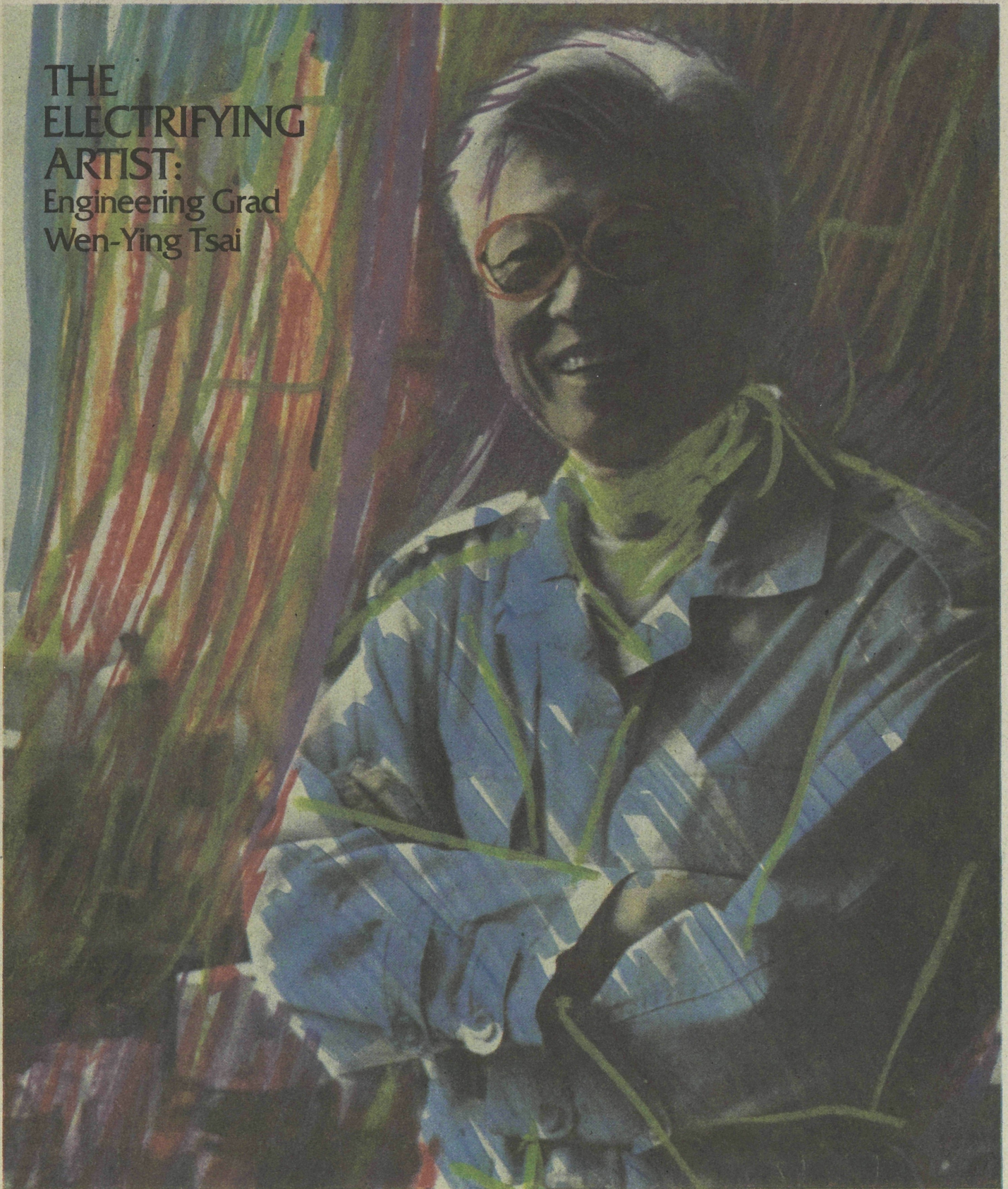

Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

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**THE
ELECTRIFYING
ARTIST:**
Engineering Grad
Wen-Ying Tsai



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An interview
with poet
Alice Fulton

The Electric Ballerina

By DONA ROŠU



Photo by Hank De Leo

**Here I am on this ledge again,
my body's five rays singing,
limbering up for another fling
with gravity.
.... In this game, lightness is all.**

From 'Dance Script With Electric Ballerina.'

Alice Fulton has burst onto the literary scene like an explosion. The 34-year-old poet, who is also the William Wilhartz Assistant Professor of English at the University, has published two highly acclaimed volumes of poetry, *Dance Script With Electric Ballerina* (University of Pennsylvania Press, 1983) and *Palladium* (University of Illinois Press, 1986).

Critics and colleagues have praised her work in frank terms: "She writes as if every poem were a performance, every speech a bright linguistic event" (Edward Hirsch); "Technically, this is a virtuoso performance" (Phyllis Janowitz); "A sunrise of shining detail and language" (Robert Morgan); "Returning to Pound, we remember that he said of his persona, Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, that 'His true Penelope was Flaubert.' I shall think myself little poorer in my predilections in claiming that my true Pavlova shall be henceforward Fulton" (W. D. Snodgrass).

A recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1987-88, Fulton has won several prizes, including the Associated Writing Programs Award for *Dance Script* and the National Poetry Series Competition for *Palladium*.

Michigan Today visited Alice Fulton in her office in Haven Hall, where she teaches poetry to graduate students pursuing the Master's in Fine Arts degree and to aspiring undergraduate writers. Our conversation began at her beginnings. Her debut as a poet had not come terribly early. When, in fact, did she start to write poetry?



'Pure Energy and Neurotic Man' by Barbara Morgan — cover photo for Dance Script With Electric Ballerina.

ALICE FULTON: I began writing poetry in high school, when I was 15 or 16, but I didn't take myself seriously until I was 23. I was a student at Empire State College when I realized that what I really wanted to be was a writer, and especially a poet. I had tried other forms of art — music and photography, for example — but it became obvious that I didn't have very much musical talent, and photography intimidated me, partly because of the technical mastery it implied and partly because of the confrontation with the environment it entailed.

MICHIGAN TODAY: And so you opted for poetry.

AF: Yes. I liked working with words better than with anything else. And beyond the facility which I intuitively knew I had for writing poetry, I felt that my particular way of seeing the world was best expressed in writing.

MT: Were you reading much poetry at the time?

AF: Yes, I was. And I'm sure that what made me respect the force of poetry was precisely the poems I

read and memorized during my school years. I used to write out verse by Dickinson, Shakespeare and so on in my own hand, as a means of appropriation. Maybe this exercise helped me with my own early efforts — though it should have intimidated me beyond trying.

MT: Tell me about the poem "The Gone Years." Is it about your own father?

AF: Yes.

The Gone Years

*Night pockets the house
in a blue
muffle the color
of my father's Great Depression.
I see him move
over the snow, leaving
the snow unmoved.
The snow has no imagination.*

*My mother and I shuffle by
each other as if we were
the dead, speechless
breathers at windows done in black
oilcloth tacked down by stars.*

*"It's fair that his clothes be worn
out as he was." She irons them
for distant cousins, the tattersalls
sending up a hush
beneath her hands.*

*Through January's flannel
nights she turns old
stories over and over,
letting the gone
years hug her
with his long wool arms.*

Reprinted from *Dance Script With Electric Ballerina*
(U. of Pennsylvania Press, 1983).

MT: What else is autobiographical in your poetry?

AF: The first section of *Dance Script With Electric Ballerina* is entirely autobiographical. Here and there I have modified small details, but in the main it's very accurate. In the third section of *Palladium*, all the stories about our family are true.

(Continued on page 2.)

The Electric Ballerina Continued

Plumblin

IN MEMORIAM: JOHN CALLAHAN, MY GRANDFATHER

The world could snore, wrangle, or tear
itself to atoms while Papa sat
unnettled, bashful, his brain
a lathe smoothing thoughts civil
above fingers laced and pink

as baby booties; Papa, who said of any gambler,
roughneck, drunkard, just "I don't think much
of him," and in stiff denims
toted his lunchpail's spuds
down a plumblin of twelve-hour shifts:

farmed, lumbered, and cow-kicked,
let the bones knit their own
rivet, oiled big wheels that bullied
water uphill, drank stout, touched animals only
unawkwardly, drove four-in-hand, and sired six.

My ideas are dumb: a fizz
mute and thick as the head on a beer
he once thought, who never thought
such clabber could whiz through
genes and seed and speak.

Reprinted from *Palladium* (U. of Illinois Press, 1986).

MT: It's evident in your books that you are strongly attached to the city of Troy.

AF: Yes. Troy, New York. I grew up there. I have the feeling that my "place" could be anywhere in the country, but it's true that I'm very attached to Troy. In Michigan, I'm interested in Flint just because of the resemblance: It's an old industrial town like the one I grew up in.

from *The New Affluence*

Let me say "we" for I am not alone in this
desire to live
where the land is neither dramatically flat
nor high, where it snows enough
to keep the world
the bitter white of aspirin.

People with such needs grew up
snow-belted, rust-belted,
in towns like mine, where muscle
cars dragged down Main Streets
and the fountain's aigrettes outside
the Miss Troy Diner offered welcome
hits of pink and blue in a landscape
largely the noncolor of lard.

Our choice: to love or hate
the slight reprieves from plainness: the fractious birds,
the scrappy trees, and most of all
the things that didn't live or breathe —
factories tearing up the sky with smoke,
tugboats sweet as toys
along the poisoned river.
A budget, if not famine, our lives.
Perhaps a sweepstakes, with prizes so slight
no one cared to enter. We wouldn't have become
susceptible to the tag ends, seconds,
as-is of experience, given better
scenery. We wouldn't have gotten this idea
that happiness is mined like ore from rock,
through efforts of imagination. We, the poor,
but not in spirit, we
the not especially blessed,
who, working cold hours at dull jobs,
drank, gambled, went mad, or grew
anomalous as water —
a compound that expands while freezing. . . .

This poem first appeared in *The New Yorker*. Reprinted from *Palladium*.

MT: You teach a poetry-writing course. What are your students supposed to learn? Are you interested in what they write?

AF: I try to help them learn what poetry can do and be, and I probably have varying degrees of success. I am interested in why they want to write. The best students seem to be in love with language rather than with self-expression or the idea of winning a writing award. I try to help them improve the craft and content of their work.

MT: You undoubtedly put a lot of heart and soul into teaching, as well as much knowledge, but do you think that writing poetry — the process of its birth and transcription — can be taught?

PALLADIUM



ALICE
FULTON

THE COVER of *Palladium*, Fulton's second volume of poems, was designed by her husband, Hank De Leo. The photo, 'Woman in the Grass,' by Ellen Foscoe Johnson is printed in the *palladium* photographic printing process. Fulton defines and uses several meanings of the word 'palladium' in the book, which is available in clothbound and paperback editions through Harper & Row Distribution, 1-(800) 638-3030.

AF: You can't teach someone to become Emily Dickinson. We don't claim that a person who learns physics will become an Einstein, do we? I can't give talent to a student, but I can teach her to write better. What we do is give students the sense of an audience. We give people who are trying to be poets the chance to meet other people who will read their work and tell them what they think. I think this is a good thing, that it helps. It's true that you can't make them wonderful. No. It can't be done. You can only develop what they already have. It lies in my power to teach them something, but I am very careful to be personal, to set each one on his or her own path. And knowing that much can be learned from what others have written, I urge them to read, and indeed to read a good deal. And so, I'm a kind of guide for them.

MT: Who are your readers? As a rule, people who read poetry aren't the same as those who read prose. At any rate, they are less numerous and somewhat more special.

AF: Most of my readers are other poets and students of poetry, but I was pleasantly surprised to find that non-poets of all sorts often become enthusiastic about my work if they're exposed to it. The problem seems to lie elsewhere, namely in the fact that most people don't read poetry. And it's a shame, since the wide variety of contemporary poetry offers something for every literary taste.

MT: When do you write? And do you consider poetry to be "work"?

AF: I think that the act of writing a poem becomes a pleasure, in the process.

MT: You don't set out to write from pleasure?

AF: No. It becomes pleasure. And I think that this is due to the fact that my life is so full of things that have to be done. You asked me when I write: I sometimes get up at 7 a.m. and write for perhaps two hours. But the hard part is that when I sit down to write, I know that I don't have as much time as I need, and it's almost as though I were imprisoned, precisely because I know that my time is limited. I know that I can write only until 9 a.m. and that at 9 I have to begin to prepare my class. So that from the moment I sit down I feel pressured, I feel how little time I have, and I do my best to empty my mind of everything that happened the day before. But at the same time I worry about my graduate students; I think about what they're going to read and what I'm going to say. Or I'm preoccupied with having a new house, and the lawyer said it would be better to do

such and such and not something else. In the end I have to wipe all that out of my mind and tell myself that what I have to do is *write* and nothing else. Imagine, just this preparation by itself sometimes takes me an hour — an hour in which I've succeeded only in clearing my mind of other worries, making it capable of working with language. And once I begin to work with language, I become interested. Then everything becomes a pleasure. When I've reached the moment when I'm really working with the words, and when I find something to say, I'm surprised, myself, and it makes me happy. But the time spent seeking to free myself from other obligations so I can concentrate on poetry alone is indeed work, and hard work at that.

MT: Some say the rhythm of life in our era is inherently more difficult for the poet-reader relationship. Should other formats for poet-audience contact be devised, such as a kind of poetry show that some countries hold, in which leading actors read poems? Then, too, there are combined spectacles — graphics, music, poetry. Is it time for the troubadours again?

AF: Perhaps. But I believe that performance art, or theater, is a separate activity from poetry. I think poetry is growing in popularity. Perhaps with a little hype and push, poetry could experience a change in image without suffering a change in content or ambition.

MT: Your poetry has aroused a considerable echo in the literary press. As the target, so to speak, of all these searchlights, how have you reacted? Are you interested in the opinions of literary critics?

AF: My first book was more widely reviewed than most first volumes, and for this I'm grateful. My second book has just appeared, so the critical reception has barely begun. I try not to let critics influence my work. A poet can't let literary taste-makers affect her style or concerns. My task is to write the poems only I can write, and I have very little time to do this. If a critic doesn't like my attempts, I regard it as a difference of taste, rather than a deficiency on either of our parts. Although good reviews are admittedly encouraging, and I'm always grateful for the influx of energy received, I don't let the words of those who like my work affect its future course either. If I did, I'd write the same book over and over, to please them. Furthermore, I think that the amount of praise or blame a book receives has little to do with the actual quality of the work. So many reviews of poetry are written for the wrong reasons, including revenge, hope of personal gain or traded favors. When I have new poems, I impose upon a few friends — usually they are editors or poets — whose opinions I trust. My husband, Hank De Leo, reads and critiques everything I write. He is a fan of contemporary poetry and a good critic. However, I shy away from relying too much on his opinion since he may be too forgiving of my faults.

MT: Is there a "generation gap" between contemporary American poets?

AF: If there's a generation problem among American poets today, it's that many poets harbor hostile feelings toward other poets of their own generation. They regard their peers as competitors, while the older generation is safely ensconced and can be admired as venerable forebears. I don't think this is anything new.

MT: In Romania, where I come from, American poetry is widely read. Emily Dickinson, Walt Whitman and Sylvia Plath are the best-loved now, not just among the poets, but by readers in general. Who are your favorites among American and world poets?

AF: My favorite poet is Emily Dickinson. I love her originality and expressiveness. The sheer number of poems she produced is inspiring. People say that only a handful of her poems are masterpieces, but I don't read her in this way. Rather than looking for perfectly crafted gems when reading her work, I seek flashes of brilliance that make my hair stand on end. Amazingly, she provides one such moment in almost every poem. Of course, I love to read Shakespeare, but who doesn't? I think Edna St. Vincent Millay wrote some witty, lovely, memorable verse that should receive more critical attention. Then, too, I find the work of Muriel Rukeyser and Josephine Miles to be rich; it's generous and intoxicating. I return to Sylvia Plath and A. R. Ammons again and again. Rilke and Neruda are also among my great favorites, and lately I'm reading Auden. I'm interested in the works of contemporary British poets, also. My list could go on and on.



FULTON and her husband, Hank De Leo, a painter and photographer, live in the countryside a few miles from Ann Arbor.

MT: Is there a new direction in poetry? Has its formula changed at all in the last few decades?

AF: Most of the poetry of the '70s was written in free verse and in the plain style, although there were some faithful formalists at work, and one has to admire them for sticking to their aesthetic guns in such a climate. American poetry was heavily influenced by translations, and there was a boom of neo-surrealist poems for a few years. Now, in the '80s, there seems to be a swing toward a more baroque language. There's also something called the new formalism, which is a lot like the old formalism except that the earlier formalists — such as Wilbur and Snodgrass — combined a mastery of craft with depth of subject in their poems. Too many of the neo-formalists write what my friend Tom Lux calls "doily poetry" — a decorative fussy bit of croquet placed between two objects, in this case the poet and the reader, to keep them from touching.

MT: Is your poetry affected by the fact that you are a woman?

AF: My poetry is affected by the fact that I'm a woman only in that I must face many societal and literary prejudices against women who are poets. It's much harder for women to be published and reviewed since these things often come as a result of male networks that exclude women. Most of the literary clout is in the hands of men. This seems to be a self-perpetuating situation. Thankfully, my status as a wife has no effect upon my poetry. I wouldn't have married a man who expected me to fulfill some limited notion of what a wife should be.

MT: Is your husband a writer as well?

AF: No, my husband is a painter. He does all the domestic work; I earn a living for both of us. I respect his need to paint, and he honors my need to write. I'm grateful for my husband, for having met him, and for our marriage. He protects my creative life to the point of helping me with correspondence. I don't know whether I could have had such a marriage with anyone else. You see, I work here and I earn money, but teaching doesn't help my writing; on the contrary, it takes me away, even though I find the classroom congenial.

MT: You have been the recipient of an impressive number of awards—eight, to be exact. How important is this kind of recognition in the life of a poet?

AF: Any prize short of the Pulitzer is not very important; however, getting one's book published is. If a prize allows you to publish a book that otherwise might not have seen the light of day, the prize

becomes very important. The prizes that I received were crucial to me for just this reason: They ensured the publication of my books.

MT: Did the prize for your first book come as a surprise?

AF: A great surprise. I didn't expect it. It was in June 1982, when I was just completing the graduate program at Cornell University. We were living, my husband and I, in low-income housing. My mother was visiting us at the time, and we'd all gone to see a film at the university, *The Way We Were* with Robert Redford and Barbra Streisand. After we got home, at about 11 p.m., the telephone rang. It was the poet Stephen Dunn telling me I had won a prize. Only, at the moment, I simply couldn't understand which prize he could be talking about. Taken by surprise, I had forgotten even sending in the manuscript to the competition, and so I supposed it must be a prize for one of my individual poems. Finally, I realized he meant my book, *Dance Script With Electric Ballerina*, which I'd sent in six months earlier.

MT: And what else do you remember?

AF: That I was flooded with emotion. And I couldn't remember the name of the book. I had to go look it up in my file!

MT: Have you found that there are many "amateur" poets throughout the country whose writing is just as good as a professional writer's? And if so, do you sometimes feel guilty in front of such people that your work is widely published while theirs is not?

AF: I agree that there are some talented poets who don't have the chance to be published. But I also believe that some of these poets see writing as a hobby, or write for therapy, to help themselves, and I assume that they don't even expect to be published. That isn't their goal. There are also people, another category, who, although they write well, are afraid to send it in, afraid of rejection. Now, you can't publish without receiving rejections, but these people are so frightened they don't dare to submit their work. Then there's a third category — those who are very talented and serious but just don't get the breaks. For them, I feel sorry that such unfairness exists.

MT: Are you grateful for your talent? Do you think, as many philosophers and poets of old did, that poetry is a celestial gift?

AF: No, I'm not grateful for my talent. I'll tell you why: I think that if I hadn't had any talent for poetry and hadn't written anything, I wouldn't have felt the lack, it wouldn't have caused me any pain at all.

If I hadn't been able to write, I would probably have done something else, without being aware of the fact of not writing poetry. So that I'm not particularly grateful for my talent.

MT: I have attempted to isolate one or two themes in your poetry and follow them through your two books. I expected to find major feminine themes one usually sees in women's verse, but my criterion seemed a bit forced in your case.

AF: I like to think that women may be attracted to a great diversity of themes, certainly too many for me to recount here. I usually become aware of the "themes" of my work as it's in progress, or even after years have passed, in looking back on a body of work. One of the central obsessions in my first book was the struggle between estrangement and engagement, insentience and sentience. As a whole, the structure of *Dance Script with Electric Ballerina* describes a woman's journey into a widening world of knowledge and experience: a kind of bildungsroman in verse. *Palladium* has several recurring themes — the search for faith (by "faith" I mean a way to live in the world); the balance of risk and convention; the need to value and perceive the peripheral aspects of our culture; the way gender has been interpreted in myth; how society's assumptions concerning gender affect the expectations of men and women; the roles played by serendipity and failure in our lives. I didn't plant these ideas in the book systematically; they developed organically, out of my ongoing interests. Thus, I think it's likely my books contain many crosscurrents of which I remain unaware.

MT: In this century, and especially the last few decades, it seems women are striving to erase the boundaries between themselves and men. Do you think women poets today are beginning to hide their feminine sensitivity, and that as a result, their poetry seems to have been written by men?

AF: I'm all in favor of erasing the borders between men and women since these borders often enclosed and protected the privileged territory held by men. And then, as far as sensitivity is concerned, I think every poet, whether male or female, must be sensitive — to life, language and fellow beings. Sensitivity is not inherently feminine; just as insensitivity is not intrinsically male. I never for a moment tried to express my "feminine sensitivity" in a poem. All I've tried to do is bear witness to my version of the world in the freshest language I could find.

Dona Roşu is a Romanian writer and poet who is now living in Ann Arbor. She wrote this article in her native language, and it was translated by Karl Natanson, an adjunct lecturer in the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures.

By Robert G. Forman

The townspeople standing around Cooks Hotel must have wondered about the distinguished-looking gentlemen on horseback riding up to the hotel's hitching post. It was 1837, and the village of Ann Arbor had no railroad service. The men on horseback were the newly appointed Regents of The University of Michigan. They had been charged with making major decisions concerning the formation of a public university for a state only two months old.

And so, on March 18, 1837, they had come to Ann Arbor to examine an offer by the people of the village to build the new university in their town. A gift of 40 acres by the Ann Arbor Land Company had been proffered. There were two proposed sites — one on the rolling hills adjacent to the Huron River, close to the village center; another, a mile away, the Rumsey Farm on the outskirts of town. Being practical men, the Regents chose the Rumsey Farm site, as the land would not have to be cleared and could better accommodate the construction of new buildings.

It was another four years before those new buildings were built. Upon completion, they accommodated the first class of The University of Michigan in Ann Arbor. That class, in 1841, was composed of six entering freshmen, one sophomore-level student and two faculty members. They were unlikely to have suspected that they were the beginning of what would ultimately become one of the world's great universities.

Looking back, one is impressed by the magnitude of the accomplishment of the University's founding in Ann Arbor. The new state, still largely wilderness, provided for a state university in its constitution, reflecting the desire of the voters to extend opportunities for higher education to their sons and daughters.

The movement for a public university was based in part on the Jeffersonian principle that for a nation to be self-governed, its people needed to be enlightened and educated. Correspondingly, if the state were to prosper, it would need educated citizens to provide the leadership and services necessary for growth and viability.

The Ordinance of 1787, which we know as the Northwest Ordinance, had a short clause in a section on education. That clause spelled out the importance of public education: "Religion, morality, and education, being essential to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The fledgling University of Michigan was to put such an expression into brick and mortar, and in fact did so even literally, for that phrase was emblazoned on old University Hall, and today students read it on the facade of Angell Hall.

The University was funded in its early years through the sale of lands provided by the federal government for public education. Land values were often lower than expected and, as has frequently been the case since, the young institution struggled as a result of inadequate financial support.

In 1850, the state adopted a new constitution that changed the status of the University. The Regents were to be elected by the people instead of being appointed by the governor. The constitution of 1850 also established that the University would be a coordinate, and not a subordinate, governmental entity, with a status equal to that of the governor, the Legislature and the Supreme Court.

The wisdom of such an approach, as valid today as it was in 1850, was to ensure that the educational process would lie outside the control of politicians, leaving University policy-making to Regents elected by state voters. Though the Legislature would have the burden of appropriating the necessary resources for the operation of the University, educational policies would be a product of the Regents, to be implemented by the faculty and administration of the University.

Henry Philip Tappan, the first president in Ann Arbor, was an extraordinary man for his time. He was a renowned public speaker with very liberal views on education. He came to the University with a well-founded set of views regarding public education. Upon his arrival in 1852, he began a remarkable experiment — the creation in a wilderness community of a public university patterned after the great universities of Europe and rivaling, in facilities and accomplishments, the private schools of the East.

Tappan understood the true meaning of a university and early on sought the development of graduate work. He advocated the teaching of new knowledge, as well as the classics, and introduced programs in the sciences. He developed the seminar

WHEN THE REGENTS RODE INTO ANN ARBOR

In 1837,
Jeffersonian
democracy
brought a
new university
to a new state



ANGELL HALL is named after James Burill Angell, who served as U-M's President for 38 years. A quotation from his speech at the University's 50-year celebration is engraved on the building: "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." Angell also noted that the University's founders wanted education to be "within the reach of the poor" and that the state's early settlers knew that "if a college education was to be gained by their sons, it must be at small cost."

method of instruction and brought to Ann Arbor the beginnings of a very distinguished faculty. He set about building the apparatus of a great university, developing and expanding the library, constructing an observatory with a 13-inch telescope and creating courses in civil engineering.

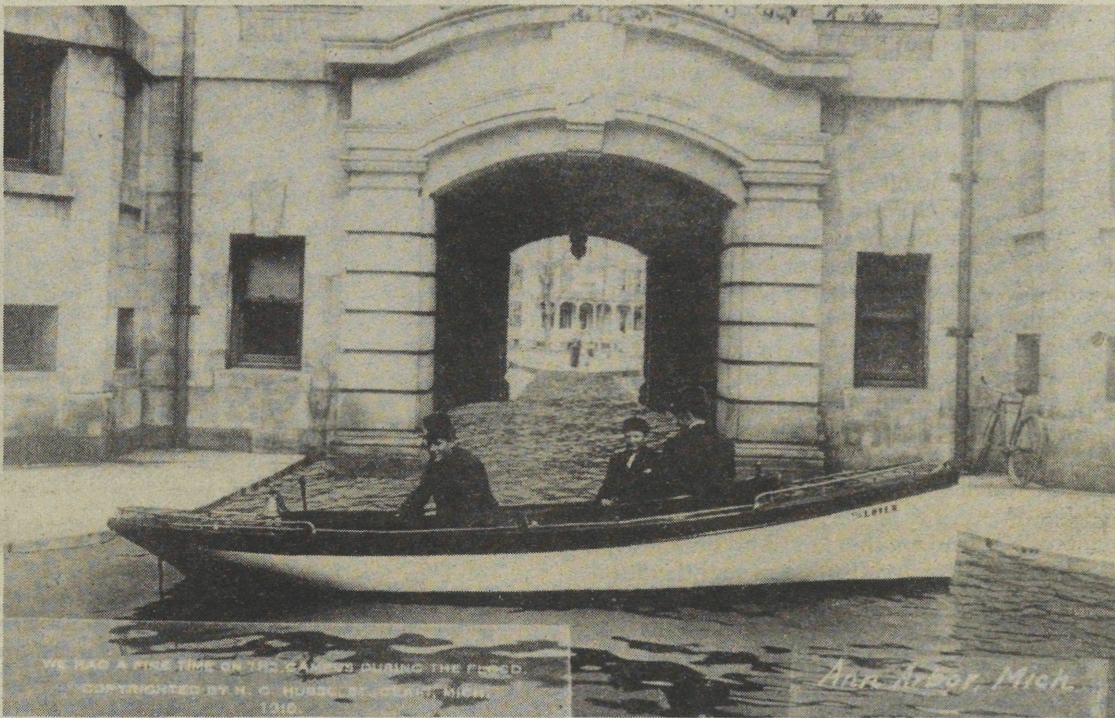
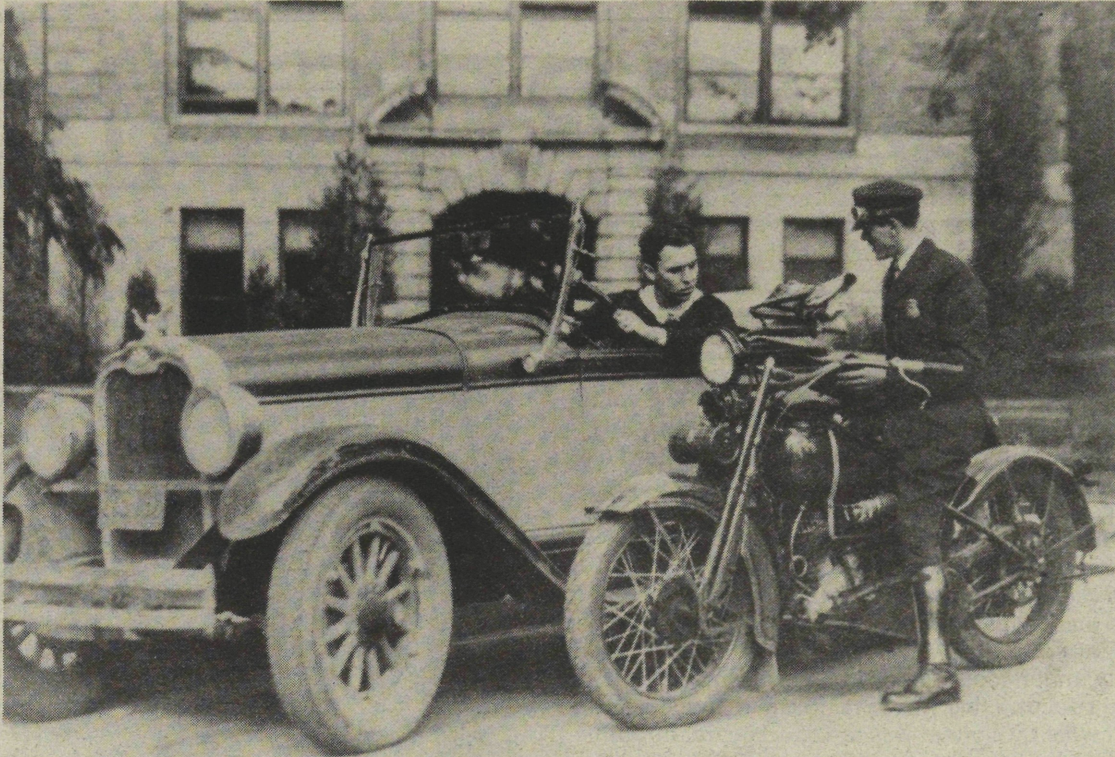
By 1859, a law department had been created. Thus, with the establishment of the literary, medical and law departments, with advanced programs in the sciences, and with the creation of facilities unequalled anywhere in the country other than at Harvard, the young University began to take its proper place as the mother of state universities.

Since its early days, the University has drawn its financial support from a variety of sources. The ini-

tial loan from the state of \$100,000 was the only money provided by the state until 1867, when the first tax for University support was voted.

The gift of lands from native American Indians in the University's early days in Detroit, the federal lands given for the Ann Arbor campus and contributions by the citizens for the new library and observatory all helped support the University in its early years.

Student tuition, as low as \$10 per student in 1855, along with dormitory room rates, provided \$2,900 toward the operation of the University. It should be remembered that in 1855 the total budget of the University was less than \$24,000. The sources of financial support in the early years began a long history



Just think: You might have been graduates of The Catholepistemiad of Michigania

THESE two views of the Engineering Arch, the landmark entrance to the University's Diag, show some of the modes of transportation preferred by University students over the years.

The three lads piloting the skiff on the Diag side of the Arch were featured on a 1910 postcard captioned, "We Had A Fine Time On The Campus During The Flood."

The other photograph, taken on the street side of the Arch some 20 years later, shows the consternation one roadster-driving student felt at being ticketed by one of Ann Arbor's finest.

Both photographs, taken from the Michigan Historical Collections, will be part of "Student Life in Ann Arbor: 1837-1987," an exhibition of student diaries, letters, posters and photographs at the Bentley Historical Library from July 1 through December 24.

The exhibition is part of the University's observance of the 150th anniversary of the U-M's move to Ann Arbor from Detroit, one of four landmark anniversaries being celebrated on campus during 1987. The U-M will also mark the sesquicentennial of the state of Michigan and the bicentennials of the U.S. Constitution and the Northwest Ordinance this year.

Robert M. Warner, dean of the School of Information and Library Studies and chairman of the University's Celebration '87 committee, says the jubilee will include a number of public festivities as well as scholarly explorations of the lasting impact these

events had on the nation, state and University. Margaret Host, a past president of the Alumni Association, is vice chairman of the Celebration '87 committee.

"Although the U-M traces its history to the establishment of The Catholepistemiad of Michigania in Detroit in 1817, Dean Warner says, "the U-M, as we know it today, flourished only after the move to Ann Arbor in 1837."

Catholepistemiad, meaning "universal science," is a word that may have been coined by Judge Augustus B. Woodward, a well-known eccentric who wrote the Michigan Territory's education law in 1817.

Woodward, a man with a "far-ranging and individual mind," according to Howard H. Peckham in *The Making of The University of Michigan*, had just published *A System of Universal Science*, "an unreadable classification of all knowledge by departments, classes, orders and specifics, to each of which he gave original names."

Peckham notes that "in subsequent acts, the tongue-fluttering 'Catholepistemiad' was omitted and 'University' or 'University of Michigania' was used."

A birthday party for the University, featuring musical and theatrical performances and "not too many speeches," will be held at the Michigan Theater on March 18, Dean Warner says. In addition, a course on the history of the U-M may be offered through the Department of History in the fall term.

of partnership with the people of the state, alumni, friends, the state government and the federal government — an arrangement that still exists today, even though the percentages given by each of those groups have fluctuated greatly over the intervening years.

Within 25 years of its creation, The University of Michigan had become a great center of learning, as measured by quality of faculty, diversity of curriculum offerings, facilities and equipment, as well as quality and numbers of students.

Before the end of the century, Michigan was to become the largest university in the country — a remarkable accomplishment for a state created out of a wilderness territory. Because of the special insight and intellectual gifts of a small group of dedicated visionaries, the University was to succeed in an extraordinary way.

Today, we find the University still looked upon as a model for state universities. In its 150 years of existence in Ann Arbor, its leadership has attempted to stay the course as a public university open to bright young men and women regardless of their social and economic backgrounds.

Yet the very cost of maintaining quality has seriously limited the more egalitarian mission of the institution. Though the University is generous, within the limits of its resources, in providing student aid to deserving students, the fact remains that an education, for both in-state and out-of-state students, is, by comparison with other public institutions, very costly.

Some seek to temper this fact by suggesting that costs at Michigan are still very competitive with those of peer private institutions. But that argument has little meaning to lower and middle economic class students and their families for whom the cost of education at this institution may have become prohibitive.

The irony of our present situation is that, because the University remains a competitive value as measured against peer private institutions, there is still a considerable market for its services. Thus, enrollment continues to be strong, and the institution finds itself able to select from a large group of highly qualified applicants.

James Burill Angell, president of the University for 38 years, on the celebration of a half-century of the University's existence in Ann Arbor, made a remarkable speech tracing the early beginnings of the University. Reading his speech, one comes to understand that the University filled a vacuum in higher education in an era when the very founding principles of our nation were being challenged. For if "religion, morality and knowledge" were indeed "essential to good government and the happiness of mankind," there was every reason to believe that higher education was selecting only a privileged few to make such assurances possible.

In his summation, President Angell made special comments about the people of Michigan:

"It has doubtless been conducive to the growth of the University that the founders organized it on the plan of bringing education within the reach of the poor. The early settlers of the state, though many of them were well-educated, were generally men of limited means. They appreciated intellectual training, and desired that it should, if possible, be secured by their children. They knew that the rich could send their sons away to Eastern colleges. But if a college education was to be gained by their sons, it must be at small cost."

The Campaign for Michigan, "A Heritage of Leadership," seeks to provide badly needed funds for the replacement and improvement of facilities as well as to add to the endowment necessary to assure high-quality faculty and to provide subsidies for student assistance.

The Campaign is now entering its final phase calling for total alumni support. The resources to be gained from the all-alumni campaign are to be directed specifically toward endowments necessary for faculty and student support. It provides an opportunity for all alumni to make a direct contribution to a University committed to maintaining its quality and providing services to all deserving people.

Anyone who has walked across the Diag or sat in a classroom at Angell Hall needs little reminder that such opportunities have been subsidized by others — not just parents, but also by the taxpayers of the state and nation, the generosity of other alumni and the support of corporations and other friends.

It is important not so much that we act in the spirit of "paying the institution back," but that we help ensure that one of the great assets to American society is not lost, that high-quality educations can be provided in public institutions as well as private and that large public institutions, such as The University of Michigan, can remain diverse, open and responsible to all elements of our society.

Robert G. Forman is director of the U-M Alumni Association and editor-in-chief of the *Michigan Alumnus*.

By Richard Tillinghast

One summer day in '85 as I was playing croquet and sipping mint juleps with William Bolcom and his wife, Joan Morris, our conversation turned to the question: What makes a perfect song?

Since I teach poetry-writing in the University's Master of Fine Arts Program and Bill is a composer and professor in the School of Music, where Joan also teaches vocal performance as an adjunct assistant professor, our conversation may have been more informed than barstool debates on this subject — even if we failed to produce a definitive answer.

We did, however, fantasize about teaching an interdisciplinary course that would bring a few of our students together in a sort of songwriting laboratory where they'd collaborate on original songs. We took this fantasy to the heads of the University units concerned, and they liked it enough to permit us to convene the workshop course "Words and Music" for the Winter '86 term.

Bill and I selected six poets and six composers from the student applicants; with Joan's help we paired them off in round-robin fashion over the semester and gave them our responses to their compositions and performances.

The results were sometimes exciting, as when a dramatization of the meeting between Cortez and Montezuma was set in monumental operatic fashion, with big chords giving a feeling of grandeur and doom. Other times the results were less happy, because the crux of collaboration is whether the powerful egos of creative people will harmonize or, more likely, clash. In the latter case, simple ballad-like lyrics would end up sounding like an arranged marriage between the pretentious and the lugubrious; or poets would use words that are hard for people to sing, like "external" and "obligation."

The first thing poets found out was how time-consuming musical notation is. "The composer works 20-to-1 compared with the lyricist," Bill said in his emphatic way at our initial class. "We're born drudges."

(In a later session I counterbalanced Bill's complaint by pointing out that while people hold no hostility toward composers, poets enjoy a very dubious reputation. I noted that men think poets are inevitably effeminate or, at the very least, are trying to make men feel things they don't want to feel. Also, poets tend not to pay bar tabs because they don't earn enough to do that or to dress fashionably. [The students assured me I was an exception to at least the latter.] Then I told the class of the time when, motivated by my passion for volleyball, I accompanied a woman to the family picnic of the husband she'd just divorced. When she introduced me to him as a poet, he, mistakingly thinking I had a role in his loss, blurted out, "Ahhhh sh't, a poet? Not a poet, Janie!" Such adventures make male poets reluctant to admit they're poets. As for women poets — they have even worse reputations.)

But let us return to our class. To introduce our students to the idea of collaboration between composer and lyricist, we turned for examples to the writers of American popular songs, the Tin Pan Alley greats whom British critic Ian Whitcomb has termed the "song jewelers."

Songwriters like Cole Porter, George Gershwin and Irving Berlin were technically limited as composers and lyricists. This is not to say that they were deficient, but as Bill put it: "They had the joy of the true amateur. Perhaps they weren't as fully trained as graduates of university or conservatory composition courses are today. Among many others, Richard Rodgers, for example, couldn't orchestrate his own work. *Victory at Sea* is actually an orchestral adaptation of rather modest musical statements."

By the same token, a poet who has gone through our MFA program may conceivably have more "chops" than lyricist Lorenz Hart did, as far as poetry-writing skills go. But as was clear from our course, that doesn't mean the well-schooled poet can write a more compelling lyric.

Through their collaborations, students in "Words and Music" learned how, in a successful song, the lyrics and the music both have to "give" a little and allow each other some breathing space. Music exists in and of itself; so does poetry. When the two come together, both partners in the marriage have to exercise a little humility: neither is obligated to do everything.

But this lesson comes hard to the ambitious young poet or composer who wants his or her poetry or music to fill all the available space with its brilliance. Understandably, "Words and Music" rarely attained the lofty goal of marrying complex and beautiful poetry to complex and interesting music. Bill and I advised one of the poets that his extremely concise verse might not work in song

because there the lyrics must be apprehended by the ear and immediately comprehended. The young man demanded of us whether that meant that as a poet writing lyrics he was "slumming." It's hard for a poet to accept the idea that the essence of many songs is the tune.

One of our first examples of the jeweler's art of songmaking was "Small Hotel," the Rodgers and Hart classic. "Songs of this sort are often backed by loud orchestras," Bill told the class. "Mindful of this, the great pop songwriters made sure the lyrics were easily understood. They did this within a 32-bar song structure that was to please like Rodgers and Hart what the sonnet was to Shakespeare. Its admirably simple structure usually consists of four eight-bar sections in an AABA pattern."

The 'A' section is the main musical phrase and lyric, and it is restated with simple variations two or three times throughout the song. This structure makes sense both esthetically and commercially because of the songwriters' practice of making the title the phrase that gets heard, remembered and sought out at the record store and on the juke box.

The first 'A' section of "Small Hotel" goes: "There's a small hotel/With a wishing well;/I wish that we were there/Together." Perhaps partially to compensate for the sparseness of the lyrics, Hart, a great admirer of Keats, made free with poetic devices of sound such as internal rhyme in lines like the "neat/complete" combination in the second 'A' section, where we learn the hotel has "One room bright and neat,/Complete for us to share/Together."

In the 'B' part, the bridge (or in tonier terminology, the "release"), the pop song breaks form — something different happens musically, perhaps the song modulates into another key. And here the lyricist, too, has a chance to introduce a slightly different focus or perspective. In "Small Hotel," here's the bridge:

Looking through the window
You can see a distant steeple.
Not a sign of people —
Who wants people?

A comically dissonant chord is used for that suggestive last question: "Who wants (pause) people?"

Perhaps because such collaborations as Rodgers and Hart's, like perfect marriages, are so rare, the best results in our class often occurred when, in the tradition of artists like Porter, Gershwin and Bob Dylan, one individual wrote both words and music. The real collaboration is ultimately not between two people, but between words and music, themselves.

Among the arcane features of musical collaboration are the "dummy lyrics," the often nonsensical words the composer will use to block out a rough configuration for the actual lyrics that will be written later. Paul McCartney's haunting "Yesterday" was conceived first as a tune with the dummy phrase "scrambled eggs" in place of what would later become "yesterday." Sing "scrambled eggs" along with your old Beatles recording of the tune and you'll get an amusing insight into the backstage world of professional songwriting.

The well-known lyrics, "Tea for two, and two for tea . . ." were originally presented by Vincent Youmans, who wrote the music, as dummy lyrics for Irving Caesar. Caesar was smart enough to make the dummy the basis for the real lyrics, which though obviously not great poetry, are catchy, and have stuck with us since 1924.

What do I, as a poet, enjoy in song lyrics? A touch of evocative imagery, something true that I hadn't thought of before hearing it, any kind of freshness or surprise. I can best get my ideas across by mentioning five songs from my own greatest-hits list.

One of the first songs I can remember is, "You Belong to Me," the popular standard from 1952. The song opens with that lush couplet, "Fly the ocean in a silver plane,/See the jungle when it's wet with rain." That's beautiful imagery. I loved it when I was 12, and I love it now. Pee Wee King, Redd Steward and Chilton Price are credited with the words and music. Whichever one of them wrote that opening was a poet.

A second favorite of mine is Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child," the 1941 hit. Arthur Herzog Jr. is cited as collaborator. This piece immediately stands



JOAN MORRIS, William Bolcom and Richard Tillinghast collaborated in teaching a songwriting/performance workshop for music and writing students last year. Bolcom's own setting of William Blake's 46 Songs of Innocence and of Experience has been recognized as a masterpiece after performances in Stuttgart, Ann Arbor, Chicago and New York.

out among most popular songs because it's not a love song. (In this category I could also mention "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out," an earlier song that reminds us that while love may make the world go 'round, money keeps it from creaking as it spins.)

But back to Lady Day. The proverbial tone of "God Bless the Child" is typical of Afro-American English:



BILLIE HOLIDAY

Them that's got shall get,
Them that's not shall lose.
So the Bible said,
And it still is news.

She could have said that what the Bible said is still true, or still applies or still is relevant — but to say it still is "news" makes "it" seem current and snappy. She gives us the world-weary truth of her song in

WORDS AND MUSIC

'Scrambled Eggs' and Other All-Time Favorite Hits

that sweet voice of hers, the sad charm she brought to her despair. This song has many other fine lines, such as "Empty pockets don't ever make the grade." The point of view is pragmatic without being judgmental; and as is typical of black music, the "Good Book" serves as a model of wisdom, sometimes to learn from, sometimes to argue against. Later in the song, she sings, "Rich relations give/Crust of bread and such." "Crust of bread" is biblical and traditional, while "and such" is informal and dismissive. She rhymes this with the bittersweet lines, "You can help yourself/But don't take too much." Whatever you do, don't take too much.

A third song I'd point to as a poet is "I Shot the Sheriff" by Bob Marley, the William Blake of Jamaica's reggae music. The main thrust of the story is: "I shot the sheriff — but I did not shoot the deputy." When I take this song to class, I always ask what this phrase means. Often the students don't know. The hero/outlaw means that he'll take his punishment for shooting someone important, the sheriff, but please don't nickel and dime him over the death of some insignificant person like the deputy. In this song the law is life-denying, and the imagery with which this idea is presented is classic and organic: "Every time I plant a seed,/He [the sheriff] say 'Kill them before they grow.'" His explanation of why he pulls the trigger is disarmingly simple: "Reflexes got the better of me."

My fourth song, "Satisfaction" by the Rolling Stones, is perhaps the greatest rock 'n' roll song of all time. The Stones sum up life's various dilemmas and show how they all add up to the lack of "satisfaction," a word that, mouthed and spit out by Mick Jagger, Mister Orality himself, shows the English language at its gritty best: "I can't get no — satisfaction. No! no! no!"

Lastly I'll mention my own woefully unsung song, "Shoes," which begins with these lines: "Sitting on a houseboat in Amsterdam,/Trying to tie my shoes." I like a song that grabs your attention in the first couple of lines. If someone has to try to tie his shoes, you have to figure he's pretty far gone.

The Guru of Tin Pan Alley

By John Woodford

Had they known it, before starting their songwriting workshop Professors Tillinghast, Bolcom and Morris could have got valuable tips from a Tin Pan Alley guru, Michigan's Jay Gorney (B.A. '17, '19 Law), who began composing popular melodies as a U-M undergraduate.

Bolcom and Morris are on sabbatical in New York this academic year, however, and visited Gorney last December on Manhattan's West Side a few days before the composer's 90th birthday.

What is the essence of successful collaboration, Gorney is asked. "You and the lyricist work together, a song results. It's the same as with a girl. You meet. Something happened. How did it happen?" (He shrugs.)

And what makes a song great? "Unusual tempo is the most effective single attribute of a great song. Everything is tempo. But, of course, the result of this phenomenon is the question: What is good tempo and what is bad tempo?"

Bolcom agrees, goes to the piano and accompanies Morris on Gorney's 1933 classic, "You're My Thrill." (Gorney mutters, "Too fast, too fast" during the performance.)

When the song has ended, Bolcom asks Gorney, "Is that tempo right?" Instead of answering, Gorney, despite a debilitating illness, rises with the aid of a walker and heads for the piano. ("Oh," his wife,

Sondra, whispers with delight, "Jay hasn't wanted to play for months!")

Gorney plays his song — more plaintively and starkly colored than Bolcom's version — and then says the answer to Bolcom's question is: "The tempo can be both slower and faster."

(If anyone knows the ingredients for great songwriting, it's Gorney, whose 1932 composition with lyricist E. Y. "Yip" Harburg, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime," became the anthem of the Great Depression. There are at least 55 recordings of that song in this country and untold more overseas. "You're My Thrill" [lyrics by Sidney Clare] has been recorded 23 times. A success in Hollywood as well, Gorney discovered Shirley Temple in 1931, when he got her hired for her first important film role in Stand Up and Cheer.

(Gorney published more than 200 songs from the mid-'20s to the '60s. Many were for such hit shows as Merry-Go-Round (1927), the 1940 revue Meet the People and the 1949 musical Touch and Go. He also composed for films, radio, television and the armed forces.

(As a U-M undergraduate, Gorney studied composition under Prof. Earl V. Moore, headed jazz bands and wrote and produced musicals. He was so successful — amassing \$7,000 in savings by the time he graduated — that after practicing law for a year in Detroit at \$40-a-month wages, he took down his shingle, moved to New York and launched his career on Broadway.

(In early musical theater, the lyrics didn't mean much," Gorney recalled in a speech to the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP) in 1962. "The words were sentimentalized; princes sang to peasant girls: 'Sweetheart, sweetheart, sweetheart, will you love me forever?' Back then, musicals were written for what was called the TBM, or tired businessman, who apparently liked scantily clad girls on chandeliers, slapstick comedy, tap dancing and putty-nosed comedians.

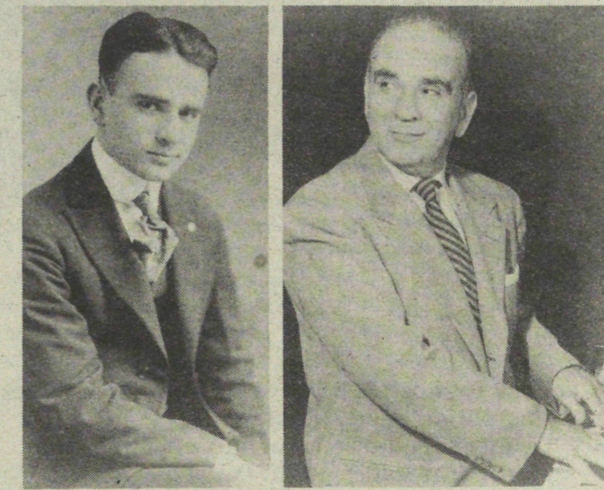
(Musicals of that ilk kept musical theater alive till greater talents like Jerome Kern and P. G. Wodehouse gained center stage. Then the libretto came to mean something. Instead of, 'I love you, I love you, I love you,' we got love lyrics like Kern's, 'And if I tell them how wonderful you are, [They'll never believe me, they'll never believe me.]"

"In 1967," Gorney tells Bolcom and Morris, "ASCAP decided to capitalize on my legal training by sending me to Moscow to negotiate an international copyright agreement with the Soviet composers union. Before these successful talks, they could use anyone's music from the West and pay no royalties — and vice-versa. At first the Soviets were suspicious of me, but when I showed them some of my pieces, they seized them and asked, 'Can we print these here?' I told them, 'No, not unless you pay for them. They're copyrighted. That's what I'm trying to tell you. That's what I'm here for.' Of course they knew 'Brother Can You Spare a Dime?' quite well. It's sung in English classes there."

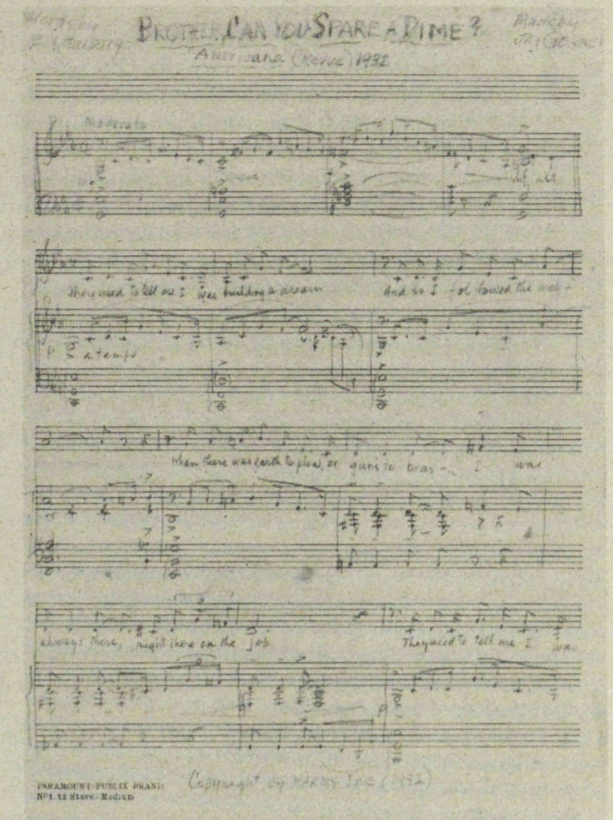
"Well, it's natural that they would love it," Bolcom comments. "It sounds like a Russian lullaby." Gorney nods and says he based the song on a lullaby sung to him as a child in Russia.

Bolcom plays a snatch of "Brother," switches to a few bars of the Jewish folk song "Hatikvah," and back to Gorney's piece, demonstrating the similarity.

The old man smiles at his fellow composer's musical insight. Then he frowns exaggeratedly and scolds: "But don't play it too fast!"



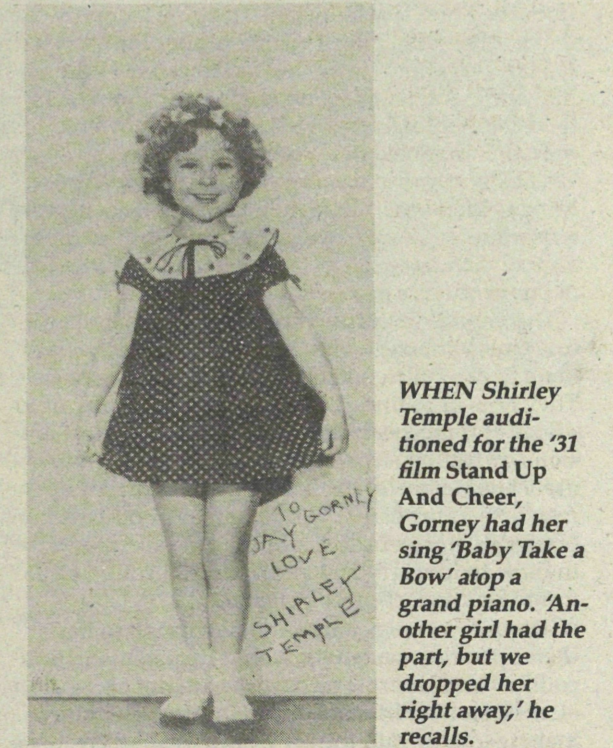
JAY GORNEY (1917 graduation photo at left) was born Abraham J. Gornetzky in Bialystok, Russia, in 1896. He was 10 when attacks against Jews forced his family to emigrate to Detroit. Last year, he received the ASCAP/Richard Rodgers Award for contributions to the American musical theater. Earlier, he won a Tony Award for his teaching of young songwriters. The U-M Library, Rare Books and Special Collections, recently exhibited part of its collection donated by Gorney and his wife, Sondra.



YOU'RE MY THRILL



ORIGINAL score (top photo) of 'Brother Can You Spare a Dime,' which Gorney wrote with Yip Harburg in 1932. Doris Day made one of the two dozen recordings of Gorney's second-biggest hit, 'You're My Thrill.' Billie Holiday's rendition is Gorney's favorite.



WHEN Shirley Temple auditioned for the '31 film Stand Up and Cheer, Gorney had her sing 'Baby Take a Bow' atop a grand piano. 'Another girl had the part, but we dropped her right away,' he recalls.

By John Woodford

THE ELECTRIFYING ARTIST

Engineering grad Wen-Ying Tsai '53

In 1949, as the Chinese nationalist government was falling to the revolutionaries led by Mao Tse-tung, 21-year-old Wen-Ying Tsai boarded the last American boat that would leave mainland China for decades to come.

Tsai's destination, via Hong Kong, was William Penn College in Oskaloosa, Iowa, which he reached in early 1950. With two years at a Chinese university behind him, he planned to follow his father's advice and major in engineering so he could "help build the new China."

Unsatisfied with rural college life, Tsai followed a countryman's suggestion and transferred to the University of Michigan's College of Engineering, where he received a B.S. in mechanical engineering in 1953. Then followed 10 years as a consulting engineer in New York for such top firms as Gropius, Saarinen, Skidmore/Owens/Merrill, and Cosentini and Associates.

Despite considerable professional success, Tsai felt all the while "like something of a misfit, because I was always an artist at heart." He had studied painting since his youth, taken art and architecture courses at U-M and continued to study art and to paint almost every evening after work.

In 1963, a year after he became a U.S. citizen, fate challenged Tsai to follow his heart or his head: He won a John Hay Whitney Opportunity Fellowship for painting, but the award stipulated that he devote himself full time to painting.

Without hesitating, Tsai resigned from his engineering job. The sudden freedom paralyzed his imagination, however; he could barely put anything on canvas, and what he did manage to paint disappointed him.

"I was anxiety-stricken for a year," he recalls, "so I went to Europe and wandered for three months. I regained confidence and finally felt like working. Specifically, I felt like building things by hand. It was almost a form of therapy." He welded some sculptures and also made constructivist art — combinations of sculpture and painting that employ three-dimensional, technologically inspired cubist motifs. A New York gallery held a one-man show of these pieces, but Tsai didn't feel constructivism or any other contemporary school of art could express his artistic vision.

Despite Tsai's own dissatisfaction with his work, it continued to gain recognition. In 1965 he won an Edward MacDowell Fellowship, an award that has provided Leonard Bernstein, Alexander Calder, James Baldwin and other outstanding figures in music, fine arts and literature a chance to think, converse and work at the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire.

In the New England woods Tsai focused all his thoughts on defining what sort of art would satisfy him. He became a sentient plant: Going outdoors at dawn, he placed his chair facing the sun, turning slowly throughout the day so he could always remain in its rays till dusk.

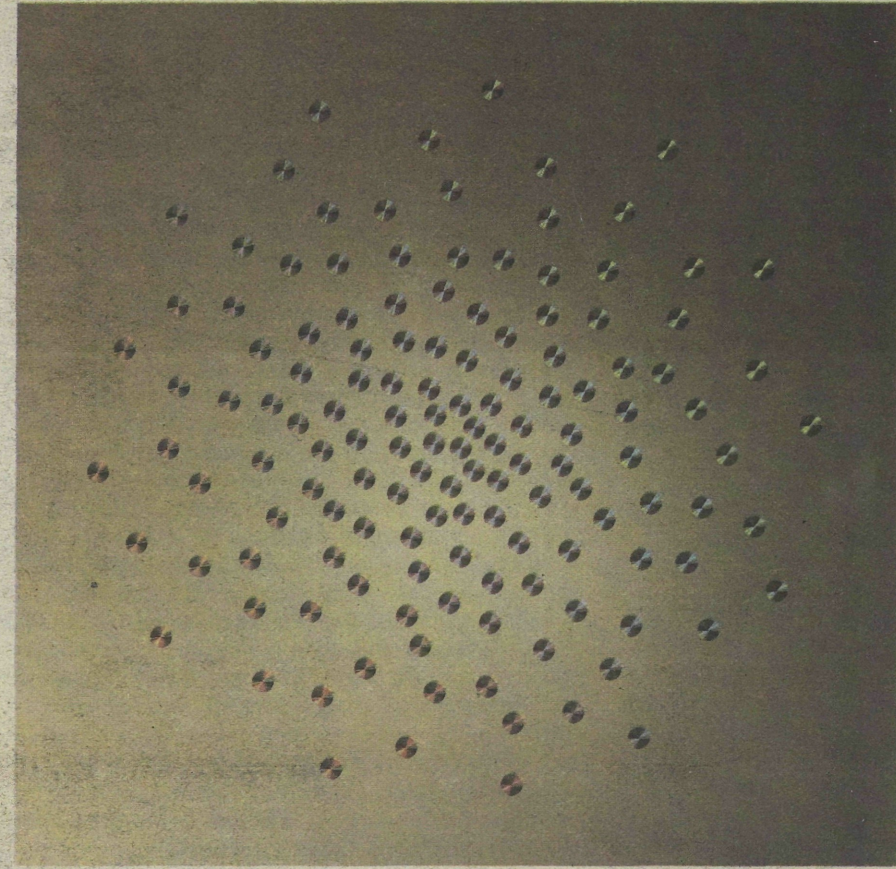
"I wanted to think up a way I could create art that presented the observer with natural movements in dynamic equilibrium," he recalls, "art that could convey the awe I felt while watching sunbeams shimmer through forest leaves." More than that, he felt his creations should somehow have the ability to respond to viewers; therefore, his medium would be not paint, stone, wood or metal but — vibration.

One day, a solution came to him, a literal bolt from the blue, and he recalls "leaping from my chair to tell other MacDowell colonists about it." What he realized was that the life he had negated — the highly organized life of an engineer, from which he'd escaped each night into art — empowered him to transform art to new energy levels.

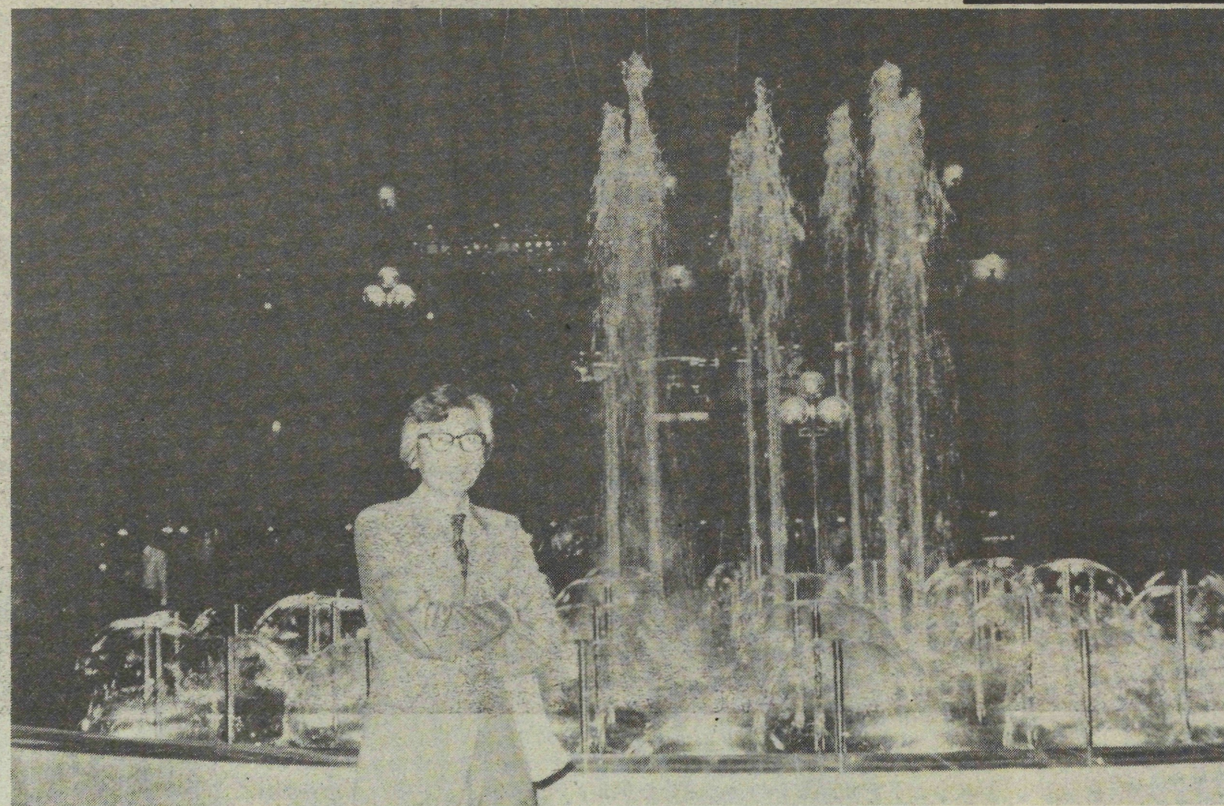
The art form Tsai conceived took three years to bring to life, and in 1968, his "Cybernetic Sculpture" exhibition at the Howard Wise Gallery in New York won him recognition as one of the pioneering artists of our century.

Cybernetic sculptures comprise delicate, motor-driven assemblages of metal or fiberglass that vibrate to carefully controlled harmonic frequencies. They appear to undulate like underwater life, or to divide and merge, because Tsai creates optical illusions by tuning stroboscopic lighting to the harmonic vibrations of his rods. And they move in response to the claps, voices, music or other actions of participatory observers because Tsai endows them with low artificial intelligence through electronic feedback control systems.

Though complex and original enough to have their operating systems covered by patents in this country and Japan, Tsai's works are not gizmos; that is, they aren't curiosities of an inventive engineer making a foray into the art world. Tsai makes what



'MULTI-CHROMICS 1978,' Tsai's 'painting without pigment,' changes colors with the angle of vision. The discs are diffraction gratings, used by physicists in studying elements with a mass spectrometer.



IN 1980, Tsai was commissioned to make this Cybernetic Fountain for the Landmark Building in Hong Kong. The jets and globular sheets of water respond to sounds in its environment. The fountain slowly goes to sleep at night and spurts actively during rush hour.

art critic Jonathan Benthall calls "abstractions or homomorphisms of organic life."

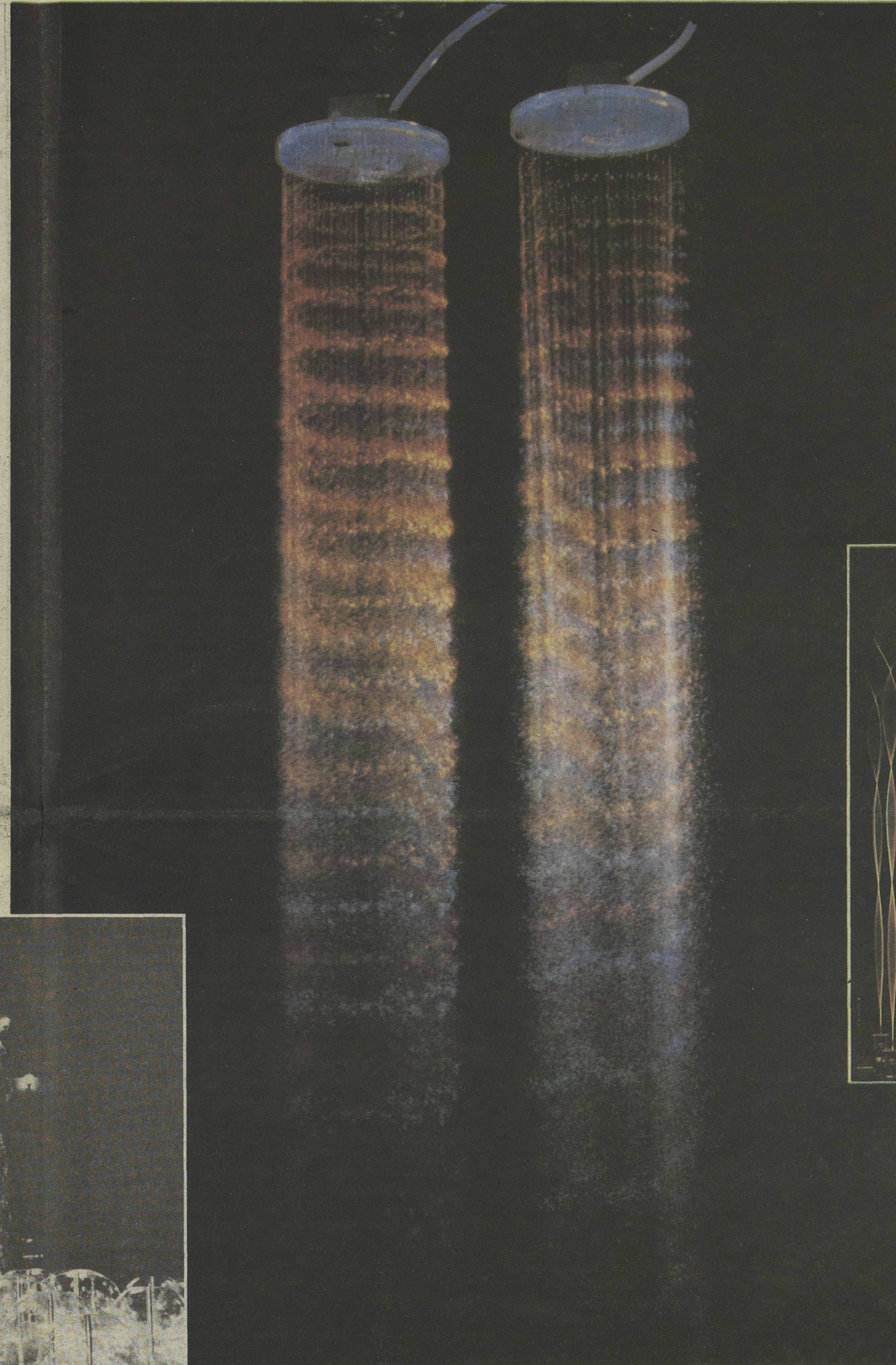
Gyorgy Kepes, director of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at MIT, and other leading scholars, artists, gallery owners and critics credit Tsai with greatly advancing a new artistic medium by combining the electrical, mechanical and electronic tools of our high-tech age.

Tsai has received one-man shows from the renowned Denise René Galleries in Paris and New York, and other leading galleries and museums in New York, Montreal, Toronto, Caracas, Houston, Hong Kong, Tokyo, London and elsewhere. His works are in the permanent collections of such major institutions as the Pompidou Center in Paris,

London's Tate Gallery, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Caracas, the Whitney Museum, Chrysler Art Museum, MIT's Hayden Gallery, the Israel Museum and the Kaiser Wilhelm Museum in West Germany.

In his imitation of the dynamism as well as the form of natural systems through high-tech media, Tsai is fulfilling a demand, though with more complex phases of matter, of his native culture. A key responsibility of visual art, wrote Hsieh Ho, a fifth century master, is to express "rhythmic vitality" or the "spiritual rhythm expressed in the movement of life."

In the two decades since his trailblazing exhibition, Tsai has seen art and technology diverge once



'UPWARD FALLING FOUNTAIN' was patented in U.S. and Japan in 1981. 'I vibrate the water,' Tsai explains, 'so that every drop leaves the aperture at the top in a definite time sequence, then I train the stroboscopic light on it, so you can see what the water actually forms.' When viewers clap or shout, the water seems to spiral upward. CYBERNETIC sculpture at right is made of single rods that, by optical illusion, form plant-like shapes under vibration and strobe lighting. Sometimes they sway like oceanic plants in response to light, sound or touch; at other times, they tremble or shiver like startled creatures.

again. "I think the ecological and anti-nuclear movements have brought a cooldown to high-tech art," Tsai says. "But this is only a temporary detour from the historic trend of art to make the fullest use of contemporary technology."

Noting that artists use their media and tools not only to imitate nature, but also to reflect their times and communicate a creative vision, Tsai says: "When you look at the world today, how could you imagine that an artist could express himself without using modern technology? How could brushes of

hair developed 4,000 years ago express the desires and anxieties of the present-day world?"

And so it is not arrogance born of his unusual technological background but optimism about the potential of education that leads Tsai to conclude: "In our era, I don't see how an artist can reflect his world without using the electrical, electronic and mechanical engineering tools of our time. Therefore, I doubt an artist can produce really great works uniting art and our technology unless he has studied engineering."

From U.S. Patent No. 4,265,402 Strobbed Liquid Display Device and Head Therefor Inventor: Wen-Ying Tsai

FIG. 1.

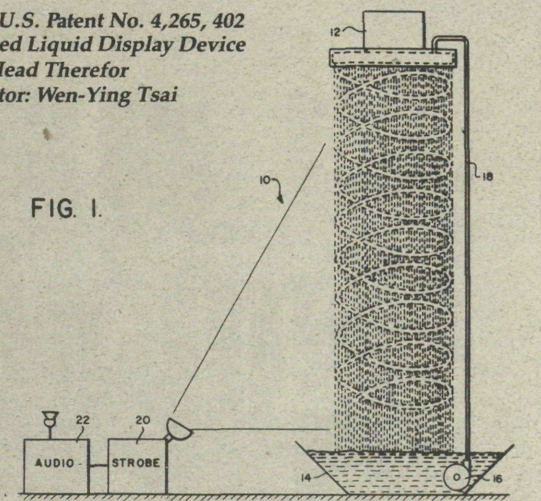
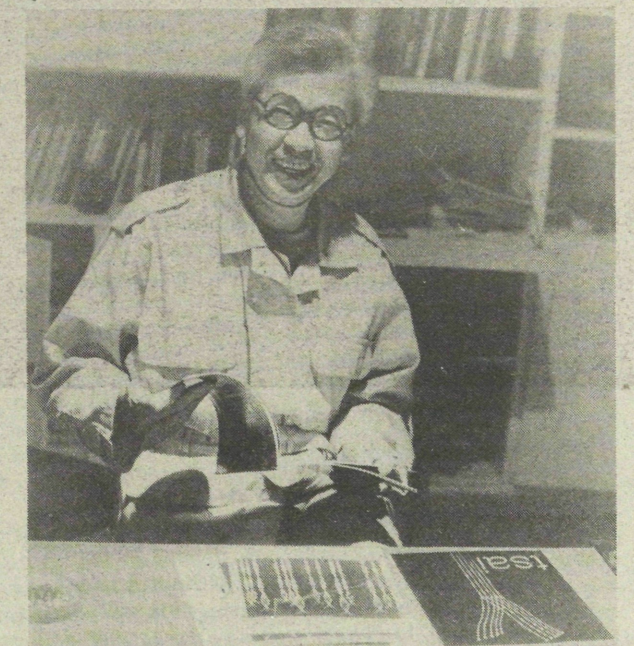
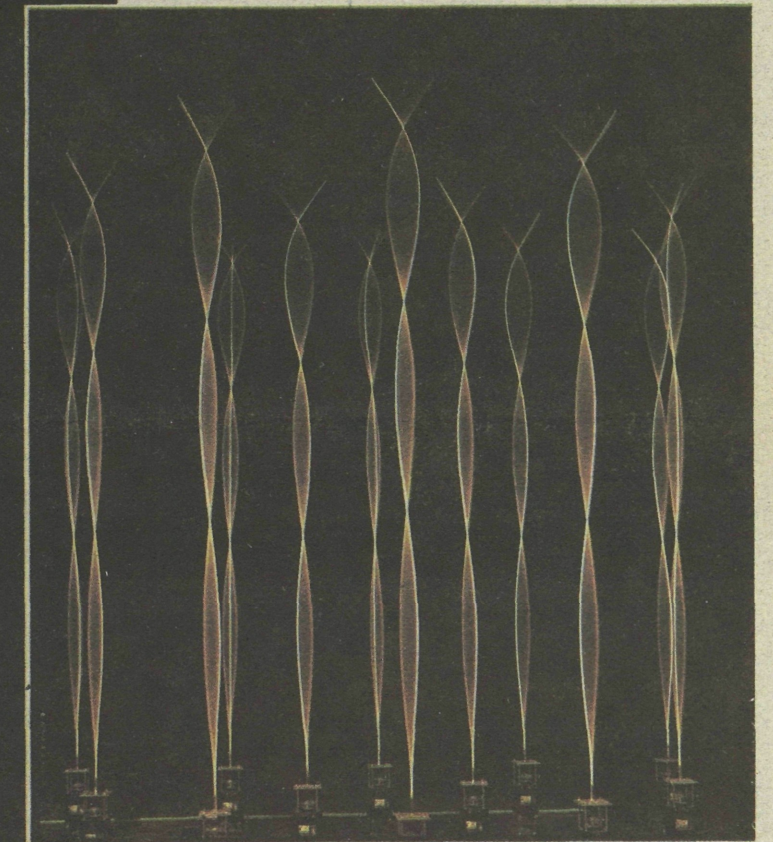
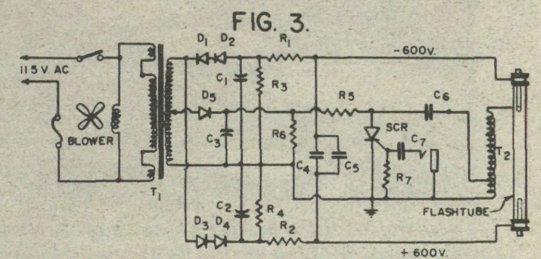
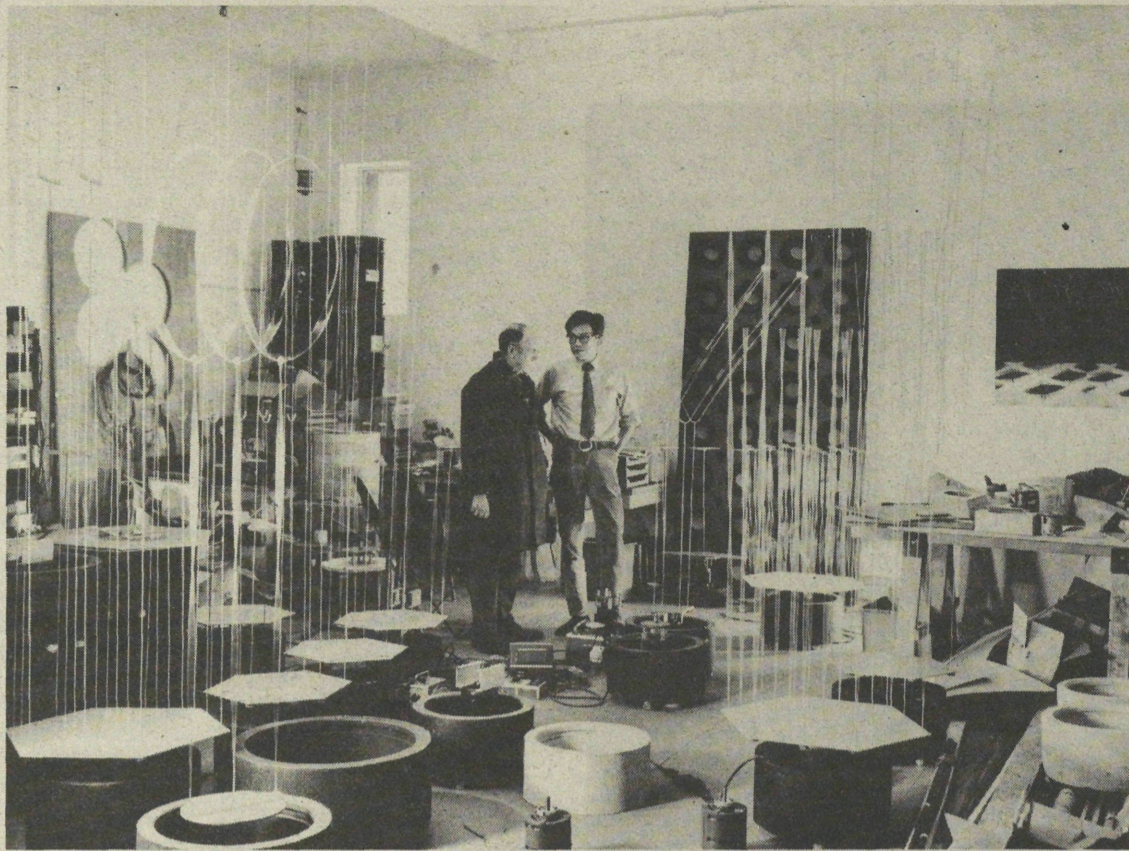


FIG. 3.



'TO MAKE a fundamental contribution in the arts, the artist must be unique. I think I'm doing that. My scope is limited; I have exploited only a narrow aspect of material means. But I have used what I know to express what I like. I think I make people happy when they see my work, and I hope I enhance their enjoyment of the natural and technological worlds.' — Wen-Ying Tsai.



TSAI was a fellow at MIT's Center for Advanced Visual Studies in 1969-71 when Dr. Harold E. Edgerton, inventor of the strobe light, visited his studio. Edgerton told Michigan Today he was delighted to see high-tech engineering used as an artistic medium.

THE ELECTRIFYING ARTIST Continued

Self-Portrait of the artist in words

Tsai makes his Manhattan home in a spacious loft in the Soho district; it is also headquarters for Tsaibernetics, his workshop-gallery. His wife, Pei-De, and their twin 16-year-old sons, Lun-Yi and Ming-Yi, were preparing to vacation at their upstate New York home when Michigan Today interviewed the artist. A tall, lean man who chuckles often and has a fondness for poking fun at himself, Tsai is, nevertheless, definitive in his artistic opinions, which he expresses with forceful candor.

CHINA: Many people ask me, "Tsai, how did you have the genius to study engineering?" They think I'm kidding when I reply, "Oh, I was just lucky." But it was luck. My uncle, who had received a Ph.D. in theology from Harvard, urged my family to get me "gold-bricked," as we Chinese used to call going to school in the U.S.A. or England. He said I should go to the Midwest because it was "the backbone of America," and that I'd be spoiled if I went to the East Coast. My father, who was a mid-level bureaucrat, agreed, but told me to study something practical. By chance, I chose engineering, and so, as an artist, I was able to use mechanical engineering, and my training helped me pick up electronics later.

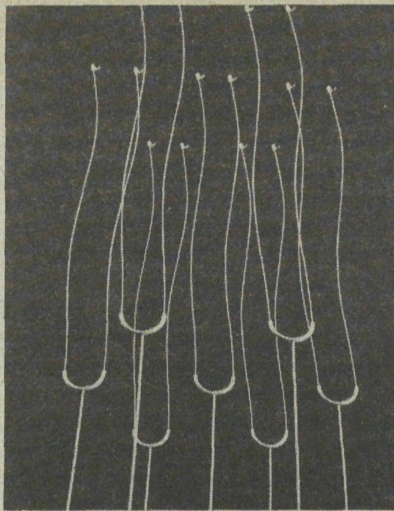
I'll be having my first exhibitions in China in 1987. My hometown, Xiamen [Amoy], on the South China coast, has wanted me to have a show there for some time. It's difficult for the Chinese to accept abstract art, but my kind of work, with its strong technological content, may seem innocuous to the Chinese officials even though it is not socialist realism.

MICHIGAN: When I was at Michigan, there was no life in Ann Arbor, but I understand things have changed very much since then, and I would love to see my old school again.

My first courses in Western art were at Michigan. All through my life, not just at Michigan, but also in China and at the Art Students League here in New York, the most important thing was my teachers' encouragement. None of them told me what to do, but they always said, "Oh, Tsai, this is beautiful. You should be an artist." That's why I came to New York City upon graduation, for the art here. But to build movement, which takes a lot of experimenting, I've also been using the principles I learned in the College of Engineering. I'm still attempting to build a kinetic mural or mosaic that would move in response to a computer and to the participatory observer. It might cost \$1.5 million to make it, so you might say this is "venture art."

KINESTHESIA AND THE DANCE: Kinesthesia, the sensation of movement, is part of me. Resonant vitality is part of me. This was not an intellectual decision. Perhaps my Oriental heritage was influential in this characteristic. Humans are not the center of the universe to peoples of the Orient, so there is no notion that the human figure has to be the main form in art. Plants can be primary figures without a work's having any less meaning or impact.

Both for the pleasure and for insight into natural movement, I studied ballet with Eric Hopkins, Martha Graham's husband. Most of the time he just talked about how to think, about the meeting of East and West. He maintained that aesthetic experience was very strong in the East and rationalism was very strong in the West, and that art swings between the two. Then I took modern dance. That was almost too much for my father.



EARNING PATERNAL RESPECT: I always wrote to my father weekly about everything I was doing. After studying painting and dancing, I took some courses in high-fashion design and illustration. When I wrote about this phase of my studies, my father wrote back: "Son, I have never been more amazed by you. I was proud when you graduated with a degree in engineering. I thought you would then do some good in the world and for China. Then you decided to concentrate on art, but that is an honorable field, too. Later you studied ballet, and I also accepted that. But next you studied modern dance, and I questioned how good it would be for you to just be wiggling with no structure. And now you have become a dressmaker! For the first time I must say to you that I am ashamed. You simply cannot drift from being an engineer all the way to dressmaker."

But later I sent him pictures of my cybernetic sculpture, a notice about me in Who's Who in the World and articles showing that I had become famous. Then he and my mother were proud of me again, and he wrote to me saying: "You have become what we wanted you to be."

ENGINEERING: We should always be seeking alternative ways of life, including alternative ways of using engineering — ways that are healthful for people and not destructive. The danger for the engineer is to have no feeling for humanity because of his limited and specialized training. Engineers shape our world, so it is obvious that they should be trained to have the broadest humane concerns.

The Center for Advanced Research at MIT, where

I spent several years, was organized to humanize engineers and set a counterbalance to their knowledge of technology. After all, if engineers fail, the world will have chaos. The consequences of engineering to our Earth and outer space are enormous. If we do badly on Earth, we'll certainly make a mess of outer space. That is why the philosophical development of the engineer is important.

Doc [Harold E.] Edgerton of MIT, the electrical engineer who invented the stroboscopic light, told me he likes to see high technology applied to art. He once mentioned that the trigger device in strobe lighting and the detonator for atomic bombs are based on the same theory. That shows you that high-tech can be used for destruction or for pleasure. I believe our advancements in engineering should be used for things that please us. Art can give the industrial world alternative products — those used to benefit humanity materially and spiritually.

POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART: Many people in the United States seem to expect the artist to donate his time and work on public-oriented projects on the chance that he may attract a commission. Where artists have national support, they are able to make a much greater contribution to society, and therefore to the spiritual well-being of the people in general. Even a broke country like Venezuela feels it must sacrifice to support its artists. I have a friend there who recently received a government commission to do a 60-foot-high kinetic sculpture.

There are two views about government support of the arts: Some say if the state supports art, the art will then become official. But on the other side, people note that with little or no governmental support, the climate for art is poor; relatively few people can make art a career, and the aesthetic and spiritual life of society is weak and commercialized.

I think there is more chance for art, for artists, where there is governmental support. I have not received a single commission in the United States in 20 years. All my commissions have come from abroad. On the national scale today, money is going to Star Wars, but not to art.

GALLERY POWER: These are difficult times for American artists. You can't sell individual works here today without being at the mercy of gallery entrepreneurs. But most galleries aren't much interested today in high-tech art. Back in the '60s we had political and aesthetic dialog and experimentation in art. We saw Pop Art, Op Art and many other new styles that offered alternatives to abstract expressionism. That spirit is gone.

Someone had to fill the art vacuum, and that was those interested more in making money than making art. Many dealers and collectors today are involved with art as a tax write-off, a way to impress people, a form of interior decoration or an ego trip. They rarely appreciate art just on an aesthetic level. Few people buy a work simply because they love it. And yet great art is always being done by someone somewhere even if dealers and collectors ignore him.

THE LESSON OF MONDRIAN: Despite being valued by some visionary gallery owners, Mondrian died of pneumonia because he was so broke he couldn't replace his leaking shoes in the winter. Late last year, a Mondrian sold for \$7 million.

That presents a bitter lesson for artists: They should not depend on current fashion to determine how they will work, but if they take this principled stand, how will they survive? So much depends on external factors that if I had to start now, knowing what I do, I might give up.

ART'S FUTURE: We need another visionary push. It will come. This year a large exhibition called "Art in the Computer Age" will travel around the country and then come here to the IBM Gallery of Art. Some of the consciously computer-age art on exhibit is by engineers. But you can't make an engineer an artist; people will quickly tire of "engineering art." Good art you don't get tired of. A person must start as an artist and then learn to use computer engineering.

I'm sure holography is on the horizon of our art, but it's too far off for me to take up; laser technology is still too dangerous. But just think of art's natural progression: Early sculpture was massive and involved working with stone. Then, through the centuries, sculpture has become lighter and lighter. We arrived at mobiles and kept right on going to sculpting with water. At the same time, the colors we have used in painting have gotten brighter and brighter.

Eventually, I see these two long-term trends merging into art that is made with color, light and space — and that logical conclusion is the holograph. Today, because of the safety factor and other limitations, I could only do something quite small with holography. That would not satisfy me.

As for the nether side of this long-term trend, some artists want to use the medium of explosives as a way of working with light, color, space and energy. I stay away from that sort of thing!

KELLOGG GRANT SUPPORTS SCHOLARLY INITIATIVES, CHEMICAL SCIENCES



The W. K. Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek has made a \$10 million Campaign gift to support a major new building program in the chemical sciences and to fund new initiatives in interdisciplinary scholarly activities over the next five years.

Half of the award will be used to help finance the construction and equipping of a new chemical sciences facility. Ground was broken on October 17 for the facility — a \$40 million chemistry classroom and laboratory structure on the University's Central Campus that will double teaching and research space for this basic science.

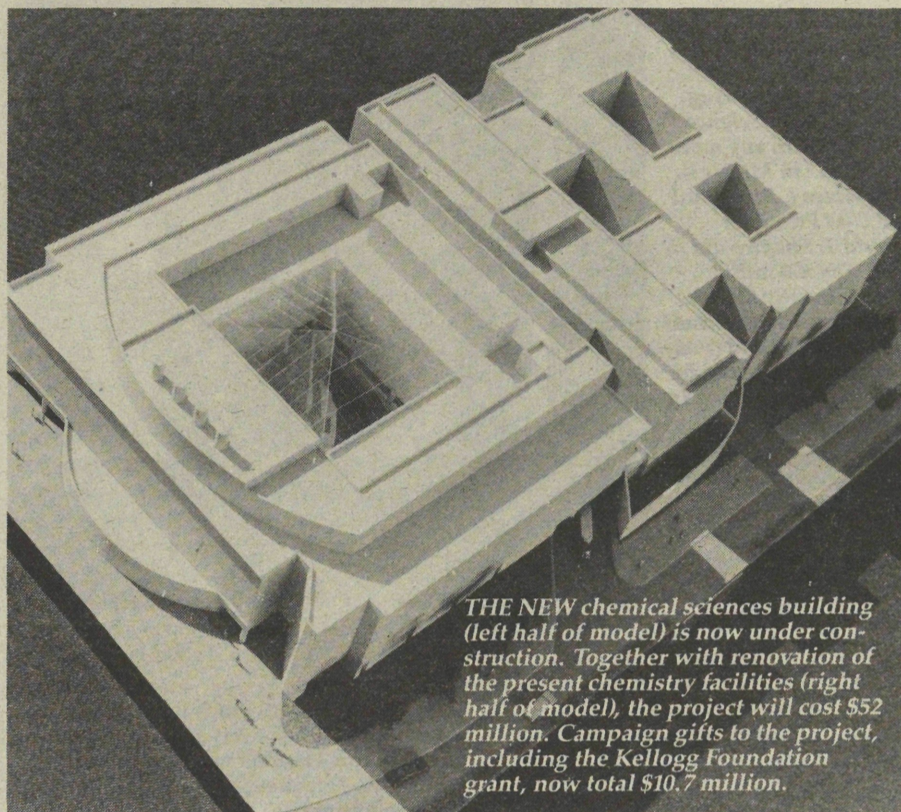
The structure is part of a \$52 million project to upgrade the U-M's chemistry facilities, including renovation of the old building, which was erected in 1908 and expanded in 1948.

The second \$5 million of the Kellogg Foundation grant will establish a new Presidential Initiatives Fund under the direction of U-M President Harold T. Shapiro. This fund will be used to encourage researchers from a mix of U-M schools and colleges to undertake new joint research ventures. Under the research initiatives fund, project proposals for up to \$500,000 will be invited from U-M faculty members and groups of scholars.

"This exceptional gift from the Kellogg Foundation is one of the largest ever received by the University," President Shapiro noted. "It is through such contributions that we have been able to launch important new initiatives to enhance our traditional responsibilities to education and scholarship."

Dr. Robert D. Sparks, Kellogg Foundation president, said, "The University of Michigan's commitment to upgrade its chemistry programs demonstrates recognition of the intrinsic importance of this science to all realms of human activity. Further, the University's new Presidential Initiatives Fund promises to stimulate creativity and cooperation in new interdisciplinary activities."

"If it is to develop truly new concepts and theories, the University should place a higher value on diversity than



THE NEW chemical sciences building (left half of model) is now under construction. Together with renovation of the present chemistry facilities (right half of model), the project will cost \$52 million. Campaign gifts to the project, including the Kellogg Foundation grant, now total \$10.7 million.

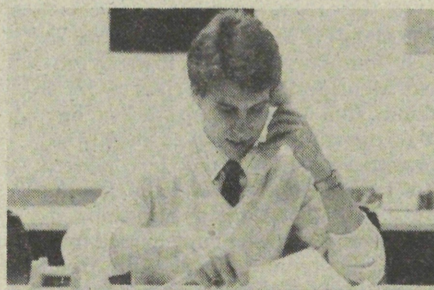
on conformity; on novelty and venturesomeness than on intellectual conservatism; on hybridization of ideas than on orthodoxy," President Shapiro said.

The U-M's new chemistry building, which will open to students in the fall of 1989, will significantly extend the University's capacity for research and teaching in the natural and health sciences. Another, future project will be construction of an \$8 million chemistry-biology library.

The W. K. Kellogg Foundation, established in 1930 to "help people help themselves," has distributed more than \$843 million to support programs in agriculture, education and health. The foundation is today among the largest philanthropic organizations in the world.



McCrary



Koenig

reer possibilities in accounting, which is my field."

Between now and June of 1988, U-M students will try to reach all 309,000 Michigan alumni, this year's graduating seniors and the parents of undergraduates. By then it is projected that both the number of alumni who donate and the number of dollars given annually will double.

Several dozen of those alumni donors will be the very students working at the Phone Center tonight. "My fellow callers have already told me they'll give me a pledge card as a graduation present," says Lisa McCrary with a smile.

\$2 MILLION SEARLE GIFT TO STRENGTHEN HUMANITIES



Searle

A \$2 million leadership gift to the Campaign for Michigan from William L. and Sally B. Searle of Chicago will help establish the proposed Institute for the Humanities at The University of Michigan.

William Searle, who received his bachelor's degree in 1951 from U-M, said the gift reflects his long-term interest both in the University and in ensuring that U-M students receive a liberal, humanities-based education.

"I've seen many professionals whose horizons were limited to a very specialized, technical area — who lacked an appreciation for the 'human part of the formula,'" he said. "I suspect that such narrowness has not only restricted many people from further advancement in their careers, but also as human beings."

Searle said that, as a student, he consciously chose not to specialize. "I thought that rather than learn a lot about just one area, I would like to get a sense of all there was to learn."

With the gift designated for the proposed institute, William and Sally Searle continue a family tradition of major support to the University begun by William Searle's father, John G. Searle (Ph.C., '23). John Searle's gifts to the University included endowed Searle professorships in medicine, pharmacy and public health.

Now in the final stage of planning and organization, the institute will foster increased interchange and communication between humanists and those in other fields of inquiry.

Special Gifts Drive Headed for Success

The special gifts program in Grand Rapids, Michigan, is headed for success under the leadership of M. Dana Baldwin II, a 1964 graduate of the College of Engineering.

"I became involved in the Campaign because I'm a fourth-generation Michigan graduate," Baldwin says. "I decided working for the University's Campaign is the best way to pay back the University and to ensure that it continues to grow and increase in excellence."

Dana Baldwin's great-grandfather, Frank A. Baldwin, began the family's U-M tradition when he received his L.L.B. in 1877, and his grandfather, Melvin D. Baldwin, graduated in 1908. Ralph B. Baldwin, Dana Baldwin's father, received degrees from U-M in 1934 and 1937 and an honorary degree in 1975.

Dana Baldwin did his progenitors one better by not only graduating from the University but marrying a graduate: His wife, Mary Nell Baldwin, received her bachelor's degree and education certificate in 1968.

The president of the Oliver Machinery Company, Baldwin also directs the Baldwin Foundation, a charitable fund his family established. "The foundation's purpose is to endow local activities and charities, with emphasis on education and a commitment to bricks and mortar, rather than operations," Baldwin explains; it recently donated \$100,000 to the Campaign for the U-M College of Engineering.

The Grand Rapids special gifts program, kicked off last fall, has already enlisted 70 volunteers from the area. Battle Creek, Traverse City, Flint, Detroit and Muskegon are sites of other Michigan-based efforts.

Similar efforts are under way in Boston, Cleveland, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Seattle and Fairfield County, Connecticut. Already, \$3 million has been pledged to the Campaign from individuals participating in special gifts programs.

Special gifts programs in Chicago, New York and Ann Arbor will begin later this year.

PHONATHON Students on the line for Michigan

"If you get into grad school in St. Louis, let us know and we'll show you the town."

"Would you be interested in a job at my new market research firm?"

"Is this really my cousin calling?"

Three not-so-typical responses to phone calls made by University of Michigan students to alumni, asking them to support the special Campaign effort called the Campaign for Michigan Fund.

Gifts by alumni to annual giving programs in the individual schools, colleges and regional campuses at Dearborn and Flint are being counted together toward the \$20 million goal of the Fund.

Since August, students working at a new campus phone center have been calling alumni six days a week. By the end of December, they had talked to 42,000 graduates. Alumni have responded generously, pledging an impressive \$4.7 million.

"We're calling on behalf of the fundraising effort, but there's a lot more to our conversations," says LS&A senior Lisa McCrary, a communications major from Detroit who has been working at the Phone Center since it opened.

"Alumni often ask us about Michigan today, and we find out a lot about what Michigan was like when they were here and what they've done with their lives."

Michael Koenig, a junior transfer student from U-M-Dearborn, adds, "I've even gotten some good ideas from alumni about avenues of study and ca-

The Campaign for Michigan Progress to Date

Facilities

80

Goal: \$90,000,000
To Date: \$80,353,933

Endowment

80

Goal: \$60,000,000
To Date: \$52,943,851

All-Alumni Effort

20

Goal: \$20,000,000
To Date: \$4,700,890

Total of gifts and pledges as of Dec. 31, 1986

LETTERS

Alumni Say in SDI?

YOUR PUBLICATION has many fascinating new articles in many fields. Very notable was the book review [March '86] that stirred controversy but little rational discussion on the excellent book "Without God Without Creed" by James Turner. We appreciate the courage shown by the editors to publish this and other complex social and political topics in a repressive climate. Also notable was the art in the caves of Ajanta. Regarding the recent coverage of SDI/Star Wars research, we would like to know if alumni have any say in what is done at U of M. We are distressed that the faculty decision not to permit "research" on weapons was not respected. To talk of academic "freedom" to develop death machines makes us concerned about Vice President Linda Wilson's ethics. We urge all U of M faculty to search their consciences and make a public stand against nuclear and related weapons.

Susan C. Mauldin '67
Pueblo West, Colorado

Alumni are welcome to send their opinions on matters affecting the University to U-M executive officers, Regents, Michigan Today or other parties concerned with the issue—Ed.

'Civilian at War'

I ENJOYED Ken Parker's article "Civilian at War." Ken's father was my high school superintendent here in Gladwin — and a native of Gladwin. Ken's wife was my English teacher at that time.

Don E. Huber
Gladwin, Michigan

"CIVILIAN at War" brought a very gratifying response from readers throughout the country. However, I must disclaim the Silver Star and Purple Heart which were awarded to me in the commentary. I never received either. I do hold three Bronze Stars, one of which was recommended for the Silver but rejected. I thought I was wounded once, but the injury was probably a stone bruise. Many of your readers have been ordering copies of my book from Myers Printing Service. They have graciously been forwarding the orders to me. If there are others out there who want a copy, please send your orders directly to me: Ken Parker, 719 E. Orchard, Traverse City, MI 49684 (Telephone: (616)946-9134), \$10.75 each.

Ken Parker
Traverse City, Michigan

YOUR OCTOBER issue was a great one! You featured two of my favorite people: Tom Harmon and Ken Parker. Ken is a distant relative we seldom have contact with. It was a most interesting article.

Horace M. Oren
Grand Rapids, Michigan

The Banks of the Huron

I HAVE just called for a replacement of a lost Alumni Census Questionnaire. I do not want to sever my connection with my school, not in any way. I wonder if you have any idea how much a really old graduate appreciates your broad coverage of this great institution. Earlier journals putting so much stress on athletics, particularly football, made it easy to ignore the great benefits four years at Michigan brought me, not to mention the extracurricular activities on the Huron and at the Methodist Wesleyan Guild that insured me a most happy marriage.

Russell Larke '19
Niagara Falls, New York

VAUDEVILLIANS couldn't have broken ground for the U-M's Electrical Engineering and Computer Science Building with any more panache than Michigan Gov. James J. Blanchard and U-M President Harold T. Shapiro did in 1984. The \$30 million, predominantly state-funded facility was completed last fall and is unsurpassed as a center for research and teaching in this field.



'Harmon of Michigan'

I WAS at U of M during Tom Harmon's playing days. My first two years there were his last two. He was, and is, a lot more than just an excellent football player, as I learned from your article.

Thaine W. Reynolds '43
Fairview Park, Ohio

AS A member of the U of M Club of N.Y., N.Y., we chartered a special train [to the 1939 Penn game at which Tom Harmon made his 90-second run]. The baggage car was rigged as a bar. Ken (?) Baxter, father of the actress Ann Baxter, was sales manager of Four Roses Whiskey, which he donated. It was quite a trip and quite a game.

Fred J. Dewitt, Jr '29
Birmingham, Michigan

THE HARMON story took me back to the day when I saw him play while visiting my older brother. I'll never forget how Harmon, when angling for the sidelines, would slow just a bit, let the tackler think he had the angle on him, and Tom would put on some speed, and leave the tackler with nothing but air. Next spring the 1947-48 football team will be holding a reunion in Ann Arbor. One of the biggest thrills of my life was to play center on the first team (1947) and wear the maize and blue.

Curt Bradley
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I READ the story of Tom Harmon with great interest. I was at "that game" in Philadelphia and I have always described that run as the most remarkable I ever witnessed. It came as a double boost to me. I was a cheerleader (Class of 1937), and in my first year as cheerleader we beat Georgia Tech, period. We lost all our other games. Next year I think we won two or maybe three and then in my senior year, we reverted to type and won one game. All this follows having been a freshman during the time of Harry Newman and Chuck Bernard and Ted Petoskey and Ivy Williamson, when we were unbeaten, and tied only by Minnesota. Then I went on to Harvard Business School and two years later Tom and Forest Evashevski were first-year players. I saw them beat Yale. In 1939, I dragged my father from New York to Philadelphia and we saw "that run." As I recall, the ball was passed back to Tom, who began a retreat and then ran across the field, then circled back to the other side of the field having retreated at least 10 or 15 yards and finally pieced his way through to the goal line. I'll never forget that run.

Morton R. Mann '37
Waukegon, Illinois

THANK YOU very much for "Harmon of Michigan." When I was a youngster growing up, Tom Harmon was one of my favorite sports heroes even though I never had the opportunity to see him play. The article brought back memories of an unforgettable era in Michigan football, and of a man synonymous with Michigan greatness—Tom Harmon, Number 98.

Douglas P. Rudolf
Visalia, California

I REALLY enjoyed the Harmon of Michigan article and also enjoy your paper in general as it is well done in many areas. You are good at picking interesting topics and making them nice to read (I mean, not burdensome). Thanks.

Jim Lovell '47
Syosset, New York

I ENJOYED your recent issue very much—especially the article about Tom Harmon. Too few of today's football fans realize how great an athlete he was and person he is. I definitely agree with his opinion of the Bob Chappius-Bump Elliott team; however, it was the 1947/48 team not '48/'49.

Harold S. Bump '50
Kansas City, Missouri

I ENJOYED your Tom Harmon article very much, and also the one about Jim Harbaugh. I think Harbaugh would have made a very good running back, but he is a very good quarterback, also. I like how he thinks about education first and sports second.

Frank Faltys
Owosso, Michigan

"HARMON OF Michigan" pleased me so much. Tom was seated next to me in Professor Mercadori's Spanish class in '37/'38 (I think). Tom was no dumb student; he had no conceit. People stayed away from him as they feared he would be conceited. In the pouring rain, he was handing out gum or such for a company and stopped to be friendly. I am so happy to read that Tom had no prejudice. In '38, Ann Arbor students under Father Coughlin's [a fascist priest—Ed.] influence did many things to show their anti-Semitism. I, as Jewish, never got put down on that score by anyone and surely not by Tom. But the girls returning to Mosher Hall after Christmas '37 gave all the borrowed things back to us saying that their fathers were Coughlinites and they had been told not to have anything to do with Jews. They didn't know anything, only took orders. Thank you for "Harmon of Michigan." I hadn't known that he had written a book and had often wondered how he was faring, as I knew he was a wonderful son and deserved any goodness he could get, so I am glad to see that he has a well and happy life.

Jean Rosin Quittner '43
Shaker Heights, Ohio

I would appreciate any information about Harmon's wartime autobiography, *Pilots Also Pray*. Is it still in print?

J. N. Heller
Escanaba, Michigan

Unfortunately, it is not, but a copy can be read at U-M's Bentley Historical Library—Ed.

I AM interested in determining whether anyone can tell me where in the Chicago area (or elsewhere) I might rent a videotape of the 1946 movie, *Harmon of Michigan*, as I have not seen it anywhere in recent years.

Robert O. Rosenman
Chicago

Perhaps another reader can help you and the many other readers who asked this question. We have been unable to locate a videotape or copy of the film or of a film of Harmon's most famous run other than those in Tom Harmon's collection at the University of Wyoming—Ed.

MANY A time I saw Tom's runs but my keenest memories of him occurred at the skating rink. On evenings one winter, I was determined to learn to skate. Often when I found myself sliding horizontally, strong hands would set me on my feet. It was Tom Harmon every time; no one else ever bothered.

Ruth Tatlock Thomas '40
San Lorenzo, California

I THINK it is a shame that the University declined the offer of Tom Harmon's football memorabilia.

Kenneth G. Mackness
Traverse City, Michigan

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed your article on Harmon of Michigan. His spirit exemplifies that of Michigan. Although I never saw him play, I am convinced he is the greatest Wolverine.

Douglas B. Springsteen '83
Durand, Michigan

AT THE TIME Michigan played Penn in 1939, I was in practice in New Jersey. Having never seen Tom Harmon, I drove to Philadelphia for the game. The run that you wrote about was probably the most exciting I've ever seen and I can still remember it vividly. P.S. Enjoyed being in Ann Arbor last year for my 50th reunion. Thanks for *Michigan Today*.

Jerome Goldman '35
Portland, Oregon

I SAW that game in Franklin Field in Philadelphia in 1939. I was 14 when my father ('08E) took me to my first Michigan football game. Not only did I see that run by Harmon, but it was the first time I met and fell in love with the Michigan band. Saturday evening the Michigan alumni took over the ballroom of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, complete with the Michigan band, Harmon, Evashevski et. al. Needless to say, I was sold on Michigan that day and followed my father's footsteps to Ann Arbor after the war.

Webster J. McCormack
York, Pennsylvania '50E

IF MY memory is correct, I was at left end on the play when Tom Harmon made his great run against Penn — and I was almost called for clipping. Comment: I later scored the winning T.D. on a pass from Tom. But! One Detroit paper reported, "Harmon throws winning T.D. pass to sub-end"! The *Michigan Daily* reported, "Harmon throws T.D. pass to Ed Frutig"! I caught the pass short of the goal line and was falling to the turf. But the tackler hit me hard enough to carry me over for a T.D. The game movie on Sunday showed that I caught the T.D. pass!

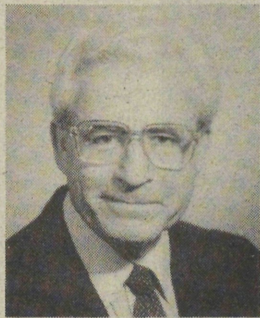
Ed Czak
Dearborn, Michigan

And that's the way the official record stands!—Ed.

TOM HARMON is a fine image for us in moral values. A worthy example for young and older. Roses to you all!

Edward Bednarz
Grand Rapids, Michigan

WORKS BY U-M AUTHORS



Valenstein

GREAT AND DESPERATE CURES:
The Rise and Decline of Psychosurgery and Other Radical Treatments for Mental Illness
By Elliot S. Valenstein

Valenstein, professor of psychology and neuroscience at U-M, has written a fascinating study (Basic Books 1986, \$19.95) of the rise and fall of psychosurgery.

Tens of thousands of prefrontal lobotomies — surgical procedures that sought to alleviate mental illness by destroying the nerve fibers in the prefrontal lobes of the human brain — were performed worldwide between 1948 and 1952. Valenstein traces the careers of two of the most influential figures in the history of psychosurgery: Egas Moniz, who pioneered the movement and later won the Nobel Prize for his work, and Walter Freeman, who performed 3,500 psychosurgeries.

Valenstein depicts the factors that popularized the procedure, among them personal ambition, professional rivalries, economic pressures, the overly enthusiastic media and the desperation of patients and their families.

In many cases, the procedure alleviated symptoms of mental illness, but in many more cases lobotomy destroyed the ability of the patient to function fully as a human being.

Eminent psychiatrists, neurologists and neurosurgeons endorsed this injurious procedure, in which the surgeon, "after drilling two or more holes in a patient's skull . . . inserted into the brain any of various instruments — some resembling an apple corer, a butter spreader or an ice pick — and, often without being able to see what he was cutting, destroyed parts of the brain."

Why, then, was this "bizarre and obsolete" treatment performed? Valenstein writes:

"The answer, it seems to me, is clear. Psychosurgery was not a medical aberration, spawned in ignorance. In a real sense, the history of psychosurgery is a cautionary tale: these operations were very much a part of the mainstream medicine of their time, and the factors that fostered their development and made them flourish are still active today."

A new medical procedure may be valuable in many cases, but economic pressures and overly ambitious physicians may lead it to be used in cases where it is unnecessary or even harmful. For example, a 1983 study by the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute concluded that one out of seven coronary bypass operations could have been postponed or avoided.

Valenstein's history of psychosurgery, therefore, has direct implications for the state of modern medicine, cautioning against the premature, unexamined acceptance of "great and desperate cures." (Deborah Lipschutz)

GENES OR ENVIRONMENT
Which Was It? The Brief Biographies of Ten Colonial New England Families
By Phyllis Dorothy Wright Lewis

Lewis (A.B. '40, M.A. '41) records her family history in America from 1620 in a book (Library of Congress 1986, \$13) that

Michigan Today will periodically update readers on some of the books written by U-M faculty members and graduates, and works published by the University of Michigan Press.

also includes details of her own life and travels. There are many recollections, ranging from an old-fashioned cure for stomach ache (essence of wintergreen) to her memories of the early World War II years at the U-M when groups of young men sat in front of the library chanting, "Hell, no, we won't go." The sections describing the lot of a young and pregnant wife of an impecunious graduate student are especially interesting. (D. L.)

RESEARCH INTERVIEWING:
Context and Narrative
By Elliot G. Mishler

Mishler (M.A. '47, Ph.D. '51) criticizes the standard research methods of interviewing used in the social and behavioral sciences. He proposes a new approach to interviewing based on discourse rather than a rigid question-and-answer pattern. He contends that most standard interviewing techniques are ineffective because they overlook the importance of the respondents' personal and social contexts of meaning. Drawing on current work in sociolinguistics, Mishler offers a new approach to the interview as a narrative account placed in a sociocultural context. This work (Harvard University Press 1986, \$20) will interest scholars and clinicians who use the interview as a research tool. (D. L.)

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES IN THE PHILIPPINES — 1898-1916
An Inquiry Into the American Colonial Mentality
By Kenton J. Clymer

Clymer (Ph.D. '70) traces U.S.-Philippine relations from 1898, when the U.S. first entered the Philippines, to 1916 when Philippine independence became evident as the ultimate goal of American policy. The book (University of Illinois 1986) examines the motives of the Protestant missionaries, both secular and religious, and discusses the effects of their efforts to transform Catholic Filipino culture:

"An important segment of the missionary community, including the leading missionaries of most churches, consciously sought to infuse American concepts and values along with Protestantism . . . They applauded the civil government's attempts to remake Philippine society, physically and culturally, along American lines . . . As one high-ranking officer told the Reverend George F. Pentecost, 'The presence of a Protestant missionary was worth more than a battalion of soldiers for all purposes of pacification.'"

In addition to the religious movements, Clymer discusses the larger American effort to make Philippine society more democratic, politically and socially. He cites the Filipino Protestant condemnation of President Marcos' martial law regime as indicative of the impact of the missionaries. Clymer concludes that "perhaps the missionaries were more effective agents of American democratic principles than either they or the government ever imagined." (D. L.)

POLITICAL REPRESENTATION IN FRANCE
By Philip E. Converse and Roy Pierce

Converse, who is Robert Cooley Angell Distinguished University Professor of Sociology and Political Science at U-M, and Pierce, a professor of political

science here, have completed a landmark study of the relationship between the mass and elite levels of French society in the 1960s and '70s. (Harvard University Press 1986, \$49.50). They interviewed voters and legislators and monitored the policies of the National Assembly. Their objective was to answer the question: "How does representative government operate in the apparently unstable, multiparty context of French political life?" In pursuing this aim, however, the authors construct no less than a model for studying representative government, itself.

It is a monumental work (almost a thousand pages) full of fascinating observations, superb writing and ingenious methodology. Among its authors' conclusions after their exploration of the influence of public opinion, party allegiance and grassroots activity on the legislature, are: ". . . in the domain of popular representation at least, the energy bound up in political involvement does not make up for the influence on policy outputs that is exercised by the higher-status segments of the community" and, "however delightful a representation instrument the French system may be for those equipped to play upon it, it seems to fall short of its potential for much of the electorate much of the time." (D. L.)

STATEMAKING AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS:
Essays in History and Theory
Edited by Charles C. Bright and Susan F. Harding

Adolf Hitler posed as a supporter of the advancement of women and, superficially, he might seem to have been one, according to Prof. Michael Geyer, a U-M historian. Geyer examines this subject in a chapter of this book edited by two U-M faculty members and published by the U-M Press (1985).

Geyer says of Nazi Germany:
"The status of women was enhanced in some respects, as can be seen in a relatively high level of security and protections, special education, a certain level of welfare and even leisure, or in the cult of young women (Madel). The 'honor' of 'the woman', the protection and possibly even expansion of her sphere — less innocently in German: her Lebensraum — was a major concern of the regime and undoubtedly many women appreciated that."

As might be expected in a fascist state, there was a price to be paid for this "exalted" condition. The so-called honor of the woman, Geyer makes clear, "was tied to the limitation of her role to that of a housewife and child-bearer:

"The woman' was a link in the chain of domination of men over women over girls — over non-Aryans. The concern of the regime consisted of taking women out of the sphere of production, limiting them to biological reproduction and subjugating their sphere to the domination of men juridically, politically, socially and sexually as, for example, through the prohibition of abortion and the cruel metaphysics of National Socialist sexuality, which freed women from traditional notions of chastity, yet made them objects of male domination."

Other essays in the book range from Aztec Mexico to contemporary America. (Gil Goodwin)

TSEWA'S GIFT
Magic and Meaning in an Amazonian Society
By Michael F. Brown

Brown, assistant professor of anthropology at Williams College, spent two years studying the beliefs and practices of the Aguaruna Indians of northern Peru.

Brown, who received his Ph.D. in anthropology from U-M in 1981, provides a socioeconomic background to Aguaruna life, examining the use of magical songs and rituals and their influence on hunting, gardening and in-

terpersonal relations (Smithsonian Institution 1986, \$19.95).

The author challenges the commonly held view that magic serves a solely expressive purpose:

"The Aguaruna do not think of magic as an activity totally different from religion, mythology or even instrumental action. . . . From the native point of view, magic does not differ qualitatively from practical activity, nor is its logic independent of prevailing notions of material causality."

The power of magical practices to affect events in the Aguaruna world is seen in their belief that it is unwise to go into battle without having dreamed a "killing vision" beforehand. The Aguaruna believe that the experience of first confronting one's terror in the spiritual realm will give one courage and strength in any subsequent combat. In giving the warrior courage, the dream assumes equal importance with the weapon in effecting the enemy's death.

Brown attempts to reconcile the apparent conflict between the Aguaruna belief in magical practices and their existence in the modern world. He contends that they "represent a thoughtful, creative exploration of possibilities — a careful bringing together of abstract cosmological concepts and encyclopedic practical knowledge to address real-world problems." (D. L.)

ALUMNI CENSUS

The University of Michigan

In 1986 the University conducted the most comprehensive alumni census in its history, contacting for the first time all 251,000 living alumni with valid addresses.

"The University of Michigan is one of the first large public institutions to undertake such a broad survey," says the project's director, Gerlinda S. Melchiori. "With almost 114,000 of these survey questionnaires now returned, a statistical analysis of the results is under way."

Michigan Today will publish a special insert fully reporting the results of the Alumni Census in the June issue. Among the 200 survey items to be analyzed are postgraduate education, family size, places of residence, recreational interests, career data, comparison of salaries of women and men in the same fields, the range of business school grads' salaries over the years, how many "house husbands" there are, how many women marked "investment" as a recreational interest and many more.

"Responses are continuing to arrive daily," Melchiori reports. "We hope all alumni will tell us about their recent career moves and report their current addresses so we can count them and continue to stay in touch."

Alumni who have misplaced their questionnaire or who did not receive one may request a survey by calling (313)764-9238.

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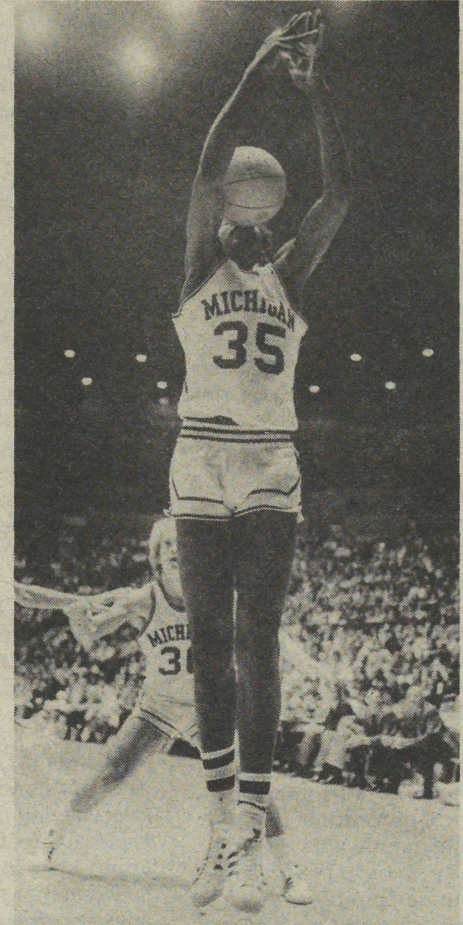
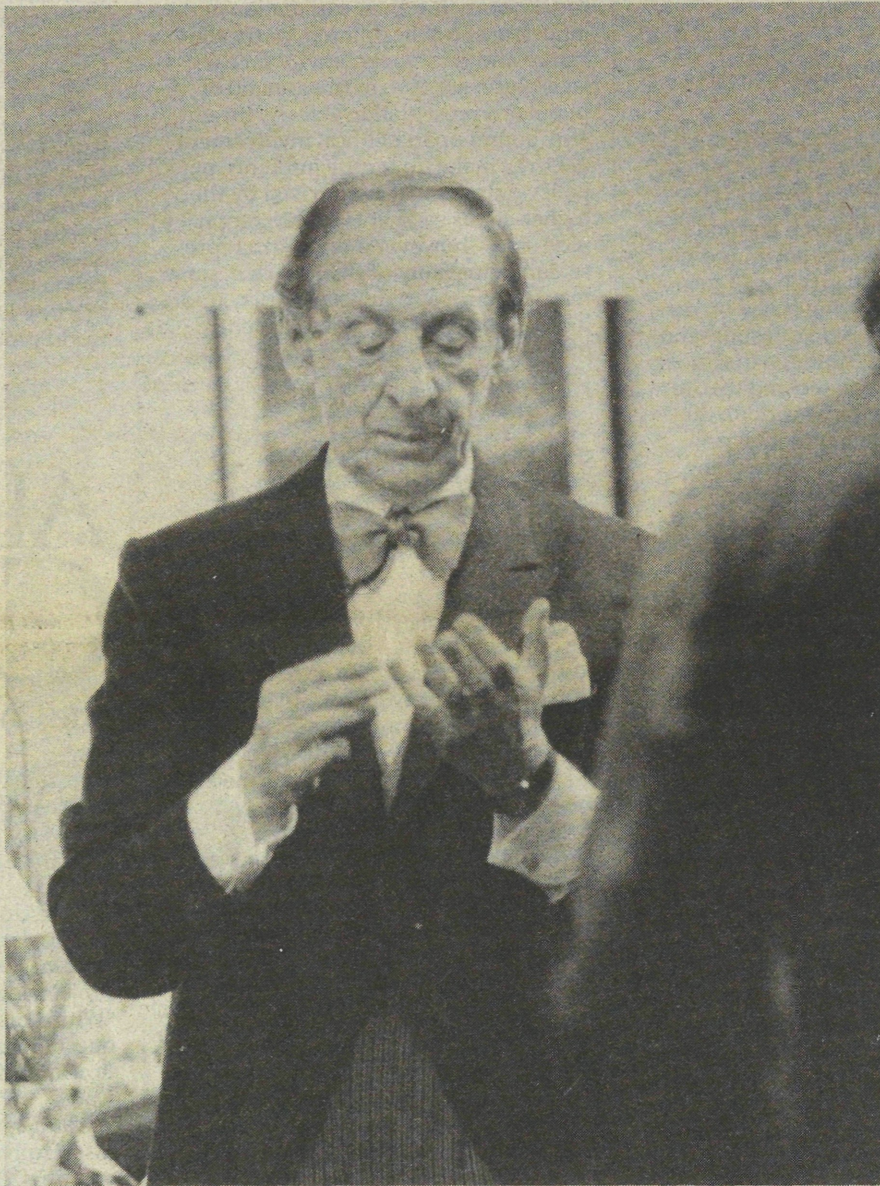
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MICHIGAN GALLERY

Photos and Text By Bob Kalmbach

IN HIS 15 years as chief University photographer, Bob Kalmbach has turned his lens on many figures on the U-M scene. The photographs he's chosen for this U-M Gallery include portraits and candid shots both serious and comic. His subjects range from the famous and powerful to the wild and unintelligent. The personality of the photographer shows through this work, and is as much a source of its worth as is his fine eye and superb laboratory skills.

Later this year Kalmbach's work will be exhibited as part of the Michigan Sesquicentennial.

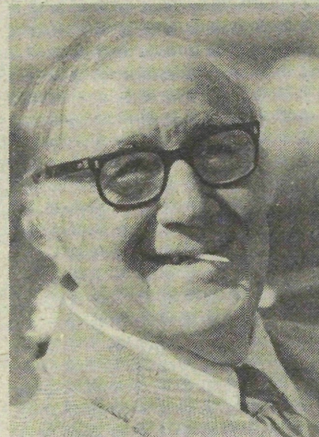


THIS IS just one of those silly pictures you occasionally get by accident while covering athletics. The player was one of the University's greatest, Phil Hubbard, who's a professional now with the Cleveland Cavaliers.

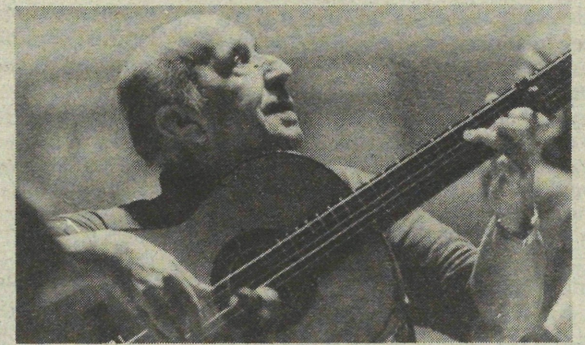
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ sprays his hands with something before performing. I had sort of camped outside his dressing room hoping to get a good shot, and then someone went in and I got this one. Eugene Ormandy, whose Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra was accompanying Horowitz that evening, walked into the room and talked briefly with the pianist. They left the door open, and I got some photos of them together. But just as I put my camera down, Horowitz leaned over and kissed Ormandy on the cheek before going onstage. It had lasted about a second. And there I was with my camera down. When that happens to a photographer, it's something he never forgets.



FOR A VIRTUOSO, Isaac Stern seemed like an unusually 'normal' person to me — a bit on the sloppy side. Stern was here as a guest of the U-M Musical Society in 1980 when I took this. He had just dropped by the faculty lounge at the School of Music to chat with students who'd packed the room.

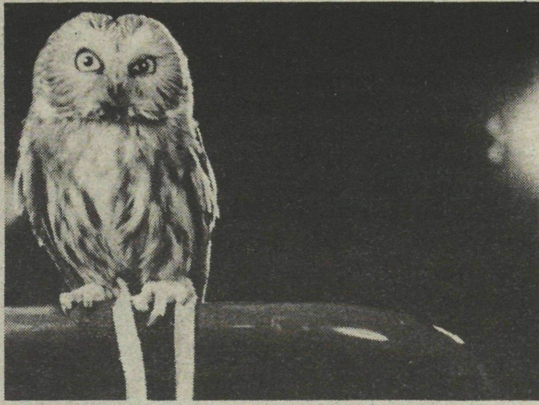


BENNY GOODMAN, who died just last year, visited campus several years ago, performed and lectured at the School of Music and directed the U-M band at a football halftime, when I took this picture. He never took that toothpick out of his mouth all day.



TALK ABOUT A HAM, though, Carlos Montoya, was one of the biggest. He was rehearsing for a concert one day, and when he saw me come in and start to take his picture, he turned sideways and gave me that famed profile.

THIS OWL was rescued by a grad student named John Turner in the late '60s. He'd found it injured in the Botanical Gardens. It was only about five inches high. I don't know what kind of owl it is, but it's a type that sits for hours on end without moving. John used to set it on top of his drapes before a party. After two hours or so, the owl might blink once, or shift its gaze slightly before freezing again. Inevitably, people began glancing at it periodically to see if it was alive. By the end of the party, everyone would be actually staring at it for minutes at a time. But John said not one person ever came up to him to ask if it was really alive. John let the owl go when he left Ann Arbor. He was later elected to the Wyoming Legislature.



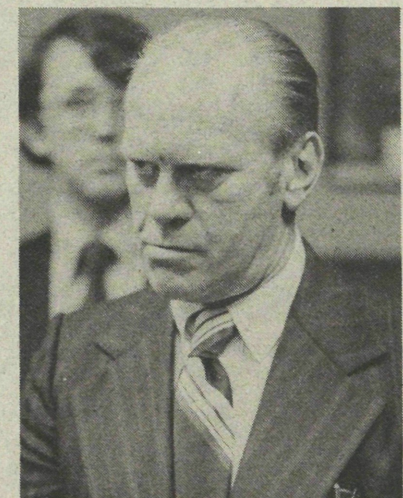
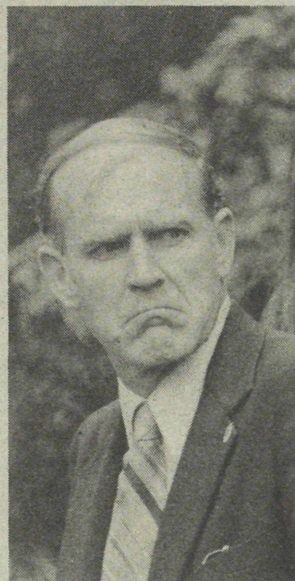
THE WOMEN'S field hockey team (this was the '83 squad) has some great athletes. Their field is bigger than a football field, and they hardly ever stop running. I found it a lot harder to keep up with those women and get a good action shot than to photograph football or basketball. Over the years, I've developed a great respect for the kids who work so hard in the University's so-called non-revenue-producing sports.

PRESIDENT Gerald R. Ford was visiting the Deke fraternity house one day when he was vice president and got into a serious discussion with some of the students. Later, when he'd become president, some of Ford's press agents saw the photo displayed in the Fleming Building and kidded me about how I must have had something against the president. 'We're going to put you on our list,' they said. Years afterward, when he'd completed his presidency, Mr. Ford came back here and I took a photo of him that his staff liked. It was presented to him by U-M President Harold T. Shapiro one night when he and Mrs. Shapiro were hosting the Fords at dinner.



FROM HIS EXPRESSION you'd think students were doing something to upset the University's director of safety, Leo Heatley. Actually, Leo was attending one of the anniversaries of the founding of the Peace Corps here at the U-M, and a newsman asked him to estimate the size of the crowd. So this is just a shot of Leo estimating. (When he's really disturbed, he doesn't show any expression at all.)

HERE IS REAL ANGER. Former Sen. Edmund Muskie (far right photo) spoke before the crowd Heatley was estimating. But when he began his speech, students on State Street started chanting and holding up banners accusing the Peace Corps of being a front for the Central Intelligence Agency.



THE PATRIARCH of the Syrian Orthodox Church, His Holiness Mar Ignatius Zakka I, visited the University in 1981 at the invitation of some of our experts on the Middle East. I was surprised to learn he had about 2.5 million followers. His church's liturgy is in Syrian Aramaic, the language most closely resembling that spoken by Jesus.

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Michigan Today



MULTI-KINETIC WALL (1965): This is one of the early technologically inspired works of the artist Wen-Ying Tsai, '53 Engineering. It is composed of 32 blocks, each containing four radiantly colored, gyrosopically motorized rings. Tsai mixed the nonprimary fluorescent pigments, himself — and later saw other artists adopt them (and accept credit for them) as the so-called psychedelic colors. (Story on Page 8.)

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