—"a strange, icy, god-forsaken place where the sun never shone"—was haunted dubbed it "Ghost Mountain" and thus gave their group its name.

It is fitting that Lodi-based writer James Campbell should tell their story; the 32nd Division, from which the Ghost Mountain Boys were drawn, was composed mostly of National Guard units from Wisconsin and Michigan. As part of his research, Campbell, an adventure writer who never does anything halfway—his previous book, *The Final Frontiersman*, took him 100 miles above the Alaskan Arctic Circle—in 2006 brought a film crew to New Guinea and retraced the soldiers' footsteps through the still-uncharted and untouched territory, something no one had done since World War II. (A documentary based on this trip is in production.)



Lodi-based writer James Campbell retraced the footsteps of World War II soldiers in the still untouched and uncharted mountains of New Guinea.

Three quarters of Campbell's team got malaria and one man nearly lost a leg to infection. Campbell himself seriously injured a knee and almost had to drop the project. The experience heightened his appreciation for what soldiers under wartime conditions had lived through.

"The soldiers made one of the most exhausting marches ever made with none of the modern gear that we had, almost nothing to ward off malaria, very little in the way of medicines to treat infections, and no way to keep their food from spoiling," recounts Campbell. Other dangers included mudslides, treacherous river crossings, leeches, ticks and mites, jungle rot, trenchfoot, respiratory ailments, hypothermia in the mountains and heatstroke in the lowland jungles, fatigue, hunger, and Japanese patrols.

"When the Ghost Mountain Boys arrived on the north coast, they were like skeletons," Campbell says. "Men had lost a third of their body weight. Big,

strapping 200-pound farm boys from the Midwest were down to 130 pounds and could wrap their hands around their waists. Many of them had malaria and temperatures of 103 degrees. And most of them had dysentery, too."

In such condition the men went into combat at Buna and Sanananda and fought for two months. The U.S. side claimed victory, but by war's end, only 126 men and six officers of the Ghost Mountain Boys remained.

Campbell is a compelling storyteller, a careful, observant researcher, and a man with a genuine heart for his subject. At an October presentation at the Wisconsin Veterans Museum as part of the Wisconsin Book Festival, he at several points became so choked with emotion that he had to stop speaking. Fewer than 10 Ghost Mountain Boys are alive today, and he counts them as his friends. Campbell steeped himself in the letters and diaries of both the living and the dead and conducted dozens of personal interviews.

"After only a few interviews it became clear to me just how badly the soldiers wanted people to know of their contribution to the war effort," says Campbell.

Maggot Beach at Buna, New Guinea Photo courtesy Wisconsin Veterans Museum

"Because of our preoccupation with the European front and other battles in the South Pacific, the heroism and suffering of the Ghost Mountain Boys and the entire 32nd Division have never been acknowledged."

Thanks to Campbell, they finally are receiving something of their due.

by Joan Fischer

REVOLUTION REMEMBERED

Jim Huberty was there—and he's got the stuff to prove it. Huberty, now general manager of the Regent Street Coop, experienced Madison in the late '60s and early '70s when it was one of the nation's epicenters for every conceivable cause—opposition to the Vietnam War, women's liberation, black power, the American Indian Movement, the Mifflin Street Block Party, corporate on-campus recruiting ... and that by no means exhausts the list.

Huberty, then a wide-eyed undergrad, began hoarding all kinds of memorabilia that screamed of the times—posters, flyers, newspapers, leaflets. Treasures include a collection of Mao Tse-tung's "Little Red Books."

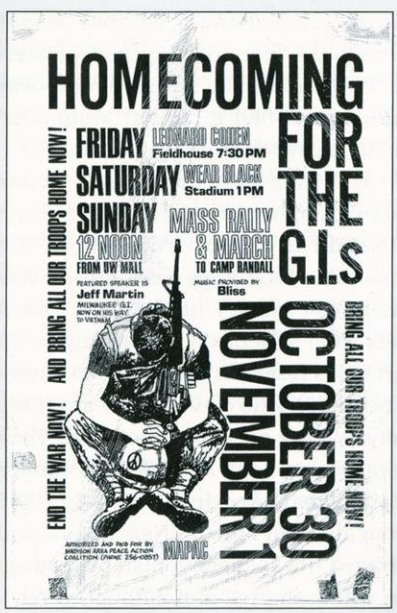
"I had a sense of profound change and I was excited, curious, and actually thought that we were in the midst of a revolution," says Huberty.

Huberty has been sharing the collection with area high schools for many years, but now it will be displayed in a formal exhibition February 1 through March 11 at the UW Memorial Union's Class of 1925 Gallery.

"It's living history from an incredible time in many people's lives," notes Huberty. "The experience of that period will, perhaps, never be duplicated, and the exhibit is a great opportunity for people to connect or reconnect."

Admission is free. For more information visit www.union.wisc.edu/art/.

by Joan Fischer



clothing with a conscience

"BEHIND EVERY STITCH, there's a story," says the Fair Indigo clothing catalog. For many garments in the retail world, those are grim tales of sweatshops and child labor. But a new Wisconsin-based company called Fair Indigo is making sure that our clothing has nothing to hide.

Coffee drinkers are familiar with fair trade labels, which guarantee a living wage to those who grow the beans. Fair Indigo co-founders Bill Bass, Rob Behnke, Don Hughes, and Elizabeth Ragone—all of them Lands' End alumni—are expanding the fair trade concept to provide "style with a conscience," as their slogan says.

Their first task was to find apparel factories that could meet their standards.

"We all came out of the apparel industry and we knew there were some good factories, so we started there," explains Bass. "Certain names started popping up, and those were our first candidates."

Working with factories around the world, they began the demanding process of on-site inspections and interviews that included loitering in bars near the factories to hear what employees say when the boss isn't listening.

"That's when you get the real story about what's going on," Bass says. "Our auditor does unannounced inspections throughout the year, and we are always there when they are actually producing our clothes. We guarantee to our customers that they can feel good about the clothes they are wearing—and we have to ensure that it's true."

Ragone designs Fair Indigo clothes to make fair trade fashions not only easy on the conscience but also on the eye. "The main thing that's been out there in fair trade clothing are a lot of ponchos," she says. "My goal is to take fair trade off the fringe of casual-casual wear into a smart-looking woman's wardrobe. We want to provide clothes for a range of activities, from attending your kid's soccer game to a quick trip to the grocery store or lunch out—clothes you can easily dress up or down. Fair Indigo clothes are refined, but they are not overly designed.

The folks behind Fair Indigo, from left: Robert Behnke (VP merchandising), Bill Bass (CEO), Don Hughes (COO), and Elizabeth Ragone (style director).

"The term 'fair trade clothes' doesn't trip off the tongue yet," Ragone admits, "but that tipping point is very close to happening. Once people are educated about fair trade, they want to do the right thing. We just have to make it easy for them."

The Middleton-based company began with catalog and online sales and in November 2006 opened its first store, located at the Hilldale Mall in Madison. Above the racks of merino cardigans and recycled fleece jackets (offered on environmentally friendly bamboo hangers) are photos of the smiling people who made the clothes.

"Some people who come into the store know about fair trade and others don't," says store manager Julie Krbec. "For us, the most important thing is helping customers understand that there are real people behind the clothes that you buy. The photos help us do that."

So does an Internet kiosk located in the store. Before trying on a polo shirt, a shopper can take it to the kiosk, where swiping the tag will reveal that the shirt was made in Peru by workers who are part of a profit-sharing program. Workplace amenities include a free hot lunch and access to a doctor on site.

Catalog and online sales make up the bulk of Fair Indigo's business at this point, and shoppers there, too, see not only size and color, but also the source of each Fair Indigo item. The website provides not just shopping but an education in the need for and promise of fair trade.

Bass believes the U.S. market is ready for fair trade clothing. "People are becoming much more conscious of the impact their purchases have on both the environment and society," he says.

by Denise Thornton

Fair Indigo is located at Hilldale Shopping Center in Madison, 702 N. Midvale Blvd., 608/661-7662. You can shop online at www.fairindigo.com

FRESH TAKE ON ANNE FRANK

If you think you know about Anne Frank because you watched your classmates perform *The Diary of Anne Frank* in high school, think again. That 1955 script was created by Hollywood writers who put an upbeat spin on a version of Anne's diary that already had been heavily edited by her father.

The Madison Repertory Theater will produce *The Diary of Anne Frank* using a script by Wendy Kesselman that was based on a complete edition of the diary released in 1995. Timed to honor the 60th anniversary of the publication of Anne Frank's *The Diary of a Young Girl*, the Rep's will be the first professional production of the new script in Wisconsin.

It will be accompanied by a 17-panel exhibition, *The Anne Frank Story*, which includes photos from the Frank family album as well as historical comment. Developed by the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam and offered for touring by the New York-based Anne Frank Center, the exhibition will be displayed (free to the public) in the Overture Center's Playhouse lobby January 9 through February 3, the entire run of the performance.

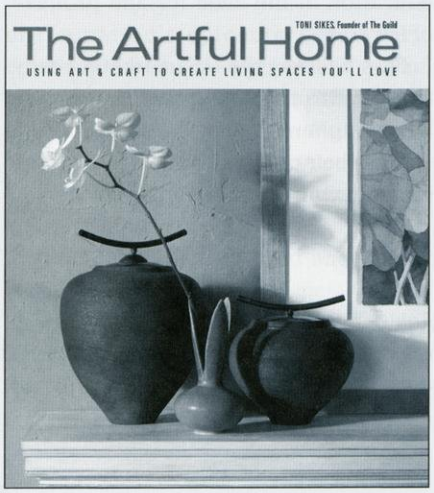
"These very personal photos are all prior to the time the family was hiding in the annex. That is a period people don't know a great deal about," says the Rep's artistic director, Richard Corley. "The new play is also focused on revealing a more complete picture of Anne and her family. By seeing both the play and exhibit, people will come away with a sense of a real family like their own. Rather than seeing Anne as a symbol or a saint, they will be able to see Anne was complicated and real in a way that has never been possible before."

Tickets are on sale at the Overture Center ticket office, 608/258-4141, 201 State Street, Madison. They also may be purchased online at www.overture-center.com.

by Denise Thornton

At Home with Art

Homes take on the personality of those who live in them. At the same time, people are shaped by the space in which they dwell. That's why Toni Sikes wrote *The Artful Home: Using Art & Craft to Create Living Spaces You'll Love* (Lark Books, New York, 2007).



"The home environment is very important," says Sikes, "especially today as we deal with stress and impersonalization outside the home." She encourages her readers to design interiors the way an artist approaches a canvas and forge a personal style by choosing and grouping original art.

When it comes to helping people enrich their lives with art, Sikes is the master. She is the founder and CEO of The Guild (www.guild.com), a leading source nationwide for artist-made home décor pieces that are shipped directly from the artist's studio to the customer's home. The Guild represents more than 1,200 top artists working in media ranging from glass, sculpture, and prints to furniture, lighting, and jewelry.

Through her association with artists, designers, and architects, Sikes has illustrated her book with impressive interiors that she hopes provide a springboard for the imagination.

Beginning at the entryway, which sets the mood, Sikes takes readers on a room-by-room tour as she turns seating areas into theater and walls into gallery space. As the primary setting for display, living rooms highlight their owners' taste and values. Dining rooms can combine art and function with handcrafted tableware to heighten a sense of hospitality. The right art creates peace and calm in the inner sanctum of the bedroom.

Sikes concludes with guidance on how to locate art, determine its value, and preserve its condition. For example, fiber artworks need air circulation and occasional gentle vacuuming. Take care of art objects, and they will take care of us, Sikes says, noting that while we may think we are creating our living spaces, they are creating us as well.

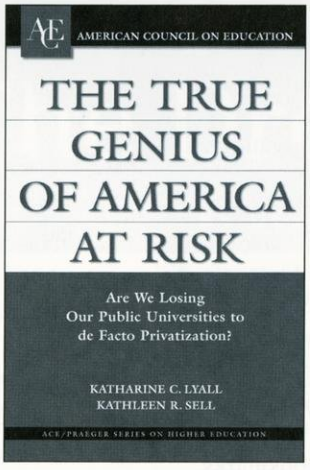
by Denise Thornton

Defending the Public Good

An ideological shift is reshaping America's public universities—and two UW System veterans issue a call to action.

Book review by Nancy L. Zimpher

As president of a major public research university, I see the impact of privatization at every turn. Whether it is food service or textbooks, health insurance or financial aid, privatization intimately affects the lives of every student, staff or faculty member, and visitor who sets foot on a public university campus. Many times, inviting other providers to work on our campus is beneficial, allowing us to instead focus our university attention on our overall academic mission, which, at the University of Cincinnati, is to "provide the highest quality learning environment, world-renowned scholarship, innovation and community service, and to serve as a place where freedom of intellectual interchange flourishes."



In other ways, however, trend lines toward privatization have become such an invasive part of public higher education that it threatens to crack the very foundation of a state university's mission. It is to this end that Katharine Lyall and Kathleen Sell's book, *The True Genius of America at Risk: Are We Losing Our Public Universities to de Facto Privatization?*, so eloquently and profoundly takes on the discussion of the impact of privatization on public higher education. [Note: Katharine Lyall is a former University of Wisconsin System president and Kathleen Sell its former chief budget officer.]

Many factors have contributed to this sea change in public higher education, but Lyall and Sell discuss two of particular import. The first involves the shifting of funding sources for public institutions, most notably the decrease in spending by state governments to institutions of public higher education. As a result, public colleges and universities have increased tuition and fees, or in other words, passed on to students and their parents, financial burdens that once were assumed through state support for higher education. In turn, substantial increases in tuition have led to a drastic increase in the proportion of students seeking some form of financial aid, with the majority of aid options coming from non-governmental, or private entities. Such a shift in financial burden has also decreased the accessibility of a higher education to students from lower socioeconomic groups, the very groups whose educational needs are at the core of public higher education's mission.

The second factor Lyall and Sell discuss takes on perhaps even greater importance than the funding issues facing public higher education: the ideological shift in our culture away from viewing education as a public good toward viewing education as a personal good. If we view education, and particularly higher education, primarily as a means by which an individual can gain a skill set that will allow that individual to earn a good living, then there is little impetus for Americans to support public education as a shared and common good. The result: a shift in public sentiment away from the historical view that better education for our citizenry increases the intellect of our society and has benefit for all. Lyall and Sell lament, and with good cause, that this is already becoming the case.

Author Katharine Lyall

There is much more to be praised about this work, particularly how Lyall and Sell explore the interrelationship of the two factors previously discussed, and how these factors influence the way public higher education administrators run colleges and universities (as a university president, I can tell you that a large share of my job deals with fundraising and making sure our fiscal responsibilities are met).

But the last element of this work that I would like to emphasize is Lyall and Sell's insistence on making this book more than an intellectual exercise, and instead present arguments that can easily aid in creating a forum for a serious policy debate. Indeed, there is a call to action of sorts aimed toward public higher education administra-

The True Genius of America at Risk: Are We Losing Our Public Universities to de Facto Privatization?
By Katharine Lyall and Kathleen Sell
Greenwood Publishing Group, 2005

tors to reexamine the mission of public higher education. Lyall and Sell feel that if we are to move away from the plurality upon which all of public education was founded and toward a more private, individualistic educational culture, then so be it, so long as we collectively decide to create this divergent view of a college education. Whatever the direction in which public higher education may go, educational leaders and American society at large cannot sit passively while the future happens to us, but instead must debate our options and then act accordingly toward the greater good. This most basic of concepts sits at the very heart of our American democracy, and Lyall and Sell do an excellent job of stressing the centrality of this foundation to the mission of public higher education.

Katharine Lyall and Kathleen Sell's *The True Genius of America at Risk: Are We Losing Our Public Universities to de Facto Privatization?* is an excellent work on a major issue facing public higher education. It is geared toward those within the profession, those served by the profession, and those charged to protect and extend the value of public education in our society. Surely the debate we wage on the purpose of higher education as a public good is of utmost interest to us all, as is this volume. Having enjoyed the great privilege of serving in the University of Wisconsin System, and knowing the academic integrity of both authors, I know this important public debate could not be in better hands.

Nancy L. Zimpher is the president of the University of Cincinnati. She served as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee from 1998 to 2003.

Note: Katharine Lyall is a Fellow of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters and a former Wisconsin Academy Council president.

A Bookmark Honor

Poetry springs from unmapped wells, yet Madison poet Heather Swan Rosenthal, winner of the Wisconsin Center for the Book's BookMark Poetry Contest, can point to the rough direction of its sources. "Being alive has always been kind of an intense experience for me," she says. "Even as a little girl I felt keenly the beauty and strangeness of the natural world, as well as the complexity of human experience, rife with both euphoria and suffering.

"As I got older," she continues, "I found great solace in poetry's ability to describe the ache and depth of everything. Then there were poems by Mary Oliver, Laurie Sheck, and Jane Hirschfield that just saved my life at different moments."

Her work has appeared in *Cream City Review, Iris, Mothering, Forward, Comstock Review,* and the *Wisconsin Poets Calendar.* Her chapbook, *The Edge of Damage*, is forthcoming from Parallel Press.

Rosenthal received her award and read her work at the recent Wisconsin Book Festival. Collectible bookmarks featuring her winning entry, "Interstice," will be distributed at state and national book festivals during the coming year. This spring, the BookMark Poetry Contest will again seek entries. The contest serves as a fundraiser for the Wisconsin Center for the Book, an affiliate of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters. More info at www.wisconsinacademy.org/book.

Interstice

Sometimes we are opened
without having known
of the closedness,

as now, in this breeze
full of crickets and frogs,
the scent of juniper,
the gibbous moon.

In this breeze
which unlocks
the most arcane gates.

And inside,
a lamp, a book of poems
a ripened peach.

by Heather Swan Rosenthal

Photo by Zane Williams

The Dreamkeeper

BY DEBORAH KADES

Gloria Ladson-Billings has become a national icon for her research on how children of color best flourish in the classroom. But rather than focus on the much-discussed "achievement gap," she points to an underlying "education debt"—a deeper, more profound, and more accurate explanation for racial disparities in school performance, she says.

WHEN SHE TALKS ABOUT THE ACHIEVEMENT GAP, UW–Madison education professor Gloria Ladson-Billings moves gracefully from straightforward statistics about the test-score gap between white and minority students to an incisive assessment of American society.

Forty years after starting out as a new teacher in a Philadelphia classroom, she has established herself as one of the leading voices on why African American students underperform academically and what we can do to rectify the problem.

While Ladson-Billings' work addresses the achievement gap—the fact that African American students score significantly lower on standardized tests than white students and graduate in smaller percentages—it goes beyond that.

Ladson-Billings has spent more than three decades trying to find and define the qualities that help teachers succeed with African American students. Along the way she's written seminal articles and books, including *The Dreamkeepers: Successful Teachers of African American*

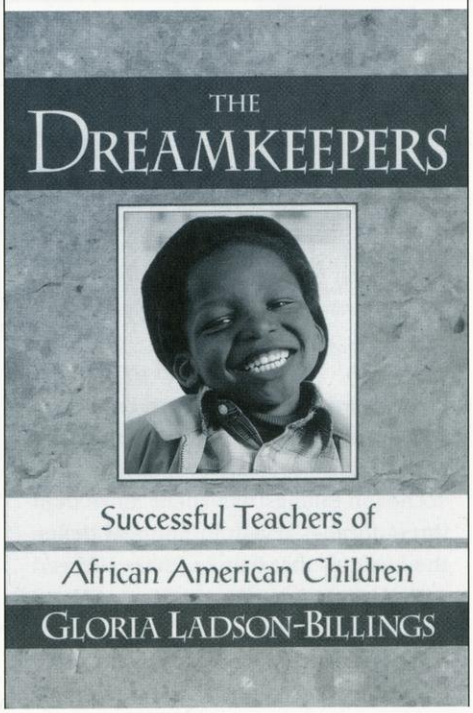
Children and *Crossing Over to Canaan: The Journey of New Teachers in Diverse Classrooms.* Currently she is writing a book about black intellectual W.E.B. Du Bois and education.

In the last few years, Ladson Billings, an African American herself, has extended her analysis and developed a critical framework that asks us to question the way we define success and failure.

Under either analysis, the stakes are high. The achievement gap is more than a statistic. It affects students' course selection, likelihood of attending college, and rate of college completion.

"What Gloria Ladson-Billings does goes beyond understanding teaching; she teaches teachers how to have an impact," says Hardin Coleman, a professor and an associate dean at UW–Madison's School of Education. "She has an approach to training, teaching, and speaking that is phenomenally motivating."

She has held and continues to hold a number of national positions, including a recent term as president of the American Educational Research Association. An outspoken advocate for children of color and their teachers, she readily jumps in where the fires are burning. Recently she helped develop "Teaching the Levees," a curriculum for Spike Lee's acclaimed HBO documentary, *When the Levees Broke: A Requiem in Four Acts*, about Hurricane Katrina and its aftermath.



Her influence goes far beyond the usual academic spheres, notes Alex Molnar, a professor of education policy at Arizona State University. "She's known as an engaged public intellectual. She's not only well regarded as an academic, she's well regarded in the nonacademic community," says Molnar. "She's somebody who takes scholarship to folks who aren't necessarily the usual audience for scholarship and talks about important academic ideas in a way that's accessible."

In her sunny office, stacks of papers, folders, and journals indicate a busy academic life. She looks at least 10 years younger than her actual age of 60. Her light-rimmed glasses, casual pageboy hairstyle, and simple hoop earrings convey a quiet confidence.

Ladson-Billings speaks with that calm authority that good teachers develop and uses concrete, straightforward language. Although she has developed a theoretical notion of "culturally relevant pedagogy," as she terms it for the academic audience, she can express it in a way that is easy to grasp: To improve student achievement, teachers need to understand their own culture and the cultures of their students, as well as see how the larger society affects each student's access to education.

RISING IN ACADEMIA

From the beginning, Ladson-Billings was concerned with seeing students as individuals and finding ways to effectively reach each one.

She traces her own understanding of ethnicity and race to the first job she held after earning her bachelor's degree at the historically black Morgan State University in Baltimore. Assigned to teach young adolescents in a K–8 school in her native Philadelphia, she found herself standing before a group that was mostly white and working class, along with some African American students who were bused in.

Over the course of that first year, Ladson-Billings learned that her students were not just "white" but had their roots in Italy, Ireland, and Poland and attended a variety of different churches. Many years later, she wrote that "any success I was to have in the school would be tied to my ability to develop a deeper understanding of the groups to which the children felt an affiliation."

While she was in Philadelphia, she did some work as a curriculum consultant and loved it. When the money for the position was cut, she found that she needed better credentials to continue curriculum work—so she headed off to graduate school.

She and her husband packed up and drove 3,000 miles across the continent. She earned her master's degree at the University of Washington in Seattle, where she also did some classroom teaching. But ultimately, the classroom is not what called out to her. "Once I was in graduate school, I was bitten by the research bug," she says.

Her next stop was Stanford University. Again she taught while earning her Ph.D. By this point, her focus had changed. While curriculum development drew her to graduate school, she then developed a stronger interest in pedagogy, the art of teaching.

"I used to think, fix the curriculum and you'll fix a lot," she says. But that didn't go far enough, she realized. "You can have a great curriculum, but if someone doesn't know how to teach it, it's not going to do you much good."

Ladson-Billings' promise showed up early. In 1989, while she was still at Stanford University, she won the prestigious Spencer Post-Doctoral Fellowship. In 1991, she came to UW–Madison, where she is the Kellner Family Chair of Urban Education in the departments of curriculum and instruction and educational policy studies.

Since her arrival she has built a solid reputation, including wide renown for her books on teachers who succeed with minority students. In both the aforementioned *Dreamkeepers* (1994) and *Crossing Over to Canaan* (2001), she writes engagingly about case studies

that tease out qualities that work in diverse schools.

She serves as a project director at the Wisconsin Center for Education Research, where she helped develop Teach for Diversity, a graduate program that prepared teachers for diverse settings.

The long list of her accomplishments and awards includes, besides her leadership with the American Educational Research Association, a 2006 UW System Outstanding Women of Color Award and a YWCA Women of Distinction Award. She is a member of the National Academy of Education and the board of directors of the National Society for the Study of Education. She has served on the editorial boards of *The Journal of Negro Education, Educational Policy, Theory & Research in Social Education* and *Urban Education.*

With a track record like that, it is no surprise that other prestigious institutions have tried to woo her away, including Harvard and Vanderbilt. Yet she stays put. A recent article in the *Wisconsin State Journal* cited Ladson-Billings as one of "four who stayed," a look at prominent UW–Madison professors who have resisted frequent attractive overtures.

"I like this job. There hasn't been a compelling reason for me to leave," she says.

Besides, she is firmly rooted here. She's an active member of Mount Zion Baptist Church—her cell phone calling tone belts out rousing gospel music—and became a deacon there last year. Faith helped her cope with a breast cancer diagnosis in the early '90s. Characteristically, this prompted her to help others through the Witness Project, a cancer awareness effort aimed at African American women.

No ivory tower academician, Ladson-Billings keeps a keen eye on the real world, and she's not afraid to jump into the fray, as when she responded to a recent *Wisconsin State Journal* story about white children who had been denied transfers out of their heavily minority schools in the Madison Metropolitan School District. (The district bars transfers that would disrupt a school's racial balance.) The story carried the headline, "You can't transfer, white kids told," which raised Ladson-Billings' ire.

The answer to the education debt is not going to be found in test scores. "The causes are systemic, and they reflect our values. Our values have deteriorated. We have lost what I call the 'public interest,'" she says.

She responded in a letter to the editor. The headline "could just as easily have been 'School district refuses to re-segregate' or 'School district complies with spirit of *Brown* decision,'" Ladson-Billings wrote. "Of course, that would not be nearly as provocative as the one designed to sell more papers and allow members of the white community to believe they have fewer privileges than families of color."

Her own daughter, she added, was denied a transfer in 1999. "I guess if she were white we could have had a feature story about it," she wrote.

As a devoted mother, she has experienced schools firsthand. While carving out her career, Ladson-Billings and her husband raised four children. Her three sons grew up in California, where they now have families of their own.

Her youngest, a daughter now in her early 20s, encountered some racism in Madison schools. As a high achiever, she regularly earned places in honors and advanced classes. But all too often, a white teacher would peer at her and ask, "Are you sure you are in the right class?" Ladson-Billings recalls. It wasn't a question that was directed at her white classmates.

THE CULTURE-CENTRIC CLASSROOM

"We say we presume that all kids can learn," says Ladson-Billings. "We say it but we don't believe it. It is not universally accepted."

And here we get to the essence of Ladson-Billings' work. *Dreamkeepers* details ways in which teachers effectively promote achievement in their classrooms. The book is emphatically not a how-to volume with handy tips. Teaching is complex, and that understanding is reflected in *Dreamkeepers,* which looks at how these teachers work with students, families, and the larger community to breed success.

Dreamkeepers identifies "culturally relevant teaching" as teaching that legitimizes students' real-life experiences and integrates them into the curriculum; helps all students become classroom leaders; and builds on each student's competence. The focus is on instruction and on teachers knowing their students well. Students will fare best, Ladson-Billings writes, when they feel included in the instruction and in a classroom that is built as a community.

Her book paints vivid pictures of teachers who create classrooms that are sensitive to the culture of African American students. One teacher uses rap lyrics to close the gap between

standard and black English; another develops a telephone calling tree with parents; one takes her entire classroom on a fall camping trip to build a sense of community; and they all use group learning that fosters the idea of helping everyone succeed rather than working only for oneself.

Ladson-Billings' work hinges on a deep belief that culture is important, and that teachers must be cognizant of their own culture before they can understand the cultures they encounter in the classroom. Teachers can succeed with children of color only when they value their students' culture and use their knowledge of it to draw students into the curriculum.

"She helps teachers of all backgrounds understand what they need to know to help kids. What she really contributes is an understanding of how teaching style affects students and how teachers can make that style work for their students," says UW–Madison associate dean Hardin Coleman.

ACHIEVEMENT GAP VERSUS EDUCATION DEBT

The much-discussed achievement gap "has become a crossover hit," Ladson-Billings wryly noted in her 2006 presidential address before the American Educational Research Association. Plug the term into Google, she says, and you'll pull up more than 11 million citations. It has become a handy catchphrase that describes a host of achievement disparities and is used by educators, social scientists, journalists, parents, policy wonks, and politicians across the spectrum.

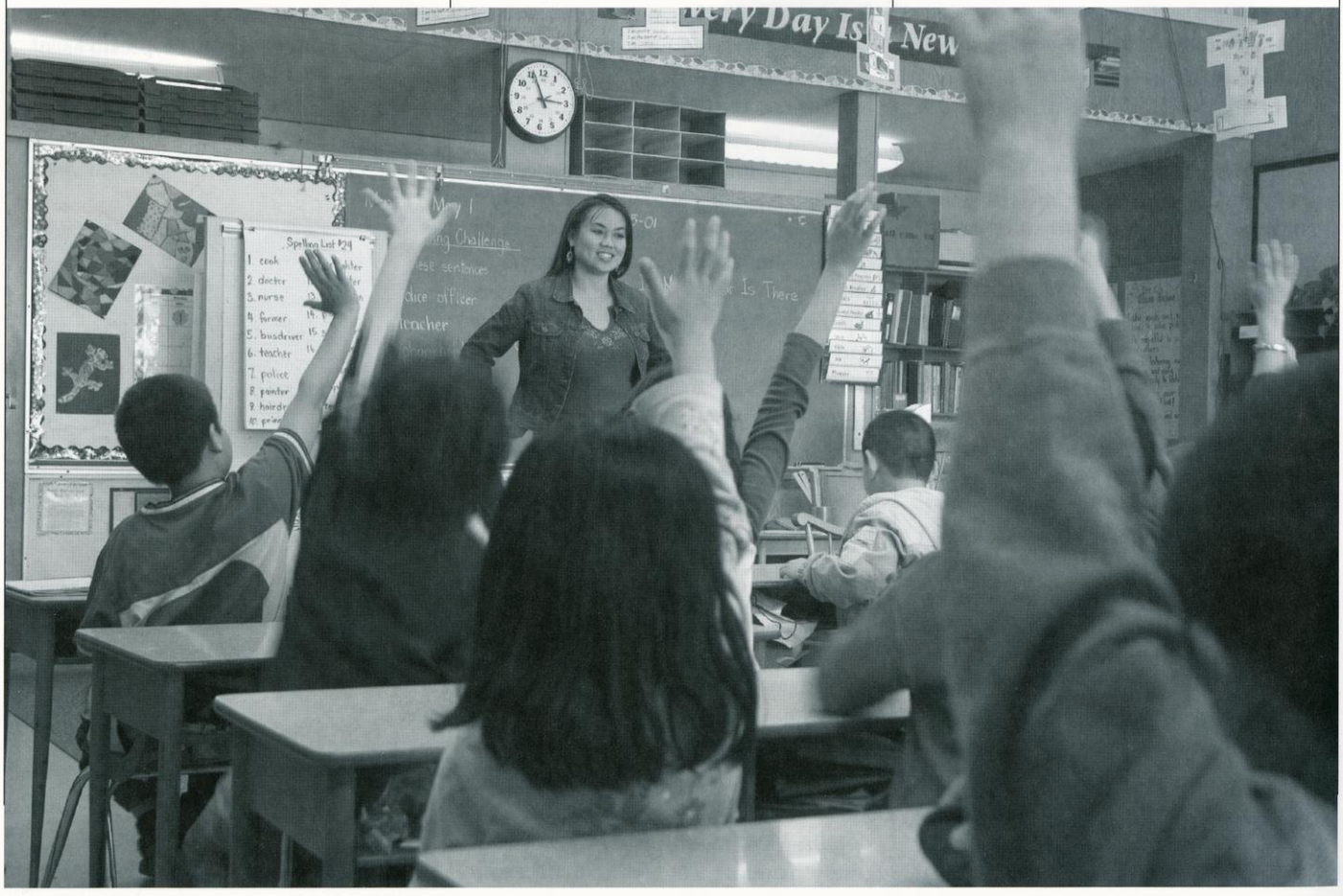
The most recent reading scores from the National Assessment of Education Progress (NAEP) show that in the United States, on average, black students score 27 points lower than white students in fourth grade reading and 26 points lower in eighth grade. Wisconsin, sadly, has the highest gap in the nation—38 points in fourth grade and 39 in eighth grade.

And it's no prettier in math. Nationally, white fourth-graders score 26 points higher than their black counterparts, and that gap grows to 31 points in eighth grade. Wisconsin again leads the nation in its white-black gap, with whites holding a 35-point lead in fourth grade and a whopping 49-point lead in eighth grade.

These numbers are tragic indicators of lost opportunities in life, affecting everything from the education level such students are likely to attain to income level, homeownership, stable personal relationships, and access to good health care throughout a lifetime.

But the statistics fail to explain the gap or why it is so persistent. To better illustrate the problem, Ladson-Billings draws an analogy with the national debt. What we're dealing with in this country, she says, is an education debt.

Pointing to the federal budget, Ladson-Billings says that in most years there is a deficit, a gap between what the government can afford to spend and



what is actually spent. That gap shrinks or expands from year to year. But apart from the budget we have a national debt alongside it. Even if the government balances an annual budget, the accumulated national debt may grow—and it's not easy to pay off.

Similarly, she says, there is a measurable achievement gap that she likens to a budget deficit. We see it in test scores and graduation rates. But underlying those annual numbers is an education debt accumulated over centuries of American life in which African Americans have been denied equal access to education, wealth, and political power.

Factors that contribute to the debt include the following:

- Secondary education has not always been available to all Americans; it was first required by law in 1968;
- Schools have never been funded equally in all places;
- University access has not been equal for all;
- Full desegregation has never been achieved in our schools; and
- The political process has not been fully equal for all Americans.

In fact, the term "gap" is inaccurate, Ladson-Billings says: "It suggests that people can catch up." But the education debt is complex and so far, we have not succeeded in paying it off.

"The income and wealth disparity is greater than ever," says Ladson-Billings. It starts in innocent ways, such as how people get their first job. In surveys about how they got their first job, blacks are likely to describe filling out applications at fast-food restaurants or combing newspaper classified ads, she reports. Whites are likely to report working in the family business or getting a job through a neighbor.

The answer to the education debt is not going to be found in test scores because the factors are too deeply rooted. "The causes are systemic, and they reflect our values. Our values have deteriorated. We have lost what I call the 'public interest,'" she says.

Public has become a dirty word, Ladson-Billings says: "It's become a pejorative in my time." In the 1960s and '70s, she recalls, public services in housing, transportation, health care, and schools were "safe, dependable and reliable."

We all need to pitch in if we are ever to pay off the education debt, she says. "My big thing is to change the discourse," Ladson-Billings explains.

Public services are no longer viewed as the answer to equity issues, and this shift in thinking has a moral dimension.

"We have whole segments of the society that are not faring well, and we don't care," Ladson-Billings says. "We say we feel bad, but we don't do anything about it."

PAYING OFF THE DEBT

We all need to pitch in if we are ever to pay off the education debt, she says. "My big thing is to change the discourse," Ladson-Billings explains.

She points out that she is only four generations from slavery and three from sharecropping. We need to take a longer-term view and realize that it will take more than a few laws to close the gap, she says.

"We have to think differently about education. Every school doesn't have to come from the same cookie cutter," she says, urging people to advocate for a variety of school models. "I think we're imaginative enough to come up with really good ideas."

She reminds us that we know some things that work: wraparound services to comprehensively meet student and family needs, smaller classes, and lots of adult support.

Local control of education makes schools some of the most democratic institutions we have, and that means each one of us can play a role.

"Education is our responsibility as citizens. It doesn't happen because you have a good-hearted legislator. It happens because people take responsibility," she says. For starters, she urges people to send a letter to an elected official.

That citizen action may be more important now than ever.

The historic 1954 decision in *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*, which outlawed separate-but-equal schools, was revisited in June 2007, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that race could not be used as a factor in placing students in public schools. A slim majority held that integration plans in Seattle and Louisville violate the Constitutional guarantee of equal protection.

We won't know exactly what the decision means until someone challenges it in court, and Ladson-Billings isn't holding her breath. "School districts will not risk litigation by using race. School districts are poor. They can't afford lawsuits."

Moreover, the trend away from desegregation was clear even before the Supreme Court issued its decision. "We've already entered a period of re-segregation. The number of places where you could integrate has actually decreased," Ladson-Billings notes.

One factor fueling the move away from racial integration is the fact that people are opting out of public school systems. Ladson-Billings points to San Francisco, where less than 10 percent of the public school students are white even though the city is about 50 percent white.

How will resegregation affect children of color? The issues have not changed since *Brown* was argued in 1954, says Ladson-Billings. "They will think of themselves as not worthy, not entitled, as second-class citizens," she says.

But Ladson-Billings isn't dwelling on the negative.

Too often, African American students are viewed from a deficit model that focuses on poverty and other problems. This vantage point misses the mark.

"Who built the 100-plus historically black colleges and universities? Who took the moral and ethical responsibility for championing civil rights in the nation?" Ladson-Billings asks.

"My work focuses on what we can learn from African American excellence," she says. "How is it, despite the major challenges African Americans face, we still persist and overcome? That's the real question." ✺

Deborah Kades is a public school teacher and writer in Madison. She is the author of ***Seeking the Naked Face of Hatred: How the Press Reported and Distorted the Crisis at Little Rock,*** *forthcoming from Louisiana State University Press this year.*

Hear Ladson-Billings

Professor Gloria Ladson-Billings gives an Academy Evening presentation on Tuesday, March 11, 7 p.m. at the Madison Museum of Contemporary Art lecture hall in Overture. Admission is free ($3 suggested donation), seating is first come, first served (no tickets). More information at www.wisconsinacademy.org

Remembrance and Celebration

BY LAURA BARNARD

A new museum dedicated to the history and culture of Milwaukee's vibrant Jewish community opens this spring.

The Yiddisch Folk's Schule photo above, taken in 1916, includes Golda Meir on the far right.

All photos courtesy Jewish Museum Milwaukee

"YOU CAME TO AMERICA ON THURSDAY, on Monday you were knocking on doors, selling socks and underwear."

—Marty Stein, late Milwaukee Jewish philanthropist

For the early Jewish immigrants, Milwaukee was a frontier destination. It was far removed from the familiar points of entry and lay on the outskirts of what any of them thought of as the civilized United States.

And indeed, when Jews began arriving in Milwaukee in the 1840s, they were getting in on the ground floor. That was the decade when the City of Milwaukee was incorporated and Wisconsin achieved statehood. Much of the city had yet to be built, and there was room for the newcomers to have a profound influence on how Milwaukee grew and expanded. Jewish Milwaukeeans shaped their new city and contributed to its institutions, growing into a community that now encompasses some 24,000 in greater Milwaukee.

But until now their story has not been told—at least not in a comprehensive way that would piece together their narrative and make it come alive with

photographs, artwork, the documents of their time, and the artifacts of their lives. For that you need a museum—and now Milwaukee will have one.

The Jewish Museum Milwaukee opens its doors in spring 2008. Its mission is to preserve, present, and celebrate the history, heritage, and culture of the Jewish people in southeastern Wisconsin. The museum found a home in a remarkably appropriate setting—the 30-year-old Helfaer Community Service Building on Prospect Avenue. Designed by Edward Durrell Stone, architect of the Kennedy Center for the Arts, the 30,000-square-foot Helfaer Building has clean lines and a spectacular lake view. Locating the museum there underscores the Jewish community's commitment to downtown Milwaukee.

And, almost prophetically, inside the Helfaer hung a one-of-a-kind, 14-by-19-foot tapestry designed by Marc Chagall specifically for that building's atrium (see back cover of this magazine). The tapestry, which now serves as the major artifact of the Jewish Museum Milwaukee, tells the story of the Jews through several major symbols explained by Chagall himself. The prophet Jeremiah tells the history of the Jews. A red bird sings joyfully, but its red color alludes to years of suffering. The woman stands for the brave women of the Bible and Jewish history, especially Golda Meir, a Milwaukee woman who went on to become prime minister of Israel. A blue bird symbolizes hope, truth, good fortune, and the new Israel. And the moon permits us to dream of a better future.

HOUSE OF STORIES

Those themes are reiterated time and time again in the stories of Milwaukee's Jews. The Jewish people arrived in waves, most of the time fleeing malevolent forces in their homelands. By 1856, there were more than 200 Jewish Milwaukeeans, mostly of German descent. Their community grew and prospered, attracting more Jews from around the world—Milwaukee was no longer a secret.

A second, larger wave of immigration, this time from Eastern Europe, followed at the end of the 19th century as Jews fled new, harsher restrictions in Eastern Europe and pogroms in Russia. Museum visitors learn about the New York-based "Industrial Removal Office," which by the 1920s had helped some 79,000 Jewish immigrants relocate, including about 2,300 who came to Milwaukee. The early settlement of Jews in Milwaukee, the development of Jewish neighborhoods on Milwaukee's East and West sides, and the growth of the first congregations and synagogues all are documented.

Later waves followed in the 1930s and '40s, leading up to and in the aftermath of the Holocaust. As discrimination against Jews continued in the Soviet Union, several thousand Russian families resettled in Milwaukee between 1969 and 2001. These Jews left behind economic hardship, danger, and persecution to seek freedom, opportunity, and hope in the United States. They came to Milwaukee by ship, by rail, and, later, by plane.

The museum's stories of individual Jews who found a welcoming home in Milwaukee make these mass movements come alive.

There's Sam Kamesar, born Shimen Komissarczyk, who fled persecution in Russia to sail to Galveston, Texas, in 1911. He made his way to Milwaukee and sent for his fiancée, Rose Katzman, two years later. A museum photograph shows a dinner given for the prosperous Kamesars in 1933, when they were about to set off to tour Europe and visit their former home. Local Jews had raised money for them to bring to the Jews of Kalinkovitch—but Soviet officials confiscated the money from the Kamesars on their arrival.

Lizzie Kander was born in Milwaukee to a family of early Jewish arrivals in 1858. Kander committed her life to helping poor children of Milwaukee access basic hygiene and life skills through the Milwaukee Jewish Mission. Kander is best known for publication of *The Settlement Cook Book: The Way to a Man's Heart.* The book has gone through 40 editions, sold more than 2 million copies, and is the most profitable charity cookbook ever published.

Educator Harry Garfinkel from 1914 until his death in 1964 gave life through his progressive teaching methods to the Hebrew lessons that complemented

Golda Meir visiting Milwaukee in 1969 shortly after becoming Israel's fourth prime minister. She is shown here with Yitzhak Rabin behind her on the left. Also pictured, left to right, are Milwaukee leaders Albert Adelman, Melvin Zaret, William Feldstein, and (far right) Mayor Henry Maier.

public school learning. For many Jews, education leads down two paths: the first toward memory, tradition, and faith, and the second toward achievement, independence, and security in the broader society. A people pushed from one continent to the next must always learn new ways, new skills, and new languages to survive.

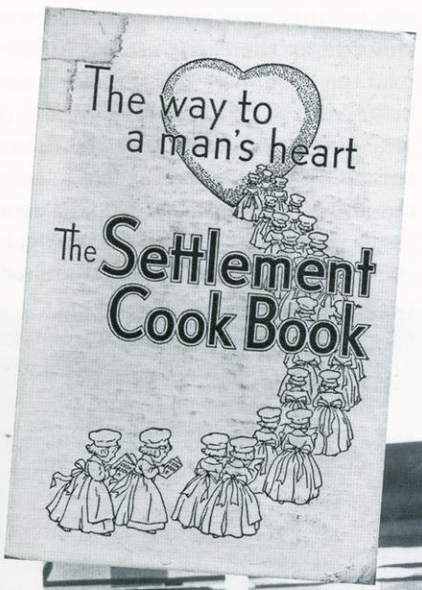
New immigrants had to focus on earning a living. As the beloved late philanthropist Marty Stein, who made his fortune with pharmacies and optical stores, put it, "You came to America on Thursday, on Monday you were knocking on doors, selling socks and underwear." The museum tells the stories of those involved in the clothing trade, including Abraham Goldmann, Adam Gimbel, and Florence Eiseman, who is remembered with an example of her famous appliquéd children's dresses. There are also grocers, jewelers, butchers, tailors, and entrepreneurs.

And then there's the story of Henri's salad dressing. Helen Brachman and Henrietta Mahler made a batch of French salad dressing on a basement ping-pong table in 1935 to raise money for the Jewish Welfare Fund, the forerunner of the Milwaukee Jewish Federation. From that first batch, a successful and widely distributed product was born.

HORROR COMES HOME

The Holocaust narrative is made chilling and personal through the telling of Milwaukee-related stories. Documents illustrate anti-Semitism in Wisconsin in the 1930s, including the formation of the "Milwaukee Bund," a local pro-Nazi group. Stories are told of Jews systematically stripped of their rights as the darkness gathered in Europe, and of Milwaukeeans who fled Germany as unaccompanied children in the Kindertransport of 1938, never to see their parents again.

There are daring stories of escape, survival, and eventual immigration to Milwaukee, documented by ghetto



Below, Helen Brachman and Henrietta Mahler with their highly successful Henri's salad dressing. The first batch was made in 1935 as a fundraiser for the Jewish Welfare Fund. Right, Lizzie Kander's charitable cookbook is the most profitable ever sold.

money and concentration camp release papers. Eva Zaret, age seven at the start of war, survived, along with a Torah cover she stitched from the yellow Star of David she was forced to wear. Mikhail Becker hid in a field and survived on raw potatoes and the help of local farmers. At age 12, Jack Dygola hid with a Christian family and later located his mother in Milwaukee in 1950.

But many did not survive, and their stories are here, too. Paul Strnad and his wife were trapped in Czechoslovakia as the Nazis closed in. We read the haunting letter that he wrote in December 1939, asking for help obtaining documents to enable their escape. Hoping that his wife's talents as a dress designer might help, he sent along a sampling of her sketches, which show stunning designs perfectly suited for social events of the 1940s. The effort failed. Paul Strnad perished at Treblinka and his wife in Warsaw.

BIRTH OF THE JEWISH STATE

The birth of the Jewish State of Israel in 1948 brought to reality the centuries-long hope of Zionism. Always supportive of Zionism, by 1921 Milwaukee had 23 registered Zionist organizations.

Milwaukee's most famous connection with the developing State of Israel was linked to one woman. Eight-year-old Goldie Mabowehz arrived in Milwaukee from Russia in 1906. After graduating from North Division High School, she joined a local Zionist group and rose quickly through its ranks. Local Labor Zionist leader Louis Perchonok wrote: "Even then her innate talent had begun to reveal itself—free of stage-fright, courageous and possessing a reservoir of energy." At age 21 she married and moved to Palestine, where she helped form the Labor Party and later signed Israel's Proclamation of Independence. In 1969 Golda Meir became Israel's fourth prime minister.

BIRTH OF THE MUSEUM

As these stories make clear, the history of Jewish Milwaukee is remarkable both in its uniqueness to that city and in bearing the hallmarks of the broader American Jewish story. It

The Kamesar family at a send-off dinner in 1933. Milwaukee Jews had raised money for the Kamesars to bring to Jews in their Russian homeland, but it was taken by Soviet officials.

begins with the essential Jewish idea of community: at the most basic level, group prayer requires a quorum of 10, a *minyan*. Individuals are interdependent, responsible for one another and obligated to take care of one another. Community is further defined by institutions such as synagogues, schools, and cemeteries.

And community is where the museum got started. In the 1980s Milwaukee's Jewish community began to seriously consider how to document its journey and preserve it for later generations. The Women's Division of the Milwaukee Jewish Federation formed an Archives/Roots Committee, and a group of exceptionally committed volunteers began collecting and archiving photographs and artifacts. Judy Guten, Women's Division president at that time, was a major force behind the initiative, which was staffed by Kathie Bernstein. Bernstein would later become the museum's executive director.

"The Jewish community in Milwaukee was over a century old by the 1980s, and we were becoming aware of the passage of time and the ephemeral nature of both memory and things. The urge to protect and preserve our history as a source of knowledge and pride for our children was very compelling," Guten recalls.

In addition, the civil rights movement of the 1960s and 1970s had forced Americans to become more aware of the need for tolerance and understanding between peoples of different cultures and religious beliefs. It was clear that the story of the Jewish community had much to offer in terms of teaching respect for diversity and the consequences of intolerance.

In the 1990s, Jewish Milwaukee's sesquicentennial celebration provided an impetus to step up the collecting, archiving, and exhibiting. The community began to explore a permanent location for the archives and artifacts. At the end of 1997, the Archives Committee became the Milwaukee Jewish Historical Society, and Marianne Lubar was appointed president.

"The urge to protect and preserve our history as a source of knowledge and pride for our children was very compelling," says Judy Guten, one of the museum's early proponents.

"From the beginning, this work was a personal passion for me," says Lubar. "I believe in the power of shared cultural experiences, of public art and learning: these are the things that elevate and define civilizations and societies, creating empathy and understanding."

Supported by Lubar's commitment, the work of archiving moved to the next level. Jay Hyland was hired as professional archivist. Project organizers began to focus on budgets and buildings.

In the first months of the new millennium, the Milwaukee Jewish Federation was preparing to launch a capital campaign to fund improvements to buildings that housed services essential to the Jewish community. The federation's executive committee approved an initial budget for the museum as well as the inclusion of the museum in the Community Capital Campaign. And one of that campaign's priorities was the renovation of the Helfaer Community Service Building, which proponents realized would be a most appropriate space for the museum.

Museum organizers hired Gallagher and Associates of Bethesda, Maryland, to design the museum and create the displays. Dr. Jane Avner of Milwaukee signed on as historian and content developer.

"The process was highly collaborative," says museum executive director Kathie Bernstein. "The Gallagher staff designed the Maltz Jewish Museum in Cleveland, in addition to the Freedom Museum in Chicago and the Spy Museum in Washington, D.C. They brought valuable experience, but at the same time they listened to us and understood what was unique and special about Milwaukee's Jewish community."

The Jewish Museum Milwaukee's home in the renovated Helfaer Community Service Building on Prospect Avenue.

The Jewish Museum Milwaukee is designed to present answers to a series of questions:

- Who are the Jews? What do Jews believe?
- Where did American Jews come from?
- Why did Jews come to Milwaukee?
- How did Milwaukee Jews earn a living?
- How many Jews are there in the world? In the United States? In Milwaukee?
- How is the Jewish community organized?
- How have Jews contributed to Milwaukee and America?
- What are the consequences of hatred and intolerance?
- What is the Milwaukee Jewish community's relationship to Israel?

"The museum is interactive, with audio, video, exhibits, letters, photographs, maps, artifacts, and an opportunity for visitors to videotape their own personal reactions," notes museum educator Ellie Gettinger. "The emphasis is on making a personal, emotional connection with every visitor."

All of these qualities make the museum a valuable community resource. "The museum is an educational tool with tremendous potential," says museum historian Jane Avner. The timeline that surrounds the exhibition areas, for example, frames the Milwaukee Jewish story in the larger local, national, and international context. "We tried very hard to make every visitor, young or old, Jewish or not, see how he or she could fit into this narrative," Avner says.

The Jewish Museum Milwaukee approaches visitors with an array of educational techniques aiming to address diverse learning styles so that self-guided touring is convenient and productive. This is complemented by a comprehensive docent program powered by 40 volunteers who have committed to an in-depth six-month education program. The docents guide visitors, answer questions, and enrich the museum experience for individuals, school groups, and adult groups.

A portrait of Lizzie Black Kander, author of *The Settlement Cook Book.* The painting was done by John Doctoroff in 1931.

Since 1986, hundreds of scholars and researchers have made use of the archives that form the foundation of the Jewish Museum Milwaukee. "Access to our archives will continue to contribute to research and enrich the worldwide academic community," says Jay Hyland, the museum's archivist since 2004.

In addition, the museum will offer lectures, seminars, and films on topics related to Jewish history and culture.

"Our goal is to engage people at all levels, from ages nine to 90, using a variety of media," says Bernstein. "It is our very great privilege to share the Milwaukee Jewish experience with our own Jewish community, with the broader Milwaukee community, and with people from across Wisconsin and the nation." ✹

Laura Barnard holds a Ph.D. in Classical Greek and Latin literature and has published numerous articles and two books. She is the marketing and communications director at the Milwaukee Jewish Federation. Previously, she served as a marketing director at Wheaton Franciscan Healthcare.

OPENING SOON

Jewish Museum Milwaukee

1360 N. Prospect Avenue
Milwaukee, WI 53202-3094
414/390-5730
www.jewishmuseummilwaukee.org

Museum Hours

Monday through Thursday: 10–4
Friday: 10–2
Sunday: Noon–4
Closed Saturdays and for Jewish holidays.

Docent tours will be available.

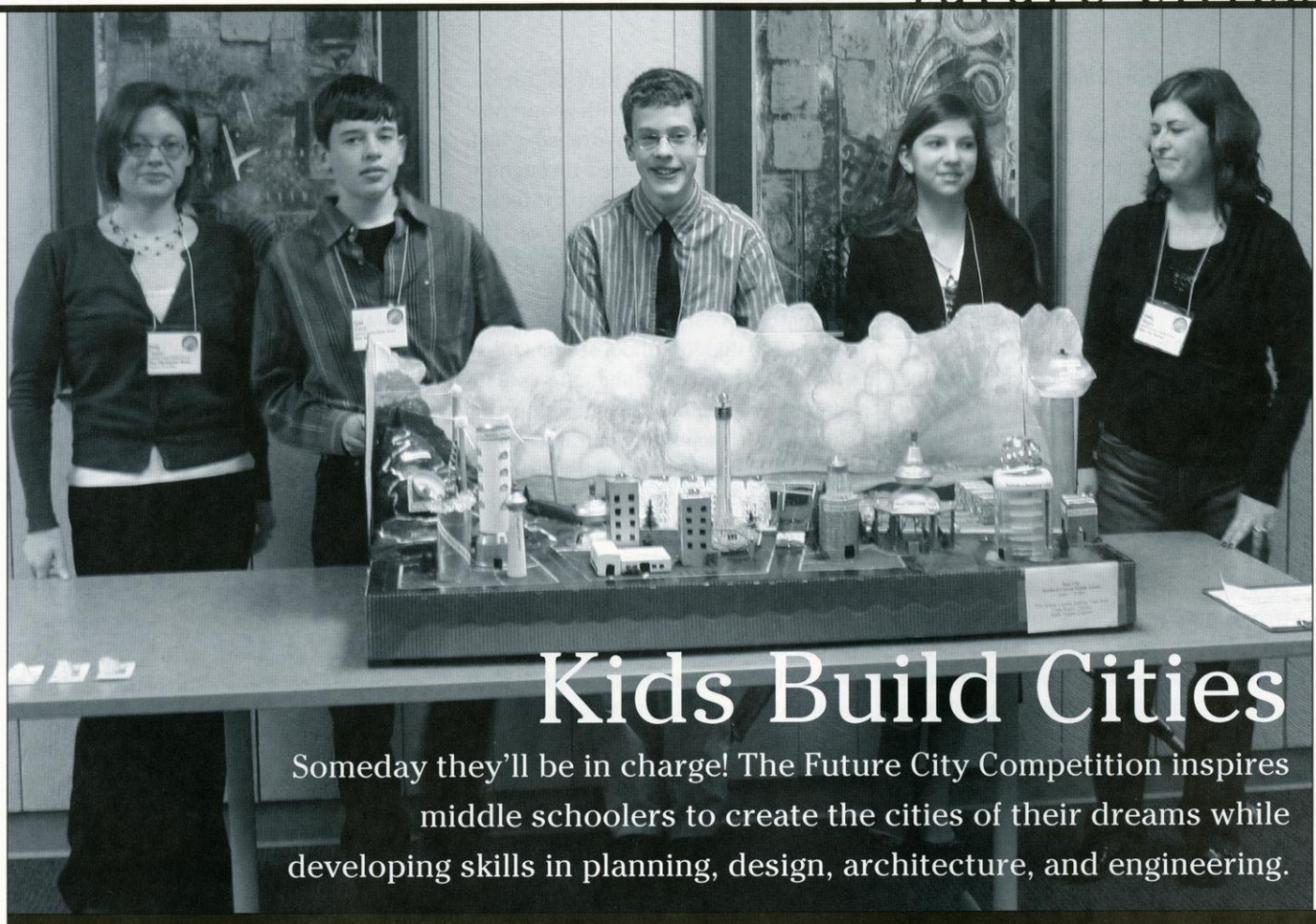
The Jewish Museum Milwaukee may be reserved and rented for special events. Contact the museum at 414/390-5730.

Admission Prices

Adults: $6
Seniors: $5
Students and children 6 and older: $3
Children under 6: Free
Families: $15
Group rates available. Museum members admitted free of charge.

To Learn More

To learn more about the Jewish Museum Milwaukee, about membership, or about volunteer or giving opportunities, please call 414/390-5730 or visit us on the web at www.jewishmuseummilwaukee.org. The Jewish Museum Milwaukee is a designated 501 (c) (3) nonprofit and accepts donations from individuals.



Kids Build Cities

Someday they'll be in charge! The Future City Competition inspires middle schoolers to create the cities of their dreams while developing skills in planning, design, architecture, and engineering.

BY NATE GRIMM

Students from Central Middle School in Hartford pose with a model of "Rocc City." The name refers to their city's most prominent natural geological feature—and also is an acronym for "Recycling our Community's Clutter."

Pictured here, left to right, is engineer Emily Taugher, students Tyler Schulz, Christopher Wald, and Caroline Sullivan, and teacher Cindy Rogers.

A CHINESE PROVERB SAYS, "Dig the well before you are thirsty." Engineers all over Wisconsin attempt to do just that: solve problems before they happen.

When it comes to urban development, engineers attempt to predict ways of building cities with foresight so they can last for years to come.

Advance planning applies to their profession as well. And over the past 15 years, some of these engineers have been collaborating with middle school students in Wisconsin in a program called National Engineers Week Future City Competition to find ways to prepare for the challenges of tomorrow.

After a semester spent with engineers discussing such issues as energy and land use, feasibility plans, and power distribution, students get pretty good at figuring out how to build a city primed for the future. Read this excerpt from one of last year's essays about a future city named "Him-Gwa-Bu"—the City of Dreams—which had to include a focus on fuel cells:

"Him-Gwa-Bu's residential and commercial zones are powered by PEM fuel cells. Each residential and commercial building has a fuel cell stack. The PEM fuel cells require hydrogen and oxygen, which the citizens purchase. The industrial zones run on solar power, which is collected by panels that continually shift to get as many of the sun's rays as possible. If there is ever a power emergency in the commercial or residential zones, solar energy is sent to

the individual buildings through buried power lines."

Him-Gwa-Bu was the vision of an eighth-grade team from St. Alphonsus School in Greendale. Team members Jeremy Mendoza, Zachary Ramion, and David Reichert were mentored by Timothy Duffy of Rockwell Automation.

Another St. Alphonsus team, mentored by Nick Jungers of S.C. Johnson, won first place at the 2007 regional in Milwaukee and went on to compete at nationals in Washington, D.C. Their city, Le Plaisir du Citoyen, had even more intricate qualities.

"Unique to our city is a shuttle system with technologically advanced vehicles equipped with powerful repelling electromagnets to balance the lightweight trains on a cushion of air. The shuttles travel in vacuum tunnels that eliminate friction and improve efficiency." Team members Matthew Jungers, Blake Marmie, and Matthew Schulteis didn't stop there. They also wrote about renewable energy in Le Plaisir du Citoyen. "The city's renewable energy system provides much of the city's energy needs. City sewage is converted into methane in anaerobic digesters. The methane is reacted with geothermal steam to produce pure hydrogen, which supplies fuel cells located throughout the city. The city's energy system is so efficient and non-polluting that it has been copied widely throughout the world."

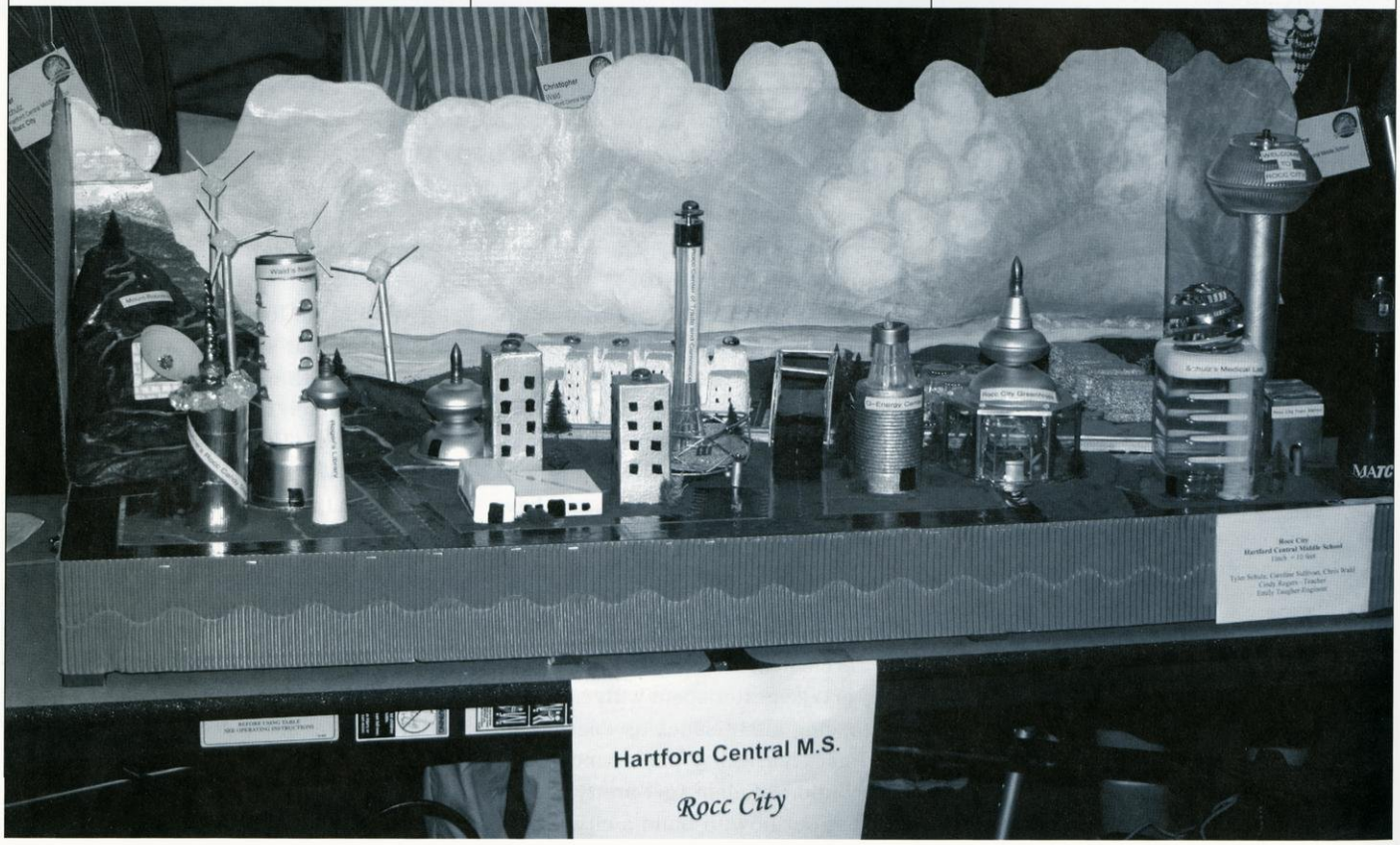
Creative? Yes. Technically sophisticated for a middle school student? Yes. This creativity and technical sophistication have become the status quo for Future City Competition entrants.

"What impresses me each year is the creativity of the students. They think of things that I would never dream of. They're completely open-minded and free-thinking," says Terese Dressel, a past Future City judge and coordinator at the regional level and a member of the civil engineering technology department at Milwaukee Area Technical College.

A PROGRAM THAT BEARS FRUIT

The National Engineers Week Future City Competition is a program for seventh- and eighth-grade students intended to allow hands-on experience in engineering. According to Don Lehr, the program's national media consultant, the regional competition was launched in five cities in 1993. Milwaukee started hosting a regional in 1994 when Rockwell International was the corporate chair of National Engineering Week. By 1998, the Future City Competition had expanded to 12 regions nationwide. By 2007, 38 regions were holding a competition. Winning teams at the regional level receive an all-expenses-paid trip to the national competition in Washington, D.C.

Competitions of this nature require the teamwork of engineers on the local



Rocc City won an award for "Most Exemplary Model." The city uses renewable resources to fuel residents' everyday lives, which should relieve it from competing worldwide for dwindling fossil fuel supplies, the students say. Methane from decomposing garbage is used as fuel for a solid oxide fuel cell. Other priorities the students sought to provide for: "green-built" homes, clean, affordable transportation, low crime, and high-quality schools.

and national levels. On the national level, the chairs of National Engineers Week have included professional engineering societies in various specialties (chemical, civil, manufacturing) and such corporations as 3M, Chevron, and Motorola.

On the regional level in Wisconsin, engineers from Rockwell Automation, Magnetek, S.C. Johnson, GE Healthcare, GeoTrans, Terracon (UW–Platteville), Edward E. Gillen Co., Capitol Underground, CH2Hill, the Wisconsin Department of Transportation, We Energies, Kimberly Clark, the Milwaukee School of Engineering, and Milwaukee Area Technical College are just some of the many corporations and institutions lending a hand.

For the leaders involved, the Future City project provides great practice for future success. "Engaging with a mentor from the field and working as a team are an experience that will benefit those participating for years to come, no matter what profession they choose," says Kimberly Gleffe, Milwaukee's regional director of the event from 1994 to 2001 and current executive director of the River Revitalization Foundation.

Says Carla Meyers, executive director of Engineers and Scientists of Milwaukee, Inc., who has served as regional director for the past three years, "It really is a great way for students to gain hands-on experience for what they may do in the classroom as well as after school. It helps those looking to get into engineering in college. The overall benefit is that it promotes careers in science, technology, engineering, and math."

For others, it goes beyond preparing for a career in "STEM" subjects, as science, technology, engineering, and math often are called. "The value of the project, to me, is that it applies to so many careers," says Jeannette Van Hecke, a teacher at St. Mary's Parish School in Hales Corners. Van Hecke has successfully led Future City teams since 1995. "It helps students understand the practical applications of math and science principles. It motivates students through the use of the computer. It demands that students refine their writing skills while at the same time encouraging art and creativity. This project promotes teamwork, public speaking, self-discipline, and self-motivation. It's the epitome of a cross-curricular project."

"It really is a great way for students to gain hands-on experience for what they may do in the classroom as well as after school," says Carla Meyers, head of Engineers and Scientists of Milwaukee, Inc.

Gleffe, Meyer, and Van Hecke are all correct in their assessments if you look at alumni surveys conducted by Don Lehr. Of the 10 Wisconsin alumni who years after participating responded to his national survey, six were doing undergraduate work in a STEM field. The other four were majoring in pre-law, print journalism, or business communications. Sheena Wiesner, a Future City participant from St. Mary's Parish School in 1996, said in her 2001 survey: "The Future City Competition introduced me to engineering. It provided a potential form to what at the time was an amorphous interest in math and science." Wiesner graduated from Duke University in 2005 with a degree in mechanical engineering and materials science before moving on to Harvard Law School.

Katrina Carlson, a 1998 participant from East Troy Middle School, listed her major as environmental biology in her 2003 survey. "The Future City Competition definitely forced me to improve my imagination and problem-solving skills, which are valuable in any field," noted Carlson. "I have an interest in doing fieldwork and environmental impact statements for large corporations looking to build." Almost all respondents mentioned how the project helped them realize the importance of communication and teamwork, two skills they were using in college.

Mary Kay Peters has incorporated the Future City project in her classroom

Students from the Milwaukee Academy of Science working on a city called "Corona Borealis." A theme that year (2004) was to create a city that used plastics to meet the needs of senior citizens.

for the last 10 years at St. Alphonsus, long enough to see its effects on alumni. "One hundred percent of our school's Future City alumni have gone on to college or are in high school college prep classes. Two are professional engineers and at least five are engineering majors in college. Several more are science majors." Peters, along with fellow teacher Barbara Haushalter, helped guide the teams that won first place the last two years at the Wisconsin regional.

STEP BY STEP

The project organization starts at the national level. Co-chairs of National Engineers Week are named in May. Carol Rieg, the national director, and her committees pick an essay theme each year that is announced over the summer. Competition guidelines and handbooks are made available at www.futurecity.org so that students and teachers can hit the ground running when school resumes in fall. By September, students are involved with mentors and teachers and the city planning for them begins.

The first phase of the project is the computer simulation. Students design a city using SimCity 3000 software, donated to each participating school by Electronic Arts, Inc. Their design displays residential, commercial, and industrial areas, power plants, roads, and power distribution networks. The city must be energy efficient and supply enough energy for its residents. Other rules: the future city must be from the year 2150 or later and have a population of at least 50,000 residents.

Students design and build a scale model of a section of their city for the project's second phase. The maximum total expense for the model is $100 and it must have one movable part.

The third phase is the essay and abstract. Students write an essay (500 to 700 words) and an abstract (300 to 500 words) on a specific topic. The essay question for 2007 was to develop an energy strategy to include fuel cell systems to power a city of the future. The handbook provides some basic information on the topic of the year and sources to find more. For instance, roughly 10 pages in last year's handbook were devoted to introducing students to fuel cells, average energy usage depending on type of zoned building, and fuel cell websites and organizations.

Students from Central Middle School in Hartford using SimCity 3000 software to think through the early stages of their project. SimCity is an essential tool in the competition.

Students from St. Alphonsus School in Greendale won first place in regional competition for "Le Plaisir du Citoyen," or "citizen's delight." The group represented Wisconsin in the finals in Washington, D.C.

Teacher Lois Noble (left) and students from the Milwaukee Academy of Science hold up their award for creating the "Best Futuristic" city.

Essay topics are timely and have enough potential for student creativity, but also require them to do a significant amount of research. Local engineers were encouraged by last year's choice in topic. "It's good to focus on renewable energies," says Willie Nelson, a senior mechanical analyst at Magnetek (Menomonee Falls) and a preliminary judge of essays in the 2007 regional. Magnetek has an alternative energy division that manufactures invertors for fuel cells and wind turbines.

Timothy Duffy, a manager of conformity assessment at Rockwell Automation, agrees. "A basic understanding of fuel cell technology is very important," according to Duffy. "It's a timely topic today with climate concerns, the price of oil, and different alternative forms of energy being studied. We will definitely see real-world commercial applications within the next 10 years."

Essay topics from the last few years were just as timely. In 2006, the theme was to create an engineering feasibility plan for a specific redevelopment area in their future city. In 2005, participants were to show how futuristic transportation systems efficiently use aggregate materials as a basic construction project. In 2004, students had to show how plastics could be used to help future senior citizens. Topics are challenging and come directly from the field. That makes the work done by the engineering mentors and teachers even more important—especially when it comes to walking that sometimes fine line between "helping" and "doing."

"My job as a mentor was to provide overall direction and act as a resource," says Duffy. "I assisted with the timing and planning. If they're interested in becoming a future engineer, timing and project planning are very important."

For Duffy, that meant helping students be creative while at the same time realistic. "We don't know what will be invented in the future, but I tried to keep their ideas grounded in engineering basics and physics. When they came up with an idea about the future, I would comment on whether or not it violated laws of physics, provide a list

of potential obstacles to address, and then let them develop the idea further."

The mentor insight was key for Kelly Korek, an eighth grader from St. Alphonsus. "Without our mentor, nobody on my team would have had the slightest idea what we were working on." (That's perhaps not quite true—but one gets the point.)

When do students find time to meet with mentors? Usually evenings and weekends. When do students find time to meet with peers and teachers? That varies, according to teacher Mary Kay Peters.

"Each school runs the program a little differently to suit their needs. At St. Alphonsus, all teams meet about once per week during lunch with another teacher and myself to discuss general issues and problems. We did have an engineer come in specializing in fuel cells. He got them started and their mentors helped find resources. We also got a kit from a science catalogue allowing students to put a simple fuel cell together. That seemed to help everything really click in their minds."

Peters agrees with her colleague from Hales Corners in praising the program's interdisciplinary and real-life demands. "Future City involves almost all of the academic areas in a simulation that is close to real life," says Peters. "The students work as a team over a long period of time to achieve subgoals that lead to a final product. They learn to use each other's strengths and to problem-solve differences. They work with adults in and out of school, yet learn to communicate their advanced concept in lay terms."

Francis Corwin Hopp, an eighth grader at St. Alphonsus, describes why he got involved. "I decided to join Future City because it sounded fun and neat. I wanted to learn more about how a city works and how to solve many of the major problems in a city."

If students like Hopp are enjoying learning for a competition outside the classroom, what are its in-class benefits? Does exposure to STEM careers have a positive effect? Yes, says Peters. "These students rarely say to a teacher, 'I'll never use this in real life.' They see how their education and skills can apply to future careers."

"These students rarely say to a teacher, 'I'll never use this in real life.' They see how their education and skills can apply to future careers," says teacher Mary Kay Peters, of St. Alphonsus School in Greendale.

The semester-long collaborative process between peers, mentor, and teacher culminates in the Future City Competition regional each January, where students are evaluated on their essays/abstracts and their scale models, and give a five- to seven-minute verbal presentation to a panel of judges. It's here where students have to think on their feet and get a chance to bring their ideas out of the classroom and homes to a larger audience. It also forces these seventh and eighth graders to practice public speaking at a young age.

"This competition helps show students the value of good presentation skills. On the day of the competition, presentation skills are the key," says Duffy.

The regional competition is open to all state entrants wanting to make the trip to Milwaukee. Last year, a record 31 teams competed at the regional. Most teams were from southeast Wisconsin, although there were a few from the Madison area, the Fox Valley, and other metropolitan areas. This doesn't account for the many other schools and students who register with Future City and participate at a classroom project or school level but don't send teams to the regional. In southeastern Wisconsin alone last year, 104 teams with over 1,300 students registered as participants at the start of the school year. That's a healthy number of students pushing their minds to think about efficient urban development.

It will be exciting to see how students work as a team during the upcoming regional at the Kern Center at the Milwaukee School of Engineering on January 19. This year's theme involves students showing how they'll use nanotechnology to keep their city's infrastructure healthy. "What intrigues me most about nanotechnology is how many different things it can be used for. How something that tiny can do so many things is amazing," says eighth grader Kelly Korek.

While only one Wisconsin team goes on to nationals, it's safe to say that the benefit of being exposed to collegiality and open dialogue about professional and community concerns is constructive for all and consistent with the spirit of the Engineer's Creed as penned by the National Society of Engineers: "To provide service before profit, the honor and standing of the profession before personal advantage, and the public welfare above all other considerations."

It all goes back to that Chinese proverb. These Wisconsin students, mentors, and teachers are digging the wells to quench tomorrow's diverse thirsts, whatever they turn out to be. ✹

For more information about the program, visit www.futurecity.org

Nate Grimm is a teacher, writer, and coach (basketball and football). He currently is in his 11th year teaching social studies and English, the last 10 at Slinger High School. As a writer, Grimm writes both fiction and nonfiction and has had his nonfiction published in ***Wisconsin People & Ideas*** *once before. As a teacher, Grimm has an avid interest in helping students personalize history through oral history interviews. He also enjoys challenging students to become genuine and productive contributors to our society's future.*

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
—William Shakespeare

Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang

PHOTOS AND ESSAY
BY RICHARD QUINNEY

Silo Filler

It must have been a morning early in spring, after the melting of winter's snow and the drying of the land by the warming sun, that I formed what would become my first memory. I would have been nearly five years old. Standing beside my father east of the barn, looking to the southeast, we watched as my grandfather, nearing the end of his life, slowly made his way across the field that sloped down to the Old Place. I remember only a dark figure coming toward us. And I remember being startled by my father's comment in the morning air, "Here comes the old man." An old man making his way from an old place: this I would remember.

Home is where you start from, and home stays with you for the rest of your life. I had spent my teen and early adult years trying to leave the farm in southern Wisconsin. I am surprised to find that over a half century later I have returned to the farm, and that I am spending much of my time and energy trying to preserve the farmland, the wetland, and the buildings that remain in various stages of decay and repair.

My great-grandparents John and Bridget Quinney settled the farm in Walworth County, five miles north of Delavan, shortly after fleeing the potato famine in Ireland. The farm gradually grew to 160 acres and continued as a dairy farm until the late 1950s. For the next decades, the land was rented and tilled as cash crops. After my father died in 1969, my mother lived on the farm until she died at the end of the century. We who remain have hopes that something may be preserved of the farm, of the agricultural land and the natural habitat.

Several acres of the hilly farmland, "the alps" north of the original homestead, have been placed in the Conservation Reserve Program. Clusters of hardwood trees—oaks and hickory—have been planted on the hills. Prairie grasses have been planted on the hills and valleys—grasses commonly known as big bluestem, Canada wild rye, switchgrass, little

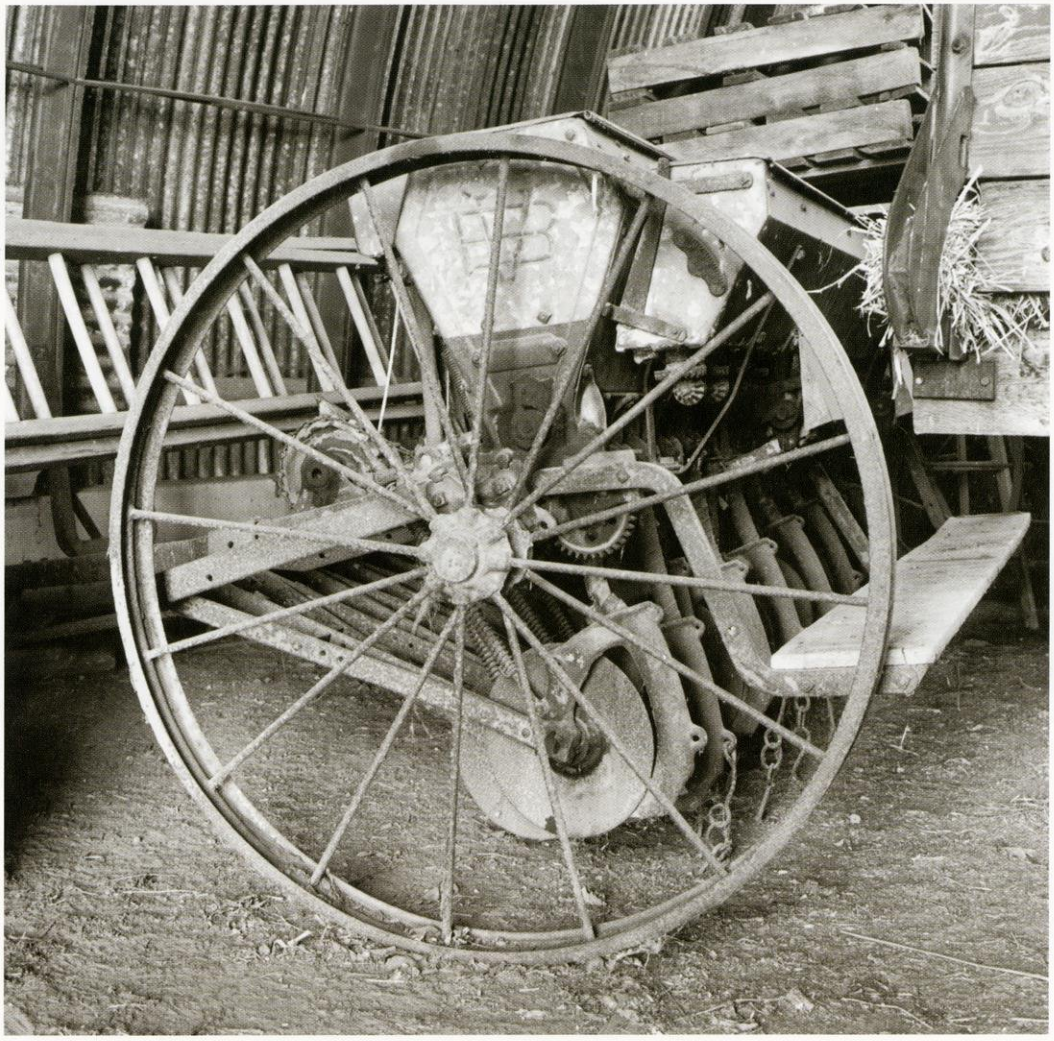
Haymow

bluestem, and Indian grass. Twenty-five types of Wisconsin native forbs were planted with the grasses, including purple prairie clover, butterfly weed, compass plant, purple coneflower, goldenrod, white wild indigo, prairie dock, sky blue aster, foxglove, western sunflower, and wild garlic. I hope that future generations will walk through fields of prairie grass and rest in the shade of the hardwood trees.

Explorations continue to be made by archaeologists from the Southeastern Wisconsin Archaeology Program. A survey is being made of the Potawatomi occupation of the land and of the settler habitation of the last two centuries. The prehistoric sites are of the Archaic and Woodland periods. The intention, outlined in the first report of findings, is to follow the family history through a combination of historical and archaeological techniques. Future work is planned to test all of the historic settler sites with the overall goal of tracing the economic and social patterns in Walworth County. My brother and I point to homestead sites on our land and tell the stories that we have been told.

The aim is to follow the practices of sustainable agriculture and to preserve the natural habitat. The ponds and marshes, which have always been brooding areas for wildlife, will be improved for wildlife habitation. In addition, agronomists and ecologists are using the farm as a research and teaching location—covering the areas of soil science, aquatic and field biology, entomology, ornithology, and animal behavior. The objective of all these activities is to preserve the farm, to keep it as an open space, to improve the natural habitat, and to honor our ancestors.

With the income received annually from leasing the agricultural land to Michael Fields Agricultural Institute, we are able to pay the taxes and make the necessary repairs. The farmhouse is being maintained. The fate of the other buildings, including the large barn, is uncertain. Some of the buildings, the chicken house and the sheep shed, are already beyond repair as they begin to turn into ruins. We will let them stand or fall as they may—bearing witness to the life that once was here.



Grain Drill in the Machine Shed **(detail)**

I have been photographing the artifacts on the farm, making a record of the things that remain. The photographs are in the artistic tradition of the still life, where the material things of everyday life are portrayed in repose, indicating the transience of this earthly existence. These material things, devoid of their former purpose and function, receive my attention and care. These old and inanimate things, among the ruins, now have an afterlife.

With camera in hand, mounted on the tripod, I climb to the dark haymow of the barn at the farm. Stretched out on a high beam, a raccoon watches as I study the light and make my exposures on film. Piles of hay are stacked in corners, remaining from the time the milking of the cows ceased on the farm. Later, down below, I photograph the stanchions where cows once stood patiently. There is the stall at the far end of the barn where the great Holstein bull watched our every move.

In the large metal machine shed, I photograph the artifacts from the work and play of another time. I take great care in photographing the workbench where my father last stood on the cold November day he died nearly 40 years ago. A light gently falls over the workbench.

I go to what once was the chicken house—tended for years by my mother—and I photograph the tools and various other objects abandoned after they were no longer of any use. In the building that once housed a variety of animals hang the bridle and feedbag once worn by the horses on the farm.

In the basement of the farmhouse, I photograph the artifacts hanging on the walls. Upstairs, I frame in the viewfinder of my camera the rooms and furnishings that served another time. With tripod and camera over my shoulder, I climb to the attic of the farmhouse to photograph while I still have the light of day. Perhaps this is as much of the afterlife that I will ever know.

As I look at the artifacts, walking carefully among rusting tools and decaying matter and photographing when something meets the eye of this beholder, I wonder if all this is the ending of an era that has stretched for nearly 150 years on this place

Work Bench in the Machine Shed

Wagon in the Granary

Work Caps, Sled, and Milk Cans in the Basement

that I continue to call home. Am I the last of this line to bear witness to those immigrants who left the Old World in escape from famine and economic depression searching for something else? Exploring a dark corner in one of the old buildings, I see myself as one of the ancient ones—a mariner of sorts—left over from a life that once was here. I am haunted by the mysteries of time and place.

Fortunate I am to have my camera to see into the afterlife of things. Often I am beyond the expression of words. I think about the writer James Agee as he once sat in a shack trying to write about the things his friend Walker Evans was photographing around him. With a spontaneous flow of words, a stream of consciousness as much as thought, Agee wrote the following in *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men:* "If I could do it, I'd do no writing at all here. It would be photographs; the rest would be fragments of cloth, bits of cotton, lumps of earth, records of speech, pieces of wool and iron, phials of odors, plates of food, and excrement."

The worn winter coat that once my father wore when hauling loads of milk on winter days hangs in the dark corner of the attic in the farmhouse. Canning jars, once containing the preserves prepared for the family by my mother 60 years ago, line the shelves in the fruit cellar. The artifacts from the lives that once were lived here—in this place I continue to call home.

The phoebes tend their nest throughout the summer. A nest of fibers and mud clings to the corner of the porch under the eave of the farmhouse. Four feathered babies perch on the edge of the nest, about to take flight.

Phoebes are at the center of Robert Frost's poem, "The Need of Being Versed in Country Things." In the poem, a farm has been abandoned, left in ruins from fire and decay. A chimney is all that remains from the house; the barn stands forsaken, the sounds of horse hooves on the floor long gone. We humans easily lament the passing of the years and the falling to ruin of what once housed precious life. But among the phoebes there is little lament. Frost's poem ends:

Canning Jars in the Fruit Cellar

For them there was really nothing sad.
But though they rejoiced in the nest they kept
One had to be versed in country things
Not to believe the phoebes wept.

Making my way among the ruins, I take little comfort in being versed in country things.

My mother's Bible has come to rest on the corner of the table in the living room of the farmhouse. Her mother and father inscribed it to her in 1917 when she was 11. A bookmark had been placed at the beginning of Ecclesiastes. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted." The Bible is filled with newspaper clippings, church bulletins, obituaries, and pamphlets accumulated over the years. My mother saved these words near the end of her life: "We are today's seniors. A hardy bunch when you think of how our world has changed and the adjustments we had to make!"

The summer, as with all summers, ends with the Walworth County Fair. The summer vegetables have been judged and assigned ribbons. Farm animals have been shown in the coliseum, and 4-H'ers are hanging around the barns late into the night. The giant ferris wheel adorned with colored lights turns against the sky. We make certain to walk through the poultry barn on our way out of the fairgrounds. School will begin like clockwork—as it has for 150 years—the day after the fair ends. Much of time present, even with its spontaneous and extraordinary moments, follows a storyline.

We pick the remainder of the garden's summer crop. I complete the last photographs of the ruins and artifacts of the farm, carefully opening the granary doors and photographing the wagon deep in dust. Jars of tomato sauce and salsa are stacked into the cupboard for use this winter. I go down to the

The Attic

old place and pick the wild grapes on the vines that drape over shrubs and trees. Back in the farmhouse, we boil the grapes, add sugar and pectin, and pour the rich blue liquid into jars that will for a time preserve the summer's sun.

As winter comes, we close the house. This may be the end of our family's life in this place that I always have called home. How many more years can these acres of farmland, woods, and marsh be maintained and preserved? I know well now the expression that the future is uncertain. I behold that time of year "when yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang." This life, and this place, is now a bare ruined choir where late the sweet birds sang. One could hope that this place called home could know other seasons and other years. A time and a place where yet the sweet birds sing. ✹

Richard Quinney is the author of several books that combine photography with autobiographical writing, most recently ***Where Yet the Sweet Birds Sing, Of Time and Place,*** *and* ***Tales from the Middle Border.*** *After earning a Ph.D. in sociology from the University of Wisconsin, he taught in several universities on the East Coast and in the Midwest. Recently he founded the independent press Borderland Books in Madison. The family farm he writes about is a dairy farm of four generations in Walworth County. It is being preserved and managed following the practices of sustainable agriculture by the Michael Fields Agricultural Institute. The farm is the site of several research and demonstration projects.*

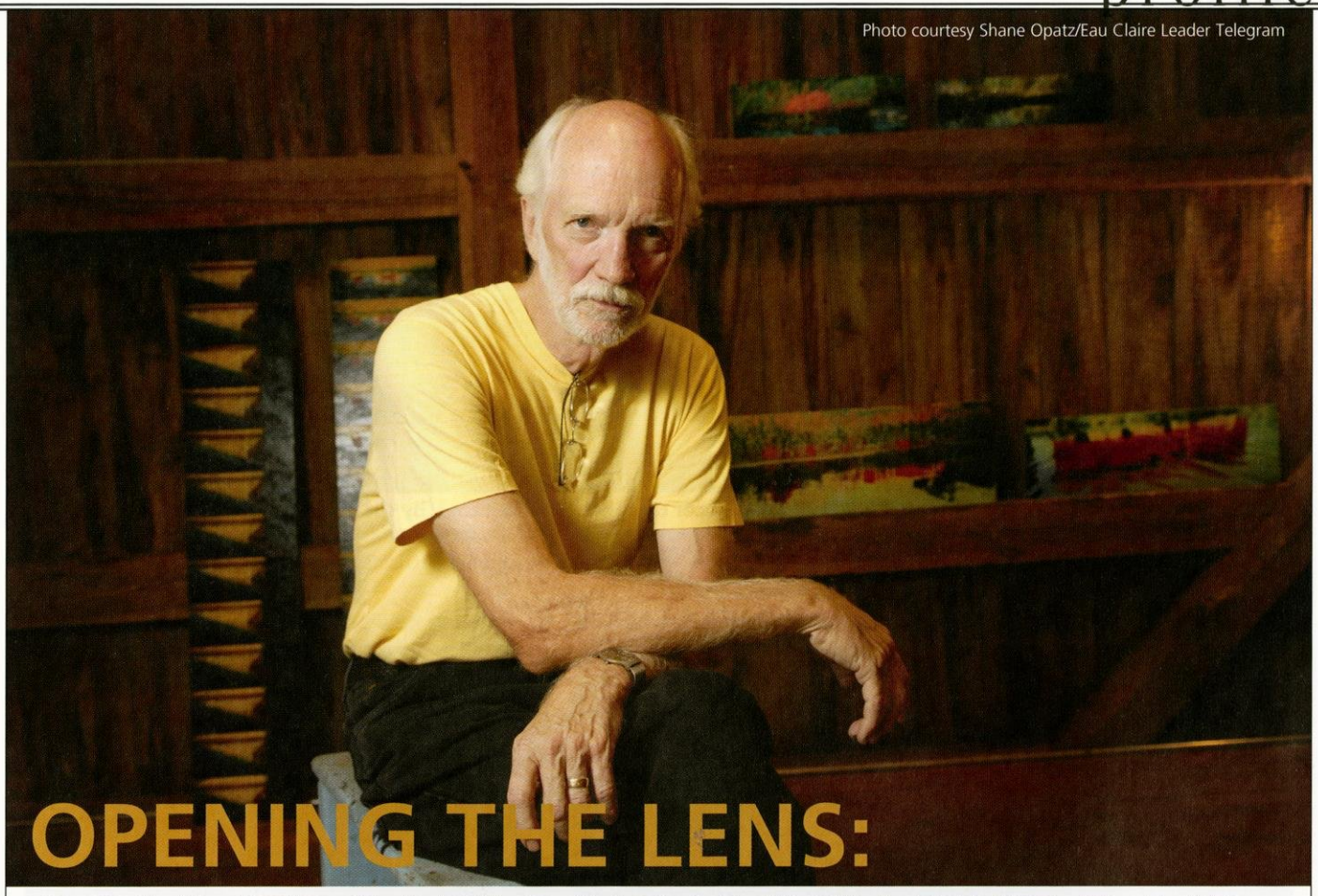


Photo courtesy Shane Opatz/Eau Claire Leader Telegram

OPENING THE LENS: CONVERSATIONS WITH TIIT RAID

BY PATTI K. SEE

One morning in early May, I call Fall Creek artist Tiit Raid to ask a quick question about one of his paintings.

"Do you have a minute?" he says.

"Sure," I reply. At age 66 and retired from UW–Eau Claire for five years, he loves to talk art, spirituality, golf, house projects.

Tiit Raid (his first name rhymes with "Pete") emigrated from Estonia with his parents and brother in 1946, and he's wanted to be an artist since the fifth grade at John Hay Elementary School in north Minneapolis. He earned both a bachelor's and a master's degree in fine arts from the University of Minnesota.

He's spent years not only honing his own skills as an artist but years thinking, writing, and speaking about what young artists are not often taught: how to see. After 35 years as an art professor and mentor to hundreds of students, he says that the most important lesson for an artist is never to assume you see well. "That's a deathtrap," Raid says.

He tells me of Marsha Tucker, an art critic who said that the artist's main mission is teaching people how to see. "It's called visual art, you know," he says with a laugh.

Raid became more conscious of improving his observation skills after his first years of teaching. It took him 15 years to get his eyes "working," he says. Now he can shut them off when he needs to. He reminds himself daily to look at the world and see its subtleties: "You start assuming you see well enough—it's the first step to becoming visually illiterate," he says.

"Instead of seeing one thing, I see five things," Raid notes. He calls this "opening the lens more." Students are not taught to see relationally, but, he notes, "We learn through art that one thing is in relation to another."

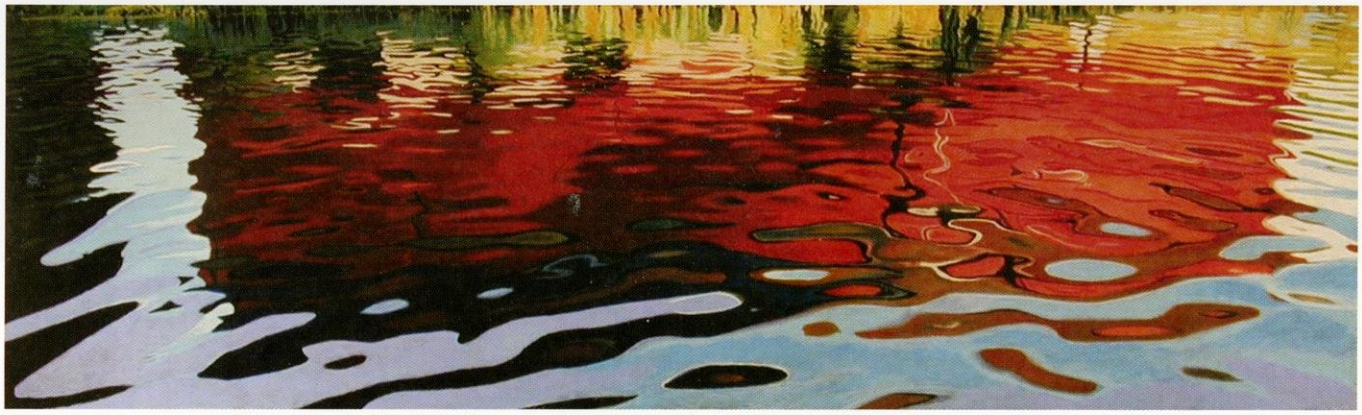
Raid recalls years ago sitting on a board in his backyard along the banks of Fall Creek and noticing moss on a rock. Now he describes to me the red flowers sprinkled on the moss, the pine needles and other earthly debris that fell on the rock. Everything fell together at random, yet it all looked right, he says. This was his moment of clarity: "Everything was perfectly in place. Really good artists can see this balance and harmony."

He tells me about Diego Velazquez's painting *Las Meninas* (*Maids of Honor*, 1656). He describes the girls' dresses and the easel, dog, and open door in such explicit detail that I think he must have a copy in front of him, but he says he saw it in his first college art history class around 1959 and years later saw the original in a Madrid gallery. I laugh. This is a man who does recall details.

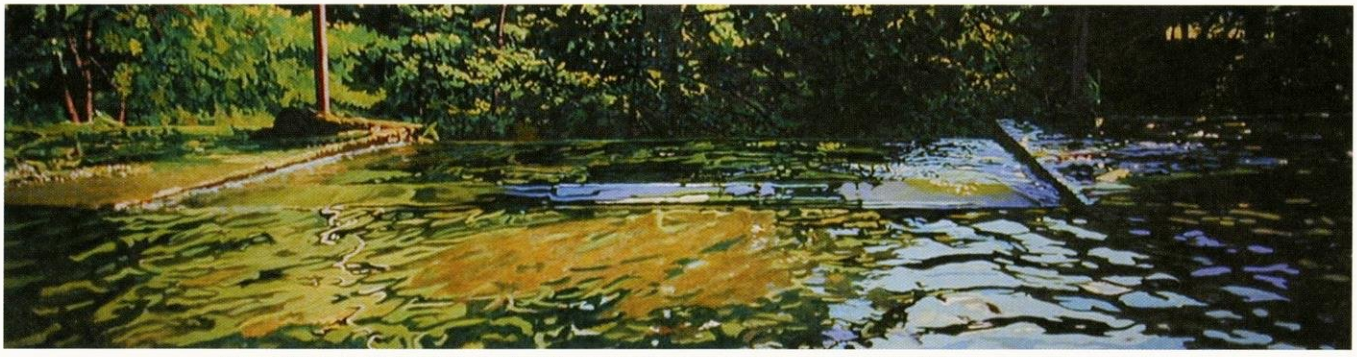
"I looked at it a long, long time," he says. "Everything is perfectly in place. Trust me."

Images courtesy Thomas Barry Fine Arts, Minneapolis

Weeder #1 **(2006), acrylic on paper on panel, 5½ x 23 inches, by Tiit Raid**



Lion's Den #1 **(2006), acrylic on paper on panel, 8 x 26 inches, by Tiit Raid**



High Water: Fall Creek Dam **(2006), acrylic on paper on panel, 8½ x 32⅝ inches, by Tiit Raid**

Since 1974, Raid and his wife Ann have lived on the banks of Fall Creek, where he's a local legend. Years ago I drove through town and stopped at a gas station to ask about the art show opening. "Oh, you mean Tiit," the gal behind the counter told me. He obviously was the artist in town. Whether in that venue—more church basement than gallery—or in the Thomas Barry Fine Arts gallery in Minneapolis, Tiit Raid's work is spectacular.

●

I recently attended an opening of his work at Thomas Barry, which is housed in an unpretentious building downtown. I wouldn't have found it except for Tiit's expert directions—it's just across from the Loon Café. That evening, walking down Hennepin Avenue going to an art show, passing the Garrison Keillor crowd on their way to "A Prairie Home Companion," I felt almost cosmopolitan.

Viewing Raid's paintings along with me were almost four decades' worth of colleagues, former students, old neighbors, high school friends, strangers, and urban artists with haircuts that haven't yet made it to the Chippewa Valley. Even the guy who used to sweep the parking lot at Kerm's Market and gave the Raids directions to the drive-in theater the summer they moved to Eau Claire more than 38 years ago showed up.

Raid's paintings are like poems that captivate you with the details. His seeing what stands out in the world around him draws you into his work and keeps you looking.

Raid has exhibited widely throughout the country, and in 2006 he was a featured artist in the prestigious *Watercolor* magazine. He's also an accomplished percussionist known around the Chippewa Valley as "that cool-looking drummer."

His recent work is made up of panoramics that are an average of six inches by two and a half feet. (A friend calls it "Tiit's wide and skinny period.") This new series is based on reflections on water—a dam, a stand of trees, a shoreline—whatever he finds from his most common vantage point. That would be from his kayak or simply his backyard (a creek runs through it and the Raids have their own personal waterfall).

At first glance his paintings appear to be abstracts, and often it's the titles that make the subject matter clear: *Railroad Bridge Reflection, Kayak, Wilhelm Barns.* Raid bases his paintings on photos he takes, sometimes combining prints to create one painting. His technique of alternating varnish and paint many times throughout the process and his selection of color relationships make the colors deeper, more lush and vibrant. He often works on seven to 12 paintings at a time, in part because he is impatient for the coats of varnish to dry. Raid sees shades of purple and chartreuse in the ripples of Fall Creek Pond—which of course are there, if one pays attention.

●

Since Raid first considered becoming an artist back in the fifth grade—the 1952–53 school year—that would mean he's been "making images" for about 55 years. Here is a sampling of what he's learned:

How do you decide what to photograph and choose which photos become paintings?

I don't have anything particular in mind when I go out for my kayak rides. I'm simply looking at what is there. And what attracts my attention determines what I photograph. I seem to work best when I don't have a preconceived notion in mind about what I want to do. It's kind of like what Picasso talked about when he said, "I don't seek, I find."

Which artists have influenced you most?

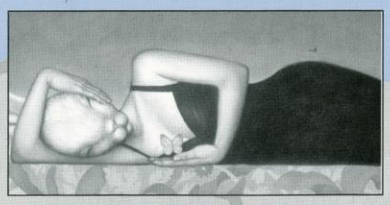
Everything you see and experience becomes an influence. The Swiss-German artist Paul Klee is an early and continuing influence in two very important respects: inventing as you go and developing observational skills, looking long at the appearance of your surroundings. From Wassily Kandinsky I learned about the intuitive process and the relationship of art to music, and this has also been an influence on how I approach my painting and playing of music. In a certain way, I think of my paintings as musical.

What is your best advice for a young artist?

A great idea alone has never painted a great painting or written a moving poem. So the first thing I would advise is to spend a lot of time observing the visual world we see around us every day. And not evaluate it, but simply look at it, beyond words and labels. The visual world can be "read" without words and intellectual explanations. Ideas for paintings will come from this observation. The arts are a great place in which to give one's inward voice a free hand. I've learned that my paintings tend to be more interesting when I allow my intuition to guide every action. Today's observation becomes tomorrow's intuition. So, constantly work to develop your observational skills and trust your instincts until you learn otherwise. And never assume that you know or see well enough! ✺

Tiit Raid's paintings are available to view or purchase at Thomas Barry Fine Arts in Minneapolis, www.thomasbarry.com.

Patti K. See's work has appeared in ***Salon, Women's Studies Quarterly, Brain, Child,*** *the* ***Wisconsin Academy Review,*** *and other magazines and anthologies. She is the author of* ***Higher Learning: Reading and Writing About College,*** *2nd edition (Prentice–Hall, 2005) and a poetry collection,* ***Love's Bluff*** *(Plain View Press, 2006). She was the recipient of the 2004 Academic Staff Excellence in Performance Award from UW–Eau Claire and the 2006 University of Wisconsin–System Regents Award for Excellence. She teaches developmental education and women's studies courses at UW–Eau Claire.*

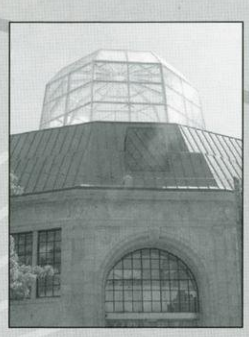


the gallery

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

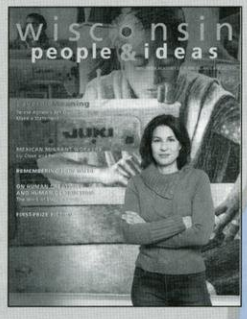
These gatherings bring the public together with experts on a wide variety of timely topics for fruitful discussion and learning. The Academy Evenings forum series takes place at the Overture Center for the Arts in Madison as well as at partnering venues in Milwaukee and the Fox Valley. More locations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

$25 gets you here!

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

Our programs are a catalyst for ideas and action.

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



the magazine

The award-winning *Wisconsin People & Ideas* 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.

Your $25 membership* includes the following materials:

- *Wisconsin People & Ideas,* our quarterly magazine (retail value: $20)
- Invitations to our gallery receptions, special events, and forums
- Discounts on ticketed Wisconsin Academy events, including our conferences and writing contests
- An electronic newsletter about Wisconsin Academy events
- Our peer-reviewed journal, *Transactions*

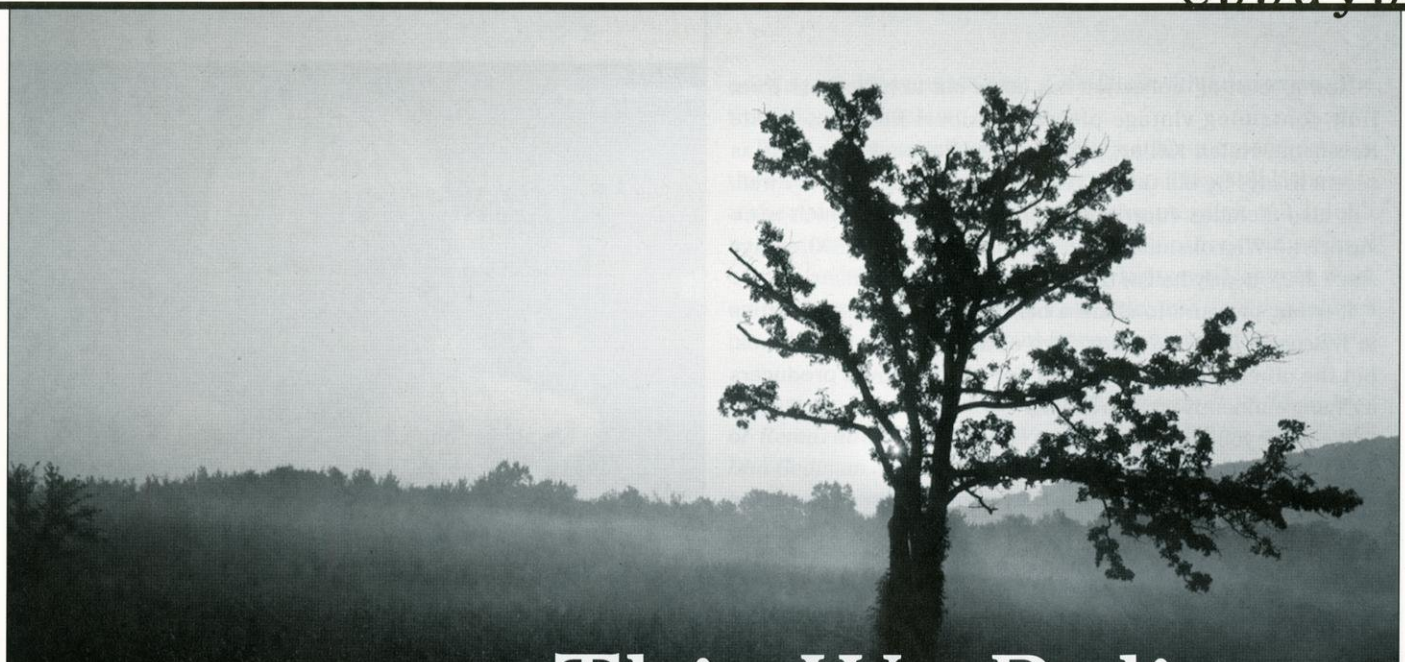
*special one-year intro rate; regular price $40.

membership directions

How to join? Send in one of the enclosed membership cards, visit our website, or contact us at:

wisconsin academy
of sciences arts & letters

1922 university avenue | madison WI 53726
608/263.1692 | contact@wisconsinacademy.org
www.wisconsinacademy.org

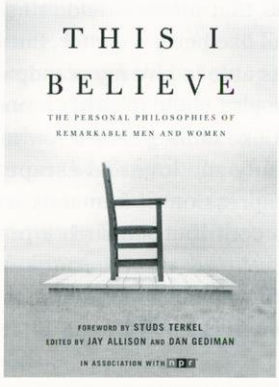


This We Believe

Wisconsinites contribute to National Public Radio's enduring forum for sharing the things we hold true.

Photos by Bill Blankenburg. Head shots submitted by authors.

A HALLMARK OF BEING HUMAN is that we have deeply held beliefs—and also that we want to share them. In 1951, in the midst of a world divided by the Cold War, legendary CBS journalist Edward R. Murrow tapped this desire as a way to bring us together.



He created "This I Believe"—the expression of a single personal belief in the form of a short essay shared on the airwaves—to point to "the common meeting ground of beliefs as the essence of brotherhood and the floor of our civilization." The program had an estimated audience of 39 million listeners and spawned a weekly column in 85 leading newspapers and four internationally best-selling books.

Its appeal proved enduring. "This I Believe" was revived in 2005 by independent producers Jay Allison and Dan Gediman and is now broadcast on more than 600 public radio stations nationwide. Contributions air every first Monday on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" and on "Weekend Edition Sunday" on the second and fourth Sundays each month.

But radio is only part of it. The text of more than 31,000 essays received from listeners and other contributors appear on the "This I Believe" website, www.thisibelieve.org. The site includes text and audio from both the new and the 1950s series, essay writing and submission tips, downloadable curricula for high school and college educators, and useful information for creating "This I Believe" events in local communities.

Now a "best of" collection has come out in paperback from Holt containing vintage pieces by Albert Einstein, Jackie Robinson, Helen Keller, and Eleanor Roosevelt as well as recent essays by Bill Gates, Temple Grandin, and Colin Powell.

It also includes contributors from Wisconsin, which is no surprise—Wisconsinites have sent in more than 500 essays since 2005, nearly half of them by authors under 18.

It is our pleasure to share a handful of these contributions in *Wisconsin People & Ideas*. Two of them appear in the book, but the others, too, were singled out by the show's producers as being eminently worth reading.

We think you'll agree.

BEYOND WORDS

BY KORINTHIA KLEIN, MILWAUKEE

My grandfather died 20 years ago. I was 15. He was kind, strong, fair, and very funny. When I was a young musician, he was my biggest fan. My grandpa used to applaud when I tuned, and I would roll my eyes and shrug off his enthusiasm as too biased. I would play my violin for him when he would visit, and he loved everything, but each time he would have one request. "Could you play 'Amazing Grace'?" he would ask hopefully—and with a twinkle in his eye, because he knew my answer was always "I don't know that one!" We went through this routine at every major holiday, and I always figured I'd have time to learn it for him later.

About the time I entered high school and had switched to viola and started guitar, grandpa got cancer. The last time I saw him alive was Thanksgiving weekend of 1985. My mom warned us when we turned onto the familiar street that grandpa didn't look the same anymore and that we should prepare ourselves. For a moment I didn't recognize him. He looked so small among all the white sheets, and I had never thought of my grandpa as small in any sense. We had all gathered in Ohio for the holiday, and I'm sure we all knew we were there to say goodbye. I can see now that grandpa held on long enough to see us each one more time. I remember how we ate in the dining room and laughed and talked while grandpa rested in his hospital bed set up in the den. I wonder if it was sad for him alone with our voices and laughter. Knowing grandpa, he was probably content.

The next morning I found my moment alone with him. I pulled out my guitar, tuned to his appreciative gaze, and finally played him "Amazing Grace." I had worked on it for weeks, knowing it never mattered if I actually played it well, and choosing not to believe as I played that it was my last concert for my biggest fan. The cancer had stolen his smile, but I saw joy in his eyes and he held my hand afterward, and I knew I had done something important.

I argued with people all through college about my music major. I was told by strangers that music wouldn't make me any money and it wasn't useful like being a doctor. But I know firsthand that with music I was able to give my grandpa something at a point when no one else could. Neither money nor doctors could make him feel like himself. For a few minutes with my guitar there was beauty and love and escape. At its best, music is the highest expression of humanity's better nature, and I'm privileged to contribute to such a profound tradition.

So, this I believe: Music matters. Love matters. And in our best moments they are one and the same.

LIVING LIFE WITH "GRACE AND ELEGANT TREENESS"

BY RUTH KAMPS, WAUKESHA

Sitting on our small deck, knitting and resting old legs, I am entertained by my spiritual sister, an equally old pine tree. She is very tall, probably 40 feet or so, and is at least as old as I am. She leans a bit; so do I. In her care are many birds that I watch with pleasure. They love and fight and nest in the tree. At Christmas time, pairs of cardinals decorate her limbs.

She is still green, covering lots of old brown branches, like my gray hair covering the black. We both soak in the sun and the air and are trying our best to live lightly in our worlds. One day in the not-too-distant future she will fall and fertilize the earth, as I will do. It's a consoling thought. We have children and grandchildren that give us the continuation of life. A bit of the divine in the tree and me. Yes, that's close to what I believe.

My husband, John, and I moved to the country from a suburb and a traditional church nearly 40 years ago. Our property is on the Kettle Moraine of Wisconsin. It slopes sharply down to a stream that glows red with the setting sun. When my parents came to visit after our move, my father said I would not be happy here; I was a city girl. He was right in the beginning. I was too busy, too poor, and very lonely.

When my mother died, I was pregnant and needed her. I went to the church to be quiet and cry. The church was locked and the priest was standing outside. He knew me but did not unlock the church. I don't know why, but it was a nail in the coffin of my traditional beliefs. We had nine family-related deaths in one year. I learned to watch the red setting sun and was calmed, soothed and grateful, at least for a moment. I began to like digging in the dirt instead of cursing each weed. Cutting the evil buckthorn in the woods became a spiritual experience. I started to spend Sunday morning in the woods. Was I losing long-held beliefs or simply changing them?

I found an answer while traveling. I was asked if I were religious, while standing at the rail of a cruise ship with a fellow traveler on the Yangtze River. I said I was not but that I was spiritual. I was asked to explain. I talked about my sister tree. A cab driver in Rome said that one must live in a place a long time to appreciate its beauty. Is 40 years enough? Taking frequent trips to the brashness of Chicago to see children and grandchildren always energized me. It still does, but I miss the woods.

I have lost most of my traditional heaven-and-hell beliefs, finding them used conveniently by good people. There is a bit of the divine in the trees and the creatures who reside there. A little wren attacks a large red-bellied woodpecker who is pecking too close to his nest. I am filled with admiration. The transition is complete.

There are those who want to give my life more importance than the tree, but I don't believe them. They think there is a special place for me somewhere for eternity, but I don't believe them. I believe my tree and all other living things believe and feel in their particular living ways. I want to work on being as good a human as I am able, just as my tree does her job with grace and elegant treeness.

A SEUSSIAN METAPHOR

BY SAM TANG, WAUKESHA

I am Sam. Sam I am. And, yes, I believe in green eggs and ham.

When I mention green eggs and ham, I don't mean the discolored sun of the sunny-side-up or the deformed slab of partially cooked meat that have become a part of modern children's literature. No, I'm talking about diving—not tiptoeing, not inching, not sliding, but diving—into the deep. This means trying something new and striving to achieve every single day, while always searching for new perspectives and ways of doing things, even if the end result isn't always as one might expect. Just like the Seussian character who refuses to eat for the first 57 pages of the book, only by finding and gulping down our own green eggs and ham can we really live and grow.

While I have not always believed in green eggs and ham, I know that this belief would never have been possible without my father. A brilliant man, he grew up in China, excelling at just about everything. In a country of one billion people, millions of whom are students, he was one of only a few to win a national science award. Furthermore, he started college at the age of 16 and easily ranked at the top of his class, receiving his degree in record time.

It is safe to say that my father could have continued down this path and gone on to build a successful career and family in China, but he didn't. Instead, he decided to emigrate to Canada and then the United States. On a cold day in 1993, he arrived on his own with just $1,000 to his name and a very limited understanding of English. He went to school at the

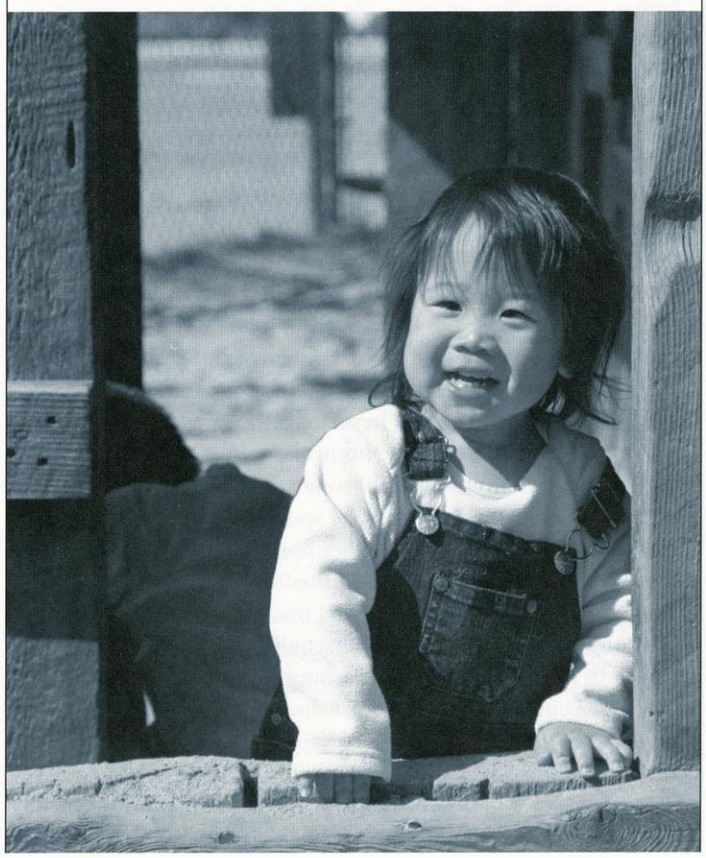
University of Manitoba on a scholarship during the day and slept on a cardboard box mattress at night.

But this was my father's green eggs and ham. He dived in deep, so deep that he almost couldn't float, but eventually, he persevered. Now, he has a Ph.D. in electrical engineering and he holds four patents. Thanks to his remarkable journey, his family, myself included, can stand proud and strive to carry on in his footsteps.

Now my father's story seems to be repeating itself in me. As a relatively high-achieving, straight-A student, one would think that now I wouldn't have to adapt and change, that the green eggs and ham in my life are negligible. I have realized that the complete opposite is true. Turning on the television, I see that the media and the public are captivated by young talent, no matter in the form of a musical prodigy, a future Babe Ruth, or a spelling champion.

Indeed, I, like many my age, think about the incredible, almost scary, talents of my peers. Whenever I do, I am reminded that the world is filled with many more talented people than are featured on TV. I realize that only by pushing myself to my limits and gulping down my green eggs and ham will I ever be able to stand among them, knowing that I too have done something great, just as my father does now.

For better or worse, I believe that the only way we can fully live is by stepping out into the void and meeting what comes with open arms, no matter what the challenge is. By demanding no less than the very best of ourselves and really taking green eggs and ham to heart, who knows what we might be able to accomplish?



BELIEVING IN MYSELF

BY CHERIE BURBACH, MENOMONEE

My father told me I was fat. And lazy. And stupid.

I combated my father's words with words of my own, hiding in my room while my chubby eight-year-old fingers scribbled out poems and stories. The words I'd written would lay about me on my bed—my shield and protection to help get me through the night.

But by each new morning, my father's words would shake me awake. The words fat, lazy, and stupid would echo through my head, until I finally opened my eyes and saw that they were true. I would hurry out of bed and destroy all the words I'd written the night before.

This same routine of verbal assault went on through my teens and into womanhood. They shaped my mind, spirit, and vision. When I looked in the mirror I really did see that stupid, lazy girl my father saw.

And yet each night, I would write. I'd write as if my life depended on it. From time to time I would even read over my words and think they were pretty good. But as soon as this thought fought its way into my brain, my father's words would chase it away.

And yet each night I would find comfort in the words I'd write. As if all my emotions could be wiped clean with a stroke of my pen. I carried self-doubt with me like a favorite blanket. I wrapped myself in it each time I met a new man or had a new opportunity pass my way. And I still destroyed my writing, because that way, I told myself, no one could tell me how bad I was.

The possibility that it might just be my father who had the problems didn't occur to me until I was 31 and received a phone call that after years of alcohol abuse he had taken a gun to his head and ended his life. He was gone, in an instant.

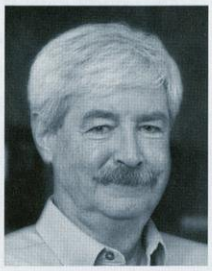
His words remained behind, but I knew then they didn't have to define me. As I had done so many nights before, I sat down and wrote. I filled notebook upon notebook about my father, my life, and my faith. And this time, I awoke in the morning to read them again. I decided it was silly and shameful to throw my words away.

As years went by I was amazed at how prolific a writer I really was. I decided that I would publish my poetry just for the sake of showing myself that I was over my father's words, so much so that I was willing to put my most private emotions on paper for anyone who cared to read them. I knew then it didn't matter if people didn't like what I wrote. I'd still just keep writing.

And this I believe: My father's lie has vanished, and that fat, lazy, stupid girl has an intelligence, spirit, and beauty all her own.

THE CONNECTION BETWEEN STRANGERS

BY MILES GOODWIN, WAUWATOSA



On June 23, 1970, I had just been mustered out of the army after completing my one-year tour of duty in Vietnam. I was a 23-year-old army veteran on a plane from Oakland, Calif., returning home to Dallas, Texas.

I had been warned about the hostility many of our fellow countrymen felt toward returning 'Nam vets at that time. There were no hometown parades for us when we came home from that unpopular war. Like tens of thousands of others, I was just trying to get home without incident.

I sat in uniform in a window seat, chain-smoking and avoiding eye contact with my fellow passengers. No one was sitting in the seat next to me, which added to my isolation. A young girl, not more than 10 years old, suddenly appeared in the aisle. She smiled and, without a word, timidly handed me a magazine. I accepted her offering, her quiet "Welcome home." All I could say was, "Thank you." I do not know where she sat down or who she was with because right after accepting the magazine from her, I turned to the window and wept. Her small gesture of compassion was the first I had experienced in a long time.

I believe in the connection between strangers when they reach out to one another.

That young girl undoubtedly has no memory of what happened years ago. I like to think of her as having grown up, continuing to touch others and teaching her children to do the same. I know she might have been told to give me the "gift" by her mother. Her father might still have been in Vietnam at that point or maybe he had not survived the war. It doesn't matter why she gave me the magazine. The important thing is she did.

Since then, I have followed her example and tried, in different ways for different people, to do the same for them. Like me on that long-ago plane ride, they will never know why a stranger took the time to extend a hand. But I know that my attempts since then are all because of that little girl. Her offer of a magazine to a tired, scared, and lonely soldier has echoed throughout my life. I have to believe that my small gestures have the same effect on others. And to that little girl, now a woman, I would like to take this opportunity to say again, thank you.

THE BIG IDEA

BY MARC KORNBLATT, MADISON

I believe in Dominic, a hot-tempered, athletic boy with gray-blue eyes, caramel skin, and the loudest voice I've ever heard. I believe in Rose, too, a girl who can stare me down with scorn for not calling on her during social studies, then at recess jab me in the chest and confide, "I'm giving you a poke," with an all-forgiving smile. I also believe in Dallas, who can't stay in his seat, in Teng, a quiet child, in Cybel, a dreamer, and in all the other youngsters who were part of my fifth-grade classroom this year at Abraham Lincoln Elementary School.

"So, Mr. K.," Glenda, the cut-to-the-chase girl, would demand. "What's your point?"

The point is that I believe in children, but I avoid calling them kids. That's disrespectful. A kid is a baby goat. I try not to call my students guys, either, because, as we learned in

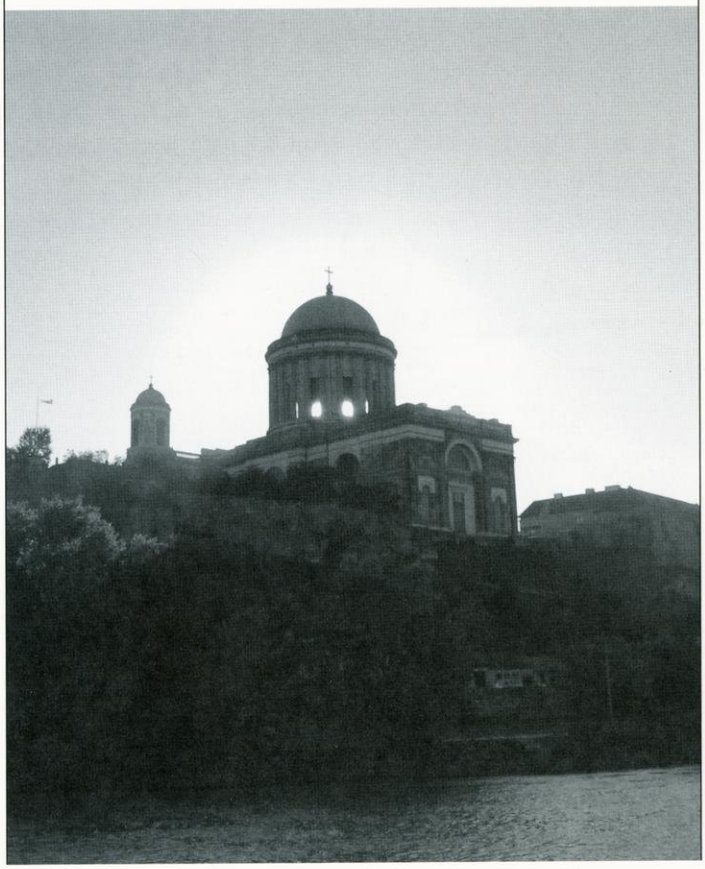
human growth and development, the world contains males and females.

I believe in teaching human growth and development, evolution, and creationism. I believe teachers should be able to talk about anything, so long as they're respectful. I really believe in respect.

My students know that I wear hats out of respect for my G-d. They also know that I don't celebrate Hanukkah or Christmas in school, because I respect church and state separation. That said, this year my students were probably among a small number of elementary school children who studied the pagan and Christian sources for Valentine's Day. They also learned that the Church removed Valentine from its list of saints because there were at least three different men by that name. I didn't hand out candy or cards on February 14th, but my students were free to do so. The point is, I respect, and believe in, the Constitution.

I believe in the future, too. That's why at 44 I returned to college to earn a teaching degree. Having finished my fourth year working in a public school where most students are poor, children of color, and many are from one-parent homes, I can't wait to start my fifth. I believed in leaving no child behind before that concept became a political football.

I also believe in football, but not in class. The same goes for basketball and soccer. By now Dominic should know that a classroom is where you learn math, read books, and figure out what makes a good science experiment. You pass, dribble, or kick your ball in my room, then your ball is mine, bro.



Dominic, tough guy that he is, wrote this the last week of school:

"Dear Mr. Kornblatt, Thank you for this lovely year ... You really dug deep inside to get me to be the best I can be ... It will be different in sixth grade without you. I will come back and visit mostly every day. I think."

That coda says it all for its honesty and the big idea I try to teach. I believe in the word "think."

POSITIVE THINKING

BY ERIC LARSON, WAUKESHA

"The cards will hear you," my dad would say when we played crazy eights or canasta on those winter nights in Minnesota when I was young. Mom and dad and I would play, sometimes with my sister, upstairs on the orange shag rug in the study near the hot radiator that kept the little room warmer and cozier than the open dining room, living room, and kitchen downstairs. I hated to lose, or worse, to almost win. I would throw the cards and storm out when I wouldn't win the trick or get the right card.

"Don't complain! The cards will hear you." Apparently cards don't like complainers. Then dad would put on this self-righteous demeanor, virtually say a prayer for the card he wanted, and say some staged gracious remark regardless of outcome. "This is a wonderful, wonderful card. I am so grateful to receive this new opportunity." If he would lose, he would say words of thanks, but playfully, and if he would win he was intolerably overbearing. "See what I mean?" he'd say. Mom would roll her eyes or slap him.

Thirty years later, I know the cards can't hear me, and no one ever believed they did. As a math professor, dad's faith was in statistics, not prayers to the card gods. As a lawyer, I'm not taking up the case for cards having ears. At the same time, dad was right.

I believe in the power of a positive attitude to transform fear into joy, despair into victory. To complain is to fail at the outset. A positive attitude guarantees success.

Cathedrals and castles are built, charities are funded, victories are won, conflicts are resolved, lives are lived, and cards are played, if done well, not out of fear, dread, or frustration, but out of hope and joy and an unwavering belief in success.

I visited my frail, 89-year-old great-great-uncle in a hospital where he was recovering from a stroke, and he gave me the "squeeze 'til it hurts" handshake. "Feel this," he said as he tried to make my hand hurt. "Ouch," I said. He showed me his

flat, bony, old man bicep—"Not too bad, is it?" He would not be defeated. This was no deathbed.

Now I play games with my children. The basement family room is vibrant, cluttered with toys, cozy and warm, with my nine-year-old intensely transfixed at the game table and my six-year-old trying to hold the cards while playing tug-of-war with the dog. Tension rises and falls. When someone almost wins, which is often, my kids are vindictive, envious, rude, hurtful. They cry or strike out when they lose, and they gloat when they win. They behave just like children. I am my dad now. My wife groans or slaps me when dripping with smug resolution, but deeply in earnest, I pass on the faith: "Don't complain, and be grateful for what you have." "Remember to have fun." "The cards will hear you."

It is the most important lesson I can teach. I want very badly for my children to learn it. In this I believe.

THE STRENGTH OF A MAN'S SOUL

BY JEFF CARNES, MIDDLETON

I believed that I was a strong man. Then I met Muhammad.

Serving in Iraq with the 101st Airborne Division as an Arabic linguist in 2003, I met scores of Iraqis. Muhammad was the first Iraqi with whom I had more of a conversation than "Halt! Go home!"

Muhammad despised Saddam Hussein's despotic regime. He spoke too loudly, and after a Stalinist show trial, he was jailed for six years in the 1990s. After the trial, Iraqi intelligence agents tied him to a chair and brought in his wife. He was forced to sit helpless as they raped her in front of him until she died of a heart attack. Muhammad was then subjected to countless tortures including being imprisoned in an isolation cell for 16 months while being fed only bread and water, whipped, chained, as well as other tortures too horrible for description.

I sat at a command post in southern Iraq with Muhammad as he told me all of the tortures he endured under the soon-to-be-deposed Iraqi regime. During this long conversation, Muhammad showed me the scars from his ankles to his wrists. He bared his soul, scarred by years of the anguish of losing everything he had, all because he spoke the truth.

What amazed me during our talk is the fact that Muhammad remained not only composed but stoic as he told me about his life. Almost any human soul would have faded away. Muhammad, however, was strong enough not only to survive but to approach a soldier from the most powerful army in the world just to tell his story.

And Muhammad did so as if telling an old war story—with a sense of detached reality. It was not until I asked him, "What do you want to do now that you are free?" that he finally showed some emotion. He finally cracked and whimpered, "I want to go to Kuwait and have a family."

That night we sat in a room, ate MREs (Meals Ready-to-Eat), and talked late into the night. He helped me with my Iraqi Arabic, and we talked about everything from the regime to soccer to life in the United States. Muhammad gave me the confidence to be able to speak to Iraqis with my Wisconsin-accented Arabic.

The next morning, Muhammad and I parted ways. I never saw him again after I waved goodbye. After all, as a soldier, you have to look forward, not back. I am still amazed that Muhammad survived. I am more amazed at the strength of his soul. That night in late March 2003, Muhammad not only gave me a crash course in Iraqi Arabic. He taught me that the human soul can endure and flourish under even the most trying circumstances.

It is the strength of Muhammad's soul in which I believe.

Editor's note: Jeff Carnes served in the army and army reserves for six years and did tours of duty in Kosovo and Iraq. He is now completing his undergraduate degree at the University of Wisconsin. Carnes hopes to go back to Iraq as part of his linguistic studies.

Watch Them Read

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in November partnered with Wisconsin Public Radio and Borders Books in Madison for a "This I Believe" reading featuring Jeff Carnes, Ruth Kamps, Marc Kornblatt, and Miles Goodwin from the above selections, along with Shoshauna Shy and Bobbi Zehner. The reading was taped by WisconsinEye and may be viewed at www.wiseye.org

poetry

Crocheting In Autumn

I wanted the silence of yarn,
the hook, shining

movement of gold, in
and out, the skeins unravelling

at my touch.
I would be Penelope, undoing

her work each night, so as never
to reach the end of

this wool under my hands,
sprawled on my lap

and becoming
goldenrod, aster,

marigold, the plot of flowers
behind my grandmother's grave,

the sun that floods childhood
and all Septembers,

the maple leaves falling
where my grandmother lies.

by Andrea Potos

Mother/Daughter Dresses

I couldn't resist them
in the spring Hanna Andersen catalog:
empire-waisted cotton as soft as new sand,
bright pink peonies splashed with green,
ample fabric grazing our feet.
My daughter clapped her hands
when I ripped open the plastic
that contained them; we twirled
briefly around the kitchen.

A friend told me to *Watch your boundaries,*
as if there might be something blurred
and imprecise about me,
now that I've chosen
to be a larger version of my child
on certain summer days; petal mirroring
petal as we move, the flourish and boast of us together,
generous bloom before love
like the original cell she once was,
divides us.

by Andrea Potos

These poems are excerpts from Andrea's full-length collection of poems entitled ***Yaya's Cloth,*** *published by Iris Press (www.irisbooks.com). She is the recipient of the James Hearst Poetry Prize from the* ***North American Review,*** *and her work has been published widely in journals and anthologies.*

Buffalo Pen, Late Summer, Illinois Veterans Home

Prairie humpbacks, they list and bask
in a vast ocean of grass and shadow,
these three quiet except for snuffle,
snort, or sudden toss of shaggy head,
dozing out the afternoon unmoving
as traffic deepens to the thrum and lull
of locusts, dark boulders carved
against the gathering dusk.
These are the old gods, horned and bearded,
back from the edge of their death, hides
scarred with old wars, shoulders
brooding with power, groundshakers
out of another time who, long ago
in this place, no fence could hold.

by Caroline Collins

Hawk

Drawing a skein of bickering crows,
or hovering restless, tracing the shape
of infinity, its dark eyes shear a glittery
landscape. Imagine being that attuned,
your senses razored keen and relentless,
hearing one neighbor's feet shift the leaves
three blocks down the lane, hearing another's
cough a half-mile away, in a different direction.

Imagine yourself methodical, a compact body
narrowed to the arrowed dive, the sudden strike,
the scalpeled precision of talons and beak,
free of fine distinctions like mercy and remorse.
Imagine yourself formidable, wingtip to wingtip,
barb and feather, muscle and bone, so strong
the rich blood tunnels through your surging heart,
your fierce cry rises from the highest branch.

by Caroline Collins

Caroline Collins is a visiting assistant professor of English at Quincy University in Quincy, Illinois. Her poetry has appeared recently in ***Fox Cry Review*** *and is also forthcoming in* ***Snake Nation Review.*** *She is currently at work on a series of poems about the Black Hawk War of 1832.*

Setting Our Sights on the UP: 1950

Photo by Bill Blankenburg

We were bound for relatives in the dead
of night, bundled & stacked like cordwood
in the Ford two-door sedan's back seat.
Our adventures began with Mama's
whisper to look back through the rear
porthole window to see the best of what
we might never be blessed to see again,
all we had ever known as home & secure.
From here on out our only friends would be
the hum of tires beneath us, headlights
before us & the black blur of pine forests
all about, forests filled with the startled
apparitions of beady-eyed, night creatures.
By sunrise we would begin to fall in love
with Dad's litany of the foreign & faraway:
Gladstone, Escanaba, Manistique, Redyard,
Sault St. Marie. Now we were heading for
somewhere & maybe heading there forever.

by Terry Savoie

Terry Savoie has material in more than 140 literary journals. These include ***American Poetry Review, Ploughshares, The Northwest Review, The North American Review,*** *and* ***Black Warrior Review*** *as well as recent or forthcoming issues of* ***The Cortland Review, Ploughshares,*** *and* ***The Iowa Review.***

Elf

It's morning. I wake
to the buzz of Dad's
electric razor. I'm
in bed with red measles,
the bad kind. The room
is dark, for measly
eyes can't bear
the light. I'm wearing
a long, warm flannel
nightgown. There's a tug
on the hem from down
under the covers. I lift up
warm blankets and peer
into the dark eyes of a tiny
elf seated cross-legged
at my feet. The point of his
bright green hat flops
over his forehead.
The elf grins at me. I break eye
contact and shriek
for my father but he
can't find the gremlin
under the covers
or anywhere. They
say it's the measles,
even though my fever
has already broken
and gone. I lie in bed
with wide eyes, my
knees pulled up
tight, blankets tucked
in around me,
and my mother's
assurance that the elf
will not come
again. She is wrong.

by Christine Wallin

A native of Shawano, Christine Wallin lives in Walla Walla, Washington, where she teaches at the state penitentiary. She has had poetry published in ***The Raven Chronicles, Point-No-Point,*** *and in previous issues of this publication.*

Photo by Bill Blankenburg

Photo by Bill Blankenburg

Heirloom

I now possess my great-grandmother's sewing
rocker from the Civil War,
a hand-carved spindled chair with a cane seat.
A priceless antique that holds me spellbound.
No ordinary rocking chair, it lacks arms to
rest your elbows on.

I can see my great-grandmother rocking
gently while completing her delicate embroidery
of flowers around the edge of a white tablecloth.
She appears stern in the family's sole professional
photograph of her—a petite woman
who wore her dark hair in a bun,
a neckline of ruffles up to her throat,
along with gold-framed granny glasses.

There are the usual questions, but without
ancestors to ask, I wonder whether she
ever danced?

by Jane-Marie Bahr

Presence

You came into the room, sat down to read,
unaware that I was at the desk,
puzzling over line breaks in a poem.
I am so often in this long-shared space,
I've morphed into a blue-jeaned sofa cushion,
a blinking photograph upon the wall,
a standard fixture in the landscape of a marriage.

Never mind. Just yesterday I failed
to see you sitting cross-legged on the floor,
repairing electronics gone awry.

Then again we speak of politics,
or grocery lists and children turning gray,
what might have been and what may lie ahead,
all sorted out inside my head
while you have gone to town
and I am knitting yet another shawl.

by Judy Roy

Jane-Marie Bahr, of Menomonie, taught English at Whitewater High School and was awarded an M.S.T. degree from UW–Whitewater. She has been published in ***Free Verse, Hummingbird, Poesy, Poetry Motel,*** *Wisconsin Poets calendars, and the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets Museletter.*

Judy Roy retired from careers as a psychologist and a French teacher. She writes poetry in a boreal forest in northern Door County. Her poems have been published both online and in regional publications. She is co-author of a chapbook, ***Slightly Off Q.***

This Map of Skin

I press my palm against a frosted windowpane
and when I pull it back,
what we didn't do for each other
sticks like wet salt, rime
stinging in the raddled landscape of my flesh.

This is not the same winter nor the same hand
that guided me to him, the future
spinning in my fist like a compass.

When the redheaded witch said, *see*
in your hand, right here, a twist,
a fork begins, I only saw the simple map
carved out at birth—a lifeline
curving down into my wrist, a headline
running deep into a notch of bone,
a long and narrow rut of love.

But it isn't always love we want
even when we say it's love we want.

We didn't know then how
to save each other, that small
accommodations of the heart could.

My hand burns with this hard-got wisdom,
the body's deeper, singular knowledge—
we shape our hands with what we hold,
what we choose to let go.

by Susan Elbe

From ***Eden in the Rearview Mirror*** *(Word Press)*
First appeared in ***Light Made from Nothing*** *(Parallel Press)*

Photo by Bill Blankenburg

My Mother Isn't Dead

I don't believe people die. They just go uptown. To Bloomingdales.
—Andy Warhol

She's just shopping. On State Street in Chicago, at Marshall Field's, and above her on the building its ornate three-sided clock is stopped at 5 p.m. It's late November, 1954, cold enough so that she wears her good wool coat, the collar cinched up tight around her throat, and her ankle-high galoshes with fake-fur tops. To keep her carefully waved hair from lake wind funneling between skyscrapers, she wears a sleek babushka knotted underneath her chin.

She's happy, pushing through the crowd and brass revolving doors, heading straight for women's clothes where she leafs through racks of fitted suits with shoulder pads and piping. Soft gabardine swing coats. French-cuffed blouses with bone buttons. She fingers short-sleeved Orlon cardigans, finds everything she wants, but doesn't buy. She's there to see the spruce tree rise three stories in the center of the store, its golden swag and winking ladders of bright light. She stops to test Chanel and Shalimar from atomizers lined up on glass counters. Soon she'll leave to go someplace she can afford—Goldblatt's, Wieboldt's, Sears.

She's still 30, her cheeks softly rouged, lips crimson, blotted to look natural, every shining hair still on her head in place. She stands on the corner. In one gloved hand, a shopping bag. In the other, ten cents for the bus to bring her home. A sharp wind makes her eyes tear. The light drops: pewter, mercury, to lead.

At home, we've turned on the lamps. Supper's waiting on the stove. My face, pressed against the window's dark, looks back at me. Wet snow begins to fall.

by Susan Elbe

From ***Eden in the Rearview Mirror*** *(Word Press)*
First appeared in the anthology ***Kiss Me Goodnight: Stories and Poems by Women Who Were Girls When Their Mothers Died*** *(Syren Books)*

Susan Elbe is the author of two poetry collections, ***Eden in the Rearview Mirror*** *(Word Press) and* ***Light Made from Nothing*** *(Parallel Press). Her poems have appeared or are forthcoming in many journals and anthologies, including* ***Blackbird, MARGIE, The North American Review, A Fierce Brightness: Twenty-five Years of Women's Poetry*** *(Calyx Books), and* ***On Retirement: 75 Poems*** *(University of Iowa Press). She is the recipient of the 2006 Lorine Niedecker Award, the Calyx Lois Cranston Memorial Poetry Prize, and a Rowland Foundation residency to the Vermont Studio Center. Her website is www.susanelbe.com. She lives in Madison.*

Photo by Bill Blankenburg

Sonia

BY INGRID AAMOT

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

THIRD PLACE

I WANT THE KIND OF FUNERAL WHERE THEY CUT THE ROPES AND the barge floats out into the Mediterranean with Brahms playing—a full orchestra—the crepe flapping in the *contrastes* winds—guttering candles and weepers: the works.

This is an empty fantasy. I forgot to write it down and now I've lost the ability to articulate it, thanks to the morphine. Not that I would do without the drugs. The opium poppy is a friend to old age, illness and ennui. It's particularly good at dulling the sensation of being torn apart by your own cells, but it does not make time move faster.

They say time is meaningless to the dead, but I'm not there yet, and I'm getting impatient. Hey, nurses! What's time to a dying historian? Histrionics. Do you ladies ever laugh? How about this one. Pluto and Meng Po are sitting in a bar ... Oh, forget it. Since you're not listening, I'll tell you a story instead.

Once upon a time, in the cozy silver-mining town of Kongsberg, Norway, a child was born. This was no ordinary child, for she was endowed with a special gift: a BRCA-2 central sequence gene mutation. Thereafter, at least one girl from each generation would be chosen to bear this precious burden. I am a scion of that blessed line, rooted in frustration and grafted to my fate. Like my mother before me, and her mother before her, so it shall be forever and ever until someone figures out how

the hell to stop it. Obviously, it's too late for me.

Just like Mother, I spend my final days in hospice talking to the dead. I hadn't realized what good listeners they are. How often do they bend your ear about their child's test scores or the new deck on the summer house? The dead do not drag you into their lives, but they don't need you either. That's why I wish you nurses would listen.

Do you know that I used to be one of you? I worked at the City Hospital psych ward, long before the merger. We used cold baths, insulin shock, straitjackets, solitary confinement, and of course, electroshock. It sounds like torture, doesn't it? We were told that these were treatments. We were trying to help. I think you are too, even though you drug me, restrain me with tubes and take away my balance so I can't leave. You intend to help me, don't you?

If so, then answer a question. What really happened to me on ward six in 1951? I've never been able to figure it out.

It happened soon after I graduated from high school. I was determined to pursue a college degree. My parents said that I could be a teacher or a nurse. Ultimately, I did both, and I also became a historian, but my first choice was nursing. I was not even eighteen when I started my rotations at City Hospital.

You might not think my mind would be sharp, with the morphine and all, but I'm feeling quite lucid. I can see it clearly. The psych ward was in a separate building, rectangular and round-shouldered with a towering iron fence. Everyone called it left field, because it was next to a baseball diamond. The windows were little more than dents in the red brick. I used to imagine that line drives had hit and made the dents, even though I knew it was impossible.

My first assignment was at the reception desk. In the front hall, orderlies sat motionless like piles of hospital linen, until someone needed to be subdued. It was a gathering of the unwilling, where police drifted in and out trailed by drafts of cold air. The police would drop someone off, sign a few papers and leave. The people that we called insane in those days might be called senile or retarded today, or addicted, disabled, disadvantaged, or whatever they call it now. The families and police just called them trouble. Who had the leisure to make a distinction? They brought them in and left them, sometimes peacefully. That first day a mother came in with her teenage son. The boy never said a word. He signed for himself, Dale Torshaug, in perfect Palmer method cursive, and disappeared through the steel doors without looking back. After he left, an empty calm came over the mother's face. It reminded me of a child that had been hospitalized for eating lead paint: amazed that something so poisonous could taste so sweet.

All the next week, my friend Beth Moran and I drew the main ward rotation. I loved every minute of it, even when nothing was happening. One slow night, Beth was folding linens and I was cleaning equipment. I picked up a spouted aluminum cup. It was as dull as sleet, with dark spots where my fingers had been. "It looks like an oil lamp, doesn't it?" I asked.

"It's not like a genie lamp or anything, if that's what you mean," Beth said. "I think it looks like a watering can."

"That's what it is, right? A watering can for people?"

She put down a stack of pillowcases. "I guess so."

Beth stopped folding and began to adjust her uniform. She rolled up her sleeves, then glanced in the mirror, a legal-sized rectangle of aluminum with the same hazy sheen as the cup. Beth rolled, then glanced. Her upper arms were being unveiled a little at a time. The gratitude of the interns depended on her success. When they watched, her arms became fluted ivory tusks mounted on the wall in a dim room where they sat and smoked. Beth was a part of their daily refreshment, and she would not disappoint them. We would not. Not that the nursing students were unsupervised; it was practically a convent. But we got away with what we could. Her chin ducked in weak approval and she turned and stared at me.

When people do that I tend to leap right behind their eyes and stare with them, but in this case that meant I was staring at myself. I don't enjoy that much. I have a friendly face—a soft face—but it seems square and shiny if you see it beside someone like Beth. Unsophisticated might be a better word. Even with my docked red hair and swiveled pose, even with my cocktail party curves, it wasn't enough. I didn't quite fit together. At the time I was holding the drinking cup gingerly and turning myself partway—the pose I use for holding a cigarette. I liked to think of it as my 'Bernini's-David' pose, only Beth wouldn't be interested in that, so I kept it to myself. Knowing what I liked wouldn't make her think better of me. Why did I care what she thought? Well, when someone always seems to know better, you can't help but pay attention. The whole Modern Library carried less weight than a harsh word from Beth. Some days, anyway. Not always.

Hssssss ... ding!

Beth and I always jumped when we heard that. For some reason the bell mechanism hissed just before it rang. I think it was short of breath. The sound came in between, when you were talking, or measuring meds, or cleaning the autoclave. You never knew when they would call.

"I did it last time, Sonia," Beth said, out of habit. She knew I would go whether it was my turn or not, because I liked to. She was afraid of one of the patients, too, so I covered for her.

I got up, grabbed the keys and swung the drinking cup—the aluminum "watering can" thing. I filled it on the way. Sometimes a drink of water helped a patient calm down. The call was from the main ward, probably a request for meds. I sorted through the keys and found the "safe" one. The one that most people weren't afraid of. The main ward didn't see as much blood or feces as ward six.

Like I said, psych was my first rotation. City Hospital arranged for classes from the Menningers of the Topeka clinic. They taught us all about Freud,

Winning Words

Lead judge Charles Baxter on why he chose "Sonia"

This story exists at the outer edge of what can be believed; it shows us an uncanny alternative world, where the rules we are used to don't apply. The story itself breaks several rules, but it does so in order to take the reader to places rarely visited, and the ending, surprising and inevitable, breaks the biggest rule of all.

the id, and the ego. We never had much chance to use our knowledge, though. We hardly had the time or staff to analyze anyone. I didn't know that until later. While we were still fresh, we practiced our analysis on one another. The other nurses had a good laugh when I drew the psych rotation. They were sure I belonged there.

The syphilitics were sent to the psych ward too. It wasn't always obvious that they were insane. Imagine a mind like one of those 3-D postcards with the picture changing as you turn your head. That's how they were. I remember having a nice conversation with one until she sank her teeth into my hand.

Once, when I was little, I bit my sister. I bit her cruelly. I bit her as hard as I could. It was so intoxicating I forgot she was there. So it made some sense to me when the patient kept hanging on with her teeth, but it didn't make it hurt less. I heard my metacarpals grind together. Much, much later someone came in and sedated her. By then, I was having visions of pulling her head out of my hand with tweezers, like a tick. They took me to the nurses' infirmary and injected me with tetanus and penicillin until I broke out in a rash. It wasn't as bad as the humiliation, though. I always seemed to drop my guard when someone sounded reasonable. It still happens.

When I first opened the door to the main ward, the key scratched the paint because my hands were trembling so much. The scratch disappeared immediately into a nest of older ones. My fear was nothing, however, compared to the revulsion I felt whenever I locked the door behind me. I held that key, thinking that all of their choices had been stamped and ground into a sliver and put into my hand. The hand of a teenager. After I closed the door, they shouted. Their voices were muffled, like a pillow was being held over their faces.

I got used to it. I opened and closed the door quickly, leading with my shoulder, because a patient might wait there to bolt.

That day when I answered the call on the main ward with my cup of water, the intern gave me a disappointed "I wish it was Beth" look, which I ignored. The patient was Dale Torshaug. He might have been looking at me but I couldn't be sure because his eyes didn't seem to stay in one place. I looked out the window and held on to the cup. Dale didn't need water to calm down. He was lethargic, and had been for more than a week. He was starving himself.

Dale's mother had signed him in after he scared the neighbors one too many times. Nearly everyone avoided Dale because of what he said when you were alone with him. He might call you by the name you used to go by. He could talk about the places you had loved as a child, as though he had been there. When he told Beth her father had raped her, she ran out of the ward and down to the bus stop without saying a word. We didn't see her for three days. Later, when Beth told me what Dale had said, I covered for her on the ward. Don't think I'm a saint. I was sorry for Beth, but I didn't think anything I felt could change what happened. I also wanted to believe Dale could know things that were hidden. I wanted the rules to bend.

So I was standing there with Dale and the intern when a doctor came in with two orderlies. He drew the intern aside, as if what he had to say was secret. But with the orderlies there, I knew he wanted to do an electroshock. I was terrified of the small room where I waited for hearts to stop and tongues to be swallowed. There was no avoiding it. We went to the ECT, and Dale jumped and moaned and wet himself. Afterwards he stopped telling people things. They transferred him out and I never knew what became of him. I never asked. It was part of our training that doctors were to be obeyed without question. That became quite a joke after I married one.

There's something else I wanted to say about hospitals. I'm sure you nurses know this already, but you ought to dwell on it. Because I saw which patients got better and which ones didn't, I thought I had some expertise, but now I know what it's like to be treated against your will. On the main ward, a woman stabbed me over and over again, and I thought I was dead until I saw that the knife was made of aluminum foil. I didn't know why she did that until I was a patient myself. I wished I had a knife like that for the people who kept sewing me back to life and feeding me in places I couldn't touch. Rather than killing anyone, I decided to go home before I died. I saw the charts, I took the tests and I refused to let them continue. Yes, I took the morphine—as much as they would give me, and even more now—but the rest I refused. I found out that they took me down for MRIs when I was unconscious. I know Charles and the kids wanted something to hope for, so it happened, even though I'd said no. Or maybe I said no afterwards. Anyway, they cut and sewed. I'm not sure what I said to them. My doubts are as strong as my convictions.

I think I was telling you about the main ward, but there's more. Past the main ward was what we called ward six, because there were six high-security cells for the violently insane. I still don't know if someone was playing a trick on me, or if someone is right now and I'll rise up feeling fine. But ward six is the one I wanted to ask you about.

It was the first time I had drawn night duty on the violent ward and I was alone with them. Each was packaged as tight as meat under their covers, restrained day and night. The restraints were double-stitched top grain leather padlocked to the bed frames. Since the

patients were tied down, you had to bathe and change them as well as you could and give them meds. They made sure that you heard and saw everything while you did it. Each one was a private garden of genital wounds, emptiness, and murder.

That night I was exhausted. Beth had gone on a date with one of the interns the night before, and I'd stayed up late to let her back into the dorm. I was so tired that the ward six patients meant little more to me than items on a list. I would have liked some help, but I think the aides and the orderlies were off having coffee, or perhaps plotting. You tell me. I got to work just in time for the mundane screaming and swearing. God visited a few times. The devil stopped by to leave blood dripping from the walls, which I knew was light from the parking lot, but Morris, in the second cell, wouldn't settle down until I agreed with him.

I checked on the patient in the third cell. I can't remember his name, or forget him, either. This happens to me a lot. I called him power man. After I checked on him, I went to log the meds. It was late enough to be quiet. Even that place was quiet, sometimes.

Not too long after I locked his door, power man started to chant, softly at first, then more confidently. I couldn't make out the words, or even a language, only a breathy thump like a sandbag falling from the bed to the floor. There were no sandbags. Silence, then thumping. He made a casual admission from behind the door. "Hey out there! Do you know I have the power?" He had the cadence of the country preachers that came through Halver's Grove every summer. I could almost hear the canvas tent flapping as he spoke. "I can break, and I can destroy." More silence. "I can tear things apart with *mere thoughts*."

I did my best to filter him out while I measured a dose of chloral hydrate. Too much would be toxic, too little would not be noticed. City Hospital didn't have the money for thorazine, so we made do with chloral hydrate and phenobarbital. It was easier to knock them out than to figure out what was wrong. Sometimes, on the way down, the patients would babble. We would sit with a pen and paper and take it down, then put it in their file. Even today, most medications do too much, like using a shotgun to kill a fly. I won't bother you about my own frustrating experiences with anxiety medication. Some other time.

As I finished measuring the last dose, power man started to shout. "YES, I have the power! It's REAL! I have the power to BREAK and DESTROY. I can feel it." He was thoughtful enough to pause and wait for me to feel it too. I tried not to. "FIRST, I will chant away my restraints," he announced. The grunts began again. I ignored power man as well as I could. He chanted for another half hour, with regular reports.

Finally he shouted, "My hands are FREE!" so I went in. There they were, flapping idly the way cottonwood leaves do on a hot afternoon. The restraints were broken right through the leather. They must have been weak already, I reasoned, but I couldn't find more, and nobody was there to help, so I locked the door. The leg restraints would be enough. An explanation, a reassurance, and I was back to work.

I filed the daily stats for three patients, lifted the fourth stack of papers and heard, "HEY out there!" My cringe was

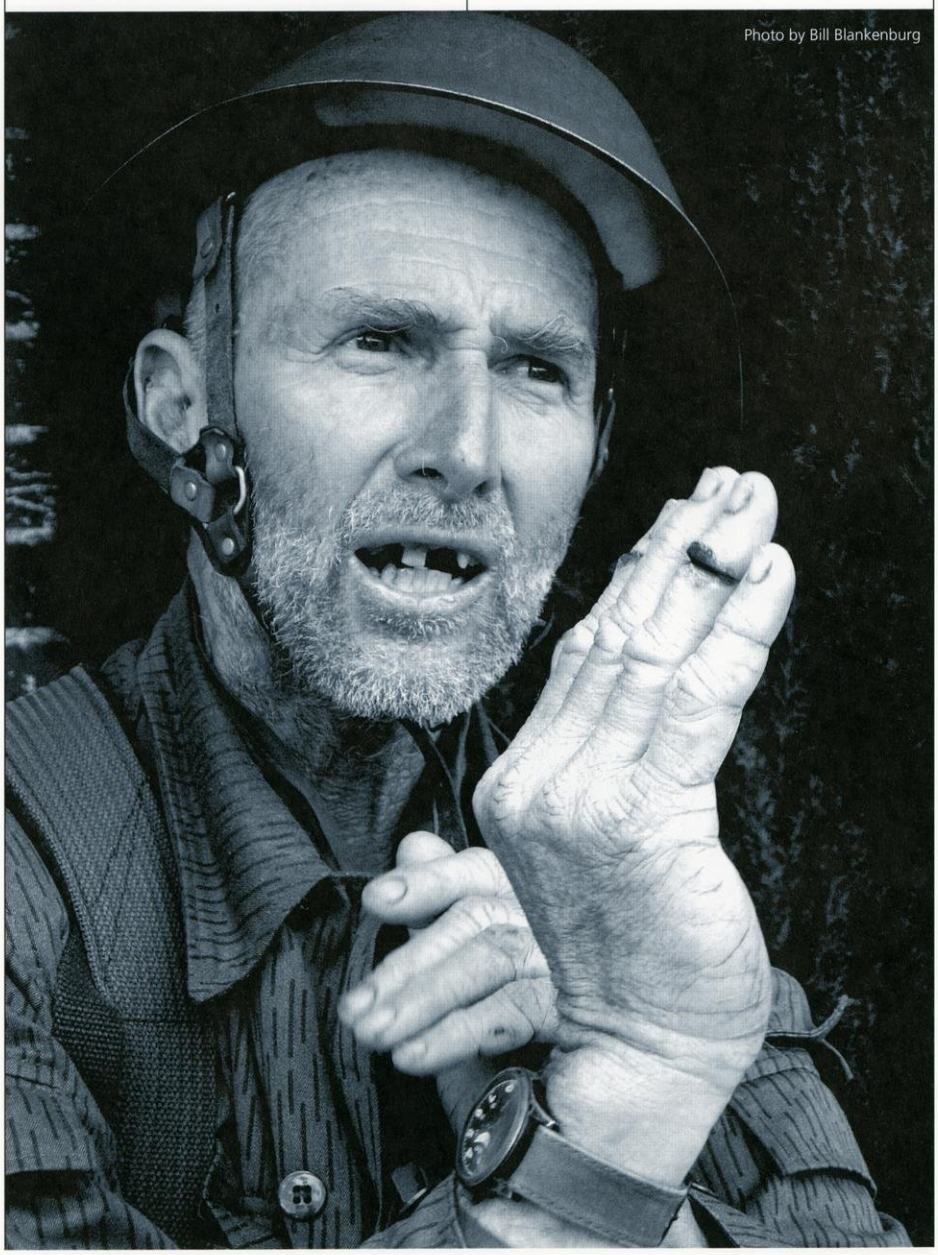


Photo by Bill Blankenburg

no longer mere irritation. There was doubt too. "Do you know I have the power? YES!" and softer "yes." Then, like a gentle whisper to a child, he said, "It's time for the leg irons to go." The chanting continued for nearly an hour. It would have made me sleepy except that the amphetamines were kicking in. We used them to make it through the night shifts. Nobody thought much of it then. It was like coffee.

At about quarter to three Morris shouted that one of the Archangels was stuck under his bed. I got up to check on him.

Just then, power man stopped chanting. The pauses were what worried me now.

"The leg irons are BROKEN!" he roared. My heart collapsed in my chest and started again as I opened the door. It was not exactly as he reported. The leg irons were off, not broken, but the implication was the same. He was no longer restrained. He smiled with the polished grace of a carving. I locked the leg irons and the door and went to wake an orderly. It took ten minutes of grumbling before the orderly found new arm restraints. I wondered what was happening, but when we got back, power man hadn't moved. He said thank you when we finished. The orderly told me that I was a stupid girl who failed to lock the patient up in the first place. You know what? I hoped he was right.

By three-thirty I was watching the clock the same way I used to in Mrs. Ide's grade school, prodding the long hand forward with my eyes. It resisted my efforts. In the silence, I could hear power man chanting again. "Do you know I have the power? I have The POW-wer." That was how he said it. "Yes, yes, the POW-wer." Singsong. "Now the bed will go! The bed will collapse!"

The hospice bed I'm in right now is stainless steel with an adjustable head and foot, easy to clean and change. It takes less than five minutes. The beds we tended at City Hospital could take twice as long, especially if you were working alone. They were iron frames, apparently Crimean War cast-offs painted white yearly until they sprouted lumps and boles like ancient sycamore trees. I changed four of those beds while power man went on and on. I did it, ignoring the complaints of the sleepy patients because I needed something to do. I avoided power man's room. I counted the supplies. I brought Morris some water, but he was asleep.

You ladies might be expecting something to happen about now. I won't disappoint you. When I was a child, before we moved to Halver's Grove, we lived in the city. My father was a civil defense captain in the war, so we conducted drives for metal, paper, and grease. Our garage would be full of old magazines for weeks: *Harper's* from the 1880s, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Arbeiter Zeitung*, even *The Alarm*. I read as much as I could before they hauled it away. Later, when I became a historian, I would follow my nose to that smell, the paper-in-the-garage smell, and find what I wanted. After the paper was gone, we filled the garage with scrap metal. This time it was shoe lasts, coat racks, nails, hinges, and balls of lead sheet from cigars and wine corks that rolled around in the corners with the mass of lesser planets. At the bottom of the pile there were several bed frames.

Anything under that much weight will finally give way, so when the crash came in power man's room it was one that I had heard before, quite clearly.

When I got in the room I was relieved to see that the restraints were still in place, but the bed was twisted under the mattress with the broken ends of the bars sticking up through the linens and gouging down into the linoleum floor. The mattress was fine so I made him comfortable and locked the door fast. As fast as I could. Quiet.

I had taken about ten steps down the hall when I heard, "HEY out there! Do you know I have the POW-wer?" I wondered if should I call another orderly. Power man shouted again, warbling like an auctioneer. "Do you believe I have the pow-WER?"

It was as though he could hear the "What? What??" in my mind, so he delivered the punch line.

"NOW," he bellowed. "Now I will DESTROY this building!" I lost all reason and shoveled at the lock until I was inside.

"I know you have the power." Was that the best I could come up with? "I believe in your power." All I had left was a tissue-thin platitude. "Please don't hurt all the innocent people in this building!" This I said to a nude man with an erection who had urinated on himself and was padlocked to a tangle of iron on the floor.

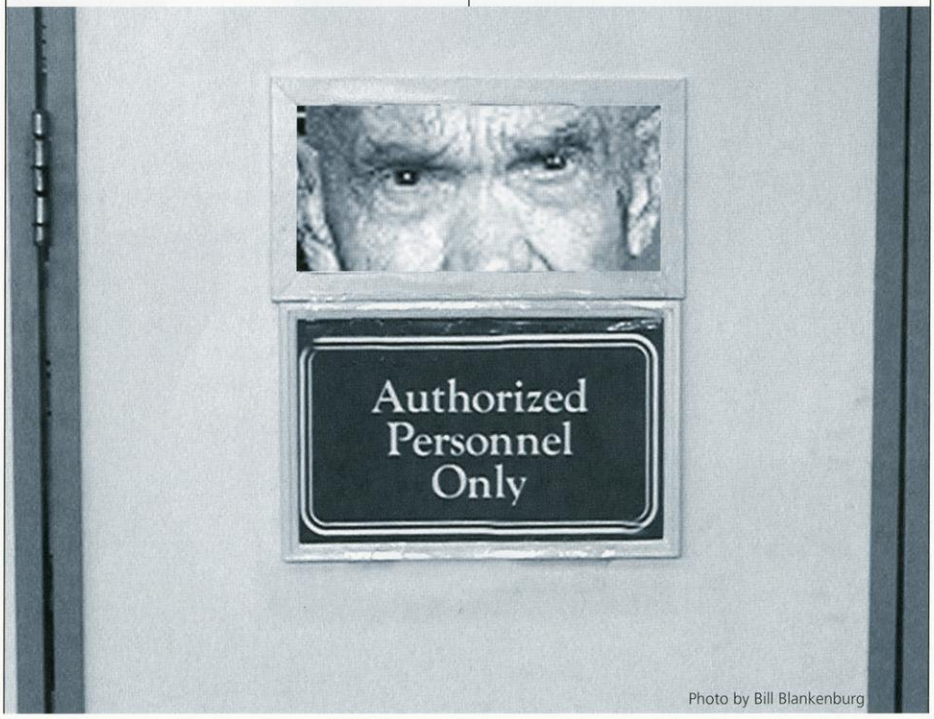


Photo by Bill Blankenburg

He smiled, said okay, and went to sleep.

He went to sleep.

I've wondered about it all my life.

Do you think it was an elaborate hoax by the orderlies? The straps and leg irons could be. But the bed? Would you have taken such a chance, under the same circumstances, to let power man continue, based on your disbelief? My son-in-law is a born skeptic. He would have held his ground, but I couldn't. When I was young, I wanted to think that we weren't constrained by the chance piling of wood on metal or things on thoughts. Beth believed me. And was she wrong? Lots of times.

After that first rotation I didn't spend much time in psych, and the scar from the bite healed quickly. There's only a faint mark here, right under the IV tape. My bed won't be coming apart until I'm done with it. Right now, I need it. I'm exhausted.

I've been waiting to die for a few weeks. It's hard work for everyone. Scylla is boredom and Charybdis is grief. My family has to navigate those hazards every day. Sometimes in the afternoons, the hospice people are quiet and everyone in the house sleeps. Inevitably, their dreams turn like the prows of oarless rowboats to point between boredom and grief. Boats like these can never get anywhere, though they draw near. The white oaks behind the house close in around their worn wooden sides, chiding the boats' silver nakedness, and a straight wind comes out of the west to overturn them, a nuclear wind that lays the trees flat and threshes them into spears, pencils that fill in the dawn completely with silver-black lines and letters. The boats tumble away in a roar of red and gray kindling, terrified by the wind.

My first thought when I wake up is cherry licorice. I've never liked it before, but I think the taste would be like the music I asked for. If I had some licorice, my mouth wouldn't be so dry. They're trying to find the music, but they didn't understand me. They're putting the headphones on. It's Brahms. That would be fine for the funeral, but I really wanted Beethoven now. They should have remembered what I said about the Sixth. I wanted to hear that last, like the old man in the movie *Soylent Green*.

They must have forgotten about the Beethoven. My youngest child is pressing her baby on me as if the child's presence would be enough to lift me from annihilation. I can't even hold her with all the tape on me. You might be tempted to compare these tubes and tapes to restraints, but those are made to keep someone confined. These things coming out of me are going to let me go as easily as a kite string slipping out of their hands.

The Brahms is over. Every now and then Charles or the children force words into the silence, though they don't have much meaning to put into them. The headphones have been sitting idle for an hour or so. I don't know exactly. They've taken the clock out of the room. The faint electronic hiss of the CD player and the ring of the doorbell brought back the story about working in the psych ward. The doorbell. It's the hospice chaplain. It won't be long now.

I think something's wrong with the chaplain. I've never heard of this happening before. She looks like she doesn't eat. It must be hard to eat when you watch people die for a living, and whatever she drinks makes her colors run. When my son starts to talk, she interrupts. "Tell her what you feel," she says. It's a stage whisper, like a volleyball coach telling a secret. And then she cheers us on again: "I know she can hear you! The hearing is the last to go." My son is looking over his shoulder, appalled. What is she doing here? He forgets what he's going to say. Stupid bitch. Luckily, she shuts up when I stop breathing.

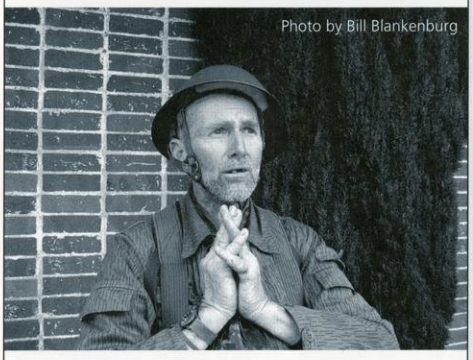


Photo by Bill Blankenburg

I've been waiting for the undertaker for a long time. His name's Gerhartz. I've been waiting for him to come and rescue me from these thoughts, or to shut my eyes at least. I think of the time that I took mother to see *Our Town* at the high school. It was just after my brother Jack died of polio. Mother sobbed through the whole part where the dead forget about the living. Why did I take her there? What was I thinking? Now I have to wait with her memories piled on mine. Everyone is waiting, thinking of the door, and in some cases, tomorrow. I mumble a silent Norwegian goodbye to all of you, and to the parts of me that you invented.

Ah, finally. Gerhartz is here, but he seems shocked. I wouldn't expect that from an undertaker. He must have seen a dead friend before. He stares at me, then at Charles. His throat's shut. The words come out shrill and earthy. "Jeez Doc! I didn't even know she was sick!"

Ha! I'm not sick anymore, am I?

Then he's bumping me out the door on a gurney, without so much as a word of goodbye. It might have been the look on his face—silent film shock—or just the way he said "Jeez Doc!" but my family can't stop laughing. It's blasting out of them like lava, powerful, fiery. For the first time in six weeks they're laughing! Gerhartz can't seem to hear it.

At first it was too loud, but now it's softer.

I could remember it as the sound of geese waking me in the cold at dawn. ✹

"Sonia" is Ingrid Aamot's first published fiction. Her nonfiction has appeared in ***Leonardo*** *magazine, and she contributed to and edited a collection of essays,* ***Tagore for the 21st Century,*** *about the poet Raindranth Tagore. Aamot is a freelance artist and graphic designer. Her illustrations have appeared in* ***Scientific American,*** *the* ***Communication Arts Illustration Annual,*** *and on the cover of* ***Science*** *magazine. She is also a muralist and set painter. Aamot lives in Madison with her husband and two children.*

This story concludes publication of our 2007 contest winners. Look for the first-place winner of the Wisconsin People & Ideas/Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops Short Story Contest 2008 in our summer issue.

Watch Her Read

Ingrid Aamot gave a powerful reading of "Sonia" at the Wisconsin Book Festival as part of our contest winners' event in October. You can watch Aamot, along with our three poetry contest winners, on the WisconsinEye website, http://www.wiseye.org/wisEye_programming/ARCHIVES-bks.html. In addition to web availability, the reading will be broadcast on WisconsinEye's cable channel. See their schedule posted online for broadcast times.

SPONSOR A PROGRAM

We thank these individuals and organizations for their support of our programs during the September 2006–June 2007 season.

JAMES WATROUS GALLERY EXHIBITIONS

MAJOR SPONSORS
$5,000 and above

DANE COUNTY CULTURAL AFFAIRS COMMISSION

with additional funds from Madison Community Foundation and Overture Foundation

DOUBLETREE® HOTEL MADISON

SUPPORTING SPONSORS
$1,000 and above

Robert and Carroll Heideman

Jack and Marian Bolz

Bruce Jacobs

ACADEMY EVENINGS

FOUNDING SPONSOR

PLEASANT T. ROWLAND FOUNDATION

LEAD SPONSORS
$10,000 and above

WARF

Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation

MAJOR SPONSORS
$5,000 and above

THE UNIVERSITY of WISCONSIN MADISON

John and Sally Mielke Family Fund

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

In Appreciation of Our Donors

Cumulative Gifts

BALDWIN CIRCLE

Cumulative Contributions of $100,000 and above

Anonymous
Ira and Ineva Baldwin
Thomas and Renee Boldt
The Evjue Foundation Inc., the charitable arm of *The Capital Times*
Walter A. and Dorothy Jones Frautschi Charitable Unitrust
Daniel and Roberta Gelatt
Sally Mead Hands
Ruth DeYoung Kohler
Elizabeth McCoy
Pleasant T. Rowland Foundation
Harry Steenbock

FOUNDER'S FUND

Cumulative Contributions of $25,000 and above

American Transmission Company
Jim and Sue Bakke
Diane Endres Ballweg
Otto Bremer Foundation
The Chipstone Foundation
Gordon & Sigrid Connor Family Foundation
James Crow
Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission
Ody Fish Estate
John J. Frautschi
Good for Business
G.B. Gunlogson
Terry Haller
James S. Haney
Roger and Ann Hauck
Marshall & Ilsley Foundation, Inc.
George Parker
Ann Peckham
Martha E. Peterson
Quixote Foundation
Marianne and Stephen Schlecht
Jay and Patricia Smith
John and Leslie Taylor
Terry Family Foundation
United States Department of Agriculture Natural Resources Conservation Service
United States Fish and Wildlife Service
University of Wisconsin–Madison
James Watrous Family
Patricia Weisberg
Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation
Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection

LEADERSHIP CIRCLE

Cumulative Contributions of $10,000 and above

Grant Abert
Alliant Energy Corporation
Thomas and Jean Bliffert
Oscar C. and Patricia Boldt
Jack and Marian Bolz
Paula Bonner
Ellen Buck
The Nathan Cummings Foundation, Inc.
CUNA Mutual Group
Mary Lynne Donohue and Timothy Van Akkeren
M. Rustin Erdman
ExxonMobil Foundation
Farm Credit Services of Wisconsin
J.H. Findorff and Son, Inc.
George and Candy Gialamas
Global Environmental Management Education Center
Robert M. Goodman and Deborah J. Aks
Paul and Philia Hayes
Peggy Hedberg
Thomas and Suzanne Hefty
Robert and Carroll Heideman
Jill and Mal Hepburn
Jean Holtz
Jane C. Hutchison
Bruce Jacobs
Johnson Bank
George C. and Jane L. Kaiser
Carol and Randy Knox
David and Dedi Knox
Ron and Lois Krantz
Kwik Trip, Inc.
Katharine C. Lyall
Madison Community Foundation
Madison Gas and Electric Foundation, Inc.
Madison Investment Advisors, Inc.
Michael Best & Friedrich LLP
Miller Brewing Company
Stephen Morton
National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration
National Park Service
Nature Conservancy
Wayland Noland
Tim Reilley and Janet Nelson
Mary H. Rice Foundation
Elizabeth Souter
Millard and Barbara Susman
James and Jinny Swartout
Allen and Marilyn Taylor
John and Carol Toussaint
United States Department of the Interior Bureau of Land Management
United States Environmental Protection Agency
Gerald Viste
Wisconsin Agricultural Growth Foundation
Wisconsin Coastal Management Program
Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources
Wisconsin Farm Bureau Federation
Wisconsin Humanities Council
Wisconsin Milk Marketing Board, Inc.
Wisconsin Public Service Corporation

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

In Appreciation of Our Donors

July 2006–June 2007 Contributions

MINERVA SOCIETY

Contributions of $10,000 and above

Alliant Energy Corporation
American Transmission Company
Tom and Renee Boldt
James Crow
Dane County Cultural Affairs Commission
The Evjue Foundation, Inc., the charitable arm of *The Capital Times*
Ody Fish Estate
Daniel and Roberta Gelatt
Global Environmental Management Education Center
Johnson Bank
Ruth DeYoung Kohler
Kwik Trip, Inc.
Stephen Morton
Pleasant T. Rowland Foundation
Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation
Wisconsin Department of Agriculture, Trade and Consumer Protection

STEENBOCK SOCIETY

Contributions of $5,000 and above

Alliant Energy Foundation, Inc.
American Family Insurance
Anonymous
Culver's VIP Foundation, Inc.
Doubletree Hotel Madison
W. Jerome Frautschi
Walter A. and Dorothy Jones Frautschi Charitable Unitrust
Marshfield Clinic
University of Wisconsin–Madison
Whyte Hirschboeck Dudek S.C.

MCCOY CIRCLE

Contributions of $1,000 and above

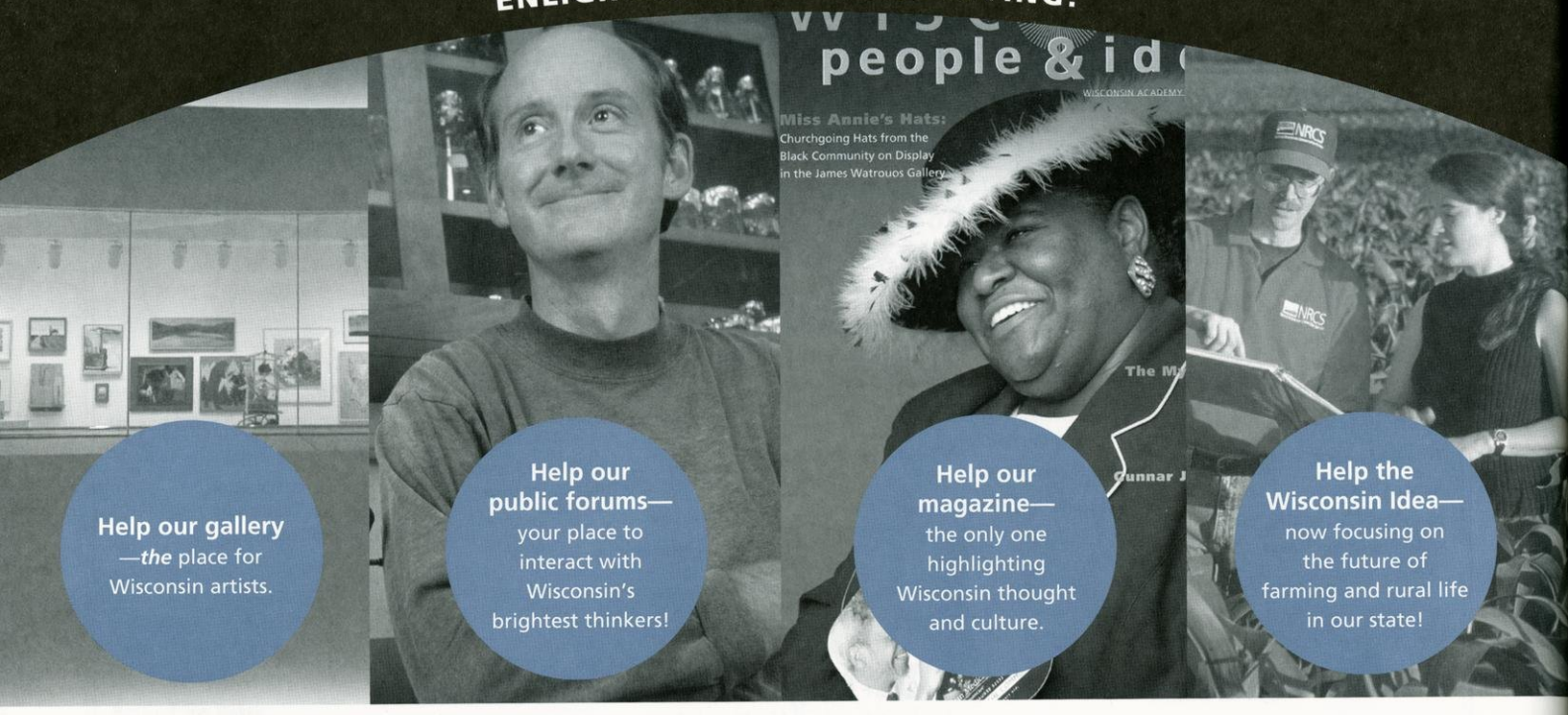
Aurora Sheboygan Clinic
Oscar C. and Pat Boldt
William and Karen Boyd
Ellen Buck
Dan and Jane Carter
Arthur and Mary Code
Mary Lynne Donohue and Timothy Van Akkeren
Susan Earley and Harry Miles
John J. Frautschi
Robert M. Goodman and Deborah J. Aks
Terry Haller
James Haney
Paul and Philia Hayes
Robert and Carroll Heideman
Bruce Jacobs
George C. and Jane L. Kaiser
Melvin Laird
Sheldon and Marianne Lubar
Michael Best & Friedrich LLP
Ann Peckham
James and Joy Perry
Plum Creek Timber Company, Inc.
Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops
Irving and Millie Shain
Millard and Barbara Susman
Carol and John Toussaint
Margaret Van Alstyne
Gerald Viste
Patricia Weisberg
Wisconsin Energy Corporation Foundation
Thomas Wolfe and Patricia Powers
Xcel Energy

PRESIDENT'S CABINET

Contributions of $500 and above

Thomas and Jean Bliffert
Jack and Marian Bolz
Pam Clinkenbeard in memory of Fred Buttel
Dan and Pat Cornwell
Michael and Patricia Dombeck
Emily Earley
Friends of St. Nicholas Hospital
Constance P. Godfrey Trust
Christopher and Martina Mann
Nancy Noeske
Pamela Ploetz and John Henderson
Tim and Pat Size
Kelly Parks Snider and John Snider
Robert and Barbara Sorensen
Waisman Center
Bill Wilson and Ethel E. Himmel

ENLIGHTEN YOUR LIFE BY GIVING!



Beyond membership ... be part of our very Bright Future!

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters connects people and ideas from all areas of knowledge and all walks of life to celebrate thought, culture, and nature in our state and help solve our common problems. We offer solid information straight from the source in all fields of human inquiry and provide a community where citizens and experts can exchange ideas.

By doing this, the Wisconsin Academy provides a unique and invaluable service to our state.

If you care about the Wisconsin Academy, you can join for as little as $25—and express your support even more by taking part in our Bright Future campaign. This challenge fund, set up by our key donors, matches your tax-deductible donation dollar-for-dollar. The $100 you give us becomes $200. Your gift of $5,000 becomes $10,000. Now more than ever, your gift has truly never meant so much!

Here are three ways you can double your money:

1 An Annual Gift

A gift to the Wisconsin Academy, in the form of cash or marketable securities, helps us immensely in carrying out our work. These gifts are used for general programming and operations.

2 Sponsor a Program

Love a particular program? Consider becoming a sponsor! While we welcome donations of any amount, a gift of $500 or more to underwrite a program—our art gallery, Academy Evenings, *Wisconsin People & Ideas,* or the Wisconsin Idea—will be accorded varying levels of recognition, with logo if desired, in program publicity materials.

3 The Minerva Society

Join our most generous group of donors with a gift of $10,000 or more. This gift may be pledged over the course of several years. These donors are accorded our highest recognition at a special celebration each year.

You can use the enclosed donation envelope to join our Bright Future with an annual gift— or you can donate online at www.wisconsinacademy.org

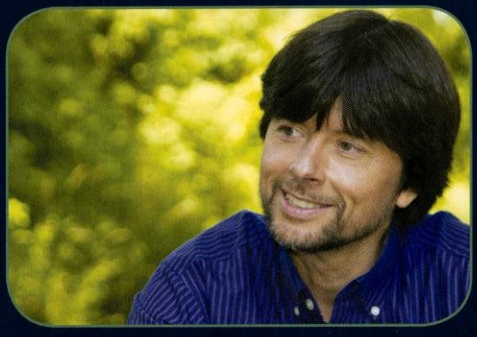
NOW YOU CAN DONATE ONLINE

For Minerva Society donations or program sponsorships of $500 or more, please contact Gail Kohl at 608/263-1692 ext. 14, gkohl@wisconsinacademy.org

WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROUS SUPPORT!

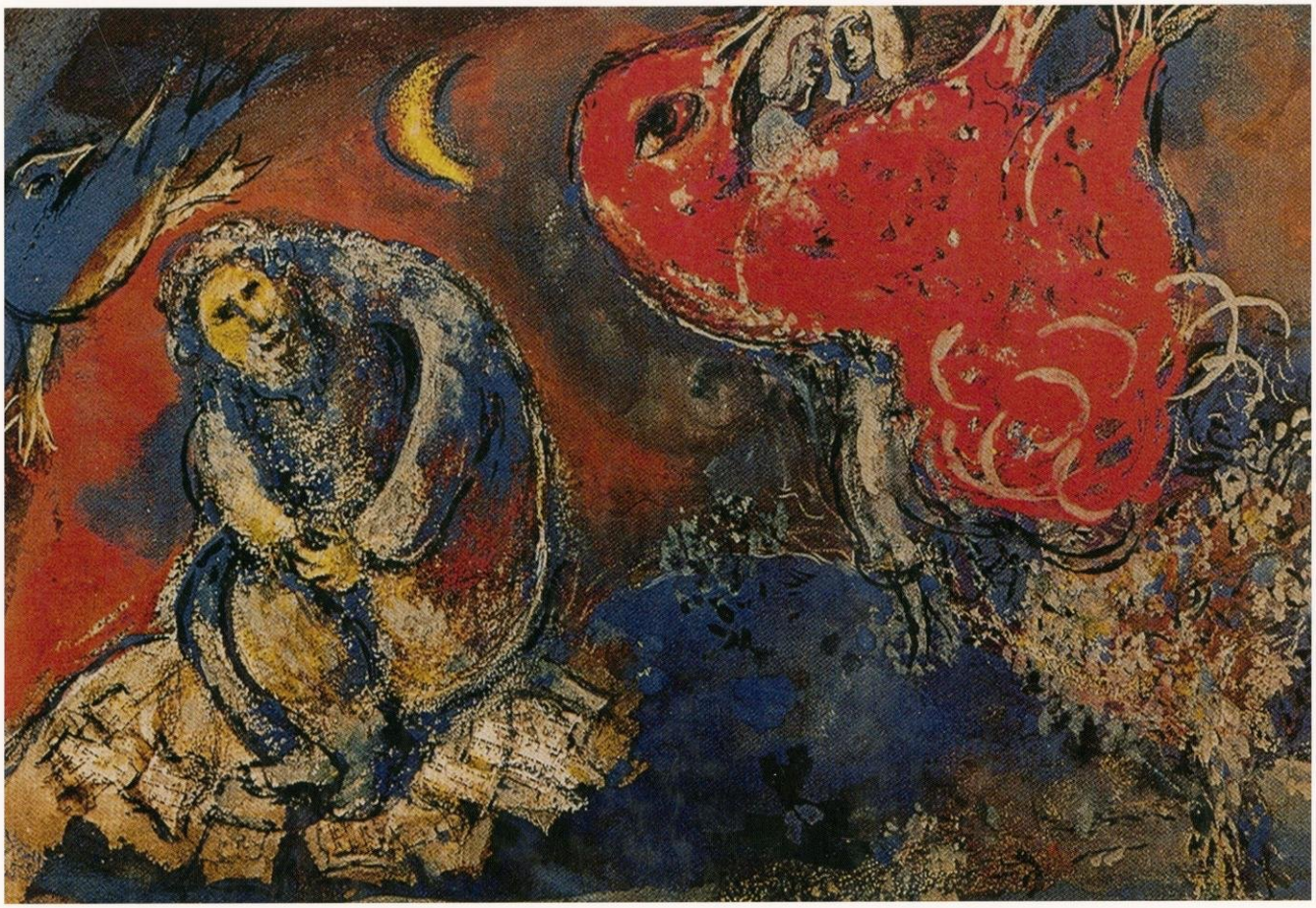
Be more Tuned In

The *Be more Tuned In* blog gives you an insider's look at the wide-ranging programming, vibrant personalities and exciting events that make WPT your place for learning, entertainment and more.



- **Look** beyond cutting-edge programs
- **Meet** your favorite public television personalities
- **Expand** your viewing experience

visit us at **wpt.org/blog**



A tapestry created by Marc Chagall (1973) tells the story of the Jewish people—and it will hang in the atrium of the Jewish Museum Milwaukee, to open this spring. Story on page 17.

Image courtesy Jewish Museum Milwaukee
Tapestry dimensions 14 x 19 feet

Price: $5

1922 university avenue | madison WI 53726

wisconsin academy
of sciences arts & letters

Nonprofit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
MADISON, WI
Permit No. 1564