

Wisconsin Academy review. Volume 48, Number 4 Fall 2002

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wisconsin academy review

THE MAGAZINE OF WISCONSIN THOUGHT AND CULTURE

Jean Feraca on
Wisconsin's New Food
World: Wholesome,
Homegrown, Handmade

Waters of Wisconsin:
A Celebration
in Science, Art
and Poetry

A Deer Hunter's Sorrow

Short Story and
Poetry Contests!

Business for Good:
Social Responsibility
Helps the Bottom Line

Price: \$5



Organic idyll: Richard de Wilde and
Linda Halley of Harmony Valley Farm.

Photo by John Urban

contents

fall 2002

features

10 SHORT STORY AND POETRY CONTESTS

Enter our writing contests for cash prizes and publication in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. Our head judges this year are novelist Mike Magnuson and poet Doug Flaherty.

12 REAL FOOD: MY ORGANIC FOOD CONVERSION

Writer, radio show host, and food enthusiast Jean Feraca took her show around the state—and was delighted to discover the many organic and original foods Wisconsin has to offer.

19 A DEER HUNTER'S SORROW

A lifelong deer hunter asks: Does chronic wasting disease mean the death of a tradition? By Mike Albert.

24 WATERS OF WISCONSIN IN ART

Nine artists celebrate water in paintings and photographs in honor of Waters of Wisconsin, a statewide initiative on sustainable water use. Exhibit curated by Randall Berndt.

33 BUSINESS FOR GOOD

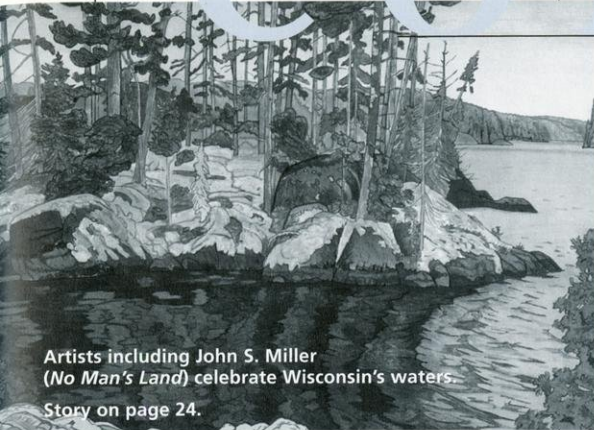
A growing number of Wisconsin companies find that being socially and environmentally responsible helps their bottom line. Kay Plantes explains why "business for good" is also "good for business."

40 CONSUMER-CENTERED HEALTH CARE

A new insurance model may offer a way out of the current health care crisis. By Christopher Queram.

54 EYES ON WISCONSIN

A Wisconsin version of C-Span aims to help make our state's government, business, and culture more accessible to the public. By Jeff Roberts.



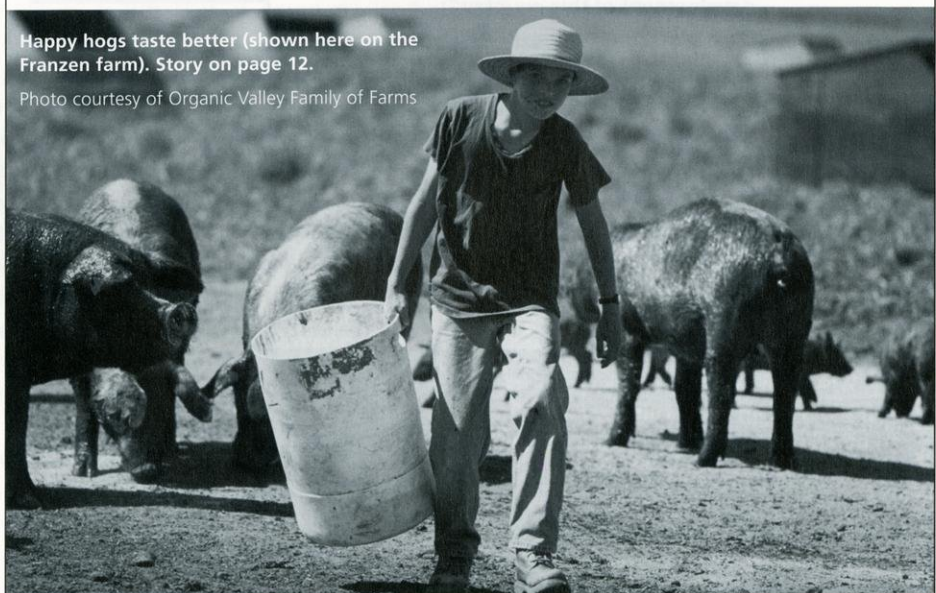
Artists including John S. Miller
(*No Man's Land*) celebrate Wisconsin's waters.
Story on page 24.

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Happy hogs taste better (shown here on the Franzen farm). Story on page 12.

Photo courtesy of Organic Valley Family of Farms

contents

fall 2002

departments

3 EDITOR'S NOTES

4 UPFRONT

The first Wisconsin Book Festival, a lummoxt turned novelist, and poetry about water by Wisconsin kids.

9 LETTERS

43 POETRY

Works by Sue De Kelter, Bill Stadick, Catherine May, Todd Temkin, and C. J. Mucchala.

49 FICTION

"The Maureen Bogg Sessions" by Jeff Esterholm, second-place winner of our statewide short story contest.

56 THE BACK PAGE

Bob Lange draws a connection between Mozart and the Wisconsin Academy.

Past and Present

"Lake Superior, the Apostle Islands, the Bad River area, are all unique ... Lake Superior has a beauty that millions can enjoy. These islands are part of our American heritage. In a very real sense they tell the story of the development of this country."

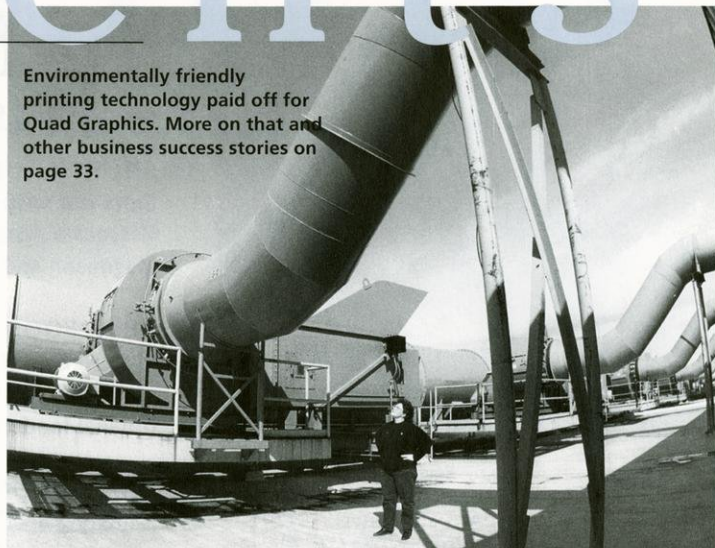


John F. Kennedy
Portrait by Edgar L. Glavin, ASPA
Dodgeville, Wisconsin

—President John F. Kennedy in Ashland during a "conservation trip" across the country. His speech appeared in the fall 1963 edition of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, along with the accompanying portrait taken by a Dodgeville photographer. Kennedy urged the people of Wisconsin to preserve the state's waters—an effort the Wisconsin Academy supports to this day with such efforts as the Waters of Wisconsin initiative. Read more about us on page 23.

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

Environmentally friendly printing technology paid off for Quad Graphics. More on that and other business success stories on page 33.



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

"Few among us are afforded the opportunity to be a key player in launching a program that will reverberate down through history as an act of vision and statesmanship."

—Gaylord Nelson, former Wisconsin senator and governor, calling for national conservation leadership in *Beyond Earth Day: Fulfilling the Promise* (UW Press, 2002)

"The wars of the next century will be about water."

—Ismail Serageldin, World Bank president

Wisconsin's Waters: A Grand Opportunity



You don't have to be a water wonk to care about water. Most of us revel in water for the precious substance that it is—the water that comprises most of the planet and most of our bodies. There can be no life without water.

In our state, we are at a crossroads in water use and stewardship. We have no comprehensive, long-term water

policy, even though state leaders and water experts from a wide range of sectors and political persuasions agree that we urgently need one. That recognition prompted the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters two years ago to launch Waters of Wisconsin (WOW), a statewide initiative on sustainable water use. The initiative focuses on three key areas: gathering information on the current status and trends of our waters; formulating sustainability principles to govern water use, protection, and management; and projecting different scenarios for our water's future, depending on courses of action we choose today.

From the outset, the initiative was designed to be both inclusive and comprehensive. We have engaged experts from virtually all areas of water use and management, including agriculture, industry, conservation, all levels of government and public agencies, education, and Native American tribes. Citizens have participated in five public forums in different parts of the state and are welcome, too, to join an e-mail advisory network on WOW developments. By the time this issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* appears, a draft report of Waters of Wisconsin will be available for comment.

WOW was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm and even relief. "We've needed something like this for so long!" was a common refrain. Why? Because our organizations, sectors, and areas of knowledge have become so specialized that, even within the field of water, experts and institutions have limited ability to pull back, exchange vital information, and look at the big picture. Waters of Wisconsin has brought these groups together to address the complex, interrelated realities and problems of water. As WOW committee co-chair Steve Born puts it, "Hamstrung by artificial jurisdictional boundaries that we created for governance, we are frustrated in addressing these problems at the geographic scale at which they occur: watersheds and ecoregions. As a result, most of our efforts have been of limited effectiveness."

Now it's time to bring it all together. The statewide Waters of Wisconsin Forum takes place in Madison on October 21–22 (see www.wisconsinacademy.org/wow/forum or call 608/263-1692 to register). And we're looking to build bridges still further to people who are not water experts but who care about water and are eager not only to learn more about water use and management, but also to discuss and celebrate the importance of water in our lives through the arts and letters.

This will not be a bone-dry conference about water! We've got Warren Nelson and members of his Big Top Chautauqua band performing a special show called "On Wisconsin Waters." We've got Wisconsin's poet laureate Ellen Kort reading her work, and poet Fabu Mogaka lining up readings, storytelling, and other arts presentations for every breakout session; these selections will present perspectives on water from the many different cultural and ethnic groups that make up Wisconsin. We've got the teenage winners of a "water in poetry" contest reading their works (see the poems on page 6). And we've got a "water in art" show in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery running through October. You can see the print version starting on page 24.

A very important note—the forum is by no means the end of WOW. One major forum product will be a report with guidelines and policy recommendations on water use that will be shared with legislators and the public. Plans are afoot to have 2003 officially declared the "Year of Water" in our state, with many groups holding events to raise public awareness and knowledge about water issues.

Let's not forget that the visionary conservationist Gaylord Nelson hails from Wisconsin, as did Aldo Leopold and John Muir (and, more recently, UW-Stevens Point professor and former U.S. Forest Service Chief Mike Dombeck, who is keynoting the forum). Wisconsin has a long and proud record of conservation leadership. What if Waters of Wisconsin laid the groundwork for a Clean Water Act for Wisconsin? What if other states took note of our work and decided to use Waters of Wisconsin as a model for their own efforts?

We can dream. And we can make it become reality.

Joan Fischer
joanfischer@wisc.edu
608/263-1692 ext. 16

It's Raining Authors

What this state needs is a book festival. That's what our lawmakers decided when they provided \$50,000 as a start-up grant for a statewide book festival that would bring together writers, poets, and publishers with book lovers from all over Wisconsin for what was to be, initially, a two-day celebration. Now the first Wisconsin Book Festival, run by the Wisconsin Humanities Council, has burgeoned into a five-day event (October 9–13) featuring star writers from Wisconsin and beyond.

"We are so gratified to experience how enthusiastically the book festival is being embraced by writers and readers alike," says festival director (and *Wisconsin Academy Review* literary editor) Dean Bakopoulos. "The festival will provide not only a forum to bring together the people of Wisconsin with many of our state's gifted writers, but also provide a place for all of us, readers and writers alike, to be exposed to and interact with nationally prominent writers from outside the state."

Authors with state ties include Lorrie Moore, Jane Hamilton, Jackie Mitchard, Jean Feraca, Mike Magnuson, Abby Frucht, and A. Manette Ansay. (Ansay and Frucht were recent *Wisconsin Academy Review* Short Story Contest judges; Magnuson is our newest judge—learn more on pages 5 and 10). Writers from other states include Rabbi Harold Kushner, Charles Baxter, Tim O'Brien, and Michael Perry.

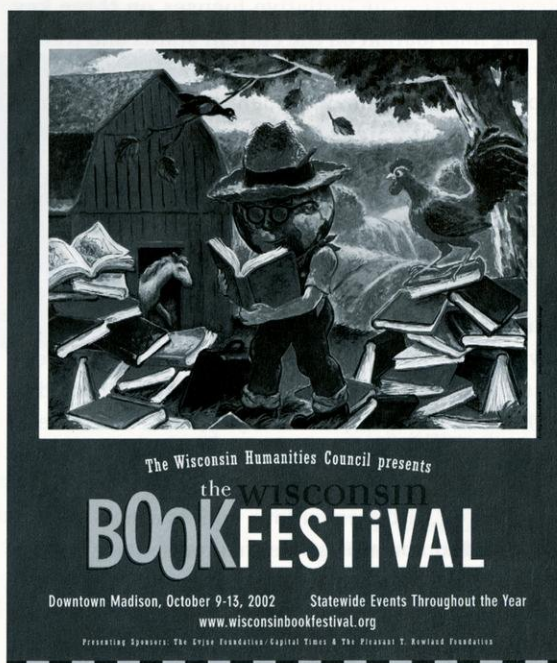
Festival events will take place all over downtown Madison, with the Orpheum Theater on State Street as a major hub. But if you can't get to Madison, have no fear—the Book Festival will come to you. Plans are afoot to turn the Book Festival into a year-round, roving celebration, with readings, discussions, and other events held in various locations all over the state.

The Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters is participating in the festival as a sponsor

and a presenter, along with the Wisconsin Center for the Book. Contest winners from the *Wisconsin Academy Review* 2002 poetry and short story contests will read to the public at the Orpheum Theater on **Saturday, October 12 from 4 to 6 p.m.**, with a reception to follow.

Stay tuned to www.wisconsinbookfestival.org for the latest in Wisconsin Book Festival happenings, or call the Wisconsin Humanities Council at 608/262-0706.

And in the meantime, take a moment to admire the official Wisconsin Book Festival poster displayed below, which features a whimsical painting by Randall Berndt, director of the Wisconsin Academy Gallery.



Come hear our poets and authors! (And enjoy this poster by Wisconsin Academy Gallery director Randall Berndt.)



GUTSY JUDGE

After two years of having women as lead judge for our short story contest, we are now going male with a vengeance.

Our selection: Menomonee Falls-bred novelist Mike Magnuson, author, most recently, of the memoir, *Lummox: The Evolution of a Man* (HarperCollins, 2002). The name pretty much says it all—it's based on an epithet once hurled at the author by a very frustrated grade-school teacher. In *Lummox* Magnuson takes us on a reeling trip through Guyville, Wisconsin-style. We witness him lummoxing his way through school as a class clown, party animal, and constant embarrassment to his father, the school district superintendent, who finally ends up dropping a college-age Magnuson off in Eau Claire with instructions to stay out of his hometown for good. Many jobs, women, and six-packs later, we leave him on the road to recovery (and to critical acclaim as a novelist, which we may be lucky enough to read about in a *Lummox II*). These days Magnuson is a professor of creative writing at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, where he lives with his wife and daughter.

It would be hard to find a writer who evokes Wisconsin more vividly than Magnuson in his two novels, *The Right Man for the Job* and *The Fire Gospels*. It's a north country of dense pines, odes to deer hunting and fishing, river bank parties flowing with beer, dope, and Ted Nugent, inarticulate worker-guy men (and the women who love them), and taverns with names like The Liquid Forest. But Magnuson's work soars well

beyond the comic, leaving the reader caring about and empathizing with his tough-tender characters and the situations they find themselves in.

A word to all contestants, however—don't be like Mike, that is, don't think you have to write like a lummoX or write about Wisconsin to fare well in this contest. As we see in the interview below, Magnuson's tastes are wide-ranging and he appreciates many different kinds of writing.

Why were you interested in being a judge for this contest? Do you welcome the opportunity to be involved with Wisconsin writers—and if so, why?

Magnuson: I'm from Wisconsin, born and raised. I write exclusively about Wisconsin. Matter of fact, my total identity as a writer is that I am a Wisconsin writer first and foremost, and this has been what's motivated me to keep writing for the last 15 years. So hey: judging this contest and involving myself with Wisconsin writers, it's a peak experience for me. I feel like I'm finally a recognized part of the thing that produced me.

What, for you, makes a winning story? What elements will you be looking for?

I'm interested in language and tone and dialogue and a true rendering of human life. How this will manifest itself in the winning story, however, I can't say in advance of reading it, because my reading taste is fairly wide-ranging, and

there's not necessarily one writing style I favor over others. Well, I'll check that: I don't appreciate schlock genre writing much. But literature, which is for me what all this is about, is lots and lots of different styles and worldviews and tones, and a person needs to be open to that, open to anything on the page, and in turn to any types of people who are portrayed on the page. I mean, to be a good reader you have to love people, and you can't say you love one sort of person more than another, can you?

What mistakes do you most frequently see beginning writers make?

Honestly, the biggest mistakes are mechanical: punctuation and spelling and rhetoric and all that. Beginning writers—and lots of people who write for years and are unable to publish—tend to have a weak command of English composition, which, for Pete's sake, you must master if you want to be a writer.

Any words of wisdom? What kinds of things do you tell your writing students?

Study hard, which means read books and observe people and pay attention to what the sky looks like at four in the morning and how willow trees bend in the late-afternoon breeze. Write hard, which means find a way to sit at your desk every day and work. And don't take yourself too seriously. Be humble. If you think you're a literary genius, you never are. Just do the best you can and accept it.

poetry on water

First Place

FROM THE THICKNESS

by Andreas Hager
MADISON
12th grade

FROM THE THICKNESS

On a summer day when the air was wet
I sat on sticky pavement and cut an orange in half.
The juice ran between the folds of skin,
Salivary juices spreading on the lip
And curling before biting down at my bare feet.
Hiss of falling orange, sting,
Moon-like bitterness in a droplet.

From such fruits the world was born.
A great fig split in ripeness
Out tumbled the oceans and seas
Rising and swelling across each seed.
And Cleopatra lay in her desert canopy
The sun grabbing her through the twisted worms
And squeezed the pomegranate of the Nile
Whose silt alone such dynasty brought.
Then in the gardens of paradise the apples
Plucked so jealously by naked innocents
Let forth such juices from their flesh
That fountains sprang up and showered
With nectar the sweet nightingale song.

Around me I felt the rain and stars
Floating in the dense thickness of the heat.
The juices flowed from my hand, down
Into parched grass that only sighed before dying more.
The earth never shook or burst in life for me.
But only folded itself in little orange slices
On my tongue that tasted like wet suns.

Second Place

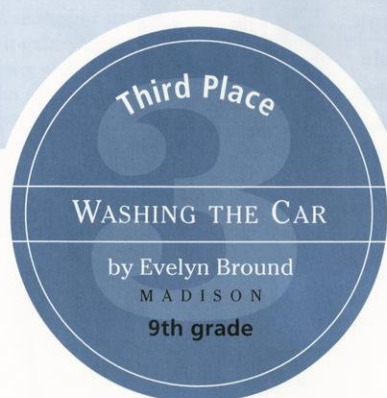
I TOOK SUNSETS FOR GRANTED

by Emilie Coulson
FISH CREEK
12th grade

I TOOK SUNSETS FOR GRANTED

I took sunsets for granted
When they oiled the harbor surface
With slanted red orange light
I never stopped
Smelled
Heavy clouds
Rolling over the lake
Waiting to pierce
The perfect painted surface
I did not long for the vivid cold
Of melting creek
To fight between my ankles
Make the bones in my toes ache
With thawed spring
I never listened to the waves
Lick limestone
Of jagged shore
And trickle back into themselves
Almost unheard
Under the weight
Of stark moon reflections
I never felt the pull of water
Surrounding this place
Where I was born
Until I had to leave

We are pleased to present the winners of a statewide youth poetry contest sponsored by the Wisconsin Center for Academically Talented Youth (WCATY), a nonprofit that fosters learning among many of our state's brightest students with a number of challenging, innovative programs. This year, in honor of Waters of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Academy's statewide initiative on sustainable water use and management, WCATY gave its Harlan O. Roberson Poetry Competition a water theme. Students were asked to write poetry about water in their lives, as they experience it in either positive or negative ways. Winners are invited to read their work at the Waters of Wisconsin Forum October 21–22 at Monona Terrace in Madison. The young poets will read at a reception on **Monday, October 21, 5–5:45 p.m.**

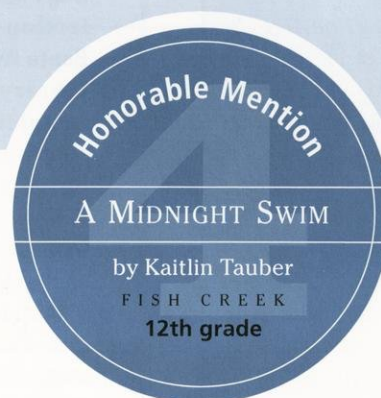


WASHING THE CAR

Water
 falling, streaming down shiny steel,
 trickling through treads
 on rubbery wheels,
 pooling between pebbles
 fallen loose
 steaming as it sizzles,
 gradually gripping to concrete,
 rolling down sloped ground
 collecting debris from towering trees
 that lend their shade
 to cool cleansing water
 picking up speed,
 rushing forward
 turning cement a darker hue
 filling its pores.

Finally, the water flows through
 rusty-brown iron bars
 and disappears.

Dirty black top peers over the curb,
 admiring the smooth, clean sidewalk,
 as a car flies over it
 spewing droplets and brand new sparkles.



A MIDNIGHT SWIM

Bare feet in cold sand
 Two bodies: wet, exhausted,
 Fall onto a blanket
 Wrapped in each other's arms,
 Water meeting feet,
 In—out, in—out, in—out,
 Closed eyes, water-cooled kisses
 The smell of seaweed, the smell of night
 Wet hair, slippery skin
 Like a fish caught in a net;
 Don't let go, hold me tight
 Walk with me, hold my hand
 Water up to our ankles, knees
 Swallow me whole, I am going under
 It is like floating in cool bath water ...
 I feel content
 A midnight swim; naked, free
 And then ...
 Bare feet in cold sand

SO MANY WRITING OPS



Are you a short story writer, a poet, an essayist, or a keeper of journals? Here are four ways you can be published in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*:

SHORT STORY CONTEST, *deadline Dec. 2*. Our call to entry is on page 10.

POETRY CONTEST, *deadline Dec. 2*. Our call to entry is on page 11.

ESSAY CONTEST, *deadline mid-January*. This is run by the Council for Wisconsin Writers. See story on this page for more information.

IN MY WORDS, *quarterly deadline*. This new feature of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* invites readers to share their personal stories about a preassigned topic that is loosely worded, deliberately, to allow for all different kinds of interpretation. The next two topics are:

Off the Beaten Path, *deadline Dec. 1*, for spring issue publication. Please submit up to 800 words on any experience that took you out of your normal realm regarding people, a place, or an event. How did it change you or make you see things differently?

Lost and Found, *deadline March 1*, for summer issue publication. Please submit up to 800 words on something you lost and found (or rediscovered, or replaced)—a person, an interest, a quality or capacity within yourself.

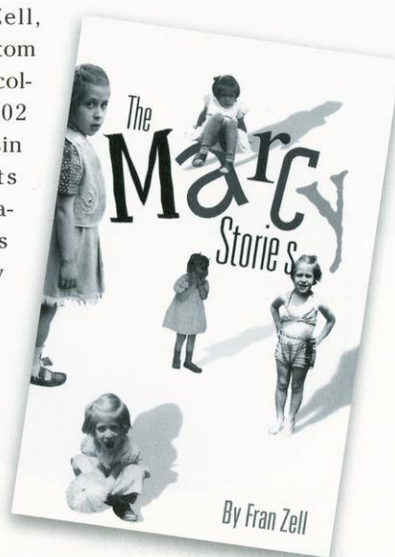
For examples, please refer to *The Sun* magazine and its department, "Readers Write" (www.thesunmagazine.org), which we are using as our model. You can e-mail your submissions under the subject heading "In My Words" to joanfischer@wisc.edu, or mail it marked "In My Words" to the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, 1922 University Avenue, Madison WI 53726. We will contact selected authors prior to publication; names may be withheld from publication on request. We regret that we cannot take phone inquiries or return submitted material.

MARCY'S A WINNER

Congratulations to Fran Zell, author of *The Marcy Stories* (Bottom Dog Press, 2001), a short story collection that just won the 2002 Banta Award from the Wisconsin Library Association for its "notable contribution to literature and ideas." The stories chronicle boomer-age Marcy Rosen as she grows up and moves through life's painful and tender passages in ways that will ring true with much of her generation (story titles include "Love Is My Drug of Choice" and "An Adult Child's Christmas in Ohio").

"This is a book that, with warmth, honesty, verve, exuberance, and, yes, wisdom, welcomes you in, befriends you, and won't let you go," writes author and UW-Madison creative writing professor Ron Wallace.

Past Banta Award winners include Jane Hamilton, A. Manette Ansary, and Larry Watson.



COUNCIL FOR WISCONSIN WRITERS ESSAY CONTEST

Wisconsin Authors Past

The Council for Wisconsin Writers is kicking off a statewide annual essay contest, open to all "citizens of the state of Wisconsin." Essays must be original, unpublished compositions concerning the work of a notable Wisconsin writer of the past, focusing on one or more of the writer's published works.

By "of the past," the Council means writers who are no longer living, or whose major works were published 20 or more years ago. However, the Council will review each essay on the merits of its subject and presentation.

The winner will be awarded a prize of \$500, and the winning essay will be published in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*. The Council also is lining up opportunities for the author to give public talks about his or her essay at libraries around the state.

Essays should be 1,500 to 2,000 words. Preference will be given to informative and readable essays that engage the general reader, with a minimum of "scholarly paraphernalia," the Council says. Deadline is mid-January. Please contact Tom Bontly with the Council for Wisconsin Writers, tbontly@wi.rr.com, for more information. You may also write him at N94 W5725 Dorchester Drive, Cedarburg, WI 53012.

Stay true to mission

I recently read Bob Lange's editorial in the winter issue of the *Review* entitled "God Bless Whom?" I am extremely disappointed that the Academy is being used to express political viewpoints.

In the article Lange states, in reference to September 11, that "while war sometimes is a reasonable and appropriate response to a national crisis I would like to think that serious consideration could be given to all other options before resorting to the most costly choice." I assume he would apply this to Pearl Harbor because both actions were indescribably vicious acts of war. Thank God that this half-baked concept was not shared by our government.

Lange goes on to say "there were reasons why Adolf Hitler came to power and why Imperial Japan developed as it did, leading to the shameful attack on Pearl Harbor." This implies that we or other innocent nations are somehow responsible for those actions. Any historian would know better. Finally, the headline "God Bless Whom?" speaks for itself.

Without further debate on the opinions expressed let me state that the pages of the *Wisconsin Academy Review* should not be used by the director or future officials to express their personal political opinions whether they be ultra-liberal or ultraconservative. All periodicals are judged by their editorial content, whether it is the *Washington Post* or the *Chicago Tribune*. To think otherwise would be extremely naïve.

In addition Lange took it upon himself to rewrite our mission, which by our charter reads as follows: "To encourage investigation and to disseminate correct views of the various departments of science, literature and the arts." This has been rewritten and published in our *Review* to read, "To gather, share, and act upon knowledge in the sciences and humanities for the benefit of the people [of Wisconsin]." The phrase "act upon" has been inserted and the word "humanities" has been substituted for "literature and the arts," evidently to suit his agenda. I trust this issue of the Academy

[*Review*] will correct that misstatement.

I also trust that the Council will see that we are true to our mission.

Daniel H. Neviasser, Madison
Former Council President
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences,
Arts and Letters

Council President Terry Haller replies:

Only the Wisconsin Academy Council can change the Academy's mission, and we abide by the most recent formulation from 1997, which retains the intent of the 1870 charter: "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." How we describe our mission in the *Wisconsin Academy Review* has changed at various times to make it more accessible to a contemporary audience. The present description on page 2 enjoys the full support of our Council.

one place. on the Web. limitless.

search and discover artist galleries, exhibits and spaces.

visit the online gallery of Wisconsin's contemporary artists.

artists can submit their work for consideration at portalwisconsin.org

Wisconsin's culture, arts, humanities and history.

PORTAL WISCONSIN.ORG

CALLING ALL WRITERS

We are pleased to present the

WISCONSIN ACADEMY REVIEW/HARRY W. SCHWARTZ BOOKSHOPS SHORT STORY CONTEST 2003

with support from Wisconsin members of Book Sense and the Wisconsin Center for the Book

Writers of Wisconsin, your time has come. Deliver your best short story, and we will declare three winners. Each will be published in the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, starting with next summer's issue.

Excited? So are we!

THE PRIZES

First place \$500
Second place \$250
Third place \$100

QUESTIONS?

Please contact the
Wisconsin Academy at
608/263-1692 ext. 16,
or e-mail:
joanfischer@wisc.edu
(e-mail preferred).

SEND MANUSCRIPTS TO:

Wisconsin Academy Review/Harry W. Schwartz
Bookshops Short Story Contest
Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters
1922 University Avenue
Madison, WI 53726

THE JUDGES

Mike Magnuson, novelist

Dean Bakopoulos, writer, contest
coordinator, and literary editor,
Wisconsin Academy Review

C. J. Hribal, novelist

Heather Lee Schroeder, writer and book
columnist, *The Capital Times*

Rosemary Zurlo-Cuva, writer



Simon & Schuster © 2001


DEADLINE: DECEMBER 2, 2002

RULES

1. Authors must reside in or attend school in Wisconsin.
2. Stories must be between 2,500 and 5,000 words in length.
3. Authors must submit **three copies** of a story (photocopies are fine).
4. Each story must be accompanied by a \$12 entry fee (non-Academy members) or \$10 (Academy members) payable to Wisconsin Academy Short Story Contest.
5. Writers may submit more than one entry, but each story must be mailed in separately with its own cover letter (see Rule 9) and entry fee.
6. Entries must be postmarked on or before **December 2**. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 2.
7. Previously published stories (electronically or in print) are not eligible.
8. Each manuscript must be typed, double-spaced, in standard 10- or 12-point type. Each page must include the title of the story as a header. All pages must be numbered with both an individual page number and the total number of pages (e.g., The Smoker, page 1/15, The Smoker, page 2/15, The Smoker, page 3/15, etc.).
9. **The author's name may not appear anywhere on the manuscript itself.** The manuscript must be accompanied by a letter bearing the story title; the author's name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address (if available); and the story word count. Every contestant must be able to provide an electronic version of the story if needed, either on disk or via e-mail.
10. Keep a copy of your manuscript. Manuscripts will be recycled, not returned. Do not send an SASE.
11. Contest winners will be announced on our website by the end of March.


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John Lehman
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THE RULES

1. Poets must reside or attend school in Wisconsin.
2. Poets may submit up to three poems per entry. No poem may be longer than one page.
3. Each entry must be accompanied by a \$6 entry fee (Wisconsin Academy members: \$4) payable to the *Wisconsin Academy Review* Poetry Contest. A check for \$12 covers the \$6 entry fee and a copy of the award issue, which we will mail to you.
4. A poet may enter more than one submission of up to three poems each, but additional submissions must be covered by a separate entry fee and cover letter.
5. Contest deadline is December 2. Entries may be hand-delivered to the Wisconsin Academy (1922 University Avenue, Madison) by 4 p.m. on December 2. Entries postmarked after the deadline will not be considered and the entry fee will be retained to cover handling.
6. Previously published poems (in print or electronically) are not eligible. All work must be original. Any style or theme is welcome.
7. The poet's name or address may not appear anywhere on the poems. Poems must be accompanied by a cover letter bearing the poem title/s, the poet's name, address, telephone number, and e-mail address (if available).
8. Keep a copy of your poems. Entries will be recycled, not returned. Do not send an SASE.
9. Contest winners will be announced on our website (www.wisconsinacademy.org) and notified by the end of February 2003. Winning poetry will be published in the spring 2003 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*, which appears at the end of March, in time for National Poetry Month (April).

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Real Food: My Organic Food Conversion



Public radio host and food enthusiast Jean Feraca celebrates wholesome, homegrown, handmade food and drink in Wisconsin.

BY JEAN FERACA

Organic farmer Richard de Wilde surveys his crops at Harmony Valley.

Photo by John Urban

MY FIRST LESSON IN REAL FOOD came from my father. I was 12 years old, living in a snooty enclave in Scarsdale, New York, where ours was the first Italian family to crash the gates. My father would go out of his way from time to time to bring home a loaf of fresh bread from his favorite bakery in the old Italian market on Arthur Avenue in the Bronx. There was always a sense of ceremony that surrounded the arrival of a loaf of Campobasso bread. The great round loaf emerged from its brown paper wrappings like a second sun. It was always baked to a perfect ruddy gold on the outside, its crust as rough as bark, but on the inside it was fleshy, dense, and silky white with lots of holes that made it perfect for dipping into sauce pots or sopping up gravy.

Campobasso bread connected us to a rustic past. My father liked to cut it into inch-thick slabs he would toast on top of the stove over a rickety wire contrap-

tion that was forever collapsing, itself a relic. On Christmas mornings he'd serve up great slabs of toasted Campobasso bread smeared with savory pork

sausages that were thicker than his burly fingers. Nothing since has ever equaled that bread.

My father was the son of immigrants who had fled the poverty of southern Italy to come to New York at the turn of the century. When he was 10 years old his mother took him, together with his younger sister, to visit their grandmother in Calabria. There, in her hilltop paesetta, the bread was baked in a communal oven once a week. Toward the end of the week it grew so hard that the two American children would remember how they cried when their teeth cracked on the stale crusts.

One day in Scarsdale I turned the bread upside down on the cutting board and had started to slice into the loaf with a big serrated bread knife when my father's voice halted my stroke. "Jeannie, don't cut that bread like that," he said. His voice was stern, admonishing. "Turn the bread right side up. The bread is sacred. You must have respect for the bread. It's a sin to cut the bread upside down."

The lesson went deep. My father had startled me into an understanding that the bread was alive. Not an object, something to be consumed, but an entity, a being worthy of respect like any Buon' Johan' from the old country who might arrive on a Sunday and be ushered through the front door.

There were other food lessons growing up. My grandmother was shamanic in the way she handled food. The live eels she brought home from the market worked their way into my mother's dreams as they purged themselves in the deep kitchen sink. The chickens she butchered surrendered their hearts and gizzards and feet to the soup that nursed us back to health whenever we were sick. My Aunt Tootsie stayed alive 10 years longer than she should have because of my grandmother's sorcery in the kitchen.

And long before the International Slow Food Movement introduced a new generation of Americans to the Latin word convivium, we were holding them in the backyard where the whole clan would gather on a Sunday afternoon to feast under the cathedral oaks and

remember, as they passed the wine, that they were one in bread and body.

Some of these lessons got fuzzy after I left New York and began my American odyssey. The poverty that haunted years of bad marriages and divorce put the squeeze on the way I thought about food. I reverted to a bottom line mentality. I learned to ransack the discount bins in the supermarket. I salvaged moldy produce and specialized in cheap cuts until thrift became a way of life, a habit that would prove in later years perversely hard to cast off. Chicken that cost 49 cents a pound could be made into a tasty cacciatore, something I did hundreds of times without ever giving a

thought to where those chickens came from, how they had been raised, or the salmonella a warning label might be masking.

Like so many Americans, I came to value cost over everything else, and to pride myself on how little I could spend on groceries and still manage to feed two growing boys.

It wasn't until I met Cameron Ramsay as a guest on my radio program that I remembered the holy bread. Cameron had been a stockbroker in Chicago before moving to Wisconsin to start Madison Sourdough Company, but he had also spent time in an Indian ashram and he brought the zeal of a high priest

ORGANIC FARMING'S POWER BASE

It's a little-known fact that Wisconsin is one of the biggest producers of organic foods in the nation, second only to California. And the Organic Valley Family of Farms cooperative, based in LaFarge, is largely responsible for the state's success.

What began in 1988 with the simple goal of reconnecting people to the food they eat has grown to be the largest farmer-owned organic cooperative in North America. More than 450 farm families in 17 states belong to Organic Valley, producing everything from eggs, cheese and other dairy products, juices, and meats under the Organic Valley Family of Farms label. Member farmers establish milk prices that ensure financial stability for their families, decide how to allocate profits and what new products to introduce. They have also established guidelines in production that include everything from humane treatment of animals to how their foods are packaged and shipped.

Organic Valley member Tom Franzen, an Iowa hog farmer, provides an example of innovative organic farming in action. Franzen builds special hoop houses, fabric buildings placed on limestone and covered with layers of hay, for his hogs. "A hog wants to do three things: he wants to run around, he wants to chew on something, he wants to build a nest. And you can't interfere with those three biological activities of that animal without creating stress," Franzen says. Franzen discovered hoop houses on a 10-day tour of Sweden, where he visited farms and concluded that the way Americans were raising hogs was "fundamentally wrong."

Tom Franzen and friends.



Photo courtesy of Organic Valley Family of Farms

"Real" food is pure all the way from birth to presentation. It is prepared by people who have come up from the soil and know how to cook with the utmost care. It nourishes the body, satisfies the soul, the eye, and all the senses.

to his new profession. To Cameron, bread is a natural sacrament. In their many years of business, he and his wife have turned out thousands of loaves of Old World-style bread they stay up all night to bake, sleeping, when necessary, on flour sacks on the bakery floor to meet the orders. Yes, a loaf of Madison Sourdough costs a little more than I was used to paying, but every time I slice into a loaf, I see the man again, I think of the baker's hands that touched that very loaf just hours before. It isn't just bread. Cameron Ramsay reconnected me to the sacred business of feeding and being fed.

And then I met the indomitable Madame Kuony. On my first visit to the Postilion, the French restaurant and cooking school Madame has operated out of her home in Fond du Lac for the

last 50 years, I was on a scouting mission in search of prospective guests for the "All About Food" road tour. Madame's reputation preceded her as the dowager queen of the organic food revolution in Wisconsin. A true pioneer, she was among the first to preach the organic gospel, persuading local farmers to restore original goodness to what they raised and training a whole generation of new chefs to shun "obfuscation" and celebrate instead the natural glory of real food. Wisconsin chefs shaped by her philosophy or training include Odessa Piper of L'Etoile in Madison; Nancy Christy of the former Wilson Street Grill; and Vicki and Pat Kohlman, owners of Chez Vous catering.

What is real food? "Not caviar, not pheasant under glass," declares Madame. "Lustrous new potatoes, scin-

tillating spinach leaves—fresh, crisp, and soft as velvet—that Farmer Brown brings to the door. They do not need a petunia on their plate to see beautiful food!" According to the Kuony creed, real food is pure all the way from birth to presentation, not bastardized or poisoned by economic greed. It is prepared by people who have come up from the soil and who know how to cook with the utmost care. It nourishes the body, satisfies the soul, the eye, and all the senses. This is what she calls "the real McCoy." She's been carrying the standard for organic food for decades, and she's still on a tear. "No veal has a 43-pound leg!" is one of her classic proclamations.

She has charmed a local farmer into raising real veal, and she is probably the only one in the state who serves it, or who even knows what it is. She has talked an Amish farmer into raising what she calls a real piglet. Her conviction about the sacredness of subscribing to the ways of nature came a long time ago from Rachel Carson and Jacques Cousteau, and from growing up in Nîmes in the south of France, where the food is hearty and robust. So robust that, in fact, by the end of my day at the Postilion, I was bending down, ostensibly to pet the dog, but really to ease my aching legs while Madame, who had been bustling about since five a.m., was still in high heels.

"Learn to cook from your mother, not from a cooking school!" she scolds. And yet she goes on teaching, year after year, happy enough to take up this missionary work.

What she teaches could just as easily be philosophy, rhetoric, or mathematics. She is Descartes in the kitchen. It is just that rigorous. The principles are all the same: Exactitude. Precision. Clarity. Economy. Rectitude. Attention. She says you have to have a conscience when you prepare food. She insists that the perfection of ingredients be matched to the perfection of technique. There is only one way to slice an onion at the Postilion. The right way. If your onions or your carrots turn out "grotesque," they are borne straight away to the stove and dumped in the stockpot.



It took a Frenchwoman to teach us about food. Madame Kuony—shown here with her celebrated crab- and lobster-filled turnovers—was a pioneer in Wisconsin's organic food movement.

Photo courtesy of Madame Kuony

LET THY FOOD BE THY MEDICINE

In Marathon County, you can find the country's leading grower and exporter of ginseng, or "green gold," the medicinal root that has been used for thousands of years in China to treat a wide variety of maladies, including a flagging libido.

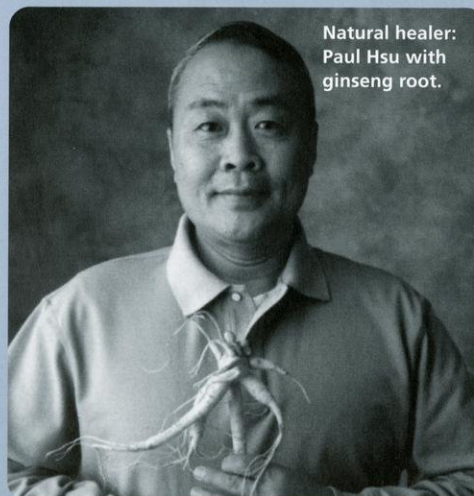
German immigrants first started ginseng farming in Marathon County in 1901, taming it from the wild root growing in the woods of Wisconsin. They exported their product and kept the success of ginseng in Marathon County a secret.

A century later, the secret is out, due to, among other growers, Paul Hsu, CEO of Hsu's Ginseng Enterprises, Inc., the third-largest exporter of ginseng in the world. In 1974, Hsu started his business as a mail-order operation. Since then he has won numerous business awards, and now has more than 1,000 acres of prime land available for ginseng cultivation.

Wisconsin ginseng, which is milder than Chinese, is very popular in China, says Hsu. It is valued as a general energy enhancer, and is frequently used in soups and teas or taken in pill form.

Hsu reminds us of Hippocrates' wisdom in his quote, "Let thy food be thy medicine and thy medicine be thy food."

Every food and medicine is really part of a food-medicine continuum, Hsu says, naming coffee, red pepper, and garlic as examples. Hsu puts garlic on the food end of the continuum and ginseng closer to the medicinal. "I think ginseng is 40 percent food and 60 percent medicine," he says.



Natural healer:
Paul Hsu with
ginseng root.

Photo courtesy of Paul Hsu

TROUT FERVOR

Herby Radmann, the owner—or, as he puts it, "soul proprietor"—of "Eat My Fish" Bullfrog Fish Farm near Menomonie, is responsible for what may be Wisconsin's finest hickory-smoked trout spread.

After prior experience in rubbish removal, chicken farming, and marriage counseling, Radmann discovered that his land at Bullfrog Springs had the proper elevation and water resources to be used as a fish farm.

The self-described "old hippie with a mission" started the farm during a drought in the late 1980s. "I was digging holes in the sand," says Radmann. "It was like building a fish farm in a desert." After seven years of research and planning, he got his first fish in 1994. Upon bringing them home, Radmann had to stop abruptly and inadvertently launched those first few fish airborne from their tanks. Despite the mishap, the founding trout survived and multiplied to become part of "Eat My Fish."

"I am not in this for money," says Radmann. "I want to make fish farming a legitimate industry for Wisconsin." Radmann's goal is to aid preservation of small farms and their culture in Wisconsin. To that end, he leads the Preservation of Character Society, a group that formed after Radmann began welcoming other farmers in tours of his farm.

Radmann believes there is a lot of power in the simple act of fishing. First-timers come to the farm and learn how to bait a hook. He also runs a league of "hobo chefs," volunteer cooks who hold a hobo cheffing every Sunday. One of them created a low-salt spice now sold as "Hobo Rick's Fish Spice."

Making trout spread and preserving culture is all in a day's work for Herby Radmann.



Photo courtesy of Herby Radmann

When it comes to butchering a carcass, an art at which she excels, Madame is particularly exacting. I have watched her tiny hands hover over a chicken, discerning before the first cut the placement of the bones, the seamless joints and muscles, an act of divination. This is the quality of attention you might expect from a surgeon repairing a valve in the heart, every movement calculated, captivating, proceeding by a logic that she takes pains to explain. You might call it a master performance. But more than artistry, what comes through in this demonstration is the deep respect she feels for this creature of God and the farmer who tended it.

Knowing how useful I might be in spreading the word, Madame launched an all-out crusade to convert me to the religion of organics. But I am a heretic at heart and stubbornly resist all forms of orthodoxy. In the end, it wasn't rhetoric or dogma that did the trick. It was a little pork chop.

She might have been the witch in Snow White delivering the apple. She hand-carried it covered with a napkin in a sweet little heart-shaped basket and handed it over with a simple instruction: "Do nothing to it. Just cook it in a pan with a little olive oil." That night, I presented it to my husband on a modest bed of seared spring greens, this wee little pork chop. There was hardly enough to divide between us, but when we tasted it, scales fell from our tongues. We looked at each other. It was as if the little pig had died and gone straight to piggy heaven, and what we were tasting was the heavenly aura it had left behind. The flavor was that magical. Madame might have shown up at that moment with a sign that said: Surrender. After this, there is no turning back.

We took "All About Food" on the road, traveling all over the state of Wisconsin for seven weeks in the spring of 2001. Week four we were in La Crosse, talking to farmers from the Organic Valley

Family of Farms cooperative, when a hog farmer named Tom Franzen called in from Iowa and told us about his conversion. It was in 1979 during the Pope's visit to Des Moines. Tom was painting his barn at the time, listening to what the Pope had to say on the radio. When the Pope made the comment that the land was ours to be preserved for generation upon generation, those words hit Tom hard. They marked a turning point in his life. "I was so struck by it I couldn't work anymore," he told the public radio audience. "I took a long walk around the farm and the truth is, I cried. I knew the direction that the farm was taking was wrong."

By 1979, unsustainable farming practices in this country were at an all-time high, with heavy dependence on insecticide use, fertilizers, and chemicals. At the time, 80 percent of Tom's farm was in continuous corn production. Today, after 20 years of reinvestment, he runs a diverse organic operation with hogs

EMBRACING THE MOLD

Organic sheep's milk cheese, flavored with the molds and pollens of the North Woods, is the award-winning specialty of Love Tree Farmstead Cheese, owned and operated by Mary and Dave Falk. Dave raises and milks the sheep, and Mary ages the cheese in a cave they made in the middle of 140 acres of woodland. Sixty acres of the Falks' land near Grantsburg is dedicated to wildlife habitat, and it is one of the most heavily predated areas in the United States.

The Falks' cheese cave has screened vents that keep out the critters and let in the fog that Mary says brings with it the flavor of the north: wild lilac, evergreens, mustard grass, violets, clovers, sweet milkweed, and much more. The cheeses undergo various natural treatments to attain their unique flavors. The prized Trade Lake Cedar cheese, for example, is aged on boughs of cedar branches. If the resulting cheeses look like little blocks of polished marble, that may be because Mary really does polish them with butter.

Mary removes much of the water in order to concentrate flavor and quality. "Don't be afraid of mold!" is her urgent advice to cheeselovers. Natural molds and pollens enhance the flavor, she says.

The Falks view cheesemaking as an art. "Using the milk as an expression of place" is how Mary describes what she does. "I wanted to create something from the farm that spoke of northern Wisconsin."

Mary Falk outside the cave where her cheese ages.



Photo by Tom Wallace courtesy of the Minneapolis Star-Tribune

raised humanely in the Swedish style, in deep-bedded hoop houses where they can run around, make nests, and chew to their heart's content.

To a girl who grew up in the Bronx, the farmer is the true exotic. The most important thing I learned visiting alternative farms in Wisconsin during our seven-week tour was how smart farmers are.

Herby Radmann, the owner of "Eat My Fish" Bullfrog Fish Farm near Menomonie, used his native wit, practicality, and gumption to figure out he was better off pulling rainbow trout out of his dairy farm than corn or cattle. Now he hosts "hobo chef Sundays," where he teaches single moms and their kids how to catch fish and cook them, and he sells his famous hickory-smoked trout spread to local supermarkets and on the web.

Mary Falk is smart. She is what my husband calls a natural scientist. I call her an artist. Milk is her medium. She makes artisanal farmstead cheese from the flock of sheep she and her husband Dave are breeding to survive solely on grass that grows in particular abundance in the northwest corner of the state where Love Tree Farmstead Cheese is found. Much of their land is a wildlife refuge that is home to wolves, bears, and the occasional cougar. Mary and Dave let their cheeses age and take on American terroir in a vented cave the couple dug themselves. The finished wheels look like polished marble. The cheeses have weight, density, and gravitas, and they bring a hefty price at market.

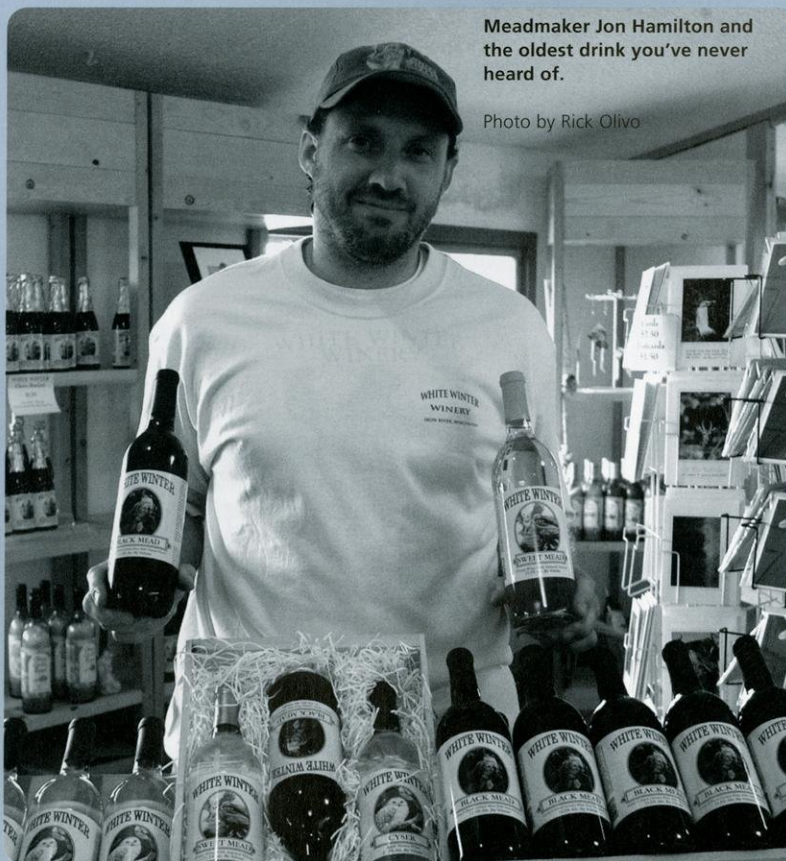
Richard de Wilde is smart. So smart, in fact, he's found a way to make a profit out of principle. As one of the original "Magnificent Seven" visionaries who founded the Organic Valley Family of Farms cooperative, he now farms 70 acres in the rolling hill country of Wisconsin's Coolee region. There he and his wife, Linda Halley, produce an astonishing array of organic produce on Harmony Valley Farm from May through December—such vegetables as rainbow chard, French melons, and Jerusalem artichokes. These they sell to organic grocers such as Whole Foods, to restaurants like L'Etoile in Madison, at the Dane County Farmers Market, and to hundreds of loyal community-supported

NECTAR OF THE VIKINGS

The oldest fermented beverage in the history of the world is being made in Iron River by Jon Hamilton, the meadmaker of White Winter Winery. Mead, fermented from honey and water, was used in Viking ceremony and celebration. According to Hamilton, the term "honeymoon" comes from the gift of mead to newlywed Viking couples. The local meadmaker would supply the couple with 30 days', or a moon's worth of mead. If the union did not produce a son, the mead-maker might be beheaded.

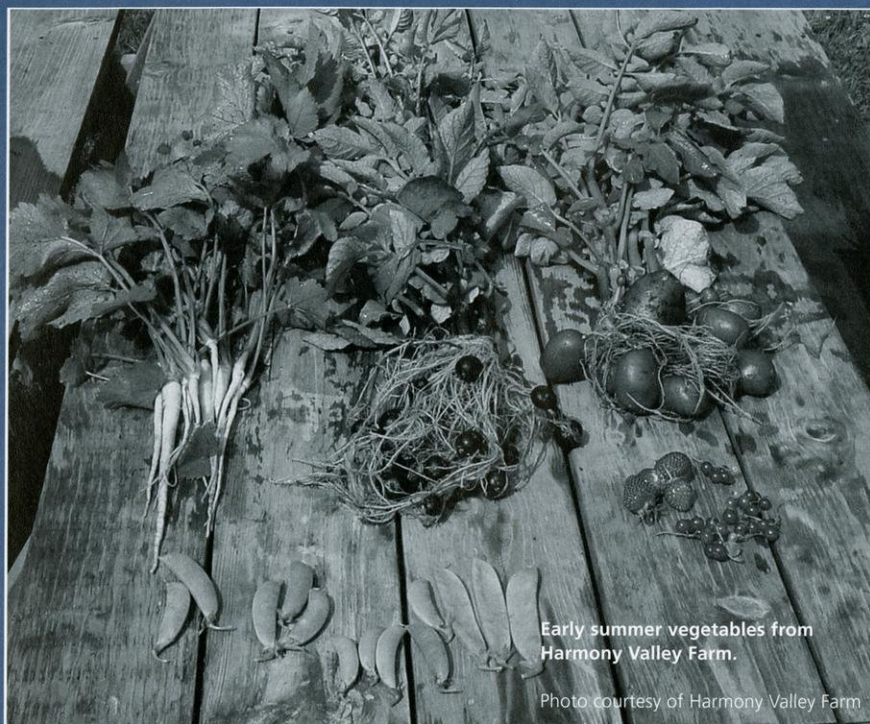
A meadmaker's life today is considerably less risky, and Hamilton spends his time making about a dozen kinds of mead of various types. There's traditional mead, made with honey, water, and yeast; melomel, which is mixed with various fruits; cyser, the staple drink of the early Church, which is a strong apple cider mixed with honey and water; pyment, a mead of grapes and honey (a favorite with the ancient Greeks and Romans); metheglin, in which herbs and spices are mixed with mead; and bracket, which has malt in the mead and tastes somewhere between mead and ale. White Winter's Oak Bracket recently won the silver medal at the 2002 World Beer Cup, among White Winter's many awards.

Hamilton is a psychotherapist by training but switched professions to open White Winter in 1996. There's no big secret to Hamilton's mead, he says, just quality ingredients and loving attention to every batch. And, of course, only the best honey. "Wisconsin makes the best honey in the world," says Hamilton, who buys from local beekeepers. "The quality of mead depends on the quality of honey."



Meadmaker Jon Hamilton and the oldest drink you've never heard of.

Photo by Rick Olivo



Early summer vegetables from Harmony Valley Farm.

Photo courtesy of Harmony Valley Farm

GET THE GOODS

Here's how to contact some of the food-and-drink providers featured in this story.

"Eat My Fish" Bullfrog Fish Farm

N1321 Bullfrog Road
Menomonie, WI 54751
Tel. 715/664-8775
www.eatmyfish.com

Harmony Valley Farm

S3442 Wire Hollow Road
Viroqua, WI 54665
Tel. 608/483-2143
www.harmonyvalleyfarm.com

Hsu's Ginseng Enterprises, Inc.

T6819 County Highway W
PO Box 601
Wausau, WI 54402-0601
Tel. 800/826-1577
www.hsuginseng.com

Love Tree Farmstead Cheese

12413 County Road Z
Grantsburg, WI 54840
Tel. 715/488-2966
www.lovetreefarmstead.com

Madison Sourdough Company

6640 Mineral Point Road
Madison, WI 53705
Tel. 608/833-8009
www.madisonsourdough.com

Organic Valley Family of Farms

507 West Main Street
LaFarge, WI 54639
Tel. 888/444-6455
www.organicvalley.com

The Postillon School of Culinary Art

220 Old Pioneer Road
Fond du Lac, WI 54935
Tel. 920/922-4170

White Winter Winery

7665 U.S. Highway 2
PO Box 636
Iron River, WI 54847
Tel. 715/372-5656
www.whitewinter.com

agriculture (CSA) subscribers who actually invite the higher prices they are happy to pay to keep Richard and Linda in business.

I am now one of those daft people who rush out on a Saturday morning to pick up her CSA box because I can't wait to find out what's in it. I now know the intense taste of licorice that properly belongs to a fresh bulb of fennel. I know the crunch and sweetness of spring carrots. I know about those spinach leaves as soft as velvet. I know that garlic is edible in three separate stages. I know about wild ramps, and how to make a savory rhubarb sauce that's perfect with pork chops.

Eventually we all return home to what is real. We find our place at the table in an ever-extending family. Richard de Wilde's spirit of experimentation, prompted by the suggestions of subtle chefs like Odessa Piper, extends my repertoire in my own kitchen. It is a continuous pleasure to handle these beautiful things of nature and to feel a personal connection to the people who grow them through the joys of seasonal eating. These are necessary pleasures that should belong to everyone. They bespeak the good life. They remind us of what it means to be human. I taste all of this. It is now part of me, part of what I most treasure in life, and I will not be separated from it. I say no more moldy vegetables. ▀

*Jean Feraca is a poet, a writer, and the host of Wisconsin Public Radio's "Conversations with Jean Feraca," which airs Friday mornings from 9 to 11 (and every weekday when Feraca returns from a sabbatical). This article is excerpted from her forthcoming book of essays titled **I Hear Voices**.*

Editorial intern Molly Schmidt contributed to the sidebars about Wisconsin food and drink.

A Deer Hunter's Sorrow

A man with a lifelong passion and respect for hunting is now being asked to kill every deer he sees. In the face of chronic wasting disease, he wonders: Will deer hunting ever be the same in Wisconsin?

BY MIKE ALBERT

Teach your children: Mike Albert and his son.

Photos courtesy of the author

HUNTING STARTED FOR ME WHEN I was too little even to remember some of it. My dad would drag me along on his hunting adventures, and even though most of the time it was hard to keep up with him, I was drawn to the outdoors. Over time my passion for deer hunting has evolved, grown, and changed. At first, deer hunting to me was mostly getting excited for opening weekend of gun season. My father, brother, and I would drive up north on Friday morning to woods we visited only once a year, spend the day getting our stands ready, then drive back to town and meet up with an old man who was kind enough to let us camp in his home for a couple of nights.

Every year we would sit around the old potbelly stove and tell the same stories over and over. Sleep was always in short supply the first night, but nobody cared—it was opening weekend! As we rolled in the local cafe at 4 a.m., we

would be greeted by a sea of blaze orange (actually red when I first started hunting), with people sharing the same stories heard the night before. The level of excitement was immeasurable, even in the old men who had hunted for

deer

Through hunting, I have met and become friends with some very wonderful people. We not only hunt together; our families have become close, and countless gatherings occur in which venison is the main course.

decades. After our bellies and thermoses were full, off to the woods we would go. Dad would always lead us to our stands with his flashlight, and as I saw him walk away in the dark, I knew I was now on my own with nature. I remember the aroma of the woods as I sat there waiting for the arrival of daylight. There's nothing quite like that smell.

You'd think it would be boring just sitting in the woods, but the hours passed like minutes. As it began to get light, the woods slowly woke up. First, one little bird would chirp, then another. A squirrel would pop its head out from a hole in a tree and scurry down to beat a friend to the acorn stash. A crow would call to awaken the rest of the woods. Eventually I would hear a faint crunch in the leaves—a hunter's most beloved sound. If it got louder, I'd know it was coming my way. My heart would start to pound. Could it be my chance already?

As the sound got closer, I would finally see the form take shape—a friendly raccoon lumbering its corn-fat body back to bed for the day. Every few seconds I'd hear a boom from a gun. It was official—opening morning had arrived. Deer were now on the move. I would strain to see horns, but often it was only a doe. Back when I started hunting, the only deer I could harvest was a buck, and the horns had to be three inches long.

Let's jump ahead 36 years. I'm now 48 years old and have a family of three children and a beautiful wife who puts up with my hunting and all that goes with it. I am fortunate to have a business that allows me to work out of our home. Even though I work long hours, taking small amounts of time to sneak out in the woods and enjoy nature is easy to do.

My passion for deer has grown even stronger through the years. Ten years ago, we bought a 270-acre farm in western Dane County. Each year we take on

new projects designed to enhance the wildlife habitat on the farm. Some of these projects have been to reestablish native prairie grasses that now total almost 100 acres and building wildlife ponds that are now five in number. The old dairy farm is a wildlife paradise that offers all wildlife plenty of cover and food.

As far as deer hunting goes, we practice quality deer management (QDM). This is a different way of hunting from the way I was brought up with, which was to shoot the first buck you see and protect the sacred does. With the current population of deer, we now have to do things differently. Hunters here on our property are asked to pass up smaller bucks and harvest more does, with the overall goal of establishing a one-buck-to-two-doe ratio. Practicing QDM takes a huge amount of sacrifice, especially for people who have been raised as buck hunters. We live in a society that promotes quick results and quick gains, and QDM requires a commitment to delayed gratification. It's a great way to control overpopulation because hunters feel the need to harvest does.

A normal, healthy herd has an age-diversified structure. Hunting in this manner promotes a healthier herd. My present hunting experience is pretty much year-round. In early spring, as soon as the snow melts, we start looking for shed antlers. This tells us which bucks survived the season before. When planting season arrives, we plant food plots of corn, soybeans, and clover for all the wildlife. These plots provide much pleasure to view the deer all summer long. Sometime in August, we begin putting up our deer stands so by the time early bow season begins in mid-September, we're ready to go. As you see, deer and deer hunting are a big part of my life. Because of it, I have met and become friends with some very wonderful people. We not only hunt together; our families have become close, and countless gatherings occur in which venison is the main course.

This February, I got a call that chronic wasting disease was found in the township we live in. I really hadn't heard



To turn from being an ethical hunter, whose main goal was to manage the herd properly and enjoy the delicious meat, to being a killer is not easy, even if it is the only answer to this disease.

much about this disease before, but the more I learned, the worse I felt. My wife and I got involved and attended many meetings and social gatherings to educate ourselves. We've decided to stop eating venison. Our family prided itself on eating a red meat that we all enjoyed and felt was the healthiest form of red meat on our planet. Low cholesterol, low fat, no drugs—all natural, but now possibly unsafe. Throughout the past several years, we've always asked our children what they would like for their birthday dinner. The reply, especially from our eight-year-old son, was always "Venison steaks!" Lately Ryan has been asking, "Will I be able to go deer hunting on the farm when I'm old enough?" I wish I knew the answer.

I used to look forward to reading certain outdoor publications that now seem to be piling up unread on my bedside table. The interest just isn't there. The food plots are overgrown and weedy, which is unheard-of for someone who takes such pride in his farm. I guess it's a kind of depression I'm going through. The future of my passion looks bleak right now. Why wouldn't I feel this way? The experts are asking me and all my friends to kill every deer we see. To turn from being an ethical hunter, whose main goal was to manage the herd properly and enjoy the delicious meat, to being a killer is not easy, even if it is the only answer to this disease. I'm faced with a struggle, a burden, and a nightmare. I go to bed thinking about it and wake up thinking about it.

Fall has always been a time of year to look forward to. Now I almost dread it. I know the disease is here, but is it only here, within this circle? Has the DNR tested enough to convince me that CWD exists only within this circle? Would the plan change if the disease is found all over the state? Not only am I feeling the

tremendous losses CWD brings to my life, I'm struggling with how it's being addressed and wondering whom to trust. I'm angry that there is still so little being done about the regulation of game farms, that baiting and feeding is even a question, that our state and federal agencies didn't work proactively to prevent this disease from coming here when they obviously knew how devastating it could be—and the list goes on.

Will our hunting group be together this fall? Will the cabin lights be lit and filled with our companions sharing their deer stories over a cold beer and a tasty dinner prepared by my wife? Will we go out trailing deer with the same enthusiasm as before? Will my family's deer hunting become an occasional event that requires long travel and more time than the luxury of walking out our back door? Will the woods soon seem like a big empty house void of its most majestic tenants? Will neighbors overlook dif-

ferences of opinion and not let CWD destroy our community? Will there be a reliable test available for all hunters to guarantee meat safety? And the larger question, looming over everything: Will deer hunting ever be the same in Wisconsin?

I hope and pray in time that the answers come to me. I do believe we all have to do the right thing, even though it may be unpleasant and go against all that I have practiced in deer hunting ethics my whole life. I just want to be sure we know what the right thing to do is.

So I guess that between now and this fall, I will spend many hours not only researching, but soul-searching for the solutions to the future of deer and deer hunting in my lifetime. ▼

Mike Albert is owner and operator of a crown and bridge dental lab located in his home. He has been proactive in his community with regard to chronic wasting disease, but he is not a member of any formal groups or committees.



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- **Public Forums** on topics of current interest. The next statewide public forum focuses on Waters of Wisconsin, to take place at Monona Terrace in Madison on October 21–22.
- **The Wisconsin Academy Gallery**, the only noncommercial gallery in the state to feature different Wisconsin artists every month. In 2004, the gallery is moving to the Overture Center in downtown Madison.
- **The Intelligent Consumption Project** bridges the gap between conservation and consumption, taking forest resource use as a model. A wide range of people in forestry nationwide—from loggers and environmentalists to representatives from business, agriculture, and academia—are working to formulate a viable consumption ethic.
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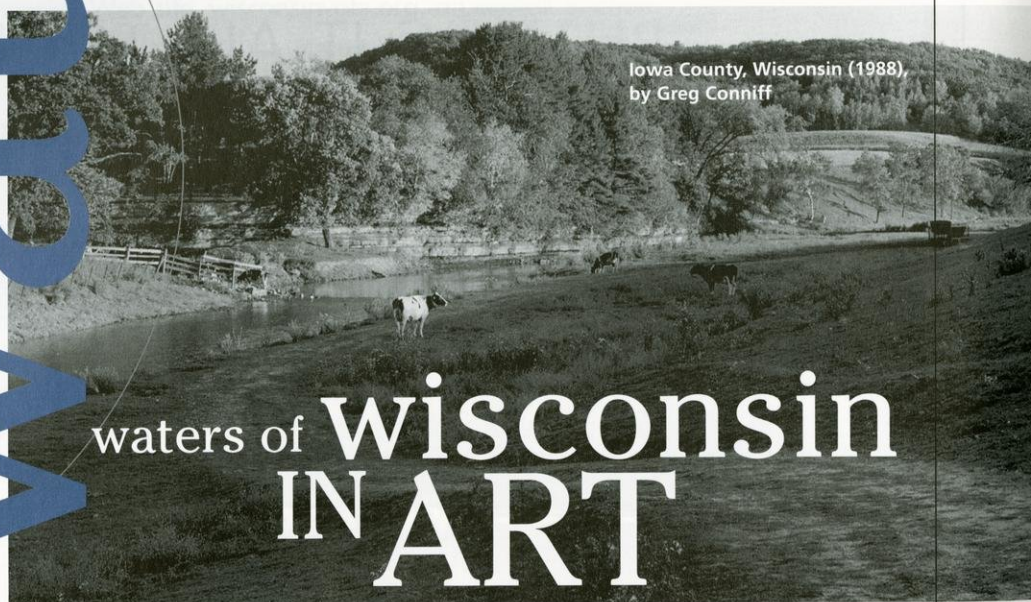
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vision of water.

WISCONSIN'S PLENTIFUL AND VARIED WATERS have long served as a source of wonder and inspiration to our state's artists. Here, as an accompaniment to Waters of Wisconsin, the Wisconsin Academy's statewide initiative on sustainable water use, we present the work of nine artists in celebration of water. Most of these paintings and photographs will be on exhibit in the Wisconsin Academy Gallery from October 3 to October 30. You can meet the artists at an opening reception on Friday, October 4, 5–7 p.m.



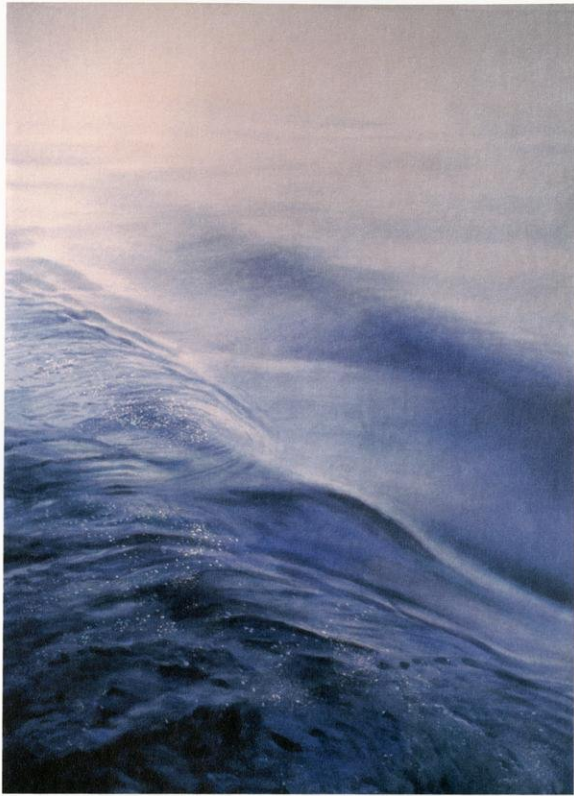
Iowa County, Wisconsin (1988),
by Greg Conniff

waters of wisconsin IN ART

The Waters of Wisconsin Forum takes place at Monona Terrace in Madison October 21–22. All members of the public are warmly invited to attend.

"Art, as part of our dialogue on water, can focus the discussion in a different, nonverbal way. Art is a concentrated visualization; it can help us see the importance of this natural resource that runs through our bodies, through the pipes in our houses, and through the landscape that we live in. The artists in this exhibition have all looked at water as part of a vivid whole—both as an idea and as a way of structuring their art. Each artist's personal vision brings their inner world expression to bear on the outer world—the 'natural world.'"

—Randall Berndt, exhibit curator and director
of the Wisconsin Academy Gallery



The Wake (2000), watercolor

Courtesy of the Grace Chosy Gallery, Madison.

AMY ARNTSON

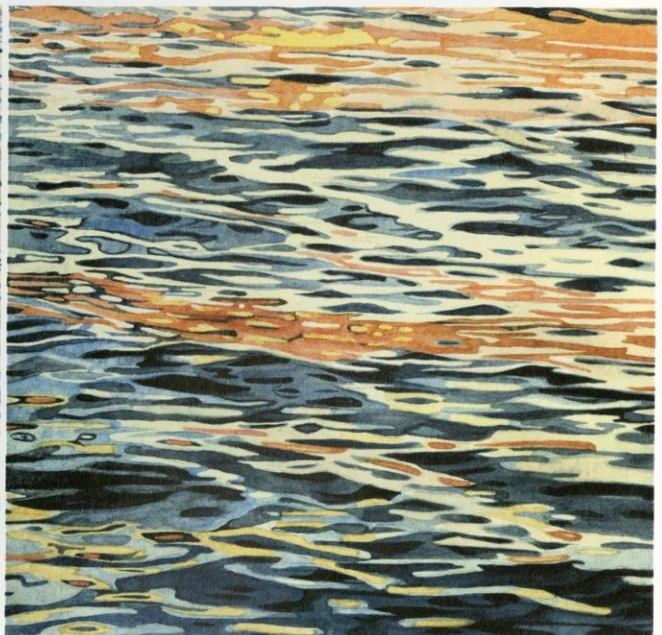
"My paintings of water are a form of landscape that is specific to the Great Lakes region where I grew up and have spent most of my adult life. Water has always been a powerful symbol for me. It symbolizes birth and death, both change and eternity. It is a self-portrait. Most of my water paintings do not reference the surrounding land. Instead, they focus on movement and meditation. There is no place to stand, only a place to be. We project ourselves onto the ever-changing surface of the water. These paintings are, finally, a metaphor for life."

Amy Arntson is a professor in the art department of the University of Wisconsin–Whitewater. She lives in Lake Mills, Wisconsin. Arntson often rode the car ferry that her father worked on, crossing Lake Michigan between Wisconsin and Michigan in all kinds of weather. Arntson's paintings were presented in the Madison Art Center's 2002 *Wisconsin Triennial*. Also, they will be featured in *Wisconsin/Landscapes*, an exhibition at UW–River Falls in February 2003.



7 a.m. to 7 p.m. (2001), watercolor

Courtesy of the Grace Chosy Gallery, Madison.



JOHN S. MILLER

"I love to move under my own power through natural spaces. The quality of this experience improves the farther I get from paved roads and hectic schedules. Time seems to slow, my senses sharpen, and my mind clears. I become more visually aware. My art explores this state of perception as visual, intellectual, and emotional.

"I had the good fortune of making two canoe trips to the Boundary Waters this past May ... I've come back inspired with ideas, memories, sketches, and photos. Each time I return I feel I've traveled in time and have returned from a time when visual acuity and association played a more vital role in human experience. I love it!"

John S. Miller is a printmaker and painter who lives in Madison. His art was featured in the Madison Art Center's 2002 *Wisconsin Triennial*. As an avid camper and canoeist he has explored many of Wisconsin's waterways.



The Sand Bank (1997), monotype



No Man's Land (2002), monotype



The Swamp (2002), tintype

J. SHIMON & J. LINDEMANN

"Bodies of water are precarious, collecting many wrong things as a side effect of human planetary domination. On a Mississippi River scale, the ill effects are daunting. Lush and swimmable near its origin, it becomes unable to support life as it accumulates impurities along its cross-country journey. Within the border of our rural Wisconsin farm, improvements are tangible. The swamp came alive shortly after row crop runoff was reduced. It's apparent that we need to take whatever small corrective actions we can. But globally, humankind must accept the responsibility to keep pure water available to power our spaceship's system. We must all see, feel, and love the water."

John Shimon and Julie Lindemann are a collaborative photographic team who live in Manitowoc. They explore Wisconsin's landscape and inhabitants with a large-format-view camera to "capture the minutiae of the everyday in a direct way." Their photographs about the relationship between people and the material world were presented at the Wendy Cooper Gallery in Madison in March 2002.



Sisters Drawn to the Mississippi (2001),
gum bichromate over platinum, palladium print

TOM UTTECH

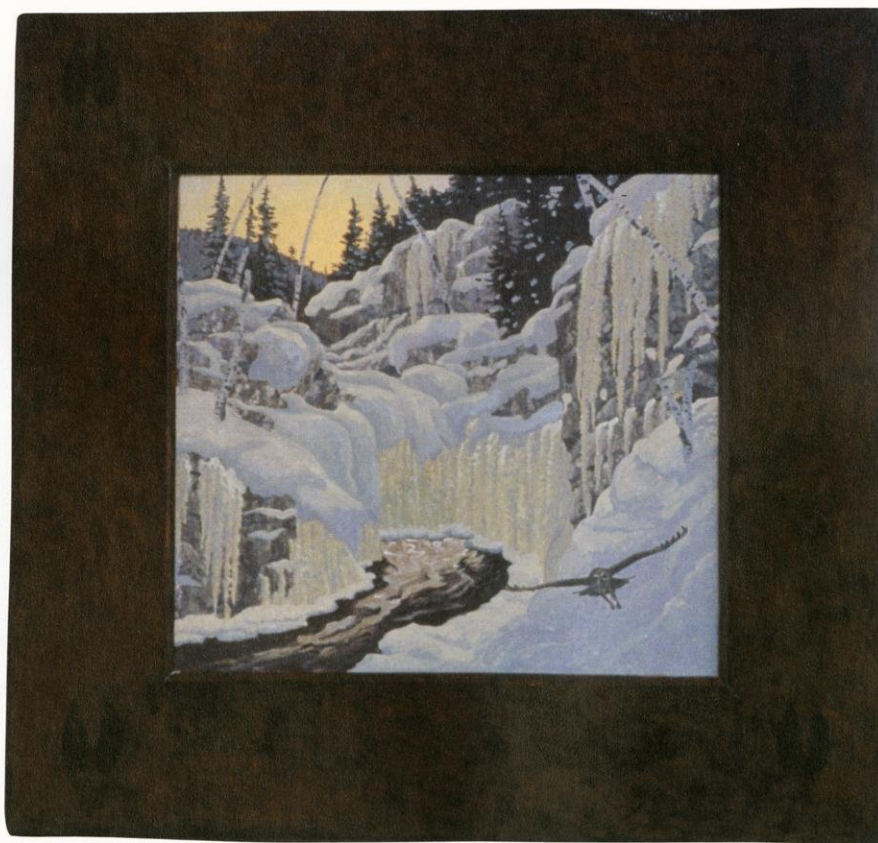
"I don't want to paint pictures of how nature looks, but rather how it feels for me to be in it. Above all else I want my painting to be interesting. For interest leads to curiosity and that to knowledge, and since these pictures are about nature and our role in it, the knowledge gained might grow into love of nature, and thus into concern for its well-being. This concern could lead to action to protect nature and therefore ourselves."

Tom Uttech resides, paints, plants prairies, and watches the bird life near Saukville. His frequent canoe trips into the northern wilds inspire the deep feelings toward land and creatures evident in his paintings. The Milwaukee Art Museum will mount a major retrospective exhibition of Tom Uttech's art in the fall of 2003.



Auzhogaewin Kitchiwa Nibi (1993), oil on canvas and wood

Collection of the Madison Art Center, Madison. Gift of Alice Bingham Gorman.



Oshki-Biboon (2002), oil on linen

Courtesy of the Tory Folliard Gallery, Milwaukee.

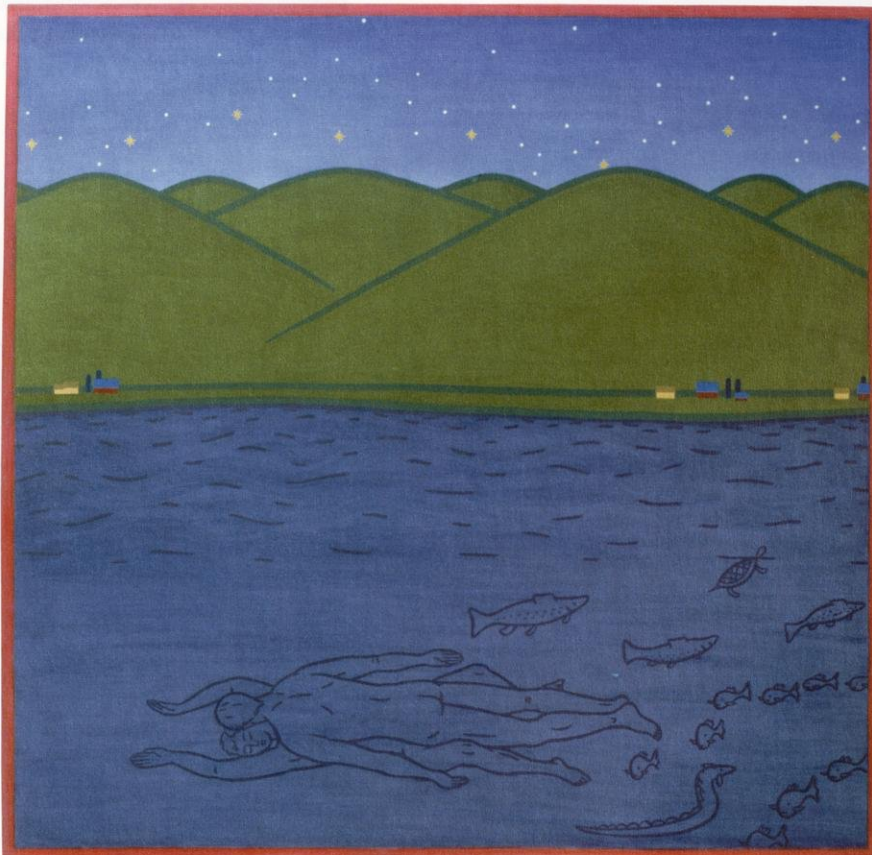
CHARLES MUNCH

"After long Wisconsin winters, I look forward to the spring thaw with an eagerness that is hard to explain. I'm longing not just for warmth, but for *wetness*. Especially when a great accumulation of snow melts quickly, and every hollow in the hills runs with a roaring torrent, I am drawn to the water like a magnet. I long to plunge in, to be swallowed up and perhaps reborn."

Charles Munch lives on a ridgetop above Bear Valley, not far from the Wisconsin River. The curvilinear topography of the unglaciated hills and winding waterways of his surroundings provide Munch with abundant moving nature imagery. He also has a pond to swim in. Munch recently showed his paintings in Fairbanks, Alaska, and will have an exhibition at the Tory Folliard Gallery in Milwaukee in February 2003.



River Rocks (1997), oil on canvas



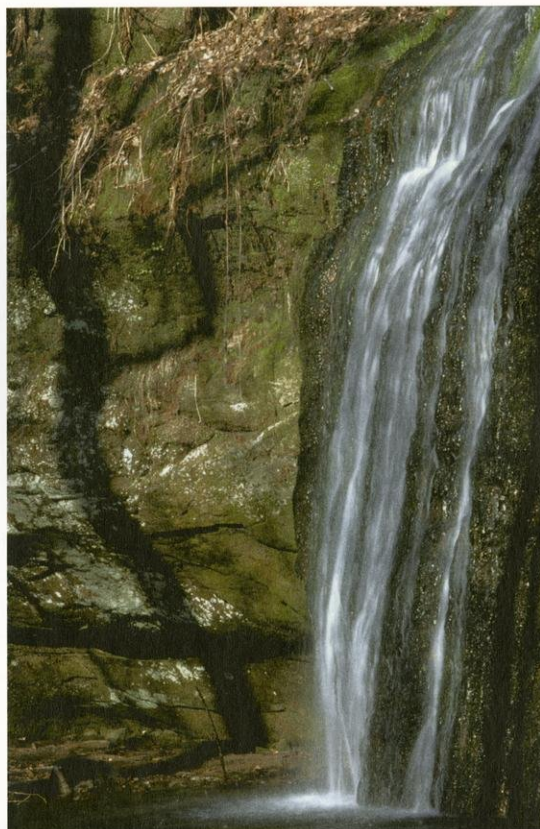
Swimming Upstream (2001), oil on canvas

Collection of Sonya Newenhouse.

BOB RASHID

"Landscape photography provides me with a vital photographic experience because here the distinction between nature and viewer grows unclear. As my instincts draw me to a particular spot, I investigate photographically what has pulled me there. In the past, my immediate response to the beauty I saw was direct exhilaration. Recently, I have become interested in creating more abstract images that focus on confusing the boundaries between separate things. Water appears often in my work. My second book, *Gone Fishing*, was as much about our relationship with water as it was about fishing ... It is water's physical and symbolic richness that brings me back to it again and again."

Bob Rashid lives in Madison, but he knows the entire state from one end to the other. He created photographs for the book *Wisconsin's Rustic Roads*, a project he initiated because of his desire to immerse himself in the natural beauty of the back roads of Wisconsin in every season. He photographed the project for two years and logged more than 15,000 miles traveling all of the state's rustic roads. Rashid's photography was recently shown in a group exhibition, *Wisconsin Prints*, at the John Michael Kohler Arts Center's Artspace in Kohler.



Stephen's Falls (2001), Governor Dodge State Park



Devil's Island (1999), Apostle Islands

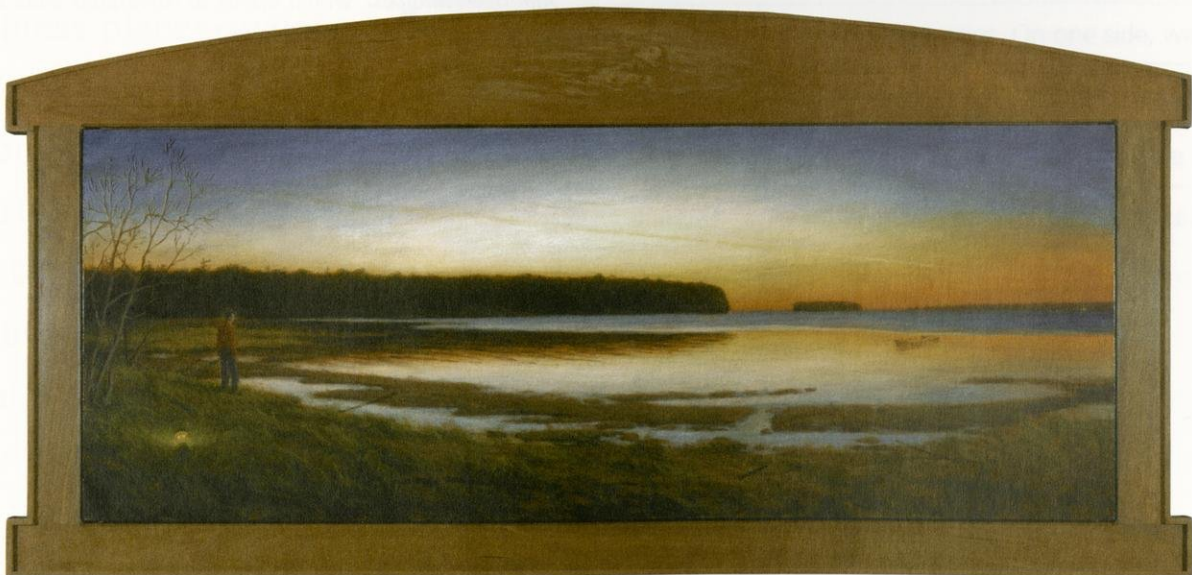
BARRY ROAL CARLSEN

"I don't see my work as strictly landscape. My hope is to capture a small moment in time. The images I paint are an homage to place, memories, people, and time spent on the water with my family in the north woods. Water to me has always been mysterious. Sometimes it's intriguing, even compelling and sometimes frightening. It's always had that duality and I've always wanted to live around water so I could experience it more often."

Barry Carlsen lives in Madison, but in his yearning for open water he often pulls his boat out of his backyard to head northward. These trips include the waters of Door County and an important annual muskie quest in Vilas County. Barry's paintings will be included in *Wisconsin/Landscapes*, a group exhibition at the University of Wisconsin–Eau Claire in February 2003.



Between Places (2002), oil on panel, cherry frame



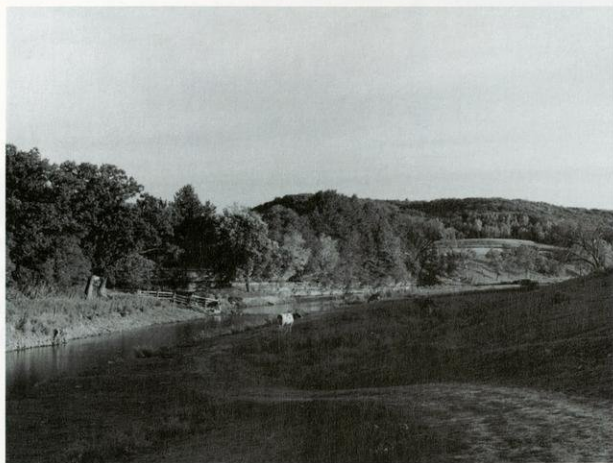
On Separate Shores II (2002), oil on panel, cherry frame

GREG CONNIFF

"This cow and pig, photographed in Wisconsin during the 1980s, stand in good light in open space near moving water. They are beautiful to me. Coming upon moments like this makes me think of Keats' lines: 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all/ Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

"He wrote this as a Romantic, before the age of advertising and in the early years of the Industrial Revolution, when the limited presence of science made it just possible for a young poet to equate appearance with essence. When I look at these pictures, the cow, the pig, the light, the water, and the space all remain beautiful—and the light and space still speak truths to me. But I would never have drunk the water and nowadays I might not eat meat from the animals. And yet Keats was onto something."

Greg Conniff lives in Madison, where his passion for the visual and the environmental aspects of landscape merge. His formal explorations in photography have influenced the look of the extensive perennial flower gardens that he maintains in his backyard and in the backyards of some of his neighbors. Conniff's art will be included in a traveling exhibition, *The View from Here: Recent Pictures from Central Europe and the American Midwest*, which opens in November 2002 at the Ludwig Museum in Budapest.



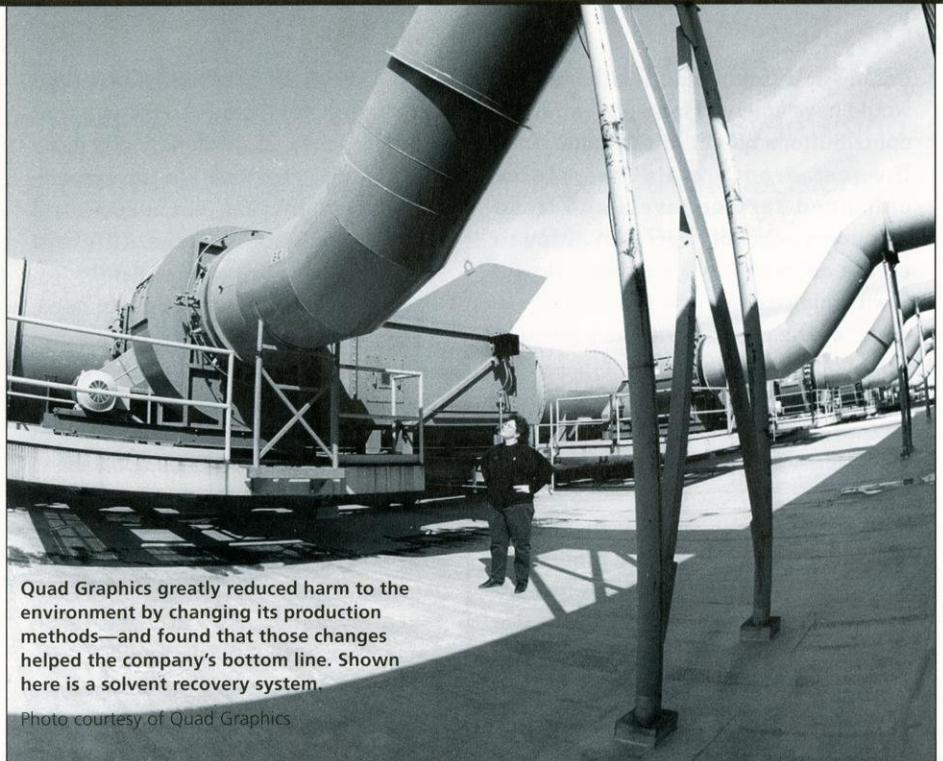
Iowa County, Wisconsin (1988)



Iowa County, Wisconsin (1985)

Business for Good

A new way of doing business places social and environmental responsibility at the heart of the enterprise. Meet “new millennium businesses” and learn what moves them—and how they may improve our future.



Quad Graphics greatly reduced harm to the environment by changing its production methods—and found that those changes helped the company's bottom line. Shown here is a solvent recovery system.

Photo courtesy of Quad Graphics

BY KAY PLANTES

A SMALL BUT GROWING NUMBER OF BUSINESSES are challenging the common perception that an organization's *raison d'être* falls into one of two mutually exclusive camps. On one side, we have reputable community-focused organizations designed solely to “do good”; on the other, we have profit-seeking businesses designed to maximize shareholder value. A third, and growing, type of business defies this division by proactively embedding social and environmental considerations into core business strategies. By marrying community-at-large concerns with profit-making strategies, these “new millennium businesses,” as I'll call them, grow profits and contribute to the public good far beyond their philanthropic contributions. The business trends that make this marriage successful should be front and center in every corporate and nonprofit boardroom in America.

For example, Nancy Christy, until recently the co-owner of an upscale Madison restaurant, Wilson Street Grill, employed people whom her industry peers rarely hired. Individuals with severe mental illnesses that normally preclude steady employment comprised one-third of her staff. In an industry with

terrible labor problems, especially high turnover, her committed, stable workforce helped Wilson Street Grill succeed in the exact location where others had failed (until, after 15 years in business, the restaurant was forced to close to make way for a new courthouse). Workers gained responsibility, confi-

dence, and independence that never would have emerged from philanthropic contributions alone. At the same time, the restaurant's stable workforce enhanced service levels and freed resources normally spent on hiring to create an even more aesthetic downtown dining experience. Helping did not come at the expense of business success. Rather, the two missions—great downtown dining and building a truly diverse workforce—worked in synergy. Wilson Street Grill's experience, and that of other new millennium businesses, demonstrate that not only is there not a tradeoff between generating profits and serving the common good, the two are compatible and even synergistic. Furthermore, the resulting revenue and profits mean more. In Christy's words, "The success of our employees helped us redefine our own success as a business."

New millennium business leaders see their businesses as engines to enhance the common good, not just to meet customers' needs and make money. They accomplish both by bridging the chasm between two typically separate sets of business decisions: those designed to make money by meeting customers' needs and those designed to enhance the public good. By infusing a community-at-large mission into all their deci-

sions, they create a socially advanced and synergistic business strategy that advances financial and community goals as one; they "give back" to the community beyond providing jobs, income, and donations. This is a far different approach from corporate philanthropy, which addresses how profits are used, or "cause marketing," which blends corporate and consumer philanthropy by channeling a percentage of a product's sales price or advertising expenditures to a nonprofit cause. While important to the community and the company's reputation, these efforts are usually a sideline to the core business. Leaders rarely delegate business strategy, but a staff person is generally assigned to be responsible for public affairs.

Businesses can be placed along a continuum that measures the degree of alignment between core business strategies and public good advancement initiatives. I am addressing them in three categories. First come new millennium businesses designed to go beyond regulations to reduce or eliminate harm caused by products and operations. Next come the businesses, like Wilson Street Grill, that blend a for-profit mission with a public good mission. Finally come for-profit businesses created solely to alleviate an environmental or social problem.

REDUCE OR ELIMINATE HARM

Just as a physician's first ethic is to do no harm, some new millennium business leaders are going far beyond regulatory demands to reduce damage they might have done. By their success, they are leading other companies to see that "reducing harm" can in fact enhance the bottom line. Because many aspects of environmental issues—energy conservation, green design, packaging, and the like—often are not addressed by state or federal laws,¹ these businesses are slowing and in some cases eliminating environmental degradation.

Quad Graphics, a large Pewaukee printing company, has had a recycling ethic since its opening in 1971. But the main focus of its environmental management was on meeting regulatory requirements. This shifted in 1989, when an important customer asked, "What is the company's environmental philosophy?" In response, Quad Graphics adopted a more holistic understanding of their environmental impact, explains Tom Estock, the company's environmental manager. An experimental program—reducing waste ink—led the company to better understand the magnitude of its environmental impact and its cost. Many other successes followed. For example, the company achieved a 92 percent reduction in air emissions from rotogravure printing by redesigning production methods. This was accomplished despite a 690 percent increase in production.

Quad Graphics gains three very positive benefits by going beyond regulatory requirements, Estock notes. First, supply costs fall, savings that drop to the bottom line. Second, the company has an important point of differentiation against other printers, a key to securing more market share or higher prices (catalog companies, for example, many of whom use Quad Graphics, often look at environmental records to choose among qualified vendors). Finally, the company has created a less adversarial relationship with Wisconsin's Department of Natural Resources. This saves time and money.

A celebration of building "green" at Don Simon Homes.
Second from left is Dane County Executive Kathleen Falk.



Photo courtesy of Don Simon Homes

Don Simon Homes, based in Madison, recently won a prestigious national quality award. But what the company is doing on the environmental front is just as impressive. "For the last couple of years we have been focusing on how to give back to the community," says CEO David Simon. "One easy way is charitable events and contributions. But then we started to focus on the whole philosophy of how we build homes and neighborhoods and what our industry is doing, and, to say the least, this is an area for huge improvement."

All Don Simon homes are now Energy Star and Green Built, two certifications of environmentally friendly building that Don Simon Homes was able to earn without adding to the homeowners' purchase price. This positively differentiates the company as "there is typically a premium paid" for these certifications, according to Simon. And Don Simon Homes helps the environment. "This year we will build about 300 homes. The energy savings we generate can heat 40 additional homes. Just imagine how our industry could affect energy consumption if we did this across the state," Simon says.

Simon's holistic approach also led the company to think about the environmental problems of suburban sprawl. Two new developments will be mini-towns, where shopping and living co-exist and housing comes in all types and prices. This design approach, often called New Urbanism, has greatly enhanced the company's relationships with local government officials. "It was the right thing to do, but it also makes us shine when compared to other projects," says Simon, noting that the company has received praise from planning commissions and other local officials. Better regulatory relationships are critical to a developer. They shorten the development cycle, requiring less borrowing. Again, the difference drops to the bottom line.

Sometimes community-at-large initiatives are best done in partnership with nonprofits. S. C. Johnson, headquartered in Racine, is home to Pledge, Windex, and other well-known household brands. The company has a core

New millennium business leaders see their businesses as engines to enhance the common good. By infusing a community-at-large mission into all their decisions, they create a socially advanced and synergistic business strategy that advances financial and community goals as one.

belief in being a responsible leader and contributing to the well-being of communities where it conducts business. Working with Goodwill Industries, S. C. Johnson captures recyclable production and facility waste that Goodwill then sells to companies who use it in their production. The business has generated jobs for the handicapped and income for both Goodwill and S. C. Johnson. With a fifth generation of family leadership at the helm, the company's leaders are focused on continual reduction in the *absolute* amount of waste and emissions. They not only are reducing waste but also, like Quad Graphics, are using more environmentally friendly materials to begin with. Says Cynthia Georgeson, the company's public affairs director, "The company reduced or eliminated over 460 million pounds of waste in products and processes throughout the 1990s, and in the course of that time realized \$125 million in savings." Since the company ties charitable giving to a fixed percentage of pretax profits, those "waste" savings also have helped boost the company's philanthropy. Winning consumer loyalty and enhancing employee morale are two additional benefits from S. C. Johnson's ongoing environmental initiatives, Georgeson says.

True, these businesses have some way to go before "no harm" is reached. What is important is they are redesigning products, selecting new materials, and changing operations to make steady progress in the right direction. In Georgeson's words, "We will never promise to be perfect. But if we stop making progress, you can definitely hold us accountable for that."

Just as products and operational processes can be bad for nature, narrow-minded pursuit of profits can be

detrimental to employees, their families, and communities. Another new millennium business integrates social concerns into core business strategies and finds it is good for business. The Brewer Company, headquartered in Menomonee Falls, produces medical furnishings for physician offices. To survive in the face of low-priced import competition, Brewer needed to shift production to Asia. While most companies respond to these situations by eliminating U.S. jobs, Brewer started selling upholstery services to other manufacturers to save their jobs. Upholstery sales are at \$5 million and growing, and workers, families, and their community were not harmed. Furthermore, retaining upholstery services opened yet another business opportunity for the company.

BLENDING A FOR-PROFIT AND PUBLIC GOOD MISSION

Allen-Edmonds, like Wilson Street Grill, is an example of the second group of new millennium businesses who go beyond "reduce or do no harm" philosophies to proactively use their core businesses to advance community causes.

John Stollenwerk's commitment to community began with his family and extended into positions with international aid organizations before he purchased Allen-Edmonds, a high-end men's shoe manufacturer in Port Washington. Growing demand in the 1990s necessitated a new plant. Whereas Stollenwerk could have joined most other U.S. shoe manufacturers by going offshore, he felt a strong commitment to Wisconsin. In his words, "If you take the churches and businesses out of a community, what do you have left? We're all part of what

"It was a good business decision. You certainly couldn't invest in a plant like that and 150 people out of the goodness of your heart," says John Stollenwerk of Allen-Edmonds about building a new factory in downtown Milwaukee.

makes up this community, and I want to be part of all of it."

Allen-Edmonds built a new factory in the heart of the barren industrial area of downtown Milwaukee, bringing steady, well-paying jobs to a place of high unemployment. "It was a good business decision. You certainly couldn't invest in a plant like that and 150 people out of the goodness of your heart. Those people were there, they had the skills we needed, and it turned out to be terrific for all of us," says Stollenwerk. "I'd like to see more people move business into the city. There's a lot of good real estate in the city of Milwaukee—literally hundreds of empty buildings or lots. It's a shame people opt to move out and buy 10, 20, or 50 acres in the middle of a farm field to set up a one-story building and parking lot," says Stollenwerk. Ironically, labor shortages are one of the key con-

straints on growth in Milwaukee's fast-growing western suburban areas.

Fitchburg Center, a Dane County land development organization, wanted to preserve land close to Madison from the damages of traditional development efforts. Its mission as developer was to grow the economic return on the land and enhance its inherent beauty and the enjoyment of all who use it. Various corporate headquarters are located on their campus, including the biotech company Promega, as well as a daycare, a private elementary school, and a hospice care center. The public green is an exquisite and vast cross between an Asian garden and prairie, and is filled with native Wisconsin plants. Tight protective covenants are in effect (for example, regulating the building footprint relative to lot size). These improvements not only provide optimal

environmental solutions, but, along with an expanding trail system, enhance life for employees, children, hospice visitors, and area residents. The strategy has attracted highly desired company headquarters and increased land values faster than in other corporate parks. Bill Linton, co-owner of Fitchburg Center, points to another business benefit for his second company, Promega. When customers, suppliers, and employees see "the careful design and attention brought to an environment that does not have an immediate and obvious profit motive, that it is thought through, they know the people responsible for the business also think through details and care about others. It shows we have values that go beyond what money we make in a quarter." And that appeals to employees, customers, and suppliers, Linton says.

CREATED TO SOLVE A COMMUNITY PROBLEM

A final group of new millennium business leaders, not unlike nonprofit organizations, define their business around a community cause. Where others see environmental and community issues as costs, these leaders see profitable opportunities.

One such company is the Sustainable Woods Cooperative. President Warren Gaskill says its purpose is to "improve the management of southwestern Wisconsin woodlands in ways that restore and respect the native diversity of the species that are there." (See article about the Sustainable Woods Cooperative in the spring 2002 issue of the *Wisconsin Academy Review*.)

The company as conservationist: Fitchburg Center near Madison is home to several corporate headquarters, but also provides a scenic and recreational environment for a daycare center, an elementary school, a hospice care center—and area bikers and bladders.

Photo courtesy of Fitchburg Center



Typically, landowners sell the best, highest-quality mature trees to loggers, who then sell wood products at a profit. This practice has seriously reduced the diversity of the state's woodlands. By joining owners in a cooperative, landowners maintain ownership of the lumber throughout the manufacturing process, selling final wood products under the label "sustainable wood." The additional income from selling higher-value finished wood (as opposed to selling trees) covers the additional cost and initial lost income of sustainable forestry practices. Sustainable forestry not only is good for the woodlands, but also increases annual land income, as Wisconsin's Menomonee Indians have shown. In Gaskill's estimation, the co-op is a "great example of thinking globally and acting locally. The model is not complex, like building a 'green' car. It's a very simple equation. Spend a buck on sustainable wood, and improve Wisconsin's woodlands."

While the Sustainable Woods Cooperative is too young to measure its environmental and economic return, The Alliance in Madison is an enduring success as a cause business. The Alliance is an employer cooperative founded in 1990 to help members contain health-care costs and at the same time enhance the quality and value of the community's health-care system (see related story on page 40). Its staff contracts with health-care providers on behalf of members. They also work with health care providers in community-wide quality-improvement initiatives like reducing cesarean section rates and improving chronic disease management. Companies are saving money and community-health initiatives are succeeding. Along with health care providers, the Alliance is demonstrating that businesses working collaboratively can enhance community well-being.

WHY IT WORKS

As I learned more about new millennium businesses in Wisconsin and elsewhere, two questions came to mind. Why does their strategy of merging

community-at-large and profitability missions into one strategy succeed? And what differentiates new millennium business leaders from others?

New millennium business strategies work because they leverage multiple interconnected trends in the economy and society. These trends provide the scaffolding on which new millennium business leaders succeed in their focus on profits and community. There are seven trends that support new millennium businesses' success. Collectively, they suggest that many other companies may soon follow in their footsteps:

1. Growing labor force shortages. Companies' success increasingly depends on talented "knowledge workers" who are increasingly difficult to recruit and retain as their know-how makes them highly mobile. Peter Drucker, an esteemed business expert, argues that an aging population coupled with the growing need for such workers will make "attracting them and holding them the central task of people management" in the future.² Companies that act responsibly toward the environment and the community build positive reputations that attract and retain employees.³ S. C. Johnson's belief that people

are its greatest asset underlies work policies that support a balanced life and healthier communities, making it one of *Fortune* magazine's "Top 100 Employers to Work For." And companies like Wilson Street Grill demonstrate skills in working with a nontraditional labor force that many companies will need to learn.

2. Changes in consumer demand. Americans increasingly want to buy products from companies that act responsibly toward people and the environment. Paul H. Ray talks about this trend in his book, *The Cultural Creatives* (Harmony Books, 2000). A 1999 millennium poll conducted by European institutions working with the U.S. Conference Board, an organization representing large U.S. businesses, found that 17 percent of citizens in 23 countries avoid products of companies they perceive as not being socially responsive. An October 2001 Cone/Roper public opinion poll found that 81 percent of respondents report a likelihood to switch brands to more socially responsible companies when price and quality are equal, an all-time high.

3. Growth in social investments. The number of social investors who select



Stitching shoes at Allen-Edmonds, which built a factory in a Milwaukee brownfield—and found many quality employees nearby.

Photo courtesy of Allen-Edmonds

"There is an interconnection between our physical environment, our economic environment, and our social environment. You cannot make decisions from just one platform," says Cynthia Georgeson of S. C. Johnson.

stocks and mutual funds based not only on financial performance, but also on such criteria as a company's environmental impact, workplace practices, and human rights practices, is growing. Total U.S. assets screened for one or more of those criteria increased from \$639 billion in 1995 to \$2.6 trillion in 1999.⁴ Meeting social investors' criteria increases demand for a company's stock and thereby lowers its cost of capital. Investments screened for social responsibility are likely to grow even more in the future. Tim H. Smith, senior vice president of socially responsive investing (yes, there is such a position) at Walden Asset Management, says, "The claim Wall Street wants to make is you're going to lose money by screening. That's held back demand for our funds. But what we've proven now through studies and examples of performance is that's not even close to the case. You don't pay a conscience penalty for being a socially responsible investor. In addition, some are beginning to argue that the socially responsible companies actually outperform [the indexes]."

4. Changing global market requirements. The United States did not sign the Kyoto Agreement, but many other countries did. Global corporations are redesigning their businesses to meet corporate social responsibility requirements in their most stringent markets, changing expectations for U.S. locations. Sauer-Danfoss is the world's largest manufacturer of mobile hydraulics, headquartered in Denmark. Although its Sturtevant, Wisconsin, facility is subject only to DNR's rainwater runoff regulation, the plant reduced environmental impacts across their operations (example: eliminating lead and reducing scrap and coolants). And it became one of the

first Wisconsin companies to earn ISO 14,001 certification in response to requests from European headquarters. Introduced in 2000, this certifies that a stringent environmental management system is in place. Patrick Eagan, an associate professor in the University of Wisconsin-Madison's School of Engineering, travels globally helping companies infuse environmental considerations into product design. He warns, "Wisconsin companies that fail to heed global environmental pressures do so at their own peril. In fact, it may be too late for many companies to get into the supply chain of global leaders that are becoming more proactive environmentally."

5. Growing transparency of business actions. There are multiple government and nonprofit organization websites where consumers, job hunters, employees, and investors can evaluate the social and environmental responsibility of companies. Many nonprofit coalitions and mutual funds screened for social responsibility are now encouraging companies to publish their environmental and social impacts. S. C. Johnson is one company to do so.⁵ Public transparency is critical for weeding out the pretend new millennium business leaders who use marketing spin tactics to promote "do-good" initiatives that mask environmentally or socially detrimental business practices.

6. Pressure from investors. Social investment fund managers collaborate on shareholder petitions to end corporate practices that are not socially or environmentally responsible. Often companies will agree to their improvement suggestions lest they receive adverse publicity in the media and

shareholder questions. The Coca-Cola Company recently agreed to higher recycled content in bottling in response to social investment funds' request.

7. Growing opportunities for environmentally friendly materials. The broadening and deepening environmental consciousness of companies around the globe is increasing demand for new materials. As a result, attractive opportunities exist for technologists and entrepreneurs. Paul Hawken, founder of Smith & Hawken garden tools and supplies and a noted writer about business and the environment, claims the next industrial revolution will center on the development of substitute materials and production approaches that eliminate environmental problems.⁶ "Valuing our stock of natural capital can lead to astonishing breakthroughs in processes, products, and design," writes Hawken.⁷

Why do new millennium business leaders see and act on these trends while others do not? First, they are systems thinkers. Says Cynthia Georgeson of S. C. Johnson: "There is an interconnection between our physical environment, our economic environment, and our social environment. You cannot make decisions from just one platform." Three other leaders I interviewed simply stated, "What goes around comes around."

Second, they are unwilling to accept an assumption embedded in American culture that there is a tradeoff between earning high salaries and profits on the one hand and acting on behalf of the common good on the other. Freed of this assumption and keenly interested, as systems thinkers, in issues normally left out of business conversations,⁸ these systems thinkers find a rich spectrum of opportunities to both "do good" and "do well." As in many areas of our lives, beliefs create their own reality. By not believing in a profit-contribution tradeoff, but instead adopting the higher-balcony view of systems thinkers, new millennium business leaders see opportunities that others too often miss, see as a problem, or are afraid to act on.

NOTES

Their work fuels their own hope and the hope of people their businesses touch.

While most of my Wisconsin examples are privately held companies, a growing number of publicly traded U.S. companies fit the description of new millennium businesses. For example, Harry Kraemer, CEO of Baxter International, a leading global health-care products company, made "best corporate citizen" a fourth element in Baxter Health Care's vision statement. As a member of the Global Reporting Initiative,⁹ Baxter publishes hard numbers on its environmental and social impacts. "Kraemer's approach has not been to pay for citizenship with shareholders' money, but to integrate citizenship into all business practices to bring more money to the bottom line."¹⁰

Nevertheless, private ownership makes it easier, as there is less pressure for quarter-to-quarter earnings improvement. Decisions in private companies can be made based on longer-term impacts even when they create short-term profitability declines. Peter Drucker¹¹ claims that short-term and long-term profitability are not incompatible, just harder to balance. Promega's Linton has an interesting perspective in talking to his leadership team about going public. "If we take the step, my philosophies do not change, my underlying beliefs do not change. Yes, we have another audience to be attentive to, but they do not run the business. We run the business, we manage the business, and we are making decisions that are beneficial for the long term. If you are consistent with what you do and say, Wall Street investors will grow to accept this."

As new millennium business leaders speak publicly about their experience, more leaders will follow out of vested self-interest. My guess is that sometime into the new millennium, perhaps in time for our great-grandchildren's lives, the phrase "corporate social responsibility" will become synonymous with "good, sound business practices." ▼

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1. Mark McDermid, Wisconsin DNR's director of the Bureau of Cooperative Environmental Assistance, reporting on the work of a multistate working group.
2. P. Drucker, "The Next Society," *The Economist*, November 3, 2001
3. 1999 Millennium Poll Study conducted by Environics International, Ltd. In cooperation with the Prince of Wales Business Leaders Forum and the Conference Board
4. A. Fung, T. Hebb, J. Rogers, *Working Capital*, Cornell University Press, 2001
5. www.scjohnsonwax.com. A 2001 CSWire survey found that about half of the world's largest companies are releasing environmental or social responsibility reports, a 15 percent increase since 1999.
6. Paul Hawken, A. Lovins, and L. H. Lovins, *Natural Capitalism*, Little, Brown and Company, 1999
7. Paul Hawken, "Down to Business," *The Sun*, April 2002
8. Paul Hawken, "Down to Business," *The Sun*, April 2002
9. The Global Reporting Initiative (GRI) was established in 1997 to develop globally applicable guidelines for reporting economic, environmental, and social performance for corporations (later expanded to all organizations). The organization was created by the Coalition for Environmentally Responsible Economies (CERES) in partnership with the United Nations Environmental Program. The GRI seeks to make sustainability reporting as routine and credible as financial reporting (written pre-Enron) in terms of comparability, rigor, and verifiability. Comparability will create a basis for benchmarking best practices and enable managers to gauge their businesses' progress regarding sustainable development.
10. www.chiefexecutive.net, February 2002
11. P. Drucker, "The Next Society," *The Economist*, November 3, 2001

Consumer-centered health care: A new and promising model?

"The American health care delivery system is in need of fundamental change. Many patients, doctors, nurses, and health care leaders are concerned that the care delivered is not, essentially, the care we should receive. The frustration levels of both patients and clinicians have probably never been higher. Yet the problems remain. Health care today harms too frequently and routinely fails to deliver its potential benefits."

Crossing the Quality Chasm:
A New Health Care System for the 21st Century
Institute of Medicine, 2001



BY CHRISTOPHER QUERAM

The return of double-digit increases in health insurance costs has refocused the attention of public and private employers, health care providers, researchers, and legislators on the problems of the American health care system. The situation is no different here in Wisconsin, as employers of all size are being confronted by a relentless increase in costs. The Wisconsin Department of Employee Trust Funds (ETF), which purchases coverage for state employees, recorded a 13.5 percent increase in costs for calendar year 2002; all indications are that the increase for next year will be comparable, perhaps even higher. In the Milwaukee area, a group of private employers published a report earlier this year showing that health care costs in that part of the state are 55 percent higher than the national average. And the Wisconsin news media have reported numerous anecdotal stories of health insurance increases in the range of 20 to 50 percent, particularly for employers with small workforces.

The cost trend has prompted a desperate search for answers and solutions that will allow employers, both public and private, to continue to offer a voluntary benefit while remaining competitive in the local, national, and global marketplaces. For example, the State Group Insurance Board has directed ETF to conduct a comprehensive review of its health insurance program; the mayor of Milwaukee convened a task force to develop strategies to address the cost problem in that region; and CEOs and CFOs in scores of companies statewide are demanding that their human resources staff "do something" to reverse the upward trend.

This combination of forces suggests that some type of change is in the offing. In the late 1980s, the strategy advocated by health policy experts and adopted by many health care purchasers—private employers as well as the federal and state governments—was managed care, seen then as a promising way to control costs while simultaneously promoting health and wellness. Health maintenance organizations (HMOs) experienced tremendous growth and quickly came to dominate the health care marketplace. Today, some are questioning whether

HMOs have fulfilled their promise. And others are looking for new approaches that more actively engage the consumer—the actual user of health care services—in health care decision-making, while creating incentives for providers to reduce costs and improve quality through improved systems and processes for the delivery of quality care.

WHY WE NEED A CHANGE

Before we consider what this brave new world of consumer-centered health care might look like, it is essential to examine the forces creating the pressure for change.

First and foremost is the matter of the increase in health care costs. Factors exerting upward pressure on costs are numerous, significant, and not easily resolved. Any list would include the following: hospitals and clinics are engaged in a seemingly endless cycle of expansion/renovation/replacement of their physical plants to keep pace with technology and customer expectations; new "boutique" facilities such as heart hospitals or such specialty services as laser surgery centers are being added in communities with excess capacity—such as Milwaukee—further exasperating an already stressed marketplace; shortfalls in government reimbursement, particularly Medicare, force providers to increase charges to commercial insurers and patients to "make up" the difference; direct-to-consumer advertising creates intense demand for brand-name pharmaceuticals when substantially less expensive generic equivalents are available and often adequate; the aging population and an increase in sedentary lifestyles create a continuing demand for acute, interventional services; and workforce shortages force providers to pay above-market wages and benefits to recruit and retain staff. Taken together, it is reasonable to assert that the upward cost trend will continue for the foreseeable future, if not indefinitely.

A second major factor is the magnitude of the problems with the quality and safety of American health care. Known to the health services research community for many years, the extent

of the quality “chasm” has become more widely known due to a series of reports issued by the respected and authoritative Institute of Medicine. The quality issues have been categorized as problems of *over-use* (defined as a situation where the risk of performing a service exceeds the benefit; in other words, the service is not medically necessary, but done anyway); *under-use* (a situation where the benefit exceeds the risk, yet the service is not performed); and *misuse* (also known as medical errors). The research literature is replete with examples where medical practice deviates from scientific evidence, adding unnecessary cost and burden to the system and to patients. Many experts believe that as much as 30 percent of the total amount spent on health care each year is simply wasted due to poor quality.

A third major factor is the growing realization that the health care system is fraught with misaligned incentives. Health care consumers are largely insulated from the actual cost of health care services by virtue of first-dollar coverage and the third-party reimbursement system. Moreover, consumers often have limited choice of providers and little information with which to compare the relative performance of hospitals, clinics, and individual physicians, or to evaluate treatment alternatives. Provider organizations have made scant investment in quality improvement and information technology because no one, be they group purchasers or individual patients, is demanding or paying for it. Indeed, the majority of existing payment mechanisms provide little incentive for providers to pursue a competitive advantage based on quality or to acquire the information technology required to support improvement in quality and operating efficiency.

Finally, perhaps the most significant force for change stems from the fact that employers—who are responsible for most health insurance coverage in the United States—are growing restless. As noted previously, both private- and public-sector employers are alarmed by the double-digit cost trend and the consumer backlash against managed care.

The rate of increase is not sustainable, particularly at a time when revenue or tax growth has slowed due to the economic downturn. Furthermore, private employers are concerned about the potential for increased liability exposure should Congress enact a “Patients’ Bill of Rights” that allows employees to sue employers for damages due to medical decisionmaking. Some employers may use these developments as an “exit strategy” and drop health care coverage entirely. However, most employers see health insurance as critical to their ability to attract and retain a skilled workforce, and are actively looking for creative ways to restructure the benefit to address underlying problems with the market. The alternative, in many cases, will be consumer-centered health care.

WHAT IS CONSUMER-CENTERED HEALTH CARE?

Our organization, the Employer Health Care Alliance Cooperative (The Alliance), is among the vanguard of those working to develop a new approach to employer-sponsored health insurance. Founded in 1990, The Alliance is an employer-owned and -directed business coalition whose mission is to assist employers in managing the cost and quality of their company-sponsored health insurance benefit. A core principle of The Alliance is that consumers should be given better information to make informed decisions about their health and the organizations they turn to for care. This tenet, coupled with employers’ need to realign financial incentives to control cost and improve quality, provides a solid foundation upon which to build a new type of health insurance program.

While the forces driving employers to adopt a new strategy are clear, there is no single form that a “consumer-centered” health care system will take. Rather than one model, there will likely be a variety of approaches, all of which will embody the following design principles:

- Employees will be asked to assume increased responsibility for decision-making in terms of the health care services they choose to receive, the caregivers who provide the services, and the cost of these services;
- Employees will be given financial incentives to seek appropriate care, both preventive and acute;
- Employees will be given web-enabled decision support tools, with an emphasis on increased transparency of differences in the cost and quality of local health care providers; and
- Hospitals and clinics will be required to provide increased disclosure and transparency of variations in both the price and quality of services they provide.

The consumer-centered health care model is an emerging concept. An analogy that helps describe its structure and function is the shift from pension plans to individual retirement accounts/plans in the mid-1980s. Motivated by a change in accounting rules for future pension liabilities, employers gradually shifted to making a payment (a “defined contribution”) to an employee’s retirement, with the employee assuming responsibility for managing the investment choices. This change from a defined benefit to a defined contribution led to the growth of the mutual fund industry; soon after, consumer-oriented services like Morningstar emerged to provide information to help consumers make decisions among the myriad of investment options. Today few employers offer a traditional pension, and employees have accepted and adjusted to the responsibilities they bear for their financial well-being.

Many believe that this same model can be applied to health care. Under this approach, an employer would make an annual contribution to each employee’s “personal care account”; the amount would vary based on whether the employee is single, married, and/or providing coverage for dependents. The employee would have the ability to

choose from an array of providers from whom to receive health care services. The employee would manage the choice of when and from whom to receive health care; however, unlike the traditional model of insurance, the cost of routine services as well as coinsurance and deductibles is drawn from the employee's "personal care account." Any funds left over at the end of a plan year would roll over to the next, creating the potential for the fund to grow over time. In addition, the employer would provide a major medical plan to ensure coverage for more significant needs such as hospitalization. And the employee would be provided with incentives to make wise choices on preventive services, along with cost and quality information on the health care providers in the local community.

Admittedly, the concept of "defined contribution" health care is in its infancy, and the employers around the country who have adopted this model have not yet had sufficient time to gauge

its true potential. Care must be exercised so that consumers of all ages and health status are encouraged to participate, thus minimizing the risk that only the young and healthy enroll (a phenomenon known as "adverse selection"); and information on differences in the price and quality of health care providers must be accessible and comprehensible to people of all levels of income, education, and literacy. Nonetheless, the intuitive appeal is motivating many more employers to examine the concept and, barring a sudden return to a more favorable cost trend, the likelihood of increased adoption is high. In fact, some predictions suggest that as many as 20 to 30 percent of all employer-sponsored health care coverage will be under a "defined contribution" model by the end of 2003.

Many skeptics believe the concept of consumerism—that is, providing the actual user of health care services with the responsibility, incentives, information, and tools needed to make deci-

sions based on cost and quality—will not take hold in health care; or that consumer-centered models may be slow to materialize in a predominantly rural state like Wisconsin. Yet many organizations, including The Alliance, are working to create the infrastructure needed to translate these concepts into real solutions. Indeed, this process of building the technical capacity and intellectual architecture, along with sheer determination, could eventually put the consumer in a position to help drive fundamental changes to the system. ▼

Christopher Queram is CEO of the Employer Health Care Alliance Cooperative (The Alliance) in Madison. He welcomes your comments at cqueram@alliancehealthcoop.com



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The Ideas Network: we talk about issues that matter to you.



Bones and All

Dad and I shared The Sardine Ceremony.
Underwood's from an oval container
opened, ever so slowly, with the metal key.
I'd scrape the mustard sauce off the lid
and back onto the tiny fish then flip
plop it all onto a turquoise Melmac plate.

Dad broke Premium Saltines at their perforations
into equal and exacting fourths.
Fat sardines were halved from the belly side,
small ones left whole, each shaped into precise pieces,
forked and fitted onto the puffy side of cracker squares
then drizzled with the sacred sauce.
We savored our delicacies, bones and all.

Dad applied the same sense of ritual
to eating beef marrow from each Sunday's roast.
He'd spread that blob onto Wonder bread,
chew and swallow with the same satisfied smile,
the same scientific precision that dominated his life
until cancer began its unceremonious rampage
not through his bones, but his colon, liver, lungs.

Not an orderly regeneration of cells
but an inexplicable multiplication
like insidious, infectious loaves and fishes,
feeding on all that was precious and predictable,
all that was handed out in loving parable;
handed down like the need for precision
and ceremony, like genetic marrow,
like a taste for sardines with mustard sauce.

by Sue De Kever

Lance In Her Pocket

Jenny stares at the *Lady of Shallot*
hanging in her living room,
a damsel in a boat
moored on a Medieval shore.
Waterhouse has given her doleful eyes,
unbraided hair, vigil candles
and a crucifix to guide her.
She holds a fragile chain
poised to set herself adrift,
to grieve herself to death.

Jenny has studied this twice told tale,
Tennyson versions of Elaine,
the lily maid of Astolat,
in unrequited love with Lancelot,
his heart tied to Guinevere,
his allegiance tethered to the king.

It's such a stupid soap Jenny says
to Elaine as she steps into the boat.
It's like As the Round Table Turns.
Can't you see how pathetic it is?
And what about the queen?
Do you think she has it any better
being loved by a man she can never have,
being married to a man she can never leave?

Grab the candles and come back
to the kitchen with me.
We need to talk.
I'm making Beef Bourguignon.
I'll pour us a nice Chardonnay
and then start searing the meat.
Maybe you could mince the shallots.

by Sue De Kolver

*Sue De Kolver is a freelance writer from Brussels. Her work has appeared in **Reader's Digest**, **Organic Gardening**, **Door County Magazine**, the **Wisconsin Academy Review**, **Fox Cry**, and the **Comstock Review**. She is a regular contributor to the **Door Peninsula Voice**, **Free Verse**, **The Valley Scene** and the **Wisconsin Poets' Calendar**. Sue has received the Wisconsin Regional Writers' Jade Ring and the Byline Literary Award for poetry. **Walnut from Waterloo**, her first chapbook, was published by Marsh River Editions in April 2002. Her poems appear in several collections, including **waiting for poems**, **Between the Sheets**, and **Muddy Water**.*

Timer

Not my wife yet and only recently
 my girlfriend, she agreed to meet the man
 and his only wife, the two who'd made me
 somehow. She didn't know the careful plan
 he had for that squat, unassuming lamp
 to her left, couldn't comprehend the hid-
 den mysteries of his will on that damp
 evening. She only saw how dusk had slid
 into the room and made her think to reach
 at and twist the black knob. You would have thought
 he'd lost a limb the way he all but screeched
 and told her about the timer he'd bought.
 When he died, she called all his friends to say
 how suddenly he'd clicked off yesterday.

by Bill Stadick

*Bill Stadick works as an associate creative director at Bader Rutter and Associates in Brookfield. His work has appeared in numerous publications, including **First Things**, **The Cresset**, **The Christian Century**, and **Christianity and Literature**. His work was also recognized in a national poetry competition judged by Donald Justice, Miller Williams, and Debra Bruce.*

Onomatopoeia

Somewhere between another M and P
 his heart decided it had had enough.
Thumpa, thumpa, thum...

Perfection as pre-
 destined, in a snap. Yes, it's tough-
 est on those left in this buzzing, roaring,
 plinking, squeaking world, where every *ahem*
 makes one think of him, where low snoring
 from a couch becomes a shrine to his mem-
 ory, where the metallic ring of pick
 on ice on roof is heard two months later
 when one tries to subtract from one's walk thick
 layers of January. Soon this blur
 of winter sounds will turn to drips and caws.
 I'm desperate for spring and its noisy thaws.

by Bill Stadick

The Funeral was Bold and Sad

As I entered the chapel
my lovely aunt caught my eye
and whipped her wig off.

Her head was tiny
and I rubbed it like a peach
and her makeup made her face
stand out in a mask.
Her eyes were larger than usual and
more beautiful too,
though she covers their brown
with blue contacts.
The service started with
Emmylou Harris and ended
with Amazing Grace and
the things said between
were exactly the types of things
I'd like people to say about me.

I sat with my aunt
clutching hold of my hand
so tightly my arm trembled
as she said "I'm so glad you're here"
under short staccato breath.

Later she told me she started
smoking again,
Marlboro Red 100's and I told her
I do too and it's
not the worst thing she could do
right now, considering.

At dinner I made her
freak the kids out
with her wig until Hannah,
my cousin's eight year old, screamed,
and then she had to pee, and then I
had to take her to the ladies room
and she told me "that was very mean."

When we got back to the table
my aunt had gone quite white.
She grabbed my arm,
told me we needed to go to the van
so we did. She got her purse,
opened it to reveal a pharmacy
and downed ten pills with a coke.

After that she didn't remember
my mom's name and she almost
messed mine up too and we soon left.
On the ride home she gave me
too many thank-yous
and talked about when I was a baby
and I screamed every time
she came near me and I told her
to stop telling that story
because that's what I always say.

Halfway home we had to stop
so she could puke in a ditch,
and her wig fell into dirt as she did
and I picked it up and
tried to dust it off
but it was muddy and mud
bound itself to her synthetic hair
and I had to give up on it
being entirely clean.

We lit up by the side of the road
next to a snow covered field
facing the moon,
and we sat on the hood of my Honda
holding hands
as we smoked in a moment
photographic
strangely lovely.

*Catherine May is a poet and editor living and working in Madison. Her first volume of poetry, **guts**, was published in last year.*

by Catherine May

The Discovery of Love

Cave dwellers wore primitive hats
to protect themselves from the sun.
An ocean has less salt density
than an average tear.

I learned these and other facts
in an antique barn near
Bayfield, Wisconsin, while
a woman I thought I'd marry

fondled a bottle of Dutch
perfume plucked from between
the one-armed Jesus
and the plastic lizard. Later,

she would dump me
for a Kung Fu instructor
canceling the wedding
via U.S. mail.

The first poems
were probably grunts
performed rhythmically
over fires. That night

we fucked three times
in a one-man tent. That
was all I really wanted to know
about the discovery of love.

Yes, I believe that soul
is God's salmon, dreaming
its way up the river of life. But
that night I was stoned

with eyes and tiny breasts, tired
of clichés, willing to trade two
thousand lifetimes for one more
ride on the proverbial horse.

Plants grow better listening to Mozart.
Scientists try to explain déjà vu
pointing to a trigger in
the pleasure center of the brain.

Nine years later, I pencil "forgiven"
on a postcard dropped
from the meandered pages
of that same book of facts

wondering, who was that naked man
screaming, "What have I done?"
as he discovered an owl cry in the forest
somewhere in a drizzling rain.

by Todd Temkin

*Todd Temkin, born in Milwaukee, has an M.A. in poetry writing from the University of Minnesota. He taught creative writing in Minnesota before becoming associate professor of contemporary North American literature at the Catholic University of Valparaíso, Chile in 1994, and, later, professor of English at the Adolfo Ibáñez University. In 1998, he founded the Valparaíso Foundation, dedicated to the urban renovation of Chile's historic seaport as a UNESCO world heritage city. As president of the foundation, Temkin administers projects ranging from restoring Valparaíso's hillside neighborhoods to waterfront renovation to organizing the city's film and jazz festivals. He has been decorated by the president of Chile and nominated as "person of the year" by the Valparaíso press. Temkin has published his poems in a dozen periodicals, most recently in **Porcupine** and **Pacific Review**.*

Perennial

for Louise

A mass of flowers
overruns the borders
of stone, of wood, that kept
them at bay.

Her husband was a vegetable man,
planted pole beans, onions,
what could be tasted, chewed,
what settled in the belly.

Now primrose, tiger lily,
wild bleeding hearts
trail through the grass, march
out of her dream and into her house,
a riot
of blossoms sparking out from every
midnight window.

Others will come with shovels and rakes,
take from her garden what
eyes alone can taste. And in their yards
a tumult of flowers, and in their dreams
a wild disorder, a tangle of colors
beating in their veins.

by C. J. Muchhala

*C. J. Muchhala's work has appeared in numerous publications, including the **Worcester Review**, **Porcupine**, **100 Words**, the anthology **Wisconsin Poets at the Elvehjem Museum of Art**, and is forthcoming in the **Comstock Review**. Her first collection of poems, **Traveling Without a Map**, was published in 1994. She is a member of the Sparks, a poetry performance troupe that recently released their debut CD, **The Sparks Look at News, Weather, and Sports**. She lives in Milwaukee. This is her third appearance in the **Wisconsin Academy Review**.*

The Maureen Bogg Sessions



BY JEFF ESTERHOLM

PHOTOS BY BILL BLANKENBURG



WISCONSIN
ACADEMY
REVIEW
SHORT STORY
CONTEST
WINNER

SECOND
PLACE

JULY 1993

I wonder now what a striking seventeen-year-old Goth with skin so pale and hair so jet, razored at angles around her sharp-edged face, could see in a gangly, five-eleven fourteen-year-old, occasional spray of acne across his forehead and a shy reserve that most times could produce only a halting mumble in response to, say, a parental, "Do you have any homework tonight?" At the time, when all I could reasonably expect was her palm out

and her asking for two dollars and five cents for the red and white box of caramel popcorn I was buying, I went into a subcutaneous, semi-masturbatory delirium when she asked, palm out, yes, but the price, perhaps, understood, "You're Phillip Strom, aren't you?" Because I knew she was Maureen Bogg. I'd known she was Maureen Bogg forever, at least since I was twelve.

That first and particular spring morning, I saw her before school for perhaps four or five seconds out our back door. She flashed down the alley on her bicycle in those four or five seconds, all seri-

ousness, pedaling with her head down. She was followed by a gang of five equally resolute girls. They and Maureen, all fifteen-year-olds. They were cheerleaders, the ones chasing Maureen, and she was definitely not one of them, a jock. I knew that at twelve, even before she dyed her limestone-colored hair black. And I knew that I liked it that she'd somehow pissed off those jocks enough for them to want to chase her down a puddled gravel alley. I liked it that she'd made an impact.

"You're Phillip Strom, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes," and my ears boiled on either side of my head.

Taking my three dollars and making change, Maureen Bogg said she knew of me from Wesley Amp, a friend I'd been practicing with since early on in the eighth grade. We had been trying to start a band down in his parents' basement since the previous September, rattling his mother's fresh-canned tomatoes and green beans and beets, wrecking my asthmatic lungs in the cob-webbed must and the smoke from Wesley's Camels, chunking out tortured covers of Nirvana and Pearl Jam songs.

This first meeting with Maureen, when she first spoke to me, was in July at the Mariner Mall, the summer before I began the ninth grade at Superior Senior High. In fact, it was the first of July, because it was two days later that Maureen called me up. Her mom was at work at the paper plant in Duluth, so Maureen borrowed her car, an old one from the seventies with collector plates, and picked me up that evening around seven.

I was a hyperactive little shit before she came by, checking my hair in the bathroom mirror, changing my clothes once or twice, three times. Three times. This was Maureen Bogg. I was going out with Maureen Bogg.

My mom would ask, "Where you off to, Phil?"

I would toss off, "Just out with Maureen. You know." I would nod my head. Mom would nod hers.

But Mom was oblivious to my comings and goings then. She was meeting people on the Net.

Maureen drove us out of Superior and through Allouez, to Moccasin Mike Road and Wisconsin Point. It was July, but it was cold on the beach by Lake Superior. My mom said she remembered years when there was ice out on the big lake into June. It was July now, no ice, but still cold. I hid my hands in the sleeves of my outsized sweatshirt and tried to not let my teeth chatter. Or not let Maureen see them chatter. I looked off to the northwest, across the water to the black and blue hills of Duluth.

We sat on a bleached driftwood log, scorched in the crotch of the trunk and a remaining limb by someone else's bonfire, and started our own fire with sticks and twigs and coiled rolls of birch bark. Here it was, summer, and we were the only ones on the beach.

Maureen had her compact disc player between us on the log and she put on some ancient Rolling Stones. Those

WINNING WORDS

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

"The Maureen Bogg Sessions" is an eye-catching title, and its charm holds true. But is the story delightfully sad or sadly delightful? You'll be tickled all the more if, like me, you couldn't begin to tell.

ciphers. My mom said they used to be pretty good in the sixties. Maureen, I didn't know if she really liked these guys or what. She never really told me what bands she did like. She just knew a lot about all of them. Like with this old Rolling Stones CD that she played that summer evening, "Beggars Banquet." She told me it was the last studio release before Brian Jones left the group and died in his swimming pool. She said the group was his, but Jagger and Richards stole it from him. Then Brian Jones died in his pool on the third of July, 1969.

"Death by misadventure," she said.

"Today's the third," I said, being quick.

"I know." She tried lighting a candle, but the wind kept blowing it out even when we both tried blocking the wind with our bodies. Maureen shook her head, "That's okay." But she didn't look okay. "I always have trouble getting it lit."

"You do this every July?"

"Oh, no, Phillip. Every month. There's always someone to celebrate." She held a joss stick in the bonfire flames till it lit, then wedged it into a crack in the log. The scent of sandalwood blew around

us. My mom burned that kind of incense when she'd smoke pot.

I thought about what Maureen had said, that there was always someone to celebrate. Okay, that was cool. That first night we sat there till the sun went down behind the Duluth hills. Whitecaps rolled in, the sandalwood smoke shred in the wind, over the dunes, through the sparse grass, and the Rolling Stones played on the boombox. "Factory Girl," "Sympathy for the Devil," "No Expectations." Those guys weren't too bad, I guess. Long ago.

I had no reason to expect to hear from Maureen Bogg again. She didn't say, Come to the beach with me next month, or, Do you want to go to a movie? But there I was, sitting on the floor of my closet looking at crap from my childhood when she phoned later that week.

"Morrison died in July, too," she said. "The same day as Jones, but two years later."

Her voice was tight, the words clipped. "Jim Morrison of the fucking Doors. My mother had VH1 on and there it was. VH1." I had to agree, it was understandably sad. VH1.

"Do you know how much research and planning I put into these beach sessions? I just don't understand how I could have missed Jim Morrison."

I said, "There's always next year." I said the wrong thing.

"This isn't a game, Phillip."

"I'm sorry."

"I put a lot of work into this. I want it to be right the first time."

But I was on her side. She was Maureen Bogg, for Christ's sake. "I understand, Maureen." She asked me to join her on the Point in August. She was Maureen Bogg.

AUGUST 1993

August was a two-fer month, pre-Jerry Garcia. For now it was just Elvis Presley and Brian Cole. Elvis, whose bizarre movies drew me in like televangelism, and Brian Cole? Who the hell was he? He had been the bassist for the Association, Maureen told me. The Association? A

soft rock band from the sixties, high school proms, make-out music.

Out on the Point, Maureen would jump up and stare back over the sand dunes to the line of trees and the road, then she would sit down again. "You're going to laugh your skinny little butt off, Phillip." I shrugged, embarrassed, though taking it in stride about my skinny little butt. She was already off on something else. I had never seen her so agitated. "You're going to just spew."

It was Elvis' day. I always thought he was a freak. Had he thought he was some kind of superhero in that white jumpsuit and cape? The way his pillsbury stretched the polyester out over his belt buckle. That was enough to make a person spew. I was ready to go home.

Maureen laughed. "Here." And there he was. An Elvis impersonator, resplendent in white polyester and rhinestone spangles. Maureen's mom followed him with a Lil' Oscar, laughing uncomfortably.

This Elvis slipped his arm around Mrs. Bogg's waist to pull her along. He sang "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" and it was passable, I guess.

"This is Mink," Maureen said. She turned away, smiling towards the lake. "Otherwise known as Elvis 77. Mom's new boyfriend."

Mink stopped singing long enough to plug his next dates and hand out free passes. "I'll be appearing August 15th through the 18th at the Big Bear Casino and Lounge. Give these to your folks, guy." For the next few hours he went on to accept requests, primarily from Maureen, smoked Mrs. Bogg's cigarettes, and snaked beer after beer from out of the cooler. I let my free passes go and they skittered off across the sand to the lake.

By nine I talked Maureen into giving me a ride home. We left Mrs. Bogg by the bonfire. Drunk Elvis 77 had already made a pass at her and she effortlessly tipped him backwards off the log.

On his back, Elvis 77 spread his arms out to the sky, his audience the stars. "Thank you, thank you very much."

SEPTEMBER 1993

September was dedicated to Keith Moon and Jimi Hendrix. Everyone knew Hendrix, but the manic drummer Moon, Maureen had to fill me in. He was a wild man who reminded me a lot of my dad, at least from what my mom told me about him, what he'd been like when they first started going out together. A fun guy, she said. And then they got married.

You see, Maureen and I had this in common besides the interest in music, in each other, my interest in her. We were missing fathers. My folks were divorced when I was twelve. In fact, the final decree or judgment or whatever came down that spring day when I saw Maureen fly down the alley. When they divorced, my perfect little world imploded. Mom kept me and Dad kept trying to buy me back, me or my affection or love, I don't know.

Once, in the middle school library, I came across a book he had checked out twenty-five, thirty years before. It was about an outlaw, famous long ago, and my dad had written in it, in the margins of this old book, and even included his name. I think it was one of the few times I acted out. I pitched that thick book across the library, hoping it would go through a window. It just bounced off the reinforced glass and fell to the floor. And the kids, they all laughed their asses off.

Maureen's dad, I don't know. It was just her and her mom in Billings Park with the occasional Mink. Mr. Bogg was absent.

OCTOBER 1993

One night, when she was home for supper, my mom asked what we did. I'm sure she meant, What does a seventeen-year-old woman want to do with a fourteen-year-old boy, but she asked, "So what do you two do out on the Point? Swim?" She snorted when she asked this. She always sort of snorts when she wants to be derisive. I don't really think she knows that she snorts, she's been

doing it so long. She wouldn't do it if she knew.

Not that she could possibly understand, but I told her about the cavalcade of dead rock stars we honored month to month, the playing of the CDs, the burning of incense. Their names rolled off my tongue like I was an audio encyclopedia, Jones, the newly added Morrison, Presley and Cole, Moon and Hendrix, Richard Manuel, John Lennon, Sam Cooke, Otis Redding, Buddy Holly, Richie Valens, Keith Relf, Fred Smith, Alan Wilson, Duane Allman, Marc Bolan, until she interrupted me.

"I find it interesting that you have no women on that list."

Moms, you know, whatever. I went along with it. "Okay, like who?"

"Janis Joplin comes to mind."

She went off to the family room and I could hear her digging around for something. I went and looked. On her hands and knees she was going through her record albums. She came up with one as weathered as the others. It looked like it had a comic strip on the cover and she handed it to me.

"I realize you wouldn't think it was too cool to listen to music that I love, but you might want to give this a chance sometime."

Big Brother and the Holding Company. Drawings by R. Crumb. I was up to her challenge. "Put it on."

I sat on the couch and listened, looking at R. Crumb's comics. The way the singer used her voice was stunning. When the record was done, I looked up at Mom and I believe my mouth might have been hanging open. She smiled and nodded her head at me. "Good, huh?"

DECEMBER 1993

It was nuclear winter, December. The lake had created a mountain range the length of Wisconsin Point, sheets of thick ice crushed up against the shoreline. We picked our way through a pass and there was the lake, the surface of the moon under a white metal sky. Guys, according to my mom, used to drive their dates out onto this lunar land-

scape for grins. There would be screams, but I don't recall Mom telling me that anyone ever plunged through the ice in their car. Not on Lake Superior.

Maureen wedged her CD player onto a sloping shelf of ice. There was no wind, so the joss stick lit easily enough, its puff of smoke drifting straight up into the cold air, a fuzzy strand of smudged gold yarn tugged to the heavens.

My mom's favorite band was and is the Beatles. She told me how she mourned John Lennon's death. She said some people could recall where they were and what they were doing when they heard that President Kennedy was dead. Lennon's death was her Kennedy assassination. A Tuesday morning in December of 1980 she was busy laughing at me, a one-year-old eating dry Cheerios, turning them tacky with spit and applying them to my round face, when she heard about Lennon on the morning news.

Maureen snapped on the boombox. Church bells tolled out over the lake. Then came Lennon's primal cry, "Mother..."

I looked at her and she turned away. She was crying.

That's my earliest memory.

APRIL 1994

The April Kurt Cobain killed himself I felt like I was six years old. I sobbed and my mom held me. That felt good, that comfort and protection. She told me, "Cry it out, hon. Cry it out." She said it was okay, that it was just old-fashioned grief. I believed her and grieved, I grieved deeply.

On the other hand, Maureen's reaction was one of pure glee. It stunned me as much as hearing that Kurt had killed himself. Had I missed something that she understood? Had I missed what the beach sessions were all about? Maureen was thrilled to plan a ceremony on the

beach for him for the next year. The ceremony, the honoring was cool, but her enthusiasm and joy, it was like she was happy that he was dead.

I asked her, "What is it with you?" I had been crying off and on for days. My eyes felt like they were packed with wool.

"What do you mean?" She was drawing up a Nirvana playlist.

"You're so happy. How can you be happy?"

"What? Why? Because, Phillip, I was born a bastard," she replied, working her mechanical pencil down the list of songs. "Do you understand that? Do you want to know how my mother explained that? Check this out, my dad was a pop star who played Duluth. I'm like this nonentity and there's Daddy out there in the pages of *Rolling Stone* or *Circus* or *Crawdaddy!* Or *Creem*." She glanced up from the paperwork. "Ever hear of those magazines?"



Maureen went back to her list, picking through her stack of CDs. "I don't know who he is, but the son of a bitch is cheating on my mother with some pot-smoking, droopy-titted groupie from Des Moines in a tube top, you know?" She laughed. "You just know it. I've heard 'pot-smoking, droopy-titted groupie from Des Moines' from my mother since I was three. She was talking about herself."

She held up the sheet of paper for me to read. "So you know what my anonymous pop-pop can do? He can eat the proverbial shit and die. What do you think of the list for Kurt?"

I looked at the list of songs without reading it. I wanted to tell her that the sessions on the beach were for rock stars who never even appeared in Duluth. I wanted to tell her that some of them had died before she was even conceived. I didn't tell her these things. It wouldn't have mattered anyway. She was Maureen Bogg.

GOING SOLO

I continue to go back to Wisconsin Point. When I come home on breaks from school I drive out to the Point in the piece of used eighties crap that I bought after I started working part-time at Midwest Stereo, haul out the CD boombox I bought with my discount there, settle it beside me on the bleached driftwood log, light a joss stick, and play Janis Joplin and Big Brother and the Holding Company.

Post-Kurt, Maureen and I didn't have much to say to each other, and when we did it was to disagree. She credited me with being the child that I was, though not in any crap way of talking about me behind my back. And for me, her allure had shifted more to the strange. I didn't care to follow.

So Maureen Bogg and I broke up when I was fourteen. It was a mutual thing. My friend, Wesley Amp, thought I was insane. "You haven't even fucked her

yet. Have you? Have you?" He could be such a dumb-ass. I wouldn't answer him.

The November that I turned eighteen Maureen, or someone who looked very much like her, was swept from the pier at the Duluth ship canal. Day-trippers, locals, no one is supposed to be out on the pier when the lake is churned up like it was that day. There are green wrought iron gates to prevent this from happening, but somehow, accidentally, intentionally, at precisely the wrong time, Maureen or her double managed to be out there on the concrete walk to the lighthouse. Her body was never recovered, because, like my mom says, quoting Great Lakes legend and Gordon Lightfoot, Superior never gives up its dead.

I drive out to the Point now. I play something harrowing that my mom directed me to when I was so much younger. Though I realize the sky and the lake are too huge for the tortured vocal, I play "Piece of my Heart." Something by Janis, something for Maureen. ▼

*Jeff Esterholm lives in Verona with his wife and two teenage sons, and works as a training program designer on staff with the UW-Oshkosh/Center for Career Development and Employability Training (CCDET). His fiction has appeared in such magazines as **Acorn Whistle**, **Nerve Cowboy**, **Planet Detroit**, **Rag Mag**, **Thema**, and **Cross Timbers Review**.*

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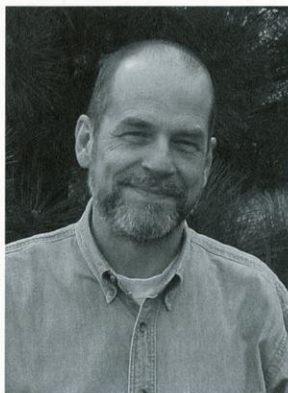
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A Wisconsin version of C-Span promises to heighten our awareness of state activities, spread word of our culture, and lead to better-informed public discourse. (And the Wisconsin Academy is pleased to be part of it.)

BY JEFF ROBERTS



WISCONSIN IS A GREAT PLACE. But how accessible is it for most of us?

Not accessible enough.

Our Badger State is a place of great beauty, original thinking, and boundless creativity. Unfortunately, it's all too often hidden.

Busy lives and ratings-driven media don't help. We have precious little time to look for the greatness in Wisconsin. And, for newer generations, some of the basics that have set us apart are no longer apparent.

Travel to the big, powerful economic centers in this country. Go to the places where great scholars are known to reside. Visit regions of extraordinary beauty and the places where innovation is thriving.

Is Wisconsin out of that league? I, for one, am certain that it is not.

Maybe we just don't see all that we are and have as a state and its people. After all, when Tommy Thompson told us that Wisconsin is the greatest, most of us simply rolled our eyes in unison. And then we responded by making him our longest-serving governor, by far.

Boosterism is one thing, but let's talk for a moment about vision. Reality vision.

What would we think of our Wisconsin if a great many of us were able to continuously meet its artists? We'd do this by spending time in their workshops, discussing methods, and attending openings.

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously meet its innovative businesspeople? They'd be happy to show us around their workplace and explain how the company and its employees do their jobs. We'd hear about important developments that are propelling profits and creating jobs. We'd also hear about problems that cause failure and limit success. And we'd hear from people who would have some businesses do things differently.

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously hear from great speakers who each day of the year inspire audiences at many locations across the state? Distinguished professors on our college campuses and visiting dignitaries. Where now only small groups may attend, many more would join the audience.

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously attend local government meetings around the state where issues of importance to us all are openly discussed and decided?

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously participate in its cultural activities—from music and dance performances to historical reenactments and the making of crafts?

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously observe all aspects of our state government in Madison? All of the words spoken in arguments before the Supreme Court. The full debate in the sacred legislative chambers. Complete statements—as well as the questions—when the governor conducts a news conference or delivers a speech. The entire deliberations as state boards consider policy or rate matters.

What would we think of our Wisconsin if many of us were able to continuously be exposed to the emerging research and practical application of new methods in health care, computer technology, environmental progress, and so on?

This would be access that we do not now enjoy. How would this large dose of close-to-home reality about ourselves affect and impact this great state? We will soon find out.

WisconsinEye Network is arriving because many people accept the position that we need to have a better sense of who we are as a state. Where is our economy headed? How are elected officials leading and deciding scores of issues? What has become of our rich cultural life?

In the weeks and months ahead, the full-time WisconsinEye channel will begin arriving on cable television systems in many areas. Eventually WisconsinEye could be available to at least three-quarters of all Wisconsin households. And on the Internet, wiseye.org will broadcast what's available on cable and provide choices when live events are occurring simultaneously. All programs will be forever archived, creating schedule flexibility and an excellent research tool.

WisconsinEye Network is a nonprofit venture. Its mission is simply to provide substantial access to the civic, economic, and cultural life of our entire state. Coverage of government proceedings will not be edited and programs will lack commentary so that you may form your own opinions.

This reality TV will also play an important role in Wisconsin classrooms at all levels.

WisconsinEye Network will always strive to be fair in presenting a balanced programming schedule. The network's directors and 16-member programming board will settle for nothing less. The goal is idea sharing, not advancing specific points of view.

The excellent forums and events sponsored by the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters will be featured on the network and will certainly brighten its glow. This is an exciting collaboration that will serve to extend many important ideas from leading thinkers, including those from the university.

Financial support to initiate WisconsinEye is coming from many sources: from individuals, businesses, foundations, and associations who believe that today more access is in order. Having many contributors will insulate the network from pressures that could otherwise influence programming. And, with 24/7 operations, there will be no lack of time to present many points of view.

But what's to influence? We'll all just be watching to see who we are and where the next big Wisconsin Idea will be coming from. ▀

Jeff Roberts is president of WisconsinEye Public Affairs Network. He is a longtime state Capitol reporter and co-founder of the commercial Wisconsin Radio Network. For information about the availability of WisconsinEye in your area, visit wiseye.org or contact your cable provider.

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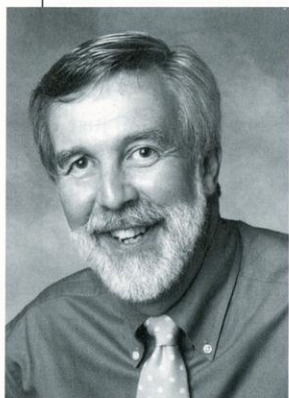
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Mozart's "Figaro" and the Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy



I was thinking the other day about the brilliant 18th-century French chemist and geologist Antoine Lavoisier. I couldn't for the life of me figure out why he had popped into my head until it occurred to me that I had just heard, a few days earlier, a stirring rendition of the overture to Mozart's signature opera, "The Marriage of Figaro," at Madison Opera's wonderful new (and free!)

program called Opera in the Park.

Then it was clear to me. "The Marriage of Figaro" is certainly one of the most popular and frequently performed operas all over the world, and is greatly admired and enjoyed for the artistic masterpiece it is. However, its opening in Paris in 1787 carried significance far beyond its artistry, for its effective mocking of the corrupt established order helped unleash the cataclysm we now know as the French Revolution. And in the thoughtless and fanatical excesses of the Revolution, the great scientist Lavoisier literally lost his head. After he was sent to the guillotine in 1794, his friend and subsequent biographer LaGrange remarked: "It took but a moment to cut off that head which a hundred years would be unable to replace."

Lavoisier, along with Joseph Priestly and Henry Cavendish, did much of the early work identifying oxygen as well as formulating the theory that water was a compound of hydrogen and oxygen. He also published a complete reclassification of the elements that is responsible for the clear concept of "element" as we understand it today.

This remarkable scientist fell victim to an unthinking age, to a society unable to find a rational and inclusive way to address issues that needed attention and change.

Because I believe strongly that one of the great gifts of the discipline of history is its ability to provide light and enlightenment for succeeding generations, I have spent some time thinking about what Lavoisier's tragic experience has to say to us. He would have been a perfect Wisconsin Academy member—both a lawyer and a scientist as well as a civic leader and a philanthropist—but he was born two centuries early! The point is that the French intellectual, cultural, and political infrastructure of the late 1780s and early 1790s was not strong enough to support and protect him in his pursuit and utilization of knowledge.

The Wisconsin Academy, through its commitment to a vigorous implementation of the Wisconsin Idea—embodied in its program "The Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy"—

seeks to participate in the construction, maintenance, and empowerment of the social infrastructure that is so vital to the advancement of the common good in our democracy. As Lavoisier's unhappy experience vividly reminds us, knowledge never exists in a vacuum. A strong relationship with the Wisconsin Idea has been a dream of Academy leadership since the early 20th century and is best expressed by Academy Council president Aaron J. Ihde in his 1963 remarks "The Wisconsin Academy: Past, Present, Future":

"The Academy must not just make itself available as an advisory group in the solution of pressing problems. It must anticipate areas that may become problems and act for the resolution of the problems before they become acute. I hope to see the Academy become an organization known, not just as one that takes a sound scholarly look at problems, but as one that provides active leadership in their solution. We must combine study with action. Then the Academy will become an important force in the life of the state."

The Waters of Wisconsin initiative, which *Review* editor Joan Fischer discusses in her comments, is our first Wisconsin Idea at the Wisconsin Academy project. It will reach fruition with a statewide public forum October 21 and 22. This three-year project has been and will continue to be an attempt to involve the best minds of the state in formulating a policy that can effectively guide what we as a state do with water. Under the auspices of the Academy, we have involved all stakeholders in a significantly inclusive, knowledge-based discussion about water and how we can agree on some basic principles and facts to help us with water policy in the decades ahead. We see this work, and similar efforts in the decades ahead, to be a major contribution to the continual thriving of a vital system of government.

Unlike the judge in 1794 who denied Lavoisier three extra days so that he could write up the results of his final experiments by saying that "the Republic has no need of genius," we do recognize that need—and celebrate it.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Bob", with a stylized flourish at the end.

Robert G. Lange
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The last portrait of Frank Lloyd Wright taken by his personal photographer, Pedro E. Guerrero, in 1959. Guerrero recently presented the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters with a print of this portrait in honor of our work in having Guerrero's photos of Wright permanently exhibited at Madison's Monona Terrace.

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