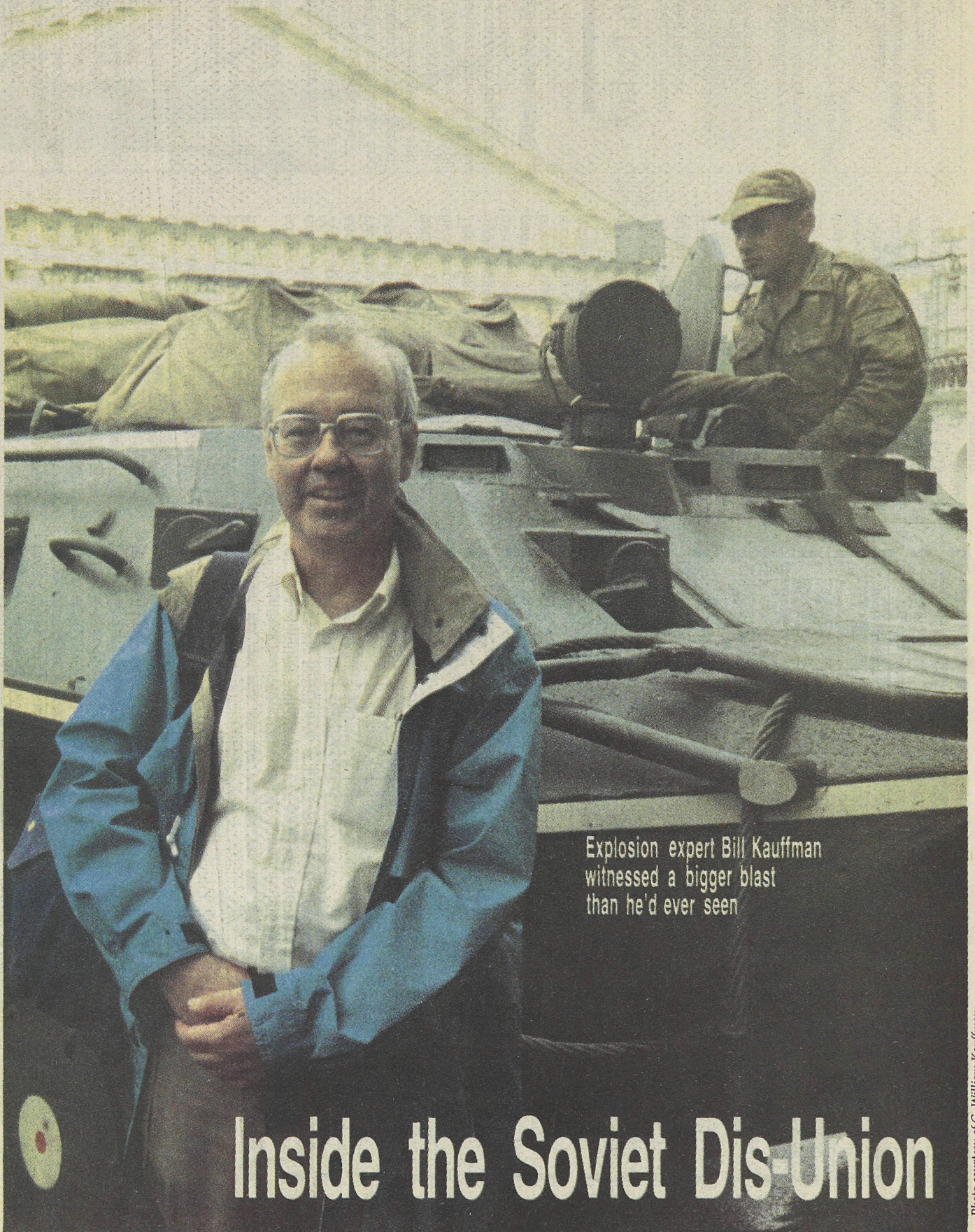


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# Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

October 1991 Vol. 23, No. 3



Explosion expert Bill Kauffman  
witnessed a bigger blast  
than he'd ever seen

## Inside the Soviet Dis-Union

Photo courtesy of C. William Kauffman

# Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

October 1991 Vol.23, No. 3

**A**ugust's failed coup d'etat in the Soviet Union had far-reaching effects on the U-M community. The band of scholars formerly known as Sovietologists has even more complex phenomena to study than before.

Prof. William Zimmerman, director of the U-M Center for Russian and East European Studies, summed up the academic opportunities in his message welcoming the Center's students, faculty and staff to the new academic year: "We are studying what is currently, and is likely to remain for the remainder of the century, the most interesting place in the world." (It was only last year that some Center students unsuccessfully petitioned to drop the "out-of-date" term "Russian" from the Center's name and replace it with "Soviet.")

Several articles in this issue of Michigan Today focus on the opinions, experiences and research of diverse members of the U-M community who have become involved in the rise and fall of the Soviet empire.

We begin with the stories of two faculty members—one an engineer, the other an economist. Quite different purposes led them to the former "Union" at the time of the coup, and the coincidence was compounded when both wound up watching the collapse of the coup on U.S. television in Warsaw.

Prof. C. William Kauffman of the Department of Aerospace Engineering, College of Engineering, is an expert on explosions, which perhaps gave him special insight as he watched the social combustion in Moscow. He first visited the USSR in 1981 as a member of a joint US-USSR effort to prevent dust explosions in grain elevators. (All explosions involve combustion of compressible fuel, whether in a grain elevator or a rocket.) His second visit was in June 1986, early in the administration of Mikhail Gorbachev, and only two months after the meltdown at the Chernobyl nuclear power station (see related article). His hosts took him to a model of the Chernobyl reactor and briefed him on its technical shortcomings. This frankness, and official efforts to reduce the availability of vodka, were his "first indication of the winds of change which would in the next five years sweep the Soviet Union."

Since 1986, Kauffman has visited the USSR at least once a year to participate in exchange programs involving academic, business, regulatory, military and labor institutions. These programs increased rapidly, Kauffman says, after the Soviets—in the wake of pipeline explosions, railway crashes, chemical spills and other industrial disasters—began to openly discuss "their dismal industrial safety situation, and offered to share their experience in exchange for Western cooperation." The cooperation includes a faculty and student exchange program between U-M and the Moscow Aviation and Moscow Physical Technical Institutes.

In appreciation for the American assistance, the Soviets invited a US delegation to the 50th anniversary celebration of their Flight Test Research Institute in Zhukovskii, south of Moscow. The affair was scheduled for August 17-18—as it turned out, the weekend of the fateful coup.

## THREE DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD

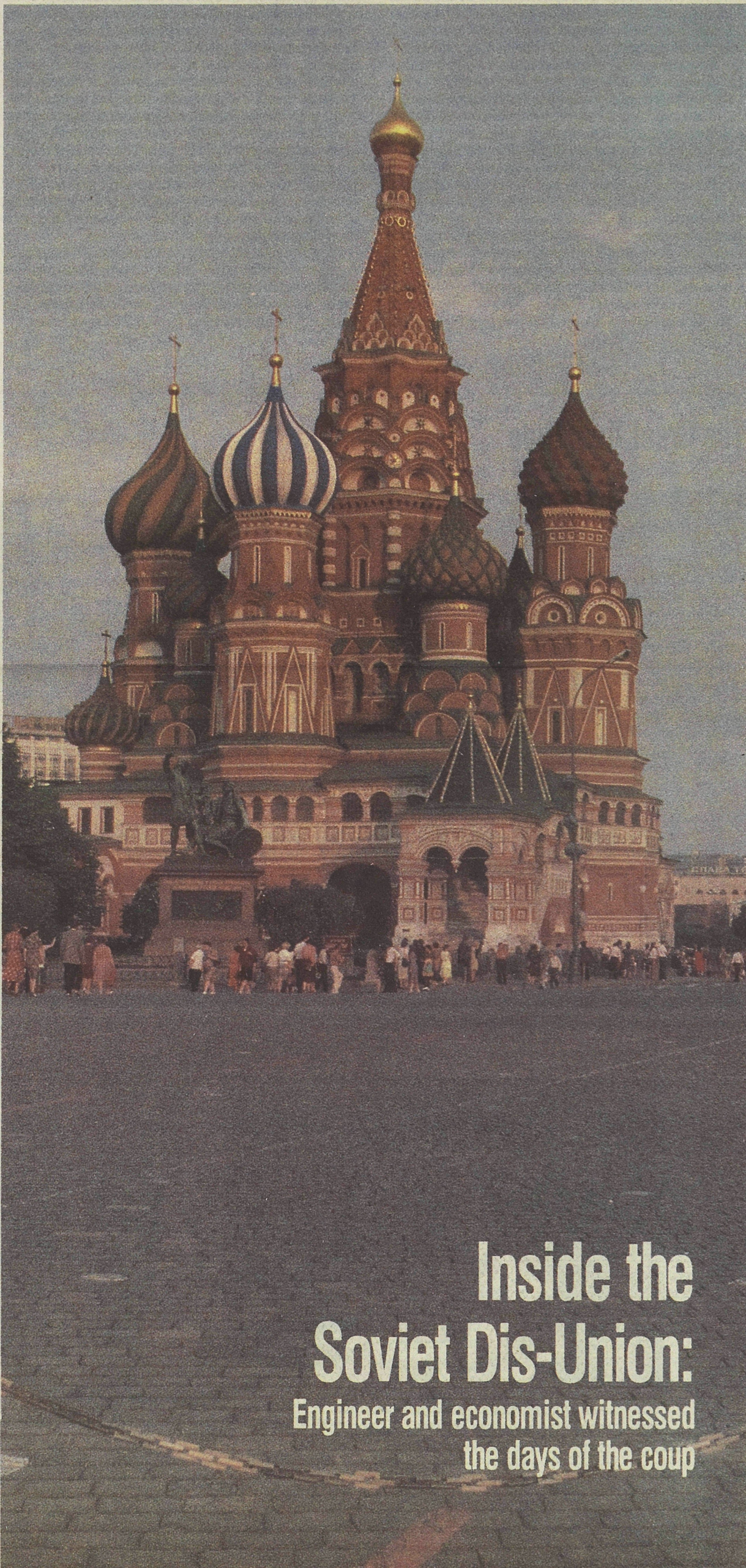
By C. William Kauffman

I arrived in Moscow on Tuesday, August 13. A quick trip to the art bazaar on Arbat Street Wednesday morning yielded several traditional *matryoshkes* (wooden dolls within dolls) and a few contemporary versions with "Gorby" as the outer doll in a series of post-Czarist political leaders; one version prophetically had Boris Yeltsin as the outermost.

The formal program began Thursday August 15 with a morning visit with General Yevgeni Shaposhnikov, chief of the Soviet Air Force, and his staff at his headquarters. (Within a week, as a result of his and the Air Force's actions and/or inactions he was to become the Minister of Defense.)

Friday began with a meeting with the Minister of Aviation, Apollon Systsov, who visited Ann Arbor in November 1989. The role played by the University of Michigan in initiating contacts between the two nations' flight communities was noted by both sides.

Saturday we toured the Kremlin and other traditional tourist sites. On Sunday we went to an air show celebrating the 50th anniversary of their Flight



Inside the  
Soviet Dis-Union:  
Engineer and economist witnessed  
the days of the coup

Photo by C. William Kauffman

## Three Days *continued*

Test Institute on the banks of the Moscow River at Zhukovskii. After the air show and a tour of the Aviation Facility at the Moscow Physical Technical Institute, we attended a reception hosted by the Soviet test pilots. At this very hour on August 17, President Gorbachev's telephones went dead at his vacation home in the Crimea, and he was visited by a delegation from the coup leaders who came to be known as the "Gang of Eight."

At 7 o'clock Monday morning, August 19, Soviet television announced that the leadership of the Soviet government had been temporarily taken over by a State Committee as a result of the illness of President Gorbachev. Soon afterward, a Soviet colleague telephoned and said Gorbachev had been overthrown and that tanks were passing down the street outside his research institute. Nevertheless, our program went as scheduled. We visited TSNIMASH, the institute in the suburbs of Kaliningrad where research on ballistic missiles and space launch vehicles is conducted, and where the control rooms for Soviet space flight are located.

The vice director welcomed us, and mentioned that

there was "some political difficulty" within the central government. Then he led us on a tour of piston tunnels, supersonic wind tunnels and structural test facilities. At the last facility we became the first Westerners ever shown their N-1 moon rocket, the equivalent of our Saturn V.

After discussing student exchanges, our delegation headed south on the beltway for an afternoon appointment at Zvesda, manufacturers and designers of ejection seats and pressure and space suits. Traveling toward us was a column of some 50 medium tanks operated by airborne troops. This was our first real indication that the coup was in progress. Zvesda's director welcomed us and said that in spite of the activities by a "counter-government group," as guests of the Soviet aviation community our delegation would be well looked after. They opened their museum of products and their laboratories to Western visitors for the first time. On our return to Moscow we had to avoid the direct downtown routes, since major avenues inside Moscow's Ring Road had been closed by armored military vehicles.

We were scheduled to end our program Tuesday, August 20, with a tour of the Soviet Air Force Museum and a chance to pilot Soviet aircraft, but those events were canceled. Instead, I took the subway from the Cosmos Hotel to the U.S. Embassy where

the assistant cultural attache told me that student exchange programs were still on. (Six Soviet and five U-M aerospace engineering students completed the exchange in September.)

I left the Embassy at 11 a.m. and saw people constructing a barricade at a major intersection on Kalinin Prospect, the major thoroughfare between the Kremlin and the Russian Republic's White House. Ordinary pedestrians, motorists and workers were jamming buses, trucks, dumpsters, benches and other items six to eight rows deep and deflating the vehicles' tires. Flags of the Russian Republic flew from the barricade. I began walking east on Kalinin toward the Kremlin. Slightly past the Lenin Library armored personnel carriers blocked the way to the Trinity and Arsenal Tower gates to the Kremlin. They were manned by Red Army troops of Ukrainian origin, who said the Russian soldiers in their group defected Monday to defend Yeltsin at the Russian White House. Further to the north similar troops blocked the entrance to Manezh Square with their vehicles.

During my walk I met a Soviet professor of psychology from Moscow State University who had just spent a sabbatical at New Mexico State University. He graciously offered to be my translator. The civilians were encouraging the rather shy soldiers to

## The Great Train Ride

By John Woodford

"We heard an official broadcast saying in an Orwellian voice, 'We are now in charge, we are restoring the old boundaries, reinstating the Five-Year Plans and getting rid of hooligans,'"

Carl P. Simon, professor of mathematics and economics, was in Lithuania when he heard the announcement on Monday, August 19, of the coup against the government of Soviet president Mikhail Gorbachev. He'd accepted a three-week teaching post at the University of Olsztyn in northeast Poland partly because it would give him and four family members a chance to visit neighboring Lithuania where all four of his grandparents had been born.

Now the Americans and their Lithuanian hosts feared they might become unwilling witnesses to the reimposition of tyranny over Lithuania, a nation that had been expecting full independence as soon as it could evict the KGB from their building and the Soviet troops from the television station they had occupied since January.

The other members of Professor Simon's traveling party were his wife, Susan, who is a doctoral candidate in history at U-M; their daughters Ann, a graduate student in creative writing at Louisiana State University, and Gingie, a graduate student at Minneapolis School of Art and Design, and Gingie's husband Andy Dorsochak, a dentist in Minneapolis. Only Carl and Ann had reservations on a return flight to Warsaw Tuesday. Susan, Gingie and Andy had expected no transportation problems, but now faced a big one.



Cousin Jadvyga Rutkauskas (left) bids goodbye to Susan Simon after informing her American relatives that a coup had taken place in Moscow.

Photo by Carl Simon



Photo by Susan Simon

Carl Simon went to Poland to help Eastern European university professors understand 'demand and supply curves and other basic ingredients of market economics.' Much to his surprise he provided an interesting object lesson when his group of five family members presented a demand for five airline tickets out of the Soviet Union during the August coup when the supply was only two.

leave their posts. The soldiers stated that although they were listening to their officers, they personally had no desire to engage in any violence. Citizens placed flowers on the weapons and offered cigarettes to the soldiers. The troops appeared to be adequately equipped to use force effectively, but among the hundreds of soldiers present I did not see a single identifiable commissioned officer.

On Tuesday evening, two Soviet professors arranged a meeting with a member of the Moscow City Council to discuss cooperative educational activities between the University of Michigan and the City of Moscow. The city councilman suggested that the meeting be in my hotel room so he could temporarily "escape from the revolution." He apologized for Moscow's vice mayor, Sergei Stankovich, who could not attend as originally planned "because the revolution continues to demand his presence at City Hall." He noted that it was well past suppertime and asked his driver to find some vodka, cognac, bread and assorted meats for refreshment during our discussion. He reported on his efforts to build a modern continuing-education complex in Moscow and stated that a key missing component was Western faculty members who would lecture on science, medicine, business, engineering and law. Three hours later he excused himself, saying that he

must rejoin his colleagues "at the revolution."

I was scheduled to leave for Warsaw on Wednesday morning, August 21. Another day or two in Moscow would have been highly desirable! On the way northwest out of the city, we encountered a barricade of disabled vehicles blocking the major road to the airport. However, a brief detour through side streets circumvented this small problem. Back on the main route, we merged with a column of tanks also heading out of the city. My driver, a university professor, remarked, "The SOBs are leaving! It's over!" He was right.

Sheremetievo II Airport appeared normal. In fact my boarding time for the flight to Warsaw was as brief as it had ever been. As the aircraft taxied out the runway, I felt fortunate to have seen what I did but unfortunate to have to leave before it was over.

In Warsaw I followed the collapse of the coup on CNN television broadcasts, the return of Gorbachev, the meeting of the Russian Parliament and the arrests and suicides of the Gang of Eight. My Polish colleagues could not contain their satisfaction with the destruction of Communism in the Soviet Union. One must recall that these events had their beginning in Poland, and that a monument to Felix Dzerzhinsky, a Pole who founded the Soviet secret police, first fell in Warsaw.

That Sunday, August 26, I landed in Kennedy Airport and had the pleasure of reading about the events of the week in the *New York Times*. But the future of the USSR is difficult to read. During the years of my visits to the Soviet Union, the only rule that seems to apply is, "The only certainty is uncertainty." The former USSR occupies lands with abundant natural and human resources, so it should not be a perpetual burden to countries that assist it. And since there are very few material goods the Soviets do not need, the commercial opportunities for Western businesses are enormous. However, the marketing possibilities offered within this community at present are best illustrated by the story of a New England shoe salesman who traveled to Central Africa at the beginning of the 20th century. Upon his arrival he telegraphed his supervisor that he was returning home immediately because "no one here wears shoes."

The events of August 1991 are certainly as significant as those witnessed by John Reed in October 1917, the "ten days that shook the world." However, this year's events occurred in one third of the time and with a greatly reduced loss of life. The hopes of the 1917 revolution never materialized. Let us hope that this one will be different. **MT**

The Simon party had arrived in Vilnius, Lithuania's capital, on Saturday, August 17, when Gorbachev was being placed under house arrest. On the Monday when the coup was announced, they were visiting relatives 50 miles from Vilnius.

"It was like a nightmare," Susan says of the broadcast. For one thing, they knew their visas forbade them from visiting the hinterland. They were supposed to reside in a hotel in Vilnius, as arranged by the government tourist agency. Such a violation of Moscow's laws were of little import in independence-bound Lithuania before the coup; now, however, it could mean trouble.

A relative drove them back to Vilnius that morning, and they went to the Parliament Building, expecting excitement. "Barricades were up," Carl recalls, "but only about 1,000 people were there. They were blase. The Lithuanians had been through a lot already and didn't overreact. We went sightseeing after 'protecting' the Parliament Building for two hours. No Soviet troops were visible."

That night they listened to a secret radio station in the Parliament Building, which reported the entrance of Soviet troops into Vilnius. CNN broadcasts from Poland had been jammed by the Soviets.

At the airport Tuesday morning, they learned that only the two seats already reserved were available. They had 30 seconds to decide what to do. Carl had to teach and Ann had a Thursday flight home, so they hopped on the plane. Now Susan, Gingie and Andy faced their problem: All planes were booked that week, and the main trains were booked for the next 90 days. "Lithuanians with some clout were fleeing before the advancing Soviet troops, and were quietly moved ahead of tourists on the waiting list," Susan says. Buses were off-limits to Americans, and the car crossing at Brest was experiencing at least four-day waits at customs. Susan gives this account of the adventure that followed:

"Carl's cousin Stasys took our passports, put us in a car, took some currency and talked to some officials he knew. He came back with three tickets on a train restricted to Soviets and Poles. We were to speak no English at the station or on the train.

"A huge number of people were at the station struggling and clamoring to board the train. We saw gangs of young men forcing their way on to the train first. There was utter chaos. People were diving through windows, pulling people on, pushing people off and screaming.

"Stasys grabbed my hand and told me not to let go. Then he pulled me through the crowd and into the train. I chipped a tooth, bruised my nose and broke my glasses, but I got on. I couldn't see what was happening to Gingie and Andy. Gang members wanted space for their contraband. They had saved some seats by having some of their band occupy them up the line, now these squatters were refusing to leave blocks of seats unless the passengers who had reserved them gave them extra money for them. Still others were throwing people out of seats.

"After we pulled out of the station, the gangs terrorized the passengers. They jumped over people, walked on people, guzzled vodka and threw their

empties out the window. They blew smoke in the faces of older passengers who complained about their smoking. And they verbally abused anyone they heard speaking Lithuanian.

"Not long after we left Vilnius, a Polish woman saw I had some space near my seat, which I'd been saving for Gingie and Andy. She indicated she wanted to sit down and sounded as if she was cursing me. A youth was with her, and I could see he was sick. I sat her down and gave my seat to the youth. It turned out she was something like a house mother for the various gangs. She seemed grateful to me, and I think that protected me from them the rest of the way.

"Stasys had signaled to me after he got me on the train that Gingie and Andy had got on too, but I had no way of knowing whether they'd been thrown off. Meanwhile, I didn't speak a word even though Stasys had told some of the people sitting near me of my situation and they had promised to help me. About 30 minutes later, in this Dickensian atmosphere, Gingie and Andy found their way to my seat. Andy pointed out that I needed his dental services.

#### In the Middle of Nowhere

"Four times customs agents stopped the train and expected passport and baggage. A couple of times they put passengers off in the dark in the middle of nowhere. Just before the train crossed the Polish border to the end of the line, the woman who had sat next to me got up to stand guard at the door while some gang members pushed people out of their seats and pulled out packages that had been taped beneath them. As the train pulled in, they threw bags and packages out the windows to friends. I never learned what the packages contained.

"We got out not knowing where we were. The tiny station had no signs. Later we learned it was Sokolka, but then we knew only that it was dark and that we felt isolated and vulnerable. Fortunately, Andy speaks some Ukrainian and asked a station attendant how to find a train to Warsaw. The man pointed to a train that was just about to leave. We dashed across the tracks and squeezed through the doors just as the train pulled out. It was a short trip to the border city of Bialystok.

"During our nearly four-hour wait there, a nun asked me how to get to Warsaw. I indicated that I didn't know, but watched her as she asked another person. When the nun boarded the next train, we followed her.

"We arrived in Warsaw at 10 a.m. Wednesday. It had taken three trains 16 hours to complete a trip that takes seven hours by car. But it had cost only the equivalent of two dollars a ticket. That was the best entertainment for two dollars I've ever had."

Meanwhile, Carl had been trying to locate Susan, but phone calls, faxes and telegrams were blocked at the Soviet border. He received a message to meet the first train from Vilnius. Rising at 3 a.m., he and Ann went to the Warsaw station, "which is well-known to be the most dangerous place in Poland, especially for unwary tourists. A few travelers were sleeping on the ground and on benches. There were



Photo by Susart Simon

With the graffiti of Vilnius behind them are intrepid travelers (left to right) Andy Doroschak, Gingie Anderson, Carl Simon, Ann Simon and Carl's cousin Stasys.

some indications of youths' preying on the most helpless of these, but no one bothered us."

Susan and the others were not on the train, however, so Ann returned to the Marriott Hotel, where they'd all agreed to meet, and Carl, disheartened and worried, drove to Olsztyn to teach. After delivering "one of the least coherent lectures I've ever given," he drove the 100 miles back to Warsaw.

Meanwhile, Susan, Gingie and Andy had arrived, celebrated and showered in Ann's room. They met Carl in the lobby that afternoon, and then followed news broadcasts of the defiance of Yeltsin, the flight of the coup leaders and the return of Gorbachev. The next day, the Lithuanian government outlawed the Communist Party while the people of Vilnius were toppling a statue of Lenin. The KGB vacated its building, and the Soviet troops ceased their eight-month occupation of Lithuania's communications buildings.

"Weeks later, on September 2," Carl says in summing up their Lithuanian adventure, "the United States recognized the free republic of Lithuania. On September 6, President Gorbachev officially renounced the proclamation that had led to the annexation of the Baltic states to the Soviet Union. Less than a week later, the United Nations admitted Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia as sovereign states in the world community." **MT**

# Sovietologists Examine: A Many-Splintered Thing



## PRE-HISTORY OF THE SOVIET COUP

**Jane Burbank**  
Associate Professor of History

As Karl Marx observed in his study of mid-19th century French politics, history repeats itself—"the first time as tragedy, the second time as farce." The unsuccessful Soviet coup in August appears at least in retrospect to fit this aphorism, not just because of its farcical qualities—such as the inability of Communist hardliners to control the secret police and the army, or even to arrest the right man—but because there had been a tragic version of the assault on perestroika earlier in the year.

I remember all too well the weekend of January 11-13, 1991, much of which I spent in my Moscow hotel room listening like everyone else to reports from Lithuania and the outraged responses of Russian democrats broadcast by the new radio station of the Russian Republic, "Echo of Moscow." The seizure of the Lithuanian television station by Soviet troops, the siege of the parliament in Vilnius, the sinister declarations of Finance Minister Pavlov and General Yazov, Gorbachev's denunciation of criticism as "dangerous" and "provocative"—to my Soviet friends and to me all this threatened to end five years of gradual reform with a sudden reversion to imperialism and police-state politics.

Instead, the tragic assault on Lithuania set in motion forces that were to lead to the defeat of the same hardline leaders eight months later.

On January 14, Boris Yeltsin appeared on central TV and boldly called on Russian supporters of democracy to oppose the central government's attack on Lithuania. Leningrad TV aired a roundtable discussion on how to organize a protest strike. Although the Gorbachev government continued to retrench—most dramatically in its confiscation of people's savings through the so-called money reform and in its crackdown on central television—the public refused to get back in the trenches. The hatred of party bosses now back on the evening news with their bald-faced lies, the outrage that overnight one's savings could be seized by a government that claimed to be encouraging hard work for a just reward—these strong emotions were expressed in every shopping line, in every office. The public's defiance on March 28 of Gorbachev's ban on public demonstrations can be seen as the first day of the coming revolution, for it was then that Muscovites learned that they could face down tanks.

Despite these unmistakable signs that a new polity had emerged, the leaders of the coup simply assumed a dose of violence would put the country back in their hands. But their terrifying announcement of Monday, August 19, proved farcical, because people had already learned that they could crack the empty, withered shell of Communist control. United in their wish to be rid of the old regime, citizens of the Russian and other republics and the new states of the "Soviet Disunion" now face the much harder task of constructing simulta-

neously new political systems and new economies. Let us hope that the courage, creativity and perseverance revealed in 1991 will guide them in this historic task.



## AFTER THE COUP, WHAT?

**Ted Hopf**  
Assistant Professor of Political Science

The world was euphoric over the failure of the coup in the Soviet Union, but elation at what has been prevented must not obscure a realistic appraisal of what lies ahead.

The birth of the "Soviet Disunion" will not be an easy one. The burst of nationalistic fervor among the many Soviet peoples is likely to lead, at least initially, to unpleasant consequences in political and civil rights, economic progress and national security.

If one million Soviets actively resisted the coup, then 279 million remained passive, indifferent or supportive. These figures are not convincing evidence that democratic values have deeply penetrated the consciousness of Soviets. One of the least attractive aspects of the many republican governments that have declared independence is their attitudes and policies toward Russians and other minorities living within their boundaries. For example, Lithuania enacted a host of discriminatory laws aimed at its Russian minority; Moldavian police regularly suppress demonstrations by Ukrainian, Russian and Gagauz minorities; and the Georgian authorities have starved their Ossetian population into submission. In this early phase of democratization, we are likely to observe the seamier side of populist demagoguery, designed to evoke chauvinistic passions in support of these new governments.

Nationalism is also likely to lead to the adoption of silly economic policies, such as new currencies for each micro-state, protectionist trade restrictions, controls on capital flows and autarky in "strategic" industries. Having just liberated themselves from the rule of Moscow, these new rulers have high incentives to establish their nationalist credentials by adopting economically irrational, but politically rewarding, policies.

Most troubling is that each of these new states is likely to build up its own military establishment. The most probable and unfortunate result of such competition is military conflict among these new countries and with what is left of the center in Moscow. This is especially likely given the lack of democratic political culture in these countries; it is easy to imagine a Russian force invading Lithuania to rescue a repressed Russian minority, or the Ukraine helping its compatriots in Moldavia.

What can the West do to prevent the worst excesses of nationalism? It can make all political, diplomatic and economic support contingent on adherence to a code of political, economic and military conduct to be developed by the United States, Western Europe and Japan. If a country engages in domestic repres-

sion, economic foolishness or military adventurism, it will be punished for it by the Western community of nations. If the West is to influence events in the Soviet Disunion, if only at the margins, it must formulate this code of conduct as soon as possible.



## THE END OF THE SOVIET UNION?

**Ronald Grigor Suny**  
Alex Manoogian Professor of Modern Armenian History

For six years Gorbachev maneuvered between the shoals of a rigidly conservative Communist apparatus and the unknown waters of deeper reform. His strategy was to pull the party toward democratic change and create conditions for broad public activity, while holding the multinational empire together in a looser federation. The revolution-from-above he initiated in 1985 gave birth to twin revolutions from below: the awakening of a civil society that saw its future free from the legacy of Bolshevism; and the emergence of centrifugal nationalisms that shattered Gorbachev's hopes for a unified state.

His centrist policy, marked by hesitation and backsliding, concessions to the conservatives and frustrations for both extremes, finally collapsed just at the moment when it seemed to be approaching a major victory. On the very eve of the signing of the Union Treaty—a political compromise that would bind nine of the 15 Soviet republics in a loose confederation—the desperate attempt by the enemies of perestroika to seize power brought the Soviet

center crashing into oblivion. An anti-Bolshevik euphoria swept through the country, and the last chances for a unified state disappeared.

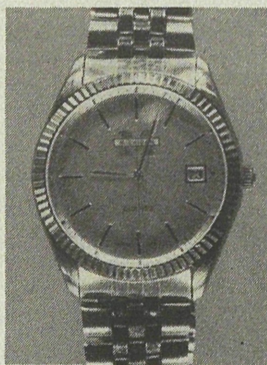
Yet even as each republic declares itself independent, more sober assessments seem to preclude the total collapse of the center. Three major problems face what was the Soviet Union. First, the economy of this vast area is still highly specialized, integrated and interdependent, and only over time can it be transformed into separate republic economies. The huge problems of economic recovery, so dependent on political stability and inter-republic cooperation, require coordination and mediation from a center. Second, large numbers of citizens live outside what would be their native homeland: some 25 million Russians, and 65 million "Soviets" altogether. If nationalism enters a phase favoring ethnically homogeneous states, as is already evident in Georgia, millions of people will become aliens in the lands in which they live, and be forced to emigrate. Third, along with the potential for ethnic bloodshed and border disputes between republics are problems of coordinating security in what is still a nuclear superpower.

The future USSR will probably be "the Union of Svobodnykh (free) Sovereign Republics," with a weak center coordinating inter-republic disputes, overall economic projections, the communication and transportation systems, and defense. In some ways the economic and political integration of Western Europe and the new commonwealth of republics in Eurasia present the rest of the world with models of future suprastate organizations that may overcome the more disruptive and painful moments of this current period of transition.



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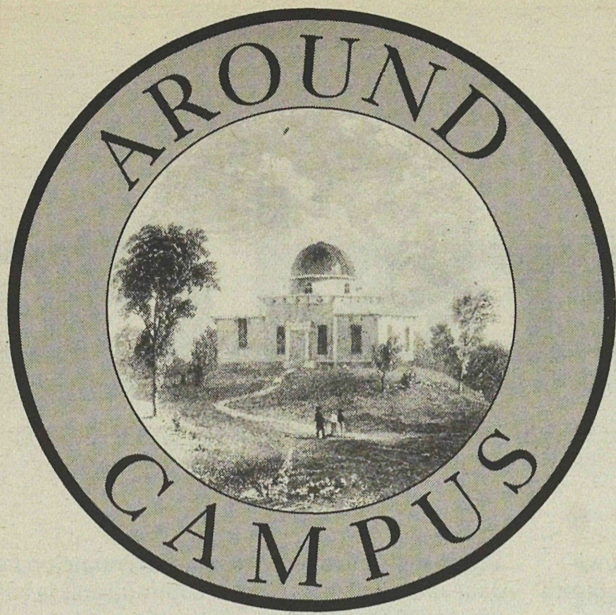
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## U-M rebuts charges that funds were misused

By John Woodford

The leak of a draft report of a federal audit to news media in September resulted in stories that the University had billed the federal government for "millions of dollars" in improper charges for research-related costs in 1988-89. The University quickly rebutted the allegations as erroneous and misleading, and the final audit report released October 2 supported the University's stand.

In issuing the final federal audit Martin D. Stanton, regional inspector general of Audit Service, Department of Health and Human Services, noted that the audit of \$46 million in campus spending estimated the "potential effect on the University's indirect cost rate [as] 3/10 of 1 percent and the potential dollar effect on Federal research [as] \$197,000."

The HHS audit held that some costs listed by the University were unallowable or unallocable (\$7.9 million); unreasonable and unallowable under proposed changes to federal guidelines (\$386,176); and unsupported (\$312,490). The report noted, however, that \$5.9 million of the \$7.9 million had previously "been taken into consideration [in January] during the rate-negotiation process" for setting indirect cost rates. The initial allegations in the media had included the \$5.9 million.

### Areas of Disagreement

President James J. Duderstadt said the University was "pleased that the audit team has clarified the language from the draft report to indicate that the lion's share of these items [was] handled in previous negotiations. There are still a number of areas where the University disagrees with the audit report, but I am confident that Farris Womack [vice president and chief financial officer] and his staff will be able to resolve the remaining differences with the government during our next round of negotiations in 1993."

Womack said that it was "gratifying" that the report had clarified not only that \$5.9 million of the \$7.9 million referred to in the press allegations "had already been handled in negotiations," but also that \$386,176 in costs that were termed "unreasonable" were in fact allowable under the regulations in effect at the time (1988-89) and could be considered unallowable only under proposed changes that took effect Oct. 3, 1991.

At issue are accounting procedures related to the recovery of costs of research sponsored by the federal government. Research proposals show two categories of expenses in their budgets—direct and indirect. "Direct costs" are the actual costs of research activities. "Indirect costs" are the legitimate space- and administrative-related costs of running a university, part of which are allocated to organizations, agencies and businesses for which the universities do research.

Sponsors of university research projects are expected to pay for a negotiated portion of the indirect costs. The negotiated portion has varied from institution to institution, the rate reflecting such factors as the institution's size, volume of research, costliness of the

local and state economies and so forth. In recent years rates across the country have ranged from approximately 37 to 80 percent. U-M is currently operating under a three-year agreement that fixed rates at 59 percent for FY 1991, 57 percent for FY '92 and 56 percent for FY '93. Because of discounts the University actually recovers about 44 percent annually.

The wording of the regulation defining the activities that may legitimately be reimbursed—Office of Management and Budget (OMB) Circular A-21—was interpreted differently by the University and the auditors from the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS).

"The majority of the [disputed] costs include activities that, in our opinion, did not benefit organized research or provided only incidental benefit to research," the report stated. The report cited such activities as "services related more to public relations and student administration and services." It also questioned "certain expenses for special events, such as Rose Bowl-related travel and advertising, entertainment and other investment management activities."

Other expenses that the audit contended were unallowable were "costs related to lobbying, dues and membership in civic organizations, subscriptions to civic newspapers, travel of the president and Regents, trips of other officials, food, catering and . . . flowers."

In dispute in the audit was not the propriety of such expenditures, but whether they should be included in the total expenses used as a basis for determining the recovery rate. The process is similar to an Internal Revenue Service audit of expenses a taxpayer has listed in claiming a tax deduction.

Womack noted that there still remains \$2 million "of costs of running this University where the auditors and the University disagree. I should emphasize that these are general and administrative costs of the University—only a small portion of which are allocated to the federal government."

The University conceded that some of the expenses it listed, such as several associated with the 1989 Rose Bowl, should not have been included as general and administrative expenses as defined by OMB A-21, but Womack stated that the University would "place most of the [other] items on the table again during our next negotiations with HHS."

With the government still in the process of auditing at least 150 more schools, the OMB revised Circular A-21 guidelines Oct. 3. The new guidelines include the following:

- A 26-percent cap on the general and administrative indirect-cost recovery rate for all research universities, to be effective in the next fiscal year;
- A prohibition against including among indirect costs the purchase of such items as alcoholic beverages, automobiles for personal use, entertainment, housing and living expenses of an institution's officers, and travel by trustees;
- A requirement that a statement be filed within five years of the funding of a

research project certifying that expenditures listed as indirect costs were in fact spent on activities indirectly related to the project;

- A prohibition against shifting nonrecoverable indirect costs to research projects sponsored by foreign governments.

University officials said that most of the guidelines would have little monetary effect on the U-M, but that the cap was a serious concern. Womack welcomed OMB's clarification of what is and is not allowable as an indirect cost, "but we must repeat our belief," he continued, "that the 26-percent cap is a bad idea because it provides no flexibility for individual universities, and will make it harder for all of us to support important research efforts."

Womack said it was too early to estimate the financial impact of the new OMB guidelines on the University. In May, the publication of proposed changes led U-M officials to speculate that a cap would reduce revenues by \$10 million to \$12 million. But strong protests by major universities (including Michigan), and a letter of support signed by members of the Michigan Congressional delegation, led to more realistic guidelines and a year's period to adjust to them.

Before the decision to impose the 26 percent cap was announced, education writer Brian Hecht said in the Aug. 19-26 *New Republic* that a cap would fail "to account for the many legitimate reasons that indirect cost rates vary." Furthermore, he wrote, the cap would constitute "a default in the government's stated commitment to universities and could deal a terrible blow to scientific research in America."

"Cuts in federal grants will not make the legitimate expenses go away," Hecht concluded. "Universities will either have to cut back research or come up with the funds elsewhere," such as "hik[ing] up already sky-high tuition."



Mandela, Lewis and Moody

### Mandela Honored

Nelson Mandela, president of the African National Congress of South Africa, receives the 1987 citation of his honorary doctor of laws degree from the U-M. Mandela was imprisoned for activities against the apartheid system in South Africa at the time of the ceremonies in Ann Arbor. He was freed in 1990.

"For you, so many miles away from our country, to be so worried about our situation shows the universal concern for human rights," Mandela said in receiving the award in Johannesburg from Earl Lewis (center), director of the Center for Afroamerican and African Studies, and Charles D. Moody Sr., vice provost for minority affairs.

"This is a very exciting day to have the opportunity to meet with you," Moody told Mandela. "You have inspired us to carry on the fight for justice in the United States."

Moody and Lewis were part of a four-person U-M delegation that traveled to South Africa in September to explore ways to establish academic relationships with colleges, universities and research institutions there.

Other members of the Michigan delegation were Harold K. Jacobson, interim associate vice president for international academic affairs, and Moffat Mogane, a South African graduate student research assistant in the School of Social Work.

Jacobson said the delegation's meetings with faculty members and administrators at South African institutions could result in exchange programs for faculty members and students and opportunities for joint or parallel research.



President George Bush presents U-M President James J. Duderstadt with the National Medal of Technology Sept. 16 in the White House Rose Garden, in recognition of his success in advancing engineering education. For the past seven years Duderstadt, a nuclear engineer, has served as a presidential appointee to the National Science Board, the nation's primary body for science policy, and chairs its Committee on Education and Human Resources.

### Family ties maintained via electronic Postcards

The College of Engineering is offering a new electronic mail service -- the Postcard System-- to parents of engineering students.

Beginning this fall, parents with home computers and a modem are entitled to a free account on a workstation on the Computer Aided Engineering Network (CAEN) at the College of Engineering. During orientation, all incoming freshman engineering students received a packet containing information on how to get an electronic-mail account for their parents.

Dennis R. DiLaura of Mount Clemens, an engineer for General Motors Corp., uses the system to keep in touch with his daughter Jennifer '95. "This is great," DiLaura says. "I hope a lot of parents take advantage of it. There are about 30 local phone numbers in different areas of the state, so it costs nothing to use the system. It's virtually a free call. I can write a long letter or just ask Jennifer how everything is going."

CAEN Director Randy Frank says the system "typically generates a couple of hundred messages a week to and from parents and students." Parents in Michigan can get free Merit network access from most parts of the state.



Tisch, Wilpon and Nederlander

### Captains of Sports Industry

Three alumni who are among New York's biggest sports fans saw Michigan defeat Notre Dame 24-14 in Ann Arbor on Sept. 14. Shown at President Duderstadt's tailgate party for volunteers in the Campaign for Michigan and other guests are (l-r) Robert Tisch '48, president and co-CEO of Loews Financial Corp. and of the New York Giants pro football champions; Fred Wilpon, chairman of the board, Sterling Equities, and owner of the New York Mets baseball team; and Regent Emeritus Robert Nederlander, '55, '58 JD, president of the Nederlander Producing Co. and managing general partner of the New York Yankees.

Tisch said that "being part of the sports picture in America is great fun, it's part of the American dream." Wilpon said he'd like to see the Mets players "become more collegial, and help each other play better than they otherwise would." Nederlander said he was concentrating on rebuilding the Yankees with young players, and maintaining facilities. He also finds time to serve as U-M's national development chairman, and was in Ann Arbor to chair a Volunteer Campaign Meeting.

# Versions of Visions

By Joan Oleck

Every phase in the production and alteration of a work of art may

For more than a century, scholars have tried to get the "real" *King Lear* to stand up. The goal of editors working on texts of *Lear* or any other old masterpiece, has been to reconstruct an original ravaged by the sands of time, to say nothing of the effects of bad handwriting, censors and printing errors.

Some of the several contradictory quartos and folios of *Lear* that survive contain speeches missing in others. Some versions swap speeches between characters, and some change important words in the "same" speech. Conventional scholars have viewed such diverse versions of literary texts as corruptions of the writer's primal thought, of the one play or poem the writer had in mind—the pure version that it is the task of the scholar to reconstruct.

But the traditional view may be dead wrong, according to a discipline on the rise in the academic world—textual scholarship. Textual scholarship has been percolating on campuses for years; its practitioners examine how history's greatest literary and artistic achievements have been edited over the centuries and discuss the impact of the editing process on the rise and fall of cultural monuments. In short, textual scholarship has included both altering someone else's masterpiece and determining how an artist altered his or her own.

According to textual scholars Shakespeare may have created multiple versions of *Lear* and other plays himself—possibly to protect them from seizure by raiders from other theater companies in the days before copyright laws. Or possibly because he simply changed his mind. The play isn't always the thing, textual scholars will tell you, but the creative process is.

The first major conference devoted to textual scholarship will be held at Michigan this November (see accompanying article). Experts will gather to discuss cultural icons as disparate as the Sistine Chapel ceiling in Rome and the papers of the Rev. Martin Luther King in Atlanta. They are works with a surprising amount in common in terms of how and why they've assumed or received various forms, say conference coordinators George J. Bornstein and Ralph G. Williams, professors of English.

"Editing is genuinely interdisciplinary, and is fundamental in all humanistic disciplines," Bornstein says. "It is similarly important in many 'social science disciplines, too.'"

This is "editing" defined in its broadest sense, of course. One scholar has suggested that "versioning" would be a better term for an activity that encompasses correcting typos and making changes in the order of literary passages, inserting lost parts in an old text or deleting something according to an author's wishes from a new one, restoring material removed by presumptuous editors and publishers, fixing corruptions wrought by poor translations, and restoring texts or works of art that are hundreds, even thousands, of years old.

Societal trends and mores play a major role in the process. When D.H. Lawrence's British publisher took exception to some of the racier passages of his novel *White Peacock*, he reluctantly altered the already published American version, which read like this:

"God!—we were a passionate couple—and she would have me in her bedroom while she drew Greek statues of me—her Groton, her Hercules! I never saw her drawings." to this:

"Lord!—we were an infatuated couple—and she would choose to view me in an aesthetic light. I was Greek statues for her, bless you: Groton, Hercules, I don't know what."

By tracing how such changes occurred, the textual scholar can help readers decide which is the real *White Peacock* while at the same time showing the real Lawrence was not only the man who wrote the first version, but also the man who consented to write the second.

Such are the complicated issues textual scholarship grapples with all the time. Bornstein, whose book *Representing Modernist Texts—Editing As Interpretation*, was published by the U-M Press in September, says that "the idea of editing has really been revolutionized."

Williams agrees: "To understand the editing of texts is to understand a good deal about the cultural convictions of a community at a particular point. This

is as true of our own editorial practices as when we examine the transmission to us of the monuments and texts of the past."

Some of the stickiest editing questions of all time are found in the Bible. David Noel Freedman, the Arthur F. Thurnau Professor of Biblical Studies, who will participate in the conference, cites a famous editing controversy involving Isaiah 7:14:

"Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign: Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and call his name Immanuel."

The problem here is that the original Hebrew word for "young woman," *almah*, which Isaiah used around 730 B.C., does not imply virginity. That shading was added between the third and second centuries B.C. for the *Septuagint*—a pre-Christian, Greek version of the Jewish scriptures—when Alexandrian scholars chose to use the Greek word *parthenos*, which does denote virginity. Seven hundred years later, in the fourth century A.D., this meaning was virtually sealed by yet another translation, which used the Latin word *virgo*.

Since Christians tended to use the *Septuagint*, and Jews the original Hebrew and Aramaic texts, a split developed. "Christians believe the passage from Isaiah is a prediction of the birth of Jesus Christ," Freedman observes. "Jews say it isn't. What does the text say? Isaiah says that within a year or two this child will be born, so he's obviously talking about some time around 734 years before the birth of Jesus; the context makes that quite clear."

## A Mystical Story to Tell

"So what is the basis for the Christian view? Well, Christians characteristically believe that the Bible not only has a straight story to tell but a mystical one, that there are secret meanings in the text, and even though the prophet himself might be unaware of the deeper meaning, that the words were dictated by the Holy Spirit of God and therefore were applicable hundreds of years later."

Since 1964 Freedman has been editing the Anchor Bible Series, a 50-volume reference series of translation and commentary published by Doubleday. Freedman says the Anchor Bible series has at least 15 volumes to go, including a dictionary due next year.

Perhaps some of those volumes will deal with the plethora of other editing controversies known to generations of biblical scholars. Parts of the books of Job and Mark seem to be later insertions into the originals. Was this done by Christians, who had their own religious agenda? Freedman may have strong personal opinions on these editing disputes, but he's not sharing them. "The effort on our part is not to

add to the controversy but to concentrate on factual data and on what is held in common and is basic to anyone's interpretation," he says.

Scholars "editing" other major monuments tend to encounter at least as much contention as their textual peers. To illustrate, Williams cites one of the more colorful episodes in the history of the restoration of works of visual art.

Time: 1980s; setting: the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine in Florence, Italy, where restoration work was under way on the 15th-century frescoes by three artists, Masolino, Masaccio and Filippo Lippi. In the preparing to scrape off the dirt of five centuries and repairing damage inflicted by an 18th-century fire, artisans pushed back an old altar. There, revealed for the first time in 200 years, were the "almost neon-bright" colors of the original frescoes, recalls Williams.

So far, so good. No one could dispute the hues the artists had in mind for the frescoes of the Temptation and the Expulsion of Adam and Eve, as has notoriously been the case in the restoration of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. But dispute arose in connection with the proverbial "fig leaves" covering Adam's and Eve's genitalia; these fronds were added in a fit of puritanism long after the frescoes were painted.

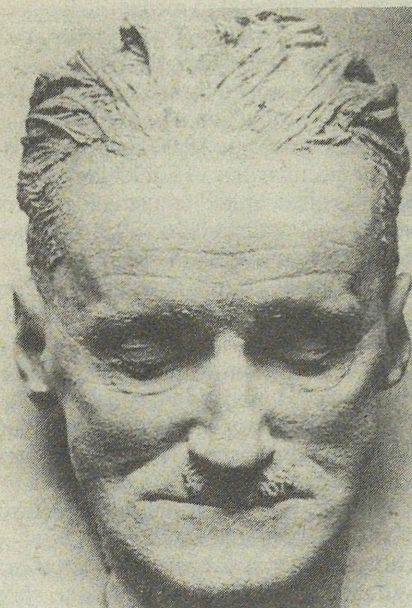
Williams says that an intense debate ensued in Italy and elsewhere as to whether to be true to the "original intent" or to keep the gesture to modesty. The decision was to follow the artist's intent and bare all. The restoration was proceeding in relative secrecy, arousing much speculation in the press as to what exactly the fronds might be covering. Finally, enterprising photographers, masquerading as part of the restoration team, gained entrance to the Chapel, photographed the splendidly restored figures and sold their photos to newspapers. A national furor ensued. Williams laconically characterizes the now-exposed parts as "standard issue."

Textual scholarship also deals with material that is much more current than the biblical or Renaissance eras. Recently, scholars showed that the French printers who typeset James Joyce's *Ulysses* by hand had trouble deciphering his scrawl—so much so that they caused many of the 4,000 errors the scholar Hans Gabler claims to have corrected.

The critic F.O. Matthiessen, gushed in print this way over the phrase "soiled fish of the sea" which appears in certain editions of Herman Melville's *White-Jacket*:

"Hardly anyone but Melville could have created the shudder that results from calling this frightening vagueness

yield a separate masterpiece, according to a new theory of editing



Joyce (death mask)

some 'soiled fish of the sea.' The unexpected linking of the medium of cleanliness with filth could only have sprung from an imagination that apprehended the terrors of the deep, of the immaterial deep as well as the physical."

Printers' devils had struck again: The scholar John Nichol showed in 1949 that "soiled" was a typesetting slip-up for "colled". No one knows if the events are related, but within a year of Nichol's article Matthiessen committed suicide.

And what about these lines from W.B. Yeats's "The Lady's Second Song": "What sort of man is coming / To lie between your feet? / What matter, we are but women! / Wash, make your body sweet." After a recent debate, led by Richard Finneran, another participant at the U-M conference on editorial theory, scholars agreed that the comma should go, and the line should read: "What matter we are but women."

Bornstein, a Yeats scholar, says that Yeats "did not intend the female speaker to accept the special belittlement of women" that is produced by a previous editor's insertion of the comma. Without the comma, he says, the phrase "implies instead the speaker's heroic feminine aspiration and independent erotic desire."

Bornstein and other textual scholars emphasize that such examples put to rest the long-held assumption that modernist (early 20th century) and even contemporary literature is free of the more nagging doubts raised by Biblical verses and Shakespearean quartos.

Scholars working on modern texts enjoy certain advantages, however, for while their colleagues can only theorize about which Shakespearean revisions were made by Shakespeare himself, modernists usually know with certainty how a recent literary giant like Yeats revised his works. They can trace the changes quite closely, and the changes tell more than meets the eye.

The result of the recent advances in textual scholarship—combined with greater appreciation of the ways in which each version of an artist's work carries its own richness of meaning—will be "big changes in what the public reads," Bornstein predicts, "because of the eruption in the last 15 years of what you might call editorial studies or editorial theory as an area of literary study."

Today, there are not one but two societies for textual scholarship; there are journals; there are national conventions—all signs that the very idea of what is a literary work has changed. Williams ticks off the maxim that accompanied his own education in Koine Greek textual studies: "That is better which is prior. That is prior which is from the beginning. That is from the beginning which was written by the Apostles." This view idealized the hypothetical, single original state of a text. Even in the case of Biblical studies, Williams says, contemporary textual scholars are rethinking that model.

Bornstein agrees. "I would say that the newer editing suggests that the artwork is more like a

process than a product," he says. "Marianne Moore's poem 'Poetry' is a good example because she published it in such radically different forms, ranging from 40 lines down to three. Modern editors see contemporary editing as expressing the notion that the text of a work includes all of its different authorized versions as well as unauthorized ones that were historically important."

Realizing that works have different versions, and sampling the various options the different versions offer, can add to the pleasures young people experience as they analyze works of the imagination for the first time. Even though dealing with multiple versions of a text or other art form can be disconcerting, Williams says, "it can also produce a sense in students that their own relationship to the work, their own decisions about it, matter."

That feeling thrills veteran scholars, too. "When you look at the drafts of Yeats's poems," Bornstein says, "the early ones are very often banal, trite, pedestrian; they definitely would not even be the best draft in a creative writing class for our sophomores. Then as you move through his drafts, you see how much work went into them, how he wrote version after version after

version. Poetry involves a lot of crafting; it's not simply a recording of outbursts of inspiration.

"Sometimes I feel as if I were leaning over Yeats's shoulder while he's writing something like 'Sailing to Byzantium.' For people like me who have to revise their work repeatedly, it's encouraging to find that Yeats did, too." M

Jane Oleck is a free-lance writer in New York City.

## A BLUE-PENCIL SPECIAL

A PALIMPSEST is a parchment, tablet or other writing material used one or more times after earlier writing has been erased. The word evokes the painstaking work involved in determining the various forms a text may have appeared in, and is the title of a conference on editing to be held this fall, "Palimpsest: Editorial Theory in the Humanities." Among the scheduled participants are:

\* Kathleen Weil-Garris Brandt of New York University, is an art historian and consultant with a Sistine Chapel restoration project. Removal of layers of varnish from Michelangelo's masterpiece changed the hues, raising the question: What colors did Michelangelo intend?

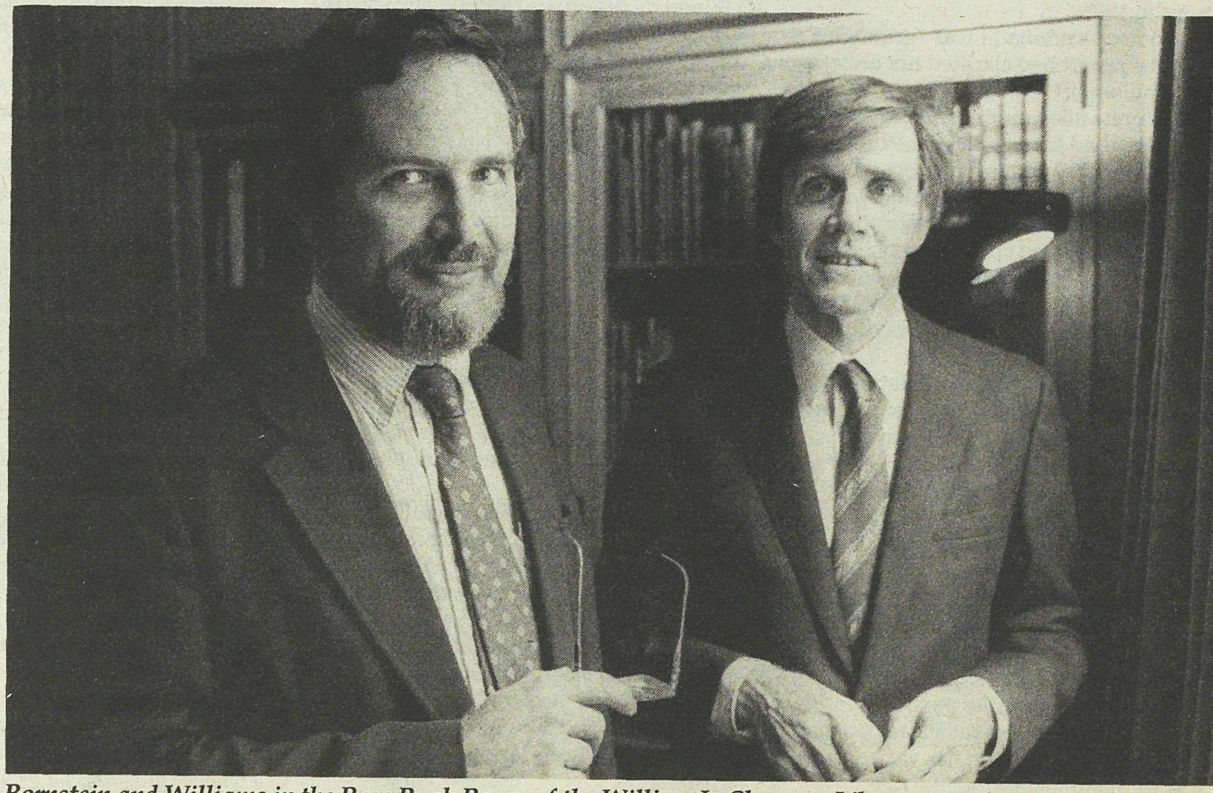
\* Clayborne Carson of Stanford University, a historian who directs the Martin Luther King Papers Project. Carson disclosed plagiarism in King's doctoral dissertation. Were scholars obliged to reveal the misdeed?

\* Hans Gabler of the University of Munich sparked a controversy when he asserted that his 1984 edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses* corrects 4,000 errors in earlier editions. Did Gabler sacrifice authenticity and readability to textual theory?

\* Gary Taylor of Brandeis University, a Shakespearean scholar who helped launch the "revision theory" of *King Lear*, which holds that the two main early forms of the text are not corruptions of an undiscovered original but rather separate versions of the play.

The conference—papers of which will be gathered into a book to be published by the U-M Press in 1992—will also feature speakers on Gothic novelist Mary Shelley; Ben Franklin's writings, and the computer revolution that has given readers access to an almost unlimited wealth of commentary on, and alternate forms of, a given manuscript.

The conference is free and open to the public. It will take place in the Michigan Room of the School of Business Administration, 10 a.m. - 5 p.m. on Nov. 15 and 16. An evening session will convene at 8:15 on Nov. 15 in the 4th-floor Assembly Hall of the Rackham School of Graduate Studies. For further information call Jane Johnson at 313/764-6330.



Bornstein and Williams in the Rare Book Room of the William L. Clements Library.

Photo by Bob Kalmback

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# Russian Cassandra

In spring 1991, Diahanna Lynch '92 was spending part of her junior year in Ukraine. A Russian and East European Studies major from Basking Ridge, New Jersey, Lynch had spent her sophomore year in Irkutsk, Siberia; she was in Ukraine on a U-M student exchange program with the University of Lviv. While there, she contacted in Kiev a 38-year-old journalist named Lyubov Kovalevskaya, who is at once legendary and obscure—attributes that will seem contradictory until you have read Lynch's interview.

By Diahanna Lynch

When she opened the door, Lyubov Aleksandrovna Kovalevskaya did not appear particularly striking: a head of thick brown hair swept up from her face and bright pink shirt. It was in her deep, raspy voice, which she says sounds like a man's after too many years of smoking, that the remarkability of this journalist and poet surfaced. She talked about the articles that were first a warning and later a post mortem, of the conditions underlying the massive and deadly meltdown of the Chernobyl nuclear power plant on April 26, 1986. She smiled warmly, yet with a touch of bitterness, as she recalled a career spent pursuing the truth in the face of authorities who did not want that truth discovered or told. I began with the first of several questions I had prepared. "How did you gather the information for your first article—the one you published a month before the accident?" It was the only question I needed to ask. Her answer follows.

I should tell you a little bit about myself so that you will understand me better. My parents were children of "enemies of the people" who were exiled to Siberia during Stalin's rule. Papa was 12 years old when they took his father. Nine days later they shot Mama's; she was 3. But as a child I knew nothing about my grandparents, not what nationality we were, where our family had come from or even why we lived in Siberia. Mother told us we were Polish, Czech, Russian, Belorussian and other such things, only after my father died, when *perestroika* had begun. Only then did she risk telling us who we were in this world.

Education was the only way of getting out of Siberia. My father was my first teacher; he taught me what our relationship with the world should be. He'd survived the entire war [World War II], but never wore his medals because he viewed war as basically murder and felt there are no victors in wars, despite the fact that we won.

After high school I entered a teachers training school in the Urals region of Siberia, where I studied Russian language and literature. At the same time I finished a civil defense course for nurses. My specialty is protecting people from ionizing radiation. It's as though fate prepared me for what was to come.

Upon leaving the institute I was sent to teach at a village school in Kirovskoe. Several pupils had leukemia. One girl withered away before my eyes. Naturally, with my training, I wanted to know why so many children had leukemia, so I read books and journals and questioned the older people. They said that in 1957, there was an accident at a nuclear weapons facility in Chelyabinsk. Containers of radioactive waste had exploded. Today we know they spoke the truth, but then it was officially denied as a false rumor. Ever since 1957, however, a large area around Chelyabinsk has been surrounded by barbed wire. I have seen it myself: No one lives there and nothing grows.



Lyubov Kovalevskaya, the Russian journalist who warned of unsafe conditions at the Chernobyl power station, in her Kiev apartment. Last spring Kovalevskaya quit the Communist Party and her newspaper job to become a freelancer.

**If they'd listened to her, Chernobyl would not have erupted, and the August coup and its fallout would have been no surprise.**

I got married in Siberia, and soon I was pregnant. There was almost nothing to eat in our village. I wanted an apple badly, but for the nine months of my pregnancy we couldn't find an apple anywhere. You know the caprices of a pregnant woman. My husband, Sergei, searched the entire region in vain. There was only cottage cheese, nothing else. I was dying from hunger. That's why we decided to move to Ukraine, so that I could eat an apple. We moved, and I ate it, and now I don't eat apples anymore. I just needed one apple.

At first we went to Krivoirog in the Dnipropetrovskaia Region, where Sergei worked at the hydroelectric plant. Single-family apartments weren't available there, so when we read in a newspaper that an atomic power station was being built in Pripjat, and that anyone who worked there would

get an apartment, we decided to move. So Sergei went to Pripjat. Pripjat had 60,000 residents and was just two miles from the Chernobyl nuclear power station. Chernobyl (a Russian transliteration of the Ukrainian word "chornobyl" or wormwood) was 12 miles from the plant, and only 15,000 people lived there. (Under the peculiarities of Soviet law, a "strategic object" is often linked to a smaller community if the one where it really sits has 50,000 or more residents. That is probably why the plant was identified with Chernobyl rather than Pripjat.) Sergei got work right away and in a few months, in 1979, I joined him.

A nuclear power plant was an entirely new sort of enterprise for Sergei and me, and he would come home and tell me what happened at the plant every day—how the machines worked, how the radioactive fuel was produced. Everything. (We remain very good friends to this day, even though we broke up after 10 years and he has a new family.)

I got a teaching job in Pripjat after our daughter Anochka was born and also wrote poems and short articles for the local paper, the *Tribuna Energetika*. The routine at the school began to bore me. You could teach pupils only the officially sanctioned "truth" about a writer. I couldn't stand it anymore, so in 1981 I asked the editor of the newspaper for a job, and he hired me.

For five years the Chernobyl plant was my beat, and I learned what a very complicated place a nuclear power station is. To prepare my articles I'd read specialists' literature about the chemicals, machines, management and technical requirements. But after writing about how an ideal plant should work, and then seeing what Chernobyl was like in comparison with the ideal, not only did I grow uneasy about living two miles from the plant, even 60 miles seemed much too close!

I watched as the nuclear power complex grew larger: the third and fourth buildings went up and, not long after, the fifth and sixth. The situation grew more alarming with each new building. I could see that the decline in quality of plant construction was part of a crisis of our system, of the government itself. They were building a nuclear power station with 70 to 90 percent defective materials.

I began to write more and more articles about safety, but no one would print them. We couldn't publish analytical articles. Sure, we could cite a fact or two—for instance, "The workers' uniforms were the wrong size, this is a deficiency," or, "There are not enough tools"—but we couldn't analyze anything. Nuclear power stations were on the list of activities about which one could not write. It's not only after the accident that everything became secret. Everything was secret before the accident. If I wanted to read a technical article, I'd have to sign a statement with the First Department—a security department like the KGB—that I had knowledge of forbidden publications. One could write about a nuclear power station as a "miracle of progress," but one couldn't write about problems. Kiev newspapers collected regional information from newspapers like ours, so I submitted investigative articles about plant safety under different last names to various Kiev publications. But information about safety hazards would get cut out by the editors or censors, and my pieces would be printed as fluff.

Then in late 1985, reporters from the paper *Literaturna Ukraina*, the weekly newspaper of the Ukrainian Writer's Union, visited Pripjat from Kiev to write about the Chernobyl plant. But since they didn't understand the plant operations, they said to me, "Write an article for us, analytical, any length. Write anything you want. We'll publish it." So I thought up a series of articles: how badly we plan and build; how inefficiently we run things; how an area gets picked as a site for a nuclear power station; what attention is given to the impact of the plant on the ecology and living organisms.

Not one Kiev journalist could ever have researched these issues. First they'd have had to get into the computer-information center, which required a pass to enter. I knew the engineers, and they asked their boss if they could give me some data. He said, "Okay, give her a little bit." An engineer brought me a huge print-out from the computer but said I could write down "only a little bit, and that's it." Then he



was called away, and I copied enough to fill an entire notebook. When he returned, he said, "No, no no, they'll punish me for what you did. Why did you write down so much?" I said, "Oh come on, what are you talking about?" I needed those figures. I understood the entire situation, but needed the figures for proof.

When I completed the article, to avoid punishment I took the analytical part of the article to the party committee and had the secretary sign off on it. And the part about the plant's defects, about the poor construction, I "cleared" myself by signing a fictitious name. I sent the whole article to *Literaturna Ukraina* in Kiev and meanwhile published it in my paper. Since *Literaturna Ukraina* focuses mainly on literary and journalistic issues, its censor was used to literary works and found my article incomprehensible. But it seemed harmless and to have been properly cleared, so he cleared the whole thing, and it was published on March 27, 1986.

One shouldn't forget that in 1985-86 it was a criminally punishable offense to write freely about matters involving "national security." My article followed the rules. I quoted official statements by Brezhnev and other top officials side by side with my analysis. I devised this framework so that the effect would be: "It's the big shots who think this, not me, and here's proof." But at the same time an intelligent person could read between the lines and glimpse the disaster impending because our officials could neither build nor manage a nuclear power industry. In general that is how intelligent people read it.

I presented terrifying examples of flaws, but I made my conclusion "uplifting"—that the concern for efficiency in construction should always be matched with concern for safety. But my facts showed that construction didn't meet regulations; I left for the reader to conclude what that indicated about safety. My article did not state bluntly that there would be a catastrophe. No one would have let such a prediction appear in print. I felt fortunate to publish it at all. (I had enough data to write it as early as 1983, but I knew it would have been dangerous for me even to submit it then. Our system was still too tight.)

For a while there was no response. Then they rebuked me: "One does not write articles in this manner"; "There are too many facts and figures"; "There's a book's worth of material here, and you crammed it all in one article." They said this article was the last straw: The director of the Chernobyl plant, Viktor Bryukhanov, was turning 50 at this time, and all publications were carrying laudatory articles about him and the power station; and here I was, painting the plant in black tones. "That's just not done," they told me: "You don't have any tact. This

is a celebration for the director, and look what you did!"

As awful as it may seem to say this, only the Chernobyl accident affirmed my correctness and saved me from major punishment by the Chernobyl bosses and party officials. The meltdown in the core of reactor No. 4 occurred six weeks after my article appeared, on the night of April 25th and the morning of the 26th, 1986. It began as an experiment on the cooling system for the reactor core and, six safety violations later, ended with a radioactive volcano blasting core materials out of the 75-meter-tall building. The roof collapsed and hundreds of tons of debris shot forth like missiles. A series of explosions followed, as 700 tons of graphite and 70 tons of uranium fuels spewed out on the collapsing roof and spilled over the roads; 50 more tons of fuel evaporated, releasing 10 times as much radioactivity as at Hiroshima.

That Saturday morning I woke up to see roads covered in water and a white liquid. Everything was white, foamy, all the curbs. But people were walking about normally, there were children everywhere. The reactor was quite visible from the central square; I could see that it was burning and that its wall was broken. I had never seen so many policemen in town, but nobody said anything. Well, they said there was a fire. But about radiation, that radioactivity was escaping, there was not a word. When my daughter Anochka, who was 6 then, came back from school, she said, "Mama, we had physical exercise outside for almost a whole hour." Insanity.

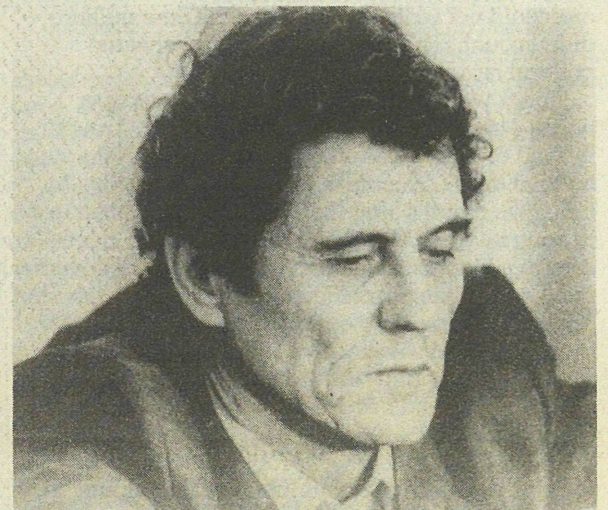
**It was the worst nuclear accident in history. And yet evacuation began 36 hours after the first explosion.**

It was the worst nuclear accident in history. And yet evacuation began only on Sunday the 27th at 2 p.m.—36 hours after the first explosion. The area where my daughter, mother and I lived was evacuated by bus at 4 p.m. A nuclear plant and its surrounding community are to be evacuated whenever there is a threat that people will ingest 75 ber. This is really a lot; it's terrifying. (A ber, or biological equivalent of a roentgen, measures radiation inside a living organism, whereas the roentgen measures radiation from external sources.) Radiation levels at evacuation were estimated at 75 to 250 ber in the tissues of

children. (Although the official toll continues to be 32 dead and 24 disabled, 600,000 persons are officially listed as having been exposed to significant radiation by the accident, 216,000 of them children—Ed.)

On April 7, 1986, less than three weeks before the meltdown, a telegram was sent from Chernobyl reporting on radiation at the nuclear station. Background radiation at the plant's Block #4 was 1,200 roentgens an hour; on the roof 400 roentgens; from the graphite, 2,000 roentgens; from the fuel, 15,000 roentgens; in the air of Pripjat, up to 1 roentgen an hour; on the surface of the city's streets 6 to 10 roentgens; on the roads inside the facility, nearly 20 roentgens. All these figures indicate a severe safety problem, but they became known only much later.

"Evacuation" implies that people are being moved to a clean zone. But most people were evacuated first to areas within the 18-mile danger zone, where radiation levels were practically the same as in Pripjat. People sat in those villages coated with radioactive dust and swallowing even more radioactive nuclides for more than two weeks. Our family—my elderly mother, Anochka, my niece and me—was placed in Maksimovitch, which is only six to nine miles from the plant as the crow flies. Later on, the populations of these villages were also found unsafe and resettled. What the government did to us evacuees cannot seem right to any mind. It was criminal.



*In a secret trial, Chernobyl director V. Bryukhanov was convicted of gross violation of safety regulations and abuse of managerial power. He was expelled from the Communist Party and sentenced to 10 years in a labor camp. Five other officials also were punished.*

### 'These Documents Expose Our System'

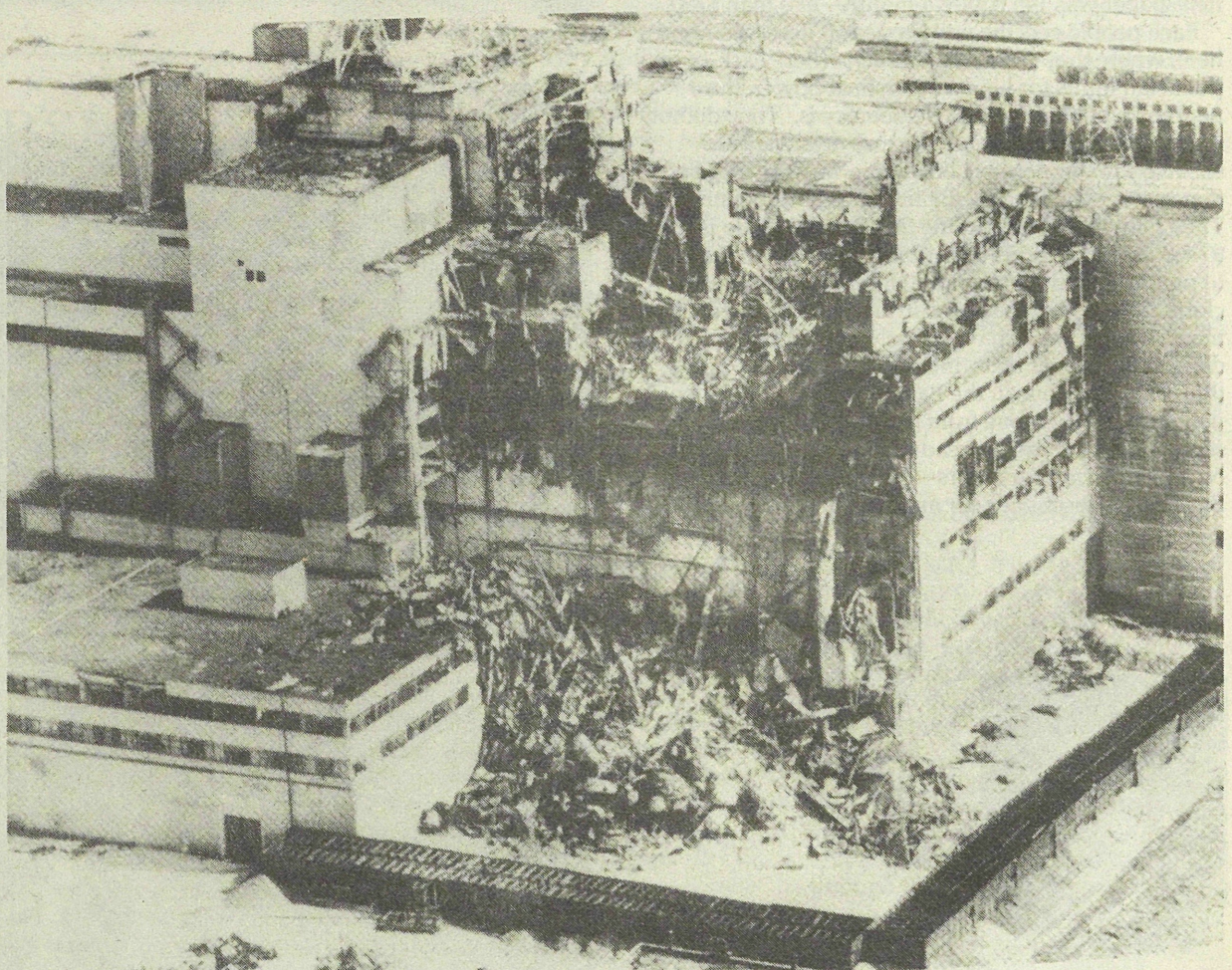
*Lyubov Kovalevskaya's unpublished book about the Chernobyl disaster is called Chernobyl—For Official Use Only. Her title was inspired by a declaration issued by A. I. Maiorets, Minister of Power and Electrification of the USSR, on May 19, 1985, less than a month after the disaster. The document said in part:*

**Declaration #391—FOR OFFICIAL USE ONLY**  
News about unfavorable results of ecological effects of energy on objects in the surrounding environment shall not be openly published in print nor in programs on radio or television.

"In parentheses," Kovalevskaya said, "the forms of energy were specified as magnetic fields; radiation; and pollution of the atmosphere, reservoirs and land."

After the Chernobyl accident, Kovalevskaya said, the declaration was reissued, but classified as secret, on June 18, 1986. Nine days later, on June 27, another statement was issued by the national Ministry of Health. This directive made it a crime to release "any information or news about the [Chernobyl] accident, about the results of radiation or about the degree of radioactive wounds of personnel who took part in liquidation of the effects of the accident."

"These documents expose our system," Kovalevskaya said bitterly. "Our country has no laws establishing the responsibility of the government or institutions to protect an individual or human lives in general. Therefore, they did anything and everything they wanted. This is a system where a person is not appreciated at all. He is worth nothing. It's never happened that a government has done so much to destroy its own citizens as this one. After all, millions have been destroyed over these 70 years. Millions and millions. There's not one country, not one regime, that has destroyed people in such quantities"—D.L.



*Chernobyl reactor unit No. 4 on April 26, 1986. Smoke from the graphite fire was removed by photographic sensors when this photo was shown on Moscow television. Clean-up costs were at least 16 times the cost of the reactor.*

## Cassandra continued

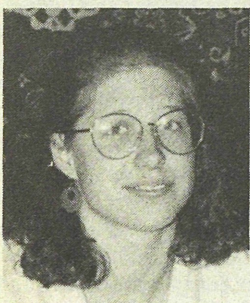
From Maksimovitch we went to Kiev. Other writers helped me find a place to live in the House of Culture in Irpen, a suburb. The authorities warned me to stay there and not return to Pripjat because, as I learned a bit later, Western journalists who knew of my articles had reached the disaster area. When they asked for me, the officials there said I was "resting in seclusion in Moscow," although they knew I was in Irpen. So there I sat, with no money and shriveling up and even fainting from hunger. We didn't have a cent in our pockets. The weeks went by with no information, so I got my things together and returned to the Chernobyl zone.

Western radio stations and journalists were issuing reports that embarrassed the Soviet authorities, so they sent a news spokesman to Pripjat to try to control the information reaching the West. When I met this man, he shouted at me, "People like you were shot in 1937 because you are our enemies! Only an enemy would write such articles about their own government." The nuclear meltdown had already happened. Millions had already suffered. And yet one could not write such an article! Those millions didn't count. The important thing was that the political facade should be preserved.

Things were humming back at the newspaper office. I began to collect new information. Around the end of June, I was officially banned from the zone, but that didn't stop me from returning illegally. In June, two months after the accident, I was called to a hearing by Colonel-General Ivanov, deputy chief commander of civil defense, who was on the government commission investigating the accident. (He shot himself last year. He couldn't handle the truth after he learned he'd been radiated. He's not the only person who has done so.) I answered his questions, but knew I should not divulge any information beyond what I'd published in my 1985 article that detailed some of the safety problems at the plant. The commission, of course, was interested in finding what I knew that I had not published.

After five hours of grilling, this Ivanov told me that once a week he personally reported the results of his inquiries to Gorbachev. He said Gorbachev had read my article and had asked him to tell me that he was inspired by my competence and, yes, my bravery, that I had fulfilled my citizen's duty and that he wouldn't let me fall into disfavor. Perhaps they didn't let me fall into disfavor, but I couldn't get anything published anywhere. My salary at the newspaper was 145 rubles a month—less than \$200.

Each people gets the government it deserves. And here, where they cannot find unity, where each politician fights for his own personal power, the people do not know what democracy is. They do not know what freedom is. A slave always wants to enslave someone else. Look at the way the independence movements in the Baltic states have begun. They fight to be free, but the first thing they do is try to suppress the rights of national minorities. They try to put down any opposition with tanks, land mines, clubs. That's what happens in an uncivilized government. That is why I have no delusions about our democratic movements, including Ukraine's. Something may improve in the Baltics; they are intelligent people and may move from extremism to common sense; indeed, they're already going about it. It will be more difficult for others—Georgia, for example. But this is a discussion for another time. **MT**



Diahanna Lynch is a senior majoring in Russian and East European Studies.

## A LETTER TO GORBACHEV

'My soul misses kindness and fairness'

*Having been told by a member of the government's investigative committee into the Chernobyl accident that Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev admired her for her bravery and sense of civic duty, Lyubov Kovalevskaya decided to write Gorbachev directly. The following is an excerpt of her letter of January 1987:*

There are a number of problems connected with Chernobyl and the people from Pripjat that trouble me more than my personal fate. In the newspaper *Pravda Ukrainy*, on March 10, 1987, Ratau [an official news agency] published an optimistic personal opinion that does not coincide with the genuine picture. I quote: "The level of radiation was safe for health. There are no grounds for worry and fear." Yet all the hospitals in Kiev have been directed not to give those from Pripjat a real diagnosis, and to report as "normal" practically all results of blood tests and so on. All results of medical analyses, even those of children, are held in secret.

"There are no grounds for worry." Here are some of my questions to the party leaders: Why have so many people suddenly developed radioactive cataracts? Heart problems? Loss of coordination? Weakness? Months of subnormal body temperature? Spasms in various organs? People are suffering from depression, stress, headaches and runny eyes. What medical advice is offered? "Pull yourselves together."

To lose a city is costly for a country, but to lose the energy and faith of its citizens is far worse. The people evacuated from Pripjat and other areas disbelieve their government. This is why: From the first days after the accident, the mass media lied. Chernobyl's director knew about the radiation danger by 2 a.m., April 26, and had already taken to a bomb shelter. The local authorities knew a bit later. But the people learned about it only after those who had worked the nightshifts at the nuclear power station or at the hospital came home. By that evening, a rumor was going around that there would be an evacuation. Many spent the night in the street with their portable belongings, especially residents of the neighborhoods nearest the plant. But no official warning was issued throughout April 26. Evacuation wasn't announced until April 27 at 1:35 p.m., and buses began leaving the most imperiled neighborhoods at 4 p.m.—practically two days after the radiation had begun spewing out of the plant. During those days the windows of houses were wide open, and the people, especially the children, were on the streets.

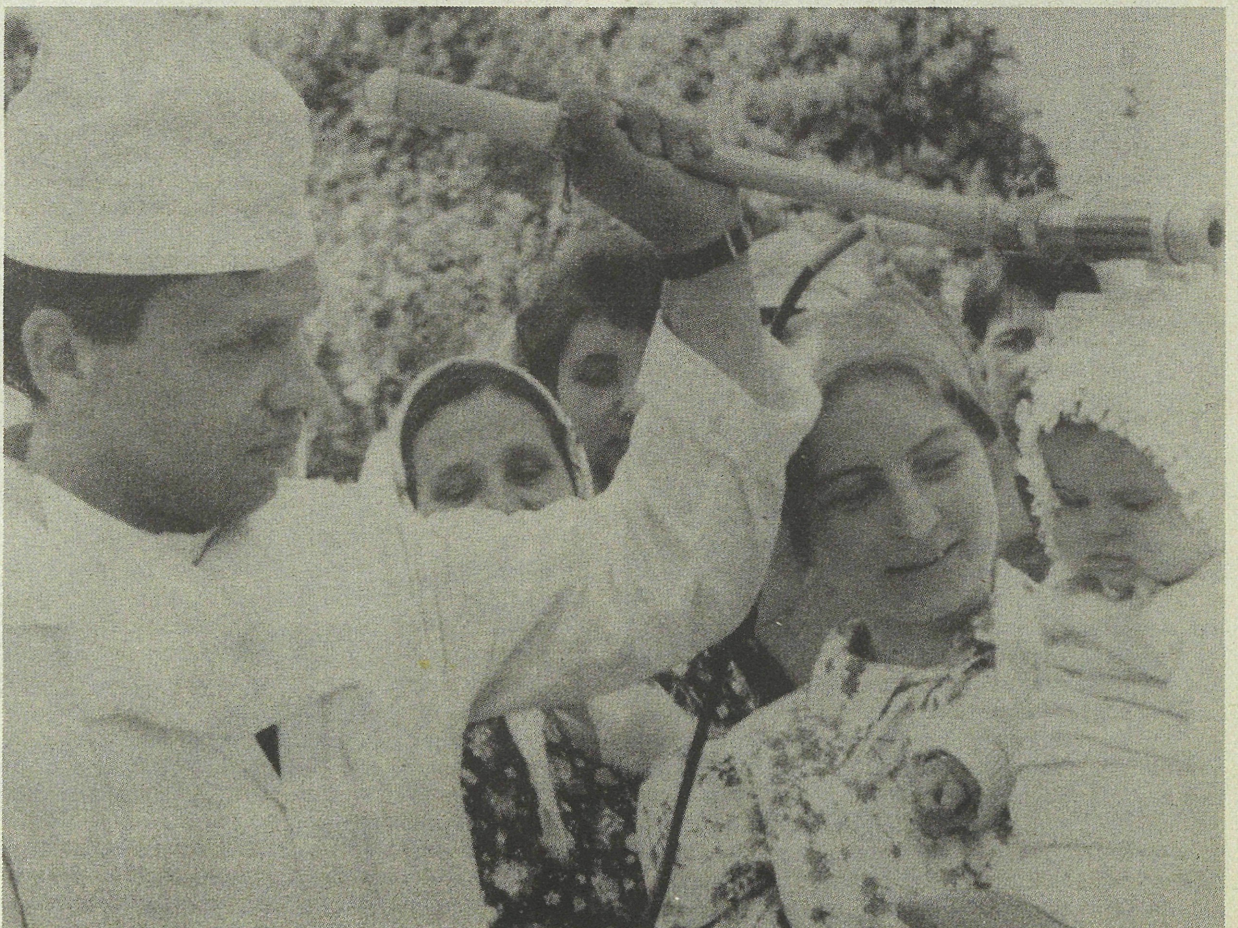
And then came information that the antidotes to radiation poisoning were not effective, that the sensing devices had failed to register the contamination on workers' clothing, that sanitation equipment was inadequate, that there were not enough showers to wash the poison off workers' bodies, that emergency teams were forced to enter the poisoned sarcophagus and remove radioactive chunks of graphite with their bare hands.

Soon came reports of plant officials' having accepted bribes to cover up reports of the plant's deficiencies, and reports that members of the City Committee and the plant's management were stealing and hoarding relief packages. Officials were selling "free" doses of iodine the people needed to combat radiation poisoning. If you had vodka, you could get almost anything. Meanwhile, officials had seized government vehicles and were carrying away everything they could lay hands on. I still feel the horror of the next months as I saw weeping evacuees standing all night in lines to apply for an apartment.

Who will pay for our many delusions? For the many undeserved insults? I was among all these people. Such things are not forgotten. The officials wrote and talked about one thing; we were suffering through another truth, an opposite one. Recovering public confidence is harder than taking it away, but it must be done.

Thirty miles from Pripjat, a new city, Slavutich, is being built. Hold a radiation meter near the sand and clay used in its construction and it says, "Contaminated." Apparently being bombarded by radioactivity over several months is not the best nourishment for scientific thought! For months dirt from the reactors was blown throughout the region. I know how strongly the area within 18 miles was polluted. A radioactive element like strontium will remain dangerous for around 30 years, so how could the officials issue guarantees that the region surrounding Pripjat is clean enough for people to return to? Millions and millions will be spent on Slavutich, and it will be for naught, or worse.

My fears are not sentimental. Members of the Central Committee can no longer depend on the backwardness, silence, patience or fear of the people to see them through a crisis. Most of all, what my soul misses is kindness and fairness.



Evacuees from Pripjat line up for radiation exposure tests; 10,200 children in Pripjat were officially listed at risk of developing health problems.

# LETTERS

## 'POLITICAL CORRECTNESS'

REGARDING your May article, "Faculty Honors Three Dismissed in McCarthy Era," I was pleased to read that First Amendment scholar Robert M. O'Neill pointed out the harm caused by the other extreme, "Political Correctness." This current national campus position is attempting to impose a liberal, left-wing agenda to a total curriculum menu.

I'm so glad that Mr. O'Neill is the "founding director of the Thomas Jefferson Center for Protection of Free Expression." Let's put to rest the rehashing of a 40-year-old subcommittee hearing of three presently retired, or soon-to-be retired, professors. O'Neill can do a real service today for "free expression" by actively tracking politically correct pressure through the myriad of campuses who are going down that path, at this time. Racial norming is currently politically correct. After years of developing laws to protect racial equality, P.C. now says it's all right for reverse discrimination to achieve its goals. Would your three honored guests agree to taking away freedom in the name of freedom?

Mrs. John F. Lundin  
Birmingham, Michigan

ATTACHED IS the mailing label from the latest issue. Until the University does something about its "thought police" tactics, I have no desire to be connected in any way with it. Perhaps if more graduates do the same thing, then you will be able to increase the funds for those deemed to be politically, socially and culturally correct. In short, I am ashamed to be associated in any way with the University of Michigan.

Ray D. Denton  
Hinsdale, Illinois

## 1991 COMMENCEMENT

I AM distressed and angry that the University should permit President George Bush to give the Spring Commencement address. Predictably, he used the occasion to advance his

undemocratic agenda of intolerance, material values and the undercutting of the Constitution. My wife and I are both Michigan graduates (Class of 1960), and it dismays us to think that the University should provide a podium for the expression of a political agenda so contrary to what we have always assumed was the spirit of our alma mater.

Intellectually, President Bush's address was an embarrassing melange of cliches and nostrums ("Free enterprise liberates us from the Hobbesian quagmire"). It was also an exercise in hypocrisy: the man who campaigned on evocations of Willie Horton and race hate accused others of "setting citizens against one another on the basis of their class or race"; the man who pushed through tax breaks for the wealthy said, "We don't want a land of loopholes"; and so on. President Bush brought disgrace by association on the University.

Ian S. MacNiven '60  
Bronx, New York

NOW YOU have outdone yourself. Who should appear in your latest edition but Professor Backward, the man who had an incomparable talent for spelling complex words backward and getting everything else backward. His one liners are still as hilarious as they used to be.

The first one that caught my eye was, "because we let people work freely toward their own destinies." The beauty in that line is that you don't know whether he was referring to the people of El Salvador, the largest prison population in the world in the U.S., the homeless or people with AIDS. The Professor keeps us on our "seot." Another clever expression was "Operation Comfort" to describe the havoc created in the Middle East. Tens of thousands killed, many thousands more dying from disease and starvation, and millions displaced to restore the Kuwaiti regime and punish Saddam Hussein. That was a real "foops."

Al Traugott '47  
San Jose, California

WHAT AN irony, printing the article, full of disgrace to the University, "Faculty Honors Three Dismissed in McCarthy Era," in the issue in which you highlight the Commencement address by the President of the United States. Here is a president who launches a war—on civilians—for oil, who sides with the savage side of big business at all turns, who is totally insensitive to women and minorities, who has done nothing for education, who rules by ratings, rantings and slogans, and who, like his predecessor, cares naught about the misery of his country's, not to mention the planet's, inhabitants.

You may respond that this is pragmatically how the world turns. But part of the mission of great universities is to be critical of inhumane and short-sighted government, and to advance ideas toward a better world, thereby influencing government, not serving as its lackeys. The few who heckled him and wore "bloody" red clothing (you say), and turned their backs to him are the real heroes and the hope of a country founded on enlightened criticism, so out of fashion in these times of educational neglect, violence and uniformity.

Constantine Christofides,  
BA, PhD, U-M  
Seattle

ON THE DAY on which Mr. President had his heart make a skip or three, and the rest of the world's common heart completely ceased its mass functioning for fear of the "Quayle Factor," an event took place which causes me more fear than even the "Quayle Factor." Mr. President announced in Ann Arbor, to the impressionable minds of youthful college grads, that the Reagan Racism Policy of benignly allowing racism to quietly re-creep throughout our society again, was about to be replaced by the Bush policy of "Institutionalized Racism."

In his total condemnation of the many strides taken over the last quarter century, his true color(s) bled forth. What is even more distressing, is that not one member of Congress had the conscience to stand against this proposed insanity. It is one thing to be against quotas—although they are what is needed to help right the many wrongs done over the lifetime of this nation—but it is quite another to condemn wholesale every step forward taken within our lifetime! Now, he would see every one taken back again!

In my youth and early adulthood, I was as racist as anyone could possibly have been. I proudly had a collection of racist jokes that folks came from far and wide to compare and exchange. In the early Sixties, I remember guffawing at the phrase, "Some of my best friends..." "Yeah, right!" we laughed, "some of my best friends! Ha Ha! Well, they ain't N—s, I kin tell ya that!" And we drank some more and hated some more.

In the late Sixties I sobbed as does a child in despair of my hatred. Of all the hatred I so thoughtlessly encouraged others to cherish! Out of that sobbing arose a kinder, gentler person than I ever thought was in there. One with compassion and understanding of the problems we face as a melting pot.

William C. Osterhaus  
Dyersville, Iowa

THOUGHT YOU might like to know that when the May copy arrived with Bush's pic on it, it was directly deposited in the garbage can. Shame on my Alma Mater.

Robert F. Angle '49 E.E.  
Seattle

DOES ANYONE know that the cover photo of President Bush was "flip-flopped," (that is, backwards) and does an injustice to the president and to the photographer D.C. Goings? I realize that a decision may have been made to have the President facing left for

composition purposes, but his smile is "wrong-sided" and he doesn't look like himself.

Lou Abbracciamento  
Valley Stream, New York

Editor's Reply: You are right, President Bush should have been facing right not left. A photographic firm "flopped" the photo while making a print of D.C. Goings's color transparency. We wish we'd been as observant as you and several other readers.

Also, in our list of U-M donors who offset the extra Commencement costs incurred to accommodate the White House delegation, the 3M corporation was listed as being headquartered in Minneapolis. "In fact," reader Ray Holman of Minnesota phoned to say, "3M has nothing to do with Minneapolis, and never has. It is in St. Paul."

## SOURCES OF HUMOR

I'M SURE that there are enough of us still alive, who were on the scene at the time, to question the accuracy of Ms. Walker's facts regarding Jerry Ford. 1. Jerry Ford did not graduate in 1937. He was in the class of 1935. 2. Jerry Ford was not the captain of the football team. Tom Austin was. 3. Jerry Ford was not an All-American football player. As a matter of fact he was not all Big Ten.

John Schmieler '33  
Mountain Home, Arkansas

## MAIZE 'N BLUE THROUGH AND THROUGH

I HAVE reread your [Feb. '91] article on "Applications of Color," and am still stunned by your point of view! Our home is basically maize and blue. Believe me, the sun always shines here. Maize is the sun's color, and Blue is nature's color as well.

I have been so distressed with the subdued colors in home decor and cars. These are so drab that they surely do not make for elation. Our old maize and blue car was a truly beautiful car. In the mall parking area we never had to search for her. The whites are a dime a dozen.

So you and the rest of the group who like the dullies, enjoy. We prefer the lively and gorgeous colors—maize and Royal Michigan Blue—like our Great Lakes. What a thrill it is to drive to dear old Ann Arbor on a Saturday during football season and see the Block 'M' flying on myriad flags along the route.

The gorgeous waves of Maize and Blue in the Stadium were outstanding; now it's a mess of gray, white, even pink sickie shirts that stand for nothing. When I was in school at Michigan, there was a wave of shirts in many colors. The excuse was that the graduate schools liked the idea because many of their students were from other colleges and liked the Vassar Pink, etc.

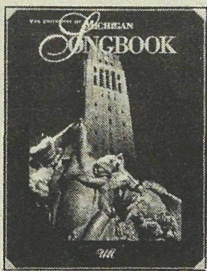
I prefer strong colors, and anyone who truly loves the "U" certainly won't enjoy wearing a stupid pale color for Michigan.

Jane P. Ludwig  
Port Huron, Michigan

## CALLING ALL GREENBERG FANS

FOR A BIOGRAPHICAL documentary film on Hank Greenberg, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has anecdotes, letters, photographs, film footage or memorabilia from his early playing in the Bronx to his professional career with the Detroit Tigers and Pittsburgh Pirates, and later involvement with management of the Cleveland Indians and Chicago White Sox. I am also seeking any anecdotes, photographs or film footage from the late '20s through the '40s of children, especially Jewish and immigrant youth, playing stickball or baseball in urban settings, such as the Bronx.

Aviva Kempner '69, '71 MA  
The Ciesla Foundation  
1707 Lanier Pl. N.W.  
Washington D.C. 20009



## THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN SONGBOOK

Published by Rosalie Edwards, U-M: BM-MM'59) Director, University of Michigan Women's Glee Club, 1977-89 For the benefit of the U-M School of Music Scholarship Fund

For the first time in more than 20 years, a totally revised edition of all you favorite Michigan music. New arrangements of old favorites, and 15 of the most famous college and university songs of all time. Illustrated with art-quality photographs of today's campus.

The Michigan Songbook covers the whole spectrum of our school's treasured music. It will bring back all your best memories of days spent in Ann Arbor at the University of Michigan." -Gerald R. Ford

"...a terrific memento of our years at a great university." -Bo Schembechler

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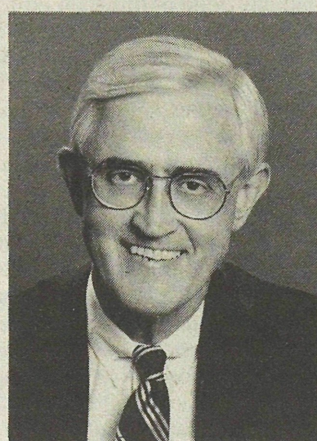
# The University of Michigan THE IMPACT

# OF PRIVATE GIVING Annual Report 1990-1991

A prize-winning team effort involving 140 engineering, business and other students, the Sunrunner solar car beat out 31 other college teams in a 1,650-mile Florida-to-Michigan race last year and came in third in fierce international competition.



Students raised nearly \$1 million to fund the sophisticated vehicle, with about \$200,000 (the cost of the car's 17,000 highly efficient solar cells) coming from annual funding sources. Pictured: Driver Paula Finnegan.



## The Growth of Private Giving

The proof of the enduring generosity and loyalty of the University of Michigan's alumni and friends was demonstrated once again this past year, with private gifts to the University totalling more than \$94 million, and net new pledges coming to just over \$12 million. The impact of these private gifts cannot be underestimated nor easily summarized. This report, by its brief nature, provides only a hint of the good they accomplish.

The steady growth in private support to the University in recent years is both noteworthy and reassuring. It is noteworthy because no other public institution of higher education in America is known to receive a greater commitment from its alumni and friends than Michigan does. It is reassuring because it has become clear that Michigan's record of extraordinary leadership, its enviable standards of research and teaching, will be increasingly dependent on private support. The remarkable commitment of Michigan alumni and friends to the University's future is the only guarantee we have that the University will retain its place of distinction in American higher education, with all that implies for intellectual discovery and the betterment of humankind.

Next year will mark the launching of a new effort to strengthen the University's financial foundations. Like other campaigns, it will depend for its success on the creativity and the energies of the many men and women who have cared so deeply about Michigan for so long. The record of support this past year indicates that the Michigan spirit of shared purpose, shared determination and shared achievement is stronger than ever, and will provide the strength to carry us forward in this new effort.

*Jon Cosovich*  
Jon Cosovich  
Vice President for Development

Last year Michigan alumni and friends made a \$94.8 million difference — a difference that changed the lives of students and faculty, and potentially those of all of us around the state, the country and the world who ultimately benefit from the outstanding scholarship conducted on Michigan's campuses in Ann Arbor, Dearborn and Flint.

## Annual Giving

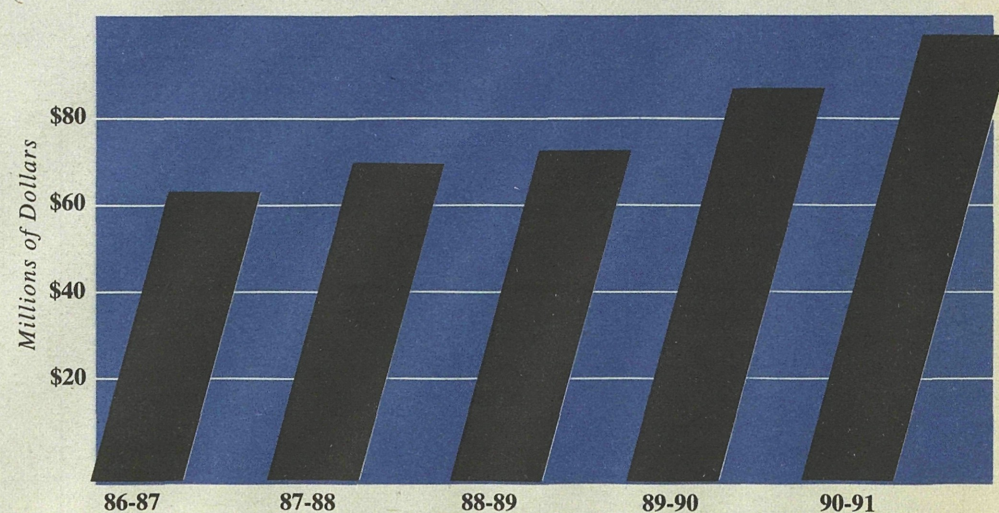
Annual giving programs constitute an invaluable component of private giving at Michigan. They provide a vital margin of support, permitting the flexibility to meet unanticipated expenditures. They ensure that good ideas need not go unexplored for lack of financial support. Following are a few examples to show the range of annual-fund impact last year. Every project listed was funded to some extent, and in several cases entirely, with annual-fund monies:

- Public readings by 25 inspired and inspiring authors, brought to campus as part of the the Masters in Fine Arts in Writing Program
- Two full scholarships in the School of Public Health awarded to masters students Brian Holt and Janet Donohue to further their studies in health care planning, AIDS policy and health behavior and education
- Travel by a student in natural resources to the Masurian Lake District of Poland to establish a water-quality monitoring program
- The purchase of computers and software for student use in the Institute for Public Policy Studies

The impressive national victory by the Sunrunner solar car, the firsthand study of Soviet business and culture, and the showing of classic 16-millimeter American feature films typify the variety of projects enhanced this year by annual gifts. (See outside columns for additional descriptions of these projects.)

To recognize the importance of annual gifts, a special program to encourage and recognize significant annual giving, Partners in Leadership, was created two years ago. It recognizes alumni and friends who contribute \$1,000 or more in a given year.

## Five-Year Growth in Private Giving 1987-1991



This year private support continued to grow as alumni and friends demonstrated once again their commitment to sustaining the U-M's leadership in higher education. Total gift activity, including new pledges, exceeded \$107 million in FY '91.

## Major Gifts from Individuals

Gifts from individuals are as individual as the giver. People make gifts to the University based on their life interests and their hopes for the future, in the process greatly advancing new knowledge and the education of new generations. Below is a brief sampling of major gifts in '90-'91:

**Donors:** Barbara Trytten Richardson (BA '52) Dean E. Richardson (LLB '53) **Gift Impact:** Second-year graduate student in fiber arts was able to continue her studies; popular catalogue was published of African-American women's quilt exhibit at School of Art.

**Donors:** Norma (BA '64) and Benson Shapiro (BSE '63) **Gift Impact:** Minority enrollment was enhanced through increased availability of financial aid; annual funds in Engineering and LSA were strengthened.

**Donor:** Ronald L. Olson (JD '66) **Gift Impact:** Acted as springboard for new gifts for 25th Reunion Project of Law School Class of 1966.

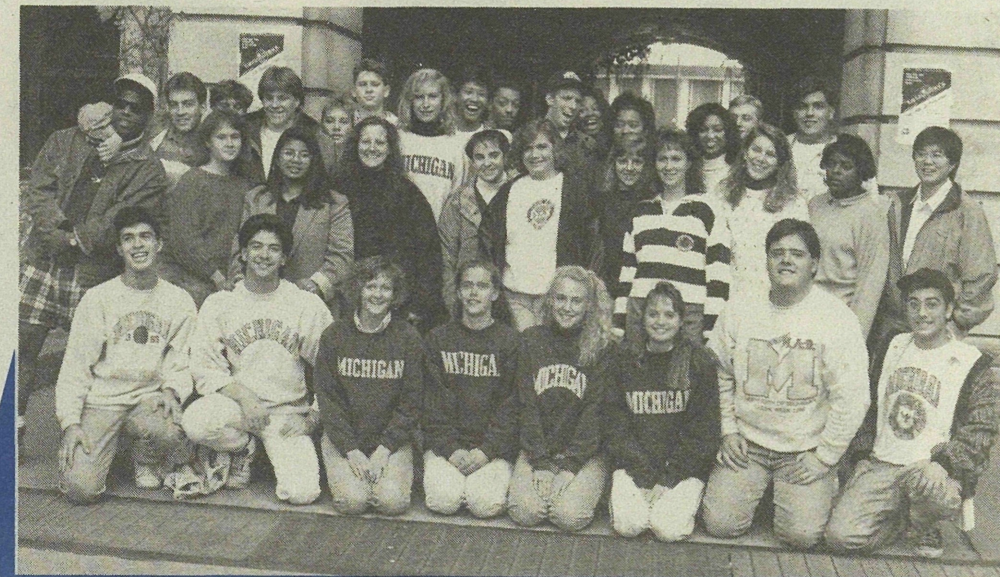
**Donor:** Richard A. Schick (DDS '54, MA '60) **Gift Impact:** Resources expanded for graduate students engaged in advancing understanding of periodontics.

**Donor:** Stella Kaufman (BA '35) **Gift Impact:** Supported construction of pioneering geriatric facility, first of its kind in the U.S. dedicated to the understanding, prevention and treatment of all health-related aspects of aging.

**Donor:** Helen (BA '47) and Robert Line (BBA '59) **Gift Impact:** Exceptional LS&A student received four-year, full-tuition scholarship.

**Donor:** Edward Frohlich (JD '41) **Gift Impact:** U-M saxophone player received scholarship in honor of Larry Teal, U-M's first sax professor; minority high school students from Detroit were able to attend All-State program at Interlochen Music Camp; Law School received support.

**Donor:** William Pickard (MSW '65) **Gift Impact:** Leadership gift to support construction of new facility for the School of Social Work to greatly improve environment for teaching and research.



More than 100,000 U-M alumni and friends received calls in the past year from a hard-working group of enthusiastic students employed by the Michigan Telefund. The goal of the 100-plus students, some of whom are pictured here: To obtain annual-fund gifts for the 17 schools and colleges, and the Dearborn and Flint campuses. Their '90-'91 achievement: \$3.9 million. Students who raised more than \$100,000 apiece: Kelly Hoffman, Valerie Hofstetter, Ed Montana, Ijeoma Nwankpa, Paul Schreer, Errol Siegel, Todd Slisher and Todd Stearn.

## Corporations and Foundations

The resources of corporations and philanthropic foundations allowed them to make very substantial contributions to specialized projects, advancing knowledge across the spectrum of human interest. Examples from the '90-'91 fiscal year:

**Donor:** The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation **Gift Impact:** Graduate students in anthropology (ethnography), classical studies, classical art and archaeology, English, and history received fellowships, removing the penalty of financial hardship from their studies and permitting the unfettered pursuit of knowledge.

**Donor:** General Electric Company **Gift Impact:** Supported faculty development programs, especially for underrepresented women and minorities, in engineering, physical sciences, and business.

**Donor:** Warner-Lambert Company/Parke-Davis Pharmaceutical Research Division **Gift Impact:** Advanced Cancer Center studies on mammastatin, a protein discovered by U-M researchers in 1989 that inhibits breast cancer growth.

## Trusts and Bequests

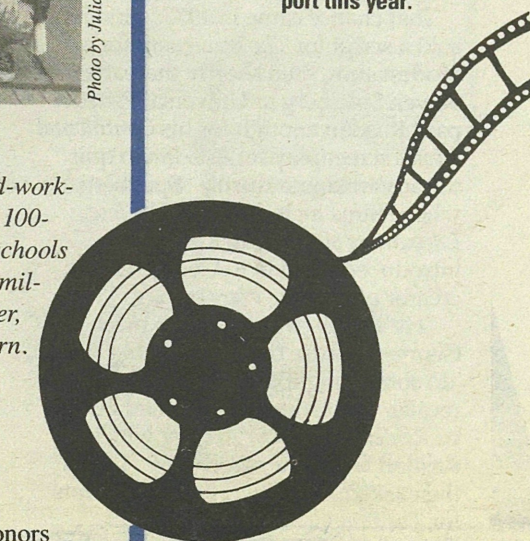
Trusts and bequests offered many donors this year a welcome opportunity to make very substantial gifts to the University while still ensuring their own financial welfare and that of their beneficiaries.

In the 1990-1991 fiscal year Michigan alumni and friends increased both their gifts via trusts and those via bequests. Gifts in trust increased by 12 percent, rising from more than \$1.7 million to more than \$1.9 million this year, while bequests increased an impressive 36 percent, rising from more than \$11.7 million last year to more than \$18.4 million this year. Examples:

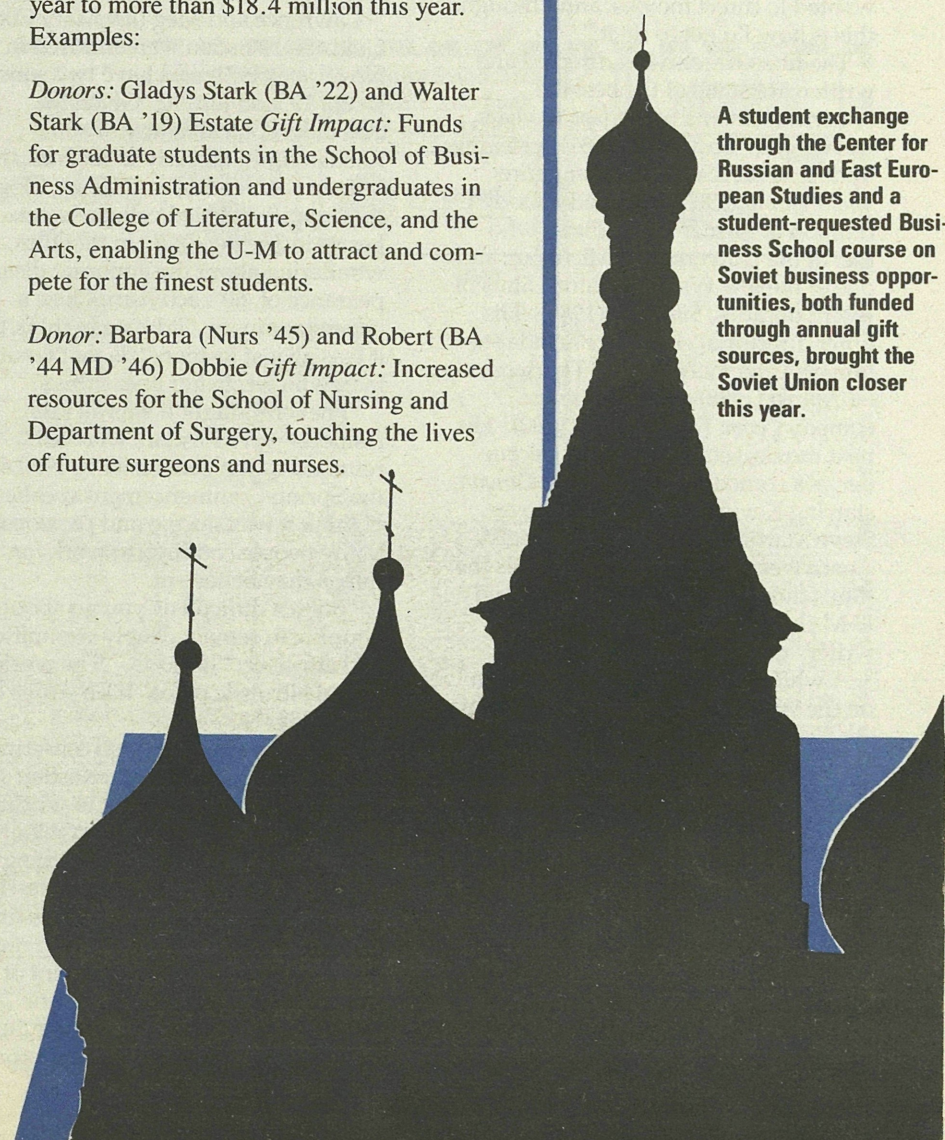
**Donors:** Gladys Stark (BA '22) and Walter Stark (BA '19) Estate **Gift Impact:** Funds for graduate students in the School of Business Administration and undergraduates in the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, enabling the U-M to attract and compete for the finest students.

**Donor:** Barbara (Nurs '45) and Robert (BA '44 MD '46) Dobbie **Gift Impact:** Increased resources for the School of Nursing and Department of Surgery, touching the lives of future surgeons and nurses.

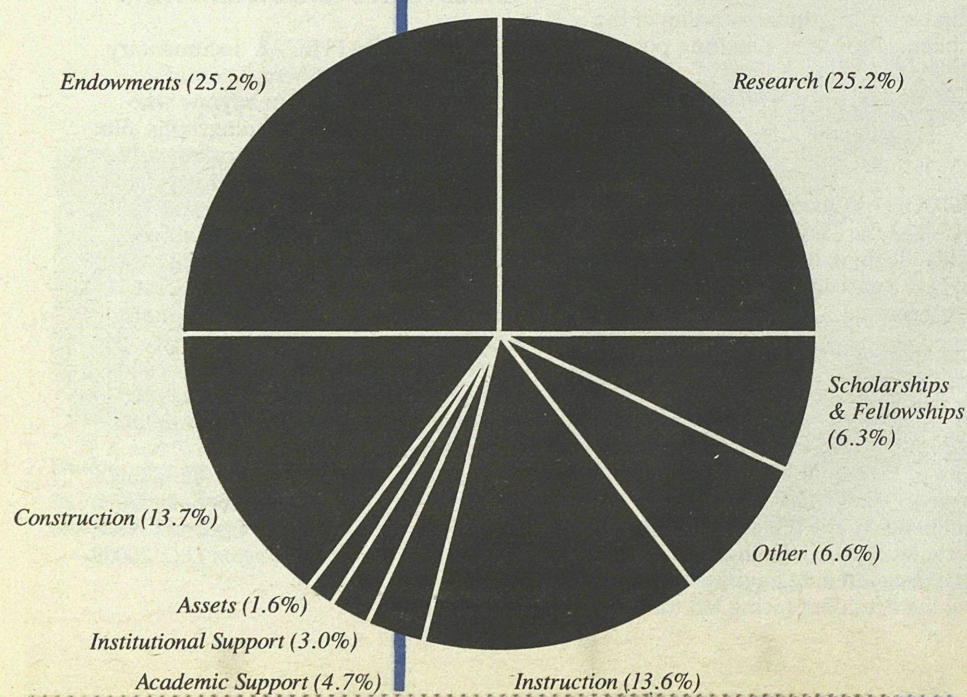
A collection of 235 films from the 30s, 40s and 50s, donated to the Program in Film and Video Studies by the family of a Bronx postal supervisor in 1990, was assured proper storage and frequent showing thanks to annual gift support this year.



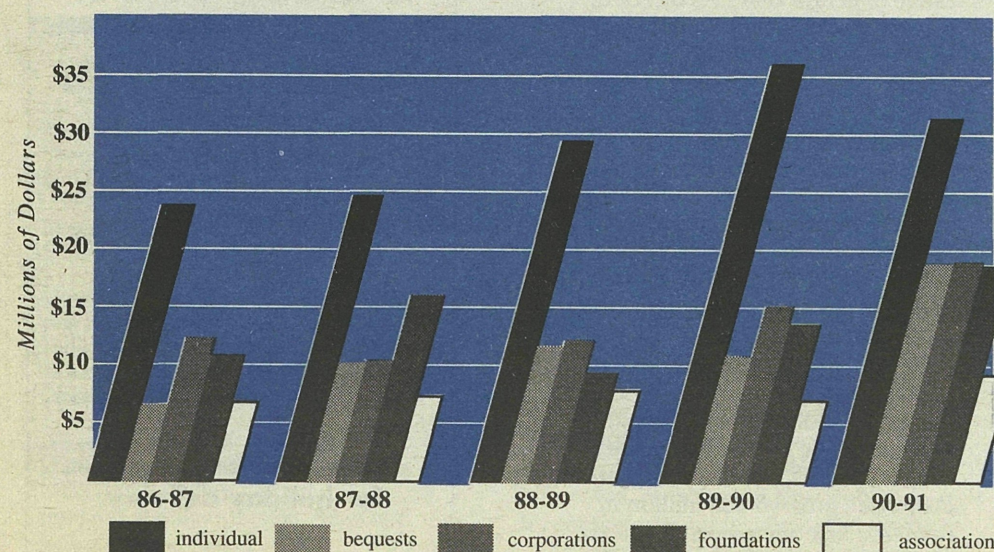
A student exchange through the Center for Russian and East European Studies and a student-requested Business School course on Soviet business opportunities, both funded through annual gift sources, brought the Soviet Union closer this year.



## Where Gifts Made a Difference, Fiscal Year 1991



## Sources of Gifts to the U-M 1987-1991



Private gifts to the University of Michigan increased in every category except individual giving in 1991. The largest increases were in gifts received through bequests and from foundations and corporations.

# 'I was saved by my obsession' Kasdan of The Movies

By Jon Krampner

**M**aking it in the entertainment industry takes an uncertain mixture of a lot of things: persistence, courage, luck and talent. In Hollywood, you can buy a map to the stars' homes, but no one will sell you a map to success.

In 1975, three years after receiving his master's degree in education, Lawrence Kasdan '70 hit the road for Los Angeles. A husband and the father of a young son, he'd been writing advertising copy in Detroit and screenplays by night. Now he was moving to a similar daytime job in L.A., figuring that being closer to movie moguls would improve his odds of getting his big chance.

That chance came in 1977. First he sold a script for *The Bodyguard* for a modest sum, then shortly thereafter Steven Spielberg at Universal Pictures paid Kasdan enough for his *Continental Divide* screenplay for Kasdan to quit the advertising industry. Spielberg, whose films include *E.T.* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* also introduced Kasdan to George Lucas, creator of the *Star Wars* trilogy.

"He said he wanted me to meet George because they were going to do something together," Kasdan recalls. That something turned out to be *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, for which Kasdan wrote the screenplay. Lucas then asked him to work on the scripts for *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of Jedi*.

Although he has written and directed some of the most intelligent and entertaining contemporary American movies, Kasdan says he had plenty of doubts as to whether he would ever make his mark in the cinema.

"Did I ever doubt I would break through? Absolutely," he says. "I had been writing screenplays since 1968, and I didn't sell my first one until 1977. So you have nothing but doubt. But I was saved by my obsession with it. I had nothing else that I wanted to do. I wanted to direct movies, and I thought this is how I'd get to do it."

The films Kasdan has directed and written are some of the best the American cinema of the last 10 years has to offer: *Body Heat* (1981), a steamy update of the 1940's film noir genre; *The Big Chill* (1983), a comedy about a reunion of former '60s radicals who met at the University of Michigan; and one of the few Western feature films of recent decades, *Silverado* (1985). His other directorial efforts are an adaptation of Anne Tyler's novel *The Accidental Tourist* (1988) and the true-life comedy *I Love You to Death* (1990). His next movie, set for release in December, is a comedy-drama, *Grand Canyon*, starring Kevin Kline, Danny Glover, Steve Martin and Mary McDonnell. Again wearing two hats, Kasdan is the film's director and, with his wife and U-M classmate Meg, its co-screenwriter.

A white bungalow with green trim on the West Los Angeles lot of Twentieth Century Fox is the home of Kasdan Pictures. Inside, a topographical map of northern Arizona that includes the Grand Canyon lines the walls of the bungalow, as do posters from Kasdan's movies, including one for *Silverado* in Japanese.

Kasdan, 42, is short, stocky and bespectacled, with a well-trimmed beard that shows some gray. Dressed in a navy blue shirt, jeans and boots, he's low-key and thoughtful, but can



Kasdan and Kevin Costner (l) on the set of *Silverado*.

get a bit peevish if he feels you're missing his point.

After growing up in Morgantown, West Virginia, he enrolled at Michigan in 1966. For three years in a row, he won the Avery Hopwood Award for creative writing, once winning first place in both fiction and drama. During those years, the University, like the nation, experienced the political and social upheaval retrospectively profiled in *The Big Chill*. Kasdan had a ringside seat for it all.

"From the time my class arrived in 1966 until we graduated in 1970, there was something happening every day. You could be going out for pizza, and you'd be in the middle of a riot. The first place I lived, one night the draft office two blocks away blew up."

During his junior year at Michigan, in the middle of all this tumult, he met his wife on a blind date.

"We were fixed up by a mutual friend," he recalls. "We went to see *Woman in the Dunes*, a Japanese film about a woman who entraps a man." Laughing, he adds, "We don't know if that was symbolic or not."

Lawrence and Meg (*nee* Mary Ellen Goldman) Kasdan were married in November 1971, and have two sons: Jacob, 17, and Jon, 12. Given the autobiographical nature of some Kasdan films, it's easy to see him and Meg in Kevin Kline and Glenn Close, the happily married college sweethearts in *The Big Chill*. In that film, wondering about the apparent disappearance of '60's activism, Close's character muses, "I'd hate to think that it was all just fashion." Is that what the man who wrote her lines thinks?

"I never thought it was all just fashion," says Kasdan, who last returned to the University in 1990 as the Spring Commencement speaker. "I think it was sincere and passionate. Many people continue to work for things they believe in.

"But it's difficult as you go about your life to remain deeply committed and altruistic," he adds. "The world is not an altruistic place. It's a struggle every day."

For all the success his screenwriting talents have brought him, Kasdan says he vastly prefers directing to writing. "When you're directing, you're out with a bunch of people all working toward a common goal," he says. "It's very exciting—there's enormous time pressure. You have to be in and out of the locations in a certain amount of time. You're making vital artistic decisions under all this pressure, and you have very talented collaborators. I

can't imagine more stimulating work."

Writing is another matter.

"Writing is making something from nothing," Kasdan says. "It's the hardest part of the process. You look at a blank page, and you start from there to create a world and all the problems that come with it. It's very lonely and very grueling work. So it's much more fun to be a director."

Even though location work can be exhausting, there's a camaraderie you don't get communing with your word processor. Kasdan remembers working on *Silverado*: "We shot in the middle of winter in New Mexico at about 7,000 feet. It was very cold, and because the days were short, there was very little light. It was a physically demanding picture, with horses and cattle and gunfights. It was a brutally difficult movie to make. But it was as much fun as any of the others. There's nothing like waking up in the morning knowing that you're going out to this beautiful country all day to shoot a movie."

Other than its western setting, *Silverado* has something else in common with Kasdan's upcoming *Grand Canyon*: He wrote both with family members. Brother Mark worked with him on the former, and wife Meg on the latter.

Meg Kasdan says their children have been her primary focus for the past 17 years, and that it's only been after both had grown out of childhood that she was willing to take on such a project. She adds that both husband and wife had a great time in the process. "It's a lot of fun to work with him," she says. "As I've said to other people, this is not the hardest thing we've ever done together."

In the five films spanning a wide range of genres that he's directed, Kasdan has woven a common theme, he says—the individual's search for values.

"They're about trying to work out an honorable way of living in circumstances which are often very difficult or distracting or seductive, where values are very much up for grabs," he says. "Is it possible to lead a decent life in a brutal environment? You can see that in all the pictures, because that's a question I'm asking myself all the time."

The brutal environment Kasdan inhabits is Hollywood, where art is okay if you've got the box office to back it up. His first directorial effort, *Body Heat*, grossed \$30 million in domestic box office sales; his next effort, *The Big Chill*, is his box office

champ, pulling in nearly \$60 million in domestic box office in 1983-84.

But since then, the domestic box office income of Kasdan's films has declined: *Silverado* did \$32 million; *Accidental Tourist* \$30 million and *I Love You to Death* \$15 million. With a new film coming out, does Kasdan feel any pressure to reverse that trend?

"Those numbers don't mean much," he says. "The studio also gets money

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# The Cases of the Missing Rings

By Christine Leedy  
U-M Office of Development,  
Donor Relations

Some alumni have worn their school rings since graduation, others have them stored away in a safe place. But there are also those who find these keepsakes a hard thing to hold on to.

A few years ago Charles (Chuck) Christian, a 1981 graduate of the School of Art and former tight end for the Wolverines, received an unexpected but welcome call from his local newspaper, the West Bridgewater (Mass.) *Enterprise*.

A reporter told Christian that a townswoman had been plunging her toilet and discovered a University of Michigan Rose Bowl ring with the inscription "85-Christian." She turned it in to the newspaper, which contacted the U-M Alumni Office. The office staff quickly identified Chuck Christian as the player in jersey number 85 in the '81 Rose Bowl, and a reporter called Christian to tell him his ring had been found.

The ring had been missing for several months. Christian usually kept it in a safe and wore it only on special occasions. Somehow, on one such occasion, the ring vanished. The Christians deduced that one of their three sons did as toddlers do, and disposed of the ring via the potty. The ring traveled the city's sanitary system to the other side of town.

Christian was overjoyed to get the memento back. "It was the ring from my last season and from the Rose Bowl," he says. "I played a lot in the game—and we actually won."

"We don't know who the finder is," adds Christian's wife, Ladonna, a 1983 graduate of the School of Nursing. "She just wanted to return the ring, no reward, no recognition. We're very grateful."

His Rose Bowl ring reminds Chuck Christian of "some great times." Although he had a successful athletic career and received offers to try out for professional teams, Christian decided that his art studies meant more to him.

Coach Glenn (Bo) Schembechler and some of his teammates "used to tease me," Christian recalls with a laugh. "One time in practice I missed a block, and Bo shouted, 'What do you expect? He's just a sissy artist. Give him a paint brush and let him draw a block.'"

Christian, who grew up in Detroit, says he couldn't be happier now that he's owner of Christian Wall Design. The walls of many homes in the Boston area display decorative faux pearl, marble and wallpaper finishes he's painted. His specialty, however, is *trompe l'oeil*, ("trick of the eye"), a technique of painting objects so realistically that the viewer is fooled.

"I painted a bookcase on a wall for one client who says she likes to ask guests to go get a book, and they'll reach for it unknowingly," he says with satisfaction. Not reaching led to the loss of the ring in our second case.

Martin Frank '58, a junior mathematics major, was in a Michigan Union restroom in 1957 and took off his new class ring to avoid getting soap suds on it while washing his hands. He noticed his ring was missing a few hours later and returned to the Union. The ring was gone, however, and Frank was "shocked" to find it had not been turned in to Lost and Found. Soon afterward, he bought a new ring and forgot the original for almost 34 years.

"It's amazing," Frank says. "I serve on several University fund-raising

from foreign sales, videocassette rights and cable. My movies have done well enough that people haven't lost money on them. If I made very expensive movies, which I don't, and they always lost money, which they don't, then maybe I would get in trouble eventually."

*Body Heat*, he says, was made for \$7 million. His last four films cost \$20 million apiece, which may sound like a lot until you recall that last summer's *Terminator 2* cost approximately \$100 million. "The price of things has gone up," Kasdan observes.

Although he makes the films he wants despite the tyranny of the box office, he says that many film-makers care about little else. "There are a multitude of reasons why people go into the movie business," he says. "For a lot of them, it's just an amazing racket for making money. I like to make money as much as anyone else, but I have so much passion and love for movies that it's disturbing to me when it's just a cynical way to make money."

American films don't always escape that trap, and the results are becoming increasingly obvious. "Summer is always the most depressing time at the movies," Kasdan says. "A lot of summer movies are very violent, very brutal, sexual movies—adult movies, in theory, but there's nothing to keep people engaged. Usually, things perk up at the end of the year when the studios are trying for Academy Award nominations. But it's been a rough couple of years in American movies. The environment makes it difficult for thoughtful, complicated movies."

The primary cause of blockbuster fever at the studios, Kasdan suggests, is the wave of box office bonanzas in the late '70s and early '80s, films that studio executives realized could completely turn around the fortunes of a studio with one roll of the dice. Films like *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*.

Wait a second. Didn't Kasdan himself write all three, thereby playing a key role in creating the environment he deplores?

"Yes," he answers curtly.

Doesn't he feel a sense of contradiction about that?

"Yes," he repeats, adding "I feel contradictory about everything in my life."

Could he expand on that?

"There's a place for those kinds of movies," he says. "You just don't want them to be the only kind of movies that are made."

They're certainly not the kind that Kasdan makes when he's sitting in the director's chair. Like Hans Solo in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, he's braved and overcome innumerable difficulties to make it to the top in Hollywood, and feels he's earned the right to do it his way. Intelligent moviegoers, perhaps as much an endangered species as the snail darter, have cause to be grateful.

Jon Krampner is a Los Angeles writer.

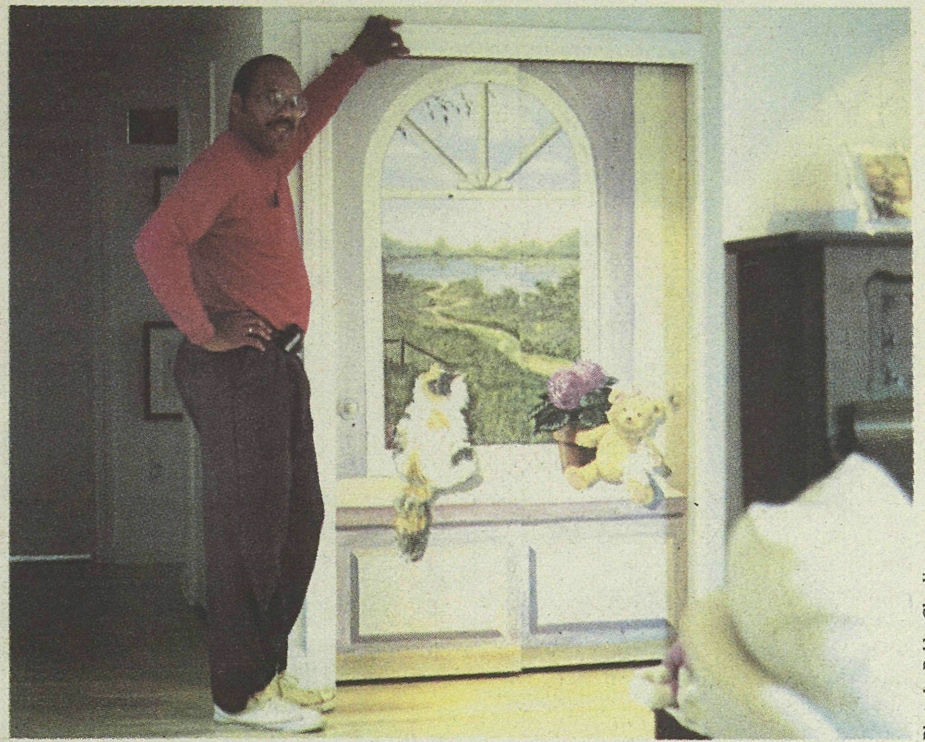


Photo by Bobby Charlie

Ex-Rose Bowler Chuck Christian with one of his favorite illusionary wall paintings.

committees and Bob Gordon, the executive director of Major Gifts in the West, called me last June and said, 'Marty did you ever lose your class ring?' I couldn't believe it."

A University employee who was cleaning out his desk before retirement came across the ring in a box and gave it to his supervisor. The ring wound up with Kay Maves, manager of Development Research. "I simply went to the 1958 yearbook," Maves says, "and matched all possible names with the initials MJF. There were two possibilities, and since people in the office knew Marty Frank, we called him first."

Frank, who is vice president-director of Tower, Perrin, Forster and Crosby Inc., a management consultant agency

in Los Angeles, has a daughter and son who graduated from Michigan. His son has expressed interest in wearing his dad's long lost ring.

There are other recovered-ring stories the Alumni Records Office can tell, but plenty more that no one knows the endings to. "When the police recover stolen goods that include a class ring, they call us," explains Lauralee Ensign, supervisor of Alumni Records. Using the ring's primary clues—initials and class year—Ensign says her staff gives the police the names that match the initials, "but we usually never know what happens after that."


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*'The Expulsion of Adam and Eve' by Masolino and Masaccio, Brancacci Chapel, Church of Santa Maria del Carmine*

*For several centuries Adam and Eve wore fronds in this 15th -century fresco depicting their expulsion from Eden. During repair of the work in Florence, Italy, however, it was learned that the fig leaves had been added long after the frescoes were painted. An intense debate ensued as to whether to be true to the artists' intent or to preserve the 'edited' version, which also had become part of the image's 'text.' To find out the fresco's fate, see the story on textual scholarship on page 6.*

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