

Bmv
B6
2
1395

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN MARCH 1996 VOLUME 28 NUMBER 1

Michigan Today



***Nautical Archaeology:
Diving for Buried History***

Photo by Don Frey/DNA

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

AGAINST FLORIO:

LESSONS FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST KNOWN SHIPWRECK

Praise the sea; on shore remain—

John Florio, *Second Frutes* (1591)

By Chris Monroe

Strange paradoxes occur to all who ponder the sea and its mystery. Illusions of infinite horizon and depth. A surface moving, yet still. At once the sea inspires fear and fascination, hope and lonely despair; it is boundary and gateway, rising and falling like clockwork, yet moody and perilous to the unwary. Perhaps it is the unknowns contained that enchant us so, though these grow fewer every day as we have continually ignored Florio's admonition.

Lessons don't emerge from the sea on their own, but are extracted through human effort. Nautical archaeology, a scientific field of study only a generation old, seeks to explore the relationship of humans to bodies of water as it was played out in the past. Field research within this discipline often involves the underwater excavation of sunken cities, ships and artifacts—endeavors not to be confused with salvage and treasure hunting.

Until the release of the movie *Jaws*, I was always more fascinated than fearful of the unseen depths. Ancestors from both sides of the family were seafaring types—fishermen, ship-builders, rum-runners—and I got my exposure to the wonders of the Maine coast and Michigan lakes at an early age. Jules Verne's *20,000 Leagues under the Sea* was the first book I was not forced to read. During adolescence I entertained wistful notions of following in the fin-prints of Jacques Cousteau, but despite his weighty influence I remained the intellectually lazy teenager who lacked any definite career plans until his fourth year of college.

At Michigan State I earnestly pursued a degree in psychology, but developed a distracting appetite for history and archaeology, specifically of Classical Athens and the Phoenicians. Little did I realize the sea was creeping back

into my conscious like some latent Freudian complex. The *coup de grâce* fell during my senior year (1984) when I noticed a newsbrief in *Time* magazine explaining how Dr. George Bass, "a sort-of underwater Indiana Jones," had just discovered off Turkey's rocky, convoluted southern coast the world's oldest known shipwreck (dating to around 1300 BC, the era of the fall of Troy and reign of King Tut), which he believed to be of pre-Phoenician origin.

It was simple enough to change majors again, so I switched to anthropology, got a diving certificate, was graduated, got some excavation experience in Lake Michigan and headed down to the unlikely destination of Texas A&M University and the Institute of Nautical Archaeology (INA), where I received training in the history of seafaring and shipbuilding, the reconstruction of ship remains and the conservation of marine artifacts.

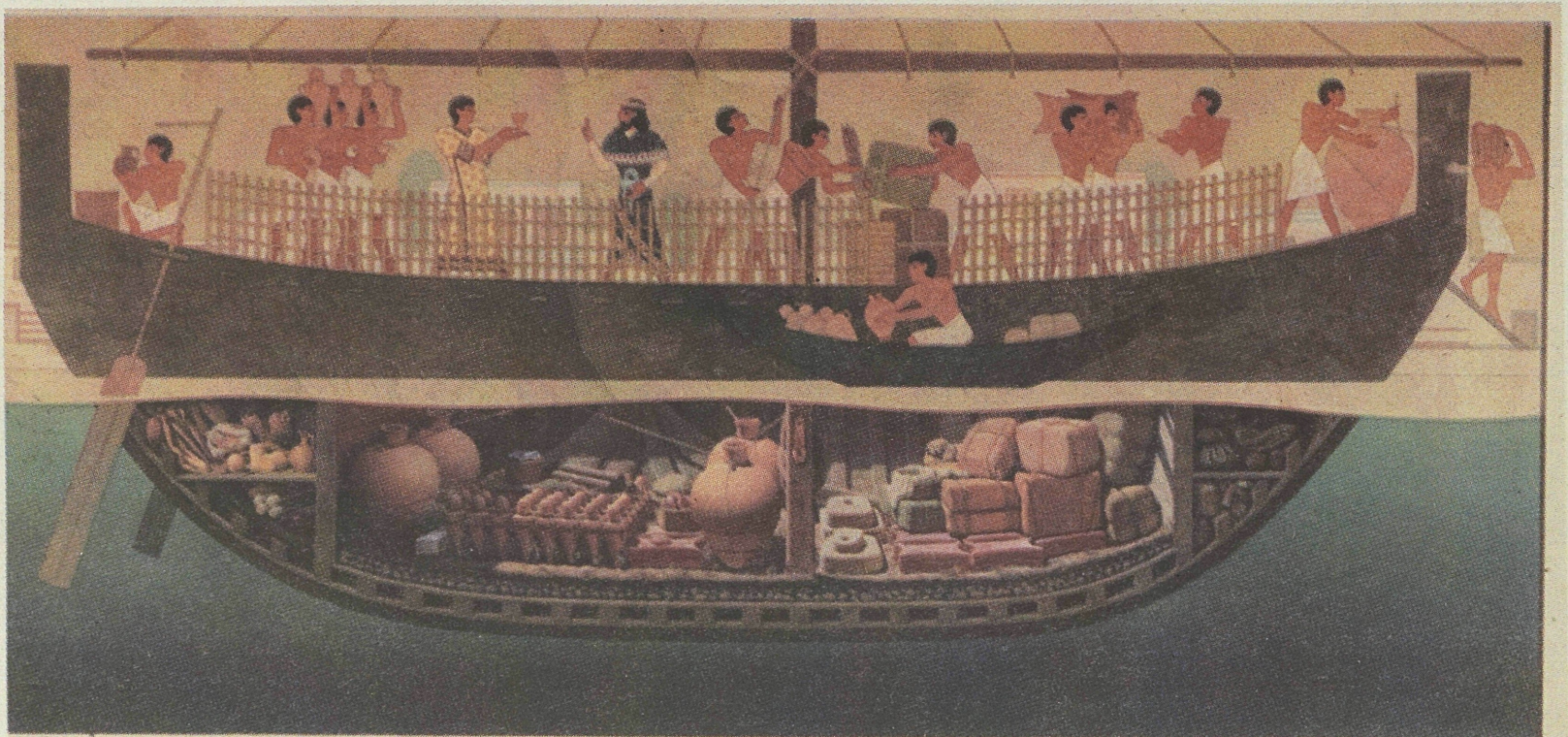
When I first joined Bass's expedition at Uluburun (the name of the site, literally "Big Nose/Cape") in 1987, the work was already in its fourth season and I had been devouring books and articles on Late Bronze Age (ca. 1550-1200 BC) seafaring and trade for over two years. Thus, as I made my first descent through the 140 feet of cobalt-blue water to one of the most significant archaeological discoveries of the century, I was fit to be an informed, dispassionate observer. However, in this role I met with

utter failure, the first time, the second and every time after.

As I initially viewed the site spilling down the steep rocky slope 50 yards offshore, my head spun with excitement, overwhelming awe, profound complacency and/or the effect of deep diving known as nitrogen narcosis, which in severe cases produces a fatal euphoria in divers that persuades them that they can live among the fish. The wreck was identifiable only in its general features as I struggled to mentally superimpose drawings I'd memorized; the real thing was far more complex, a landscape of deep pockets, rocky outcroppings and gullies filled with sand and wrecked cargo.

Everything was blending together, in form and color, as if the sea were slowly metabolizing the wreck. No wood was visible; the sail, mast, deck and any portion of the hull not tightly sealed under tons of cargo had been digested by shipworms, small crustaceans and hydrolysis long ago. Marine encrustation had engulfed the large mound of ceramic storage jars and rows of stacked copper ingots that had been the ship's main cargo. Large limestone anchors, over 25 in all, were convenient stepping stones to bare feet that warily traversed the site while I watched from my perch atop the plexiglass, air-filled safety dome known as "the phone booth."

Normal dives tended to be less impressionistic. Teams of four made two 20-minute dives per day, in the morning



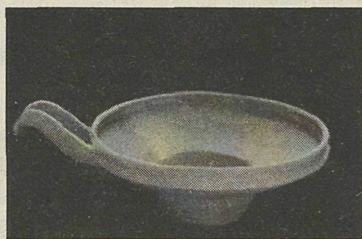
This Late Bronze Age ship sank just off what is now the Turkish coast in 1300 BC. Its provenance is unknown; it carried lots of goods attributable to Cyprus, but could have been built in Syria, Greece or Turkey and probably had a crew from all those regions and more. How the ship looked above the water line is a matter of informed conjecture based upon archaeological clues and pictographic evidence like the paintings of ships in 18th Dynasty Egyptian tombs.

and afternoon, with a five-hour interim to allow accumulated nitrogen bubbles to dissolve back into the blood. A dive consisted of any number of tasks—removing debris, measuring and drawing an object's location, repairing equipment, photography, preparing artifacts for removal to the surface—but it all had to be done within 20 minutes, minus the time it took to reach the bottom, remove one's fins, and get set up. This constant battle against time made even tedious jobs a challenge. At the end of each dive excavators returned to a station 20 feet below our research vessel, the *Virazon*, to decompress on oxygen. Careful timing of the dive and decompression was necessary to avoid decompression sickness, or "the bends," a painful and disabling or deadly result of nitrogen bubbles blocking the flow of blood at critical junctures. During the 11 years of the excavation, only a few minor cases occurred, and these were promptly and successfully treated in the *Virazon's* own recompression chamber.

Unfortunately, INA's safety record does not reflect the practice of all who have dared to investigate the Mediterranean's depths. For generations, Turkish sponge divers took far fewer precautions than we to conduct their trade, with occasionally disastrous results. It was their knowledge of the sea bottom that allowed Bass and his colleagues to locate the first shipwrecks scientifically excavated, including the one at Uluburun. In recompense, over the more than 30 years Bass has worked in Turkey, his recompression chamber has spared several sponge divers from the bends. Now the Turkish sponge industry has diminished greatly due to a shrinking sponge population and the lure of greater gains in tourism.

Gray-eyed Athena sent them a favorable breeze, a fresh west wind, singing over the wine-dark sea.—Homer, *Odyssey*, II, 420.

Although the Uluburun seafarers probably fell victim to unfavorable breezes, their demise provided nautical archaeologists with treasures exceeding all expectations. The quality and type of objects range from the mundane to the spectacular, but due to the unique nature of the shipwreck, and the energy invested in its excavation, every artifact acquires almost priceless value. Even a brief overview of the cargo presents a remarkable cross-section of the international nature of elite material culture at the time: from the Mycenaean world (now southernmost Greece) there is painted pottery, bronze weaponry, faience and glass jewelry;



Researchers removed silt from artifacts like this Cypriot bowl with giant suction tubes connected to compressors on the research vessel. To avoid severe cramps or a fatal euphoria, divers had to resurface within 20 minutes of hitting the water.

from Cyprus over 350 ox-hide shaped copper ingots and hand-made ceramic juglets, bowls and cups; from the Syro-Palestinian coast more bronze weaponry, blue and purple glass ingots, gold and silver jewelry, cylinder seals, a bronze statuette, finished ivories, dozens of storage jars filled with terebinth resin, olive oil and wine; from Egypt gold jewelry (including a unique scarab seal bearing Nefertiti's name), African ebony and ivory and an ostrich egg drinking vessel.

There was enough tin (whose source is unknown) on board to convert the entire copper shipment into bronze, the metal of choice for tools and weapons of that era. Careful sieving of the storage jars produced organic remains of the Bronze Age seafarer's diet, namely, fish, figs, grapes, olives, spices and other staples. Of special interest to the economic historian are the dozens of stone weights, in various shapes and sizes, that were used to weigh out bullion on a balance-pan scale (at that time, about seven centuries before coinage, known quantities of precious metals were used as currency). One of the most spectacular finds, a golden goblet, ironically provided little or no information on the wreck's date or location, in contrast to some of the less ostentatious, yet more informative, pottery. A folding wood writing board with ivory hinges, the oldest of its kind, unfortunately contained no message for us; lessons lost, as it were.

The largest artifact found is the ship itself, which may also be the most puzzling. Preserved only in small amounts where it was deeply buried beneath cargo, the hull appears to have been constructed in a manner similar to later Greek merchantmen; that is, the planks were joined edge-to-edge via mortises and tenons, a labor and materials-intensive technique that later gave way to frame-first construction. The ship that sank at Uluburun was probably in the 50-65 foot length range and a third or a fourth wide. Where exactly the ship was built cannot be determined since the primary woods used—fir and

oak—were available all around the Eastern Mediterranean basin (save Egypt) at the time.

Some went down to the sea in ships, doing business on the great waters—Psalms 107:23

The ship was sailing west from Cyprus toward an unknown port in the Aegean or southwestern Anatolia, but who was sailing it, for whom, and for what purpose are complicated issues. To address these sorts of questions one must venture beyond the wreck itself and ask what is known about society and economy of the 14th century BC. Toward this end I came to Michigan in 1990 to study seriously the languages, history, anthropology and archaeol-



Author Chris Monroe studied the history of seafaring, the evolution of shipbuilding techniques, reconstruction of ship remains and conservation of marine artifacts before joining the expedition in Turkish waters.

ogy of the Ancient Near East and Eastern Mediterranean.

The mixed geographic origins of the cargo is a direct reflection of political conditions at the time. Rulers of the empires of Hatti, Egypt, Assyria and Babylonia, as well as smaller powers such as the Levantine city-states, Cyprus and Mycenaea, were all cooperating and competing for power and prestige within a delicately balanced system of alliances. International diplomacy was negotiated largely by the exchange of gifts (accompanied by letters) which created mutual obligations; formal treaties often resulted from—and were validated by—gift giving. Within this atmosphere entrepreneurs were allowed to conduct international trade and were protected by treaty. Ancient records and letters tell us that many merchants were



Mycenaean Greek, Canaanite and Cypriot swords were among the more than six tons of metal aboard the 50-foot vessel—most of it 60-pound copper ingots like those in our cover photo.

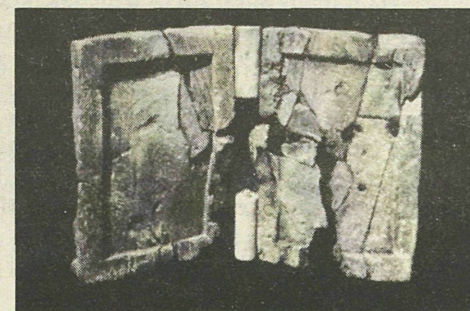


Golden objects included a pendant bearing an unidentified nude goddess; a medallion with a Canaanite star emblem popular among Syrian sailors of the era; a ring; and a talisman.



To close a deal, Mesopotamian traders rolled a 'signature' seal on a clay tablet. The original 1750 BC stone design bore a king, goddess and tiny priest. An Assyrian artisan added a griffin and warrior circa 1350 BC.

The only reference to writing in Homer is to a 'book' of this type: '... he sent him to Lycia and gave him baneful signs in a folding wooden tablet' (*Iliad*, VI, 169). The writing surface was beeswax coating the inner covers. If the text had survived, this would have been the world's oldest 'book.'



'ABL ANATHAN ALB...
ASKI KATASKI...
PHORBA, PHORBA'

Ancient Spells and Magic Amulets

By Linda Robinson Walker

Marcus Aurelius may have spoken for official Rome when he wrote in his *Meditations* that he had learned "to be skeptical of wizards and wonder-workers with their tales of spells, exorcism and the like." But it's likely that while he was scribbling away, someone in his household was slipping out the door to visit the neighborhood magician.

"Magic is just another manifestation of the innate human desire to control our destiny," observes Gideon Bohak, a Fellow

at the Michigan Society of Fellows and assistant professor in classical studies. "Magical practices were widespread in the Greco-Roman world and in the ancient world in general. We are not talking about what literary texts tell us or what the intellectuals said should be done, but what real people did."

People like Ailourion, who lived in Egypt around the third century AD. Unable to obtain the favors of the indifferent Kopria, he trotted down to his local wizard and paid him to write out a spell on a thin sheet of lead that would bind Kopria to him. He'd already collected a snippet of her hair; now he needed a ghost who would use the hair to track her down, much as a bloodhound might.

To find a ghost, Ailourion threw the "spellbinding" tablet on the grave of someone who had died young. The wizard's script called upon the ghost to constrain Kopria:

[S]o that she may not ... gratify another youth or another man except Ailourion only ... that she may not even be able to drink nor ever get sleep nor enjoy good health nor have peace in her soul ... [but] will spring up ... loving [and] adoring ... with unceasing and unremitting and constant erotic binding

Bring Kopria ... burning, blazing, melting away in her soul, her spirit, her feminine part, loving and adoring with a divine love ... now now, quickly quickly!

Ailourion's spell is one of the 42 items that Bohak assembled from the holdings

of the Kelsey Museum and the University's papyrology collection (the largest in the Western Hemisphere) for an archaeological exhibit, "Traditions of Magic in Late Antiquity."

"When archaeologists dug in the ancient stadium in Carthage where races were run," says Bohak, who wrote a catalogue for the exhibit, "they found curse tablets buried a meter or so under the track. These were strips of lead with a curse etched onto them, folded and driven into the ground with a long nail. They cursed a driver with blindness, for example, or a horse with gout."

Few riders would have begun a race without having buried counter spells and amulets for protection. The outcome, Bohak says, would have been attributed as much to magic as to horsemanship: "If you lost, you could always explain your athletic failure by claiming that you had used the wrong ritual at the wrong place or hour, or that the other team might have used stronger magic."

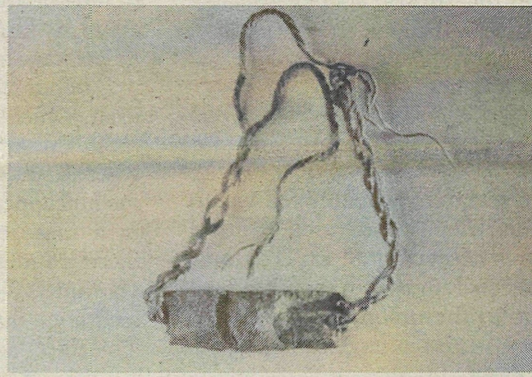
With so many demons unleashed and curses strewn about, everybody—charioteers, traders, orators, lovers, politicians—turned to amulets and spells that used ritual

words and symbols to invoke powerful gods to protect the purchaser of the spell from general or specific evils (Two amulets bore the advisory inscription. "Digest!"; another displays the figure of a man scything, and invokes the strength of a peasant's supposedly healthy hips and back against sciatica.)

Around 250 AD, an Egyptian woman named Helena placed a charm written on papyrus in a small metal tube. The tube was probably worn on a string like the rolled amulet in the accompanying photo. The surviving scrap of papyrus reads, "Heal Helena ... from every illness and every shivering and [fever], ephemeral, quotidian, tertian, quar[tan]."

In a pouch around her neck or sewn into a garment, an Egyptian woman wore a charm made of bloodstone, a reddish iron ore, to obtain divine aid for conception or childbirth. The symbol of a uterus-shaped roughly like a bell—is attended by a god who extends a key, signifying his power to safely 'open' and 'close' the womb. (Circa 100-600 AD.)

A beautifully carved bloodstone talisman (at right) reveals a figure later absorbed into Christian iconography as St. George slaying the dragon. Here, the figure is Solomon hurling a spear at a female demon. Solomon, Bohak says, was often



Charms were written on papyrus, rolled in lead cylinders and worn for luck.

SHIPWRECK CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

patronized by kings, but also that not all business was royal business, and that rulers acquired goods through other means besides gifts. In this era of increased internationalism foreign cities became more dependent on one another for commodities and luxury goods. From an archaeological point of view the end result of this international activity is a mixed material culture, especially at the elite level, at many sites. All of which makes it difficult to ascertain just who was running the Uluburun ship. Items estimated to be of personal nature, found mostly in the stern portion of the wreck, are likely of Aegean and Levantine provenance. Scholarly attention has now focused on trying to determine whether trade was conducted by private or royal agents, and whether it took place within a context of commercial (capitalistic) or gift (reciprocal) exchanges.

It is tempting to compare the database of artifacts from

the Uluburun shipwreck to some of the letters preserved on clay tablets from the 14th century BC; the lists of objects exchanged between rulers, in a few cases, match the database practically verbatim. Do we then conclude that what we have discovered is the wreck of a royal shipment, sent from one city to another, non-stop, as it were? This would certainly satisfy those who see all early sea trade as a royal monopoly, but there are serious problems arising from such an interpretation. First, we must admit that the records and letters at our disposal were produced by an elite, bureaucratic level of society not intimately connected to the seafaring "class." Seafarers are rarely mentioned, and when they are, there is little description of their business. In other words, the textual basis for comparison is biased; we don't know what a private shipment should look like. Secondly, some of the Uluburun cargo does not fit well into the scheme of a purely royal gift exchange.

There is a lot of scrap metal, unfinished goods, and a large assortment of balance-pan weights whose commercial purpose is inconsistent with gift-giving. The argument that sea trade was conducted only by the wealthiest institutions in early societies is overturned by contemporary records that show private ownership of boats and by a 13th century BC wreck that Bass showed to be a "tramper," that is, a small craft going from port to port, buying and selling goods and services in a capitalistic, entrepreneurial way.

Thus, the contemporary evidence suggests the function of the Uluburun shipment was a combination of royal and private ventures. A cross-cultural look at the role of sea traders in society supports this interpretation. In nonindustrialized societies of various periods, and especially Medieval Italy, a consistent pattern emerges in which traders and royalty are related as business partners or clients. While it is often the case that rulers own and maintain navies, they very rarely attempt to monopolize foreign trade. Anthropological research offers reasons for this that may equally apply to the Late Bronze Age scenario.

Rulers in nonindustrial, agriculturally based states walk

invoked by Christians and Jews alike, because he was said to own "a wonderful seal with which he muzzled or sealed up every evil spirit."

"Magicians mastered a system of esoteric knowledge that was multicultural and drawn from many religions," Bohak observes. They kept notebooks—some on exhibit—in which they preserved their complicated rituals. Wizards invented not only cryptic writing, magic words and figures, but even gods.

An amulet with the rooster-headed deity displays the international nature of the sorcery that flourished throughout the Mediterranean and Near East from the 1st

to the 7th centuries AD. "Foreign spells were exotic and seemed more effective," Bohak observes. "We clearly see cross-cultural influence and borrowings which we wouldn't have guessed. We wouldn't expect Egyptians to invoke Jehovah, yet they do. This material has taught all of us in ancient history what we couldn't have learned from ancient texts themselves."

Encircling the rooster-headed god who wears a Roman tunic, is the Egyptian



Solomon destroys a demon.

ouroboros, a snake devouring its tail, representing regeneration and eternity. The inscription, in Greek letters, includes a non-Jewish Semitic name, *Semeseilam* ("Eternal Sun"), the names of the Jewish angels Michael, Raphael, Gabriel and Ouriel, and a sequence of vowels that were considered potent in that they had the power to "breathe life into dead consonants," Bohak says.

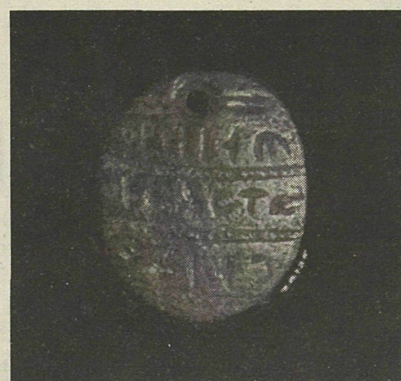
The language of thaumaturgy presents many puzzles. Magic words were considered so potent

that on some amulets, there is little else. One mystic phrase, the palindrome *ablanathanalba*, may have been the origin of "abracadabra," Bohak says, "which first appeared in the second century AD but was rarely used prior to the Middle Ages." Another, *Aski Kataski*, was part of a longer magical formula known in antiquity as "Ephesian letters." Their origin is unknown but, like other magic words, they were passed from culture to culture. Other terms, like *Phorba*, *Phorba* were "playful gibberish," Bohak says.

On one side of the stone above is a carved figure facing a snake; the object between may be a small altar. The reverse displays writing that remains a mystery. "One of our hopes for the ex-



Writing on reverse side of the stone amulet has mystified scholars.



hibit," Bohak says, "is that specialists from other disciplines, perhaps in Indian or Iranian studies, might recognize the writing. It may be an unknown language or

Gideon Bohak holds a Babylonian earthenware demon bowl fashioned in 6th or 7th century AD in Seleucia-on-Tigris, now part of Iraq. The drawing on the bowl appears to depict a room with demon bowls at its four corners. Demon bowls might be inscribed with curses or be placed at the corners of rooms to trap any hexes against the inhabitants or any slithering devils attempting entry.



script" (circa 100-600 AD, soapstone, bought in Syria).

Readers who recognize the writing, or who are just interested in ancient magic, can call up the exhibit and catalogue via the World Wide Web address of: <http://www.hti.umich.edu/exhibit/magic> The exhibit will stand in the Special Collections Room of the

Hatcher Graduate Library until June 1.

MT

Linda Robinson Walker '66 MSW, is an Ann Arbor novelist and free-lance writer.

a fine line to acquire and maintain their power. Wealth is necessary to symbolize their high position and to pay off those who help them secure it, such as bureaucrats and armed forces. But, since these rulers are expected to be just, honest and fair, acquiring wealth becomes a politically risky business, one better left to a class of people that can be kept at a politically safe distance, namely foreigners and seafarers. Foreign merchants historically reside in special city-quarters set aside for them, and it was indeed this way throughout the Bronze Age (ca. 3000-1200 BC), as ancient records tell us.

Anthropological research shows that ethnic groups, defined as minority groups perceived as different from a majority, often specialize in foreign trade because of the commercial advantages of "social distance." Therefore, it may be that overseas trade in the 14th century BC was likewise handled by foreign merchants and seamen living in the merchant's quarters of port-cities. Furthermore it stands to reason that, in these quarters, members of various ethnicities organized and financed trade expeditions that did and did not involve royal participation, as in other

times and places. Within this framework one may explain why personal items on a ship like the one wrecked at Uluburun have various cultural affinities. To the Late Bronze Age city ruler, the merchants' quarter was, as the sea was, boundary and gateway to the outside world.

There is a final, grim lesson one can take from the shipwreck at Uluburun, namely that the wreck, itself, is a metaphor for the social collapse that was on the horizon. Not long after 1200 BC the rich urban culture around the eastern Mediterranean came to a violent end. Almost all of the Late Bronze Age palaces known from excavations were put to the torch, and later resettled by less ostentatious dwellers. The end of the Bronze Age may well have had its roots in class struggle and incompatibility of values of early capitalism and those of the agrarian majority. Like the Uluburun ship that was heavily loaded with the richest luxuries available at the time, it is possible that a top-heavy society, unable to satisfy a sufficient proportion of its members, collapsed under its own weight.

Joyous we too launch out on trackless seas, fearless for unknown shores.—Whitman, Passage to India

Lessons from the world's oldest known shipwreck are thus highly dependent on perspective, like viewing the unruly sea itself. A final paradox: There is not a set of 14th century BC wrecks to compare ours with. The Uluburun site is unique. Or rather it was. After the 1994 expedition, the last of 11 fruitful seasons of excavation under the direction of George Bass and Cemal Pulak, the wreck is gone—completely removed from the seabed to be reincarnated as a Turkish museum collection and words and pictures in catalogs and journals. As this unique set of data it will be interpreted within a finite historical framework constructed of archaeological and textual material of its time. It can also be taken as just another piece of comparative data to be used in explaining how powerful institutions relate to private individuals, economic classes, and minority groups in society.

Florio, though in excellent humor, was wrong. There are only more wonders to discover in leaving one's shore.

MT

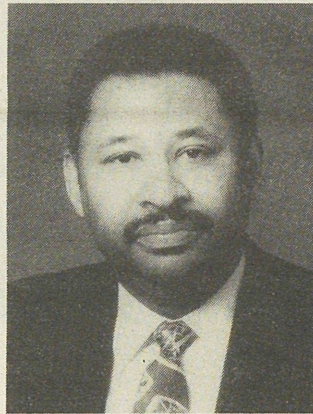
Chris Monroe is a doctoral candidate in Near Eastern Studies.

Physicist Homer A. Neal is U-M's interim president

Homer A. Neal, '63 MS, '66 PhD, professor of physics and vice president for research at the University of Michigan, will assume the interim presidency of the University on July 1, the day after President James. J. Duderstadt's retirement. Neal's appointment was approved by the U-M Board of Regents Jan. 25.

"Homer Neal is one of the most distinguished and respected leaders in higher education today," President Duderstadt said of the appointment. "I congratulate the Board of Regents on their decision to name as interim president such an outstanding individual. Anne and I very much look forward to working closely with Homer and Jean on a smooth transition in the months to come."

Throughout his administrative duties, Neal has continued to conduct research in experimental high-energy physics. In announcing his appointment, Regent Nellie M. Varner, co-chair of the Regental search committee, noted that Neal had said that



Neal

temporarily taking the reins of the University during the search for Duderstadt's successor "was not something he [Neal] desires—it is something he feels he should do" to maintain continuity of leadership.

LSA Dean Edie Goldenberg said Neal's scholarly reputation "sends a very strong message about the importance of academics at the University. I think this is a wonderful choice."

The Regents said that among the conditions of the appointment of an interim president was that that individual would agree not to be among the candidates seeking the position permanently.

Neal was born in Franklin, Kentucky, June 13, 1942. He and his wife, Jean, have two adult children; one is a physicist and the other a museum curator.

Neal joined the U-M faculty in 1987 as professor and chair of the Department of Physics. He was named vice president for research in 1993.

In 1981-86 he was provost and vice president for academic affairs and professor of physics at the State University of New York, Stony Brook. He also taught at his alma mater, Indiana University (class of '61), in 1967-81 and was dean of research and graduate development there in 1976-81.

In 1980-86 Neal was a member of the National Science Board, the governing body of the National Science Foundation. He chaired the National Science Board Committee on Undergraduate Science Education, the National Science Foundation Physics Advisory Committee, and the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on Career Choices of Talented Students.

His other activities with national scientific groups include the Smithsonian Institution Board of Regents, and the Center for Strategic and International Studies Board of Trustees. He has been a Fellow of the American Physical Society since 1972.

Neal, who has received many honors, including a 1980-81 Guggenheim Fellowship, the Stony Brook Medal, and an honorary degree from Indiana University, will be the first African American to serve as U-M president in its 179-year history.

Regent Rebecca McGowan (D-Ann Arbor) said Neal's ethnicity had nothing to do with his selection, but rather his record of high achievement and outstanding service showed that he was "the best person to take the helm of the University; he happens to be a lot of things; he happens to be the best."

"the best person to take the helm of the University"

Frey Foundation brings banking/finance expert to Michigan

An endowed professorship established by the Frey Foundation at the University of Michigan Business School has gone to Anjan Thakor, one of the country's most prominent experts on banking strategy and regulation as well as on key aspects of finance.

The new faculty post at Michigan was established with a \$1.2 million grant from the Foundation, and will be known as the Edward J. Frey Professorship of Banking and Finance.



Thakor

Thakor, has chaired the finance department at Indiana University's School of Business, where he is the NBD Professor of Finance. He has special expertise in banking policy, regulation and strategy, and also has emerged as a leading thinker in the area known as financial intermediation—ways of linking sources of capital with businesses and individuals in need of financing. Thakor is an editor of the *Journal of Financial Intermediation*, which is highly influential on theory and practice in the field, and the co-author of a recent textbook on bank management, *Contemporary Financial Intermediation*.

The new professorship makes a major contribution to building Michigan's expertise in a vital area and is seen by the Business School as an important step in furthering the capabilities that have placed it in the top ranks of business schools, according to School officials.

"The University of Michigan played a large role in my father's business career and his affection for the University was ever-present," said David Frey, vice chairman and trustee of the Frey Foundation. "Being able to honor him by helping further the Business School's national prominence is gratifying and most appropriate."

Succeeding his father, John E. Frey (1880-1962), Edward J. Frey Sr. served for 31 years as chief executive officer of Union Bank and Trust Co. (now NBD) and also founded Foremost Insurance Company in Grand Rapids in 1952.

A Feast for the Eyes

By Greta Grass

"If the Museum staff could get people half as excited about our painting by Guercino as the Zingerman's staff can about their latest wheel of farmhouse cheddar, we will have accomplished something," said William Hennessey, director of U-M's Museum of Art (UMMA). And with the advice of Ann Arbor's famous deli, that is just what the staff, volunteers and docents at the UMMA intend to do.

"Virtually all of us who work in museums were taught that our primary duties were to collect, preserve, display and interpret works of art," said Hennessey. "But a great collection of beautifully conserved and carefully studied objects does not make a great museum. People—an engaged, involved audience, excited and challenged by what they see—are crucial."

And with that in mind, the Client Service Team set out to find Ann Arbor outfits known for superior customer service. Without hesitation, they placed Zingerman's Deli at the top of their list.

"Interestingly enough, we found that Zingerman's faces some of the same challenges that we do. They lack adequate parking, their store space is very small, and they sell some pretty unusual stuff—exotic cheeses, sandwiches and strange olive oil," said Hennessey. "And just as the deli has to convince customers to be interested and comfortable with its products, we at the museum have to generate interest in some unique works of art."

"We're in a fuzzy area," said Karen Ganiard, UMMA volunteer coordinator. "We aren't selling cheese. We're selling products that don't really change, so we needed to adopt a new mind-set and figure out what people wanted from their experience at the museum."

What they found is that people normally consider museum visits to be very passive experiences, so the staff set out to find ways to engage visitors and make them feel involved.

They called Ari Weinzweig and Maggie Bayliss of *ZingTrain*, the deli's consulting and training arm. And Weinzweig conducted a workshop last December for 80 museum staff and volunteers, showing them what it takes to meet and exceed the expectations of their clients.

"The concepts of great service are the same no matter what you do," Weinzweig told UMMA staff: determining what the client wants, getting it for them, and giving them something they did not ask for. UMMA's Client Service Team then mapped out strategies for creating a "service culture" in which less than great service will be unthinkable.

UMMA has already seen results. In efforts to make museum

goers feel more involved with and excited by the works of art at the UMMA, the staff recently made a bright idea happen. The museum had contracted artist Sol LeWitt to design a border for the building's ceiling cove, and, upon completion, much of the material used on the project was left over. Therefore, at an interactive workshop, local children and parents were invited to make the left overs into their own LeWitt-style works of art. The results are four pieces

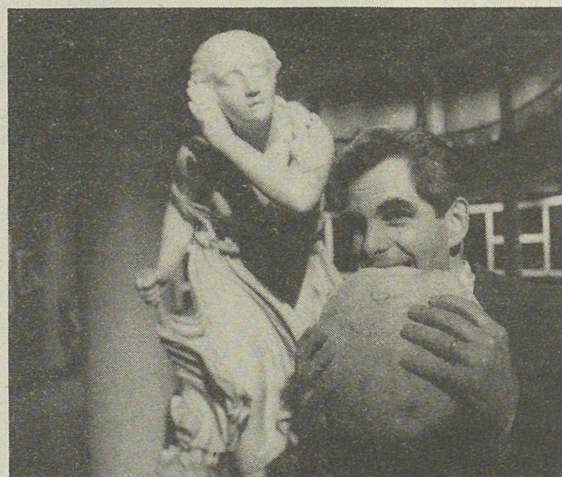


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

The UMMA's Hennessey says it's time for art museums to learn some satisfying lessons from good delicatessens.

that now hang in the museum's central apse credited to the families that created them. Security guard Tom Walsh wondered what he could do to be more welcoming to parents and children visiting the museum, so he helped design coloring

sheets featuring UMMA works of art and assembled crayon and coloring book packets for kid visitors. His effort now awards parents the peace of enjoying the Museum while knowing their children are stimulated and occupied.

Ganiard thinks the skills learned from the delicatessen's staff will differentiate the UMMA from other museums.

"We've readjusted our thinking which has reminded us that we are in the business of public service," she said. "And as we serve others, we're realizing that we're also serving ourselves."

Greta Grass '96 of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is a student intern in the Office of News and Information Services.

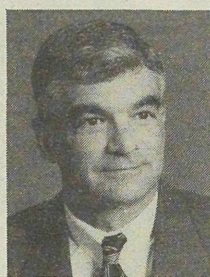
Distance Voting

While the results of a February special US Senate election in Oregon have a direct impact on the residents of that state, the way in which voters cast their ballots in that race may have a greater effect on the nation as a whole, say Michigan researchers.

The special election, in which Democrat Ron Wyden defeated Republican Gordon Smith to fill Bob Packwood's vacant Senate seat, was the nation's first Congressional election to be conducted entirely by mail.

A team of researchers, led by Michael Traugott, professor of communication studies and program director of the U-M Center for Political Studies, will spend the next several months analyzing the impact of Oregon's vote-by-mail procedures on the attitudes, composition and turnout of the electorate and outcome of both the primary and general elections.

"A detailed examination of these elections



Traugott

is important because vote-by-mail, especially as it is being employed in this context, is but a step along a path that many election administrators see as a logical, technological progression to electronic voting from

home by computer, cable television or phone," Traugott says. "A great deal of the attention that is being devoted to the Oregon experience is associated with the expectation that it is a natural laboratory for the voting system of the future."

Traugott says that while the vote-by-mail process is expected to reduce costs and speed up the accurate tabulation of votes, it raises important questions about potential prob-

lems of fraud and undue influence; the impact of administrative procedures on various groups in the electorate, turnout and standing division of the vote (i.e., the number of Democratic votes vs. Republican votes); and the consequences for candidates and the campaign strategies they employ.

Specifically, the study will address the following questions: How satisfied are citizens with the election procedures and how they worked? Is there a relationship between vote-by-mail procedures and voter turnout, either in the aggregate or on subgroups in the electorate? Is the electorate in the vote-by-mail elections qualitatively different than the electorate that votes in person? What was the impact of election administration on turnout and voter characteristics in the election? Is there any evidence of fraud or the exercise of undue influence on voters?

Forecasters identify auto industry tasks

"Automobile manufacturers and suppliers expect an increased reliance on technology to enhance design and manufacturing efficiency," write David E. Cole, director of the Office for the Study of Automotive Transportation at the U-M Transportation Research Institute, and Gerald F. Londal, a retired General Motors Corp. engineering manager. "Organizations that effectively develop and implement this rapidly changing technology to reduce costs and improve customer satisfaction will certainly have a competitive advantage."

Their report on future product technology is part of the eighth annual U-M Delphi Forecast and Analysis of the North American Automotive Industry, which polls more than 300 automotive experts on trends in technology, materials and marketing through 2005.

According to the forecast, standards for Corporate Average Fuel Economy (CAFE) are projected to increase to 32 miles per gallon (16 percent) for passenger cars and to 25 mpg (24 percent) for light trucks and vans in the next decade.

Despite a projected rise in the cost of regular unleaded gasoline to \$1.40 per gallon by 2005, the researchers say that gasoline is expected to continue to be the dominant fuel in the next decade. Electric vehicles, for example, are predicted to make up only 2 percent of passenger cars by 2005 and limited use of alternate energy sources is forecast for cars and light trucks by that time.

The forecast also predicts that traditional domestic manufacturers will source an increasing percentage of parts, components and subassemblies from outside North America, with 70 percent still expected to be sourced from the United States, Canada and Mexico in the next decade. The Mexican component and subassembly sourcing should expand from 10 percent today to 20 percent by 2005, however.

John Cashman '66

TEST PILOT OF THE 21ST CENTURY JET

By Peter Matthews

As a boy, John Cashman went out on a limb for his love of flying. "I jumped out of trees while holding wings, little wings that didn't work," he recalls in his Seattle office. "After my father gave me a WWII cargo parachute that was about 16 feet in diameter, I'd jump out of trees with it as well. Also I'd put it on my bicycle and get pulled down the street and I'd put it out into the wind when on ice skates and go across the pond."

Cashman, now 51, is the chief project pilot for the celebrated new "21st Century Jet"—the Boeing 777. He grew up in Evanston, Illinois, where his father was a professor of physics at Northwestern University. His father arranged free flying lessons for himself in exchange for his work on airplane design, and his tales of flying inspired his son to pursue aviation as a hobby with an enthusiasm that turned it into a career.

Young Cashman was drawing, building, flying and crashing model airplanes all the time. The Glenview Naval Station was near his home, and every few years the station sponsored a national model airplane convention in which he competed.

Cashman's first flight was in 1957 as a passenger aboard an Eastern Airlines "Constellation"—a prop airplane. He flew from Chicago to Orlando. "It was wonderful. I had a lot of expectations and I was not disappointed. But what I really wanted was to be in the front end. I wanted to fly the plane." It was another six years before he got the opportunity.

"The first time I ever flew myself was at Michigan in 1963 in a Piper Super Cub. I flew at Ann Arbor Airport, which at that time was Ann Arbor Aero Service. It was the home of the University of Michigan Flying Club, of which I was president for two years. I volunteered to be president to get free flying time. We gave demo flights and I got to meet a lot of girls that way." Cashman's wife, Mary Jo, was one of the girls he took flying.

While studying at Michigan, Cashman worked closely with Prof. Edgar J. Leshner, now professor emeritus of aerospace engineering. "He taught flight test and airplane design—that part of the program is what I enjoyed doing. It is a more hands-on type activity than one requiring in-depth knowledge in a specialized field. Another professor who influenced me a lot was not in aerospace. He was Newt Loken, the gymnastics coach."

Cashman, who is a stocky 5' 7", was on the Michigan gymnastics team. "As I've gotten older I've come to appreciate a lot of the things I learned by being around Loken. He was the kind of person who inspired people to do their best and to press on even when things are not going well." Cashman's forte, which he began on his high school team, was aerobatics. "It was close to flying, and it was quite a good background to have as a pilot because you get used to orienting yourself in any position."

"His work on the high bar must have helped him as a pilot," quipped Cashman's former U-M men's gymnastics coach Loken. "John was sincere, conscientious and self-directed. We had a string of six Big Ten titles from '61 to '66, and he made a contribution to them."

Cashman had hoped to learn flying through the Air Force ROTC. His eyesight, however, was not 20/20; he could get in as a navigator, not as a pilot. He left the ROTC in his sophomore year, believing himself doomed never to be able to fly professionally for the airlines or military.

In 1966, Cashman took his aerospace degree to the Boeing Corporation in Seattle. Plenty of aerospace jobs were available ("It was only a few years after the Russians launched their space satellite"), and he

chose Boeing over seven other firms because its brochures showed the area's mountains and bodies of water "and didn't show the raindrops."

For much of his first seven years he concentrated on airplane performance and became lead engineer in aerodynamics for "military derivatives"—commercial aircraft that have been modified for use by the military. He also worked on the team that analyzed data from accidents involving Boeing's first passenger jet, the 707. "I was also teaching flying every day, and on weekends I would build up my own flying time, mainly because I liked it." Then he saw another engineer gain a flight engineer position—the third seat in the

Test pilots are paid considerably less than an airline pilot,' says Boeing 777 test pilot John Cashman. 'That is the way it is throughout the industry, at least in the United States. You are engineers that happen to know how to fly. There are only certain flights, high risk flights like the first flight of an airplane, that you receive additional pay for.' Most test pilots from the WWII era on are scientists, are engineers.

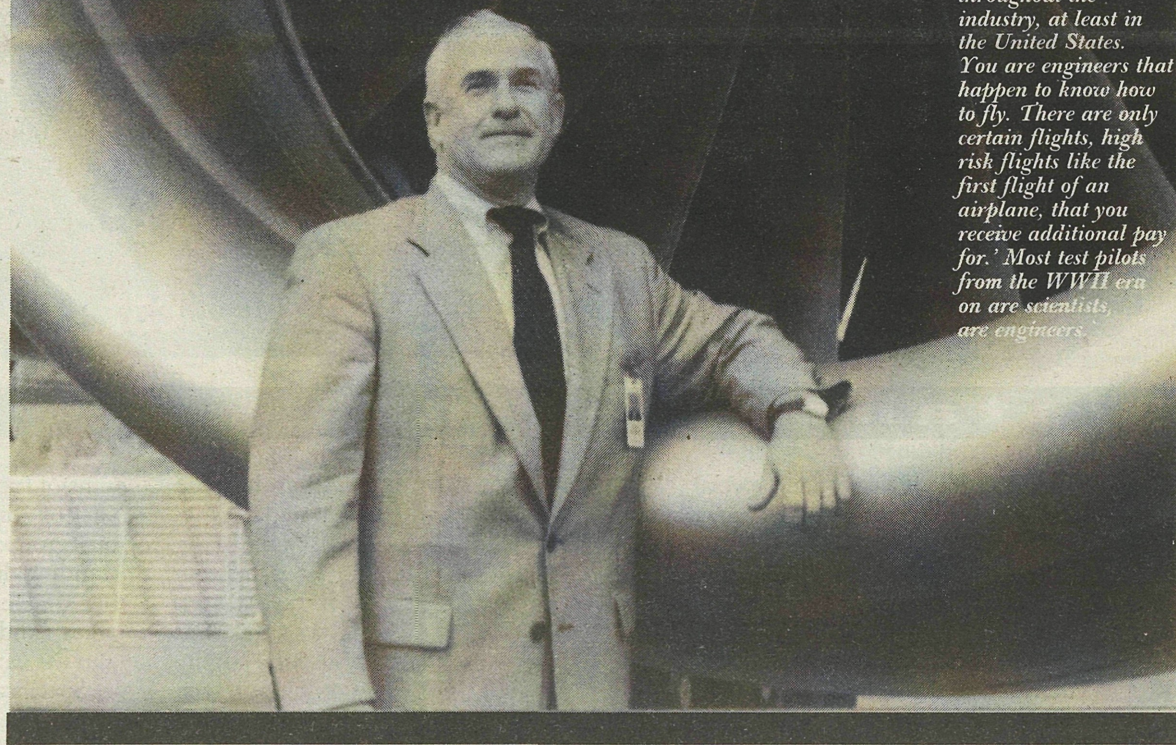


Photo by Peter Matthews

cockpit after the pilot and the copilot—and he learned that Boeing was allowing employees to fly whose vision was correctable to 20/20.

Encouraged by these developments, Cashman set out to fulfill his dream. “In the early morning before work I began doing ground school. I did all the ground school for the 727 and took the flight engineer written exam. About that time [1974] a position opened up in Experimental Flight Test, which is the unit that does engineering flying for Boeing. They wanted two flight engineers who were pilots with at least an instrument rating that allowed them to fly in clouds. Two of us were hired. The other guy is now my boss. He’s the director of flight test.”

With 1,700 hours of flight time, Cashman was then trained on the 747. He occasionally filled in for the copilot. For several years he worked simultaneously as a copilot, a flight engineer and an instructor. He soon also began piloting light aircraft on unpopular late and weekend shifts to increase his flying time. In 1979, he finally shifted permanently into piloting.

Seven years later, Cashman became an engineering test pilot. He was assigned to the 767/747 program from 1986 to 1989 and then became chief project pilot for the 767. As airlines seemed to desire a larger capacity version of the 767, Cashman became chief pilot for the 767X program, which became the 777 program—“an all new airplane.” In 1991 Cashman left the 767 program to dedicate himself to the 777.

Last November Cashman spent several weeks as a traveling salesman. Instead of carrying his wares, he flew it. He flew a 777 to the Middle East to demonstrate it to prospective buyers. His first stop was to be Israel, but two hours into flight his crew of salesman pilots received word of the assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Rabin. They returned to Seattle before continuing two days later to Jordan, Dubai and Saudi Arabia.

Cashman’s hearty confidence and contented aura is that of a man who has lived for and fulfilled his most cherished dreams. In part lucky, he was also self-driven. “Once I started flying at Boeing I knew what I wanted. I wanted to be an engineering test pilot. I wasn’t always clear on how to get there or if I would get there. But the main thing is I always tried to be prepared. I always tried to have the qualifications well before the point at which I’d need them.”

“When you’re in this business, what might be a frightening event to someone not in this business might be business as usual. We fly on one engine or occasionally an engine gives us trouble.



‘Before a test flight the thing that I always try to do is to get a good night’s sleep.’

Photo by Peter Matthews

We’re use to this kind of thing, whereas an airline pilot might never have had an engine failure in his life. We operate non-normally a great deal of the time. Part of the mind-set of being a test pilot is to be ready to rapidly adapt to a changing situation. It’s the ability to rapidly reprioritize.” Cashman says it would be harder today to achieve what he did given the same background. “It was a unique period, a unique time, and when a few doors opened I went running through.” Most test pilots these days are recruited out of military test pilot schools.

Cashman has amassed over 9,000 flight hours in his career. While he has lost colleagues and friends in flight tests, he has never personally experienced a serious mishap while flying. Nor does he fear for his safety. “You really don’t have time to dwell on the worries and risks. You plan action to get yourself out of trouble and you approach things in a very disciplined way. The key is planning and staying ahead of things, anticipating things. If you worry all the time, you are in the wrong business. Everyone always laughs when I say this, but I feel more at risk driving to work, I really do.” MT

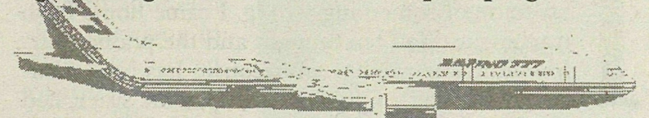


The 777 was entirely ‘pre-assembled’ on computers.

KINCHELOE AWARD

Last November, Cashman received the Society of Experimental Test Pilots’ Iven C. Kincheloe Award, the most prestigious honor awarded to test pilots. Previous award recipients include the Mercury astronauts, several Apollo moon mission crewmen, and many space shuttle and military pilots.

The Kincheloe award recognizes pilots who have made outstanding contributions to developmental flight testing in an individual aerospace program.



Paperless Design of the 777

The Boeing 777 is the first jetliner to be 100 percent “pre-assembled” on computer. The millions of parts that make up the 777 were designed and then fitted to one another on computer by using three-dimensional solids technology.

No full-scale mock-up of the 777 was required. Moreover, the 777 program exceeded its goal of reducing change, error and rework by 50 percent. “It does take a lot of money but the trade-off is it’s much easier—in terms of cost, the level of frustration, and keeping on schedule—to try and design the airplane right the first time and to find the problems before you freeze the design,” Cashman says. “

Peter Matthews ’87 is an Ann Arbor-based photo-journalist.



Boeing currently has 177 orders from 16 customers for the 777, although they have commitments for 230. The cost for the Boeing 777-200 initial model, the first in a series of three models of the 777, is \$122 million to \$152 million. The 777 is the world’s largest twin-jet airplane and the first twin-jet designed from the outset for long distances—from 4,350 to 8,320 miles.

'I PAINTED THE WOODS, THE TREES THAT HAD WELCOMED HER, THAT WERE THE ONLY WITNESSES TO HER DEATH'

THE NIGHT JOANNE DIED

BY SISTER BARBARA CERVENKA

It was an ordinary day; no premonition of danger, no sense of something wrong. I came home from teaching around ten at night and the phone rang. My aunt was calling: your cousin has been murdered. My cousin, Joanne, an Ursuline sister, had been reported dead, an apparent homicide. There were no details. How had it happened, where? Nothing. By the time I received word, it was over. There was nothing to be done.

My cousin, Joanne Marie Mascha, two years older than I, had been a member of the Ursuline Sisters of Cleveland for nearly 40 years. For many of these years she taught in elementary schools around Cleveland, and for the last 15 years she lived at the Motherhouse in Pepper Pike, performing various jobs: working at the college library, performing pastoral work in neighborhood parishes, and coordinating the Motherhouse switchboard. It was this job that she had on the day of her dying, answering calls, receiving and rerouting messages at the Motherhouse.

The Ursuline Motherhouse is an institutional building, home to about 140 sisters, many of them elderly and infirm. Sisters live there who care for these sisters, or who teach at the college on the campus, or who work at neighboring parishes and schools. The Motherhouse and college are located outside of Cleveland on what 35 years ago was farmland. The sisters moved there in the mid-sixties from their old center on the site of an academy for girls in the middle of the changing city. What was then farmland gradually gave way to the expanding edge of the city, and the Motherhouse and college in the past 10 years have been surrounded by a very genteel suburb, well-to-do, spacious, expensive, safe. Very safe.

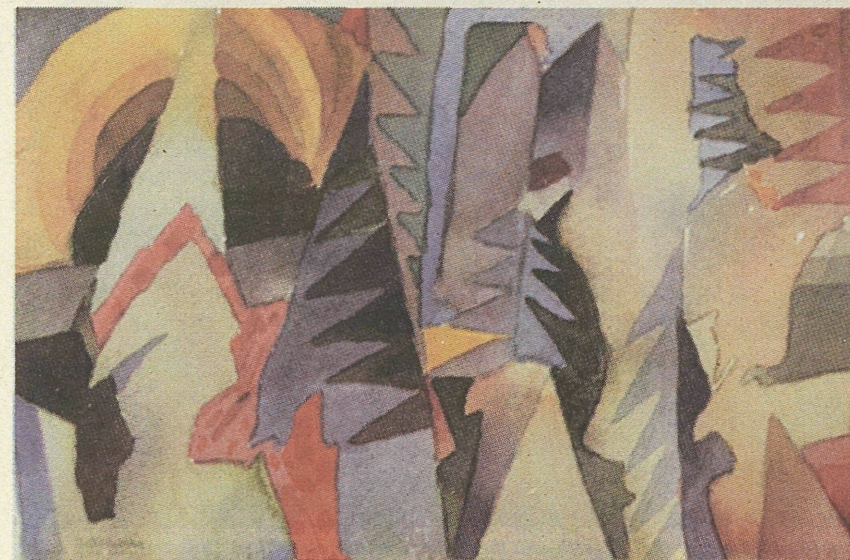
My cousin, for her years, was an innocent in the sense of being unsophisticated, guileless, trusting, uncomplicated, maybe naive. She loved nature, went bird watching, she was trusting and talked easily to people. She loved the country area where she made her home. The last time I saw her, which was at the funeral of my sister only seven months before, she invited me to come and visit: "You would love our grounds; they are so beautiful." She repeated her invitation when she wrote later at my birthday:



SHE HAD SIGNED OUT OF THE MOTHERHOUSE TO WALK IN THE WOODS

"This morning I delighted in the lavender colored New England asters as the sunshine magically dazzled their petals. Wildflowers and birds really turn me on! You must come to see our ground, Barb. You, too, would delight in their beauty."

It was into this area, her woods, that Joanne went to walk on March 27, 1995. She had worked all day on the switchboard; as she left she signed her name on the paper at the front desk, indicating where she would be in case she was needed. She left to go for a walk with another sister, who only accompanied her part of the way, who turned back because the early spring path was so muddy. Joanne continued alone. During her walk she met Daniel Pitcher, a 21-year-old man who rented a flat in a nearby house and did odd jobs for the elderly owners of the house. Pitcher was in a tree with a bow and arrow, stalking birds. There are no details of the encounter. Joanne never came back, never returned. She was left strangled, raped; she was left dead or dying.

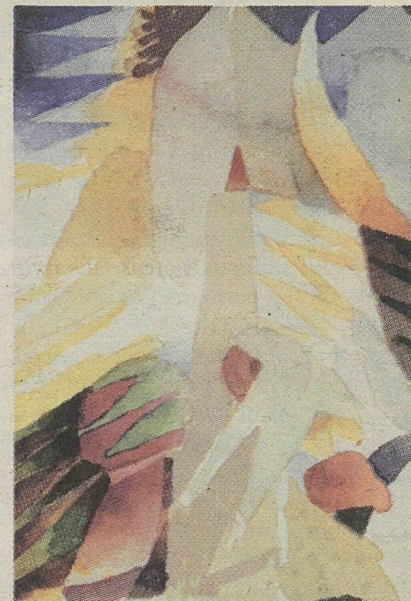


SHE LEFT TO GO FOR A WALK IN THE WOODS

In the large Motherhouse no one noticed that she had not returned. The sister who had gone out with her had left on another errand. People who thought to look for her assumed that she was

visiting her sister or out for the evening. Not until the next day, when she failed to report for her job at the switchboard, was she missed.

Then people noticed that she had not signed in after her walk, that her bed had not been slept in, that no one had seen her. Her sister Margie called, and people realized she was not visiting there. After searching the large building, still unable to find her, at one o'clock they reported her missing to police. When they searched the woods, they found her there, nearly 24 hours later.



SHE WAS FOUND IN THE WOODS 24 HOURS LATER

Her violent death stunned us all. Incomprehensible, like a fact too large or misshaped to fit into our minds. I felt numb, empty, as though I had entered an airless room where all movement was slowed and deliberate. I couldn't feel anything and did things by rote, with numbed hands and numbed emotion.

The hardest part was imagining: the unwitnessed death



THEY FOLLOWED FOOTPRINTS FROM THE SCENE OF THE SLAYING

with its fear, its terror, the violation of a trusting spirit. The hardest part was knowing that she died alone, no one to be with her. When my own sister had died seven months before, we were with her. She was surrounded by friends; her best friend and I held her hands until she slipped past us, until we could hold her no longer. But Joanne was alone, for whatever length of time, she was alone and this was a deep sadness. Joanne died as one of her sisters had



AT FOUR O'CLOCK SHE SIGNED OUT OF THE MOTHERHOUSE

recent death. And when Joanne's funeral was held on April first, the day on which the year before we had discovered the return of my sister's cancer, I felt incapable of assisting at a public ceremony. So I stayed at home and took refuge in the quiet of my basement studio. That day and most of the next I started a little group of paintings, one after another: I painted the woods, the trees that had welcomed her, that were the only witnesses to her death. The place she loved that had been charged with danger; the woods that flattened to become a barrier that held her fast in death. The paintings were small pieces, like the small and ordinary events of that day. The sequence felt simple, one step after the next, no plan, like the walk itself. Nothing to overtly signal the dark edge, the danger, the unpredictable that lay so close to the surface of that ordinary afternoon.



SHE WAS REPORTED MISSING THE NEXT DAY

died, 15 years earlier and half a world away. Dorothy Kazel, also an Ursuline Sister from Cleveland, was one of the four churchwomen raped and murdered by the military in El Salvador. But Joanne was in Pepper Pike, on the grounds of the Motherhouse. Joanne had been on switchboard earlier that day.

I do not think my thoughts were coherent, or that I thought at all. I was stumbling still from my own sister's all-too-

staying with Joanne. The paintings were small gestures, like the lighting of a candle at the graveside, of bringing flowers to a wake. They were a gesture of paying attention. I didn't think of showing them or sharing them; only of a seeming rightness of doing them.

The police quickly followed the tracks in the soft earth from Joanne's body to the basement apartment of Daniel Pitcher. They arrested the young man, who confessed to the slaying. Later, he plead innocent; all through the time the Ursuline community asked that he not receive the death penalty. In August he was tried and convicted and was sentenced to life in prison. The sisters held a ceremony to reconsecrate the woods, to bless and heal the place where this terrible event had taken place.



SHE WAS DISCOVERED IN A SWATH OF WOODS WHERE SHE OFTEN HIKED



THE 58-YEAR-OLD NUN WAS RAPED AND STRANGLED

Dorothy Kazel in El Salvador, underscores our inability to predict, protect or be "safe." Her death did not assume the gaping proportions of Rwanda, or Bosnia, or Haiti, or El Salvador or any of a hundred places where violence, sanctioned or not, rips apart the fabric of life. And thus we learned again how every act of violence puts some part of the human community to death.

We stand in the end before the mystery of this violence, this death, and we are invited to look at it, to hold it. How do we stay here, a witness to the violence of our world, when we only want to turn away? How do we address this, so that people are not left to suffer alone? Perhaps art is one small way not to avert our gaze, to stand next to those affected with our small candle acknowledging and illuminating the truth of their pain and their loss, and ours. Perhaps finally all we can do is to remember and not let each other die alone. MT

Sister Barbara Cervenka, O.P., is a lecturer in the School of Art. Her series of paintings "The Night Joanne Died" will be on exhibit through May at the U-M Institute for the Humanities in U-M's Horace A. Rackham Building at 915 E. Washington.



SHE LEFT TO GO FOR A WALK IN THE WOODS AND SHE NEVER RETURNED



JOANNE MARIE WOULD ASK FORGIVENESS—SHE WAS A WOMAN OF PEACE

LETTERS

'65 Teach-In

I WAS VERY interested in the letters about the 1965 Teach-in in the December issue. I, too, was there. I was there as a protester. I believed my government was doing the right thing and opposed those who tried to interfere with the government.

However, I protested and also listened. The facts I heard were alarming. I went to the library and confirmed the accuracy of those facts. The 1965 teach-in transformed me from pro-government to anti-war.

Nobody I listened to at the teach-in advocated non-support for our soldiers—only non-support for our government's position. I heard these anti-war radicals condemning sending the soldiers to a foreign country to fight in a civil war. They just wanted all of our troops home safely and quickly.

How does this differ from many prominent Republicans' position on sending our troops in Bosnia? Somehow the words become patriotic coming from the mouth of an older, conservatively dressed member of the establishment.

I think politics were a major motivation to try to win the war in the 1960s, and politics are a motivation to bring our troops home today. Politics, not morals or ethics. The teach-in taught me that ethics and morals were more important than politics.

Ron Krawitz '70 Eng.
Tempe, Arizona

THIS IS a rather belated comment on the item concerning Alice Hamilton on page 13 of the October issue. The relevant part of the item reads, "Alice Hamilton was 93 when she signed a letter protesting U.S. military involvement in Vietnam, but that was in 1964, a year before the historic teach-in at the University and shortly before her death."

The year 1964 was definitely not "shortly before her death" because this remarkable University of Michigan alumna lived to be 101 years old and died in 1970.

Samuel Sass '39, '40
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

I AM sending a paper clip on this true Blue man like myself. I have most of his papers he published every year. He stopped the paper for awhile and started again this year. I did not know if you ever heard from anyone about Ben Anslow of Bucyrus, Ohio.

Wm. (Bo) Heltz
Mansfield, Ohio

Thanks to a newspaper Mr. Heltz sent, we learned that in November 1969 alumnus Benjamin Anslow '48 published the first edition of the Bowl News, a stimulating news sheet the former journalist and

ad man continued to issue right before the Michigan-Ohio State game for the next 21 years.

That first year, the Buckeyes, riding a 22-game winning streak, rated No. 1 nationally and reputed to be one of the top teams ever assembled in the history of college football, faced Glenn (Bo) Schembechler's first Wolverine squad.

Anslow's prognosticative headline read: "Wolves Belt Bucks 38-14." That stirred a lot of ire in Ohio even before the game. After Michigan upset OSU 24-12 and seized the Big Ten title, some of Anslow's neighbors put for-sale signs on his lawn.

This year, Anslow reissued his paper for the first time since Schembechler stopped coaching in 1990. Again the Buckeyes were rated No. 1 or 2 in the nation; they boasted some half a dozen first-round pro draft choices, one of whom publicly described the Wolverines as a minor impediment between them and the Rose Bowl.

Anslow's pre-game headline read: "OSU Wins Coin Toss, Loses Game 24-13." A smaller headline said: "Buckeyes misunderstand meaning of coin toss, opt to forgo game itself; 'Big 11' forces team to take field for annual slaughter."

Perhaps it wasn't a slaughter, but the Wolverines' 31-23 victory certainly established 1995 as a good year for Anslow to resume publication of the Bowl News—Ed.

THE OCTOBER issue contained the shocking news of President Duderstadt's resignation. As a former member of the Department of Humanities of the College of Engineering that he abolished shortly after becoming dean of engineering, I must confess dismay at his pending departure from office. In the years since being forced to leave Michigan, I have come to appreciate the wisdom of President Duderstadt's policy as dean in eliminating my field, the history of technology, from courses offered not just in the College of Engineering but throughout the University.

President Duderstadt was ahead of his time here, so to speak, and he recognized, as I did not, that such courses are marginal at best and should be eliminated whenever possible. I regard his pending departure from the Presidency as a tragedy, one of the worst tragedies in higher education in recent decades, and I hope and pray that his enormous talents will be applied to other educational endeavors. I also think it outrageous that he will not be paid more than the three top Engineering school faculty upon his return to teaching. At the least, the Regents should establish an endowed chair in his honor.

Prof. Howard Segal
University of Maine
Orono, Maine

Statistical Error

THE DECEMBER 1995 issue, page 5, shows that 62.1% of the first-year students are residents and 47.9% are nonresidents. This makes a total of 110%. No wonder it's a record high!

Thomas Levy
Bethesda, Maryland

I ENJOYED reading (my wife's) copy of *Michigan Today*. The section on Prof. William Dow was especially interesting. Also, the selection of "Letters" was good. On page 5, some of the percentages are questionable, as you no doubt already know—e.g., residents and nonresidents = 110.

Armiger H. Sommers
Lake Bluff, Illinois

The figure should have read that 37.9% of first-year students were nonresidents of Michigan.—Ed.

I AM A '67 U of M grad. Yes, I loved my college years. Yes, I am appreciative for the learning opportunities. And, my life has moved on. Recently, I received a fund-raising call during which the caller stated something about how I could raise my personal prestige by giving money to help keep Michigan's prestige high. I was insulted by this tack. My prestige is no business of the caller's, and personally, whoever I am is based on far more than the University of Michigan.

Still more recently, I received another call during which the caller tried to talk me into using a Visa card which would return money to Michigan. Numerous times I politely said, No, I do not want such a card. I will not use such a card. Please end this conversation. The person would not stop insisting, and asked questions he had no business asking about. I was able to end the call only after saying, I am going to hang up. Then I hung up on the guy.

I am not going to send money to Michigan. I do not want to receive fund-raising phone calls. I do want to raise objections to the pressure tactics that are being used. They do not seem congruent with the level of prestige the fund-raisers suggest is true of Michigan.

Dianna (Wistert) Rorabacher '67
Kingston, Arizona

MAY I ASK a favor? Read your profile on Dr. Peter Steiner, former LSA dean, in the most recent issue. I have no address for him. Would you please forward the enclosed letter? It's simply a request as to where and when I might obtain his forthcoming book (and possibly an autograph). I was delighted and fascinated to be informed of a poker playing dean who might just be a dean of poker players.

Grant Howell
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

The book was published in February by Random House (\$16 paperback, 426 pages).—Ed.

IN THE ARTICLE about President and Mrs. Duderstadt published in the December 1995 issue, there is a reference in the last paragraph to Lurie Tower, a carillon under construction on the North Campus. Can you tell me where I can get information about it?

I am curious because of the name "Lurie." My parents, Daniel and Shata Ling, were responsible for the construction of Lurie Terrace, a well-known housing facility for the elderly in Ann Arbor. Lurie was my mother's maiden name. Since it is a rather uncommon name, I would like to learn how the Tower was given this name.

Joanne Ling Moot '46
Bethesda, Maryland

The North Campus carillon will sit in the Ann and Robert H. Lurie Tower. The late College of Engineering alumnus Robert H. Lurie of Chicago received his bachelor's and master's degrees in 1964 and 1966. The six bells for the 167-foot-tall Lurie Tower will be installed in April after shipment from the Royal Eijsbouts bell foundry in the Netherlands.

Both the tower and the nearby Robert H. Lurie Engineering Center will be dedicated on Oct. 17 and 18. All College of Engineering alumni and alumnae are invited to attend.—Ed.

WHAT IS the correct pronunciation of the first name of Thylias Moss (Oct. '95 issue). Enjoy the paper immensely!

Jean R. Carpenter '45, '48
State College, Pennsylvania

Poet and professor Thylias Moss's first name is pronounced THIGH-lee-es.—Ed.

I ENJOY each issue of *Michigan Today*. I found the Duderstadt interview issue especially interesting this time around. In order to ensure that I continue to receive each issue, please note that my street has been renumbered with a resulting address change. Thanks for updating your records and thanks for each issue!

Max Bidle

West Hurley, New York

Thanks for sending us your new address. We can correct our address labels only if we hear from our readers. We hope all readers will read our announcement about address labels.—Ed.

The ELI

MY WIFE Ann (LSA '45) was mentioned in the October article about the ELI. Both of us, as former instructors in Michigan's world-famous English Language Institute, were pleased to see the article and to read about the part Ann played as advisor to Marina Oswald during her stay in Ann Arbor. Many thanks.

Edward M. Anthony '44
Alison Park, Pennsylvania

I WAS MUCH interested in your article about the English Language Institute ("The Battle of Lexicon" October 1995). During the 1930s my father, Leo Rockwell, a professor at Colgate University, spent his summers at the U-M teaching such courses as *Beowulf*, Old English and Phonetics and Phonemes. He was a long-time friend of Charles Fries, and they spent many happy hours exploring the possibilities of teaching English as a foreign language. Consequently he was in on the ground floor at the start of the ELI.

Your article neglected to mention that it was the Kellogg Foundation that funded the first experimental group of students to enter the program, in the summer of 1941. The man who handled this project, Andrew Pattullo, has told me that this was his first

assignment as a new employee of the Foundation. Under the Kellogg guidelines for grants, the participants were all health professionals, and were all from Central and South America.

The students, along with my parents, were moved into a large house on Hill Street, which was dubbed The English House, and bore a large sign just inside the door reading "Only English Spoken Here!" My father, besides his teaching duties, was titled Director of the English House. My mother, Vera Rockwell, titled Social Director, was well qualified to deal with Spanish-speaking people, having at one time taught Spanish at Bucknell University.

When the Rockefeller Foundation took over the funding, the guidelines for applicants were broadened, bringing a diversity in occupations.

In 1943 the ELI went to a year-round program, and my father obtained a leave of absence from Colgate University for that year in order to help organize the program for training teachers in the ELI techniques. I also remember a young man trained in counter-intelligence who enrolled in the teacher training as a watchdog supplied by our ever-vigilant government. During the war years Uncle Sam was well aware of Nazi sympathizers in countries south of the border.

In the late '60s both my parents were deeply disappointed that my father's illness prevented them from attending ELI's 25th anniversary celebration, where Dad had been asked to be a featured speaker.

Carol Rockwell Sullivan '38
Battle Creek, Michigan

IN THE OCTOBER 1995 issue appeared an article headed "Library on 'The Net.'" For many years, I have regarded myself as a rea-

sonably self-sufficient and literate graduate of the University of Michigan. But comprehension of that article is beyond me. It seems I must turn to others for help. Since you wrote it, I suppose you have some idea of what it was intended to convey.

Just what does that article say? It is gibberish to me. I cannot derive any idea of what it purports to describe. What is "exciting, new configurations, extending far beyond the walls of traditional public libraries" supposed to mean? To my mind, a brothel could well supply the same kind of sensory input. Has the School of Information and Library Studies opened a brothel? Is that what you are trying to tell us? If so, kindly tell your readers where it is.

Theodore E. Lauer
Laramie, Wyoming

I APPRECIATE your reprint of Susan Tyler Hitchcock's letter concerning my work. And although *Michigan Today* has shrunk in size, your extensive coverage was, as always, engrossing. I object only to the defiant crease. It makes the line on the fold difficult to read. The University Press of Virginia has just published a paperback edition of Hitchcock's charmingly written and toothsome book *Gather Ye Wild Things*.

The letters about some of my favorite professors provided "auld lang syne" pleasure. My major was playwriting and the outstanding Oscar J. Campbell permitted sophomore me to enroll in his junior Shakespeare course "providing I would present him with a box at my first Broadway production." Alas! Providing interest to the study of *Sartor Resartus*, spirited Howard Mumford Jones used to pitch pennies to a student able to grasp any of Carlyle's concepts!

Currently, I am writing my autobiogra-

phy and mention my pride in having sat next to Willis Ward in English History class. Your previous issue enlarged my knowledge of Ward's estimable career.

Helen Worth
Charlottesville (Ivy), Virginia

ALL ACROSS the country universities are not just offering more and more women's studies. In 1994 U-M created the Michigan Agenda for Women, apparently feeling that women's studies by itself would not achieve enough toward the goal of improving women's lives. Then as if that were not enough, it created the Institute for Research on Women and Gender.

Universities see no need for men's studies—until they hear something like this: nearly 85 percent of the street homeless are men; men die seven years sooner than women. Men die of most major illnesses at a higher rate; although only 14 percent more women die of breast cancer than men die of prostate cancer, yet the amount spent on breast cancer research is 700 percent more than the amount spent on prostate cancer research.

Male U-M students ought to be incensed at President James Duderstadt. Because of his ignorance and his cowardice when confronted by feminist ideologues, he has created what can only be described as an institution of deceit, sexism and blatant discrimination against males.

Jerry A. Boggs
Westland, Michigan

De-Coders

IN THE EARLY 1980s, the University of Michigan's administration passed a controversial Code of Non-Academic Conduct. Then, as now, students were fiercely opposed to such a Code. Then, as now, the administration forces its will on the students by excluding them from any meaningful input in the process.

The code consists of two categories: crimes and "improper" behaviors. When a student, faculty member or University employee commits a crime, the University should cooperate fully in apprehending and convicting the criminal. (The University might start with the Greek system.) Aside from crimes, the University, as a state function, has no constitutional power to determine acceptable and unacceptable behavior on its publicly owned campus.

Let the University teach. Let the cops find crooks. Let everyone else alone. And to the people who would have the University turn into a sanitized, fluffy world of hypo-allergenic pastel flowers, I say: Grow up. The world is a nasty place sometimes; the strength of the University of Michigan was that it prepared us to fight it ourselves, one offense at a time.

Greg Bobrowicz '86
Alameda, California

THE "NEW Student Code of Conduct" reported in the December 1995 issue takes "political correctness" to new heights. The representatives of the ACLU are perfectly right in saying the code deals "with matters in which the University should not be involved."

Daniel Waldron
Royal Oak, Michigan

Misaddressed *Michigan Today's*

Many readers have noticed, and some have sharply complained about, the out-of-date labels affixed to recent *Michigan Today* mailings bearing joint labels—that is, labels with two addressees in the same household. We apologize for the irritation this has caused many readers.

Recently, the U-M office that supplies our labels added some joint-name data from an old database to the alumni computer records. In some instances this reunited on mailing labels spouses who divorced or separated long ago, or restored the name of a deceased spouse to our label.

Because *Michigan Today* is the only mailing that is intended for all U-M alumni and alumnae, the suppliers of the labels believed that the most efficient way to clean or revise the data was through our mailing.

The University can correct the current joint labels only if graduates supply the correct information. Please mail, fax, e-mail or phone in your label corrections, preferably with ID numbers. (If you have a common surname, please include a middle initial or name as well.)

We also ask you to supply the correct new address for any person previously joined with you on the label but who now lives elsewhere. Otherwise, other offices may continue to send mail intended for the former addressee to the wrong address.

Again, please accept our apology for any irritation and inconvenience this mailing process has caused. Thank you very much for your cooperation.

Michigan Today mailing address:
412 Maynard, Ann Arbor, MI,
48109-1399; e-mail address:
johnwood@umich.edu fax: (313)
764-7084; Phone: (313) 764-0105.

Michigan Today SURVEY

A SURVEY of *Michigan Today* readers on their assessment of our publication and other issues related to its operation will be conducted this spring by the U-M Institute for Social Research.

If you are among the 1,500 readers randomly selected by the researchers, we hope you'll complete and return the form quickly. We are eager to receive your valued opinions, and we also hope to reduce expenditures raised by second mailings of the survey.

We will fully report on the responses to the survey as soon as the research is completed. Thank you for your cooperation.

The University of Michigan Songbook



Rosalie Savarino Edwards
Editor - Publisher
UM School of Music

- ◆ Piano words and music to all UM songs plus Cornell, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan State, Minnesota, Northwestern, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Princeton, Purdue, Wisconsin, and the Star Spangled Banner
- ◆ A gift for any occasion for family and friends
- ◆ Gorgeous color campus photos
- ◆ Hard cover and handsome full-color jacket

Checks should be made payable to:
MICHIGAN SONGBOOK
P.O. Box 1007 • Ann Arbor, MI 48106 • 313-665-7408

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Single copy at \$25.00 plus \$4.00 shipping and handling. Additional books \$21.00 each including shipping and handling. QTY. _____ TOTAL _____

All proceeds benefit the UM School of Music Scholarship Fund.
Available at Borders, King's Keyboard, M-Den and Webster's.

'Last night we burned Regent McIntyre in effigy'

By Matthew Thorburn

"There are a great many strange things to be seen here and are very interesting to a backwoodsman like me. If one had the ability to remember all that he sees and hears here during the course of lectures he would come out a well informed man," U-M student Milton Barnard wrote to his father on November 6, 1870.

"History has always been my background," Robert Warner chuckles. And the history of the University of Michigan, he points out, is in every student's and graduate's background. "We're all part of a very long and interesting tradition."

Warner, dean emeritus of the School of Information and Library Studies, professor of library science and honorary University historian, is also chair of the University's History and Traditions Committee.

Established in 1991 by President James J. Duderstadt, the Committee's role is to preserve, promote and facilitate the understanding of the history and traditions of the University.

It is important to remember, Warner says, "that everything is built on a foundation of past events. History gives us a perspective and dimension to our lives and our civilization." For instance, knowing that John F. Kennedy announced the creation of the Peace Corps on the steps of the Michigan Union adds a whole new meaning to walking up those steps.

The Committee has overseen the publication of several histories of the University. Howard Peckham's *The Making of the University of Michigan*, revised and updated by Nicholas and Margaret Steneck, was published in 1994 and is now in its second printing. *The University of Michigan: A Seasonal Portrait*, a photographic tour of campus life throughout the year, was published last year.

The University of Michigan Scrapbook, a video that incorporates historical photographs from the Bentley Library to

depict student life throughout the history of the University, was also completed in 1994.

The Committee studies ways to make significant historical information and artifacts accessible to the general University community and campus visitors. The recently acquired diary of George Pray, a member of the first U-M graduating class (1845), along with his books, bed coverlet and the trunk in which he brought his belongings to the University, will be exhibited in the new Visitor's Center addition to the Student Activities Building on Maynard Street.

"We want to let new students know someone like George Pray shared much of the same sense of discovery they feel," Warner says. "If you knew a lot of University history before you set foot on campus, you'd feel a lot more at home here."

The Committee's work in books, exhibitions and other media that will help students and alumni learn more of the University's rich history reminds us of how much the University has changed in some areas—technology, student demographics, courses offered—and how little in others, such as student life.

Though the student protests of the 1960s are the most recent in memory, "they're not a new thing," Warner points out. Student protests have been around about as long as students have.

"Last night we burned Regent McIntire in effigy on account of his hostility to Mr. Tappan," U-M student John Hinchman wrote to his mother on October 4, 1863. "We had a great time of it."

Support for a Traitor

A little-known protest took place in Windsor, Ontario, on November 14, 1863, when a group of U-M students traveled across the border to protest against President Lincoln and the Union cause during the Civil War. The students published an address to Clement Vallandigham, an Ohio congressman and Southern sympathizer who was declared a traitor by the US government. The Bentley collection includes a rare copy of their pamphlet.

The consistency in student psychological makeup is apparent from other letters that the Committee plans to exhibit. In an earlier letter (January 18, 1863) to his mother, for example, John Hinchman mentioned the campus visit of one of America's most renowned writers and

thinkers—even though the student had better things to do that day than attend the affair:

"R.W. Emerson lectured here on Friday evening but I did not get to hear him. I went and called on Miss Marbin. She was very glad to see me."

The anxiety expressed by John S. Newberry in September 1846 as he contemplated graduation in the following spring is also familiar to students today:

"Undoubtedly the pleasantest part of my life is fast passing away, that is my college life. I am now drawing rapidly to the end of my studies and soon must go forth into the world to carve my own way. Often and anxiously does the thought press upon me, *What should I do?*"

The committee is also undertaking a recorded oral history of the University composed of interviews with all living past University presidents and their wives, conducted by Enid Galler. "A lot of the University's history is in people's minds," Warner explains. "Much of the history goes through the president's office in one way or another."

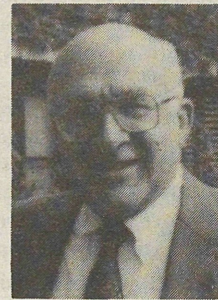
Other projects include a series of historical markers to denote significant buildings and events on campus, such as the President's House and the site of the Salk polio vaccine announcement in the Horace Rackham Building.

In addition, the Committee awards citations of merit for historical activities undertaken by other units on campus. Most recently it recognized the School of Architecture and Urban Planning for publishing *More than a Handsome Box: Education in Architecture at the University of Michigan, 1876-1986*.

Other Committee members include Francis X. Blouin, director of the Michigan Historical Collections; Prof. Nicholas Steneck, Department of History; Anne M. Duderstadt, institutional advancement officer for the Development Campaign for Michigan; and Carole Lamantia, staff associate, Office of the President.

The following offerings of the History and Traditions Committee are available: *The Making of the University of Michigan*, by Howard Peckham's, revised and updated, 1994, \$14.95 paper; the photographic collection *The University of Michigan: A Seasonal Portrait*, 1994, \$19.98; and the video *The University of Michigan Scrapbook*, a photographic depiction of student life throughout the history of the University, 1994, \$10.00. Orders may be placed through *Michigan Today*. **MT**

Matthew Thorburn '97 of Lansing, Michigan, is a News and Information Services student intern.



Warner

"THAT
EVERYTHING
IS BUILT ON A
FOUNDATION OF
PAST EVENTS.
HISTORY
GIVES US A
PERSPECTIVE
AND DIMENSION
TO OUR LIVES
AND OUR
CIVILIZATION.
Robert Warner

Campaigning for

\$20 MILLION FUNDRAISING EFFORT TO

REFURBISH AN ARCHITECTURAL TREASURE

Hill

By Linda W. Fitzgerald

“Isaac Stern, Eugene Ormandy, Vladimir Horowitz, Lily Pons...”

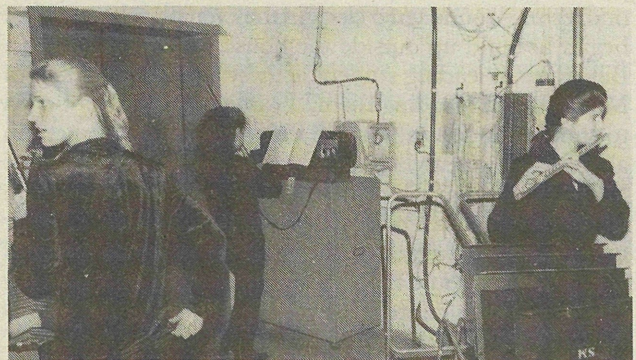
Judy Dow Rumelhart, chair of the \$20 million Campaign for Hill, concentrates her gaze on a nearby wall as she speaks. She is answering the question: what are your fondest memories of Hill Auditorium? She smiles suddenly as another recollection surfaces. “And for 10 years I directed a Christmas pageant at Hill. That was great fun.”

Every Michigan graduate would answer the question differently. But what's significant is the fact that nearly all of them would have a list, in some cases a fairly long one.

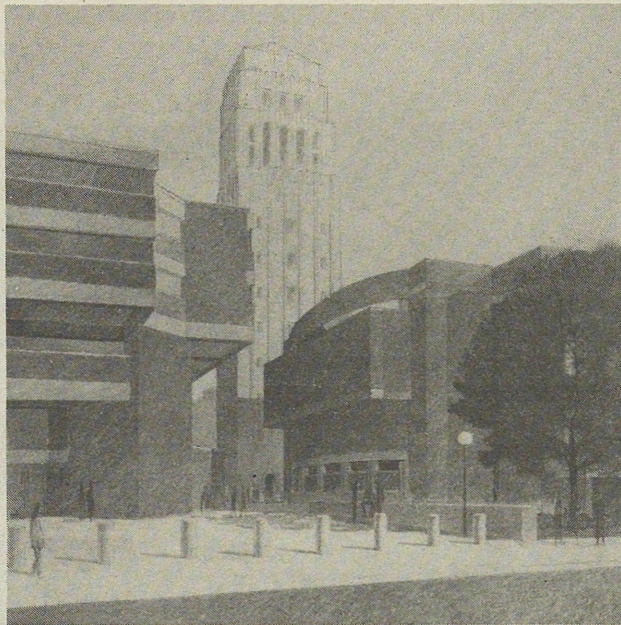
If buildings could speak, Hill Auditorium would probably have more to say than any other structure on campus. Only Hill could describe how it feels to host visitors such as Robert Frost, Eleanor Roosevelt, Gerald Ford, Martin Luther King, Jr., Garrison Keillor and the Dalai Lama.

During its 83-year history, Hill Auditorium has been in use almost constantly. A gift to the University from Regent Arthur Hill, the 4,200-seat auditorium began to attract audiences to musical events of every description, from University bands to celebrated soloists and world famous orchestras. In 1978, the building—which seats more people than Carnegie Hall—was added to the National Register of Historic Places.

Today the biggest single user of Hill is the University of Michigan School of Music, followed closely by the University Musical Society, and the building continues to exert a major impact on the cultural life of the entire region. Paul Boylan, dean of the School of Music and vice provost for the arts, says, “Hill is arguably one of less than half a dozen of the greatest concert halls in the world.” UMS Executive Director Ken Fischer notes, “Over the years, Ann Arbor has been the smallest community on most of the major concert tours. But more often than not, we'll have more people hear the concert because of the



Most audience members don't realize Hill's basement area doubles as a dressing and practice room for orchestras and ensembles. These student musicians from the University Symphony Orchestra attempt to ignore their inharmonious surroundings.



If the Campaign for Hill is successful, patrons and performers alike can look forward to some beautiful changes, as seen in this architect's rendering. Plans call for a four-story addition at the back of the auditorium to house 12 dressing rooms, lavatories, a green room, an artist's lounge, a kitchen, offices and other facilities.

size of Hill and the commitment of regional audiences to this great hall.”

Behind the Facade

Although still majestic at a distance, up close Hill Auditorium is looking tired. Time has taken its toll on a building that has never, in its long history, received any large-scale renovations. The University in 1990 asked its official architect to commission a detailed evaluation of the building. The project was carried out by the Detroit-based architectural and engineering firm of Albert Kahn Associates, Inc., whose founder and namesake had created the original design for Hill.

In their final report, the architects recommended \$20 million worth of improvements. The litany of problems is seemingly endless. To cite just a few examples: The roof is leaking. The paved entry plaza is dangerously cracked. There is no elevator and, except for an outside ramp, no handicap access. The heating system is antiquated. The



Enlargement of Hill bathrooms is scheduled to begin soon, which means patrons can look forward to the end of the unpleasant ritual known as “The Line.”

lack of air conditioning makes the building unusable during the summer months and uncomfortable at other times. Bathroom facilities are nearly nonexistent. The two small dressing rooms behind the stage are small and shabby, and orchestras are forced to change in the basement. The list goes on.

In response to the report, the University launched Ovation—The Campaign for Hill as part of its \$1 billion, five-year Campaign for Michigan. Using the architect's estimate of \$20 million, the U-M pledged itself to a partnership with the public in which it would commit \$10 million for repairs and renovations, with the remaining \$10 million to come from individuals, foundations and businesses.

U-M Director of Development for the Arts Anneke Overseth, who has headed up major capital campaigns for the Business School and other University units, was put in charge of the Campaign for Hill. In short order, she assembled both a working Advisory Board and an Honorary Committee, recruiting such musical luminaries as Van Cliburn, James Galway, Jessye Norman and Yehudi Menuhin.

While remaining upbeat about the prospects for meeting the \$10 million goal, Overseth admits that in some ways raising funds for the auditorium is an up-hill battle, pun intended. “Hill is the one building on campus that doesn't have alumni,” she explains, “which makes this an especially challenging campaign. We have to find ways to attract gifts from people who have used Hill in some way—attended classes, concerts, or other functions—and who have fond memories of the building.”

The Advisory Board's solution to the problem has been to “create” alumni/ae through the Hill Auditorium Seat Sale. For a gift of \$500, a donor can purchase a second balcony seat. That amount rises to \$1,000 for first balcony seats, and \$2,500 for those on the main floor except for Section A, which are priced at \$5,000 each. In acknowledgment, the name of the donor—or the individual being honored by the gift—will appear on a plaque attached to the seat. Thus far, the campaign has collected over \$2 million in pledges and gifts.

Everyone seems to agree that Hill Auditorium is too beautiful, too unique, and too important not to be saved.

Perhaps the most eloquent argument for the preservation of Hill comes from University Architect Doug Hanna: “Hill is one of half a dozen jewels on this campus. All of us at Michigan should regard Hill Auditorium as our own Cologne Cathedral, a tremendously valuable, classic building. We'd be very foolish not to do everything we can to make the building last as long as possible.”

Anyone who would like more information about the Hill Auditorium Seat Sale or The Campaign for Hill is invited to contact Anneke Overseth at 128 Michigan League, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48109, phone (313)764-5123, fax (313) 747-2282. MT

Linda W. Fitzgerald is an Ann Arbor freelancer.

Tempests Into Rainbows

EXCERPTS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ROBBEN W. FLEMING

"Now, at age 78, I am largely retired," writes former U-M President Robben W. Fleming (1968-79) in the preface of his autobiography *Tempests Into Rainbows*, published this month by the University of Michigan Press (\$24.95). "My story is, in a sense, the story of so many others of my generation. We were born in small towns, suffered the loss of siblings whom modern medicine could now save, endured the economic depression of the late 1920s and 1930s, worked our way through school, and got out just in time to enter the armed services during World War II. For us, marriage was either delayed or a cause of being long parted until the war was over, and we had to start over once we returned. My entry into the academic world was an accident of the time, but it was a career I loved, even though it included a difficult period of student unrest."

Fleming moved from the dispute-resolution profession into academe. As chancellor of the University of Wisconsin in Madison his skill at managing crises earned him the sobriquet "The Silver Fox" from student activists. Michigan recruited him to succeed President Harlan Hatcher in January 1968, beginning a three-year period of tense and potentially violent campus protests involving the anti-Vietnam War and civil rights movements.

The following excerpts from *Tempests Into Rainbows* begin right after Fleming has described his encounters with student protests against the ROTC and student demands for a student-run "anti-profit" University bookstore:

Not too long thereafter, the anti-Vietnam War forces invited Rennie Davis to come and speak on campus. Rennie was a young man who had just finished his initial graduate work at the University of Illinois. He was very bright, full of energy, highly articulate, a fine public speaker, and totally opposed to the war in Vietnam. He had made periodic trips to Vietnam and come back with reports that were contrary to what we were being told by our government.

Once it was known that Rennie would speak right after one of his trips to Vietnam, a liberal faculty group came to see me to ask that I agree to speak on the same platform with him. Their fear was that Rennie, with whose views many of them agreed, would nevertheless so arouse the crowd that there would be violent demonstrations. They thought that if I spoke I could, with my known



Fleming leaving demonstration in 1968 after addressing the throng.

anti-Vietnam War views, hold the middle ground by a more objective statement than they expected him to make. The meeting was scheduled for Hill Auditorium, which holds 4,500 people, and is located in the center of the main campus.

A Reasoned Analysis

After discussing the matter with the executive officers, I accepted the invitation. Knowing that having the president of a major university speak on the same platform with someone whom the public identified as a radical would draw radio, TV, and press attention, I wrote the speech and read it so that no one could successfully charge me with saying things I did not say. It was a reasoned analysis of our involvement and why I thought it was a mistake.

The night of the meeting came. Hill Auditorium was packed and there was tension in the air. Activist students had filled all of the front seats and were prepared to give Rennie loud support. How they would treat me, I did not know.

There was a factor about this that no one knew. I had known Rennie since he was a small boy, when his father and I worked together in Washington right after World War II. They had been in our home a number of times, but I had not seen Rennie in recent years and I did not know how his entrance into radical politics might have changed him.

When Sally and I approached Hill that night, I went in the back door so that I could enter the stage at the proper

time. It was empty when I arrived, but soon thereafter Rennie came in alone. He came toward me with a big smile and said, "Gee, it's good to see you again, my folks send their warmest greetings." I said, "Rennie, one of the last times I saw you, you threw up on our floor." We laughed and chatted before going out on the stage, and I felt confident the evening would end all right.

Rennie delivered a passionately anti-Vietnam War speech for which he was cheered wildly by many in the audience. Then I spoke. I got a warm reception, probably because many in the audience knew why I was there. There was no effort to keep me from speaking.

When it was all over, the activists swarmed around Rennie and I prepared to leave. I debated whether to intervene and say goodnight to him, but I understood that for the two of us to be friendly might ruin his reputation with the activists, so I started to leave. To my surprise, he broke away

from the group and came over to say good-bye and say how pleased his parents would be that we had shared a platform.

No Violence That Night

There was no violence that night. The tension largely evaporated. The press made a good deal of it, and Vice President Spiro Agnew promptly blasted me for "gutless" behavior. The vice president was not yet at the point where he was forced from office for accepting bribes, but he was immensely unpopular with both students and faculty and nothing could have helped me more than his remarks.

A similar incident took place in front of the President's House. I think it was March 31, 1968, just after Lyndon Johnson had announced that he would not run for a second term. Around ten o'clock in the evening, a large crowd began to build up outside the house. It turned out that Bill Ayres, a leading student activist at the University of Michigan, was leading them. I came out and they began to shout questions about the university's involvement in alleged war research, ROTC, and all the usual issues. Bill had a bullhorn, as did I (one was kept at the house!). There was so much noise that it was impossible to answer questions, so I suggested they sit down in the yard and quiet down so could reply. They did, and the crowd grew bigger until the entire street was closed off. Draft cards and flags were being burned, antiwar signs were all over the place, and, to my horror, a Confederate flag suddenly floated out of a third floor window of our house. We had

Photo courtesy of the Ann Arbor News

a Virginia girl living with us as companion for our high school age daughter. She was not really a Southerner, she certainly was not racist, and what caused her to produce the flag, except perhaps the excitement of the occasion, I will never know. Fortunately, the crowd was focused on Vietnam, not civil rights, and the flag was soon withdrawn without incident.

Questions and answers went on until around 11:00 P.M. The crowd was restless, there was tension in the air, and the police were present but not taking any action. Suddenly, Bill Ayres put his bullhorn down to his side and said to me, "Would you like us to go home, you must be tired?" I replied noncommittally that I would be glad to talk as long as they wanted to. He then picked up his bullhorn and said, "All right, we are through here, let's go over to the Union and continue." At that the crowd broke up and the evening was over.

Again there was a fortuitous factor, unknown to anyone but Bill. His father and I were good friends. The father was a Michigan graduate, the chief executive of a major utility in Chicago, and one who had been in the forefront of the fight for racial justice in Chicago. I had arbitrated a number of labor disputes between his firm and the union. Was that the reason that Bill drew the audience away from the house that night? I don't know. Anyway, there was no violence.

The BAM Strike

Two years later, African American activists and supporters launched the Black Action Movement (BAM), which proclaimed a Universitywide strike to begin March 20, 1970. The sticking points in negotiations included whether U-M should accept a goal versus a commitment of achieving 10 percent Black enrollment by 1973-4.

Strikers disrupted classes, various faculty and administrators expressed sympathy with or opposition toward the strikers, and Fleming entered negotiations on March 29:

On Monday, March 30, the talks resumed. The pickets had been removed and class attendance began to increase toward normal levels. We met very late that night. With me was only Herbert Hildebrandt, who was then secretary of the Regents, and one or another person intermittently. The sticking point in the negotiation was always our refusal to make a commitment to 10 percent **sic minority?** enrollment as opposed to setting it as a goal. We were not prepared to take just any high school graduate in order to achieve a 10 percent figure, and all of the data we had gathered convinced us that we could reach the goal without doing that. The BAM group insisted we were only using this as an excuse, and we argued that to accept a student who would only find the path too difficult would be to stamp that individual as a failure when this need not be true if the competition was less severe.

Finally, at 4:00 A.M., when our conversations seemed stalled, one of their spokesman said that he had to make a telephone call. It seemed to me an unlikely time for a call, but he went to the adjoining room where there was a telephone. In a few minutes he came out and announced that I had a call. I knew this could hardly be true at that hour, but I didn't know what he had in mind. He came in the room with me, and when the door closed, he said, in a perfectly calm and friendly voice, "We've got to get this

thing over with. What is the best offer you can make?" I repeated what we had been saying, "We will set 10 percent as our goal, we will provide the financial aid to make this possible if the student has need, and we will do the other things we have already told you about. Beyond that I cannot go, nor do I think the Regents will go further." He said, "All right, let's go back in the other room. I will ask you the same question and you give the same answer. The I will say that we must consider it until morning. We will then meet at 10:00 A.M. in this room to end it." We returned to the bargaining table and went through the required conversation. They then left, as did I, and I was sure that the break I had been waiting for had finally come. We met the following morning for the formal agreement.

Public reaction to the settlement of the strike was mixed. The conservative *Detroit News* intoned, "When a great university, guilty only of excessive tolerance, goes begging on its knees for the forgiveness of arrogant radicals it's time for someone with authority and guts to step in and call a halt to the farce." But the liberal *Detroit Free Press* said, "The University of Michigan's regents have chosen the path of wisdom in supporting President Robben Fleming and in trying to live up to the commitments which have brought the student strike to an end. Let us hope their decision will help to still the angry clamor and will permit all of us to see President Fleming's actions in some kind of perspective."

Agnew Weighs In

President Nixon's vice president, Spiro Agnew, weighed in with this comment: "In a few years' time perhaps — thanks to the University of Michigan's callow retreat from reality — America will give the diplomas from Michigan the fish eye that the Italians now give diplomas from the University of Rome." That comment was immensely helpful to us, not only because he necessarily insulted the University of Rome and made Italians angry, but because Agnew was himself so unpopular in university circles. Even my most severe internal critics blasted the vice president.

When the vice president criticized me it was fodder for the media, and I was immediately asked to comment. I said simply that "the vice president is apparently badly misinformed about the commitment the university's Regents, faculty, and administration have made to provide educational opportunity to disadvantaged young people, particularly Blacks."

... Looking back on the BAM strike today, I would change little that we did. The bottom line was that we avoided serious vio-

lence, we established much-needed programs for the advancement of black people, and no one would argue today that the image of the University of Michigan as one of the great universities of the world was diminished by what happened then. If we were indeed successful, there were many contributors. The governor was a major source of strength and assistance, the Regents stood firmly behind us when they were under severe pressure, the faculty rallied overwhelmingly behind us despite provocative incidents, and the majority of the students always went about their business even in the face of turmoil. Finally, Sally was always a source of great strength. She didn't like what was happening, and she was fearful for me, but she understood and approved what we were trying to do. She never let the tension get her down, even when groups of students followed us around campus shouting, "Open it Up or Shut It Down!"

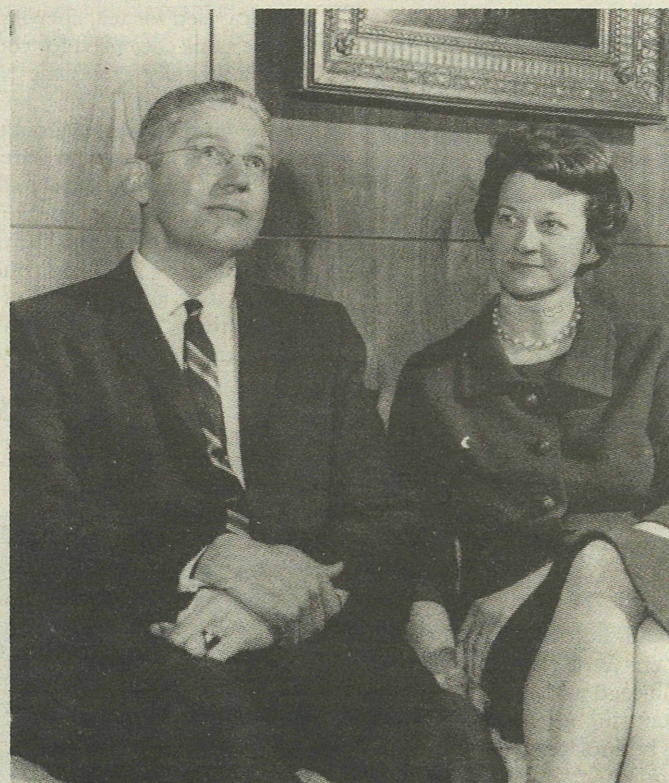
How Deep Is Our Prejudice!

Given the state of race relations in our country, it is not surprising that there are still tensions between black and white students on campus. Black students resent the fact that too many of the white students look upon them as if they were all recipients of a special favor in being allowed academic admission. It is a curious commentary on our society that black athletes, who heavily populate our outstanding football and basketball teams, are worshipped by the public while they are in uniform but become black again when they are in street clothes. How deep is our prejudice! Twenty-five years ago I thought we might, in the next twenty years, rid ourselves of much of this prejudice, at least on campuses. Now it is apparent that we still have a long way to go. We have made progress, and we will make more, but we will never reach our goal until we can do something about the abysmal conditions that surround the schooling and social and economic conditions

of minorities and their families in the inner cities.

... I am proud of the fact that we never had anyone hurt badly during the course of an incident, we had no residue of hate and bitterness arising out of our conflicts, and the University remained the great institution that it had always been. Since the human instinct seems always to be one of retaliation in force once there is trouble, those who counsel peaceful negotiation have a hard time gaining much credibility. **MT**

For further information about Tempests Into Rainbows, contact the U-M Press at P.O. Box 1104, Ann Arbor, MI 48104. Ph. # (313) 764-4388. Fax (313) 936-0456. Internet address: UM.Press@umich.edu



Robben and Sally Fleming in 1967, upon the announcement of his selection as Michigan's president.

STUDENTS OF COLOR ABROAD

Over There

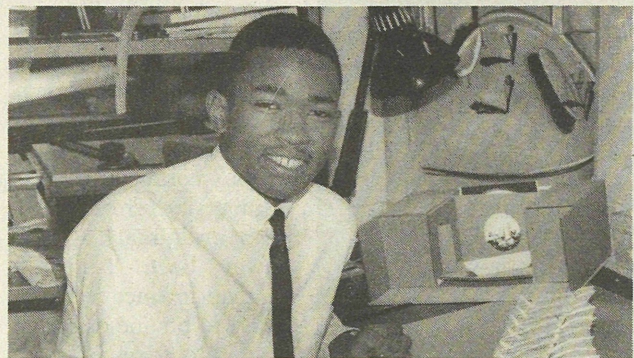
U-M's Office of International Programs (OIP) offers 45 overseas programs a year, most providing a semester of study abroad or several-week sessions during the summer months. OIP Director Carol Dickerman says that nearly 400 of the 16,000 LSA students will be participate in OIP programs, and about the same number will be doing so through programs directed by other schools and colleges in the University.

Students study abroad mainly to polish language skills or to extend their knowledge in an academic area, Dickerman says, but some are showing "an increasing interest in areas that reflect their ethnic heritage." Several students from minority backgrounds reported on their experiences overseas during the University's Martin Luther King Jr. observances in January. Their stories follow.

William Dubose Jr. '96 of Chicago. Major: Architecture, School of Architecture and Urban Planning

I don't know exactly why I decided to go overseas. One thing that occurred to me was that going to Europe would give my mother something interesting to talk about at work. And partly it was to get away from Chicago so I could better understand what was going on at home. My aunt told me I'd find it dangerous overseas. I said, "I can't walk to the corner store safely here at home. How could it be worse over there?" As it turned out, nobody pestered me going to a store over there.

First, I visited Oxford University in England, where I met Black British people. I'd been told that all of the best arti-



facts from Africa were in England, so I wanted to go there. Later, during my semester in Florence, I met Nigerians and other Africans who lived in Italy. Both groups gave me insights into the Black experience overseas.

In England, when I told them I grew up in the world's largest housing project, the Robert Taylor Homes, they told me they'd take me to Black "leisure estates" where they lived. I imagined something quite grand, but it turned out those were housing projects, too. There were a lot of similarities between housing projects in Chicago and in England. You had to be of lower economic status in order to live in them first of all. Then I noticed that both places were filled with people of African descent. I had to ask myself, why is that? Seeing things like this helped me realize how closely Blacks were linked throughout the world.

I went into architecture because I thought architects might be able to design living spaces that would help people live better lives. But now I've come to doubt that architects have that power. The decisions as to the investments in, and designs of, housing developments are made elsewhere, and I'd like to get into an area of business or finance where those decisions are made.

Maria Perez '97 of Trinidad, Colorado. Major: Russian and Eastern European Studies.

My involvement in University Research Opportunity Program [a U-M program that involves first- and second-year students in research projects supervised by a professor.—Ed.] during my second year changed my life.

I won a scholarship, and together with seven other Michigan students spent three months doing bioanthropological research in Chicaloma, a famous town of mostly African-Bolivian descendants of the African slaves brought by the Spaniards to work the rich Bolivian mines.

In Chicaloma, the African Bolivians are the community leaders and innovators in comparison with the shy *Aymara* peoples of the Bolivian *altiplano*. Working in this truly rural town made me think of the amazing diversity of peoples in my home continent. Unlike the United States, much intermarriage among ethnicities has been going on there for a long while. This makes race issues in Latin America much different than what we know of in the United States.

In Bolivia I was also captivated by the issues surrounding coca plantations and one of coca's well-known derivatives: cocaine. Chicaloma's entire economy is based on coca. Yet, the coca used for tea, chewing and other health products is not the same coca used for cocaine. Only a certain region in Bolivia illegally grows the "evil" coca that is turned into cocaine.

The more I learned about the real coca issue in Bolivia, I realized how ignorant we are in the North about the true situation of these peoples. To think of Bolivia as a poor drug-supplying land full of ignorant people and corrupt leaders couldn't be farther from the truth. Many natives are aware of the country's problems concerning the international drug war, and they, just like many of us, are actively trying to end it.

One thing I've learned from traveling and speaking to other travelers is: Never think you know more than the people around you just because you are American. It is important to have an open mind about adapting to the sometimes uncomfortable circumstances encountered in traveling.



Joseph Dorsey of Washington, DC. Doctoral candidate in resource policy and behavior, School of Natural Resources and the Environment. Campus coordinator, Peace Corps.

A lot of your preconceptions of how other people live vanish when you live among them. After I finished Howard University, I wanted to do something interesting and delay deciding whether I'd work or go back to school. I suppose I was a victim of the Tarzan-type imagery of Africa, but I was always interested in Africa. Still, I thought that the Peace Corps wasn't something that Black people did. But in my senior year, when I heard that the Peace Corps would let me live in Africa for two years, and free—well, the operative word was "free."

When I arrived in the Ivory Coast in 1979, the people would point at me and say, "White man," meaning, as I discovered, that I was Western in my dress and thought. It wasn't meant negatively, just that I wasn't an African. That's what I had to learn.

People responded to me in different ways. Some considered me their "long-lost brother"; others disdained me as a descendant of slaves; still others thought I was a Jamaican. When I said no, that I was an American, then they'd assume that meant that one of my parents was white.

Over time, I learned some dialects of their language, ate their food, wore clothes like theirs. When my two years were up, I traveled by myself in other countries, and the people riding on the bus with me would turn and ask me, "Are you from Liberia?" When I said no, they'd say, "From Nigeria?" They'd run through several countries, and then I'd tell them I was an American. But their questions made me feel that to some extent I had become an African again.

Rosetta Mitchell '98 of Gary, Indiana. Major: international marketing, Business School. Peer adviser, U-M International Center.

I had studied Chinese at Gary Roosevelt High School, and before coming to Michigan I learned of a possible trip to China through the Council on International Educational Exchange (CIEE). Teachers encouraged me, saying I'd be the first person to go to China from a Gary high school. I raised \$3,850 in three weeks from school alumni, fellow students and a tag day in the community.

Arriving in Hong Kong in the summer of 1994 was a surprise. As soon as I walked into the airport, people started staring at me. I felt uncomfortable, but then I went to a fancy restaurant with a friend of mine who lived there, and I felt better.

But then I went to the mainland. When we got off the plane a Jewish guy with really curly, Afro-type hair got off ahead of me, and the people looked at him and started pointing and laughing. I wondered, "What will they do when they see me?" Well, people were stopping cars to look at me. One or two yelled, "Black devil!" and threw wads of paper at me. It was the biggest disappointment in my life. Finally, other students and some of our hosts had to form a barricade around me.

Finally, we got to the school in Xi'an City in western China—22 hours by train from Beijing—and I met my roommate. She and I became good friends. Thousands of students must have filed by our door to look at me. And buses

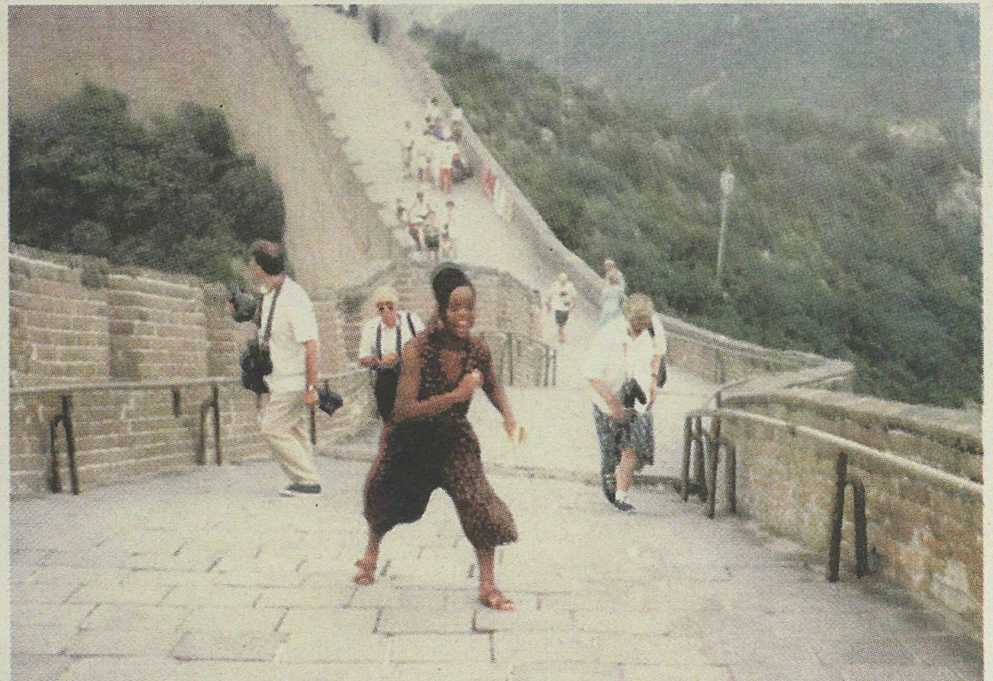
and cars kept stopping when I walked in the town. People pulled my hair. Police taunted me. I called my grandfather and told him I wanted to leave early. These incidents were making my roommate cry. She said Chinese people are basically kind and friendly—which is right, they are—but they just hadn't seen anyone like me.

She called her father, and he took a two-and-half hour bus ride to our school after hearing about my experiences to give us support. I visited their home, which was a haven from all the attention. But outside, things remained rough. The Chinese at the school explained to me that the people in that region were isolated from the world. I know from this country what it's like to face racism. It wasn't racism that was making the Chinese act that way, it was just the result of their long history of not seeing or learning about anyone or anything un-Chinese.

But I couldn't understand why no one from CIEE had prepared me for what I might encounter. Since hearing about my experiences, CIEE and the University are doing a better job of informing students about the difficulties they may face as a result of racism, prejudice, stereotypes or ignorance. Part of my job now is to counsel Michigan students about these issues.

Despite the problems I faced, I was determined to be an ambassador for my race and answer a lot of ignorant questions. I ate the types of food the Chinese people eat. I learned how to squat and relieve myself as they do outdoors without getting wet. I made it out of China sane and alive, so now people know I can make it anywhere.

I don't want to live in China, but I'd like to go back there regularly to do international marketing. Thanks to the Minority International Research Training Program offered by the Fogarty Scholarships, I'm returning to China this summer to research consumer behavior. **MT**



AFRO-CELTIC CONNECTIONS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

Lady Gregory and others, and the slightly later one created in the Harlem of the 1920s and 1930s by Langston Hughes, Zora Neale Hurston, James Weldon Johnson and their cohorts, in some ways shared similar goals.

Writers of the Harlem Renaissance invoked their Irish forerunners as models publicly and explicitly. For example, in his landmark anthology *The Book of American Negro Poetry* (1922), the poet and critic James Weldon Johnson interrupted a discussion of the problems of dialect literature to proclaim:

What the colored poet in the United States needs to do is something like what Synge did for the Irish; he needs to find a form that will express the racial spirit by symbols from within rather than by symbols from without, such as mere mutilation of English spelling and pronunciation.

The link between Irish and African-American liberation appeared in more purely political contexts as well. The Black nationalist Marcus Garvey regularly cited the Irish national struggle as a paradigm for liberation movements, emphasizing particularly its 700-year duration, its blood sacrifice and its devotion to freedom. He even named his headquarters in New York Liberty Hall in direct emulation of James Connolly's headquarters at Liberty Hall in Dublin, and he justified the inclusion of green along with black and red in the familiar international African flag of the Universal Negro Improvement Association because green symbolized the Irish struggle for freedom.

Interested in solving racial problems more through class than national solidarity, the poet Claude McKay told of attending a Sinn Fein demonstration in Trafalgar square during which he was greeted as "Black Murphy" and "Black Irish." "For that day at least I was filled with the spirit of Irish nationalism—although I am Black!" he wrote. "I suffer with the Irish. I think I understand the Irish. My belonging to a subject race entitles me to some understanding of them."

Indeed, a literal look at their ancestry might indicate another reason why Black American leaders might feel sym-

pathy for Irish troubles. Ishmael Reed has pointed out that if Alex Haley had set off the "roots" craze by tracing his ancestry back through his father's side rather than his mother's, he would have ended up in Ireland rather than in Gambia. And the historian Clayborne Carson has discovered that one of Martin Luther King Jr.'s grandfathers was probably half-Irish.

When I lectured on this subject at Harvard some months ago, an African-American fellow came up to me afterwards and said he'd grown up in Georgia singing songs about "Kevin Barry" and "Kelley, the Boy From Killarney." It was not until he went to college that he learned to his surprise that they were not about Black civil rights martyrs, as he had assumed, but Irish nationalist martyrs. Appropriately enough, songs of the civil rights movement in America of the 1960s became anthems of the movement for Catholic Civil Rights in Northern Ireland of the 1970s onward, whose Irish adherents particularly favored "We Shall Overcome." The very terms "Black" and "White" apparently display a simplistic binary opposition badly in need of questioning.

All of this suggests that in art and society the purity and separatism of ethnic identity is a fabrication. It is easy to compile a list of great African-American writers of the past century who have movingly described cultural interactions. Paul Robeson in his autobiography identifies the key influence on his education as his father's taking him through Homer and Virgil in the original Greek and Latin. Zora Neale Hurston recounts in *Dust Tracks on a Road* her desire to be an English teacher to impart to others her fervor for English Romantic poets, especially Coleridge. Ralph Ellison in his essay "Hidden Name and Complex Fate" identified T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land" as a poem that "seized my mind" and prompted "my conscious education in literature."

And yet to stop with such attestations might provide too easy a picture of the real stress involved in multicultural creation and response. Perhaps nearer to the mark are two avowals, each well known in its own tradition but whose

congruence with the other tradition I emphasize here. The first is W.E.B. DuBois's famous passage on "double consciousness" that opens *Souls of Black Folk*:

One ever feels his twoness—an American, a Negro; two souls, two thoughts, two unreconciled strivings; two warring ideals in one dark body, whose dogged strength alone keeps it from being torn asunder. The history of the American Negro is the history of this strife. ... In this merging he wishes ... to be both a Negro and an American ... to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture.

Correspondingly, W.B. Yeats described his own double consciousness of both Irish and English elements this way in his late essay "A General Introduction for my Work":

The "Irishry" have preserved their ancient "deposit" through wars which, during the 16th and 17th centuries, became wars of extermination. No people, Lecky said at the opening of his Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, have undergone greater persecution, nor did that persecution altogether cease up to our own day. No people hate as we do in whom that past is always alive, there are moments when hatred poisons my life. ... Then I remind myself that though mine is the first English marriage I know of in the direct line, all my family names are English, and that I owe my soul to Shakespeare, to Spenser and to Blake, perhaps also to William Morris, and to the English language in which I think, speak and write, that everything I love has come to me through English; my hatred tortures me with love, my love with hate.

Far from unusual, such avowals of multiple allegiance seem the normal condition of writers, and of ourselves. We write as and are members of various groups—whether defined by "race," ethnicity, class, gender, family, religion, or nationality—and yet of a broader community as well. In that sense, DuBois's noble aspiration is our own: "to be a co-worker in the kingdom of culture." **MT**

George Bornstein is the C.A. Patrides Professor of Literature. This article was adapted from his essay "Afro-Celtic Connections: From Frederick Douglass to The Commitments," published in Literary Influence and African-American Writers, edited by Tracy Mishkin '93 PhD, Garland Publishing, New York, 1996.

AFRO-CELTIC CONNECTIONS

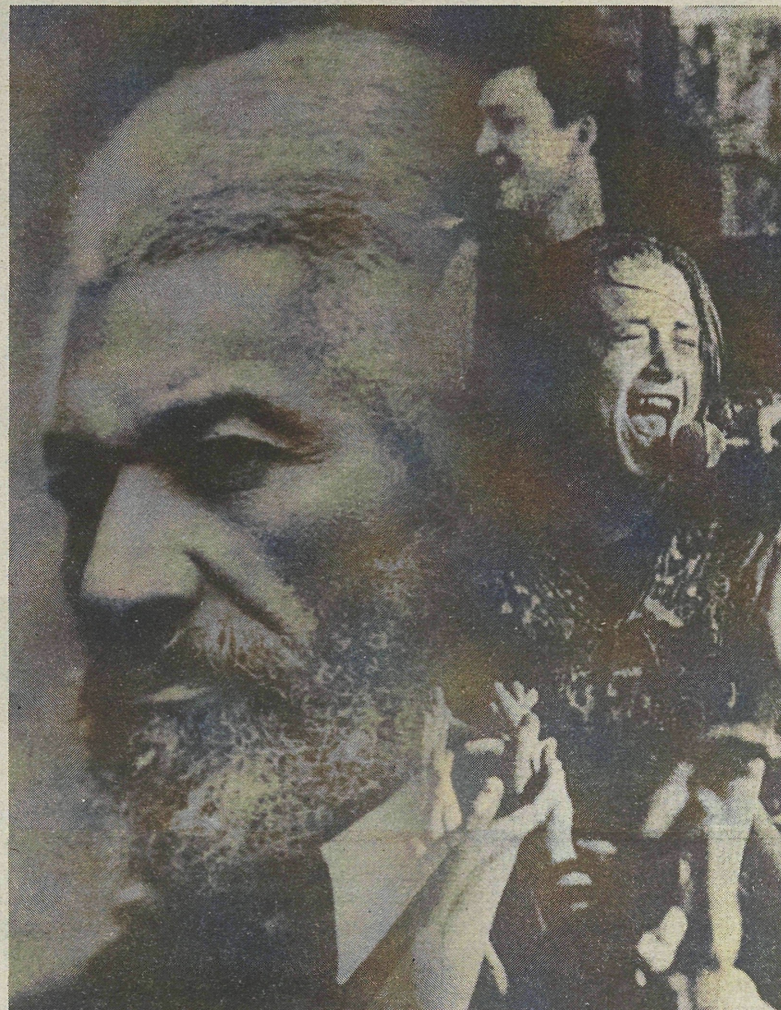
Few Americans now remember or are taught that in 1845, the year of first publication of his celebrated autobiography, Frederick Douglass made a five-week lecture tour of Ireland. He gave a series of fiery anti-slavery lectures in Dublin, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Limerick and Belfast, sometimes drawing parallels between Irish and American slave experiences and more often distinguishing between them as forms of oppression. While he found American slavery worse in that in his view it deprived people of all of their rights rather than some of their rights and property, he drew no such distinction between comparative misery of what he had seen in the American South and what he saw in early-famine Ireland. His letter back home to the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison published in *The Liberator* reported:

During my stay in Dublin, I took occasion to visit the huts of the poor in its vicinity—and of all places to witness human misery, ignorance, degradation, filth and wretchedness, an Irish hut is pre-eminent.... I see much here to remind me of my former condition.... He who really and truly feels for the American slave cannot steel his heart to the woes of others.

Douglass's status as an emancipated slave adds authority to his account, which must have struck his 19th century readers with exceptional force. But the comparisons did not all flow one way. No less a figure than Daniel O'Connell may stand for reciprocal interest on the Irish nationalist side. Converted to the antislavery cause by the English abolitionist James Cropper, O'Connell noted that the Catholic Emancipation bill had passed with strong support from antislavery MPs, and he reciprocated by marshaling Irish votes for the 1833 Emancipation Act that began abolition of slavery in the British West Indies. O'Connell never slackened in the sentiments he ringingly announced in his "Speech Delivered at the Great Anti-Colonization Meeting in London, 1833," where he intoned: "I would adopt the language of the poet, but reverse the imagery, and say 'In the deepest hell, there is a depth still more profound,' and that is to be found in the conduct of the American slave-owners. They are the basest of the base—the most execrable of the execrable." For both liberators, the cause of humanity was indeed one.

Other 19th century commentators also compared conditions of the Irish and enslaved African-Americans. A French traveler to both America and Ireland reported that "I have seen the Indian in his forests and the Negro in his chains, and thought, as I contemplated their pitiable condition, that I saw the very extreme of human wretchedness; but I did not then know the condition of unfortunate Ireland." Indeed, slaves in the United States had longer life expectancy (36 years) than Irish peasants (19 years), and better diets and superior living conditions. There is no need, however, to set up a competition in relative rates of such horrendous suffering, and the aspects in which Blacks were better treated presumably derive from their involuntary status as valuable property rather than from any supposed humanitarianism of their owners. The point is rather the extraordinary oppression of both groups. Irish immigrants to America were referred to as "White Niggers."

Both groups were targets of racist stereotypes that usually drew on



Art by Tiff Crutchfield

*'I see much here to remind me of my former condition,' said the African American abolitionist Frederick Douglass after surveying the squalor of Irish peasant life in 1845. A century and a half later, Irish writer Roddy Doyle depicted in both the novel and film *The Commitments*, a rock band's efforts to bring Black American 'soul music' to Dublin. In the film version, the hero Jimmy Rabbitte argues to his fellow bandmen that Ireland is a natural home for the music because 'the Irish are the Blacks of Europe, lads. ... An' Dubliners are the Blacks of Ireland.'*

a debased Darwinism in which both Blacks and Irish were somehow nearer to apes than were Anglo-Saxon types. An illustration from the influential American magazine *Harper's Weekly* (whose subtitle "Journal of Civilization" sounds ironic a century later) shows an alleged similarity between "Irish Iberian" and "Negro" features in contrast to the higher "Anglo-Teutonic." The accompanying caption indicates that the so-called Iberians were "believed to have been" an African race that invaded first Spain and then, apparently, Ireland, where they intermarried with native savages and "thus made way...for superior races" (like the English) to rule over them.

After the Civil War, prejudice was worse against Blacks in the South and against Irish in the North. No less an authority on discrimination than W.E.B. DuBois recalled that in growing up in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, in the 1870s, "the racial angle was more clearly defined against the Irish than against me."

Reactions against stereotyped constructions helped to drive first the Irish and then the Harlem Renaissances. Both the one created in the Ireland of the late 19th and early 20th century by W.B. Yeats, John Synge,

Michigan Today

JOHN WOODFORD- Executive Editor
SHERRI MOORE- Graphic Designer
BOB KALMBACH- Photographer
BARBARA WILSON- Advertising
KATHLEEN CONRAD- Correspondence

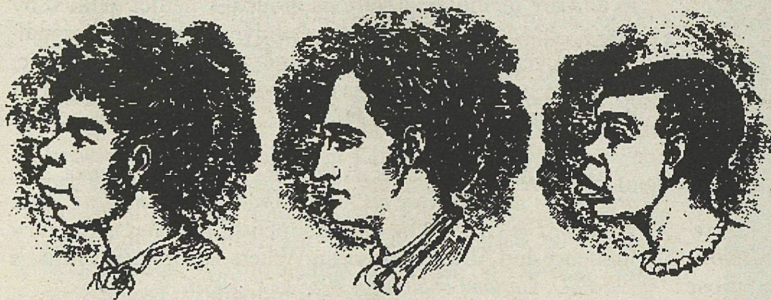
Michigan Today is published four times a year by News and Information Services,
The University of Michigan,
412 Maynard St.,
Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1399
Telephone: 313-764-0105
E-Mail: Johnwood@umich.edu

Circulation: 290,000

JAMES J. DUDERSTADT- President
WALTER L. HARRISON- Vice President,
University Relations
JULIE PETERSON- Director, News and
Information Services

U-M Regents: Deane Baker, Ann Arbor; Laurence B. Deitch, Southfield; Andrea Fischer Newman, Ann Arbor; Daniel D. Horning, Grand Haven; Shirley M. McFee, Battle Creek; Rebecca McGowan, Ann Arbor; Philip H. Power, Ann Arbor; Nellie M. Varner, Detroit; James J. Duderstadt, President, *Ex-officio*.

The University of Michigan, as an Equal Opportunity/Affirmative Action employer, complies with applicable federal and state laws prohibiting discrimination, including Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 and Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973. It is the policy of the University of Michigan that no person, on the basis of race, sex, color, religion, national origin or ancestry, age, marital status, sexual orientation, disability or Vietnam-era veteran status, shall be discriminated against in employment, educational programs and activities, or admissions. Inquiries or complaints may be addressed to the University's Director of Affirmative Action, Title IX and Section 504 Compliance, 2012 Fleming Building, Ann Arbor MI 48109 (313) 764-3423 (TDD 747-1388).



IRISH IBERIAN

ANGLO-TEUTONIC

NEGRO