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The University of Michigan

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Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Shhhhhhhhh!
Need a secrecy consultant?

Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

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A repository of wit,
wisdom and
wondrous talent
has bestowed many
treasures on
the University —

EVA JESSYE



By Peter Seidman

Eva Jessye, sifting through almost a century's worth of memory, recalls that some of the actresses in the original, 1935 production of the opera *Porgy and Bess*, of which she was choral director, found the bandannas called for by their parts demeaning — reminiscent of the rags slaves wore on their heads.

But Jessye, who at age 94 still is vigorous in her defense of anything she believes, disagreed. "I told one of them," she recalls, "It's just a custom, honey. All peasant women, whatever country or race, used to wear something over their head." The bandannas remained.

A half-century later, Jessye still often covers her shock of silver-white hair with a bandanna or, at public appearances, a turban, like the one she is wearing this day to complement her shining blue caftan. Behind her big desk piled high with memorabilia, here in her small museum of an apartment in an Ann Arbor retirement complex, she reigns over a proud past during which she brought the African-American spirituals of rural Kansas to some of the greatest stages in the world.

Jessye is the queen of African-American choral music, a "true pioneer," says Donald F. Black, a School of Music alumnus who wrote his doctoral dissertation on Jessye's career. "She is one of the first female choral directors," Black notes. "Her concerts were a complete panorama of early Black American vocal styles."

The daughter of a Kansas chicken picker, Jessye began to make a national name for herself in the late 1920s. Using her musical talent and education, her extraordinary determination and the medium of radio, she carried the spirituals and other vocal repertoire of the Dixie Jubilee Singers (later to become the Eva Jessye Choir) into millions of American homes.

"I happened to be on the scene at the right time with the right stuff," Jessye says.

The scene was New York City where in the mid-1920s, the Dixie Jubilee Singers could be heard singing old work songs, spirituals and convict songs like "Goin' To See My Sarah," "I Got Two Wings" and "Water Boy." The sites were the Rivoli Theater before film showings, on the popular Major Bowes Family Hour and at the Capitol Theater on Broadway. Later, in 1929, Jessye was named choral director of King Vidor's musical, *Hallelujah*, one of the earliest motion pictures about African-American life.

In 1934 Jessye was choral director for *Four Saints in Three Acts*, the first Broadway musical that used Blacks in a drama not specifically about Black life. Already a published poet, she also wrote and performed during those Depression days what she believes may have been the first singing commercial, a jingle for Van Heusen collars: "It won't wrinkle. It won't crinkle. It won't irritate or chafe. When you wear that Van Heusen, you're absolutely safe."

Jessye composed the folk oratorio *Paradise Lost and Regained*, with music based on spirituals and a text taken entirely from Milton's epic poems, and *The Chronicle of Job*, an oratorio based on the Biblical story that includes the use of narrative, mime, music and dance.

Summing up this phase of her career, Jessye says, "I came to public notice by way of the radio. I worked with CBS when all it was was one room on 57th Street. I was one of the first in the game years ago. I won't say I wouldn't have made it without radio. It was the vehicle by which I arrived."

Jessye toured with *Porgy* through the mid-1960s, traveling throughout the United States, Europe and Israel. In 1959 she was choral director for the production of Langston Hughes' musical *Tambourines to Glory*, and in 1963 the Eva Jessye Choir performed as the official choir of the March on Washington led by Martin Luther King Jr. ▶

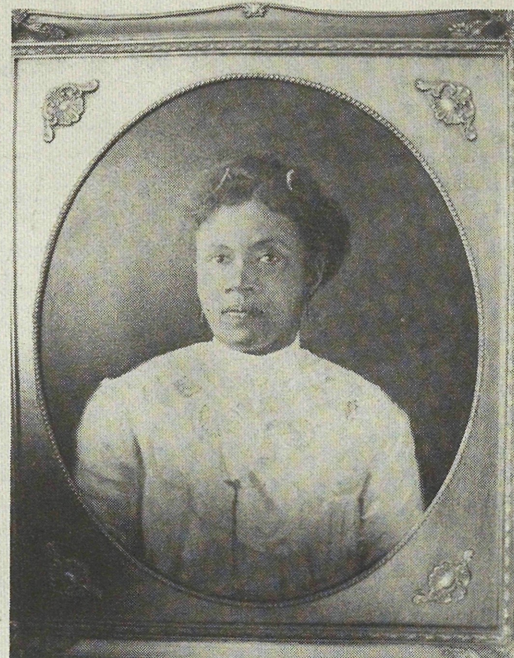
Photo by Bob Kalmbach

EVA JESSYE

'I happened to be on the scene at the right time with the right stuff'



Jessye at 14.



Julia Jessye, Eva's mother.

When her choir disbanded in 1970, Jessye began a new career as guest conductor, artist-in-residence and lecturer on university campuses, a choral consultant and an actress in the feature films *Black Like Me*, *Slaves* and *Cotton Comes to Harlem*.

Before moving to Ann Arbor, Jessye returned to her home state of Kansas as artist-in-residence at Pittsburg State University and established the Eva Jessye Collection there. She is still a sought-after lecturer and is preparing a book on the history of *Porgy and Bess*. She also works with school children at risk as part of TLC-Mentors, an Ann Arbor-based national program that involves senior citizens in elementary and high school education.

....

Eva Jessye was born on January 20, 1895, in Coffeyville, a rural town in southern Kansas that had been the first refuge of many escaped slaves. During her childhood, she was shuttled between relatives there and in Washington state, where her mother, Julia, lived after she was separated from Eva's father, Albert. A portrait of Jessye's mother hangs on the wall, and she regrets not having one of her father, who had the unusual gift of being able to sing two notes at one time:

My father, well, there wasn't much for him to do. He worked in a chicken house. When I was only three, my mother and father separated, and she went out West. My father wasn't such a good guy. He was sort of a sporting guy. Al Jessye wasn't a guy to live with.

I stayed with relatives in Kansas until I was seven, when my mother came back. My mother said to me, "I have left your father. Do you want to stay with him or go with me?" I said, "Mama, he's not nice to you and he hit you sometime."

She said, "Yes."

I said, "Well then," and I took hold of her hand and walked out with her and that was it.

There's an old song: "Just so the tree falls, just so it lies. Just so the sinner lives, just so he dies." My father was killed, shot to death. Caught up by a woman. His rival was a man named Arthur Collins. Sent word, this rival did, that he was going to kill him on a Saturday. Meanwhile, my father had pawned his gun but had forgot. So when he saw Collins at this picnic, forgetting he didn't have his gun, he made a motion to get it, and the man shot him.

When they found him, he had lost so much blood. In Coffeyville, they didn't take Black people in the hospitals. So they just sent a doctor and a nurse. I'll never forget. They wouldn't let me sit beside him when they operated on him.

I sat outside and I looked through the window and they said, "Jess — they called him Jess — Eva's here."

"Hi," he said. "Hello, Eva." And he was dying then.

"Do you know who shot you?" I said.

"Yeah."

"Who was it?"

He wouldn't say. You know, in the sporting life if a fellow gets the drop on you, it's the creed of the underworld that you don't say who it is. It's unfortunate, but you don't say who it is.

I wasn't glad he was dead, but I had no reason to love him. He hadn't taken care of my mother, and he hadn't taken care of me. He never bought me a dress in his life. No, he never did anything for me to make me venerate him or anything.

But I learned a great deal from my father. He taught

me to keep my promises. That's the best thing I can say that I learned from him. Sometimes his promise wasn't a good one to keep. He said he was going to fight you, and he'd fight you. He was a fighter.

....

After her father's death, Jessye moved to Seattle, where she lived with her mother and with relatives. She often was alone and began writing poems:

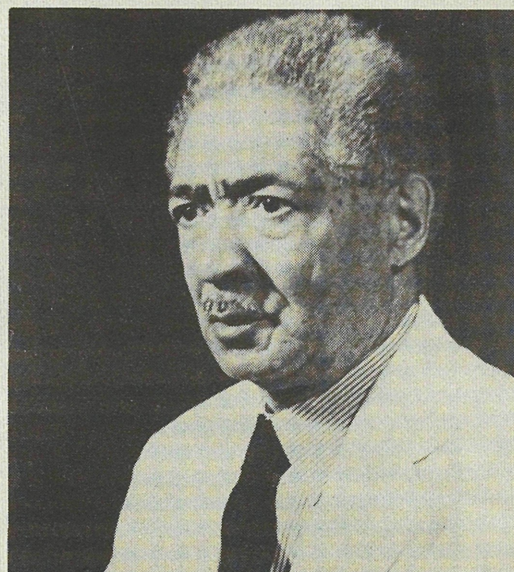
When I think about the years when I was between seven and nine years old, I often think about who was best to me. The best friend I had was a little grey hen. She loved me so dearly she would jump in my lap. The eyes would cloud over with affection. That chicken. Even a chicken can love you.

The greatest friends I had in my childhood were the little grey hen, a yellow cat and a black-and-white dog. You think that's sad? Well, I don't know if it is; when you're a child you have affections for animals. I spent a lot of my time alone.

One of the saddest times in my life was when my mother left me there in Bellingham and the boat she was traveling on pulled away from the landing and left me standing on the shore. The distance widened, and I was crying and my mother was saying, "Don't cry Eva, don't cry Eva," and the tears were falling like rain from her own eyes.

"Don't cry Eva, don't cry." I'll never forget that. It was one of the saddest times in my life. Because you know, water can separate you. See, the railroad, the tracks — it's like a link. But water, ha! The distance of water, of the sea, now that is really distance.

Poetry comes easily to Jessye. To make a point, she often breaks into spontaneous rhymes, recites lines of her own or others' poetry or sings snatches of old songs in a voice that is no less ex-



WILL MARION COOK — a violinist, student of Anton Dvorak's, conductor, and composer of the first all Black musical comedy, *Clorindy: The Origin of the Cakewalk* — was Jessye's earliest and most significant mentor. They met while Jessye was attending a segregated school in Kansas, where Cook asked her to serve as his music copyist while he was preparing scores for a performance at the school.

pressive for being raspy with age. She sprinkles her conversation with literary allusions, puns and other word play and, when successful at this, laughs like a teenager, as if startled by her own cleverness.

But Jessye also is a formal poet. Her adoration of her mother, the pain of separation, and a bitter-sweet reunion all are conveyed in her poem "A Bag of Peanuts":



JESSYE was the choral director and appeared in King Vidor's 1929 film, *Hallelujah*, one of the first motion pictures about African-American life and one of the first musicals. Her fellow actor in this scene on a wharf in Memphis was Daniel Haumes.

I was fair Julia's only child.
She loved me, oh, so dearly,
And I adored her in return —
No, not so much, but nearly.

For who can measure mother love
Save God, Who first created?
But even that by some denied
Or bitterly debated.

We lived alone in a tall, gaunt house
On Seattle's Plummer Street
Near iron foundry and railroad track —
Harsh rumbling and hellish heat.

... We had oceans of fun, just mother and I
What delighted me most of all
Was, when on the arm of a gentleman friend,
She took me along to the ball.

With orchestra screened by lush curtains of fern,
Pure starlight the chandeliers gleamed,
Like whispering zephyrs the violins sang —
the Garden of Eden it seemed.

In the gay Spanish waltz — satin shoe, ruffled gown,
High pompadour, smooth shoulders bare —
My heart burst with pride in my Julia, for she
Was by far the most beautiful there.

... Then came a night I was left all alone.
Though I swore I would not be afraid.
For hours I shivered in fear 'neath the bed
And there in dread darkness I stayed.

Till came the blest sound of a key in the lock.
Quick abed, I pretended to sleep...
Mother shook me, 'Wake up, wake up, Eva dear,'
And kissed me so soft on the cheek.

'Here are peanuts, still hot in the shell,' she enticed.
(In that moment past fears were forgot.)
Tearing into the bag with a chuckle of glee,
I frantically gobbled the lot!

That was seasons ago. Now I realize
How thoughtlessly one can trade
Treasures of life and accept in return
Pittance in peanuts paid.

....

When she was 9, Jessye returned to Coffeyville to live with her great grandmother, Mollie Buckner. Racial barriers prevented her from attending high school so, only 13, she enrolled in the Quindaro State School for the Colored (now Western University) in a suburb of Kansas City. Earlier, in grade-school years, she had been exposed to music through piano lessons, paid for by her mother; through the singing of her great-aunt Harriet; and through the spirituals that filled her church in Coffeyville. At age 12 she organized a girls' singing ensemble from among her relatives.

At Quindaro, Jessye received much of her formal musical education and met the nationally known Will Marion Cook, composer of the first Black musical comedy sketch, *Clorindy, the Origin of the Cakewalk*. Meeting Cook was a turning point in her decision to become a musician, for it was then, at 13, that she "determined to devote my life to our music":

The choirmaster was trying out some students to sing spirituals. In those days, people thought that the spirituals of our slavery days were something to be avoided, to be viewed contemptuously. So when he wanted to get someone to sing the verse part to "My Lord What a Morning," he tried girls from California and he tried some from Colorado and so on, and none would do. So he finally asked me.

Of course I didn't know any better than to say that my people had always sung that, that I had spirituals in my blood, in my bones, in my upbringing, that I lived just a few doors up from the Macedonia Baptist Church.

He said, "That's what I'm looking for."

I sang: "My Lord, what a morning, My Lord, what a morning, My Lord what a morning, when the stars begin to fall."

Many of the other students laughed in derision. They laughed and laughed. And I said to myself, "One of these days they'll see how valuable spirituals are and what they can mean." I determined then that some day I would make this music more appreciated — and it has been my life's work ever since.

If anything is going to bring this world together, it's going to be music. It's going to be music, and it's going to be the arts. Nothing else will accomplish this. Because nothing except the arts will reach the people. It must be communication spirit to spirit.

I'm glad now to see and hear that our leading artists, even operatic artists, are programming musical spirituals and Negro work songs, Negro ballads and of course the practical music by Black composers.

At a blues festival here in Ann Arbor, I saw thousands of young people, Black and white but largely white, enthusiastically admiring blues singers, some of them almost illiterate but very wise and very knowing of their art.



CETTE CHORISTE au visage furieux fait partie des cinquante-six artistes de la troupe noire américaine qui va jouer "Porgy and Bess" à l'Empire. EVA JESSYE est chef choriste. Dans l'opéra de Gershwin, son rôle n'est pas très important mais elle assiste au drame situé au 1^{er} acte.

THE CADDY AND THE COAL TRUCK

The Place . . . Atlanta, Gee Ay.
The Time . . . one cold, snowy day.
The Event . . . a sudden storm.

I do declare it caught the townfolks unaware,
No tires, no chains, no sand or salt,
With Mother Nature plainly at fault.
For 'cording to ancient song and rhyme,
'Twas where the sun shone all the time.

Well, truth to tell, you'd a-thought, my friend,
The world had come to a tragic end —
Taxis, buses, all transportation
Stopped stock still, as by proclamation.

I was a visitor, all forgot, in a windowless cubbyhole
of a spot,
While the high-toned faculty at Clark College,
Highly acclaimed for style and knowledge,
Sped away in Caddy, Olds, Mercedes,
Costly chariots such as these.
Now, dark was falling, with no way out,
But the friendly custodian was still about
And came to my rescue with (just my luck)
A dirty, a rusty old coal truck.
The driver was ragged and old and suspicious,
And gave me a look little short of malicious.
But I smiled and he grinned — away we rumbled;
I was a bit upset, but never grumbled.
Expensive autos were stalled by the roadside
Fearing to be hit by trucks broadside.
I laughed loud and long, I didn't misconstrue it,
As my trucker said, with a wink:
'Pretty don't allus do it, do it?'

Eva Jessye

PUBLICITY material for a production of Porgy in Paris in the '60s notes that Jessye (top right) played a small role in addition to directing the choir. Cab Calloway (standing in white suit) played the role of Sportin' Life.



ORIGINAL SET for "The Morning Scene" in the first production of Porgy and Bess in New York, 1935.

I saw those thousands applauding, and I thought of the years back there, the years back there when the blues originated, when it was the feared "darky music," and seen as sung by ignorant people who didn't know enough to sing the music right. They didn't know that we were just so inventive, we had to do it our way. It's been a wonderful time to be living.

At the Quindaro School for the Colored, young Eva wrote two prize-winning poems, "Ode to Methodism" and "Negroes are Bound to Rise," in which she compared her people to a meandering river — potentially powerful but without current.

After graduation she attended Langston University, a Black school in Oklahoma, where she received her bachelor's degree and teaching certificate. She taught music and other subjects in small Oklahoma towns until moving to Baltimore in 1919 to lead the choir of Morgan State College. She returned to Oklahoma where she taught at a church school for five years. There she met Richard G. Harrison, who would later become famous for his portrayal of "De Lord" in the film ▶

THE SOURCE

Should you ask me whence this music
Whence these narratives and legends,
With their keen imagination,
With the language of the poet,
With the wisdom of the scholar,
With the mandates of the scriptures
With their frequent repetitions
From the parables and prophets,
And the constant revelations
As a book that is unfolded —
I should answer, I should tell you:
From the great soul of the Black man
Born in bondage and oppression,
From his doubts and his frustrations
And his burning aspirations,
From his love of Godly courage,
And his faith in things eternal.
I shall sing them as I heard them
From the lips of our forefathers
As they moaned them in their sorrow,
As they shouted in their fervor,
As they praised God for his goodness.

Eva Jessye

JESSYE Continued

Green Pastures. Jessye went back to Baltimore in 1925, working briefly as a proofreader for *The Baltimore Afro-American* before accepting the directorship of the Dixie Jubilee Singers in 1926.

The choral group got a big break when it was hired to sing at the Capitol Theater in New York. The theater was managed by Edward Bowes, who also was a vice president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and host of one of the first radio hit shows, "The Major Bowes Family Hour." Eugene Ormandy, later conductor and musical director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, was the theater's associate director of music:

In those days, when they had a movie, they would have a live show leading up to it to create the atmosphere. The first thing we did was a plantation song. They had big white columns on the stage set, and a colonel sitting up there with his white hair and a flower in his lapel — usually it was a carnation. The colonel, you know, the colonel of the old plantation [she laughs].

We would come in with big baskets of cotton and sing: "Oh lord, I done what you told me to do. Oh Lord I done what you told me to. Oh Lord in that morning."

We were supposed to have just come from the cotton fields. It was an old jubilee spiritual. They called them "jubilee" because they were jubilant, "spirituals" because they were of the spirit. Makes sense, doesn't it? It's not the type of music I like best, but it comes natural to me because that's what they sang in my childhood.

We sang about the South. Because most of my people came up from the South. We used a lot of Will Marion Cook's things, "Rain Song." [She sings]:

Seems as if the wind is warm,
Wouldn't be surprised if we had a storm.
When you notice the air is standing stock still,
And the blackbird's voice gets so awful shrill,
That's a sign of rain.

When your dog quits bones and begins to fast,
and when you see him eating leaves and grass,
Now there's a sure sign of rain.

People used to live with signs. They used to say, "Negroes for the signs, white folks for the money."

....

Jessye's role as choral director of the film *Hallelujah* established her reputation, which spread as she and her choir, which ranged from 25 to 500 singers, traveled the United States and performed on radio. In 1934 she conducted *Four Saints in Three Acts*, a collaborative effort of writer Gertrude Stein and composer Virgil Thompson that featured a Black cast in a plotless play that concerned activities of various European saints. The play also was historic in that, as far as Jessye can recall, it was the first production in which a choir was paid for time spent rehearsing in addition to performing.

Word of Jessye's skill spread to George Gershwin, who was in the process of putting together the first production of *Porgy and Bess*, which premiered at the Colonial Theater in Boston on September 30, 1935. Jessye liked Gershwin — "he was unpretentious," she says — and he in turn relied heavily on her in his effort to portray authentically Black life in the South:

After all, being white you can go only so far into the Black. Sometimes he just heard the surface. He hit the



ON THE ROAD in Miami with Porgy and Bess, Jessye, then in her 60s, substituted as the Strawberry Woman in addition to directing the choir.

*'I shall sing them as I heard them
From the lips of our forefathers'*

From 'The Source' by Eva Jessye

surface, the part that was bubbling up. But what came from way down in the ground, of course, he couldn't get. But he indicated it. And so I made it my business to surface many things that he indicated.

There were many rhythms that Gershwin and the musicians had left out. They were university people. They had no conception of those rhythms and the feelings they expressed. How could they know? Some of them had never heard it.

"Serenade's Prayer" is one of the most beautiful parts of Porgy and Bess: "Now Porgy, Dr. Jesus done took the case, your woman gonna be well."

The Negro's belief is very strong — the belief that there is a God, and that God will cure. You believed in miracles. Porgy and Bess is about the Negro way of believing and testifying. The Negroes believe in testifying. In their churches they testified to their belief. When you testify in court, you speak what you know to be the truth. That's what testimony is supposed to be.

The title of the history of Porgy and Bess that I am writing will be Fill Up the Saucer. [sings] "Fill up the saucer 'til it overflow. The Lord will meet you. The Lord will meet you."

You see, in the South it was the custom that when someone died all the neighbors would come in, and they would have the corpse lying out there with a saucer on it. The people would put money in the saucer to pay for the burial. In Porgy and Bess, they were trying to raise money to bury a man, and somebody appealed to Porgy: "What are we going to do if we don't get the

money to bury this man." And Porgy replied, "God got plenty of money for the saucer."

I think about that every time there is a shortage in my affairs — which is frequent — that we should have the faith that God has plenty of money for the saucer. When things are ripe to be done, a way will be found, the money will be found somewhere. "God got plenty of money for the saucer." There will always be a source.

During her career as choral director, arranger, actress and poet, Eva Jessye has amassed almost 10,000 pounds of memorabilia. Since 1974 much of this material — books, photographs, play bills, recordings, art objects and more — has been housed in the Eva Jessye Collection, one of three major components of The University of Michigan Afro-American Music Collections in the Center for Afroamerican and African Studies in the West Engineering Building at the southern entrance to the Diag.

"The time grows short," Jessye says. "And when the time comes that I do not see the sunrise of another day, I'll be so thrilled to realize that at The University of Michigan, there is a sign left saying, 'Eva Jessye passed this way.'"

"These music collections are among the most important of their kind," notes Willis C. Patterson, associate dean of the School of Music and coordinator of the Collections, who convinced Jessye to move to Ann Arbor and donate her collection to the U-M. "But it is more than just music artifacts. There also are dance, film and theater items, as well as literature. Because of their diversity, the collections have great potential for a long-lasting impact."

Another component of the Collections, the N.C. Standifer Collection, contains videotaped interviews with dozens of African-American musicians, including Todd Duncan and Anne Brown, who played Porgy and Bess in the first performance of that opera; trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie; band leader Count Basie; pianist Eubie Blake, and blues singer Sippie Wallace. The interviews were conducted by James A. Standifer, professor of music. Also included in the collection are many of Standifer's personal papers and materials from "Jumpstreet: A Story of Black Music," which aired in 13 episodes on PBS television. Standifer was senior adviser for the series, the episodes of which also are included in the collection, and he is currently working on a second series.

The Maxwell Reade Collection is an assemblage of approximately 1,000 78-rpm records and dozens of LPs, most of which are in mint or near mint condition. Now being transferred to cassette tape, the recordings comprise Dixieland, gospel, rhythm and blues, popular, spirituals, show music, and miscellaneous vocal and instrumental performances.

The Eva Jessye Collection contains hundreds of items culled from a half-century of music and theater. More than 100 musical programs and scores, including music performed by opera greats Leontyne Price and Jessye Norman ("She's the only other person I've seen with 'Jessye' spelled like that," says Eva Jessye of the diva and School of Music graduate, "but I don't know whether the spelling came from my name or not"). Popular stars such as Billie Holliday and the Supremes also are represented. More than 300 photographs provide a visual history of 20th-century African-American culture, while books, film scripts and opera librettos provide a literary view of the period.

"These collections are much needed at a place like the U of M," Standifer says. "The most difficult thing for young Blacks and other minorities is to find their identity. With the Collections, they can point to those things which give them that identity. It promotes a heritage and serves to reinject it. It says you can succeed either in spite of or because of."

Some of the background material for this article was provided by the dissertation of Donald Fisher Black, '86 Ph.D., School of Music (Life and Work of Eva Jessye and Her Contributions to American Music). Black is chairman of the music department at Clarion University in Pennsylvania.

Some of Jessye's remarks were taken from taped interviews conducted by Prof. James A. Standifer of the U-M School of Music in his compilation of the N. C. Standifer Collection of interviews with African-American musicians.



JESSYE (at right in front row), then in her 70s, directed and sang in the chorus of Langston Hughes' *Tambourines to Glory* in the 1960s.

By Peter Seidman

Ever since it became known that Kim Lane Scheppele was working on a book about secrets, people — she won't say who — have been calling her for advice.

Some wonder if it is right to conceal things for their own purposes. Into this category fall researchers who have asked Scheppele how much she thinks they have to tell their subjects about the type of information they're *really* after; the subjects' knowledge could compromise the study; besides, doesn't a big truth with extensive benefits for a lot of people justify a small secret?

Some ask if or when it is ethical to keep something secret to avoid hurting a loved one — such as an episode of infidelity — or what they are honor-bound to tell prospective mates about past lovers.

People ask her other questions about even darker secrets, but Scheppele, an assistant professor of political science, is keeping those to herself.

"People spend an awful lot of time keeping secrets, anguishing over whether to keep secrets and worrying that secrets are being kept from them," says Scheppele, who also is adjunct assistant professor of law and assistant research scientist in the Institute for Public Policy Studies. "They need all kinds of help deciding when it's ethical to keep secrets and when to reveal them. A secrecy consultant would do great business in this country."

Even though she has written a book on the subject (*Legal Secrets: Equality and Efficiency in the Common Law*, recently published by the University of Chicago Press), Scheppele admits she does not always have ready answers to ethical questions about secrets. But she has always been interested in them.

As a newspaper reporter in northern New Jersey she ran up against other people's secrets all the time, including once when, during a party, she was caught rummaging through a closet in the club of a mayor suspected of using the premises as a set for pornographic movies.

If she had found damaging evidence the mayor had wished to keep secret, "it might have been so valuable," Scheppele says, "that it would have outweighed the ethical problems of gathering it, but I'm not sure. It wasn't a public place, and my invitation didn't include permission to poke around."

Another puzzling type of secret is the state variety.

"A graduate student wanted to know the number of people who worked in CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia," Scheppele says, "but the CIA and the State Department told him the figures were a secret. Finally he called the Soviet Embassy, and someone there gave him a plausible number."

Scheppele's interest in things hidden goes back a long way. An only child, at age 6, she made up a secret code. At age 9, she made up a secret language, put it into the code and then used the code to write several books — which, of course, she also kept secret.

Even this multilayered clandestineness proved unsatisfying. And now Scheppele knows why. The most important secrets "are *directional*," she explains, "not secrets from the world at large, but strategic secrets from specific people, to be concealed or told for specific reasons."

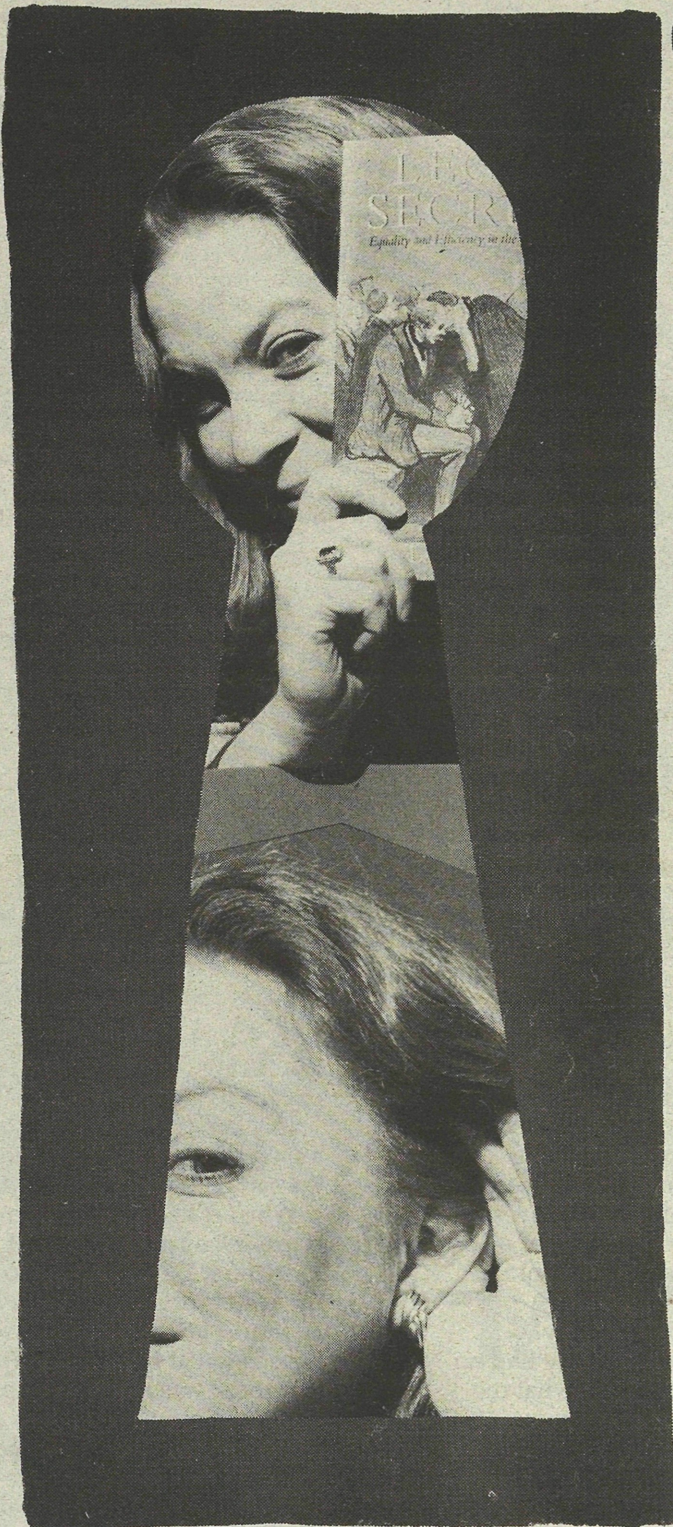
Thus, she points out, the most important and powerful personal secrets are those kept from people closest to us, which is why so many people tell things to the stranger beside them on an airplane or in a bar that they wouldn't reveal to friends or relatives.

As she grew older, Scheppele took more satisfaction from sharing her secret language with friends so they could use it to keep information from others.

"Keeping secrets was a way of creating a self," says Scheppele, who earned her doctorate in sociology at the University of Chicago. "When you realize the power to say, 'I know something you don't,' it's a big step in the development of identity."

Part of the power of secrets is that once the cat is out of the bag, you can't put it back in even if it is causing harm ranging from embarrassment to treachery. In her book, Scheppele writes: "Secrets

KEEPING SECRETS



Yea or nay is a matter of law to Kim Lane Scheppele

AS A CHILD, Scheppele created a secret code, a secret language and secret books written in a secret symbol system. She discovered later that 'secrets kept from the world at large are not as satisfying or powerful as secrets concealed from specific people for specific reasons.'

once revealed cannot be retracted. . . . While the initial sharing of secrets may have been an expression of autonomy, the bonds that secrets create may enslave. The extreme case of blackmail illustrates the point."

This is where the law steps in — to navigate through the dark side of secrecy, where one party can use shared knowledge to manipulate and control another. The question explored in *Legal Secrets* is, when is it legal to keep a secret and when isn't it.

Scheppele defines a secret as "a piece of information that is intentionally withheld by one or more social actor(s) from one or more other social actor(s)."

A lie, she adds, "is a secret with a story on top. Once one uncovers a lie, one must still uncover the secret before the hidden information is revealed."

Information is something the modern world abounds in. But, as the partisans of the "Chicago School" of law and economics point out, information — the substance of a secret — is often a scarce resource, since it can require much time and energy to gather, sift and analyze information pertaining to a given subject.

"This is obvious to anyone who has ever tried to buy an appliance, like a video cassette recorder or stereo system," Scheppele says. "You never have enough information to know for sure that you're making the best decision."

Proponents of the Chicago school contend that those who take the trouble to acquire information should be allowed to benefit from their effort, regardless of the impact this may have on those who remain ignorant. This provides incentives for the production and distribution of knowledge in the marketplace, which, the "Chicagoans" argue, makes society better for everyone.

Here Scheppele disagrees. "People don't have an equal opportunity to acquire information," she says. "If you have access to valuable information, it's often because of a special position — because you're already in a position of power. So if people are allowed to use that information against others, it's a way for the powerful to consolidate their positions."

"For example, if, because of your especially powerful position within a corporation, you're given information ahead of time about a stock deal, you can make a profit for yourself. Many ▶

SECRETS Continued

efficiency theorists think that's just fine because it provides incentives for people to invest in acquiring that kind of information, and this in turn makes the market more efficient.

"But regardless of the market efficiency question," Scheppele argues, "there are laws against insider trading. Because in a democratic society we all, at least in theory, agree on and consent to certain governing principles. And we agree on those principles without knowing whether in a given instant they will benefit or hurt us. And before they have developed a vested interest one way or the other, most people would not consent to allowing a powerful person with special access to information to benefit from it at a disadvantaged person's expense."

Scheppele maintains that the law operates on something very much like a golden-rule equality principle, one holding that you should not allow something to be done to another that you would not want done to yourself — if for no other reason than because you might someday be in the position of the disadvantaged person.

"According to the equality theory," Scheppele explains, "if information has been given to you because of your special position, you can't use it to make your position even more special at someone else's expense."

Some court decisions on legal secrets (Scheppele examined 250 of the the non-state variety for her book) show an effort to promote efficiency and equality simultaneously. But when a choice between the two principles must be made, Scheppele says, generally U.S. courts have ruled in ways that have helped "level the field" — so the game is fair for all players — even when the decision rendered the marketplace less efficient.

Scheppele cites the case of *Barry vs. Orahood*, in which a large oil company, represented by Barry, wanted to buy 320 acres of land that it secretly knew held large deposits of oil and gas.

Barry found the owner of the land, a farmer named Orahood, in a hospital bed recovering from surgery. Orahood had no idea there was oil and gas underneath his land and agreed to sell it. Later, when Orahood sought to nullify the transaction, an Oklahoma judge allowed the deed to be cancelled, ruling that Barry, knowing that Orahood was in a weakened position, should not have taken advantage of him.

"It might have been more efficient," Scheppele says, "for the oil reserves on the land to be exploited at the lowest possible cost, and some would argue that the oil company should have been allowed to enjoy the benefits of the investment it made in discovering the presence of oil on the farmer's land. But the fairness issue took priority."

In another case, a 51-year-old woman who wanted to learn to dance, but who clearly had no aptitude for it, was convinced through what the judge later called "a constant and continuous barrage of flattery, false praise, excessive compliments and panegyric encomiums" to purchase 2,302 hours of dancing lessons at a cost of \$31,090.45.

The owners of the dance studio knew a secret — the widow had no dancing ability, and no amount of lessons would make her a good dancer — but kept their knowledge of her ineptitude to themselves. The court ruled that the studio owners were obligated to tell the woman what they knew about her since she obviously was not in a position to know it herself.

The laws of secrecy work both ways, Scheppele points out. The same principle that grants the farmer or the widow equal access to information that the oil company or dance studio wishes to keep secret, can require them to disclose personal information they may not want a third party to know.

"Let's say you're applying for a job," Scheppele says. "Your employer would probably find it enormously relevant if you had AIDS or a criminal record, and this principle would require that you tell him, much as you dislike the prospect."

"So one of the consequences of this equal access principle, which sounds fair in theory, is that it also is applied to information we have about ourselves, which other people don't have equal access to but which they might find relevant. This isn't a flaw in the argument, but it is a logical extension of it that makes some people uncomfortable, people who think or feel that information about

themselves should not have to be disclosed even though it hurts others to keep it secret."

The law, however, does not require you to reveal potentially embarrassing information about yourself if it is irrelevant to a lawful interest of another person, and it forbids others from forcing you to reveal it.

To protect privacy, the courts have allowed a veterinarian to bar a garage owner from placing a sign in the garage's window revealing the size of the veterinarian's unpaid bill. A newspaper that printed a picture of a woman whose skirt was blown up to her waist was successfully sued, as was a news magazine which printed the name of a woman with an unusual disease that caused her to lose weight even though she ate huge amounts of food.

But in the eyes of the law, Scheppele notes, people who, to further their own positions, hide relevant, discreditable information about themselves — such as a criminal conviction or sexually transmittable disease — may be just as culpable as someone who conceals defects in an automobile or a house from a prospective buyer.

It is hardly problematic that in the 1920s, a woman whose fiance kept his syphilis a secret was successful in pressing criminal charges. But what about the Case of the Man Who Wished to Escape His Past?

In 1935, DePaul University in Chicago hired John B. Fuller to teach German. Shortly before the school year began, however, Fuller was told his services would not be needed. He sued the university for breach of contract.

The trial established that the university had

learned a secret about Fuller — that he was not John B. Fuller but Father Bernard Fuller, an ordained priest who was reported to have died while traveling in Greece in 1927. Bernard Fuller was in fact alive; he had changed his name to John to start a new life, which soon included marriage and two children.

Fuller argued that no harm would have come to anyone if the university had agreed to keep his secret. But DePaul said Fuller's presence on the faculty would do "irremedial damage" to the school, that "all the nuns and priests currently on the faculty would leave," and that it "never would have hired him had it known his secret."

The Illinois Appellate Court backed the university on the ground that Fuller's secret was fraud.

"The case illustrates the fact that concealing knowledge about yourself is more than just a way of building an identity," says Scheppele. "It's also a way of relating to other people. The sociologist Georg Simmel once said that every relationship is determined by knowledge shared. So I see relationships as fields of shared knowledge. This is what makes people friends."

"When we think of secrets, it's a mistake to think that the underlying knowledge — the information — is the only important thing. Really, the hiding itself is often the issue. A decision to tell or conceal a secret is a decision about how one is going to relate to another person. If one friend or spouse keeps a secret from another friend or spouse at the beginning of a relationship, there's pressure to keep it. To reveal it later is to admit a long-term betrayal — and that can be as traumatic as the information contained in the secret itself."

Charting Secrecy

	Type of Secret		
	Direct	Serial	Collective
Parties involved	A to B	B to C	A or B to C
Activity			
Reveals information	Disclosure	Betrayal	Leak
Hides information	Simple secret	Secondhand secret	Conspiracy

Kim Lane Scheppele says most secrets are one of three types: direct, serial or collective.

In a *Direct Secret*, A has a secret from B, a secret that B wants to know. If A tells B the secret, it is a disclosure.

When A keeps a secret from B, B may claim in court that she had a right to the information. B may have asked A to disclose the secret, or B may not have known to ask, as would be the case if B were buying a house owned by A who kept secret the fact that there was no water supply six months out of the year.

A, on the other hand, may claim the secret is her property if the information is likely to be commercially useful, or that it is private, as long as the information B seeks is not relevant to B's valid interest — such as whether A is married, pregnant, has children, is an Arab, a Zen Buddhist or so on.

A may discover after having disclosed a secret to B that he assumed B would keep the secret from any and all other persons, as is the case when a criminal suspect who has confessed to another person wishes to prevent that information from being used in court.

A, the criminal, may claim that B's possession of the information now harms A and that A should be able to prevent B from using the information to A's detriment. B, in turn, may claim that A's initial disclosure was voluntary and that any later restriction on the information is therefore invalid.

In a *Serial Secret*, A shares a secret with B, and a third actor C, wants to acquire A's secret from B. If B reveals A's secret to C, it is a betrayal.

In this web of secrecy, B is often caught between A's justification for why B should not reveal the secret and C's for why he

should. Conflicts of this sort arise most frequently in cases involving confidential relationships, in which doctors, priests or social workers claim that their patients, parishioners or clients have confided in them with the enforceable understanding that they will not disclose this information.

Mass media law raises its own questions of secrecy versus freedom of information. A may claim that B's publication of details about A's life discloses a secret that A had a right to keep. Other serial-secret cases include debt collections — that is, when A is in debt to B and B reveals this fact to A's employer to pressure A to pay up.

In the *Collective Secret*, or conspiracy, A and B jointly create a secret, and C wants to get the information from A or B. If A reveals the secret to C without B's approval (or vice versa), it's a leak.

The secret-keeper who is left out in the cold might argue that the secret should not have been unilaterally disclosed because it was a joint product, not an individual one. The leaker of the secret might contend that the knowledge was for each to use and that the secret-keeper cannot prevent the discloser from telling others or from leaving alliances that no longer benefit the discloser. Trade secret cases, in which an inventor takes an invention along upon terminating employment, often present problems of collective secrecy.



By Jane York Bornstein

When I first met Anne Yeats, I had her relatives on my mind. She is the daughter of the great Irish poet and nationalist William Butler Yeats, the granddaughter of portrait painter John Butler Yeats and the niece of Jack Yeats, the leading Irish artist of his generation. In his poem, "Meditations in Time of Civil War," Anne's father worried about the erosion of family stature through the generations:

*"And maybe the great-grandson of that house
For all its bronze and marble's but a mouse."*

I could hear those words as I accompanied my husband, George, a professor of English and W.B. Yeats scholar at the University, on a research visit to Anne Yeats' home south of Dublin. Yeats was, I knew, an accomplished artist in her 60s, but family psychology is complex. Might not her clan's achievements — that mass of "bronze and marble" — weigh heavily upon her despite her success?

After greeting us in her garden, Yeats suggested that she and I watch television coverage of Prince Charles' and Diana Spencer's wedding while George worked through her collection of her father's books and manuscripts.

She led us to her studio, past the paintings and drawings on every wall, to watch the wedding surrounded by her works-in-progress and the smell of oil paint. I knew Anne's mother, George Hyde-Lees, was English, but I wondered what the reaction of The-Daughter-of-the-Famous-Poet-and-Nationalist would be to a display of British pomp that certainly would have provoked her father. As I wondered how to broach the subject, the camera pulled back to the top of Westminster Cathedral to show Diana's train stretching halfway down the long aisle. Yeats burst out indignantly, "Don't they realize they've made the poor girl look like a dragonfly pinned to a board?" With that, I finally disengaged from W.B. Yeats and saw Anne Yeats as the artist she is, at that moment frustrated with a television crew that had disappointed her with a botched visual image.

Yeats' priorities first clashed with those of her famous father when she was 5 years old: "I had an idea and I needed something to draw on, so I went into Father's study and took a piece of paper off his tables, then went very quietly to draw on it. Well, there was an uproar the next morning because Father's current poem was missing, and where was it? Of course it was found that I had it. And when I was accused, I defended myself tearfully, 'But you didn't have anything on it but squibbles!'"

Being surrounded by her father's "squibbles" at home interfered less with her aspirations to be an artist than did the knowledge that her uncle and grandfather were important painters. Yeats initially sidestepped the competition. After three years of art school in her early teens, she put her talents to work as scene designer for the Abbey, the National Theatre of Ireland founded by her father and associates like Lady Gregory. Eventually, however, her strong desire to paint led her back into competition with the family: "I worked in the theater for a number of years until I decided that I really couldn't bear not to paint. I had to paint."

She left the theater and began teaching herself to watercolor, still ambivalent about using oils, the medium favored by her uncle and grandfather. But even this strategy failed her. "I knew so little about my Uncle Jack that I never realized that he painted in watercolors. So I started off thinking, 'Well now, that's something they haven't done!' Of course by the time I discovered that Jack had begun with watercolors too, I was hooked."

Yeats' self-designed curriculum involved painting anything she could find, wherever she found it. She painted people in the theater, landscapes and any details that caught her eye. Her experience as a young girl at art school, drawing the same model from the same position for weeks on end, had been unbearably tedious. Unwilling to pursue more formal training, she learned by painting what interested her, once disappearing at

From her father,
the great Irish poet,
painter Anne Yeats inherited
what he most desired,
something —



Photo by Jane York Bornstein

MORE THAN A NAME

a dinner party to be found by puzzled hosts in the pantry, drawing the fish they would later eat.

Lacking a mentor or even the influence of modern European art, which was slow to come to Ireland, Yeats persisted with her experiments until frustration with watercolors forced her finally to take up oils. "I invented a way of painting with wax and inks because I wanted a stronger color than I could get with watercolors. After developing that quite successfully I decided I couldn't get a fine enough line. So, all in all, it became increasingly obvious that I would have to take the bull by the horns — to hell with the relations — and paint in oil."

That decision put her right back in the familiar position of being a beginner with no available or acceptable teacher except herself. She made one attempt to study oil technique with a friend in an art school but found that the experience "wreaked hell with my color, so I escaped from that and went back to teaching myself."

Though her Uncle Jack supported her endeavors emotionally and financially, he declined to instruct her. He replied to her request for help by

saying that "he couldn't teach me how to paint because he didn't know how he did it himself. That was either a very polite brush-off or the truth. His later paintings seem to me to be inventions on the canvas. They are immediate and urgent, and I think they probably did come straight up inside him without planning beforehand. He certainly couldn't have taught me to paint like him."

Her uncle may not have trained her, but Yeats shares his affinity for "inventing on the canvas," which for her grew out of her self-training in watercolors and a three-year "painter's block." Unable to paint at all, she took herself up the road to a lithography studio, just to do something. The lithographer's advice was to invent on the stone without bringing a preconceived picture along. This approach "suited me down to the ground and I've been doing it ever since."

Now, 40 years later, Yeats' technique remains experimental and spontaneous, yet fully disciplined by the requirements of oils. She calls her paintings "collages with nothing left sticking to the paint." Working on specially primed watercolor paper, she applies layer after layer of color with rags, tissue ▶

A NAME Continued

paper and other materials dipped in paint. Each new layer exploits the accidents of the previous layer, until she achieves what she calls "depth with color." This layering of glazes creates the impression of looking through moving water to a distant floor, often reminiscent of a pebbly stream bed. Sometimes one final contrasting color floats on top, perhaps a curious tangle of string dipped in white paint, laid on the canvas and immediately removed. The whole process is "an enormous amount of work, with 20 projects on at once with nothing to show for it. Then, suddenly and with any luck, I have about 15 completed oils."

While Yeats uses words like spontaneity, immediacy, accident and experiment to describe the creative process, her underlying craftsmanship and discipline betray a contempt for artistic impulsiveness. Her scorn for those contemporary artists who flaunt undisciplined inspiration is unequivocal: "I see many awful pictures. I like a painting to be well-made, I must say, or as well as you can make it. Too many pictures are just thrown on the canvas. It's anger. It's more therapy than art."

Yeats' unpretentious attitude toward her art parallels her attitude toward family fame. She credits both her parents, but especially her mother, for raising her and her brother, Michael, to live productive lives. (Michael Yeats, a retired Irish senator, represented Ireland in the European Economic Commission.) Yeats says she was always "fully aware of how great Father was, but it never occurred to us to put on airs. Michael didn't think there was anything funny about having a poet for a father until somebody asked him, when he went to boarding school in Switzerland, what his father did. When he said he was a poet, the reaction was of course horror, astonishment. They were flabbergasted. 'You mean he isn't a banker?'"

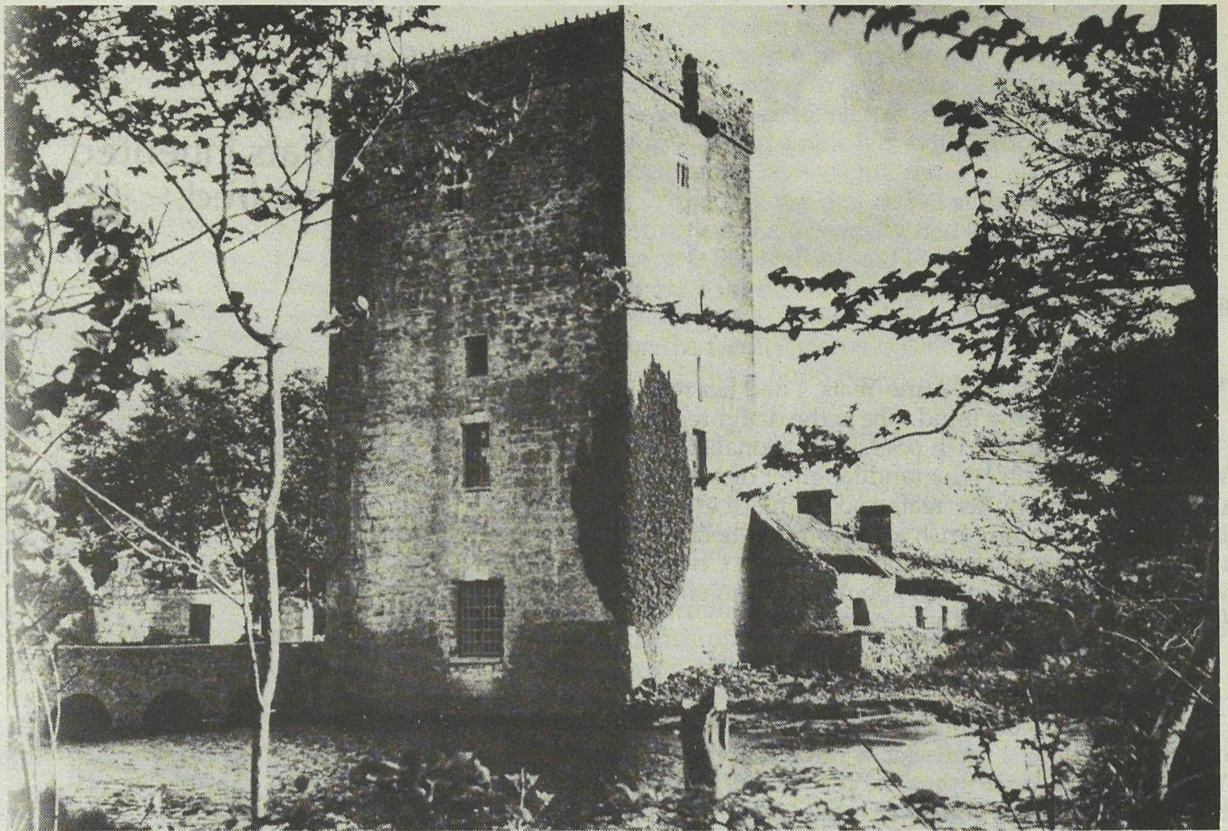
"I think we owe much to Mother, who was determined that we should as far as possible lead normal lives, and also to the fact that we lived a very quiet life. And it helped that Father wasn't temperamental like some big people are. Nor did he drink too much. You know what you hear of these writers, like Dylan Thomas or such, but Father led a very quiet, workman-like life."

To Yeats' mother, George, fell most of the responsibilities of family life, and she was adamant about doing things her way. After Michael and Anne were born, it became clear that she needed to hire a nanny. "After all," says Yeats, "Mother had a lot to do. She had to run the house, run us and run Father." George's sisters-in-law and self-appointed advisers pushed her to hire a well-trained, middle-aged woman. So George went out and hired a 17-year-old girl with no experience, "whom she could train herself, not an old gorgon who would train her."

Yeats suggests that it was her mother who had the burden of coping with W.B. Yeats' intense preoccupation with poetry, and that it began as soon as they were married. George was 27 years old, and William was 52 and a well-established poet. Forty years later, George told her daughter of the day she realized that her vision of marriage did not coincide exactly with her new husband's: "You could still hear in Mother's voice her feelings of the time. She was quite newly married, and one day Father came to their hotel in London in a great state of excitement and said, 'George, George! I've got just the thing for you. It's all by itself in a window in Bond Street!' And Mother, of course, being young and stylish and with a passion for hats, thought, 'Bond Street! Willie's going to buy me a hat!' So he took her off to Bond Street and there it was, all by itself in the window — the first noiseless typewriter!"

"I sometimes think that was the first time she realized her position in his life, that she was going to spend the rest of her life typing. But of course, that wasn't really her role. In truth she was everything for him."

However normal George tried to keep the children's lives, they all had occasion to challenge their father's priorities. While Anne made her first statement by abducting drafts of his poems for her own creative purposes, Michael, who was younger, confronted him more directly. Anne



THE W.B. YEATSES spent their summers at Thoor Ballylee, a restored Norman tower beside a millstream in western Ireland near the town of Gort. Anne Yeats remembers listening through ears stuffed with cotton wool as soldiers dynamited the tower's bridge during the "troubles" between Ireland and England in the '20s.

remembers the specific offense: "Michael was being carried upstairs by our nanny and passed Father in the hall. He was busy with his own thoughts and didn't see Michael. Now Michael was very hurt by this and became determined to figure out a way to get his own back on Father. Mother said if he had thought about it for a week he couldn't have figured out a better way. He looked at Father straight in the face one day at lunch time and announced firmly, 'I hate poetry!' And Father was of course terribly hurt by this, though Michael was only about 5!"

Although George managed family life, Anne's father, who died when Anne was 20, had the greater influence over her education. He refused to let her go to regular school, where he feared that she would learn quickly to be a "proper" Irish girl focused on dances, boys, marriage and children at the expense of intellectual development:

"Most Irish girls were sent to school. But Father was determined to take me away from that early. I learned that to our way of life, working and reading books and looking at pictures was simply what one did. It never occurred to me to spend time at dances. I was just too busy."

Without realizing it at the time, Yeats received a

unique literary training. At age 12, she returned from her four years at a Swiss boarding school and began three years at the art school run by the Royal Hibernian Academy. She returned home early each day and was told to go to her father's library and read. She read everything that she found readable from his extensive collection, and then talked with her father in the evenings. Often he used her as a sounding board while he worked out whatever issues were on his mind.

Of course this education did not result in a diploma, however enriching it had been, and it left Yeats feeling intellectually inadequate for several decades, until she discovered that "all the things I never knew were exactly the same things that everybody else had forgotten!"

Yeats was not alone in being self-taught and self-conscious of her educational gaps. Her father's own similarly rich but spotty training led him to claim as an adult, "I have forgotten my Hebrew!" — which, like many things, he had never learned in the first place.

Outside the domestic sphere, Irish political troubles played a prominent role in Yeats' childhood. The fact that her father was an important Irish nationalist during Ireland's struggle for in-



THE YEATSES in the early '30s; from left to right: Anne, George, William Butler and Michael.



STRING PAINTING No. 5, 1979, by Anne Yeats. Oil on paper.

dependence from England was less memorable to her as a child than the sounds of gunfire in the night. She recalls with more humor than horror the encounters with soldiers at her family's summer home, Thoor Ballylee, a restored Norman tower beside a bridge that crosses a millstream in western Ireland near the town of Gort:

"I remember noises in Dublin all right; we used to be frightened by noises during 'the troubles.' But down there at Ballylee, whichever side it was came and said they were sorry but this was the last road open, and they were going to have to blow up our bridge. So they advised us to go in and open all the windows and to stuff the ears of us children with cotton wool and stay inside, and that was duly done. And the bridge was blown up, though not very successfully, I may say. I remember there was a big chunk missing out of one side and I used to lie and wait for horses and carts to come by in the hope that they would fall over the bridge into the river. But they knew they had just an inch each side, so they were just able to get across. This disappointed me terribly!"

Near Gort lived Lady Gregory, the Irish playwright and folklorist, and lifelong friend of the Yeatses. Her contributions to modern Ireland W.B. Yeats recognizes in his poem "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931," but it was her aristocratic and Victorian foibles that Yeats recalls: "Word got around one summer in Gort that Mother and Father had the local Protestant curate to dinner one evening. Well, the next time Mother was up in Coole Park, the Gregory family home, Lady Gregory scolded Mother, 'You know, George, in Ireland the curate comes to afternoon tea, the rector comes to lunch and the bishop comes to dinner.' Mother later said, 'I wasn't going to tell Lady Gregory that the curate was the only intelligent one of the three!'"

Yeats shares anecdotes of her family with the pleasure of a skilled storyteller. But there is one subject about which she is uncharacteristically reticent, and that is her father's poem *A Prayer for My Daughter*. Written when she was an infant, the poem describes a father's hopes for his daughter's character and position in a life grounded "in custom and in ceremony":

'. . . May she become a flourishing hidden tree
That all her thoughts may like the linnet be,
And have no business but dispensing round
Their magnanimities of sound,
Nor but in merriment begin a chase,
Nor but in merriment a quarrel.
O may she live like some green laurel
Rooted in one dear perpetual place.

Yeats distances herself from this set of weighty parental expectations by not thinking about the poem very much. When she does consider it, she reads objectively rather than personally. While



Photo by Jane York Bornstein

THIS WORK in progress was inspired by Yeats' vision of a bonfire. Yeats calls her paintings 'collages with nothing left sticking to the paint.' The preliminary layers like this glowing red are built up until she achieves 'depth with color.' The press at right is the one used by the Cuala Press founded in 1903 by W.B. Yeats' sister Elizabeth.

admiring the poem, she admits to one reservation: "I would have liked the poem better if it had been about somebody else. It does tend to drag around after you. There's a feeling that you can't live up to it, I think, and that's trying. I prefer not to think of it most of the time. I heard someone say that it was a very chauvinistic poem, but I don't think, for its time, that it was at all. Father was very Victorian, after all, and I think he just wished what was best for his daughter. It was 1919, and I was only one month old at the time."

However one might interpret the poem, Yeats was reared not by 10 stanzas but by a mother and father who carefully fostered their daughter's intellectual and artistic talents. Furthermore, Yeats came of age not in a male-dominated art world at all, but among a group of accomplished women painters who ran the Annual Exhibition of Irish Art: "At the time there wasn't much feminism as such. There were a lot of women painters in the early '40s in Ireland — many more than there were men. I was very lucky."

Though keenly aware of the economic and psychological disadvantages female artists face, and the cultural isolation imposed on Ireland by Britain, Yeats does not incorporate politics into her artistic identity: "While I think of myself as being Irish, of course — in spite of being half English —

I don't think of myself in nationalist terms. I just think of myself as a painter. The times are different than they were when Father was writing, when they were making the country. Politically I am Irish, definitely Irish. I can be aggressively Irish. But because Mother was English, I find that I can see both sides of the question, which is not an Irish characteristic as a general rule."

But then general rules never have played a large role in Yeats' life. She has continuously resisted the external definitions offered by country and by family name; she has stood her own ground in a family of artists, and in a country that embraces one-sided politics.

Later in the poem "Meditations in Time of Civil War," after conjuring up a great-grandson who was "but a mouse," W.B. Yeats contemplated his responsibility to pass on more than a name to his children:

Having inherited a vigorous mind
From my old fathers, I must nourish dreams
And leave a woman and a man behind
As vigorous of mind. . . .

Anne Yeats has given back to the world far more than just a name.

Jane York Bornstein is an Ann Arbor free-lancer.

It was the toughest of times, now it's the best so far..

By Janet Nellis Mendler

"Is this software thing enough to earn you a living?" Irma M. Wyman's mother asked in the 1950s.

She need not have worried. Her daughter's knowledge of software, and hardware, coupled with "an excitement for technology," have propelled the 1949 U-M engineering graduate to a vice presidency at Honeywell Inc., the Minneapolis-based corporation that is perhaps best known for its Honeywell Round thermostat.

As Honeywell's vice president of information management and highest ranking female executive, Wyman has visited most of the more than 100 countries in Honeywell's marketing empire. She runs the century-old company's global communication system, and within the last three years she has participated in a corporate restructuring and diversification that radically changed her job, as well as that of the 2,000 others for whom she has "dotted line" responsibility.

Wyman's job includes reviewing proposed technological changes and creating new ways to organize people, equipment and tasks. She's directly accountable for a \$50 million budget and has oversight for almost \$200 million for the world's leading supplier of automation and control devices for homes, buildings, industry and defense and aerospace.

Technological change, Wyman notes, always brings organizational transformation. "Technology doesn't come in without cost," and that cost is factored in both dollars and a changing job environment."

Computers, she points out, are increasingly replacing people, or affecting how they do their jobs. "The pace of that change is very important — too slow and the business loses competitiveness, too fast and the work force has serious problems with the change. Putting together the technology is the easiest part. Working with people and their managers to introduce the technology is the most challenging because it will mean new types of jobs, new systems of control, a need for new skills, all of which can be threatening and stressful."

Stacked on Wyman's modern oak shelves are books such as *Thriving on Chaos*, *Executive Support Systems*, and *World Communications*. Dozens of yellow self-stick notes march across her credenza, clearly part of some orderly system.

Sometimes order is hard-won. Wyman's job became more challenging three years ago when Honeywell began a series of restructuring moves, and then underwent a top management change. The emphasis shifted from strong decentralization to more consolidation; Wyman is now charged with setting information management policies that would reduce redundancy and increase efficiency.

Wyman is no stranger to challenges, which is why she recently was the subject of a cover story in *Information Week* and of a feature in *Working Woman* magazines. She has often dealt with skeptical managers who resisted her advice and tried to cling to the familiar. Such battles began early in her life; the setting was a working-class neighborhood in her native Detroit.

At her parents' insistence, she was enrolled in a home economics track at Detroit's Northwestern High School. Her guidance counselor "saw that my mind was going to jelly" and persuaded her parents to transfer her to a college-preparatory curriculum. In Wyman's senior year she accepted a U-M Regent's Alumni Scholarship for tuition, room, board and books. Despite strong parental opposition, she headed to Ann Arbor.

"Do you realize how wonderful it is to be 16 and doing what your parents don't want you to do?" she says. And at least as delicious was the experience of doing what U-M administrators and professors thought was inappropriate to do — to study engineering.

The dean of women told Wyman's mother that an engineering degree was unseemly for a wo-



Irma Wyman '49

man. "I still remember the words in her letter, probably because my mother repeated them so often: 'I do not think it is the part of wisdom for you to go to engineering school.'"

During Wyman's freshman year, a professor made her leave his class because he didn't believe in women students. "The faculty seemed to regard women as a nuisance," she says, recalling that showers had been installed for male students to use after a heat-treating, welding and forging class, while the women had no such amenities.

Wyman worked in Stockwell residence hall waiting tables and at the switchboard, and attended concerts at Hill Auditorium as an usher. Some of her fondest memories and oldest friendships date from her membership in the Newman Club at St. Mary's Student Chapel.

In her junior year Wyman heard about a part-time job at the Willow Run Research Center, where she spent two summers working out ballistic calculations "on an old black 15-bank Marchand calculator."

Wyman's undergraduate days were "one long grind" of heavy course loads and summer sessions so that she could graduate in four years with an engineering degree and the teaching certificate that was a concession to her mother. Of the seven women enrolled in the engineering class of 1949, she was one of only two who graduated.

She stayed in Ann Arbor as a "townie" for four years after graduation, continuing to work at Willow Run. Her supervisor, returning from a Reserve Officer training stint, told her about a new machine that could calculate missile trajectories and asked her for a report. It was the second-generation electric — not electronic — Mark II computer from Harvard, and could complete the equivalent of three weeks of hand calculations in minutes. Wyman's career path was launched.

The "excitement of technology, the explosion of knowledge, being part of something that was intellectually stimulating" kept her in the computing lab. "It seemed as if every day there was something new, like a book you don't want to put down because you want to discover what's happening on the next page."

In 1953 she accepted a job with Raytheon Corp. in Boston. Raytheon joined with Honeywell to form Datamatic Corp., which then evolved into Honeywell Information Systems. Wyman spent her days, and many evenings, designing and marketing computers, explaining their capabilities to prospective users, some of whom not only wanted custom-made equipment, but asked that it match the building decor. She recalls being smuggled in a side door of a "no-women-allowed" men's club to make a sales presentation.

When she moved to the Twin Cities from Boston, Wyman changed her work and personal environments. She lives in a townhouse in St. Paul, eight miles from Honeywell headquarters; in the East, she had commuted 80 miles one way to Boston from a 22-acre perch atop a New Hampshire mountain.

In the early '70s, her intellectual interests turned to managing people. That change came at a time when she began to realize that "there was a cap on your earnings if you stayed in technology."

Her timing was fortunate, coinciding with federal Title VII legislation forbidding sexual discrimination in the workplace. "Before Title VII," she points out, "you could be told that you couldn't be a manager simply because you were a woman. And yes, I had been told that." Indeed, she discovered a memo in her personnel file that said she had no potential as a manager.

Wyman was realizing that "technical training takes you just so far; most engineers don't graduate with interpersonal skills, business sense, financial training and organization savvy — corporate politics." While she admits her engineering degree is beneficial within the top ranks of Honeywell, where most executives have similar degrees and training, she also credits a few male bosses with "helping me understand how Honeywell looks at things — the corporate culture. Most of the men around here simply didn't want me to fail; they took pains to see that I didn't."

The leap to leadership that placed Wyman as the highest-ranking woman at Honeywell has meant that she has been viewed as a role model, a responsibility she takes very seriously despite its attendant pressures, which she succinctly describes:

"If Bill fails, he simply wasn't right for the job, but if Suzie fails, then *women* can't do the work."

While she resists the concept of mentoring, she acknowledges that she has worked hard with some of the women who she felt were being overlooked. Indeed, asked to describe her management strengths, she refers to her efforts to move the right people into the right jobs, and to educate.

"I have no tangible product," she says, "nothing in inventory. I influence, persuade, convince. I spend my days on the telephone, nudging people in one direction or another, or flying around the country to do the same thing. It's important that everybody understands that people at the top aren't smarter, but that they can be relied upon to provide the best possible information on behalf of the company. Unfortunately, what's good for the company may not be good for some of the people within the company."

A TALE OF TWO ENGINEERS

By Jane York Bornstein

"Until cultural attitudes change, girls will avoid math and women will be under-represented in engineering," says Ellen Kock '78, a mechanical engineer on a General Motors Corporation doctoral fellowship at the University.

Kock (pronounced "Cook") is one of the few women in her field who doesn't expect the gender ratio to change soon. "Let's face it," she says, "when most people imagine a woman who is good at math, they picture a mousey little thing wearing glasses held together at the nose with adhesive tape. They don't picture the parents of an all-American family putting their arms around their daughter and saying, 'and here is Suzy — she's our math whiz.'"

So how did Kock overcome this negative image and go on to become a mechanical engineer? Kock, who grew up on Toledo, Ohio, credits her parents with fostering her intellectual curiosity and confidence. "My mother taught languages in high school, and my father was an engineer. We always talked about politics and books, and I never had a sense that my options were limited because I was female. I think I got more education at home than at school."

Kock's sister, Ingrid Kock '87, took a different path. During her years as a Michigan undergraduate she was known as an articulate voice in student organizations advocating a nuclear freeze and disarmament, tighter curbs on military research at U-M and a change in U.S. diplomacy in the Third World. Ingrid now works in Chicago for the Industrial Workers of the World, the labor group nicknamed the "Wobblies."

Ellen Kock feels that despite their extremely different careers, she and her sister have much in common. "Though I suspect Ingrid does not completely approve of my working for GM, we are not really that different. My father used to take us on peace vigils opposing the Vietnam War. He didn't conform to the stereotype of the rigid, conservative engineer at all. Before my parents emigrated from Germany, my father had studied arts and literature. He served in the Korean War before becoming an engineer."

Like her father's, Kock's first enthusiasm was for literature and history, though she always performed well in math. "I only began taking math and science courses to fill in the gaps in my education. When I wanted a change from writing papers, I took physics and chemistry. My pre-engineering days at the University were a rich period of discovery that people forfeit when they decide on their futures too early. People have lost the feeling that college is a time for exploration."

A biology major, she was considering bio-engineering as a graduate field, but decided instead that a second bachelor's degree in engineering would give her more options. She earned her B.S.E. *magna cum laude* in 1981.

Kock feels that her educational path has helped her compete against peers who have studied little else but engineering since they were 18.

"Engineers would be better off with a liberal arts background, with a sense of how their profession fits in the scheme of things. The problem is that the undergraduate curriculum is not set up to allow for electives. I had to pay for an extra two years to do it my way. Many people can't afford, or don't want to spend, the additional time and money. But as a result of my education, I am a more confident writer than most engineers, and that is a real advantage."

With her two Michigan degrees, Kock found her first job as a research mechanical engineer for a small company in Detroit. She was used to being one of the few women in her engineering classes, but the process of applying for work drove home to her her status as an oddity. Although she never felt she was the victim of overt discrimination, she found that as the first female engineer to work for her company, it was hard to get to know her employers and co-workers quickly.



Ellen Kock '78

"I would sense that the fact that I made most of the men uncomfortable. They were censoring themselves. Say they might want to tell a story, or use a semi-vulgar word. They would catch themselves. Often I would crack a joke to relax them."

Being a woman or a member of a minority group can be an advantage in job hunting, Kock admits, both because of greater demand and because these groups are underrepresented in the graduating pool. Yet she cautions against assuming that this advantage is enough. "Just being a woman won't help you succeed. You cannot hide bad engineering. But if you have both, you do have an advantage."

Any initial hiring advantage for the qualified female engineer disappears, however, once she is in the work force. According to a salary survey by the Battelle-Columbus research firm published in February's *Graduating Engineer*, women's salaries fall behind men's with the same education and work experience within a few years. The more experience, the greater the salary gap, which averages more than \$600 a month for B.S., M.S. and Ph.D. recipients.

The explanations offered for this gap range from "personality" (suggested by a male researcher) to discrimination (the hypothesis of most women experts).

Back in engineering classes now after her years in industry, Kock finds she is not only one of the few women, but one of the few U.S. citizens as well.

"Maybe there will be two U.S. citizens in a class of 22 students. But it's a mistake to think that the foreign students are elbowing out Americans. I suppose it's that their countries value education more than ours does. Americans are not even trying. We get master's degrees, but faced with the choice of squeaking by on research and teaching fellowships to get our Ph.D.s or of making big bucks immediately by going into industry, we usually do the latter. Even if you have a Ph.D., industry does not usually compensate you for your educational expenses. I'm in an unusual position because of my fellowship."

Once Kock earns her doctorate, which she expects to do this year, she will return to industry. Her GM-funded research is theoretical and not applied engineering — it involves the finite element method that is important in computer-aided automotive engineering, where it is used to predict the performance of mechanical components. Kock uses a mathematical research method to study interactions between solids and fluids.

Almost any structure in a car can be tested and analyzed mathematically, from fuel tank sloshing to the impact of a crash on the chassis. Mathematical analysis can save some of the expense of building and crashing prototype vehicles or structures. Although the mathematical concepts

involved in this work have been in place for a long time, only with the introduction of computers has this kind of research become feasible in industry.

To an outsider, the ability to simulate design problems seems like a science-fiction fantasy come true, but Kock says there are limitations to the new technology. "It is still very difficult to use the models, and there is a danger in becoming overly dependent on them. The engineering must be guided by a huge amount of correlation work, and even with that the results are approximate. There is just no substitute for the experience people have. The people in manufacturing know a great deal that cannot be captured mathematically."

Kock recognizes that it is crucial for the engineering and manufacturing sides of industry to value each other's contributions. "In an ideal situation we would all be working together, but that does not always happen. There is a suspicion that people working with computers lack hands-on experience, which sometimes is true. We can rely so much on the computer that we forget common sense."

Despite the limitations, computers are the future of engineering, Kock says. They are indispensable for certain procedures, and any scientific computation is completed by computers with such great accuracy and speed that not using them is a handicap. Kock says that nevertheless she has "seen a swing in the industry from unrealistic optimism to skepticism regarding computers."

Because of their technical background, engineers who leave the technical career ladder and shift into management, sales or marketing know more about their company's products than their non-engineering colleagues, Kock says, but her scientific orientation will keep her in research rather than management.

"I don't think the door to chief executive officer is open to me," Kock says. That, however, is not the reason she prefers research. "When I think of myself at 60, I'd rather look back and see that I had published one good article than that I had attended 350 million meetings and written 450 million memos. But the great thing about engineering is that there are a multitude of career options, and those who discover at age 30 that they find management or sales rewarding and challenging have a wonderful opportunity to pursue that. I plan to stay in industry, but my type of background does open the option of returning to academia at some future stage."

In the meantime, Kock refutes the notion that to be an engineer one must fit into a rigid mold. And she has yet to adorn her glasses with adhesive tape.

Jane York Bornstein is an Ann Arbor free-lancer.

LETTERS

Middle English and Yost

DR. JACK HOLT, retired faculty member from Michigan gave me the December *Michigan Today*. I found the entire issue of great merit — typeface, layout and coverage. He knew I would be interested in "Z' END IS IN SIGHT." It impressed me that the University has kept this vast project moving to a successful end. I doubt the library will have a circulating copy — but I hope those who labored in the production will now issue some popularized copy — such as the short list of Words Worth Reviving. As a lover of the alphabet and words, I salute you!

Maybe, when their work is completed, Dr. Lewis and his team will have time to look at the *Dictionary of American Regional English*, published in 1985, Frederic G. Cassidy, chief editor. It's a search and collate process rather similar to the work of Lewis' team.

Jack also knew I would be interested in the write-up of my relative. I found it very interesting also, telling me some things I hadn't known about "Hurry Up" Yost. When I was younger, people often tried to pin the nickname on me — but it wouldn't stick.

A. Kenneth (Slow Down) Yost
Carmel Valley, California

Myron Wegman

IN YOUR article on Myron Wegman (Feb.) you summarized his views on a number of health and social issues, including abortion. I wish the article had made it clearer why or how killing unborn babies when the mother's life is not endangered, even as a last resort to other forms of birth control, advances public health. Women should exercise the control over their bodies that he espouses before they get pregnant (which he apparently agrees with), but if they fail to do so, I do not think killing the baby should be a choice any more than killing old people should be used to alleviate the high cost of health care in this country.

Jeffery Dukes
Epsom, Surrey, United Kingdom

Michigan in Fiction

I READ with interest your December '88 piece, "Michigan in Fiction," and the subsequent letters which amplified on it. However, since no one has yet mentioned my two favorite Michigan in fiction books, I guess I'll have to do it myself. The first is the wonderful *Things Invisible to See* by U-M alumna Nancy Willard. Although not actually set on Michigan's campus, it is set in Ann Arbor, and one of the characters is a U-M professor, so we ought to count it, I think. The other is my own (written under my pen name, Sarah Wolf) *Long Chain of Death*, a mystery-suspense novel published in 1987, which climaxes on campus.

Sarah Shoemaker '83 A.M.L.S.
Livonia, Michigan

I AM re-reading *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, by Betty Smith. I wonder if you've included it by now on your list "Michigan In Fiction." Also, of course, are many references to U-M in Michener's *Texas* as a model of a "real" state university of quality.

Richard B. Tilkin '61, '65 M.S.W.
Langley, Washington

ANY LISTING of novels with the University as a setting must include Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*. As you no doubt know, the background for this great novel about a microbiologist was provided by Paul de Kruif, well-known science writer (*Microbe Hunters*, etc), who I believe was once a member of the Medical School faculty. The prototype of one of the characters in the novel, Dr. Gottlieb, was Dr. Novy, who was head of the Medical School for many years.

As an undergraduate assistant in physical chemistry, I had a small office, next to the physical chemistry lab, where I found some old records of de Kruif's lab work. Incidentally, if you talk to oldtimers of that era, you will encounter many stories about Dr. Novy.

Carl L. Rollinson '33
Silver Spring, Maryland

ROBERT Beasecker's letter says that the fictional president in *Wings of Wax* "is probably patterned on Marion L. Burton." Not so! The whole book, which is of literary quality commonly found at supermarket checkout counters, is an attack on the late distinguished geneticist Clarence Cook Little, whose resignation as U-M president was announced on the same day as his wife's suit for divorce. Yours for historical accuracy, however painful.

D.D. Miller '41 Ph.D.
Fort Myers, Florida

Dr. Benjamin Carson

I WANT to thank you for providing me with the inspiring words of Dr. Benjamin Carson [Feb. issue]. A great number of articles come past my desk related to the success of minority students in education and, believe me, this one hit the spot.

As editor of *Equity Today*, the bimonthly publication of the Office of Minority Equity in the State of Michigan's Department of Education, I am eager to share portions of the article with our 5,000 readers, i.e. Michigan college, university, middle and high school personnel; community volunteers, families and students involved in King-Chavez-Parks programs. Our audience would benefit greatly from Dr. Carson's inspiring example. Congratulations on a great article.

(I'm saving the one on Arnheim until later — he was one of my mentors at the U. of M.)

Ana Luisa Cardona
Lansing, Michigan

THIS WAS the best article I have ever read in your publication. Dr. Carson's life is an inspiration to me. I often have wondered whether any of the poor Black kids in Detroit could ever really make it in something besides religion, sports, entertainment or drugs. That Dr. Carson spends his time inspiring others may be one of his life's greatest accomplishments. This is the kind of human being that will continue to keep our country great. My heartiest congratulations to Dr. Carson for his accomplishments and continued social wisdom.

Gerald N. Rogan '68, '72 M.D.
Walnut Creek, California

'Some Tips'

THANK YOU for publishing the Joseph Brodsky transcript [*Some Tips*, Feb. issue]. I was present at the com-

mencement, but could decipher only fragments of the address, due partly to Crisler acoustics, partly to Brodsky's accent. I noticed the hearing-impaired section was graced by a capable "signer." Save for your article, I fear this rather remarkable commencement speech would have been remembered well only by those able to decipher sign language from a distance. Keep up the good work!

Ben Ticho '81, '85 M.D.
Chicago

Your decision to run the excerpt of Joseph Brodsky's Commencement Address was praiseworthy. He made great common sense. I hope all who heard him were listening.

R. C. Brown '35, '40 M.D.
Owosso, Michigan

Applause for Arnheim

I GREATLY enjoyed the article on Rudolf Arnheim in the February issue. I consider myself fortunate to have taken Professor Arnheim's course on Perception and Expression in Visual Form when I was an undergraduate. I can still vividly remember the first and last meetings of that class in the fall of 1983. At the first class, the auditorium was filled to capacity, as this was a popular non-required course. The lights were dimmed to show slides. After a while, a small figure carrying a long pointer emerged. His face was lit from a small light from the lectern, and he appeared to glow in the darkened room. Our first lesson in perception was complete.

The final meeting of the course was for that ubiquitous requirement, the final exam. Professor Arnheim had hurt his leg during the semester and was using crutches to get around. As the exams were passed out, he slowly came to the front of the room. Sponta-

neously, the class gave him a standing ovation. Applause at a final exam is indicative of how much his teaching meant to us.

Jonathan Schroeder '84
Berkeley, California

CORRECTIONS

We apologize to U-M photographer Paul Jaronski for misspelling his name in the credit line for his "Michigan Album" in our February issue.

An apology is also owed to Prof. Carl Cohen of the Department of Philosophy. Our Letter section quoted him as citing *Out of Shape* by the later professor of English, Leonard Greenbaum, as an item for our "U-M Books" list, and as commenting, "The characters were drawn from the English Department."

"I don't recall everything I said," Professor Cohen protested, "but I know I had to say something more intelligent than that." Indeed he had, but we had transcribed his telephoned communication and then lost the heart of it through errant computer manipulation.

What Professor Cohen wishes other readers to know is: "No account of Michigan fiction would be complete without reference to a wonderful mystery story by our late colleague, Leonard Greenbaum, which begins with strange doings in the *Diag!* *Out of Shape*, published in 1969 as a Harper novel of suspense, has a splendid set of characters of whom some are modeled on members of our Department of English. It also has a theme with great relevance this year — the rebirth of anti-Semitism on campus. Best of all, Leonard Greenbaum knew how to write beautifully with vigor and good humor. To those interested in Michigan fiction I give my earnest advice: read *Out of Shape!* I wager you will send me your thanks.



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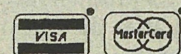
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Marching Band expands into Shepherd Wing

By Virginia Hayes

"Participation in the Michigan Marching Band prepares a student for life outside the University in a way that few other campus organizations do," says Donald R. Shepherd '58 B.B.A.

A long-time admirer — although never a member — of the Band, Shepherd recently made a major commitment to support an addition to Revelli Hall, the Band's home since 1973.

Under the national leadership of Regent Thomas A. Roach '51, '53 J.D., more than \$550,000 has been raised toward a goal of \$800,000 for the addition, which will be named the Donald R. Shepherd Wing.

The Shepherd Wing will be "designed to allow for the needs of the 21st Century," Roach says. It also will help the Band meet some 20th-century needs — like coeducation.

Today's Band has more than 300 members — and 130 are women. When the time comes to change into uniforms, the women are forced to crowd together in one small restroom. To correct this problem, an important part of the new wing will be a roomy facility for women Band members.

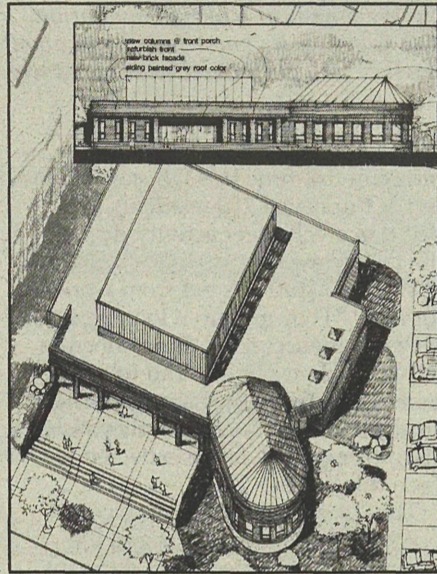
The wing will also reflect modern technology's impact on Band performances. Through computer synthesis, arrangements can be played and replayed. Parts can be changed; melodies moved from one instrument to another; effects can be tested; and final, corrected arrangements for each instrument can be printed.

When these arrangements are photocopied, each Band member can have sheet music individually prepared for his or her instrument. The necessary

equipment overtaxes current space, but will fit comfortably in a new audiovisual room in the new wing.

Although the Band's performance on the field is the apparent goal, what happens in preparation for game day is just as important — some would say more so. Here is William D. Revelli, director emeritus of University Bands:

"A young person can't be a member of this band for long without acquiring a great many of the qualities that a fine lady or gentleman must have. The most important of these qualities is discipline, the process through which people are led to do what they should



Architectural drawing of Revelli Hall's Shepherd Wing.

because they care. It's not imposed; it's self-imposed. And from discipline they gain a wonderful gift: pride."

Don Shepherd couldn't agree more.

"Go to the rehearsals," he advises. "Watch the show develop as Band leaders and the students learn to overcome mistakes.

"The discipline and the leadership abilities that students acquire in the Band will have a major impact on their lives following graduation," Shepherd emphasizes. "This is the Band's fundamental gift to its members."

A staunch Michigan supporter, Shepherd does not confine his interests to the Band. He also contributes to the School of Business Administration and to the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics.

In recognizing Shepherd's gifts to the Band, Director Eric A. Becher notes, "This wing will be a permanent reminder of his support. The Band has outgrown its existing space, and the additional space created by the new wing will allow us to do our job more efficiently and professionally."

Although funds for a significant portion of the new wing have been raised, unmet needs mean opportunities remain for friends of the Band to demonstrate their support. These include a conference room for Band meetings and other large meetings that may occur in the building; a library that will be used solely for Band music; and the display room, where the many trophies and plaques the Band has earned will be exhibited.

"There is nothing else like the Band," says Director Emeritus Revelli, who is not reluctant to toot the horn for his favorite organization, "nothing that makes your heart beat a little faster, makes you sit up a little taller or makes you more proud than our Michigan Marching Band."

Matching gift challenges friends of Physical Education



Harris

Thanks to a challenge grant of \$50,000 established by Prof. Emeritus Ruth W. Harris of the Department of Kinesiology, it will be easier for a talented student to pursue graduate studies in the Division of Physical Education.

"I coordinated the admissions program in our department for a number of years," Harris comments, "and I know that we lost many gifted graduate students because we could not offer them a sufficient fellowship. It is my hope that this gift will begin to remedy that deficit and that friends of the Division of Physical Education will come forward to match my gift."

Each year, the entering graduate student who is awarded this fellowship will be able to concentrate fully on studies, knowing that money is provided for tuition and books.

"I believe this is the largest donation ever offered to the Division," according to Director Dee W. Edington. "We are extremely grateful, and are hopeful that our alumni will meet the challenge of helping us raise these matching funds."

To match the gift of \$50,000 and establish the fellowship, the Division of Physical Education is soliciting gifts from interested alumni and friends. In particular, Edington says, the Division expects that those who knew Professor Harris or who took courses in the Department of Kinesiology will be among the first to respond to this challenge.

When this gift, with its matching contributions, reaches \$100,000, it will yield sufficient annual interest to pay full tuition and expenses for a qualified student. "This is a good investment on our part," Harris points out, "since the student will be involved in research and in teaching that will benefit the entire Division."

Harris taught and influenced thousands of U-M students through her courses in kinesiology and corrective physical education. She also headed the undergraduate program for women and was coordinator of the graduate program. From 1948 until 1970, she directed Jackson Memorial Camp for children from low-income families.

Harris also has worked with paraplegics, muscular dystrophy patients and others with mental and physical handicaps. She helped to develop the prototype for a swim vest for handicapped children and adults that is being marketed nationally.

Her energies now are concentrated in the classroom where she teaches courses in water safety, cardiopulmonary resuscitation and the prevention of back injury.

Michigan Annual Funds approach \$14 million goal

"Across all the U-M campuses, alumni and friends are responding to the Annual Funds of their schools and colleges in a way that demonstrates their belief in the University," says Regent Thomas A. Roach '51, '53 J.D., chairman of the University's National Annual Giving Program.

"This phenomenal increase," Roach says, "is a remarkable example of Michigan's impact on its alumni and friends and of their dedication to the University."

At the College of Engineering, where M. Dana Baldwin II '64 B.S.E. is volunteer national chairman, the Annual Fund is well on its way to a new high, not only in dollars received but, just as important, in the number of alumni and friends who have participated.

To date, nearly 7,000 alumni — more than the number that contributed over all of last year — have donated more than \$900,000 to the College. These funds will be used to respond to a wide variety of needs, ranging from small equipment purchases to library acquisitions.

Baldwin, president of Oliver Machinery Company in Grand Rapids, is a long-time fund-raising volunteer for the University.

"Training in engineering is training to think," Baldwin said. "My training at Michigan made it possible for me to be what I am today."

At the School of Information and Library Studies, alumni and friends have contributed more than \$40,000 in

annual gifts, nearly all of which was contributed to the Information and Library Studies Fund, the School's largest source of unrestricted support.

The Fund provides the School with badly needed flexible funding for such items as scholarships, faculty support and small equipment purchases. It has played a crucial role in establishing the Alumni-Faculty Scholarship award and in supporting the School's recent move to renovated quarters.

"We can all be happy with the level of private support that alumni and friends have shown the School," says Karen Horny '66 A.M.L.S., current national chairperson of the Information and Library Studies Fund.

At the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, more than 17,000 alumni and other friends already have contributed \$1,553,000 to the College's Enrichment Fund. This figure represents the contributions of more than half again the number of donors last year.

These unrestricted gifts to LS&A will allow the College to meet needs as they arise. The Fund has been used for such projects as scholarship support, faculty research awards, library materials and computers acquisition.

The corporate matching gift program makes these gifts even more significant. Since 1974 the U-M has received almost \$11 million in matching gifts. Through an employee-corporate giving partnership, more than 1,200 companies match their employees' gifts to higher education.

The University's \$2 million goal for 1988-89 can be matched as long as those who work for matching gift companies send the matching gift forms with their contributions.

Students also are getting into the act, and the third annual Senior Pledge Program has just gotten under way.

"This year," says Tom Bridenstine, a co-chair of the 1989 Senior Pledge Program, "we are very enthusiastic about our potential. The more people who become aware of this program, and of their ability to repay the University for the education they've received, the easier it gets to reach our goal of \$60,000."



POSITIVE ATTITUDES have served the University and these student Michigan Telefund callers well. Thanks in part to their efforts, more than 50,000 donors have given to the Annual Fund — significantly more than had contributed at the same time last year.

Student volunteers get satisfaction and credit in Project SERVE

By Linda Forster

"Service is the rent we pay for living in this world of ours"

— N. Eldon Tanner

Patrick McFarlane '89 of Sandusky, Michigan, one of 155 students associated with a new volunteer program at U-M called Project SERVE (Students in Educationally Rewarding Volunteer Experiences), started his volunteer career quite by accident, when he was in the fifth grade.

"I was curious about an out-of-the-way classroom for mentally handicapped children and wound up becoming a lunchtime helper," McFarlane recalls. McFarlane currently volunteers in several youth service programs while also running his own consulting firm dedicated to programming and research for children at risk.

If Project SERVE's manager, Anita Bohn, has her way, hundreds more U-M students will join McFarlane and his co-volunteers in 1989. Funded by an Undergraduate Initiatives Grant with support from the Washtenaw County United Way, Project SERVE's goal is to encourage and enable student participation in community service.

"We use a multi-pronged approach toward this goal," Bohn says, "first by providing a comprehensive data base of more than 200 placement opportunities for community and campus organizations."

In addition to conventional programs, SERVE began this winter to coordinate with faculty service opportunities for which students will earn academic credits. There are currently

40 faculty members working in areas related to social issues on SERVE's data base.

John Hagen, professor of psychology and director of the Reading and Learning Skills Center, is among the faculty members who will supervise SERVE students earning credits. He says that playing, interacting with and tutoring child patients in U-M hospitals "is an important volunteer role in our programs." Since many of these children are hospitalized for extended periods, Hagen asks volunteers to make a two-semester commitment.

Sharon E. Sutton, associate professor of architecture, offers student volunteers a chance to work on an environmental education project that includes the development and evaluation of an urban studies curriculum for 4th, 5th, and 6th graders.

Christina Jose-Kampfner, adjunct lecturer in the Women's Studies Program, seeks students interested in accompanying her on visits to a women's prison, where she studies the children of prisoners and directs a prison nursery school.

Service clubs; religious, ethnic, social and political organizations; residence halls and other student groups also offer a wide variety of volunteer programs ranging from one-time efforts like Business School students' recent auction to support the homeless to ongoing activities like the Bursley residence hall's Community Volunteers Program.

The Bursley program began as a clothing drive in 1982; now it is a program that offers 18 types of volunteer opportunities to Bursley's freshman and sophomore residents. Brandy Graham, who began coordinating the



PROJECT SERVE manager Anita Bohn (left) talks with Maria Dell'Isola '90 of Warren, Michigan, who volunteers in the SERVE office, the Washtenaw Literacy Program and the Kidney Foundation. "I wanted to do some kind of volunteer work but didn't really know how to go about it," Dell'Isola says. "Project SERVE gave me the extra push I needed to get started."

program full-time this fall, says almost 300 of Bursley's 1,200 residents participated in a volunteer activity during the fall term.

What do students get from working for free? "They go into it looking for a new experience, something concrete to put on their resume and to get experience in fields they are planning to study," Graham says, "but they also learn things they never expected to even think about."

The "unexpected" learning component inherent in working in the community with people of different ages, socioeconomic status, ethnic backgrounds and levels of education is a definite benefit of volunteering, says Eugene Pak '89 of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan.

Pak, who has tutored at the C.O.P.E. O'Brien Center (Center for Occupational and Personalized Education) in

Ann Arbor, thinks volunteer work should be required.

"Helping someone else is a big kick," Pak says. "There's really nothing like it. The most exciting thing is to see someone you are teaching experience the light-bulb phenomenon. You feel good for him, then you feel good for yourself. You can see the difference you make in someone else's life."

A recent article by Jane Brody, health columnist for *The New York Times*, supports Pak's observations. "Some studies have shown that people who volunteer their services tend to be healthier and happier and live longer than those who do not volunteer," Brody wrote. And she cited a heart specialist who "urges his patients to help others as a way of countering the self-involvement and hostility that seems to raise their cholesterol levels and induce angina."

U-M's film/video service:

From 'Obedience' to 'Mud'

By Rheit Stuart

With its more than 7,000 titles, you can imagine the viewing options the University's Film and Video Library presents to renters at the U-M and around the country. But if you're looking for a copy of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, you're better off checking somewhere else.

"Video stores tend to have typical Hollywood features for the most part," says Karen E. Sayer, head of the library. "But many of the things our faculty and other educators are interested in are specialized and don't have that kind of mass appeal."

Mass appeal or not, the Film and Video Library's collection includes the most popular, controversial and influential educational videos and 16-millimeter documentary films ever made. Even a few Hollywood-produced features are available — especially those considered classics by teachers of film theory and history courses.

The topics covered by the collection range from civil rights to kayaking; from an interview with Carl Sandburg to a documentary on the Indians of the Peruvian highlands. One, listed under the soil category, has an eloquently straightforward title, *Mud*, a documentary about soil erosion.

Filed interviews and analyses of artists, filmmakers, writers, scientists, sociologists and other scholars provide



From *The Homefront* (1985), which uses newsreel footage and interviews to examine how World War II affected U.S. society. (Courtesy of Churchill Films.)

insight into hundreds of important issues both past and present.

Formerly a part of Michigan Media, the film and video library has been under the administration of the University Library system since July 1988. A reference and preview center for faculty, staff and teaching assistants is located in the Undergraduate Library, while materials and a booking center are housed at the Argus Building, 400 Fourth Street.

The most-often-rented film, *Obedience*, is also one of the more controversial. In the 1962 film, which

chronicles psychologist Stanley Milgram's experiment on obedience to authority, a subject asks someone in an adjacent room to answer questions. If the answer is wrong, a supervisor tells the subject to administer an electric shock to "encourage" the person to think more clearly. The intensity of the shock is increased with each error.

What the subject does not know is that the person answering the questions is not really wired, and that the real test is to see how much pain the subject will obediently administer before refusing to go on — especially

when the person in the other room never gives a correct answer.

"It's used primarily in psychology classes," Sayer says. "Technically it's terrible, a grainy lab film. But it also shows a classic, controversial experiment." (The film is available only to psychologists and health science professionals!)

Sayer says the general public is welcome to rent any of the products, but warns that there is a waiting list for many titles. "Some are booked up to a year in advance," she says. "So as soon as you know what you want and when, book it."

Interested persons are also invited to suggest titles for acquisition by the library. "We're always looking for good, quality materials to add to the collection," Sayer says.

To rent from or find out more about the Film and Video Library, call 1-800-999-0424.

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By Ami Walsh

Watching field hockey programs fall by the wayside at other Big Ten schools has concerned participants and fans of one of the University's oldest women's sports.

Since 1981 the number of Big Ten schools with varsity field hockey teams has dropped from eight to five. The University of Minnesota was the first to pull out, followed by Indiana University and a handful of other Middle Western schools, including Southern Illinois University and the University of Notre Dame. Purdue University cut its program last year.

The Big Ten requires at least six teams for a conference sport, so Purdue's defection ended a 17-year era: When the 1989 season opens this fall, field hockey will not be sanctioned by the Big Ten.

In lieu of the Big Ten Conference, six university teams — Michigan, Michigan State, Ohio State, Iowa, Northwestern and Northern Illinois — have formed the Midwest Collegiate Field Hockey Conference.

"When an institution is in a bind and has to cut a sport, field hockey is more vulnerable than women's sports like basketball or swimming," says Mary Masters, a '77 U-M alumna and former varsity field hockey player who is commissioner of the new conference.

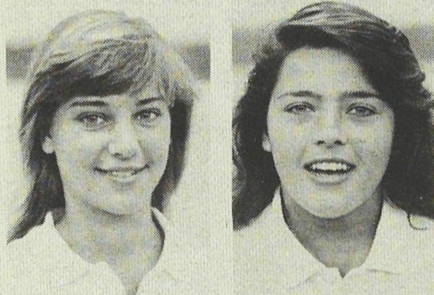
"But I think," Masters adds, "that things are on solid footing with the six schools that have formed this conference."

Still, when so many Middle Western programs died on the vine, U-M's head coach of field hockey, Karen Collins, feared for her team, too.

"We were afraid it might be a trend," says Collins, who began coaching at Michigan in 1983. "It was a shock for us because no one expected that the other programs would be dropped. And if several programs were dropped for really no reason, and our administration was looking for something to cut, we might be it."

Do U-M athletic administrators foresee an end to women's field hockey, a sport that is nearly 60 years old on campus?

"At this point there's no reason to think we'd drop the sport," says Phyllis M. Ocker, associate director of U-M women's athletics. "I think it's tough any time schools begin to drop sports, but for now we have no intention to do that here."



Burinskas

Charvet

In the past two years, Michigan defeated such top-20 teams as James Madison, Boston University and Springfield College. These and other Eastern teams still have an advantage, Collins concedes, but no longer because their programs are intrinsically better, just that the programs are bigger and more numerous.

The tougher competition has hurt the U-M record, which dropped to 6-10-4 in 1988; they landed in the new conference's basement.

U.S. field hockey first appeared in Massachusetts in 1901, when an English immigrant, Constance Applebee, began teaching at Smith College. Nearly 30 years later, Hilda Burr came to U-M from the East Coast and introduced the sport to students here.

Field hockey, which began somewhere in the British Isles in ancient times, is arguably the most demand-

Field hockey has it:

Sticktoitiveness



Sharon Cantor '90 of Cheshire, Connecticut, leads '88 co-captain Robin Ives '89 of Columbus, Ohio, down the field. Cantor is an alternate on the U.S. national team.

ing of women's sports, combining the explosive speed of basketball, the deft stick-handling of ice hockey and the endurance of soccer. Skills needed to compete at a Division I school take years of training to develop.

A look around the country at the number of high school programs — where field hockey players are made, if not born — is telling: There are fewer than 10 high school programs in Michigan, and most of those are at private schools. On the East Coast, programs abound in both public and private schools. Connecticut has 75 programs, Massachusetts has 196 and New York 241.

Clearly, the U-M coaches have had to look beyond their own back yard for talent. Half of the 18-woman 1988 squad came from Eastern states.

Sophomore Josee Charvet of Great Neck, New York, chose Michigan because she liked the campus. "And financially," she says, "I didn't have to worry about tuition."

Judy Burinskas, a junior from Cheshire, Connecticut, admits "a scholarship helped." But ultimately she decided on Michigan over Yale University "because Michigan was a larger campus with a lot of diversity." Burinskas is an Academic All-American, and joins six teammates on the Academic All-Big Ten honor roll.

Some critics of the program point to the heavy Eastern recruiting as the reason the sport should be dropped. If we can't find "stickers" in our own backyard, they complain, why should we continue importing them from the East? Isn't this straining an already fragile women's athletic budget?

Partly in response to such concerns, the United States Field Hockey Association formed the U.S. Junior Field Hockey Program in 1980; it wasn't until 1987, however, that there were enough funds to get the program off the ground. With two large grants from the U.S. Olympic Foundation, the Colorado Springs-based association purchased equipment and instructional programs, and reports a 500 percent growth in junior field hockey in the past two years.

Last season was the first time Collins did not sign an Eastern player.

Four freshmen joined the squad: three from the Middle West and one from California. Collins expects six freshmen from the Middle West to join the '89 team this fall, which also will include six seniors, three juniors and four sophomores.

What's more, Michigan has increased its number of field hockey scholarships — meeting the NCAA maximum. "We were behind in terms

of the total number of scholarships," Collins says. "Over the past two years, we've gone from seven full scholarships to 11.

"We've never had the one or two players to really get much beyond the edge of mediocre," she adds. "Now we'll get them."

Ami Walsh is a free-lance writer from Ann Arbor.

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Photo by Peter Yates

A DOME OVER THE ROSE: After winning the '89 Rose Bowl, Wolverine athletes went on to capture the NCAA basketball championship in the Seattle Kingdome April 3 under the brilliant coaching of Steve Fisher, who took over as interim coach when the tournament began. The victory marked the first time any school ever won both crowns in one year. Welcomed back to Ann Arbor by a crowd of 10,000 in Crisler Arena were (l-r) Mike Griffin, Loy Vaught, Terry Mills, Demetrius Calip, Mark Hughes (seated), Rumeal Robinson and Glen Rice.

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