A Supreme Success
Justice tells law students he had help getting to Wisconsin’s highest court.

Anthony Davis JDx’05 was buoyed by the moment, a slice of history at the UW Law School where the road to fairness for aspiring minority lawyers just became a bit smoother.

An African-American in his third year at the Law School, Davis joined about seventy other minority law students in August to welcome freshly sworn-in Wisconsin Supreme Court Justice Louis Butler JD’77, the first African-American to serve on the state’s highest court.

“The UW has one of the major law-school populations of African-Americans,” Davis says. “To see that we finally have a supreme court judge makes you think you can achieve some of the highest levels in the legal system. We’re making strides. It’s a great time to be in law school.”

With minority students making up about 25 percent of its enrollment, the Law School is one of the brightest diversity success stories on campus. It has graduated more than one thousand lawyers of color, prompting National Jurist magazine this year to feature the school as one of those that have supported students of color and women.

Butler, a Milwaukee County circuit judge who was appointed by Governor Jim Doyle ’67 to fill a supreme court vacancy, lauded those efforts in his first public appearance after his investiture. The fifty-two-year-old judge grew up on Chicago’s south side, where his exposure to bias and his subsequent struggle to succeed convinced him that all people need to have an equal shot at opportunity.

“I’m standing on other people’s shoulders,” Butler told participants in the school’s Legal Education Opportunities program (LEO), which is seen as a national model for recruiting, supporting, and retaining students from traditionally underrepresented communities.

“I did not get here by myself. I appreciate the LEO program and all that it does for all of the citizens of Wisconsin. These are the types of programs that pave the way for everyone else.”

Considered one of the reasons why the Law School has made strides in diversity, “the LEO program was started many years ago,” Butler said.

Speaking in (Many) Tongues

With more than a million speakers, Yucatec Maya is the most common of the twenty-eight dialects descended from the great Mayan empire. It is also the sixty-sixth language now taught at UW-Madison — more than at any other U.S. university.

Offered for the first time this fall, Yucatec Maya joins an extensive list of tongues that includes all the usual suspects — Spanish, French, Italian, et cetera — and many unusual ones, such as Ojibwe, Yoruba, Quechua, and Urdu. Why such a broad menu? Language classes aren’t just about acquiring a new tongue, says Sally Magnan, director of the UW Language Institute; they also help students explore and expand their opportunities.

“The ability to speak another language opens all kinds of doors,” Magnan says. “We want to give our students a variety of options to enrich their understanding of the world.”

Almost all undergraduates arrive having taken at least one foreign language in high school, but Magnan says surveys indicate that most are sampling their second, or even third, language on campus. Many are also adding a language as a second major to appeal to globally minded employers.
A Season for Politics — and the Boss

One of the advantages of being a swing state is the chance to see the candidates up close. But when Democratic challenger John Kerry announced that he would stage a major political rally in late October in the heart of Madison, senior Sonya Larson was more excited about who he was bringing with him.

A volunteer for Kerry’s campaign for president, Larson is also an avid Bruce Springsteen fan. So when the rock star said he would join Kerry at the rally, Larson listened to all of her ten Springsteen albums to get ready.

“I fall asleep to his music every night,” she says.

On the day of the rally, while Larson ushered some of the estimated crowd of eighty thousand through metal detectors, her roommate, senior Danya Bader-Natal, was back at their West Washington Avenue apartment, scribbling an invitation to Larson’s favorite musician. She wrote, “Bruce, come up for a beer,” on a flattened cardboard box and hung it from their second-story porch, which overlooked the stage where the rally took place.

Bader-Natal never expected what happened next. After playing two songs and introducing Kerry, Springsteen saw the sign — and accepted the invitation. After the Boss reached the top of the stairs to join the students on the porch, senior Erin Prendergast handed him a bottle of Capital Amber.

“I had a feeling he would come up,” Prendergast says. “Who wouldn’t want a beer?”

Springsteen and his entourage posed for pictures and listened to Kerry’s speech for about twenty minutes. But he wasn’t the students’ only celebrity guest. As Springsteen mingled, NBC anchor Tom Brokaw came scurrying up the stairs, nearly tripping over some computer cords in the hallway.

“We offered Tom Brokaw a beer, too,” Prendergast says. “But he didn’t take one. He wasn’t as much fun as Bruce.”

Meanwhile, a roommate called Larson to tell her that her idol was watching the rally from her porch. She sprinted several blocks through crowds and tight security, but it was too late. By the time she ran up the stairs, Springsteen had left, her roommates told her.

“It was tragic,” Larson says. “I cried all day.”

Larson says she is still upset that she missed an opportunity to meet the singer, but she is happy he graced her home with his presence. “At least now I can walk around the house and know the man I worship was here,” she says.

The irony is that Larson’s roommates weren’t exactly Springsteen’s biggest fans. When reporters flooded into the house to interview the girls about their brush with fame, one asked them to name their favorite Springsteen song. They all stared blankly at one another. “None of us could think of a song,” Prendergast says.

“I have ten of his albums,” says Larson. “I can’t believe they didn’t even know one song!”

— Joanna Salmen ’06

Administrators often talk of a critical mass, where diversity builds upon itself to attract and inspire even more diverse classes. Success stories such as Butler’s can offer such momentum. As Nenye Uche, a first-year law student from Nigeria, said after hearing Butler, “I know I can do it, and my children can do it, and the people coming up behind us can do it.”

— Dennis Chaptman ’80

A Season for Politics — and the Boss

One of the advantages of being a swing state is the chance to see the candidates up close. But when Democratic challenger John Kerry announced that he would stage a major political rally in late October in the heart of Madison, senior Sonya Larson was more excited about who he was bringing with him.

A volunteer for Kerry’s campaign for president, Larson is also an avid Bruce Springsteen fan. So when the rock star said he would join Kerry at the rally, Larson listened to all of her ten Springsteen albums to get ready.

“I fall asleep to his music every night,” she says.

On the day of the rally, while Larson ushered some of the estimated crowd of eighty thousand through metal detectors, her roommate, senior Danya Bader-Natal, was back at their West Washington Avenue apartment, scribbling an invitation to Larson’s favorite musician. She wrote, “Bruce, come up for a beer,” on a flattened cardboard box and hung it from their second-story porch, which overlooked the stage where the rally took place.

Bader-Natal never expected what happened next. After playing two songs and introducing Kerry, Springsteen saw the sign — and accepted the invitation. After the Boss reached the top of the stairs to join the students on the porch, senior Erin Prendergast handed him a bottle of Capital Amber.

“I had a feeling he would come up,” Prendergast says. “Who wouldn’t want a beer?”

Springsteen and his entourage posed for pictures and listened to Kerry’s speech for about twenty minutes. But he wasn’t the students’ only celebrity guest. As Springsteen mingled, NBC anchor Tom Brokaw came scurrying up the stairs, nearly tripping over some computer cords in the hallway.

“We offered Tom Brokaw a beer, too,” Prendergast says. “But he didn’t take one. He wasn’t as much fun as Bruce.”

Meanwhile, a roommate called Larson to tell her that her idol was watching the rally from her porch. She sprinted several blocks through crowds and tight security, but it was too late. By the time she ran up the stairs, Springsteen had left, her roommates told her.

“It was tragic,” Larson says. “I cried all day.”

Larson says she is still upset that she missed an opportunity to meet the singer, but she is happy he graced her home with his presence. “At least now I can walk around the house and know the man I worship was here,” she says.

The irony is that Larson’s roommates weren’t exactly Springsteen’s biggest fans. When reporters flooded into the house to interview the girls about their brush with fame, one asked them to name their favorite Springsteen song. They all stared blankly at one another. “None of us could think of a song,” Prendergast says.

“I have ten of his albums,” says Larson. “I can’t believe they didn’t even know one song!”

— Joanna Salmen ’06

Administrators often talk of a critical mass, where diversity builds upon itself to attract and inspire even more diverse classes. Success stories such as Butler’s can offer such momentum. As Nenye Uche, a first-year law student from Nigeria, said after hearing Butler, “I know I can do it, and my children can do it, and the people coming up behind us can do it.”

— Dennis Chaptman ’80

A Season for Politics — and the Boss

One of the advantages of being a swing state is the chance to see the candidates up close. But when Democratic challenger John Kerry announced that he would stage a major political rally in late October in the heart of Madison, senior Sonya Larson was more excited about who he was bringing with him.

A volunteer for Kerry’s campaign for president, Larson is also an avid Bruce Springsteen fan. So when the rock star said he would join Kerry at the rally, Larson listened to all of her ten Springsteen albums to get ready.

“I fall asleep to his music every night,” she says.

On the day of the rally, while Larson ushered some of the estimated crowd of eighty thousand through metal detectors, her roommate, senior Danya Bader-Natal, was back at their West Washington Avenue apartment, scribbling an invitation to Larson’s favorite musician. She wrote, “Bruce, come up for a beer,” on a flattened cardboard box and hung it from their second-story porch, which overlooked the stage where the rally took place.

Bader-Natal never expected what happened next. After playing two songs and introducing Kerry, Springsteen saw the sign — and accepted the invitation. After the Boss reached the top of the stairs to join the students on the porch, senior Erin Prendergast handed him a bottle of Capital Amber.

“I had a feeling he would come up,” Prendergast says. “Who wouldn’t want a beer?”

Springsteen and his entourage posed for pictures and listened to Kerry’s speech for about twenty minutes. But he wasn’t the students’ only celebrity guest. As Springsteen mingled, NBC anchor Tom Brokaw came scurrying up the stairs, nearly tripping over some computer cords in the hallway.

“We offered Tom Brokaw a beer, too,” Prendergast says. “But he didn’t take one. He wasn’t as much fun as Bruce.”

Meanwhile, a roommate called Larson to tell her that her idol was watching the rally from her porch. She sprinted several blocks through crowds and tight security, but it was too late. By the time she ran up the stairs, Springsteen had left, her roommates told her.

“It was tragic,” Larson says. “I cried all day.”

Larson says she is still upset that she missed an opportunity to meet the singer, but she is happy he graced her home with his presence. “At least now I can walk around the house and know the man I worship was here,” she says.

The irony is that Larson’s roommates weren’t exactly Springsteen’s biggest fans. When reporters flooded into the house to interview the girls about their brush with fame, one asked them to name their favorite Springsteen song. They all stared blankly at one another. “None of us could think of a song,” Prendergast says.

“I have ten of his albums,” says Larson. “I can’t believe they didn’t even know one song!”

— Joanna Salmen ’06
Q AND A

Jeff Kirsch

Talk about revenge. Thirty-nine years after being eliminated in the seventh round of the National Spelling Bee, Jeff Kirsch MA’76, PhD’80, a lecturer in Spanish and Portuguese and a faculty associate in the liberal arts and studies department, correctly spelled 116 words to become the National Senior Spelling Bee champion.

Q: What word did you spell to win?

Q: Do you remember the word you missed when you were thirteen?
A: Yes. I guarantee you no kid forgets. But I never reveal the word. It came from the French.

Q: How do you study for a spelling bee?
A: Go to the source: the dictionary.

Q: Do you ever use spell check?
A: No. I detest it. I think many people are worse spellers because of spell check. Bad spellers annoy me, but I try not to be prejudiced against them.

Q: So are you a celebrity in the spelling world now?
A: No. I think only the eight kids featured in the film Spellbound are spelling celebrities.

Climbing to the rafters of UW-Madison’s old dairy barn, Jerry Apps ’55, MS’57, PhD’67 inhales deeply and smiles. “I miss that smell,” he says. Indeed, the fragrant air created by the barn’s newest inhabitants — two of the university’s quarter horses — is good news. It is the smell of permanence.

Once a target for possible demolition, the 107-year-old barn is well on its way to becoming a national historic landmark. A National Park Service board is expected to approve the barn’s designation later this month, making it the fourth campus building (along with the Red Gym, North Hall, and Science Hall) to earn a place among the nation’s most revered historic sites.

Built in 1897 on a then-rural campus, the barn’s grand architectural style made it something of a showpiece for the university. Its round tower silo, the first of its kind, introduced farmers to an improved method of storage and inspired imitators across the agricultural landscape. Even more impressive is the legacy of innovation that took place inside — most notably a series of cattle-feed experiments conducted by professor E.V. McCollum during the early 1900s, which led to the discovery of vitamin A and revolutionized animal and human nutrition.

“There is no other barn like it anywhere,” says Apps, an emeritus professor and author of the book Barns of Wisconsin. “It’s an important symbol of the state’s history and the development of the dairy industry here.”

Despite its rich past, the barn has at times faced an uncertain future. As more modern buildings popped up around it and many agricultural functions moved off campus, the once-cutting-edge facility became obsolete, and in recent years it has served as little more than a storage shed. When campus planners looked for a spot to build new greenhouses three years ago, they eyed the barn’s location, leading preservationists to campaign for its protection.

“When you think of all the people who came through it and the contributions they made, this is really the barn that propelled Wisconsin to be the dairy state,” says Roger Springman, of Barns N.O.W., one of several groups that helped get the barn added to the National Register of Historic Places in 2002. But they didn’t stop there: Springman and others argued that the widespread influence of the research conducted in the barn qualified it as a national landmark — a designation never before bestowed on a barn that wasn’t part of a larger estate. Becoming a landmark would virtually guarantee the barn’s survival, but it also would allow the university to explore new ways of showcasing its history, says Frank Kooistra ’65, MS’74, an assistant dean for the College of Agricultural and Life Sciences. “My view is that landmark status will make it a real centerpiece of the west-central campus,” he says.

Some community groups have suggested remodeling the barn as a public gathering place, potentially including meeting spaces, cafeterias, or even a museum. The university has yet to embrace any of those ideas, although planners say they will weigh several long-range options for the building.

But for now, the only new guests are horses. This summer, the barn was modified to accommodate the UW horse program, which will conduct demonstrations and courses on the same floor that hosted introductory ag classes for half a century.

“It’s a unique building, and it’s going to remain an important part of the college,” says Kooistra. “We’re happy to have it.”

— Michael Penn
T he Red-C arpet T reatment
Fans get a new dose of hospitality at Camp Randall.

Around Camp Randall Stadium this season, fans outfitted in cardinal and white are sporting a new must-have accessory: the Rolling Out the Red Carpet sticker. The giveaway decals, which feature Bucky Badger on a welcoming red carpet, are everywhere. One student was spotted at a recent game covered head to toe in them.

The brightly colored stickers appeared as part of a new effort to promote a friendlier atmosphere at the stadium. Called “Rolling Out the Red Carpet,” the program is attempting to counteract what some have said is an overly rowdy, hostile environment on Badger game days.

Chancellor John Wiley MS’65, PhD’68 triggered the campaign after receiving dozens of complaints from both UW and opponents’ fans following football games against Purdue and Ohio State last season. One Ohio State fan wrote of being “showered with profanities and harassed the entire time we were on campus,” adding that “for the first time ever, I was fearful for my safety.”

This is not a new problem for universities with big-time college sports programs. Several other universities and the Big Ten conference have attempted to tame offensive behavior among fans in recent years. Last season, football coach Barry Alvarez sent e-mails to student ticket holders, asking that they refrain from using vulgar language in cheers or harassing opponents. But the cheers have continued, demonstrating the difficult balance between wanting fans to be spirited, but not aggressive or destructive.

During the spring, a group of students, athletes, staff, and administrators developed Rolling Out the Red Carpet as a way to promote better sportsmanship. As part of the campaign, students clad in chartreuse vests mingle among the crowds before football games, passing out stickers and other giveaways and trying to create a welcoming atmosphere.

Visiting fans have so far been receptive to the hospitality of these “fan ambassadors,” says Adam Kindscy x’05, who volunteered for the first home game of the season. “They really appreciated it,” he says, adding that many Badger fans gave him positive feedback, as well. One alumnus approached him to thank him for helping make the Badger fans the best in the world, he says. “That really meant a lot to me and made it all worth it.”

John Finkler, event coordinator for the athletic department, says fan ambassadors are only part of the answer to a larger issue. “This is not completely solving the problem, but it’s getting us in that right direction,” he says. “We are trying to create a better image and a friendly environment.”

Finkler says the university will evaluate the campaign after the football season and decide whether to continue it or revise it. “Our efforts right now are probably incremental. But we have to turn it around somehow,” he says.
— Joanna Salmen x’06

No Phone Home

Here’s one sign that freshmen are getting savvier: they’re showing up on campus equipped with their own long-distance plan.

Beginning next fall, University Housing will eliminate the long-distance calling plan provided in residence halls. The reason? Because of cell phones and calling cards, almost no one calls long distance from dorm phones anymore.

Housing noticed the trend last year, when only 7 percent of dorm dwellers used the service. Students told staff that calling in the residence halls was more expensive and less convenient than using cell phones and calling cards. After a number of schools on the East and West Coasts stopped providing long-distance calling in the dorms, the university decided to do the same.

“It was a no-brainer,” says Sathish Gopalrao, assistant director of information technology for Housing. “They all have cell phones!”

Local calling will remain in the residence halls, at the students’ request. “They wanted local calling so they don’t waste their daytime minutes and get charged,” Gopalrao says. “Smart kids.”
— J.S.
The best news in the fight against Alzheimer’s disease is that Jeff Johnson didn’t try to build a better mouse.

For the past several years, Alzheimer’s researchers have been hung up on a single pursuit — the development of a genetically engineered mouse that could serve as a model for the disease and facilitate testing of potential therapies. The problem is that the mice don’t quite mimic humans with the disease: while their brains develop plaque formations that are characteristic of Alzheimer’s, for instance, they don’t have neurofibrillary tangles, one of the indicators that neural cells are dying.

But Johnson, an associate professor at the UW School of Pharmacy, believed researchers were asking the wrong question. “I said to myself, everybody is trying to kill neurons in mice,” he explains. “So I flipped it around. I said, let’s try to figure out why these mice aren’t getting Alzheimer’s disease.”

The surprising answer could completely alter the way researchers think about treating the condition, which affects more than 4.5 million Americans. Johnson and his graduate student, Thor Stein ’98, PhD’04, discovered that their lab mice had high levels of a protein called transthyretin, which proved to interfere with neural-cell death. The scientists then verified that the protein has a similar effect in human brain tissue, suggesting that it may fight the worst effects of the disease.

“This work shows that if we can intervene by giving molecules and drugs that get into the brain and increase transthyretin levels, we could slow the progression of Alzheimer’s disease,” says Johnson. “Even if patients have plaque formation in the brain, they still could have normal function.”

The finding raises the possibility that family members with a genetic predisposition to Alzheimer’s disease might one day take drugs that could prevent the disease from ever developing. Theoretically, such a drug could also halt the progression of the disease in its early stages, preserving a higher level of cognitive function.

The next step — and it’s a big one — is for researchers and pharmaceutical companies to find a reliable delivery method to get transthyretin into the brain or develop drugs that increase transthyretin expression in the brain. But potential new funding, sparked by the excitement surrounding Johnson’s discovery, may help speed the process.

Wisconsin Governor Jim Doyle ’67 has pledged to find more state money for the research, which is funded by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences.

— Aaron R. Conklin MA’93

COOL TOOL

The Bone Reader

One of the vexing matters of archaeology is understanding who went where. Since the ancients didn’t write postcards, researchers usually have relied on indirect evidence — such as distinctive bits of pottery and architecture — to stab at their migration patterns. But new technologies in archaeological chemistry, which allow researchers to get an instant identification of their subjects’ origins, are revolutionizing the field.

The key is strontium, a metallic element present in most of the earth’s geology, which also turns out to be a kind of biological passport. Every place has its own strontium signature — a unique ratio of its isotopes — that gets imprinted in our bodies when we eat local foods. By comparing the ratios found in samples of bone, which regenerates throughout a person’s lifetime, with those found in tooth enamel, which forms only in childhood, scientists can get a pretty good idea of whether someone stayed close to his or her birthplace or meandered to new lands.

“It gives us a much better idea of how people moved around in the past,” says T. Douglas Price, director of UW-Madison’s archaeological chemistry lab, one of two facilities worldwide dedicated to this kind of analysis. “Before I got into this work, I didn’t believe ancient people were that mobile, but now we’re learning they moved around quite a lot.”

Archaeologists from around the world send samples to the UW lab, which employs two mass spectrometers to break down the chemical makeup of bones and teeth, as well as pottery and other artifacts.

— M.P.
Finding Faults

A massive research effort seeks out the heart of earthquakes.

It was eleven years late, but the earthquake that rattled tiny Parkfield, California, in late September was just what UW-Madison geophysics professor Cliff Thurber needed. Predicted to occur before 1993 — based on an average twenty-two-year lull between moderate earthquakes that have rocked Parkfield since 1857 — the quake and its hundreds of aftershocks provided clues that could help Thurber pinpoint a seismological sweet spot deep in the earth where earthquakes originate.

Not far from Parkfield, which sits atop the San Andreas Fault and bills itself as the “Earthquake Capitol of the World,” researchers have been drilling a two-mile-deep portal to the famous fault, which they hope will end up near that spot, known as a rupture patch, where grinding and bumping triggers the periodic quakes. With seismic instruments sprinkled around the Parkfield landscape, scientists were able to use the recent events to fine-tune their estimates of where the rupture patch lurks.

“We want to hit a needle in a haystack,” says Thurber, who has been working on this deep-earth observatory for ten years. “Fortunately, we’ve sort of figured out where the needle is.”

Once they have drilled their portal, they will pack the hole with instruments that will take the pulse of the fault. “There is potential here to make measurements right at the fault zone that might provide us with information about earthquakes and how they start and stop,” Thurber says.

The recent quake probably started in a much bigger rupture patch than the one Thurber and his colleagues are seeking, but its reverberations promise a clearer picture of the fault and may help them zero in on interesting subterranean features.

Their observatory, known as SAFOD, or the San Andreas Fault Observatory at Depth, is just one component of the National Science Foundation’s enormous EarthScope project, a $219 million effort to evaluate and explain what is happening deep under the surface of the North American continent.

Another element of the research is to deploy a dense array of portable seismic stations, which will leapfrog across the continent from west to east over the course of a decade and help scientists map the details of the deep earth. Additional EarthScope projects will measure the bending and bowing of the continent that is caused by the grinding of tectonic plates, and potentially use satellite radar to detect surface movements as small as one millimeter.

Together, the observatories promise geoscientists a flood of data to investigate the structure and evolution of the continent, as well as to explore the mysteries of seismic hazards such as earthquakes and volcanoes.

“It’s an unprecedented, far-reaching effort to understand the North American continent,” Thurber explains. “We’re really trying to understand the earth as a whole, and EarthScope is a bold undertaking that will take us where no earth scientists have gone before.”

— Terry Devitt ’78, MA ’85

Old Flu, New Clues

Something to worry about as you’re waiting in line for your flu shot: according to one UW-Madison researcher, today’s forms of influenza may be just a single genetic tweak away from becoming the kind of superbug that caused the 1918 flu pandemic.

Seeking to understand why that flu turned so deadly, scientists rebuilt the virus that caused more than 20 million deaths in 1918 and 1919, using genes taken from preserved lung tissue samples from some of the pandemic’s victims. By splicing a single gene from the older strain into a relatively benign form of flu present today, virologist Yoshihiro Kawaoka was able to engineer a virus that behaved eerily like the 1918 bug, causing many similar symptoms in mice.

While Kawaoka’s work supports the theory that the 1918 flu was a kind of superbug — genetically gifted to wreak havoc — it also reveals how thin the gap between mild and severe flu can be. “Only a few changes make non-pathogenic viruses highly pathogenic,” he says. But ultimately that knowledge may help scientists predict the danger of emerging viruses.

— Staff
From deep slumbers to fitful dozes, summer siestas to long winter’s naps, people spend a third of their lives asleep. And yet science is largely in the dark about the behavior. Sleep and sleeplessness can affect learning, health, and safety — but no one seems to know quite how.

Now Ruth Benca and other researchers at the Wisconsin Psychiatric Institute and Clinics is working to shed a little light on the sleeping mind and make the world more conscious of what happens when sleep patterns are disrupted. What she and her colleagues have found has implications that stretch far beyond the bedroom.

Studying white-crowned sparrows, migratory birds that naturally go through drastic changes in their sleep patterns, Benca and assistant scientist Niels Rattenborg recorded the birds’ sleep during spring and fall, when they normally travel thousands of miles between nesting grounds. They found that the sparrows sleep as little as a third as much as they do during the winter. Even when kept in the laboratory, the birds display the same seasonal patterns of behavior, and according to Benca, lack of sleep didn’t seem to do the birds any harm. In fact, during their sleep-deprived seasons, the birds appeared to show an increased capacity to learn.

“We had them perform an operant task, punching keys to get food,” she says. “When they were in the migratory phase, they did not show any impairment in motivation and learning. In contrast, birds deprived of sleep during the non-migratory season, like mammals, show decreased responding on these types of tasks, which suggests that migrating birds seem to be resistant to the effects of sleep loss.”

In addition to providing clues as to how humans might be able to get by on less sleep, Benca hopes the studies may have a more clinical application — they may give guidance in the treatment of mood disorders.

When the birds were in their migratory seasons, their sleep patterns, as well as other aspects of their behavior, resembled those of humans with bipolar disorder.

To make a closer examination of the brain chemistry behind sleep, Benca is working with fellow psychiatry department faculty members Chiara Cirelli and Giulio Tononi, who have been looking at the genetics of sleep.

“If we can find the genes that control migration,” Benca says, “we may be able to determine what to target to treat mood disorders.”
Your Limo’s Waiting
A business prof goes after drunken driving — with style.

For Michael Rothschild, an emeritus professor of business, selling anything boils down to a pretty simple idea. Give people a better alternative, he says, and they’ll switch brands.

But can the same free-market logic that works for cereal be applied to a public health issue like drunken driving? That’s the belief behind a new program that offers low-cost limousine rides to tavern patrons who might otherwise careen down the highway in their own cars.

Rothschild led an effort to develop the novel ride program, which now runs in two counties in rural Wisconsin. Aimed at single men aged twenty-one to thirty-four, the limo service provides rides to and from taverns and allows riders to drink and smoke in the car.

Conventional campaigns to curb drunken driving often fall flat because they tell people how to behave, but don’t offer alternatives, Rothschild says. “If we say, ‘Don’t drink and drive,’ and they see no benefit or way to change, they will continue to drink and drive,” he says. “We needed to offer them an alternative, a better deal. They really do care and are scared of drinking and driving. They do it because drinking is a big part of what small-town life is about, and because there generally is no other way to get home at the end of the evening.”

Meeting in the back rooms and banquet halls of rural taverns, Rothschild probed the attitudes of bar patrons in eleven focus groups. One thing he learned is that people wouldn’t ride in just any vehicle. “The patrons told us that their cars were very important to them. They said, ‘You need to give us a ride in a vehicle as good as what we have,’ ” says Rothschild, an expert in “social marketing” — an approach that applies commercial marketing techniques to changing undesirable behaviors.

With that in mind, organizers in two Wisconsin counties bought used limousines and found volunteer drivers, and the service took off. Patrons pay from five to fifteen dollars to be picked up in Cadillacs and Lincoln Town Cars, which ferry them between bars. In Dodgeville, southwest of Madison, the self-sustaining program gave more than eight thousand rides in its first two years.

Though some critics question the wisdom of enabling drinking, Rothschild says he has compiled data showing that people drink no more alcohol when they take the rides. What’s changed is the effect on the roads. Crashes due to drunken driving are down an estimated 17 percent in the communities where the program operates, which has earned it praise from the Wisconsin Department of Transportation.

Dennis Marklein, one of the Dodgeville organizers and an occasional chauffeur, says the riders are socially responsible people who know the social costs of drinking and driving. “They’re not all soused,” says Marklein, who, ironically, owns a body shop. “You see the drunk driving stats and you can’t turn your back on it.”

Now, about those cereal marketers and the sugary stuff they peddle — Rothschild’s next challenge is to use social marketing to reverse the trend toward obesity. He is working with the National Cancer Institute to wean people away from junk food and toward more healthy lifestyles.

“We’re looking at making changes in the workplace to make sure it’s easier to get better food and to bring more activity into the routine,” he says. “If you want people to behave, you have to create a supportive environment and reduce the barriers to behaving.”

— Dennis Chaptman ’80

Business professor Michael Rothschild says the key to curbing drunken driving may be alternative transportation — provided that the alternative is a good one. That’s why some Wisconsin towns are offering limousine rides to tavern patrons.

UW-Madison entomologists are at work on a better way to control the population of Wisconsin’s unofficial state bird. Mosquito abatement has long been at the center of efforts to rein in diseases such as malaria and yellow fever, but most commonly used pesticides damage other wildlife. Insect physiologist Que Lan and colleagues are testing chemical compounds that inhibit mosquitoes’ ability to metabolize cholesterol, which could act as “smart pesticides” that target only the pests.

The UW Hospital and Clinics is using a new form of pacemaker, which regulates not the heart, but the bladder. Urologists estimate that 15 percent of middle-aged women and 30 percent of women in their seventies have overactive bladders, and not all respond to exercise or medication. The surgically implanted pacemaker sends small electrical impulses to nerve endings to help control erratic bladder function.

UW-Madison scientists have developed a pair of rapid-fire tests for botulism, which will help protect the food supply from potential bioterrorism. Botulism, the world’s most poisonous substance, can cause paralysis or death if it binds to nerve cells. The new tests may one day be deployed to detect its presence in food or in people who may have been exposed to unknown biological agents.

The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation has created a new licensing program for the eight varieties of potato developed by UW research. New one-time fees to plant, harvest, and sell the UW-produced tubers streamline the process, making it easier to get new varieties to market.
Dean Bakopoulos MFA'04 says his first novel started with a mood: aimless sadness. His grandfather had just died, and he was walking his dog in the woods outside Madison when the first line popped into his head: “When I was sixteen, my father went to the moon.”

That line inspired the title of his first novel, Please Don’t Come Back from the Moon, the story of growing up in a blue-collar Detroit neighborhood in which, one by one, all the men abandon their families. While a graduate student in the UW’s new master of fine arts (MFA) program in creative writing, Bakopoulos wrote the novel, due to hit bookstores in January, and secured a contract with Harcourt.

Bakopoulos attributes his success in part to support he received from professors and peers. “I’m lucky enough to have sold my first novel at a pretty early age — I was twenty-eight when I signed the contract. That’s really young for the writing world,” he says. “There’s no way that would have happened without this program. It would have taken eight years of flailing around.”

As part of a fine arts rather than a research program, students earn credits by writing rather than studying literary theory. Each semester, they share chapters of their novels or short stories for the class to critique during workshops. The creative writing program provides more than just practical advice. It also offers emotional support.

“The faculty really want you to succeed and try to keep your spirits up,” says Bakopoulos. “It might sound silly that writing can be this hard and this emotional, but it really can be a constant series of ego bruises. The professors, at least the ones here, really understand that. They’ve been there.”

Three of the UW faculty Bakopoulos worked with are also accomplished writers in their own right — Lorrie Moore is a best-selling fiction writer, and memoirist Jesse Lee Kercheval and novelist Judith Claire Mitchell have received widespread critical acclaim for recent books.

Bakopoulos is currently writing his second novel, though this time, he doesn’t have the advice of his former professors. “They’re really part instructor and part therapist. Writers usually work in complete seclusion, with very little chance of publication or commercial success,” he says. “For the two years I was in the MFA program, I was being treated as if writing was very important and as if I had a real chance of actually making it.”

— Erin Hueffner ’00

Between the Lines

How the UW-Madison creative writing master’s program aided an author.

Dean Bakopoulos now walks along the road to the book-lover’s heaven. He led the Wisconsin Humanities Council through this year’s Wisconsin Book Festival, and his first novel, Please Don’t Come Back from the Moon, will be published in January.
Finding Kizuna

Violinist Midori comes to Madison to teach interconnectedness.

There's nothing new about a classical musician performing educational outreach when on tour. But world-renowned violinist Midori is taking the term “artist in residence” to a new level. Before her November 12 recital at the Union Theater, she held campus-wide forums and workshops on topics as diverse as arts administration and psychology, all while immersed in day-to-day life in Chadbourne Hall.

It's all part of Midori's effort to explore kizuna, a Japanese term meaning “human interconnectedness.” Last year, the famed musician launched what she calls her University Residencies Program to strengthen ties among artists, students, and faculty — and among the arts and other academic fields. This fall, Midori brought the new residency program to UW-Madison.

Born Midori Goto in Osaka, Japan, in 1971, the violinist has become one of the best known and loved classical musicians, earning the kind of single-name notoriety usually reserved for rock stars. She debuted with the New York Philharmonic at age eleven and has performed at a wide variety of venues, from the world's greatest concert halls to the 1992 Winter Olympics, and from Sesame Street. Now on the faculty at New York's Manhattan School of Music, Midori has developed a series of innovative educational programs, of which University Residencies is the latest. As the second school selected to participate in the program, UW-Madison experienced not only days of attention from a gifted performer, but the interdisciplinary spirit of kizuna, as well.

Each day for a week, Midori spent much of her time with individual students and various chamber ensembles, opening some master classes to the public. She also compared Japanese and American teaching tools with education majors, discussed children's musical literature with librarians, addressed marketing concerns with business students, and explored the processing and appreciation of sensory input with future scientists and psychologists.

Midori speaks of the “valuable experiences to be born through our united efforts,” and she plans to expand her work to an even wider variety of students, teachers, performers, and the public when she returns for the second half of her residency in the spring of 2006.

— Lori Skelton

**At 33, Midori has more than two decades of performing experience. Her current passion is kizuna, or human interconnectedness — a concept that resonates with the interdisciplinary UW-Madison.**

Professor of art history Henry Drewal received a Guggenheim Fellowship for his work on understanding the role of the senses in African art. The fellowship will enable him to spend a year turning three decades of notes on Yoruba art into a book.

Judy Pfaff, an artist at UW-Madison's Tandem Press, also picked up a prestigious honor. A sculptor, artist, and print-maker, Pfaff received a five-year, $500,000 John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation fellowship for 2004.

Truman Lowe MFA '73 has had a busy fall. The art professor served as curator of contemporary art at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of the American Indian during its opening this fall. He also designed the first blanket that the museum produced. Lowe dedicated the blanket in honor of his mother, Sauninga, a member of the Ho-Chunk's Bear Clan.

Creative writing professor Lorrie Moore is the recipient of the 2004 Rea Award for the Short Story, given annually to a writer who has made “a significant contribution to the short story form.” Her story collections include Like Life and Birds of America, and one of her stories, “You're Ugly Too,” was chosen for The Best American Short Stories of the Century, edited by John Updike.

Peter Helmberger, a former professor of agricultural economics, has produced another novel: **If It's Not One Thing, It's Another Murder.** Since his retirement, Helmberger has turned to writing comic mysteries because, he says, the “royalties run in the tens of dollars annually.”
Tutors in Training

Writing Fellows learn skills on the job and in the classroom.

Walking into the writing lab in UW-Madison’s Helen C. White Hall, you can tell this is a space that nurtures creativity. Quotes from Albert Einstein, Tom Sawyer, Jack Kerouac, and Dr. Seuss are scrawled on the walls in red paint. The face of Mahatma Gandhi looms in the background, giving you the feeling that he’s listening in on the discussion. It’s really not what you’d expect to find in a college library.

But then again, the students who fill this classroom are no ordinary undergraduates — they’re Writing Fellows, tutors assigned to writing-intensive courses to help their peers improve their papers. They’ve all passed a competitive application process: this year, more than one hundred students applied to the program, and just thirty were selected.

English 316 is the course that gives them the tools they need to be effective in their role. At the beginning of class, Emily Hall MA’92, PhD’00, associate director of the Writing Fellows program and professor for the course, emphasizes that writing is a process, and that every writer can benefit from feedback. But many of the new Fellows worry about how their peers will take suggestions from a tutor who’s younger than they are. They talk about the classes they’re working with — because they are Fellows upon acceptance to the program, their work has already begun.

Jessica Marinelli x’07, an outspoken sophomore from Los Angeles, is a Writing Fellow for English 236, American Literature and Democracy. She loves a challenge, enjoys writing, and wants to apply to the School of Journalism and Mass Communication. One of her students is an accomplished writer. “There’s a published novelist in this class. What favors will I be able to do this man?” she asks.

She’s not alone in her worries — it’s the first week of class, and everyone is getting used to the new role of Writing Fellow. After the rest of the students share their experiences, they gather in small groups to practice writing comments on a draft paper. This exercise will prepare them for when they’ll begin reviewing student essays later in the semester. They talk about ferreting out the “higher order concerns” in writing — whether the paper fulfills the assignment, has a clear thesis, and flows logically. It’s an animated class full of questions, most of which Hall redirects to be answered by the students themselves.

“It’s important for the students to teach themselves and take some responsibility for their education,” says Hall. “It’s not just a vocational class; it’s a rigorous, academic class. They are such talented students with a wide array of academic strengths — they have a lot to learn from one another.”

Hall’s belief in students teaching each other is apparent in this class. Rather than lecturing at a room full of students furiously writing notes, she uses class time for discussion — practicing tutoring skills and talking about theories of writing and education. Today, the Fellows engage in lofty discussion about the relationship between social discourse and writing. The students volley philosophical ideas across the room. Can you have thoughts without words? Is writing an external expression of inner thought? Although some Fellows are shier than others, everyone participates. In a class of just fifteen, there’s nowhere to hide. But that’s one of the things Marinelli loves about these discussions.

“It’s awesome to be in a class where everyone really wants to be there,” she says. “It’s just a real mixture of people. It’s a very cool class. And it kind of blows my mind that [Hall] hand-picked each of us.”

The Writing Fellows program was established in 1997 to give undergraduate students a chance to experience the teaching aspect of the university and
A group of nine students traveled to the eastern Mediterranean island of Cyprus over the summer as part of a three-week international seminar on social justice — Mapping a Diverse Cyprus: Race, Ethnicity, Gender, and Religion. The group, led by Mary Layoun, professor of comparative literature, studied the issues of diversity and community in Cyprus by meeting with residents and citizens as they traveled. Since a 1974 civil war, the island has been divided between ethnic Greek and Turkish sections. The students recently held a presentation at the Chadbourne Residential College to share inspiring stories and lessons learned during their trip to the Mediterranean.

Wei Dong, a professor of environment, textiles, and design, set his summer course in a whole new environment. To study the Chinese principles of feng shui, he took his class to his native China. Students from a variety of fields, including medicine, interior design, and business, took Chinese Feng Shui and Western Environmental Design to learn about this Eastern philosophy of harmony and balance.

Maps get a high-tech upgrade in Geography 575, Animated and Web-Based Mapping. The course covers new cartographic challenges, such as animation and on-demand mapping systems. Take a peek at the course at www.geography.wisc.edu/~harrower/Geog575/.

Undergraduate students Jessica Marinelli and Joe Steele participate in a class discussion during English 316, a prep class for students aspiring to become Writing Fellows at the Writing Center in Helen C. White Hall. In the background is a student-painted mural, called “The Writer’s Influence,” featuring numerous literary quotes. Professor Emily Hall prefers that the course develop from participation so that the students teach themselves.

to support students and faculty in writing-intensive courses. Funded by the College of Letters and Science and co-sponsored by the Writing Center and Pathways to Excellence Project, the program is based on the theory that peer tutoring is a powerful way to encourage learning. But it also helps the Fellows learn to be better writers themselves, something Marinelli wants to gain from the course.

“I hope to become a better writer. I didn’t realize how extensively we’d be learning how to tutor. I didn’t really know what to expect going into it,” she says. “And we’re learning so many interesting theories about ethics and becoming an authoritative educational figure like a tutor or a teaching assistant.”

Though the Fellows hail from numerous academic backgrounds, all of them are excellent writers and have a genuine desire to help students improve their writing skills. They review papers in undergraduate classes ranging from Stellar Astrophysics to Women and Health in American History, so they need to know how to communicate to students from varying academic backgrounds, even when they aren’t experts in the subject matter.

Though the ultimate goal of the course is to make great tutors, students aren’t graded on their work as Writing Fellows. They keep a journal of their experiences and write three papers — two short assignments and one major research paper about writing or tutoring. Hall says that her students are graded on the quality and ambitionness of their writing, and their meaningful contributions to class discussions.

“I find that the students are so smart that they’ll often have an insight about an article that I haven’t had,” Hall says. “It’s really hard to be a Writing Fellow while you’re being trained. But at the same time, it’s really valuable, because Fellows in the class serve as such wonderful resources for one another.”

— Erin Hueffner ’00

— Jeff Miller

In the background is a student-painted mural, called “The Writer’s Influence,” featuring numerous literary quotes. Professor Emily Hall prefers that the course develop from participation so that the students teach themselves.
The worst day in Dianne McFarland Bady ’72’s life was the day she lost Laura Forman.

It was December 10, 2001, and the Ohio Valley Environmental Coalition (OVEC) had prepared a little Christmas pageant for the Army Corps of Engineers office in Huntington, West Virginia. Bady founded OVEC in 1987 and was its co-director. Forman was the lead organizer. It was her job to keep the heat on the Corps for writing permits for mountaintop removal coal mining, a process deplored by opponents for its devastating and irreversible effects on the environment.
Mountaintop removal mining operations, such as the one above in southern West Virginia, involve dismantling the tops of mountains and dumping the fill into the surrounding valleys. This can result in flooding and destruction of streams and homes below, and can convert a scenic vista like the one at left into something resembling a moonscape.
OVEC always tries to spice up the sign-waving and speech-making with a bit of street theater, and the plan was to have Santa Claus deliver a lump of coal and a package of sludge fudge to the Corps. Then Santa caught the flu, and Forman had to scramble to find a replacement. Finally, after a little friendly arm-twisting, a reluctant volunteer donned the costume and stepped forward with Forman before a crowd of about one hundred people. She took the mike and cued the protest with a few introductory remarks, and then introduced Santa.

"Then she took a step backward, and she just collapsed," remembers Bady. OVEC members started CPR and called for a rescue crew, but Forman soon turned blue. When the paramedics arrived, they ripped off her blouse and applied the paddles as television cameras rolled. Forman did not survive the cardiac arrhythmia, leaving a five-year-old boy, a husband, and a hole in OVEC.

Just that morning, Bady had talked to Forman about cutting back on her work. In the uphill fight against mountaintop removal, which literally refers to blasting the tops off mountains to get at the coal, there was always something more that could be done. And they faced a constant background of anger: letters to the editor, threats, and personal attacks. Not that it stopped them. A few months earlier, Bady, Forman, and OVEC co-director Janet Fout had gone to New York City to accept one of the inaugural Ford Foundation Leadership for a Changing World awards. Twenty groups or individuals were recognized, out of three thousand nominations. The $130,000 prize rewards those who tackle the “complex social realities of contemporary communities.”

It was a hard fall from that pinnacle to Forman’s death, but OVEC fights on. After all, what the women were recognized for was their ability to adapt, their grace under fire. So often, their well-laid plans were scuttled: they’d lose key members to intimidation, or a state or corporate maneuver would change the entire strategic landscape. OVEC responds with what they call radical trust. “We noticed that so often when we didn’t know what to do, something would happen,” explains Bady. “We’d get new people; we’d get a source of money that we hadn’t counted on; we’d make a crucial contact with people inside of state or federal agencies who could point us in the right direction and feed us all kinds of information under the table.”

You can’t argue with the results. Bady founded the Ohio Valley Environmental Coalition to oppose a bid by BASF (billed as “the world’s leading chemical company”) to build a toxic-waste incinerator in Ironton, Ohio. BASF abandoned the plan. Ashland Oil, which operates a large refinery on the Ohio River, wound up paying big fines and was forced into a $30 million renovation. Parsons and Whittemore, a New York-based wood-products company, wanted to open the nation’s largest pulp mill in West Virginia; permit denied. Those are the big ones.

“She’s faced off against powerful industries that nobody else would tackle,” says Fout, who calls Bady a spiritual companion and OVEC’s visionary. “It’s like going into the lion’s den, and she’s done it over and over.”

In April the Appalachian spring is in full tilt, but sitting in her yard, Dianne Bady is subdued, as if she were still in the midst of winter. Major surgery will do that. A month prior, her doctors, in search of a rotten spleen, located a tiny spot of lung cancer. Along with the spleen, they removed a chunk of lung.

It’s a good time to reflect on life, a conversation continually joined by her dogs and the chattering of birds that cavort in the canopy of Bady Hollow. There is a sunny, open space behind her house, but the trees close gradually in,
lining the banks of a small brook and climbing the hills. Several paths lead up into the woods.

Her upbringing was pure Wisconsin farm girl: a cow named Daisy, a half-dozen siblings, a Welsh pony named Satin. The pony provides perhaps the first clue of what was to come. A horse killed her great-grandfather, so her father was firmly against them. “I just wanted a pony so bad, so I started riding his cows,” Bady recalls. “That was my big thrill. The cow pasture was right on the road, and so people would go by and see me sitting on a cow, and I think eventually it got kind of embarrassing.”

In 1968, when it came time for college, she was intimidated by Madison: too big and too much going on. But by her sophomore year, the fear turned to luster, and she transferred from UW-La Crosse. She earned a double degree in social work and psychology, but that’s not the education she talks about. On her first protest, she joined a march of welfare mothers to the capitol. A lot of people were angry, but instead of listening, the legislature cancelled the day’s deliberations. “That was pretty much of a shock to me,” she says. “Up until that point, I really thought that the legislators and politicians were much more concerned.” She risked arrest, wrote her first letter to the editor, and was disillusioned with government for the first time.

“In terms of lessons that have really carried through to my life, it’s the activism that I learned,” says Bady of her UW years. “I listened to what other people had to say and went to lots of meetings and protests. I soaked up information. I watched the leaders and how they worked.”

After graduating, Bady went to Rutgers to pursue an advanced degree in psychology. There she met her husband, Rick, and fell out of love with academia. When Rick graduated, they both found teaching positions back in Wisconsin at Mount Scenario College in Ladysmith.

For Bady, escaping the megalopolis of New Jersey for northern Wisconsin was “sort of like coming to heaven.” She quickly got involved in a controversy over a proposed (later completed) copper and zinc mine, and spent five years as president of the Rusk County Citizen Action Group. She made state headlines when she called state public intervener Peter Pescak Wisconsin’s very own James Watt.

Despite the tumult, Bady was content and connected. “I really came to feel the land and I were all part of the same larger process,” she remembers. But Mount Scenario College was failing, and when Rick went on the job market, he was offered a tenure-track position in physics at Marshall University in Huntington. They felt they had to take it. “In the moving van, it took me an hour before I could stop crying,” recalls Bady. Among her fears was one triggered by the experience of a colleague who had spent a year in Kentucky: activism was hard in Wisconsin, but Appalachian coal mining activists were regularly shot at.

In West Virginia, her life stalled. She badly missed northern Wisconsin. “I just felt as if I’d been cut off from a part of...
myself,” she says of the move, placing a hand on her chest. “It was physically painful, right here.” She found some solace in nature, and spent a lot of time writing and walking, exploring the hills and back roads near her new home.

One day in December, on one of those roads, a stranger appeared, walking toward her. Tall and thin, he had a long beard and old-fashioned clothes. As they grew closer, Bady lost her nerve, turned around, and walked quickly away. “This is too strange,” she thought, and turned again to look. The man had vanished. The road here dipped between two hayfields, and she saw no place he could have gone so quickly, but he was definitely gone. The encounter left her deeply unsettled.

Across this region, more than four hundred thousand acres have been leveled, more than seven hundred miles of stream buried alive.

A few weeks later, she talked it out with her husband, and she suddenly understood. The man had looked like Rip van Winkle, who went to sleep to stay in Wisconsin, and everything around him changed. “I’d been there since August. I’m still crying because I want to be back in Wisconsin, and everything around me — my son is changing, my husband is changing, but I’m staying the same. At that point, I realized it was time to put Wisconsin behind me and see how I fit here.”

Maria Gunnoe’s polished Colt revolver, like her house, once belonged to her grandfather. Martin Luther Gunnoe, a full-blooded Cherokee, worked thirty-two years in the coal mines. “When he first started, they used breast drills and mattocks and hoes and shovels,” says Maria. “That’s how he paid for this property, making eighteen dollars a week.”

But what coal has made, coal can destroy. Up the hollow and out of sight is a large strip mine run by the IO mine company, a subsidiary of Brook Trout Coal Company, LLC. Strip mining has never been gentle, but this operation is a mountaintop removal site that Gunnoe says is destroying her property, and she’s packing the Colt for another walk to the mine. We’ll be trespassing, she says, because she likes to remind them that she’s still there. Every day, when possible. Offhandedly, she says the gun is in case of bear, but there was also the day when she ran into a few mine employees who made vague threats about a woman alone in the woods. She went back the next day with a shotgun, too. “Who’s first?” she dared.

Gunnoe disappears inside to gather more gear, and OVEC organizer Vivian Stockman hands over a binder of documents that track Gunnoe’s losing battle against the mine, including pictures of the property before a flood took away much of her yard, correspondence, and maps of the mine.

The family land extends forty acres upstream, and the hollow was her playground and larder as she grew up. Roaming far and wide, they all learned to hunt the steep sides of the valley. “This place has been the same my whole life,” says as we head upward. “We’ve always had our own little paradise here. We were taught to live off the land. We’re mountain people. We like it that way. And that’s disappearing.”

We cross the creek where a fallen tree has jammed the channel, backing up a dozen truckloads of gravel and rock and sand. Anyone who knows mountain streams has seen this kind of rough-and-tumble mayhem. But as we climb up the opposite side, it becomes clear that this may be more than gravity’s subtle domination. Violent forces are at work. The forest floor, while solid for now, is shot through with slips and cracks that look like miniature earthquakes. One slip exposes three feet of vertical. Downhill, a house-sized quantity of earth and rock held together by tree roots slumps toward the water below. It takes no special training to see how, soaked by a heavy rain, the whole hillside will plunge into the creek. “Spring scares the crap out of me,” says Gunnoe, looking down. “I used to love it. I still do, but...”

The mine comes into view, and with each upward stride, the scale of the operation becomes more intimidating. The valley is now shorn of trees, its graceful, water-worn lines buried under massive steps of crushed rock: the mountaintop has been mutilated. Above the last step climbs an exposed cliff. As we watch, a large vehicle crests the horizon, erects a derrick, and begins to drill blast holes.

Examining the cliff closely, there is a thin, dark seam dozens of feet below the precipice. This is the coal. If the cliff were a layer cake, the coal would be the frosting. To get at the frosting, the cake — called overburden — is blasted away, then hauled to the valley below. A massive vehicle called a dragline does the heavy lifting. The machinery is so expensive that the mines must run 24/7 to clear a profit: last year, Christmas dinner at the Gunnoe house was interrupted by a blast rolling down the valley.

Still, mountaintop removal mining is favored by the industry as the most cost-effective way to get at the thin seams of coal, the dregs of the black bounty of Appalachia. Walking back down the mountain, the order of destruction falls into place. The devastation of a mountain shorn is compounded by the filling of the valleys below. Across this region, more than four hundred thousand acres have been leveled, more than seven hundred miles of stream buried alive. The combination of repeated destabilizing blasts and the removal of the absorbent forest collapses the valley below with catastrophic flooding.

On June 16, 2005, it started raining about four o’clock in the afternoon. “Within forty-five minutes after it started raining, there was a wall of mud and trees and rocks and water come down out of there that hid the barn,” she says. The rain stopped by seven o’clock, but
“all through the night you could hear parts from my barn and trees and stuff rushing through the water.”

The next morning her front lawn was a chasm. The bridge over Big Branch was gone; the bridge over the Pond Fork of the Little Kanawha River was weakened enough that her truck cannot cross. Her septic field was destroyed and her well contaminated. The garden was buried under mining sludge. FEMA gave her $5,000, but the estimate for municipal water alone came to $31,546.

And the mine? Gunnoe says that they helped with cleanup, but the manager denied responsibility. “He stood out here in my yard and said this was an act of God,” she says. “That infuriated me. I’ve lived here my whole life, and there’s never been anything like that happen.”

She was stranded, but not silenced — her phone was still connected. When she got nowhere with the local politicians, she moved to the media, and as soon as OVEC learned of her plight, they called to offer her support and expertise in getting her story out.

“The best thing I can do for my future and my kids’ future is to try to stop mountaintop removal,” she says. She grew up with the freedom of the hills, but Gunnoe no longer allows her two children to wander. “We’re at a point now where we might be able to salvage something if we stop it. But if we don’t stop it within the next five years, we might as well quit. There ain’t going to be nothing left to fight for.”

From on high, the sumptuous folds of Appalachia look like a green brain. Soaring ridges tumble into low, moist valleys and back up again, the air punctuated by azaleas and cucumber magnolia. The wrinkles of the brain foster intellect, but these terrestrial folds are engines of diversity and life. Indeed, the dimples, whorls, and tucks of the Appalachian ridge lines in southern Ohio, West Virginia, eastern Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia are home to the most diverse temperate forest on the planet.

In 1997, with its challenge to the Parsons and Whittemore pulp mill winding toward victory, OVEC decided to make protecting this forest its next fight. At a meeting of the Lucy Braun Association for the Mixed Mesophytic Forest, they met a few men from the Coal River Mountain Watch, a new organization fighting a new generation of strip-mining — mountaintop removal. It didn’t take long for OVEC to realize it had found the group’s next cause. It wasn’t exactly forest specific, but then mountaintop removal was like a stroke in the green brain. Clear-cutting was gentle by comparison.

King Coal was a big target, but not an easy one. Since the late 1800s, coal has had a stranglehold on southern West Virginia. “We believe there has been a very conscious strategy on the part of the coal industry to do whatever possible to prevent economic diversification in the coal fields,” says Bady. For example, McDowell County has been called the billion-dollar coalfields. For years the highest producing coal county in the country, it helped to fuel the Industrial Revolution and stoked many fortunes. Yet, until very recently, no community in McDowell County even had a sewage-treatment system. “You look around, and you see horrendous poverty. The school buildings are horrible. The water is horrible,” says Bady. “Is any business in...
their right mind that isn’t coal related going to show any interest?"

With a long history and few other options, coal is a difficult and emotional issue, a classic jobs-versus-environment tangle. The impacts go beyond the mining zone. The headwaters of the Guyandotte River rise in coal country, and it drains coal waste to the Ohio River, a source of drinking water for millions. The Huntington area has more respiratory health impacts from coal-fired generation than anywhere else in the country. “Who knows why I got lung cancer?” asks Bady. “I’ve never smoked in my life.”

“The regulations are being violated daily, and there is no enforcement effort on a federal or state level.”
— Jack Spadaro


“The regulations are being violated daily, and there is no enforcement effort on a federal or state level,” says Jack Spadaro, former superintendent of the U.S. Mine Safety and Health Administration. As reported by Sixty Minutes, when Spadaro refused to cooperate in the whitewashing of an investigation into a 500 million gallon spill of coal slurry, he was relieved of duty and locked out of his office. When he appealed his demotion to the inspector general of the Department of Labor, the final report ruled against him, but contained large sections of blacked-out text. “All of the operations in Appalachia right now are in violation of the law,” says Spadaro. “What OVEC has done is let it be known that that’s the case.”

“Thousands of people show up at these operations every day — that are done in complete compliance with all the laws and regulations, federal, state, local in many cases,” counters Bill Raney, president of the West Virginia Coal Association. He says there is no direct correlation between any mining operations and flooding. “We have had some dramatic rainfall events in the areas where coal is mined over the last five years.”

To his mind, OVEC and other groups are playing with emotional cards, “trying to get people whipped up into some frenzy,” overstating the impact of coal mining. “It’s not nearly as dramatic as those that oppose the industry would like you to believe it is.” Just look at the miners, says Raney. “They’re working there because they’re able to earn a good living and raise their family in the vicinity of where their families grew up. They want to stay there. They hunt on these mountains. They fish in the streams that are below the operations. So the people that are working on these sites, they’re not going to do anything that will disparage the environment. They’re going to preserve it because they want to use it.

“People enjoy low-cost, reliable electricity throughout this nation,” he argues. “A big part of that is because the coal-mining industry is able to do it in a very professional manner.”

Indeed, more than half of the nation’s electricity comes from coal, and Appalachian coal has a very high energy value. But Bady is adamant that the coal companies are profitable only because others bear the costs: the victims of floods and respiratory disease, and the earth itself. “They make money at it because it is relatively cheap to just blow up the mountain, turn it into overburden, and dump it over the side.” Bady would like to see a national energy policy that pays more attention to renewable sources. "We
can’t go into the coalfields and start telling people that we’ve got to get rid of coal right away. But we can talk about a transition. Personally, and to a lot of our members, it’s obvious that the easy coal in Appalachia has already been mined."

And the price of hard coal is tragic. In August, a three-year-old boy was crushed to death in his bed in Inman, Virginia, when a boulder the size of a small refrigerator rolled off a mine road. “This is the kind of fear that they live with, when babies aren’t safe in their beds anymore,” says Fout. “We all cry when we see people’s possessions in a heap in their front yards. It’s just total destruction of their lives.”

“She’s back!”

Janet Fout knew that Bady was recuperated and ready to raise hell again by looking at her flower garden. “Her garden is back,” she says. “It’s just a profusion of color. Beauty is what inspires her to keep doing the work.

“She has always been the visionary for OVEC,” says Fout. “She spends a lot of time in quiet, in silence. For me personally, she’s the one person on this planet who’s made the biggest difference in my life. She’s a remarkable woman.”

Challenging coal in West Virginia took OVEC into new terrain. Recognizing that they would go nowhere without addressing the industry’s legislative clout, OVEC helped form the People’s Election Reform Coalition, raising money for in-depth research on the campaign contributions in West Virginia. “It’s really changed the terms of political debate in this state,” says Bady. Now, when legislators push coal-friendly laws, it’s reported how much they got from the industry. The growing awareness has led to new laws limiting contributions to the governor’s inaugural ball and restricting special-interest loans to candidates. Momentum is rising for public financing of elections.

National politics are also in play. During the Clinton administration, the industry lobbied for a relaxation of the rules governing mountaintop removal. OVEC and some major national environmental groups mounted a stiff campaign, and the administration backed off. The rules changed — literally — under the Bush administration. With careful editing, federal officials redefined mine offal from “waste” to “fill” and made other refinements to streamline mountaintop removal. “When Bush came in, it didn’t take long for a whole flurry of new permits,” says Bady. And enforcement is even worse than under the Clinton administration. If things don’t change, she believes, in another four years, “the southern coal fields in West Virginia will basically become uninhabitable.”

Despite this serious local concern, OVEC is even thinking about going international. In China’s huge coal industry, seventeen miners die every day. West Virginia’s biggest coal producer, Massey Energy, already has investments there, so why shouldn’t OVEC challenge them in China as well? “As a responsible environmental organization, we can’t look at our work just in this context of West Virginia and what’s going on here,” says Fout. “We need to put it in that larger context.”

For Bady, the extreme degradation of mountaintop removal is symptomatic of larger problems. “There are very, very few ordinary, regular people involved in our democracy,” she says, meaning the messy, chaotic process of local people coming together and working things out. “We help to facilitate local democracy, people getting involved in the issues that affect their lives. It is happening. It’s got to happen a whole lot more.

“Many of the fundamental changes we need in this country are not going to come from federal politicians suddenly seeing the injustice and changing the laws or the policies or the tax structure. They come from people in communities and neighborhoods working together to get things better. Then the change will filter upward.”

For Bady, Fout, and other members of OVEC, this hard work is cushioned by their radical trust. “We don’t believe in miracles,” says Fout. “We rely on them. Who in the world, in their right mind, would take on the most powerful entity in this state, the coal industry, and try to tame them?”

Erik Ness writes about science and the environment from his home in Madison. He wrote about water for the Winter 2003 issue of On Wisconsin.
It was in this vast city of souls that several hundred members of Moktada al-Sadr’s militia poured during the first week of August. Staking positions in crypts and behind headstones, they engaged U.S. soldiers in an eerie tomb-to-tomb battle that became one of the largest, most distressing conflicts of post war Iraq. Lasting nearly three weeks, the skirmishes left the cemetery pockmarked with shell fragments and the rubble of pulverized graves. But they also tore at the image of Najaf itself, one of the holiest cities in Iraq, and, in the opinion of Rachel Roe JD’01, one of its most hopeful.

“I just can’t imagine violence there,” Roe told me a few weeks before the August uprising. She had just returned to Wisconsin after eighteen months in Iraq, four of them stationed in Najaf as a sergeant in the U.S. Army’s 432nd Civil Affairs battalion. “It is literally the most peaceful, safest place I have ever been,” she said.

Roe’s Najaf was a very different place — a bazaar of bearded scholars and fruit vendors, where calls to prayer mixed with the sounds of children at play. She arrived on May 8 of last year, after the front-line troops had swept through on their northward push toward Baghdad. Roe, then thirty, came as a soldier, with an M-16 rifle across her chest. She spoke Arabic fluently and had a degree from the UW Law School. She was there to build, not bomb.

The city had been mostly spared from combat. Coalition forces secured it within four days, and to everyone’s great relief, the armies had avoided the dominating shrine to the Imam Ali, a cousin of Mohammad whose final resting place makes Najaf one of the most revered sites in the Shiite world. A thirty-foot statue of Saddam Hussein didn’t fare as well, blown up by jubilant locals after the retreat of Hussein’s army.

Gone, too, were most of the Baathist loyalists who ran the city’s infrastructure, and who had left a tatter of pillaged offices and records as they fled. No telephones worked, and looters had picked over public buildings. At the main courthouse, there wasn’t a desk in sight.
Into this breach stepped members of the 432nd, an Army Reserve unit based near Green Bay that had been called into active duty that spring. One of twenty-six civil-affairs battalions in the army, the 432nd was no typical collection of foot soldiers: its ranks include a veterinarian, a chemist, a police officer, and a bunch of engineers. Though trained for battle, the main weapon they brought to Iraq was their expertise.

Regarded as a friendlier, more culturally sensitive face of the U.S. military, civil-affairs units deal in the messy business of reconstruction, working with local authorities to restore order and return normality to the places scarred by war. Virtually invisible before the end of the Cold War, battalions like the 432nd have been exceedingly busy since, active in the first Gulf War, the conflict in Kosovo, and relief efforts in Somalia and Haiti. As the only soldiers with an explicit mission to reach out and form relationships with civilians, they’re integral to what’s often called the “hearts and minds” campaign — the all-important battle to win trust in the communities in which the military operates.

When Roe joined the unit during her second year of law school, she was as concerned about books and bills as hearts and minds. After growing up in a series of Milwaukee suburbs, she had paid her way through Harvard night school en route to a degree in psychology, then added a master’s in criminal justice at Northeastern University. Along the way, she had grown interested in prison reform, and by coming to the UW, she sought the academic expertise of law school. At the same time, she was no ivory-tower theorist and desired some kind of experience that would give her the credibility of having walked the walk. “As a little blond girl from Wisconsin, you’re not automatically thought of as tough,” she says.

Like most civil-affairs units, the 432nd is made up of reservists who spend most of their time in professional jobs. Until graduating from law school in 2001, Roe put in her one weekend a month and never seriously considered the possibility of war. But after she scored well on a language aptitude test, the army offered her a spot at its intensive foreign-language school in Monterey, California. She was given a list of languages the government was willing to spend the next eighteen months teaching her.

With the events of September 11 still three months in the future, she chose Arabic. “The Middle East just seemed like a powder keg,” she says. "Something was going to happen, and no one was paying attention."

Not quite two years later, Roe found herself staring at a bulletin board inside a Marine base on the outskirts of Najaf. Next to each of the tasks listed — everything from “develop city budget” to “control roaming dogs” — was a red or green dot, symbolizing Najaf’s golden-domed Imam Ali shrine is a holy site among Shiites, who make up a majority of Iraq’s population.
the coalition forces’ progress in rebuilding the city. The dot beside “re-establish courts” was red. She was told to turn it green.

As with many things in post war Iraq, Najaf’s legal processes had been stalled not merely by war, but by its ensuing dysfunction. Vandals had burned thousands of pages of criminal records, and a dozen of the city’s judges had fled. Roe began talking with the remaining judges and lawyers about how to revive — or, when warranted, reinvent — the system.

“It was an amazing opportunity, because we were starting from scratch,” she says. “Anything they knew that didn’t work, we could fix.”

At the same time, she recognized the audacity of the task. “This was the home of Hammurabi. These people invented law,” she says. (The Babylonian kingdom of Hammurabi, who some four thousand years ago devised the most complete legal code in the ancient world, sits just a Humvee ride away from present-day Najaf.) “Why should an American lawyer come in and tell them that they have to change their legal system?”

Roe had no intention of doing that. But her ease with the language gave her access that few Americans had. She set up an office in the courthouse, and people began appearing in her doorway: townspeople who needed help with wills, farmers seeking aid for lands damaged by troops, lawyers eager to return to work. She set up a legal aid clinic and green-lighted construction of a new jail, operating with remarkable freedom, partly because her commanding officers trusted her, and partly because they didn’t know enough Arabic to check in on her dealings.

But reconstruction is far from a hitchless process. And in a certain respect, Najaf became the most symbolic of Iraq’s crucibles. Because the civil-affairs officers found Najaf in relatively good shape, they were able to push well down the path of progress, and that also meant they were the first to trip into some of its snares.

In July of last year, for example, Roe triggered a small commotion when she tried to appoint a woman to fill one of the vacant judge positions. Although women served as lawyers and town council members — and as judges in other Iraqi cities — none were on the bench in Najaf, owing to the conservative cut of its many clerics. A few of the town’s more influential religious leaders had issued vague fatwas that left questions about whether Islam permitted women in such roles, but the overlap between Iraq’s religious codes and civil laws isn’t always clear.

Roe saw no legal reason the woman couldn’t be appointed. She had all the right qualifications and had been Najaf’s first female lawyer two decades before. She scheduled an appointment ceremony, hoping for a quiet moment attended by cake and the congratulations of fellow judges.

Of course, it didn’t happen that way. When word of the event leaked, several dozen protesters crowded at the courthouse door, chanting, “No, no women!” and, “Out, out, Roe!” Their demonstration may have been as much theatrics
as theocracy — Roe says it was orchestrated by lawyers with gripes about money and American authority — but it worked. Roe’s commanding officer, a Marine lieutenant colonel in charge of the city’s security, feared triggering an uprising and put the swearing-in on hold indefinitely.

“I think I almost cried,” Roe says. “But I don’t regret any of it.” Even as she listened to the angry men shout her name, she heard whispers of change. The lawyers kept using the word *khadiya* — a feminine form of the traditional Arabic word for judge, *khadi* — which Roe had never heard before. Although she had not put a woman judge on the bench that day, she may well have put one into the language.

It wasn’t the only plan gone awry. The city official whom the Marines had appointed governor — a man who had aided coalition forces in their fight against Baathists — turned out to have been extorting money and, more shockingly, holding three children of political opponents hostage in his office. Americans turned that potential embarrassment into a lesson in law and order by arresting their one-time ally. “People were shocked when we did that,” Roe says. “It was a brand-new idea that no one was above the law.”

What happened next was another hard lesson in political reality. At the urging of the Grand Ayatollah Ali al-Sistani, a Najafian, base commanders okayed an open election to replace the governor. Eighteen candidates jumped into the race, plastering the ancient city with colorful campaign posters in what seemed a joyous embrace of nascent democracy. Roe and her colleagues began registering voters, and the people of Najaf stood in line for hours to sign the forms. But there would be no vote. An eleventh-hour command from Paul Bremer’s office in Baghdad nixed the election. Ostensibly, there were security concerns. Roe thinks otherwise.

“They got worried the wrong person would win,” she says.

Roe’s suspicion underlines one of the predominant tensions of reconstruction. Historically, most occupying nations have sought to rebuild countries in ways that suit their own interests. After World War II, for example, U.S. operatives actively tried to sway elections in Germany and Japan toward moderate, pro-democracy forces. Many people have suggested that the administration has similar motives in Iraq.

Self-interest isn’t always a bad idea, particularly in a politically turbulent, economically important region such as the Middle East. “It’s a legitimate debate,” says Jon Pevehouse, a professor of political science who studies U.S. foreign policy. “Is it justifiable for us to prevent the election of a group that will work against our long-term goals? You could find credible people on both sides of the argument.”

But Pevehouse says the danger is that occupiers might work so hard to quash authoritarianism that they become authoritarian.
themselves. And in the year and a half since Hussein’s ouster, the American campaign in Iraq has been dogged by that very accusation: that it clings too tightly to power to allow Iraq to be free.

Reasonable people also may disagree that this is what caused cities such as Najaf to slide into insurgency. Roe knows only what she felt, and that was a window of opportunity closing.

With its historical importance and the popular weight of its clerics, Najaf was destined to be a ticklish city for American authorities in any case, but Roe believes the aborted election “pulled the rug out from under us.” What Bremer and U.S. officials saw as due caution, clerics decried as micromanagement. When officials in Washington leaked in November 2003 that they planned to hand-pick the authors of Iraq’s new constitution, Ayatollah Sistani bristled, calling it “fundamentally unacceptable.” And he wasn’t even the main problem. Assuming the role of the Americans’ chief antagonist was Moktada al-Sadr, a thirty-year-old firebrand cleric who became the voice and muscle of the growing impatience.

For months, the U.S. negotiated a tortured path with Sadr, first shutting down his newspaper in March, then calling for his arrest on murder charges in April, then seeking his cooperation with the new interim government that took over in June. That tenuous peace fell apart again in August, when Sadr’s militia attacked coalition forces in three cities, vowing to repel Americans from Iraq.

To Roe, Sadr represented not Najaf’s growing fundamentalism, but its growing frustration. Unlike the wizened clerics who earned their authority through years of scholarship, Sadr was “a kid, a guy who plays video games,” she says. “Neither of his wives would talk to him.” His power came from a different source: the boiling disaffection of youth. Najaf was full of angry young men, many of them criminals and former soldiers in Saddam’s disbanded army who could easily lay hands on weapons of minor destruction. They were out of work and out of patience.

“What we really needed was a New Deal,” Roe says. “They needed somewhere to go and a dollar at the end of the day.” In August, a few days before she was transferred to Baghdad to work with the coalition government, a car bomb exploded near the Ali shrine, killing more than one hundred people, among them a respected cleric. She could feel the city tightening even as it made strides.

Roe watched Najaf’s dissolution from the relative comfort of Baghdad’s green zone, where she spent the final nine months of her service. She returned to the holy city only once, to bury a friend.

The hardships of a civil-affairs officer pale compared to those of front-line soldiers. Roe lived in air conditioning and never went without food or water, while her brother Josh, stationed
“We owe it to them to be there,” Roe says. “You don’t just destroy a country and abandon it. You don’t just do something like that and walk away from people.” The real heroes, she says, are the Iraqis who wake up each day with the resolve to rebuild their country.

with a firefighting unit near Kuwait, subsisted on MREs and slept in the desert. Her single brush with grave danger came when a bomb exploded outside the heavily fortified central Baghdad hotel where she lived.

But war has other costs, paid in anger, frustration, hopelessness, and heartache. Her pride in her work is stained by a creeping sense of grief, that she and her country didn’t do enough of the right things to protect Iraq. When her mind drifts to Najaf, as it often does these days, it fills with a mix of hope and concern.

While some Americans are ready to wash their hands of it, Iraq has a tractor-beam pull on Roe. When her service ended in June, she came home long enough to celebrate her brother’s birthday and renew her driver’s license. Then she headed back. She accepted a job with an international accounting firm that is investigating possible corruption in the Oil for Food program, a pre-war United Nations relief effort that allowed Iraq to trade oil exports for humanitarian aid. The U.S. government has alleged that Hussein siphoned off some ten billion dollars of money intended for the Iraqi people since the program began in 1996 and paid multimillion dollar bribes to U.N. officials to keep it quiet. It may be the biggest financial rip-off in modern history.

“We’re tracing the money,” Roe says. “It’s all money that belonged to the Iraqi people, and we’re finding it for them.”

Several groups, including Congress and the U.N., have launched inquiries into the affair. But they are working against the powerful forces of a not-quite-dead conspiracy. In July, the minister in charge of the Iraqi government’s investigation was killed by a car bomb. Roe’s mother is not thrilled by her new job.

But Roe sees no great courage in her work. “We owe it to them to be there,” she says. “You don’t just destroy a country and abandon it. You don’t just do something like that and walk away from people.” The real heroes, she says, are the Iraqis who wake up each day with the resolve to rebuild their country.

She thinks about the last time she saw Najaf, a day almost a year ago now when she said good-bye to her friend. Muhan Jabr al-Shuwaili was Najaf’s chief judge, who guided Roe’s reconstruction of the court system and inspired her with his courage and forthright conviction that Iraq would be free.

Such boldness carries great risk in Iraq. Dozens of public officials have been murdered by insurgents, and a year ago, Shuwaili became one of their victims. On a November morning as he left his home for work, four men shoved him into a car and drove him into the desert outside the city. That is where they shot him, and that is where he died, not far at all from that great army of souls that stands guard over the valley of peace.

In the aftermath of the August battles, Iraqis have rebuilt a momentary peace in the holy city — but no one can say how long it will last.

Michael Penn is co-editor of On Wisconsin
Lunch today is Norwegian salmon, baked and bathed with a white-wine-and-butter reduction sauce. On the side are green beans and herbed potatoes, an assortment of leafy greens and crudité, and the house garlic-and-Dijon vinaigrette. For dessert, there’s a freshly baked chocolate cake, filled with raspberries and topped with whipped cream. Everything comes with a view of Lake Mendota through floor-to-ceiling windows, framed by exposed-brick dining room walls.

It is one of the campus area’s best lunch spots and best-kept secrets. Two blocks from the Kollege Klub, and a few doors down Frances Street from the Emma Goldman Co-op, a low-slung, prairie-style house on the lakeshore serves up French food made from scratch, with a side of French conversation. At a time when some in Congress would outlaw the French fry, La Maison Française of Madison celebrates French language and cuisine as inspired by Betsy Piper.

Piper (who’s no relation to Odessa Piper, the chef at Madison’s famed L’Etoile) is in her third decade of sautéing and souffléing for the thirty-some student residents, plus dozens of weekly visitors to the French House. A fixture of the French department, the house is also open to the community, increasingly so since the Madison chapter of the Alliance Française, a worldwide network of Francophones and Francophiles, took up residence there in 1995. Elizabeth Hulick ’83, who directs the local chapter, says the French House “is something very special. I still have this weird regret that I didn’t live there as a student.”

It’s de rigueur for UW French classes to troop to the French House for lunch or dinner, but plenty of nonstudents find their way to the buffet as well: rusty onetime French majors wanting to brush up, French nationals studying engineering and science, and French-speaking professors and staff. The French House experience even draws high school classes from far away as Green Bay and Illinois. Everyone comes to pull up a café chair and parler.

Betsy Piper came to both cooking and the French House by chance. As a five-year-old, she emigrated with her parents and four sisters from Eastern Europe, and grew up in Chicago. When her publisher employer moved to Madison, Piper did as well. In 1981, the previous French House chef convinced her friend Betsy to fill in on weekends with the promise that she could cook with all the cream and butter she wanted. Despite having little knowledge of either cooking or French, Piper soon took over full-time in the kitchen and launched the popular Friday public lunches. The self-taught chef now teaches cooking as well.

With a big smile, Piper jokes about her French House “bucket cookery,” scaling up classic French, French-African, or Cajun recipes for the sixty or more who come for the public meals. She once made coquilles St. Jacques for 120. Another time, she cracked twelve dozen eggs for soufflés, folding in the whites by hand. She might laugh about her en masse methods, but not about the food: “We don’t eat methods. We eat results.” And the results are star quality. “We could petition for a special place in the Michelin guide,” says Gilles Bousquet, dean of international studies and a native of France. Carafes of red and white wine are set out on the sideboard with every meal (a very quaffable “château de carton” as Piper calls it). This being Wisconsin, gallon jugs of milk get put out, too.

It’s not quite the two-hour luncheon for which the French are famous — the dining room pretty much clears in time
for a 1:20 class. But it reminds Bousquet of a homey Paris bistro. That is, except in price: a meal costs well under $10.

“Betsy has kept the dining experience authentic and affordable,” he says. “You feel that dining and eating have a special place in the culture.”

Today Piper cooks for the public on Wednesdays and Fridays, and prepares every weekday lunch and dinner for the student residents. Two other cooks help with breakfast, weekend meals, and the baking, but on a Wednesday afternoon, Piper is solo in the bright yellow kitchen with Provençal curtains, prepping for the night’s public dinner: steak au poivre, a French classic and house favorite. “We always have a mob of people when it’s on the menu,” she says.

In running shoes, she moves with the masterly ease of someone in her ideal job. “I could do it all blindfolded,” Piper says. Thirty pounds of oven-seared beef tenderloin are covered and resting along with sixteen pounds of green beans. The chocolate ganache that will cover the yellow cake gets a test stir. Only occasionally does Piper glance at the clock.

The pepper sauce goes into production in a pan the diameter of a garbage can: a slab of butter, shallots, tarragon, spoonfuls of Dijon mustard from a nine-pound can, two quarts of cream, green peppercorns. An hour before dinner, a gallon of rice goes on to cook.

Half an hour later, two student helpers arrive, and the pace picks up. Piper now operates like an air-traffic controller at O’Hare during rush hour, overseeing food going onto the stove and out to the dining room. At 5:50 she slices ten baguettes. Finally, the meat is carved, arranged, and draped with the sauce. The dinner bell rings; the dining room and diners fill up, chattering en français all the while.

Vive le chef! In most French kitchens, one egg may be un œuf, but the French House often serves dozens of patrons at a time.

The next day, the remaining tenderloin becomes stroganoff. On Friday, there’s chicken sautéed with tomatoes, mushrooms, and onions. After the lunch rush, Piper surveys the leftovers. In four hours the residents will be back for dinner. What’s on tonight’s menu? “I don’t know yet,” says Piper, admitting to the fallback of all chefs, great and small: “Sometimes I’d just like to order pizza!”

For more information on the French House and to make reservations, check www.uwfrenchhouse.org.

Christine Mlot ’83 usually writes about science and teaches in the UW-Madison Department of Life Sciences Communication. She can occasionally be heard practicing her rusty French in the French House dining room.
The critical event in the history of the modern Middle East very nearly happened on the night of January 20, 1919. Nearly, but not quite. It might have happened, not in Baghdad or Mecca or Damascus, but in Paris, in the dining room of the Hotel Crillon on the Rue de la Concorde. And the almost-key players weren’t prophets or potentates, but history teachers — lead among them William Westermann, a classics professor at the University of Wisconsin.

With him that night were the historians George Beer and James Shotwell of Columbia University and Isaiah Bowman, president of the American Geographical Society. They had come to France not to study the past but to build the future, to attend the Paris Peace Conference and help write the treaties that would end the First World War. All were members of the Inquiry, a U.S. government organization charged with nothing less than redesigning the world into ethnically logical, politically viable states. Westermann led the Inquiry’s western Asia section, focusing on the Middle East.

The food at the Crillon was excellent — “too good to make me feel quite comfortable,” Westermann wrote in his diary, “since so many people here are without proper food.” The armistice was just seventy days old, and the French had not even begun to recover. Most likely the meal included neither wine nor pork — that night’s guest was the emir Feisal, son of Hussein ibn Ali, the sherif of Mecca. He spoke no English, and the Americans spoke no Arabic, so another guest, a British colonel named T. E. Lawrence, translated. He, too, was a historian, an Oxford-trained medievalist. But that night, Westermann recorded, he wore “a gray cloth over the head falling back over the shoulders, held in place by a sort of white coil with pink balls of cloth here and there” — the trademark kaffiyeh of his persona as Lawrence of Arabia.

Feisal and Lawrence talked of the Arabs’ role in the war and their revolt against the Ottoman Turks. Lawrence’s exploits were already becoming legend: the ride of the camel cavalry, the capture of Dera’a, the grim work of shooting Arab wounded so that they wouldn’t fall into Turkish hands. During the war, Lawrence said, the Arabs had taken twenty thousand Turkish prisoners; the Turks had taken six Arabs alive.

More importantly, they talked about history. For centuries, the Turks had ruled the entire Middle East from the Nile to the borders of Iran. But Turkey had chosen the losing side in World War I, and now its empire was crumbling. According to Feisal, the Arabs dreamed of creating their own free state. If the Americans agreed to support independence, there would be statues raised to them in Arab towns. But, he said, “any man who would try to split the Arab people when they were uniting was a devil.”

Westermann was swept away. That night, he wrote in his diary: “Great is Lawrence and great is Feisal. I am a convert.”

History was on the verge of unfolding very differently. There would be no Iraq or Syria or Lebanon or Jordan, and probably no Israel or Saudi Arabia. There would be just one Arab nation, developing free of Western interference.

If the Inquiry had the authority that Westermann believed it did, this would have been the Middle East’s decisive moment.

But Westermann was wrong.

Today, as the Middle East again seems to be boiling toward vast change, it’s tempting to see events there as unprecedented. President Bush has declared that Iraq will be a first step toward removing tyranny, spreading democracy, and engendering peace. “The establishment of a free Iraq at the heart of the Middle East will be a watershed event in the global democratic revolution,” he’s said.

But this isn’t the first time the world has approached this watershed. Eighty-five years ago, the U.S. government believed it could put democracy on the march, in the Middle East and everywhere else. President Woodrow Wilson believed that authoritarian governments were a cancer, and the First World War was their fatal result. Democracy would be the antidote. When he asked Congress to declare war in 1917, he said that the United States wasn’t fighting for its own self-interest but “for the peace of the
world and the liberation of its peoples ... for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world," he said, "must be made safe for democracy."

And to a large extent, he meant it, though he wasn’t sure how to bring this happy state into being. So he asked the Departments of State and War to create an organization to determine what concrete goals America should fight for. Wilson, who’d been president of Princeton University before entering politics, had an abiding faith in doctors of philosophy, so he wanted this group to be made up of academics who would sift and winnow the truth, not diplomats or soldiers who would look for strategic advantage.

Wilson also wanted their purpose and existence to be kept secret — both from the enemy, who shouldn’t know U.S. war aims, and from the electorate, which was overwhelmingly isolationist. The result was the Inquiry, a vaguely named organization intended, according to one of its early reports, to be “a new idea in international relations — the idea of utilizing the expert services of scholars in determining the facts that should be the bases of the peace settlements.”

John Cooper, a UW historian who specializes in U.S. foreign policy of this period, describes the Inquiry as a combination of today’s National Security Council, CIA, and other intelligence services, only without the espionage. “What they did was create the first real system for gathering expert advice, studies, and detailed plans,” he says. “They put a lot of energy into planning for the peace negotiations, for what to do if and when we won the war.”

Walter Lippmann, the Inquiry’s secretary, set the standard for recruiting scholars. “What we are on the lookout for,” he wrote, “is genius — sheer, startling genius, and nothing else will do, because the real application of the President’s idea to those countries requires inventiveness and resourcefulness, which is scarcer than anything.”

The Inquiry was ultimately divided into eight geographic sections covering the war’s most pressing problem areas, including the Franco-German border, Poland, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Italy, the Balkans, eastern Asia, western Asia, and colonies around the globe. The most acute need was for western Asia, for Turkey, a country of which few Americans had any concrete knowledge. The United States hadn’t declared war on Turkey — just its German and Austrian allies — but its territory contained a mass of potential ethnic conflicts: Kurds, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, and Arabs. Ignorance here, Lippmann thought, could ruin everything. “It isn’t difficult to win the war and lose the peace,” he cautioned. “England did it over and over again in the nineteenth century in regard to Turkey.”

Into this vacuum stepped Westermann, then a rising star on the UW faculty. His students found him shy and prickly, a teacher “in the German style,” meaning he was a martinet in the
classroom. But he’d traveled in the Middle East, and his politics were impeccable. In an essay published in 1917, he wrote about “our great tradition of readiness to help any people to attain freedom.” Like Wilson, he believed it was America’s destiny to make the world safe for democracy.

“Ordinarily, historians stay at some distance from their subjects,” says Cooper. “Which one of us wouldn’t want to have an effect on history, to make it?” When the Inquiry contacted Westermann, he joined.

If in the current war in Iraq, the U.S. suffers from having too few allies, it faced the opposite problem in 1919: at the end of World War I, there were too many friends sitting at the table. In all, some thirty-two nations counted themselves among the victors and sent official representatives to the Paris Peace Conference. Each of them wanted a reward.

When the war began in the summer of 1914, the lineup of leading powers had been much smaller. The German and Austrian Empires were on one side, and the Triple Entente — Russia, France, and the British Empire — were on the other. Then things got complicated. The Turks sided with the Germans late in 1914, and in 1915, Italy joined the Entente. What held these alliances together was the promise of territory — the winners would take land from the losers. And the Entente powers coveted the land of the Turkish Empire.

In 1915 and 1916, the members of the Entente negotiated a series of secret agreements dividing up Turkey and its Middle Eastern possessions. “If you look at the treaties,” says Cooper, “the powers were treating Turkey like a big pie. Each one wanted a slice.” The most notorious of these agreements was the Sykes-Picot Treaty, named for its authors, the British aristocrat Sir Mark Sykes and the French diplomat Georges Picot. It promised France the lands that are now Lebanon and Syria, along with the Kurdish region around Mosul in modern Iraq; Britain would take Mesopotamia and today’s Jordan. Palestine was to fall under international jurisdiction, though this plan was complicated by the British foreign minister, Arthur James Balfour, who publicly declared that the region should become “a national home for the Jewish people.”

The secret agreements came to light in December 1917, and that same month, the Inquiry gave the president its list of suggested wartime goals, which Wilson adopted as his peace terms, known as the Fourteen Points. The first specified that all international agreements should henceforth be “open covenants of peace, openly arrived at.” The twelfth demanded that “nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of an autonomous development.”

These two points would guide Westermann’s efforts in examining the Middle East. He felt the allies’ treaties were “follies of secrecy and blind self-interest,” but he also believed that they could be undone through America’s moral and economic influence. “I did not see how the French-British agreements could hold,” he wrote, “since we came into the war ignorant of them.”

And so he and his Inquiry colleagues went to work. Scouring the nation’s libraries and archives, they assembled their evidence. They indexed books and articles to find historic, economic, and military facts. They collected old maps and made new ones, delimiting ethnic boundaries and evaluating the national aspirations of “suppressed, oppressed, and backward peoples.” They wrote up what were, essentially, comprehensive research papers, but instead of publishing them, they expected to see them turned into national policy.

The idea of destroying the Ottomans pleased Westermann. Theirs, he thought, was “a government whose corruption was a stench in the nostrils of the world.” But their end posed a series of thorny questions: Should the Kurds have their own state? The Armenians? Who should control Istanbul and the straits that connect the Black Sea to the Mediterranean? Was the Balfour Declaration proposing a Jewish state really a wise policy? Westermann knew that, in Palestine, Arabs outnumbered Jews six to one. Making Palestine a national home for the Jewish people seemed undemocratic. And yet Wilson had already endorsed the plan.

And, finally, the Arabs: ought they to be one state or many? They were a diverse people, made up not just of Sunni Muslims, but Shiites, too, and also Druses and Christians — Maronite, Nestorian, and Assyrian.

By the time the fighting ended in November 1918, Westermann’s western
Asia section had generated sheaves of documents: maps and charts, economic reports and historical narratives. All of these were crated up for President Wilson and his negotiating team to take to Paris. With them went Westermann and the other leaders of the Inquiry, now officially called the Division of Territorial, Economic, and Political Intelligence. During the crossing, Wilson gave his experts a boost of confidence. “Tell me what is right and I will fight for it,” he told them. “Give me a guaranteed position.”

When Westermann arrived in Paris on December 15, he found that all eyes followed the movements of the Big Four — Wilson, British prime minister David Lloyd George, French premier Georges Clemenceau, and Italian prime minister Vittorio Orlando. But Westermann preferred the smaller gatherings of the truly knowledgeable — people like himself, who would, he assumed, be the true authors of the peace.

The more people he met, the more he believed Feisal was right, that Arab unity and independence was the best policy. He had few illusions about what sort of governments would arise in a free Middle East. Most Arabs told him that Feisal was weak and represented only one faction in a complex Arab community. And many of them told him that, if given full independence, the Arabs would fight among themselves to their own ruin. But it seemed better than the alternative — abandoning them to occupying powers.

With a bow toward Wilson’s rhetoric, the British and French governments had suggested that they be given not colonies but mandates over the Arab lands — something like a mentor-protégé relationship in which they’d control the territory until the Arabs learned good government. The Arabs, Westermann realized, “have absolutely no faith in the term ‘mandate’ as it is interpreted by the French and British.” There was no time limit for how long the Western powers would control Arabia, and the borders of the mandates looked suspiciously like those arranged in the secret treaties.

“If my assumption ... is correct,” he wrote, “the Turkish Empire is the looting ground of the war and the talk of self determination and ‘the wishes of the peoples concerned’ is just a succession of futile phrases.” Westermann had come to his absolute position. Now it was up to Wilson to fight for it.

The trouble was, the French and British wanted Arabia very badly. The two powers had impoverished themselves fighting the war, and there was money to be made in the Middle East in cotton and oil. And Wilson needed their support for his own strongest desire, creating an international body that would prevent future disputes from growing into new wars: the League of Nations. Charles Seymour, the Inquiry specialist in charge of the Austria-Hungary section, told Westermann that “President Wilson would sacrifice his principles, in the matter of territorial settlements, to get compromises upon the League of Nations.”

Westermann found that he was being ignored — or worse, edited. “A statement entirely unfavorable to the ‘Jewish State’ idea ... had become entirely favorable,” he recorded. “This sort of thing is impossible. Many of the ideas are not mine at all, and [my report] reads like a valedictorian high school address.”

Finally, Westermann was told to stop interfering. He received a memo stating that, as the United States had never actually declared war on Turkey, it had no business making demands. Effectively, wrote Westermann, that was the end. “We could not oppose the division of Asia Minor and the Arab countries on the basis of the Sykes-Picot Agreement.”

When the Big Four met to discuss the final disposition of the Ottoman Empire in May, Westermann found that he and all the other experts were locked out. “It was evident that they did not want anyone in there who had any real comprehension of what was going on,” he wrote in his diary.

Soon afterward, he asked to be released from the peace conference, and at the end of June, he set sail for America. He returned on the president’s ship but records no more conversations with Wilson. “The more I see of great men,” Westermann wrote, “the less I think of them.”

Ultimately, Westermann concluded, “the war was a tragedy to the Arab cause,” and the peace conference was worse. It would, he thought, rot the Middle East “until the distant day when the Arabs and all the East shall definitely discard the unjustified assumption of Westerners embodied in the formula of the ‘white man’s burden.’ In principle, it is only a white-washed imperialism, chiefly commercial.” He predicted it would result in centuries of blood.

When the final treaties with Turkey were written, France received mandates over Lebanon and Syria, but had to fight a war to keep them. Feisal abandoned Paris for Damascus in the spring of 1919, and declared himself King of Syria. The French drove him out. The British received mandates over Palestine, Transjordan (today’s Jordan), and Mesopotamia, to which was added Mosul. They created a name for the country, Iraq, and installed Feisal as its king — then fought a war against the region’s Shiites and Kurds to keep him there.

Back in the States, Westermann did not stay long at the UW. His Inquiry connections opened Ivy League doors, and in 1920, he secured a position at Cornell University, then, in 1923, at Columbia, joining Beer and Shotwell. He gave up foreign affairs and wrote little about his experience at the Peace Conference. He donated his Paris diary to the library at Columbia, but only on the understanding that no one would look at it without his permission until well after he had died. Historians, it seemed, should record history, not make it.

John Allen is associate editor of On Wisconsin.
M ultiple-choice test: What stopped the spread of deadly SARS in 2003? Was it (a) modern science, or (b) ancient practice? If you guessed (a), guess again. Modern medicine has learned a lot about the virus that causes severe acute respiratory syndrome, but it offers neither prevention nor cure.

Instead, credit the ancient practices of quarantine and isolation for containing SARS in its place of origin, China, as well as in a related outbreak in Toronto, Canada. The epidemic, which infected 8,098 people around the world and killed 774, could have been much worse without the simple measure of separating the sick from the healthy.

But while they may be medically effective, isolation (which refers to the separation of people with active cases of an infectious disease) and quarantine (which isolates those who have had contact with active cases) involve deeper tensions between public health and individual liberty. With
quarantines in particular — when public-health officials wield power to segregate people who may be perfectly healthy — it raises a thorny question: Am I willing to put up with limits to my freedom to keep you safe from infectious diseases?

For Mary Mallon, the Irish-born cook who helped trigger an outbreak of typhoid fever in New York City in the early 1900s, the answer was no. Although she never contracted typhoid herself, Mallon was a healthy carrier of the intestinal bacterium that causes the potentially deadly illness. After she was blamed for spreading the fever through food she handled in her employers’ kitchens, she was dubbed Typhoid Mary, a name that has come to signify anyone who jeopardizes the public health by carrying and transmitting disease.

Mallon’s fate has long fascinated Judith Leavitt, a professor of the history of medicine at UW-Madison. “I am convinced that until the day she died, she was not convinced that she was a danger,” says Leavitt. In her view, the fact that Mallon felt no symptoms of illness and never understood why she was barred from human contact illustrates the fundamental conundrum of quarantine. “She was healthy; no way could she believe she could transmit typhoid,” Leavitt says.

Forward to the Past

Not long after 1938, when Mallon died in isolation, the importance of quarantines seemed to fade as vaccinations and antibiotics put microbes on the run. From the end of World War II until the appearance of AIDS around 1980, infectious disease seemed destined to be more history than science. “We thought we’d conquered infectious disease,” says Leavitt.

Hardly. HIV, the AIDS virus, joined a frightening run of new and resurgent pathogens that included Legionnaires’ disease, a respiratory infection that grew in air ducts; Ebola, an African bleeding disease; hantavirus, carried by rodents in the American Southwest; and Lyme disease, spread by deer ticks across the Northeast and Wisconsin. Biologists learned that bacteria can develop and share genes that make them immune to the “wonder drugs” designed to kill them. Many old microbes, such as influenza and tuberculosis, have resurfaced in new, super-resistant forms.

Some diseases, including influenzas, can jump between species in an unending cat-and-mouse game with animal immune systems. Many human influenzas originated as a virus in birds, which explains the intense concern sparked by a flu that is scourging poultry in Southeast Asia. The virus — and deliberate extermination of infected flocks — have killed 100 million fowl in just two years. Until recently, every human case of that bird flu was traceable to contact with fowl. But in September, Thai authorities began investigating possible cases of human-to-human transmission — an event that could allow the flu to travel far beyond the flocks where it currently is contained.

In a reminder of the killing potency of influenza, UW-Madison virologist Yoshihiro Kawaoka recently demonstrated that only a few genetic tweaks separate mild forms of flu from the lethal virus responsible for the global flu pandemic of 1918–19, which claimed 20 million lives (see related story, page 15). Add in the fragility of the systems we have to fight the virus — as powerfully demonstrated by the flu-shot crisis in which contamination wiped out roughly half of the U.S. supply of vaccine — and you understand the growing dread among many scientists of another pandemic.

But our renewed concern about infectious diseases did not just stem from the natural evolution of microbes, nor from their increased mobility through globe-hopping jet planes. The anthrax attacks that killed five Americans in 2001 raised the threat of biological weapons to a nation already traumatized by the September 11 attacks. While the Iraqi bio-weapons threat proved illusory, it’s now clear that a massive Soviet program spent decades brewing weapons from a smorgasbord of deadly microbes. Although it would be difficult to pull off, an expert attack using drug-resistant microbes, alone or in combination, could start a pandemic.

That reality has public-health officials scrambling for antidotes, and quarantine, one of the oldest tools in the bag, may also be one of the most reliable against these threats. According to a report published in January by the Centers for Disease Control, “SARS provided an example of the power of traditional public-health measures — including surveillance, infection control, isolation, and quarantine — to contain and control an outbreak.”

Quarantine, in fact, vastly predates the discovery of microbes. In 549 A.D., the Roman emperor Justinian tried to stop bubonic plague by isolating the sick. China also quarantined plague-stricken sailors returning from the sea during the seventh century. The effort to contain pathogens continued through leper colonies and tuberculosis sanatoriums. As people congregated in ever-larger cities, quarantines became the province of public-health departments that arose to control the rapid spread of diseases in crowded urban areas.

The poster child of quarantine remains Mary Mallon, who was twenty-two years old in 1907, when she was identified as the source of a fearsome typhoid fever outbreak in New York City. Blaming six cases of infection on her, public-health authorities shipped her to an island in the East River, where she spent three
years before being released on the promise not to resume cooking. In 1915, however, she was caught working under a pseudonym in the kitchen of a hospital where twenty-five people had contracted typhoid. The health department returned her to the island, where she lived, solitary and bitter, until her death.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Although Mallon furiously resisted her imprisonment, she attracted little sympathy from a public more concerned about its health than her liberty. She was, in a sense, a prisoner who neither understood her crime nor repented it. A letter Mallon wrote in 1909 gives a flavor of her attitude: “There was never any effort by the Board [of Health] authority to do anything for me excepting to cast me on the island and keep me a prisoner without being sick nor needing medical treatment.”

You could see the Mallon story as a simple triumph of public health over a willful, ignorant, infectious immigrant. But for Leavitt, whose 1996 book Typhoid Mary: Captive to the Public’s Health was the basis for an episode of Nova aired in October, it’s not so simple. She believes that public-health authorities were more eager to prove their power than to help Mallon understand her situation or find a safe way to make a living.

“I am convinced she was a healthy carrier, and if she cooked for people, she had potential for infecting them. But there were a lot of things she could have done that were perfectly safe,” Leavitt says. Although the idea of retraining arose during Mallon’s second quarantine, by then, Leavitt says, “she’d developed a pretty strong resistance” to advice from the health department.

Did her case reflect pure injustice or pure medical necessity? “I think it’s somewhere in the middle,” says Leavitt. “It was certainly not only an injustice.”

The tensions in Mallon’s case have echoed through the history of quarantine and isolation, says Richard Keller, an assistant professor of medical history and bioethics. In the 1930s, for example, in the French colony of Tunisia, the eminent bacteriologist Charles Nicolle was in charge of controlling epidemics. Nicolle had already won the 1928 Nobel Prize for identifying lice as the carrier of typhus in Tunisia. “When bubonic plague broke out in 1930,” says Keller, “he initially suspected that it was a migrant-laborer population that transmitted it, so he rounded up four hundred soldiers, sent them to buildings where the migrants were living, took them to a prison, and quarantined them.

“What was so remarkable was that there was only one case of plague, and the source was elsewhere,” says Keller. “But this guy was director of the Pasteur Institute, had won the Nobel Prize, [and so] he must know how diseases operate. Yet he couldn’t think beyond the idea that a given population must bear responsibility. It’s a frightening aspect of how science and public health often interact.”

Discrimination and instinctive blaming were also evident, Keller argues, in the early 1980s, at the start of the AIDS epidemic. Haitians, he says, were singled out as a source of infection, even though other subgroups had a higher rate of HIV infection. “Haitians were the only population, on the basis of ethnicity, that were banned from donating blood,” he notes.

Taking It to the Streets

If there is one thing we know about controlling epidemics, it is that the behavior of the public matters. Whether you’re trying to keep the sick at home or get immunizations to the uninfected, you must enlist the cooperation of the community. But the actions of public-health authorities can do as much to antagonize the public as to reassure it.

As an example, Leavitt contrasts an 1894 smallpox vaccination campaign in Milwaukee with a similar effort undertaken in 1947 in New York City. Milwaukee’s authorities bungled the response, she says, by stressing the letter of the law and discriminating against the poor. In a 2003 article, she argued that the public health department used “strong-arm tactics on its poorer citizens,” leading to a “complete breakdown of law and order” that led to a month of rioting. As a result, the city endured what she described as a “raging epidemic,” which killed 244 citizens.

Half a century later, after a smallpox outbreak in postwar New York, an active public-health department promoted the public stake in mass vaccinations. The mayor made a big show of taking his shots, and, amid what Leavitt described as “civic order and citizen cooperation,” more than 6 million people were vaccinated in four weeks. The disease claimed two victims.

When the federal government grew worried about smallpox two years ago, it could have learned from those precedents. But the bioterror-inspired campaign to inoculate medical personnel across the country “fell flat on its face,” Leavitt says. “The public was not convinced it was a real threat. There was not enough work to be confident in the vaccine itself, nor in how the current population would respond to it,” given the large number of people with immune suppression.

“Public response matters,” she says. “A positive reaction can lead to successful programs; a negative one can prolong and exacerbate the infectious disease and put more people at risk.”

With SARS, public cooperation was a significant factor in containing it. Although the Chinese government was initially slow to act, it managed to
quarantine about thirty thousand people in Beijing alone. Similarly, about seven thousand people were quarantined in Toronto, ending the Canadian outbreak. Yet as we credit quarantines for their medical efficacy, the social costs are still revealing themselves. One study published in the Journal of Emerging Infectious Diseases found that about 30 percent of people quarantined in Toronto had symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder.

Ready or Not
For decades, state agencies charged with carrying out public-health campaigns have complained about a lack of funding and inadequate tools. Few public-health departments have been able to tap into even simple technologies such as e-mail to monitor infectious diseases and disseminate information. In an age of possible bioterrorism, that is changing, says Wisconsin state epidemiologist Jeffrey Davis '67, an adjunct professor of population health sciences at UW-Madison. Since 2001, “every state has received resources for public-health preparedness and to improve personnel and infrastructure,” Davis says. “There are more people on board doing surveillance [and] invoking plans for prevention and control, more laboratory capability to test for certain agents, and more assessments for vulnerability in certain settings.”

In Wisconsin, for example, hospitals, clinics, emergency rooms, labs, and first responders can link to a secure communications web known as the Wisconsin Health Alert Network, which is designed to speed detection of public-health threats and give authorities a way to respond quickly to new threats. “This is something we couldn’t do three years ago,” says Davis. “It’s not perfect, but every year we are more prepared than the year before.”

Such new tools are one indication that public health extends well beyond the realm of microbes and vaccines. “I would argue,” says Keller, “that public health exists simultaneously in two important domains. One we normally think of as the medical domain, but it’s at least as much in the province of law and public order.”

In that regard, we may be returning to the age of Typhoid Mary, when the hardware assembled to fight the next outbreak may matter less than the “software” — the less docile human factors that sometimes require authoritative control.

“In our country, the value of individual rights is so strong,” says Leavitt, “but so is the value of government protecting the health of people where individual efforts are not enough. You can’t expect everybody to find their own clean water, so you have a municipal water system. The same is true with some epidemic responses. There will have to be some societal response, and that will have to be coordinated by local government. Part of public health is militaristic, or at least police oriented, because you often are asking people to do things they would not think of doing on their own.”

As Davis points out, state and local health departments have always had coercive power to stop risky behavior. “If it’s serious,” he says, “a disease for which there is no effective prevention other than limiting people’s movement, and if that disease has terrible consequences, the case for quarantine can be made fairly decisively.”

But how will that fly in a nation that values privacy, liberty, and individualism? Davis is guardedly confident. “My experience, after twenty-five-plus years in the state, is that people have been pretty responsible. Given some of the things we may need to confront, I hope people will understand their responsibilities, as individuals, as people living within a family structure, and as people living in the community.”

David Tenenbaum covers science regularly for the Why Files (www.whyfiles.org).
At five-thirty on a fall morning, hardly anything moves on the streets around Carly Piper’s neighborhood. Hardly anything, that is, except for Piper. Six days a week, while most of the campus slumbers on, Piper pulls on sweats and heads to the Southeast Recreational Facility for two hours in the pool. Before most people sit down to their morning Wheaties, she’ll have swum three miles.

This is the life of a gold medal winner.

Sure, there are glamorous moments. After swimming the second leg for the U.S. 4-by-200-meter freestyle relay team — the one that demolished a seventeen-year-old world record and won gold at the summer Olympics — Piper has seen her senior year turn into a parade of ceremonies and banquets. She’s signed countless autographs. She threw out the first pitch at a Detroit Tigers game. In October, she had to skip a day of classes to join her Olympic teammates for a reception at the White House.

But the truth is that a gold medal hasn’t made Piper’s life easier. It doesn’t take her zoology exams. It doesn’t let her sleep later. And it doesn’t satiate the competitive hunger that has always made her want more.

“I think she’s certainly proud of what she accomplished, but at the same time, there are a few more things she wants to do,” says Eric Hansen, coach of the UW men’s and women’s swimming teams. “The best ones are never satisfied.”

So it is with Piper, the first Badger to win an Olympic medal while still in school since rower Peggy McCarthy ’78 won a bronze in 1976. Just two weeks after standing atop the medal platform in Athens — “I still get shivers thinking about it,” she says — Piper was back into the routine of her training regimen, setting lofty goals for her final season at Wisconsin.

Eight times an All-American and nine times a Big Ten champion, Piper is a big part of the recent resurgence in Wisconsin women’s swimming. On the fringes of the sport’s elite when she arrived, Wisconsin has ticked upward in each of her three seasons. Last year, the team ranked tenth at the NCAA championships, its highest finish ever.

Many have shared in building that success, including last year’s Big Ten swimmer of the year, Bethany Pendleton ’04, and current teammate Amalia Sarnecki ’06, who holds two UW records in the breaststroke. Including members of the men’s team, which finished sixteenth at the NCAAs last season, the UW sent eleven swimmers to this summer’s U.S. Olympic Team Trials. Another, senior Adam...
Mania, qualified for Poland’s team and joined Piper in Athens. “What Carly did in the Olympics represents just how far we’ve come as a program,” says Hansen. “But, really, to take eleven kids to the trials and have them swim as well as they did is even better.”

Wisconsin’s strong presence at the summer meets has “opened doors with a lot of recruits,” Hansen says. “When you have success, it’s important to reload and build on it.”

One could say Piper was a bit of a “reload” recruit herself. A solid but unspectacular athlete at Grosse Pointe Woods, Michigan, she came to UW-Madison to compete in events that had been dominated for the previous four years by Ellen Stonebreaker ’01, one of the most illustrious swimmers in the program’s history. Within a year, Piper astonished coaches by surpassing Stonebreaker’s standards. “Those were not the first records I thought would fall,” Hansen says. “It was a pleasant surprise, and she just kept getting better and better.”

But while past results may have come on the strength of Piper’s legs, this year may have come on the strength of her mouth. This year, Piper astonished coaches by surpassing Stonebreaker’s standards. “Those were not the first records I thought would fall,” Hansen says. “It was a pleasant surprise, and she just kept getting better and better.”

But while past results may have come on the strength of Piper’s legs, this year may have come on the strength of her mouth. This year, Piper astonished coaches by surpassing Stonebreaker’s standards. “Those were not the first records I thought would fall,” Hansen says. “It was a pleasant surprise, and she just kept getting better and better.”

Carly has what a lot of people want. What she pulled off gives her instant credibility as an example to her teammates,” says Hansen.

Leading is a role that the quiet and humble Piper is still getting used to. “I’m definitely a little shy,” she says. “But the experiences I’ve had have helped me feel a lot more comfortable speaking up.”

Not that she’s had to demand attention. When she returned to campus, she was practically mobbed by teammates. Most of the time, their welcoming hugs were closely followed by a request: Can I see your medal? She grew so accustomed to bringing it out that for a while it was stored not in a safe-deposit box, but hidden in her closet.

But apart from that little piece of jewelry, Piper brought back from Athens something else — a new appreciation for the support of teammates. Standing there with the medal around her neck, she began to think about all the people, from her parents and coaches to her Olympic teammates to her friends in Madison, who had pushed her there.

Swimming is a sport of discipline and denial. The workouts are long and tedious, and the sacrifices great, especially if you’re a student wanting to have a social life. “So many times, my friends will say, ‘Let’s go to a movie,’ and I have to tell them it’s my bedtime,” Piper says. “It’s not the typical college experience.”

In the end, what makes it worthwhile for Piper is the realization that it’s not a solitary venture. “You’re suffering, but you’re suffering together,” she says. “Especially since this is my senior year, I just want to enjoy that whole team atmosphere. Anything we do is going to be fun, because we’re all in it together.” — Michael Penn

The UW men’s cross country team swept the top three spots at the Big Ten championships, sealing the program’s sixth consecutive conference title. Simon Bairu x’06 won the individual title for the second year in a row, beating out teammates Chris Solinsky x’07 and Matt Tegenkamp x’05. The Badgers, ranked as the top team in the country at press time, will race for the national championship November 22.

Awards continue to pile up for senior hockey goaltender Bernd Brückler, named the preseason player of the year by the coaches of the Western Collegiate Hockey Association. Last season, Brückler posted a 19-10-8 record and led the Badgers to the greatest defensive season in team history, setting UW records for the lowest goals-against average and best save percentage.

More than 150 UW students participated in the 2004 Madison Ironman in September. The triathlon, which involves a 2.4-mile swim in Lake Monona, a 112-mile bike ride through southwestern Wisconsin, and a 26.2-mile run around the city and the UW campus, hosted a record 2,388 participants — and there’s no sign its popularity is waning. Registration for the 2005 race was filled in thirteen hours.
Making Badger Connections
WAA seeks to deepen relationship with UW grads.

With alumni living around the world, it’s a challenge to give them all the same access to the UW. To help ensure a more consistent Badger experience at local alumni events — whether it’s an academic lecture or a happy hour — WAA formed an Alumni Touch Points Task Force. The task force is a coalition of representatives from the WAA board of directors, alumni chapter leaders, and UW Foundation and WAA staff who will meet monthly to discuss goals and ideas.

“Every touch point we have with an alum — whether it’s an e-mail, a phone call, On Wisconsin Magazine, or a chapter event — should deliver the message that we’re proud to be part of this great institution,” says WAA President and CEO Paula Bonner MS’78. “The Alumni Touch Points Task Force will refine our focus on customer service and make recommendations for improvement.”

The task force was formed at WAA’s board of directors meeting last spring and aims to maintain a customer focus in all that WAA does, a guiding principle of the association’s Vision 2008 for Alumni Relations. The association is positioning itself as the campus strategic coordinator for alumni relations by offering UW schools, colleges, and departments the opportunity to tap more than 140 years of expertise in reaching out to grads. WAA has already partnered with nineteen UW schools and colleges to work on centennial celebrations, event invitations, newsletters, and other communications.

WAA also hopes to involve 200,000 alumni and friends in the life of the university during the next four years, by providing meaningful ways to stay in touch — local get-togethers, an online alumni directory, class reunions, association membership, and more. The touch-points team will bring together WAA and its alumni chapters around the country to reach Badgers in their communities.

“We want to provide exceptional customer service to our volunteers and alumni, no matter where they live,” says Jeff Wendorf ’82, WAA’s vice president of programs and outreach. “This task force will define expectations for our chapters and for our national office to ensure that alumni can find the same kind of events in Boston as they do in Los Angeles.”

By revamping local events, WAA hopes to increase alumni engagement with the university. A major goal of the touch-points team is to evaluate what is currently offered at alumni chapters and fill in any gaps. The group will also conduct research about what alumni think about local events and take action based on that feedback.

There are currently more than ninety alumni chapters in cities nationwide. These groups help recruit students to attend UW-Madison, raise money each year for scholarships, and host social events that enable alumni to meet people and learn about new developments at the university.

“Our alumni chapters are part of a strong network that makes a big impact for the university in communities nationwide,” says Bonner. “By creating an even stronger, deeper partnership with our volunteer leaders, we’ll advance the objectives of the university and give alumni a more meaningful way to reconnect with their alma mater.”

— Erin Hueffner ’00
If knowledge is power, then WAA just made its members some of the most powerful alumni in America. Thanks to a new benefit, WAA members will now have access to the UW-Madison Libraries and all the information they contain.

“We’re very proud to be able to give our alumni access to the library system,” says Paula Bonner MS’78, WAA’s president and CEO. “The most important thing we all share, as alumni, is the great education that the UW provides. The educational materials on campus can continue to be a great asset in people’s lives, and we want to help graduates take advantage of that.”

WAA members will now have access to such UW Library functions as ProQuest, a service that provides access to thousands of periodicals and newspapers, and ABI/INFORM, a database that contains content from a wealth of business journals. The benefit also provides access to reference librarians who can copy and send documents to WAA members who request them. Although the alumni associations of several universities offer similar programs, WAA is the only group to provide this service at no charge beyond regular annual dues.

The library service is one of several new features that WAA is now offering its members. Other new benefits include use of the executive dining room and the eighth-floor Study Pub at the UW Fluno Center for Executive Education, which formerly was restricted to Fluno Center guests; a third issue of the members-only Insider Magazine each year; and, for those who join at the Super Member level, a twelve-month calendar featuring photos of campus scenes. Further, WAA’s annual membership dues are now tax-deductible, a change in status over previous years.

“We’re constantly working to improve the value of a WAA membership,” says Bonner. “We want alumni to be able to get something back for their loyalty to our alma mater.”

— John Allen

Year in Review

Last month, WAA released its 2003-2004 annual report, Proud to Be Part of It. You can order a free copy at uwalumni.com/publications, or check out the interactive multimedia version at uwalumni.com/proud. While there, post a message, order a window cling, or enjoy a virtual tour of WAA’s Alumni Campus Abroad trip to Normandy.
Badger Gifts

With the holidays fast approaching, WAA’s online alumni store is packing its virtual shelves. Shoppers can find not only traditional Badgerware, including items from The University Book Store, the Wisconsin Union Store, and Wisconsinmade.com, but also new items, such as greeting cards that feature winter scenes from campus, which are available until November 30. Also, the store now offers prints by the late Ron Daggett ’38, M’39, a former professor of mechanical engineering and an avid watercolor artist. Some fourteen of his images of Madison landmarks such as the Red Gym, the state capitol, and State Street are available with a 5 percent discount for WAA members. (For more on Daggett’s life and work, visit kln.appliedtech.us.) Sales from WAA’s online store generate funding to support UW-Madison student scholarships, alumni lifelong learning programs, and career services. For details, visit uwalumni.com/store.
**Compiled by Paula Wagner**  
Apfelbach ’83

**40s–50s**

Dancing with GIs: A Red Cross Club Worker in India, World War II (Warren Publishing) recalls the “lighter side of wartime, not the combat and casualties,” says Libby (Elizabeth) Chitwood Appel PhD’43 about her new book. The author chronicles such adventures as her stations in the jungle of Assam and the city club of Karachi, a leave in Rajputana as the guest of an Indian prince, and finally, her elopement with a GI before returning home in 1945. Appel's postwar life has included being a newspaper columnist, college instructor, performing pianist, and “proud mother” who lives in Davidson, North Carolina.

Sheldon Lipshutz ’50, MD’53 put his expertise into book form when he wrote 10 Things You Need to Know before You See the Doctor: A Physician’s Advice from More than 40 Years of Practicing Medicine (Silver Lake Publishing). Lipshutz contends that the “technology advances that make American medicine the envy of the world” also create gaps in health care that require patients to learn how to communicate effectively with their doctors and navigate bureaucracy. Lipshutz, now semiretired, lives in Woodland Hills, California, with his spouse, Rita Parks Lipshutz ’52. “I still feel very connected to the University of Wisconsin,” he says.

“I’ve never done anything like this,” Arthur Gilmaster ’51 told a reporter from the Wisconsin Rapids Daily Tribune. He was referring to writing, illustrating, and publishing a children's book about how his granddaughter, Zoe, learned to downhill ski at the age of two. To “test market” the book, Gilmaster read it to first-graders at several Wisconsin Rapids-area schools.

From Dick Rodman ’51 in Bay Village, Ohio, we heard about the USTA Midwest’s “super-senior” tennis sectional championships, held in June. Rodman, at age seventy-five, and Jerry Thompson ’46, MS’49 of Ripon, Wisconsin — at eighty — teamed up for the first time to play doubles and were the “oldest-ever Wisconsin graduates to play a USTA senior tournament together,” Rodman says. Even though they lost, he assures us that they “put up a good Badger fight!”

The summer film The Notebook (New Line Cinema) features our very own Gena (Virginia) Rowlands x’51 of Los Angeles. Her longtime spouse was the late actor, director, and screenwriter John Cassavetes; their son, Nick Cassavetes, directed The Notebook. Rowlands is an Emmy and Golden Globe award winner who debuted on Broadway at age eighteen, and she’s twice been nominated for Oscars — for Gloria in 1980 and A Woman under the Influence in 1974. She was a Badger Beauty while on campus.

How can rocks solve crimes? To find out, check out Evidence from the Earth: Forensic Geology and Criminal Investigation (Mountain Press Publishing) by Raymond Murray MS’52, PhD’55. In this revision of the pioneering Forensic Geology, which Murray co-authored in 1975, you’ll learn how forensic geologists analyze traces in earth materials and present their findings as evidence in legal proceedings. Murray retired in 1996 as a geology professor and VP of research at the University of Montana and lives in Missoula. He’s worked with crime labs around the world.

With the goal of creating the WIndy City’s first new museum of the twenty-first century, Chicago’s Museum of Broadcast Communications has welcomed Al Schwartz ’53 and Christopher Bury MA’77 to its board. Schwartz, of Beverly Hills, is a veteran Hollywood TV producer who retired recently as senior VP of Dick Clark Productions. He’s well known as the longtime producer and director of the Golden Globe and American Music Awards. Bury, of Bethesda, Maryland, is a correspondent for the ABC News program Nightline and has a deep knowledge of television history.

Lavern Wagner Music’s53, PhD’57 has self-published a family memoir called Pick Up Your Feet: A Family’s Music and Mirth, Living and Loving. The book and its accompanying CD tell how the musical interests and talents of Wagner’s late spouse, Joan, and their fourteen children bound them all together during the family singing group’s tours and recordings. Wagner, who taught music at Quincy [Illinois] College and still lives in the town, notes that he was the first UW student to receive a PhD in musicology.

The John Deere Gold Medal Award — one of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers’ most prestigious honors — has gone to William Chancellor ’54 for his “application of science and art to the soil.” A professor emeritus of biological and agricultural engineering at UC-Davis, Chancellor is recognized for his pioneering research in the soil’s physical properties, particularly agricultural field-soil compaction. He also initiated a database index system for ag engineering literature that has aided professionals worldwide.

After a career with the Associated Press (AP) that included service as a foreign correspondent, as well as VP and secretary of Caribbean news in the 1970s and 1980s, Al Schwartz ’53 moved with his family to Los Angeles. His work for AP included covering the Kennedy assassination and the Watergate hearings. Although space limitations prevent us from printing all of the amazing, impressive, and just plain nifty updates that we receive, we do love hearing from you.

Please e-mail death notices and all address, name, phone, and e-mail changes to alumnichanges@uwalumni.com; fax them to (608) 265-8771; or put them in the mail to Alumni News, Wisconsin Alumni Association, 630 North Lake Street, Madison, WI 53706-1410. Although space limitations prevent us from printing all of the amazing, impressive, and just plain nifty updates that we receive, we do love hearing from you.

Tell us about your recent accomplishments, transitions, and other important life happenings. You may e-mail the (brief, please) details to apfelbach@uwalumni.com; fax them to (608) 265-8771; or put them in the mail to Alumni News, Wisconsin Alumni Association, 630 North Lake Street, Madison, WI 53706-1410. Although space limitations prevent us from printing all of the amazing, impressive, and just plain nifty updates that we receive, we do love hearing from you.

Please e-mail death notices and all address, name, phone, and e-mail changes to alumnichanges@uwalumni.com; fax them to (608) 262-3332; mail them to Alumni Changes, Wisconsin Alumni Association, 630 North Lake Street, Madison, WI 53706-1410, or call them in to (608) 262-9648 or toll-free to (888) 947-2586. Most obituary listings of WAA members and friends appear in the Insider, WAA’s member publication.
of the AP corporation, Conrad Fink '54 has become a professor of newspaper strategy and management at the University of Georgia in Athens.

John Check MS'56, PhD'59 has left his professional mark both as a professor of educational psychology who retired from UW-Oshkosh in 1987, and as a prolific composer. Throughout his teaching career, Check performed with his orchestra and wrote 284 original tunes in the polka/waltz genre. More than a third of them reside right here on campus in the archives of Mills Music Library, and six are in the National Music Museum Archives in Vermillion, South Dakota.

For forty years, Joe Nyiri '59, MSc'61 has been a beloved fixture at the San Francisco Zoo — teaching children’s art classes, consulting, and painting murals. The May issue of the zoo’s magazine, Zoonooz, included a feature on the artist, who maintains studios in San Diego and Hadley, Massachusetts.

Nyiri’s advice to his pint-sized art students? “Learn to see things in your own way. See things and draw them, and then draw, draw, and draw some more!”

60s

“After retiring from the practice of law,” began Alf Leif Erickson ’60, “and teaching law at Florida International University in Miami, I retired to Bangkok, Thailand. I am now the captain of the Screwy Tuskers and the Screwless Tuskers elephant-polo teams. Each year we raise money for the Elephant Conservancy in Thailand by organizing an elephant-polo world championship in Hua Hin.” Erickson also flies hot-air balloons in Europe. Other than that, he assures us that he’s "quite normal in every other way.”

The International Association of Attorneys and Executives in Corporate Real Estate has elected a UW grad as its chair: Bruce Cohen ’62, principal of the Cohen/David & Associates law firm in Atlanta.

It took sixty-six hours for Bozo’s Circus to best the other 167 boats in this year’s Chicago-to-Mackinac Island sailing race — by a mere four minutes. In so doing, Bob Listecki ’62 completed his twenty-fifth “M-ac” as a crew member. The race, conducted by the Chicago Yacht Club, is the oldest (first running in 1898) and longest (333 miles) fresh-water yacht race in the world. Listecki is a pharmacist who owns the Glen Ellyn [Illinois] Pharmacy.

A new twist on the favorite children’s tale The Little Red Hen has arrived as <i>Mañana</i>, Iguana (Holiday House), by Ann Whitford Paul ’63. In this colorfully illustrated story, young readers learn some Spanish words as they listen in on Conejo, Tortuga, and Culebra, who always end up telling their increasingly exasperated friend, Iguana, that they’ll help her prepare for her fiesta mañana... Happily, the trio mends its sloth-like ways in time to create a bit of a surprise ending. Paul, of Los Angeles, has also written poetry and other children’s books.

Following a career in university teaching, Kaye Bache-Snyder PhD’64 wrote for the Denver Post and was an editor for the Daily Times-Call in her community of Longmont, Colorado. She now teaches writing workshops and reviews literary works for the Small Press Review. In May, Finishing Line Press published Bache-Snyder’s Pinnacles & Plains, a chapbook of poetry that celebrates Colorado’s landscapes.

Madisonian Carolyn Craig Shelp ’66 has written a biographical history of the Shelps and seven related family lines. This labor of love — now a
beautiful, hardbound book — took nine years to complete and is dedicated to her spouse, Wendell Shelp ’58, MD ’61.

Lillian Lodge Kopenhaver MA ’67 has become dean of the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at North Miami’s Florida International University, which she’s served since 1973. An authority on the First Amendment and the student press, Kopenhaver has received the Wells Key, the highest honor of the Society of Professional Journalists.

Bounded Choice: True Believers and Charismatic Cults (University of California Press) is a new work by Janja (Janice) Lalich ’67, an assistant professor of sociology at California State University in Chico. One reviewer noted that Lalich’s “theory of ‘bounded choice’ is likely to reshape scholarly thinking for years to come about the dynamics of… how and why people may act against their own self-interest in pursuit of higher causes.”

Ward Welty MA ’67 retired as an associate professor of English at Alabama A&M University in December 2003 — but he didn’t remain retired for long. In July, Welty became the new academic enrichment coordinator at Calhoun Community College in Decatur, Alabama. He lives in nearby Huntsville.

New to the American Bar Association’s board of governors is James Baird ’68, a partner in the Chicago law firm of Seyfarth, Shaw. He’ll represent the state and local government law section during his three-year term.

Accessories magazine hailed the Milwaukee-based Carson Pirie Scott & Company as Retailer of the Month in its June issue. Among those at the store’s helm is senior merchandise manager Dave Harris ’69 of Mequon, Wisconsin, who’s been with the company throughout his thirty-five-year career.

Larry Genskow ’69 of West Chester, Ohio, is the associate director for process and emerging technologies in corporate engineering at Procter & Gamble, and he’s earned P&G’s highest honor for engineering. It’s his latest achievement that has the company abuzz, however: Genskow is the editor of the drying, humidification, and cooling section of the eighth edition of McGraw-Hill’s Perry’s Chemical Engineers’ Handbook — the most authoritative resource used in chemical engineering worldwide.

Crowning a long history of service to the Beverly Hills Bar Association — including leading it through a challenging period recently in an interim capacity — attorney Marc Staenberg ’69 has become the association’s new executive director. Staenberg has focused his career on entertainment law, with a special emphasis on protecting child actors.

70s

New York composer Chester Biscardi ’70, MA ’72, MMus ’74 is one of those rare individuals who’s experienced an artist’s residence at the renowned MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, New Hampshire. Chosen by a panel of music experts on the sole criterion of talent, Biscardi worked this fall in one of the colony’s thirty-two artist studios — hamlets where Thornton Wilder, Leonard Bernstein, and Aaron Copland created such cherished works as Our Town, Mass, and Appalachian Spring.

In a book for the generation that missed the tune-in, drop-out memoirs of the ’60s,” Terry Tarnoff ’70 takes readers along on his own eight-year journey in The Bone Man of Benares: A Lunatic Trip through Love and the World (St. Martin’s Press). With only a bag, a guitar, and sixteen harmonicas, he set off in 1971 to see Africa, Asia, and Europe — a quest that yielded startling adventures and a belief in the universal need for connection. Tarnoff is now a San Francisco screenwriter whose one-act, one-actor play of the same name was staged this fall in his home community.

When Rollie Cox ’71, MS ’73 nominated Russell J. Hosler for posthumous induction into the Business Education National Hall of Fame, his admiration for the former UW professor was clear. Cox was particularly taken with Hosler’s genuine interest in his students and remembered fondly his experiences with Hosler’s landmark contribution, Programmed Gregg Shorthand. Hosler joined the Hall of Fame, housed at UW-Whitewater, in October. His widow, Mary Margaret O’Connell Hosler MS ’64, PhD ’67, is a UW-Whitewater business professor, and Cox teaches business technology at Madison Area Technical College.

John Clark ’72, MS ’77 has earned the highest honor of the American Chemical Society’s agrochemicals division: the International Award for Research in Agrochemicals. Clark is a professor of environmental toxicology and chemistry at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, and directs the Massachusetts Pesticide Analysis Laboratory.

Susan Masterson ’72, MS ’86 has been voted president-elect of the National Association of Elementary School Principals. This principal of Monroe Elementary (one of this reporter’s schools!) in Janesville, Wisconsin, ran on the platform of “instilling hope” for her colleagues and students through effective communication. She also received the Association of Wisconsin School Administrators’ top honor in 2003.

Thomas Froncek ’64 chronicles what mariners know to be an inevitable, inescapable progression in his autobiographical tale, A Splendid Madness: A Man, A Boat, A Love Story (Sheridan House). “Like many of my newfound sailing buddies,” he writes, “I came to the sport relatively late in life, and I soon found myself swept away by a loopy passion for all things nautical… struggling to balance need and desire, boat and family, love and obsession.”

Sailors who adore the sheets, the cleats, and the spray can surely empathize, while those who adore the sailors are left on shore, feeling abandoned — if only for an afternoon — by those who’ve gone off to follow the siren song they hear.

A Splendid Madness addresses both points of view, rouses the passions of sailors new and old, and beckons to those who remain landlubbers but who can nonetheless feel the draw of sails and sea.

Froncek has been a reporter for Life, Newsweek, Reader’s Digest, and American Heritage, and spent twenty-five years as an editor for Reader’s Digest. Now retired, he’s writing in Brunswick, Maine — not at all a bad place for a sail.
**Bookmark**

Oh, Christmas tree… Oh, Christmas tree… How shiny are your branches? The answer is “Quite shiny!” when you’re talking about one of America’s most beloved holiday icons, the aluminum Tannenbaum.

Now Julie Lindemann ’83 and John Shimon ’83 have created the first book to celebrate these symbols of the “arrival of the modernist Christmas”: Season’s Gleamings: The Art of the Aluminum Christmas Tree (Melcher Media).

Photos of more than fifty dazzling trees — some basking in the multi-hued glow of rotating color wheels — will certainly give you an eyeful of the glittery stuff, but Lindemann adds that “behind the color, sparkle, and humor, there’s a touch of melancholy that comes out of great holiday expectations dashed and the harsh realities of the atomic age.”

When they’re not collecting trees, the authors/photographers form the duo of J. Shimon & J. Lindemann Photographers in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, which was the home of the Aluminum Specialty Company — the premiere (in 1959) and premier manufacturer of the often-imitated “Evergleam” trees. Lindemann and Shimon (www.shimon-lindemann.com) specialize in portraiture using antiquarian, large-format techniques, and their winter show at Chicago’s Wendy Cooper Gallery will include some aluminum-tree daguerreotypes. They also teach photography at Appleton’s Lawrence University.

Barbara Birch ’73, MA ’81, PhD ’89 writes that since 1991, she’s “gone through the ranks” to become a full professor in the Department of Linguistics at California State University in Fresno, served as its chair for the last four years, and has now become chair of the institution’s Department of Foreign Languages and Literature. Birch has written English L2 Reading: Getting to the Bottom (Lawrence Erlbaum Associates) and Learning and Teaching English Grammar, K–12 (Merrill/Prentice Hall).

As director of market oversight at the U.S. Commodity Futures Trading Commission in Washington, D.C., (Jon) Michael Gorham MS ’73, PhD ’76 was the commission’s first overseer of the nation’s twelve futures exchanges. Now he’ll use that expertise in Chicago, in his new role as director of the Center for Financial Markets at the Illinois Institute of Technology’s Stuart Graduate School of Business.

Clarence Rawlings PhD ’74 has retired after thirty years with the University of Georgia’s College of Veterinary Medicine — but not really. The emeritus professor of small-animal medicine and surgery is working half time at the college, as well as teaching practitioners and consulting. Rawlings, a leader in minimally invasive surgery and heartworm-disease research, recently received the American Kennel Club’s Career Achievement Award in Canine Research and the American Veterinary Medical Association’s 2003 Fido Award.

Pamela Redmond Satran ’75 published not one, but two books this summer: Babes in Captivity, her second novel with Downtown Press; and the fifth revised edition of the baby-naming book she co-authored, Beyond Jennifer & Jason, Madison & Montana (St. Martin’s Press). Satran, a former Daily Cardinal editor, lives with her spouse, Richard Satran ’77, in Montclair, New Jersey. She also writes frequently for national magazines.

In July, Brent Smith ’75, JD ’78 was elected the new chair of the Wisconsin Technical College System board, making him a member of the UW board of regents as well. An attorney with the La Crosse, Wisconsin, law firm of Johns & Flaherty, Smith replaces Madisonian Nino Amato in the position.

At a special sitting of Bhutan’s governing body in August — one attended by His Majesty the King — the reins of executive authority passed from Lyonpo Jigmi Thinley to the nation’s new prime minister, Lyonpo Yeshey Zimba ’75, MA ’76. Six years ago, the king devolved executive authority to the people, and continuing to manage that transition will be a key challenge for Zimba. Other priorities include national security and debt, salary increases for civil servants, youth employment, the Bhutanese constitution, and Druk Air, the country’s airline.

Congratulations to Joy Ambelang Amundson ’76! She’s a new corporate vice president at Baxter International in Deerfield, Illinois, as well as the new president of its BioScience business. Amundson has been an executive with Abbott Laboratories for more than twenty years, most recently as president of its Ross Products business.

Many people would cite balance as something they’d like a whole lot more of. For that reason, Debbie Lessin ’76 created Life is a Balancing Act… A Fun Book (Balancing Act Productions). The book offers insight — in sixty-six quick-reference sections — on how to attain more life balance and have fun doing it. Lessin, of Chicago, is the president of Balancing Act Productions, a CPA, art gallery consultant, writer, public speaker, and small-business advocate.

Two UW grads were honored at the National Black Nurses Association’s (NBNA) annual conference in August. Brenda Montgomery Dockery ’77, a family nurse practitioner at Milwaukee’s CH MASON Health Center, earned the NBNA’s Advanced-Practice Nurse of the Year Award, while Madisonian Tamaria Parks ’04 received the Student Nurse of the Year Award for outstanding academic achievement. This was in addition to the UW School of Nursing academic award that Parks received in May, when her classmates praised her for the sacrifices she’s made as a returning adult student.

The Republic of Indonesia’s new ambassador to the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) is M. (Mohammad) Aman Wirakartakusumah MS ’77, PhD ’81, who’s settled in Paris now for this role. Wirakartakusumah has been a professor of food science and technology, as well as the rector of Bogor Agricultural University in Indonesia. He also sits on the Dean of International Studies Advisory Board at the UW, received WAA’s Distinguished Alumni Award in 1999, and heads WAA’s Indonesia alumni chapter.

Come on, admit it: you love hurling things into the air just for the sheer joy of it. William Gurstelle ’78 shares your delight in The Art of the Catapult: Build Greek Ballistae, Roman Onagers, English Trebuchets, and More Ancient Artillery (Chicago Review Press). His book offers safe, step-by-step instructions; diagrams; and wickedly interesting historical examples — with a little physics thrown in — to help “wannabe marauders” build seven working-model catapults. Gurstelle is an engineer in Minneapolis who’s also written Backyard Ballistics and Building Bots.
Jean Dookhoo Patel ’79 is a new member of the board of SHARED, a Brookline, Massachusetts-based nonprofit dedicated to helping the world’s poorest people gain access to medicines. She’s the president of Marketing Mastery and has extensive experience in the health care field.

80s

“I am currently vice provost and dean of undergraduate studies at the Catholic University of America,” writes Chris Wheatley MA’80, PhD’87. “My book Poland Is Not Yet Lost: Heroic and Tragic Tales for the Polish Diaspora was just published by Adam Mickiewicz University Press in Poznan, Poland.”

As a member of the Associated Landscape Contractors of America, master landscape architect Tim Garland ’82 was one of twenty professionals selected nationwide to design the NYC Commemorative Park near Ground Zero, in honor of the heroes of 9/11. Garland owns Gardens by Garland in Shorewood, Wisconsin.

As author Terry Kay (Terry House Kraucunas) JD’82 says, “When the paths of a stalker, a stripper, a medical student, and an all-American girl cross, someone is sure to get hurt.”

“In Revenge: The Death of Javier in Kay’s 2003 book, someone is sure to get hurt.”

A Promise

“People are dying [in Africa] because they can’t get a dollar’s worth of medication. This is just unconscionable,” she says. “And I’m not talking AIDS. It’s malaria — the biggest killer, certainly, of kids in Africa. That’s something that’s very easy to treat with medication.” Lardy also treats children suffering from pneumonia and diarrhea — easily curable afflictions that are often fatal in Africa.

“Lardy didn’t travel on the Hope, she said. She had a love for travel and a passion for helping those in need. Her mother mentioned a ship called the Hope, outfitted as a floating hospital that travels to medically underserved countries. Lardy was a doctor, her mother said, so she could travel the world.

Though Lardy didn’t travel on the Hope, she did end up going to medical school at UW-Madison and giving hope to people in desperately impoverished parts of the world. Her first medical-service trip was a month in Oaxaca, Mexico, in 1987. Since then, she’s devoted her life to her medical missions. Each year, Lardy spends two months in the poorest regions of Senegal, Rwanda, and Kenya working in small medical clinics. Her time overseas has been life-changing.

“People say, ‘Oh, it’s so wonderful that you sacrifice!’” she says. “And I’m not talking AIDS. It’s malaria — the biggest killer, certainly, of kids in Africa. That’s something that’s very easy to treat with medication.”

Much of her work is funded by Lalmba, a nongovernmental organization that bills itself as “the world’s smallest international-relief agency.” When she’s not overseas serving the poor, Lardy works at the Madison Abortion Clinic — her flexible schedule allows two-month trips to Africa yearly. She shuns television and appreciates the more relaxed way of life she’s come to love in Africa.

“People say, ‘Oh, it’s so wonderful that you sacrifice!’” she says. “And I’m not sacrificing. I learn so many things when I go to Africa about the basics of living and really what’s important.”

Lardy says her education at the UW Medical School gave her the skills she needed to pursue her dream. And with the multitude of service programs now offered at UW-Madison, perhaps more students will follow her path.

“Unfortunately, when I was there, they didn’t have the programs they now have,” she says. “Now, the students organize trips to South America or to Africa.”

— Erin Huefner ’80

The group’s mission is to engage corporations, the community, and celebrities in inspiring people of all ages to make positive life decisions, and it offers an online community and a large set of resources to assist families with the many difficult issues they face. Chicago-based Fox TV meteorologist Rick DiMaio ’86 is a WARM2Kids topic expert.

Richard Green M’86, PhD’90 has joined the George Washington University School of Business in Washington, D.C., as its chair of real estate and finance. He taught for twelve years at UW-Madison, and was honored as the 1995 Teacher of the Year by the UW’s Graduate Business Association. Green’s also been the principal
economist and director of financial strategy and policy analysis at Freddie Mac.

Working to protect the earth’s endangered environments presents both challenges and, thankfully, some victories. Jennifer Gleason ’88 knows both very well as a U.S. staff attorney for the Environmental Law Alliance Worldwide (www.elaw.org) in Eugene, Oregon. In April, she increased the myriad miles she’s already logged with trips to Liberia, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Rwanda to work with grassroots lawyers there who are challenging plans to exploit natural resources. Gleason earned the 2002 Kerry Rydberg Award for Achievement in Public Interest Environmental Law.

Kevin “Kip” Piper MA’88 shared his latest challenge: helping to implement the new Medicare prescription-drug benefit in his role as a senior adviser to the administrator of the federal Medicare agency. He’s also the editor of the Piper Report, a Web log on health-related business and policy, and he’s writing a book about solutions to America’s health-care dilemmas. Piper lives in Falls Church, Virginia.

Brief… but impressive! That was our reaction to news from Harlan Marc Kaplan ’89 that he’s just finished his executive-producer duties on two upcoming feature films: the horror anthology Death4Told, starring Margot Kidder, and the original rock musical Temptation. Kaplan, of Columbus, Ohio, has also acted in movies, TV shows, and theater productions, and started producing films in 2002.

Madeline Scherb ’89 spent the summer of 2003 at Northwestern University on a journalism fellowship, and now she’s become the new public-relations manager for educational programs at the New York Botanical Garden. Scherb spends her spare time working on a documentary and writing a cookbook.

90s

As part of the inaugural festivities at Madison’s new Overture Center this fall, jaysl (Jayshree Chander MD’90) offered audiences Lamps on Llypads — a “provocative, multimedia performance of contemporary Kathak dance, Hindustani music, poetry, and storytelling, engaging tradition with the modern moment, exploring freedom and peace, challenging notions of success, and reveling in love.” She’s also a part-time physician at San Francisco’s Tom Waddell Clinic for the Homeless and an “assistant clinical professor without a salary” at UC-San Francisco. In her own words, jaysl’s a “doctor by profession; a dreamer, dancer, and drummer at heart.”

Serge Dedina MS’91 is doing well — and doing good — as the executive director of Wildcoast, an international conservation team based in Imperial Beach, California, that works to protect endangered marine animals and coastal wildlands. An avid surfer, he also earned the 2003 Environmentalist of the Year Award from the Surf Industry Association. Dedina’s spouse, Emily Young ’87, MS’90, oversees a grant program as the environmental director for the San Diego Community Foundation. They return to Madison each fall to attend a Badger football game with Young’s father, Crawford Young, a UW emeritus professor of political science.

A big job awaits Kim Heller Marotta JD’91. As Miller Brewing Company’s new director of corporate social responsibility, she’ll develop its corporate social-investment plan, oversee visitor operations, and lead the Milwaukee company’s community-outreach efforts, including its upcoming 150th-anniversary celebration. Marotta was previously with the Wisconsin Public Defender’s Office.

From Bemidji, Minnesota — where they know a lot about pesky insects — comes Ticks Off! Controlling Ticks that Transmit Lyme Disease on Your Property (ForSte Press) by Patrick Guilfoile PhD’92. The book arose from research Guilfoile has conducted over the last seven years as a professor and the chair of the biology department at Bemidji State University — and from the first-hand knowledge he’s gained by moving into a rural area inhabited by Lyme-transmitting ticks.

Robb Hecht ’93 is principal of the New York City public-relations firm Hecht Consulting. He also produces The PR Machine, a communications-industry blog resource about brand marketing.

From Oxford, England, to Mankato, Minnesota: that’s the path that Jeff Iseminger MA’93 has taken to accept his new position at Minnesota State University (MSU). As assistant vice president for integrated marketing communications, he’ll oversee all MSU marketing, PR, publications, and printing services, as well as KMSU radio. In Oxford, Iseminger directed marketing and PR efforts at Oxford Brookes University, and prior to that, was UW-Madison’s assistant director of communications.

As the president of OzMoses Media, a Web-design, business-consulting, digital-video, and photography company, Ari David Rosenthal ’93 had the qualities that Milwaukee’s Coalition for Jewish Learning was seeking — which is how he came to join its executive committee this summer. As part of the Milwaukee Jewish Federation, the coalition promotes Jewish education in the community.
Good luck — and happy collecting — to Chris Winkler ’93, who’s started a new debt-buying and debt-collections firm in Minneapolis called People First Recoveries. He’s been in the industry there for ten years.

Madison educator Nick Glass MA ’94 has founded Teaching-Books.net, a new service that offers thousands of author programs, book readings, book guides, and other multimedia literature resources for children and teens. Every Wisconsin resident now has free access to Teaching-Books through the BadgerLink online service (www.BadgerLink.net), part of the state’s Department of Public Instruction. Teaching-Books’ editorial director is Virginia (Jennie) Harrison ’88.

Schuyler Baehman ’97, a former Wisconsin Alumni Student Board member, is now the assistant managing editor of the Charlotte, North Carolina-based Sports Business Daily, and its managing editor is Marcus DiNitto ’93. The national publication, which Baehman tells us is “the leading daily publication in the sports industry,” celebrated its tenth anniversary in September. Congratulations!

“Hi from Duluth,” began Chris Earl ’97, but Madison may be more on his mind. Our fair city is the setting of Earl’s first novel, Gotcha Down (Jones Books), about a game-fixing scheme between a local TV sportscaster and an assistant coach in the out-of-control football program of UW-Madison, where he was an at-large delegate. She also had the opportunity to introduce vice-presidential candidate John Edwards at a dinner in Milwaukee in February.

2000s

Adolf Maas DVM ’02 has started his own veterinary practice in the Indianapolis area. They had hoped to “smuggle in some celebratory cheese curds,” DeProspo writes, but didn’t risk it, due in part to “rampant Michigan alumni.” DeProspo is now teaching English/language arts at South Boston Harbor Academy, while Tabora is teaching physics at Chicago’s Northside College Prep. We also congratulate these other recent grads: Michael David Fox JD ’97 earned a PhD in drama and theater through a joint program of UC-Irvine and UC-San Diego; Patrick Soto ’98 was awarded a doctor of osteopathic medicine degree from the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine; and Kimberly Spiker ’01 has a new JD through San Diego’s Thomas Jefferson School of Law.

It was delightful to hear from Angela Smith Wellsmith ’98 of Waukesha, Wisconsin, a former WAA intern extraordinaire and a former president of Associated Students of Madison. Even more delightful was her news: she’s the co-founder (with her spouse, Pete) and CEO of MarryWell (www.marrywellinc.com), a marriage-preparation and education company. Through in-state marriage-preparation and coaching worldwide, MarryWell teaches prenuptial classes and coaching worldwide, and helps already-marrieds to strengthen their bonds. Wellsmith is also back at the UW to attend law school.

The John Kerry presidential campaign chose Milwaukee kindergarten teacher Kelly McMahon Wheeler ’98 to speak on behalf of educators at this summer’s Democratic National Convention, where she was an at-large delegate. She also had the opportunity to introduce vice-presidential candidate John Edwards at a dinner in Milwaukee in February.

Wisconsin Fans!

Your Little Badger Can be the First to Read Bucky’s New Book! Follow Bucky around the campus of the University of Wisconsin in this fun and beautifully illustrated hardcover children’s book. Read along as Bucky visits UW-Madison’s most beloved landmarks before arriving at Camp Randall Stadium for a football game. There is even a special appearance by Coach Alvarez! $19.95 plus S&H (50 cents for 1st book, 25 cents each additional book) VA residents add $0.90 sales tax per book.

Order HELLO BUCKY! Today:
Visit Our Website: www.mascotbooks.com
Or Mail this Form to: Mascot Books, Inc.
304 Shaw Rd. #222, Sterling, VA 20166