Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 51, Number 1 Winter 2005

Madison, Wisconsin: Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters, Winter 2005

wisconsin academyreview

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

Native Hero: Journalist Paul DeMain Uncovers Murder and Injustice in Indian Country

■

Warrington Colescott on the Art and Satire of Master Printmaker Ray Gloeckler

■

The "Feminization" of Main Street: Barbara Lawton on Women and Wisconsin's Economy

■

Urban Forestry: An Oxymoron No More!

Hayward-based newspaper editor Paul DeMain seeks the truth—even if it means toppling some of his own people's heroes.

Price: $5

Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters

Winter 2005 Volume 51, Number 1

see us in overture!

James Watrous Gallery

JAMES WATROUS AND FRIENDS

The Legacy and Influence of James Watrous

Through January 9

A tribute to James Watrous, our new gallery's namesake and one of the most influential figures in Wisconsin art. Watrous taught art history and art at UW–Madison and is known as the "father of the Elvehjem" for his role in that museum's founding. Through artworks, photographs, and text, this exhibit showcases Watrous' many roles and his legacy, including works by renowned former colleagues and students John Wilde, Nancy Eckholm Burkert, Robert Burkert, Warrington Colescott, Robert Grilley, Ray Gloeckler, Doug Safranek, Dan O'Neal, John Wickenberg, and Robert Baxter.

Ali by Dan O'Neal (2000)

James Watrous Gallery

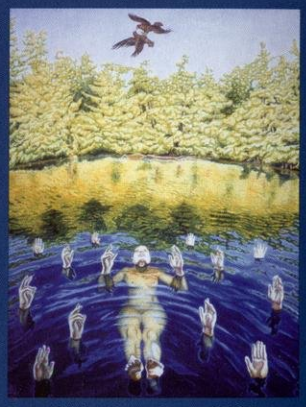
IN GOOD COMPANY:

An Exhibition of Artworks by the 2004 Wisconsin Arts Board Visual Arts Fellows

January 23–March 13

Opening reception Friday, January 28, 5–8 pm

An exhibit showing works by the seven winners of Visual Arts Fellowships from the Wisconsin Arts Board in 2004. This highly competitive program draws several hundred submissions from artists all over Wisconsin working in a wide variety of media. Artists in this exhibit are Terese Agnew, Milwaukee (fiber); John Balsley, Brown Deer (sculpture); Kim Cridler, Sheboygan (sculpture); Susan Dupor, Lake Geneva (painting); Briony Jean Foy, Madison (fiber); Nancy Mladenoff, Madison (painting); and Mark Mulhern, Milwaukee (painting).



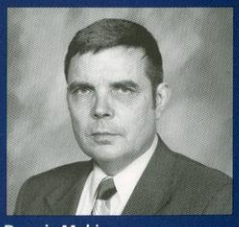
Courtship by Susan Dupor (2003)

Academy Evening

OUTBREAK! AIDS, SARS, & BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

Tuesday, February 1, 7–8 pm, Wisconsin Studio

UW–Madison Medical School professor Dennis Maki on infectious diseases at home and abroad and their potential impact on our future.



Dennis Maki

Academy Evening

FUTURE SHOCK: Is Madison Ready for the New Economy?

Tuesday, March 1, 7–8 pm, Wisconsin Studio

In partnership with Good for Business

Richard Florida made "the creative class" a buzz phrase, and supposedly Madison has the cultural and recreational amenities young workers seek. But do we have enough jobs to keep them? How can partnerships with Milwaukee and Chicago turn this region into a bigger player? Learn more about our challenges and opportunities from management consultant Rebecca Ryan, a nationally renowned spokesperson for Gen X professionals, a leading "change agent," according to *Fast Company* magazine, and author of the "Hot Jobs—Cool Communities Report."

Rebecca Ryan

ALL PRESENTATIONS TAKE PLACE AT

The Overture Center for the Arts

201 State Street | Madison

Events are free of charge. Maps and directions at www.wisconsinacademy.org

wisconsin academy
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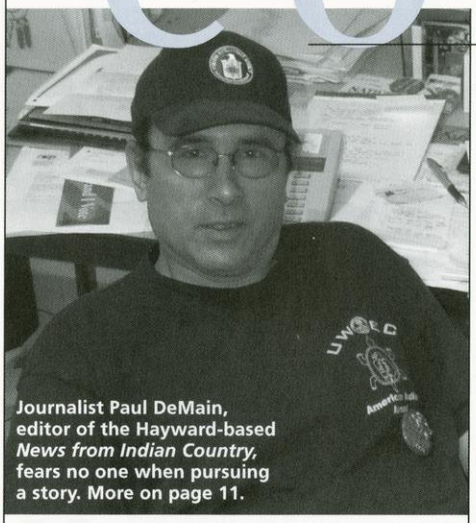
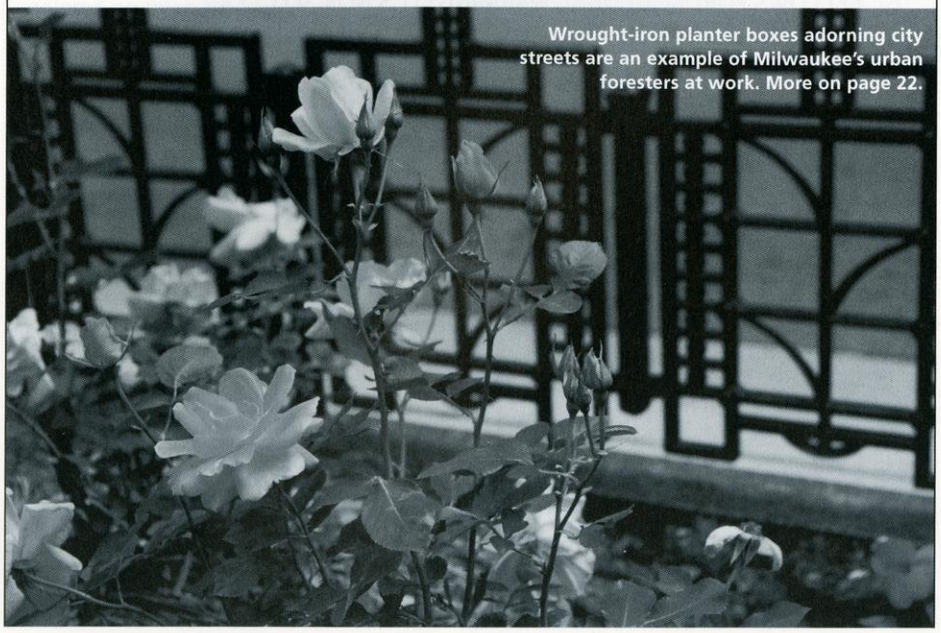


Journalist Paul DeMain, editor of the Hayward-based *News from Indian Country,* fears no one when pursuing a story. More on page 11.

features



Wrought-iron planter boxes adorning city streets are an example of Milwaukee's urban foresters at work. More on page 22.

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departments

This handsome fellow in *Derby* (1987) typifies Ray Gloeckler's zany cast of characters. More on page 29.

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 explore how we can best address our problems.

Enrich your life by becoming a member! Learn more on page 10.

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

Your stories and your Fellows

Have you ever noticed how owning athletic equipment is not quite the same thing as using it?

I have downhill skis, ice skates, a snowboard, and two pairs of cross-country skis (one for classic, the other for skate-style).

Alas, after several years' ownership, all of these items are only "gently used," as my future classified ad to sell them will duly note.

These purchases represented part of a larger resolution—to exercise, yes, but even more, to embrace the winter! By my own reckoning, tempered no doubt by a California upbringing, Wisconsin enjoys (or suffers) that season for nearly half the year. You might as well make the best of it.

Making the best of things, particularly yourself, is generally what resolutions are all about, and several readers share theirs beginning on page 52 in a department called "In My Words." Modeled after a department in *The Sun* magazine, this section invites readers to share anecdotes about all manner of pre-assigned topics. In the past we've covered road trips, memorable roommates, and pets you have loved, to name a few.

In this column, I'm inviting you to do two things:

1. Send in an anecdote for one of our upcoming topics: "Weddings" (not necessarily your own!) and "Mentoring." See page 55 for guidelines.

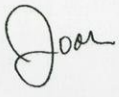
2. Suggest a topic for an upcoming "In My Words." The only advice here is that it be of general relevance—something that you think nearly everyone has a story about. E-mail your suggestions to me at the address below or post them to my attention at the Wisconsin Academy, 1922 University Avenue, Madison, WI 53726. We look forward to your ideas!

CALL FOR FELLOWS: DUE FEB. 15

I said I'd ask you for two things. Let's make that three. We are issuing our annual nominations call for Fellows, men and women whose extraordinary lifetime achievements have made a mark on Wisconsin. You can find several Fellows in this issue: first Wisconsin poet laureate Ellen Kort, a profile by Warrington Colescott of his fellow Fellow printmaker Ray Gloeckler, and a piece about global warming by Reid Bryson. Fellows also abound in our Academy Evenings presentations. Next ones up by Fellows, both in February: Dr. Dennis Maki on plagues of our time and Sister Esther Heffernan on art by prison inmates—see the Up and Coming column on my right for details.

So, if you have any deserving Fellows in your life, please visit our website for nomination materials. And in the meantime—embrace the winter, however it suits you!

Warm wishes,



Joan Fischer, editor
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CORRECTION

The photo of Granny, the champion milking cow, on page 8 of our fall 2004 edition should have been credited to Liz Wolf. We regret the omission.

UP AND COMING

A glance at upcoming Wisconsin Academy events (also see inside front cover). Visit www.wisconsinacademy.org or call us at 608/263-1692 for more info.

IN MADISON

Overture Center for the Arts, 201 State St.

JAMES WATROUS GALLERY
Through January 9:
"James Watrous: Life and Legacy" exhibit

January 23–March 13
"In Good Company: An Exhibition of Artworks by the 2004 Wisconsin Arts Board Visual Arts Fellows." Opening reception Friday, January 28, 5–8 p.m.

March 22–May 1
Exhibition by Bird Ross and Tom Loeser. Art furniture and mixed media constructions. Opening reception Friday, April 1, 5–8 p.m.

ACADEMY EVENINGS, WISCONSIN STUDIO
Tuesday, February 1, 7–9 p.m.
Outbreak: AIDS, SARS, & Biological Warfare
UW–Madison Medical School professor Dennis Maki on infectious diseases at home and abroad and their potential impact on our future.

Tuesday, March 1, 7–9 p.m.
Future Shock: Is Madison Ready for the New Economy?
Management consultant Rebecca Ryan on Gen X professionals and opportunities for partnerships between Madison, Milwaukee, and Chicago.

IN CEDARBURG

Cedarburg Cultural Center, W62 N546 Washington Ave.
Tuesday, February 15, 7–9 p.m.
Freedom Behind Bars
Sister Esther Heffernan and panel on the meaning of art in prison and their recent experience running a statewide art competition for inmates. Accompanied by exhibit of inmate art.

IN MILWAUKEE

Villa Terrace, 2220 N. Terrace Avenue
Wednesday, March 30, 7–9 p.m.
Lomax and Wisconsin
UW–Madison folklore professor James Leary on the legendary music ethnographer and his influence in our state.

Upfront stories by Joan Fischer unless otherwise noted.

PASSING THE Tara

THE NEW YEAR BRINGS with it a new state poet laureate: Denise Sweet, an accomplished poet from Green Bay who has five poetry books to her credit and a stated mission to make poetry an integral part of everyday life in Wisconsin communities both rural and urban.

"This appointment is so rich with opportunity to expose the general public to great literature," said Sweet after the announcement by Gov. Jim Doyle, who selected Sweet from three finalists. "I can imagine poetry in public transit, at visitor information centers, on biking trail brochures, on community calendars. I'm eager to begin!"

Sweet's work has appeared in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, and she served as the lead judge in the *Wisconsin Academy Review* poetry contest last year.

The four-year position is unpaid, but the poet laureate may accept payment and gifts for appearances and can be reimbursed for related mileage and travel expenses.

Sweet's duties as poet laureate include leading one large-scale project that contributes to the growth of Wisconsin poetry, and planning and attending at least four statewide literary events each year, as well as performing at events as requested by school systems, government offices, and literary organizations.

Outgoing poet laureate Ellen Kort—the first to serve Wisconsin in that position—took part in Sweet's inauguration ceremony in October at the Governor's Residence.

"She is a gifted poet and storyteller, a fine and dedicated teacher, and she knows and trusts the power of the written word," said Kort.

Sweet is an associate professor of humanistic studies and advisor for the American Indian studies minor at the University of Wisconsin–Green Bay. A Native American, she is a member of the White Earth band of the Minnesota Ojibwe.

Incoming, outgoing: Denise Sweet (left) and Ellen Kort at the Governor's Residence in October celebrating Sweet's appointment.

OPRAH FOR THE YOUNG

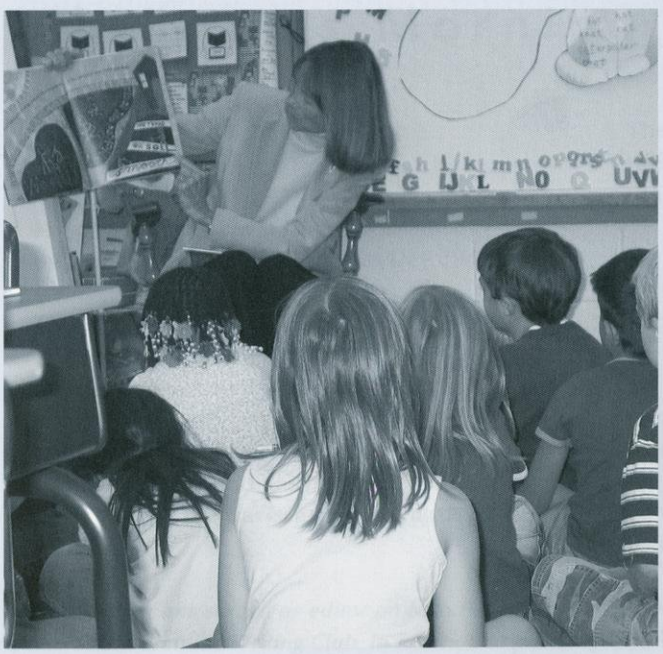
READING OPENS THE WORLD FOR YOUNG PEOPLE—and there's no such thing as starting too early. No one knows that better than First Lady Jessica Doyle, a former teacher who has started an online book club called "Read On Wisconsin" for children of all ages, from birth through high school. While the book list is not limited to Wisconsin writers, it does include selections by such authors and illustrators as Kevin Henkes, Lois Ehlert, and Marc Kornblatt.

Although Read On Wisconsin is based on the Internet—allowing students to post reviews and responses to books online—the initiative includes such personal encounters with Jessica Doyle as reading days at the Governor's Residence and on the road, visits to hospitals and libraries, and classroom read-alouds. Doyle will distribute books at events based on need and availability.

"Literacy has always been important to me," notes Doyle. "Through the book club, students can read a book and talk about it with other students across the state."

While children who already read for pleasure are warmly welcome, Read On Wisconsin is intended to offer an appealing hook into reading for children who are struggling with it. Teachers and librarians who work with those children can register with the book club online. Milwaukee is a particular target area, says Doyle.

You can learn more about the book club at readon.wi.gov



Read a book, meet the First Lady: Jessica Doyle and friends.

In Memory of George Parker

On November 4 we lost a visionary man who served, guided, and supported the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters in profound and lasting ways. George S. Parker II of Janesville, former president and CEO of Parker Pen, died at his winter home in Florida at age 74.

Parker brought his keen financial acumen to the Wisconsin Academy in 1995 when he joined the board of the Wisconsin Academy Foundation. He served as foundation president from 1997 to 1999 and was an effective, hands-on advocate for the Wisconsin Academy's long-term financial security. Parker maintained ties to the foundation as a director emeritus up to the time of his death.

Parker's passion for art, art history, and archaeology led him to foster the Wisconsin Academy in many other ways. Parker was an avid and discerning art collector, an expert on American art and antiques, and also an accomplished metal sculptor. His collection of early maps of Wisconsin formed the basis of two of the Wisconsin Academy Gallery's most impressive and well-attended exhibits, and he wrote a series of articles for the *Wisconsin Academy Review* on early American decorative arts, furniture, and portraits.

"George embodied the best of Wisconsin business leaders," says Wisconsin Academy Council president Jim Haney, head of Wisconsin Manufacturers & Commerce. "His support for community enhancements in Janesville was legendary and his sponsorship of the 'Parker Project' in the early 1980s resulted in a statewide effort to improve the quality of education by focusing on education for employment."

Says Terry Haller, immediate past president of the Wisconsin Academy Council: "George was an extraordinary man: tough, funny, erudite, very likable and with interests that ranged far and wide. George's life affected the world in many ways, and his absence from the Academy will be keenly felt. I will miss him."

We extend our deepest sympathy to George Parker's family and all who loved him.

George Parker sharing his knowledge at the Elvehjem Museum of Art in Madison, which exhibited from his collection.

Young Poets Society

We are proud to present the winning works of the Harlan O. Roberson Poetry Competition, a statewide youth poetry contest run by the nonprofit Wisconsin Center for Academically Talented Youth.

first place

Nude Eating an Apple

by Samantha Gray, 17
Gibraltar High School, Baileys Harbor

She walks in with her head held high,
all the confidence in the world,
eyes glowing and cheeks rosy from
the brisk wind outside
that she lets in with her.
She disappears and quickly appears again
first the heels coming across the floor
and then the sparkling smile as
the teacher hands her an apple.
"Thank you," she says and has a seat,
adjusting herself on the stool.
She caresses the apple with her fingertips.
Gazing longingly at the waxy skin,
turning the apple slowly,
she raises it to her lips and slices
through the tender skin.
She chews slowly,
dropping her arm and the apple down
to rest on her knee, raising her
other arm up to her chin to support her head.
She freezes there,
a nonchalant look on her face.
The sound of pencils scratching paper
begins throughout the room.
She just stares
and the lines become her.
Her beautiful curves and
the sereneness of her face.
No pencil could make her ugly
and she knows it.

Samantha Gray enjoys writing because "it is a way for me to organize my thoughts and opinions. Writing also helps me deal with some of the more difficult aspects of life."

second place

An old poet on the last day of his life

by Jonathan Stafstrom, 16
Homeschool, Madison

In the place where hearts are open,
nobody ever says, *kiss me*.
It just happens.

That's part of the beauty of this mystery:
the letting go of all the wishing,
the opening to *this*.

An old poet is out walking on the last day of his life.
He comes to a field of wheeling trees dark beneath the sea-grey sky,
the reflection of light revealing white snow glowing in the brightness of his eyes.

He spends all day gathering snow in his arms.
All the words he's written in his life, all the words he's taken in and given out,
feel as heavy as death on his body.

From beyond the trees comes a hushed breeze,
teasing the last leaves on the cedars,
rustling through the hidden seeds, touching them with growth.

The breeze comes to the old poet and he lets go.
The snowflakes he's gathered scatter, dancing.
They dissolve in the fullness of the sky like a child's breath exhaled in winter.
The laughter of the old man dances with them as he blends with the breeze.
Everything but his endlessness relented.

We are old poets standing in a field.
We're so tired from all this picking up and holding on.
Feel the breeze?
Let it go.
Let the snow return to the clouds. Become the wind that holds up the sky.

In this place,
nobody ever says, *Love*.
It just happens.

Enough poetry. We've come to the love
that decimates all language.
There's nothing here to speak of.

Jonathan Stafstrom writes, "I love writing because I love communication; that is to say, I see poetry as a form of dialogue, a higher and more real way of connecting with people. The symbols and wordplay are there just to help the communication flow better; what I'm really trying to create is simply 'openness.'"

third place

Christmas Morning

by Annie Strother, 17
Nicolet High School, Milwaukee

My grandfather's naval ship was bombed
by a kamikaze pilot on Christmas Day, 1944.

That plane spat out of the sky before he
or his shipmates could squint it into focus,
before the fear could riddle their bodies.

The tombstone of smoke rose into the sky, from
the hiss of metal and flesh; the ship continued
to scroll back the waves again, and again.

The sailors passed around a bottle of whiskey
that had been biding its time in an old desk
drawer. They drank quick adrenaline gulps, burning

the fear that had started to twist through
their ribs only after the scream of the plane
hit the ship, after that smoke unrolled skyward.

My grandfather saved the metal tags of the dead
pilot, kept them in a glass coffee table like a
museum case. Six decades later,

he would take them out and hold the shiny pieces in his hands,
feeling them grow warm between his fingers.

Annie Strother has served as editor on both the school newspaper and the literary magazine at Nicolet High School, where she is a member of the Creative Writing Club. In addition to pursuing writing, she plays flute with the UWM Youth Wind Ensemble and the Fine Arts Woodwind Quintet at the Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. She enjoys competitive swimming and water polo and has been active in various social causes around Milwaukee.

BOOKING SUCCESS

A look at the bookstore scene in Madison—a city that ranked fourth nationwide in number of bookstores per person in a recent survey—tells a sobering yet instructive story about the book business and its likely future.

Canterbury Booksellers, an independent, much-loved general interest bookstore, closed nearly a year ago. At about the same time, Barnes & Noble opened its second megastore, this one on the East Side as a counterpole to a successful West Side location. It was a dramatic illustration of a trend long noted around the country: out with the indies, in with the chain stores.

Yet the story is not quite that simple. Some independent bookstores are surviving and thriving, most of them by specializing. And used books, it seems, offer a particularly promising niche.

In Madison, one such store, Avol's, which had been straining for space in its old location, moved into Canterbury, a relocation that allowed the business to expand.

An especially notable success is Frugal Muse, an independent used bookstore that has been sprawling like a ... well, like a chain store.

Andy Gaylor opened his flagship shop 10 years ago selling both new and used books on Madison's West Side. Now he notes that he's "spawning all over the place," with stores on the East Side, on Monroe Street, a dollar outlet store next to the original Frugal Muse, and a shop in Darien, Ill., just outside Chicago.

Gaylor exudes kinetic energy—a quality he clearly needs for his work. On a recent visit, he had just cleaned the carpet in his East Side store and was heading to Chicago for a two-day stay at his store there. Then he planned to head back to Madison for the weekend to oversee employees at the West Side store and spend time with his wife and three-year-old daughter.

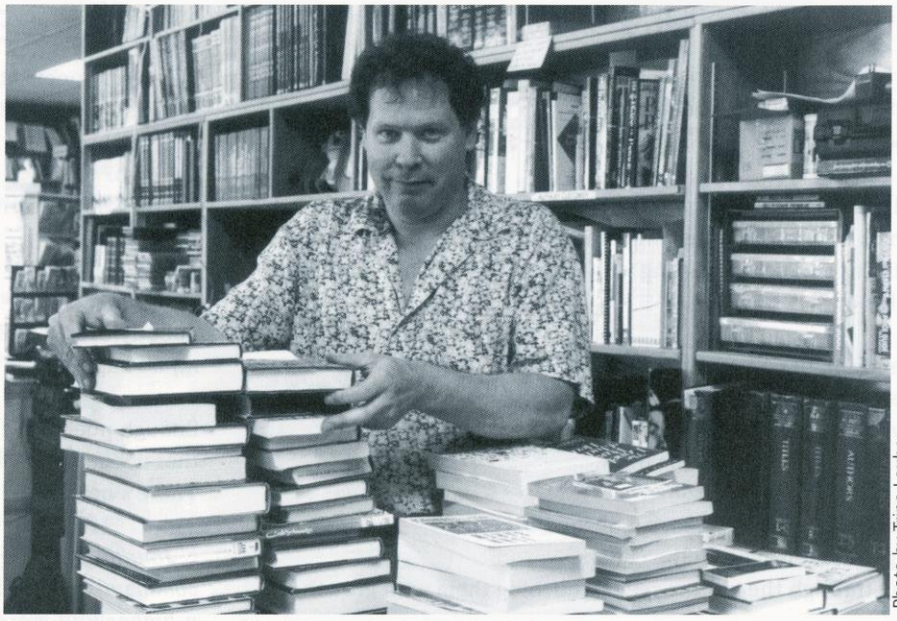


Photo by Trina Laube

Beating the odds in a cruel business: Andy Gaylor of Frugal Muse.

Gaylor attributes his business success to tried-and-true practices: take good care of your customers, give them a good deal, go the extra mile, order cheaply and quickly, and do as much of the work yourself as you can. Gaylor likes to say his blood is on the carpet.

He points out the wooden display tables he built himself, each holding 70 books. He knows most of his customers by name or by face. If his store doesn't have an item, he will check the inventory of other stores. He has a generous return/exchange/trade-in policy. And he will even let you listen to a CD in your car before buying.

Volume and variety are two tenets of the book business. Gaylor continually upgrades and improves the quality of his stock. "We can take in up to 7,000 new items in a week on the West Side, depending on the season. That's more than the superstores," Gaylor says matter-of-factly.

Discounts draw customers. Gaylor knows that many of his clients comparison shop, and he welcomes it. "We have lots of cool items the other stores don't have," he says. "This is not a war. We can coexist. We believe you can make your store better through competition. It's classic capitalism."

One of Gaylor's strategies is to beat his competitors' prices. "We offer 30 percent off bestsellers," Gaylor says. "And we get review copies of brand-new books, which may not be in the other stores, and we sell them at half price."

The thousands of books he sells are not stored in a computerized database. "But if someone is looking for a book, we can find it within a minute," he says with

pride, acknowledging the expertise of his employees. "We want people to browse here. They end up finding things along the way."

The East Side store includes a selection of 5,000 record albums, a large children's section, CDs, DVDs, videos, laser discs, stationery, and books on everything from anthropology to sports, with a special section titled "War."

But ultimately it comes down to books, particularly fiction. "Fiction is the heart of a good bookstore," Gaylor says. He estimates that the combined stores carry more than 70,000 paperbacks and 175,000 hardbacks. The children's section alone boasts 15,000 books.

Gaylor attributes much of his success to location. "We're lucky in Madison. This is one of the best book towns in the United States. It's somewhat recession-proof because of the government and university people."

As for gimmicks, Gaylor says he has tried serving complimentary coffee, but he ended up throwing most of it out. While some independent bookstores across the nation have had to go to extremes, offering beer and wine, displaying live animals in aviaries and aquariums, and sponsoring community events such as adopt-a-pet days, Gaylor's stores thrive without hoopla. Music plays in the background, comfy chairs and sofas are strategically placed around the book islands, and an occasional plant greets the eye. And if you time it just right, you might even find fresh cookies on weekends.

But for Gaylor, it all comes down to the basics. "It's variety, depth, selection, prices, and personal treatment."

by Sarah Aldridge

CHILLING OUT

THE ALASKAN BUSH IS NOT FOR SISSIES. No girlie men allowed. Each day brings with it the risk of death by freezing, starvation, or chimney fire. Snowmobile failure can spell the end. Cabin fever plays games with your psyche, and your only connection with the few other souls scattered across the vast terrain might be a religious radio station called KJNP—"King Jesus North Pole," which broadcasts personal messages in a show called "Trapline Chatter."

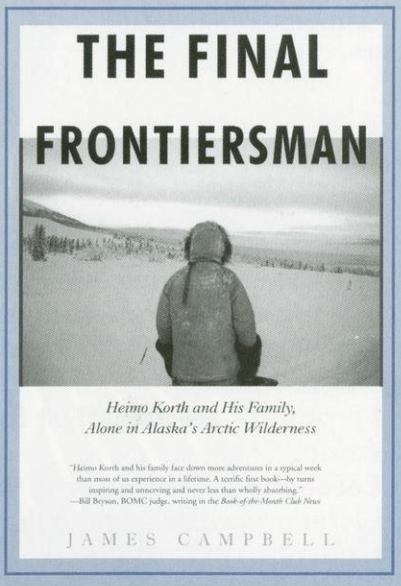
What would move someone to live there? To answer that question, Wisconsin-based journalist James Campbell spent two years documenting the life of his cousin, Heimo Korth, a German-born, Appleton-raised man who moved to the Interior of Alaska—150 miles above the Arctic Circle—and started a family there with his Eskimo wife, Edna. Campbell tells their story in a new book, *The Final Frontiersman* (Atria Books).

For the couple and their two daughters, daily life is consumed with survival. Heimo hunts and traps animals—marten, caribou, wolf, wolverine, lynx, fox, beaver—living off their pelts and meat. Like the frontier women of old, Edna and the girls do chores related to trapping and wilderness home survival, which includes hauling ice and cooking exclusively on a woodstove. Still, at the top of the world, the girls have Britney Spears and Eminem magazine photos taped to their bedroom walls.

The "whys" of living in the bush are harder to answer. Even as a boy growing up in Appleton, Heimo sought refuge in the outdoors, partly to escape a brutal home life (his father was a drinker who physically abused his family). He was inspired by a biography of Daniel Boone, and his wanderlust led him to do dangerous things: at age 12, he began hopping trains.

"In the outdoors, Heimo found both deliverance and self-discovery," Campbell writes. "Thoreau called it 'the tonic of wildness.' For Heimo, it was the antidote to a bad situation at home—an escape to a simpler, more beautiful world—and early on Heimo cultivated his capacity for being alone."

Heimo took jobs that rounded out his outdoorsmanship and survival skills, including a stint with the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources. For a time he also worked as a welder. When he hit the Brooks Range of Alaska at age 20, where he had come for a job as a hunting guide's assistant, he knew he had found his spiritual home.

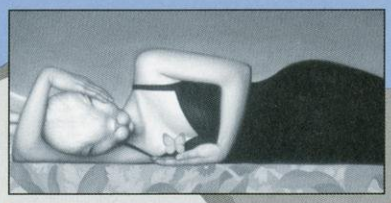


Campbell's story, praised by travelogue master Bill Bryson, makes for splendid adventure reading—preferably from the comfort of an armchair, feet before the fire. Witness his description of deep chill in Alaska: "Temperatures in the Interior can then plunge to 50 and 60 below, a desolate cold for which we have no vocabulary, one that saps the spirit. The still air has a bite that can literally burn the lungs. Breath crackles with each exhalation and muscles react slowly, sluggishly, to orders from the brain. Worst of all, 50 below makes no allowances for mistakes."

Reading about it is the next best thing to being there.

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. Waters of Wisconsin was one of the significant initiatives of this program.



the gallery

The James Watrous Gallery of the Wisconsin Academy in Madison's Overture Center for the Arts showcases new and established artists from all around the state—one of very few galleries dedicated to Wisconsin artists. Many exhibits presented there tour to other galleries around the state.

$25 gets you here!

the public forums

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

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.

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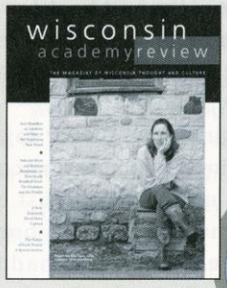

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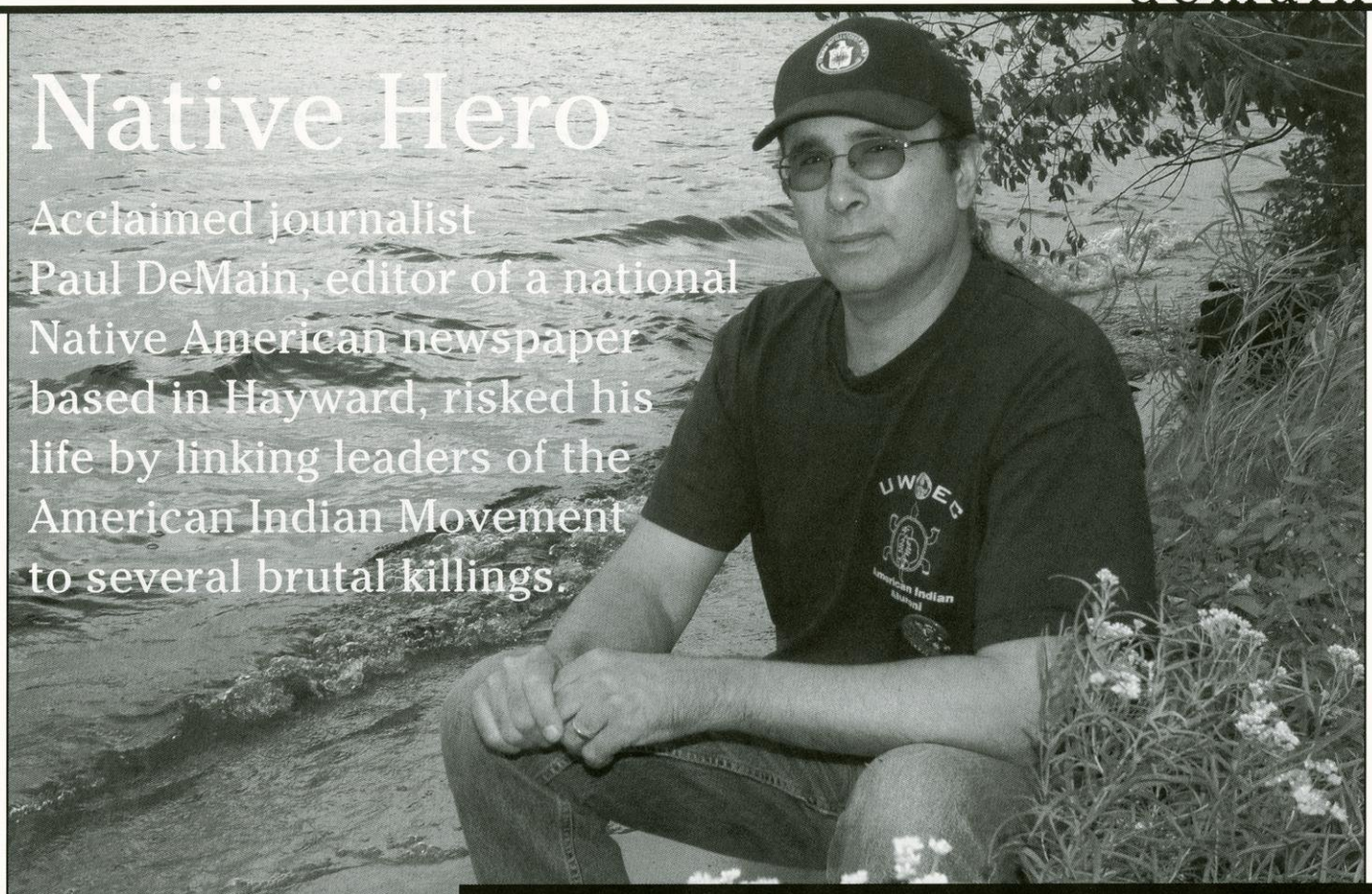
Native Hero

Acclaimed journalist Paul DeMain, editor of a national Native American newspaper based in Hayward, risked his life by linking leaders of the American Indian Movement to several brutal killings.



Paul DeMain enjoys a lakeside moment near the modest offices of *News from Indian Country* on the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation.

Photos of Paul DeMain by Rick Olivo
Other photos courtesy of
Paul DeMain/*News from Indian Country*

BY DEBORAH KADES

PAUL DEMAIN KNOWS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE to look down the barrel of an automatic rifle.

DeMain was a student reporter for the UW–Eau Claire *Spectator* in January 1975, when he headed to Gresham to cover a standoff between law enforcement and the Menominee Warrior Society, which had taken over an abandoned abbey and was demanding that it be returned to the tribe.

It was a heady time for a college student. The American Indian Movement had arrived on the scene, and the Oneida-Ojibwe student was thrust into the thick of things.

"I was lured to a cabin with several people," remembers DeMain, 48, now editor of the biweekly *News from Indian Country*, one of the nation's most respected Native American newspapers. The paper is based on the Lac Courte Oreilles reservation near Hayward.

"Suddenly I was all alone with this one guy and he pulled an AR-15 from under the couch. 'Who are you?' he demanded," DeMain says. "Luckily I was staying with a prominent member of the tribe."

That connection saved his life. He later learned that there had been a plan to kill him.

So perhaps it's not surprising that DeMain has felt compelled to figure out exactly who put a bullet in the head of Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, the highest-

"My whole world was turned upside down" upon hearing the new evidence, DeMain recalls. "I was so nauseated I had to pull over to the side of the road a few times on the way home."

ranking woman in the American Indian Movement (AIM), in December 1975.

In tracking down the assassin of Aquash, a 30-year-old mother of two at the time of her death, DeMain found evidence that her murder was ordered by the highest levels of AIM leadership—a charge that put him at the center of a raging debate over the meaning and legacy of the American Indian Movement, which flourished in the 1970s.

His work helped exact indictments of two former AIM members for the murder. Arlo Looking Cloud was convicted by a federal jury trial in February 2004. John Graham, the alleged triggerman, awaits a December extradition hearing in Canada as of this writing.

DeMain also uncovered evidence indicating that Leonard Peltier, one of AIM's biggest heroes, indeed killed two FBI agents in 1975, an act he has been denying from his prison cell for nearly 30 years.

This work has brought DeMain accolades and awards. It has also drawn vicious criticism and thinly veiled threats on his life.

In late September 2001, DeMain headed south from La Courte Oreilles for a mysterious meeting near Denver. He brought along his son Michael, then 22, to stand guard outside the meeting room.

DeMain knew that this meeting would bring him face-to-face with some former AIM insiders, and he knew that the Aquash murder would be discussed. He did not know that this meeting would turn his world upside down.

In 1995, when DeMain began his investigation, Aquash's death had been vaguely attributed to federal officials, perhaps FBI agents who had been working to squelch the burgeoning movement.

Although Aquash was killed in early December 1975, her body wasn't found until February 1976, when a farmer stumbled onto it in the remote Badlands that make up the bleak Pine Ridge Reservation in southwestern South Dakota. Through fingerprinting, the body was identified as that of Aquash, a Mi'kmaq who had come from Nova Scotia to join AIM.

An autopsy determined that she had been murdered by a single shot to the back of the head at close range. AIM pointed the finger at the FBI, while other rumors circulated that she had been murdered by AIM operatives. No one was charged for more than 25 years. DeMain chipped away at the story, slowly earning the trust of some members of AIM's inner circle.

When DeMain left the nondescript motel outside Denver, he had breached that inner circle and was shaken by what he had learned. Aquash was assassinated by AIM members, the very people she had been working to help.

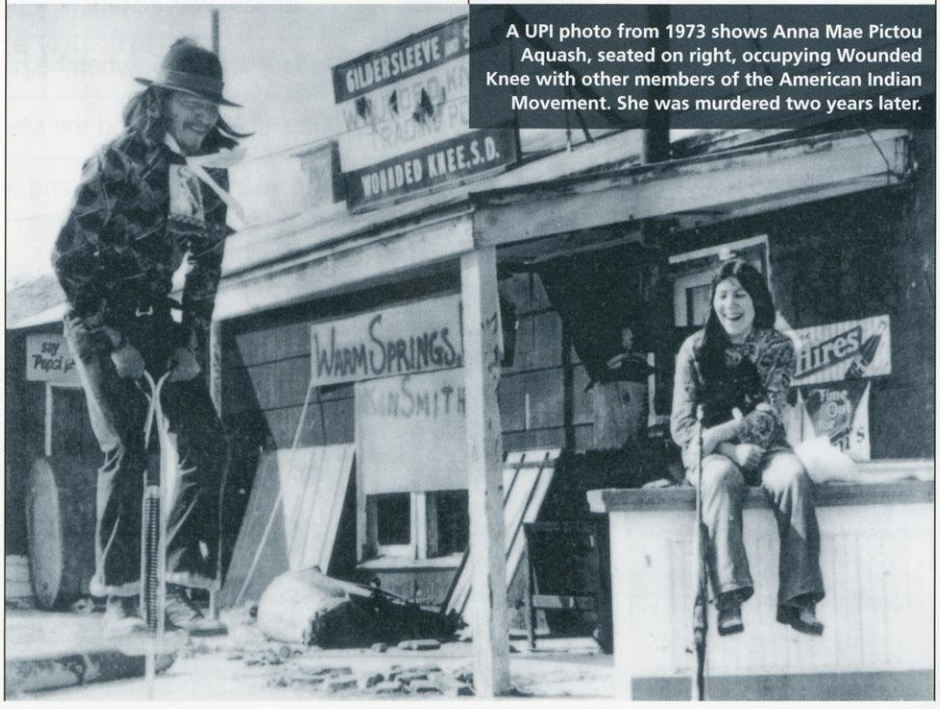
"My whole world was turned upside down," DeMain recalls. "I was so nauseated I had to pull over to the side of the road a few times on the way home."

Some of his idols had been knocked off their pedestals, shattering at the impact of the truth.

From his modest offices on the wooded Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation, DeMain has patiently gathered evidence on Aquash's murder as well as the highly publicized killing of two FBI agents on the Pine Ridge Reservation on June 26, 1975.

He has accumulated dozens of boxes of documents: FBI paperwork, court records, and transcripts of interviews with key players. As he collected enough evidence to document a given fact, he has published it in *News from Indian Country*.

Ask him a question about the murders, and DeMain, a tall man with long black hair pulled into a ponytail, jumps up and flips through the files to pull out



A UPI photo from 1973 shows Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, seated on right, occupying Wounded Knee with other members of the American Indian Movement. She was murdered two years later.

the pertinent court record or interview transcript.

Much of that evidence has brought him into direct conflict with parts of the Native community and some powerful voices on the American left.

Not only has DeMain placed Looking Cloud and Graham at Aquash's murder site, but he also has uncovered evidence suggesting that former AIM member Leonard Peltier killed two FBI agents in June 1975, a charge that Peltier denies. Since his conviction and imprisonment for the murders 28 years ago, Peltier has become a cause celebre among leftists around the world, with such notables as Robert Redford, Nelson Mandela, Peter Matthiessen, and Whoopi Goldberg crusading for his freedom.

For his work, DeMain has won two prestigious journalism awards. In 2002, his peers in the Native American Journalists Association presented him with the Wassaja Award, which is a special award for journalists who have shown courage in covering Indian Country, the term commonly used to describe the Native American people and lands.

"It's not given lightly," explains Sheila Reaves, a University of Wisconsin–Madison associate professor who has worked with DeMain. "It's generally for people who've risked their lives."

In addition, he holds a 2003 Paine Award for Ethics in Journalism granted by the University of Oregon. According to the award, DeMain was honored for "doggedly pursuing the truth, taking a courageous stand, and acting with integrity in the face of political pressures."

He is widely praised for his journalism by his peers in the Native American Journalists Association and Unity, a coalition of African American, Asian, and Hispanic journalists. He is a cofounder of both organizations.

Not everybody praises DeMain. "He's literally become the public relations hack for the FBI and the Justice Department," says Vernon Bellecourt, who heads the AIM office in Minneapolis. DeMain's work has implicated Bellecourt in the chain of command that resulted in the order to murder Aquash.

In the grip of the unfolding story of Aquash's murder, it's easy to forget that DeMain is still a workaday journalist, editor, and publisher. Twice every month, *News from Indian Country* goes into the mail to some 7,000 readers across Indian Country. He also edits and publishes *Ojibwe Akiing*, a monthly newspaper covering the Great Lakes region, and he's diversifying his business on the Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation.

Pipe Mustache, an elder, has given DeMain an Indian name: Oshscabewis,

Life on the Edge

Even on the remote and lushly wooded Lac Courte Oreilles Reservation, DeMain is conscious of the security risks he has taken by stirring up the ashes of Anna Mae Pictou Aquash, an Indian activist who was murdered in December 1975. In addition to some harsh criticism from American Indian Movement leaders, he has been warned that his life is in danger.

"He's a brave guy. When you get involved with certain issues in the Native American community, particularly issues around AIM and the criminal investigations stemming from those times in the early 1970s, you arouse a lot of people," says Doug George-Kanentiio, a Native American journalist.

DeMain put himself in danger by casting suspicion on the top leaders of AIM in the 1970s. "The orders to kill Annie Mae had to have come from the very top. Being Dennis Banks' lover .... would have kept anyone from taking her out without Dennis' go-ahead," DeMain says. Banks did not respond to requests to be interviewed for this article.

While the AIM principals are unlikely to harm anyone themselves, DeMain says he is concerned that their younger followers could.

DeMain realizes that some of his sources have taken enormous risks by talking to him. For that reason, he occasionally quotes unnamed sources. "I'm not about to do anything that compromises someone's life," he says. "I think it's essential for a free press to be able to assure the confidentiality of sources."

Some sources, including Ka-Mook Nichols-Ecoffey, former wife of AIM leader Dennis Banks, use only cell phones and have moved for security reasons.

His use of unnamed sources echoes Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's Deep Throat, a key source in the Watergate scandal that brought down President Nixon. To this day, Deep Throat's identity remains secret.

DeMain uses only information that he has vetted with more than one source, and he does not publish rumors. And he uses unnamed sources sparingly. "I don't give confidentiality to letters to the editor or to critics of tribal governments," he says.

So, is DeMain's reporting accurate? Perhaps most tellingly, only one libel suit has been filed against DeMain and *News from Indian Country,* and it was withdrawn by the petitioner, Leonard Peltier, who is in Leavenworth prison for murdering two FBI agents in June 1975.

Peltier sued DeMain in May 2003 in response to an editor's note in the March 2003 issue of *News from Indian Country* that said that Peltier had been convicted of killing the two FBI agents and that one alleged motive for Aquash's murder was her knowledge of Peltier's guilt.

As more of the story comes to light, the security situation has begun to change.

"I think we feel safer now that Arlo's trial has taken place and so much is out in the open regarding Peltier," DeMain says, referring to Arlo Looking Cloud, who was convicted by a federal jury for Aquash's murder.

Nonetheless, DeMain remains wary. "In Minneapolis, I don't go under my name [at hotels] for security reasons. And I used an assumed name at the hotel I stayed in when I went to the Looking Cloud trial."

"It was my interest in journalism that got me reading and writing about Native affairs," says DeMain, who was raised by non-Native adoptive parents. "They never tried to hide my identity," he says.

which means "the messenger." The name brings together DeMain's two passions: Native America and journalism.

He became interested in journalism in high school in Wausau, where he was raised by non-Native adoptive parents.

"I grew up with some compassionate liberals who never tried to hide my identity and encouraged me to inquire about it," DeMain says. In the early 1970s, he made official contact with the Oneida tribe.

DeMain's identity as an Oneida-Ojibwe developed alongside his interest in writing as he learned the craft in high school and later at UW–Eau Claire. "It was my interest in journalism that got me reading and writing about Native affairs," he says.

In 1978, he joined the *Lac Courte Oreilles Journal*, a tribally owned newspaper. Like many Native journalists who have criticized leaders, he was fired twice by tribal chairmen.

From 1982 through 1986, DeMain was appointed by Gov. Tony Earl to serve as the liaison with Wisconsin's Indian nations. In 1986, he launched *News from Indian Country*, an independent newspaper that covers tribal politics, legal issues in Native and U.S. courts, reservation crime, education, and fine and popular Native arts. Over the years, DeMain spent time with elders and medicine men, learning both the customs and language of his ancestors.

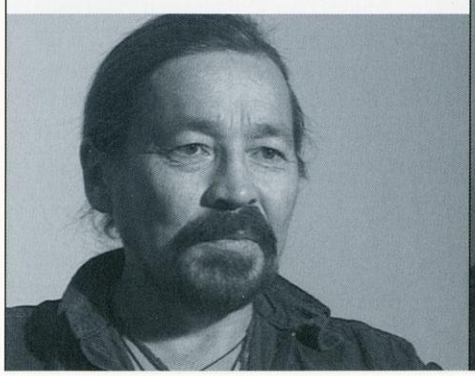
Today, he is honored by being seated on the Veteran's Drum, the Chief's Drum, and a Warriors' Drum. He sings traditional music with the Lac Courte Oreilles Badgers.

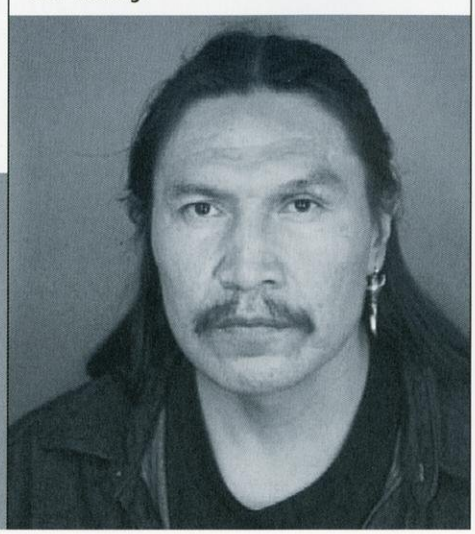
He is also a businessman. Two years ago he put up a new building that houses offices, an Internet café, and a gift store offering works by local craftspeople and Indian books on the main floor. The spartan newsroom is in the exposed basement.

News from Indian Country employs about 12 people. To cover all of Indian Country, he relies on the Associated Press and Native news services plus the help of more than 30 freelance writers.

While he wrote a lot in the early years, he has focused more on management as the paper and related businesses have grown. He still edits and publishes both newspapers.

Arlo Looking Cloud, below, was convicted of Aquash's murder. John Graham, left, awaits an extradition hearing in Canada as of this writing.





He and his wife, Karen, have six children ranging in age from 3 to 25. Their photos are taped on the wall over his corner desk along with treasured notes such as one from Wilma Mankiller, former chief of the Cherokee Nation of Oklahoma, praising his work.

To understand why DeMain's work has stirred up so much emotion and reaction in Indian Country, you need to look back to the desolate yet majestic Pine Ridge Reservation.

The area first became a place of tragedy in the winter of 1890, when 300 unarmed Lakota women, children, and elders were massacred and dumped in a mass grave by U.S. cavalry at Wounded Knee, site of what is considered to have been the last official battle between white soldiers and Native Americans. For many, it is a name that stands for a long and bloody history of wrongs inflicted upon Native Americans by whites.

It was a fitting location, then, for an uprising that was to happen about 80 years later. Members of the American Indian Movement, which had been founded in Minneapolis in 1968, occupied Wounded Knee in a symbolic act inspired by the Civil Rights Movement. While the siege yielded no material rewards, it invigorated Native communities across the country.

The area remained politically volatile. More than 60 people were murdered on the Pine Ridge Reservation between 1972 and 1976 when tribal leaders carried on a private war against AIM and the Indians who had allied with them. A civil war raged on the reservation, fueled by FBI infiltrators.

The FBI's success in infiltrating AIM with paid informants created an atmosphere of intense fear and suspicion, which culminated in the shooting deaths of two FBI agents, Jack Coler and Ron Williams, in June 1975, in a shootout with AIM members near Oglala.

About six months later, Aquash was executed. AIM has always linked her death to the FBI, but in 2003, U.S. authorities charged Looking Cloud and Graham

in her death. DeMain's investigations were key to those charges.

When DeMain started investigating the Aquash murder in 1995, he was inspired by the South African Truth Commission, which was set up to help heal the wounds of apartheid. "He'd talk about the Truth Commission and how Indian Country had so many wounds. For him, the biggest wound was the Anna Mae murder," says UW–Madison's Sheila Reaves. DeMain's ability to listen and his dedication to uncovering the truth, however disturbing, encouraged people to open up to him, Reaves notes.

And those qualities earned him the trust of Ka-Mook Nichols-Ecoffey, the common-law wife of AIM leader Dennis Banks. She had been privy to much of what had happened in the last months of Aquash's life—in a further link between them, Aquash had once been Dennis Banks' lover—and her testimony proved key both in DeMain's work and in convicting Looking Cloud for Aquash's murder.

DeMain knew he was getting close to the truth when he received a late-night visit from Nichols-Ecoffey in early 2001.

Nichols-Ecoffey had needed more than a decade to raise the four children she had with Banks and sort out her relationship with him. Eventually, she decided she needed to seek justice for her friend.

"She came just to talk to me. It's kind of an old Indian tradition," DeMain says. "She was trying to find out what kind of person I was." They didn't talk about Peltier or Aquash, but rather chatted about family and friends.

Nichols-Ecoffey was satisfied enough to tell DeMain that night that he was close to the truth.

"Paul is one of the few people I do trust," says Nichols-Ecoffey, who has moved numerous times to keep her family safe from AIM operatives. "I wanted him to know the truth about everything because he had worked hard on the stories he had written about Annie Mae and Leonard, and I felt he deserved to know everything."

Six months later, in Sept. 2001, DeMain was invited to meet with Nichols-Ecoffey and other AIM activists outside Denver. At that meeting, he learned that Peltier had reenacted the murder of the two FBI agents in the presence of both Nichols-Ecoffey and Aquash. Because Aquash was suspected to be an FBI informant, AIM leaders feared that she'd pass on this information.

DeMain suspects that there were multiple motives for her murder, including a sexist attitude among many AIM leaders and her knowledge of drug trafficking in AIM.

And Aquash may have known about the disappearance of Ray Robinson, a black activist from Alabama who came north to support the AIM siege at Wounded Knee. His body has never been found, but there has been talk that he was murdered by AIM supporters because of his opposition to armed resistance.

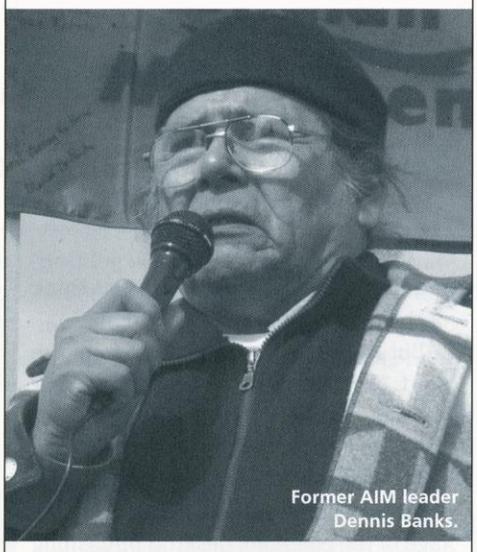
A photo of Robinson, a smiling young man, is taped on the wall over DeMain's desk. Its presence seems to be saying that what happened on the Pine Ridge Reservation isn't just an Indian concern.

DeMain's job is complicated by the fact that he works in Indian Country.

"There is no freedom of the press in Indian Country," says Doug George-Kanentiio, an Akwesasne Mohawk and former editor. A founder of the Native American Journalists Association, he is a columnist for *News from Indian Country*.

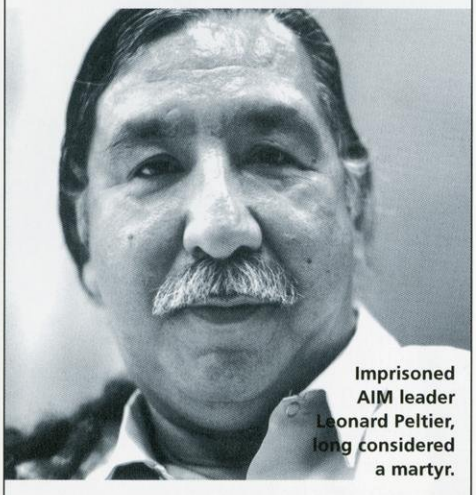
While U.S. courts have ruled that First Amendment rights apply in Indian Country, there are no enforcement mechanisms there, he says. Indian nations maintain their own sovereignty, making for complex legal issues.

In addition, advertising dollars are scarce in Indian Country. "For the most part, the financial situation is rather tenuous," says George-Kanentiio. "Most Indian communities are located in isolated areas so there aren't a lot of advertising revenues out there to sustain a publication."



Former AIM leader Dennis Banks.

Anna Mae Pictou Aquash and Ka-Mook Nichols-Ecoffey under arrest.



Imprisoned AIM leader Leonard Peltier, long considered a martyr.

As a result, only about a half-dozen Indian news publications across Indian Country are independently owned. Most are funded by tribal councils, an arrangement that works against press freedom. "Any tribal leader can act with impunity against journalists," George-Kanentiio says.

Launching a national Indian newspaper from Wisconsin's North Woods

"Paul DeMain is one of the most fearless journalists in Indian Country," says journalist and UW professor Patty Loew. "I have tremendous respect for him."

required guts, Reaves says: "Just think of the distribution problems alone."

But DeMain was determined from the start. "That first year he used to say, 'Our newspaper's being supported by advertising and pay cuts,'" Reaves recalls.

One reason he's succeeded, Reaves says, is that he was quick to take advantage of the emerging desktop-publishing technology that significantly lowered the costs of publishing a newspaper. Today, the center of his newsroom is the modest iMac on his desk.

While the past exerts an inexorable pull on DeMain, he is grounded in the present, and he has his own ideas about where Indian Country should be headed. His belief in maintaining traditional ties is evident in his pride at being part of drum councils and in speaking of the elders he's learned from.

But he also has an agenda for Indian Country's future, particularly its economics. "Casino money needs to find a way back to the tribe and smaller entrepreneurs," he says, explaining that he opposes spending all gaming revenues on payments to individuals. He would like to see gaming money used to establish financial security for reservations.

In fact, he sees a hidden danger in gaming revenues. "I don't want the tribal government to be too dependent on gambling. What if gambling money drops off? I just don't think it's going to increase forever. There's only so much money out there," he says.

That dual dedication to the past and the present has earned DeMain widespread respect.

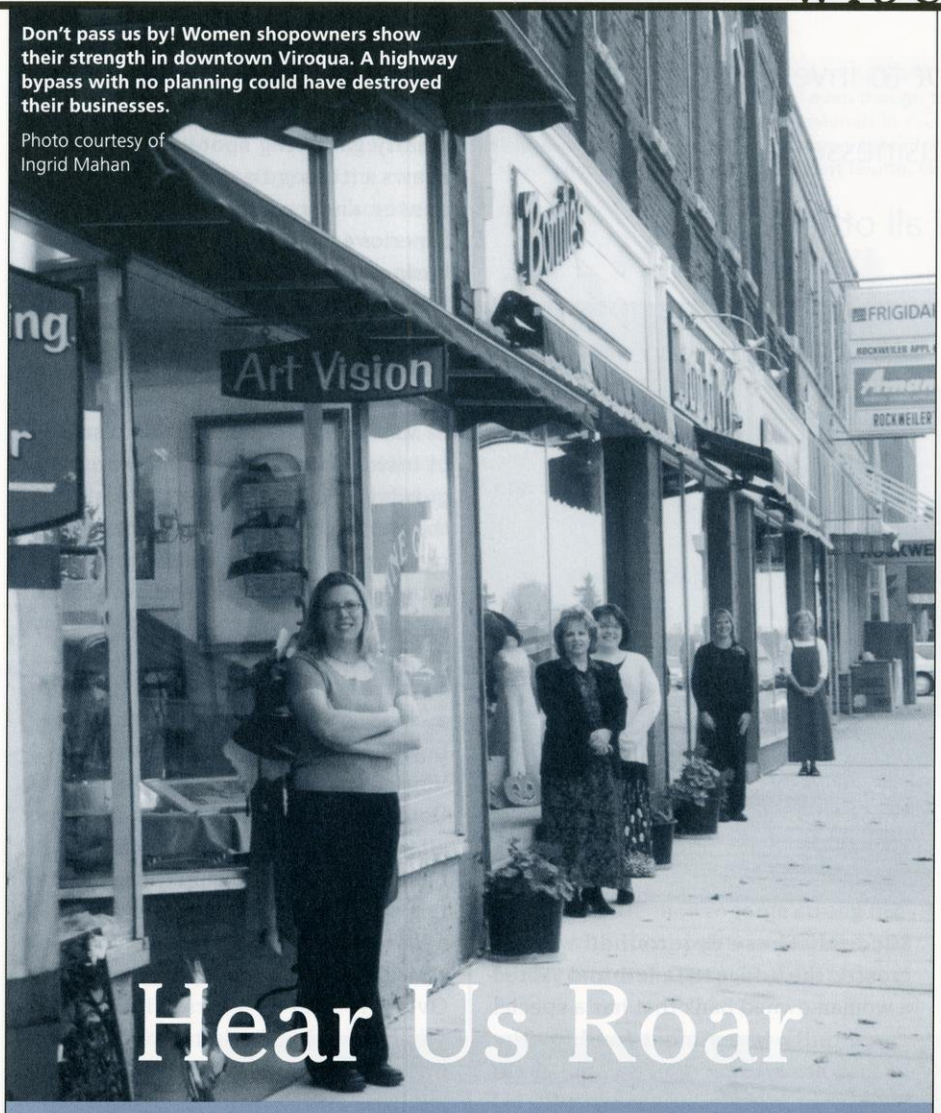
"He's very hardworking," says former Wisconsin governor Tony Earl, who hired DeMain to be his liaison with the Native community during his governorship from 1982 to 1986. "He's intense, but also a patient guy who can hear people out."

Earl also commented on DeMain's integrity. "He doesn't shy away from something if he thinks he's right," he says.

"Paul DeMain is one of the most fearless journalists in Indian Country," agrees Patty Loew, a broadcast journalist with Wisconsin Public Television and a professor of life sciences-communication at UW–Madison. "It's one thing to take on government officials, but it's quite another to poke at those issues that make Native people themselves extremely nervous, like the Anna Mae story. He's writing the first draft of history in Indian Country. I have tremendous respect for him." ✹

DeMain served as former Wisconsin Gov. Tony Earl's Native American community liaison.

Deborah Kades is a freelance writer based in Madison. Formerly a business reporter for the ***Wisconsin State Journal****, she has written for many Wisconsin publications.*

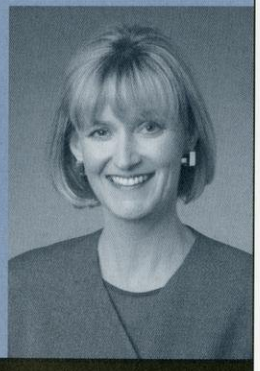


Don't pass us by! Women shopowners show their strength in downtown Viroqua. A highway bypass with no planning could have destroyed their businesses.

Photo courtesy of Ingrid Mahan

Hear Us Roar

A new nonpartisan initiative emanating from the lieutenant governor's office puts achievement for women at the heart of our state's economic development—and is giving the languishing women's movement a much-needed shot in the arm.



BY LT. GOV. BARBARA LAWTON, WITH JANE CRISLER

IT'S HARD FOR A STATE THAT EARNS TOP MARKS in so many areas to be handed a grade of C-minus. Yet that's the grade Wisconsin earned in a state-by-state assessment of the status of women conducted by the Washington, D.C.-based Institute for Women's Policy Research (IWPR).

The blow had a galvanizing effect among Wisconsin's women, particularly our female leadership. (And to the credit of our state's women, the fact that the IWPR report was published in 2002 rather than in 2008 as planned was due to a handful of determined women pushing Wisconsin ahead in the 50-state waiting line.) These women were determined that the report be put to use to inform private practice and drive better public policy.

The result is Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity, an economic development initiative launched shortly after I took office. Today, this unprecedented nonpartisan, public-private partnership to "raise the grade" for Wisconsin's women regularly turns diagnosis into action and challenges into solutions.

Our first concern was to enrich the IWPR report to give us a fuller picture of the status of women in Wisconsin that would account for differences between those in rural and urban settings, and to more fully identify persistent barriers or markers owing to age, race, or ethnicity. Our early organizational structure revolved around the work of four issue-based task forces headed by citizen experts who lead members from across the state. Their investigations fell under the headings of economic sufficiency; educational opportunity; health, safety and well-being; and leadership and political participation. These working groups conducted their research in concert with the UW La Follette School for Public Affairs and Professor Dennis Dresang's cadre of about 35 student interns.

Our partnership with the La Follette School puts the venerable Wisconsin Idea to work and folds citizen expertise and engagement into the equation. All research of how government can better serve is forced through the sieve of cost/benefit analyses to ground this economic initiative in a language common to that of our partners in the private sector.

The first charge of the task forces was to enrich that original snapshot of the status of women, discover who is doing what to raise the grade, and identify

Wisconsin cannot afford *not* to invest in women-owned businesses: those businesses are driving growth at twice the rate of all others.

where public policy intersects to support that success. They sought critical narrative data—the "real life" stories of women in Wisconsin—and gathered them through electronic testimony and 12 "open forums" held across the state. I had the privilege of moderating those forums. As I traveled from one part of the state to the next, I was able to see the emerging picture of the skewed posture and life of a woman when those four building block issues were not in place or in proportion. And I caught an occasional glimpse of what we envision at the end of the arc of our work: women prospering, bringing strength and stability to our homes and communities.

More on the Movement

Sign up for the March 22 convention!

To learn more about Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity (WW=P for short), visit www.wisconsinwomenequalsprosperity.com

The initiative is holding a statewide convention at Monona Terrace in Madison on **March 22** (registration information available at WW=P website). The purpose is to finalize and present to legislators an agenda for change based on work done by WW=P participants over the past two years. Newcomers to the initiative are encouraged to participate, including women and men who simply wish to learn more about it.

TALES FROM THE FRONT: THE "FEMINIZATION" OF DOWNTOWN

Many solutions to the challenges women face in economic development lie in our own backyards—literally, on the "Main Streets" striving to remain vital to business life in our towns and cities. The women of Wisconsin are the adventurous heroines of this story, and there is much we can do in both the public and private sectors to maximize their success.

At our open forum in Superior, two women—armed with an award-winning business plan and help from the city in the form of block grant money—tell how a Wisconsin Housing and Economic Development Authority (WHEDA) revolving loan, as filtered through the still-male-dominated banking network, eluded their reach. Their banker of 20 years told them, "We don't want to lend you this money because we won't make any money." The loan they eventually offered, without ever having visited the business site, was laden with conditions that would have precluded the owners' success. These determined women crossed the bridge to Duluth and visited a woman-owned bank that has a special community investment fund for the Duluth-Superior area. The Minnesota banker came to the site, asked how much money they needed, and provided consulting services to help them make that decision.

The story of the women from Superior drove the state to begin to review its revolving loan plan for women and minorities. Wisconsin cannot afford *not* to invest in women-owned businesses: women-owned businesses are driving growth at twice the rate of all others. According to the Center for Women's Business Research, the number of privately held 50 percent or more women-owned businesses in our state grew by 16.9 percent between 1997 and 2004, employment by 31.4 percent, and sales by 48.6 percent.

But there are deeper implications to this story. That Superior business is a tea shop in the heart of downtown, sidled in alongside many bars. The tea shop has already outgrown the simple classification of retail purveyor to become a wholesaler of teas as well. Employees have been added and a community gathering spot established. It draws citizens to an enlivened city center and contributes to making Superior a more attractive place for new businesses to locate.

Wava Haney, a professor of sociology at UW–Richland Center, places that new tea shop at the heart of a growing movement she identifies as "the feminization of Main Streets." Her ongoing research of historic downtown areas reveals a growing trend of new enterprises to be the startup businesses of women entrepreneurs. Some of those women have a lot of prior experience in family businesses or major corporations, but many are new to the world of retail and retail ownership.

Haney was not surprised to hear that Ingrid Mahan, executive director of Viroqua Partners (Viroqua Chamber of Commerce), was drawn to my office after reading about Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity. Viroqua's revitalization story began when it was designated a Wisconsin Main Street City by the state Department of Commerce in 1989. Over the past 15 years, Viroqua has rehabilitated 60 buildings and started 63 new businesses, creating 161 new jobs and attracting more than $6.3 million in private and $8.8 million in public investment. The new businesses have increased downtown property occupancy rates, increased their property tax base, and kept Viroqua consumer dollars circulating at home.

What you might not know is that the great majority of those new businesses located in the central district are owned, managed, or co-managed by women. Many are less than 10 years old, several are under five years old, and seven new businesses opened in the first quarter of 2004. Their importance to Viroqua is acute, and their emergence is typical of rural Wisconsin, where many families are supplementing or replacing farm income with wages or small business ownership.

However, the creative Main Street center of Viroqua faces a serious challenge with potentially threatening consequences. Early this year,

the Wisconsin Department of Transportation informed the community that it is positioned to have its major highways rerouted to bypass the city in 2009. Although many area business owners will be relieved to have fewer trucks barreling past their door, most wonder what the impact will be on establishments that are considered "highway dependent" for their clientele, and what the highway construction portends for the community's ability to attract new franchises to their environs. A highway bypass will inevitably have property tax revenue implications for Viroqua as well.

In so many instances when both the owners/managers and the employees are women, any negative impact on these businesses not only immediately affects individuals but also reverberates in their households and communities. The specter of a highway bypass compounds what may already be a vulnerable position. Haney observes that while some of these businesses have had time to become well established, many of these female entrepreneurs are starting up in times of economic uncertainty.

Superior business owners Ann Richtman (left) and Tenby Owens had to go to Duluth for a start-up loan—even though they had a solid business plan and were active professionals in the community (Richtman had been a successful attorney there for years). Below, a street shot of their tea shop, Stillpoint Health, Wellness and Teas.

Her preliminary findings suggest that because these women entrepreneurs have devoted long hours to planning and building their businesses, they have had little time to forge strong networks with local political leaders and media owners. Those important local leaders may be unaware of the critical role they can play in the futures of those businesses.

Staunchly committed to protecting her community and committed to promoting its growth, Ingrid Mahan turned to the only visible, easily accessible

The importance of these women-owned businesses to Viroqua is acute—and their emergence is typical of rural Wisconsin, where many families are supplementing or replacing farm income with wages or small business ownership.

champion of women's success for help: the Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity initiative coordinated through my office. And, while she told us her community's story, she delivered a challenge that is statewide and systemic in nature. In the near future, 22 other communities are scheduled to have highway bypasses constructed that will divert traffic from their main street centers. The Viroqua dilemma of a community caught in the unsynchronized planning of state agencies offers an invaluable learning opportunity. We have a chance to create a prototype for planning state transportation improvements that support the community and economic development goals of the Main Street Communities Project, including tourism.

GOOD FOR WOMEN, GOOD FOR BUSINESS

Our process for a partnership like this is to identify the barrier/s; convene the appropriate decisionmakers and bring their resources together to address it; create new solutions; and make them replicable and use them statewide. The secretaries of the Departments of Commerce, Transportation, Revenue, and Tourism accepted my invitation to explore the Viroqua challenge in a coordinated and constructive manner. In our discussion, Cory Nettles, Frank Busalacchi, Michael Morgan, and Jim Holperin each committed his agency's cooperation to creating a pioneer plan that will drop bureaucratic silos among state offices and better leverage our investment of Wisconsin tax dollars in those communities in the pipeline for highway bypasses.

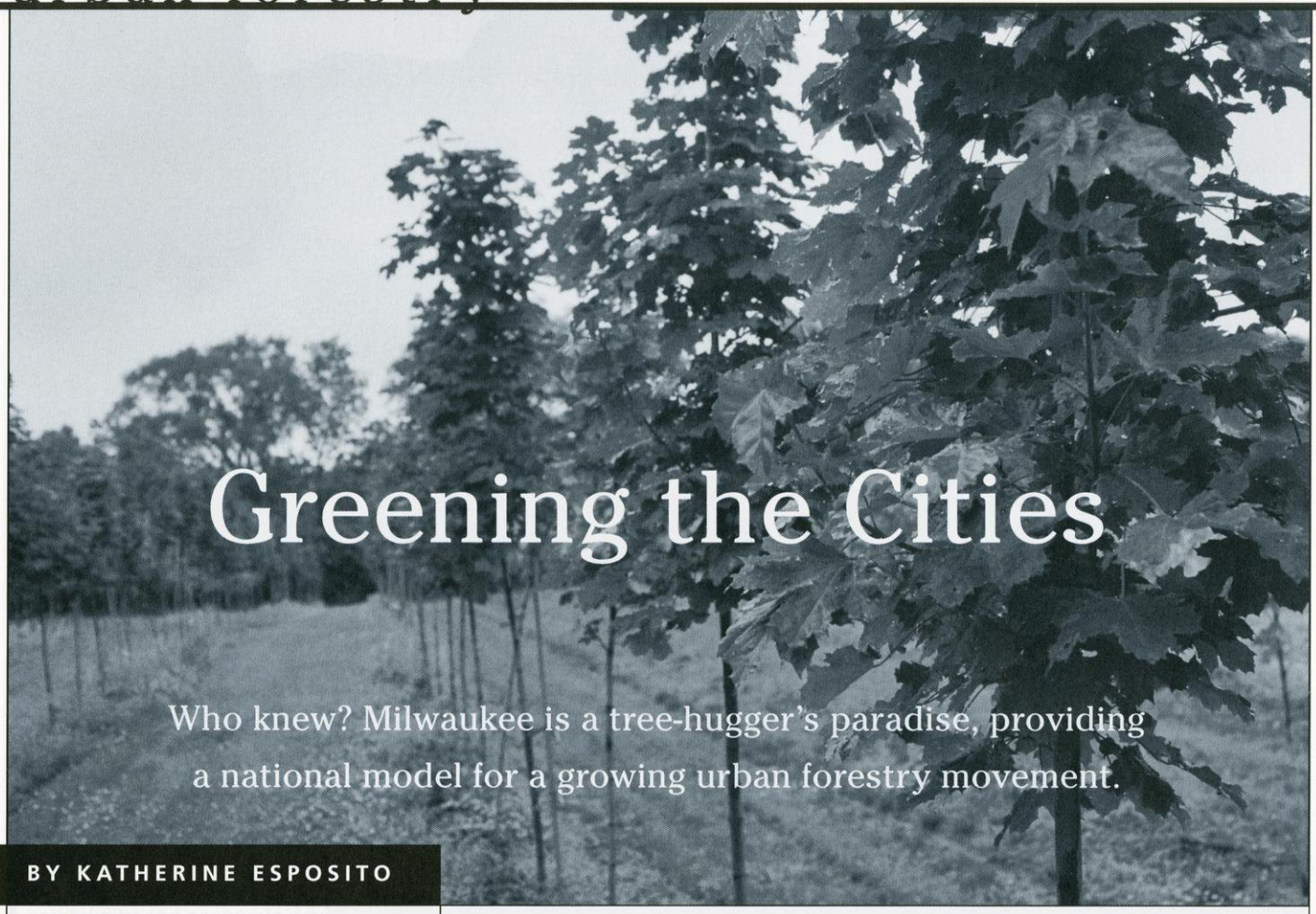
There is not universal opposition to the idea of a bypass in Viroqua, but there is a generalized apprehension among downtown business owners. Our response to their concerns: create a comprehensive implementation plan for preconstruction, construction, and postconstruction phases that will support continuous economic activity in the community. Such planning can include signage and special advertising. We also want to learn from other communities. We bet we will discover additional creative solutions by interviewing business owners in communities that have already experienced a bypass.

The Viroqua project gives us an opportunity to ensure that public policy and practice do not inadvertently undermine economic growth and to direct our gaze to the critical role women play in the state's outlook. Although Wisconsin ranks near the top of all 50 states in women's participation in the labor force, Wisconsin ranks near the bottom in the proportion of its female labor force employed in professional and managerial occupations. We fill only 9.3 percent of corporate board seats in Wisconsin's top 50 publicly held companies (with too many still registering zeros in that column), and only 12 percent of those companies' officers are women.

The growth in women-owned businesses may well reflect our frustration with opportunity limited by gender in the workplace. We have seen too often that one invariably risks serious injury when crashing through a glass ceiling, only to find oneself walking on glass. Owning a business is a way for women to clear a path to successfully investing their financial and human capital. It creates necessary flexibility to meet the myriad demands of our lives. And owning a business is a good "on ramp" for women who are returning to the labor force.

Creative solutions are indeed in our midst; we plan to empower more women to uncover and implement them. Wisconsin Women Equals Prosperity has evolved into a broadband movement whose very existence catalyzes progress for women in diverse situations, inviting citizens at every turn in the road across the state to make their own contribution to raising the grade for Wisconsin's women—once and for all, for us all. ✺

Barbara Lawton is Wisconsin's lieutenant governor. Jane Crisler is an associate professor of history at the University of Wisconsin–Waukesha.



Greening the Cities

Who knew? Milwaukee is a tree-hugger's paradise, providing a national model for a growing urban forestry movement.

BY KATHERINE ESPOSITO

This Milwaukee municipal nursery cultivates maple trees and many other trees and plants for city use.

Photos by Katherine Esposito

IF ONLY EVERY STREET TREE could put its roots down in Milwaukee. In this tidy city on the Lake Michigan shore, the romance of sumptuous shade was long ago married with the hard-nosed science of how to create it. Proper tree care is not a happy accident in Milwaukee—not with "tree police" like Jim Kringer on the case.

Last summer, in a plainclothes neighborhood on the city's North Side, on a street half-demolished due to a major reconstruction, Kringer eyeballed a particular midsized maple.

One large root, critical for tree support, had been severed by the road contractor. It was accidental, but in Milwaukee, there are no excuses. There are only fines.

The penalty was already up to $760, Kringer said, and that didn't count staff time to make repairs. Not long ago, one damaged tree cost a company a whopping $7,000.

After so many years, Kringer, who started working as an arborist in 1979 and created the job of "urban forestry inspector" two years later, has become a respected, if not necessarily revered, presence on Milwaukee road construction sites. "On one job, a branch fell from a tree as I was walking around the corner," says Kringer. "The contractor said, 'One of these days I'm gonna have the bill in my hand before the branch hits the ground.'" He laughs.

Long ago, such stringent policies caused a mini-revolution in contractors' attitudes toward Milwaukee's "urban

forest." At one time, the city annually lost up to 400 street trees due to construction damage. After city forestry laws gained some teeth, starting in 1981, losses were pared to only a handful a year. Add irrigation and expert pruning to the recipe, and those trees that remain live to an average age of 62 years—twice the national average.

Tree professionals have always sensed in their gut that there were sound economic reasons, not just aesthetic ones, to grow trees big. But it took new, sophisticated computer models, combined with knowledge of basic tree biology, to find them. Researchers at the U.S. Forest Service have now documented the monetary worth of trees in terms of cooling power, air cleansing, and rainfall interception. Meanwhile, in Milwaukee the values of homes located directly on streets with landscaped boulevards are higher as well. A 2000 study found that they were worth about $1,600 more than those farther away, despite greater levels of traffic.

When considered along with hundreds of iridescent flowers and shrubs planted on grassy city boulevards, all grown at a 160-acre city-owned nursery just outside the city limits, Milwaukee's $11 million urban forestry program has engendered a strong sense of civic pride. It's not just local pride, either: when asked what they think of Milwaukee's efforts, foresters across the nation all but glow. But, due to a combination of factors, including lack of public understanding, scant political support, and tight city budgets, it isn't often emulated.

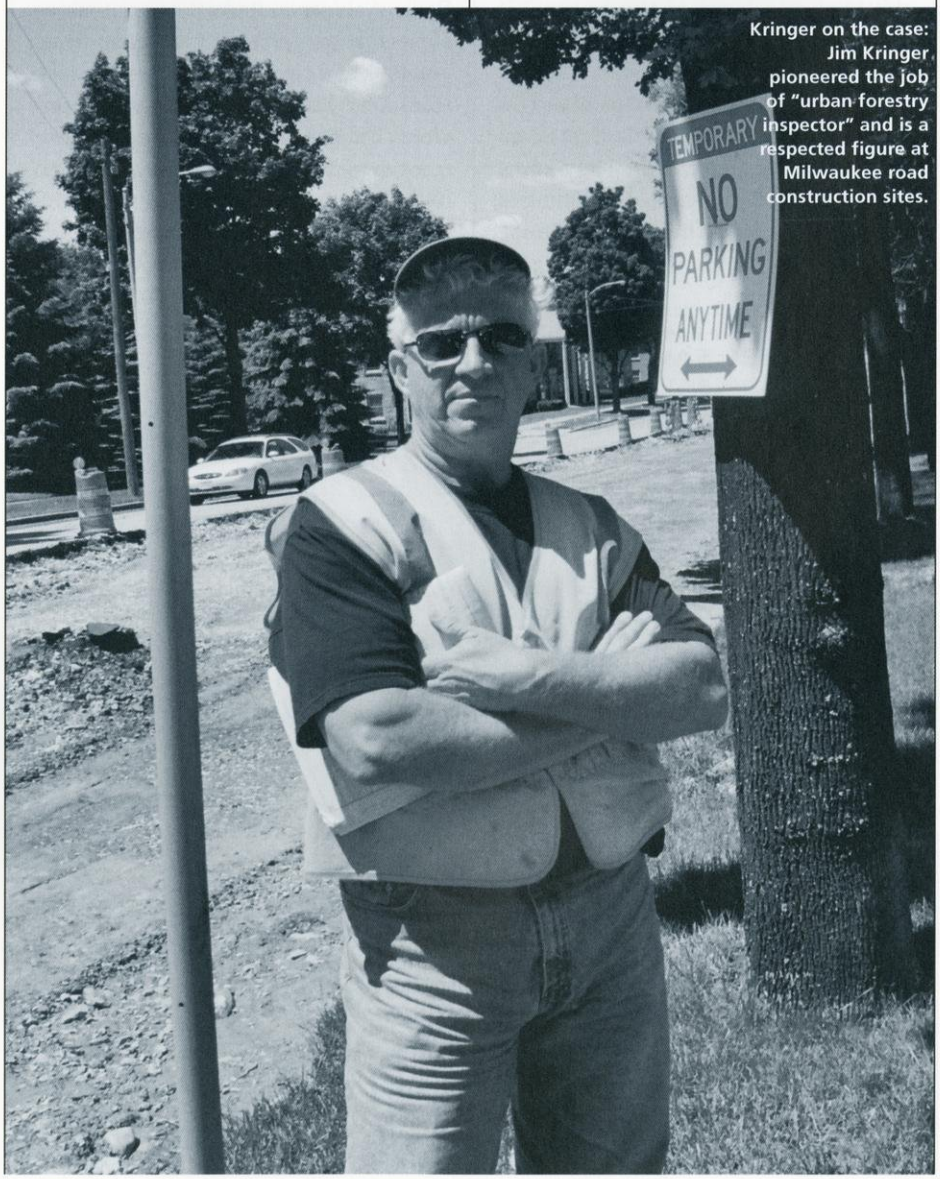
Foresters enter their profession because they love trees. They love the silhouettes they make, their steadfast reliability, the rustling sounds of their leaves. But many trees don't live in the country. They're in towns, along roads, in backyards, in parks, in medians. They grow by accident, but often they are planted for a reason. Either way, one strategically located urban tree frequently has more direct human impact, in terms of its effect on our personal and physical well-being, than one found amid 40 others. You'd think we'd treat them as more special. More often, we take them for granted.

Last spring, two old blocks of cracked cement street near my house in Madison were torn up, sidewalk to sidewalk and three feet down. It was a scheduled reconstruction, and for two months, the road was a mess of rubble and machinery. What caught my eye, though, was a different kind of mess: the mangled, desiccated roots of a number of stately terrace trees. The largest, a silver maple a good 30 inches in diameter, was an embarrassment to see.

This clearly wasn't Milwaukee. I called our city forestry office to ask for an opinion. I spoke with one of two forestry specialists in the city whose main duty is fielding citizen calls rather than inspecting street projects. He was dismayed as well.

By then, it was too late. All that remained was to backfill the roots and hope for the best. Hope that enough sturdy stabilizer roots remained to prevent catastrophe if the neighborhood got struck by a storm. Hope that the maple wouldn't enter a long, steady period of decline. We both knew that damage had occurred, but no one else ever would.

In 1995, helped by a grant from the state Department of Natural Resources, Milwaukee city foresters published a definitive manual on how to prevent construction damage to city trees.



Kringer on the case: Jim Kringer pioneered the job of "urban forestry inspector" and is a respected figure at Milwaukee road construction sites.

Kringer even developed a short seminar on the topic, now mushroomed to seven hours, that he takes to cities as close as Madison and as far away as Las Vegas. The day I met him, he had already personally inspected 180 street trees on that North Side site and was preparing to drive to another one.

He told me a story. Years ago, he said, an East Side Milwaukee homeowner had sued a private contractor for $100,000 after the firm had unnecessarily chopped down a majestic elm obstructing its reconstruction plans. It was the shade she'd lost, the depreciation suffered by her home, the beauty of that lovely tree. "She didn't want the money," Kringer says. "She wanted the contractor to go in the woods and get a 22-inch elm to put in front of the house." It didn't happen, of course, but she'd made her point.

Today, when a road project is planned, city engineers and private contractors call Kringer first. They know they'll have hell—or at least a chunk of money—to pay if they don't. These days, Kringer says, "the first thing on their mind is trees."

HOW TREES SAVE MONEY

Little did that angry Milwaukee homeowner know that she was in the vanguard of a movement to question the business-as-usual planning process in city public works departments.

Traditionally, city planners, engineers, private builders, and developers have hashed out their goals and ideas behind all-but-closed doors, designing new subdivisions, rebuilding old streets, and constructing new shopping centers. At the end of the process, a color blueprint is produced showing streets, sidewalks, buildings, and an assemblage of perfectly round green trees overlaying it all. Without the trees sketched in, the drawing would resemble a pallid skeleton. In real life, however, that's exactly what they often turn out to be.

Dr. Gregory McPherson, a research forester with the USDA Forest Service's Center for Urban Forest Research in Davis, California, finds those outcomes somewhat perverse. "It's real clear when you look at drawings how important the trees are," he said in a telephone interview. "But the realistic success of those trees depends on a lot more things than how well they're drawn by the landscape architect in the picture."

Two decades ago, McPherson began to investigate just how valuable urban trees could be. Everyone loves trees and wants them, he knew, but few cities except Milwaukee were willing to put the money and effort into ensuring that they survive. What if he could show scientifically that trees have economic benefits, too? A tunnel of trees over houses on a scalding August day is infinitely preferable to that same street naked to the sun and baking like an oven. What if there were a way to prove the savings?

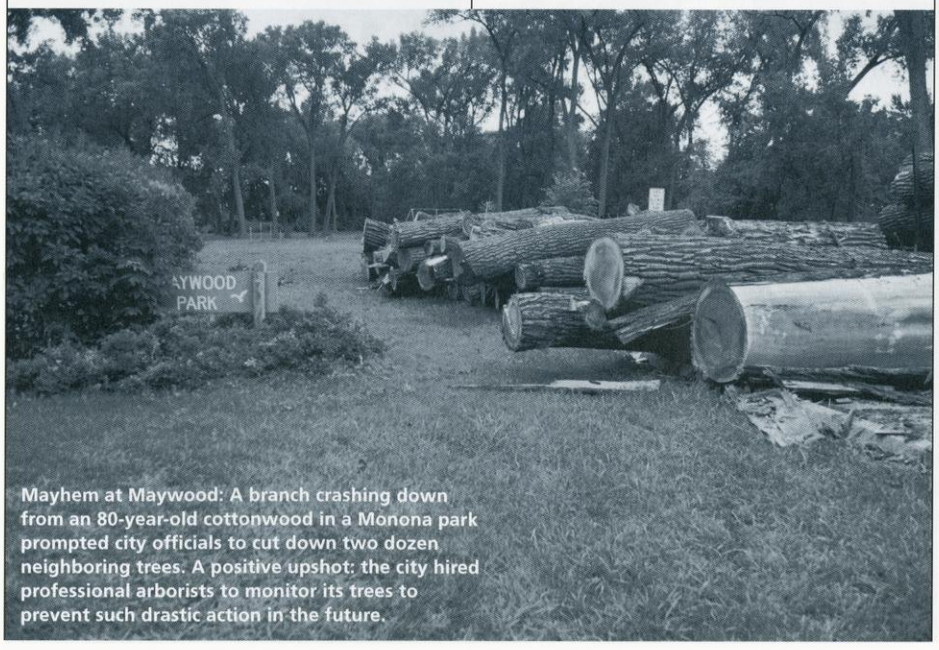
At the University of Wisconsin–Stevens Point, Professor Les Werner, a 1970s pioneer in the discipline of urban forestry, is thinking along similar lines. "This is a personal opinion," says Werner, "but we aren't going to exact a lot of change until we get people to understand that when we start talking about the value of trees, those are real dollars."

Most of that value isn't in the beginning, when a tree is first planted, or at the end, when it is removed. It's in the middle, that long span of years when a tree is finally reaching full size, with a canopy dense and wide enough for its benefits to be felt. And, perhaps, measured.

That's where McPherson's research comes in. With the help of James Simpson, a Forest Service meteorologist, McPherson has tried to calibrate how urban trees cleanse the air and shade buildings. Just as tropical forests are viewed as "carbon sinks," able to store more carbon than they release and thus provide a defense against atmospheric carbon dioxide accumulation, urban trees—assuming they live long enough—can do the same.

In one study published in 2000, the two men used computer models to estimate two things: first, how the location and sizes of trees would lower the energy used by a home due to reduced air conditioning needs; and second, how much carbon would be stored in the tree's wood. Adding those two together resulted in a quantity known as "avoided carbon emissions."

They looked at two cities: Tucson, Arizona, and Boulder City, Nevada. The climate was similar for both cities, but in Tucson, the trees lived longer than in Boulder City and were planted closer to homes. By contrast, in Boulder City many trees were found beyond neighborhoods, in parks and on downtown streets. The results, plotted over 40 years, showed a steady increase in the cooling power of Tucson trees, while the utility of those in Boulder City declined



Mayhem at Maywood: A branch crashing down from an 80-year-old cottonwood in a Monona park prompted city officials to cut down two dozen neighboring trees. A positive upshot: the city hired professional arborists to monitor its trees to prevent such drastic action in the future.

after 25 years. Further, after tallying all the benefits, the researchers found that the trees in Tucson provided double the avoided carbon emissions as the trees in Boulder City.

Another computer model can predict how much rain is intercepted by trees, which may prove useful due to stringent new federal prohibitions against stormwater runoff.

But one of McPherson's favorite projects is a field study of the costs and benefits of 10 different tree species growing in Modesto, California. The researchers obtained three years of data showing how much money the city spent to maintain each type of tree and contrasted that with modeled calculations of benefits: energy savings, air quality improvements, carbon storage, decreased stormwater runoff, and increased property values.

The winner? By a mile, it was the London planetree, a relative of the sycamore. "It's a species that grows very quickly, but it's not weak-wooded," notes McPherson. "It requires relatively little pruning, it's very hardy in city conditions, and it grows very large. So the benefits get big as the tree gets big." He calculated that the amount of money saved by the benefits provided by a large London planetree was as much as several hundred dollars annually. Meanwhile, Modesto spent only about 10 dollars yearly to keep it strong.

For urban foresters, the lessons from this and other research are clear: good urban planning isn't only about pouring concrete, designing streets, and reviewing subdivision proposals. If people are serious about softening and improving the concrete jungle by adding shade, texture, and color, they have to start even before a pencil is put to paper.

"Trees are seen as these real resilient features that you can just stick in at the end," McPherson says. "But just the mere presence of a tree doesn't mean as much to me as how well that tree functions, given the particular site it's in.

"That means taking a more functional approach to urban forestry," he continues. "It means we're going to have to plan sooner in the process for trees, and not have them be an afterthought."

In Your Backyard

Compared with traditional rural forestry, urban forestry is a relatively young animal. While the larger forestry program at the state Department of Natural Resources was started a century ago in response to severe logging practices and subsequent wildfires, the specialized Urban and Community Forestry program began much later, in 1990. Milwaukee's reputation as a leader in urban forestry played a role here as well; the state's longtime urban forest coordinator, Richard Rideout, was previously the forestry technical services coordinator for that city.

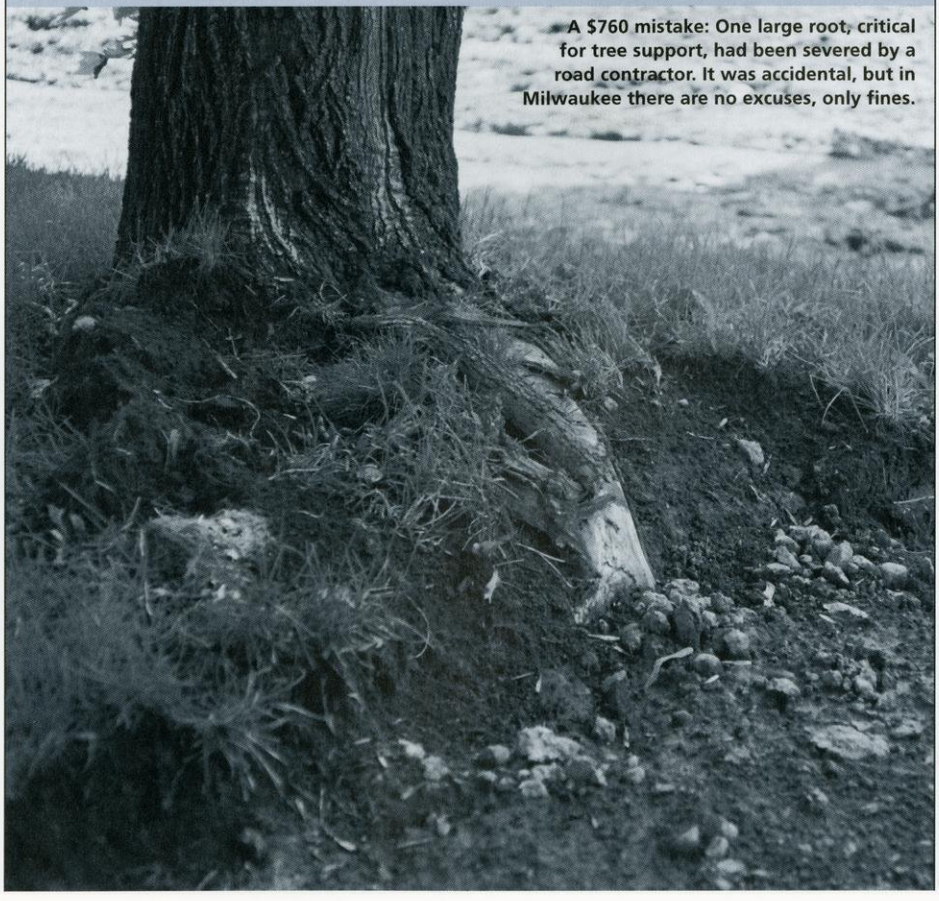
The program is advised by the Wisconsin Urban Forestry Council, a statewide committee of 23 citizens and professionals appointed to staggered three-year terms by the State Forester. It is financed by both the state and federal governments and offers a variety of services, including an annual conference in late January cosponsored by the Wisconsin Arborist Association; tree care workshops; technical assistance by four full-time regional urban forestry coordinators to communities and nonprofit groups; and hundreds of thousands of dollars in matching grants every year to help communities better manage trees.

Milwaukee took advantage of a DNR grant to produce its manual on trees and construction damage, while Monona received one to help pay for its new tree inventory. About 60 to 70 grants are awarded each year.

The Urban Forestry program also administers the Tree City USA awards program for the National Arbor Day Foundation.

If you have any technical tree-related questions, call your municipal forester or parks department. If no one is in charge, consider starting a program yourself.

For more information about the DNR's Urban Forestry program, including grants and links to national sites, see http://dnr.wi.gov/org/land/Forestry/UF/index.htm



A $760 mistake: One large root, critical for tree support, had been severed by a road contractor. It was accidental, but in Milwaukee there are no excuses, only fines.

Until people experience the contrast between truly impressive forestry programs and those that are merely mediocre, they don't know what's missing.

Some communities, such as Milwaukee, figured that out a long time ago.

CREAM CITY IS GREEN CITY

Milwaukee's innovative approach to urban forestry goes back to 1918 with the appointment of Otto W. Spidel as city forester. Even then, tree care was deliberate, with up to 30 field workers laboring to plant, prune, and grow new trees. In the 1950s, the program was bolstered by public dismay over the depredations caused by Dutch elm disease, a fungal disease that was introduced to this continent in 1930s. American elms, loved for their arching beauty and deep shade, had long been the tree of choice for public streets in towns and cities everywhere, but reliance on one species proved a painful mistake. In Milwaukee alone, 200,000 trees eventually died, creating a desert of stumps and sunburned homes. New street trees were replanted by the thousands, but residential backyards are frequently still as bare as the day the elms came down. In all, the city's "canopy cover" fell to 16 percent, far lower than before the epidemic.

In 1996, that disappointing fact was highlighted by a new type of aerial forest analysis using software called CityGreen, then being pioneered by American Forests, a national nonprofit forest conservation organization. In most cities, including Milwaukee, American Forests calls for an average canopy coverage of 40 percent, lower in downtowns and higher around homes. That lofty target stimulated the endowment and founding of a nonprofit group, Greening Milwaukee, to boost private tree planting. But according to executive director Joe Wilson, with so many beautiful trees out front, many residents see little need to plant them in back. It's Wilson's job to hand them the research explaining why they should. (More information at www.greeningmilwaukee.org)

Forestry, whether urban or rural, has never found it easy to convince people that purposeful planning is needed for lofty results. After all, there are trees growing nearly everywhere, and it takes a trained eye to spot problems. Until people experience the contrast between truly impressive forestry programs and those that are merely mediocre, they don't know what's missing.

In fact, after describing Milwaukee's urban forestry achievements to friends

The happy pruner: Plant caretakers in Milwaukee say they are regularly cheered on and thanked by passersby.

in my own town, every response was similar: "But I thought we were a Tree City USA! Aren't we just as good?" (Tree City USA is a national awards program to encourage better municipal urban forestry efforts.)

Not today, perhaps. But maybe tomorrow. And, as with Dutch elm disease, it can take a crisis to propel a closer look.

That's what happened this past year in Monona, a leafy suburb of Madison that prizes its trees but never spent much time thinking about them. That all changed this past year, however, after a tired branch from a cottonwood tree, one of about fifty 80-year-old giants in a tiny city park, crashed onto a swing set below. Cottonwoods grow huge, with branches that are themselves the size of many mature trees. The park is north of an elementary school; city officials, fearing disaster should children be playing underneath when the next branch dropped, finally proposed that two dozen be cut down. In late July, they were.

It aroused considerable public controversy, but it led to something positive: better urban forest planning. With the help of a $25,000 DNR matching grant, the city decided to hire professional arborists from Wachtel Tree Science & Service of Merton to examine the rest of its public trees and place all the information on a computerized map. Such mapping, known as Geographic Information Systems, or GIS, is becoming more common in public works and engineering departments. It allows city workers to quickly pinpoint the location of sewer and water lines, street signs, and fire hydrants. And, now, street trees as well.

It's a modern version of the urban ecosystem analysis that Milwaukee received in 1996. And, just as that analysis propelled Milwaukee's forestry program to ambitious new goals, Monona city administrator David Berner, freshly emerged from the public tumult over cutting cottonwoods, is hopeful that Monona's will, too.

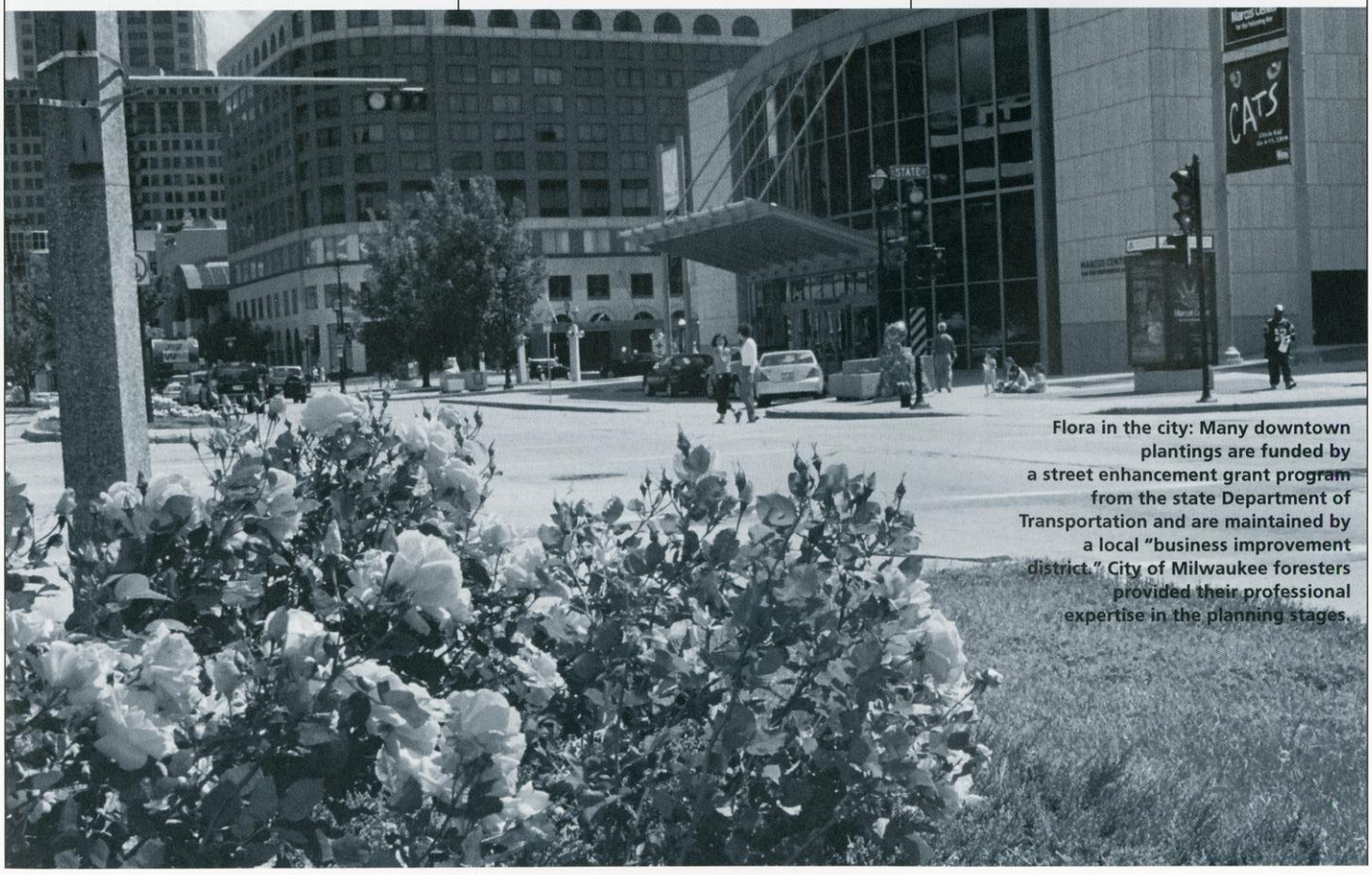
In Milwaukee, such battles were fought—and largely won—a long time ago.

Last summer on a rainy July day, I cruised Milwaukee's streets with Jeff Boeder, the city's north district forestry supervisor. Suddenly, instead of the usual city boulevards filled with neat turf, full trees, and gay beds of flowers, I noticed medians filled only with unkempt dandelions and leggy grass. We'd just driven past the city limits, Boeder explained. Here was a community where forestry was a much lower priority.

It's a shock to see, and it serves only to reinforce Milwaukee's confidence in its own efforts, says Boeder.

"A lot of communities look at forestry as the icing on a cake," he says, pride evident in his voice. "We think of ourselves as the cake." ✺

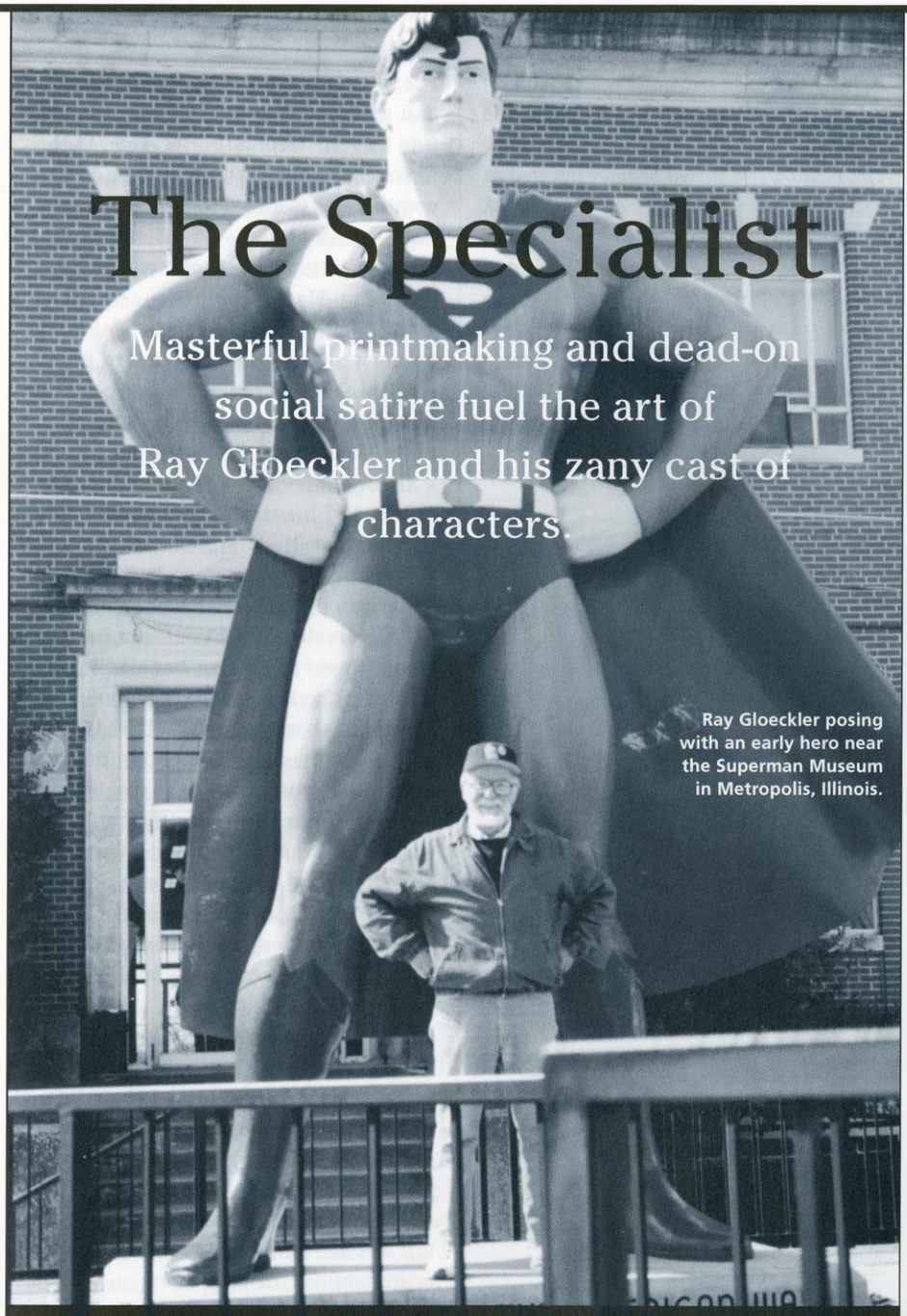
Katherine Esposito is a Madison-based freelance writer and a communications specialist in the DNR's Division of Forestry.



Flora in the city: Many downtown plantings are funded by a street enhancement grant program from the state Department of Transportation and are maintained by a local "business improvement district." City of Milwaukee foresters provided their professional expertise in the planning stages.

The Specialist

Masterful printmaking and dead-on social satire fuel the art of Ray Gloeckler and his zany cast of characters.



Ray Gloeckler posing with an early hero near the Superman Museum in Metropolis, Illinois.

BY WARRINGTON COLESCOTT

WITH RAY GLOECKLER, WHAT YOU SEE is not necessarily what you get. He is a quiet man of mature years, an emeritus professor of art who taught courses in relief printmaking at the University of Wisconsin–Madison through a long career and was instrumental in making the graphics area into the major center for the art of printmaking that it is today.

In conversation with Gloeckler, you sense a warm and friendly nature, a trifle guarded, but accessible. There may be the occasional odd unexpected question—"Have you ever owned a unicycle?"—but no matter. Just a tic. Overall Gloeckler gives the impression of a controlled but affable man, good-natured and knowledgeable. Then you attend a show of his prints ...

The printed work confronts you as a Mardi Gras, violent in its grotesquery. It seems a snarling, snorting bestiary of creatures straight from Marlon Brando's operating lab on the Island of Dr. Moreau. If the images took voice, the gallery would be filled with a cacophony of bleats, yowls, oinks, and whinnies from the yaks, warthogs, and porkers roiling around in their pens, all with human genes, all in the process of some kind of weird transmutation. There are the winged and beaked ones, rather nightmarish for they resemble someone we voted for in some election or other. If they opened their beaks or hairy muzzles and sang their song it should empty the gallery like a fire alarm.

But no, Gloeckler's viewers remain, not horrified but bemused, studying the little prints and the occasional great big prints, noses close to the glass. As recognition sets in, chuckling or even outright laughter ripples through the show. His audience has been drawn by his process into the imagery and the mind of the artist. This is a typical reaction to shows of Ray Gloeckler's prints.

Gloeckler is a local product, a native of Portage, Wisconsin, born there in 1928. He retired from teaching and returned to Portage in 2003, to the sodden sod of his riverside hometown after a career in Madison. He and his wife Joyce live in a pleasant, spacious house with a new print studio that is very active.

FROM COMIC BOOKS TO SESSLER

As Gloecker grew up in Portage, his father was a Democrat, which is a good thing for a future satirist. It was not an unusual thing in the rural Midwest at that time as the Democrats had an issue,

the REA. Rural electrification was to take the hand pump out of the farm kitchen and bring the outhouse into the bathroom. Roosevelt was building dams and stringing wires.

The Gloeckler and the maternal Murphy lines extended back to Germany and Ireland, as you might assume. There had been musicians and artists among the relations, so that when Gloeckler began to enjoy drawing he was encouraged. The house was full of newspapers: one subscription from Minneapolis, the two dailies from Milwaukee, and an occasional *Sunday Chicago Tribune*, as well as the *Portage Daily Register and Democrat*. It was a great period for newspaper artists, and the comic strips included brilliant fantasists like George Herriman (Krazy Kat), the political cartoons of Jay Darling in the *Kansas City Star*, Herbert Block in the *Washington Post*, Daniel Fitzpatrick in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and many others, all issued in syndication to your local editorial page. In the *Chicago Tribune*, the King syndicate comic pages featured the Katzenjammer Kids, an American spin-off of Wilhelm Busch's original cartoon scalawags in Germany, Max and Moritz, as well as many other talented artists dealing in humor ranging from slapstick to political. It was a fine preliminary art education for a young man who paid attention to the papers and the magazines.

Condor (1958)

Gloeckler feels that these cartoonists influenced his drawings in both style and content. He later became addicted to comic books and even had his own Superman costume. He admits that later in life he realized he was more a Batman type. However, he has been officially photographed in front of the monument to Superman in Metropolis, Illinois.

At the art and art education department in Madison, the art world was opened up for Gloeckler to study. His early interests in humor and illustration remained and deepened, even as the visual wealth in his undergraduate courses showed him art in its broad scope. He enjoyed image making and narration. He discovered artists like George Grosz and Honoré Daumier, tough-minded satirists, politically astute as they looked cynically at their time. His mentor became Alfred Sessler, a Milwaukee artist who taught printmaking, a course that covered woodcut, wood engraving, lithography, and etching. Sessler had developed a library of reproductions, original work, and slides that was separate from the department library. He worked very hard at introducing his students to the art of the past and to contemporary printmaking, trying to make his students analyze the direction of their own work and to relate that to artists who had similar thematic and form interests. He arranged bus trips to take his students to the Chicago Art Institute, and there were sessions in the Print Room with Harold Joachim, the curator of prints, to examine original work, including such treasures as Paul Gauguin's woodblocks for *Noa Noa*.

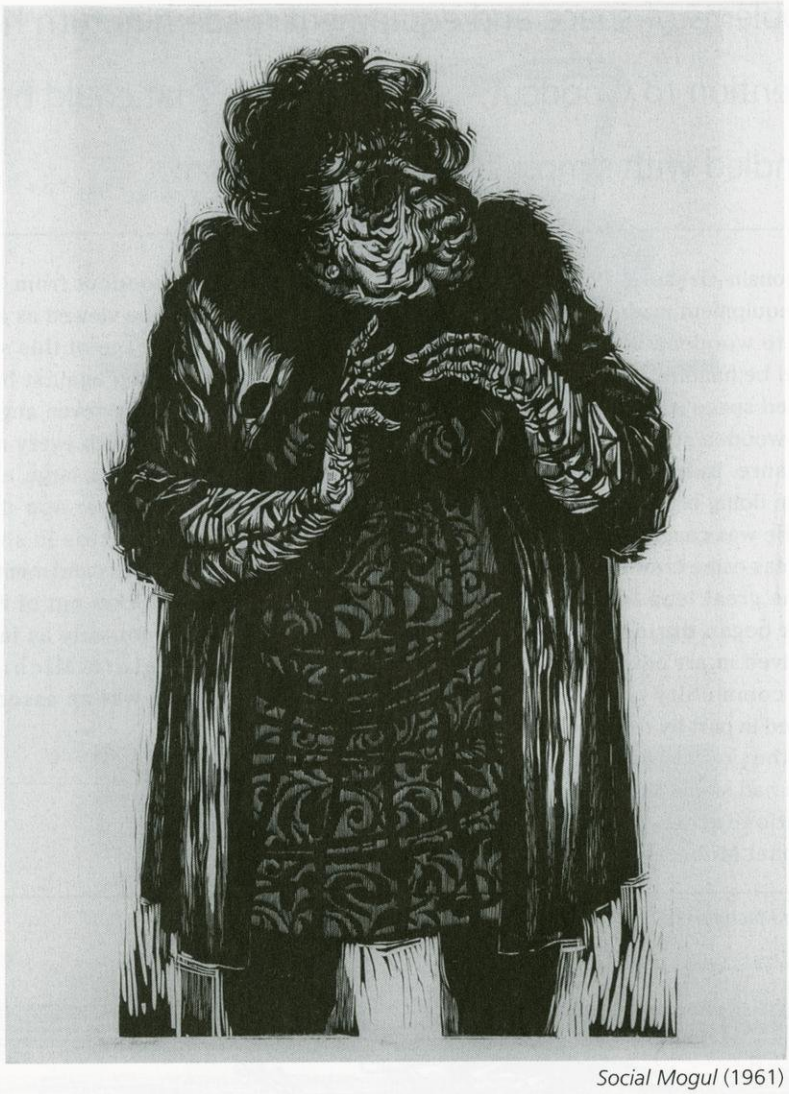
Gloeckler's print skills were growing, and Sessler showed him slides of social

realists like Jack Levine and his themes of corruption and social decay, as well as the socially aware prints of the German expressionist Kathe Kollwitz, and the woodcuts of Fritz Eichenberg in the *Catholic Worker*, a magazine of the Catholic left. There were books devoted to the painters of imaginist forms like Paul Klee and Otto Dix's antiwar etchings, as well as the probing caricatures by David Levine in the *New York Review of Books* and the hilarious group caricatures of Al Hirschfeld in the *New York Times* theater section. Sessler was a very effective teacher with an emotional force to his teaching. Under this skilled tutelage Gloeckler worked on the various print techniques, but the main thrust of his creative interest remained in painting, where he took courses with Robert Grilley and Santos Zingale.

The art and education department, as it was then named, was really two conjoined areas, and Gloeckler worked in both. He had a strong interest in art education and admired the director of that program, Fred Logan, a scholar who was chair of the department. After receiving his undergraduate degree, Gloeckler, with four years of ROTC behind him as well, looked at the ongoing war in Korea and applied for a regular army commission.

He seemed very fit, having played football for two years on Dynie Mansfield's 150-pound varsity team, but his athletic record was no help. Due to a history of ulcers he failed the army physical. It was explained to him that the U.S. army existed to give ulcers rather than to receive them. He was advised to join the reserves and upon getting a graduate degree could receive a reserve commission. He remained a commissioned officer in the army reserves for 12 years as the monument and archives officer in a military government unit, a group of staff officers that trained for an eventual call to go overseas. Years went by, wars came and went, but the call never came. Gloeckler stayed on at Madison and took his master's degree in art education.

Art education jobs took Gloeckler to Oshkosh in 1953, where he was director of art in the public schools for a year and then began teaching at the University of



Social Mogul (1961)

The Blockers (1964)

Problems of space and equipment made him turn his attention to woodcut, a print medium that could be handled with simple tools and little room.

Wisconsin–Oshkosh. Problems of space and equipment made him turn his attention to woodcut, a print medium that could be handled with simple tools in a limited space and printed with as little as a wooden spoon and a slight rotary pressure. In his small work space he began doing big prints. It was exhilarating. He was caught up in the new prints as ideas came crowding in.

The great leap in Gloeckler's print work began during the years he was involved in art education in Michigan. The community college in Flint was funded in part by the Buick corporation, and the poverty and desolation of the town had something to do with the corporation (as we see from the films of Michael Moore). *Condor*, Gloeckler's large, aggressive woodcut from 1958 (see page 30), could be viewed as a cry for help: the stark image of this scavenger bird, silhouetted against blank paper; a big, confidently (even angrily) cut plank of wood, in which every mark is sharp and fearsome. The large, ambitious woodcuts that he was now doing had had increasing success in shows and began winning awards and mention. The prints were his ticket out of Flint, but in this case he got only as far as Ypsilanti—to Eastern Michigan University, where he was an associate professor.

Flying Machine (1971)

THE PRINT RENAISSANCE

When he returned to Madison in 1961 to pursue an MFA degree, he was a nationally known printmaker with an extensive exhibition record and with his prints well known in Wisconsin. He was hired at the university as a lecturer to teach two courses in the art education area and was welcomed back to the department, having maintained a relationship over the years with both the graphics area and the art education staff. The faculty generally was aware of his exhibiting. There was a friendly rivalry among the printmakers over who got accepted or rejected in applications to juried exhibits, and who won what. Gloeckler joined in this play. He did very well. With regard to show catalogues, the dominance of the block of University of Wisconsin printmakers in awards as well as sheer numbers was noted with some pride. Again, Gloeckler was prominent.

The sixties were a great period for artists in the fine print field. New teach-

GLOECKLER AT THE ELVEHJEM

"Woodcuts by Ray Gloeckler," a selection of some 45 prints from more than 200 editions of prints, is on exhibit at the Elvehjem Museum of Art through January 23. Says Drew Stevens, the Elvehjem's curator of prints, drawings, and photographs: "If we had living national treasures, Ray Gloeckler would be one of them." This show proves it.

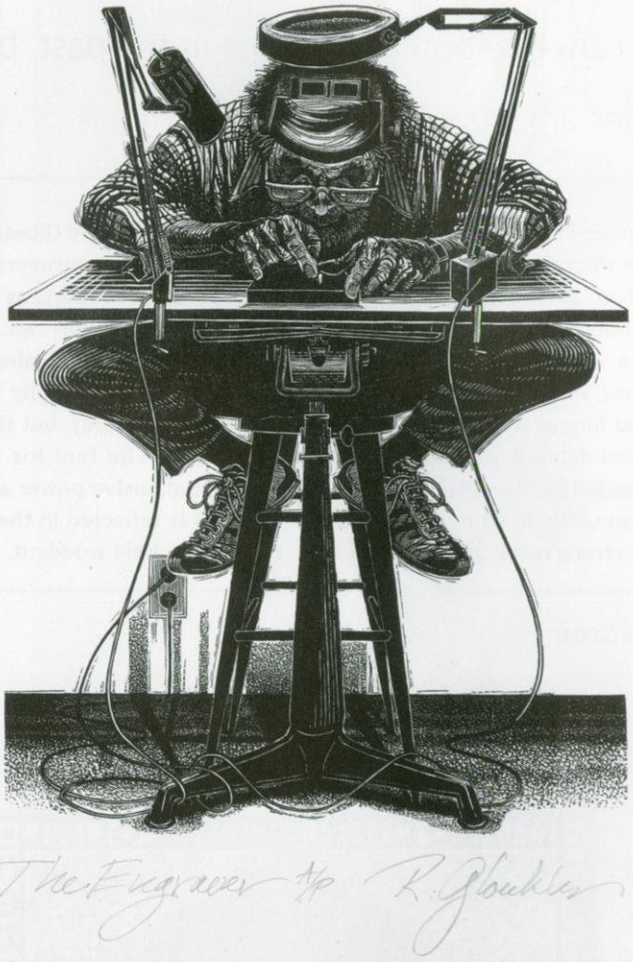
ELVEHJEM MUSEUM OF ART
800 University Avenue
Madison, Wisconsin 53706
Tel. 608/263-2246
www.lvm.wisc.edu

Gallery hours:
Tues.-Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.
Sat.–Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.
Closed Mondays, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and New Year's Day.

ing studios were opening in the universities; publishers were appearing; there were more and better-financed national shows; and more museums were surveying the activity, dispensing invitations, and collecting prints. Art magazines made reference to a "print renaissance." Madison was a center of this activity, and the expanding graphics area had been assigned the entire north side of the sixth floor of the new humanities building for a shotgun suite of print studios outfitted with state-of-the-art equipment.

The unexpected and tragic death of Alfred Sessler in 1963 came in the middle of these plans. It was devastating. Eventually, however, life and school went on. It was decided by the graphics faculty that Ray Gloeckler would carry on teaching the relief printing classes. The department's graphics area was in a phase of planned growth, and the decision had been made to cut offerings presenting a sampling of many techniques in a mix and instead to concentrate one class on each print medium, with each taught by a specialist in that medium. Gloeckler would be the specialist teaching linoleum and woodcut as well as wood engraving.

One of the first major woodcuts Gloeckler made after his return to Madison is *Social Mogul* (see page 31), finished in the fall of 1961. It is three feet high by 20 inches, again a single figure silhouetted against the white paper with a minor bit of gouged hatching at the



The Engraver (1984)

Senior Spiel (1985)

Gloeckler loves sports as only a retired participating athlete can. His football days are in the past, but the memories are sharp.

base. The penciled title makes the narrative more than clear. In actuality it is not an individual caricature but a caricature of class, in a stunning print, based on a visitor to the Jack Paar comedy show, which Ray watched regularly. Social Mogul was a Washington society grand dame, regal and insufferable, an ideal foil for Paar's quick humor. The print, an ultimate study in hauteur, has evoked strong reactions whenever it has been shown, and Gloeckler counts it among his most controversial works.

Gloeckler loves sports as only a retired participating athlete can. His football days are in the past (unless Green Bay has a disaster and really needs a 150-pound right tackle), but the memories are sharp. The feel for the tension between offensive power and defensive strength is reflected in the massive figures in his 1964 woodcut, *The Blockers* (see page 31), as they roar out of the grainy wood in a behemoth's ballet. This woodcut nears acoustic quality. The noise of the crowd is felt and heard in the vibration pattern caused by the gouges raking the wood against the grain, and linear interruptions suggest the commercial breaks jarring the stadium.

Hit the Broom (2004)

Gloeckler's bicycling skill is famous. During every class day he biked from his home in Middleton to the humanities building and back. His stable of bikes is of museum quality, archival. They run from the multi-seated to the single seat with wheel to match. Some stand up, some lie down. The sprockets and gears are so multi-tiered that the bottom chain drags in the dirt and has been cited by the DNR for spreading weed seeds. This beloved instrument of transport is Ray Gloeckler's favorite subject and is used as a stage prop, background, prime subject, and simply as an interesting group of circles and angles for a portrait subject or a cow to lean on while its picture is being engraved. Thumb through his prints and see the cyclists. Things come and go in Gloeckler's world, but the bicycle is a hardworking, beloved object to be wheeled into the frame. See the Big Biker, see the cow biker, see the artist biker in his funny hat.

Gloeckler is a stalwart on his team in curling, a demanding sport that matches skill with strength and agility—not a simple matter for a retired professor who sits on a stool for long hours before a magnifying lamp pushing cutting tools against an end grain block. In loving detail his prints show the curious action, adding text to the ice-bound ritual of sweeps and pushers, dressed by Alice and the Red Queen, playing what seems to be a wintry northern version of bocci ball, with handles.

A NEW PASSION: WOOD ENGRAVING

In the seventies Gloeckler turned to wood engraving in a major way. A visiting Canadian artist working out of the Philadelphia College of Art joined the graphics area in fall 1965 as my replacement. This was Claire Van Vliet. Knowledgeable in prints and books, a

The Regent (1979)

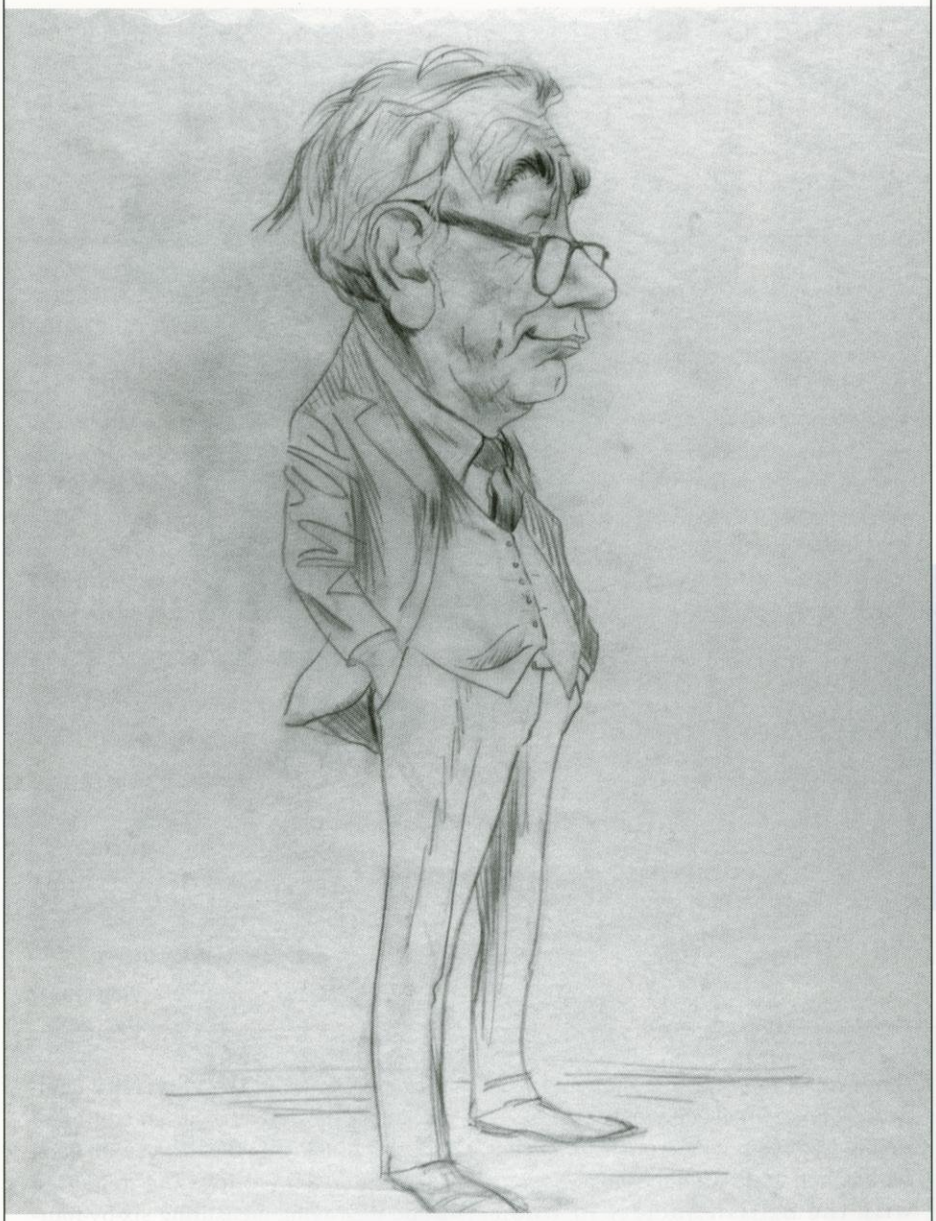
Hog (1981)

designer and self-publisher, she had experience that stretched over both fine art and journeyman printing. Her visit influenced several members of the graphics faculty, she got my etching room repainted (unheard of!)—and she got Gloeckler interested in doing concentrated work in wood engraving.

The many crafts and skills involved in the art of the book had a following in the graphics area at this time, and another book artist, Ian Tyson, owner of Tetrad Press in London, spent a semester in the department in 1971. As an experienced publisher, typographer, and bibliophile, Tyson became friendly with Gloeckler and introduced him to the work of the British wood engraver Thomas Bewick. He talked about the particular esteem in which the art is held in England and the activity of such groups as the British Society of Wood Engravers. The interaction with these two visitors accelerated Gloeckler's interest in commencing a new group of wood engravings that have dominated his recent work. In England he has had an invitational relationship with the British Society of Wood Engravers, and his work is shown regularly in their exhibits. The Primrose Hill Press in London, an art publisher closely associated with artists' wood engravings, in 2001 produced *The Engraver's Cut: Raymond Gloeckler*, a retrospective book of Gloeckler's engravings printed from the artist's original blocks by master printer Sebastian Carter. The book was issued in a luxurious boxed set.

In 1979, UW president Ed Young was pleased with his Board of Regents, a hardworking group that had interacted well with him to the benefit of the university. Upon his retirement he wanted to give them a special gift in appreciation. James Watrous, an art and art history professor on the university committee, suggested as a gift an edition of wood engraving by Gloeckler, with each regent getting a copy. *The Regent*, a wood engraving measuring six-by-four-and-a-half inches, was editioned, and the regents were delighted by the uniqueness of the gift. So much so that in return they commissioned Gloeckler to do a portrait drawing of Ed Young and present it to him, which pleased Gloeckler because Young, throughout his long career at Madison, had always been sympathetic to the art department.

During the sitting the two men enjoyed telling stories, and Young told one about the art department's most active chair, the glass artist Harvey Littleton. "Harvey wanted to get the art department out of the School of Education and into Letters and Science, where I was dean at the time. Harvey was persistent. He would waylay me by



Preliminary study of a portrait drawing of former University of Wisconsin president Ed Young

the Bascom Hall elevator with his arms full of charts and graphs. I finally had to tell him, 'Harvey, there is no way I'm taking art into my college. I have Music, and they are trouble enough.'"

No photograph is available of the final drawing Gloeckler did, but there are some of the preliminary studies. Gloeckler says it was a caricature, and very, very gentle.

Through the years Gloeckler's output of prints has been a flow of highly personal inventions in narrative form, with a unique wit that ranges between sly good humor and clever satire of targets that might live down the street, in a university department—or even in the Oval Office. Some of the small prints are commissioned, others are for portfolios that were done working in conjunction with artist friends or former students. Each year he does an original Christmas card. He made a print for his high school reunion, for his curling club, for a thank-you card. The artist gets a charge out of his own work, and some of the efforts are just for himself and his friends.

The political satires are broadly taken. Nixon was featured in his time, but George McGovern and Hubert Humphrey took blows as well. Sometimes the humor is black, sometimes it is red, white, and blue, and the caricatures are penetrating. The target most often sighted is the artist himself, and the enthusiasm with which he disfigures, exaggerates, pig-ifies, and hybrids himself with moose and yak and warthog is sometimes terrible to see.

Not so to Gloeckler's large and discriminating audience. No one casually leaves the gallery of a Ray Gloeckler show. Instead, they move from picture to picture, noses close to the glass. Occasionally you hear a chuckle, and then admiring laughter. ✹

Renowned printmaker Warrington Colescott is more than a little familiar with social satire himself. He is an internationally acclaimed artist and the Leo Steppat Professor of Art Emeritus, University of Wisconsin–Madison. He and Ray Gloeckler are both Fellows of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters.

poetry

Ars Poetica, Sorta

Most poems read like elegies
if you read them slow enough,
even lines benign as these,
even if devoid of love.

If you read them slow enough
poems will transform that to this;
even those devoid of love
change by means of emphasis.

Poems will transform that to this
because they have the power to.
Change by means of emphasis
is how a poem makes do.

Because they have the power to,
poems say more than they mean.
Is how a poem makes do
a form of meaning all its own?

Poems "say" more than they "mean,"
even those devoid of love.
A form of meaning all its own?
If you read them slow enough.

Even when devoid of love,
even lines benign as these,
if you read them slow enough
most poems read like elegies.

by John Pidgeon

John Pidgeon has had work appear in ***Poetry***, ***The Formalist***, ***The Journal of Nietzsche Studies***, *and* ***The Journal of the American Medical Association***. *He lives in Green Bay with his wife, Marianne, and their five children.*

For Hearing and Not Hearing

This voice an irrelevant chime, wanting to
shine in the air around this daughter, but
her infected ears won't transmit.
There's light on her page. She's coloring flowers.

No doubt words can be tedious.
At last week's graduation a Catholic Cardinal
ignored a sex scandal while
reminding the newly certified of their debts.

I learned one in every million spoken words
has twelve letters like recalcitrant or narcissistic and
that after hearing Debussy's *Voiles*
one critic called a vast array what another

called dog sperm. If she were old enough
for irony I'd tell our little girl to feel lucky
about these temporary "losses." But that's not right.
Last night she woke up crying in a panic:

I called down the hall to calm her as if
she could hear. I heard her vomit
then her crying rose up. I found her pale at the bed edge.
Lips too red: fevered. She worried she'd made a mess.

I held her, said then sang *this is nothing*, which is
roughly what registers. This morning her flowers
are always for someone: this for Erin, Nick, Mama.
She says their names clearly and extra loud.

by Bill Stobb

Bill Stobb teaches writing at Viterbo University in La Crosse. His poems have appeared in such journals as ***Colorado Review***, ***American Literary Review,*** *and* ***Denver Quarterly***. *He has published a chapbook,* ***For Better Night Vision*** *(Black Rock Press, 2001).*

True Tomatoes

It is right to resist
This lack of real tomatoes.
Those reddish things on
The grocer's shelf, carved from balsa,
Heft them to your nose.

No soil cast by worms and rain.
No fragrant memories of summer afternoons
Stealing ripeness like young hunters.
No green ache of stoop and war.

In the red juiciness before the tomb,
Cut us and we bleed all over the plate,
Juices streaming between our fingers,
Down our chests, seed on our faces.

No one brings a tomato to a funeral.
Yet what a fine comment on banality,
Thrown from dark back seats,
Its splat on the curtain quick to finish
A bad mime of misery, of joy.

Bite me, a true tomato says,
Bite me and see.
Prick my membrane
And watch how far my juices flow

From the center of the garden,
Miserable with white flies, past
One summer life per customer.

by James P. Lenfestey

James P. Lenfestey has worked as a college literature instructor, marketing communications consultant, and editorial writer for the ***Minneapolis Star Tribune***, *where he won several Page One awards. He has written two plays and two screenplays, and has published 12 chapbooks of poems, including* ***Affection for Spiders*** *(Red Dragonfly Press, 2004) and* ***Saying Grace*** *(Marsh River Editions, 2004) and a book of essays,* ***The Urban Coyote*** *(Nodin Press, 2000).*

The Ace of Thumb Sized Peepers

I.

On early season trips, we
turn the heat up
in the truck,
and pile our jackets onto
the seat between us.
Sometimes we check the sheds,
then stay at Super 8—because
the mouse chewed orange gloves
we left in the trailer are
stiff, and last November's
Epitaph-News
is on the table
littered with turds.
It's too cold
to get your hands wet
wiping things clean.

But by May, when tiny frogs
are inflating
on our perimeter,
I won't agree
to sleep in town again.
We thaw the trailer's dirt
to lie on musty flannel
so we can hear them from
the pools, the sludge
and stands of horsetails,
when they balloon
their olive throats and sing.

II.

I pole
the crown of my head
into the brown cove of your armpit,
as the frogs conjure bells
and shake them
under rising waves of trills.
The wake laps at the wheel
wells and the slit of night
streams down. It seems
profound to do
the same things
every year.

III.

When you're sleeping
I look outside
at the windshield
of the truck,
where beads of dew are silently
poised, or sliding.

Spread for us
by frogs,
the cards are good tonight—
The Star, for splashing
turbid water, *The Fool*
for slipping under.

Sue Blaustein

Sue Blaustein works for the Milwaukee Health Department as a food inspector and serves as president and newsletter editor for AFSCME Local 1091. Her work is included in the anthology ***In My Neighborhood—Celebrating Wisconsin Cities*** *(1000 Friends of Wisconsin, 2000).*

First of Winter

Wrists glowering from last winter's coat,
my son knots himself against the car door.
I drive; I am not responsible
for fall's jolt into winter.
—Or am I?
As the car hovers at the ice-slicked turn in the school drive
I acknowledge I carried him to birth
on this planet where farmers' fields sometimes chill
under quilted, early snow.
Unbroken, the drifted eastern horizon
is just beginning to glow with the year's first winter dawn.
Although he is grumpy about his old coat,
I would give my twelve-year-old
this clean horizon whenever he wants it
for the rest of his life.
I would grant him open field,
stand of tangled trees, mosquito bogs,
yes, even sudden season changes.
But time is short.
The clock's minute digit flicks closer to the hour.
My son hauls his saxophone out of the back seat,
slams the door, hunches his shoulders into the cold,
and enters adolescence.

Sheryl Slocum

*Sheryl Slocum lives in Lake Geneva. Her poetry has appeared in the **Wisconsin Academy Review**, the **Wisconsin Poets' Calendar**, and the **Anglican Theological Review**, among other publications. She is a member and former president of the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets.*

The Trouble With Houdini

if you're going to disappear forever
get a shovel and something to read,

then walk until you stand
at those shelled limitless rows
growing old and gray in the sun
and you begin the work,

Dirtknuckled and dreary
you'll let the earth pile up and tan your skin
and darken the soil with sweat,
trying not to look into the lessening hole.

When finally you're through
you throw the shovel in and follow after
it with your windturned pages of whatever

and when there is a scuffling nearby
but unseen, and you taste dust and draw
your body taut and straight,
the world will never be so beautiful or close.

by Thomas Luedtke

I Have Been Waiting for Days

I have been waiting for days, at this house I once knew
but then grew, then forgot. I'd driven past, chirped the horn
and drove on with the windows down
and my hair linen in the breeze
but doubled back at the next street and stopped. Maybe
it was the lamp unremembered and still lit
or the sun on the sofa
the morning I left.

Up the steps to the door
where I would have rung the buzzer
but paused to watch the chimney exhale in the dimming day
and white roses bloom in the sky.
Then there was laughter somewhere inside
and though I could not see,
I had the feeling you were there.

I sat and grew cold
as if someone might
pop in and say
hello I am so and so and have we met

and talk over the look of your hands on the windowpane
or how it was not the steps to our room
but always those last few steps.

But the chimney ceases its long sigh
the leaves begin to change
the door remains untouched
and I have been waiting for days.

by Thomas Luedtke

*Thomas Luedtke lives in Lomira. His work has appeared in such publications as the **South Carolina Review**, **The Progressive**, and **The Carolina Quarterly**, where he was a finalist for the 2003 Charles B. Wood Award for Distinguished Writing. The poem **"I Have Been Waiting for Days"** recently appeared in **The Texas Review**. Luedtke will be a poetry fellow at The Vermont Studio Center in 2005.*

To Rebecca Cann and Mary Leakey, the search goes on:

Eve

On finding a bone in a tin of canned salmon,
She decided to build a dinosaur.
The bone was threaded through a chain
Around her neck and the can, neatly shaped
Into a fair approximation of a mandible.
Her biggest colander became the skull,
Eggbeaters and lipsticks, femurs and phalanges,
Wired together with pipecleaners.

Despite her distraction, the houseplants
Did not suffer, hearts of Philodendron
And Mother-in-law's Tongue began to thrive,
Assumed a lushness unseen in her house before.
A tricycle wheel became the breastbone.
Old curtain rods and the guest bed mattress
Formed the ribcage. The Lazy Boy Recliner
Produced the joints for the knees.

About the time she was wiring
A set of lug wrenches into the spine,
The house began to change as well,
Draperies becoming green and ropy,
Light dappling on the wallpaper
As if filtered through enormous leaves.
She found it a pleasant change, she said,
And didn't mind that she couldn't find the garage.

The tail was several dozen Diet Coke cans,
All red and white and silver, tapering
To a tab, promising zero calories,
And the lifelong pursuit of svelteness
She thought she could do without.
But on attaching the last of them,
She found the master bedroom had gone,
Replaced by a hammock swinging beneath the stars.

By then she'd taken to wearing
A tablecloth knotted into a sarong,
Said the weather was too warm there
For her to wear anything else.
I think she upset the balance of nature,
Building something primal as a dinosaur
Out of all that sleazy man-made stuff.
That's why it took her house—

Took her, too, I guess.
If you go there, she's not home.

by Sandra Lindow

Sandra Lindow is the 2004 winner of the Wisconsin Regional Writers' Jade Ring for poetry. Her newest chapbook, ***Walking the Labyrinth****, has recently been published by Foothills Publishing of Kanona, New York. She was a 2003 runner-up in the* ***Wisconsin Academy Review*** *Poetry Contest. This year she coordinated a local show of poets and writers as part of the Epidemic Peace Project.*

Photos by Bill Blankenburg

Neighbors

BY SARA JANE RATTAN

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW/HARRY W. SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS SHORT STORY CONTEST WINNER

THIRD PLACE

IT WAS HOT. The kind of hot that settles on the Midwest once or twice every summer. It starts out innocently enough—a welcome string of buttery, caramelized days. Neighbors up and down the street find reasons to come out after dinner.

The men tinker with lawn sprinklers and unruly garden hoses. The women tinker with the children, wiping bits of mashed potatoes from small faces and tucking stray laces into little canvas shoes. Inside, phones begin to ring with the end of the supper hour and the muffled sounds of teenage conversations and laughter drift out through open windows. Screen doors bang shut as children run in and back out again, retrieving card collections and other suddenly remembered treasures.

But soon the days begin to lose their shape—like yellow pats of butter, pooling on a warm dinner plate—until they're indistinguishable, one from the other. They become stifling in their sameness, in their heavy dull heat.

Heat like that weighs everything and everyone down. It holds you in place the same way a heavy wool blanket did when you were small. At first, you hardly feel it, but then it starts to fill in around you—pressing down slow and steady. You want to push it away or throw it off. But the best a person can do is to

rearrange a limb, shift a little to one side or the other. It doesn't matter which.

I'd been out working in the garden, the one that had come with the house and had been failing, little by little, year by year, ever since. We had to take down a big box elder that had split open over the winter. Most of the shade went with it. The ground is almost always parched by mid-morning now, big cracks running through dirt packed hard. So I try to get out early and run the hose. Like today. But by the time I'd turned off the water and come back up on the porch, the earth had already begun to dry out and change color—as if the patchy shadow of a heavy, slow moving cloud was traveling across the garden.

Now I was just sitting on our porch swing, listening to the thrum of the cicadas and letting my thoughts drift loose. I'd brought a cold can of Coke out from the kitchen and I pressed it hard against the back of my neck, against the warmth of the sunburn that was just beginning and would—in a matter of days—darken to the color of water-stained leather. Eddie still had a week of first grade but the private school where I taught had already finished. It was mid-June and summer sprawled out in front of me like a barn cat stretched belly-up in the sun—without any purpose or direction or need.

The early sounds of the house waking, the quick rush of water from the tap and the quiet kiss of the refrigerator door, began to sift out softly through the front room's rusting metal screens. A few minutes later my wife stepped out, legs bare, in an old cotton sundress. On a nicer day, a cooler one, she would've sat down next to me on the swing. But she sat, instead, on top of a low wooden table—where she carefully arranged and rearranged her legs, finally settling them into what we used to call Indian style. You can't say that anymore, not even in our little town.

I learned that lesson the year Eddie started kindergarten. I'd gone over to his school with him for Dad's Night. When a couple of the boys got to rough-housing I told them to come sit down next to me, Indian-style. Eddie's teacher, Mrs. Borshtfleger, didn't seem to care about the rough-housing but she made a big point of talking to me. *Why, thank you Mr. Neeland, but you know in this kindergarten we call it "pretzel legs."* I watched her walk away, her not quite middle-aged legs thickening as they rose—until they disappeared, thankfully, beneath an unremarkable navy skirt. And I thought, "Where I come from, legs like that hold up pianos."

"Where is Eddie?" I asked Jenny.

"Still sleeping." She took a long drink from the water bottle she'd brought out with her and rested her head back against the brick of our house.

"Any signs of life over there?" She tipped her head, her eyes too, in the direction of the house next door.

"Nah. Not as we used to know it, anyway."

It's been almost three months since Frank and Dottie moved out. They raised five children in the house next door, including a retarded girl who'd passed away when she was just six years old. But when the price of real estate became as dear as a stretch of sun in the month of March, they cashed everything in and bought a Winnebago ... er, recreational vehicle, and headed west. We get a post-card every now and then.

"Rollie Allen says they're converting." Jenny tipped her head north a second time.

"What?"

"The Blights, next door, they're converting. Billie still has two more years in the day care room at St. Sebastian's before he's old enough for public. And if you convert, you get the parish rate. It's cheaper. And not just by a little, either."

"Converting, are they?

"That's right."

"And the boy has two more years in the day care?"

"Uh-huh."

Imagine. Three years old and you spend nearly ten hours a day in a church basement. Back then, an hour of Sunday school was plenty for me. And of all the basements to get stuck in, church basements are the worst. Cold, damp linoleum floors, worn out pianos and nothing but a bunch of skinny, wooden folding chairs to park yourself on.

Of course, the kids go outside. But it always bothers me to see the way they hitch the little ones together. The bigger ones—the five- and six-year-olds—don't get hitched up as a matter of course. But they have to line up and hang on to a long, thick rope like the one that used to hang from the ceiling of the gym when we were kids. One teacher out front and another at the back, making sure all the kids stay hooked on and no one gets left behind.

What kid wants to go out walking like that, constantly getting tugged at from up ahead or pulled on from behind? It's got to change nearly everything about taking a walk, about getting to and from a place. Me? I've always been a believer in walking next to a person. Grown-ups, certainly. But small ones especially. A lot can be said when you're shoulder-to-shoulder with a person.

Jenny is spreading the newspaper out on the table in front of her. Her interest in our neighbors has—for the time being—given way to a more primal interest in rummage sales and second-hand appliances. I shift position, slowly peeling the back of each leg free from the swing's slats, and shut my eyes against the heat.

My eyes burn orange. Closed, they are smoldering fields of sienna and burnt umber. The color seems to pulse, deepening and fading, in time to the cicadas' unrelenting cadence.

There is, I think, no shutting out this sun.

Or the slam of our neighbor's door. Heavy, oak. It's the kind that sticks in the summertime. Bottom swollen with humidity, it has to be pulled hard to clear the door jamb and the ring of its brass knocker hangs in the air between our two houses. Peculiar, I didn't hear it open. Maybe it was open through the night, letting the house sift for breezes through its old screen door.

Eyes shut, I listen to the slow, leaking out sounds of our neighbor's leaving: the quiet click of a car door opening and then the long legato creak of its being pulled the rest of the way open. Several soft, dull thumps—the sounds of a canvas briefcase from one of those catalog companies, or maybe a gym bag, being thrown over into the back seat. A ring of keys, tossed up once, twice: A world of locked places catapulting in the air as our neighbor, coffee mug in one hand, tries to locate the ignition key with the other.

Then it's still. The only sounds are the soft drip of the garden hose and the rustle of newsprint—my wife's interest in the classifieds prolonged by our neighbor's slow departure. I don't have to open my eyes to know that Jenny will keep a steady gaze on the yard sale listings until the sharp sound of the ignition catching signals our release.

It plays out like this pretty much every morning: Each of us feigning complete unawareness of the other, intensely concentrating on small, inconsequential acts—normally performed without a thought.

Evenings are different. It's not so easy to feign oblivion; our neighbor's return home is less predictable and one of us is often outside, caught off-guard. Usually it's Jenny, gathering up the day's forgotten toys and the occasional kitchen utensil. Jenny doesn't like it when Eddie gets into her kitchen things. But he does. Right now he's partial to an old potato masher and the bottom of Jenny's good angel food cake pan. It makes an interesting set of armor.

Anyway, at the end of the day, our neighbor takes the turn into his driveway without slowing; the Jeep nearly bounces up the concrete incline. He pulls up just short of the house, sounding a series of quick, sharp blasts on the horn—like some kind of call to homage, a secular shofar. His children come running. He greets them so loudly, it feels like show. Jenny says she and he usually just nod, a short incline of the chin and a quick smile like you'd give a stranger on the sidewalk. I like to think we're all fellow pedestrians in life, but Blight makes me wonder.

"Look, Dot's peonies are blooming."

Both sides of the walk leading up to our neighbors' house are thickly clumped with bushes, glossy green leaves and stalks erupting from dry, brown earth. Dot used to take personal credit for those peonies. Every spring she'd call out to us, one hand filled with cuttings, the other wielding an ancient steel pruner, "Help yourself! Aren't they gorgeous? You two help yourselves, there are more than we could ever use."

The peonies seem to simmer in the unrelenting heat of early summer. No hint—in their initial tight buds—of the heavy, round blossoms that would open, and droop under their own weight, the very same day. Fat bursts of raspberry and cream petals that would spill and roll crazily like balls of kitten loosed yarn.

"Remember how Eddie used to toddle after Dot?" Jenny smiled.

I did. The kids loved Dot. She'd sweep across the yard like some kind of botanical goddess in a housedress, offering peonies to anyone who passed—a friend returning a casserole dish, second cousins come to Sunday dinner. Even the mailman left our street with a spot of fuchsia tucked into his bag.

Our new neighbors seem indifferent to the gathering glory of the perennials lining their walk. Last night, the wife had come out to clip a few of the first blooms, but minutes later Jenny saw her come flying back out their front door, frantically shaking several boughs before she let them drop off the side of the porch. She'd looked exasperated, and the screen door slammed after her when she went back in. Then Eddie had run over to collect the branches of soft white and bright pinks that lay scattered and unanchored on a sea of grass, calling out: *Look, Mommy! Look at all the big, black ants!*

"Oh, I almost forgot," Jenny began, as she stood to go inside, "the neighbors asked if they could borrow the mower."

"What for? The grass doesn't need it. There's nothing to cut in heat like this." Jenny's gaze followed mine out over our two yards and the sparse growth poking through hard earth.

"I don't know. But I said I thought it'd be all right."

"Course it's all right. There's all right and there's making sense. One doesn't necessarily have to change the other."

Jenny gave me a long look. She missed Dot and Frank, same as me, but she put a bigger store on being accommodating with folks.

"Good. Why don't you bring it out and leave it by their side door? I'm going to go get Eddie up for school."

I got in pretty late that night. I'd gone over to school to finish clearing out my classroom. It was dark when I pulled into our driveway. Dark and still. There was only the sound of the sprinklers, working in a wet, arrhythmic counterpoint up and down the street. Everything felt heavy and tired—even the beetles clung to the screened door instead of battering against it. The kitchen looked untouched since the morning. We don't eat much in weather like this.

I was rummaging in the fridge—looking through the leftovers, hoping for egg salad or some cold cuts—when I heard something outside. It sounded like some kind of animal had gotten into

WINNING WORDS

Comments by contest judge Dwight Allen

The neighbors in this story are Midwesterners, polite and slower to anger than might be good for them. We worry about them simmering in the summer heat, but it's the weather itself and the sound of screen doors flapping shut and the sight of peonies ("fat bursts of raspberry and cream petals") that hook us.

the garbage and was dragging half the contents of an oversized Hefty Bag down the driveway. Curious, I looked out the screen door and was surprised to see our neighbor—piling a bunch of brown paper yard bags up on the curb. Couldn't be clippings. There were too many. He must've done some pruning out back. Hell of a job in this weather. But I suppose if you were going to drag half a dozen heavy bags around, after dark was as good a time as any.

I turned my attention back to the interior of our refrigerator, but there just wasn't a whole lot there. I finally settled on a small plate with a partially eaten tuna sandwich. Undoubtedly, Eddie's. He doesn't like crusts and never eats much dinner. So even though there are three of us, we never cook big meals. We don't eat out much either. It hardly seems worth it. One of us always orders coffee and finishes whatever Eddie leaves behind. It isn't something I object to on principle; I've simply had my fill of cold chicken fingers and macaroni and cheese approaching the color of construction barrels.

But tonight the remains of a sandwich are enough. I take a few bites and head upstairs. The heat rises with me, growing heavier as I climb.

"Daddy, Daddy, LOOK!"

"Hey, sweet boy. What's that you've got?"

"My tooth! My tooth came out, Daddy! We were playing in the hose and I fell and it came right out and Marty's little brother thought it was a germ! I'm going to put it right here, next to the bed, Mummy doesn't think that I should put it under my pillow, because I'm getting big and the tooth fairy is just teeny tiny, and I could turn over in my bed and I don't want her to get hurt. Do you think she'll come? Do you, Daddy?"

"Of course, she'll come," I said, pulling the sheet up around Eddie's middle and settling him back into his bed. "She needs all the baby teeth she can get if she's going to get that new fairy castle built."

"But," I kissed Eddie, once on the forehead and again on the top of his head, "she won't come until everyone in the house is asleep."

"I know, Daddy. I'm going right to sleep. I love you."

"I love you, too, sweet boy."

Jenny was waiting up, reading. She was wearing a worn sleeveless undershirt, a relic from one of our fathers, and an old pair of boxers. The slight swell of her belly was just visible. Her skin looked soft, like ripe peach that would give just slightly in the press of your fingers. All the windows were open. But there wasn't a hint of air moving. Jenny had pushed the window curtains all the way to the side. They hung straight down, unmoving silent sentries.

I pulled my T-shirt off over my head and sat down next to Jenny. "Still got that silver dollar?"

"Uh, huh. It's right here." Jenny dropped an oversized coin into my hand.

"You honestly think he still believes?

"He *wants* to."

Eddie had made it all the way through the school year without losing a single tooth. But with each passing week, he'd grown grimmer and grimmer: His classroom teachers recorded the number of teeth the children lost on a bulletin board, and here it was almost the summer before second grade and Eddie had yet to make a contribution. All his gold stars for spelling paled in comparison to his desire for a cardboard incisor with his name inscribed on it in black Magic Marker.

"Remember when Eddie cornered you with all those questions about Santa Claus? After Marty's mother told him that it was the moms and dads who put the presents under the tree?"

"Of course, I remember," Jenny looked at me over the top of her glasses. "You sure disappeared fast."

I had. Though I hadn't gone far. I had listened to that conversation from an adjacent room, knowing that Jenny would pull it off, but holding my breath all the same. I would never forget the complete incredulity in her voice when she finally spoke: *Why on earth would Marty's mother tell him something like that?*

Jenny set her book down and pulled the chain on the bedside lamp. "Let's hope Marty kept a lid on it this time."

I woke up the next morning with a headache. It was churning through my head like the blades on our old push mower. The heat didn't help. It was late; no sense in running the sprinkler now. I'd have to wait until tonight.

"Jenny?"

No answer. She must've already headed out with Eddie. She'd be back soon. Most summers we take advantage of my time off from teaching. We always try to tackle a project or two around the house. But so far, the heat's just been too brutal. I haven't been able to think what needs doing, let alone get started on anything. If it keeps up, it doesn't look like we'll get much more done than just waiting out the heat.

I went downstairs and was surprised to find Jenny in the kitchen. There were big bouquets of peonies everywhere. She'd filled every vase, every jar, every pitcher we had.

"What in the ...?"

"That bastard. That G. D. bastard."

Jenny shoved another handful of peonies into a vase.

"He used *our* mower. What was that stupid, arrogant, son of bitch THINKING?"

Flushed and hot, Jenny kept moving. Her face was grimy, coursed with sweat. The counters were dusted with dry dirt, as fine as cake flour, like a kitchen where someone had been rolling out pie crusts. But paper grocery bags set all around the kitchen floor held a hodgepodge of ripped out roots and splayed green stalks.

"And I just *had* to tell him," Jenny continued, "sure, you can use our mower. You're welcome to it anytime. I'll just have Jack bring it along when he comes home."

I looked out the side window. There was just unrelenting, unbroken dried up lawn. The peonies had all been sawed off, their roots wrenched from the ground: Lush mounds turned to earthy pock marks.

"These were Dot's. These were *Dot's* peonies. What right does that son of a bitch have to yank them out like some kind of ragweed?"

"Oh, sweetie." I pulled Jenny into my arms, felt the last stems press against

me. "It's their yard now. They're gonna do with it what they want. Same as everyone."

Jenny didn't say anything. The heat pressed us together. She felt limp, the same way I imagined those peony stems would be in a day or so, when tap water would no longer be enough to nurture them and they would begin their slow lean into the sides of their containers, sliding back into the water and molting against the glass. Stems and water slowly leaching bits of the other, until it was hard to tell where one began and the other left off—leaving water the color of a warm glass of iced tea, set down and forgotten.

"I hate him, Jack. I absolutely hate that man. I'm sick of his feigning politeness and asking us where's the best place to get a good pizza or to get your oil changed. Why does he bother? Why does he ask at all? Every week he asks us where's a good place to pick up a pizza. Every week we tell him Fasculli's and every week he comes home with a box from Rocky's.

"And the peonies ..."

Clearly, much more than peonies had been wrenched from the ground in the middle of the night.

I held Jenny, waiting for some of the fierceness in her to subside, silently playing with our neighbor's name in my mind—Blight, Lowell Blight, M.D., *Doc*tor Blight, Neighbor, Neigh-Bore, Nay, Bore—when a sharp buzz cut through the thickness of the air and my thoughts.

"Hello? Anyone here?"

"I'll go."

Jenny nodded, wordless.

When I got to the porch, I was surprised to see Blight standing on the steps—a shapeless silhouette against the sun. I pulled the door open so he could come in. But he stayed where he was on the bottom step. He had a brown grocery bag in his hand. Our mower stood behind him on the walk.

"I'll take your mower around back. Can't thank you enough. This weather's a real bitch, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Thought you might like to have these. Ruthie and I, we don't know much about gardening. But she thought if you keep them somewhere cool and dry..." Blight gave a sharp, small laugh. "Guess that pretty much rules out any place within a couple hundred miles of here.

"Anyhow," he continued, "if you can find a place to keep them, Ruthie thinks they'll come up all right next year."

He handed me the bag. It was surprisingly light. I held the bottom in my hands; it felt like a couple of mesh bags of onions moving around inside.

"We had to take them out." He nodded at the stubbled, sheared-off stalks. "There's an oil tank right next to the walk. There'll be a crew to take it out sometime later this week."

A sound came from the kitchen, like the strangled sound of a peel caught in the garbage disposal.

"Thanks. Jenny's the gardener. She'll be glad to have them."

"Great. Well, I should get going." He started down the walk, but then he turned. He came about abruptly.

"You know, it's too damn hot to cook. We were thinking about going out for pizza tonight. You guys want to join us? What's the place you've been telling us about... Facsoull's? Facsoulli's? We'd like to try it. We just haven't been able to find it. That stuff from Rocky's—it's pretty bad."

"Yeah, sure. I'll check with Jenny."

"All right, then. Good." He punctuated his "good" with a single, quick nod.

I stood for a moment longer and watched him go; he jumped into his Jeep and pulled out of the driveway in one seamless move.

Then I looked out over the severed peony stalks to the place on the grass that would soon open, belching forth a rusting, corroded tank—like rot cut out of a seemingly healthy tree. Pictured the dry dusty fill, once the tank had been cut open and pulled out. Pictured the now buried tank, burrowed underground like a festering abscess. It would be good to get it out, and the poison that had, unknowingly, been leaking up unnoticed through the peonies—drifting over to our porch and pushing through the screens, like sieved fat from a stew, where it pooled, even now, in dozens of jars and glasses in our kitchen. ✹

Sara Jane Rattan lives with her husband and two sons in Shorewood, where she writes fiction, essays, and poetry. She has a B.A. from Lawrence University and a J.D. from Marquette University Law School, but she has never felt more at home than she does in the writing classes and workshops she has attended at MATC, Woodland Pattern, and Redbird Studios. "Neighbors" is her first published story.

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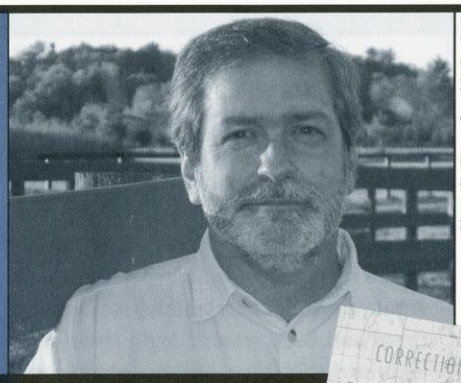
This completes the publication of winners from the 2004 *Wisconsin Academy Review*/Harry W. Schwartz Bookshops Short Story Contest. Look for our 2005 first-place story in the summer issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.

The Rectangle and the Sphere

Curt Meine's new book explores the missteps, chasms, and possible bridges between the human-imposed and the natural worlds.



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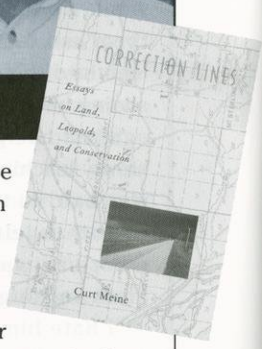


REVIEW BY CALVIN B. DEWITT

Correction Lines: Essays on Land, Leopold, and Conservation
Island Press, November 2004
by Curt Meine

Conservation is defined as "the basis of self-preservation and community renewal. It is an expression of commitment to democracy, justice, and stewardship, to future generations, and to the land itself."

With these words, conservationist Curt Meine, a recent recipient of the prestigious Biodiversity Leadership Award, distills the message of his 11 remarkable essays that make up this attractive and highly thought-provoking book.

Pondering the imposition by early land surveyors of a graph-like grid of townships and sections onto spherical Earth—"developed under the influence of eighteenth-century European rationalism and Enlightenment-era science"—Meine evaluates the grid's effects on biodiversity, migration, colonization, seed dispersal, herbivory, pollination, parasitism, predation, fire, and flooding. The grid converted reality into the abstract, "overwhelmed the particularities of place," and helped produce the notion of "land as commodity" rather than, in Aldo Leopold's words, "a community to which we belong."

The fitting of a rectangle to a sphere does not work, of course. If it is nevertheless imposed, it requires the use of "correction lines," and these necessarily produce the inevitable sharp corner here and there across the landscape.

Meine has us journey with him across the gridded landscape to experience its biophysical and social consequences, and to negotiate its sharply corrective jogs. He next invites us to answer, metaphorically, "So how *do* we turn this corner?" How do we negotiate the mismatch of misaligned land use and land function, global and local economies, property rights and property responsibilities, global and local economies?

Meine, as Aldo Leopold's eminent biographer, has Leopold bring forth his indivisibly "spherical" worldview in direct confrontation with our "rectangular"—and fractile—economic worldview. Writes Leopold, "Possibly ... we realize the indivisibility of the earth—its soil, mountains, rivers, forests, climate, plants, and animals, and respect it collectively not only as a useful servant but as a living being ... a being that was old when the morning stars sang together, and when the last of us has been gathered unto his fathers, was still young." He and his biographer invite us to embrace Earth as a single, nonfriable, unified system.

Earth and biosphere, a unified and integral being, provide useful service, says Leopold. And we can surmise from Meine and Leopold that this useful service is one that must be returned with service of our own—a *reciprocal* service. Reciprocal service—in which the Earth serves us and we serve the Earth—is a con-service. It is a con-service that gives ethical depth to the meaning of "con-servation."

Leopold is among the "prophetic voices," Meine confides in his essay, "The Secret Leopold," citing Wallace Stegner's description of Leopold's *A Sand County Almanac* as "almost a holy book in conservation circles ... one of the prophetic books, the utterance of an American Isaiah."

In his final essay, "Home, Land, Security," reflecting on the days after September 11, Meine concludes, "Conservation, in this changed world, is in crisis, and it is not something different from the security crisis (or the other) crises we face ... It is a single crisis of caring ... by taking care of the home land, the home land will continue to take care of us"—*reciprocal* care is necessary.

Meine's essays disclose another reciprocity—one between people and mountains. As he writes, "Leopold showed that we may move mountains by allowing the mountains—and the skies, the oceans, the freshwaters, the marshes, the forests, the prairies, the tundras, the deserts, and the lives, human and otherwise, they contain—to move us."

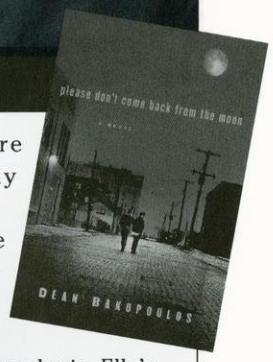
Three reciprocities emerge in Meine's fine essays: first, the reciprocity of moving mountains; second, the reciprocity of homeland security; and third, the reciprocity of biospheric services—con-service, *con-servation*. ✺

Calvin B. DeWitt is a professor with the Gaylord Nelson Institute of Environmental Studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison. He is an internationally renowned conservationist, writer, and thinker, with a particular emphasis on Christianity and environmental stewardship.

Boys Gone Wild

Fathers abandon their families in Dean Bakopoulos' first novel, leaving their sons to become men on their own.

Photo by Amanda Okopski



REVIEW BY ABBY FRUCHT

Please Don't Come Back from the Moon
Harcourt, February 2005
by Dean Bakopoulos

The most enduring works of fiction transcend the familiar even as they indulge it. By coaxing us into a landscape that feels natural, grounded, and actual, simultaneously they lead us into mysterious, figurative terrain. Suspense is borne of the tension between the two realms, for there we float—suspended, pensive, eager to find out more.

At some point during the last half of the recent century, the Detroit of author Dean Bakopoulos' grandparents began to disintegrate. Industries vanished, and blue-collar workers were left unhinged, uncertain, unpaid, and unhappy. Bereft of even the questionable promise of the American Dream, a generation of them turned to drink or disillusionment, until all that remained of the good old days were a few stubborn homemakers amid a few stray traditions, like the Polish Paczki Day, a pre-Lent holiday revolving around a curious, day-long donut feast.

Such is the reality described by Michael Smolij, Bakopoulos' young narrator, who delivers just the right mix of whip-smart humor, insightful observation, and charming humility to keep his well-earned nostalgia from turning too sentimental. Michael's story begins when his dad, along with those of his friends, disappears. One after another, the men drift away under dreamy, bewildering circumstances, leaving the kids and their still-sexy moms to fend for themselves. Fend they do, taking in lovers, finding low-paying jobs at the new shopping mall, experimenting (unsuccessfully) with bygone union politics, having babies, and yearning for affirmation in a time and a place that still hurts them, still makes them wonder what they are missing.

Moonlight, the answer might be, for it's moonlight that beckons to Michael during his troubled nighttime walks, walks that seem to take him closer to where the missing dads are hiding. It's a place that Michael craves as much as he fears, and that remains, as the story progresses, elusive in meaning.

A lesser author might have explained that moon, might have resolved his book's mysteries. Instead, Bakopoulos fills in only some of the blanks, leaving the more haunting questions rightly unanswered, all while treating us to generous entertainment. Here's Michael and his friend, Tom, irreverently discussing their favorite holiday. In deference to some of the readers of this magazine, I'll delete a few words:

"People around Detroit are too busy working #!%& jobs to have real Mardi Gras. They came up with all of this #!%& about doughnuts so they could celebrate Fat Tuesday."

"That's not true," Tom said.

"How many #!%& doughnuts are you going to eat?"

"I like them. They have a calming effect ... In hospitals they give them to people with ulcers..." (pp. 62–63).

Michael's meditative moments, too, are earthy and unexpected. After a young boy drowns at the pool where he works as lifeguard, Michael muses:

"It didn't matter, I suppose, how old [the mother] was; she had a ... dead kid, and ... she knew and felt things I couldn't understand ... I almost asked her where the boy's father was, but I ... was glad I stopped myself. It seemed one of the few mature moves I'd made in my life" (pp. 81–82).

We like Michael more and more as his story goes on, and when he falls in love, we're as moved by his girlfriend as he is. Ella's tough and feminine, a stripper and a student. Nevertheless, we understand that Michael's nighttime walks might get the better of him, as they do his best friend, Nick, who disappears one snowy evening, leaving nothing but footprints in his wake. Maybe Michael will follow, leaving Ella, her little boy, and a new little sister behind.

Bakopoulos knows better than to resolve Michael's dilemma, and better than to romanticize. The Detroit of this novel, a neighborhood of petty crime, modest aspiration, and no small measure of regret, will likely persist in its aimless disappointment for quite some time. Lamenting this, Bakopoulus doesn't pile on the poetry. Rather, he gives us an edge to tightrope along. I would gladly have balanced on it for longer than 250 pages, and some readers might wish for a harder, dizzier, scarier fall. Still, they'll hope there's another novel in sight, as loony and as luminous as this one is. ✺

Acclaimed novelist Abby Frucht lives in Oshkosh and is on the faculty of Vermont College's MFA program. Her novels include ***Polly's Ghost***, ***Are You Mine?***, *and* ***Life Before Death***. *Her reviews and essays appear in such publications as the* ***Village Voice Literary Supplement***, *the* ***Philadelphia Inquirer***, *the* ***Boston Globe***, *and* ***Redbook***.

White Heat

BY CHRISTINA CLANCY

The organizers of the 2004 Wisconsin Book Festival challenged writers from around the state to produce a work of fiction in only 24 hours, with the guidelines that it have a maximum of 1,500 words and be based on the painting above by artist Andrew Valko. We are pleased to publish the winning story.

CHRISTINA CLANCY
WISCONSIN BOOK FESTIVAL
24-HOUR WRITING CONTEST
FIRST PLACE

"I really shouldn't be here," I say when Pete waves me into the ticket booth and shuts the door behind us.

"But you are." He grins.

"Mark is in the car watching the movie with his parents."

"His parents?" Pete raises an eyebrow and leans against a particle-board shelf screwed into the wall behind him. He's six-foot-four and is used to looking down at things from above with a kind of mild, detached amusement. "Your husband brings his parents along to the drive-in? You need chaperones?" This is the first time I've heard him refer to Mark as my husband and the way he says it makes me feel like I've lost an argument I didn't know we were having.

I look at my hands, wishing I had spent more time washing up. I have dirt under my fingernails from working in Mrs. Price's garden. I smell like damp soil, sweat, and freshly cut branches; Pete smells like deodorant soap and car exhaust. In the cramped booth our odors, so achingly familiar, combine as carelessly as they did in our tiny apartment on Olive Street. I close my eyes for a second and try to imagine that's where we are until Pete brushes my cheek with the back of his index finger and says, in a low voice, "I'm glad you're here."

"I couldn't even look at you when you handed Mark the tickets. I thought I was going to throw up." I still feel a little unsteady.

"I know," he says. "I felt the same way. I was hoping you would come here, but I didn't think you would."

"I didn't think I would, either," I lie. The minute Mark parked our car I waited for the movie's plot to thicken so I could make an excuse and tell him I had to go to the bathroom. The more engrossed he was in the film, I figured, the less he would notice how long I've been gone.

There's a piece of paper taped to the wall behind Pete that says, "LOST & FOUND," written in Pete's neat, square handwriting. Under the letters is a downward arrow pointing to a cardboard box on the floor filled with the residue of previous movie-goers: a notebook, a box of condoms, loose keys, some happy-meal toys and a shrink-wrapped box of JuJuBees. As a joke,

someone cut out a picture of Pete's face and taped it to the box flap.

It is impossibly hot.

"Why are you here tonight? You don't like movies with guns," he says.

I shrug. The movie was Mark's idea. He grew up watching old films like *The Third Man* and *The Maltese Falcon* with his dad. They share a boyish enthusiasm for hard-boiled detectives, femme fatales, and dark surprises lurking in shadows. They couldn't wait to come to tonight's screening of *White Heat*. Peggy, Mark's mom, called it a double date.

"I'm not a big fan of film noir," I say, but I know Pete is. When we were together we watched every film we could get our hands on. He wanted to write screenplays but his parents' drive-in was headed towards bankruptcy at the time so they steered him away from the movies, warning him that the entire industry was a sinking ship. After we broke up he went to film school anyway.

Pete hooks his finger in my belt loop and pulls me closer to him. "Maybe film noir makes you uncomfortable because of its cynicism and lack of moral certainty."

"Maybe," I agree. "And maybe you like it because you can relate to the lonely, introverted protagonist."

I stare into the dimple in Pete's chin that I almost forgot was there. I've thought about him often over the years, but in my memory I could only picture him in parts: his forehead, his tapered fingers, his heavy-lidded eyes. I'm having a hard time putting him back together, taking him in as a whole, and accepting this moment between us as reality.

"Well, I guess you could say I'm lonely and introverted. Unless I'm with you."

I want to ask, *Why are you telling me this? Why didn't you know this before? Why now?* Instead I say, "Anyway, I didn't come here for the movies."

Pete smiles and shakes his head. "Then what did you come here for?"

I look away, feeling obvious and a little desperate. Outside the plexiglass window it's still light enough for me to read a giant sign posted by the entrance that says:

NO PETS.
NO GRILLS.
NO LASER POINTERS.
DO NOT MOVE SOUND POLES.
ABSOLUTELY NO REFUNDS!

Pete puts his hand on my shoulder. "Sorry. I didn't mean it like that. Honestly, I don't think it's the movies that people come to see at a drive-in. Unless, of course, they bring their parents." I fight back a laugh. Pete takes advantage of the temporary defusion of tension to lean forward and try to kiss me but I put my hand on his chest and push him back, my hand lingering on his soft, white T-shirt.

"Listen. I don't think ..." I pause. "I don't think I can do this."

I'm lying, and Pete knows it. We had problems at the end, but when things were good we were electric together. We could stay up talking and laughing and making love all night. We were completely sated in each other's company—until I told him I wanted to get married. He said he wasn't ready and asked me to wait. I did, for a while, but we both began to resent each other's wants. When we decided to split he moved to New York for film school and I stayed in town with my landscaping business. Four years later I married Mark. Just as we began to settle into the ease and comfort of married life I read in the local paper that Pete had moved back to restore and reopen his family's drive-in theater after his father died. Drive-ins are making a comeback, the paper said, and Pete had big plans to leverage the post 9/11 trend towards nostalgia.

I imagine Peggy leaning forward and asking Mark if she should check on me in the bathroom. "There's hardly anyone here. What is taking her so long?" she would ask. Mark would tell her not to worry. He knows about Pete but I talk about him as though he were a romantic aberration from my past. I like to think he leaves it at that.

"You can't do this? What exactly is it that you can't *do*?" Pete asks.

"This, this being so close," I stammer. "My God, it's so tight in here I feel like I'm getting an MRI. Don't you get claustrophobic?"

"C'mon, Trace."

"You threw it away."

Pete winces from the accusation and says, with a sadness that takes me off guard, "We both did."

We're quiet for a while. He adds, "And yes, I do get claustrophobic."

I startle when one of the tiny white light bulbs, the kind strung around the Christmas tree but wrapped around the perimeter of the ticket booth's roof, suddenly burns out and pops. Suddenly everything seems fragile. I think of all the things that could break. The film could split, the reel could jam, my marriage could fall on its knees.

"I should get back."

Pete reaches for my chin and tilts my head up, forcing me to look into his gray-green eyes. "Before you go, will you just give me one kiss? One kiss in case I never get another chance to kiss you again?" There are thousands of kisses between us, and I have a feeling this won't be our last.

"Just one," I tell him, lifting myself on my toes and putting my arms around his shoulders. It feels natural, easy.

"If you're a good girl, you'll be out in twenty years. I'll be waiting for you," he says in a nasal voice.

"Who's that?" I ask.

"Sam Spade. *Maltese Falcon*. I remember all his lines."

His body is warm and familiar.

"What does he say next?" I ask.

"If they hang you, I'll always remember you."

"Can't you find a movie with a happy ending?"

Just before our lips touch, he murmers, "I'll look around." ✺

Christina Clancy lives in Whitefish Bay with her husband and two children. She is pursuing her master's degree in creative writing at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee, where she is an assistant fiction editor of ***The Cream City Review****. Her writing has previously appeared in the* ***Wisconsin Academy Review*** *(In My Words), on whimsplace.com, and in the* ***Minnesota Daily****. She was also a finalist in the* ***Glimmer Train*** *new writers' competition.*

IN MY WORDS
READERS WRITE ABOUT **RESOLUTIONS**

RESOLVING TO BE REAL

I am one of those people who keeps everything. I attempt to prune back every few years, and while doing this recently, I came across a list of New Year's resolutions I'd written as a 12-year-old. It read something like this:

1. Wear dark sunglasses at all times. 2. Act mysterious. 3. Speak with a slight British accent. 4. Don't ever act excited about anything.

I am happy to report that once January rolled around, I did not mysteriously show up at the breakfast table in dark sunglasses and tell my mother in a bored, above-it-all tone (with my 12-year-old rendition of an English accent) that I took my toast cold. I'm sure that, had my mother known of my preteen aspirations, she would have been grateful, too.

Secretly, though, I wondered how my life might have been different if I had gone through with all of this, if I really *had* hidden behind dark glasses and pretended to be British, if I hadn't been so damned excited about everything all the time. I was, at 12, a lonely kid, defensive, all in all, a flute-toting dork staring down a nose my face hadn't caught up with. Maybe a slight British accent was just the boost I'd have needed to get with the popular crowd. Maybe, armed with dark sunglasses and an air of mystery, I would have been invited to Barbara Lilly's 13th birthday hot tub party. With my freshly cultivated personality, I'd have had the pick of any hairless, sunken-chested boy I'd wanted. And from there, who knows what might have happened. Clearly, had I only followed through with my 1984 New Year's resolutions, I'd be famous by now.

I think we know what, in all likelihood, would *really* have happened: I show up at school in my dark sunglasses and immediately my teacher tells me to take them off. I put them in my book bag, where my flute case crushes them by second period. Later in the day I say one thing with a slight British accent, only my nervousness at doing so makes whatever I say sound really weird and decidedly un-British, and for the rest of the afternoon the other kids relentlessly make fun of me by trying to replicate it. I forget about not getting excited about anything and storm off to the bathroom to cry over my botched plans to transform myself into a mysterious British person who never gets excited about anything. Well, maybe it isn't always such a bad thing not to follow through with one's New Year's resolutions.

Last year, I made resolutions that seem to me (at least now) less absurd than those I'd written on the brink of puberty. But who knows? Maybe over time I will discover that I am chronically absurd, that every desire to change is at least in part a measure of my own desire to be something I'm not, a desire to have a break from myself, to be someone mysteriously unexcited and British.

And this leads me to another possibility: rather than follow the usual method of listing all of the things we don't like about ourselves and ways to change them the following morning, maybe we should list the things we possess already, the things we like, and find ways to fortify them, to allow them to make us into better people over time. I can't help but think that often it's the qualities that we lose that make us smaller, lesser somehow. I think the changes that last are the ones we come to less abruptly, the ones we make that are based on who we are and not on fantasies of who we'd like to be, like, for instance, a dorky 12-year-old girl from rural Oregon wanting to become a clandestine British actress.

Hey, it might have worked! I could have been a *star*.

Denise Miller
Madison

RESOLUTIONS AND SUFFERING

A friend had one of those lap band surgeries that reduces your stomach's capacity to the size of a walnut. She called it a gastric twist-tie. She's been overweight for most of her adult life, except for a year when she was suffering from a love affair gone bad and lost a ton of weight and bought tank tops and got weekly pedicures and stood around like she was a force to be reckoned with. But she gained it back and then some, so that before she finally got approval for the operation, she carried around as much weight as Shaquille O'Neal, only on a five-foot-ten frame. A few miserable days after the first operation, she had a second one—to remove the twist-tie. My friend—let's call her Mae—said if she wanted to eat a cheese sandwich, she wanted to eat a cheese sandwich—not one bite at a time, with an hour between bites. When she called to say she was having the operation reversed, I wasn't wildly supportive. To tell the truth, I wasn't very supportive when she called to say she was having the procedure in the first place.

Maybe I'm just a less than supportive friend looking for excuses. Originally, I thought the operation bypassed the stoic resolve necessary if you wanted to change something in your life. Anyone can make a resolution; the trick is follow-through. It's the tedium of internal rewiring that separated the strong from the weak, the self-righteous from the ... losers. So why wasn't my purist heart avenged when Mae reversed the procedure? I don't know. I thought, "Hey, you devoted over a year to medical protocol, insurance paperwork, inane support groups, and now you're going to give it up for a cheese sandwich?" I coupled resolution, even a handicapped resolution, with denial of whatever pleasure you were accustomed to. As it turned out I was less concerned with *how* you suffered, just so long as you suffered. No significant change could happen without some significant suffering.

What about Dad, who quit his 25-year smoking habit cold turkey? Don't tell me that man didn't suffer. If he did, it didn't seem to make much of an impression. The next time I visited, I asked. *Smoking*? He said quitting was no big deal. A couple of rough weeks and he was over it. What?!? Maybe he wasn't really into smoking. Maybe he wasn't suitably habituated.

"Have you ever inhaled?" he asked. I hesitated. The truth fell short of the full disclosure he offered. I confessed—reluctantly. I'd smoked here and there, but inhale? Huh uh.

"Smoking is like taking a shot of whiskey. It takes off the edge; makes things smoother." Okay, he qualified as a seasoned smoker, but the subject didn't really interest him. He was distracted by some walnuts that had fallen from a tree. "If someone were real hungry they could make a meal of those."

"They'd need a hammer, " I offered.

"They'd have to dry them first." He seemed resigned to the erosion of practical knowledge. Today's adults smoked without inhaling, ate unprocessed walnuts, and if they wanted to lose weight, they surgically reduced their stomachs.

The Buddhists say the more serious the choice, the easier it is to make. We think of resolutions as one set of choices beating out another. The favored choice is usually seen as an improvement of the quality of life. The contrast between choices involving lung cancer and cheese sandwiches seems pretty stark. Yet people continue to smoke, and I imagine there are many who would forego sandwiches if they could lose weight. Serious is in the heart of the one choosing, and it makes all the difference in whether what follows is considered suffering or success, or something else altogether.

Jan Neudeck
Madison

SANTA'S RESOLUTIONS

The evening walk-in clinic was busy with the usual sinuses, earaches, and chest colds. I'd just ordered an X-ray on someone who'd slipped on the ice when Jackie handed me the next chart. "This guy's gotten the holidays kicked off a bit early," she mused. The chart's chief complaint section said only "Shakes." Jackie shrugged. "He says you'll know what he needs."

I walked into the exam room. It took a second for his eyes to meet mine. I'd seen this man before—how long ago? Must have been a year, maybe two. His expression was a long, dull ache. His hands hung between his knees. They trembled. "Need something for these shakes, Doc. Fell off the wagon a couple of weeks ago. Fell off bad."

The name on the chart and the worn face came back into focus. I'd treated his alcohol withdrawal before and steered him to Alcoholics Anonymous. "Sure," I said, "we can get your shakes under control. Have you called AA?"

He nodded.

"How long were you dry?" I asked.

"Year and a half. Year and a half! Things were goin' good. Thought I had it made. Hell of it is, I can't even remember how it happened. Maybe two weeks ago?"

I went through the exam as the story tumbled out: some celebration, one drink. More. A blackout that ended with wife and children moved out; an invitation to see the HR manager at work the next day; a court date two days after Christmas; and a pile of mail on the kitchen table that he didn't want to open.

I wrote a prescription. "Look," I said, "this will help with the shakes. I wish I could offer something to take care of the rest of your troubles, but there's nothing in a pharmacy that will cure what ails you."

"Thanks." He gave me a thin, genuine smile. "We've been through this before. Couple times, right?" I nodded. "I know what I gotta do. Can't anybody do it but me. This'll help, though." He pocketed the prescription with a shaky hand. "Well, I gotta get running. What time is it, Doc?"

"Seven forty-seven."

"Oooh man, I better hurry. Can't have Santa show up late, you know."

"Santa? Late?"

"I'm headed over to the Salvation Army. I'm their Santa tonight. Don't want to keep those kids waiting."

"With all the stuff on your plate, you're playing Santa?"

"Well, one of the things I learned at AA is, if you can't do something good for yourself, do something good for somebody else. And heck"—this time he actually grinned—"they like me. Nice change. Thanks again. Merry Christmas. This time I think I'll make it."

"You're welcome. Same to you. And good luck."

I stood at the window to watch him walk across the parking lot. As he got to his bicycle, his back straightened. He slid both hands under his thick belly. His shoulders heaved in a silent "Ho, ho, ho." He climbed on and rode away, shoulders still shrugging a Santa-laugh under the streetlights.

Peter Sherrill
Forestville

VIVA LA RESOLUTION!

Note to the reader: I'm writing this several weeks before the election. By the time this magazine is published, the election results: *may very well/probably will not be* decided. Hence the choose-your-own-adventure format...

As 2004 draws to a close and we face a [glorious]/[terrifying] New Year marked by [a return to peace and prosperity]/[more go-go imperialism], it is naturally time to [reflect]/[defect to Canada]. Many people use the turn of the New Year as an opportunity to proclaim to themselves and innocent passersby their resolve to [get wildly drunk]/[better themselves and the world around them].

I say, Why limit ourselves to one arbitrary day? Like our friends in the United Nations, I am a huge fan of making resolutions, and not just on New Year's.

I do not kid myself that my declarations to be and to do better impact the world as profoundly as the resolutions passed by the UN. What can I say? My sphere of influence is much smaller. My resolutions aim to make my admittedly bourgeois little corner of the universe more pleasant by reminding myself, for instance, to "Smile Smile Smile (Don't Lecture) When the Grocery Clerk Puts Canned Goods on Top of Your Fresh Tomatoes" (think of the [starving children]/[welfare reform crisis], after all!).

Almost on a daily basis, I find myself pledging to be more patient and to relax my unrealistic standards of exactitude, especially as regards the job performance of minimum-wage retail and municipal employees. Why? Because I've discovered that one of the chief ways to make life better is to stop personally being such a pain in the ass.

This is a policy that I heartily advocate others, including certain [world leaders]/[entire nations], adopt for the betterment of the world. I don't want to misunderestimate the importance of Casey Kasem's timeless advice to keep our feet on the ground and keep reaching for the stars. It's just ... if we don't happen to grasp the prettiest, shiniest star—the one we wanted the mostest—do we have to broadcast our shrill disappointment to the entire cosmos, fuming over our thwarted sense of entitlement until somebody forks over that Number One Star to pacify us? (Oops, did I say "pacify"? We're not so into pacification these days ...)

Now, another group whose resolutions have been making the news lately is the United Nations. The UN is charged with the unenviable mandate of refereeing a neverending debate that revolves around the central question "Why can't we all just get along?" From time to time, the UN issues resolutions to formally recognize a problem, to investigate the issues involved, to rely on the good faith efforts of the world community to help out, and, when necessary, to intervene with their brute squad to keep the peace.

Despite the global implications, UN resolutions are essentially like a macro version of my own efforts to keep my pettiness in check and be nicer to the people around me. Take, for example, a recent UN Security Council Resolution titled "The Situation between Eritrea and Ethiopia" [1560 (2004)]. The Security Council had the following choice gerunds to share about the "situation" between two unhappy neighbors: *Stressing* ("its unwavering commitment to the peace process"), *Recalling* ("that lasting peace between Ethiopia and Eritrea ... cannot be achieved without the full demarcation of the border"), *Expressing* its concern about ("Ethiopia's ongoing rejection of the Boundary Commission's decision"), and *Expressing disappointment about* ("the continuing refusal of Eritrea to engage with the Secretary General's Special Envoy") ...

The Security Council then listed no fewer than 12 steps (an auspicious number, especially to other unmentionable—I daresay *anonymous*—individuals who exhort that recognition of their problems is the first step toward overcoming them) that formed the basis for its solution to the unpleasantness previously mentioned. The key verbs are (1) *Decides* (2) *Approves* (3) *Calls upon* (4) *Takes note ... welcomes ... urges* (5) *Stresses that* (6) *Calls on* (7) *Urges* (8) *Reiterates* (9) *Calls on* (10) *Decides* (11)

Requests and finally (12) *Decides* ("to remain actively seized of the matter").

I like this last one the most. For all its urging and calling upon of the good people of Ethiopia and Eritrea to stop fighting and to be good neighbors, the parting shot is, "We're not going to let this one slide. We're watching you." Which is, perhaps, the best way to enforce any kind of resolution, be it close to home or on the world stage: To always be vigilant.

That is why I don't feel so bad when July rolls around and I find myself resolving not to scowl at the café employee who gives me two-percent rather than skim milk even though my java jacket is clearly marked "N" for "nonfat" milk. Oh, it's not the barista I need to be vigilant about; it's me. If my carbs-to-fat-to-protein ratio is off that day, I'll survive. And the world will not improve if I verbally assault the barista for her misstep. I buy coffee almost every day; I've got to live with these people! So I watch myself. Usually there's nothing to get riled up about. But when it really matters, like the time my [triple mocha decaf chai]/[half-caff hazelnut latte] tasted overwhelmingly of [kiwi]/[Windex] ... suffice it to say the brute squad earned their keep that morning.

Tilney Marsh
Madison

RESOLVING TO WRITE

The writers I've met or heard of fit within one of two categories. Some lack time for all the stories, essays, and poems they long to create. Others apply their gifts to explaining why they can't create those stories, essays, and poems at this particular moment, or the one after.

Of course, even writers from the "never enough time" group occasionally lose momentum. For me it's the final stage of revision. If I've been over it, give or take, 26 times—this is the hour of tough decisions. This is when I analyze structure, sometimes moving or discarding huge chunks. And I'm finally forced to delete that perfectly exquisite sentence that adds, well, nothing. At this point the woman who ordinarily prefers emptying the cat box to stirring a stir-fry starts fantasizing her first attempt at a soufflé. Anything to procrastinate.

Ordinarily, though, if I have 15 minutes, I'll be writing. It helps that I love every stage of the process, from the fast-as-I-can-type, sizzling first draft to everything but those last two edits. It also helps that I write fiction, poetry, and nonfiction, so I'm always working on a couple different projects and can switch genres to fit any mood.

But as a writing coach for both local writers and those as far away as California, Italy, and Scotland, I'm often asked how one sets writing goals and sticks to them.

This still puzzles me. Why must writers resolve to write?

For a start, writers are people, and as a species we're notoriously expert at procrastination. If Rome isn't going to be built in a day anyhow, why not get a fresh start first thing tomorrow?

Besides, writers are people well-stocked with reasonable reasons. Anyone familiar with great writing—as many writers are—is perhaps intimidated, if not silenced. Those job and family demands constrain writers same as everyone else. Fatigue can threaten our predawn and postdinner efforts. Finally, writers who await ideal conditions run out of steam as quickly as a runner who jogs only if inspiration strikes.

Yet writers who have always postponed can join the "let me write if I'm awake" ranks. Often a single publication will do it. A mentor, writer's group, or online course helps, too.

But these are external motivators. And any external motivator, even a hard deadline, is vulnerable. A gifted writer can rationalize a deadline as gleefully as a jogger who hasn't donned running shoes for months. Wouldn't they prefer a perfect manuscript next week to a flawed one this afternoon? Joggers jog and writers write only because of a driving force from within.

Even when publishing had as much to do with talent as marketing, writers were imploring the next generation: "If you needn't write because you must, for heaven's sake, don't. Amuse yourself some other way." Loving the act of writing isn't just the best reason for doing it; unless you're getting paid in advance, it's the only one.

If you love writing, resolve to remain faithful to your love. Don't neglect her because you're tired or scared. Metaphorically reward her with roses, imported chocolate, and daily attention, and she'll give you some of the best nights—and days—of your life.

At a UW Writer's Institute last summer, keynote speaker Chitra Divakaruni ended her opening address with this question: "What are you willing to give up for your writing?"

Find that out and you'll never need another writing resolution again.

Laurel Yourke
Madison

Share Your Stories

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

WEDDINGS, deadline March 1 (for the summer issue). Any story, happy or not, about a memorable wedding in your life or its outcome.

MENTORING, deadline June 1 (for the fall issue). Everybody needs at least one mentor. Any experience you have had on either side of this profoundly helpful relationship.

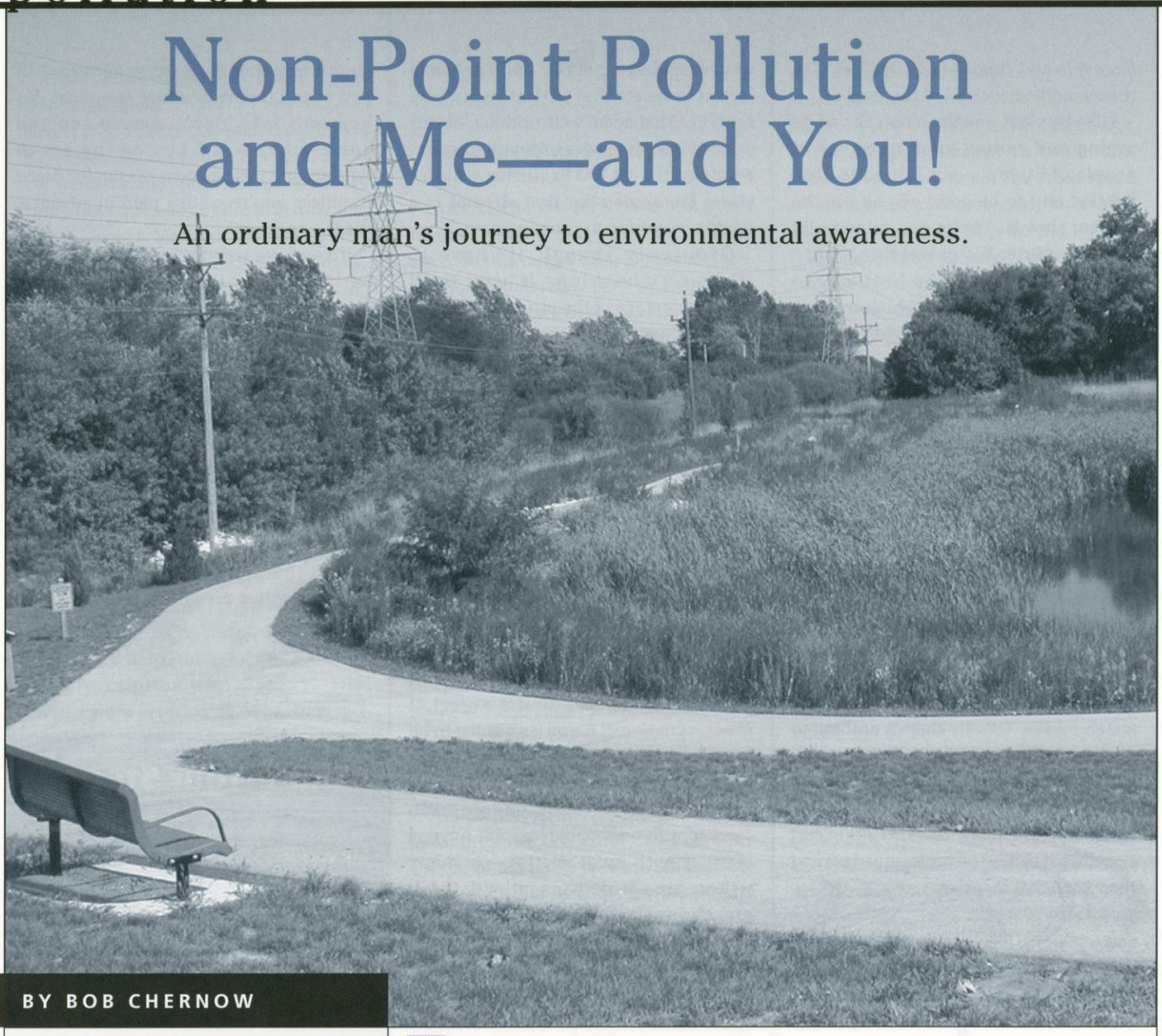
E-mail submissions are greatly preferred. Please send to:

jfischer@wisconsinacademy.org with the subject heading "In My Words," or mail it to In My Words, *Wisconsin Academy Review*, 1922 University Avenue, Madison WI 53726.

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

Non-Point Pollution and Me—and You!

An ordinary man's journey to environmental awareness.



BY BOB CHERNOW

Scenes from Milwaukee River South provided by the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources.

I CONFESS: WHEN I WAS APPOINTED by the trustees of River Hills in 1989 to look at the problem of non-point pollution in our watershed, I had no idea what it was—only that the committee I was to serve on, the Milwaukee River South Non-Point Pollution Watershed Committee, was quite a mouthful!

I had wanted to be active in some way in local governance, and this role is what the village elders gave me. Little did I know I was embarking on a journey that would teach me much about a serious problem in water use and management and provide a connecting point between what I, as just an average citizen, could learn and do to better protect our waters.

My first step was to call my friend Art Brooks. Art was a New Englander and a member of my church, and I had heard that he studied the ecology of lakes and rivers (in fact he is a scientist with the

University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee Center for Great Lake Studies).

When people refer to Milwaukee as a small town where everyone is connected to each other, they aren't kidding. It turned out that Art was not only familiar with non-point pollution, he had alerted then-mayor Henry Maier to the problem. This was at the time immediately following the creation of the Metropolitan Sewerage Commission.

To the uninitiated, non-point pollution sounds complicated. In reality, it isn't. It consists of all the stuff that finds its way into a river, basically by default. Construction debris, farm runoff, road sweepings, and erosion fall into this category. While many resources are committed to controlling "point-source" pollution from sewers and factories, little effort is directed toward controlling these non-point sources.

A Task Force on Non-Point Source Pollution appointed by Mayor Maier delivered their findings in May 1984. This group essentially gave birth to the Milwaukee River South Non-Point Pollution Watershed Committee.

I attended the first meeting of this new group in 1989. I prepared for the meeting by reviewing several studies and papers Art shared on the topic of non-point pollution. I felt I had a good handle on the DNR's goals.

A wide range of communities and special interest groups participated on the committee. But when it was time to elect a chair, no one spoke up. Being an old army man, I volunteered and the committee quickly approved my election (with a collective sigh of relief). We then elected a vice chair and the remaining officers. For the commission's entire term of several years, I was the only chair.

At first blush it appeared that the DNR would serve as a resource and guide us in our work. After all, they had the expertise, while the technical issues involved were new and foreign to most of the members. However, we soon discovered an intangible factor that guided the commission. The members shared a deep commitment to accomplishing their task of discovering practical solutions to non-point source pollution. We quickly realized that with limited funds and minimal government legislation, enthusiastic community support was crucial. After all, the communities would bear the brunt of the cost and work.

As chair, I set my initial focus on guiding the committee without being co-opted by the DNR's staff (expert as they were) and interacting with our community partners. I began by motivating participation by all commission members, familiarizing myself with the Milwaukee River itself, and researching the recommended suggestions the commission received.

My own views on the subject were neutral. River Hills had little non-point pollution, with upstream communities mostly at fault. Art had told me how important it was to reduce non-point pollution, but at that time I did not share his passion. I decided my best strategy was to adopt a pragmatic approach.

One of my first actions was to enlist Dick Yahr to canoe with me from Brown Deer to Glendale. This wasn't an original idea but arose from my military experience: view the terrain and bring along an expert guide. As a trained engineer and harbor worker, Dick fit the bill.

My initial impression was one of surprise as I discovered that the river wasn't very deep in places, being less than two feet in much of the area we explored. Furthermore, there were numerous storm sewers, significant erosion, and some trees, 40 feet and taller, with more than half of their root systems exposed. In certain areas

Tips for Home Owners

The concept of non-point pollution is unknown to most home owners. They would be shocked to discover that they actually contribute greatly to the problem! Fortunately, actions to deter this type of pollution are simple. The basic principle is to ensure that any runoff entering a storm sewer is as clean as possible, or better yet, keep storm water out of sewers by letting it soak into the soil on the lot.

Most of us have the common sense to avoid discarding used oil or gas into a sewer. Less obvious is the toxic potential of lawn fertilizers and pesticides. Premixed fertilizer often contains phosphorus, a nutrient naturally available in most soil. Pet waste is another "unintended" fertilizer that enters our storm sewers when left on lawns and roads.

As we drive through our communities, it also is not uncommon to see downspouts draining directly into storm sewers. This is detrimental because pollutants flow directly from the roof into the sewers while depriving our lawns of needed water. The simple implementation of well-planned downspout can optimally disperse water while minimizing runoff.

Most home owners have flat lawns. This results in water (together with fertilizer, pesticides, and yard debris) flowing directly off the lawn. A more ideal landscape would include several "swails" to capture rainwater and keep it on the lawn.

You may consider designing a rain garden, a plant-filled depression that takes in water from your downspout and filters it through the soil. You can learn more about rain gardens at the DNR website at: http://dnr.wi.gov/org/water/wm/dsfm/shore/raingarden.htm

Other suggestions: get your community to create drop off sites to accept paint, gasoline, and other poisons. Promote awareness by publicizing a clean-up day on selected weekends for these disposables.

The individual home owner is one link in the problem of non-point pollution. Fortunately, it is a problem where each person can make a difference. What we need is an extensive program to increase public awareness of the issues and education as to solutions.

concrete lined the "shoreline" rather than soil holding plants and rock riprap that would have greatly moderated erosion. I witnessed firsthand the storm sewers, often five to eight feet high, and realized that the water flowing from these huge pipes must generate a huge disruption in the river.

Frankly, I was surprised at what I observed. I thought that the river would have been deeper and with less debris than what I actually saw. This gave me a fuller insight into the problems the technicians were sharing with our commission.

As I mentioned earlier, our commission, comprised of a diverse group of communities and special interest groups, developed a great commitment to unearthing solutions to non-point source pollution. They included Chris Krajniak, an alderman from Milwaukee who represented the city, and Bob Roden, member at large, a farmer from Saukville who had volunteered his farm as a demo project. North Shore communities included River Hills, Brown Deer, Whitefish Bay, Bayside, Fox Point, and Glendale. Farming communities and at the time more rural communities such as Mequon, Fredonia, Grafton, Thiensville, and Cedarburg also served on the commission. The Milwaukee Metropolitan Sewerage District (MMSD), the Southeastern Wisconsin Regional Planning Commission (SEWRPC), as well as sports and conservation groups also participated. Jay Multhauf represented the Wisconsin Federation of Great Lakes Sports Fishing Clubs. Eight staff members represented the DNR, with Sharon Gayan and Will Wawrzyn the most prominent. An extremely influential, "can-do" person was Carolyn Johnson from the University of Wisconsin Extension (UWEX).

One major question that needed to be answered was how I and other commission members could understand the complexities of technical language. In part, we needed to believe in the sincerity of the DNR staff, but we also needed to develop a game plan to implement their suggestions and our recommendations. Otherwise our work would result in a lot of fancy research reports that would lie in file boxes in the basement of the DNR.

We decided early on that we would develop demonstration projects; education programs for farmers, construction workers, and residents; and model ordinances to govern construction. Many of the demonstration projects were done with farmers. I remember presenting an award for Rudy Stadler and his wife Marcella in June (actually Rose Hass Leider accepted the award, this being the peak farming season) for controlling non-point pollution from their farm. Bob Roden, co-chair, also had developed a demonstration project. We used matching funds to encourage farmers to participate, but we first needed to convince the farmers that this could be both environmentally beneficial and economically productive (as indeed it was).

Here's an example. The Stadlers had a farm in Saukville and at the time raised 50 steer and 50 hogs. The animals had access to 75 feet of the Milwaukee River,

Best methods

In my opinion, self-interest is the ideal motivator for action. An example is the *Best Methods Practice Handbook* of construction site guidelines that show builders how they can save time and money while doing good.

The handbook presents information in seven categories:

- Diverting Flow
- Managing Overland Flow
- Trapping Sediment in Channelized Flow
- Establishing Permanent Drainage Ways
- Protecting Inlets
- Trapping Sediment During Site Dewatering
- Preventing Tracking

The recommended approaches to the above areas don't require specialized equipment or a large commitment of time or financial resources. The methods are simple. For example, "equipment" often consisted of bales of hay wired together with a stake through the bales to anchor them to the ground.

Education in these techniques is available through the University of Wisconsin Outreach Services. Usually held in late winter, a one-day course called "Construction Site Erosion Control Workshop" costs about $55 including lunch and materials. It offers practical how-to ideas.

Using best methods, a company can save one to two days in construction costs on a 30-day project under normal Wisconsin weather conditions. These are significant savings that directly impact a company's bottom line. Those savings occur in such areas as equipment clean-up, reduction of road damage, more efficient earth-moving techniques, and the reduced need for hauling topsoil to the site.

Filter fabric fences are a prime example of a best methods tool. The fences consist of a geo-textile filter fabric stretched across an area supported by posts. Their purpose is to decrease the speed at which water flows off the site while also deterring sediment from reaching streams and lakes. While the filters do require cleaning, it is an easy process. When necessary, repair or replacement of the filter fences is quick and inexpensive.

Temporary seeding with grass or legumes to stabilize disturbed areas is another beneficial practice. This technique minimizes erosion and reduces overland flow velocities. Normally this is done with mulching.

Best methods practices—using basic, low-cost technology combined with a well-thought-out plan—benefit both our environs and the construction companies developing these sites.

For more information, contact John Exo, University of Wisconsin Extension, 608/355-3554.

and like most farmers they had trouble managing waste. In the winter they spread manure on frozen fields with 6 percent slopes. When it rained, the valuable nutrient part of the manure ran off, eventually ending up in the river. The DNR's computer model estimated that during a "10-year storm" the Stadler's barnyard alone would dump 69 pounds of phosphorus into the river. Once we pointed this out, the Stadlers decided to go with a full-scale conservation project that reduced the farmyard phosphorus run to 3 pounds from 69 pounds. The added benefit was that it was no longer necessary to spread manure on frozen ground since there was manure storage for winter. This decreased the manure runoff to essentially zero.

The project cost $51,000, with the DNR contributing 70 percent. And an important point: the Stadler farm became more productive! None of the projects that the Stadlers or other farmers did required high-tech solutions, but rather a better way of controlling what they were doing. By May 1993, the Milwaukee River program had signed up more than 140 landowners who installed "best methods" on their farms.

A simple project was to have manure spreaders calibrated. The UW Extension office did this task for free on site. The process took an hour and resulted in the proper amount of manure being applied to the fields. And, of course, it prevented a lot of runoff.

We used another approach in educating builders. This was the best methods program run by Carolyn Johnson of UW Extension. Our theme was that a builder could save one or two days a month (depending on the weather) by using best methods (see sidebar). When builders bid for a job, they estimate that they will have several days interrupted by bad weather. If they can reduce those days (or if there is no bad weather), they pocket the extra profit.

We had seminars with high participation. Indeed, I attended one such seminar. I was familiar with the economics of building, having worked in home and commercial finance, but I had only modest exposure to the practical aspects of building and wondered why our approach would work from the point of view of the builder.

In essence what best methods does is contain water movement. Straw bales and/or seeding control directed water. This allows less movement of dirt. It reduces damage to roads and the number of times needed to clean your equipment. It keeps top soil intact, so that it can be moved later. Those who use these practices make money by saving time and labor, and at the same time protect the environment. A great combination!

We tried to involve communities on the Milwaukee River by having them adopt a construction site erosion ordinance. My own community, River Hills, has a long stretch of the Milwaukee River running through it. While we don't permit commercial properties, construction on huge homes (5,000 to 10,000 square feet) easily contributes to non-point source pollution.

In my role as chair, I had a unique vantage point to see how sausage is made in local government. It took a year and a half to huff and puff the model ordinance through the board. Several River Hills trustees felt that the ordinance they were asked to pass was onerous and not applicable to a small community with limited commercial properties (two schools, three churches, and a country club).

Eventually the ordinance passed, but not before some modifications and remodifications. In actuality, several properties on the Milwaukee River qualified as large properties. It is interesting to note that the village, some years later, created and passed a wetlands ordinance, a progressive piece of legislation.

One part of the commission's business became an unpleasant side story. This entailed a controversy over the removal of the North Avenue Dam. The commission had been hoping to defer discussion about removal until after the communities cooperated in reducing non-point pollution. Instead the city of Milwaukee, which owned the dam, left the dam open permanently following routine repairs. This was tantamount to dam removal, and caused much ill feeling among North Shore residents, who felt they had been bullied by the city of Milwaukee and the DNR.

I held several public hearings, with large attendance at each meeting. It was a foregone conclusion that the city and the DNR would not back down. At least the public hearings allowed many people in the community to ventilate. This phase of the commission's work was the most unproductive and needless part of our work, but it served as a lesson for me and for anyone who enters the fray of political involvement. Be prepared for controversy!

What did we learn from this project that took four years to complete? First, that you can accomplish a lot by eliciting the cooperation of diverse groups on specific, time-constrained projects. Second, try tapping self-interest as a motivation. And, finally, that the DNR is an excellent resource that can help translate theory into pragmatic action.

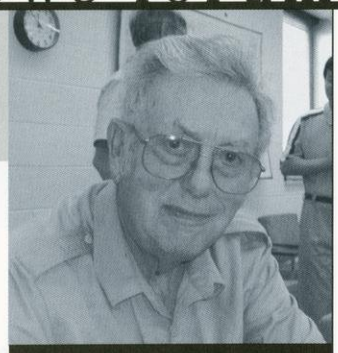
As an old army intelligence officer, I learned that you must be coldly objective in looking at information. But my experience with this commission taught me something quite different. It is the human aspects that most influence how much you can accomplish. Theory without implementation is futile.

I have chaired the Regional Telecommunications Commission and the North Shore Cable Commission for more than a decade, and I have sat on several different regional committees and commissions as well. Indeed, I came full circle a year ago when I was asked to sit on the Citizens Advisory Committee for the Milwaukee Metropolitan Sewerage Commission. One discussion dwelled on non-point pollution and my old watershed.

Déjà vu all over again. But that's another story! ✹

Bob Chernow, former chair of the Milwaukee River South Commission, serves as chair of several commissions. A former River Hills Trustee, he is CEO of the Tellier Foundation and trustee for other foundations and charities. He is a VP-Investments with a national brokerage firm.

The Fellows Forum presents a piece by Fellows of the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters—men and women of extraordinary accomplishment in their fields who are linked in a significant way to Wisconsin. Opinions expressed on this page are those of the author only, and do not necessarily represent viewpoints of the Wisconsin Academy, its other Fellows, or its members.



Global warming? It's not so clear.

A quick look at the science behind what has become a heated political debate.

BY REID A. BRYSON

THE BUILT-IN NONSENSE DETECTOR

Hardly a day goes by without a news article in the paper containing a reference to someone's opinion about "global warming." A quick search of the Internet uncovers literally hundreds of items about "global warming." Issues of atmospheric science journals will normally have at least one article on climatic change, usually meaning "global warming" or some aspect thereof. Whole generations of graduate students have been trained to believe that we know the main answers about climate change and have only to work out the details.

Why then do I bother you by introducing this section with such a ludicrous title?

I do it because, as one who has spent many decades studying the subject professionally, I find that there are enormous gaps in the understanding of those making the most strident claims about climatic change. In order to read the news rationally, the educated reader needs a few keys to quickly sort the patently absurd from the possibly correct. I propose to supply some of those keys to give the reader at least a rudimentary nonsense detector.

SOME COMMON FALLACIES

The atmospheric warming of the last century is unprecedented and unique.

Wrong. There are literally thousands of papers in the scientific literature with *data* that show that the climate has been changing one way or the other for at least a million years.

It is a fact that the warming of the past century was anthropogenic in origin, that is, man-made and due to carbon dioxide emission.

Wrong. That is a theory for which there is no credible proof. There are a number of causes of climatic change, and until all causes other than carbon dioxide increase are ruled out, we cannot attribute the change to carbon dioxide alone.

The most important gas with a "greenhouse" effect is carbon dioxide.

Wrong. Water vapor is at least 100 times as effective as carbon dioxide, so small variations in water vapor are more important than large changes in carbon dioxide.

One cannot argue with the computer models that predict the effect of a doubling of carbon dioxide or other "greenhouse gasses."

Wrong. To show this we must show that the computer models can at least duplicate the present-day climate. This they cannot do with what could be called accuracy by any stretch of the imagination. There are studies that show that the average error in modeling present precipitation is on the order of 100 percent, and the error in modeling present temperature is about the same size as the predicted change due to a doubling of carbon dioxide. For many areas the precipitation error is 300-400 percent.

I am arguing that the carbon dioxide measurements are poorly done.

Wrong. The measurements are well done, but the interpretation of them is often less than acceptably scientific.

It is the consensus of scientists in general that carbon dioxide–induced warming of the climate is a fact.

Probably wrong. I know of no vote having been taken, and know that if such a vote were taken of those who are most vocal about the matter, it would include a significant fraction of people who do not know enough about climate to have a significant opinion. Taking a vote is a risky way to discover scientific truth.

SO WHAT CAN WE SAY ABOUT GLOBAL WARMING?

We can say that the Earth has most probably warmed in the past century. We cannot say what part of that warming was due to mankind's addition of "greenhouse gasses" until we consider the other possible factors, such as aerosols. The aerosol content of the atmosphere was measured during the past century, but to my knowledge these data were never used.

We can say that the question of anthropogenic modification of the climate is an important question—too important to ignore. However, it has now become a media free-for-all and a political issue more than a scientific problem. What a change from 1968 when I gave a paper at a national scientific meeting and was laughed at for suggesting that people could possibly change the climate![1] ✹

Reid Bryson is an emeritus professor of meteorology, geography, and environmental studies at the University of Wisconsin–Madison, and senior scientist at UW–Madison's Center for Climatic Research at the Gaylord Nelson Institute for Environmental Studies (Founding Director).

[1]Bryson, R. A. and W. M. Wendland, 1968: "Climatic Effects of Atmospheric Pollution," in *Proceedings of AAAS Annual Meeting,* Global Effects of Environmental Pollution (Singer, ed.), pp. 130-138, Dallas, Texas, December 26-31, 1968. Also as "Climatic Effects of Atmospheric Pollution," S. Fred Singer (ed.), 1970; *The Changing Global Environment,* pp. 139-147, 1975.

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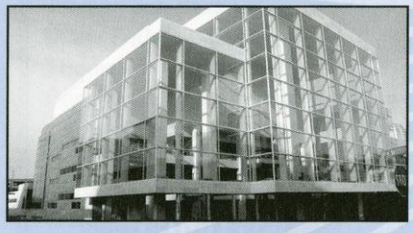

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