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Michigan Today

The University of Michigan December 1988 Vol. 20, No. 6

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Lexicographer Robert E. Lewis:

He has 'Z' end in sight

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You don't have to wait until your next class reunion for a journey back to the University. A trip is as near as the public library, where a surprising number of novels feature, either in passing or prominently, The University of Michigan. We have excerpted some of these novels in the pages that follow.

The variety of these passages shows the many facets of a university: It is at once a microcosm of society at large, a sanctuary from that society or an incubator for life in the "real world."

In her 1984 novel *Braided Lives*, the poet and novelist Marge Piercy '57 portrays her feminist student heroine's personal and political frustrations during the Fifties, when marriage was assumed to be every woman student's goal, and challenges to the authorities was likely to draw the attention of the police.

Joyce Carol Oates, who has taught at the University, depicts a young medical student's bittersweet romance in her 1971 novel *Wonderland*. In Herbert Gold's 1957 *The Optimist*, an ambitious young man comes of age at the University in the World War II era.

Some authors have enjoyed playing out murder and mayhem in a U-M setting. In *The Dark Tunnel*, author Kenneth Millar '52 Ph.D. — who later became famous as maestro of mysteries Ross Macdonald — has his hero flee a murderer through the cavernous recesses of the campus steam tunnels. In their mystery *Maze* authors and former faculty members Garnet Garrison and Al Slote '49 (both writing under the pseudonym A.H. Garnet) killed off an English professor by having him "bake" in the large oven of the Law Club at the thinly disguised "Mid-East University."

Gold told *Michigan Today* that he became familiar with the University when he was a high school student in Ohio. "I used to visit a friend attending Michigan," he recalls. "It was the first campus I ever saw."

Piercy, who knew she wanted to be a writer at age 15, described her U-M years as "a big interruption" in her ultimately successful career. "I learned in the English Department that you had to be an English gentleman, so I wrote like an English gentleman," she said wryly. "I didn't stop doing that until I got out of the English Honors program."

Some authors who've fictionalized life at U-M stress that the encouragement of professors and the triumph of winning Hopwood Awards launched their writing careers.

Al Slote — whose first novel *Denham Proper* was partly set at the University — fondly recalls his writing professor, Roy Cowden. "He was a genius at teaching writing," said Slote, who is best-known for his two dozen books for young readers. "He read your manuscript twice, and he knew you. He had these stubby farmer's fingers that would pause over sentences. Then he'd look at you and say, 'Now we have the surface,' — after you'd written your heart out! But he made you take yourself seriously when you didn't even take yourself seriously."

Using a university as a fictional setting has its limitations, a few of the writers told us. "A university does not offer a big theater of action," Slote pointed out.

And Richard Ford, whose widely acclaimed 1986 novel *The Sportswriter* followed the tribulations of a successful U-M grad, observed that the "cloistered" environment of the university puts off many writers.

"Universities," said Ford, who was a member of the U-M Society of Fellows from 1971-74 and an assistant professor the following year, "are where students can come and make mistakes, fail, and yet not have the consequences of those failures ruin their lives. The nature of literature is that it's about the broader consequences of human nature."

Piercy, however, found the university "a setting like any other, a hierarchal setting where people have fairly rigidly defined roles, like a corporation."

Many other authors have set their fiction at Michigan, some identifying the University by name and others applying pseudonyms to it. They range from Nobelist Sinclair Lewis (*Arrowsmith*) to Danielle Steel (*Fine Things*), whose U-M alumna dramatically tears up her diploma right after it is handed to her. U-M grads know that the graduating class is so big that diplomas are not handed out individually, but Steel, like the authors we excerpt here, has all privileges that go with poetic license, even when it comes to The University of Michigan. ▶

'Can't you dance any other way but in circles?' she said.
From Denham Proper *by Alfred Slote*

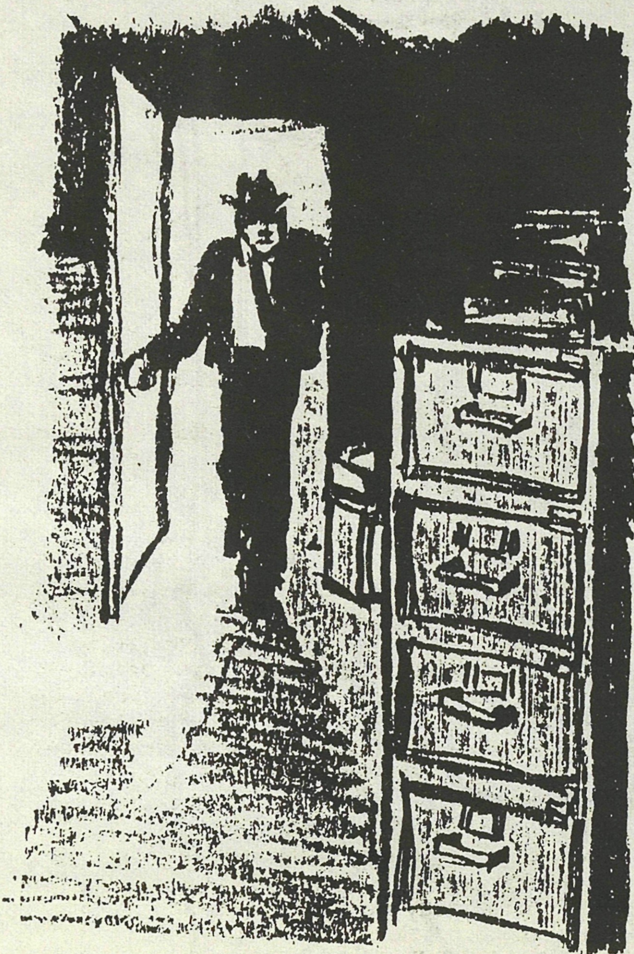
MICHIGAN IN FICTION

The University has provided the setting For some of our foremost novelists

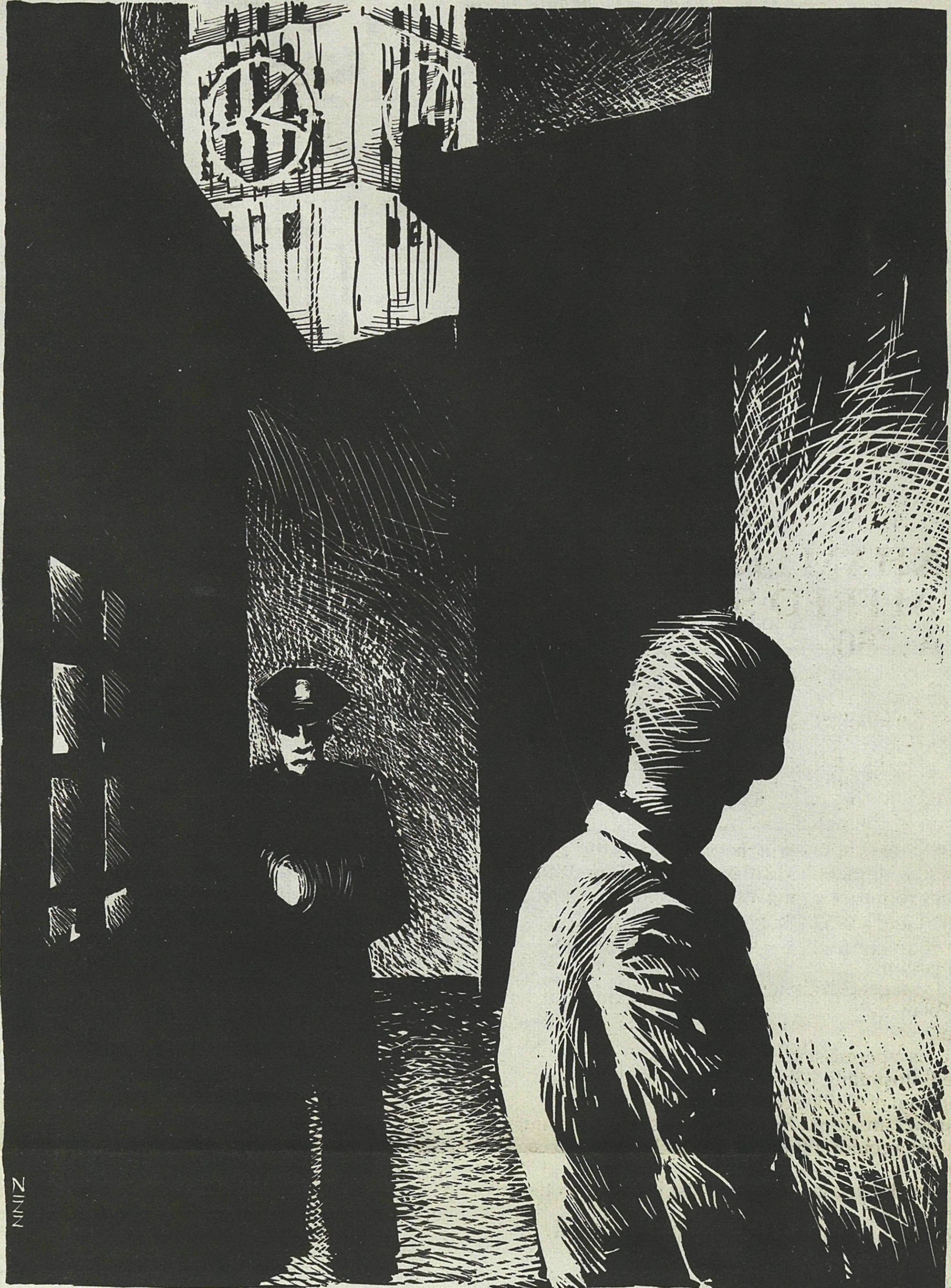
By Eve Silberman

Eve Silberman is an Ann Arbor free lance writer and staff writer for the Ann Arbor Observer.

MICHIGAN IN FICTION



I went into this inner room to look up 'taillour.' My throat was constricted with excitement.



ILLUSTRATIONS by Fred Zinn

'You! You there! Come out with your hands up!'

THE DARK TUNNEL By ROSS MCDONALD (KENNETH MILLAR '42 M.A., '52 Ph.D.)

McKinley Hall is the British-Museum-classic building five stories high and a block long, which houses the college of arts and the administrative offices of Midwestern University. Arbana is the Athens of the West and McKinley Hall is its Parthenon and I am Pericles.

. . . The making of a historical dictionary is a long process. For five years Alec had been co-editor of the *Middle English Dictionary*, with a dozen people working under him. One thing his death meant was that the Dictionary would have to find a new editor. I had never had anything to do with the Dictionary directly, but Alec had given me a general idea of it.

It was intended to put in print for the first time, in ten handy volumes weighing about fifteen pounds each, all the meanings of all the words written in English between the death of William the Conqueror and the time of Caxton, the first English printer. This meant that the editors and sub-editors and infra-editors had to read all the books and manuscripts remaining from four hundred years of English writing. They had to keep a file of every word read and examples of every use of every word. That is the first half of the process of making a historical dictionary.

The second half is the actual writing of the dictionary, listing every meaning of every word and at least one example of each meaning.

Since the reading in the Midwestern Dictionary office had been going on for a mere seven years, and not more than a dozen people spent only six or seven hours a day reading, the first half of the process was not yet complete. But there was already a roomful of tall steel filing cabinets filled with examples of the uses of Middle English words filed in alphabetical order.

I went into this inner room to look up 'taillour.' My throat was constricted with excitement. For the first and last time in my life, I knew how philologists must feel when they're on the track of an old word used in a new way.

If the word meant anything, it could mean that Alec had hidden his evidence against Schneider in the Dictionary office, filed under 'taillour.' A philologist like Alec would think of something like that.

But Schneider was a philologist, too. I remembered with a tremor of misgiving that I had given the word away in front of him. Perhaps he had already been here.

Published by Bantam Books, New York, 1944.

THE OPTIMIST By HERBERT GOLD

He strolled through Ann Arbor, that raveled pleasant raggle-taggle of a Midwestern town, its green hills soon to be devoured by the slope-famished of Detroit. The walk and the night air gave him more and more his decision: he would awaken Lucille. Why not? She would like being awakened . . . .

Down the main street, past the shut bookstores and shut drugstores, abruptly Burr was very much male, suave as an actor, preening himself in the soft fur of women's eyes. The shimmer of streetlamps were the lights of a great celebration. Lucille liked him, of course; he spurned her but let her help him. Laura loved him! He punished her, but eventually, when she was warned and chastened by suffering, he came to her. He would have gray at the temples and a fine glance, immune to conjunctivitis. Then a brilliant woman, fit for a great man, a Laura possessed and possessing, she would stand with her eyes downcast like lovely Who-was-it in that smooth and dreamy movie — he forgot the title, but remembered what he needed. Just now he needed to relieve himself after all the weak beer of the party.

He slipped down an alley beside an all-night diner. Sweet and sour hot gusts of cooking from the fan set in the wall blew over him. He stood sniffing, spraddle-legged, proud in his superior fantasy. While the steaming rivulet coursed through dust, in his heart he made brave love to Laura. He gave up all the others; surely Laura was his fate. Now he was the man accustomed to lovely sleek women. He was the sophisticated man of affairs. He never fell out of porch swings. He was as silent and shy and commanding as Gary Cooper, besides, and the space in his front teeth was closed. Masterful and valiant, delighted and challenged, he accepted a deepened-by-life Laura as she finally offered herself. She was wearing a modified geisha costume which accented the new wisdom and maturity of her hips. She said:

"You! You there! Come out of there with your hands up!" A huge flashlight bore down on him. "Walk forward slowly and no goddamn funny business!"

Burr put himself together rapidly.

"I said keep the goddamn hands up, fella!"

The light played blindingly on his face. Burr closed his eyes and came down on the problem like a steel trap. He knew and trusted this mobilization of brute wit. When cornered, he believed in himself most and his impulses could be trusted. At a time of crisis, he saw clearly, or if he did not, he acted with resolution anyway; and it was such times which consoled him for his foolishness with idle dreams of girls and vaguer dream of career. That he managed to get himself tucked back and his fly buttoned and his leg unwetted was not a perfect warranty of future success in life and love, but it was a hint at eighteen. He knew how to deal with copness when it caught him gaping in an alley. He would not let the flashlight dazzle him. The cop could make trouble, but nothing serious. Small matter. It was after three in the morning.

"Okay, buddy-boy, tell me what you were doing."

The police didn't like the college boys. This cop would love to lock him up. He was nervous, lonely, empty-headed, bored on the night beat, even tired of his chewing gum whose spearmint had long been sucked away and the promised vision of pine forests unfulfilled. His collar hurt at his chins and he was hoping, with all this talk about keeping the hands up, to do something spiteful. He would just love it.

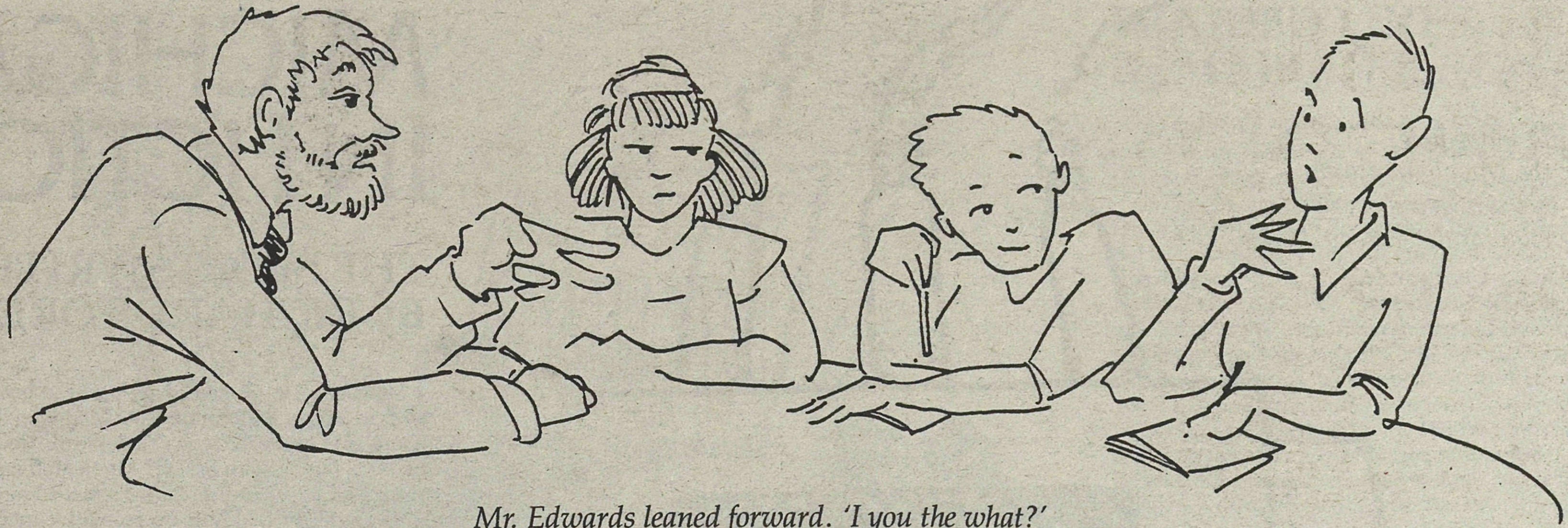
"Speak up! You heard me! Talk fast!" With authority he spat the gum to the ground; it hit his shoe; he kicked it away.

. . . "Listen, Officer," he [Burr] said in a low voice, "I was just waiting for the countergirl in that diner. She wouldn't say yes and she wouldn't say no, but I thought maybe when she got off work . . . You think maybe?"

The policeman's face broke in a fine fat grin. "Ah, me boy, you school kids, you jist don't know how. Mooning around gets you no fun in life. Listen, kid, let me give you the benefit, I'm old enough to be your father — you got to walk right in and take a cup of coffee from the girl, then you got to ask her straight out what she's doing after the performance.

. . . "Say, listen, boy. Next time you want to pass the time waiting, hide better in the alley and puddle in peace."

Published by Little Brown & Co., Boston, 1959.



Mr. Edwards leaned forward. 'I you the what?'

DENHAM PROPER
By ALFRED SLOTE '49, M.A. '50

I was a sophomore when I first met her. She was a junior. I had been exempt from the ordinary exposition courses and had moved up into a creative writing course. There were ten of us about a table. The first day, Mr. Edwards called the roll from the class cards, and we glanced casually at each person as he answered. Bill Lawrence sat next to me at the end of the table, facing Mr. Edwards. I followed Bill in the roll call, and after my name came a name I was soon to know well.

"Polansky," said Mr. Edwards grimly.

"Here," said a quiet voice. Mr Edwards turned. She was sitting at his left hand at the edge of the table.

"Did you get permission for this course, Miss Polansky?"

"No."

"This is a permission course," Mr. Edwards explained, unsmiling. We all looked at each other in anticipation of a little scene.

"I know," answered Miss Polansky in the same quiet tone, "but I couldn't find you and so I decided to come anyway."

"Where did you look for me, Miss Polansky, at the Union dance?"

"No," she answered, smiling, "I didn't think you'd be there."

A quiet laugh went up at Mr. Edwards' expense and he gave us a flitting look and then turned to her again. "We'll take this up after class," he said, and resumed calling the roll.

Bill wrote something on his pad and pushed it over towards me. I read the word "cute." I wrote under it, "aggressive," and pushed it back towards him. Having completed the roll, Mr. Edwards sat back and looked silently at us. Then, having completed his scrutiny, he began in a low voice.

"This," he said, thumbing the class cards slowly, "is a class in creative writing." He paused. "What is," he said, rubbing his nose and so breaking the rhythm of the sentence, "creative writing?"

He sat back with a completely blank look — the favorite expression of all the young instructors at Michigan. When no one said anything, he began again.

"If none of you know, may I ask why you signed for this course?"

There followed another and longer silence and one I found embarrassing. Finally, Mr. Edwards broke out of his immobile expression and, smiling, leaned forward and pointed a finger at us.

"Well, I'll confess to you," he said, "I don't know what it is either."

At that, a short relieved laugh sounded about the table for none of us had as yet learned to handle with any degree of assurance the premier working axiom of the English department at Michigan — viz: a teacher's pose was often more important than his subject matter.

"In fact," continued Mr. Edwards, "I would just as soon leave out the word creative and merely call it a class in writing. For example, what kind of writing might you do in such a class, Miss Polansky?"

"Fiction, poetry, playwriting, criticism," the girl answered amiably. "Anything . . . ."

"Just fiction!" Bill called out loudly from our end of the table. Immediately all heads turned towards us. I wished he wouldn't put his two cents in like that all the time.

"Don't you call criticism writing?" asked Miss Polansky of Bill.

"No, I do not," Bill answered, firmly.

"What do you think, Miss Hatterfield?" Mr. Edwards asked a small girl with red hair.

"I agree with Miss Polansky."

Mr. Edwards began to go down the roll and everyone agreed with Miss Polansky. Then he came to my card and called my name.

"I agree with Mr. Lawrence," I said.

"Why?"

"Well . . . ." I looked at Bill hopefully, "I . . . you . . . the . . . ."

Mr. Edwards leaned forward. "I you the what?"

"The criticism courses are listed separately in the catalogue," I said. There was a silence and then the look of interest left Mr. Edwards' face and he sighed.

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I rang the bell at the Roberts home and waited. I had heard Professor Roberts had a daughter, but had never seen her. I supposed she was the studious kind, scraggly hair and glasses and a sincere look about her. It was quite a shock when a slim pretty girl with bobbed hair and sullen lips stood before me and said, "You're not Chubby."

Good God, I thought, Chubby remembered everything but to call his date.

"No, Chubby had to go down and meet his sister and he asked me to call for you. I'm a fraternity brother of his."

"He could have called me."

"He forgot."

"Apparently. Well, come in."

I walked into the house. No one was there, but the girl had a little fur piece all ready and we left a few seconds later. I could see she was the efficient type. We walked down Oakland to Hill and then to campus. For one reason or another, every time we crossed the street, I seemed to be having trouble with Chubby's date. Our feet kept getting tangled up and she was always falling behind me or running ahead, though I did my best to walk alongside her. We didn't talk about much except Chubby until our feet got tangled good on South U. Avenue and I asked her just what she was doing.

Her face got red and she stopped.

"Didn't anybody ever teach you how to walk?" she said.

"I thought I walked fairly well," I answered.

"I mean walk with a girl. You're supposed to walk on the outside. I've been trying to maneuver you to the outside every time we crossed the street but your . . . your feet kept getting in the way."

I stared at her . . . and then began to laugh. I took her arm and walked on the outside. She was angry all the way to the League, and the more I laughed the angrier she got. We walked upstairs to the dance and just about everyone had arrived but Chubby, so there was nothing to do but ask her to dance. I thought I was a good dancer, but nothing I did was right with her.

"Can't you dance any other way but in circles?" she said.

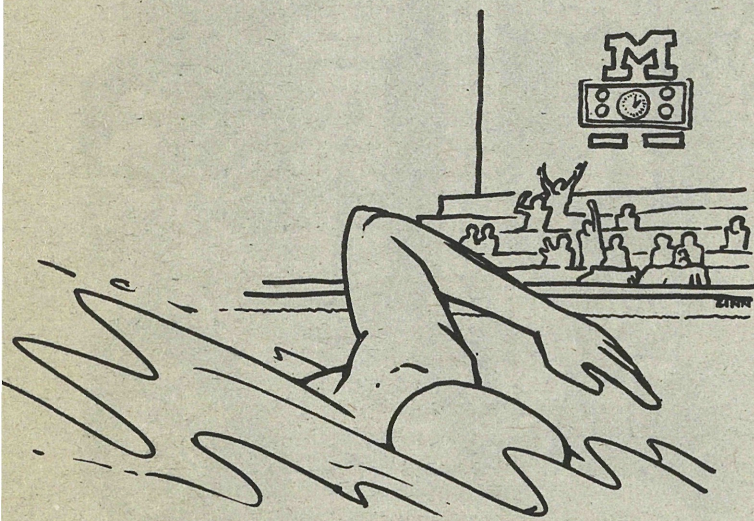
"If you would stop trying to lead me," I said, "we would get along better."

"And would you please bring my right arm in! Perhaps they dance that way on the East Coast, but we don't dance like that here."

I looked around for Chubby, but he hadn't showed up yet. We fought our way through the first hour of the dancing and I was grateful when the intermission came and we could drink the punch and eat the vanilla cookies and talk to other people. Somebody had spiked the punch and it was rather strong, but just what I needed.

Published by Putnam & Sons, New York, 1953.

EQUINOX
By ALLAN SEAGER '30



He was sure he could break the record if he worked hard enough and so was his girl, a Delta Gamma at Michigan.

He was twenty-two years old and all he wanted to do was swim. He had been on the team at Detroit Northwestern High School and he had been the number-two sprint man for three years at the University of Michigan. He was not really very good. At public bathing beaches, where he did not like to swim, a crowd would always gather to watch him and even the lifeguards would nod to each other, but in the Payne Whitney pool or the Iowa pool, other swimmers would take one look at him and go on talking. He was strong in the shoulders but had little natural buoyancy, and he was as good as he would ever be in his senior year at Michigan, when he swam the last leg of a medley relay in :52.2 against Ohio State. This is a fast time even considering the relay start which allows you to time your arm swing smoothly by watching the man coming in at your feet. It was fast enough to have made him the number-one sprint man at any college in the country but Yale, Michigan, and perhaps Northwestern or Ohio State in the odd years. He was not a great swimmer though.

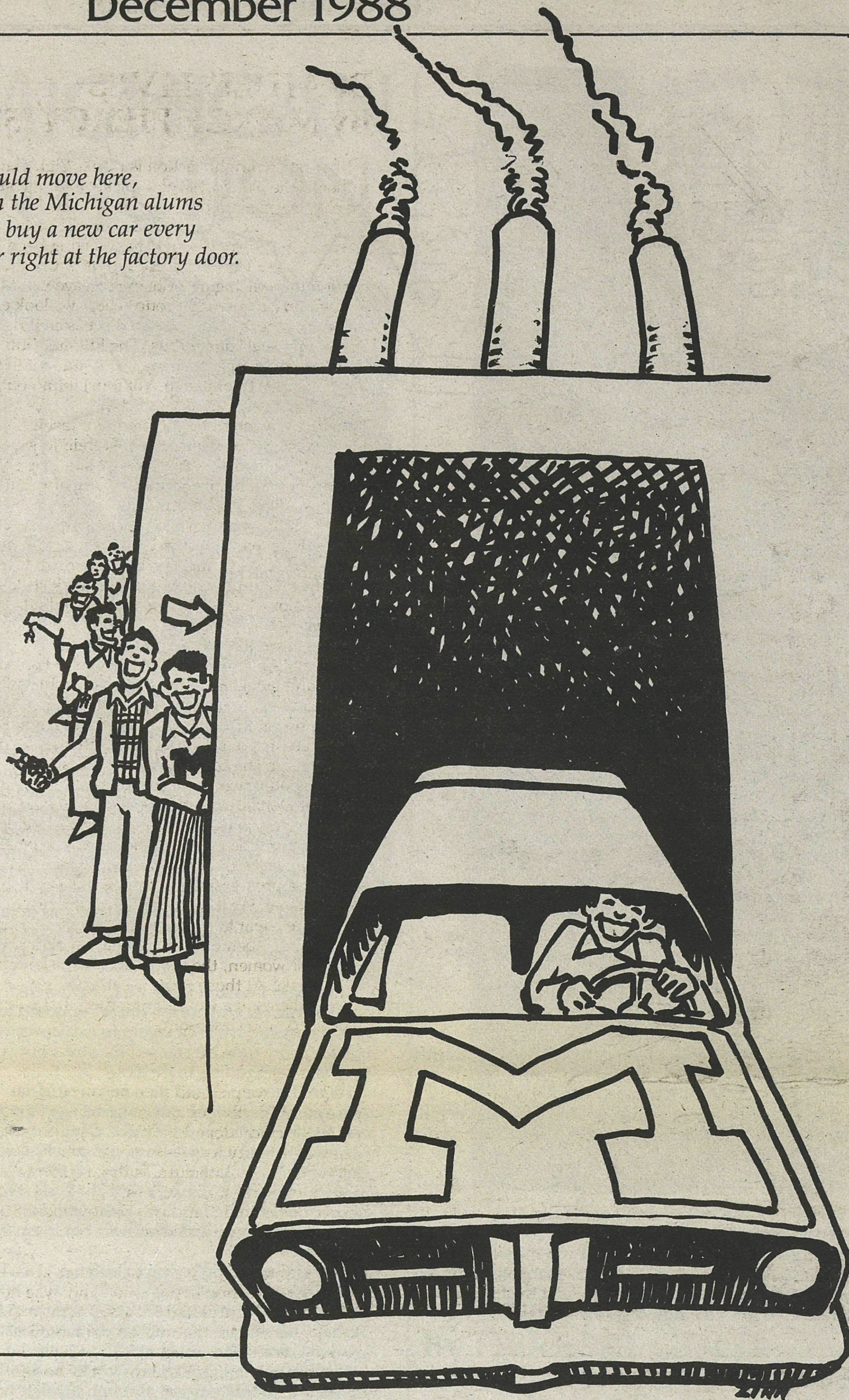
He was six feet two inches tall and weighed a hundred and ninety in his silk tank suit, and when he was swimming the muscles of his upper arms and shoulders looked huge through the breaks in the foam. He carried a Spalding annual around with him, and the page was very dirty where the world's records were listed, and he had drawn a ring around the line where it said: *100 yds. (75-foot pool), 51 seconds — John Weissmuller*. He had never doubted that someday he would climb out of a pool, everyone shouting and his chest aching, and an assistant timer would run up to him and scream in his ear, "Fifty and eight! Fifty and eight!" He had decided to try his first champagne on that night, but in the showers immediately afterward he would be modest, merely saying thanks and sticking out his soapy hand. He was sure he could break the record if he worked hard enough and so was his girl, Joan Hinkman, a Delta Gamma at Michigan, but nobody else considered it probable.

When he was in high school and in his freshman year at Michigan his family sat in the reserved seats at swimming meets, with splash curtains drawn up over their laps, very proud of their son. His father wrote down the first, second and third places and the time for every race in pencil and kept the programs in a drawer in his bureau. His mother, when she caught a glimpse of his face as he turned his head to breathe, would repeat softly to herself, "That is my son, the flesh of my flesh," and a heaving, swelling feeling would come inside her breast as if he were in danger, and she would twist her handkerchief into a knot in her lap. She also kept a scrapbook of newspaper clippings for him with great neatness, spreading the newspaper out on the dining-room table and cutting the story or the photograph out of it with her best dressmaking shears, to paste carefully in the scrapbook. With a deprecatory manner, she would get it out of the bookcase and show it to anyone who came to call. Once she showed it to the iceman.

Published by Simon & Schuster, New York, 1943.

MICHIGAN IN FICTION

I could move here, join the Michigan alums and buy a new car every year right at the factory door.



THE SPORTSWRITER
By RICHARD FORD

Whatever's left to tell of my past can be dispensed with in a New York minute. At Michigan I studied the liberal arts in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts (along with ROTC). I took all the courses I was supposed to, including Latin, spent some time at the *Daily* writing florid little oversensitive movie reviews, and the rest with my feet up in the Sigma Chi house, where one crisp autumn day in 1965, I met X, who was the term party date of a brother of mine named Laddy Nozar, from Benton Harbor, and who — X — impressed me as ungainly and too earnest and not a girl I would ever care to go out with. She was very athletic-looking, with what seemed like too large breasts, and had a way of standing with her arms crossed and one leg in front of the other and slightly turned out that let you know she was probably sizing you up for fun. She seemed like a rich girl, and I didn't like rich Michigan girls, I didn't think. Consequently I never saw her again until that dismal book signing in New York in 1969, not long before I married her.

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I have read that with enough time American civilization will make the midwest of any place, New York included. And from here that seems not at all bad. Here is a great place to be in love; to get a land-grant education; to own a mortgage; to see a game under the lights as the old dusky daylight falls to blue-black, a backdrop of stars and stony buildings, while friendly Negroes and Polacks roll their pants legs up, sit side by side, feeling the cool Canadian breeze off the lake. So much that is explicable in American life is made in Detroit.

And I could be a perfect native if I wasn't settled in New Jersey. I could move here, join the Michigan alums and buy a new car every year right at the factory door. Nothing would suit me better in middle life than to set up in a little cedar-shake builder's-design in Royal Oak or Dearborn and have a try at another Michigan girl (or possibly even the same one, since we would have all that ready-made to build on). My magazine could install me as the midwest office. It might even spark me to try my hand at something more adventurous — a guiding service to the northern lakes, for example. A change to pleasant surroundings is always a tonic for creativity.

Published by Random House, New York, 1986.

WONDERLAND
By JOYCE CAROL OATES

Jesse did not have much time to contemplate himself. His years at The University of Michigan were to break into a few sharp images for him: the memory of certain buildings late in the afternoon; the canned goods — spaghetti, corned-beef hash, stew — he bought to eat alone; the residence halls he worked in; his job as an attendant at a public health center in Ann Arbor; the wet paths and hills of the arboretum where he walked sometimes by himself or, in the last year of his studies, with Anne-Marie, his fiancee. When he began to think of himself, to contemplate himself, his entire body reacted as if in sudden panic — there were things he must not think, must not contemplate, must not remember. Over the years he developed a studious, grave exterior, a kind of mask that covered not only his face but his entire body, his way of moving and breathing.

. . . No, he was not pleased, he did not have time to be pleased. Alone in his room, he contemplated the books that were always before him, waiting to be read. He ran his hand along the edge of the books, those hundreds of pages, mysterious from the outside, neutral. Most of the books were secondhand. He was $2,500 in debt; he had to take a semester off to work, but the work was not enough to pay back much of his debt to the University — just work in a boys' residence hall, dirty exhausting work in the kitchen unloading big containers of food, scraping piles of plates, leaning far into great greasy pots to scour them out while the very hairs on his head prickled with revulsion. . . Time yawned. At the table in his room that he used as a desk he leaned forward and cradled his head in his arms, feeling how raw, how exposed his brain was, how in danger it was of disintegrating. But time resumed. Daylight resumed, after even the worst of his dim, baffling nightmares, and he awoke to normal life. He was in disguise as a normal young man.

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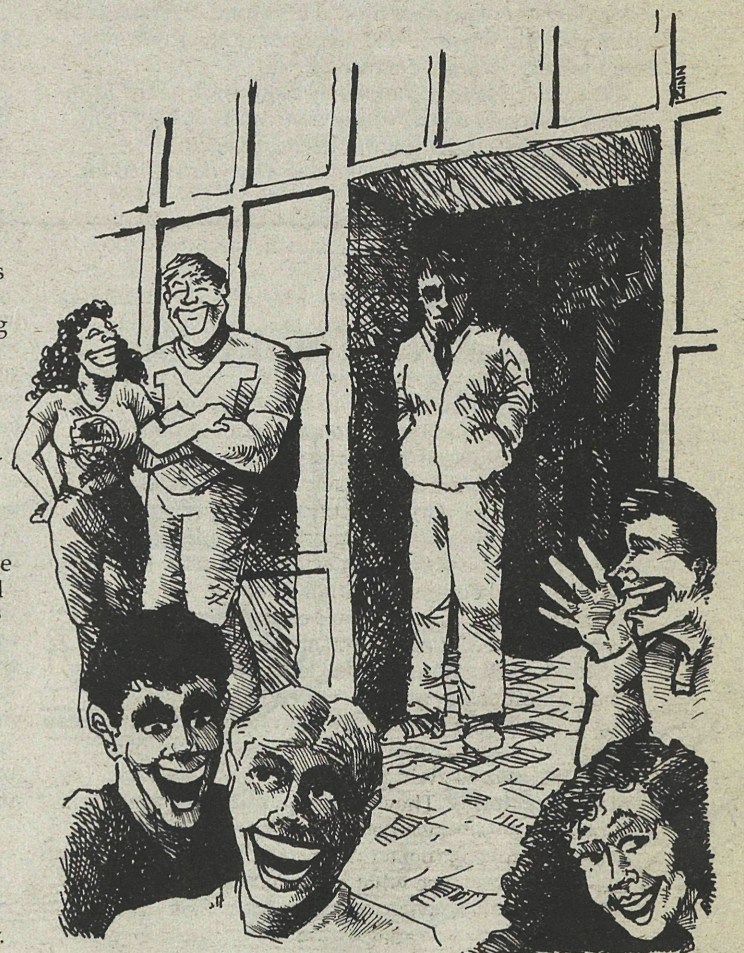
Glancing back over his shoulder, Jesse saw someone following him half a block away. This person — a man — looked familiar, but Jesse did not have time to see who it was before he turned back again uneasily. This street led past residence halls and was therefore noisy. Jesse glanced at the rows of lighted dormitory windows and felt a pang of jealousy for the simplicity of these undergraduates' lives — when he had worked in dining halls he'd envied the boys' sloppiness, their loud herd instincts. He felt an impulse to go into one of the halls, just to avoid the man behind him. It was probably a classmate of his, wanting help. Wanting to borrow notes. At least everyone knew enough not to ask to borrow money from him. He owed the university more money than ever, almost three thousand dollars . . . . Jesse turned up one of the walks and went into a residence hall, walking quickly, as if he lived here, and once inside he paused to wait a few minutes. It was crowded here. Jesse had always felt oddly benevolent toward the undergraduates at the university, though they had money and he was poor; he thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves. They lived in rooms jammed with junk, dirty clothes and towels flung everywhere, sheets that went unchanged for weeks, they played poker and drank happily and stupidly; they were children and could be blamed for nothing. Those who did not live in the residence halls lived in palatial fraternity houses — enormous houses where music blared and curtains were blown outside windows. Jesse thought of these young people as jammed together warmly, perpetually. They came along in crowds. Their faces brightened in herds. He envied them but felt, in a way, protective of them: when he was a doctor he would be serving them.

Published by Vanguard Press, New York, 1971.



He thought of them as children, they were so boisterous and sure of themselves.

Eighteen of us gather in the blowing sleet to picket a local restaurant. Donna, Lennie and I march arm in arm.

BRAIDED LIVES
By MARGE PIERCY '57

My first civil rights action is meek. Eighteen of us gather in the blowing sleet to picket a local restaurant. Donna, Lennie and I march arm in arm. . . .

In 1955 we are cautiously radicals "of sorts," a professor in the zoology department having been fired after the last House Un-American Activities Committee incursion into Michigan for being "an avowed Marxist." I go regularly to a study group where we look earnestly into each other's eyes. Even to discuss civil rights or social change feels dangerous. The FBI may burst in the door; one of us may be an agent. A student in the Labor Youth League (membership of four) found out his girlfriend had been scared by the FBI into providing lists of everyone who attended his frequent parties. All of us know stories of teachers who lost their jobs because they once signed a petition for the starving children of Ethiopia or the bombed villages of Spain, thus revealing themselves Premature Anti-Fascists. The FBI agents visit the morgue of the school newspaper to read old editorials in case whoever they are investigating once wrote something critical of The American Way of Life. Ideas feel incredibly potent in this thick atmosphere. Passing along a copy of Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma* or J. P. Thompson's *History of the English Working Class* feels like a brave political act.

We are PAF: the Political Alternatives Forum. Even that bland label has to most ears a harshly subversive sound and I cannot pull Donna or Lennie in with me. Lennie doesn't trust me — I am the evil bitch who wounded his poet. Donna claims to find the discussion dull, though she comes with me occasionally. "All those men and only two women!" Alberta Mann is the other woman, Donaldson's girlfriend. Donaldson is our faculty sponsor, so we can be a recognized student group to stage our little protests, show an occasional film (*Battleship Potemkin, The Grapes of Wrath, Open City*), bring in a progressive folksinger, that is when we can get approval. We have to pass through two deans and a vice-president to sponsor Pete Seeger. We also hold forums on H-bomb testing, abolition of dormitory hours for women, the U.S. Marine invasion of Guatemala. At those timid meetings I live for a few moments in a world larger than that bounded by dormitory and classroom.

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What are we protesting in our corner, Dick and Bolonese and I? Partly our arrogance unites us, for English is a hierarchical department and as writers we talk with a fierce authority totally unrecognized by faculty and fellow students. Literature is the stuff on which grades are honed to most of the class. . . . We are taught the narrowly defined Tradition, we are taught Structure, we are taught levels of Ambiguity. We are taught that works of art refer exclusively to other works of art and exist in Platonic space. Emotion before art is dirty. We are taught to explicate poems and analyze novels and locate Christ figures and creation myths and Fisher Kings and imagery of the Mass. Sometimes I look up and expect to see stained-glass windows on our classroom. Somewhere over our heads like a grail vision lurks correct interpretation and a correct style to couch it in. We pick up the irony in the air before we comprehend what there is to be ironic about.

Published by Ballantine Books, New York, 1982.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
By LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

"Please be seated, Mr. Merrick," the secretary had said, stiffly, twenty minutes ago. "Dean Whitley is busy now."

A qualitative analysis of Mr. Merrick's scowl as he sat fidgeting would have resolved it into two parts curiosity, three parts anxiety and the remainder annoyance. . . . Of chagrin — a trace.

The note had said eleven, and he had entered while the clock was striking. It had not specified what the dean wished to see him about. That would have been too much to expect. Courtesy and consideration were against the rules governing the official action of deans.

Big universities, like monopolistic public utilities and internal revenue offices, enjoyed high-hatting their constituencies; liked to make an impressive swank with their authority; liked to keep people waiting, guessing, worrying; liked to put 'em to all the bother possible.

Mr. Merrick glowered. He glowered first at the large photograph of an autopsy suspended above the secretary's desk in the corner . . . . Seven doctors owling it over a corpse. All of the doctors were paunchy, their pendulous chins giving them the appearance of a covey of white pelicans. They were baggy under the eyes . . . a lot of fat ghosts swathed in shrouds. The corpse too was fat. Why conduct a post over this bird? Any layman could see at a glance what had ailed him — he was a glutton. Let these wiseacres take warning in the presence of this plump cadaver, and go on a diet of curds and spinach before some committee put them on a stone slab and rummaged in their cold capacious bellies to enhance the glory of *materia medica* . . . . They were the bunk — the whole greasy lot of them!

Having temporarily finished with the autopsy, Dean

Mr. Merrick glowered at the bony maiden who rattled the typewriter.

Whitley's impatient customer glowered over the titles of the big books in the case hard by . . . . Simpson's *Nervous Diseases* . . . the old sap. You had to read his blather in front of a dictionary; weren't ten words in the whole fourteen pounds of wood-pulp with less than seven syllables . . . . Mount's *Obsessions* . . . . Why was it that these bozos thought it unscholarly to be intelligible and undignified to be interesting? And as for obsessions, old Mount was a nut himself — one of these cuckoos that tapped every third telegraph pole with his cane and spat on fireplugs . . . . If he missed one, he had to go back, it was said . . . . About the same mentality as Fido's. Well, Mount ought to be an authority on obsessions!

A tall, rangy medic came out of the dean's sanctum, very red but with a jaunty stride, crossed the room in four steps and banged the door . . . . Bet it was no new experience for that door!

Distracted from his invoice of the book shelf, Mr. Merrick glowered at the bony maiden who rattled the typewriter. Smug and surly she was; mouth all screwed up into an ugly little rosette, lashless eyes snapping, sharp nose sniffing . . . . Easy to see what she was doing — writing a letter to some poor boob inviting him to come in at nine and see the dean. . . . She ought to add a postscript that he would be expected to spend half of a fine June morning in this dismal hole waiting for his nibs to finish the *Free Press* and his nails, take his legs off the table, and push a buzzer to let the beggar in.

"Dean Whitley will see you now, Mr. Merrick."

Published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1929.

There is no definitive list of novels and short stories set at Michigan or which include significant references to the University. Readers who would like to help compile such an ongoing list of 'The U-M in Fiction' are encouraged to send titles, authors, publishers and dates of publication to us. We will publish the list and give it to appropriate reference libraries.

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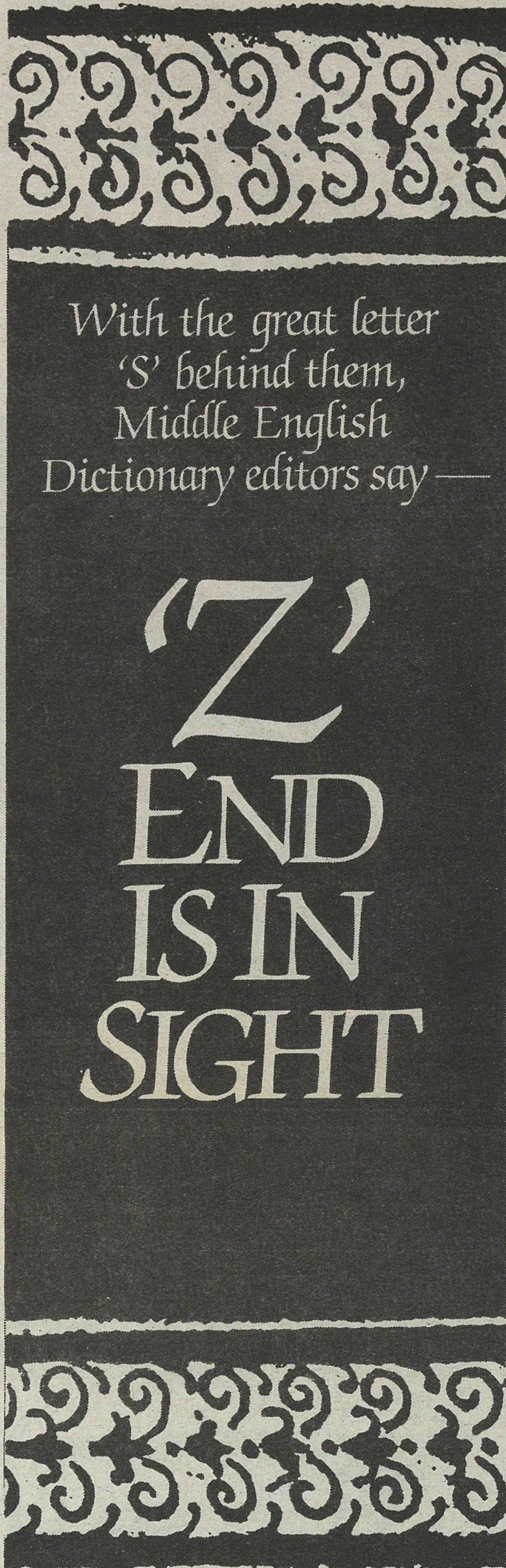
We thank the publishers and authors for permission to quote from these works.



By Peter Seidman

Prof. Robert E. Lewis's parents had not even exchanged a *schote of the eise* (shot of the eye, or amorous glance) in 1930, when hundreds of volunteer readers began gathering words for inclusion in the Middle English Dictionary (MED).

When Lewis (who is shown on our cover) was beginning his freshman year at Princeton in 1952, the first published portion, part of the letter *D*, appeared. When he left the University of Pennsylvania graduate school in 1963, MED editors were tackling words beginning with the letter *G*. His 19-year teaching career at Indiana University spanned the letters *H* to *O*.

In 1982, midway through the letter *P*, Lewis, whose hair had by then begun to gray, was hired as the fifth director of the Middle English Dictionary Project. Today, with a professional staff of 10 editors well into *T*, it seems that he'll be the last.

After 58 years of painstaking labor, one of the most important academic projects in the humanities is drawing to a close. Perhaps the final milestone was passed last April, when the Department of English held a party to celebrate completion of "The Famous Letter *S*."

S contains not only the most entries in the dictionary but also the longest single entry — 28 pages for the verb *setten* ('to set'). Now that they're over that hump, the editors can look back at more than 10,000 pages of text behind them; *Z* is in sight, and it appears they will zip through that letter well before the 21st century.

"We're saying, and this really is accurate now, that we can finish the preliminary editing by the end of 1994," says Lewis, a 54-year-old, bespectacled, soft-spoken man partial to gray sweaters with necks shaped like the letter *V*. "In a way I was hired with a mandate to get this project done," he continues, "and so my interest is in finishing it and then hoping I have enough time left in my life to do some other things."

Lewis works in an office crowded with dictionaries, books about the Middle Ages and boxes filled with slips of yellowed paper. A 16th-century triptych stands against one wall. A sign on another says, "Lexicographers define the meanings in your life." Some time ago, Lewis says, the MED project printed up T-shirts (named for one of the last two major letters to be completed — the other is *W*) that said, "Caught in the Web of Words."

The T-shirt slogan refers to an occupational hazard; occasionally, a single word may snare an editor for more than a year. This fact has led to criticism from some who say the project, which has cost about $6.9 million to date, is too expensive and time-consuming.

Lewis says that if the MED were not a worthwhile project, it would not have received such grants. Moreover, he adds, it's a bargain compared with such things as guided missiles. More than a dictionary, the MED is a window into a time and place during which the English language crossed a threshold. As such, it is essential to a full understanding of English as it is spoken as a first language by some 340 million people.

"I'm so proud of the University for having the Middle English Dictionary that I could burst my buttons," says Linda S. Wilson, U-M vice president for research.

Middle English was a lingua franca from 1100 A.D., shortly after the Norman Conquest, to the end of the 1400s, when the printing press was invented and the English language became more or less standardized. The MED bases most of its spellings on those current in the London area during the late 14th and early 15th centuries, but MED definitions are taken from a broad variety of dialects spoken at various times and places.

"I thought I knew something about Middle English literature when I got a Ph.D," says Joseph P. Pickett, MED associate editor. "I realized after six months here that I knew nothing. And I had a pretty good education." One of the words that showed Pickett how much more he had to learn was *stonden* ('to stand'). During the course of his research into the word, he came across a quotation that referred to a 'standing bed'. What could a standing bed be?

After a stimulating word hunt, Pickett found that a standing bed was one built to stay in the same place all the time. Did that mean, he wondered, that most beds in the Middle Ages were portable? Delving further into this subject, he learned that for most people — the serf class — beds were temporary if not always portable, for it was common for serfs, who traveled to work, to make their beds from a sack and straw every night. Hence the modern expression "to make one's bed."

"They didn't have many standing tables either," Pickett adds. "In general, they used a lot of make-shift things. As you track down definitions for terms like this, you learn about things that never occurred to you when you were thinking about the aesthetic implications of 'The Friar's Tale' or something like that. I've learned a lot more about the everyday aspects of the Middle Ages."

Middle English words also can illuminate the history behind everyday aspects of the modern world. Take, for example, the words we regularly use to describe meat and the animals that supply that meat. Were it not for the Norman Conquest of 1066 A.D., we might ask a waitress for an order of 'cow' or 'steer' medium rare. The successful French invasion resulted in a linguistic duality.

Initially, members of the French nobility, then the dominant class in England, spoke only French. The lower and middle classes, who constituted most of the population, continued to speak English, but borrowed French words from their social superiors. As anti-French sentiment grew, English re-emerged as the dominant language in the 13th century. By then, however, English had absorbed many French cultural words, especially in the areas of government, the church and social life. As a result, our linguistic ancestors used words of Germanic origin to describe animals in the field — 'cow', 'steer', 'pig', 'swine', 'sheep' — and (perhaps because they perceived them as more "classy") another set of French-derived words ('beef', 'pork', 'veal', 'mutton') for the meat they ate.

Interesting as these tidbits may be, they are not the stuff of best-sellers, and even Lewis concedes

The Lumpers and the Splitters

Lexicographers categorize words into various shades of meaning and themselves into two groups — lumpers and splitters.

Joe Pickett is a splitter. Mike Phillips is a splitter, too, and so is Mary Jane Williams. Marsha Dutton *says* she is in the lumper class, but, as we shall see later, this self-identification is suspect.

These splitters and the sole lumper are editors for the Middle English Dictionary Project, one of the most ambitious and longest-running academic projects in the humanities in history (see accompanying story). The editors write the definitions, and if they do a good job, those definitions will seem inevitable. Yet their judgment, their choice of words and their selection of examples will be masked in "faceless prose." No fame and glory here; just lots of hard and sometimes lonely work.

"It gets tough," Pickett says, "because it's the same thing every day. And when you're working on a complex word as I am now — *'to take'* — you get out in the middle of it and just feel kind of swamped. You don't see any way of reaching shore. That's when you just have to have faith that it's an important project, that no one is ever going to do this again — at least not for several hundred years."

Pickett, a friendly, boyish-looking 35-year-old with horn-rimmed tortoise-shell glasses, has spent the better part of a year compiling all the senses of meaning of the verb 'to take' (*taken* in Middle English, and pronounced "tahken").

A sign of how significant entries like *taken* are in the MED is that they require not one but two sorting boards on Pickett's desk. The sorting board is an essential tool for all MED editors, be they splitters or lumpers, and it is almost as prominent a part of the dictionary hardware as the filing boxes full of quotations to be used as examples. Most of these shoe-box-size containers were packed 40 or more years ago by hundreds of volunteer researchers.

As for the sorting boards, they were designed "way back when"; they are seven-tiered wooden boards with 35 pockets. As the editors collect various definitions or "senses" of a word, they write them on slips of paper and clip the slips to the board. Quotations that illustrate each definition, also written on slips of paper, are dropped into the sorting-board pockets behind the appropriate definition.

As the sorting boards fill with slips of paper, and the definitions begin to add up, the edifice can become a bit terrifying. It's much like building a house of cards, which becomes at once more fragile and more impressive with each addition. The trick in building a house of definitions and quotations is to know when a quotation illustrates a separate sense of the word and when it illustrates a sense that already has been defined.

That's where splitting and lumping come in. Each sense of a word is listed by number, usually starting with the most concrete and common and proceeding to the most abstract and specialized.

that were it not for a quota system and their appreciation for the importance of the project, the editors — in the absence of fame, glory or even job security — have little incentive to work at more than a cautious pace. Since the best definitions are in "faceless prose," the job offers little in the way of recognition, and most of the MED editors will be in their mid-40s by the time the project is completed. Since the job provides no tenure, they may find themselves unemployed, with limited job prospects in their field.

"From my point of view," Pickett says frankly, "one of the worst things about this job is the question, 'What's going to happen when it's over?' I think everybody in my position as an editor worries about that. There just aren't that many jobs for medieval lexicographers."

Marsha L. Dutton, MED assistant research editor, finds it quite remarkable, nonetheless, "that everybody in the Project continues to work steadily, carefully and fast, as if we all have an equal interest in finishing the dictionary. It has to do with the integrity of the staff."

Dictionaries take a long time to compile. Planning for the *Dictionary of Old English*, being compiled at the University of Toronto, began in the 1970s and will not be finished until well into the 21st century, even though the number of words to be defined in Old English, or Anglo-Saxon, is far less than for the MED, and no new data are being discovered.

The Oxford English Dictionary (OED) took 44 years from start to finish (1884-1928), not counting the planning stages and time spent developing supplements. Experts say that since such projects are generally done but once, it pays to do them right, even if doing so takes a long time.

The MED is an offshoot of the OED, and many of the quotations cited were gathered by OED researchers in the 19th century and granted to the MED project. Other quotations were collected in the 1930s by hundreds of volunteer readers, and newly edited texts continue to be mined for additional quotations. But unlike the OED, which traces the historical development of some 400,000 modern English words, the MED is presented from the Middle English point of view and will contain only Middle English words — between 70,000 and 80,000 of them.

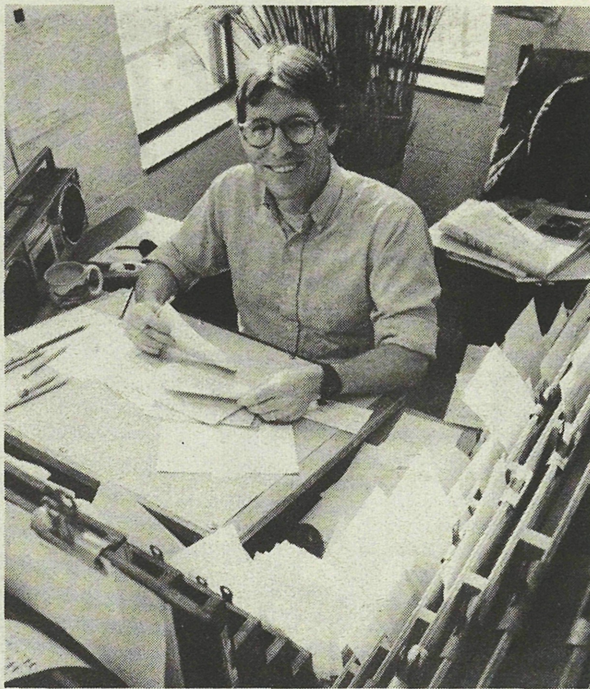


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

'TAKEN' (to take) will have one of the longest definitions in the Middle English Dictionary, and its author will be Joseph Pickett, who works at a desk surrounded by the sorting boards he uses to organize the different senses of words.

Sherman M. Kuhn, Lewis' predecessor as MED director, once had this to say about being a lexicographer: "A lexicographer must be an outstanding egotist; otherwise he would not dare to stand before the world and proclaim the meaning of this word as one who knows more than all other men."

But, Kuhn went on, "At the same time, he must be humble, even slavish, as he approaches the evidence; otherwise his blunders will vitiate his work and even damage his ego. He labors over his definition and when it is finished, it is never quite right; he nearly always feels that he could have come closer to the mark if he had a little more evidence, if he had been endowed with a more perceptive mind, if this or that had been different."

Says Lewis: "I rather subscribe to the second part of his statement, the one about humility. I'm trying to do the best I can in a short amount of time."

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

MORE THAN three million slips of paper containing Middle English words, spelling variations and citations from the original texts have been stored in boxes like the 'Onager' (a wild ass) - 'Onluten' (to bow down or bend over) container pulled out by Mary Jane Williams, an associate editor.

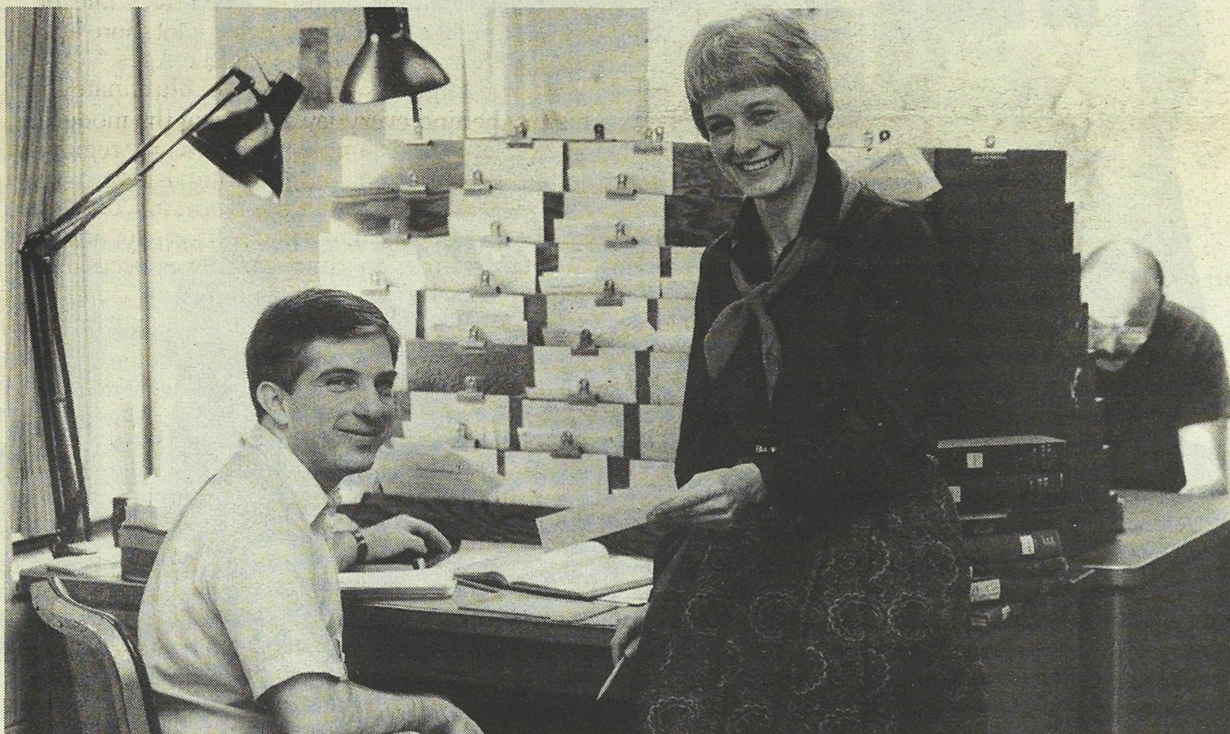


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

MIKE PHILLIPS (left) had to get to the heart of how people in the Middle Ages distinguished between concepts such as intellect, emotion and spirit when he defined the word 'soule' (soul). Marsha L. Dutton is going to similar lengths to explain what people in the Middle Ages meant by the word 'teachen' (to teach).

WORDS WORTH REVIVING

Like countless fascinating flora and fauna, millions of delightful words have come into existence only to fall extinct after lifespans that have varied from one-time usage to several centuries.

Here are some words that MED editors think are worth reviving:

soupet — a "oncer" (that is, only a single occurrence of its use has been found), this diminutive means 'a small portion of soup or broth' and would certainly be a handy way of ordering a cup of soup.
forshuppild — someone who changes for the worse.
pyrdowy — a mournful tune.
grutchen — to complain or gripe (today it would be 'to grutch').
flother — a flake of snow.
flotise — 1. scum or grease floating on liquid, or 2. a legal term meaning the legal right to flotsam.
forestallerie — a valuable word for today's Wall Street, it refers to the act or offense of buying a commodity before it has been placed on sale in the public market.
facundious — eloquent or elegant of speech

Splitters tend to have many more senses in their definitions than do lumpers.

Pickett says the splitters begin to do their stuff when things go wrong: "Your nice categories start collapsing into each other and you start to wonder, 'Gee, am I doing this the right way?' You've invested all this time, maybe three months, and then you look at your division of senses in the sorting boards and see that it's not holding up. And so you're inclined to take a word apart and try another way of sorting out its meanings. That may not work either."

Mary Jane Williams, an expert on 8th-century Anglo-Latin riddles, has compiled the longest entry in the MED to date, that for *setten* ('to set'). She worked on the word on and off from 1983 to 1985, and during that time she also completed the supplementary bibliography for the MED and had a baby. "*Setten* was a marathon," she says. "It was enormous. And that's not counting some other words around the edges."

Setten sits literally on the edge of a seat, since the line is blurred between 'to set' and 'to sit'. In the past tense, the spelling of the two verbs overlapped in the Middle Ages, as did their usage. Many people who are thought to be misusing the words today are merely reflecting the words' centuries-old ancestry.

But let's not forget our lumper, Marsha Dutton. On a recent afternoon she was struggling to illustrate the verb *techen*, 'to teach,' in the sense of "to counsel." It was beginning to appear that the word was not used in that sense in Middle English, but she wasn't sure. Clearly the verb meant, in one sense, "to show somebody something." She knew this because she found quotations saying things like, "He taught him the road to town." And she knew from other reading that the index finger was called "the teacher" in Middle English because it was used to point the way.

"I have a lot of quotations saying things like, 'He taught him to love God,' " Dutton says, "and I began to see after studying them that this meaning of 'teach' is not the way we use the word, that is, to give instruction, but rather it means to give direction, to guide someone to love god.

"The problem is," she continues, sounding, despite her self-classification, more and more like a splitter than a lumper, "the word is always-always used with slight-slight differences. If I ask, 'What do you do for a living?' and you answer, 'I teach,' I would slot that into 'to teach' with no object. If I ask what you did this morning and you said, 'I taught science,' I would slot that into to teach something, with an object. If you said, 'I don't teach grade school students, I teach college students,' that's a different sense yet."

Maybe, just maybe, Dutton is a closet splitter and not a lumper? No matter which she is, she confidently provides a good umbrella definition for all kinds of compilers of dictionaries: "We're all people who sort of get caught in questions and in tracking down the answers." — P.S.

DYNASTY

By Ivan Kaye

Parity bestrides the world of college football these days, and it is difficult to remember when any school last enjoyed back-to-back championship seasons. As for the idea of dynasty, such as Oklahoma of the '50s, Notre Dame of the late '40s or Minnesota of the mid-'30s, that seems as far-fetched and out of date as the leather helmet and flying wedge. But if there won't be any more dynasties from now on, at least the college game can still treasure the memory of the ancient gridiron dynasty that outshone them all — the "Point-a-Minute" teams of The University of Michigan.

From the opening game of the 1901 season until the dying moments of 1905, the Wolverines won 55 games and tied one before its defeat at the hands of Amos Alonzo Stagg's greatest University of Chicago team. The point score for the five seasons stood at 2,821 for Michigan to 42 for the opposition. For five consecutive years, Michigan averaged 564 points per season. The defensive accomplishment, 50 shutouts, is equally astonishing. None of this century's other football dynasties came close to matching these numbers, and if there were small schools among Michigan's victims, there were also the best teams of the turn-of-the-century Middle West — Wisconsin, Minnesota and especially Chicago.

Coach Fielding Harris Yost was the creator of this football marvel. He arrived in Ann Arbor in 1901, and was presented with a simple challenge: Beat Chicago! The season of 1900 had been blighted by yet another loss to Stagg's Maroons, and Coach Langdon "Biffy" Lea had departed, leaving a number of good players, such as quarterback Harrison "Boss" Weeks and fullback Neil Snow.

Yost had come from Stanford, where he had coached a West Coast champion in 1900 and, in his spare time, applied his overflowing energy to directing the Stanford freshmen, the Lowell High School team in San Francisco and the San Jose Normal School squad. Each won the championship of its league.

It was on the San Jose Normal squad that Yost met the greatest football player he would ever know, William Martin "Willie" Heston of Grants Pass, Oregon. Heston had intended to become a high school teacher, but when Yost accepted the Michigan job, he persuaded his prize player to come to Ann Arbor to study law. It didn't take all that much persuading, for Heston had been toying with the idea even before Yost headed for the Middle West. A short time after Yost departed, Heston bought a one-way ticket to Ann Arbor, packed a cardboard suitcase and said goodbye to California and the teaching profession and hello to football immortality, for Heston was the spark plug that ignited a good football team and made it unstoppable.

For all his boundless energy, Yost had a self-confidence that was even greater. He showed it on the very day he arrived in Ann Arbor, stepping down from the train on a spring morning in 1901 to meet the man who had hired him, Charles Baird, Michigan's graduate manager of athletics. Baird asked how Yost was going to rebuild the team. "Mr Baird," Yost replied, "there are three things that make a winner: spirit, manpower and coaching. If your boys love Meechigan [that's the way he always pronounced it], that takes care of the spirit. If they'll turn out, that takes care of the manpower. I'll take care of the coaching."

Yost whipped his 15 players into superb condition before the season began. Observers around the practice field heard his incessant cry: "Hurry up, hurry up, and if you can't hurry up, then step aside and make way for somebody who can!" After a couple of days of this, they decided to call him "Hurry Up" Yost, and the nickname was his for the rest of time.

If Yost encountered one of his players walking on the campus, he immediately began to instruct the young scholar in some new football maneuver he'd thought up. Sometimes a brief scrimmage resulted, drawing a crowd of curious townsfolk.

Yost (second from right on cow-catcher) and the Wolverines on the Rose Bowl train in Pasadena in 1902. The Stanford squad was never sure that the Michigan team got off this locomotive.

As Michigan prepares for the 75th Rose Bowl, let us remember Hurry Up Yost, Willie Heston and the squad that inaugurated (and how!) the grandaddy of pigskin classics.

It was not just on campus that Yost became caught up in his insatiable quest to demonstrate a winning play. In Grand Central Station one morning, someone made the mistake of asking him about one of his new maneuvers, and Yost got so carried away that he kicked a hole in the valise of an unlucky stranger who happened by. In a Minneapolis hotel lobby one day, he commandeered bellboys and onlookers. When an irate tourist marched in with her luggage and demanded to see the manager, Yost piped up: "Hold yer horses a minute, lady, he's playing quarterback just now."

Yost had a homey way of expressing himself at official practices, too. Instead of merely saying to a player that he had done something wrong, he would yell "Nay, nay, Pauline!" at the top of his lungs. To a large lineman who was not blocking well, he screamed, "Benbrook, God made ye big! He must have had a purpose!" Albert Benbrook, who was 6' 5" and 271 pounds, got the message and became the best guard in the country.

More than anything else, though, Yost was an empire builder, obsessed not only with winning, but also with giving Michigan an athletic plant second to none. He was eventually to achieve this, presiding over the building of a magnificent indoor facility named for him in 1923, and bringing

Yost arrives in Ann Arbor in 1901 with the only luggage he needed.

to fruition the vast Michigan Stadium, dedicated in 1927 before a throng of 85,000 and known ever after as "The House That Yost Built."

Michigan's point-a-minute era began with the opening game against Albion College, the debut of both the new coach and the unknown halfback. A reporter wrote:

"Heston, the stocky halfback from California, entered the game in the second half, catching the bleachers from the beginning. The way he smashed into the line and circled end would have done credit to a veteran, and in addition, he followed his interference well and did not attempt to star."

Michigan won 50-0, and before long Heston would be a superstar, willingly or not.

After pulverizing strong Indiana and Northwestern teams, Michigan played host to a big University of Buffalo eleven that had upset Columbia and expected to do likewise to the Wolverines. Nobody in the East was particularly impressed with any Midwestern team at that time, even though close games had been played between Wisconsin and Yale, and Chicago and Brown. So when the score:

Michigan 128 Buffalo 0

arrived on the telegraph, it was assumed to be a typographical mistake. *The Buffalo Sunday News* reported:

"The U. of B. students would not at first believe the bulletins posted, showing this preposterous score. Dr. William J. Bott, a former member of the team, came into the *News* office smiling and with the unalterable belief that the score was a mistake or a joke. It was neither. One hundred and twenty-eight to nothing. Great scott!!!"

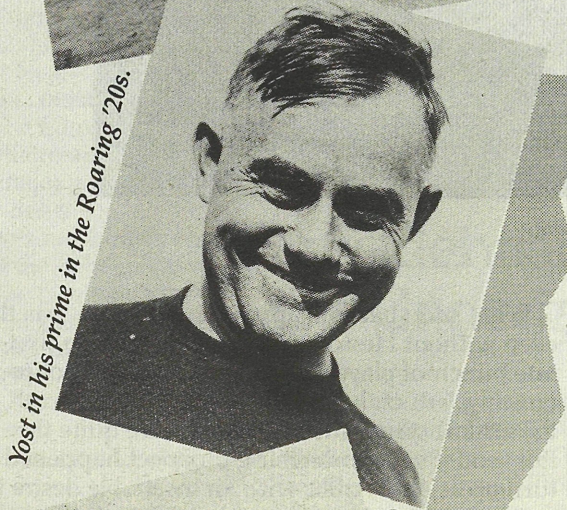
And so it went for the rest of the season, until the Thanksgiving Day meeting with Stagg and Chicago. This would be the real test. Michigan won it 22-0, to complete its 10-game campaign with 501 points scored to zero for the opposition. Moreover, the longest gain made against the Wolverines was 15 yards, and only two teams got inside the Michigan 30-yard line.

Now everybody wanted to know all about Yost and his mercurial football team with its unstoppable halfback. The sports pages told them that Yost had come out of the mining town Fairview, West Virginia, done a stint as deputy sheriff and then gone to the state university at Morgantown to play football and get a law degree after attending Ohio Northern. When he played well at tackle in a game against Lafayette in 1896, he was invited to transfer there that very week to help Lafayette against Pennsylvania. The rules of eligibility being somewhat relaxed in those day, Yost obliged, and joined in the Lafayette line just in time to be in on the great upset of the mighty Quakers. But Yost quickly became homesick and returned to West Virginia to finish his law studies. Then he set out to see the country by becoming a football coach, first at Ohio Wesleyan, then at Nebraska, Kansas and Stanford.

His secret was all in his nickname. His Michigan teams simply ran rings around their opponents. It was 60-minute football in those days, no forward passing, and if you scored a touchdown, you could receive the next kickoff if you wanted to. Yost always wanted to, and that accounted for some of those monstrous point totals.

He also had some very good football players, a couple of great ones, and one who was incomparable. "Willie Heston," said Yost, "never had an equal. He could hit the line as well as any man who ever played. He had no weakness. He weighed 190 pounds, was 6 feet tall, and could beat Archie Hahn, who was the Olympic sprint champion while at Michigan, in a 40-yard dash. He was a wonder at maneuvering. Neither Jim Thorpe nor Eddie Mahan could match Heston as a defensive player. He also had an uncanny ability to hold his feet. 'Use your searchlights and jump the dead ones,' Hest would say. Which meant that a player should keep his eyes open and jump over the ones already brought to earth."

Most of the plays in a modern repertoire, with the exception of the forward pass, were run by the point-a-minute men. Heston remembered that there were 52 plays, all reeled off at breakneck speed, with the quarterback calling signals for the next play while everybody was getting up from the last one. The effect was to demoralize an opposing defense, which never had time to regroup and plan a counterattack. There was even some deception, for Yost liked nothing better than to outsmart an opponent, especially if it was Stagg. In one favorite play, perhaps the first misdirection maneuver in football, 10 men would run to the right, and at the last moment, quarterback Weeks would pitch a deep lateral to Heston, who would race alone around the left side. Such was his speed that he nearly always went for a touchdown.



Yost in his prime in the Roaring '20s.

When the fame of the first point-a-minute team reached the West Coast, the fathers of the Tournament of Roses in Pasadena decided to abandon chariot racing as their New Year's Day sporting activity and substitute a game of football. Stanford was invited to be the host team, and immediately asked Michigan to help inaugurate the Rose Bowl game.

Yost was delighted to accept. He brought his 15 players first to San Francisco to show them the sights, and then to Southern California, where they rode waving Michigan pennants in the Rose Parade. It was a jolly spectacle for everybody, and by about three o'clock in the afternoon it was time for a little football. A huge crowd for those days — 8,000 — turned out, which augured well for the future of big-time post-season bowl games.

Stanford managed to contain Michigan's offense until Weeks decided to use the misdirection play. Ten Wolverines swung to the right, pursued enthusiastically by 11 Stanford men. Willie Heston went to the left all by himself. That was just the beginning; it wound up 49-0 Michigan. The Tournament fathers went back to chariot racing, and everybody agreed that the 1901 point-a-minute team was the football wonder of the age.

Quarterback Harrison "Boss" Weeks and Yost.

Having achieved a first season at his new school such as no coach has enjoyed in all the history of football, Yost was under some pressure to equal his accomplishment the next year. The team, with virtually the same backfield and most of the same linemen, actually scored more points, 644, but it allowed two touchdowns, a lapse which drew comment from those fans who were satisfied only with perfection.

The 1902 team defeated Michigan State, 119-0; Iowa, 107-0; and Ohio State, 86-0, which still stand as those schools' worst losses in football. Graduation then removed the brilliant quarterback Weeks, of whom Yost said, "He had an almost occult sense of the correct thing to do. He dominated his team, but in such an agreeable way that it created in his teammeates the feeling that they wanted him to do it."

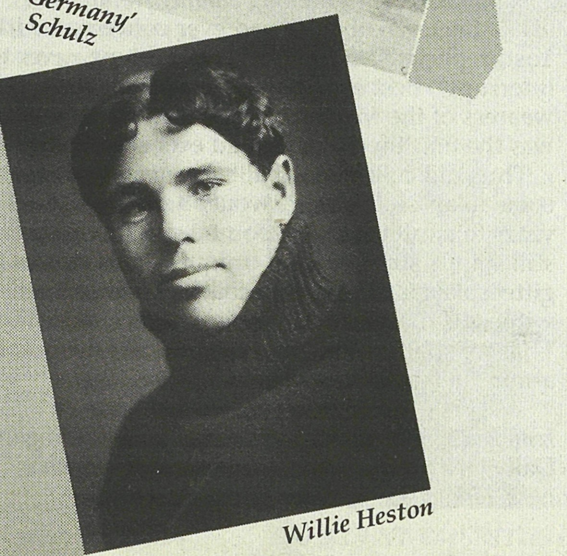
The best of the linemen on the 1901 and 1902 teams was a big, fast guard named Dan McGugin. He took a law degree in 1903, then stayed around to assist Yost. The following year, with his tutor's blessing, McGugin accepted the head coaching position at Vanderbilt. His success at Nashville was instantaneous. The Commodores raged through the South, achieving a perfect record, and allowing only a field goal.

Adolph 'Germany' Schulz

When McGugin met and fell in love with a Nashville belle named Virginia Fite, he asked his great friend and idol, Hurry Up Yost, to come down and be his best man. At the wedding, Yost was immediately smitten with Virginia's sister Eunice. And so it was that soon the two famous coaches were to become brothers-in-law. Yost's long and idyllic marriage may well have stemmed from the fact that it was said of Eunice that "she knew rather less about football than did a Mongol princess."

Yost, in a gesture of friendship, had put Vanderbilt on the Michigan schedule, and try as he would, McGugin never could manage to defeat his alma mater. Finally, in 1922, McGugin called his players in the Vanderbilt locker room over to a window overlooking the field and, in the distance, a cemetery. "Over in that cemetery," McGugin said, his voice trembling, "lie the bones of your grandfathers; and down on that field are the grandsons of the Yankee soldiers who put them there."

Vanderbilt charged out and played furiously, but Yost's team had just enough energy to hang on for a scoreless tie. When the coaches met at midfield after the final gun, McGugin told Yost of the pep talk. Yost, whose own father had fought for the Confederacy, stalked away in anger. Although there existed too much mutual esteem to let even a thing like that ruin a lifelong friendship, Yost would often remark of McGugin that



Willie Heston

DYNASTY, Continued

Yost, Schulz and Heston reunite at 1939 Homecoming Game.

"before he went to Nashville and acquired that phony Southern accent, he had never been south of Toledo in his life."

Midway though the 1903 season, after 29 consecutive victories, the point-a-minute team was held to a tie by big, powerful Minnesota at Minneapolis. To check Heston's rushes, the Gophers employed a novel defense thought up by Pudge Heffelfinger, an old Yale classmate of Minnesota coach Henry L. Williams. Where nearly everybody else used a nine-man line, Heffelfinger, who had been Yale's greatest player, designed a seven-man line, with two linebackers and a pair of safeties. This forced Heston to breach three lines of defense rather than two, and, executed by an inspired Minnesota team, resulted in Michigan's only deadlock in a five-year span.

A record of 11-0-1, with a point total of 565-6, should satisfy any fan at any school. But since the two preceding teams had posted perfect records, the 1903 edition of the point-a-minute men seemed a bit of a disappointment by comparison. Heston hoped for better things in 1904, his senior year. He had absolute faith in the ability of Yost to out-think all of his rivals. Heston once wrote:

"As a coach, Yost was the greatest that ever stepped on a gridiron. He was a man who thought, talked and illustrated plays continually, with the exception of a few short hours each night when he was compelled to give way to sleep."

Nobody, it turned out, was disappointed with the 1904 team. It demolished ten straight opponents, including mighty Chicago. It scored 567 points and allowed but 22. A new man was at center. He stood 6' 4", weighed 245, and could outrun most halfbacks. His name was Adolph "Germany" Schulz, and it was almost universally believed then that he was the fastest big man ever to play the game.

Yost, as a favor to his alma mater, had put West Virginia on the schedule. In retrospect, however, his kindness seems to have been at best a mixed blessing. A Morgantown newspaper recorded the story:

"The football team reached here Sunday morning, and several team members have been interviewed about the affair. Most of them declare that they didn't see any team representing Michigan, while the rest declare that there was a team and that several times it stopped long enough for them to distinguish the features of the opposing players. It is declared that every player on Yost's team weighs eight tons, has an average speed of 96 miles per hour and is of superhuman strength and cunning."

Later on, the account got around to mentioning the score:

Michigan 130 West Virginia 0

Heston ended his career a few weeks later by running for 248 yards against a Chicago team that had him targeted on every play. In four years, he had played in 44 football games and never known defeat. His graduation was applauded by every coach who was scheduled to face Yost and Michigan in 1905.

What soon became apparent, however, was that even without Heston, Michigan still had a first-rate bunch of players. Rivals accused Yost of recruiting, which he stoutly denied. But in truth, the ethical standards of the day were quite flexible, and if some promising prospect happened to turn up at Ann Arbor with an insatiable desire to embrace higher learning and play a little football, too, Yost saw no reason to disappoint him. It was always said of Yost, however, that having been a top-notch student himself, he demanded the same of his football players. Even his pulverized rivals had to admit that, if only grudgingly.

Michigan went through the first 12 games of the 1905 season without defeat, rolling up 495 points and allowing none. Now only the likewise undefeated Chicago team stood in their way as Thanksgiving Day approached. The fabled undefeated streak had reached 56 games, the longest in the history of college football. (NCAA records list the University of Washington's 63-game undefeated streak of 1908-16 as the longest, but it includes eight games with high schools, thus giving Michigan the mark for intercollegiate play.)

A few days before the game, the Michigan team posed for a picture under which appeared the words "Champions of the West," which are also the last line of the school's football song, appropriately called "The Victors." It was an unwise thing to do. It smacked of bravado, even of arrogance. But for five years the sins of hubris had been mounting at Ann Arbor, and now they weighed like an alp upon the Wolverine squad.

A crowd of 25,000, the greatest throng anybody could remember in the Middle West, overflowed Chicago's Marshall Field on game day. Everybody knew that the winner would claim not only the Western Conference championship, but also the mythical national title. The antagonists were well-matched, and battled each other scoreless into the last quarter. Then a Michigan halfback named Denny Clark tried to run a punt out from behind his goal line. He was hit by two Chicago men and thrown into the end zone for a safety. It ended a few moments later, 2-0, and the point-a-minute era had passed into history.

Ring Lardner (a lifelong Michigan fan, was asked once whether he had ever conversed with Yost, replied, "No, my father taught me never to interrupt") best expressed the feelings of all the wearers of the Maize and Blue. He wrote that it was the first time his girl had ever seen him cry.

Thus did college football's greatest dynasty come to an end. Others would arise in future years to rival it, but the point-a-minute miracle still stands supreme and unique, a monument to gifted players and a great coach. That we shall witness dynasties no more is a high probability. That we shall never again see one like the point-a-minute teams is a certainty.

Ivan Kaye '54, former sports editor of the Michigan Daily, *is a free-lance writer who lives in Tuckahoe, New York.*

There Was a Time

There was a time when no Blacks could play on the Michigan football team at any position — a time that roughly coincided with Coach Fielding Yost's "dynasty" that is the subject of the accompanying story. For 40 years — from 1892, when George Jewett, a Black running back, starred for the Wolverines, and 1932, when Willis F. Ward "broke the color barrier" — no Black football player lettered for Michigan.

"No Black ever played varsity football for [Fielding H.] Yost," noted John Behee, author of Hail to the Victors *(Ulrich's Books, Ann Arbor, 1973), a history of the U-M's Black lettermen. Behee discusses some of the factors that led to Blacks' exclusion from U-M football teams under Yost's tenure as football coach and athletic director, and from Big Ten basketball, via a "gentlemen's agreement" among conference coaches and athletic directors, until 1948:*

". . . At some time in the mid-'90s many of the 'doors' opened by the Civil War were slammed shut to Blacks. One manifestation of this national pattern was their exclusion from college football and professional baseball. Since basketball didn't gain popularity in colleges until the early 1900s, Blacks were automatically excluded from that sport when it did become established.

"At Michigan, the hiring of Fielding Yost as football coach in 1901 ended whatever chance Black athletes might have had in football. Yost, the son of a Confederate soldier, had lived the first 50 years of his life in the South. He would successfully exclude Black athletes from Michigan football until Willis Ward in 1932.

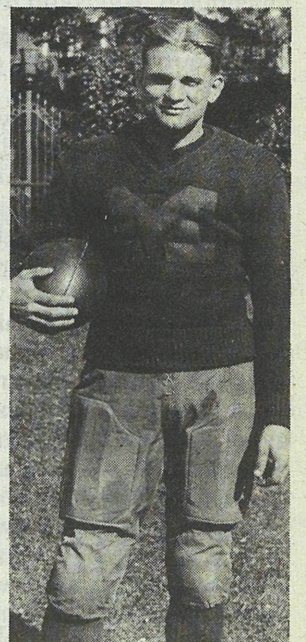
"A few men prior to Ward had tried to make the team," Behee continues, but were rejected through a "tortured logic [that] coaches used to deny any guilt of racial prejudice." Quoting an assistant U-M coach, Elton "Tad" Wieman, Behee says the stated policy was that Michigan did not discriminate, but merely insisted that a Black player be good enough to start when he joined the team; otherwise, as Wieman bluntly put it, "It was not worth the friction that would result to have him on the squad."

Behee concludes: "Since Blacks were not recruited and were expected to be good enough to start without the customary build-up of game experience, it is no wonder few cases of prejudice came to mind. The truth of their deliberate exclusion was poignantly illustrated by the full-scale war Harry Kipke was forced to wage to get Willis Ward on the 1932 team."

Kipke '24, an All-American halfback for Yost in 1922, coached the Wolverines from 1928-37 and later served on the U-M Board of Regents. In 1932, he ended 40 years of discrimination at U-M by insisting over the objections of Yost and many alumni groups that a Black student, the future Judge Willis F. Ward '34 of Detroit, be accepted on the team. Using his forceful eloquence — and occasionally the "logic" of his balled up fist — Kipke desegregated the team. He was supported by an alumnus judge, a Regent and an alumni club president.

Ward recalled later that 'Harry Kipke was determined to fight anyone who might try to hurt me because of race,' and threatened hotels with loss of U-M business if they attempted to exclude or segregate Ward. Only Kipke's presence kept Ward from quitting the team in 1934 after Yost and his brother-in-law Dan McGugin, Vanderbilt's head coach, helped uphold Southern teams that refused to play U-M or other Northern teams if they fielded a Black player — J.W.

Willis Ward, like Heston, went on to become a judge.



Harry Kipke as an All American halfback in 1922.

Volunteers Receive Leadership Awards

The Presidential Societies Leadership Awards were granted to five men and women as the highest recognition for fund-raising volunteers. The award goes to those who have provided exemplary leadership in direct fund raising on behalf of the University.

Recipients honored at the September President's Weekend were Margaret Ayers Host (posthumously), Gertrude V. Huebner, David D. Hunting Sr., George J. Slykhouse and Charles R. Walgreen Jr. Each of these people has made significant contributions to The University of Michigan by working with others to raise funds to support University research and teaching.

Margaret Ayers Host '38, M.A. '40. Among her many activities at the University and throughout the community, Host was the first woman president of the Alumni Association and chairman of the fund-raising drive for its new building.

Regent Emeritus Gertrude V. Huebner '36 is known for her many continuing contributions to the University, among them establishing the annual fund program for the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts and for serving many years as a leadership volunteer soliciting Presidents Club-level contributions.

Always a dedicated worker on behalf of his alma mater, *David D. Hunting Sr. '14* began his extensive volunteer career with the University as a member of the National Executive Committee of the $55M Program during the mid-1960s. Since that time he has served on the Board in Control of Intercollegiate Athletics and on the Development Council Board of Directors.

George J. Slykhouse '49, J.D. '51, has been involved as a volunteer both in the Grand Rapids area and at the University, where he has been a member of the Law School Visiting Committee and representative to the Law School Fund. He chaired the post-$55M committee that planned school and college fund programs.

At the College of Pharmacy, *Charles R. Walgreen Jr. Pharm.C. '28* has long had a major role in development and has made numerous other volunteer contributions to the College and to the University. He is chairman of the U-M's Pharmacy Advancement Committee.

The Presidential Societies Annual Service Citations will, in the future, recognize outstanding service in fund raising rendered in the year preceding the award. In this first year of the awards, however, time criteria were extended so that the extraordinary energy and effort that the following individuals contributed to The Campaign for Michigan could be acknowledged. They were Bruce Benner, Susan Crumpacker Brown, Robert M. Brown, John R. Edman, Robert E. Nederlander, John E. Riecker and Thomas A. Roach.

Deeply committed to the University, *Bruce Benner* was co-chairman of one of The Campaign for Michigan's earliest efforts, the drive for restoration of Tappan Hall, and chairman of one of its last programs, Ann Arbor Special Gifts, both of which were extremely successful.

Susan Crumpacker Brown '63 and her husband, *Robert M. Brown B.S.E. '63* , were co-chairs of the very successful Campaign for Michigan Fund, in addition to serving the University in other volunteer capacities.

John R. Edman B.B.A. '50, M.B.A. '51, has contributed his talents and energies to the University in numerous ways — as chairman of the Development Advisory Board of the School of Business Administration, as co-chairman of southeastern Michigan's major gifts effort for The Campaign for Michigan and as national major gifts chairman for the Campaign.

Robert E. Nederlander '55, J.D. '58, has consistently demonstrated his commitment to the University, not only as Regent, but also as national chairman of the recent very successful Campaign for Michigan.

John E. Riecker '52, J.D. '54, has been an active volunteer for the University in a number of ways, most recently as vice chairman of The Campaign for Michigan and co-chairman of the Central Michigan major gifts effort.

Regent Thomas A Roach '51, J.D. '53, who has been an active volunteer for a variety of causes at the state and local level, worked for The Campaign for Michigan as national chairman of the special gifts program, traveling from coast to coast to kickoff local special gift efforts.

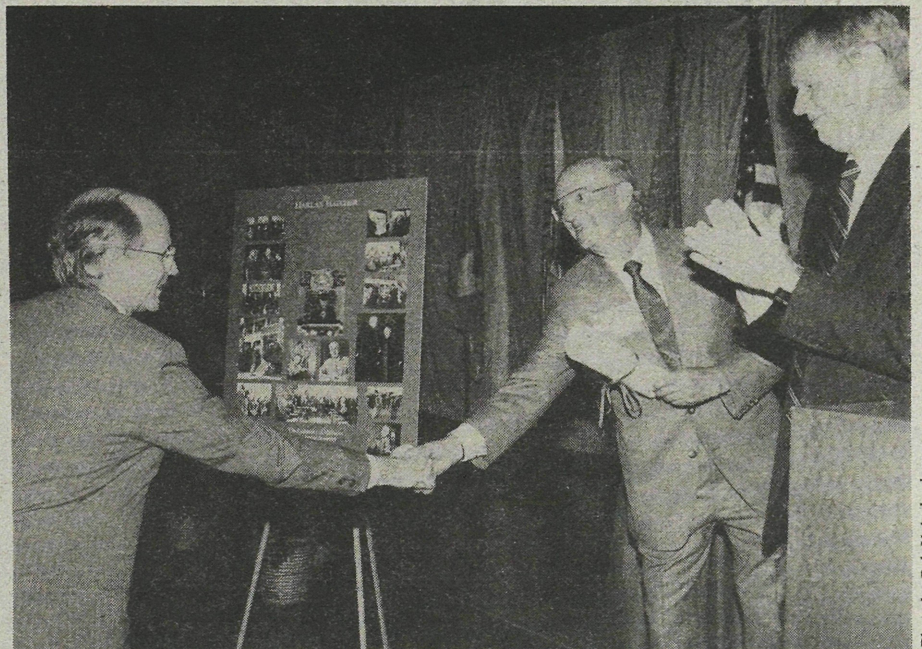


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

FORMER Regent Robert E. Nederlander '55, J.D. '58 (left), receives Presidential Societies Annual Service Citation from Richard Katcher '41, LL.B. '43, chairman of the Societies' executive committee, and President Duderstadt.

Gifts Support Judaic Center

JEAN AND SAMUEL Frankel at the dinner celebrating the gifts to the U-M Program in Judaic Studies by the Frankels and the United Jewish Charities of Detroit.

The University of Michigan Program in Judaic Studies has received a $2,000,000 endowment, half from Jean and Samuel Frankel of Detroit and half from the United Jewish Charities (UJC) of Detroit, a philanthropic organization. In recognition of the Frankels' support, the program will be named the Jean and Samuel Frankel Center for Judaic Studies.

The Center, which draws its faculty from the Departments of History, Near Eastern Studies, Political Science, English Language and Literature, and the Law School, offers courses in the study of Jewish history and culture from biblical antiquity to the present.

On Nov. 15, the University held a dinner at the Rackham Building on the Ann Arbor campus to celebrate the gifts and thank the Frankel family and the officers of the UJC.

In acknowledging the importance of the gifts to the University, President James J. Duderstadt pointed out that, "Strengthening the Judaic Studies Center at The University of Michigan strengthens the University's bonds to the Jewish community of the state."

In commenting on this, Samuel Frankel said, "The University presented us with the opportunity to help, and Jean and I were glad to be able to do so."

Presidential Societies Focus On Undergraduate Education

More than 400 guests participated in the President's Fall Weekend, to which all members of the Presidential Societies were invited. Titled "The Undergraduate Experience," the weekend focused on the challenges posed to undergraduate education, especially by the technology explosion that, in some fields, can make yesterday's information obsolete today.

During President's Weekends, which are held twice a year, guests not only attend faculty lectures prepared for the occasion, but also sample some of the richness and diversity of Michigan's academic life by hearing about and viewing new programs, socializing with each other and conversing with deans, faculty and faculty presenters.

On this occasion, lunchtime guests heard President James J. Duderstadt discuss "The Challenge of Undergraduate Education at U-M," in his first speech on that subject after he was named president Sept. 1. In a defense of excellence in undergraduate education, President Duderstadt pointed out that the University works "to achieve a balance among teaching, research and services, as well as undergraduate education, graduate education, professional education, faculty scholarship and development."

It is this "blend of missions," Duderstadt said, which provides the University "with such a unique environment for undergraduate education."

A highlight of the President's Weekend was the celebration of President Emeritus Harlan Hatcher's 90th birthday on Sept. 23 in Crisler Arena. The throng of celebrants offered birthday wishes to Hatcher, who received a portfolio filled with congratulations and good wishes and a rousing version of "Happy Birthday."

The Presidential Societies, designed to recognize donors at five giving levels, comprise a group of individuals, corporations and foundations that have not only contributed from their own resources to the benefit of the University, but also have worked together to encourage others to join them in their support. Some of the most outstanding of these dedicated volunteers were recognized on Friday evening for their exceptional service in gift-procurement activities.

The Presidential Societies combine existing and recently created recognition groups into an interrelated family, with each component named for an outstanding Unversity president. The oldest of these recognition levels is the Presidents Club, which honors donors who have achieved a cumulative record of gifts totaling $15,000 or more.

The Henry P. Tappan Society, named after the University's first president, honors donors of $50,000 or more. The Harry B. Hutchins Society, named after the University's fifth president, was recently established to honor donors of gifts of $100,000 or more. Alexander G. Ruthven was one of the University's ablest administrators, and the Society that bears his name honors donors of $500,000 or more. The James B. Angell Society, the most prestigious of the Presidential Societies, honors donors of $1,000,000 or more.

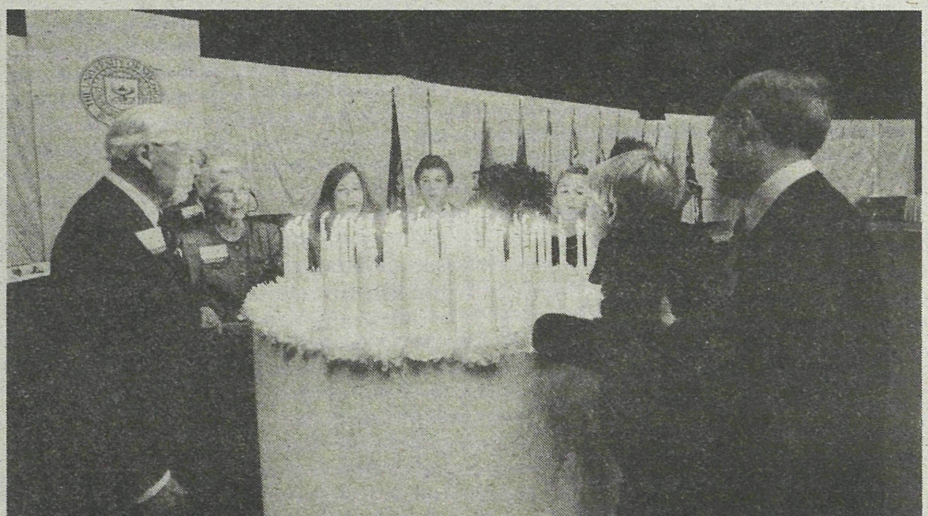


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

PRESIDENT-EMERITUS Harlan Hatcher blows out candles on his 90th birthday cake, with members of his family joining in the huffing and puffing.

LETTERS

Bennie Oosterbaan

DURING MY high school days in Chicago, Bennie Oosterbaan was my hero, although I had never seen him play. In the fall of 1928 I enrolled at Michigan, primarily because of Oosterbaan. He had just taken over the freshman football coaching job. I had barely skimped a football minor letter in high school, yet had the temerity to report that autumn.

The ends were paired off that first week and I found myself trying to charge Bill Hewitt, or at least making the attempt. When he charged me I couldn't lay a hand on him. I knew enough to know that he was something special, discovered he was All-State from Bay City with an Indian coach from Carlisle, I believe. Bill was smart, too, got an A four years later in logic in the philosophy department.

After Hewitt we went through "Murderer's Row." About my second trip through the 10 tackles, I blacked out, woke up looking at Oosterbaan trying to pump some air into me. He was really concerned, although secondarily he must have dreaded a fatality during his first week of coaching.

After another week I'd had enough and switched to the business section of the *Michigan Daily*. The following year I transferred to the University of Southern California but came back to Ann Arbor in '31-'32. More than once I saw Oosterbaan on State Street talking to someone and bouncing a golf ball against the wall. Never saw him miss!

Maybe you could do a story on Hewitt. He never wore a helmet with Michigan or the Chicago Bears and would definitely have been an All-American end but was switched to fullback after breaking his leg or arm, I forget which. As an end he broke all the fundamental rules by leaving his position and running to the other end when he smelled a play in that direction.

Robert M. David
Alpine, Texas

I ENJOYED the article about Bennie Oosterbaan, especially about the Illinois game in 1925 at Champaign, as I went to that game. I was teaching at Hillsdale at the time and had a Model T Ford Coupe. My late husband (to be at that time) and another couple started out Friday afternoon and got to Champaign just in time for the game. At least our seats were under the balcony, so we were dry. We left right after the game, got into a snowstorm, got lost, but finally ended up in Decatur, Michigan, where Roger Washburn's folks lived. We had a good Sunday dinner, slept for two hours and went on. I left the others, though, in Jackson to get a train to Ann Arbor, and I drove on to Hillsdale to teach the next day. It was a trip I'll never forget!

Dorothy (Mrs. E. Roger) Washburn '23
Lincoln, Nebraska

CORRECTION

We misquoted Gregory B. Markus, professor of political science and research scientist at the Institute for Social Research, in our October issue. In an article about the November presidential election, Markus should have been quoted as saying: "And although it may appear to clash with Yuppie-style striving for maximum personal freedom and self-actualization, anyone who has ever watched a football game knows that personal *[not "general," as originally printed] excellence and team spirit are hardly incompatible."*

WITH REFERENCE to the fine article "Bennie," by Ivan Kaye, I question the statement that there were "many fine ends during that period, even if none was quite the equal of his coach [Bennie]." One of the joys of Navy life is that one gets to hobnob with the great. So I, in Philadelphia, at the Penn Athletic Club, got to sit at the same table with Charles Moran, coach of the Centre College team that did it to Harvard, and Cal Hubbard, at the time a highly respected baseball umpire, but who had been a great end for Moran and Coach Bo McMillen. Anyhow, I asked Coach Charlie, "Mr. Moran, who was the greatest end you ever saw?"

Charlie was discussing sheep with Hubbard, particularly his (Charlie's) prized flock in Kentucky, but he answered me anyway: "There have been a lot of good ends. I'll take Hewey." "You mean Hewitt?" I asked. "That's what I said," said Charlie. And the great end, and great official Hubbard said "Yeah."

I figured they knew what they were talking about, so I didn't say anything, but I had been in the stadium when Oosterbaan threw that pass in '27, even though I was so far up that when the game ended I was still in the middle of the quarter. Comparisons are odious, I know, and Bennie was and is undoubtedly a great guy in personality as well as athletic ability, but I find it amazing that Bill Hewitt has all but disappeared from the news.

J.N. Rouse Pitt '28
Macon, Georgia

More on 'B' and 'W'

YOUR LAST letters section included an official explanation for the capitalization of 'Black,' while 'white,' referring to race, remained in lower case. It was explained that faculty, students and staff of African descent requested adoption of this policy, pointing out that the previously preferred designation, 'Negro,' was and is capitalized, and that 'Black' is merely a replacement for, and synonym of, 'Negro.'

In order to treat the races equally, and not abuse or politicize the English language and the use of typeface, the word 'white' should be capitalized, when referring to race, because the previous designation, 'Caucasian,' was capitalized, referring to individuals of European descent.

I hope it will not be necessary for a group of Whites to occupy the Administration Building or march en masse and picket, in order to bring about this symbol of an equitable relation between the races. Better yet, students and faculty of all races and colors would do well to heed Rev. Jackson's advice, given recently in Hill Auditorium, to concentrate more on studies and less on race.

It is unwise to designate *"race"* at all, since many Blacks are part White and vice versa, and many Eurasians are mixtures of yellow and white. If we are all Americans what difference does it make from what continent our ancestors came?

Europe is derived from many nationalities, who in turn derive from Turks, Tartars, Gauls, Huns, Anglo-Saxons, Romans, Greeks, Teutons and Jews who, though sometimes called a "race," have African, European, Sephardic and even Oriental strains. Africa is similarly made up of many nations and tribes.

What good comes from these artificial, invisible, ambiguous and arbitrary divisions? But if we are to make distinctions, let them be useful and equal.

Victor Bloom (LSA '53, MD '57)
Grosse Pointe Park, Michigan

A number of other readers wrote to suggest equal and consistent capitalization. The explanation we gave for the use of capital 'B' in the October issue, however, was incomplete. The salient fact that influenced the University administration to determine U-M capitalization policy was that Asian-Americans, Hispanics, Native Americans and Blacks are so designated under federal Title IX legislation as having special protective status because of under-representation and/or discrimination.

Late Note on Bourke-White

THIS LETTER is long overdue and I'm sorry, but there are many good reasons for the delay. However, I feel impelled to write even at this late date with regard to Margaret Bourke-White and the article by Deborah Gilbert in the April 1987 issue, which is in error in at least two places.

First of all I shall go back further than the real reason for which this letter is written. I well remember Margaret Bourke-White, as I am an A.O.Pi. I was not only shocked but angry, as were many other A.O.Pi's who had belonged to the Michigan chapter, when our national board, or whoever, decided to ask her to again become one of us, and only because by then she had become famous. We were utterly disgusted and still are. She was "de-pinned" for very good reason and should never have been asked to again be a member. Also, why she would have been in the least interested is also beyond me, as she didn't need us by then. She must have had a very large ego that the severing in some way deflated.

Margaret Bourke-White was a completely independent individual — she would have had to have been to have accomplished the many daring, courageous things she did. However, this kind of person doesn't belong in an organized group. She should have realized this herself and never have accepted our invitation to pledge. I guess it was her strong desire to "want to belong." As you well know, any group living together must have rules that the members are expected to follow. But Margaret made her own rules with no attempt to abide by ours. This was when it became necessary to "de-pin" her.

In the opening paragraph on page nine of the article, it states, "At U-M . . . now the stag line cut in and B.M.O.C. vied for her attention." This, too, is all news to me as I recall nothing of this sort when I knew her; she wasn't especially attractive compared to other coeds. The article in the same paragraph goes on to say, "She pledged Alpha Omicron Pi sorority and became its president the same day." Even though I learned later that she had written this in her autobiography, it would seem that anyone associated with university life and supposedly knowing anything at all about it would know that no fraternity or sorority operates that way — it would be completely ridiculous for them to do so. Before becoming a member, Margaret didn't live in the house, as the pledges never do, to my knowledge, so we had no way of knowing she wouldn't conform. She never was president of A.O.Pi., and was a member too short a time anyway.

Ruth M. Eisele '25
Phoenix, Arizona

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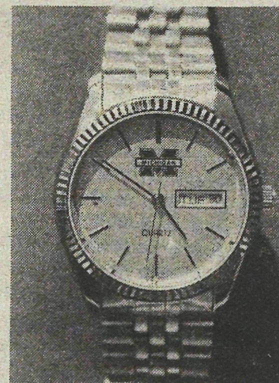

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Pianist-Composer Lectures on Jazz

By Peter Seidman

In the late 1940s and early 1950s, legendary jazz musicians like Ellington, Gillespie and Parker spent hours explaining the intricacies of their art to young, aspiring musicians. Yet when asked by writers to explain their art form, they would joke and jive instead of talking seriously.

The jazz greats felt that many of these inquirers "didn't really want to know what we were doing," Billy Taylor, the jazz pianist, composer, radio and television personality and educator, told a U-M audience, "so they thought it was a waste of time to explain jazz, and gave them some funny things to write about, instead."

This joking had unfortunate repercussions, since it led many to believe that jazz was a non-serious form of music that required only intuition and feeling rather than disciplined study, long practice and conscious artistry.

Today, jazz has many voices — serious and articulate ones — and among the most eloquent is Taylor's.

Taylor visited the University for three days in November as a King/Chavez/Parks visiting scholar at the invitation of the School of Music. During a series of informal lectures and piano solos, he improvised on a single theme: Jazz is America's classical music.

"Jazz takes all the elements that are important parts of our culture and puts them into a perspective that is unique to who we are and what we are about," Taylor said. "It expresses much about us to ourselves and to others."

Although jazz may not now be America's most popular music, as it was in the 1930s, its influence can be seen on other types of contemporary music, Taylor pointed out. He also noted that jazz has developed a large repertoire that can be studied, and a musical language that can be "spoken without accent in the Soviet Union" and other countries whose history and culture vary widely from America's.

Taylor also noted that the traditional structure of jazz ensembles — in which musicians are free to improvise within the structure of a given tune — embodies central democratic and individualistic aspects of American culture.

Some musicologists, like Prof. Richard Crawford, chairman of the School of Music's Department of Music History and Musicology and the host of one of Taylor's lectures, question the absoluteness of Taylor's terminology. If jazz is America's classical music, Crawford wondered, where does that leave the music of composers like Aaron Copland, Charles Ives and others? Crawford, who once played jazz saxophone, said that although jazz was "the first music I ever cared about," that doesn't mean he sees it as America's *only* classical music.

Regardless of the position one might take in such a debate, few question the rising status of jazz in American society. The same music that emerged in America's nightclubs and dance halls is now warmly welcomed in the groves of academe. And gone is the notion that jazz and concert music are incompatible.

"There's no question that the academy has perked up its ears a great deal in the last 20 years or so," Crawford said. "The fact that Billy Taylor went back to school and got his doctorate from the University of Massachusetts is a signal that universities are accommodating interests like his. Our School of Music certainly has more students who are interested in the field of jazz as scholars than it did 10 years ago."

Taylor, who looks much younger than his 67 years, was born in North Carolina and grew up in Washington, D.C. Unlike most jazz musicians of his day, he received formal training in classical music, beginning piano study at age 13, and received a bachelor's of music degree from Virginia State College. He has appeared on dozens of radio and television shows and college campuses and has written a book and numerous magazine articles about the subject as well.

Like many other Blacks of his generation, Taylor said, he was "an angry young man" who refused to accept being made to ride at the back of buses and other forms of segregation and discrimination. But the silver lining of segregation was access to the giants of his profession. Musicians like Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington were forced to live in the Black ghettoes, within easy reach of young musicians like Taylor.

"They taught me not only about music," he recalled, "but also things like how to play in clubs from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. on a poor-quality piano without getting sore fingers. Jazz for me has been filled with that kind of occasion, where I was touched by someone special who took the time to share their experiences with me. A youngster today can't easily get that close to, say, Quincy Jones."

In his lectures and classroom visits at Michigan, Taylor traced jazz's development from its roots in old spirituals ("a form of personal expression for which the slave could not be reproached") through ragtime, swing and bebop. He illustrated his points by playing works like Fats Waller's "Ain't Misbehavin'," "Come Sunday" from Duke Ellington's Black, Brown and Beige Suite and Charlie Parker's "Confirmation."

He talked about the cakewalk — a dance that imitated white slave owners in the "big house" — and minstrel shows ("Black people imitating white people imitating Black people") and how the guttural, raspy quality of Aretha Franklin's voice has its roots in African vocal tradition. He talked about how Ellington was excluded from some films because he was Black, and how Tommy Dorsey and Benny Goodman brought jazz to white audiences.

He reminisced about old vaudeville houses like the Apollo in New York, the Paradise Theater in Detroit and the Regal in Chicago, about pianist Jelly Roll Morton who, although "not the nicest man," could "back up his bravado with his music and make his piano sound like an entire orchestra."

A student in Ronald Brooks' class on the history of jazz asked Taylor about today's rap songs. "It goes back to the narrative form of the blues," he said. "It didn't spring out of the blue; it's part of a tradition."

How much did he practice as a young pianist? "Sometimes as little as eight hours a day," Taylor replied.

What makes his music unique, another student asked.

If Taylor had quoted his own public-relations material, he would have said that his compositions are "characterized by clearly melodic lines accompanied by tonal clusters punctuating passages of orchestral proportions" and that his "classical training is evident in solos that employ the contrapuntal style of Bach."

But Taylor replied much more simply: "For one thing, the shape of my hand. I can stretch a tenth [two notes beyond an octave]." And then he did it.

Photo by Gregory Fox

JAZZ COMPOSER, scholar and performer Billy Taylor (right) discussed jazz's place in American culture with Charles Manjarrez of Ann Arbor and other students and audiences during his three-day visit.

FELLOW WORKERS at Fluor Daniel Inc. in Irvine, California, greet Olympic kayak double-champion Greg Barton B.S.E. '83 on his return with two gold medals from South Korea.

Greg Barton '83: Olympian-Engineer

Greg Barton, a 1983 summa cum laude graduate of the College of Engineering, led the list of U-M Olympians with two gold medals in kayaking at the 1988 Summer Olympics in Seoul, Republic of Korea.

In a sport that requires endurance and strength, "Buck" Barton, 28, showed he had a double supply of both at the Olympics. After winning the United States' first-ever Olympic kayak title by nipping an Australian by .005 seconds in the 1,000-meter race, he joined teammate Norman Bellingham less than an hour later to win the two-man kayak race.

A mechanical engineer, Barton joined Fluor Daniel Inc. in Irvine, California, in 1987 after deciding that California weather and the corporate-sponsored Olympic Job Opportunity Program, which provides jobs and training time and facilitities for U.S. Olympians, would enhance his training regimen for the Olympics.

Barton, of Homer, Michigan, was joined by Wolverine Olympic medalists Jim Abbott '89, the top pitcher on the championship U.S. baseball team in that demonstration sport, and swimmer Brent Lang '90, who captured a gold on a freestyle relay team.

Before moving west, Barton operated his own business making lightweight canoe paddles in Michigan while training for the '84 Olympics. He won a bronze medal that year, America's first flat-water kayaking medal since 1964.

Barton took the world title in the 10,000 meters in '85. After moving to California he won the 1,000 and 10,000 championships in '87.

Visitors From USSR and Vietnam Report on Problems Facing Their Nations

By John Woodford

More important than the political stirring of the Soviet Union in the era of *glasnost* (openness), is the cultural awakening, a leading Soviet scholar told a University audience in November. His and two colleagues' lectures were sponsored by the Center for Russian and East European Studies.

Vyacheslav Ivanov, a member of the USSR Academy of Sciences and recent winner of the Lenin Prize, compared the Soviet people under glasnost with the Russian folk hero Il'ya Mouramets, who slept atop a stove for 30 years before waking up to begin his adventures. Thanks to glasnost, Ivanov said, "this hero is now being awakened — at least in some parts of our vast territory."

Ivanov, who was among a group of 12 Soviet linguists attending a U-M symposium on prehistoric languages Nov. 8 - 12, also personifies the folk tale since he "could go nowhere in the West for 30 years — from 1957 to 1987." For the last 17 years of this period he could not even cross the Soviet borders to visit other socialist countries. "This was true for most intellectuals and academics," Ivanov said, adding that his "offense" was his family's friendship with Boris Pasternak, the novelist who received the 1958 Nobel Prize for literature and was identified as a pro-Western cultural figure.

"But a happy ending is necessary in our Russian stories, as in Hollywood," Ivanov continued, "so this year, 31 years after I was dismissed from the faculty of Moscow University, the head of the university publicly admitted the 'mistake' in my case. All of us, it seems, are destined to play some role in our Kafkaesque world."

Soviet society, Ivanov said, is "still unstable," and several opponents have attempted to unseat Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader. According to Ivanov, Gorbachev "didn't even want to hear about them [the conspiracies] at first; he simply could not believe it. But recently he has built up his power. This doesn't seem good to many of us, because this power could be given later to someone else and be misused. Nonetheless, our constitution is being rewritten to back his personal aims."

Ivanov described some of the subterfuges that he and other Soviet scholars had devised to publish the prohibited writings of such world figures as the anti-Stalinist filmmaker Sergei Eisenstein and Sigmund Freud during the 25-year period of "stagnation" preceding Gorbachev's rise to power.

"We have a joke," Ivanov said, "that the main science in our country is what can be translated as 'crackology,' [the mastery of finding cracks in the walls of censorship and bureaucratic control]. I published some of Eisenstein's forbidden writings by including them in a book ostensibly about semiotics, and some small sections of Freud have been published in the Georgian and Estonian republics, where the authorities are more open than the ones in the central administration in Russia.

"Still, it's not so easy," he continued. "We haven't published any Freud for the last eight years. We still must reconstruct psychoanalysis in our country. A tradition that has been broken for 50 years is very difficult to resume."

SOVIET LINGUISTS Starostin (2nd from left), Ivanov (center) and Helimsky (right) with U-M Profs. Benjamin A. Stolz (left) and Vitaly Shevorshkin, the visitors' hosts from the Slavic Languages and Literatures department.

Photo by John Woodford

Some of the works of another banned scholar, the literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin, have met a harsher fate, Ivanov said. Bakhtin was left so destitute by the censors who barred publication of his work "that he used his only manuscript on *Wilhelm Meister* and similar novels for cigarette paper."

"It seems a miracle that I'm here," said Sergei Starostin of the Soviet Academy of Sciences. "I'm abroad for the first time in my life. Before yesterday, when I arrived in your country, though I'd tried many times to travel, I had never been let out. I tried to go to Italy, to Poland, to Vietnam, but could never get permission."

Starostin said that before the Gorbachev era those Soviet citizens permitted to travel abroad were "usually only Party members or those who the Party thought would do nothing that could be seen as opposing Soviet ideology; if you had contacts with foreigners in Moscow, as I did, you usually couldn't go abroad."

An expert on the language family embracing the Chinese, Caucasian and Na-Dene (Navaho and related American Indian languages), Starostin said, "Certainly this new freedom to travel abroad is the most visible sign of *perestroika* [socioeconomic restructuring] so far," even though foreigners continue to be restricted in their freedom to travel inside the Soviet Union.

"As for economic life," he continued, "there are no signs of perestroika in that area yet. The supply of food and necessary goods is poor. The same is true of academic life as for the shops. Perhaps changes will appear later."

Some champions of democracy have tried to introduce elections and other democratic features into academic life, Starostin reported. "We [scholars in research academies] would like to elect the heads of academic departments, for example, and professors and students in universities would like to elect deans, department heads and the like. Such elections have been introduced in some industries, but nothing like that has appeared in the Academy of Sciences or in the universities.

"Another innovation being discussed in higher education is the establishment by individuals or cooperatives of semi-private educational businesses — professional collectives — that would sell subscriptions to lectures, preparatory courses, tutorial programs and the like. Others are looking at the possibility of setting up 'Free Universities,' as you call them here."

Eugene Helimsky of the Institute of Soviet and Baltic Studies said he has "preferred to be an outsider when it comes to politics, but I will support those political processes that I find positive."

Helimsky said that the freedom of private groups to print and distribute information had not increased significantly. As for general publications, "nothing new has emerged," Helimsky said. "Some previously existing publications have changed greatly for the better, but there are no new kinds of publications. Informal clubs, societies and organizations publish the same as before, by samizdat — or self-typing, self-publication and self-distribution. But the article of criminal law banning so-called anti-Soviet public statements still exists, even though it is not now being applied to samizdat activity as it was before.

"Of course there are no guarantees for any country that totalitarian rule won't emerge or re-emerge. In our country, tangible economic successes are needed vitally by Gorbachev. He won't survive without them. Yet, we have still seen no such successes. Frankly, I am pessimistic about the future."

Soviet society "has always been pluralistic internally," Helimsky said, "although this fact was hidden by the official ideology. Now this pluralism is more or less open, and it has created a certain difficulty of its own. The national revival in certain republics has united people — but sometimes this revival takes an anti-democratic form. Yet there are other regions where such unity cannot be attained, because the range of opinions is too wide and varied to reach such a consensus.

"Considering the complexity of these nationalistic versus democratic processes that are under way," Helimsky continued, "there are no guarantees what their final character will be. Anything or everything could happen. The only real guarantees of democracy would be to let other political parties form in addition to the Communist Party. If that doesn't happen, the whole thing may fail."

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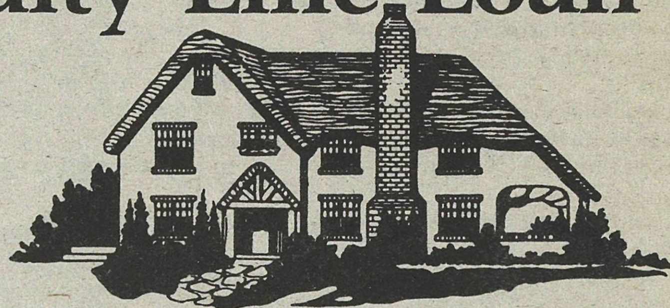

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Michigan Today 10/88

Vietnam

By Geraldine Kaylor

"It is no exaggeration to say that a complete restructuring of economic thinking and a revolution in management has been undertaken," Nguyen Xuan Oanh, a Harvard-trained doctor of economics and member of Vietnam's National Assembly, told a group of 30 regional businessmen at an October seminar sponsored by the U-M Southeast Asia Business Program.

As proof of change in the Socialist Republic of Vietnam, Oanh cited his country's new foreign investment code that he drafted. The code, he said, allows for 100 percent foreign capital and management in Vietnamese enterprises, has the world's lowest corporate tax, includes liberal rules for the transfer of funds and guards against nationalization. In addition, he pointed out, Vietnam has a large labor force and low labor costs. There was a stirring in the audience of business executives when Oanh added that "a man's shirt selling for $25 in the United States would cost $2 to manufacture in Vietnam."

After the seminar, Oanh discussed more details of Vietnam's business environment at a U-M seminar for faculty and students. His visit to Michigan and a few other U.S. campuses was sponsored by the Philadelphia-based U.S.-Indochina Reconciliation Project. He promoted academic as well as business ties during his month-long U.S. lecture tour. His visit to the U-M was hosted by the University's Center for South and Southeast Asian Studies and by the Center for Research on Economic Development (CRED).

Oanh, Vietnam's leading advocate of free market economics, is the most prominent figure of the former U.S.-allied government of South Vietnam to play a significant role in the post-war Communist government.

A former South Vietnamese deputy prime minister and acting prime minister between the U.S.-backed Diem and Thieu regimes, Oanh was one of the few pro-Western leaders to remain in his homeland after the war. He lived under house arrest for one year, but eventually his advice as a Western-trained economist and banker was sought by the new leaders in Hanoi. He was elected to Vietnam's National Assembly in 1987 after an election campaign that included Communist and non-Communist candidates.

He pointed out to his U-M audiences that Vietnam is the 12th-largest country in terms of population (65 million), and one of the world's poorer nations, with an aging infrastructure and triple-digit inflation. During the last two years, the Vietnamese government has attempted to solve these problems by instituting widescale economic reforms.

"Spare parts and raw materials have been unobtainable from the West," he said. "The embargo has hurt. But now the Japanese are providing us with some of these parts, and business has picked up with Singapore, Hong Kong and Taiwan. The Soviets, French, Italians, British, Indians and Australians are all extracting oil in Vietnam, and we expect the rate to go up 10 times by 1992."

Oanh predicts that diplomatic relations between the United States and Vietnam will resume within the next year or two, when the last of Vietnam's troops are withdrawn from Kampuchea (Cambodia). Vietnam has withdrawn 40,000 troops and is in the process of withdrawing an additional 50,000, he said.

"Our invasion of Kampuchea was precipitated by the massacre on a very large scale of innocent Vietnamese citizens on our western border," Oanh said. "We Vietnamese did not enter Kampuchea to conquer that country but to stop the bloodshed; however, we have stayed too long, and that has caused a heavy economic drain on our country. Still, our withdrawal won't solve the problem. Will there be another 'killing field' with the Khmer Rouge back in power? We think the international community should make sure that our withdrawal does not leave a vacuum for the Khmer Rouge."

In regard to the reported 1,700 American soldiers missing in action (MIA) in Vietnam, Oanh said: "The MIA problem is serious and difficult, but we are determined to solve it." A solution he has proposed, Oanh said, would be the establishment of American-operated MIA offices in the countryside, with access to anyone who had information on MIAs. "Reports or evidence gathered by these offices could be followed up with joint searches conducted by Americans and Vietnamese."

With the problems of Kampuchea and the MIAs solved, Oanh said, the United States and Vietnam "could move toward improved relations."

Linda Lim, assistant professor of international business, told *Michigan Today* that the U-M hopes to play a leading role in U.S.-Vietnam academic exchanges. "Recently, the University was named as the main center for the Vietnam Union Catalog, a catalog of Vietnamese library sources from seven countries," said Lim, who helped plan Oanh's visit through the School of Business Administration's Southeast Asia Business Program.

"We think it is an historic opportunity," Lim continued, "something like the opening of China in the 1970s. There is a great deal of interest in these academic exchanges in the academic community, which has been denied access to Vietnam for so long. Vietnam is a big part of U.S. history, but because of the aftermath of the war, it is an area that, from an academic point of view, is very underdeveloped."

Photo by John McAuliff, US-Indochina Reconciliation Project

Oanh

Geraldine Kaylor is an Ann Arbor-based free-lance writer.

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Economic development center explores ties with Hanoi

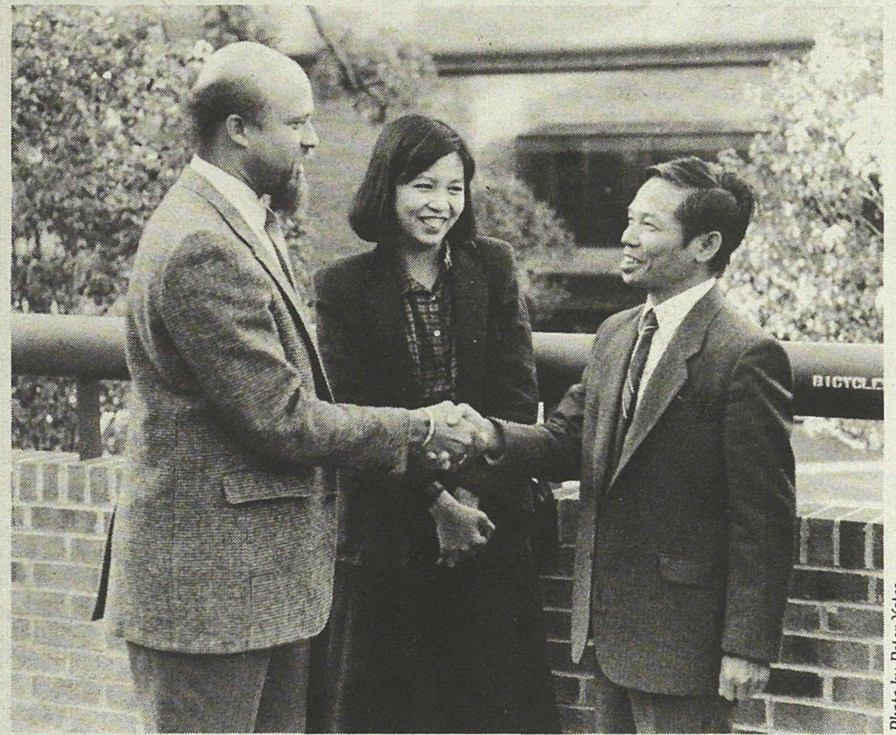
Photo by Peter Yates

GREETING Vo Dai Luoc, the head of a delegation of economists from Hanoi, are U-M hosts Ernest Wilson III (left) and Linda Lim. 'We would like to forget an old page of history that reflects tragedy and open a new page that will allow the development of friendship between our two countries,' Luoc said.

In addition to hosting the leading architect of economic reform in Vietnam (see accompanying story) the University was also visited by the first delegation of Vietnamese economists to this country since the war.

The visit, aimed at exploring academic exchanges between Vietnamese scholars and scholars from the U-M, was hosted by the University's Center for Research on Economic Development (CRED), working with the U-M Southeast Asian Business Program.

CRED, part of U-M's College of Literature, Science and the Arts, was founded in 1961. It has sponsored a large number of research projects on the development problems of Third World countries and regularly offers faculty seminars on theoretical and applied development issues.

The Vietnamese visit was part of a CRED research project studying economic reform in capitalist, socialist and mixed economies. "Before this project, we'd mainly been known for our work in the French-speaking countries of Africa," says CRED Director Ernest J. Wilson III, associate professor of political science. "Now we are expanding our collaborative work and research into new parts of the world."

Wilson is mindful that some Americans might criticize any U.S. contacts with Vietnam before the government's political and economic boycotts have ended. He describes the importance of the contacts in emphatic terms:

"A university should study the universe — the universe of events and places," he replies. "It is naive to think we can shut out knowledge. No matter what a person's position on the war may have been, Vietnam has played an important part in our political history and our contemporary consciousness. The study of Vietnam is important not only for understanding the past, but the future as well. Vietnam is engaged in what appears to be a significant effort at economic and political reform. They are one of a group of countries trying desperately to achieve economic growth. This is one of the most important things happening in the world, and we, as scholars, have a responsibility to study and research it."

Addressing a group of Michigan faculty and graduate students during the five-day visit, Vo Dai Luoc, director of the Institute of World Economy and head of the delegation, said the recent thaw in U.S.-Soviet relations and a trend toward global cooperation should improve the relationship between Vietnam and the United States. Vietnam needs these ties to help overcome economic errors that Luoc identified as a "system of centralization that destroyed the process of creativity in Vietnam."

The northern region of the country, however, "is so used to a socialist economy that people don't have an interest in getting involved in private entrepreneurship, and that is difficult to change," Luoc said. "In the south, however, although previous economic policy tried to eliminate capitalism, it still exists. That is quite unique in a socialist country, and I think it will stimulate the economy of the country as a whole."

As a result of the visit, a memorandum of understanding was signed between CRED and the Institute. The statement calls for joint research projects, the exchange of graduate students and a visit to Hanoi in late 1989 or early 1990 by a group of U-M scholars to meet with their counterparts in universities and research institutions — *G.K.*

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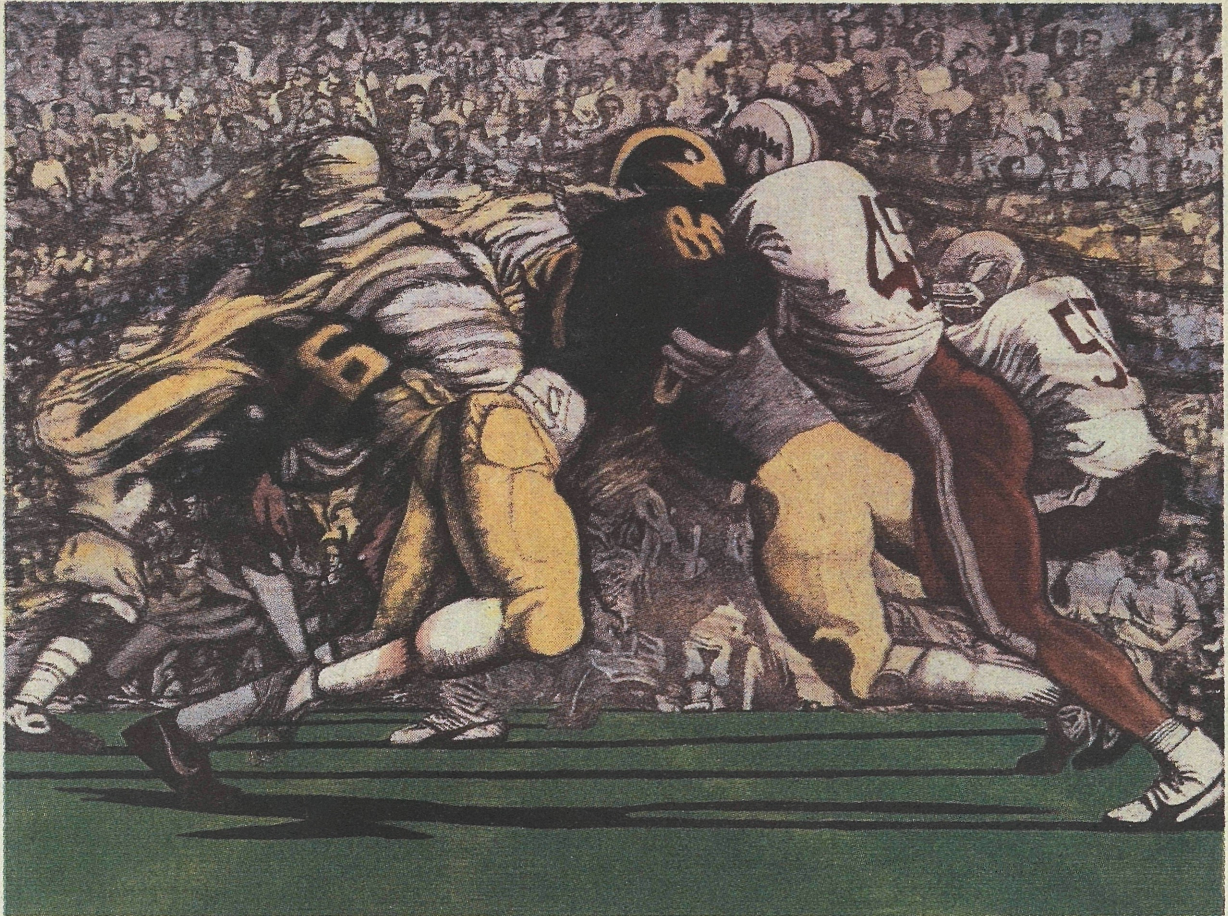

'MICHIGAN SPIRIT' by Takeshi Yamada '88 M.F.A. This hand-colored intaglioprint commissioned by the School of Art is now part of the Alumni Collecton of the Jean Paul Slusser Gallery in Ann Arbor. Yamada has a one-person show this month at Chicago's Neville-Sargent Gallery. In early 1989, his work will be shown in New Orleans' Posset-Baker Gallery.

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