

FIRST DRAFT PRELIMINARY SUGGESTIONS – one per author, **SITE SPECIFIC WRITINGS**

JOHN MUIR

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them, telling their wanderings even by their scents alone.

WALLACE STEGNER

We just emerged from Lake Mendota, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, and we dripped a little on the floor.

LORRIE MOORE

These were the sorts of notions that had been raised in all my classes, and we had chased them round and round like dogs maddened by their tails.

CHARLES McCLAIN

**The dream didn't come from sleeping or just talking,
This dream of freedom came walking.**

KYOKO MORI

Chosen by them to live in another land, I offer my words. Their voices name each petal, each leaf vein through me.

MICHELE WILDGREN

Maybe it's my own midwestern sensibility, which demands some pleasantries and fried cheese curds with its naked ambition.

ALTERNATE CHOICES, most by the same authors with ties to Madison

JOHN MUIR

The substance of the winds is too thin for human eyes; their written language is too difficult for human minds, and their spoken language mostly too faint for the ears.

I only went out for a walk, and finally concluded to stay out till sundown, for going out, I found, was really going in.

WALLACE STEGNER

...we were so glad to know one another and so glad that all the trillion chances in the universe had brought us to the same town and the same university at the same time.

Afternoons, we felt our way into that odd community, half academic, half political, that was Madison in 1937.

LORRIE MOORE

Tragedies, I was coming to realize through my daily studies in humanities both in and out of the classroom, were a luxury.

What was education for, if not to acquire contradictions? At least it looked like that to me.

MICHELE WILDGREN

I decided the extremity of the cold was an argument in the city's favor—it provided conflict, something to fight and to brave...

Madison in the winter is a mix of drab and lively, with its flint-colored skies and icy lakes and its wealth of places in which to flee the cold, via books, beer, coffee, or the dulcet sounds of food hitting hot fat.