SEEING IS BELIEVING

The volume and frequency of domestic abuse is frightening. More than a third of all Dane County arrests involve domestic violence. Across the state, sixty-seven women, men and children were killed in domestic attacks in 2006 and 2007. So far this year, two of the seven murder victims in Madison died while attempting to leave their abusive relationships. And yet, in a rare act of courage, seven women decided to share their own stories of abuse to give these terrifying statistics a name and a face.

BY MAGGIE GINSBERG-SCHUTZ | PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTHA BUSSE


Sally

SEVERAL WOMEN SIT scattered among the patio tables outside a popular coffee shop, sipping identical lattes. I had wondered on the drive in if I'd know her, like if I'd cast a handful of jacks across the cement, I'd be able to spot the broken one. I can't.

She sees me first—given away by my notebook, my recorder and the question on my face. She relaxes in recognition, and then tenses again in anticipation. She stands, and I see how slight she is, maybe five feet, maybe a hundred pounds. One of her hands flutters nervously to the sunglasses atop her head, the other outstretches in greeting. We sit together. She swallows hard, and begins.

I watch her as much as I listen to her. To me, this is the critical part. I know the statistic by rote: one in four women will be abused in her lifetime. One in four. Both overused and underestimated, the number means everything and nothing all at once. One in four serves as a means to separate, to carve out the one and move her away from the rest of us, a healthy trio. But if the doctor told me one in four of my cells were cancerous, I would not underestimate the threat to my entire body.

She tells me how the abuse began. Her legs are crossed, one silver-tipped cowboy boot rising and falling methodically. Her carefully made-up face crumples as she describes the depths of her fear. I take in her soft white cardigan with the smart eggshell buttons, the wedding ring she can't yet bring herself to remove. She looks no different than any of the women in the endless parade through the Panera Bread doors.

We hug tentatively when it's time to go, and I watch her walk away. I imagine I'll never quite understand what these two hours have cost her. When I get home that night, there is an e-mail waiting for me. She has changed her mind. She cannot publicly tell her story.

"About halfway through the interview my head and heart started pounding so hard," she wrote, "and all I could do was remember when my husband told me, 'you'll learn, just wait, you'll learn.'"

"I was afraid he was going to come walking around the corner and I wanted to tell you everything before he found me. A part of me even became suspicious of you and thought he may have hired you to act like a reporter.

"I am 2,000 miles away from him and I am still scared to death."

"I thought I was willing to take that risk. To tell the truth so others do not have to go through the same thing I did. But I am sorry, I just can't do it. At least not now.

"I am 2,000 miles away from him and I am still scared to death."

I spend weeks pondering the loss of her story. I think about the part that gets me the most—she was never actually physically abused. She was thrashed emotionally, her every waking moment was controlled, she was a prisoner in her own home, but the man never actually laid a hand on her. I want so badly to make her story public, because I know that many, many women share her experiences, and they doubt themselves for it. They don't believe it's abuse if the punches are verbal.

"I kept on thinking, 'but he hasn't hit me. He hasn't hit me,'" she'd said. "And then there were times I thought, 'Just hit me and get it over with.'"

"JUST HIT ME

and get it over with," says Sally Jackson. "I know lots of women feel that way. When he finally hit me, it wasn't that big a crossover. I've seen women come into support groups embarrassed and say, 'He never hit me, I don't know if I belong here.' And I just say, 'You know what? Every one of my physical bruises is healed. But the shit he said to me, I still carry around.'"

We are sitting on the Memorial Union Terrace, one of Madison's most definable spots. The wind off the lake threatens my papers, lifts and swirls her shoulder-length hair; she rakes it back, tucks it behind her ears, shakes it out, rearranges it again and again. She is free with her gestures, easy with her smiles.

Her name didn't used to be Sally Jackson. It has changed, along with her Social Security number and those of her three children. They have been on the run for nine years.

Sally was raised in a Midwest farmhouse filled with children and laughter. Violence was not part of her vocabulary. She remembers feeling baffled by the idea of victims when she learned about them in health class. That would never be her. She was going to graduate, go to college, make a life, maybe think about a husband one day, maybe have some kids, maybe after twenty-five, certainly not before.

"I was sixteen when I met him," she says. "He hit me like a Mack truck."

He called every day. He listened to her talk for hours. He wanted to know everything there was to know about her. He was funny, charming and romantic. It was the kind of rushed courtship that's romanticized in our culture, in movies like *High School Musical*, in songs like Sting's "Every Breath You Take," the kind she warns her kids about today.

"I know now that he sat and listened to me so he could know me," she says. "So he would know what would scare me. So he would know how to control me … Domestic violence is all about power and control. It just slowly whittled away everything until all I had was him. And all I thought about was him."

They married when she was nineteen. The ceremony took place at the courthouse, in secret, far from the family and friends who had once surrounded her. She wore jeans. By then, he was already hitting her.

It wasn't all bad. Sometimes they would go months without an "argument." He would be attentive and loving once again, though he never apologized. It was always her fault, and she held out hope—that if she could just fix this thing or that, things would get better. She never knew exactly what would set him off. Once upon a time she could tell him anything. Now she was confused, afraid to speak at all.

Six years passed, and their first child was born. Sally began to feel the rumblings of change, though she didn't recognize them at first. Four years and three children later, she was remembering who she once was. She secretly dubbed her kids Joy, Wisdom and Strength.

"It totally changed things for me," she says. "I felt like with each child I got a bit of me back."

The end came swiftly and unexpectedly, one week after he beat her for the last time. With a baby girl on each hip and a four-year-old boy in tow, she escaped. They moved from state to state, changed names and identifying numbers. She taught the children safety plans, which neighbors could be trusted, what an address was, how to recognize it from street signs and house numbers from the backseat of a kidnapper's car. She covered all their bases and yet, almost a decade later, she still steals glances over her shoulder, because she never expected to have this long.

"My plan when I left was to give the kids a couple months of freedom," she says quietly. "To give them some point in their lives to know what normal was. I really thought he would find us and kill us."

In the end, it had been the realization that he could control his violence that prompted her to leave. Up until then she had believed his rage was out of his hands, that he couldn't help himself. But that day, nine years ago, standing above her throwing punches in front of the three young kids, he'd reminded her that he hadn't hit her for a year. He'd had some legal trouble, and had been on probation—hitting her would have meant jail time. When the probation was lifted, the beatings resumed.

"That was when it really clicked for me," she said. "All this time I'd thought he was out of control. I thought, 'Oh my God, you can control this. You can control this.'"


Terry

"They can control it," says Terry Hoffman. "This abuse is a choice. But I didn't know that then."

She's sitting on a plush cream sofa, accented by pastel throw pillows and a Miniature Schnauzer, banana bread and coffee slowly cooling, rain dropping steadily against the living room picture window. She is fifty-nine, a grandmother six times, all silver hair and sparkling blue eyes. She laughs at something her husband says, he gives kindness and respect back, bows out and leaves us to our difficult conversation. Her smile slowly fades. Her life has not always been this joyful.

"People think abuse is anger run amuck," she continues. "It's not anger run amuck. It's a choice … It's knocking the self-esteem away, breaking it up, throwing it away, hacking it off, continually."

The husband who left us to talk is her second. The first was her first everything, the father of her children, sixteen years of her life, in the 1970s at a time when marriages were not easily ended.

"First, I stayed because I loved him. I really loved him and I felt sorry for him and I wanted to fix him," she says. "Then, I stayed because [he'd convinced me] I was a stupid worthless woman who couldn't do anything right—how was I going to go out in the world and take care of my children? [Later], I stayed with him because he had a .357 Magnum and he kept it loaded in his top drawer."

Terry grew up in the Chicago suburbs. She was a quiet girl, into art, music and writing, always working hard to do the right thing, to be all things to all people. She met her abuser during her freshman year at Northern Illinois University. He was the outgoing alpha male, the former

captain of the football team, the prize. They spotted each other in a crowd and it was like electricity. She was stunned by his attentions.

"Our two sicknesses recognized each other from across a room," she says. "I found him so attractive because he was so interested in me."

They talked for hours. He kissed her hand. He was incredibly protective. She saw his anger only in relation to other people, not toward her. There were little things, but she dismissed them. The slide into violence was gradual.

They were married nine months the first time he hit her. The third or fourth time, he broke her eardrum. Her mother's voice played in her head, "It is never okay for a man to hit a woman." She told him she would leave him if he hit her again. From that moment on, he restricted the abuse to verbal, the occasional pinning her against the wall with an elbow across her throat, screaming in her face, and always, every day, the tongue-lashings. It was not better, but she stayed.

For sixteen years, for two children, for her religious beliefs, she stayed. From the outside, they looked to be the perfect middle-class family. Every day she prayed for God to fix her marriage, to heal her husband. She never expected God to help her leave.

The final straw came when they took a trip, visiting friends three hours from home for a Fourth of July party. He'd been drinking all day, got angry when she wasn't paying him enough attention, grabbed her and demanded she leave with him. It was the first time his behavior was made public. Terry says she felt the rest of the world go black around her, the only light a door in the distance. She heard a voice telling her it was her last chance. For the first time in their marriage, she said no to her husband. He left without her.

"I sat up all night waiting for him to come back," she says. "I figured three hours home, fifteen minutes to get the gun, three hours back. I'm gonna be dead within seven hours. I really believed that."

He didn't come back, at least not that day. Her parents bought her a plane ticket and she flew home to them the next morning. It was Independence Day, 1985.

It's been twenty-three years. Her children have grown up to forge healthy partnerships of their own, and one of the books she wrote seeks to explore the many, varied things abused women tell themselves. She knows how different they all are, and that it's more than violence at home that sets the stage for women to fall prey to abusers in the future.

"I didn't grow up in a family where people beat each other," she says, "but I did grow up a people pleaser."

"I was a people pleaser," says Lisa Stewart-Boettcher. "I didn't want to disappoint anyone."

She is talking about her wedding day, back in 1985. We are sitting at the kitchen table in her new home, a renovated farmhouse on a twenty-one-acre beef cattle farm just outside of Mazomanie. I'm basking in her warmth, the deep carve of her dimples, the rich, low generosity of her voice, the afterglow of the hug she gave me in the instant that we met.

She had told her mother that she didn't want to marry this man because he hit her. Her mother replied that Mr. Parker from church had already bought the meat and cheese tray. Her mother asked Lisa what she had done to provoke her future husband's violence. Lisa's mother, born in the 1920s, was a product of her time. Lisa would like to leave it at that.

"So I just went ahead and married him," she says, "because it was just unacceptable not to." She was nineteen.

Though we are leaving it at that, Lisa's mother experienced violence, too. And when Lisa was very young, she watched her older sister's abuser shoot and kill her sister and himself, leaving their children orphaned. Lisa's mother was also shot, but she survived to raise her orphaned grandchildren alongside Lisa, as siblings. It was not talked about. Violence at home seemed to be a normal part of life. When Lisa met her future husband at the age of eighteen, she had nothing else to compare the relationship to.


Lisa

Lisa's husband was a pillar of their small North Dakota community. They lived in one of the finest homes in town, gave regular tours of it to raise money for the local library. "He always wore a tie," says Lisa. "Nobody would believe he was a wife beater."

But he was. The beatings came swiftly and regularly throughout their ten-year marriage. A co-worker sat her down one day to inquire about her black eye, her bruises. "You mean, not all men beat their wives?" she'd asked the co-worker.

Even after it began to sink in that this was no way to live, even after the punches to the side of her head left her with the vertigo disability she still battles today, she had no idea how she might leave. She had no money. She wouldn't leave her two children. She didn't know how the law worked.

It was while standing in line at the Wal-Mart checkout one morning, fresh from the latest beating, that fate smiled upon Lisa Stewart. She spied a dollar on the ground and she picked it up, thoughtful. Two days later she won a $2 bill in a game of bingo. Two days after that she found another rare $2 bill. "That was my first $5 I had to leave him with," she says. "I felt that it was for a purpose."

Inspired, she took odd jobs, like cleaning houses. She saved for a year, until she had enough for a security deposit and first month's rent on an apartment two states away, in Wisconsin. She consulted an attorney in secret so she'd have permission to remove her children from their home. She kept a U-Haul hidden in the parking lot of a friend's business. One morning, after her husband had gone to work, Lisa left a note and a crock-pot full of spaghetti. She threw everything in the U-Haul and ran for her life.

Later, she would frame the three money bills that had jump-started her escape. They hang in her house today.

Lisa went back to school and became a paralegal to better navigate the treacherous world of child custody as it pertains to domestic violence in a no-fault state like Wisconsin. She went on to serve two terms on the governor's Council on Domestic Abuse and helped craft AB279, Act 130, the statute that mandates that guardian ad lidums must investigate domestic violence and report it. She met and married a wonderful man, but it took a very long time before she believed he would not hurt her, before she stopped waiting for that other shoe to drop.

"It took me a few years to figure out

that it's OK to smile, it's OK to laugh, it's OK to shop, it's OK to live and dream," she says. "There were times I would wake up to him strangling me in my sleep. Now I wake up to birds and the highway."

For the longest time, her abuser threatened to take the kids, but went years without seeing them. When six months passed without so much as a phone call or birthday card to his children, Lisa was able to legally sever his parental rights. Her current husband adopted them a few minutes later.

They have been married twelve years. The kids, now twenty-two and nineteen, have no contact with their biological father, and she believes they are better for it. She is brave and strong, but the tears flow most freely when she talks about the ways domestic violence destroys entire families, the way her nieces and nephews suffered when their mother was killed, the way her family bled and buckled, the way her own children were forced into court battles.

"They show a clip on the news and then you never hear about it again, but it's a lifelong sentence," she says. "Domestic violence screws up entire families. Everyone is a victim."

"Everyone was a victim," says Consuelo Morales. "My kids suffered for that relationship, my grandkids. I didn't know."

What she actually says is, "*Eramos todos víctimas*." Consuelo Morales is Venezuelan, and she does not speak English. We are communicating through a translator, a domestic violence victim herself.

"I have thirteen years in this country," says Consuelo. "I suffer a lot."

Fifty-three-year-old Consuelo met her abuser at work, about seven years ago. He was good to her and good to her children. They were very happy until he was in an accident, suffered four back surgeries, spent all his time at home and changed. He began to rule the house with violence. He started punishing her teenage son behind closed doors. He refused to give her any details, and her son refused to tell. She fled to Florida, but her abuser begged her to come back, and she did.

"*En qué pensaba*," she says. I don't know what I was thinking.

There are pieces of Consuelo's story that are lost on me, even with a translator, and then there are things that are powerfully universal. Her voice comes out like a moan, like the saddest of songs. She rocks as she speaks. She whispers pain in every language at once.

Cecilia, Consuelo

She does not look at me at all. She stares out the Washington Hotel Coffee Room window, but I know she is not seeing the lake outside. She is replaying the worst of the scenes, ghostly images flickering like a horror movie on the stretched canvas of her mind. It was the day he threw her down the stairs, pulled her hair from her head, ripped her clothes from her body, stabbed the knife into the wall, forced her into the salty bath. There are words that need no translation. *Puta*. Bitch. There are others I can't get my head around in any language. *Dios te castiga*. God will hurt you.

The translator's voice cracks.

Cecilia Gillhouse, our twenty-seven-year-old translator, learned English only a few years back herself. She came to this country from Argentina eight years ago, with her parents and her newborn son. They came as one , in an effort to escape her abusive husband. It was a great act of love.

Cecilia's family lived on a ranch in the country and rented a house in town for her to stay in alone, so she could study and attend class during the week. She was sixteen when she met her abuser at school. He was two years older, but he was in her grade because he'd been held back twice. She was a shy, studious girl. He was a charismatic troublemaker. Their teacher assigned her to be his tutor.

When they started dating, her parents did not approve. So they kept it a secret. When things turned violent, Cecilia could not turn to her supportive family, because they didn't know about the relationship.

Two years passed.

"Things started getting a little bit dangerous for me when I turned eighteen," she says. "Because then was when I started seeing the reality and that I was not in love, I was afraid of him."

As she was preparing for college entrance exams, her abuser's anger intensified. He did not want her going to school, he wanted marriage and babies. He came home drunk one night and raped her. She became pregnant. The relationship went public.

Cecilia's parents were very traditional and insisted the couple marry. They did not know about the abuse. Six months into Cecilia's pregnancy, wedding plans well under way, her abuser attacked her in public, at her sister-in-law's Quinceanera. It was the first her mother learned of the abuse.

"My mother stood up to him. She said to me, 'I'm leaving, and this is your last chance to leave with me. I will help you, I'll support you, I'll give you everything you need, but you have to leave this guy.'

"I looked at my mom, and said, 'Let's go.'"

Cecilia did not see her abuser after that, but she suffered countless sleepless nights, terrified he would come for her, that he'd kill her, that he'd kill their unborn child, because he had always threatened he would. Her baby came two months later, early, because of her stress. Tomas was born in September 2000. His father refused to sign the birth certificate. Six months later, Cecilia's parents had sold their business and their home and moved their daughter and baby grandson here, to Wisconsin, to start a new life.

In 2004, Cecilia, the tutor who'd been victimized by her student, married a bilingual American citizen. He was her language tutor. Today she speaks her story in English, and helps other women speak theirs.

"The problem is, when you're a teenager you think that jealousy is normal and good," she explains. "I was feeling he really loves me because he was all the time controlling me by phone, or following, or stalking me, and I thought it was normal. I was young, and I thought it was romantic."

"I was so young, and he was so romantic," says Mechele Williams. "He called me every night and he talked to me at a pay phone for hours and hours and he stood outside in the cold. I thought, oh my God, he must love me so much."

We are sitting in the library at Madison Area Technical College, where Mechele is a thirty-three-year-old student in the human services program. She will graduate with her associate's degree in May, and plans to continue on to earn a bachelor's in criminal justice. She is a single mom of five boys, ranging in age from fourteen to three. Behind her glasses, the lightest smattering of freckles swarms her brown eyes. Her chin is high, her voice is clear, a crystal bell in a room full of silent people. She is not ashamed today, but for years she refused to tell the truth about her abuser. She has a lot of making up to do.

Mechele was fifteen when she started dating him; he was a year younger. Her family was traditional, middle-class, "boring." He was the "thug," new in town, and exciting. As intense as their relationship was, they dated that first time for just under a year. He was not violent toward her, but later she would learn how narrowly she'd escaped it. They would have an argument, and she would learn only afterward about the objects he'd thrown, about the hole he'd punched in the wall. She remembers one incident at school when he'd thrown another boy into a door, its glass a giant spiderweb where his skull had hit. But he didn't touch Mechele, not then.

For the next several years they split, reunited, split, reunited again. This time she was in her twenties, with two young boys. Their connection seemed old and strong. They decided to marry, in the park. It was 1999. That night, their wedding night, he hit her for the first time.

"I can't say I honestly knew what to think then. It floored me," she says. "And from that point on it just got worse."

There were so many nights she would lie awake after a beating, waiting for him to pass out drunk, grab the kids and run

Mechele

down the street to her mother's house. There were so many nights the police were called, but she always refused to speak to them. Because the consequences were never his, they were always hers. She figured the most a restraining order could do was delay the next beating.

Many, many times her young sons bore witness. Mechele's husband did not touch the children, but she knows they were abused by what they saw.

"You end up making your children lie for you," she says. "And then you tell them their whole life, don't lie. Don't lie to adults. And then you say, but don't say what happens in this house."

There was the time he kicked her broken ankle. The time he dragged her by her hair through a parking lot. And there was the last time, after they'd divorced but before they'd let go, when the doorbell rang in the middle of the night. When he dragged her to her bedroom and started choking her. When she vomited as he grabbed the butcher knives from the kitchen. When he picked her up like a wrestler and threw her to the ground, cracking her tailbone. When he stepped back, trembling, and said, "If I were you, I would run."

She did. But even then, even as he was arrested, even as he sat in a courtroom facing sixty years for the combined actions of his violent life, even as they threatened to hold her in contempt of court, she refused to speak against the man she both feared and loved. He took a five-year plea. Mechele spent the next five years free and slowly rebuilt her life. Gradually, she let pieces of her story out, to other victims, to her family, to me, today, in a quiet library where everyone is silent, awed, eavesdropping.

"I finally realized I shouldn't be embarrassed," she says. "Because it's very real for so many other women and I don't want to belittle that for them. And I don't want people to think that badgering somebody with words is OK, either. It's all abuse. Some wounds are seen and some are not. I'm not afraid of him anymore, you know? He's the one who was wrong. Maybe he should be the one who has fear."

"Maybe he should be the one who has fear." "Some wounds are seen and some are not."

Weeks have passed since my first interviewee backed out, the woman at Panera who decided in the end that she could not share her story. I want to package up and carry this other woman's words to her, like a gift. As it turns out, I don't have to. She

Diana

calls. She has changed her mind, again.

"I need to get rid of this in my life," she says. "I think this can be part of my healing process. I guess it has to hurt before it gets better."

She was eighteen when they met, when she became pregnant with twins. She miscarried her babies at seven and a half months, her heart split in two, and so did the couple. Twenty-five years later, in June 2006, they were reunited through mutual friends. She was forty-four, never married. It felt like a second chance. He begged her to be with him, sent her a plane ticket, then another.

"I always called it my Oprah story," she says. "I thought it was fate."

She sold or gave away everything she owned, packed a small U-Haul, moved to Arizona to be with him. His only stipulation was that she care for the house so that he could focus on work. He had a good job, made six figures, drove a BMW. They were married almost right away, by the justice of the peace.

She didn't know he wanted her home so he'd always know where she was. She didn't know how he'd isolate her, keep her from friends and family, not allow her to work. She didn't know how he'd demand his shirt collars pressed just so, how he'd degrade her when the apples she bought for his lunch were soft. She didn't know how subtle the decline into emotional abuse would be, didn't know that one day she would look in the mirror and not recognize the woman standing there.

Her blood pressure skyrocketed. She found herself thinking about him before she was even awake, lying in bed going over everything before she ever opened her eyes, terrified she'd forgotten some

essential detail.

"I'd get up at four a.m., make him breakfast, fix his coffee, pack his lunch and snacks, get him off to work. Then I would cook, clean, mow the lawn. I think from the day I got there he never washed another dish. He never did a load of laundry again."

She started standing up for herself, little by little. He ratcheted up the control in response. One day, their home was broken into. Only her personal items, things like her driver's license and birth certificate, were stolen. She believes he set it up, that it gave him an excuse to do what he did next: Install a series of deadbolts on the front door. Screw the windows shut and nail bars and chicken wire across them. Batten down the back door with two-by-fours. In the meantime, he cursed, spit, threatened, morphed into evil incarnate before her very eyes.

"One night I came home and I'm locking these doors and I realized I was absolutely scared to death," she says. "I realized I wasn't afraid of who was gonna come in our house, I was worried about who was already inside."

She began sleeping with a knife and mace beneath her pillow. While flipping through the channels one day, she saw a woman on Oprah who'd been shot by her abuser. Asked when she first knew she was in trouble, the woman replied, "When I started sleeping with a weapon under my pillow."

It was the epiphany she needed. She asked her husband if she could hold a garage sale. She began preparing, secretly slipping a few personal items in a couple boxes of her own. When her husband couldn't be there for the whole day but didn't trust her alone, he had a buddy sit with her. Thinking quickly, she offered to grab a fast-food lunch for the two of them, and took off for the shelter instead. She never went back.

She stayed at the shelter for two weeks before a Wisconsin friend flew out and helped her come home to Madison. She lived in basements and borrowed clothes, and she still questions her sanity at times, because he never hit her. She is still struggling to wrap her mind around what happened to her, and why, and how. She's still struggling with the love she had for him, and the fear that's kept her muzzled until now, until today, until this phone call.

"I want to warn other women," she says in the voicemail. "I want to help, and this is my way of doing it. By telling my story. If I can save just one woman...."

Just one woman. One in every four. Sally. Terry. Lisa. Consuelo. Cecilia. Mechele.

And Diana. Diana Craine.

Maggie Ginsberg-Schutz is a contributing writer for *Madison Magazine*.

Noble's Truth *continued from page 35*

highest clearance rates for homicide in the United States, 87.5 percent in the last five years."

And still the sense that something was deeply wrong was palpable over the summer, and the city's livability seemed to be gasping for air in some downtown back alley. Few people seemed to have much doubt about where we were headed.

"Crime has undoubtedly not only increased in proportion to population," says Mike Scott, director of the UW Law School's Center for Problem-Oriented Policing, "but it's a higher level of violent crime."

Ex-mayor Paul Soglin sees another trend contributing to the rising violence, especially around State Street. "What has happened is that Madison," he says, "like a lot of other mid- to small-sized cities, has seen in-migration of families trying to escape the poverty and crime of the larger cities. It started in the early 1980s. And those families were followed by the various people they tried to escape. They're followed by the drug dealers, the extortionists, the pimps. And that has had a profound impact on residential areas and State Street."

Wray acknowledges that Madison is changing, but he sees that change through a different lens. "What I think is happening in Madison is this," he says. "I think people