

Michigan Today

Out of

SHADOWS

IMAGES FROM SOUTH AFRICA
BY EDWARD WEST

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The individuals featured in this series of four articles embody the wisdom of the late J. William Fulbright, who said, "The rapprochement of people is only possible when differences of culture and outlook are respected and appreciated rather than feared or condemned, when the common bond of human dignity is recognized as the essential bond for a peaceful world."

Senator Fulbright died in 1995, 50 years after he came up with the idea for the 130-nation international educational exchange program that bears his name. Congress established the program in 1946.

In a 1996 article summarizing the history of the Fulbright Program, Joseph Duffey, former director of the U.S. Information Agency, which administers the program, wrote that Fulbright sponsored the legislation that created the program "only two weeks after we bombed Hiroshima."

As a freshman senator in 1945, Duffey noted, the Arkansas Democrat "looked out on the devastation of World War II and on the new atomic age. He took seriously the admonition of Albert Einstein, who said, 'We must acquire a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive.' Remembering his own experience as a Rhodes Scholar, Fulbright reasoned that people and nations had to learn to think globally if the world were to avoid annihilation.

"He believed that if a large number of people came to know, understand, work and learn beside their counterparts in other cultures, 'they might,' he said, 'develop a capacity for empathy, a distaste for killing other men, and an inclination for peace.'"

Since then, more than 135,000 foreign nationals have come to the United States to teach, study and research, and more than 90,000 Americans have gone overseas to do the same.

In recent decades, there are likely to be 2,000 Americans studying abroad on Fulbrights, and 3,000 foreign students and scholars at any one of 300 US institutions. Although most Fulbrighters are students, scholars or elementary-secondary teachers, many professionals outside academe participate, including musicians, artists, scientists, architects, engineers, doctors, business executives, poets, public servants, journalists, and lawyers.

The Fulbright Alumni Association, with 6,100 members, makes sure the Fulbright experience is a continuing education not only for program veterans, but for their institutions and communities as well.

Marilynn M. Rosenthal, professor of sociology at U-M-Dearborn, a specialist in the sociology of medicine, says the Southeast Michigan Chapter of the association has approximately 100 members and conducts several educational and social events annually.

"We also support the visiting scholars and students from abroad who are here on Fulbrights," Rosenthal says. Most years, 25 to 30 international PhD candidates and 6 to 10 scholars are on campus for two to nine months each year.

At the same time, two dozen or more U-M students are abroad on Fulbrights annually, along with a dozen or so faculty members.

Precise totals are not kept, but it's estimated, based on the last four years of activity, that Michigan has supplied almost 2,000 students and faculty members to the Fulbright Program.

SPAIN: Leslie Stainton An Author's Dream

By John Woodford

Leslie Stainton's triumph may be one-of-a-kind. It's unheard of for a staff member with neither an academic appointment nor a doctorate to get a major literary biography published by one major house, let alone two—and in the book capitals of London and New York at that.

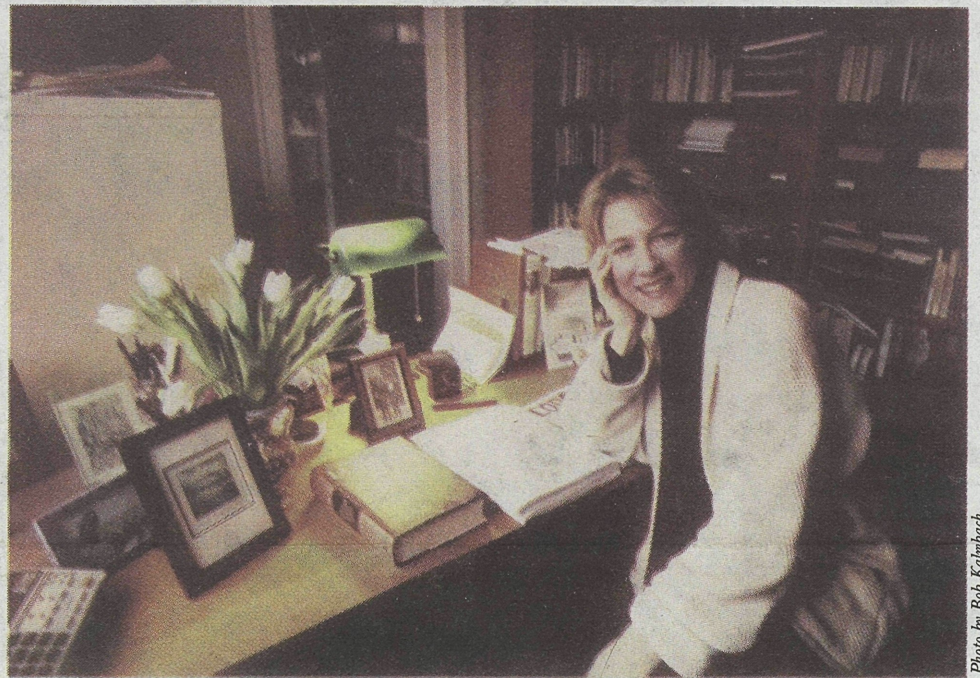
It all began 14 years ago when Stainton, now a U-M staff member, was pursuing a master's degree in theater at the University of Massachusetts. For a class assignment, she wrote a dramatic script based on *Poet in New York*, the posthumously published (1940) volume of poems by the Spanish author Federico Garcia Lorca (1898-1936).

Lorca's poems grew out of his nine-month visit to New York in 1929-30, when his then-modest fame was mostly confined to Spain. Only nine years of life remained to Lorca, before Spanish fascist militiamen loyal to Francisco Franco seized and summarily executed him at age 38 during the Spanish Civil War. But in that span Lorca wrote most of his dramatic masterpieces (including *Blood Wedding*, *Yerma*, *Dona Rosita the Spinster*, and *The House of Bernarda Alba*). These and other plays, together with his collections of poetry (*Poem of the Deep Song*, *Gypsy Ballads* and others), have made Lorca a candidate for literary immortality.

Working on her script drew Stainton deeper into Lorca's life, and she applied for and won "indispensable support" from the Fulbright Program to spend two years (1984-86) in Spain to expand her project. Fortunately for Stainton, who had sharpened her skills with a seminar on biography taught by the historian Stephen B. Oates, her interest in Lorca coincided with the Lorca family's disclosing of 100 of the playwright's previously undiscovered or unreleased letters as well as manuscripts, drawings, photographs and other materials.

Lorca's family made the new material available to Stainton and permitted her to help them edit some of Lorca's unpublished plays. The letters alone doubled those available to Lorca's previous major biographer, Ian Gibson.

In the years following her return to America,



Stainton spent two years in Spain on her Fulbright fellowship.

Photo by Bob Kabinbach

Stainton married, moved to Michigan, worked in a variety of staff writing, lecturing and editing jobs, divorced and, through it all, kept plugging away until she finished her book. Last fall, Bloomsbury Publishing of London brought out the 500-page first edition of *Lorca: A Dream of Life*. This spring, Stainton, who recently remarried, was awaiting publication of the American edition by Farrar, Strauss and Giroux of New York.

"I think my book attracted publishers because it was in time for the centenary of Lorca's birth and, in large part, because the new material shed considerable light on his complex relationship with his family and his complex personality," says Stainton, who is currently an editor in the U-M School of Public Health.

The reviewer for *The Irish Times* supported this view: "Because of the wealth of outside quotation the author can call upon, this quiet, responsible work is never forced. She does not indulge in speculation or presume to enter her subject's mind. ... Sensible and sensitive, this is a book of voices, the central one being that of Lorca himself. Biography has become a messy, dishonorable pursuit. This maligned genre has been somewhat redeemed by Leslie Stainton's valuable, insightful book."

Reviewers have especially praised Stainton's treatment of Lorca's homosexuality. "I tried to give a sense of his sexual identity as it unfolded to him during the course of his life," Stainton says. "Among the new material were romantic letters that convey Lorca's passionate aesthetic and emotional involvement with Salvador Dali, but they're so cryptic that at times it's hard to know exactly what was going on between the two men." There are also letters to other men Lorca admired, as well as more juvenilia and reminiscences of his childhood, and letters that indicate the depth of the conflicts and confrontations he and his father went through in Lorca's 20s.

These writings help counter the notion that Lorca was a tortured homosexual throughout his life, Stainton says. "In fact, his sexual identity underwent a number of fascinating transformations—from tortured adolescent to passionate young adult to a writer in his 30s who was willing, with certain trusted friends, to be quite open about his sexuality."

Stainton also departs from earlier biographers over the question of Lorca's interest in politics. Lorca is often depicted as a leftist revolutionary, but Stainton sees him as "an intellectual with a keen interest in social justice and democratic rights," whose leftist ideas were "more in keeping with the spirit of the times" than the result of a deep interest in political ideology.

Stainton deftly traces the significance of the playwright's other aesthetic skills: he was an accomplished musician, an able draftsman who produced many accomplished sketches, and a poet of such skill that, Stainton says, the American poet Philip Levine has said Lorca's interest in drama "cost the world even greater poetry."

But Lorca always wanted to be a playwright, Stainton notes, and saw poetry and dramatic dialog as interconnected. "What's more, he didn't like to publish his work," she adds. "That's why he liked the ephemeral quality of theater. He was a great bard, performing his work in cafes. Sometimes, he'd pretend to write a poem on the spot, declaim it and then flamboyantly hand it to a friend to burn the paper. 'Words seem dead to me when they're on a page,' he'd say."

Lorca also revived many traditional Spanish forms: farce, interlude, sonnet, ballad, Gypsy verse, puppet theater and tragedy. In several works he seized on the Gypsy minority as a quintessential emblem of southern



Lorca at home in Granada, 1925, beneath one of several paintings Salvador Dali gave him.

Spain. "He explored translating into poetry the sound of Gypsy *cante jondo*, or 'deep song'—which is popularly called flamenco," Stainton says. "These were brief, short-lined verses similar to haiku. It's very hard to translate their musicality into English. This is a problem in general for Lorca translators, in part because Spanish relies heavily on vowel sounds, while English is strongly consonantal."

These rich achievements flowed from the pen and imagination of a man who was so lazy a student that it took him nine years to finish college, Stainton says. Yet, during his professional studenthood, Lorca enjoyed the strong moral support of his mother, Vicenta, and the loving but grudging financial backing of his father, Don Federico, a wealthy sugar beet farmer and landowner.

Stainton suggests that Lorca journeyed to New York both to escape parental pressure and to sort out, and express, his growing desire for male lovers. "His English was dreadful, however, so it's difficult to say how much he understood in the States. He was supposed to be learning English but spent little time studying it. His vocabulary was limited to phrases he enjoyed saying, like, 'Time-ess Es-square.' He was highly learned, nonetheless. He had a strong classical education and on his own read Hesiod, Ovid, Tagore, Goethe and others deeply."

Upon his return to Spain, Lorca wrote most of the works that have brought him renown throughout the Spanish-speaking world and beyond. "Lorca yearned for the day when he would have three plays running simultaneously," Stainton says. "Then, he said, he would have the clout to present his 'real' theater, his 'impossible' theater, the kind of work he claimed he really wanted to do. The first example of this work was to be a play called *The Audience*."

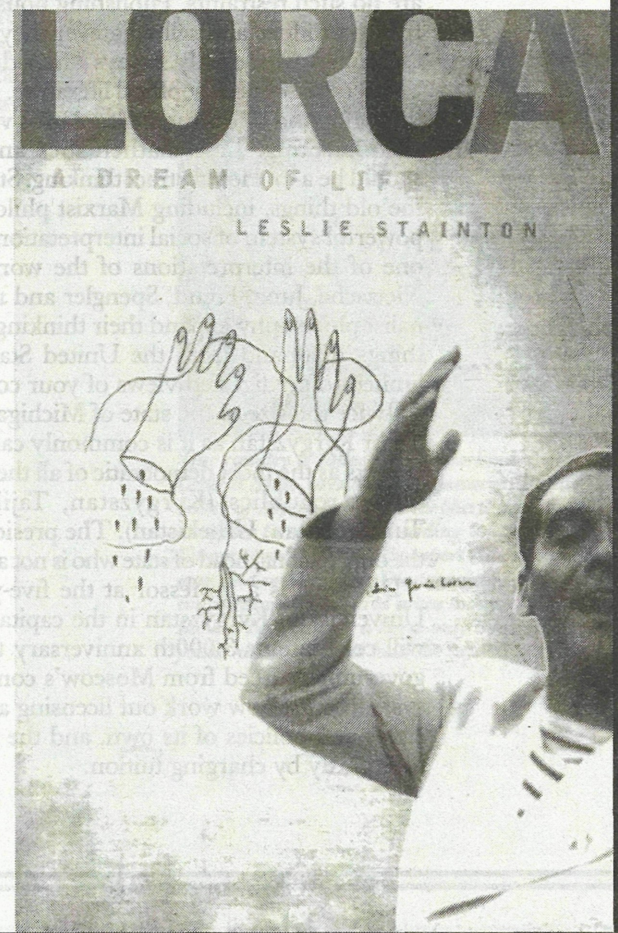
In 1935, Lorca reached his first goal. Three of his plays were drawing packed houses in Madrid and Barcelona. He was the toast of the country. In January 1936, 50 residents and the mayor of

Fuente Vaqueros, his native village in Andalusian Spain, sent him a New Year's greeting praising him as "the true poet of the people." "You, better than anyone," they said, "know how to fill your profoundly beautiful dramas with all of the pain, the immense tragedy of those who suffer, who endure lives saturated with injustice."

But political conflicts were tearing Spain apart. Lorca completed only the first act of another of his "impossible plays," *The Dream of Life*. The plot involves a theater company that is rehearsing *A Midsummer Night's Dream* when a revolution breaks out. "He intended for the action and technological devices to blur the line between stage and reality, cast and audience, and force the audience to examine their lives," Stainton says.

Lorca was still developing the play when, on August 16, 1936, officers of a Francoist squad seized him in Granada. He was at the home of a right-wing friend who had given him refuge from the future dictator's death squads who were eliminating men and women identified as "leftists." When asked the basis for Lorca's arrest, an officer replied, "His works." Two days later, Lorca and three other prisoners were handcuffed, driven to the outskirts of Granada, shot, and buried in unmarked graves. MT

The cover of Lorca: *A Dream of Life*, designed by Jonathan D. Lippincott, incorporates a 1934 photograph taken in Montevideo, Uruguay, with Lorca's sketch for his 1928 poem *The Martyrdom of St. Eulalia*, whose severed hands were 'able still to join/in sweet, decapitated prayer.'



Lorca said this 'extremely spiritual' 1929 passport photograph possessed the 'light of a murder scene.'

The KYRGYZ REPUBLIC:

By John Woodford

Nurgul Djanaeva of the Kyrgyz Republic has taught philosophy in her Central Asian homeland for 20 years. For the first dozen of them, however, the country was a Soviet Socialist Republic; it declared its independence in 1991 during the break-up of the USSR.

"During the Soviet years, most of what we taught was specified from the Marxist-Leninist canon," said Djanaeva, a Fulbright scholar who is at Michigan this academic year to conduct research in the School of Education's Center for Higher Education and Post-Secondary Education. "But they did not say what you couldn't cover, so I also taught existentialism and Hegel, and those thinkers excited the students. We have standards today, too, but I am free to make my own syllabus.

"After perestroika and independence," continued Djanaeva (pronounced jon-ah-AY-va), "many different books were published in the USSR. For example, lots of Nietzsche became available, which was not the case before. As a professor, I could check out Nietzsche with a special library card. When anyone questioned me on this, I would say, 'How can I criticize the bourgeoisie if I can't read what they say?' Now there are no such restraints. Publishing houses and bookshops are free to produce and sell whatever they like."

Djanaeva especially enjoys "introducing students to the broad range of philosophical literature. Doing so teaches them tolerance and offers them alternative visions and ways of decision-making. Like mathematics and music, philosophy should be a tool for abstract thinking. Students must still know the old things, including Marxist philosophy, because it is a powerful system of social interpretation. But now it's given as one of the interpretations of the world, not the only one. Nietzsche, Jung, Freud, Spengler and nontraditional, irrationalist philosophy expand their thinking. And we can now get things first-hand from the United States rather than being limited to predigested views of your country."

Twice the size of the state of Michigan, the Kyrgyz Republic, or Kyrgyzstan as it is commonly called, ranks among US experts as the most democratic of all the former Central Asian Soviet republics (Kyrgyzstan, Tajikistan, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan). The president, Askar Akayev, is the only regional head of state who is not an ex-communist leader.

Djanaeva is a professor at the five-year-old International University of Kyrgyzstan in the capital, Bishkek, a city that will celebrate its 3,000th anniversary this year. The Kyrgyz government, freed from Moscow's control of its educational system, must now work out licensing and accreditation principles and policies of its own, and the universities must survive partly by charging tuition.

Nurgul Djanaeva The Challenges of Independence



Djanaeva is spending this year at the U-M School of Education on a Fulbright grant.

Photo by Bob Kalmbach

"My university is generally considered one of the top three," Djanaeva said. "It is one of about 50 that have sprung up since independence. In the USSR, the nation had only one university. But it had many academic higher institutes, specializing in art, physical culture, language, science and technology, agriculture, medicine and teacher training, and the faculties have turned many of these institutions into universities."

Since U-M is going through its own accreditation process, which is required every 10 years, Djanaeva joined meetings with John B. Godfrey, special assistant to the provost, and others as they mounted the U-M effort.

"She is very intense, very committed," Godfrey says of Djanaeva. "She's in a tough position, because she's in charge of compiling an inventory of the best practices in all phases of academic administration and planning, and returning home to apply them in a new institution in a new country."

One big difference Djanaeva has noticed between education in this country and hers is in academic challenges. "Our students have much more work than here—about 40 credit hours a week compared with 15 here—so their time for activities other than schoolwork is limited." Her son, 13, and daughter, 8, accompanied her to Ann Arbor, and they, too, found their school assignments much lighter here. "In second grade in Kyrgyzstan, my daughter learned multiplication and division on a high level, and here her class is doing only simple addition and subtraction. Our second graders also have learned the English or other alphabets in addition to their own."

But like other former Soviet states, Kyrgyzstan is trying to figure out how to democratize the classroom. "In our culture people are not given to bold self-expression," Djanaeva said, "and this has an effect on classroom discussion. Also, we destroyed what we had, the good and the bad, and now we don't have much and are building from scratch. Taking these things into account, I think our students make good critiques of their reading."

The 4.7 million people of Kyrgyzstan (52 percent are Kyrgyz, 21 percent are Russian and 13 percent are Uzbek) "are lucky to have no caste system that stigmatizes students by background," Djanaeva said. "There is no basis in our public opinion to put down, say, a farmer's child. We have very democratic views on social strata."

"We have problems, nevertheless, especially with job availability for our graduates and for the alleviation of poverty. There are regional differences, too. Women from the

north, where I am from, have long been quite independent in every way, while those from the south are more traditional in their attitudes toward marriage, home and family. These customs are not greatly affected by religion; even though most religious people in the country are Muslims, secularism is quite strong."

Djanaeva thinks her scenic and mineral-rich country needs to develop technologically. "We export lots of raw cotton," she noted. "Why should we? We're losing jobs and money by our failure to match technological development to the materials and processes available in our agriculture and light industry. We are buying back our cotton after others process it. We can do better. We could also assemble our own computer chips. We should become an exporter of knowledge, too. Our educational system could help countries like India, Turkey and China."

She is also a vice president for planning and international relations in her University and, as president, works evenings and weekends in her country's non-governmental organization for women. "We publish a small newspaper Joogazyn [Tulip] for and about women's groups, develop training programs for women in leadership, career development, basics of computers, reproductive rights, et cetera. One of the goals of our efforts is to consolidate women's activities, to help them in empowerment and other programs." MT



'Issyk-kul Lake is one of our most splendid natural features,' Djanaeva says. 'Our university is among several that hold summer seminars and camps there.' The 100-mile-wide, very deep, salty, mountain lake is crystal clear and never freezes, she says, perhaps due to hot currents that feed into it.



'Our country is called the Switzerland of Central Asia,' says Nurgul Djanaeva. In this valley of Alpine beauty, a shepherd prepares his daughter for a horseback-riding lesson. The Kyrgyz were traditionally expert riders to a man and woman. But Djanaeva says riding is confined mostly to rural areas today, and that she has been astride a horse only twice in her youth 'while someone held the bridle.'

INDIA: Sharon Lowen The Dance of Discovery

By Jato Woodard

By Lea Terhune

Graceful and sinuous, large eyes reminiscent of images of Indian goddesses, Sharon Lowen has enthralled Indian audiences for two decades with her dance. Her accomplishment is extraordinary in a place where foreign exponents of indigenous dance forms are rarely taken seriously. But once Lowen came to India 25 years ago and devoted herself to Indian classical dance, her tenacity and perfectionism have earned the respect of audiences and critics alike in her adopted country.

Lowen grew up in Detroit, where her father was a chemical engineer and her mother a clinical psychologist. Indian family friends introduced her to Indian culture at an early age, and her academic career at Michigan gave her an exposure to Asian arts that nudged her toward India.

Lowen lives in New Delhi with her 17-year-old daughter, Tara, in a *barsati*, which means "raincoat" in Hindi and describes an apartment house's uppermost suite, which catches all the rain. Lowen's barsati in the heart of the city was part of an ancestral mansion now divided into flats. Seated on the terrace, Lowen recalls her early days in college.

"The U of M made my coming to India possible in a multitude of ways," she says. "When I arrived in 1967, I was extremely fortunate to come in contact with that great man Otto Graf. He was the director of the Honors College, and he admitted me into the College even though I was a little weak in math. Through the Honors College I was able to create an undergraduate program that let me explore my interest in Asia and Asian performing arts at the undergraduate level." Such curricular freedom was very unusual at that time, she adds.

No non-Western training in the arts existed at the University back then, according to Lowen, but plenty of South Asian experts passed through. And she already had a firm foundation for her program. She had taken classes at the Detroit Institute of Arts in puppetry, mime and theater since childhood, was a member of the Detroit Puppetry Guild even before entering high school and had performed with the Detroit and Cleveland symphony orchestras.

Her classes in dance were eclectic, including ballet, Haitian, Spanish and Balinese, but she was attracted to Indian dance because it pro-



Photo by Yoyya Cain

Lowen went to India on a Fulbright after earning BA and MA at Michigan.

vided an opportunity for deep study of a classical tradition. She pursued this interest with faculty experts like William Malm in the School of Music, with whom she studied ethnomusicology; the historian of Indian art Walter Spink; John Broomfield, who gave her a grounding in Indian history; and Padmanaben Jaini, a specialist in Sanskrit literature and the Hindu and Jainist religions.

Equally important was a small ad she noticed for Manipuri dance classes offered at the Ann Arbor YMCA. Manipuri dance evolved from folk and martial dances in Manipur, northeastern Indian state that borders on Burma. "I knew what Manipuri was, but only from books," Lowen says, "so I was delighted to take more Indian dance besides the occasional master class." The instructor was a local Bengali dancer, Minati Roy. Lowen's work with Roy opened doors to the Indian community in Ann Arbor as she was drawn into dancing for various Indian functions.

So when Lowen, who took her triple-major BA in humanities, fine arts and Asian studies in 1971, finally got to India on a Fulbright scholarship in 1973, she was not entering unfamiliar territory. "India for me was never exotic," she says. But getting there wasn't easy. She tried to get a Fulbright fresh out of college, but Indo-American relations suddenly soured over the Nixon administration's diplomatic "tilt" toward Pakistan, and India stopped granting visas. So while the Fulbright was on hold, Lowen earned a master's degree in education and dance, receiving it in 1973.

"Ann Arbor has one of the best dance programs anywhere," she recalls. "What was wonderful was not just that you got good training, but also the tremendous supportiveness for the students and faculty at that time. We were so well-trained that whatever you did, you did well, whether it was Cunningham, Graham, Falco, Nikolai or, for me, Asian dance."

The only thing Michigan didn't prepare for her, Lowen says, was "the politics of art, and I think that naivete has saved me from despair, possibly." When she arrived in India, she explains, she had no idea about the connections necessary for most performers to make it here. "Initially I didn't realize that people think of a foreigner, 'Isn't it flattering that they like our culture, but they can't do it.' I was just dancing. But over the years I've really been fortunate to achieve a unique kind of stature where I'm not only respected as an artist, I'm respected as a person in the community in a society that is rather feudal in the forms of patronage compared with the way it is in the West. India is the kind of place where people aren't going to begin to take you seriously until after 10 or 15 years. But after that, when you have the stamina and have actually racked up the achievements, then you have a very good position."

There were other things to learn, too. The relationship between a serious student and teacher in India involves a total commitment by both student and teacher that is almost unknown in the West. The student is submissive to the guru, like a young dependent. The guru watches and comments on the student's every move. The guru also makes a tremendous time commitment to the student, and in some ways takes responsibility for him or her. It is like being taken into the guru's family.

Lowen says that she "learned very early on when I lived in a small town in Orissa that my behavior had to be equivalent of a good daughter-in-law, and that one's personal life has to be above reproach, and that's an aspect of respect for the art."

The Indian dance world has nicknamed her "the godmother" for her willingness to give tips to young aspirants who need to learn correct behavior and how to interact in the traditional

Indian teacher-student relationship. She, herself, is a teacher at the American Embassy School in New Delhi and teaches at workshops in India and abroad, in addition to keeping a busy schedule of performances and of choreographing new works.

Today, Lowen is focused on preserving the Odissi dance tradition. Indians tell her that her performances give them an opportunity "to see something we don't see anymore" because Odissi dance, she explains, is "almost like a throwback—not in the sense of a museum piece, but in maintaining certain essences." Indian critics judge dance by fairly strict criteria—the execution of movements, symbolic gestures, rhythm and grace, and also the abhinaya, or facial expression, in the dance styles—all of which teachers have passed down to students for centuries.

The goal of classical Indian dance is "to go deeply into the psyche, deeply into a shared myth, and it is deeply spiritual in the most universal and humanistic way that can be," Lowen says. "It touches on the divine that is shared by everyone." In addition to Odissi and Manipuri, Lowen has mastered a third eastern regional style, Chhau.

Manipuri culture is more akin to its Burmese neighbors than to other Indian traditions, but it also carries a lot of Indian tribal influences. Even the Manipuri language is Tibeto-Burman, a family different from other languages spoken across India. "Manipuri dance is extremely graceful and flowing," Lowen says, "like a bamboo moved by the wind, and there is no emphasis on facial movement."

The Chhau style of dance arose from martial arts traditions combined with dance traditions of northeast India, and was customarily performed by men. Indeed, Lowen was the first woman to perform Chhau as a soloist after her guru introduced her in 1978, precisely to



Dance photos by Anamash Prastha

'She was all of dignified maturity and fluid movements marked throughout by that indefinable something we can only call the mind—serene, inward-looking joy,' said New Delhi dance critic Shanta Serbjeet Singh of Lowen's performance of Odissi.



Photo courtesy of Ethel R. Lowen

Lowen and her daughter, Tara (right) look on as the sitarist Ravi Shankar inaugurates the Center for Art without Frontiers, which Lowen established in 1996.



Lowen is a leading artist of Odissi, a dance from Orissa. Odissi takes inspiration from the devotional dances depicted in the sculptures of ancient Hindu temples at Konarak and Puri dating back to the second century BC.

prove that a woman could perform this previously all-male dance creditably. "There are three Chhau styles," Lowen says. "Two are performed wearing masks. With my puppetry background I loved learning the mask form. But what really drew me to Chhau is that unlike most Indian dance forms, the legs and the torso are used expressively."

Lowen is best known as an exponent of the Odissi style, which originated in the eastern coastal state of Orissa. "Odissi is a dance form that has sculpture," she says. There is a lot of relief sculpture of dancers on the temples of Orissa. Odissi dates to the second century BC. It was a dance performed by women dedicated to service in the temples of Orissa, and as with the other forms of Indian dance, it arose from spiritual consciousness. Not only is it an offering to the gods, it is an exposition of the shared myths of the people.

The typical body stance in Odissi is "a beautiful asymmetrical S-curve which is very sculptural," she says. "There's a great deal of footwork and intricate rhythm. The hands and face are used expressively for interpreting a text. There is a softness in the torso movement that flows above the sharp, staccato movements of the feet. So it has a kind of grace and gentleness in this S-curve."

When Lowen is dancing any style well, "I feel like I am flying," she says. At the same time, the spiritual emphasis of Indian classical dances, most of which relate to religious themes and tales of gods

and goddesses, allows her to enter into metaphysical space and project what she feels there to her audiences.

People often ask Lowen if living so long in India has made her feel that she is somehow Indian. "I have never consciously made any effort to be anything, to be Indian or American," she replies. "I am what I think now is called a transnational."

A lithe, pretty girl pokes her head in the door to announce a phone call. It is Tara, Lowen's daughter and fellow transnational, raised in India and like her mother fluent in Hindi. Tara's father, from whom Sharon is now divorced, is a drama professor in the States. Lowen says that Tara is interested in theater and plans to go to college in the US, but "it is not a given that she won't return to India, because it's home." MT

Lea Terhune is a free-lance writer living in New Delhi.

BOSNIA: Colleen London An Adopted Motherland

By Peter Slavin

Thirty years after she went to live in Sarajevo as the American bride of a Bosnian she met at U-M, Colleen London is calling that city home again. She returned to Bosnia last spring as a single woman, taking an influential position with the Bosnian government. Her first, seven-year stay made London a devotee of things Bosnian and fluent in the language. Going back, even in the aftermath of a vicious war, has only cemented the bond.

She knew Sarajevo when it was, to her eye, a kind of city-state, one lying at the crossroads of East and West and of the Christian and Muslim worlds, and she still finds Sarajevans an especially civil and civilized people. Bosnia's mix of peoples and cultures has led to a "live-and-let-live" approach to life she deeply admires.

Contrasting her former and present countries, she finds Bosnia far more inclined to learning. In her view, American society "barely teaches its children to read and only a small percentage of them ever learn to write English adequately, let alone encouraging them to think differently, and an even smaller number ever get sufficient encouragement or opportunity to learn a foreign language."

On the other hand, she says, Bosnian children learn to read and write in both the Latin and Cyrillic alphabets. "It's as if we have here a culture which has always taught its children to be ambidextrous. Since I happen to have made myself a student of how to go about learning to be ambidextrous and flexible linguistically and in my thinking, I discovered in this Bosnian society a



London moved to the former Yugoslavia after marrying a Fulbright scholar from Sarajevo. Behind her is the National Library of Bosnia in Sarajevo. The U-M Library has assisted in restoring its collection.

Photos by Peter Slavin

soil much more to my liking." She also finds a special gentleness in Bosnian children, noting poor behavior is rare, which she attributes in part to adults' willingness to chastise children when necessary.

Indeed, London considers herself "a Bosnian who just happened to be born in the United States to non-Bosnian parents."

Not one to stand out in a crowd, London dresses modestly and chooses her words carefully, precisely. She could pass for a college professor or minister's wife. Politeness and a sense of humor, however, mask in her a passionate, no-nonsense approach to life.

London and her dog Tsuko, the shepherd-husky mix she brought from Ann Arbor, share an apartment a few blocks from an area of Sarajevo occupied by Serb forces during the city's siege. The Serbs fired shells into high-rise dwellings in her neighborhood, and the top floors remain burned-out shells. Other reminders of the war remain: in the hills above the city where she and Tsuko like to tramp on weekends, signs warn of land mines, and the border of the hostile Serb mini-state formed during the war, Republika Serbska, is just a few miles from her apartment. But this hardly affects her life. She rides the streetcar to work and takes friends to her favorite neighbor-

hood restaurant. Sarajevo has regained a semblance of normality.

It's tempting to think London discerns more about the world than most people because she has been flying airplanes at thousands of feet for most of her life. When she was 10 or 11, her aunt and uncle started taking her up in their small plane. The first time they handed her a map and said, "Keep track of where we're going." She got her pilot's license at 24.

London grew up in Ypsilanti and Ann Arbor and, like her parents, earned her degrees at U-M (a BA in Russian in 1965 and MA in linguistics in 1969). She was working as head secretary of the U-M Slavic department and flying out of Ann Arbor airport, while hoping for a teaching fellowship, when one day Midhat

Rijanovic, a visiting linguist from Sarajevo, at U-M on a Fulbright scholarship, walked in the door. They fell in love, married, and moved to Sarajevo in 1969. She bore a son and became so assimilated that acquaintances could not believe she was not a native.

But the marriage failed and London reluctantly left what was then Yugoslavia in 1976. Her former husband went on to become an interpreter for the late Yugoslavian leader, Josip Tito, and, in recent years, a translator for the International War Crimes Tribunal in the Hague. Meanwhile, London's life took twists and turns. She went to England and taught at a school for foreign pilots. She married a Welshman ("a brilliant aircraft mechanic," she says) and they returned to Ann Arbor. But that marriage didn't last, either.

London then moved to Los Angeles and worked in the aerospace industry as a technical writer, taking time out briefly to return to Sarajevo to serve as a translator at the 1984 Winter Olympics. In 1987, she moved back to Ann Arbor, where she completed a book on her technique for learning a foreign language and began a desktop publishing and video production company. She traveled to three continents. In time, she learned a dozen languages, including Danish, Swahili, Arabic and Zulu.

When Serbian forces attacked Bosnia in 1992 after the



Memorials on the sides of houses are common in Bosnia. This one honors a 5-year-old girl killed during the war.

break-up of Yugoslavia, London did not take up Bosnia's banner right away. She told herself the war would not last ("I was in denial just like everybody else"). But eventually a voice inside her told her to heed what was happening, and she joined the fight.

Alternating between Ann Arbor and Washington, DC, for four years, jobless except for occasional work as a

temp, she helped organize activists in both cities and nationally, made a documentary video of the siege of Sarajevo from television footage, translated books and articles on the war into English and befriended numerous Bosnian refugees. To raise money for the famed Sarajavo newspaper *Oslobodjenje*, she single-handedly translated and published a commemorative English-language edition.

Then fortune intervened. A leading figure in Bosnia, Ejup Ganic, vice president of the Federation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, heard about London from her first husband and offered her a job as an editor and translator. When London returned to Sarajevo, Ganic appointed her as one of his four advisers on domestic and foreign policy matters as well.

London's office, high-ceilinged with yellow washed

plaster walls, is in a beautiful 19th-century building erected by the Hapsburgs when they ruled Bosnia. Is she the only American who works for the Bosnian government? London does not know. But rather than fearing that her job might put her citizenship at risk, she thinks that "the fact that the Bosnians trust me to work with them and for them is good p.r. for the US."

One of the projects London is now working on for Ganic is a domestic Peace Corps to rebuild Bosnia. The corps would draw Bosnian volunteers mainly from young refugees in Bosnia and abroad and involve the three main nationalities, Muslims, Croats and Serbs. In the United States alone, 5,000 Bosnian refugees are likely to volunteer, predicts Sven Alkalaj, Bosnia's ambassador to Washington and a key figure in planning the corp's operation. Working together, he adds, would be a way for volunteers to overcome ethnic resentments.

Volunteers will be ready to start work this summer, Alkalaj says. The US Peace Corps backs the project and plans to help the Bosnians, according to spokesman Brendan Daly.

One focus will be helping other refugees after they return to their old communities. London says volunteers, many educated abroad, will teach refugee children and train them in foreign languages and computers. She expects that foreign nationals from Germany, Norway, Sweden and other countries where many Bosnian refugees live will join the Bosnian Peace Corps as well.

When she arrived in Sarajevo, a number of foreigners who were struggling to learn the local language asked London to write a textbook on it. There currently is none. She is still working on it in her spare time. She

calls the local language "Bosnian," rejecting the

usual name, "Serbo-Croatian," as one arbitrarily imposed by Bosnia's Hapsburg rulers a century ago. Bosnian differs in vocabulary and pronunciation, she says, adding, "It was referred to as Bosnian for hundreds of years." She insists that there are three different languages, not one, in the country—Serbian, Croatian and Bosnian. Besides, she asks, why should Bosnians call their language by the name of the very people—Serbs and Croats—who recently committed genocide against them?

However, scholars generally deny Bosnian is a separate language, calling it simply a variant of the standard tongue in the region. According to U-M Prof. John V. A. Fine, who teaches Balkan history, whatever Bosnians may have called their language does not matter. To call Serbo-Croatian "Bosnian," he says, is like saying Americans speak a different language from the British. Croats too have been claiming they have a separate language, Fine notes, purging their vocabulary and firing people "for using the wrong words." Insistence on separate languages is widely seen as a fallout of nationalism.

For London, who believes deeply in Bosnia-Herzegovina as a nation and often refers to Bosnians as "we," championing a distinct language is entirely reasonable. "I could imagine myself taking Bosnian citizenship," she says, "since it is my intention to live here until I die." MT

Peter Slavin, a freelance writer in the Washington, DC, area, has been to Bosnia twice. He has written for the Christian Science Monitor, Washington Post, Hour Detroit and other publications.

Sarajevo's historic mosque survived Serb shelling from the hills above the city.



Life is returning to at least a semblance of normality in war-damaged Sarajevo.



Admission suits delayed

By Jaimie Winkler

Detroit judges have pushed back the trial dates for both lawsuits challenging the University's use of race in admissions at the request of legal counsels on both sides.

The University's attorneys and the plaintiffs' legal team asked for additional time to complete the pre-trial discovery phase for both lawsuits, citing that the discovery of large amounts of information has warranted the push-backs.

Originally, the trials were scheduled to take place mid-summer. The lawsuit against the College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, brought on by two white applicants Oct. 14, 1997, has been rescheduled for September or October. The Law School suit, filed Dec. 3, 1997, on behalf of one white applicant, is scheduled for late August.

"As the case nears the end of discovery—the period for gathering all the facts and opinions that either side will use to prove its case—it is not unusual to have a status conference with the judge to see if the original schedule still makes sense," University spokesperson Julie Peterson said, adding that the discovery process has taken longer than the judges expected.

"It's a minor scheduling issue," said Terry Pell, the lead attorney for the Center for Individual Rights, the Washington, DC-based law firm that filed the suits on the plaintiffs' behalf. Judges give adequate time "to permit the parties time to develop the issues," he said. "The court is not inclined to rush."

Peterson said the LSA case, although filed first, is going to trial later because "different judges run their trial calendars differently." (From the 2/22/99 *Michigan Daily*.)

A LEAGUE OF OUR OWN

The Friends of the Michigan League have launched A League of Our Own, a project to preserve, publicize and celebrate the history of the 70-year-old building.

Supported by a Birthday Greetings Grant from the Alumni Association, the Friends' project includes oral history interviews as well as research, documentation, brochures, display cabinets and historical plaques.

Michigan Today readers who wish to help with donations, loans or participation in the oral history phase should contact Twila Salthouse at (734) 647-7463 or email her at Twilas@umich.edu.

Salthouse says the Friends are especially seeking "Betty Beads" and other items used in the initial fundraising for the building, props and costumes, playbills, photos taken at the League, names of famous people associated with the League, stories of interest and pledge cards used in the initial fundraising.

Report on the life sciences charts path for progress

The University of Michigan's Life Sciences Commission has proposed five initiatives, as well as other general strategies, for improving the quality of the life sciences at the University.

"While biologists have come to understand many of the critical elements of life, they are far from understanding how these elements work together to produce growing, adapting, learning, living organisms," the commission stated in its executive summary. "This progression from understanding the individual elements to elucidating the principles of interactions between them is the study of 'complexity' and serves as the central theme of the Michigan Life Sciences Initiative."

In appointing the commission and underscoring its importance to the University last May, President Lee C. Bollinger noted that the life sciences "are in a period of remarkable intellectual growth and discovery, as well as increased public interest, benefit and support.

"The advance of human understanding of the world from the gene to the cell to the living organism has progressed rapidly and according to the simple logic of what can be understood next," he continued. "At the same time, public awareness of the sometimes dazzling nature of the discoveries and of their potential to bring tangible benefits to human welfare has begun to lift the gates that only a few years ago were being lowered on public and private funding.

"All in all," Bollinger noted, "we seem to be entering an era of significant exploration of life. The University must be prepared to participate fully and preeminently in the exploration of this extraordinary advance of knowledge."

The commission described two of its five proposed initiatives as "relevant to all life scientists," while the others target specific areas of research. The two cross-cutting initiatives are:

- Biocomplexity Initiative.
 - Biotechnology and Translational Research Initiative.
- The three specific initiatives are:
- Genomics and Complex Genetics Initiative.
 - Chemical and Structural Biology Initiative.
 - Cognitive Neuroscience Initiative.

These initiatives, the summary noted, "share the essential elements of investigating biological complexity; of having theoretical, empirical and translational aspects; and of linking multiple disciplines. They also represent research areas with great opportunities for rapid scientific progress."

Effective implementation of the initiatives will require focusing on specific targets of opportunity in the near term and sustaining the effort over a prolonged period of time, the commission said.

Other recommendations of the commission include the creation of several institutes or centers that are cross-disciplinary and that can serve to link the life sciences community. These initiatives would be built around recruitment of outstanding life scientists to join the proposed institutes and life science departments; current faculty whose

research interests are in the areas of the initiatives also could be selected.

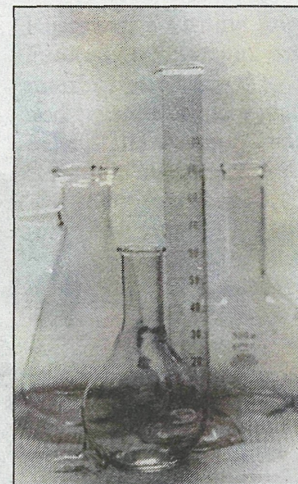
Because of the highly competitive life sciences environment, the commission recommends that the University make a concerted effort to retain current outstanding faculty as well as those recruited to take part in the new initiatives.

The initiative's theoretical and empirical approaches will define "the way to educate our students at the undergraduate and graduate levels," the commission said, "offering them a better understanding of the life sciences and preparing them for careers in this rapidly developing field."

The 19-member commission was co-chaired by Huda Akil, the Gardner C. Quarton Professor of Neurosciences, and William R. Roush, the Warner-Lambert/Parke-Davis Professor of Chemistry.

In announcing the release of the commission's report, Bollinger said that he, Provost Nancy Cantor and Executive Vice President for Medical Affairs Gilbert S. Omenn were "extremely pleased with the document." Bollinger said the report would be widely distributed and invited comment from the campus and beyond.

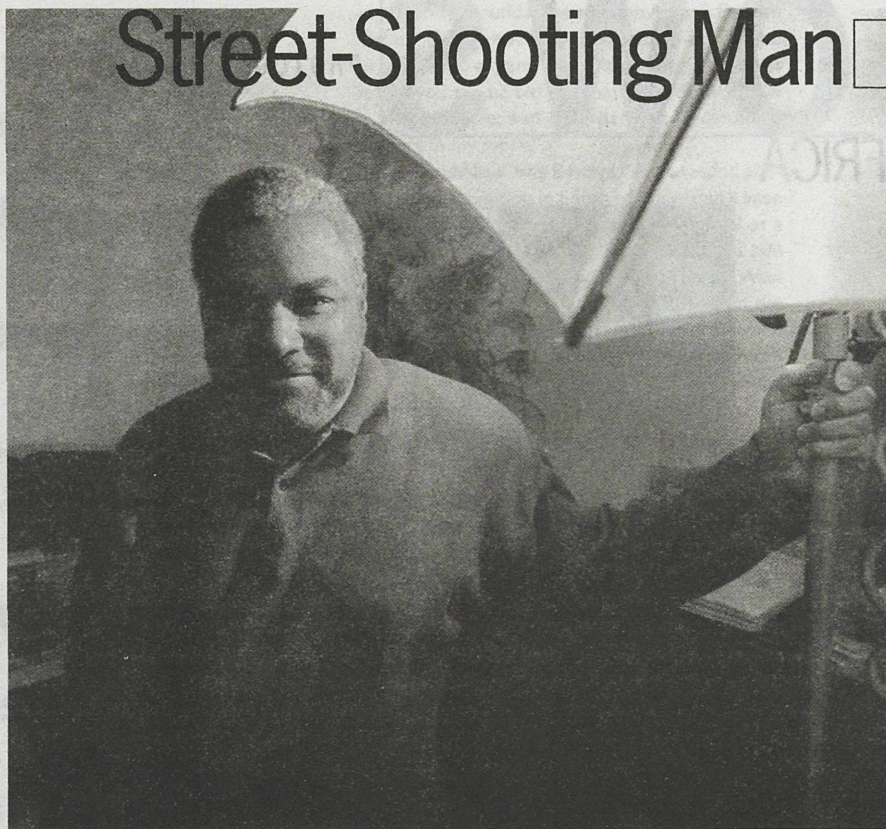
The 160-page report is available on the Internet at www.umich.edu/pres/LifeSciencesReport. Paper copies of the report are available from the President's Office, 2074 Fleming Administration Building, (734) 764-6270 or by sending an e-mail request to Life.Sciences.Report@umich.edu.



By John Woodford

Street-Shooting Man

PHOTOGRAPHER EDWARD WEST



West in his Ann Arbor studio.

Photo by Bob Kaimbach

“Many photographers from outside South Africa show up in places like this to shoot flashpoints—negative moments in the society—and that is their justification for seeking a particular image,” says School of Art and Design Prof. Edward West, as he selects photographs of a rural community for a March exhibition in South Africa. “But if you remove that journalistic moment of confrontation, violence or death, then what you meet there are communities of people with a positive drive in life even if they are in poverty. In fact, they are incredibly generous despite circumstances that might suggest otherwise.”

The exhibition he was preparing, “Around Alice,” is a novel form he devised. He calls it a “Take-Away Show,” since subjects in the photos may take possession of their images after the show has run. The U-M, the University of Fort Hare and BusinessArts South Africa are cosponsoring the show.

Alice is a predominantly Xhosa town in South Africa’s Eastern Cape Province and the home of the University of Fort Hare, the alma mater of Nelson Mandela and Desmond Tutu and an institution with which U-M has formal ties. President Lee C. Bollinger headed a U-M delegation that met with their Fort Hare counterparts during the March spring break.

West says his interest in South Africa “arose 25 years ago when I saw Athol Fugard’s play *Sizwe Bansi Is Dead*. It takes place in a Black photographer’s studio. Fugard had worked in the South African government’s passbook office, and the play is partly about the role of photography in the creation of identity, and centrally about the pass laws that utilized photo IDs as a system of control. Identity was used against the Africans within their own country, limiting their movement and employment opportunities.”

With the apartheid segregation formally overturned only recently, Black South Africans are still wary when they see a photographer in their midst. “The people I photograph are living in dirt,” West says. “They thought at first that I must be a government official or was a ‘Colored’—in South Africa terms—instrument of the government or police, trying to get images that could be used to identify ‘troublemakers,’ or images that degraded them by presenting them as symptoms of social problems. But over time I convinced them that I was an artist interested in ordinary people doing ordinary things.”

As the title of his Johannesburg exhibition “Casting Shadows,” indicates, West’s South African images explore his sense of the symbolic power of shadows. “Soweto is nicknamed the Shadow City,” he explains. “The term has a double meaning, referring pejoratively to the city’s exclusively Black population, but also to the notion that Blacks are shadows of the White minority. In fact, when Whites were taught the few key phrases in African languages that they might find handy, one of them was, ‘Move your shadow,’ which was to be used with African golf caddies.”

African Americans are familiar with this “double exposure,” too, West says. “Yes, on one hand you’re a professional, but on the other you’re still perceived as the ‘Other.’ I want to show that complexity, that duality, in my work.”

Edward West was born and reared in public housing in New York City’s Astoria community in Queens. “I’m proud to be able to say I’m a New Yorker,” he says, in a speaking style that marks him as one of the most quiet and polite of that species. His parents settled in Astoria after his father, a painter and sculptor from Cincinnati, returned from World War II with a German bride he’d met in Frankfurt.

West’s mother’s family had fled its farm in what became East Germany as Soviet troops occupied the region. She was the only one to reach their destination in the Western Zone, however, and the rest of the family dispersed in the East. West, the couple’s second child, was born in 1949, and knew his mother’s family only through photographs (“They weren’t thrilled at her marriage. She was out of the family”).

After teaching stints at the University of New Mexico, the Art Institute of Chicago (as chair of the photography department) and the University of Hawaii, West came to U-M in 1989.

“When I was growing up,” he recalls, “Astoria was a vaguely utopian neighborhood, mixed with all groups of people who got along fairly well. It was very different from public housing projects like, say, Chicago’s Robert Taylor Homes. The residents felt that they had prospects to better themselves. The atmosphere was not negative or underclass.”

He majored in art history at Lake Forest College in Illinois, and also studied at the Free University in Berlin during the street-fighting year of 1968. “I wanted to look up my relatives when I was in Berlin. I was fluent in German, to even dreaming ‘auf Deutsch,’ but I couldn’t get through the red tape in the East to visit them. Sometimes, being excluded from participation in something only reaffirms its importance. I came away from Berlin, with its political climate and its laws that kept families apart, with an increased commitment to the power of community and communal solutions. We need to find ways to thrive individually while also enriching the common pot.”

West returned to Chicago “just in time for the Democratic convention riots.” Initially a self-taught photographer, he was “shooting photos of these places and times, shooting all over New York when the ruling paradigm was street photography, like Robert Frank’s book *The Americans*. That early approach probably accounts for my later linking of photography and an interest in the life of communities as played out in public spaces.”

The printed images that flow from West’s vision are hardly naïve or populist, however. He may have one foot in the street, but the other is in the studio, where he steeped himself in the modernist movement “à la Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg.” Which means his art “happens,” so to speak, to the extent that he activates the colors and shapes on the flat surface of the print. We viewers not to feel that we are looking at a three-dimensional scene through a window formed by the picture frame.

Yet it was the illusion of deep space achieved in the imagery of Dutch and Northern Renaissance painting that first excited West in studying art. “Now I see it was the photographic quality of that work that attracted me. And photography also let me carve a separate path from my father.”

After Lake Forest, West went to graduate school at the Rochester (New York) Institute of Technology. “I got a strict, science-based grounding there in photographic science, optics, lighting—the classic old-school training that has stood me in good stead all my life.” But when he showed curators some of his street work from Chicago, they advised him to change subject matter, telling him that “the serious art world has no interest in pictures of Black people.”

Since then, the art world has developed a better understanding of the aesthetic principle that West endorses, which he says is articulated best by an observation of Thoreau’s:

“There is just as much beauty visible to us in the landscape as we are prepared to appreciate—not a grain more. We cannot see anything until we are possessed with the idea of it. And then we can hardly see anything else.” MT

Out of SHADOWS

PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY EDWARD WEST

IMAGES FROM SOUTH AFRICA

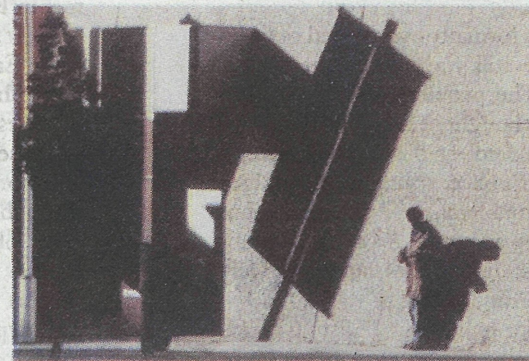


Shadow has a resonance inside South Africa, just as color does. The liberation movement unified the groups by calling all foes of apartheid 'Black' regardless of whether their apartheid classification was Black, Colored, Asian or White.

Apartheid laws controlled Blacks by separating them and by pulling them in as labor supply. The pass laws were devised as the means to do the pushing away or the pulling in. Blacks thus were a shadow of the white population, attached to the body of power but lacking substance and privilege of power.



Having your identity pictured has generally not been a positive thing in South Africa. I suppress identities by pushing the face into shadow and emphasizing the figure and forms. Then, too, there is the richness of black, itself. Some images show the density and richness of blackness.



Shadows become the subjects of many photos. In Plato's Cave, shadow is a degraded form, it's the thing that is not the thing itself, a thing with minimal substance. In art nomenclature, shadow is a means of giving objects a dimension. Within this shadow, the figure remakes itself. The shadow establishes a different mythic reality. The shadow of a man standing upright bends in supplicant posture. That is a role that needs to be cast off.

South Africa is seen as a black-and-white country, a country of contrasts. That is a basic photographic metaphor of the negative and positive, a duality. In my photos I chose to work in color to represent the inadequacy of the duality. The country's future will be more subtle than black and white, it will move beyond a duality.

The Spirit of Mandela

"They are people who personify the spirit that Nelson Mandela showed when he was released after 27 years in prison," Edward West says of the community around Alice in South Africa's Eastern Cape. "If I am not bitter,' he said to those who urged him to expand the military struggle, 'how is it that you can be bitter?' That is the dignity I saw in these people, and it is that that I wanted to respect in my work."

"Around Alice" was Edward West's second photographic exhibition in South Africa within a year. The first, "Casting Shadows," closed Jan. 10 at a Johannesburg museum. The Alice show is in a café that doubles as a community center. This fall, West will celebrate his 50th birthday in Cape Town, the site of his third South African exhibition.

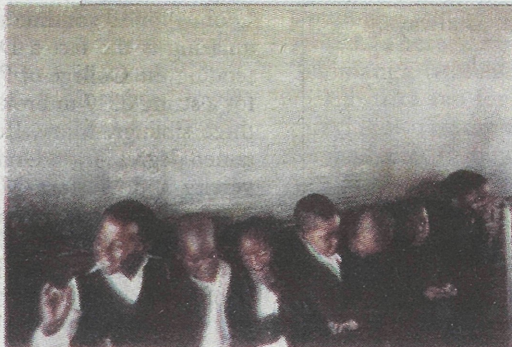
The exhibitions, funded in part by the U-M Office of the Associate Provost for Academic and Multicultural Affairs, are the result of West's sabbatical year from the U-M School of Art and Design, where he is an associate professor. West has traveled extensively, and his work has been exhibited and is collected in Asia, Europe and Africa, in addition to the United States. *Michigan Today* featured a photograph from his China series in the December 1994 issue.—J.W.



'The white man sees the black man as a ghost,' someone says in the play *Sizwe Bansi Is Dead*. There can be opportunity in being seen that way.



Shadows can conceal a subject, or they can reveal a subject. Or they can take over as the subject. They are also areas to penetrate. If you enter them, you can move beyond the easy read and discover people and objects within them.



I photographed lots of children. They are the ones who will live out what we see here.



The environment is meager, but I organize it to convey a wholeness. I'm not deriding the environmental conditions. I show textures of the slapdash and layered materials and surfaces they've built, the collages they create to build their housing. Formally, the pictures build a structure in a way not unlike the way the people build their squatters shacks.

You could see the layering of materials in the camps as a cacophony of multiple forms, or you can see the rhythm created between the different surfaces and colors. The former way of seeing it is negative, the latter positive. As humble as it may be, the shelters represent people striving to 'get over.'

I've always responded to theater with one to three characters. With one, it's a soliloquy. A dialogue opens with two. With three, someone assumes the role of observer. In many of these photos, there is a dialogue, but one that crosses space. Often it's a generational space.

I shot daily rituals. The pictures are all very quiet. People are often sharing space with someone else. I don't work surreptitiously with them. They know what I'm doing.



well. And the list is ongoing: My neice Elizabeth Hoffman is currently a junior in LSA—a fourth-generation U-M student—and there are another 24 or so 4th-generation possibles yet to get to college age. Counting in-laws, our family has earned a total of 19 degrees at Michigan in the 20th century—so far.

Michael Hoffman '83
Grand Rapids, Michigan

On Affirmative Action

MICHIGAN Today is always thought provoking. Nothing was more provoking in the Fall 1998 issue than the letter from A.L. Hodge in which he, as a minority, proclaimed his opposition to affirmative action, and nothing was more pleasing than President Lee Bollinger's reply.

In determining the need for affirmative action programs, it is necessary to assess the real conditions that exist today. It is not enough to judge equal opportunity in the abstract; it must be measured by results. In looking back at events leading up to my enrollment and the years since, I've attempted to gauge whether Mr. Hogue's "love and desire to broaden a person's mind" would have been or is now enough to bring about equality.

My public high school, Shortridge in Indianapolis, had no Blacks, or even Latinos or Asians. Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, where I next went, had few Blacks. None were allowed to play football or basketball. My next stop was the US Army, where I fought in France and Germany in 1944-45 with an all-white division.

Upon transferring to Michigan following the war, I was appalled to see so few Blacks, especially given Michigan's proximity to a large Black population in Detroit. After graduation in 1947, Sears, Roebuck and Co. hired me. By the time I left Sears in 1968, there was not one high company official who was Black, nor were there any buyers, store managers or personnel managers. It was clear that equality not only would not come from the top down but that it would be resisted at every turn by those on top.

It wasn't "desire or love" on the part of Black people to pursue careers in those institutions that changed matters. It was mainly the militant struggle of Blacks demanding equality, supported by allies, that forced the dominant white power structure to make some concessions. Though there certainly have been advances, it is impossible to deny that equality does not exist. University enrollment and graduation figures attest to that. An all-white US Senate does not reflect equality of opportunity. Unemployment figures, the uneven distribution of wealth, health statistics, the jailing of Blacks at over seven times the rate of whites, and other similar realities scream that Blacks are not equal members of our society.

Mr. Hogue's feeling of fulfillment that came from the pursuit of education and the achievement of goals should be made available to all racial and ethnic groups and, of course, to

women. President Bollinger recognizes that a racially diverse student body at Michigan is necessary for all students who would "thrive in an increasingly multiracial and multicultural world," and he is to be congratulated for his stand, particularly in a period when past gains are under attack. He is an ally of those who have fought for full equality from the days of slavery and an ally of those who will continue the fight.

Al Traugott '47 Business
San Jose, California

PS. The story "Walking On" was great. Like Manus Edwards '00, I was a walk on at Michigan. Enrolling after World War II, I got there in time to engage in spring football practice and was enthusiastic about my chances to play a lot in the fall. To my utter amazement, with the return of men from the service and those returning from the previous year, 48 lettermen showed up at the first practice in fall 1947. I managed to hang in and even played a few minutes. Some of my fondest memories have been of the practices during which I frequently got to scrimmage for over 100 minutes in a week. Surprisingly, despite being referred to as "cannon fodder," my ego did not suffer. To do what I loved almost every day and know that I could come close to holding my own with the best in the country was all the reassurance one could want.

PPS. The NIKE logo on Michigan equipment is disgusting and does much to destroy the Michigan tradition of integrity. The University should stop prostituting itself.

Déjà Vu in Blue

THEY SAY that nostalgia ain't what it used to be, and they're right. It's better. At least it is for me at 73, a Michigan alumnus privileged to witness both the 1969 and 1995 historic victories over the Buckeyes.

During the flight from Washington National accompanied by my 11-year-old son, I read all about why OSU was favored to win by 17 points in 1969: they had won 22 games in a row, including a 50-14 bashing of Michigan the previous year in Columbus, and some observers said they were "the best team ever." Washington Post sports pundit Shirly Povich called the game a mismatch. The phrase struck in my mind, as deliciously sticky as a carmel apple or the infamous "Michigan's nothing" evaluation expressed by Buckeye flanker Terry Glenn on the eve of the 1995 encounter.

Ohio boasted nationally known stars Jim Otis at fullback, Rex Kern, quarterback and receiver/kicker Jan White. Finally, there was the seemingly insurmountable advantage enjoyed by the visitors on the sidelines in the person of the legendary Woody Hayes. On the opposite side of the field stood a rookie coach, a onetime student of Hayes, with a name as unknown as it was unpronounceable.

Yet, on November 21, 1969, Bo Schembechler led his team of unknowns to a convincing 24-12 victory, beating Woody at his own game, with in-your-face offense and

unyielding defense. The names of Dan Dierdorf, Garvie Craw, Don Moorhead, Barry Pierson, Henry Hill, Marty Huff and their teammates were indelibly written into the glorious history of Michigan football. My son said he entered the stadium a boy and came out feeling like a man.

We fast forward to November 25, 1995, I met my son in Chicago and we drove together back to the future in Ann Arbor. Again, Ohio State was unbeaten, ranked number two in the nation and fully expected to thrash the thrice-beaten Wolverines. Eddie George was headed for the Heisman Trophy and Terry Glenn was first in line for the Biletnikoff Award. Again, the Michigan team lacked a star-studded lineup and again appeared to be weakened by a head coach whose tenure beyond the '95 season was in question until a few weeks before the game.

The game was a reprise of its '69 precedent: déjà vu in blue! The young men in Blue jerseys played with a special measure of intensity, exuding a level of confidence as apparent as it seemed at the time to be unwarranted. There were plenty of highlights: Tshimanga (which means "born again") Biakabatika ran for more than 300 yards, carrying two or three Buckeyes on his back for half that distance; Freshman Charles Woodson made two key interceptions in front of the OSU receiver who promised to beat him; the defensive line, anchored by seniors Jason Carr and Trent Zenkewicz, denied the great Eddie George the two yards needed for a two-point conversion; and senior end Jay Riemersma, playing in pain, caught a Brian Griese pass in the flat and rumbled 35 yards to set up the clinching touchdown.

Indeed, there were enough individual feats to fill a dozen scrapbooks, but what made the game-like the '69 contest—so special was the way these plays were blended into a whole larger than the sum of its parts by the mutual respect and affection of coaches, players and, yes, fans to produce a total (I almost said "family") effort. My son wrote of the '95 game: "This time I came as a man, and left as a boy, with a renewed sense of wonder, joy and confidence that the world still makes sense. Hail to the Victors! And thanks, Dad, for the memories."

Thank you, University of Michigan.

Austin Goodrich '49
Franklin, Wisconsin

CONGRATULATIONS to Louis Guenin for laying out the logical, not to mention cerebral, case against the illogical (and, what's the opposite of cerebral?... stupid?) Bowl Championship Series. The obsession with designating a #1 has removed much of the luster that college football has and moved it toward an NFL-like sport. Now, we no longer have a "Rose Bowl Champ," or an "Orange Bowl Champ," or a "Sugar Bowl Champ" - rather we have a mythical (read spurious) "National Champion" and the rest "losers." Those of us who love the college game have a passion about our team that doesn't require

perfection to be sustained. Shame on the Rose Bowl and the Big Ten presidents for caving in to the BCS. I hope there's some type of escape clause for when they come to their senses and realize what they gave away.

Dave Tratt '92 MBA
Grand Blanc, Michigan

IT WAS with mixed emotions that I read Louis Guenin's extensive dissertation, "The Perfect Season," in your fall issue. What promised to be an exciting piece on U-M's Rose Bowl history, got stymied on the 10-yard line with weary wordiness and plain palaver. But where in the name of Crisler and Oosterbann was the one shining light among U-M football's stalwarts? That Old 98, who was even featured by Hollywood (with his name in the title) for a full-length presentation—"Harmon of Michigan"? Yes, he of that Dynamic Duo of the early '40's, Tom Harmon and Forrest Evashevski?

Perhaps the gridiron gods refused entry to the vaunted Rose Bowl during the Harmon years. Even so, I firmly believe he deserved a mention in Guenin's tome. Whatever the case, here's another "Go Blue" from this old BBA in the desert.

Jack Trustman '48
Tucson, Arizona

MR. GUENIN'S attempt to quash the concept that a national champion in football has at least two serious flaws. First, he states that a championship tournament must encompass a sufficiently large number of schools to be comprehensive. He cites the 64-team format in the NCAA basketball tourney as an example. However, he fails to note that the large size of the Division I men's basketball tournament is the EXCEPTION, not the rule. In fact, almost all NCAA team championships rely on tournaments with 16 teams or less to crown a national champion. Is he saying that the champions in these 20-plus sports are not national champions? I think not.

In fact, the basketball tournament demonstrates the opposing point to Mr. Guenin's argument. This last year was the first time that a 16th-seeded team beat a number-one seed. I believe the lowest seed to ever win the national championship was either Villanova or North Carolina State in the early 1980s, and both were ranked no lower than fifth in their region. In other words, a 16-team tournament almost certainly would have not have excluded the eventual national champion since the inception of the larger format. The expansion of the tournament in the 1970s had to do solely with generating more revenues for the NCAA, and nothing to do with competitiveness.

Second, the problem of "transitivity" is mitigated to a great extent by the timing of the respective games. Winning a championship in any sport means aiming for a peak performance late in the season at the championship competition. The Super Bowl, World Series and Olympics all follow this format. Teams and individuals are expected

to improve through the season. The best athletes (for example, Michael Johnson) use early season competitions as preparation for more important late season events. In football, the fact that conference schedules universally start later in the season reflects this reasoning. The NCAA basketball "power ratings" also use this rationale. Thus, a late season victory should be worth substantially more than a season opener. Yes, there will still be transitivity failures, but weighting for seasonal timing will compensate for this problem.

Instituting a national tournament with either 8 or 16 teams is quite feasible. It could be played when most schools are out for winter vacation in December. The basketball tournament and College World Series already occur when many quarter-schedule schools are administering finals, so the logistics are not insurmountable. Ultimately, Mr. Guenin's argument for returning to the "traditional" role for the Rose Bowl is nothing more than nostalgia.

Richard McCann, MPP '86
Davis, California

P.S., I believe that none of the 1973-75 Michigan teams ever made it to the Rose Bowl. Those were the years that Michigan either tied or lost to Ohio State, and the Big Ten voted each time to send the Buckeyes. I'm surprised that Mr. Guenin didn't mention these teams, because I believe one of them only had a tie with OSU that year as a blemish.

Louis Guenin replies: Michigan's runner-passer-defender-kicker Tom Harmon stands nonpareil in her gridiron pantheon. By virtue of his spectacular performance in his final game (not to mention triumphs in his two prior seasons), he shares with his teammates, their successors of 1969, and many others the distinction of having won an overwhelming victory over Ohio State. That 1969 triumph was no upset.

Victory will not be rendered transitive by assigning greater significance to later games. Intransitivity is no less rife in November, and any weight accorded one ordered pair so as to avoid a cycle may cause havoc elsewhere. In any case transitivity is only a necessary condition for an ordering, and for the reasons I explained, no tenable method obtains for ordering teams. Hence one can neither discern the top 'n' nor seed those claimed to be such.

By comparison with the only seven NCAA Division I men's team championships in other sports, a football tournament for 112-member Division I-A would be the least inclusive, the most arbitrary. Those seven events vary in inclusiveness from 17% to 23%. Only in sports played by fewer than 54 colleges are fewer than 32 invited. December football at neutral sites either would induce students to torpedo the vital part of their semesters or consign teams to play sans student support. As for January, who would schedule a championship to begin six weeks after the contestants last played a game? Bowls were conceived, we recall, merely as holidays.

YOUR RECENT article about the Michigan football players back in the late '50s was great. I was one of the thousands of WW II veterans who came to Michigan as soon as

the war was over. As an out-of-state (Ohio) student, I had to live at Willow Run Village, and worked at least three years as a part-time drive on the fleet of shuttle buse operating between Willow Run and the Campus. Those of us living out there walked to where the buses were parked overnight, made one-and-a-half round trips, and then parked the buses in a lot by the old U-M Hospital. At the end of the day we each picked up a bus, made one-and-a-half round trips and again parked at willow Run.

Last May, Connie and I got to return to Ann Arbor for the first time in almost 50 years. We drove around Willow Run, where we began married life in 1948, but there was little left to see. Then we walked all around Central Campus and drove out to North Campus. Something old . . . something new! I've published articles in Michigan History Magazine—the latest about the Ford Tri-Motor airliner, so we still love Michigan.

Donald Bowman
Phoenix

WHAT A great Fall 1998 issue, especially the article on the Rose Bowl and Michigan football history. But how could you have missed the '38-'42 period, and especially the story of Capt. Tom Harmon, All-American and Heisman Trophy winner? The only Michigan player, so far as I'm aware, to have his jersey number-98-permanently retired. Then, though not a Rose Bowl game, the pre-season game against Stanford when he took a kickoff from behind his own goal line and ran 101+ yards for a touchdown.

With a bit of bias, turning to my '42 Year Book, and noting that under the leadership of All-American, (and fraternity brother) Capt. Bob Westfall, the team had six wins, a tie and a 7-0 loss to Minnesota. Westy was also elected captain of the Eastern All Star Team and several other members received national and conference recognition.

With some continuing bias, Westy was ably assisted, by quarterback and captain-elect George Ciethaml—also a fraternity brother. I also have to mention end Harlan Frauman, who with several other players was a 60-minute man in the days when there were no "special" teams. Harlan was of course, also a member of our fraternity.

Walter C. Cowles
Morristown, New Jersey

Wrong Model Fords

YOUR FALL 1998 article on U-M Dearborn's Henry Ford estate was marred by a faulty picture caption, "Henry and Clara Ford at their estate with sons Henry II (in father's lap) and Benson." Change that to "grandfather's lap" and you have it right. The boys were two of the four children of Edsel and Eleanor (Clay) Ford. The ones not pictured, William Clay Ford and Josephine Ford (Ford), survive today.

Glen Bachelder '56
E-mail

Thank you and dozens of other readers who faxed, e-mailed, telephoned and wrote to correct this misidentification-Ed.

I AM sure that you have had many letters regarding [the photo caption]. I have to ask how a journal that we would expect to have a high level of scholarship allows these errors. Next, while Moffat's discussion of Ford and Frank Lloyd Wright was partially correct, that is all it is. He does not mention Von Holst, who ran Wright's office after Wright left for Europe. [Marion] Mahoney's design might have survived had it not been for this crude individual.

Bradley R. Storrer
Alta Loma, California

I ENJOYED the article on the Henry Ford Estate, not only as a U-M-Dearborn alumnus, but also as the supervisor of avian research for the Rouge River Bird Observatory (RRBO), operated by the Natural Areas Dept. Founded in 1992, RRBO carries on Henry Ford's tradition of bird study in the same woods and meadows he once enjoyed.

Ford was instrumental in getting the Migratory Bird Treaty Act signed into law in 1913. On his property, Ford placed many bird feeders, quail shelters, nest material supply stations, and over one thousand bird houses! The Observatory has banded over 10,000 birds here, and recorded over 250 species of birds, about 60 percent of the number recorded in the state of Michigan. This entirely donor-funded program is doing pioneering research on the importance of urban areas to birds, particularly migratory species. More information can be found in my book *The Birds of Southeast Michigan: Dearborn*, published by Cranbrook Institute of Science, or at the RRBO web site http://www.umd.umich.edu/dept/rouge_river.

RRBO currently works out of Henry Ford's old Pony Barn, but we are looking forward to being housed in the new Environmental Interpretive Center, scheduled to open in late 1999. Henry Ford would be pleased that his legacy of bird and nature study is being carried on on the land he loved so much.

Julie A. Craves
Rouge River Bird Observatory
University of Michigan-Dearborn

HAVING GROWN up in Ann Arbor, with my father on the mechanical engineering staff for 43 years beginning in 1909, I have fond memories of the many outstanding folks I knew so well. Mr. Ford sent his dance instructor from Edison Institute to help us at University High learn ballroom dancing. The final event was when Mr. Ford brought a class from the institute over for a fun time of dancing. Some years later I visited with Mr. Ford, who was a most interesting fellow.

Richard G. Telfer '53MA
Las Vegas

IT WAS quite a sight for me to see the picture of the U of M hospitals in the Summer 1998 issue of *Michigan Today*. In May of 1946, we were expecting our first child. At the same time, Michigan was on a campaign for a new hospital. Each day, the papers carried articles telling how awful the hospital was. As an

example—there was only one door for entrance. Food and other deliveries went in this door, garbage went out this door, expectant mothers went in this door, new babies went out this door. A large tube was the only fire exit. Can you imagine my state of mind reading this? Fortunately, I went in this door, had our son, came out of this door for home OK, and my husband received his master's degree in physics in 1947. Congratulations on what appears to be a magnificent medical center. I spent four summers in the School of Music in the '40s.

Ann Woodward (Mrs. LeRoy A.)
Atlanta

PLEASE PUBLISH or send info to me on how to buy items with the University of Michigan College of Engineering logo. My husband is a graduate of mechanical engineering ('87). I think it would be great to update his wardrobe and memorabilia. I have spent hours paging thru The Sports Shop and Ulrich's web sites but they carry no U-M engineering items. I have contacted the Alumni and left messages with the ASME

CORRECTIONS

The annual Davis-Markert-Nickerson Lecture on Academic Freedom will continue to be sponsored by the Academic Freedom Lecture Fund, the U-M Chapter of the American Association of University Professors and the Senate Advisory Committee on University Affairs, along with new sponsorship from the Office of the President. An article in our Fall 1998 issue may have implied that the Office of the President will be the only sponsor.

The E-mail addresses of the Math Scholars High School Program are mathsch@umich.edu and mathsch@math.lsa.umich.edu.

An unidentified reader phone to point out that Chuck Ortmann, who led the 1951 Rose Bowl victory over the University of California, should have been described as a left half-back rather than a quarterback, and that Bill (One Play) Putich was that single-wing squad's quarterback, even though Ortmann's role was similar to that of the T-formation quarterback of recent years.

which have not been answered. Please help! I'm sure others would like access to this info too. Thanks.

Sandy Vegh
Frederick, Maryland

Mugs, shirts, car stickers and other items with the College of Engineering logo may be ordered from the Barnes & Noble bookstore, Pierpont Commons, 2101 Bonisteel, Ann Arbor MI 48109-2090, or call (734)668-6022.

North Dakota and Nepal

YOUR ARTICLE, "A Man For All Horizons," was of special interest to me because I grew up on a farm near Underwood, North Dakota, about 30 miles from Baldwin where Prof. Tom Fricke's parents farmed. We experienced many of the situations he plans to study.

I was born in 1925 in Washburn and lived with my family through the Depression, surviving the harsh winters and extreme drought of the dust bowl years. The picture of the outhouse brought back clear memories of using such a facility during blizzards with temperatures of minus-30 F. We had no electricity or running water but heated and cooked with coal my father dug from a mine near the Missouri River. He also cut ice from the river during the winters and stored it for use in our icebox.

My siblings and I would walk a mile to a one-room school with one teacher serving 20 students in eight grades. My mother churned butter and with that and eggs would barter for staples at Traders store in Underwood. But we had a happy though simple family lifestyle with enough food and the basic necessities. I can still recall the aroma of freshly baked bread and popcorn.

Farming conditions worsened with the

drought, and 1937 was the turning point for us. After a particularly severe winter with a 30-day period of sub-zero temperatures and no rain during the wheat-growing season, my family left North Dakota for Wisconsin.

Tom Fricke's experience in Nepal was also of interest to me. Earlier this year I had planned a trekking trip to Nepal and briefly studied the rural culture of that country before having to cancel my trip. The similarities of their lifestyle today compared with that in North Dakota 70 years ago are striking. I would be interested to see the results of Mr. Fricke's study.

Charles H. Meyers '52 E
Gulf Breeze, Florida

'Aesthetics, Manners and Style'

WHAT AN alert lady Frances Broene Rogers is! Thank you for publishing her views of campus life before the flood ["Campus Life 70 Years Ago, Fall 1998 issue]. I liked particularly her belief in aesthetics, manners and style—and individual responsibility.

Edgar L. McCormick
Kent, Ohio

DR. SAUL Harrison asked (letter in Fall 1998 issue), "Was Harry Newman Jewish?" If he wasn't, everybody thought that he was. When I was at Michigan in the late 1950s, Michigan football was at a low ebb. Harry Newman Jr. suited up for the Maize and Blue. His presence, along with that of quarterback Stan Noskin, caused some of the faithful to envision a return to the glory years when Jewish athletes such as Harry Newman Sr. and Bennie Friedman led the Wolverines to victory. Alas, Harry Jr. was nowhere near as good as his father, while Noskin never reminded anyone of Bennie Friedman.

Your wonderful article on Michigan football history unfortunately had to mention one of the darkest moments in my life, Michigan's 17 to 14 loss to nondescript South Carolina in 1980. How elated I was when Michigan stormed into Columbia the next year and demolished the Gamecocks.

Finally, my father, an engineering graduate of 1925, went to his grave convinced that Bennie Friedman was the greatest passer who ever played.

John H. Wilde '60
Greenwood, South Carolina

HOW COULD you do the "Erin Goes Blue" article [Fall 1998 issue] without mention of Brendan O'Reilly, Ireland's RTE Sports best-known sports commentator? He is a U-M grad, LSA '58. We were the only two Irishman at the U-M. I was there on the GI Bill, he on a sports scholarship, and he became the track team captain. There was an article about him in the *Michigan Alumnus* circa five or six issues back.

Colman A. McDonough '58
Sunnydale, California

Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*

IT'S understandable that U-M would want to fan the fame of Arthur Miller ["In Honor of Arthur Miller '38," Fall 1998], but do we have to wait until he is a dead white male to

raise questions about his work? Perhaps he could answer a few. Here are mine:

Why didn't he see a parallel between the Salem Witch Trials and the Stalinist Purge Trials? The connection is much more obvious and pertinent, yet I have never seen it made. People were tortured for their false confessions in both cases; however, the differences are in the Puritans' favor: Twenty died before more prominent and biblically literate ministers—Increase Mather in particular—intervened to stop the nonsense; in the Soviet Union, millions died and continue to die wherever communists come to power. How many died at McCarthy's hands?

Not until I read *Devil in Massachusetts*, one of Miller's chief sources, and *Timebends*, his autobiography, did I appreciate the extent of Miller's hypocrisy in slandering John Proctor. The real John Proctor was a martyr of the early church who not only never committed adultery but who died trying to protect his wife; he never considered lying to save his life in spite of the torture of even his sons.

[Miller's] anti-Christian bigotry and misrepresentation of history continue to prevail in classrooms around the world, and "witch-

hunt" has entered the language in the service of ever-more-Orwellian obfuscation. Miller coaches: "When it is recalled that until the Christian era the underworld was never regarded as a hostile area, that all gods were useful and essentially friendly to man despite occasional lapses; when we see the steady and methodical inculcation into humanity of the idea of man's worthlessness—until redeemed—the necessity of the Devil may become evident as a weapon, a weapon designed and used time and time again in every age to whip men into a surrender to particular church or church-state."

It wasn't until my husband and I read the Bible that I realized that both Miller and I, in spite of our English majors at the U of M, were biblically illiterate. The Devil shows up prominently in Job, for God's sake! That's the oldest book in the Bible. Christians didn't invent him. And idolatry was forbidden in Exodus (you know, the 10 Commandments, Exodus 20:3), because gods like Chemosh, Molech, Astoreth, etc. were bloodthirsty gods that required child sacrifice.

Lois Holwerda Poppema '62
Mountain View, California

Wolverine Santa for early shoppers

Jennifer Shorter '96 Business, the manager of Grandpa Shorter's Gifts in Petoskey, Michigan, asked Santa-handicrafter Lynn Haney to create a University of Michigan Santa.

Haney, who has produced a Santa Collection since 1987, complied with a Santa called "University of Michigan's Number One Fan," an officially licensed collegiate Santa standing 18 inches tall. His maize and blue hat, sweater and socks were meticulously hand-knit in Vermont. He proudly carries the official U-M fight song and pennant and comes bearing a tree of gifts and trinkets.

"University of Michigan's Number One Fan" is an open edition and is available exclusively at Grandpa Shorter's Gifts. For information, contact Shorter at (616) 347-2603, or write to her at 301 E. Lake St., Petoskey, MI 49770.



Photo by Al Denau

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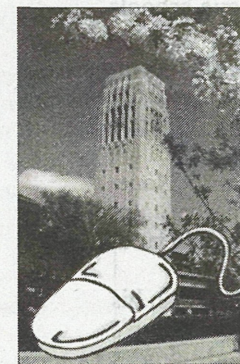
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Humanitarian hero Raoul Wallenberg's letters to his grandfather record his changing attitude toward life in Ann Arbor

'I come to America to catch its

The story of the Swedish diplomat Raoul Wallenberg '35 is becoming increasingly well-known throughout the world. How as a 31-year-old Swedish National Guardsman he volunteered to go to Budapest in June 1944 to use diplomatic means to save as many Jews as possible from German and Hungarian Nazis. How he used American funds, Swedish neutrality and his own courage and ingenuity to provide protective papers and passports that helped at least 20,000 Jews escape death. How he was seized in January 1945 by Soviet soldiers upset over his connections with US intelligence, spirited to Moscow and never seen again. How his former friend and colleague Per Anger and others believe he lived long after the 1947 date that the Soviets give as his date of death in prison. How a few suggest he could even be alive today in what would be his 86th year.

These bold strokes from the life of the Swedish hero and U-M alumnus outline why the University's Wallenberg Endowment Committee commemorates his life with a lecture series bearing his name. The committee also awards the Wallenberg Medal to a humanitarian of "exceptional courage and determination" and provides summer grants to one or more graduate students pursuing research on a humanitarian topic.

When Per Anger, who served side by side with Wallenberg in Budapest, received the award in 1995, he stated in his lecture that "many of the ideals" that inspired Wallenberg's wartime decisions "were formed during his years in Ann Arbor." Wallenberg, whose family of bankers, shippers and industrialists has been dubbed "the Rockefellers of Sweden," lost his father, Raoul, when the younger Raoul was only 5 years old. His grandfather, Gustaf, raised him, and it was he who insisted that Wallenberg attend an American university because the old ambassador disliked the snobbery at Oxford and Cambridge and felt Ivy League schools were also too elitist.

Raoul was interested in architecture, and he and his grandfather decided U-M's architectural school and location would give him the all-round educational and social foundation that would fit him for leadership in the international business world. Nonetheless, the youth felt the decision had perhaps unnecessarily condemned him to exile in a dull, rural backwater.

Excerpts from the letters Wallenberg sent to his grandfather illustrate the growth of the young man's personality and his observations about and attitudes toward "my little Ann Arbor." His last local address was 1021 Hill St., close by the architectural school, which was housed in what is now Lorch Hall.



Photo courtesy of the Raoul Wallenberg Committee of the United States

SPIRIT

Grandson Raoul in the arms of Ambassador Gustaf Wallenberg. His grandfather wanted Raoul to attend U-M so he could learn to relate to people of different backgrounds and other cultures.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, NOVEMBER 7, 1931.

Dearest Grandfather,

I think what you intended by sending me here was not so much to acquire the skill to build skyscrapers and movie houses as to acquire a desire to build them! In other words: to catch some of the American spirit that lies behind their technological and economic progress.

I am convinced that it was a smart decision to join a debating society within the College of Engineering and Architecture. Each week we have a long and thoroughly prepared debate, which is good practice for my English, extemporaneous speaking, and public debating skills.

I still have about \$105 left from what you gave me, apart from the letter of credit. The largest expenses so far have

been: registration \$163, train fare \$38, rent until beginning of December \$28, school supplies \$50, and somewhere under \$1 per day for food. Except for movies there have been no unforeseen expenses.

NOVEMBER 21, 1931

Yesterday was so-called "black Friday," the day when all new freshmen and the upperclassmen go out into the streets yelling and fighting. The freshmen are the butts of all kinds of ridiculous jokes. It doesn't seem too fashionable at the moment, though: I was left alone, in any case.

One thing that has struck me is that all the offices and workplaces are filled with very stern-looking older and younger women. As a rule they are nice and quite knowledgeable. They also have more backbone than most of the men. I have noticed the same thing in school: the female students are much better prepared and less conservative than the boys ... I'm almost beginning to understand why American women's organizations are so powerful.

DECEMBER 25, 1931

I traveled the entire distance between Ann Arbor and Greenwich, near New York, by bus, and the trip took almost 27 hours. It was pretty tiring, but far more interesting than going by train. A round-trip ticket only cost \$14.85, compared to the \$37 that I paid for the one-way train ride New York/Ann Arbor last fall!

I'm having a good time here [Greenwich], and the parties and dances I've been attending are a pleasant change from my somewhat monotonous life in Ann Arbor.

I like this big city atmosphere very much, and I'm not particularly looking forward to going back to my little Ann Arbor. The Colvins are very pro-American, and I have learned more about the real America in my two weeks here than during the whole term in Ann Arbor, where there is never any serious discussion.

APRIL 9, 1932

You asked about my daily life in your last letter. I must confess that I hardly have one. I get up around 7. If I have time, I eat breakfast at the Michigan Union. It often includes grapefruit, which has become my favorite fruit. Two days a week my classes start at 8 and the other days at 9. I have a full schedule, and classes go until 5. Many of my friends have now joined these so-called fraternities, so I don't see as much of them at mealtimes as I used to.

Getting in the paper is otherwise not particularly noteworthy here, because they print long stories about anybody and anything. If a few students go to a factory to flirt and pass their time, a couple of columns immediately appear about how a "student group investigated social conditions of the working class," with pictures of all the participants and their comments reproduced in full. ... All this hoopla about students is part of their student government policy, which is that the students should—not govern them-

selves—but act as if they governed themselves.

Almost all the educated people that I know here, especially those studying architecture, are appalled by skyscrapers and standardization and straight roads, which they find ugly, and the factories which lack poetry, and jazz music, which they hate.

JUNE 4, 1932

Looking back on the academic year I find that I've had just a wonderful time. The climate has been considerably better than its rainy reputation, actually better than at home. I have lots of friends whom I like very much. People have been very nice and treat me well. My schoolwork has, on the whole, paid off not only when it comes to grades, because that isn't too important, but because I really feel that I've learned something. You remember that before I came here, I argued that our institutions were better than American schools. But now I find that apart from the intended benefit, which was that I come to America to catch its spirit, I've also been getting a technical education that isn't inferior to what I would have gotten in Sweden. And at least it isn't marred by laziness.

JULY 12, 1932

Summer school has been great so far. The boys who will be graduating next year or have finished their studies, and who only need to put in their required practical time, are working as architects in a make-believe architectural firm set up by the school. The professors are their bosses, presenting them with rough ideas to flesh out. We underlings do all the detail work. This is much more fun than ordinary school, because this way everyone is a little cog responsible for an area of his own. We work eight hours a day but have no homework, which is nice.

DECEMBER 24, 1932

It's been raining here nonstop for the entirety of the Christmas vacation. Most of my friends have gone home, and the town is deserted. I'm spending almost all my time sleeping, which feels good after such an exhausting term, and writing to my family, which I didn't have time for during the term. My plans for the vacation call for studying hard, but so far I've been too lazy to get started. I'm going to tackle it though—tomorrow, or maybe next week. Never postpone until tomorrow what you can postpone until the day after! Now there's a good vacation philosophy.

FEBRUARY 24, 1934

There's been a lot of grumbling and gnashing of teeth among the students because money that was to have gone for enormous construction projects in Detroit under Roosevelt's program has now suddenly been withdrawn and their hopes for finding employment faded again. Many of my friends have found work in private industry, however, so it may just be that things are picking up.

APRIL 10, 1934

The depression is either definitely over or at least interrupted. ...Many of my friends who graduated in February have found employment, and others who had had to lead a very frugal life up to now because their parents were so poor have suddenly received large checks from home. The NRA [National Recovery Administration] codes have affected prices so much that the man in the street can see a

clear difference. ...Most of the banks that had closed down have opened again, and you find an enormous number of new cars on the streets. The newspapers have become considerably fatter because of increased advertising. Magazines have also gotten heavier, due largely to increased advertising by manufacturers of alcoholic beverages. Ann Arbor, which is very Republican, is dry again, and no beer is served after midnight. Nor are you allowed to dance and drink beer at the same time. But the state has opened a store where you can buy what you want during daylight hours. You see very little drinking.

I feel so at home in my little Ann Arbor that I'm beginning to sink down roots here and have a hard time imagining my leaving it.

NOVEMBER 13, 1934

I've enjoyed being here so much that I'm sad at the prospect of leaving in February, even though I'm obviously happy about going home. I'm now finishing my final course in architecture. This past month we've been working with so-called "cheap housing." The problem calls for constructing 16 city blocks, with space for 4,500 people. The entire area—at least in my project—is designed as a park in which there are four-story laminated buildings. We are also to include two churches, a school, a childcare center, a "community center," stores, a fire station, etc.

JANUARY 1, 1935

I have spent this entire Christmas in Ann Arbor, as I had quite a lot to do, writing my thesis in architecture and also completing a rather elaborate notebook in a course on decorative design that I am taking. Everybody leaves town within a few hours of the last classes before Christmas, and from then to the seventh of January the place is like a tomb. However, I have been busying myself rather constantly with my work, and I haven't bored myself at all. We have been having a fine weather, snow most of the time and a few days of quite severe cold. One morning something peculiar happened. Due to changes of temperature, I presume, the street pavements, lawns, and even tree trunks were coated with a layer of perfectly clear ice almost an inch thick. It looked very strange and very beautiful.

The prospect of leaving the United States does not please me at all. From the way you talk and write about it I feel that you became just as infatuated in it as I have. It is a wonderful place and I am sure I will long to go back to it.

To tide me over the dreariness of the vacation I have borrowed a radio, which affords me a great deal of pleasure. American radio performances are quite wonderful, going constantly from early morning until late at night. The quality is also very high, and one can at any time hear

good classical music if one does not like the jazz music which of course accounts for most of the programs. Yesterday afternoon, that is during the last day of 1934, I heard the midnight New Year's celebrations from Manila in the Philippine islands. It came through absolutely clear, due to the use of short-wave transmission. Another musical pleasure which Ann Arbor offers is Handel's "Messiah," which is sung every year at a free concert for 5,000 people at the University Auditorium. I have heard that now ever year since I came here. It is a wonderful piece of music. I don't think there is anything I would rather hear.

JANUARY 26, 1935

I had my last day of school yesterday. It felt very peculiar to end these pleasant and interesting years of study in America. I have had a wonderful time and the parting was very sad. The next weeks are taken up with examinations. I am quite fearful for the outcome of one subject, concrete, where, by the force of circumstances I had to take a harder course than my program required. Everything hinges on the final examination next Thursday.

Times still seem to be getting better and better, at least in the Detroit area, where automobile production is leading all industries in a small boom.

FEBRUARY 11, 1935

I'm now entirely done with school and busy working on my thesis, which seems to be taking longer than I'd expected. I find it somewhat difficult and futile to write about a subject like Sweden when there is nobody to talk to and match wits with. As a result I am proceeding slowly and without much enthusiasm. My grades have come in and they are a bit lower than usual. One of them seems to be a mistake, but I'm not going to bother about it. However, I'm all finished with school and that continues to amaze me.

My thoughts of Sweden had been lying dormant for three years and now suddenly they are breaking out in full bloom, and I'm actually dreaming about home every night. I long to get back soon to see my parents and everybody else. **MT**

Letters and Dispatches, 1924-1944, by Raoul Wallenberg, translated by Kjersti Board, was published in 1995 by Arcade Publishers, New York, in association with the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.



Raoul Wallenberg as a young man.

1999 WALLENBERG AWARD

This year's Wallenberg Award recipient is U.S. Rep. John Lewis (D-Georgia), a leader of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee in his youth and champion of human rights in his political career. Lewis will deliver the 1999 Wallenberg Lecture in April or early fall. The date and venue will be announced soon, the committee said.

Contributions to the Wallenberg Endowment may be made payable to the University of Michigan and designated "for the University Wallenberg Endowment." For further information, contact the Wallenberg Lecture Coordinator, Room 172, Rackham School of Graduate Studies, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor MI, 48109-1070. Telephone (734) 647-4566.

'Contagious'

Students speak and act out
About manic depression

By Ian Reed Twiss

Every Wednesday night of the school year, a student group called Mentality meets in a classroom to share experiences with manic depression. Some of the students have been diagnosed with the mood disorder. Others are friends or relatives of manic depressives. They bring journal entries, prose pieces, skits and other expressive material to read and perform for each other—and they spend a lot of time talking.

"We discuss all kinds of issues," said Natasha Verhage '98 of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, co-founder of the group of a dozen or so members. "We talk about the stigma of having a mental illness, how manic depression tests our relationships, whether medications change someone's personality and how we feel about that. We also get into how it affects our lives as students—what it's like to be always wondering what a professor will think if you ask for an extension, for example. The group is partly about healing and support because it can be so isolating to suffer from this illness."

Although there is no scientific evidence of the group's therapeutic benefits, Verhage went on to mention several students who, through the group's support, had come to recognize the importance of staying on their medications and working with a counselor or psychiatrist.

But while talking among themselves is powerful and freeing, these students have a larger ambition as well: to bring their issues into the public sphere. As the group coalesces over the fall semester, the students develop a series of performance pieces that they direct and hone collectively. This cocooning culminates in a full-length performance on the Residential College stage in February followed by a series of abridged outreach performances in schools and communities throughout the region.

The performances display a broad range of styles. Last year's show featured dance, poetry, prose, symbolic or impressionistic performance art, realistic theater scenes and multimedia. For example, audience members entered to a projection of film clips depicting mental illnesses in Hollywood films such as *Dead Poets' Society* and *Twelve Monkeys*. In a skit called "Side Show," the ensemble, improvising a circus barker's rap, invited the audience to come encounter the "oddballs," "crazies" and "freaks"—these adjectives building rhythmically up to a final statement: "We're not coming to your town. We're already here."

This is very much the thrust of Mentality's message: that manic depression and other mental illnesses are silently among us and need to be brought out of the closet. "I call it contagious empowerment," said Verhage. "We're really hoping to spark discussions that ripple out beyond our circle and begin to alleviate the discomfort and silence that exist around this issue in our society."

A Personal Mission

Verhage was a first-year student when her own manic depression struck in 1994. She was hit first by a nine-month depression, followed by a two-week episode of hypomania which she described in glowing terms. "You feel productive and creative and capable because you are. You're incredibly energetic and uninhibited; you barely sleep at all. I filled two journals with my racing thoughts



Tara Arrendo '02 of Grand Rapids, Michigan, performs her monologue on eating disorders called 'Nothing Trap.'

Empowerment'

during that time. I also took on a bunch of projects, and I'm someone who tends to do that anyway. Hypomania is great. In fact, many of history's great artists and thinkers were manic depressive and did their best work during bursts of mania. The problem, of course, is there's always a depressive crash afterwards."

Verhage's second "crash" landed her in a hospital, where doctors finally diagnosed the depression-mania cycle she had been experiencing. This explanation was in many ways a relief, but it also presented her with a crucial decision: what should her parents tell her friends about the hospital stay? Verhage didn't

hesitate. "I said, 'The truth!' I felt very strongly that I wanted it out in the open. I wanted to dispel the myths, both for myself and others. There was manic depression already in my family, but it had never been discussed much, and I really regretted that."

Dispelling the myths has been Verhage's ambition ever since, and in her junior year—together with two other students, now graduated—she formed Mentality. With the help of a Residential College grant, the group has performed for two years running on the RC stage as well as in numerous other settings. In addition, Mentality has created a handbook for people with manic depression (also known as

bipolar disorder) and has become active in other ways, such as publicizing Mental Awareness Week with a "scream-in" and speech on the Diag.

In keeping with this emphasis on education, Mentality members view their performances less as polished theater than as workshops designed to spark discussion and raise questions (such as whether manic depressives should receive illness-related extensions in their classes, or whether medications such as Prozac are overprescribed). In fact, from the February show until April, when they disband for the summer, cast members divide up and perform select pieces for high schools, psychology classes, community groups, mental health organizations and other colleges.

"Some of us have never done any theater in our lives before this," said co-leader Shari Strauss '98, a psychology major from Oakland, New Jersey, who got involved because of a clinical interest in bipolar disorder. "We also don't have any agenda to push. We're just presenting the issues and looking at them from many points of view."

"The emphasis isn't on performance or providing answers," added another leader, Summer Berman '98 of Southfield, Michigan. "Although we do educate people about popular misconceptions, what we're really trying to do is offer a safe space in which to consider the questions."

This safe space is expanded at the end of each performance to include the audience in a half-hour discussion. Many of the cast members view this period as the most powerful and inspiring part of the process. Audience members come forward to speak about their own experiences as victims or friends or family members. They also ask challenging questions, such as how to be a good support to someone with bipolar disorder. "That's a tough one," Strauss said. "It's so individual, but I'd say just being available to talk counts for a lot."

"And letting them know you're not judging them," Verhage added. "People often don't understand that mental illness is just that, an illness, not a moral failing."

Making a Ripple

Although it has been an official student organization only since October 1996, Mentality is already making a noticeable ripple in the community. All three leaders have had strangers approach them on the street to thank them for their performances. One depressed woman told Verhage that she checked into a hospital and got needed help because of what she'd learned from a Mentality show. In addition, more and more community groups and professional organizations contact Mentality to book performances, and virtually every public university in Michigan

has called to ask for help in starting similar groups.

"What makes Natasha so unusual," said Ann Arbor clinical psychologist Margaret Condon Taylor '83 PhD, "is her personal courage and openness about her own illness, and the fact that she is opening up discussion in a way that doesn't require other people to disclose their relationship to manic depression." That's a function that conventional support groups, which rely on mutual participation and disclosure, don't fill. Taylor added that she hoped Mentality would incite a campus-wide discussion about how best to answer the needs of bipolar students, staff and faculty.

Verhage, Berman and Strauss are currently applying for non-profit status for Mentality and hunting up grants to keep them working with the group. They have several new goals in mind: to show other organizations how to start a similar ensemble; to begin a magazine that will provide a written forum for personal stories about manic depression; and to expand their outreach in regional high schools, homeless shelters, prisons and substance abuse recovery centers. "No matter how big we get, though," Verhage said, "we'll always keep our home base and primary focus here at the U of M." But anyone who has been to their shows will already know this: Mentality isn't coming to town. It's already here. **MT**

Ian Reed Twiss '97 MFA is a freelance writer and Ann Arbor resident. Mentality is accepting donations through the Alliance for the Mentally Ill of Washtenaw County at (734)994-6611. Its members also can be contacted at mentality.info@umich.edu.



Natasha Verhage (left) and Betsy Davies '99 of Jackson, Michigan, in performance with another member of Mentality.

What are the facts of manic depression? Natasha Verhage's experience is in many ways typical. Of the one percent of the world's population who get the disorder—a figure which divides evenly by gender and has held fairly steady over time—three quarters exhibit sufficient symptoms for diagnosis by the age of 24. That rate would estimate the number of U-M student manic depressives at roughly 380. The illness is characterized by mood swings that can last from hours to years. Symptoms of the depressive cycle include fatigue, loss of enjoyment in once-pleasurable activities, sleep disturbance, appetite and weight change, feelings of worthlessness and suicidal thinking. Manic episodes are characterized by inflated confidence and self-esteem, high energy, lack of sleep, irritability, racing thoughts and a sometimes dangerous proclivity for pleasurable behavior such as buying sprees or sexual promiscuity.

"It can be a difficult illness to diagnose," said Ann Arbor clinical psychologist Margaret Condon Taylor '83 PhD. "Its symptoms can vary quite widely not only between patients, but even between episodes in the same patient." As recently as the 1970s, in fact, manic breaks were routinely misdiagnosed as schizophrenia, especially among college students, who were thought to be too young to have bipolar disorder. Now, early diagnosis and intervention are both possible and crucial because the illness tends to become more severe the longer it is untreated.

While its symptoms are now well-documented, if not always easy to spot, no one yet knows exactly what causes the disease. Some studies suggest that manic and depressive episodes are related to the levels of certain chemicals, called neurotransmitters, which facilitate the firing of neurons in the brain. Other studies have linked bipolar episodes with unstable alignments of sodium ions along neural pathways.

Both these ideas are supported by the effectiveness of lithium carbonate, a compound that changes neurotransmitter levels and may act as a stand-in for missing sodium ions in stabilizing mood swings. Before lithium medication was approved by the FDA in 1970, manic depressives had largely ineffective options for drug treatment. Most were simply sedated with anti-psychotic medications such as Thorazine. But since 1970, the outlook has been steadily improving, and in the last 20 years, anti-convulsant medications have also been found effective in some cases where lithium has proved insufficient.

There is also evidence for a genetic predisposition to the disease. As Verhage's situation illustrates, close family members of manic depressives have a higher prevalence of manic depression than does the general population, and identical twins are three times more likely to share the disorder than are fraternal twins. Although researchers have linked the disorder with several chromosomal areas that contain many genes, there is as yet no unified, comprehensive understanding of how manic depression works.

It is less these scientific gaps in knowledge, however, than the ignorance of the general population that contributes to the great stigma that manic depressives feel. "The issue of disclosure, when to disclose and to whom, is a very difficult one for manic depressives," Taylor said, citing fears of loss of employment or of just being shunned or pitied by employers, professors or colleagues. "As a result, manic depression tends to stay underground, and people develop a damaging capacity to isolate themselves in order to keep their secret."—IRT.

In the Beginning There Was Cricket...

By Tom Melville

*"The university shall be the
champion, not only of the state,
but even of wider limits."*

Such were the parameters of Michigan's athletic greatness as envisioned by the *University Chronicle*, the college's student newspaper's March 16, 1867, issue—a declaration that, in retrospect of the University's athletic accomplishments, can be taken as accurate prophecy.

But not entirely accurate. For these words were not pronounced in anticipation of the University's achievements in football, basketball or even baseball, but the 600-year-old English game of cricket. Michigan's hallowed athletic legacy started with a sport that is now barely noticed in the American sporting scene.

Before the Civil War, a time when baseball was little more than an unorganized children's game, cricket was the most prominent team sport in America, a testimony to England's continued influence upon American tastes and trends. Bolstered by the country's success in the annual United States vs. Canada cricket matches that began in 1853, and by the visit in 1859 of an English all-star cricket team, cricket seemed destined to become America's future national pastime.

Most of the country's ante-bellum cricket interest centered in the Eastern cities of New York, Philadelphia and Boston, but Michigan also got caught up in cricket fever. At least half a dozen cricket clubs were active in the state during this period, including the Pioneer Cricket Club organized by Michigan students in 1861, the University's first documented foray into the world of organized athletics.

This nascent sporting interest, like most other student activities, dropped sharply during the Civil War, but it didn't take long to revive once hostilities had ended. By 1866 the University had a thriving cricket club with 46 members. Among them was Melville Bigelow, who went on to a distinguished legal career and also served



Michigan cricketers in the 1870s.

as dean of Boston University's law school. By the following year club enrollment had increased to 54, nine more than played baseball, a sport that hadn't yet seared itself into the American consciousness with images of exciting pennant races and home run records.

Many Michigan students who took up cricket became, the *University Palladium* reported, "so infatuated with the game, that they find it impossible to relinquish their customary sport even for a short time."

More significantly, the U-M administration, at a time when student athletics were looked on more as a detraction from, rather than a contribution to, a university's good name, also seemed to warm up to the game. According to the *University Chronicle*, cricket, of all student activities, enjoyed "the particular favor of the Faculty and Regents," a claim supported by the Regents' 1867 appropriation of \$200 to lay out a cricket ground in the southwest corner of the campus.

To maximize student interest, the U-M cricket club also adopted a policy of playing as many members as possible. It was a commendable objective, but since the club was "composed mostly of inexperienced members," the policy led to rather lackluster competitive results.

Of its three matches in 1866, against the Jackson Cricket Club, the Peninsular Cricket Club of Detroit and a team

of local Englishmen, the University won only one. The record was no better in the years that followed. Whether as a direct result of these setbacks or not, cricket's popularity at the University was clearly waning by the late 1860s, notwithstanding the club's claim that it had "established itself as one of the most prominent sports of our institution."

By then, baseball was spreading from its New York stronghold to all areas of the country, gaining strength from its appeal as a shorter, livelier game with a more nationalistic origin than cricket.

U-M cricket club president P. Baldy Lightner may himself have believed, in 1867, that "the absurd prejudice against it [cricket]...on the score of its being peculiarly English, has here been completely overthrown," but the student body in general seemed to think otherwise. A reporter said most students who watched the contests did little

more than "stand with pocketed hands and gaping [sic] eyes."

By 1868 club enrollment had declined to 40 members, and U-M records don't mention the sport again until 1872, when it enjoyed a modest revival. A new 30-member cricket club appeared that year and even managed to go 3-1. Yet this success couldn't secure cricket's future at Michigan, where, as in other areas of the United States, the game was in full retreat before baseball's tightening grip on America's bat-and-ball allegiance.

Only once after its hey-day did the University look back to its cricket legacy. That was in 1882, when another attempt to revive the game ended stillborn. By coincidence, in that same year Ohio State students organized a cricket club. Had the two squads met, history might today tell how the storied Wolverine-Buckeye sporting battles began long ago on a cricket field.

Cricket, however, was on a path of irreversible decline that continued uninterrupted, with the exception of a few locations like Philadelphia, to World War I, by which time it was little more than a curiosity played only by immigrants from cricket-playing countries. And that has been its status ever since.

MT

Wicket Wolverines

By Cara J. Spindler

Fred Augustus Maynard and Frank Ward Fletcher were cricketers on the University Eleven in 1872. Both went on to prominent careers.

Maynard was the son of an important Ann Arbor family. His father, Joseph Wesley Maynard, was one of the first settlers in Washtenaw County and a leader of the effort to move U-M from Detroit to Ann Arbor in 1837. Fred Maynard graduated with a Bachelor of Law in 1876 and moved to Grand Rapids, where he was a practicing attorney. Well respected in legal and official circles, he was elected Michigan Attorney General in 1894. Later, he was an unsuccessful nominee to the governorship of Alaska. From 1901-1914, he served as special assistant to the US Attorney General in prosecuting government land fraud cases.

Throughout his long career, which saw him become oldest-living-alum at age 98, Maynard received notice for his athletic prowess. In addition to cricket, he played football and baseball for the Wolverines. "While he was a bright and promising student, he was also a leading athlete, showing that mental and physical development can go hand in hand," noted one newspaper when he became Michigan's Attorney General.

Frank Fletcher graduated in 1872 with a Bachelor of Philosophy. He returned to his hometown of Alpena, Michigan, and became a millionaire running his family's pine lumber business. A florid, square-jawed lumber baron, Fletcher returned to U-M as a Regent.

Fletcher and other U-M Regents bought 10 acres of low land a few blocks south of campus, down State Street Hill and a short distance beyond Packard for \$7,500, and for a few hundred dollars more they put up a stout fence with primitive bleachers. Regents' Field opened in 1892.

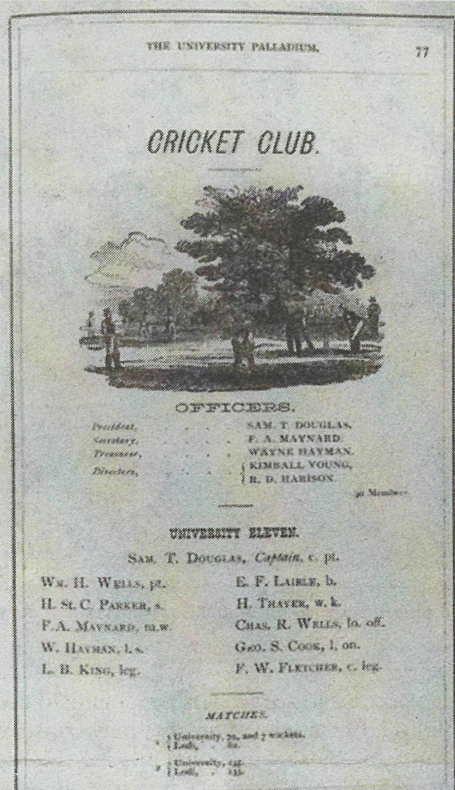
Regent Fletcher predicted that the field would pay for itself within a decade in ticket sales to football and baseball games. The venture proved to be so profitable that the Regents wound up spending more than \$60,000 on bleachers and additional construction, and could still never catch up with the demand for seating.

Other members of the University Eleven include a broker, a real estate developer, one crockery and china merchant, one self-proclaimed capitalist, and five lawyers. Samuel T. Douglas, captain of the squad, became a corporate attorney in Detroit. His father was a chemistry professor at U-M, and Douglas's earliest recollection of Ann Arbor was being taken by his nurse to pick the wild strawberries that grew in abundance on campus.

Louis Buhl King joined the family store of high-quality chinaware and crockery on Detroit's Woodward Ave. (eventually relocating to Grand River Ave.), and he worked in the firm for 59 years. His obituary stated that this well-known merchant saw "the placid village of Detroit of 75 years ago in the era when the speed of industry was as unknown as the automobile of the future."

Today, Regent Fletcher's name is found on Fletcher Street and Fletcher Hall, an upper-classman and graduate student co-ed dorm at 915 Sybil near the Intramural Sports Building. Ann Arbor streets bear the family names of Chas. Wells and H. Thayer, and the Maynard family is commemorated by the street where the office of *Michigan Today* is located.

Cara J. Spindler '99, an English major from Grand Rapids, Michigan, is Michigan Today's undergraduate intern.

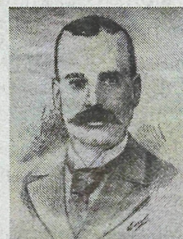


Roster of the 1872 U-M Cricket Club.

Photos courtesy of U-M Bentley Historical Library



Fletcher as a U-M Regent in 1904-12 era.



Maynard's campaign literature.

CRICKET, THE GAME

Probably the best way to describe cricket is to say it's exactly like baseball in general, but completely different in specifics.

Both games have teams (11 on a side in cricket, and nine in baseball) that alternate batting and fielding. Most similarities between the two games end here.

Instead of bases, cricket has two sets of three short wooden poles, called wickets, placed in the center of the playing area, 22 yards apart. Instead of batting boxes, there are two short chalk lines, called creases, laid out four feet in front of, and parallel, to each wicket.

The cricket batter stands in front of one wicket and tries to hit balls the pitcher (called a bowler in cricket) throws from behind the crease at the opposite wicket. In cricket, however, there's no foul territory, so the batter can hit the ball anywhere. There are no balls or strikes, and the bowler can throw the ball to the batter on the bounce (which he always tries to do) as well as on the fly. The batter in cricket always bats with a partner who is at the opposite wicket with his own bat. A batter does not have to run when he hits the ball, but if he does, then he and his partner (carrying their bats with them) simultaneously run past the creases at the opposite wicket. That scores one run. And if the batter can hit one over the fielders' heads, he and his partner can continue to run back and forth from wicket to wicket as often as they think they'll be safe, and will score another run each and every time they switch.

Cricket batters don't come out after scoring a run, however. Each continues to bat until the fielding team can get him out (as to how they do that, see below). This is why some pro matches can on rare occasions take days. A game between skillful amateurs lasts about four or five hours.

The fielding team can get batters out one of four basic ways. If the bowler can blow a pitch past the batter and hit his wicket, the batter is out, something like a "strike out" in cricket. The batter's also out if he blocks a pitch from hitting his wicket with his body (even accidentally), and if any fielder catches a ball on the fly (just like baseball). Fielders can also get the batter out when he's going for runs, if they can get to the ball, throw it and hit the wicket before the batter's over the crease (like being caught "off base" in baseball).

A cricket match is played out over only one inning, not nine innings. That's because everyone on the batting team must come up to bat and be put out one after the other before the fielding team can bat through its entire order. Whichever team scored more runs is the winner.—TM.

Tom Melville is an "intrepid Badger fan" from Cedarburg, Wisconsin. A member of the rare species of American-born cricketers, he is the author of *The Tented Field: A History of Cricket in America* (Bowling Green State University Press).



Fighting phobias in the CAVE

By John Woodford

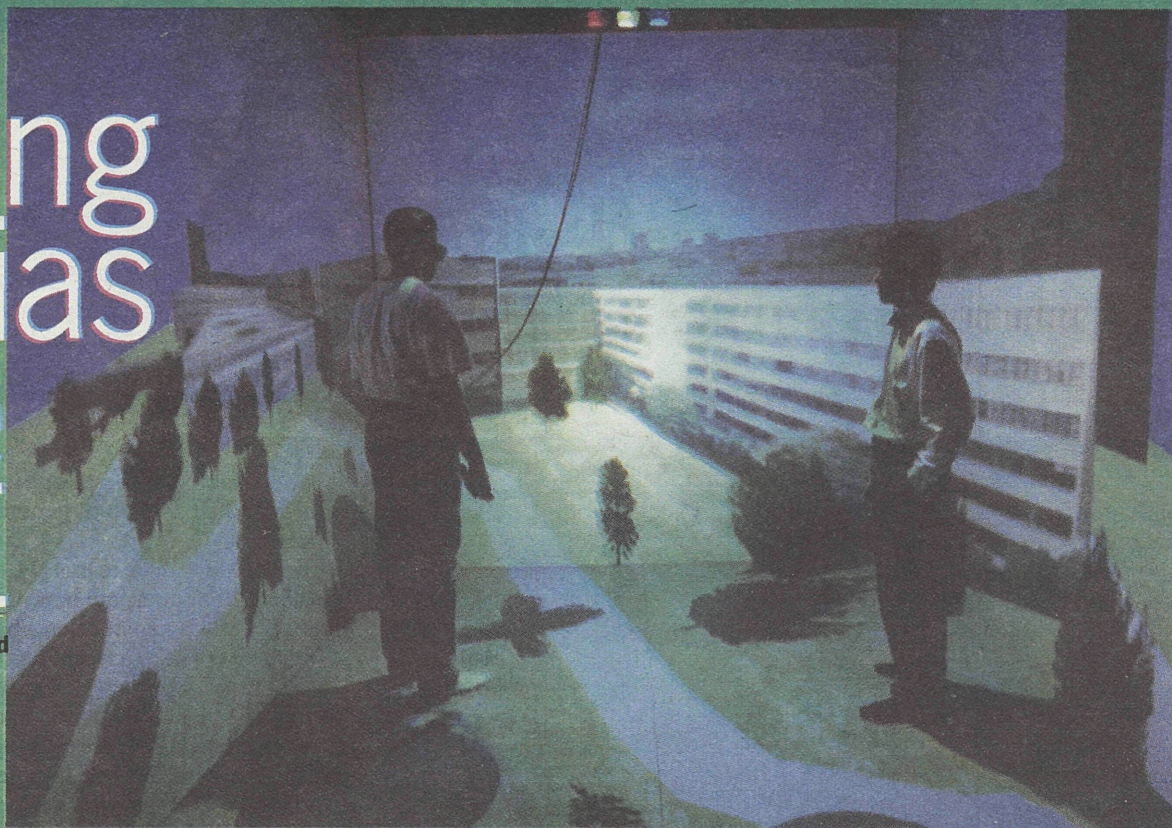


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Milton Huang (right) and computer scientist Steffen Heise project a view from the upper floors of U-M Hospitals in the virtual reality CAVE in the U-M Media Union. Huang hopes the computer engineering students who developed the CAVE can animate the environment and also place a version on the Web.

Epidemiologists estimate that 23 million Americans suffer from one or more anxiety disorders, including panic disorder, post-traumatic stress disorder, social phobia, specific phobia, obsessive-compulsive disorder and generalized anxiety disorder, according to an article on "fear studies" in the Feb. 28 *New York Times Sunday Magazine*.

Among the many clinical approaches to anxiety, perhaps the most high-tech is the research in the application of virtual reality in the treatment of phobias.

"The standard treatment for phobias is exposure therapy," says psychiatrist Milton Huang, a lecturer in the U-M Medical School. "Usually it's a gradually increasing exposure to the thing feared—spiders, height, open spaces, crowds or what have you. People learn to tolerate and then to overcome the fear, if treatment is successful. We have to generate the fear for them to master it."

Getting patients to their specific phobic environment and controlling their exposure to the source of fear can be time-consuming and expensive. That's why Dr. Huang is testing virtual reality (VR) treatment with volunteer patients at the U-M Medical Center's Anxiety Disorders Clinic. "We want to see how virtual reality compares with real-life exposure in effectiveness and expense," he says.

U-M is one of the few institutions in the world with the kind of virtual reality chamber needed for phobic therapy. The chamber, dubbed the Cave Automatic Virtual Environment (CAVE) in North Campus's Media Union, simulates a three-dimensional, three-sided environment. College of Engineering students in the Principles of Virtual Reality class taught by Peter Beier, associate director of the Laboratory for Scientific Computation in the College of Engineering, created the CAVE environment and continue to refine it.

"I've started with fear of heights because it's easier to test," says Huang, who is in the third year of the project. "We measure patients' fear of height physiologically and behaviorally, recording their respiration and heart rates and observing certain behavior."

"In this study, we take individuals who fear heights to the U-M Hospital elevators and then go up one floor at a time. We call that an *in vivo*, or real-life, exposure. Here in the CAVE, we provide a virtual-reality experience of the same exposure. They can stand in a hallway or enter the elevator and ascend. We can even go up to a 20th floor even though the hospital, itself, has only eight floors. Our goal is to compare

the two exposures to see what is happening to the person in each case."

People ruled by a fear of heights may consciously or unconsciously adjust to them "by seeking jobs only on the first or second floor of a building, never looking out a window if they work on a high floor, or driving around an entire bay rather than cross over a bridge," Huang says. Different stimuli trigger height phobia, he adds. Some individuals may respond to the presence of birds or to viewing objects far below them, others to sensations felt in the stomach or head.

"It seems virtual reality offers some clinical advantages—it is easier to control, permits replication of exposure to the feared experience and offers privacy," Huang says. "Our preliminary results show that some are cured after one session while several sessions don't help others. We need data to come up with a conclusion as to why this is so."

If VR therapy compares well with *in vivo* exposure, the cost of certain treatments should drop considerably. "To treat fear of flying, for example," Huang says, "the clinician must rent a plane and then set gradual exposures to sitting in the plane, taxiing, taking short hops off the ground and finally going up for a flight. CAVE technology can simulate these experiences, repeat certain steps like takeoffs, and even add certain special condition like storms."

Virtual reality's role in medicine is increasing. It's used for autism, impotence, movement disorder and stroke rehabilitation. Mental health professionals began to use it in 1994. Among the pioneers was a Georgia Tech team that devised a Virtual Vietnam to help treat post-traumatic stress disorder, Huang says.

Huang's own first psychiatric research was on the psychological and social implications of Internet usage. Mental health professionals, he reports, face such challenging questions as, What happens to people when they live in 'unreal' worlds? Who is more vulnerable to getting lost or addicted?

"Chat rooms are not just containers of printed messages now," Huang says. "There are 3-D rooms into which users can send their own 'avatars'—characters they select or design to serve as their own 'bodies' in the virtual environment. The figures walk into rooms and engage with avatars of other users. People who get addicted to this sort of thing tend to be males and tend to be younger people, but you don't have to be a computer whiz to do so. We don't know what drives people into addictive states and need more manpower, time and money to find out."

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