Michigan Today
The University of Michigan
News Service
412 Maynard Street
Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1399

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN FALL 2004 VOLUME 36 NUMBER 3

Photo courtesy Karen Kasmauski

Two Michigan friends, one of Arab and one of Jewish background, journeyed together in Israel and in the occupied Palestinian Territory. They each wrote their accounts of the experience without knowing what the other was writing.

Getting Along in the Middle East

These people are far removed from reality. Or am I the one far removed from reality?

By Samantha Woll

I began my summer by volunteering on a beautiful kibbutz in the middle of the desert in Israel. Preparing to go home after six glorious weeks at Kibbutz Ketura, one of the least-privatized in the country, I sat down to check my email for the second and last time of the summer, then browsed the online journal or Web log (blog) of my friend David Enders.

Since Dave has spent most of his post-college existence in Baghdad, I value his perspective and often look to him for the in-depth information necessary to process the filtered and jaded "newsbites" thrown at me by CNN, Fox, the *New York Times*, AP, Reuters and the like. It also added an interesting twist to be reading about his experiences in the Middle East while being there myself.

Browsing through Dave's articles, I read about the kidnapping of other journalists, car bombings and his work trying to interview the judge in the Saddam Hussein trial. The events were nothing unusual either for Dave or Baghdad; however, what was unusual was the blog's headline, "Last Days in Baghdad." Dave said he was leaving Baghdad for Palestine before journeying back to the States.

On a whim, perhaps influenced by the region's strong custom of hospitality, I emailed Dave that I would be leaving my kibbutz in a few days for Jerusalem and then Tel Aviv, and since he was an old friend and current "neighbor," I'd like him to come over, grab some tea and relax. He accepted and we agreed to meet in Jerusalem over the next few days.

I took a bus north, arrived in Jerusalem late in the afternoon and met Dave at his hostel. We spent the next day or so wandering around the city, splurging on a nice meal or gift for a family member and chatting about our respective summers. Dave mentioned his plan of acquiring a press pass and attempting to go to Gaza and some of the settlements in the West Bank. He suggested that I might like to go with him, but my flight was set to leave in two days, and I intended to just relax with friends in Tel Aviv.

Authors Woll and Enders in a Jerusalem youth hostel in front of a map of Israel labeled 'Palestine.'

Photo courtesy Samantha Woll

An adventure might be nice

But after a pleasant visit in Tel Aviv, right when I was about to return home, I decide it might be a nice adventure to extend my stay for a few more days and travel to Gaza or the West Bank with Dave. I text-message Dave, "Call me crazy, but I think that I am going to give it a shot (no pun intended)."

The next morning, I head back to Jerusalem to begin our adventures. The bus ride takes longer than expected because someone earlier left an unclaimed bag in the underneath storage, so at one of the security stops, all passengers have to get off while the bag and bus are inspected. No one seems upset by the delay. Back home, I could never imagine people routinely calling in late to work one day because their bus got stopped due to an unclaimed bag, but these things happen all the time in Israel and life goes on. If interruptions like this happened in New York or Chicago on a daily or even weekly basis, the results would be so bizarre as to trump even speculation. Suffice to say, people would not be happy.

Back in Jerusalem, Dave and I pack up and head for the West Bank. Dave wants to interview the so-called Hilltop Youth, a group of 18-to-20-year-old Jewish radicals who are building outposts as an extension to their settlement in defiance of both the army and the government.

We climb into a Palestinian minibus called a service (pronounced "ser-VEECE"), ride out to Jerusalem's border with the West Bank and pass through the first checkpoint relatively easily with our US passports. We get into another service on the other side. It's so strange, I think, that the 19-year-old soldiers at these checkpoints may be friends of some of the Israelis I met this summer on the kibbutz. But now I'm traveling as an American among Palestinians, and the Israeli border guards' jobs are much too stressful and dangerous for me even to think about chatting with them to see if we know anyone in common.

Our first destination is the Palestinian city of Ramallah, where we get a cab to drive us north to seek the Hilltop Youth. Soon, we reach another checkpoint where the soldiers are dead set against letting us through. I beg them in Hebrew and show them my volunteer visa to prove we're not in fact ISM (International Solidarity Movement) activists, who demonstrate alongside the Palestinians against Israeli occupation. The guards' initial assumption is that all foreigners seeking entry to the West Bank are with ISM.

Although it's a close call, my stubbornness and karma prevail, and we pass through this checkpoint and officially embark on our journey into the heart of Palestine as our cab proceeds toward Yitzhar. Yitzhar is a settlement just south of Nablus whose location is highly controversial, currently topping the chart of the Israeli government's list of settlements to dismantle next, after tackling the ones in Gaza.

After a short drive we see signs indicating the path to Yitzhar and come to a fork in the road, one prong of which ascends a steep slope. An army vehicle with a few soldiers appears and stops us for questioning. Dave and I step out of our cab, and as I chat with the soldiers in Hebrew, we learn that our cab is barred from going farther. This was our first time traveling through the West Bank, so we didn't realize how strict the borders, both visible and invisible, between the peoples are. Essentially, it is as if one were passing through an international border at the entrance and exit of each city.

You want *him* to take you to Yitzhar?

It was a bit embarrassing to have the soldiers point to our cab driver and laugh, "You wanted *him* to take you to Yitzhar?" In retrospect, it makes sense that our cab driver was not allowed to drive up the hill to the settlement. The fact that we were allowed to get out of a Palestinian taxi and then go straight into a Jewish settlement was bizarre enough as it

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West Jerusalem looks like a mall in the US that always feels like it will turn into a live-fire zone

By David Enders

I'd been in Iraq for most of the last year and a half. I was in Lebanon before that, studying Beirut and writing for the *Daily Star*, the city's english-language paper. When it comes to the Israel/Palestine conflict/conflagration/dispute (call it what you will), I've taken sides. Essentially, what exists in Israel and the occupied territories is apartheid. I rolled into Jerusalem/Al-Quds from Amman, Jordan, after what was supposed to be a weeklong holiday had been marred by a friend's kidnapping and the inability of another friend to obtain a US passport. (Strangely enough, the US government does not recognize the new Iraqi passport.)

The trip from Amman to Jerusalem took five and a half hours. The actual driving time is less than an hour. The rest is spent at the border, enduring security checks and stupid questions. There are Iraqi and Lebanese stamps in my passport, so I expected a hassle. But what about the lady in front of me?

"And your husband is Jordanian, Ma'am?"

"Yes."

"And you're Canadian?"

"Yes."

"How did you meet your husband, Ma'am?"

"Well, that was 10 years ago . . . ."

One of the guys in line was the head of a family of four Californians delayed on their way to Ramallah for a Palestinian wedding. "You're going to write about how ridiculous this is, right?" I promised I would.

Customs cleared, I got ready to get onto my real assignment, an article for *High Times* magazine about pot-smoking Israeli settlers in Yitzhar, a settlement on the West Bank. I took the bus to Jerusalem/Al-Quds. Another U-M alum who had left a couple days before had recommended a place to stay near the Damascus Gate and a nearby falafel stand, so that's where I headed.

Of course, I had no idea how I was going to get the story. But figuring that out is always most of the fun. I knew I couldn't do it on my own; I needed someone who spoke Hebrew, who could navigate all that I couldn't. And that's where Sam came in. A friend from college, she'd emailed me a few days before I left Baghdad. It had been nearly a year since I'd seen her.

Sam's Email:

dave--hello! how are you? i hope that this email finds you well. i was reading your blog and ... noticed that you are currently in/around palestine? I have been working on a kibbutz in the south for most of the summer and am heading back to the states soon, but if you are nearby and want to visit israel before my plane late wednesday night, feel free to shoot me a line: peace, Sam

p.s. i recently went to visit sinai for the weekend and would like to say that experiencing arab culture was quite, well, an experience (and sinai is mostly tourists, at that)... but in any case, if you have the time to make it over there, its absolutely beautiful and i highly recommend it. (come to think of it, i also highly recommend visiting israel too while you are at it.) take care!

Like a squabble between brothers over a toy

Jackpot. I meet Sam in Jerusalem and we spend a couple days wandering around the city. She translates for me in the Israeli neighborhoods, and I translate for her in the Palestinian ones. We figure out there are a lot of common words. Common symbols. The whole thing feels like a squabble with my little brother over a favorite toy. It's just not going to be resolved until one kid knocks the other down. The day before she is supposed to leave, I take her to the occupied West Bank for the first time in her life. She's so shocked she decides to extend her ticket for another week or so and travel with me.

I'm doing a comparative study and want to wander around the neighborhoods the teams of international observers don't usually bother visiting, not just the extremists and the refugee camps. Sam and I stroll into a market that seems to be full of mostly Orthodox Jews from Russia. Sam says she's never been here before either. While she browses the fresh food, I make mental sketches of the scene. In Iraq there are Shiite clerics with long beards, funny black hats and long black cloaks. In Israel, the Orthodox Jews wear long beards, funny black hats and long black coats. The women from both groups cover up.

We eventually return from the market to the Palestinian side of town to find the falafel stand the other U-M alum recommended. On the way, we buy cigarettes at a kiosk that I belatedly realize is mainly a porn shop. We talk with the proprietor for some time, who warns us about "Jerusalem syndrome."

"Everyone's a little bit crazy in Israel," he says. "You can smell the crazy people."

"Yeah," says Sam. "Before I left, my mom told me, 'The country was built on manic people. If you think you're the messiah, call me.' But she knows I want to make *el-e'a* [settle in to Israel]."

Sam's serious about moving here after graduation, but her seriousness hasn't undermined her sense of humor. "See? Insta-settler," she says, donning a long skirt over her pants.

The Hilltop Youth

They call them Yitzarhim (Hilltop Youth) because they make up the vanguard of some of the most contested Jewish settlements in the West Bank, setting up spartan outposts on hills around the settlement and holding the ground until families move in. Then they push out ever farther. It's not a bad plan, possession being nine-tenths of the law. So one morning, Sam and I set off to find them.

We hire a Palestinian cab driver and Sam manages to talk our way through a couple of checkpoints. The cabbie drops us off on the side of the highway, at the beginning of the road that leads uphill to Yitzhar. This is as close as the driver is willing to get. Fortunately, we find a pair of settlers driving up the hill who drop us off at the settlement's store. From there, we move out toward the youth.

After trekking about half a mile, we come upon an outpost that consists of nothing more than a pair of vans, all tires flat, and a couple of tents. A suspicious looking leafy green crop, recently planted, grows nearby in neat rows.

A passage through a Hebron neighborhood in which Jews displaced Palestinian residents. 'Netting protects Palestinian pedestrians from having trash thrown on them, from the apartment buildings,' Woll says.

Photo by David Enders

The fence surrounding the crop abuts a grove of Palestinian olive trees. But the single, sullen youth sitting in the camp has no interest in talking to outsiders. Not even from a magazine about smoking pot.

"No politics," I promise.

"I'm asking you nicely. Leave."

I look past him into the van, which holds a healthy amount of ammo. Sam and I decide to try the next outpost. I notice he is on his mobile as we leave and assume the whole settlement will shortly be alerted to our presence.

Avram, 18, and his wife Yael, 19, moved into their trailer on the next ridge last week. They know Yitzhar is scheduled to be one of the first settlements dismantled if the Israeli government follows through on its pledge to pull Jewish settlers out of Gaza, but they don't plan on going anywhere. I ask them about the remains of one of the outposts that lies on a nearby ridge. Turns out the Israeli military destroyed it the previous day.

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Far removed from reality continued from page 3

Photo by David Enders

'We missed the bus after visiting my kibbutz, so I thumbed a ride,' Woll says. 'Whenever we hitched, it was Arab Israelis who picked us up.'

was. Typically, passengers in a Palestinian taxi will remain in Palestinian areas, and residents of or visitors to an Israeli settlement will either ride an Israeli bus or drive/hitchhike in a car with Israeli license plates. I still wonder what those soldiers thought about our colossal faux pas.

After mocking us, the soldiers pack into their car and drive up the hill. We eye the surrounding landscape and the long steep road ahead and then begin to climb on foot. Luckily, a settler minivan comes by and we stick out our thumbs. They stop to let us climb in the back. Dave's Arabic goes into hibernation mode as I thank them in Hebrew for their kindness. The driver and his wife drop us off at the entrance to Yitzhar, and we walk around for a short while admiring the view. As Dave's mission is to interview Hilltop Youth, we eye the sporadic hilltop outposts in the distance to get our bearings.

We start chatting with some locals, many of whom were originally from North America, and buy some pita bread for lunch in the community store. Since it's Friday afternoon, the settlers speculate about possible plans for Shabbat–the Jewish day of rest–in order to be able to house and feed us properly. We are one of them; they are kind and hospitable.

We thank them for their offer but say we have other plans back in Jerusalem and in the interest of time will eat our lunch as we walk to the outposts.

Along the way I think to myself how amazing it is that you can be welcomed into someone's house once they determine you to be "one of them" and not that dreaded "other." In fact, the way that Dave and I play with "otherness," othering ourselves was the aspect of this experience that struck me the most. Sometimes we were Jews, sometimes Christians, sometimes Americans, sometimes Arabs, sometimes Canadians, French, students, journalists, sometimes allies, sometimes enemies–but always aliens, always foreign in one respect or another.

The concept of the "other" and "othering" is something I've explored numerous times in academic and peer settings, but no matter how often it is discussed, its intricacies and complexities never cease to astound me.

For those of you who have yet to visit this part of the world, the landscape of the West Bank, also known as the hills of Judea and Samaria, is breathtaking–so picturesque in fact that it leads one to understand more clearly why the inhabitants–both new and old–are dead set on not relinquishing it, no matter what the cost.

A prepossessing land

Looking out over the beautiful hills of Judea and Samaria from the outposts of the Israeli settlement Yitzhar, we can also see the remains of what was once the Palestinians' groves of olive trees, now reduced to burnt ruins. Although I cannot conclude that the entire settler community approved of such destruction, I cannot simply overlook the results either. The idea that some Israeli settlers would rather see olive groves burned down than belong to Palestinians reminds me of the biblical story of Solomon, in which two women claim to be the mother of a baby and come to Solomon for judgment. He ordered the baby to be cut in half. One woman said, "Okay, divide the child and give me my share," while the other said, "No! Please do not harm the baby. Let her have him." Solomon instantly determined who the real mother was.

Although no one can say whether the Palestinians would do the same things if the situation were reversed, it is safe to say that burning down olive trees, regardless of which people happen to be tending to them at the moment, is not an action aimed toward bringing peace or stability to the region's peoples. For me, this is also further evidence of the complete disconnect between the settler community and the rest of Israel.

I acknowledge that various deplorable actions are taking place in the West Bank. But I also bear in mind that Israeli environmentalists and scientists are working hard to develop sustainable agricultural technologies that they hope will benefit the entire Middle East and beyond. From developing a horticultural production system that uses low-pressure gravity irrigation and providing it to farmers in Niger, Africa, to developing a way to successfully fish-farm in the desert to help countries lacking fresh water feed their people, Israel not only pioneers in agricultural technology but also shares it with other regions of the world that need it.

West Jerusalem continued from page 3

"We'll rebuild it. If they do it again, we'll rebuild it again."

And of course, in keeping with my assignment, I have to ask (I had goofy visions of being offered a spliff when I walked into Yitzhar): "You know, the only reason I came here is because I heard the Hilltop Youth smoke a lot of marijuana."

"Well, not really. Sometimes, I guess."

Nuts. So I move back to what I suppose is a more important subject. "Will the settlers here fight if the military tries to move them out?"

Avram and Yael look at each other. "Yes," he answers.

After a little more one-sided chatting (I thought these people would be a lot more curious about a pair of 20-somethings who had managed to hoof it to this outpost in the middle of nowhere), Sam and I move on. We take a side road to the next ridge, and when we reach it, Avram is waiting for us on his moped, M-16 across his back. We are not more than a half-mile from his house and still inside the settlement, but I suppose he is ever vigilant.

"You said you were from a magazine," he says. "Is that right?"

Sam had told one of the men we had talked to that we were from a newspaper, not knowing the Hebrew word for magazine. And we hadn't told some of the other settlers that we were press at all.

I understand the paranoia—have seen it in Fallujah

I understand the paranoia–have seen it in Fallujah, on US military bases and other places under siege. Not feeling like having to explain ourselves, we decide to take the fastest (and least labor-intensive) route out of Yitzhar, straight down the hill and into the Palestinian village below.

"These are all settlements?" Sam asks, looking at a map I'd brought as we paused to take in the magnificent view. "Oh, God." Then she notices old piles of rock on the hillside that look like they had been organized in some fashion.

"What are those?"

"Those are the old terraces. The farmers have been moved off this land. Look at the trees." Most of them for some distance have been burned, presumably by the settlers.

"Oh."

Once we're back in Jerusalem I promise Sam that I will report both sides of the story, so while I am waiting for a press pass from the Israeli government to allow me to enter Gaza (which never comes), I make a trip down to the kibbutz. At this point, I must admit, I am having trouble suppressing my growing distaste for the Israeli troops I see scanning every crowd with mistrust, and for all the other people who walk around carrying guns.

Iraq looks war torn, but the west side of Jerusalem looks like a mall in the US that always feels like it will turn into a live-fire zone. The militarization of the culture freaks me out. The proximity of serious affluence to streets where a community is being slowly crushed to death is getting to be too much for me to handle.

"Of course, every Israeli kid does what they can to get out of the army," says one of Sam's friends on the kib-

A shipping crate thought to be the home of some Hilltop Youth who are defying Israeli law by settling in land set aside for Palestinians.

'Palestinian mothers regularly hold vigils in Jerusalem and demand information about missing loved ones,' Enders says.

'The bris ceremony that welcomes male babies into Judaism was a familiar and beautiful ceremony for me,' Woll says.

Photos by David Enders

The prolonged conflict in the region obscures Israel's positive programs for many observers, but my own background and perspective keep them in focus for me. Israeli generosity does not excuse some forcible actions taken by the state or its citizens. Nevertheless, on the other hand, the positive features of Israeli society deserve recognition, too.

As Dave and I wander to the various outposts scattered around the hills surrounding Yitzhar, we attempt to talk with the Hilltop Youth about their experiences and views. Unfortunately, we are unaware of their strong aversion to the press and are thus run out of our first settlement when I mention the word "newspaper" in my jumble of Hebrew introductions. And when a 19-year-old settler–with guns lying around just as visibly as cell phones–asks you to leave and says, "Please, I'm asking you nicely," you leave.

'This is a symbolic site in Hebron,' Woll says. 'This is the synagogue side, built over what is said to be the tomb of Abraham and Sarah. The mosque on the other side is said to be over Isaac and Rebekkah's grave.'

Photo by David Enders

After receiving a similar welcome at our next two encounters, we agree not to mention newspapers or journalism any further. This tactic works. A young settler couple invites us into their home. They moved from Israel proper into a settlement and, immediately after their marriage, from that settlement to this outpost. Yet, they aren't very political; their motivation was mostly religious, which seems typical of settlers. We avoid provocative questions out of respect for their hospitality, and after a short conversation are once again on our way.

However, we have not taken into account the impact of the cell phone. Our former host soon intercepts us by motorcycle. He is carrying a large gun. His friend called him to reveal that we are journalists, and he wants to confront us with our deception. I try my best to explain that my Hebrew is not that great and to apologize for any miscommunication or confusion. He finally leaves begrudgingly, whereupon we decided that it would be better not to return to Yitzhar that afternoon.

The excursion has made me think that these people are far removed from reality. Or am I the one far removed from reality?

A division of sympathy

A few days later, Dave and I are touring the Jewish part of the city of Hebron and walk directly into a *bris*–the ritual that welcomes male babies into Judaism by circumcising them on their eighth day. The ceremony, which Dave and I witness from start to finish, is familiar and beautiful to me. Many of the family members present were originally American and I relate to these people on yet another level.

Looking around me at the smiling children and proud relatives, while at the same time having images of the burnt olive trees in the settlement we visited, makes me feel confused and frustrated more than anything else. Can these possibly be the "same people" as those in the illegal settlements? And if not, then did the people at the bris condone the grotesque and disrespectful actions of the settlers?

I leave Hebron unsure of how to make sense of my multilayered experience. On one hand, as a student of social justice movements in the States, how can I just walk away and be silent about the current conditions of the Palestinians living there? On the other hand, I find myself able to sympathize much more with the religious Jews celebrating one of the milestone rituals in Jewish life together as a community, thankful to be able to do so in such a sacred place as the burial site of Abraham and Sarah. MT

Enders and Woll at a beach on the Red Sea.

Photo courtesy Samantha Woll

Samantha Woll '05 of West Bloomfield, Michigan, is majoring in medieval history and writing an honors thesis on Jewish travelers in the Middle Ages.

butz. "One of the things you can do is not brush your teeth for two weeks, and then take the white stuff from your teeth and put it on your eye. If they think you have an eye infection they don't test for it and just give you like two weeks off."

'You can rub a potato on your wrist and weaken the bone'

A soldier who is on day leave and has stopped by the kibbutz to visit has an even better suggestion. "You can rub a potato against your wrist to weaken the bone, and then take a stick and snap your wrist," he says. "It still hurts, but less than it should."

One thing that I am sure hurts more is the *bris* (circumcision ritual) we are suddenly invited to after we travel to Hebron. It is at the Tomb of Abraham, where what was once a temple built by Herod was turned into a mosque. Now the building is one-half mosque, one-half synagogue–one religion barred from mixing with the other after an Israeli settler from the United States named Baruch Goldstein walked into the mosque during Friday prayers nearly a decade ago and opened fire. He killed at least 29 Palestinians and wounded about 120 others before the worshipers beat him to death.

On this particular morning, the Jewish half of the building is full of a settler family, the little kids scampering around and drinking from faucets that were once used for ablution.

Hebron might be one of the best symbols of the insanity of the whole situation–more than 2,000 troops guarding about 400 settlers. Sam and I stand on the roof of a friend's house one night and look out across the tightly packed city. The roofs of some houses are covered in camouflage netting, though not all the positions are occupied by troops. From a nearby house we hear the crackle of an Israeli soldier's radio. Looking in the distance we can clearly see the barriers that have been put up in town, leaving one street open to Palestinians and another to Israelis.

"I can't tell my family I'm here," Sam says. "I can't even really believe I'm here."

She talks about coming up with slogans that were used in national pro-Israel and pro-security-wall campus campaigns. "For the first 13 years of my life," she tells me, "I didn't have any friends that weren't Jewish. I've been fed propaganda from only one side for most of my life." Still, she won't concede that the Palestinians' situation is desperate enough to justify suicide bombings. She contends that a pullout from the West Bank would doom the Jewish state. But I think most Palestinians, given an actual pullout, would be too tired to push any Israelis into the sea.

We cross the few streets used by both Jewish settlers and Palestinians in Hebron to hitch a ride to Kiryat Arba, the oldest settlement in the West Bank. Somewhere in the settlement stands a monument to Baruch Goldstein, the mass-murderer. From Kiryat Arba we take a bus (with double-thick blast-proof windows) on an Israeli settler- and military-only road out of the West Bank toward Beersheba. I am taking Sam to Atir and Um Al-Hiran, two Bedouin villages I have read about that are officially "unrecognized" by Israel.

We meet the head of one of the families, the principal of the local high school. The school is in one of the nearby towns the Israeli government's Office of Bedouin Affairs is trying to convince the families in Atir and Um Al-Hiran to resettle in. An Israeli Jewish farmer living less than a quarter mile away has water and electricity.

The Bedouin here are Israeli citizens, pre-1948 Arabs. But they don't have water. They don't have electricity. Yet, they soon present us a hearty meal of fried chicken, salad, French fries, yogurt–this is a meal I am used to. I have had it in fighters' homes or in the homes of the dispossessed (usually the same people) throughout Iraq. But this is one of Sam's first real experiences with Arabs.

"I can't believe my people are doing this to these people," she says. "This is apartheid."

I see the break in the wall and go for it: "The people who would do this aren't 'your people.'"

Later, when Sam and I return to Ann Arbor, she still argues with people who take the Palestinian side, still refuses to cede much of the ground that she'd refused to cede in college before her stay in Israel. Nevertheless, she's having conversations she wouldn't have had before. MT

David Enders '03 is a freelance journalist whose book on Iraq, Baghdad Bulletin, *will be published in 2005 by the University of Michigan Press. He reported on his co-founding of and tenure at the Baghdad-based* Bulletin *in our first all-online issue.*

U-M Business School will take the name of $100 million donor Stephen M. Ross '62

A TRANSFORMING GIFT

By James Tobin

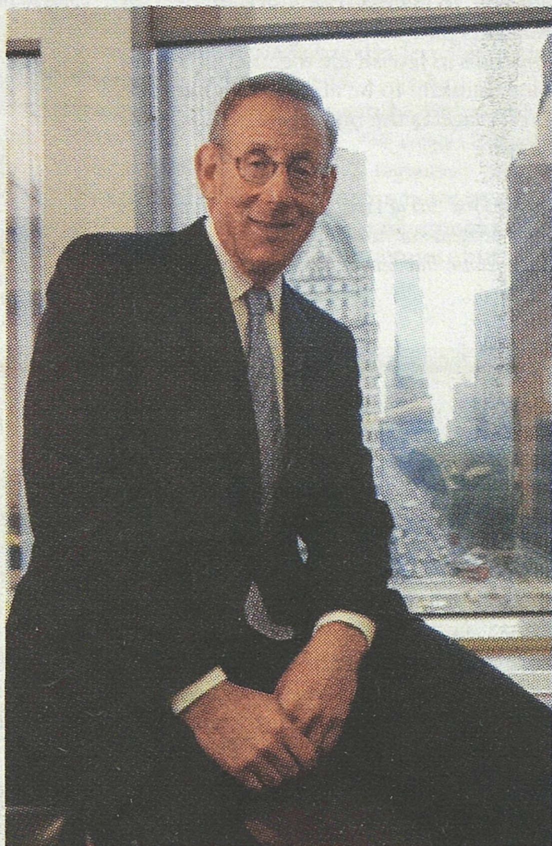

Ross in his New York office.

Photo by Jennifer S. Altman

Steve Ross studied the ugliest building in Manhattan for years. He walked around it, drove past it, pondered it from his office window a few blocks away. It was a bland monstrosity called the Coliseum, New York's old convention center, the architectural embarrassment of the Upper West Side, decrepit and abandoned but still standing, impervious to repeated attempts at redevelopment.

Then, in the mid-1990s, Ross was done looking. He bought the Coliseum, demolished it, and built in its place the biggest thing in midtown Manhattan since Rockefeller Center–the twin-tower, 2.8-million-square-foot Time Warner Center–and in the process became a certified superstar of American real estate.

"He's consistent in everything he does," says Robert J. Dolan, dean of the Business School. "He says, 'If it isn't going to be great, don't do it.'"

That is the governing attitude behind the largest donation in the history of the University of Michigan: Ross's $100-million gift to remake what has already been renamed the Stephen M. Ross School of Business.

Ross earmarked three-quarters of the money for building improvements, one-quarter for endowment. He and Dolan conceive it as a massive kick-start to make Michigan no less than the most innovative and prestigious business school in the nation. (It is arguably that already; *The Wall Street Journal* ranked Michigan first among the nation's business schools in its 2004 survey.)

Executing a vision of the future

"The way I think about Steve's gift," Dolan says, "is that it enables us to go back to fundamentals–to say, if you're going to create a business school that executes your vision of the future, what would it look like?"

So far, that question has no definitive answer–not to the level of blueprints, anyway. But the plan will undoubtedly embrace the school's emphasis on "action learning" connected to real-world business settings. That, in turn, will entail a physical transformation. And the new facilities will surely reflect Ross's interest in creating the sort of "unified look and feel"–the reigning buzz-phrase–that makes the U-M Law School's architecture and atmosphere so distinctive.

Like the design, the timing of construction remains up in the air, and the U-M Board of Regents has yet to approve anything but the school's new name. "The design influences fundraising, and the actual amount raised will influence the design and the Regents' decisions," Dolan says. The school's newer buildings will likely remain. This much is certain: the square block at the corner of 701 Tappan will soon look very different, thanks in large measure to Steve Ross's vision.

Dynastic dimension

Ross and his uncle, Max Fisher.

Martin Vloet U-M Photo Services

Born in 1940, Ross grew up in northwest Detroit. His father was an inventor, never terribly successful, who moved the family to Florida when Ross was a freshman in high school. Ross's heroes were two innovative businessmen–his grandfather, William Fisher, who started a small oil refining business after moving from Salem, Ohio, to Detroit in the 1930s; and Fisher's son, Max, who built an empire in oil and real estate and became Michigan's leading businessman, a major philanthropist and a friend and adviser to every Republican president since Richard Nixon.

Dolan and Ross head for the announcement ceremony in the Business School.

Martin Vloet U-M Photo Services

During his youth, Ross says, "my uncle was the star of the family. I kind of watched him from afar. I was very proud of him, and I thought that if he could make it, there's no reason why I couldn't. That gave me confidence, which is as important as anything else."

What his uncle did not give Ross after his graduation was money. In fact, Ross's biography is in part the story of the man who did not want to be known as "Max Fisher's nephew." The skids were not greased,

and it took him a while to get moving.

After two "not terribly happy" years at the University of Florida, Ross transferred to Michigan, where he took his BBA in 1962. Next came a law degree in taxation at Wayne State and then a master's of law degree at New York University. A two-year stint at Coopers & Lybrand's Detroit office convinced him he didn't want a career in tax law. But he liked the work he did in real estate. In 1968 he moved to New York, and after gaining experience at two investment firms, he launched The Related Companies. His mother lent him $10,000 to live on while he got started, but that was all he asked of his family.

"People in Detroit were always saying, 'You're Max Fisher's nephew–why do you need anything?'" he recalls. "In New York, I was my own man."

It took Ross about 20 years to reach the heights he aspired to. He started with a backwater of real estate he had learned about along the way–syndicated tax shelters in affordable housing. From that he moved to deals for affordable housing complexes, financial services for the affordable housing industry, and property management. Keeping his hand in all those businesses, he used the profits to simultaneously develop apartments and diversify into condominiums, retail complexes, office parks and mixed-use developments, largely in New York and Florida. Then came the deal that created Time-Warner Center.

This colossus, unveiled early in 2004 in Columbus Circle, has luxury shops and restaurants, a jazz performance center, a top-drawer hotel (the Mandarin Oriental) and some 2.6 million square feet of space, including a four-story, two-block-long atrium sheathed in a curving glass facade. Inside are the studios of CNN and the headquarters of the Time Warner media empire. (Ross will soon move to Time Warner Center himself, along with his wife, Kara, her two daughters from a previous marriage, and Ross's own two daughters from a previous marriage.)

Kara and Steve Ross in New York. *Photo by Jennifer S. Altman*

'You never want to forget where you came from'

Ross takes the podium at ceremony in the Business School's packed Hale Auditorium. *Martin Vloet U-M Photo Services*

The enormous visibility of Time Warner Center–and its on-time success after nearly 20 years of failed efforts to develop the site–dramatically raised Ross's profile and led to comparable deals elsewhere. These include major plans to reshape both the heart of Manhattan in New York City and the center of downtown Los Angeles, the latter with a $1.2 billion mixed-use project. In the meantime, Ross has become a leader in the movement to bring the Summer Olympics to New York in 2012–a project which, if successful, he says, will mean he'll donate his time to lead the development for all the venues in New York City, including building housing complexes for the athletes and attendant Olympic throngs.

Ross had already made significant donations to the University (including an endowed chair at the Business School and a lead gift to the athletic department for a new academic center) when he and Dolan began to discuss what Dolan calls a "transforming gift" to the Business School in 2003. What they had in mind was a gift that would make possible a massive renovation of the school's physical plant, considerably increase its endowment and inspire other donors to make major gifts as well.

In the footsteps of Uncle Max

For Ross, the gift represents another way to follow in the footsteps of his uncle Max, who gave a naming gift to the business school at Ohio State, his alma mater.

"The fact that two members of one family could endow two different Big Ten business schools," he says, "and they both made their own money–it's a great story, and I felt good about that."

And the gift is a vote of confidence in the state of his roots, and in a work ethic that he finds alive and well in the Middle West.

"You never want to forget where you came from," Ross says. "That's why I always kept up my relationship with Michigan. I think Michigan students sometimes underestimate themselves. They're a little awed by the East. But I think when you get somebody who can see through that, and have confidence in themselves, you have somebody that can go a lot farther and understand a lot more about what the country is about." **MT**

James Tobin '78, '86 PhD, is the author of Ernie Pyle's War: America's Eyewitness to World War II *and* To Conquer the Air: The Wright Brothers and the Great Race for Flight, *both of which received major national awards.*

Dolan, Ross and U-M President Mary Sue Coleman. *Martin Vloet U-M Photo Services*

Nature uses tiny nano-machines that could work miracles if we learn how to build them

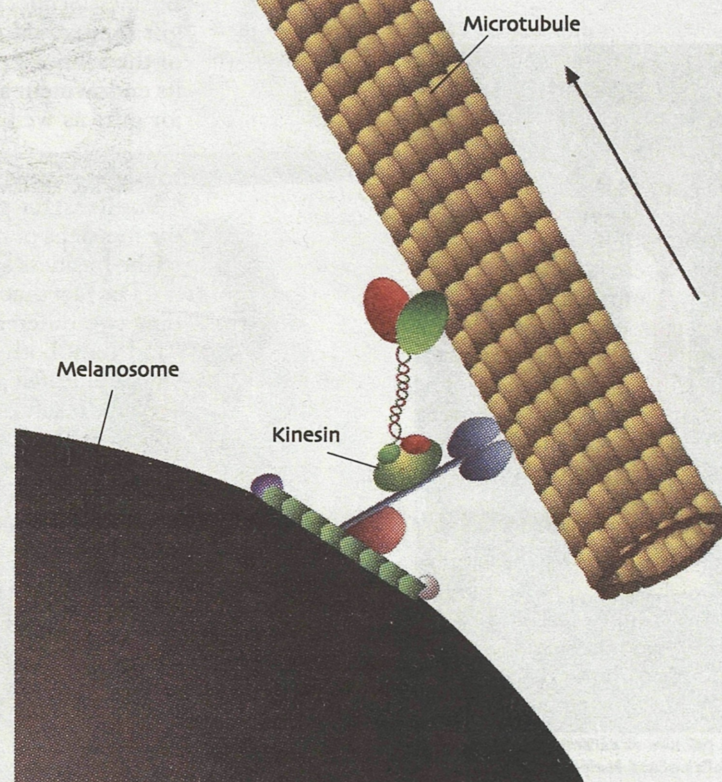
Molecular Motors

By Karl Leif Bates
University News Service

The Nobel-Prize physicist Richard Feynman of the California Institute of Technology closed his visionary 1959 talk on the potential of nanotechnology, "There's Plenty of Room at the Bottom," by offering a prize to the first person "who makes a motor which can be controlled from the outside and, not counting the lead-in wires, is only a 1/64th -inch cube." That's half the thickness of a credit card.

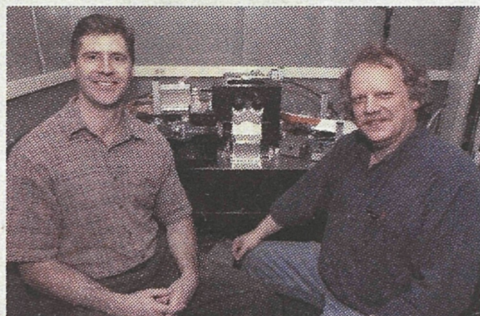
Feynman

What Feynman didn't realize at the time, and couldn't have known, was that he was already in possession of trillions of devices far smaller and more powerful than he imagined. To utter this challenge and to gesticulate as he spoke, Professor Feynman was relying on the molecular motors and machines that worked within almost every cell throughout his body. Some of them are 20,000 times smaller than the device he imagined and far more efficient than anything our species has ever built.



Kinesin is the miniscule longshoreman of the cell, toting parcels of cargo on its shoulders as it steps along a scaffolding called a microtubule. Each molecule of ATP fuel that kinesin encounters triggers precisely one 8 nanometer step of the longshoreman.

Biology has been using these little machines and motors to operate living cells for millions of years: in bacteria that swim by spinning their hairlike propeller; in the little levers that pull our muscle fibers tight; and in even smaller rotary motors on the surface of mammalian cells that turn in response to a single proton of electrical current.



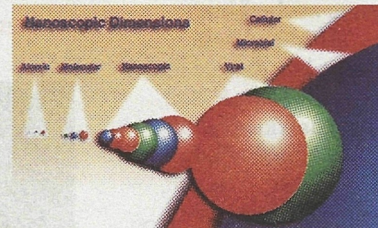
Marcia Ledford U-M Photo Services

Biomedical engineers Hunt (left) and Meyhöfer use an elaborate microscope that relies on 'optical tweezers' to feel the tiny forces exerted by molecular motors.

So, before Feynman even thought of it, nature had nanotechnology nailed.

Rather than starting from scratch to invent Feynman's nano-motor, scientists and engineers at the University of Michigan are looking at these self-assembled, ultra-efficient, incredibly small, natural motors that exist all around us and within us. The blueprints and operating instructions for them are contained within DNA.

"These things are machines!" says Michael Mayer, an assistant professor of chemical and biomedical engineering. "It would be amazing to figure out how to make them."



Molecular motors are on the sub-cellular, nanometer scale.

Like a tiny longshoreman

His colleague, Edgar Meyhöfer, an associate professor of mechanical and biomedical engineering, is particularly interested in a 50-nanometer long machine called a *kinesin* (ky-nee-sin). This molecule is like a longshoreman walking across the inter-cellular space carrying cargo on its shoulders. One end of the dumbbell-shaped molecule is anchored to a vesicle, a little cargo container within the cell. The other end walks along a length of tube-like material called a microtubule.

The kinesin molecule will make precisely one 8-nanometer step in response to one molecule of ATP (*adenosine triphosphate*), the universal fuel of cells. Click-click-click, it moves along the microtubule in step-wise fashion carrying its cargo, as long as it keeps getting ATP. "Every plant and animal has kinesins." Meyhöfer says. "They are ubiquitous."

Human pathogens have been found to hitch rides around the interior of the host cell on kinesin molecules. The *vaccinia* virus that causes relatively harmless cowpox and gives us the word vaccine makes its way across the cell in under a minute riding atop a kinesin–a trip that would take more than 10 hours by simple diffusion.

Other infectious agents are suspected of performing the same trick. Interruption of this process might become a new target for anti-bacterial and anti-viral therapies.

Not only is it tiny, kinesin's motor is about 50 percent efficient, which is about twice as good as a gasoline engine. And pound for pound, kinesin produces nearly 15 times more power than that man-made engine.

'Seeing' the nanomotor in scale

A nanometer is a billionth of a meter—something so small that it is nearly impossible to imagine.

- **If a nanometer were the size of a grain of rice, a meter would be the distance from Detroit to Tokyo.**
- **You could measure a single nanometer by laying five carbon atoms side by side.**
- **The little twisted ladder of your DNA is about 2.5 nanometers across.**

Meyhöfer and Alan Hunt, an assistant professor of biomedical engineering and gerontology, are experimenting with anchoring kinesins on a firm platform like a sheet of glass and allowing them to shuttle microtubules around overhead. Attach something bigger to the microtubules and you've got a nano-motor or a nano-conveyer belt for a microchip machine.

Halil Mutlu of Turkey coordinated the activity of billions of myosin motors in his muscles to lift three times his own body weight in the 2004 Olympics.

Hunt shows a black and white movie on his computer monitor. White worm-like shapes are careening around a black space, pretty much at random. Hunt explains that these are pieces of microtubule being shuttled around by a forest of excited kinesins mounted to a piece of glass.

"We would like to be able to put a single molecule into a location and know that it is working," says Meyhöfer. "That is truly nanotechnology."

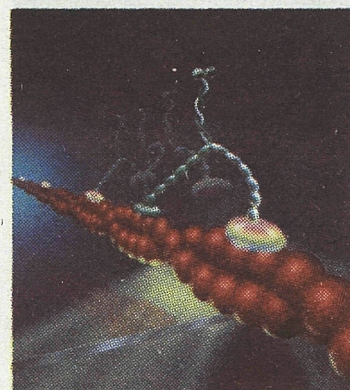
This collaborative project spans disciplines, and so it also involves collaboration with assistant professors Joe Bull of Department of Biomedical Engineering, Ernest Hasselbrink and Katsuo Kurabayashi of Mechanical Engineering and Lingjie "Jay" Guo of Electrical Engineering.

"One of the limiting factors in MEMS (microchip machines) is a lack of good motors," Hunt says. But these remarkable little machines may do the trick. Hunt's lab has been able to bind kinesin motors to a hard surface in very tight, uniform patterns, and they function perfectly.

Meyhöfer says it also is possible to make a working kinesin even smaller. If you clip out the middle part, it will still work. "I think you could easily fit the whole machine into a 10 nanometer cube." (If this motor were one-inch long, Feynman's motor would be more than half a mile.)

When nanotech is able to make the gears, drive shafts and levers needed by the MEMS devices, they won't be purely mechanical and they won't be hard like silicon. The nanotech parts of these machines will be floppy, more like balloon animals than precision-milled steel. And their actions will be temperature sensitive, more like chemistry.

"At the nano-scale, you cannot separate physics from chemistry from biology, because they are all entwined," Hunt says.



Myosin motors exert a strong tug on the actin filament (red) in muscle cells, causing mechanical contraction of the muscle.

The smallest muscle

The molecular motor that moves our muscles is called *myosin*, and it looks sort of like a two-legged bug. A molecule of ATP fuel produces one "stroke" of the myosin leg, like a single stroke of a rowing machine. Each stroke produces 3 to 10 piconewtons of power.

"A piconewton is about the gravitational attraction between me and this pen," Hunt says, holding up a dry-erase marker. "Or it's about the pressure exerted by shining a flashlight on a penny."

In fact, the gentle force exerted by light is what Hunt and Meyhöfer use to measure the miniscule power of a single molecular motor. They have one end of a molecule hold on to a tiny plastic bead that is fixed in a cone of tightly focused laser light. Then they pull the bead away "like a spring attached to the wall" and watch how the molecule pulls back against the drag created by the light. The pull of kinesin, for example, is just 4 to 6 piconewtons.

Individually, these motors may not seem like much, acknowledges Meyhöfer, whose doctorate is in zoology. But put millions of myosin motors together in series and in parallel and you have the muscle power that enables 4-foot-11-inch, 123-pound Olympian Halil Mutlu of Turkey to lift 350 pounds over his head.

The cell's dynamo

Though it's not a primary focus of his work, Michael Mayer, who trained in chemistry and biophysics, is also intrigued by a 20-nanometer motor called ATP synthase. It's a little rotary motor in the membrane of mitochondria (the cell's power house) that turns in response to incoming protons. Rotation of the motor converts *adenosine diphosphate* (ADP) molecules into ATP molecules, the cell's fuel.

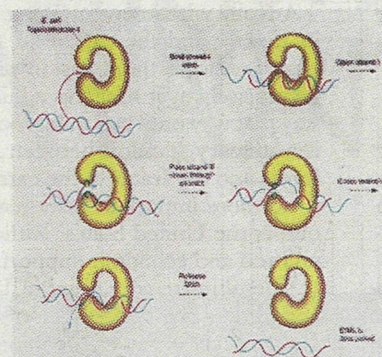
The ATP-making motor is more than 75 percent efficient, and its design is ancient, appearing in just about every form of life, except for *archaea*, the forerunners of modern bacteria. It is also constructed to run backwards, a trick some bacteria use to spit out protons in response to ATP.

DNA un-twister

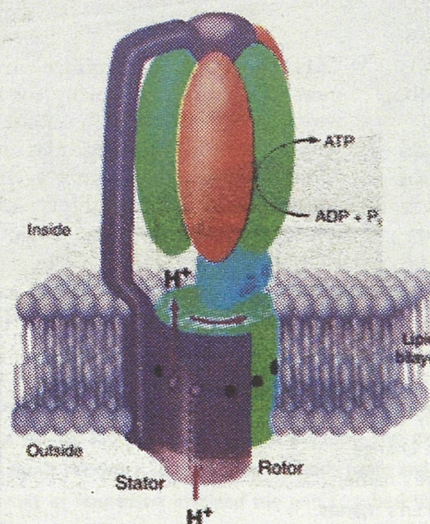
Chemist Ioan Andricioaei takes his telephone off the hook. "This cord is like a DNA helix," he says, spinning the handset to twist the cord until it's a snarled mess. "You have twists on top of twists now, which also happens in DNA."

But in order for the cellular machinery to read the DNA's crucial genetic information, it has to be more relaxed, so that the spiral molecule can open up. "What would be your strategy for undoing this?"

If it's a phone cord, you can unclip one end and let it relax.



Topoisomerase is a Pac-Man shaped enzyme that helps DNA molecules untwist. It clips one strand of the double helix, allowing it to relax, and then repairs the clipped spot.



The ATP Synthase motor has the classic stator and rotor structure familiar in man-made motors. It spans a cellular membrane which admits protons (H+) one at a time. For each proton, the motor turns once, adding a phosphate to adenosine di-phosphate and converting it to adenosine tri-phosphate, the universal fuel source of cells.

"Exactly!" Andricioaei says. "Nature does the same thing."

The tiny motor that accomplishes the untangling is an enzyme called *topoisomerase* (toe-po-EYE-so-mare-ays), and its shape resembles a tiny PacMan. The topoisomerase molecule binds to the side of the twisted helix, clips an opening in one of the two spiraling backbones of the DNA, and then lets the thing unwind itself. Once the DNA has relaxed, the enzyme repairs the clipped backbone and goes on its way to find another snarl to work on.

Andricioaei's team is building computer models of a small area of the genome, about 100 angstroms (0.1 nanometer), in which the topoisomerase is at work to see it in motion. Understanding topoisomerase better could lead to cancer drugs that prevent the cancer cell from duplicating itself, Andricioaei says.

The little engine that could

The most efficient, powerful nanomotor found in nature so far is a proton-fueled rotary motor that bacteria use to swim. This motor spins the base of each hair-like flagellum on the bacterium, making the hair into a long propeller.

A single flagellar motor puts out about 20 piconewtons of torque, speeding the bug forward at about 1 micron per second. Its power is stunning: 13,600 watts per kilogram, about 45 times the output of a gasoline engine.

This exquisite little engine could put a great spin on the nanotechnology devices of the future. Learning how to build and operate these machines would lead to the ultimate interface of man and machine. MT

Online Links to More Nanomotor Info–

Andricioaei - http://sitemaker.umich.edu/andricio
Hunt - http://www.iog.umich.edu/faculty/hunt.html
Meyhofer - http://me.engin.umich.edu/peopleandgroups/faculty/meyhofer.shtml
Mayer - http://www.engin.umich.edu/dept/cheme/people/mayer.html

Letters

Editor's Farewell

THIS ISSUE of *Michigan Today* marks my last. I have enjoyed producing MT since 1985, and have received inestimable help from writers and photographers, not to mention our vice presidents, directors and colleagues on the staff of the U-M News Service. And I owe special thanks to MT's longtime graphic designer Sherri Moore of Moore-Ratcliffe Design. Many alumni, faculty, students and friends of the University also have contributed greatly with articles, photographs, story suggestions, corrections, criticism, phone calls, emails and pop-in visits. I apologize to those whose story ideas and stories I failed to get in. All of your suggestions were worthy; I simply ran out of space and time to publish them. I will continue to edit the online *Michigan Today NewsE* for the time being, and I hope those who are online but haven't received it will sign on at http://www.umich.edu/news/MT/NewsE/11_04/. All NewsE's and most MT's are archived online. Fruitful reading to you, one and all.

John Woodford
Executive Editor (ret.), *Michigan Today*

AS A LONG-TIME student of Middle Eastern politics, Arab habits and customs, I am in complete accord with the views of Dr. Juan Cole published in the summer edition.

Anyone who knew anything about Islam, its history and the culture of Arabs would have predicted the invasion of Iraq would go precisely as it has. It is a failure and will stay that way until two things occur. The first is a military standoff between the coalition forces and the Iraqis to the extent that there is no more important insurgency. The second is the United States' withdrawal of its political and economic support of Israel.

The ultimate sore point in United States and Middle East relations is Israelis. The taking by Israel of the west bank of the Jordan river in a pre-emptive war in 1967 rallied all of Islam to hate the United States. Despite what the Israelis say, it is an occupying power of land taken by force from its lawful and historical occupants.

Occupation armies have never won any popularity contests. When the Israelis withdraw, the United States can then withdraw. Until that occurs, there is no peace in the Middle East for the United States.

Jerome F. Downs
San Francisco

"THE RURAL Renaissance" article (Summer 2004) was noteworthy for me in two ways. First, I have a high school senior son who plans to forgo college and embark on a career in sustainable organic agriculture. He is interning on a farm of this type and is looking forward to becoming part of the Rural Rebound.

Second, the reference to the book *The Rural Rebound* gives an incomplete authorship citation. Kenneth Johnson should be noted as a class of '72 U of M grad. He is also has a Ph.D. from the University of North Carolina (1980) where he was my much valued teaching assistant during his student days.

M. Richard Cramer, '57
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

WHY AM I not surprised that your recent issue features an article presenting opposition to America's war on terrorism? Where's the balance? What else to expect from an administration whose president discourteously ignored four respectfully written letters from an alumnus asking relevant questions on the admissions policy? My university has been totally captured by the liberal bloc. Please remove my name from your mailing list.

Kennet A. Tippery '57 BBA, '61 MBA
Royal Oak, Michigan

I WISH to express my appreciation for publishing the article "An Informed Commentator." I believe it took courage and conviction to publish the expertise of Professor Juan Cole. I believe his point of view to be clearly very thought provoking and factual. Please continue to do a fine job as editor.

Richard Tripp
Email

JUST A BRIEF TWEAK: Anyone who calls himself a public intellectual, as Juan Cole did, should be barred from the public prints. At least you could have tried to save him from his own arrogance by editing out the reference. I think I would have read the rest of the article, and probably learned something, if I hadn't been turned off by the self-awarded PI status.

Mike Berla, '54, '74; public troublemaker
Columbia, Maryland

DID JUAN COLE offer his insights on Shiite Islam to L. Paul Bremmer and General Abazaid before additional American lives were lost in Iraq? If Cole had knowledge that could have saved lives, did he actually try to contact the decision makers? If he did not, how can he now say: "I told you so."?

Mark J. Jurecki, BSAE '83
Email
Carlsbad, California

Juan Cole replies: Yes, I have done extensive consulting with various branches of the USG—the State Department, National Defense University (where I addressed high-ranking officers on more than one occasion), and via multi-agency sessions attended by a wide range of personnel on Iraq and on terrorism. My Web Log is also very widely read by USG officials, who sometimes correspond with me behind the scenes. I always make time for such correspondence.

I AGREE with Professor Cole that the current administration has displayed a degree of incompetence that is of huge proportions. The cost, in lives, and in prospects for world order has been, and will continue to be, enormous.

However, I also believe that Professor Cole needs to examine himself thoroughly. The above is one of the few of many statements made by him that has any relationship to reality. At best, he can have nothing to support his contention that the administration's plan is to expand into Syria and other mid-Eastern countries. Here he is being partisan with a touch of venom. Actually, a lot of venom.

Further, I have been reading his pronouncements with some frequency lately. He is extraordinarily mean spirited and makes no effort to support his position(s). As a history major at U of M, I am more than grateful, I am relieved, that I graduated before his time.

Sam (Salvatore) Manzo
Email

IN READING "Engineering's 150 years" I encountered errors of historical fact in the subsection "An ancestor of the Internet was born right here." I wish to offer some corrections. 1. The Computing Center was never part of the College of Engineering. 2. The MERIT Computer Network (Project) was not part of the Computing Center. I am a graduate of the College of Engineering, Ph D '61, once associate professor of engineering mechanics, subsequently professor of industrial and operations engineering, also the first director of the MERIT Computer Network Project from 1968 and '74. Finally as a staff member of the then Information Technology Division in charge of the computing center.

The Computing Center for many years reported to the vice president of research initially under the outstanding direction of Prof. Robert C. F. Bartels. My early association with the activities of the Center was as graduate student with the user number E13N, meaning I was from the Engineering College (E) the 13th non-funded-by-external-funds user (13N). Ultimately, the Computing Center, then under the direction of Prof. Aaron Finerman, reported to Vice Provost Douglas van Houweling, heading the Information Technology Division.

It is correct that the Center was housed in NUBS and subsequently moved to its own new building on North Campus. I know it utilized various computers by IBM and by Amdahl over the years. To my view they all arrived with operating systems not to the liking of the Center's technical administration. Because the Computing Center was interested in offering time-sharing services, it developed MTS, the Michigan Terminal System. I was an extensive user of MTS.

The MERIT Computer Network Project was a cooperative project by U-M, Michigan State and Wayne State universities and sponsored by them and the National Science Foundation. I was appointed project director. The project spawned one of the early regional networks contemporaneously with the Defense Department's national network, ARPANet.

Bertram Herzog
Professor (Adjunct) EECS
Ann Arbor

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Thanks for keeping us informed!

'I find ordinary decent people all the time all over the world'

PICTURING HUMANITY

Story and Photos by Karen Kasmauski

Karen Kasmauski '75 never planned to be a photographer. She wanted to be an artist when she came to Michigan from Norfolk, Virginia, in 1971 but, inspired by the renowned biblical scholar David Noel Freedman, emeritus professor of Near Eastern Studies, she majored in anthropology and religion. She wound up getting a bachelor's degree in general studies, however, "because I had trouble with the foreign language requirement," she said in a phone interview with *Michigan Today* from her home in Falls Church, Virginia. Nevertheless, today she travels comfortably and often anywhere on the polyglot globe.

Kasmauski took up photography to earn tuition money. She got onto the *Michigan Daily* photo staff, making $10 an assignment. She kept the job her entire four years at Michigan. "I was using my father's Nikon S rangefinder," she recalls. "The director of photography at the *Daily* thought it was inadequate, so he threatened to take me off the staff unless I got a better camera. In one of my letters to my father, who was a career enlisted man in the US Navy and was serving in Vietnam at the time, I told him about the situation, knowing full well that he didn't have the money to buy a better camera. To my surprise, a Nikon FTN arrived in the mail. He had bought it at the Saigon PX."

Although she enjoyed expressing herself through photography, when Kasmauski graduated in 1975, she focused on community organizing, working as a volunteer on issues of land reform and health care in eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. Eventually, she received a small grant from Foxfire to embark upon an oral history project in Appalachia and "collected stories of people who'd worked in the timber and coal mining industries, who were now being displaced by other enterprises. That's where I got my start in journalism."

For two years, Kasmauski roamed a rugged area of north-central Tennessee, driving her Easter-egg blue Karmann Ghia up 45-degree slopes and then trudging the rest of the way up roadless paths over riverbeds and rocks, visiting secluded families who often had no running water or electricity, taking down their life stories and documenting their lives with her camera. Her annual salary was $1,000.

Photo courtesy Karen Kasmauski

Kasmauski receiving treatment for radiation poisoning after eating food contaminated by fallout from Ukraine's Chernobyl disaster.

"I shot 40 rolls in the two years I was there, and I thought I was shooting too much," says Kasmauski, who, as a professional, often shoots that much in two days.

After her stint in Appalachia, Kasmauski got a job as a photo lab technician for the *Virginian-Pilot* in her hometown of Norfolk. Soon she was promoted to staff photographer and was winning major awards. After five years, she left to begin a freelance career, principally for *National Geographic* magazine.

Her first big international assignment was a huge story, the impact of radiation on humans, and took her from the Chernobyl nuclear plant in Ukraine to Hiroshima, Japan. "I had never worked outside the United States before," she says, "nor had I done a science story. But in photographing 'Living With Radiation' I found I liked big, complicated global stories, and I liked putting a human face on science issues."

The two Bangladeshi children on the left are malnourished and suffer from diarrhea. The child on the right recovered after eating proper foods for three weeks in a research hospital.

Her ability to present that human face on issues like population and global health has gained Kasmauski world renown. And when she talks about her work, it's clear that a steady heart and keen mind focus her lens.

"The people like those I met in Tennessee inspired me and touched me in many ways," she says. "I find these ordinary decent people all the time all over the world. They are truly unsung heroes. Dying from disease, from hazardous work, with their land being destroyed, their environment poisoned. I am impressed with the strength with which they live their lives and by their amazing lack of bitterness. I've covered women infected with AIDS, women whose children are infected. Or prostitutes literally sold into slavery. And they talk with me like a suburban housewife over tea and cookies. That's why I got on this pathway, to help make people care about each other."

"I also have a desire to make right what I see as wrong," she continues. "I've lived this philosophy all my life, even as a child. It developed out of self-defense; my mother is Japanese. With my ethnic background, I encountered prejudice and racial slurs growing up. I quickly found I had to stand up for myself. If I didn't, who would? I'm not a scientist or doctor, but I am a natural observer. I can report what I see, and it's always with the hope that what I do will move those who can make a difference to act."

In the vignettes below, Kasmauski takes *Michigan Today* readers along on three typical assignments of the sort that have gotten her arrested, threatened her health (one example: a meal of reindeer meat in Sweden contaminated her with Chernobyl radiation) and exhausted her as she pursued her goal of making people care about the human ecology of disease through the prism of her camera.—**JW.**

Photo courtesy Karen Kasmauski

President Jimmy Carter (l) greets writer Peter Jaret and Kasmauski at the Carter Center in Atlanta. The center supported Kasmauski and Jaret's book project, which resulted in **Impact: From the Frontlines of Global Health**, *and Carter wrote the foreword. 'Our unusual book was also helped greatly by the National Geographic Society's CEO, John Fahey, who also happens to be a graduate of the University of Michigan ['75 MBA],' Kasmauski says.*

PICTURING HUMANITY

Story and Photos by Karen Kasmauski

BROTHELS IN INDIA

A sex worker in Mumbai (Bombay). In the 1990s, the AIDS rate among women there approached 90 percent.

I went to India in the early 1990s when AIDS was just getting established there, thanks to the booming sex trade in cities like Bombay. There were at least 70,000 prostitutes who were women, and more if you count the transvestites and young boys. The prostitutes were a very high-risk group.

Some of the health officials I worked with estimated two-thirds of the prostitutes were HIV positive. The brothels where they lived and worked were tall, narrow buildings. Each floor was controlled by a different pimp and housed four to six women. Thin curtains separated the cots where they slept and worked.

At that time, sexual transactions cost 25 cents. Since the prostitutes had to pay $1 per day for their beds, each woman had to service four men a day to break even. The women knew about HIV/AIDS and wanted to use condoms for their safety, but the customers resisted, threatening to go somewhere else if they insisted.

Many of these women had been abused by a relative, brutalized and raped. They were no longer suitable for marriage in that culture. Their own fathers had sold some of the women to brothels. It was a hellish situation. Women and girls arrived daily in this part of town, knowing it was the end. They were lost souls looking for mercy.

I must have looked very lost. Twice men approached me while I was photographing on the streets, asking if I wanted to work. I'm part Japanese. With my fair skin, I look similar to the Nepalese women favored by Indian men. To my relief, before I could attempt to answer them, the health worker I was with would rush over and gently explain I working with him.

Many customers of Mumbai prostitutes are truck drivers, who carry sexually transmitted diseases over long distances.

BUSH MEAT IN AFRICA

This monkey probably wound up as 'bush meat' in Gagon, West Africa. Researchers suspect HIV/AIDS and other lethal viruses leaped from primates to humans.

I met Paul Teffler in 1993 on my first trip to Africa. He was working in Sierra Leone, researching the origins of AIDS. Tess, his wife, worked for the Centers for Disease Control on Lassa fever, a hemorrhagic virus that is a cousin to Ebola. While working with them, I was arrested for the first time in my life, looking down the barrel of an AK-47, for taking a picture. Paul and Tess later fled to Gabon when Sierra Leone started to disintegrate; that's where, 10 years later, I met Paul again. He'd expanded his research on the origins of AIDS to include the bush meat trade. More and more evidence suggested AIDS had leaped from animals to humans through animals killed for food. I'd come to Gabon to look into this.

Paul drove as we looked for roadside merchants selling bush meat. Unlike Sierra Leone, Gabon is a relatively safe place, and I wasn't expecting any bloodshed. Then we ran into the accident. A small white truck was upside down in the middle of the road, the cab smashed in. Two policemen pointed guns at our car, waving us to a stop.

At first, I thought they were directing traffic, but as we approached, one man bent down towards my window. A large piece of his scalp was hanging down over his right eye. I saw that both policemen were covered in blood. They had been in the truck and wanted a ride to the hospital.

I realized this was a dangerous situation, not only because of the guns being waved by disoriented men, but also because of the blood. There was a good chance either man could have been carrying the AIDS virus. With money, power and opportunities for sexual favors, police and soldiers are often viral vectors for AIDS in developing countries. What if these men were infected? Blood was flying everywhere as they waved their hands at Paul and me.

Paul knew we'd be transporting them and told me to climb into the back seat while he checked out the situation. After speak-

It was a delicate situation. I had only a few days to get this portion of the story done and I needed access into this tightly knit community. The women are so controlled they are effectively enslaved to the brothels. If I or the health worker guiding me insulted any of the brothel owners, word would get around quickly and any chance of access would vanish.

In one of the brothels, a young woman insisted I share a piece of her birthday candy. Her friends gathered around, and not wanting to insult anyone, I took a very small bite to please her and put the rest in my pocket. Within hours, I had severe diarrhea and a high fever. I was incredibly sick for several days.

A brothel worker insisted that Kasmauski share a piece of birthday candy. 'Within hours, I had severe diarrhea and a high fever. I was incredibly sick for days.'

I called my husband up in the middle of the night. I needed him to contact Dr. Wolf, a tropical medicine specialist in DC to see what to do. I had the powerful antibiotic Cipro with me, but I'd been cautioned about taking it because of side effects. Hearing about my situation, Dr. Wolf advised me to take it immediately. Within hours, I was recovering, and was able to work the two remaining days I had in India.

Once I finally gained entrance to a couple of the brothels, conversations always and inevitably seemed to turn to me. The women wanted to know about my husband, my children, and me. Did I have a house with grass around it? Was that grass green?

The questions seemed odd, but I realized the whole world for these women was one rented cot, with sheets for a wall, and a shared hole for a bathroom. Their home was on a dirty street, paved with garbage. Every street, for as far as these women would ever travel, was lined with the same gray, rundown structures containing women with the same sad stories. A house with green grass must have seemed like an unattainable fantasy for them, as removed from their lives as theirs was from mine.

Mice in New Mexico

Scientists trapped this deer mouse in New Mexico to study how hantavirus finds human hosts.

When people learn I freelance for National Geographic, *they often seem perplexed when I tell them what I photograph.* "You don't do animals," they ask? No, I don't do animals. Well, actually I do, but not in the way of the wonderful wildlife pictures some of my talented colleagues produce.

I see a deer and I think Lyme disease. A raccoon isn't cute, it's rabid. Mosquitoes don't just sting–they carry an arsenal of diseases like malaria, yellow fever, West Nile and encephalitis. The little mouse is a downright bio-weapon, a harbinger of rapid, horrible death, a carrier of deadly hemorrhagic fevers.

I first learned how dangerous a mouse could be in Sierra Leone when I was looking for Lassa fever. Lassa, carried by mice, was found only in that part of Africa. During the rainy season, mice come inside looking for food, leaving trails of urine and waste, often on the food people prepare.

As I was concluding work on a story about viruses in 1993, my writing partner Peter Jaret and I heard about a virus emerging in

Continued on page 14

ing briefly with the men, he reached for his medical bag. All I could think to say to him was, "Paul, wear your gloves!" He had latex gloves for handling animals. But he knew wearing gloves might not be a politically good idea in this situation. He quickly checked himself and said, "I think I'm okay–I don't have any sores on my hands."

After Paul patched up both men, they got into the front of the car. Their blood smeared on the seat, door, dash and window–everything I'd likely come in contact with later. A crowd gathered to watch the odd spectacle of two white people in a vehicle with two very bloody policemen.

We dropped one officer at the local hospital. Paul went in with the men, returning with the senior of the two. Paul was quite upset. Before being admitted to the hospital, the officer, had attempted to unload his gun by firing it into the floor of the crowded waiting room. Paul had to physically restrain him. "Someone could have been killed," he said.

The senior officer insisted we take him to police headquarters. There, the man went looking for his colleagues. Paul followed him. I stayed behind and started wiping down the blood-soaked car with the tiny antibiotic wipes the National Geographic medical staff had given me. It didn't take long for me to collect a large pile of bloody wipes in a plastic sack.

To my chagrin, Paul returned with the policeman, who insisted on being driven to his girlfriend's house. We weren't arguing. After finally dropping him off, I got back into the front seat and started obsessively wiping everything down again. Paul looked over at me but didn't say a word; neither of us spoke for nearly five minutes.

It had been such a strange, intense experience. Then we both started laughing like old friends who knew what each other was thinking. "Why is it, Paul," I asked, "that whenever I'm working with you, policemen and guns are always involved?"

Researchers studying HIV/AIDS draw blood from a chimpanzee.

MICE IN NEW MEXICO, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

A worker sprays bleach to disinfect rodent saliva, droppings or urine in the figh against hantaviral pneumonia.

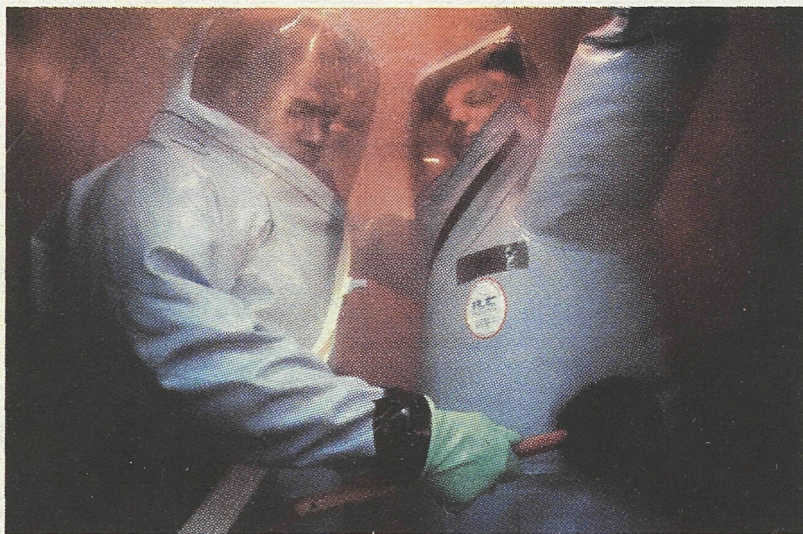
the Four Corners area of New Mexico. It had appeared on a Navaho reservation, where doctors began noticing young people dying rapidly from what seemed like a strain of pneumonia. Our deadline was upon us and we didn't have time to look into it.

Nearly a decade passed before I encountered this disease, caused by the hantavirus, again. For my "Ecology of Disease" story I arranged to work with a team of researchers in New Mexico collecting deer mice–carriers of the hantavirus. Like Ebola, hanta is labeled a "Class Four" virus, approachable only with extreme care.

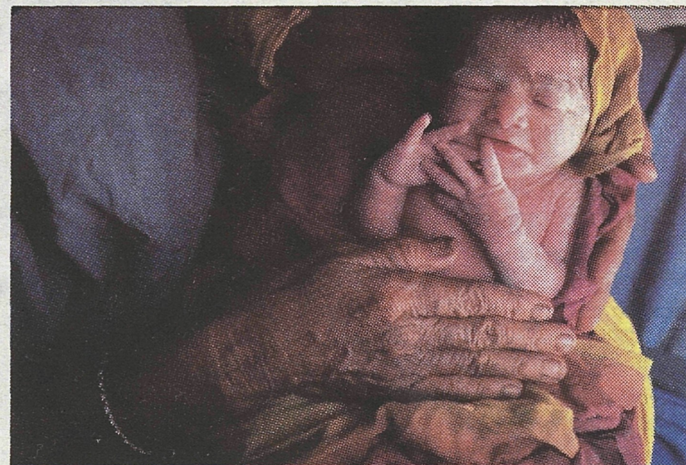
But something seemed amiss the morning I met the team. Everyone was dressed in biohazard suits and putting on air filters to work in the contaminated environment where the mice lived. It became clear to me that no one had arranged a suit or air filter for me. I spoke to the lead researcher through his plastic space helmet. "Will I be safe?" I asked. "Should I worry about contamination?" He looked at me for a moment, and said, "You're probably okay."

I thought about this when I traveled with a team of Navaho Indians who were going into homes where someone had gotten ill or had died from the virus. They were there to clear out the mice. They jokingly called themselves "Mouse Busters." But they took their jobs very seriously. Everyone was clad in white biohazard suits. My hair was tucked into the hood and I wore goggles, a facemask and booties.

The team said a short prayer before we began our rounds. Areas where mice were found or caught were sprayed with bleach. When we left the homes, we bleached the bottoms of our feet.


'Mouse Busters' donned biohazard suits (but not as advanced as these used in chemical scrubdownsby the US Army Medical Research Institute) before cleaning homes where someone had been stricken with hantavirus. 'When we left the homes, we bleached the bottoms of our feet.'

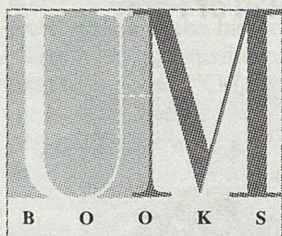
LOOKING INTO THE FACE OF A NEIGHBOR


A child is born to hope in Bangladesh. 'Hopefully, the reader will see the faces I have seen and feel connected to the situation I saw. Maybe they'll be moved.'

Doing these kinds of stories involves a range of decisions, big and small. I always think about my cameras when I'm in a disease situation. They are not covered and there is a potential risk every time I take a picture. The oils from my hands trap particles that are carried to my face each time I lift the camera. What are the possibilities of being contaminated by my cameras?

I freelance for a magazine with demanding editors who require beautiful pictures, even if the subject is about disease and public health. So I try to seduce the reader with my images, through graphic composition, lush color and rich light. If the reader is drawn into the photograph and engaged, then a message can be delivered. I hope the reader will see the faces I have seen and feel connected to the situation I saw. Maybe they'll be moved. I want my subjects to seem so familiar that the reader feels they are looking into the face of someone they might have known–a neighbor. MT

Karen Kasmauski is a National Geographic Contributing Photographer-in-Residence. Her groundbreaking coverage of critical public health topics has appeared regularly in National Geographic *magazine. For information about ordering her book* Impact: From the Frontlines of Global Health *(National Geographic Books, $30), type "Kasmauski" in the books section of www.amazon.com, contact your local bookseller or go to http://shop.nationalgeographic.com/ and click on the Books section's Science link.*



The Craft Heritage of Oman

By Marcia Stegath Dorr '69 and Neil Richardson.
(Motivate Publishing, Dubai, United Arab Emirates, 2004, $150 US plus shipping; see http://www.craftheritageofoman.com/ for ordering information).

Marcia Stegath Dorr '69 moved to the Sultanate of Oman in 1986 with her two sons and then husband, who took a fisheries job there. Dorr, who majored in art and education at U-M, had become active in preserving folk arts and crafts in Gambia, West Africa, during her husband's three-year stint there.

Not long after landing in the 120-degree heat of the largely desert land of Oman at the bottom end of the Persian Gulf, Dorr began a career there as an ice skating teacher and performer, hockey coach, aerobics instructor and handicrafts workshop organizer. The latter job got her involved with Oman's craft heritage officials and led to the 563-page two-volume *Craft Heritage of Oman.*

Eight years in the making, *Craft Heritage of Oman* reflects the 25,000 miles of travel Dorr and co-author and photographer Neil Richardson racked up "by camel, donkey, dhow and pickup truck, and even by helicopter," Dorr said during a summer visit to her parents in Ann Arbor (father Bill was a longtime officer of the U-M Alumni Association). "We experienced awe, frustration, exhaustion and, in my case, a rather nasty scorpion bite–but never for one moment were we bored."

Photos by Marcia Dorr

Some Omani believe indigo stains on the skin or hair can bring good luck and good health.

Bedouin weaver and daughter. Basic rugs are plain or striped; some bear initricate geometric patterns called najma.

With its 1,100 photos, 150 drawings and diagrams and clear but detailed research write-ups on Oman's crafts and people from prehistoric times to the present, the two volumes look like an upscale coffee table set, but don't judge them by their covers, splendid as those are. Inside, the reader receives the equivalent of a complete course on the history, anthropology and culture of Oman, a country of almost three million persons (including 600,000 foreign nationals) in a territory the size of New Mexico.

Chapters cover the Arab, Bedouin and Arab-African tribes; coastal, desert and mountain landscapes; ancient seafaring legacy (Sinbad the Sailor was an Omani); nomadic traditions and commerce along the monsoon and spice routes. They also take readers right into the homesteads and shops of gold-, silver-, and coppersmiths; indigo dyers; artisans of bone and stone ware; basket weavers; leatherworkers; potters; weavers; and armorers.

Dorr told about the indigo dyers she visited, who are among the handful in the world who still use natural indigo, a technique abandoned almost everywhere else in the wake of modern aniline chemical dyes. "Indigo has cast a spell over the human imagination for 5,000 years," she said. "It's a universally loved shade of blue, rich and iridescent. American blue jeans were originally dyed with indigo. Many dyes go into the fabric and stay there but indigo never does. It fades. It dyes the skins of people who use it, and in fact many Omanis believe it provides a protective layer against insects and the weather. Some use it to fight skin inflammations, others as a good-luck charm."

Dorr's book describes the complete process of dyeing with indigo, from gathering leaves and stems of genus *Indigofera* to steeping, agitating, straining, draining and fermentation in dye vats.

After Dorr covers the subject, a reader could probably produce some indigo under the right conditions. And the same is true of every other craft she reports on. If we ever devolve into a post-industrial society, this book will outvalue its weight in gold.–JW.

Dorr

America's Corner Store: Walgreens' Prescription for Success

By John U. Bacon, John Wiley & Sons, 2004, $24.95 hardcover.

At age 18, Charles J. Walgreen Sr. of Dixon, Illinois, quit his job in a drug store (right before he was fired for not shoveling the icy sidewalk in time), borrowed $20 and headed for Chicago by train. Right away, he got a job in a downtown drugstore. It was 1893.

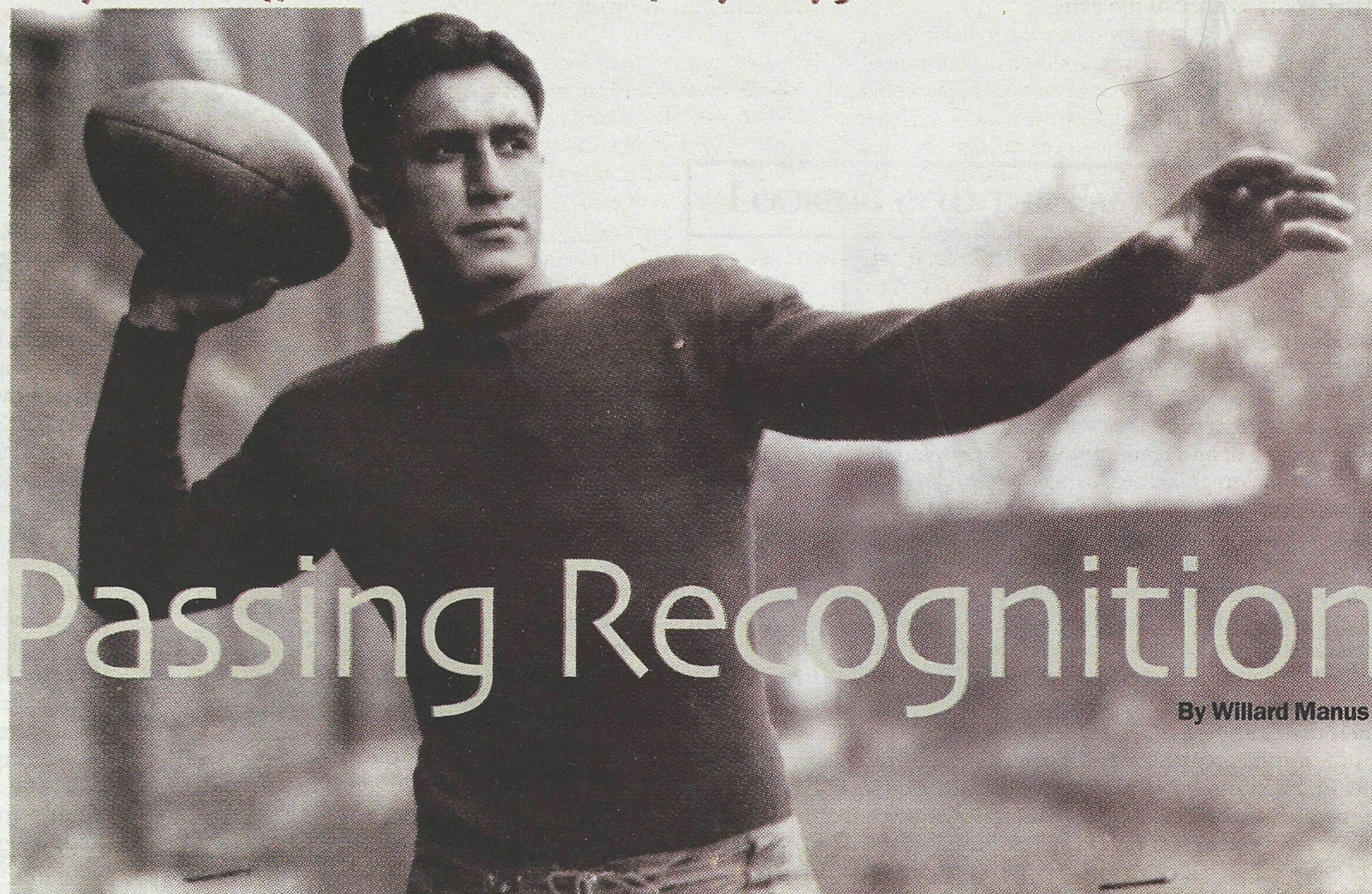
Charles began a series of drugstore jobs as an economic recession wiped out many establishments. In 1896, he wound up at a drug store at 39th and Cottage Grove on Chicago's South Side. The owner encouraged him to study for the pharmacy exam. The drug store business was part medicine show hokum and part science then; not many shops could boast certified pharmacists. Shortly after passing the exam, Charles Sr. served a perilous Army stint in the Spanish American War, after which he scraped up the money to buy a tiny drug store on Cottage Grove in 1901.

Bacon vividly narrates Walgreen's personal, family and corporate rise, a tale full of examples of intelligence and innovation, and a staggering amount of hard work. Charles Sr. and his heirs improved the scientific basis of pharmaceutical manufacture and prescription, and pioneered in home delivery of prescriptions, in hot lunch counters, in advertising newsletters, in counter displays with varieties of wares, and in growing a retail chain. That chain now totals 4,200 stores and $32.5 billion in annual sales.

The U-M College of Pharmacy has enjoyed a close relationship with the Walgreens for more than 80 years. Charles (Chuck) Walgreen Jr. graduated from the College in 1928 and received honorary master's and doctorate degrees in 1951 and 1992, respectively. Grandson Charles III (Cork) is a 1959 alumnus (and one of two national co-chairs of the College's $24.5 million Campaign for International Leadership and Excellence, which was publicly launched in May as part of The Michigan Difference, a $2.5 billion University-wide fund-raising campaign). Great-grandson Kevin, a vice president of the firm, is an '81 LSA grad and serves on the College of Pharmacy's Dean's Advisory Committee.

Indeed, in recent years various Walgreen scholarships have annually supported approximately 35 Michigan students, the majority in the College of Pharmacy. Chuck Walgreen's gifts have also been designated for the Walgreen Drama Center (which will house the Arthur Miller Theatre), three professorships and scholarships, and the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics. This fall, Cork Walgreen established the Charles R. Walgreen III Professorship in Pharmacy Administration with a gift of $2 million.–JW.

Benny Friedman '27, the 'Babe Ruth of Football,' may finally get into the Pro Football Hall of Fame

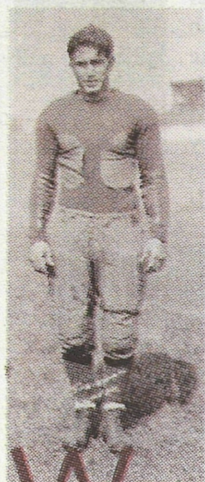


Passing Recognition

By Willard Manus

Photos courtesy U-M Athletics Collection, Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan

All-American Friedman was perhaps the first quarterback to step forward in the "pocket" of blocking teammates before throwing. "Charging tackles, bearing down on the passer, come at the original position of the passer, which is the apex of the angle," he wrote in his low-key, analytical style. "The passer, if he delivers the ball properly, will escape the tacklers. They will converge behind him."



What would pro football be like today without its dynamic passers, quarterbacks such as Brett Favre, Peyton Manning and ex-Wolverine Tom Brady '00? Following in the footsteps of sharpshooters like Johnny Unitas, John Elway and Dan Marino, these players are responsible for much of the game's popularity and excitement, its swift pace and aerial razzle-dazzle.

Forgotten in all the attention the passing game has received in the past 50 years is the man who invented modern aerial strategy, Benjamin (Benny) Friedman '27.

Friedman, born in 1905 to an Orthodox Jewish family in Cleveland, grew up playing high school football, basketball and baseball. He was the fourth of six children reared by his Russian-immigrant parents, Louis and Mamie Atlevonik Friedman. His father worked as a furrier and a tailor, while his mother worked at home bringing up the children.

When Benny Friedman went out for football as a sophomore at Cleveland's East Tech High, the coach cut him after two weeks of preseason practice. His family moved shortly thereafter, and in 1921 he made the varsity at Cleveland's Glenville High.

During his senior year, Friedman led Glenville to a 13-0 victory in the 1922 city championship game, defeating his former school, East Tech. And during the regular season Friedman led his squad to a 31-0 whitewash of East Tech, whose coach had deemed him too small to play.

Glenville went on to lay claim to the mythical national high school championship by defeating suburban Chicago's Oak Park High in a post-season game. College recruiters flocked to Cleveland to meet Friedman. Penn State had the inside track, but again coaches shied away, thinking at 5' 8" and 170 pounds, he was too small.

A group of Michigan supporters suggested a visit to Ann Arbor, and Friedman entered U-M in the fall of 1923. To earn spending money, he played drums in a Chinese restaurant, worked as a theater ticket-taker and as a clerk in the University bookstore.

By the time he left U-M, the 5' 10", 175-pound Friedman not only had led his team through two near-perfect seasons and twice been honored as an All-American but had revolutionized the gridiron game.

From its 19th century beginning and into the 1920s, football did not feature the forward pass as a major offensive weapon. The ball was a heavy, melon-shaped thing designed for lugging and kicking, not tossing. The rules worked against the forward pass: the passer had to stand at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage, and if he threw two consecutive incompletions, his team was penalized. An incomplete pass in the opposition's end zone resulted in the ball being forfeited. Because passing was considered a sissyish maneuver, roughing the passer was not only legal but encouraged. The game was about as compelling to watch as a Greco-Roman wrestling match.

Friedman changed all that. As he said in his 1931 book, *The Passing Game*, during his freshman year at U-M he prepared to improve the aerial attack because "if Michigan were to succeed in football, she would have to depend on the forward pass."

So Friedman began developing his fingers, wrists and hands. Following the lead of neophyte piano players, he would carry a tennis ball or handball wherever he went, constantly gripping and releasing it. He'd also spread his hand over railings and armrests, squeezing and stretching with all his might, trying to increase the size of his fingers, a fraction at a time. "It all helped," he said. "Before I finished my freshman term I was able to wrap my hand around a football and grip it as firmly as a pitcher grips a baseball."

Because his youthful ambition had been "to become the world's champion strong man," Friedman had lifted weights and exercised hard as a kid, giving him physical attributes that later served him well on the gridiron. "To be a successful forward passer you must have sturdy forearms and shoulders. To stand the physical gaff of four periods of football, you must be in tip top physical condition and your legs, above everything else, must be strong."

'Like picking grapefruit from a tree'

In this fashion, Friedman could be remarkably accurate. His short passes were thrown hard, but on medium and long tosses he threw high and soft, so that the ball would drop from its highest arc into the receiver's hands with a spin that was easy to catch. "When a Friedman pass reaches the receiver it has gone its route," sportswriter Paul Gallico declared. "The ball is practically dead. The receiver has merely to reach up and take hold of it like picking a grapefruit off a tree. That is Benny's secret, and that is why so

many of his passes are completed. He is the greatest forward passer in the history of the game."

Friedman also attributed his good fortune to his family's faith in Judaism. "On the wall at home was a *pushke* [charity box]," he said. "I noticed when I was a high school player mother would go over after serving me lunch and drop some coins in the box. I would see her lips moving as though she was saying a prayer. I asked what she was doing and she said she was protecting me by putting 18 cents in the pushke. I asked why. She told me that 18 in Hebrew stands for *chai*, which means life.... I never was hurt and throughout my high school, college and pro career mother continued her vigil. I never questioned whether it was my ability that kept me aloof from injury. I let it go that it was chai working for me."

Despite his success and renown, Friedman intended to study law after graduating with a BA in literature, but when his father fell ill and could not work, Friedman decided to earn some quick money by turning pro.

Louis Friedman certainly hadn't pushed Benny in that direction. Like most immigrant parents, especially those born in an East European ghetto, Louis had very little interest in football and did not see his first game until 1926, when Michigan took on Ohio State before a full house. Looking around at the tens of thousands of spectators, he asked, "Who gets all this money?" It was explained that the two universities split the gate receipts.

Just then two mammoth Ohio State linemen attacked Benny as he was throwing the ball, knocking him dizzy. Time was called and the Michigan trainer came in and gave Benny a whiff of smelling salts. Benny got up woozily and slipped his leather helmet back on.

"The players, they get nothing?" Mr. Friedman asked. Not a dime, he was told.

"For *this* my Benny went to college?" Mr. Friedman cried incredulously.

A passer, kicker, runner and blocker

Numerous professional teams wanted the talented Benny Friedman. ("He was the complete player as a passer, kicker, runner and blocker," said sportswriter Grantland Rice), but he signed with the Cleveland Bulldogs because they played in his hometown.

Pro football in the 1920s and '30s was anything but the highly popular and successful sport it is today. As the famed runner Red (The Galloping Ghost) Grange said, "Outside of your franchise towns the people hardly knew anything about pro ball. You'd get back into the hinterlands and tell them that pro football was a good game, that the pros blocked hard and tackled hard, and they'd laugh at you. A US Senator took me to the White House and introduced me to Calvin Coolidge and said, 'Mr. President, I want you to meet Red Grange. He's with the Chicago Bears.' I remember Calvin Coolidge's reply very plainly. He said, 'Well, Mr. Grange, I'm glad to meet you. I have always liked animal acts.'"

After Friedman's first year the Bulldogs moved to Detroit and changed their name to the Wolverines after Friedman's team at Michigan. In his first two pro seasons, Friedman became a star attraction. Still throwing that big blob of a ball, he completed passes from all over the field and, as the *Chicago Tribune* said, "ran with the kind of reckless, knock-them-down abandon that never fails to excite a crowd. As far as football goes Friedman has IT and is IT."

Tim Mara, owner of the Giants (and a bookmaker), knew a good thing when he saw one. The Giants, like most barnstorming pro teams in those days, had lost money every year. Having Friedman on his team, a Jewish quarterback in a largely Jewish city, was the key to turning his fortunes around. Trouble was, the Wolverines would not sell or trade Friedman. Mara's solution was to buy the entire Wolverines franchise and pay Friedman $10,000 a year, an unheard-of sum in those days when most players earned $100 a game.

In 1928, the year before Friedman joined the Giants, the team lost $54,000. In 1929, the first year he was with them, the Giants earned $8,500. Next year, profits soared to $23,000 and the year after that $35,000. Mind you, this was in the middle of the Depression.

The NFL kept few records in those days. Sports historians have had to rely on newspaper accounts and other sources to compile reasonably accurate statistics for the years Friedman spent in the league (1927–33). These statistics show that in those six years, the second-ranked passers, year by year, threw for aggregate totals of 3,770 yards and 27 touchdowns. Friedman, however, passed for at least 5,653 yards (50 percent more than the runners-up) and 55 touchdowns (more than twice as many).

As Stephen Fox comments, "His nearest peers were barely visible in the distance. Friedman easily passed for more than 1,500 yards in a season; even under the soon-liberalized passing rules, no other NFL quarterback managed it until 1942. He threw three touchdowns passes in a quarter, five in a game, 20 in a season: all records, probably, that outlived his era. In 1933, his final season, he played less but still completed 53 percent of his passes.... And today he is mostly unknown, a phantom with missing numbers."

A defensive star, too, Friedman leaps for an interception against Ohio State.

He wanted a piece of the Giants

In 1931, Friedman went to Mara and asked for an opportunity to invest in the team, but Mara said he was keeping it all for his sons. Feeling wronged, Friedman decided to move along. Bill Dwyer, owner of football's Brooklyn Dodgers, had already approached him to quarterback and coach the Dodgers, and Freidman agreed in 1932. Never happy with the Dodgers, Friedman accepted Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia's request that he coach the City College of New York's team after the 1933 season. "I didn't know pro football was going to progress as much as it did," Friedman said. "If I had, I might have stayed in."

Friedman enjoyed his nine years at CCNY, however, taking a perennially losing football program and turning it around on a salary of $4,500 a year. "It was quite a job," he recalled later, "because few of the candidates had ever played football. Many boys needed a good meal."

Friedman left CCNY when WWII broke out, joining the Navy as a lieutenant commander. He served aboard an aircraft carrier and then as backfield coach at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. After the war, Friedman accepted an offer to become athletic director and football coach at Brandeis, the secular Jewish university in Waltham, Massachusetts. Friedman's challenge was to build a sports program from scratch at the fledgling school. By 1950, he was able to field a freshman football team that held its own against such major schools as Harvard, Boston College and Boston University.

In spring 1960, Friedman took another hard blow when Brandeis dropped intercollegiate football. He stayed on as athletic director for two more years, then resigned in 1963.

Seven years later, Friedman fought and lost another bitter battle, this one with the NFL. The league that Friedman had revolutionized with his innovative passing game–a league that in 1932 not only tossed out all its restrictions against passing but changed the shape of the ball to make passing easier and more accurate–refused to include pre-1958 players in the pension benefits negotiated with team owners.

Accusing the league and its players of "brashness and arrogance beyond belief," Friedman pointed out that "there's no reason why we pioneers shouldn't benefit too."

The NFL paid Friedman back by refusing year in and year out to elect him to the Pro Football Hall of Fame. Friedman, a two-time All-American, a member of the College Football Hall of Fame, the man Paul Gallico called "The Babe Ruth of Football," was denied its highest honor by the game he helped make what it is today. Nor was he ever offered a coaching job.

A depressed Benny Friedman committed suicide in 1982, at the age of 76. Suffering from diabetes, he'd had a leg amputated four years earlier. In the note he left behind, he said he didn't want to end up as "the old man on the park bench." MT

Freelancer Willard Manus of Los Angeles is an author whose works include the comic novels Mott the Hoople *and* The Pigskin Rabbi.

Pro Hall of Fame puts Freidman on its 2005 ballot

Benny Friedman boldly and proudly lobbied for his own induction into the Pro Football Hall of Fame from the installment of the first class in 1963 on. That class included not only Tim Mara, the New York Giants owner that Friedman had made rich, but also Friedman's contemporaries like Ernie Nevers, John (Blood) McNally and other peers who certainly did not surpass him in gridiron glory.

Some say Friedman's pride may have caused a "backlash" against him. But many football historians, especially in light of previously unknown statistics of his early—and best—pro years, have always argued that his absence from the Hall of Fame was a great injustice. Today, that view is the consensus. Friedman—along with Fritz Pollard, an African American star player and coach from the 1915-1930s era—was selected this summer by the Pro Football Hall of Fame's Seniors Committee as a finalist for election into the Hall with the Class of 2005.

The selection meeting will be held Feb. 5, 2005. Friedman and Pollard must each receive 80 percent voting support from the 39 committee members. At long last, they may finally do right by the great Wolverine Paul Gallico dubbed "The Babe Ruth of Football."

Peter Ho Davies once thought he was 'too strange' for fiction. Turns out he was wrong

A Master Shape-Shifter Of the Literary World

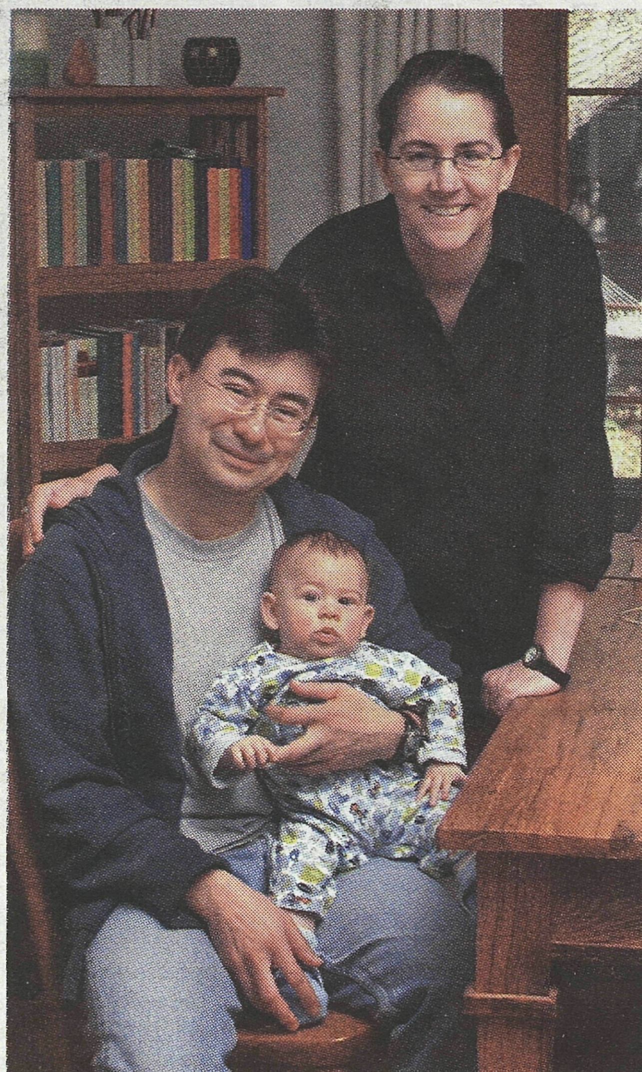
By Leslie Stainton

When he was 18 years old, Peter Ho Davies submitted his first work of fiction to a literary journal. A short story about his grandmother's descent into senility, the work, he concedes, was "autobiographical fiction," and in writing it Davies had tapped into unexpected wells of feeling.

"It was the most emotionally charged work I'd ever written," he says. The story was turned down. But with his rejection note, the editor scribbled a single word. It took Davies a day to decipher it: "Possibilities."

"I just cherished that for about three years," he remembers.

Of modest height, slight, with a boyish shock of black hair, Davies wears bookish glasses and speaks at a rushed clip in a British accent sprinkled with American idioms. There's an Asian cast to his face. Dressed in a denim jacket, T-shirt and jeans, his backpack tossed on the seat beside him, Davies, though 37 now, looks like a graduate student as he tucks into a pizza and soda during a late-afternoon lunch. But now, as director of U-M's Master of Fine Arts program in creative writing, the fate of aspiring younger writers is in his hands, and that's a place most are probably happy to find themselves in a field where strong mentors can open career doors.



Marcia Ledford U-M Photo Services

Both Davies and his wife, Lynne Raughley, tried to finish novels before son Owen was born this summer, but only Raughley made the deadline.

If anything, he's 'Sino-Celtic'

Davies's background, like his fiction, spans the globe. Born in Coventry to a Welsh father and a Chinese mother (who was herself raised in Malaysia), educated at Manchester and Cambridge as well as Boston, married to an American, the fellow writer Lynne Raughley, and a resident of the United States for the past decade, Davies says for a long time he thought his background was "too strange" to yield literary capital. While he's flattered that critics occasionally tag him as an Asian-American writer, he notes that the label is inaccurate. "If anything," he jokes, "I'm Sino-Celtic."

In his two short story collections, *The Ugliest House in the World* (1997) and *Equal Love* (2000), Davies shifts cultural identities, geographical settings and historical eras with the ease of someone trying on the clothes in his closet. He's as comfortable writing about 19th-century Welsh miners and Patagonian immigrants as he is 20th-century British ex-pats, American drug addicts, and a mixed-race American couple who encounter aliens.

"Peter's fiction has always incorporated cultural materials that collide in interesting ways," says his novelist friend and former U-M colleague Charles Baxter. "One feature of Peter's fiction is an enormous breadth of reference, both to history and geography–he's writing what you might call World Literature. The range is astonishing."

"I like to be the kind of writer who does different things from story to story," Davies says. "It's one of the pleasures of the form."

Working the fantastical vein

Lately he's strayed into more experimental territory, producing two stories in the past year–"The Criminal Mastermind Is Confined" and "The Name of the Great Detective"– that owe more to Borges and Kafka than to Hemingway or Carver. Davies says both stories came out of a course he taught at Michigan on the history of the short story. He and his students were discussing the two fundamental strains of fiction, realistic and fantastical, and he decided after working largely in the former vein to try his hand at the latter.

It's as a realist, however, that Davies is best known. In the 20 years since he submitted his first story for publication, he's piled up a host of plaudits–an O. Henry award, inclusion in *The Best American Short Stories* series, the John Llewellyn Rhys and PEN/Macmillan prizes, the finals of the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize, an National Endowment for the Arts fellowship and most recently a Guggenheim. In 2003, on the strength of portions of his incomplete first novel, the literary journal *Granta* put Davies on its prestigious "Best of Young British Novelists" list, which comes out only once a decade. Not a bad record for someone who majored in physics as an undergraduate because he thought he ought to heed his parents' advice and pursue a "practical career."

Davies will be the first to tell you, though, that success is as much a matter of serendipity as it is of talent or skill. One of his most acclaimed stories, "The Silver Screen," a shattering account of ordinary lives in post–World War II Malaysia, was rejected 25 times before the *Harvard Review* took it. The journal then submitted the story to *The Best American Short Stories of 1996*, and it got in.

Keep on bashing

"You have to bash your way for a long time, but you also know there will be bolts of luck," Davies says. "Both of those are sustaining." The average story, he's heard, gets rejected a dozen times. "Every writer I know has been said no to more times than yes, and it's about your ability to tolerate that."

Even now he still gets the occasional rejection–most recently "just a few months ago," he confides. "There are relatively few of my published stories that haven't been rejected. I still armor myself."

Valerie Laken '01 MFA remembers being "pessimistic and afraid" to send out her own first stories until Davies, her thesis adviser, told her about the rejections he'd re-

ceived and urged her to go forward. "I found that just so encouraging as a young writer," Laken says. "He's such a cheery presence."

"It's so meaningful to have someone who's so well known take an interest in your work," says Steve Dabrowski '04, who took two undergraduate courses with Davies. "He reads student work very deeply. In an undergraduate workshop, everybody writes bad stories, but he does his best to bring out the better things. He would never put a student's work down."

Baxter believes it's Davies's "combination of wry wit and humor, along with seriousness of purpose," that makes him so effective as a workshop leader. "It puts students at their ease and simultaneously puts them at attention, to mix a metaphor."

A top program aims to be the best

Davies, who taught at the University of Oregon before coming to Ann Arbor, says he likes teaching in part because "writing is a kind of lonely business, and it's nice to have company. Writing is also selfish—it's nice to be helping other people." He admires both his students and his colleagues at Michigan and talks of building what is already a first-rate MFA program into "the best MFA program in the country."

For the first time in their 10-year marriage, Davies and Raughley, a novelist from New Jersey whom Davies met at Boston University, are putting down roots. "This is the longest by far we've ever lived in one place as a couple," Raughley says. Three years ago, they bought a house in Ann Arbor's Burns Park, and this summer they had their first child, Owen. Both Davies and Raughley were pressing to finish drafts of novels before Owen's birth. "Lynne succeeded," Davies says, "and I sent mine to editors six weeks after he was born."

Raughley's book takes place in Atlantic City in the 1990s, a decade after casino gambling came to the resort. It's partially drawn from family experience, including her own mother's stint as a blackjack dealer. Although she says she finds the casino business exploitative, Raughley couldn't resist exploring it in fiction. What's more, she laughs, "Peter said if I didn't get on an Atlantic City story, he might make his own claim to the material."

Forthcoming novel is set during WWII

Davies's novel—his first—is set in Wales and Germany during World War II and touches on issues that have long consumed him, such as nationalism. Characters include the Nazi officials Rudolf Hess and Hermann Goering. Davies began the book five years ago. What he initially thought would be a 300-page novel has grown to 500 pages. Research—into World War II, Nazi genocide campaigns and other atrocities, German prisoners of war in Wales—proved exhausting. "I can never do enough," Davies admits, but adds, "There are dangers to knowing too much because it can close down the space for the imagination. Imagination fills the gaps of research. Those moments where the historical record is dark feel like a very legitimate space for fiction to pour in."

He finds the novel a "freer but messier" form than the short story, and says he had to proceed by intuition. "My sense of what's working is very keyed to what works in a short story, yet those instincts aren't always the right ones." But the challenges have become "less daunting," and he now likens the process of writing the novel to an act of faith.

Nuremberg Trial prosecutors interrogate Nazi war criminal Rudolf Hess.

Raughley, who is Davies's first reader, as he is hers, has watched the novel grow and change over the years and was happy when her husband finally "wrestled it to the ground." Of his fiction in general, she says, "It's rare that he doesn't surprise me."

Some of Davies's leisure activities may be surprising as well. A pay-per-view soccer and American football addict, Davies says he watches "a lot of TV," especially so while finishing his novel, "because TV offers great comfort; its stories are warm and touching, and they end well. I don't want my stories to end well. I get my fix of safety in fiction from TV—it allows me to be a little less safe with my own stories."

Davies says he finished his novel without the safety net of knowing exactly how it would end because uncertainty is always an important experience for him during composition, and especially over the large expanse of a novel. "I enjoy not knowing where it is going. Because otherwise why write it? I know I'm finished when I reach the moment that I understand the story. That's when I know where I've been going." MT

Leslie Stainton is the author of Lorca: A Dream of Life. *A Residential College lecturer and an editor at U-M School of Public Health, she is working on a history of America's oldest continuously operating theater, Fulton Opera House in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

The Bad Shepherd

The following excerpt, "The Ends," *is from Peter Ho Davies's forthcoming first novel, tentatively titled* The Bad Shepherd. *The passage is from Nazi Deputy Führer Rudolf Hess's point of view as he reflects on the Nuremburg trials and executions of his fellow WW II war criminals.*

Towards the end the GI's at Nuremberg played basketball almost around the clock, it seemed.

We couldn't see them from our cells, but the percussive bap, bap, bap of the ball on the floor carried to us from the old mess hall where they played. I was interested in the game, as was Goering. What were the rules, we wondered. We wanted like schoolboys to be invited to play (although Goering got short of breath climbing to the dock), or at the very least to watch a game, but when we asked the Colonel refused. Goering persisted. He wanted an exhibition match. He called it a cultural exchange, but the answer was no. "My men aren't here to entertain you, gentlemen," the Colonel said, although as I told Goering when I was in British hands they had let me watch billiard matches between their officers, and even encouraged me to play on several occasions. Instead, I had Stuckey, the guard, describe basketball to me. I told him it sounded like football — soccer to him — except played with the hands and not the feet, and with a tiny "goal," but he shrugged and said he didn't know soccer. Instead, he showed me how a man "shoots a basket," the ball balanced on the fingers of one hand, the upward pushing motion. He used a ball of socks and my wastebasket, which he set on a shelf.

At first the GI's played early in the evening and then later and later into the night, even after lights out. They were mad for the game, obsessed, it seemed to me. It was as if they had so much energy – guarding us was tedious, I supposed – that they had to expend it in marathon matches. I found myself dreaming of the game, as I imagined it, the men impossibly small, beneath the high basket that hung suspended over them, the rope net swaying, the ball sailing up, missing, falling from a great height.

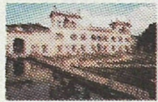
I asked Stuckey if he played and he looked confused and shook his head.

Goering eventually complained about the noise. It was keeping him awake, he said. It was like a headache, pounding in his temples. Bap, bap, bap! By now the verdicts had come down. I had life; Goering and a dozen others death. I thought he'd have quite enough time to sleep in the future. But when I told him to let them play, he looked at me steadily and told me to be quiet. "Hess, you fool. That's no game. That's hammering! They're building our gallows in there."

He was right, I suppose. And right to be angry at me, for my stupidity, for having avoided death, that dark rushing beast. But still, at night, I dreamt of fantastic, nail-biting games, ball after ball dropping through swinging baskets.

I never saw a game, and Goering, of course, never saw the scaffold. He took cyanide the night of the executions. What a showman! In the midst of this orchestrated performance, he wrote his own lines. "This'll cost me my star," the Colonel cried, referring to his hoped for promotion, although at first I took him to mean Goering, his leading man. Who knows where Goering had the cyanide capsule

Continued on page 20



THE MUSIC IN FLORENCE PROGRAM PUTS UNDERGRADUATE VOICE STUDENTS IN A GRAND BUILDING WHERE OPERA WAS BORN

'This is not the icing—this IS the cake!'

By John Woodford

Every day she was in the School of Music's program just outside Florence, Italy, Kelly Bixby '05 felt "as if I were not only studying music but had actually stepped back in history." And in a way, she had.

Bixby and the seven other student vocalists in the five-week Music in Florence Program last spring were living not just in the city that gave birth to opera but in one of the very buildings in which opera originated—the fabled and beautiful Villa Corsi-Salviati.

Galileo Galilei built an organ for the group that experimented with early opera at the Villa Corsi-Salviati. His father, Vincenzio, a musician and merchant, was an early member of the circle, called a camerata, that first discussed the need to found a 'new music' in Italy.

In 1590s, the rich merchant Jacopo Corsi regularly hosted fellow wealthy and cultured notables in his two homes. The Villa Corsi-Salviati in the village of Sesto Fiorentino was his summer residence.

Corsi, an amateur poet and harpsichordist, was a generous patron of the arts, and his circle called themselves the Academy. Along with science, philosophy, astronomy, literature and painting, music was a frequent topic of their discussions. They wanted to create an Italian vocal tradition modeled on their notion of the classical Greek tradition.

Photo by George Shirley

Donna Brunsma, a staff member of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, was an assistant conductor, chorus master and opera coach in the program. Here she accompanies Kelly Bixby '05 while Tom FitzStephens '05 waits his turn.

Among the features of the "new music" they envisaged was *monody*, or a melodic song performed by a single voice rather than a choir, and with the goal of representing and stirring emotions rather than religious piety.

The first work to emerge from their efforts, *Dafne*, was premiered in Corsi's main palace, probably in 1598. Corsi collaborated on the text with Ottavio Rinuccini; Jacopo Peri composed the music, now lost. Corsi continued among the leaders of the group, and in October 1600, Peri and Rinuccini collaborated on the first fully surviving opera, *Eurydice*, which surely received many rehearsals in the Villa Corsi-Salviati that summer. Jacopo Corsi again accompanied on the harpsichord.

Michigan, along with Duke University and the University of Wisconsin, has rented the Villa Corsi-Salviati for study-abroad programs for many years. The curriculum has always focused on Renaissance history and language study, but in 1998 Michigan added a studio component, with a master class format for music majors, usually sophomores or juniors with operatic ambitions.

"To study opera in the building, and walk the halls once roamed by Jacopo Corsi was indeed a thrill for our students," says Anthony L. Barresi '58, '73 D. Mus. Ed., a professor emeritus from the Uni-

The Bad Shepherd *continued from page 19*

hidden? In the folds of his stomach some say; up his rectum, others. He may have swallowed it and shat it day after day for months. I have tried to kill myself several times. With a butter knife I ground on an iron bedstead in my cell in Britain; hurdling the banister of a staircase and flinging myself down three flights. Still, I'm not sure I'd swallow anything extracted from Hermann Goering's anus! But then I wasn't condemned to die that night. The end, perhaps, justifies the means.

I heard the others taken out in pairs, until they arrived at Von Ribbentrop, the odd man out. He would have hanged with Goering and now he was going to die alone. He sounded, as they led him out, more cheated than the Colonel.

I listened, of course, but there was nothing, just the barked (and poorly pronounced) name of each man as he entered the hall, as if he were being announced at a ball. I imagined it strangely like a marriage. These men walking up the aisle together, climbing the scaffold. The hangman waiting to join them. The Frank-Frick execution.* The Jodl-Kaltenbrunner function. Seyss-Inquart–Streicher. Rosenberg-Sauckel. Von Ribbentrop. There would be an offer of a blindfold and I wondered who would accept (Streicher, no doubt) and who would stiffly decline (Keitel, certainly). I wondered what their last words would be. Mostly, though, I listened for the sound of them dying. I expected a noise, a crash, but the gallows were well built, well oiled. Over and over, I strained to hear, half-imagined I did hear, the crack, very like the sound of a basketball on the floor, of each man's neck breaking.

But I could not have. The Americans were in charge of the executions, and I have heard that Americans hang men differently than the British. The British, our fellow Europeans, have a scientific approach to execution, a mathematical formula – the weight of the man, the length of the rope etcetera – which is intended to ensure that the neck breaks at the end of the drop, and that death comes quickly. The Americans, by contrast, use a standard length of rope, so some have their necks snapped swiftly and some strangle slowly. The ends are the same; the means different. I suppose the standard American length is a measure of equality, of democracy. "Like a lynching," Goering had said. "Like the Wild West. We are going to die like outlaws." He would have preferred the guillotine, he said. Efficient and instantaneous ("One moment here," he said touching his chin, "the next in a basket") but with a little French flair, and a touch of the aristocrat.

When they took Streicher and Seyss-Inquart the guards didn't return for ten minutes. When they took Jodl and Kaltenbrunner they were gone for almost 35. I remember Speer calling the time out. Trust Speer to be counting. And poor Jodl, so indifferent to dying, had been so fierce in his desire for

The al fresco 'Special Dinner' in the English Garden at the close of the program united the music students with students from the U-M and University of Wisconsin Honors Programs. The voice students performed the 'Libiamo' chorus from Verdi's La Traviata *for their fellow celebrants.*

Photo by Kelly Bixby

versity of Wisconsin who headed the program since its launching in 1998 under the auspices of the U-M Office of International Studies. "One cannot help but imagine that Jacopo would be so happy to hear the sounds coming from the Aula Magna, the frescoed large room where the music classes and performances are held."

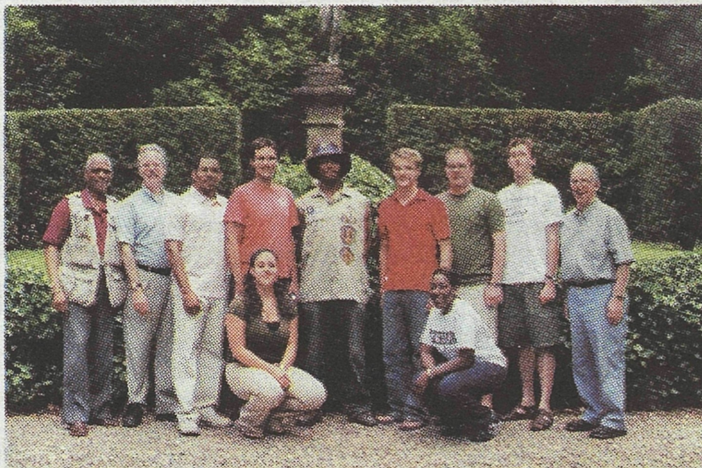
The faculty last term included Barresi, U-M professors George Shirley and Timothy Cheek, and Lucrezia Sarcinelli, a language teacher and scholar from Florence. Cheek will take over as director in 2005.

In addition to intense study of operatic roles, the students focus upon Italian grammar, translation, dramatic understanding and pronunciation of opera libretti. Each evening at dinner, the students and faculty conversed in Italian. In a response echoed by his fellow students, Jason Brown '05 of Detroit says, "I learned more Italian here than I learned in two semesters of study at home."

Carol Dickerman, director of U-M's Office of International Programs says of the Florence Program, "This program is not icing on the cake. It is the cake!"

"Without Jacopo Corsi's patronage the first operas might never have been created in Florence. Just as he served as patron to many Florentine artists and musicians of his time," Barresi says, "patrons are needed to help students afford this important experience." MT

Readers interested in supporting the program may contact Jeff Nearhoof of the music school's development office at 734-647-2035 or online at jeffhn@umich.edu.



Florence Program participants (l-r)–kneeling: Kelly Bixby and Mutiyat Ade-Salu; standing: Prof. George Shirley, Prof. Timothy Cheek, Keith Dixon, Matthew Ray, Jason Brown, Ben Robinson, Paul Scholter, Tom FitzStephens and Prof. Anthony Barresi.

Kelly Bixby '05 of Philadelphia wrote the following anecdote about the Florence Music Program:

Photo by Sam Robinson

One evening I joined two friends and a family member at a famous Florentine restaurant called Il Latini. We had to wait in line among diverse tourists and some native Italians for over an hour, just to get seated.

Once inside, we ordered mozzarella and tomato appetizers and giant portions of veal, complemented with house wine and bread. A long, fully occupied table took up most of the space in the room and was host to at least 15 Italians celebrating a particularly colorful woman at the head of the table.

As the night wore on they got increasingly more friendly and social, at one point grabbing an American tourist and dancing around the wooden chairs and tables clapping and shouting in rhythm. After a while, the celebrated woman found out that we were studying opera. Soon her entire party was demanding selections and performances.

My friend Ben Robinson '06 of Raleigh, North Carolina, and I stood and sang a very small excerpt from a duet from Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* that we had been preparing. The room fell silent while we sang and erupted when we were finished, smiles and congratulations transcending language barriers.

For the next 20 minutes they could not get enough, and made requests of Italian favorites (mostly Italian opera tenor arias) and would allow Ben to sing the first few notes until joining him with tuneless but emphatic renditions of their own, hitting high notes and raising glasses.

They knew every word, and it was that night that I realized that being in Florence was more than just a creative way of receiving credit for a subject of study. I was part of a tradition that was deeply rooted in the pride and history of Italian life, and I was only barely beginning to understand how passionate such study could be.

a firing squad, a soldier's death.

We had all lost weight during our captivity (in part because of our rations, mostly because our appetites failed us) and a lighter man is less likely to have his neck broken by the drop, more likely to die by strangulation. The only one who didn't seem much reduced was Goering. He was twice the size of any of us. His girth seemed to have even swelled during captivity, although this might have been relative to our diminishment. He had never lost his appetite and by this time, when all around him were thin shadows, it looked as if he had swallowed the country. Maybe it was easier to eat knowing he could end it whenever he wanted. He was collected throughout the trial, almost amused. Then again maybe he ate like that to stay regular, to keep the death pill moving through his gut, through and out, around and around. His last meal, at any rate, biting down on that capsule, was his smallest.

The last loose end of Nuremberg, I've come to envy their deaths, all of them, but his most of all. In truth, though, I've never subscribed to the theory that Goering had the pill with him all that time. He was a big man, but he was never a slob. Rather he was that dandyish breed of fat man, vain and a little prim. This is not a man who could swallow his own shit. No, I believe someone gave it to him, the pill. A sympathizer perhaps. There were Germans who came in to clean our cells, although they were always supervised. His lawyer possibly. Maybe even a guard, my own Stuckey perhaps, bribed with riches. Even Goering's poorest possessions would have been a trophy to some, a relic to others. A comb with a few strands of hair, his eyeglasses, his boots, his wristwatch. Any of these might have supplied him the death pill, but I don't think so.

A big man like that, as heavy as Goering, you must understand, will definitely have his neck broken by the American method — by dint of having his head torn off by the rope. Decapitated. Think of that. Hermann Goering's huge round head, balanced on the rim of the noose, toppling off, falling. Will it bounce? Bap! Will it roll?

So I think it was the British — Major Neave, perhaps, who escaped from Colditz and handed us our indictments; Neave who understood the need for escape — the British, then, who saw to it that Goering got the pill, knew when to use it. The British with their sense of fair play, and their delight in American embarrassment; their bashful sympathy for *our* ends, in respect to the Jews (look at Palestine!); and their fiery contempt for our means. The British with that god-like disdain of theirs for a scene. The *British!* MT

*** Editor's note: For details on the Nuremberg defendants mentioned here, see http://www.law.umkc.edu/faculty/projects/ftrials/nuremberg/meetthedefendants.html#Frank**

John H. Pickering argued his very first case before the US Supreme Court— a rare loss followed by many precedent-setting victories in the public interest

A Landmark Career in Law

Robert Burke: Robert Burke Photography

Our interview offers only a snapshot of John Pickering's career. Other defining cases the native of Harrisburg, Illinois, worked on have covered issues such as the checks and balances between the branches of the government (in *Powell v. McCormack*), physician-assisted suicide (in *Vacco* and *Glucksberg*), and elder care for which he has testified on behalf of the American Bar Association before the Subcommittee on Social Security, House Committee on Ways and Means.

One could easily say that he has been involved in many of the most important cases of the 20th century and continues to be involved since he is still practicing at 88 years old. That is among the reasons *American Lawyer* magazine placed him in its first group of a dozen Lifetime Achievement Award honorees, who were announced this May. The magazine cited Pickering and his partner Lloyd Cutler as "distinguished lawyers who had built great private practices and firms" and had "made important contributions to public life."

For more than 60 years John H. Pickering '38, '40 JD, has been involved in litigation that has shaped the basic laws of the land. He started at the top, arguing his very first case before the Supreme Court of the United States, and has stayed there. He has participated in cases that have limited the powers of the president of the United States. He defended the NAACP in a situation that could have bankrupted it. And along with his partners at Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering, he was at the forefront of providing *pro bono* legal services for those who otherwise could not afford them.

After law school, Pickering had the same goals as almost all his Depression-era fellow graduates, to get a job and start earning money. He started out with a prominent New York City corporate law firm, but his career quickly and unexpectedly changed course and he wound up in Washington, DC, where he built a career distinguished by landmark public-interest cases. Nancy Marshall, an information officer at the Law School, interviewed Pickering about his career for *Michigan Today.*

***Michigan Today:* What in your personal or educational background led you to shift from corporate law to the public-interest area?**

John H. Pickering: It grew out of my clerkship for US Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, who was also both a University of Michigan [1912] and Law School graduate [1914]. Justice Murphy believed in protecting the rights of the individual and the minority against the majority.

I was in Law School during the Great Depression, the time of the Flint sit-down strikes [*by auto workers seeking to strengthen their union–MT*] in 1936-37, when Murphy was governor of Michigan. Governor Murphy resisted sending in the troops and worked out a compromise between the unions and management. His handling of the situation was eventually universally praised, but at that time I was probably with the law and order people who criticized Murphy's refusal to use force to break the strike. However, my years with Murphy changed my attitude.

How did you wind up arguing before the Supreme Court?

I had just gotten out of the Navy after World War II and was working with a small firm in Washington. I got a call from the Supreme Court deputy clerk in 1946. The Court wanted me to represent a poor defendant. This was the system before there were public defenders–the Court clerk would call past judicial clerks for the Court. You didn't say no–and who would want to? I worked hard on the brief–it was the first time I appeared in *any* court, not just the Supreme Court.

Prior to his case getting to the Supreme Court, my client had made an argument that was wrongly based. I tried to make a decent defense, and of course all of the justices knew me and had fun asking me questions. But I lost the case. Justice Murphy later told me he was sorry he had to go against me, but he had to do the right thing.

Did you intend to take the sorts of cases you became well known for, or did they just start coming to you after a while because of the previous cases you had been involved in?

You can't determine the future, so I took cases as they came, but I was interested in Supreme Court cases with a public interest component. Take, for example, *Youngstown Co. v. Sawyer,* the 1952 litigation challenging President Truman when he seized the nation's steel mills. The New York firm I'd worked for briefly had represented Bethlehem Steel and the lawyer in charge had confidence in me as someone who knew his way around the Supreme Court. The case ultimately limited the powers of the president. President Truman had chosen not to use the Taft-Hartley Act, by which he could have imposed an 80-day cooling off period based on the threat of a strike. He also bypassed the Congress by not requesting special legislation to avert the situation, which would have been the other appropriate action. The steel companies' suit argued that the Congress should have proceeded against them, not the president. The Court agreed.

SCIENCE MONITOR

Solution to Steel Crisis Pivots On Bigger Price Concessions

Legal Issue Still Pends

Steel Industry Begins to Clank Back Into Production—Some Firms Balk

Pickering (left) and his legal teammates re-established the checks-and-balances relationship between the presidency and Congress in a 1952 Supreme Court case that forbade a president to seize private property (major steel mills, in this case), even during a war, without the authority of Congressional legislation.

What was the case in which you perhaps saved the NAACP?

That case came to our firm because of the work we had done for the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights under Law, an organization that was started in 1963 as a result of a White House meeting called by Atty. Gen. Robert Kennedy. The Committee was an organization of private lawyers and law firms committed to working on civil rights matters. A group of prominent lawyers including my partner, Lloyd Cutler, was asked to provide legal help to the civil rights movement, which included providing legal services to the NAACP. In 1966, the NAACP organized a boycott of merchants in Claiborne County, Mississippi, because the merchants wouldn't hire black store clerks.

We handled that case, *NAACP v. Claiborne Hardware Co.*, in the Supreme Court of Mississippi, where we lost seven to nothing. The court let our partner James Robertson argue without asking a single question, so he knew he had lost the case. We sought US Supreme Court review, which was granted in 1982. I was on the brief and my partner Lloyd Cutler argued the case. It was an important case because the treble damages that had been assessed by the Mississippi Supreme Court would have put the NAACP out of business. We won nine to zero in the Supreme Court. We argued that the boycott was a form of protected political protest similar to the Boston Tea Party where Boston merchants threw tea overboard rather than pay taxes imposed without consent. The *NAACP* case was one of which I am very pleased to have had a part.

The *NAACP* case began during a time of tremendous discord. Did you ever feel that you were in danger because you were helping?
No, I was safe in Washington, but others in Mississippi experienced threats. Years later I got to know Justice Thurgood Marshall. The stories he had to tell were quite something. He liked to sleep by a window so he could get out quickly if need be.

My present wife is the widow of Skelly Wright, who served as a judge on the US District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana in New Orleans during the time of *Brown v. Board of Education* (1954). After *Brown*, it became the job of the lower courts to implement desegregation. The Wrights had a cross burned on their lawn and received threatening phone calls. They had a very difficult time, and it was not only a well-deserved promotion when Judge Wright was appointed to the US Court of Appeals in Washington, but it was also a relief from the bitterness and strife produced by the desegregation cases.

There were a lot of courageous private lawyers who took some real chances. And it wasn't just the threat of violence in the South–it was the fact of two different societies. James Robertson, who was a partner with our firm, went to head up the Mississippi office of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights. The first day he was there he bumped into one of his Princeton classmates. After exchanging pleasantries, James told him he was opening an office for the LCCR, and the classmate cut him off as if they had never known each other.

How did you get involved in the University's affirmative action cases?
In 1997 Jeffrey S. Lehman, then dean of the Law School, called me and said he thought that the University was about to be sued because it used race as one of many factors in deciding admission to the University and the Law School. He wanted to know if my firm and I would be available to defend them if that happened. I said we would be pleased and honored to do so, and we did. John Payton was our lead attorney, and I was in charge of the overall development of the case. I got the team together and worked with the University counsel and co-counsel from the Detroit firm of Butzel Long. In my role I was able to guide the points that were put forward. The argument in the Supreme Court was divided between our firm, represented by John Payton, and Latham & Watkins, represented by Maureen Mahoney. We worked closely and easily together for a successful result.

When you started the firm Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering and developed the goal of devoting at least 10 percent of your time to public service and *pro bono* representation, how common was that practice among law firms?
Our policy was relatively unusual when we started our firm. We were all veterans of World War II and we had the idea to devote 10 percent of our firm effort to *pro bono* work in the public interest. Our law firm was the first to sign on to the ABA [American Bar Association] *pro bono* commitment. Major companies have also started their own *pro bono* programs. The auto industry is a prime example. In choosing firms from around the country to handle their business, they want to know what percentage of the firm's business is *pro bono*. You could say that the result of our policy was to do well by doing good.

Also, many major corporations played a principal role in the survival of the federal Legal Services Corporation (LSC), which funds legal services for the poor. When Ronald Reagan was governor of California, he and some of his advisers didn't like the help that legal services gave to the farm workers. Later, when Reagan became president, his administration did what it could to water down or kill the LSC, but many major corporations stepped in and defended the LSC programs because the system helped their employees. MT

Cooking and Eating *continued from page 24*

from the farm to the city, Prohibition, protest movements, charitable and welfare policy, etiquette and manners, dining customs, hotel and restaurant menus and practices and holiday celebrations, and you have just a part of the story that culinary history reveals about America and its people.

Jan Longone began moving the collection to the Clements in 2000, when she was named curator of American culinary history. "The transfer should be complete by May 2005," she says, "and the University and the Clements will celebrate it with the Center's First Biennial Symposium on American Culinary History on May 13-15, 2005."

Several of the country's American culinary history experts will discuss topics that will include "European Books Seminal to American Cuisine," "Traditional American Foods at the Start of the 21st Century," "How to Set a Table in the Gilded Age," "Early American Wine Making: The 19th Century Experience," "Defining an American Cuisine," "What is American About American Food and Drink?" and "Historic American Culinary Music," featuring the composer William Bolcom and his wife, Joan Morris, of the School of Music, and the Michigan State University Children's Choir.

For more information about the Janice Bluestein Longone Center for American Culinary Research and the symposium, visit http://www.clements.umich.edu/culinary/Website%201/index.html

FRUITS OF U-M'S LONGONE CULINARY ARCHIVE IN THE CLEMENTS LIBRARY

Old-Fashioned Recipes for the Holidays

The following menu includes recipes from Amelia Simmons's *American Cookery* (1796), the first American-written cookbook published in the United States, and an American Indian succotash dish from *The National Cookery Book* by the Women's Centennial Committee of the International Exhibition of 1876, Philadelphia, published for the nation's 100th birthday.

Simmons worked as a domestic in Colonial America and gathered her cookery expertise from first-hand experience. Her uniquely American recipes used corn meal for dishes like Indian pudding, Johnny-cake and slapjacks. Other recipes were for making pumpkin pudding and winter squash pudding and for brewing spruce beer.

Turkey: Simmons recommended a hen turkey, saying it "is higher and richer flavor'd, easier fattened and plumper."

Stuffing: "Grate a wheat loaf, one quarter of a pound butter, one quarter of a pound salt pork, finely chopped, 2 eggs, a little sweet marjoram, summer savory, parsley and sage, pepper and salt (if the pork be not sufficient,) fill the bird and sew up."

Side Dishes: Once the bird is done, "serve up with boiled onions and cranberry-sauce, mangoes [*a term for a pickled green melon in those days—JN*], pickles or celery."

Cranberries: "Stewed, strained and sweetened, put into paste No. 9 [a pan], and bake gently."

"A Nice Indian Pudding—3 pints scalded milk, 7 spoons fine Indian meal [corn meal], stir well together while hot, let stand till cooled; add 7 eggs, half pound raisins, 4 ounces butter, spice and sugar, bake one and half hour."

"Gingerbread—Three pound sugar, half pound butter, quarter of a pound of ginger, one doz. eggs, one glass rose water, rub into three pounds flour. Shape to your fancy, bake 15 min.

"Succotash (an Indian dish). Boil a quarter of a peck of beans and a dozen ears of corn. When cooked, pour off the water, leaving only enough for gravy. Cut the corn from the cob, stir in a lump of fat, and season with pepper and salt. This is an Indian dish, and the above is the simple method in which the red man [*sic*] prepared it. The modern improvement is to mix butter and flour instead of the lump of fat, and to add tomato ketchup while it is stewing."

Here's a dumpling recipe from *Everybody's Cook and Receipt Book: But Particularly Designed for Buckeyes, Hoosiers, Wolverines, Corncrackers, Suckers* (1842) by Philomelia Ann Maria Antoinette Hardin. ("Corncrackers" was a nickname for Kentuckians; "Suckers" for Illinoisans.) Hardin began by advising readers how to get ready for holiday guests by using pokeweed root "boiled in water and mixed with a quantity of molasses, [and] set about the kitchen, pantry, etc. in large deep plates ... [to] kill cockroaches in great numbers and finally rid the house of them."

"Buckeye dumplings: Take of currents and shred suet eight ounces each, grated bread four ounces, four spoonfuls of flour, a considerable quantity of grated lemon-peel, a little sugar and powdered pimento; mix it with four eggs and a sufficiency of milk into twelve dumplings, and fry them a fine yellow brown." MT

The Longone Culinary Archive–
A Sumptuous Collection of our Nation's Eating Habits–Finds a Home in the Clements Library

American Ways Of Cooking and Eating

By Joanne Nesbit
U-M News Service

Paul Jaronski U-M Photo Services

Jan and Dan Longone

"In 1876," Jan Longone says, "foreign visitors to the American Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia asked, 'Have you no national dishes?'

"That same question was still being asked of us 100 years later," says Janice (Jan) Longone. "We knew the answer was a resounding yes! Thus, we built this collection."

The collection she refers to comprises tens of thousands of items about American food, probably the largest slice of such Americana in the world. It is now housed at the University's William Clements Library, and constitutes the ingredients of the Janice Bluestein Longone Center for American Culinary Research.

Until recently, however, the Ann Arbor home of Jan and Dan Longone fairly bulged with the collection amassed in a lifetime of gathering literature and artifacts on cooking and eating.

The Longone Center's collection is available to scholars and others interested not only in culinary history, but myriad related topics. The archive includes items from the 16th to 20th centuries–books, pamphlets, magazines, graphics, menus, maps, manuscripts, diaries, letters, catalogues, reference works, advertisements and other ephemera. These are complemented by and, in turn, complement the internationally treasured Americana holdings of the Clements Library.

"Dan and I have spent the greater part of our adult lives collecting books and other printed material we judged significant to defining an American culinary history," says Longone, who will serve as curator of the Center (Daniel Longone is professor emeritus of chemistry).

"Because of the unusual depth and breadth of the collection, it would be virtually impossible to duplicate today," she adds. "We felt it would be a disservice to scatter it through auction or catalog, especially when universities are beginning to appreciate culinary history as a valued intellectual discipline."

In addition to her curatorial duties and her book business, Longone is a writer, lecturer, teacher, consultant and radio commentator in the general field of gastronomy. She has worked extensively on culinary history exhibitions and collection development. She wrote the entries on American cookbook history and a number of biographies for the *Oxford Companion to Food* and is an associate editor for this volume and for the forthcoming *Oxford Encyclopedia on Food and Drink in America*.

The magnificent collection of American imprints on all aspects of culinary history includes the first and second editions of the first American cookbook, Amelia Simmons's *American Cookery* of 1796. All the major and minor figures of the 19th and early 20th century American food and beverage scene are represented.

The archive also contains many items on the history of hotels, inns, taverns, restaurants and diners; supplementing these are the Clements's travel collection and graphics division.

Regional and ethnic contributions abound. The Center has first editions of, among others, *The New England Cookery* (1808); the first household manual in America written by an African American, *The House-Servant's Directory* (1827); *Everybody's Cook and Receipt Book: But Particularly Designed for Buckeyes, Hoosiers, Wolverines, Corncrackers, Suckers* ... (1842); *The Southern Farmer* (1842); *The Carolina Housewife* (1847), and the first Jewish cookbook in America, *Jewish Cookery Book* (1871).

The Center also has several thousand "charity" cookbooks, beginning with the first (1864), with more than one thousand being pre-1920. All manner of children's cookbooks from the 19th century on are available, and special topics like vegetarianism, or how-to subjects like baking, can be studied.

Among the other major topics covered are service and servants, markets, etiquette, food industries, biographies of culinary personages, culinary bibliographies, food and the arts, food and the media, gastronomy, dictionaries, encyclopedias and other reference works.

Captured by items in the collection are war, recessions, the Depression, changing roles of women and children, the westward expansion, immigration, increasing industrialization and the production of food, and the introduction of new foods, techniques and equipment. Add to this list the role of advertising in food consumption, the change in American society

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Michigan Today

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Michigan Today is published three times a year by the News Service of the University of Michigan, 412 Maynard Street Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1399

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Circulation: 390,000

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