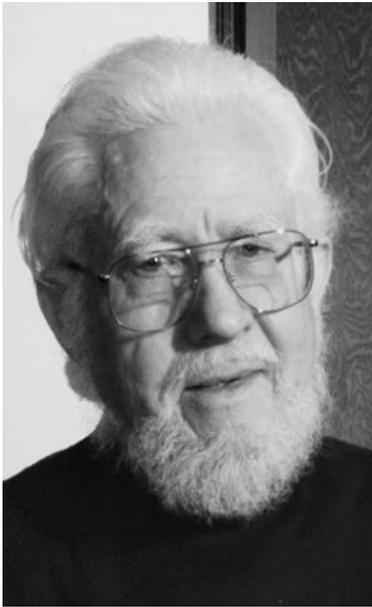


VIGIL FOR PEACE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE FOR JACKSON D. TIFFANY 1925 – 2018 ~ 93 YEARS OF AGE.



MADISON—Jackson D. Tiffany, age 93, died Saturday, Nov. 3, 2018. He produced educational and documentary films for UW-Extension, and taught courses in film making and visual communication. Among his 35 films were award winners *To Find a Home*, a 1963 investigation of racial discrimination in housing, and *Teacher*, an experimental short that was projected behind modern dancers. His still photography exhibitions include a set of images of Madison produced in 1948, which became the Wisconsin Historical Society’s *Soul of a City* show in 2002. Serving in the U.S. Army Medical Corps during World War II left him committed to nonviolence. He became a Quaker, provided draft counseling during the Vietnam War, **and was a regular presence at the weekly Peace Vigil in downtown Madison.** He was married for 70 years to his wife, Virginia, who died in February. He is survived by his son, Steve and daughter-in-law, Marcia. There will be a memorial service on Saturday, Dec. 8, 2018, at 1:30 p.m. at MADISON FRIENDS MEETING, 1704 Roberts Court, Madison.

Following are anecdotal incidences about Jackson which speak volumes to the integrity of our friend “Jack”, although he didn't talk much about that time.

Jack volunteered for the Army at age 18, in February 1944. After basic training, he served for six months as an all purpose cameraman in the Signal Corp Photo Lab in Chicago. He was reassigned to the Medical Corp and trained in motion picture and still photographic methods for documenting medical procedures. He was sent to the Philippines to photograph the effects of tropical diseases and waited to go in with the anticipated invasion of Japan. He made pictures around Manila of political demonstrations and government buildings destroyed in the war. He later wrote, **“When the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, I became a nuclear pacifist. I recognized that either we did away with war or the human race would become extinct through war.”** When the war ended in 1945 an assignment took Jack to Japan where he found time to photograph the ruins of vast areas of Tokyo.



by John McCrae, May 1915

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

(Please see over.)

JACKSON WILL LIVE ON IN OUR HEARTS NOW AND FOREVER MORE AS WE REMEMBER HIM.

On Armistice Day the Raging Grannies performed a benefit concert for the Mosaic Project a weekly support group for women coming out of Jail or on Huber release. Both in their honor and to remember the *true costs of war*, the Raging Grannies of Madison, offered a mosaic of songs that tell of their own vision. Joining them were the . . .

THOUGHTS AND POEM BY MADISON POET, ANDREA MUSER spoken in honor of Armistice Day, 2018:

The 100th anniversary of the end of World War I, Which was to be the "War to End All Wars" and Which was officially halted at 11am on November 11, 1918 --the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month--On November 11, we remembered the cessation of the hostilities that cost Europe a generation's worth of men, and introduced some of the most terrifying weapons of war the world then had known. We were taught about the trench warfare, the aerial bombardments, the poison gas, the broken people, the rotting corpses of men and horses strewn across the fields soaked in blood. . . . All the horrors revealed should have forever banished the myth that war is a glorious and noble enterprise.

Unfortunately, we all remain Prisoners of Wars that proliferate around the globe, and that follow our veteran's home. Broken bones, broken spirits, broken budgets, broken promises. . . .

HOWEVER TODAY we are also here to celebrate

The artistry

The persistence

And resistance

Of the women of the Backyard Women's Mosaic Project

Who are working to assemble fragments

Of their lives

And ours

Into creations that can give hope

And allow us to cope.

They teach us that when we feel shattered and scattered

We can gather the broken pieces and reassemble what we know

Into creations that make visible

The cracks and our coherence

Our stick-to-it-iveness and our jagged edges

(Thank you, Andrea.) We invite passersby to join us for as little as as much time as your day may allow.
Vigil for Peace Monday's Noon-1p Corner MLK Jr. & Doty St. Madison City-County Bldg. WK 1612 11.19.2018