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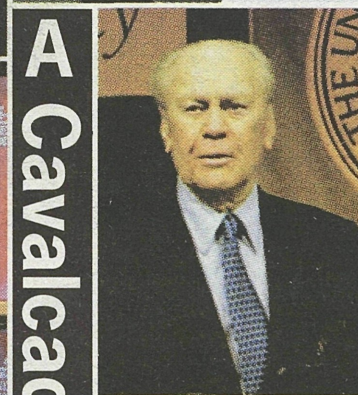
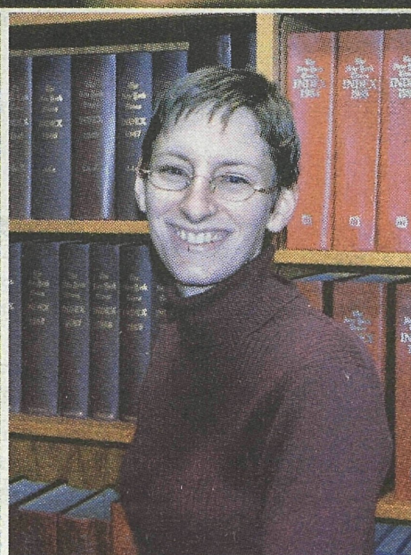
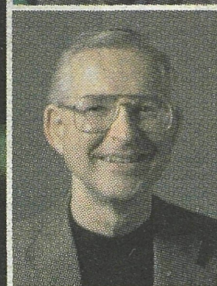
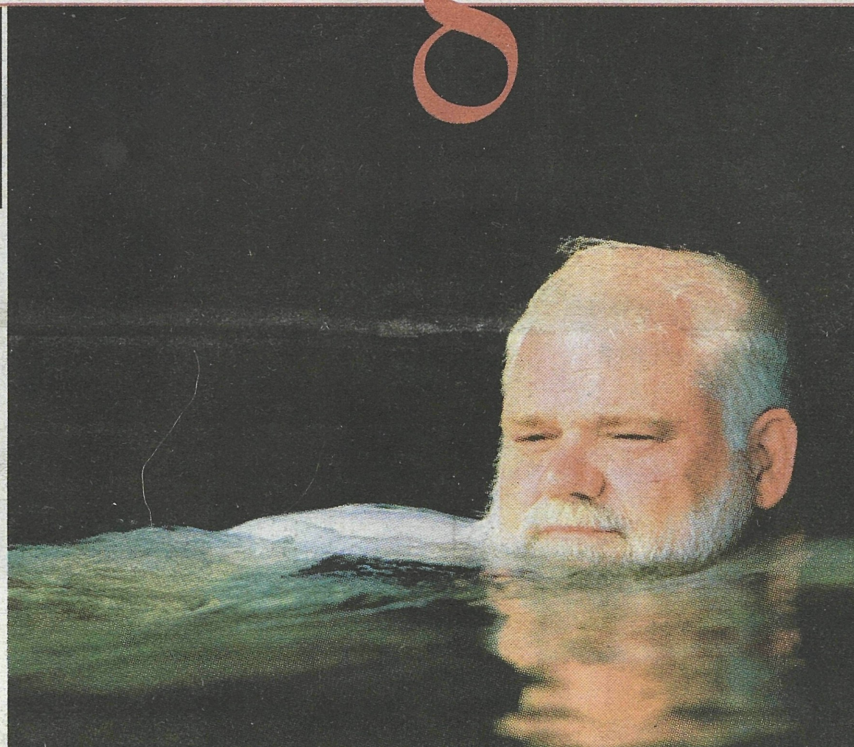
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Michigan Today



A
Cavalcade
of Alums

An artist's quest for the Rio Grande Cutthroat Trout ends a long and shaggy fish story

The Angler Completed

By Larry Stark

"The Trout is a fish highly valued, both in this and foreign nations. He may be justly said, as the old poet said of wine, and we English say of venison, to be a generous fish: a fish that is so like the buck, that he also has his seasons; for it is observed, that he comes in and goes out of season with the stag and buck.." **Izaak Walton, The Compleat Angler, 1653.**

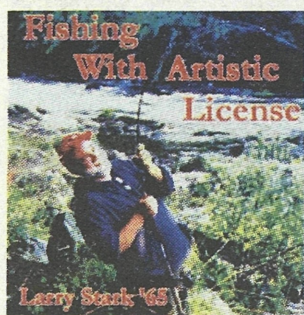
"And you are to note, that there are several kinds of Trouts: but these several kinds are not considered but by very few men; for they go under the general name of Trouts; just as pigeons do, in most places; though it is certain, there are tame and wild pigeons; and of the tame, there be hermits and runts, and carriers and croppers, and indeed too many to name. Nay, the Royal Society have found and published lately, that there be thirty and three kinds of spiders; and yet all, for aught I know, go under that one general name of spider. And it is so with many kinds of fish, and of Trouts especially; which differ in their bigness, and shape, and spots, and colour." **Walton, Compleat Angler.**

In our 1998 summer issue, our cover story reported on the Fishing America Project of Art School alum Larry Stark '65, a printmaker and photographer.

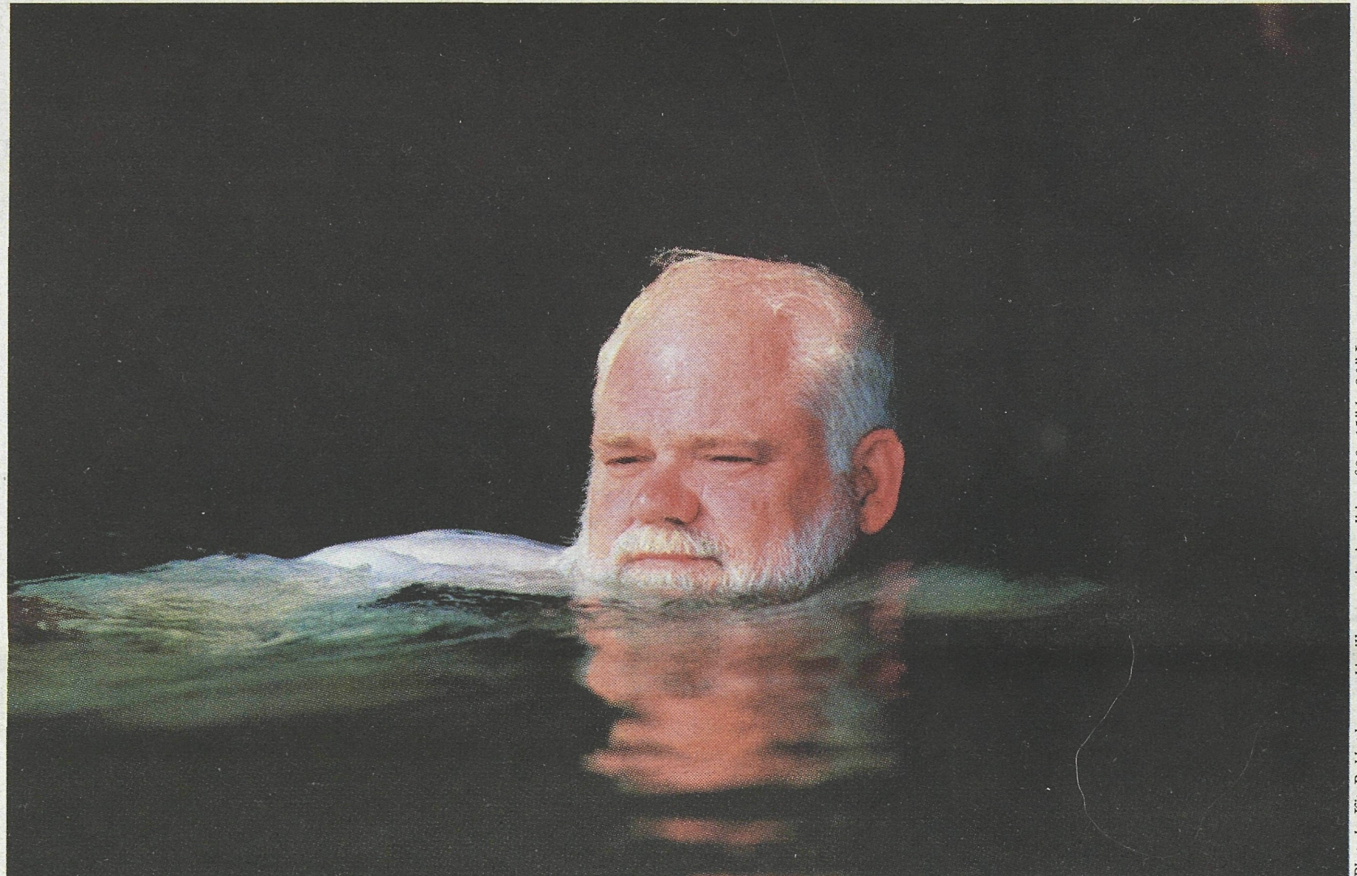
Stark's project, which he defines as a "conceptual work of art," was originally to catch a different fish with a

different fishing partner in each of the 50 states. The project would be recorded visually and also form the basis of a book.

When we last left him, Stark had 16 states and fish to go. This summer, after using his artistic



license (see box on page 5) to modify his original plan, Stark found himself trudging through New Mexico in search of his ultimate catch, a trout species called the Rio Grande Cutthroat. Here's how things went:



Author Larry Stark was highly pleased that his 13-year Fishing America Project ended with a splash.

James Holmes was the first person I contacted after I conceived the Fishing America project in 1990. He is responsible for the creation of the fishing contract that would hold people to their commitment to fish with me for the project. At the time, James lived in Kansas, but we agreed to fish in Colorado, which we did. Since then, he moved to the desert near Santa Fe, New Mexico, the state where I planned to finish the project by catching the Rio Grande Cutthroat Trout.

In 1972, I was a visiting artist at Illinois State University in Normal, where I created a limited edition lithograph with a master printer named Steve Britko. Steve and I hit it off, and we vowed to stay in touch, but he moved and I moved and we lost contact, so it came as a surprise when I was talking to James 30 years later and he mentioned that he walks every morning with his neighbor and friend, Steve Britko.

Since I had fished with James in Colorado and wanted to

fish with a different person in each state, I talked Steve into signing the New Mexico contract. My grandson, Jay and I arrived at James and Susan Holmes's house on a Sunday in June. I handed James some homegrown garlic. "It's organic," I said, proudly.

"That's okay, I have some chemicals I can put on them," James said. Then he told us he and Steve had been fishing the day before.

"I thought you were branding cattle?"

"We did that in the morning and fished in the afternoon. That's our version of multitasking. You want to go for a ride to the Pecos River? I'll show you where to fish." (Jay and I were going to camp and fish for a few days on the Pecos by ourselves before I went after the Cutthroat with Steve.)

We rode to Tererro, with its downtown of a combination store and horse stable. We saw the town of Cowles, which is just a county highway department pile of sand, a dumpster

Photo by Kip Ruhl, photographic silkscreen print in edition of 99, 15" by 20" Lenox rag paper.

and two ponds. Then we came to the Panchuela Creek campground, where James said we ought to fish, and he advised us where: "Go beyond the Bud boundary."

"What's that?" Jay asked.

"That's the greatest distance most fisherman will venture from the beer cooler." James explained.

The next day Jay and I camped at Panchuela Creek. We'd heard that both Panchuela and Dave's Creek, which runs into it, have some Rio Grande Cutthroat. I fished three solid days in Dave's Creek, Panchuela Creek and the Pecos River without catching anything. Jay fished briefly the first day and decided fly-fishing wasn't for him. He hiked and played in the creek and did 16-year-old things while I tried to catch just one Rio Grande Cutthroat.

The fourth day we went to Santa Fe for some halfhearted tourism. It didn't take long to decide it is a theme park, so we returned to James's and had been sitting in his yard for some time when he drove up the drive, opened his car door and asked, "Catch any?"

"No."

"Did you fish?" he asked sarcastically.

"I fished a lot! Ask Jay."

"He fished a lot."

"On the last day I had five hits and a swirl, but I didn't hook any of them. Are you set on going up there tomorrow?"

"I have the day off. Why?"

"Would you consider a different place, about a hundred miles farther?"

"To?"

Drawing a blank on a 'flat area'

"Cuba," I said, fumbling through my pockets for the map a fisherman had drawn for me. "Here it is. At Cuba, we turn right, continue about eight miles to the parking lot, then go another two miles to the Rio de Las Vacas River. The guy said you walk about a half mile up stream past the old dam and there is an open area called a ... Nuts! I can't remember anything anymore. What is it called?"

"Flat water?" he suggested.

"No," I said. "The land is called a ... what?"

"Valley?"

"No."

"Prairie? Flats?"

"No. No."

"Mesa?"

"No."

"Plateau?"

"No."

"You're talking about a flat area?"

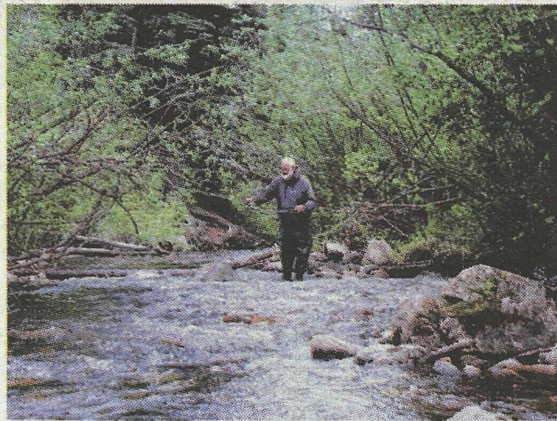
"It's an area where the valley gets wider," I said.

James went looking for some UPS parcels that had been delivered. When he returned, I remembered: "Meadow!"

We talked about our fishing information for a while and realized the place the fisherman told me about is the same place a woman who works at his favorite fly-fishing shop had told him about.

James and Susan live in an apartment attached to a ranch stable. I noticed the ranch house and asked James about his landlord. "Henry and Peg. Peg is the daughter of Arthur Peck, who started the Ghost Ranch. Henry's father was the first ranch foreman on the Ghost Ranch. Henry and Peg grew up together on the ranch. After a marriage for each, they got together and married each other.

Continued on next page



On Panchuela Creek.

Photo by Jay Stark



A, uh, uh 'flat area' (aka meadow).

Since my first *Michigan Today* article I did the following fishing trips in order:

STATE	SUCCESS	FISH SOUGHT OR CAUGHT
Texas	Yes	Guadalupe Bass
No. Carolina	No	Caught Largemouth Bass elsewhere
Utah	Yes	Caught Bonneville Whitefish and Bear Lake Cisco
Nevada	Yes	Caught Lahanton Cutthroat
Idaho	No	Caught the Steelhead elsewhere
Louisiana	No	Was after Gar, but caught Long-ear Sunfish, a new species to my list
Delaware	Yes	Caught White Perch
Georgia	Yes	Caught an un-named variant of Shoal Bass
Hawaii	Yes	Caught 8 species: Reef fish, Balloon Fish, Hammerhead Shark
Connecticut	No	Skunked. Was after Brook, Rainbow or Brown Trout
California	Yes	Caught triple-header combination: Brook, Rainbow and Brown Trout
Maryland	Yes	Caught Channel Catfish
New Jersey	No	Was after Weakfish; caught lots of Bluefish
Kentucky	No	Skunked. Was after Kentucky Bass
Alabama	Yes	But fished alone with no goal; caught Pinfish
New Mexico	See story	Rio Grande Cutthroat.



The Angler

continued from page 3

The 'weird lady' was Georgia O'Keeffe

"Peg's mother and father built a house which they lived in while their compound was being built," James continued. "Right after they moved to the compound, Georgia O'Keeffe showed up and rented the house. Arthur refers to her as 'the weird lady.'"

"They considered her weird?"

"Yeah. Very private! Peg said she and other kids would go down to see her and she would give them candy to leave. Henry and Peg have some incredible photo albums of the Ghost Ranch. You know the big touring cars of the 1920s? Every summer they took a six-week trip, overland, from the Ghost Ranch to the Grand Canyon through the Navajo Reservation. Overland! Not on roads."

"Didn't they have roads then?" I asked.

"They don't have roads now."

We drove to a Mexican restaurant. As we ate, I suggested, "Since we both got the same information about the Rio de Las Vacas, maybe we should go there tomorrow."

"Yeah! That's where we'll go tomorrow, up to Cuba." After a short pause he added, "I still don't believe you didn't catch any fish at the Pecos River. Anything interesting happen?"

"The first day, Jay walked up the creek trail to the caves. The stream flows into the cave and runs under ground for about a block before reappearing again. He went into the cave and wished he had a flashlight."

Jay popped in, "I put my hand down on a rock and there was a flashlight, which I picked up and used to explore the cave."

Looking at me, James needed, "Maybe you should have wished for a fish."

I ignored him and resumed our tale. "On a trip to the parking lot we found a small zip lock bag with what was probably cocaine in it."

James didn't have to think long on that subject, "That is a natural place to do drug deals."

A broken bottle in the campground

I continued, "The next morning when I went to get something from the car, four US Forest Service trucks caravanned into the parking lot. Two guys got out of each vehicle and after a meeting, one of them walked around the five-site campground looking for something. When he returned I asked

why they were there and he said, 'We have a report of a broken bottle in the campground, but I couldn't find it. I told them where to look. One of them picked it up, and they got in their trucks and drove away.'

"Later in the day I was talking to a Spencer Tracy look-alike in the parking lot who was getting ready to backpack to the caves with his two young sons. They seemed to take forever getting ready, so I said, 'Hope the walk doesn't take as long as the packing.' He explained that it would be too dark to pitch a tent when they arrived and thus they needed to find their flashlight. I lent them the one Jay found and off they went. The next day they came back to our campsite and returned it."

"In the evening we were back at the parking lot, getting some supplies from the car and I talked to two fishermen who had just fished Panchuela Creek. They had caught two Brown Trout each. They gave me the Rio de Las Vacas information."

The next morning James, Jay and I drove to Cuba and stopped at the Forest Service office for directions. They said we should go out Highway 126 to Fire Road 70 to the Clear Creek parking lot. Then hike the Clear Creek Trail past the San Gregorio Reservoir. There we could fish Clear Creek for Rio Grande Cutthroat.



A forest near Cow Creek, New Mexico, three years after a fire.

So we drove about eight miles into the mountains to the parking lot just as three other guys were starting their walk to San Gregorio Reservoir. James and Jay joined these guys for the half-mile walk to the lake. I fell behind. After a bit I met two members of the Fish and Game Service. They had damaged the trail when they drove up a couple days earlier, and the Forest Service officers told them they had to repair the trail or not use it again. They still had loads of fish they needed to stock in the reservoir, so they gave in on the issue. While I was talking to these guys, a fisherman walked down the trail carrying a real nice Rainbow. He had fished the lake for several hours but had only one hit. He was happy though, because he caught the fish. The Fish and Game guys were so proud to have stocked this fish they photographed it.

Meanwhile, James and Jay waited for me at the reservoir with the directions to the Rio de Las Vacas they'd got from their walking companions. One of them, Frank Lucero, said he'd send me a nice photograph of the spot. (And he did. You can see it at <http://www.larrystark.com/mountainmeadow.jpg/>) The best part of their directions was, "You will know when you are there."

I still thought we were going only another mile to fish Clear Creek, but James and Jay knew we were going farther to fish the Rio de Las Vacas. After another half-mile I found out how far when I saw a sign: "Rio de Las Vacas - six miles."

Boy Scouts give directions

The trail forked away from Clear Creek at that point. Soon, we came upon a small tributary. I decided to stop and fish there while James and Jay walked on. After a couple casts, a troop of Boy Scouts passed by. They suggested I go farther up the trail because "it's real pretty up there."

I'd already figured out the fishing was going to be poor where I was, so I walked on to the next stream and fished there until Jay returned to tell me, "James has caught two fish already."

So I walked with Jay the remaining miles to the Rio de Las Vacas, which was located in a beautiful meadow and full of Rio Grande Cutthroat Trout. After putting my waders on, I started crawling around sneaking up on the fish. When I hooked the first one, I overreacted and set the hook so hard the fish went flying through the air and landed unhooked in the next pool downstream.

Soon I came upon a large pool of fish. I worked my way over to the side where



Photo by Jay Stark

The Rio Grande Cutthroat Trout.

they couldn't see me. I sat down on the bank about 10 feet from the water and cast my fly into the pool. After several hits, the action stopped and I changed to a different fly. After several more hits I changed the fly again. After many fly changes and three or four hits on each fly, I realized I was fishing with barbless hooks!

I changed to a Number 18 barbed dry fly and caught a fish. My camera broke during the walk up the trail, so there I was, holding the only Rio Grande Cutthroat I will probably ever see and my camera was broken. Jay was watching me fish and luckily, he had his camera with him. He gets credit for the photograph above.

James and I both walked rather slowly the two hours and 45 minutes back to the car. During our trek James told me he had caught about a dozen fish.

Friday the 13th and a full moon

That evening we headed over to Steve Britko's house to talk about our trip and how exhausted James and I were. I also told them, "It's Friday the 13th and it's a full moon, and when I called home earlier, I was told Barb's and my eighth grandchild was born today. A girl."

"Congratulations! What's her name?"

"You would have to know my son and my daughter-in-law to understand this. Since she was born at home with a midwife, they don't have to come up with a name immediately, so they haven't. They are talking about waiting until she is old enough to choose her own name. They are also considering Sabine. I suggested 'Full Moon Friday the 13th' or 'Rio Grande Cutthroat' or 'Fourteen Mile Walk.'"

My five-day fishing permit had expired, so Jay and I tagged along Saturday morning while James and Steve fished Cow Creek. I took photographs and Jay climbed a mountain. On the way back to Santa Fe, we found a new

one-man roadside BBQ stand. While James was getting take-home for dinner, Steve told me, "I just started fishing again this year after a 15-year hiatus."

"Didn't you and James fish last year from your horses in Colorado?" I asked.

Landing fish with horses

"That's right," he recalled. "It was the damndest thing. The lake was full of Kokanee Salmon. We were helping a friend round up his cattle in Colorado. We came across a fence the Fish and Game people had put across the river that flows into the lake. The Kokes were trying to swim upstream to spawn, and they were piled up below the fence, stacked on top of each other. We rode our horses into the stream and the fish jumped out of the water onto the shore."

"So you fished using horses instead of fishing poles?"

"I guess you can say that."

Since salmon decompose during the spawning process, I asked, "weren't they too far gone?"

"Oh, no! They were good to eat."

The BBQ guy was listening to Johnny Rivers. "Where have all the flowers gone ..." was playing very loud and we had already heard Rivers singing two other songs that other singers had made into hits, when Steve said, "This must be called, 'Johnny Rivers Sings Everybody.'"

Then our conversation turned to art. "How many galleries do you have representing your work?" Steve asked.

My answer took us to other issues, including the relative honesty of various dealers we know and the attempt by some curators to control the direction of art. We had both vented quite a bit and heard most of "Johnny Rivers Sings Everybody," when James returned with the BBQ and announced, "He [the owner] is from Argentina and we lucked out, because we have his last chicken."

The following day, Jay and I were ready to hightail it home. New Mexico was the 50th and final state, and it had been a grand finish for "Fishing America." We drove up through the mountains for a last view of the area (including Taos—another theme park) and on to the center of Kansas. The day after that, I drove the 750-plus miles home. **MT**

Larry Stark '65 grew up in Benton Harbor, Michigan, and enrolled in U-M's art school after a brief career as an accountant. His photographs and prints have been exhibited and collected throughout the country. He and his wife, Barbara Benson Stark, live in Augusta, Wisconsin, and have five children and eight grandchildren. For information about Stark's portfolio, see <http://www.larrystark.com>

Our first Fishing America story is on the Web at <http://www.umich.edu/news/MT/98/Sum98/mfjpsm98.html>

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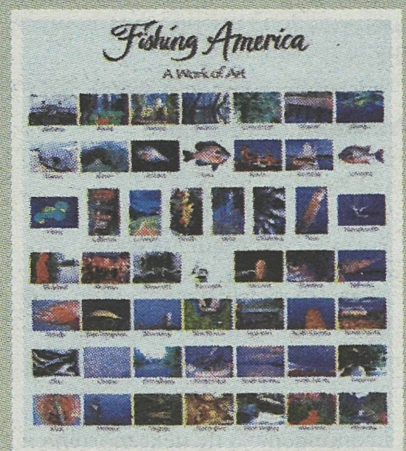
My original plan was to fish for a different fish in each state and with a different person in each state. I hoped to catch the fish along with a good photograph to be used to make a print and to catch enough information to write a good story.

But as fishing goes, I got a good photograph in each state; I did not get enough good material for a good story in each state, and as for fish, I changed the species of fish in a couple of states to match the fish I had caught.

I was skunked in five states. In five states I caught a different species than what I was after. In some states I fished more than one trip and targeted more than one species. I was skunked one of those trips but re-fished the state later for a different fish and caught that fish. When you make up the game, you make up the rules.

You also have the right to change the rules if it is your game. I did that, but not very much. An example is Washington state. Dungeness Crabs were stealing our bait while we were fishing for White Sturgeon. We figured out how to whip the crabs into the boat and ended up with our limit.

I considered that to be a successful fishing trip with a new species. Fish? No. Fun? Yes. Bending the rules? Yes. — L.S.



The Fishing America Project silkscreen poster.

Gerald and Harold: Two Fords roll into town, one late model, one vintage

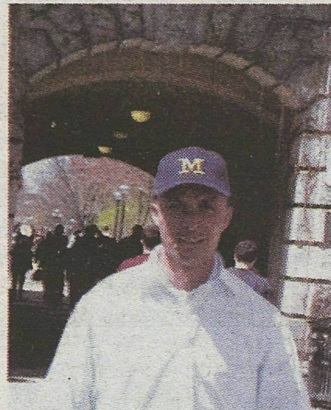
US Rep. Harold Ford

Self-described “policy wonk” Harold Ford ’96 JD isn’t related to Gerald R. Ford ’35 (see story below), but the US representative and the former president share an enthusiasm for politics. Rep. Ford, a Tennessee Democrat, addressed the graduating class of the U-M’s Ford School of Public Policy this year—a school that was named in honor of Gerald Ford in 1999.

During his visit, the younger Ford discussed a number of political issues with *Michigan Today*’s John Woodford.

Michigan Today: Education is one of your top concerns. How do you think our nation is doing?

Harold Ford: The Bush Administration has presented some good ideas in its “No Child Left Behind” program. They’ve imposed mandates that will link support to demonstrable levels of achievement by schools and school districts. What concerns me is that they have not provided the funds required to make such a program effective. Accountability is a smart thing, but if you don’t provide the resources, you guarantee failure.



Rep. Harold Ford strolled through the campus before addressing a School of Public Policy assembly.

Photo by John Woodford

You have surprised some educational groups by not opposing charter schools and vouchers.

I’m not going to tell parents that they must send their children to public schools. It would be hypocritical. I’m a product of public and private schools, so how can I run around and tell parents that one sort of school is better than another? I’m for making all kinds of schools better—charter, private and public. And I don’t think it’s hard to figure out how to build

an effective educational program: In any sort of school, what you need to do is look around at the most successful schools in your district, study them, then transpose or imitate what they do.

I’ve found, that lots of parents who support vouchers don’t know the per-pupil cost of good public education. Some people want a voucher program for religious reasons, and they are willing to accept, say, \$2,500-per-pupil in a voucher. But that won’t buy a good education for their children.

As a member of the Budget and of the Financial Services committees, you’re embroiled in tax matters. Are you for cutting taxes?

We’ve lost 2.7 million jobs in the last couple of years and \$5 trillion in wealth in the markets. There’s a \$7 trillion turnaround in revenue to the Treasury, and 1.2 million or more people lack health insurance. In view of that, how can we cut taxes? We should have a tax program to help small businesses, but we shouldn’t reduce our revenues.

But I do respect President Bush for his boldness. He is trying to fundamentally change the tax code. He may be wrong, but at least he recognizes that bold measures are needed. And that makes this a heady time to be in this business, especially when you’re a policy wonk like me.

Does the Ford School have a presence in Washington?

It’s known to have a strong faculty who advance interesting, provocative and creative ideas. And now is a time to test their theories in areas like how should the government deliver its services. The potential for academic researchers and thinkers to contribute is great now. We base a lot of our Congressional decisions on policy shops. Economic research data from U-M is something we all wait for every quarter. We rely on them heavily.

What would you do to spur the economy?

We need to find the next big growth area economically. That’s what we’re all look-

ing for. The great thing about our country is that we always find it, and no one wants government to handicap our ability to do so. Venture capitalists are sitting on \$120 to \$130 billion right now because they don’t know where to put it. Investors don’t see any incentives for taking risks. And when capital flows, good things happen. The administration says a dividend tax cut will stimulate investment, but there is no solid sign that it will do it. We need resources for the middle class and also investment and tax credits.

We hear daily of the troubles of the Big Three domestic auto companies. Do their problems concern you?

When the car companies hurt, the whole country hurts. Cars and home sales were key to the recent boom and bubble, and we need the Big 3 to regain strength if we want to see our domestic economy get healthy. I don’t think President Bush has helped in that area, but one thing about him is, he can change his mind quickly. He’s shown that several times, such as on the accounting scandals. At first he said he’d do nothing to reform accounting methods or punish wrongdoers, but then he backed bold measures in both areas.

How do you view the 2004 presidential race?

In 2002, we Democrats had no message. We didn’t lay out a coherent vision. In the next presidential race—and I hope Sen. John Kerry will head the ticket—we’ll articulate a vision. Kerry is strong not just in traditional Democratic areas but also with the military, small business and law enforcement. He doesn’t see government programs as solutions to all problems. [Ford was named Kerry’s national co-chair after this interview—JW.]

President Gerald Ford

By Jared Wadley
News Service

Former US President Gerald Ford ’35 struggled to make ends meet during his days at Michigan.

At Rackham Auditorium Sept. 18, during a site dedication for the School of Public Policy that bears his name, Ford recalled his time at U-M more than 70 years ago as a football player working on campus.

He had come to Ann Arbor from Grand Rapids, Michigan, with \$200 in his pocket—\$100 for tuition and \$100 to use for other expenses “for as long as I could.” With no football scholarships then, his coach, Harry Kipke, found him a job waiting on tables for medical interns and cleaning the nurses cafeteria for three hours a day in the Old Main Hospital.

“With that compensation, I was able to buy my food and pay \$4 a week for a joint rooming house room on the back end of the third floor, and we had to walk from the third [to another floor] to go to the bathroom. So those were not easy times,” Ford told an audience of 350 people.

The 90-year-old Ford, who was accompanied by wife, Betty, and son Jack, said he



Presidents Ford and Coleman.

Marcia L. Ladford U-M Photo Services

would be pleased when the School—which has borne his name since 1999—raised enough money to begin construction on the new building.

President Mary Sue Coleman thanked Ford for his stand on social issues, including a *New York Times* opinion piece he wrote supporting the University’s position on affirmative action in admissions. “I wonder,” Ford wrote, “how different the world might have been in the 1940s, in the ’50s, in the ’60s, how much more humane and just, if my generation had experienced a more representative sampling of the American family.”

The proposed five-story, 80,000-square-foot building will be at the northeast corner of State and Hill streets. Rebecca Blank, the School’s dean, said nearly \$4 million in private donations have been raised, but the goal is to have commitments of \$15 million before construction begins on the \$32 million project. The University will fund the remainder.

The Ford School trains students for careers in public service, emphasizing the value of social science techniques in understanding, developing, implementing and evaluating public policies. *U.S. News & World Report* ranked the Ford School, which has 40 faculty and 200 students, among the top 10 schools nationwide in public administration/public policy.

Inhalable flu vaccine available this fall

By Colleen Newwine
University News Service

When Hunein "John" Maassab got his doctorate in epidemiology in 1956, his dissertation was on influenza, and he has continued researching flu right up to this fall's release of an inhalable flu vaccine he helped develop.

"I feel good. I feel in a sense that I have accomplished my life's dream," Maassab said when the vaccine, FluMist, was approved by the US Food and Drug Administration. "I spent all my lifetime developing this vaccine."

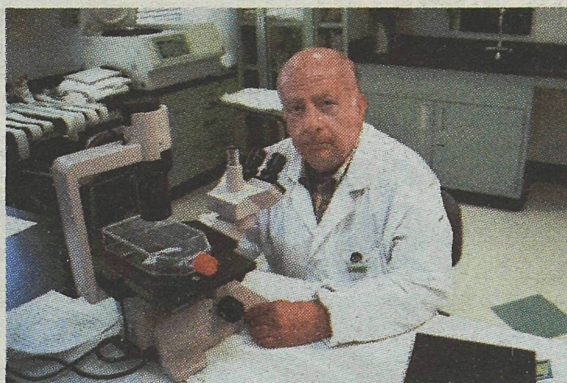
In September, Maassab, who recently retired as professor of epidemiology in the U-M School of Public Health, received a lifetime technology transfer achievement award at a ceremony at the Michigan League celebrating the culmination of some four decades of work in the science behind the new flu vaccine.

In presenting Maassab's award, Noreen Clark, dean of the School of Public Health, said, "We live in a time of rapid communication and instant gratification, a time when people change careers as often as they used to change jobs; a time when a 'long term commitment' might mean 'five years'; a time when a dream is something you hope to accomplish next week. John Maassab is the opposite of all this."

Maassab came to Michigan as a graduate student and studied under Thomas Francis Jr., the founder of the epidemiology department. Francis had invented the first flu vaccine, which used a killed flu virus, and he urged Maassab to pick up where he left off, but to develop a live-virus vaccine.

Francis also mentored Jonas Salk during Salk's work at U-M and is perhaps best known as the scientist who announced to the world that the Salk polio vaccine was safe and effective in a ceremony at U-M's Rackham Auditorium.

FluMist, approved for use by healthy people ages 5 through 49, uses a live but weakened virus, administered to help develop immunity. The virus is adapted to grow at the lower temperatures of the



Maassab

U-M Photo Services

nasal passages but not the warmer conditions of the lungs where influenza disease develops. A trivalent vaccine, like the flu shot, it includes three different strains of vaccine. The flu shot, by contrast, uses only killed virus.

FluMist has been licensed exclusively to MedImmune, a company in which the researcher and the University of Michigan have a financial interest. MedImmune Vaccines Inc., a wholly owned subsidiary of MedImmune Inc., is manufacturing and marketing FluMist, and Wyeth Vaccines, a business unit within Wyeth Laboratories, is co-marketing it.

Kenneth J. Nisbet, executive director of U-M's Office of Technology Transfer, anticipates U-M could eventually make millions of dollars from its FluMist licensing arrangement.

U-M reported \$9.1 million in tech transfer revenue in the 2003 fiscal year, compared with \$5.7 million the year before, he reports. Revenue tallies include royalties U-M has received as well as the sale of equity in businesses using technology developed at U-M.

"Society benefits from widespread usage of the technology developed here, Nisbet says. "Our goal is to get the benefits of our research deployed as widely and as effectively as we can, for the benefit of the general public. If we do that job well, the financial rewards will follow."

To find out where FluMist is available near you, visit http://www.flumist.com/con_finder.asp

It was a Big Putty Jug at its origin 100 autumns ago

The Little Brown Jug

By John Woodford

"Perhaps it is a matter of poetic justice that the Jug, now over a half-century old, has spent approximately half of its existence on the campus of each of these two great universities," Thomas B. Roberts of the class of 1904 wrote in 1959 of the Little Brown Jug that the Michigan and Minnesota football teams play for each fall.

The Wolverines have dominated since then, however, and this year's unprecedented comeback victory gave U-M a 66-23-3 edge in the series. Michigan's recent successes would have pleased Roberts, who died in 1966, because he played "an important, though at the time unwitting, role in the founding of America's most famous football trophy," he wrote.

Since Fielding H. Yost took over Michigan's squad in 1901, no opponent had tied, let alone beaten, the Wolverines. Then came October 31, 1903. Fearing Minnesota might dope Michigan's water in those days when "anything went that you could get away with—short of mayhem or murder," trainer Keene Fitzpatrick "sent the little student manager out to purchase a receptacle wherein to pack the drinking water, which would be free from suspicion." Roberts recalled.

"The jug was not brought from Ann Arbor as all the accounts have it, but was purchased in a little variety store in Minneapolis at the cost of just thirty cents. It was a five-gallon jug, therefore not 'little,' and was originally about the color of putty, therefore not 'brown.'"

And how did Roberts know? "I can state these facts with some degree of accuracy because I was that student manager for Michigan," said Roberts, who went on to become a successful realtor, specializing in Frank Lloyd Wright homes, in Oak Park, Illinois.

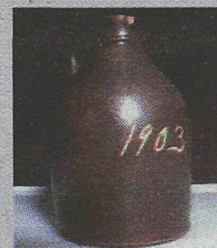
As for the game, after a scoreless first half Michigan "finally drove across the goal line (a five-point score in those days) and Hammond kicked [the] goal—score, Michigan 6, Minnesota 0."

But with two minutes to go the Golden Gophers tied the score "in the thickening darkness of an incipient snowstorm," and the "frenzied Minnesota crowd surged onto the field, sweeping along with it the little student manager who had purposely abandoned his thirty-cent jug which had served its purpose."

The game ended in a tie, and the two schools decided to suspend competition to avoid worse brutalities. But in 1909, Minnesota challenged Michigan, "We have your Little Brown Jug, come up and win it." Michigan accepted, won 15-6 and returned with the jug, which it kept for the next 10 years.

We are grateful to Anne Beckner of Los Angeles for sending us Roberts's story. She is his great-granddaughter and informed us that the daughter of the man who bought the jug, alumna Jeanne Roberts Blaine '32 of Glendale, California, would be delighted to add to the story.

Blaine, 93, said that her sisters and two brothers also had gone to U-M. One of the things her father was most proud of, she added, was that, having grown up on a small farm north of Grand Rapids, "Dad had nothing when he went to Michigan and couldn't have afforded joining a fraternity, but he was accepted into the honor fraternity Michiganama."



The Little Brown Jug is the oldest trophy game in Division I-A football. The 1869 song of the same name by Joseph Winner probably inspired the trophy's name and its paint job from putty to brown.



Photo: 1904 Michigan Earsian

Back Row: Manager Thomas Roberts, Cecil Gooding, Dan McGugin, Charles Baird, John Curtis, Keene Fitzpatrick. Middle Row: Tom Hammond, Herb Graver, Joseph Maddock, Capt. Curtis Redden, Coach Fielding Yost, George Gregory, Henry Schulte. Front Row: Fred Norcross, Frank Longman, Hugh James, Willie Heston.

A 'crazy idea' offers hope to a dwindling herd in the Yukon

CARIBOU RESCUE

By Michelle Oakley



I'm working with a small herd of isolated and genetically unique woodland caribou that range on the southern Yukon/Alaskan border, about 200 miles north of Haines Junction (where I live). It's called the Chisana herd, and its numbers have dropped from 1,800 in the late 1980s to about 300 now. Most of the remaining animals are very old, at the end of their lifespan, and the population faces extinction.

People out on the land first noticed problems with the Chisana herd. The local big game outfitter reported the decline to Yukon's Fish and Wildlife Branch, and we began to look at the herd more closely. Native people from the White River First Nation and Kluane First Nation also knew something was wrong with the herd. The reason for the decline seems to be almost no calves have survived, apparently because predators are eating 90 to 95 percent of them in the neonatal period, or first week or two of life. At this rate, this herd is calculated to disappear within three to four years.

I was charged with the task of coming up with a plan for captive breeding at a game farm in the Yukon; that is, to take 20 animals and breed enough for reintroduction five to seven years later. Although captive breeding has saved a lot of endangered species, it comes with some problems and won't work for every situation. Some of the problems I was considering were:

- It takes a minimum of five to seven years to breed enough caribou to release back into the wild, but in this case there would be no wild herd left by then!
- We risk reintroducing diseases/parasites with these animals—whatever they may have picked up on the game farm or captive breeding facility. With testing, treatments and quarantines, this is a somewhat



Michelle Plantinga Oakley '92 grew up in Munster, Indiana. She first went to the Canadian Yukon as a field assistant on an arctic ground squirrel ecology study when she was an undergraduate zoology major at Michigan. There, she met her husband to be, Shane Oakley, a local forest fire fighter. She received her doctorate in veterinary medicine in 2000 from Atlantic Veterinary College (University of Prince Edward Island), then trained in zoo/wildlife medicine at the Calgary Zoo.



Oakley lives with her husband and two daughters in Haines Junction (pop. 800) which is nestled in the Shakwak Valley, shown above.

manageable risk, but it is expensive and you never reduce those risks to zero.

- When you take 10 to 20 animals for captive breeding, that's the extent of the genetic diversity you're ever going to have. All the rest of the herd's genetics are lost, so you put that herd into what is called a "genetic bottleneck." That means they can be more susceptible to disease and less able to adapt to environmental challenges.
- Since there won't be animals left when we are ready to reintroduce captive-bred animals, the reintroduced animals, after being raised on a farm, would have no wild caribou to show them the ropes. They would not know the migration patterns, the best places to find food, the best ways to avoid predators and so on. These herds have a huge communal knowledge that is lost when the wild herd is lost, and a naïve animal can learn it only if enough of the wild herd is left to teach it.



Cabin home of the rescue team. Oakley's duties involve 'saving caribou and neutering wolves,' because wolves and bears, though not specially numerous, for some undetermined reason have been killing Chisana calves as fast as the caribou can birth them.'

risk introducing disease and we don't have to worry about reintroducing the animals years later. After ten weeks of holding them and protecting their calves from predators, we let them go. The calves are about three to four weeks old then, and at that age their ability to survive and avoid predators is excellent.

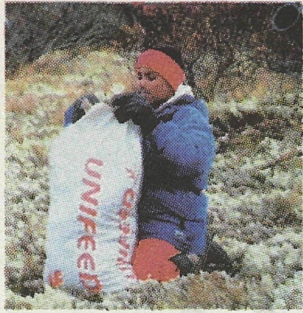
I approached our caribou biologist Rick Farnell with the idea

last summer, prefacing it with, "This is going to sound a bit crazy, but . . ." and he agreed it sounded pretty "out there" but also like it could work. The idea is not entirely new, as other endangered species recovery programs have used a similar approach—building what is called a "predator enclosure"—with sea turtles and various other threatened bird species when predation was seriously affecting their offspring/nests. To our knowledge, no one had tried it before in the wild with large mammals like caribou.

I recently talked to a reindeer herder in Finland who said some of them deal with predation problems on their free-ranging reindeer herds this way. They bring the herd into fenced areas by their homes, where they can guard them and scare off predators. Our situation is a bit more difficult, however, because we are in a very isolated area, making the logistics of getting out there and living for a few months pretty tough. And our animals are wild.



A cow seems almost transparent in the Yukon mist. Colleagues credit Oakley with the idea of the 'captive-rearing' technique. So far, it's working so well that it's greenlighted for next year and fundraising is well under way.



Yukon schoolchildren picked hundreds of bags of lichen for the caribou. Lichen ('caribou candy,' Oakley calls it) is mixed with commercial food pellets to tempt the caribou to the troughs and to ward off digestive problems their new diet could set off.



Once under way with funding, equipment and crew, we built the pen near the outfitter's camp, which he lent to the project. It has a few log cabins for us to live in—no electricity or running water, but we are on a lake, have woodstoves to keep warm and satellite phones for communication.

You can reliably access this camp only by air. We snowmobiled in and out through the mountains (takes about 1.5 hours each way) a few times in early March, when three other people and I built the 20-acre caribou pen. But you have to travel on rivers, and as it warms up here the thawing ice gets too dangerous for snowmobiles.

Construction was an incredible challenge. The weather was very cold for March. Most mornings were -22 F, and one morning was -58. It would warm up to about +5 degrees during the day. We made the caribou pen out of Tytar geocloth, a black tarp material that is used to line roads for construction. It is 7 feet tall and hung on 1/8-inch-steel cable wrapped around tops and bottoms of trees for fence posts.

Caribou don't challenge fences like deer and moose will, and the opaque blackness seems to keep them from trying to go over the barrier. Wolves also seem to stay away from the fence, but we electrified it because in addition to wolves, there are grizzly and black bears, wolverine, coyote and lynx in the area.

We also walked the perimeter a few times a day, hoping that our presence, along with the electricity, would keep predators from trying to break in. A big grizzly came running down the lake ice one evening, nose in the air following the caribou smell. He charged as soon as he saw us but ran away when we shot cracker shells to scare him off. We saw him pass by again a week later, and we also found large bear tracks a few feet away from one of the cabins one morning, but he did not cause any problems. I suspect he encountered the electric fence.

My original idea was to herd the caribou using caribou fences similar to what native people began using here thousands of years ago. These were fences made of brush that gently pushed caribou a certain way, usually into a narrowing V passage. Near the narrow point of the V, there would usually be snares and hunters ready for the concentrated animals. But we decided that, in this pilot project year, we would just shoot a net over the animals from a helicopter (called net-

gunning) and fly them to the pen.

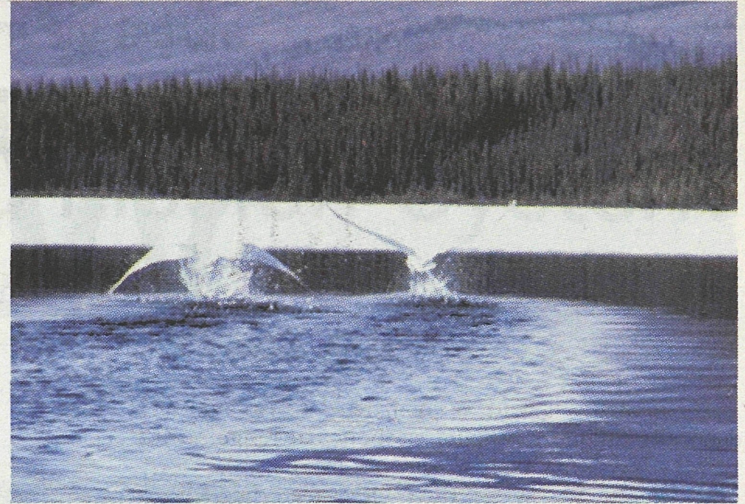
We captured 20 pregnant cows over three days in late March. Everything went smoothly. I used a portable ultrasound to check each female for pregnancy and started them out on a diet of reindeer pellets. The caribou adapted to our presence amazingly quickly. Within two days they stopped looking for a way out. At first they would trot away when we entered their pen to fill up the feed troughs, but within a week they just looked up when we came in and then went back to whatever they were doing. Within 10 days all ate regularly from the troughs.

I thought it would take longer for them to adjust to a new diet because there is a fair bit of natural feed in the enclosure, but they really watch and learn from each other. As soon as a few of the dominant ones began eating at the troughs, the others came over and gave it a try. We also picked a lot of lichens (their favorite food—caribou candy!) with the help of Yukon school kids. We mixed lichens in with the pellets to tempt them to the troughs and also to help the bacteria and protozoa in their rumen (the first division of their stomachs) slowly adjust to the new diet. If we changed the diet too quickly, the caribou could get bloated or diarrhea, and even die from serious cases. Fortunately, we had no such cases, probably because we provided lichens and because they had so much natural forage in the pen to snack on.

The Yukon Fish and Wildlife department, where I've been a wildlife biologist and



Rescuers blindfolded 20 pregnant cows, tied them in deer bags and helicoptered into the 125-acre enclosure. Each cow received a blood test, an ultrasound and a radio collar. Handling time per animal was limited to 30 minutes to minimize stress.



Two big tundra swans lift off from Tchawahmon (Tu-wash-amon) Lake. Bird species abound in the region, and mobs of ravens sometimes distract cows while others blind and maim their calves.

veterinarian for three years, is leading the caribou project. But we've had help from people from the Canadian Wildlife Service and the White River First Nation. We also get funding from the Yukon Fish and Wildlife Management Board, and just recently the World Wildlife Fund. Since the herd ranges in Alaska, too, we've been trying to pull Alaskan agencies into our recovery effort. They are slowly coming around, thanks to the efforts of a few dedicated biologists there.

The Chisana is the only woodland caribou herd in Alaska. Alaska's other herds are barren ground caribou. But the area where the herd ranges is in Alaska's Wrangell St Elias National Park, and thus far, the park has taken the stance that the decline is "natural" and therefore should not be interfered with. We do not know the ultimate cause of the decline, however, so we are very hesitant to declare it "natural" at this point.

Our latest count showed 14 of the 17 calves were still out there doing well. That's an 82 percent survival rate, excellent compared with the 6 to 10 percent survival we have in calves born out of the pen. Although I loved observing the caribou close-up, I was relieved and hopeful watching them run from the pen that day, back to the wild where they belong, taking much needed youth and vigor back to the herd.

'This porcupine scared the heck out of me one night. I was a little on edge because a few days before we found grizzly tracks next to our cabin, and when I heard the porky chewing our woodbox, I just about jumped out of my skin.'

We're going ahead with the project again next spring, but with 40 to 50 caribou this time. So we'll be out enlarging our fence in early fall and start our captures next March and early April.

MT

Dr. Michelle Oakley received her BSc in zoology from U-M in 1992. She is the first veterinarian to be a regional biologist in Canada's Yukon Territory. She works for the Fish and Wildlife Branch of Canada's Department of Environment and welcomes inquiries from students interested in classroom projects. Her e-mail address is Michelle.Oakley@gov.yk.ca.

Bird wings, brazil nuts and vacuum packaging attract the many talents of Dick Maskell '60

The WRAP ARTIST

By Kate West

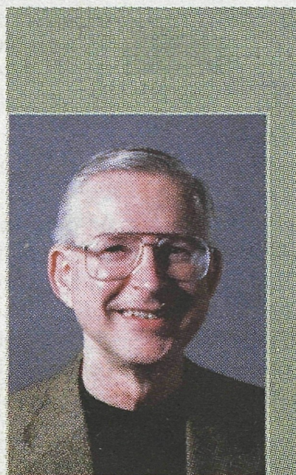
When you defrost a pizza and find the pepperoni and mozzarella flavorful, you can thank Dick Maskell for it—and Napoleon, too.

To prolong the life of military rations, Napoleon sponsored the development of vacuum-sealing foods in glass bottles in the early 1800s. Next came metal containers for canning, and by 1815 the troops that faced off at Waterloo had canned rations. A number of improvements followed and, by the mid 1800s canned foods were commonplace.

Today, alumnus Dick Maskell's M-Tek, Inc., and other vacuum packagers, usually put products in flexible containers. The produce is placed in a bag composed of an airtight material, typically a multilayered plastic film. A machine then sucks all the air out of the bag. If it's sealed with all the air removed, it's a vacuum package. Foods such as nuts, cheeses and coffee are all vacuum packaged.

If all the air is removed and then replaced with a gas, it's a "gas-flush" package. Gases used include carbon dioxide, which suppresses bacterial growth, and pure oxygen, which enhances the redness of meat. Red meat and poultry and lettuce are gas-flushed. Once sealed for protection and ease of transport, the packages are put into corrugated cardboard boxes.

Vacuum packaging ton-sized bins has changed how people distribute food. "Take lettuce for example," Maskell says. "Before our technology, you would take a one-ton cardboard bin, put in a thin ply liner, put lettuce in it and ship it. When it arrived, the cores would be cut out and the outer leaves that had spoiled as the lettuce traveled were thrown away. Companies were discarding close to 35 percent of what



Maskell

'When I was in school, there were the techies and the artists, and each side saw the other as an inferior sub species.'

they had just paid to ship cross-country."

When he arrived at U-M as an undergraduate in 1956, Maskell planned to become an aeronautical engineer. But two semesters later, he discovered the School of Art. Since then he's been a fine art sculptor, a book illustrator, a drafting instructor, a designer of architectural interiors and creator of new packaging technologies.

"The Art School changed my life," Maskell says. "I came here from a little town in Montana with no background in art. When I found art and design, it completely altered my perspective. I felt unbound."

Maskell capitalized on that sense of freedom to combine majors in sculpture and industrial design. It proved an important career-building mix. The next opportunity to add to his creative toolkit came from an unlikely source—the military.

Just after graduation in 1960, Maskell enlisted in the US Air Force, rising to become the first second lieutenant ever assigned to the staff at the fledgling Air Force Academy in Colorado.

After his tour of duty Maskell returned to Michigan and got his MS in design in 1964. Then he entered the job market and made the rounds of potential industrial employers, but a series of hirers told him he was "too creative."

Finally, he caught the attention of the Container Corporation of America, where he established himself as an innovator in cardboard packaging, plastic film wrap and gas technologies. He moved to Weyerhaeuser, in 1975. Then, in 1982, in the town of Elgin just outside Chicago, he founded M-Tek.

"We started out with three employees," Maskell says. "I ran the company, sold all the machines and did all the installations. My wife, Odette, handled the administrative duties and wired the electrical panels in the machines. I installed every one of the first several hundred machines we sold. I'd finish the sale, then put on my mechanic's suit, pop up and say remember me? I'm here to start up your machine."

The technology at that time wasn't capable of vacuum-sealing

packages that were larger than about one pound maximum. Maskell's innovations led the way to today's technologies that can wrap a ton of product.

M-Tek is credited with rescuing the brazil nut industry 25 years ago. The nuts had been spoiling in five-gallon metal tins, costing producers 10 percent of potential sales each year. Maskell journeyed to the headwaters of the tributaries feeding the Amazon, the only place the nuts grow, and devised a new packaging system that let growers vacuum-wrap about 45 pounds of nuts right there in the forests, giving them a shelf life of a year.

Today, M-Tek does about \$5 million worth of business a year worldwide in a field that has expanded to a \$100s-of-millions market led by European firms.

Maskell says his effective designs stem from working as a hybrid artist/engineer. "When I was in school," he says, "there were the techies and the artists, and each side saw the other as an inferior sub species. I strongly believe that those are artificial and really counterproductive distinctions. Technical people assume that I'm only an engineer, but I'm also an artist."

"The way I always describe it: when I look at a bird wing, I see the beauty of flight, the feeling of flight, I see the marvel of the structural engineering that can make that thing with hollow bones. I can't separate my sense of awe at its beauty as a piece of art from my sense of awe at the engineering that makes it work. And I don't see why that separation should be necessary, for anyone."

Maskell's belief in the power of an encompassing vision has brought him back to the School of Art & Design. He and Odette presented the school with a gift to support the next generation of artist/designers. "Where else in the academic universe," he says, "would it be better to start developing this holistic thinking than at the School of Art & Design, a place that changed my life?" **MT**

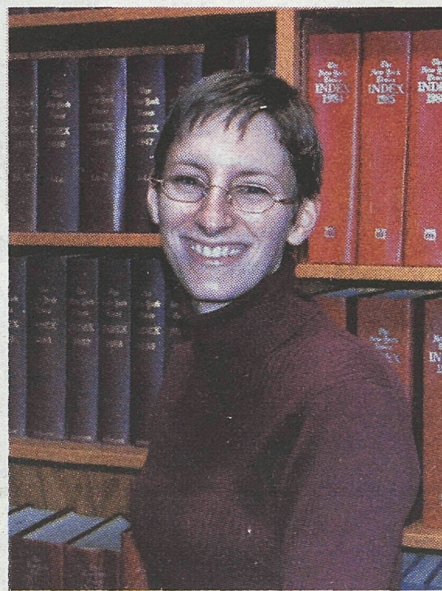


Here's the beef!

Kate West is the manager of marketing and promotion for the School of Art & Design.

How the U-M Admission System Affected Me

By Jami Blaauw-Hara



By Jami Blaauw-Hara

Photo courtesy: North Central Michigan College

'I see the Supreme Court's decision as a good thing for people like me.'

I didn't pay much attention when I first heard about the lawsuits against the University of Michigan. Every year that I was an undergraduate, a few letters protesting the admission policies were written to the college paper by angry rich white kids, and I counted myself among the righteous liberal elect who saw the letters as racist sour grapes. It seemed clear-cut: The issue was about increasing enrollments of underprivileged people of color, and I was for it.

But I'm finding that I didn't really understand what the issue was at all, and from the coverage I've heard on the Supreme Court's decision, I don't think many other people do either.

I graduated in 1994 with honors. I would characterize my time there as productive. I wrote for the *Michigan Daily* and became the environmental reporter for a short while. I interviewed a Native woman from the Artic National Wildlife Refuge for Canadian television. I studied in Spain. I drank coffee and walked up and down Washtenaw Avenue in a long black trench coat modeled after the current avant-garde leftist fashions. I was, in essence, a typical U of M student.

And, almost certainly, I was also a beneficiary of the University's diversity-based admissions systems recently ruled upon by the US Supreme Court. Because that system does not reward preferences for race alone.

My high school was small and rural and poor. I grew up in Mason County, five hours northwest of Ann Arbor, where relatively few students attend college at all. When I mentioned wanting to attend U of M to my high school counselor, she pointed out the safety and comfort of a number of smaller state colleges. The implication was that people from Mason County didn't go to U of M.

I persisted, though, largely because I wanted to be different from the rest of the people in my town—more eru-

But the current brouhaha surrounding the University's admissions decisions has made me re-examine the issue. Being a part of U of M's diversity policy feels strange. I remember sitting in my room preparing my application, sweating over my essay and later interviewing with the dean of the college over the phone.

Now I picture another part of the admissions process, one in which my name was connected to my parents' income, my rural high school in an underrepresented county and my in-state status. Points were added, and perhaps I moved up on a list, surpassing someone from Grosse Pointe with higher grades and a better ACT score. I felt good when I thought that I was admitted due to my own efforts. I'm not too sure how I feel now.

I think that U of M chose wisely in me. I contributed to the college community. I performed in a play on campus. I worked at the library for years, and I had instructors who I felt were friends and colleagues. The argument that students who are given points to improve their chances of being admitted to U of M are only set up for failure seems ridiculous. It certainly wasn't the case with me.

However, I also resent being a part of the University's multicultural cocktail. What was the goal of U of M in giving me extra points due not to what I did but who I was? Did they think admitting a few token poor people would enrich the learning environment of their regular

students, or that, for four years, I would get to see how the other half lives? The implications of the assumptions that underlie U of M's point system can be offensive.

The Supreme Court ruled that race may be one of several factors for admission into a school but that a strict point system is not appropriate. Social class and hometown are never mentioned in most reports on the radio and television. The focus is on race and the sad legacy of white attitudes and behaviors towards people of other races—exactly what I thought it was when I read those letters in the college paper.

But the issue is broader than that. Questions of race can seem remote to people in small rural communities like the ones I've lived in. But social class and background affect us in northern Michigan—how others perceive us, our cultural knowledge, our ability to pay for college and our chances of getting in and fitting in. That's what U of M's admissions policy, the lawsuit and the Supreme Court's decision is about: us.

I see the Supreme Court's decision as a good thing for people like me. If U of M had been asked to desist from any diversity-based admissions policies, students from weaker schools and from families with fewer resources would stand a greater chance of being channeled to less-challenging universities.

For what it's worth, I don't think I would have been admitted if U of M did not have an admissions policy that paid attention to diversity.

And that would have made my high school counselor right. Kids from Mason County wouldn't go to U of M.

MT

Jami Blaauw-Hara '94 first published this essay in Country Lines magazine, a publication of the Michigan Electric Cooperative Association, which serves rural power consumers. She earned her MA from Michigan State University and teaches English at North Central Michigan College in Petoskey, where she lives with her husband and son.

Nicholas II's art acquisitions show that he prized domestic ease rather than imperial might

The Last Russian Tsar Was 'A Nester At Heart'

A

fter the sudden death of his father, the imperious Tsar Alexander III, in fall 1894, 26-year-old Nicholas Romanov turned with damp blue eyes to a cousin and cried, "What is going to happen to me? To all of Russia? I am not prepared to be a tsar. I never wanted to become one. I know nothing of the business of ruling. I have no idea of even how to talk to the ministers."

Nicholas could and did talk to his wife, the beautiful, melancholy Alexandra. Queen Victoria's favorite grandchild, born Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt,



Nicholas II

was 12 when she first met the 16-year-old who would become Russia's last tsar. He introduced himself as "Nicky." Four days later Nicholas pronounced himself in love. Another decade passed before Alix yielded to his repeated proposals of marriage. (Religion was the obstacle, but in the end the Lutheran Alix converted to Russian Orthodoxy.)

As scores of books and films report, their love was genuine—but shadowed by grief. Their wedding took place less than a month after Alexander's death. Alix was known as "the funeral bride," and Nicholas's first decree was to proclaim her new name, Alexandra Feodorovna. At their coronation, more than a thousand people were crushed to death in a stampede sparked by rumors that free beer and souvenirs were running out.

In 1904, Alexandra finally gave birth, after four daughters, to a desperately longed-for male heir. Within weeks of his birth,



The Romanovs in 1901.

the infant, Alexei, began to bleed from the navel. He was diagnosed with hemophilia, a genetic inheritance, through his mother, from Queen Victoria herself. From that moment, observed a family member, "the empress's character underwent a change." Not long afterward, Alexandra became infatuated with the peasant mystic Rasputin, who



The Romanovs Collect: European Art From the Hermitage U-M Museum of Art, Sept. 21 – Nov. 23

The exhibition, exclusive to Ann Arbor, presents 140 exceptional works of fine and decorative arts from the unrivaled collections of Russia's world-famous State Hermitage Museum in St. Petersburg. It provides an unprecedented window into the world of the Romanov tsars and their passion for European collectibles and art.

François Flameng
French, 1856-1923
'Napoleon I in the Forest of Fontainebleau in 1807.'
Oil on panel, ca. 1898,
State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg

An opulent array of 18th- and 19th-century French paintings, Dutch drawings, exquisite furniture, famed Meissen and Sèvres porcelains, Aubusson tapestries and much more reveals the evolution of taste and collecting in Imperial Russia from 1703 to 1917.

The exhibition is part of the U-M's year-long celebration of St. Petersburg's 300th anniversary (see "For Pete's Sake," Winter 2003 issue), during which University scholars and performing artists will present dozens of concerts,

By Leslie Stainton

alone seemed to her capable of healing her son.

Nicholas and Alexandra retreated into the apparent safety of family life. At their private residence outside St. Petersburg, the Alexander Palace—"an enchanted fairyland," according to a member of the royal entourage—they madly photographed each other, their four daughters, son, pets, friends and relatives.

At night they glued pictures into scrapbooks, read and sewed, wrote diaries and, when separated from one another, doting letters. "Sweetest One," "My beloved Nicky dear," Alexandra began her letters to the tsar. Nicholas closed his notes to her, "your own Huzy."

Bric-a-brac in the palace

Alexandra decorated her private rooms in chintz and filled them with the claustrophobic bric-a-brac of Victorian England. The family took afternoon tea. Dinners were multi-course affairs with menus printed on embossed cards. Household servants dressed in red-and-gold costumes with ostrich-plumed

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*Nicholas and Alexandra
with the four Imperial Daughters*

Watercolor from 1902, a pastiche derived from several photographs.

art exhibits, lectures, films, courses and student tours.

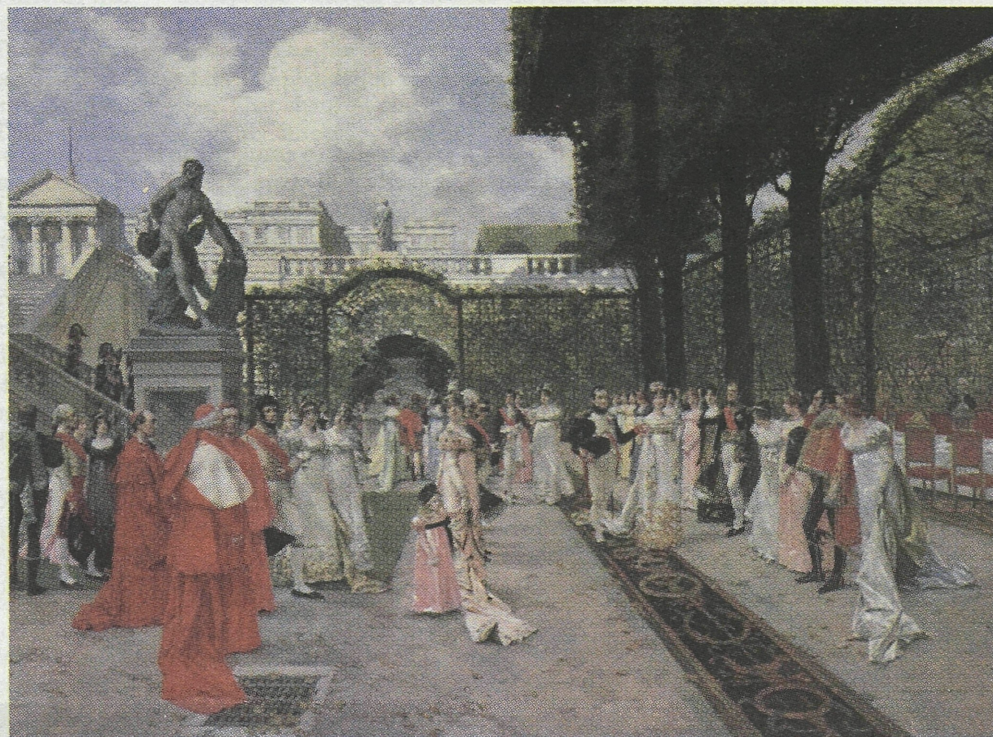
The Romanov exhibition was made possible by Ford Motor Company. Additional support has been provided by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation; the Trust for Mutual Understanding; an indemnity from the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities; the U-M Offices of the Provost, Vice President for Communications and Vice President for Research, and other generous donors.

The museum is at 525 South State Street. Phone: 734-763-UMMA.

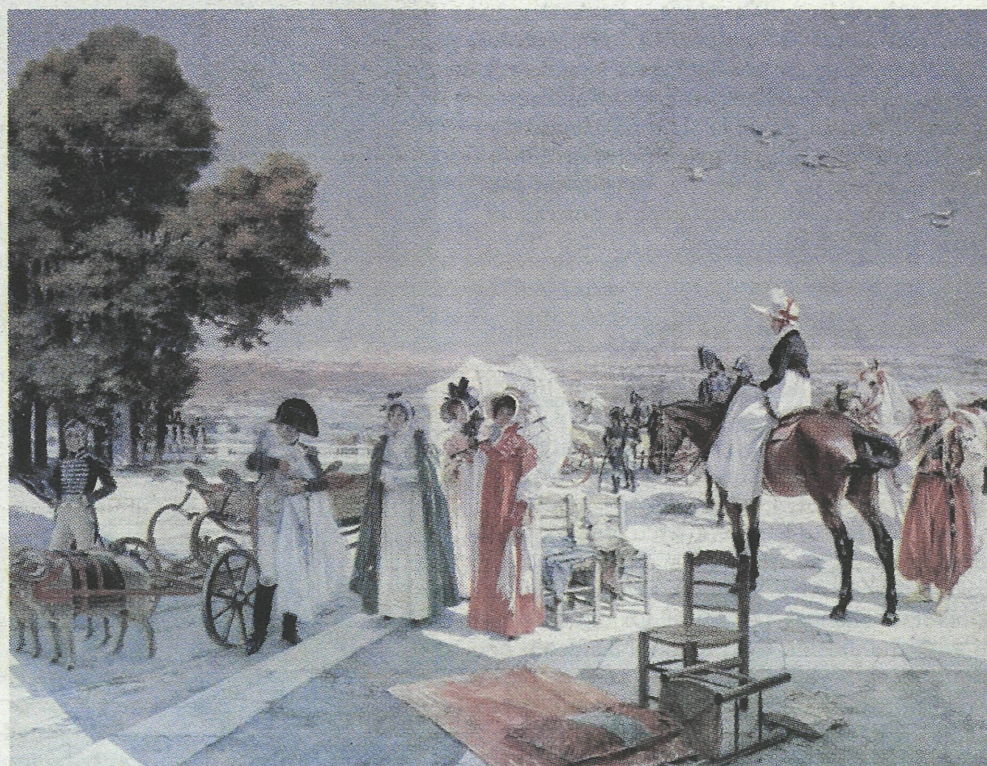
Web address: <http://www.umma.umich.edu/>

A 'Strange, Sad Endnote'

Among the last works the Romanovs dynasty collected were the four oil paintings presented here. The paintings, by François Flameng (1856–1923), appealed to Nicholas II, the last and perhaps least art-oriented tsar in the 300-year dynasty. The paintings depict imagined scenes from the domestic life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Museum Director James Christen Steward calls the Flameng paintings "a strange, sad endnote" to the exhibition.



François Flameng
French, 1856-1923
'Reception at Compiègne in 1810'
Oil on panel, 1896, the State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg



François Flameng
French, 1856-1923
'Napoleon I and the King of Rome at Saint-Cloud in 1811'
Oil on panel, 1896, the State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg

The Last Russian Tsar continued from page 13

caps. Annually, the tsar and tsarina exchanged fantastic Easter eggs concocted by the imperial jeweler, Peter Carl Fabergé. They accumulated diamonds, toys, books, gowns, military uniforms (even their daughters wore them), porcelain, palaces and icons.

During his 23-year reign, Nicholas II collected as few as a dozen works for official ends, among them François Flameng's four imaginary scenes of the domestic life of Napoleon Bonaparte. Little known today, Flameng was a popular portraitist who also produced historical and decorative works, including ceilings for the Opéra Comique and Gare de Lyon and nine panels for the staircase of the Sorbonne.

Nicholas acquired three Flameng canvases in 1896 and a fourth in 1905. They hung in two separate drawing rooms in the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. The images show another doomed emperor, Napoleon Bonaparte, at the height of his powers, cavorting happily with his family—fantasies that obviously appealed to the tsar.

In one painting Napoleon plays tag with his stepdaughter; in another he kisses his newborn son, the preposterously named "King of Rome"; in a third he promenades with his new wife, Marie-Louise, Archduchess of Austria; and in the last Flameng work Nicholas owned, Napoleon engages in one of the tsar's favorite pastimes, hunting.

Earlier Romanovs had collected numerous monumental works showing the defeat of Napoleon in battle. A year after Russian troops occupied Paris in 1814, a triumphant Alexander I had bought up the art holdings of Napoleon's first wife, Joséphine. At the 1912 centenary of Napoleon's defeat at Borodino, Russia, Nicholas II rode around the battlefield and voiced thanks to his victorious ancestors. Russians were fascinated by France, the Revolution and Napoleon. The Empress Alexandra kept a portrait of Marie Antoinette in her drawing room.

A dynasty in decline

By the time Nicholas took power in 1896, the immense Russian empire, then one-sixth of the Earth's surface, was closer than most suspected to its end. More than 30,000 Russian soldiers died in the Russo-Japanese War of 1904. A year later, on what became known as "Bloody Sunday," troops gunned down more than a hundred unarmed workers outside the tsar's Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. Though he wasn't there and hadn't ordered the shooting, Nicholas nonetheless bore blame for the carnage.

Did he fear he might have a Waterloo ahead of him as he gazed at his four Flameng paintings? Or did he content himself with the illusion that, unlike Napoleon, he might continue to enjoy life's simpler pleasures? Both emperors were short brunettes with striking good looks and a penchant for military dress. Both married women who had the stuff to become legends. Perhaps Nicholas

was trying to emulate the French emperor when, in 1915, exactly 100 years after Waterloo, and against all but his wife's advice, he fired the commander of the Russian army and took control of the nation's troops during World War I. The results were disastrous. By 1917 more than three million Russian soldiers had died in the war, and the country was in chaos. That March, the people rebelled, Nicholas abdicated and the 300-year reign of the Romanovs ended. A year later, the revolutionary Bolsheviks assassinated the tsar, his wife and their children.

Miscast in every role but that of husband and father ("he was clearly a nester at heart," says U-M Museum of Art Director James Christen Steward), Nicholas II dreamed—to judge from his taste in paintings—of a destiny opposite the violent conflicts he faced. Just after relinquishing the throne in 1917, he told an acquaintance that

his heart's desire was to keep a farm, maybe in England.

He had no Flameng to paint his domestic capers, but Nicholas did have a camera, a gift from the Kodak company. A surprising number of Romanov scrapbooks survived both the Revolution and the Soviet regime.

Much as Nicholas may have looked in wonder at Flameng's images of a carefree Napoleon, so can we peruse the last tsar's photographs—many now reproduced in lavish coffee-table editions—of a loving family frolicking in the snow, wading in the sea, walking on stilts, planting vegetables—and imagine a less brutal end to it all. **MT**

Leslie Stainton is an editor for the School of Public Health and a frequent writer on the arts. Her biography of the Spanish writer Federico Garcia Lorca (Lorca: A Dream of Life, 1999, Farrar Strauss and Giroux) was featured in our Spring 1999 issue.



François Flameng
French, 1856-1923
'Reception at Malmaison in 1802'
Oil on panel, ca. 1894, the State Hermitage Museum, St. Petersburg

Letters

Courageous researcher

I WAS delighted to read a career update on one of my favorite professors, Raphael Ezekiel. As an LSA undergraduate in the early '80s, I remember being mesmerized by his stories about befriending neo-Nazi and Klan members in an effort to understand their point of view. As a Jew, Professor Ezekiel put himself in great danger. His courage and his compassion for people who were historically "the enemy" were noble and impressive. As a result of their relationship, I understand the fanatics he interviewed grew and changed, as did we, "Rafe's" students. I think of Rafe often when I watch the international news, and I wish his courses were required everywhere. I am excited to learn his book *The Racist Mind* was published and look forward to reading it immediately.

Nancy Cronk '85
Aurora, Colorado

IN FEBRUARY 1994, Dr. Baruch Goldstein, a physician from New York City, dressed as an Israeli army officer, entered the Tomb of the Patriarchs in Hebron, shot to death 29 Arabs, and wounded approximately a hundred more. Surviving Palestinians killed him before he could reload.

According to an Internet site devoted to Goldstein, pilgrimages of like-minded fanatics from around the world came to his grave to pray and worship. A few years ago I heard his widow was suing the Palestinians for causing the wrongful death of her husband. The Summer 2003 interview of Daniel Levitas by Raphael Ezekiel about the former's book *The Terrorist Next Door* states that Levitas also grew up in New York City. Why didn't Mr. Levitas stay home, write a book about local fanatic Arab-hating groups and save on travel expenses? Tell us about Meir Kahane, the Kach movement, and the JDL. The resulting book would explain events of 9/11 far better than the opinions of some rural hicks in Iowa.

David Mendenhall '66
Hancock, Michigan

Things aren't what they used to be

I GENERALLY find the letters submitted to *Michigan Today* quite interesting, and the offering by Richard G. Telfer '53 MA titled "Change, yes; but progress?" in the summer issue certainly got a nod of approval from this oldster in Arkansas.

In 2001, I returned to campus after a 40-year hiatus. My impressions were quite similar to those expressed by Dick: an

overabundance of cars ruled the streets and lack of parking space was apparent. How about returning to those days of the late 1930s and '40s wherein student driving was taboo? We traveled the campus on bicycles on days when the sequence of classes was abnormal. i.e., having to get from Yost Field House or the Intramural Bldg to a Medical School classroom across town! There was no need for one-way streets that now add to present-day confusion. In 2001, I, too, wanted to witness the enlarged stadium and the new Crisler Arena. However, I wasn't confronted with any opposition in gaining admission. Dick's misfortune was to find himself in an unfriendly face-to-face contact with a worker on the site.

The highlight of my return after 40 years was gaining entry into the private home where I spent my junior and senior years some 60 years ago! Though I expected some change in the overall composition of the campus and the accompanying view of lifestyles, our school in Ann Arbor no longer captivates me. A prospective freshman will probably assume "all is normal" on this action-plus campus. However, count me out!

John W. Kautz '42
Fairfield Bay, Arkansas

PS: I will be a guest of Don Canham, former teammate, this fall for the Illinois homecoming game. I'll consider myself extremely lucky to have Don as my guide across town!

Finding fault(s) along the borderline

IAN ROBINSON in "Why Mexicans head for our border" (Summer 2003) tries to put the blame for Mexico's chronic economic problems on external factors beyond Mexico's control. He blames OPEC oil price hikes from the 1970s, the high interest rates of the Carter Administration, the IMF and NAFTA.

The high oil prices of the mid-70's and high interest rates of the late-'70s, however, were not problems that exclusively hit Mexico. And though NAFTA did not cause the big sucking sound of US jobs moving to Mexico, as Ross Perot predicted, it has also not caused the deprivations to the Mexican economy that Robinson states. Tariff reductions have not placed Mexican manufacturers at a disadvantage to big American companies. Quite the contrary. Mexican manufacturers, who don't have to comply with the same environmental regulations as US firms, and who have access to a cheaper workforce for lower-skilled positions, enjoy a distinct advantage and NAFTA has caused an increase in manufacturing employment in northern Mexico. And though I, too, would like to see a reduction in US farm subsidies here in San Diego County, it is US avocado producers who are feeling the pinch from lower priced Mexican imports. But, in any case, NAFTA

has been in effect for less than a decade.

Why is it, as Robinson points out, that only about 2% of the US population works in agriculture whereas in Mexico 25% of the population is employed in subsistence farming? One hundred years ago, about 25% of the US population worked in agriculture, too. That changed due to the technological advancements, wealth and other employment opportunities created through private enterprise and capitalism. The heart of Mexico's problems, and the reason that, despite its oil resources, Mexico lacks enough productive jobs for its people, is that its economy is dominated by the government. Government-dominated economies throughout the world have historically performed poorly. On top of that, Mexico's government has been notoriously corrupt and inefficient. It is disappointing that an instructor at Michigan and co-director of the Labor and Global Change Program goes so far out of his way to ignore this key factor.

Brandon Crocker '87 MBA

San Diego

Ian Robinson replies: *When Mr. Crocker argues that the heart of Mexico's economic problem is that its economy is dominated by government, he expresses a view that is widespread in the United States today. Indeed, it is this conviction—the core premise of neoliberalism as an economic ideology—that has driven Mexico's economic restructuring for the last two decades. Unfortunately for Mexico's workers, the historical evidence does not bear out this conviction. The role of the Mexican state in that country's economy in the 1980s and 1990s was much more circumscribed than it was from 1945 to 1982. Yet the Mexican economy grew only about half as fast under neoliberal auspices as it did in the "bad old days" of state intervention and import substitution. Moreover, the gains from slower growth in the neoliberal era were much less equally distributed than in the past, skewed mainly to those who are already the most well-off.*

The same is true for the US economy: it grew faster, and the gains from that growth were more widely distributed, in the (relatively) "interventionist" 1950s and 1960s than in the free market 1980s and 1990s. But the real coup de grace for neoliberal dogma in the last 20 years has been China, and Asia more generally. In China, the state continues to intervene in manifold ways, including requirements for joint ownership in the private sector, a large state sector, a nonconvertible currency and capital controls—all anathema for neoliberals—yet this has been compatible with close to 10 percent per annum growth for two decades, a record unmatched in economic history.

I don't pretend to fully understand all the factors responsible for the wide variations in rates of economic growth and inequality within nations over time and among nations, and I don't think that anyone else does either. One of the reasons for going to Mexico is to introduce students to some of the real-world complexities that invalidate all simplistic models, from the Marxist to the neoliberal. We should all be humble

in the face of the complexity and ambiguity of the empirical world. I certainly do not endorse all forms of government economic intervention, let alone corruption or authoritarianism. But one thing is clear: the neoliberal story—that if governments set up and maintain a self-regulating market economy and do nothing more, economic growth and prosperity for all will be maximized—is not consistent with the facts.

THE DIFFERENCE between the standard of living in the US and Mexico is very evident at the border. The author cites various international trade policies for the problem. However, he does not mention a major difference in the extent of governmental corruption and bureaucratic inefficiency in the Mexican system compared to the US system. The universities, national companies such as Pemex, and towns that have people on the payroll who only show up for work on payday (these people are called aviators because they swoop in on payday for their check). There are whole departments of these agencies that have no productive goal—they just exist to give people jobs and in return their votes are expected. Mexican politicians hand out clothes, appliances, etc. before election in order to get votes. These are just a few examples. This culture encourages people to curry political favor as a method of getting ahead rather than being productive.

Until Mexico can overcome the corruption and inefficiency, it will be difficult to get "real" economic growth and significant improvements in the standard of living in Mexico. In fact, the rate of improvement in standard of living in any country is inversely proportional to the corruption and bureaucratic inefficiency of the country.

Frank Verhoff '69 PhD

E-mail

THE POVERTY of Mexico is not the fault or the responsibility of the United States. Mexican citizens have the right to vote; it is their responsibility to make the changes necessary to make the lives of their own citizens better. Mexico is not without an educated class and citizens who are aware of the wider world. The Mexican people are hard working, and family centered. They must also work to reform their own society, which should be wealthy due to its oil resources and young population, able to work.

That 25% of the population relies on subsistence farming is an improvement over a time before the Spanish arrived when 99.9% of the population relied on subsistence farming. Prior to the development of modern medicine, population was limited by disease, famine and war; overpopulation was not an issue. The United States does not have to let the overpopulated Latin American nations overrun our borders, swamp our hospitals and social services, and destroy the fragile

desert environment in their illegal attempt to infiltrate our society.

The razor wire at the border is there because of the illegal border crossers. We need to use our military to secure our borders before we are overtaken by the needy and, if the truth be told, some who are simply greedy for our social welfare benefits.

Margaret Rowe McCarthy '59
Libertyville, Illinois

JUST READ the story (borrowed copy) on Ambos Nogaleses in the summer issue and liked it. I've had an interest in Nogales for some time. Can you get me on the circulation list? Thanks.

William C. Parkinson '40 Eng, '48 PhD
Ann Arbor

PER PAGE 15 in the Summer 2003 issue: I am a lifetime member of the U-M Alums. So I have paid for the "print edition." I have no computer resource—and don't want them. But I loved my years at U-M and want to get *Michigan Today*. I always like it and don't want to be cheated out of it!

Mary A. Badgley
Winter Park, Florida

We announced last issue that beginning in 2004 we will publish two print issues of Michigan Today annually and that the third issue that will appear only online at www.umich.edu/news/MT. We regret that budgetary realities led to this cutback. However, we have also introduced a monthly newsletter, The MT News-e at www.umich.edu/NewsE. Perhaps readers who are not online can ask their computer-using acquaintances to print a copy of the online Michigan Today and the monthly News-e for them.—Ed.

Mixing oil and water

WHILE I found "A Fuel-ish Inconsistency" (Summer '03 issue) an interesting review of two approaches to fueling the vehicles we drive, I was concerned about the fuel cell material. This section of the article, and the leader of this work, Prof. Levi Thompson, seems to assume that a fuel approach based on the use of water (as a source of hydrogen) is a forward-looking and reasonable one.

Specifically, Prof. Thompson says ("... with a smile"), "The Great Lakes region would be more important in terms of energy security than the Middle East." Yes, it would be nice to control our energy source, as Prof. Thompson suggests, but we in the Great Lakes region are already alarmed about attempts to withdraw water from this resource. Certainly any usage of water from the lakes as a fuel source for vehicles would be a substantial diversion, and would seem totally unacceptable to me.

Water, like many others of our resources, may seem to be unlimited in supply, but this is clearly not the case. I think of water already as a threatened resource, without the threat of large-scale usage contemplated as a fuel source. I do not see either hydrogen or fossil fuel based solutions, by themselves, as realistic long-range solutions to the transportation problem. It seems to me that the real

issues for us as humans who are constantly using up the limited resources of this planet are 1) to find additional resource sources from outside the planet—hence much greater funding of space exploration, and 2) to reduce our usage of these resources. In the case of auto transportation, a significant portion of which is expended in trips back and forth to work, school and stores, a major effort should be directed toward constructing communities where all of these destinations are within walking or cycling distance of the homes of the people that use them. Developers are beginning to recognize this need/goal, but the emphasis on such planning needs to be accelerated. I value the work discussed in this article only as possible temporary steps to carry our fuel needs over until the more reasonable long range approaches noted are achieved.

David G. Marckini '58
Holland, Michigan

I WAS impressed by Derek Green's article "A Fuel-ish Inconsistency" in the summer issue. The article is both well researched and engagingly written. I have been researching alternative vehicle technology for almost five years and am convinced that Professor Assanis's program at ARC is closer to the "right track" than anything I have yet seen. My congratulations on producing an informative and entertaining publication. You cover a broad range of topics of general academic interest in unusual depth. My girlfriend is a U-M alumnus and brought the article to my attention; it almost makes me wish I were an alum as well.

Paul Schwiesow
Arvada, Colorado

Non-alums of the University may receive Michigan Today simply by asking to be placed on our complimentary mailing list.—Ed.

Traveling in mental space

THANK YOU for publishing Yma A. Johnson's "Travels in Mind & Space" (Summer '03), among the most interesting (and praiseworthy) pieces I have read in your pages.

Martha Bennett Stiles (Peggy Wells '54)
Email

I WAS very moved by Yma A. Johnson's article, "Travels in Mind & Space," in the summer issue. Her writing is fluid and poetic, and I enjoyed her style as much as I did her interpretation of what had transpired throughout her life because of the color of her skin. I then continued my reading to my favorite section, "Letters to the Editor," where I chanced upon a letter from D'Anne Burley, Chicago, who ends her letter about those who sue U-M's affirmative action policies with: "Did you also bring suit against those from other countries [immigrants] who receive special assistance, or were they left out because they are white like you?" And as obvious as this may seem, many well-intentioned and "good" people with white skin really do not know what it is like to live

day-in and day-out with skin that is not white. And although we may think we do, we do not. That is why articles like Ms. Johnson's and letters like Ms. Burley's are invaluable. Thank you for allowing the U-M to continue to be an open forum of debate, discussion and learning for life.

Beth Miller '77, '79 MSW
Monroe, New York

THE SUMMER issue arrived in my mail box this date. Usually, it is placed on my reading pile until work and other demands have been satisfied. However, for some reason I perused the issue quickly and was captured by Yma Johnson's article. Before I realized it I had completed the entire narrative—inserting comments and experiences mentally as I read. It was a wonderful piece because it was written in the first person, it teaches the reader in a non-intimidating manner some of the myths and false truths related to cultures such as the Puerto Rican culture, those bodied by the peoples of western Africa as well as Europeans. It also relates such broad themes to the Michigan experience, which connects so many millions of people around the globe.

Her article mentions Inkster and other locations in the Michigan area in connection with U-M students. Then fortunately for the reader she is able to leap across the ocean to connect her theme and weave her topics together via Puerto Rico, Sierra Leone and so forth.

Alicia Bradford '73, '81 PhD
E-mail, Texas

Supreme Court Cases

I HAVE followed the U-M Supreme Court case as both an alumnus and as a sociological researcher who studied the evolution of workforce diversity as a social policy movement in my book *Diversity Machine*. One chapter of the book examined the intended and unintended consequences of U-M President James Duderstadt's Michigan Mandate during the 1990s. This "blueprint for a multicultural university of the twenty-first century" anticipated and reflected a national drive by business and educational elites away from affirmative action's backward-looking "right past wrongs" approach. The new "valuing diversity" vision stressed the need for institutional cultural change to obtain the inherent benefits of ethnic diversity as reflected in the nation's changing demographics.

My undergraduate education had an enormous impact upon my life, teaching me to think critically and to understand that social realities are remarkably complex. It troubled me that both affirmative action and diversity's single-minded focus upon race and ethnicity ignored sociological complexity and brooked no public criticism. It also secretly troubled many of the approximately 60 faculty, administrators and students whom I interviewed and re-interviewed from 1992 through 2000. Despite the obvious fear and reticence of a few administrators, I was delighted that the vast majority of subjects

became deeply involved in the interview process. They provided a rich range of critical insights about the multifaceted realities of both U-M and American society. (I was usually late for the next scheduled interview.) Most quickly recognized a crucial sociological variable absent in diversity discussions: class. U-M's energetic, well-prepared faculty and students were driven by upper-middle-class values of individualism, ambition, work, upward mobility, mastery of the environment and being "the best." Problems in minority admissions, hiring, retention and intergroup relations, therefore, were quietly recognized even by President Duderstadt as being primarily "class driven," not racial. Ironically, few of those I interviewed were concerned about race-conscious legal risks.

Now that "valuing diversity" in higher education has been deemed constitutional, there is an urgent need to restore academic freedom on this and related issues. This will not be easy. After the Supreme Court verdict, a *Los Angeles Times* reporter had difficulty locating anyone in Ann Arbor who would publicly question the U's position—the one dissenter the reporter finally quoted refused to be identified by name.

Frederick R. Lynch '67
Claremont, California

EVERY TIME a new exposé of Michigan's admission policies come along, this interested alumnus provides feedback to the Alma Mater for perspective. That includes the Development Office and the Alumni Assn, at least most recently.

Never a response despite "threatening" to turn in my graduate degree in objective protest and discontinuing the use of my U-M VISA card: Here's the latest, which you've probably become privy to: encl: "The Hollow Debate on Race Preference," *American Renaissance*, June '03.

Whether or not one concurs with the impartial truth, like Thomas Jefferson ("There is not a truth existing which I fear or would wish unknown to the whole world"), one has to admit the writer, Jared Taylor, has some thought-provoking points that reflect unfavorably on Michigan's official "multicultural enrichment" theory.

So it seems if one persists in denying plain evident conclusions in the face of credible evidence to the contrary, one has to be dishonest ethically—for which no place properly exists in central philosophies of institutions of higher learning (especially if my good name's to be associated!). Further food for thought. Route it around the circuit there for Management's perspective and incorporation as appropriate. Hail to the colors that float in the light.

Frank H. Morris '60
Philadelphia

Food fan likes Sara Moulton

YOU VERY graciously put me on your mailing list, and a while ago I got a copy of *Michigan Today*. It's taken me a while to write this, and I apologize, but I just had to congratu-

late you on the wonderful feature on Sara Moulton (Winter 2003). I watch her from time to time, and I was surprised to see she's a U of M alumna (and only a year younger than me). Keep up the good work.

Dennis Bova
Toledo, Ohio

MY DAUGHTER Caroline Maynerite Barkasz, of Fords, New Jersey, brought *Michigan Today* with her on her spring visit. Vol 35 #1 is very interesting. However, why do I not get it? I realize foreign mail is a bit more expensive, but aren't U-M graduates all over the world? Is it that my daughter has a master's degree, while I only have a BA (also a M. Div from Berkeley Divinity School of Yale)? I send small donations yearly to U of M; my daughter does not. What gives? Hope you can add me to your list!

The Very Rev. David W. Plumer
New Brunswick, Canada

Ed: We will add you and other Canadians to our list. You may also wish to check our online News-e and online Michigan Today. You can find both via this site: <http://www.umich.edu/news/MT/>

Painting of the U-M campus

I AM a retired electrical engineer who has had a hobby of watercolor painting for about 35 years. I have been teaching for the last six years. The Ann Arbor Library had a one-man show of mine last December. I'd like to know if you would be interested in any of my paintings of the campus and the Ann Arbor area. I noticed in the last issue there was a request from Harold A. Jones for prints of my paintings for framing. I have sold a number to other alums and would appreciate your forwarding my brochure to Mr. Jones or sending me his phone or address.

Harry E. Colestock '49
E-mail

'The advancing forces of men' in 1952

I WOULD like to clarify the date of that famous panty raid at the University. It was, indeed, the spring of 1952. I had come to Michigan in the fall of 1951 as a freshman and was living at Stockwell Hall up on the fifth floor. The blowing of a trumpet (that was Art Benford of St. Joseph, Michigan, who lived in the South Quad) started the advancing forces of men on that spring evening. They clamored their way through various residence halls and even up to the fifth floor of Stockwell Hall. It was very thrilling for those of us that were freshmen. We were a part of Michigan History!

Suzanne Watt Warren '55
St. Joseph, Michigan

IT'S ALWAYS good to get the next issue and this time I have two comments. One, I seem to remember talk about panty raids in the dorms while I was at Michigan, though I never lived in a dorm myself. Some classmates did. I graduated in 1946, so if I am right, the panty raids started earlier than the '50s. Still, one can't always trust memory. I doubt if I heard stories about such in the

years immediately following graduation for I spent three years in a Canadian lumber camp.

Second, regarding prints of University images, I had an idea. Perhaps you could pass it on if it seems interesting. A classmate of mine worked on the yearbook and asked me to do some drawings of several buildings to put in the yearbook (1946). She thought it would be a change from photos. I did and they are in there—I don't remember which buildings—but they were nice as I recall. I don't know where my copy of the yearbook is at this time as my library is in a mess, but I would hope there would be a copy in University hands somewhere. Now, who owns the rights to old yearbooks is something I wouldn't know. I thought that grouping the drawings, since they are necessarily small, would make a fine print for anyone interested. Of course, these would be the old campus, which I remember with greatest fondness. I would be happy to know if there is any interest.

Suzanne Whitman '46
E-mail

According to the Student Publications Board, U-M artists, photographers and writers may use the works they produced here any way they wish. The publications also share the copyright.—Ed.

I CANNOT understand the confusion of the date of the Panty Raid. It was in March or April 1952. It even made *Life* magazine. It all began as a result of some women on campus breaking the tradition of "no woman ever goes through the front door of the Michigan Union" on February 29th—Sadie Hawkins Day from the *Lil' Abner* comic strip; on that day the women take charge, and that is what the women on campus did that day in 1952. A big group of them came charging up intending to go through the front doors. Some men tried to stop them and get the doors locked but there were too many of them.

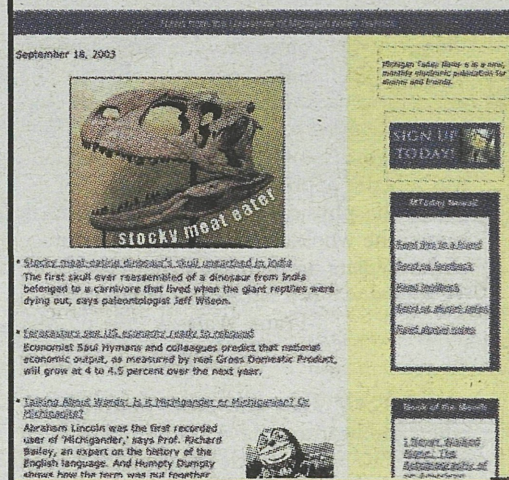
Then, a few weeks later on a nice warm spring evening, a small group of men was practicing campus dance band songs in the basement study room of Allen Rumsey House with the windows open. Across the street in South Quad, some other men resented the noise, and yelling back and forth began. Pretty soon, a bunch of both South Quad and West Quad men were milling around in the street. Someone in the group yelled, "To the girls' dorms to pay them back for February 29th." And the Panty Raid began and ran up past midnight.

We were studying in our rooms about midnight and several guys came running down the halls with their souvenirs. Two law students and I went out to see what was going on, and by then the house mothers in the girls' dorms had the doors locked. We met a man in the street in front of Helen Newberry with several cameras around his neck, who said he was going to send the pictures he took that night to *Life* magazine, and they were in there a few weeks later.

Phil Davis '55E
Flint, Texas

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THE RECENT issue was sure full of interesting stories. I passed it on to a friend of mine, Vicki Stefani, of the English Dept. at the University of Arizona, Tucson. I knew about Mary Sue Coleman, the new president of U-M. But I did not know Michigan has a woman governor. I did know Arizona has a woman, and my friend above (Vicki Stefani) says she is doing very well and is popular.

Dr. Marseille Spetz '43, Internal Medicine
Arcata, California

DURING MAY 2003, seven of us, friends since our Michigan days in the 1950s and drawn together by a common interest in military history, visited Normandy, the site of D-Day, which began the invasion of Europe by the Allies on June 6, 1944. But this was a visit with a difference. We decided the best way to understand D-Day was for each of us to prepare a briefing on a critical phase of

the battle, a phase whose failure could have resulted in an Allied defeat. Following each briefing, we would travel to the site of the action to gain a better appreciation of what actually happened.

Our visit began with a tour of the Museum of Peace in Caen, organized by Ted Hamady '60, as part of his briefing on the strategic events preceding the invasion. Then a short drive took us to our base of operations. Port en Bessin, a small city between the Channel coast and Bayeux of tapestry fame. (Ironically, two high-ranking German officers occupied our hotel during the invasion.)

In the four days that followed we were briefed as follows:

Jon Staiger '60 led us through the British glider attack on Pegasus Bridge and the British and Canadian beaches: "Three gliders came down at midnight from the direction of the channel—no help from the ground, no

prepared field, no lights. Yet the first came down 100 yards from the bridge and the others came down within 100 yards of the first. Impossible, but it happened."

Bill Studebaker '60 marched us to Dog Green, the bloodiest sector of Omaha Beach: "Dog Green was the first sector of *Festung Europa* breached by the Americans, opening the way inland. The cost was 300 men killed, many without setting a foot on dry ground. Yet, the Americans, running past the dead and the wounded, prosecuted the attacked successfully."

Ray Voss '60 related the implausible success of the 82nd and 101st airborne assaults: "German ground fire, bad weather and unwieldy formations scattered the drop over such a wide area that the Germans could not concentrate their forces, a bit of luck since the glider troops were terribly at risk—there's no protection in a plane made from canvas, pipes and plywood."

Gary Walther '60 described Utah Beach, the most successful of the landings: "The landing was some half-mile from the planned location. It was there Maj. Gen. Teddy Roosevelt declared, 'Boys, we will start the war right here.' He received the Medal of Honor for his courage and leadership but died of a heart attack before it could be hung around his neck."

Phil Sotiroff explained Cobra, the operation creating the breakout in early July: "The Germans were brilliant defensive fighters and built formidable positions in the hedgerow country. The massive Cobra bombings shattered the Germans and released Patton's 3rd Army. Two months later we were at the Rhine."

Finally, my contribution recounted the ill-fated German counterattack toward Mortain in early August, an attempt to isolate Patton's 3rd Army: "A hill just east of Mortain, though surrounded and under constant attack, held out for three days, stalling the German forces and providing American artillery observers with a view of the entire battlefield. Delmont Byrn, professor emeritus in the U-M School of Education, participated in the action on



Frank Walczak briefs the group on the German counterattack at Mortain.

the hill and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for valor. Only the Medal of Honor is a higher decoration. He was my graduate advisor."

We each carried away our own personal impressions from our experience. Walking bloody Omaha, admiring the bold British assault on Pegasus Bridge, gazing down the steep cliffs at Pointe du Hoc and elbowing our way through the hedgerows. Finally, the wrenching visits to the American and German cemeteries, with their thousands of well-ordered graves, completed our visit. The result was a better appreciation of the scope of the battle, the physical and psychological challenges, the wholesale killing and the courage of the soldiers on both sides. But in the end, we agreed war is a sad and bloody business.

Frank Walczak '59, '65 MA
San Raphael, California

MICHIGAN Today and other alumnus-oriented publications have traditionally been bland. The worst articles have always been the ones where some new appointee outlines their personal agenda and "vision for the future." The Summer 2003 issue was excellent. I don't know what happened. If you know what happened, keep it up!

Dana Hayden '71
E-mail

THERE WERE some excellent articles in the last issue. Of course, the one about Hank Meijer and the Meijer stores was really of interest because I knew Fred and Lena. Both were very active in a quiet way with the Grand Rapids Urban League years ago. When I was on the board, I was assigned to the Education Committee that awarded college scholarships and they had funded awards in several Michigan cities that had Meijer stores and they were specifically for minority candidates. They did things in quiet, unassuming ways, never drawing attention to themselves.

The other article of interest was "Travels in Mind and Space" by Yma A. Johnson. A very emotional piece that needed to be told. The final piece that caught my eye was a letter with the headline: "Change, yes, but progress?" by Richard G. Telfer. I can relate to what he wrote and I am pleased that you included it. I don't know if he should have contacted somebody prior to the visit to arrange to visit these sites and whether there would have been help. I do know when my husband died and bequeathed money for a scholarship to U of M, I had to write more than one letter practically begging them to cash the check. Something is definitely missing.

Linda Love Stewart
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I HAVE just received my first copy of *Michigan Today* and found it not only interesting but worthwhile reading. Congratulations to the staff. I received my master's degree in English Language and Literature (Teaching English as a Second Language with a Library Science minor). That was the summer of 1963, after one year on campus. I was then Juliet Anderson. I have had no regular contact with the U of M since, so was surprised to receive this issue of your paper. Thank you.

Juliet R. Morris '63 MA
Norfolk, Nebraska

Another endorsement for carrots

I'D LIKE to add a bit to your discussion on eye health and carrots. I remember many years ago my brother was applying for a license that required a certain level of good vision. He flunked. He was determined to obtain the license, so he started eating carrots and drinking carrot juice and Jell-O. After a relatively short time (about a month, I think) he took the eye test again and passed. This may sound strange, but I also have reason to believe that it's possible that eating carrots can become addictive.

I thoroughly enjoy your publication. I found the article on Hank Meijer in the Summer 2003, Volume 35, #2 issue to be especially interesting since I visit my local Meijer store so regularly that one year when I returned from vacation, a friend jokingly told me, "Meijer's called. They wanted to know where you are and why you haven't been in."

Ruth M. Wagner '58
E-mail

Closing of Ford Reactor opposed

WHEN THEY recently announced they were closing the Ford Reactor on North Campus, the so-called educational leaders at U-M demonstrated their lack of concern for a program that has benefited hundreds of students for over 48 years, as well as stimulated research activities for many industries in the state.

Oh, I am sure nuclear education will continue, but the hands-on experience afforded by the reactor will be lost. The Phoenix Memorial project has been responsible for many significant activities. One in which I participated with 31 other Michigan science teachers stimulated the development of the first *Handbook on Nuclear Science for Michigan High Schools*.

Sponsored by the Department of Public Instruction during the fall of 1957, the program provided hands-on experience, lectures and demonstrations by faculty, state instructional leaders and civil defense representatives. Our concentrated studies made it possible for us to return to our local school districts conduct workshops with fellow teachers and work with our students in exploring the importance of the atom. Since those days our nation has become dependent on nuclear technologies, and to close a facility of this magnitude and importance to education is nothing short of criminal behavior.

As an Ann Arbor native, a graduate of the University High and an alumnus, I fear that the citizens of Ann Arbor as well as the entire state are being short-changed by this decision. I also fear that sound education is being sidelined because of misguided priorities. Are these administrators cutting athletic scholarships? I tend to believe not; remember, Michigan teams must win at any cost. What price is being placed on winning outstanding academic programs such as the one being short-changed by eliminating the Ford Reactor?

Richard G. Telfer '53 MA
Las Vegas

Did You Say 'I Do' in the League?*

"I DO!" If you spoke those cherished words in a wedding ceremony or had your wedding reception in the Michigan League building (or even if you just have some special memory that you'd like to share), we'd love to hear from you! In celebration of the League's 75th anniversary in 2004, we plan to host an event that commemorates League weddings and wedding receptions. Please complete the questionnaire below:

Name _____ Address _____

Date of marriage or reception _____ Would you be interested in attending a wedding commemoration event? Yes/No

Special Memories (letters welcome) _____

The League is also looking for copies of old League Lowdowns. We'd like to have at least one complete set, and so far we're missing several issues. If you have a League Lowdown and would like to donate it to the League, please let us know!

* To date, we have received well over 100 responses to the question we popped to alumni/ae. All respondents will receive an invitation to our gala birthday party in May 2004!



Silver Mountain in Bolivia has enriched countries an ocean away, Carter says. Mining, though no longer by Indian and African slaves, is still going on in the once booming city of Potosi, but it's now a rather squalid town despite its past glory.

I never imagined that a famous place could be so horrible. There I was, feeling trapped beneath the Earth's crust in a deep, dark mine in southern Bolivia, crawling through claustrophobic tunnels in Silver Mountain, known locally here in Potosi, Bolivia, as *Cerro Rico*.

The mountain had provided the Spanish empire with the vast silver riches that financed its colonial adventures and adorned its cities with ostentatious displays of wealth. But this mountain, which once stood as a symbol of nature's richness, was systematically decimated and now represents the ultimate symbol of past injustice. It enriched thousands beyond their dreams but destroyed millions beyond their nightmares.

Potosi had 150,000 inhabitants by the 1600s, more than London, Paris or Seville (its population is 120,000 today). There were gambling houses, prostitutes and fine dining. It was a magnet of riches, importing products from all over the world to accommodate the New Rich who made an easy fortune from the fortuitous presence of the natural wealth the mine offered and the seemingly interminable amount of natives that were sent to dig out the riches.

The Indians, eight million of whom died in the mines during the colonial era alone, were told the Europeans were gods who would condemn them to Hell if they didn't work in the mines. They respected the seemingly omnipotent Europeans for their skill at surveying and geology but feared them for their malevolence, manifested in the way they enslaved the Bolivian men and sexually mistreated the women.

Locals say that going to work in the mines is still pretty much a death sentence. I could see why as I sat on black rock, feet immersed in primordial brown mud, sipping moonshine with a wad of coca leaves in my mouth. With lungs full of asbestos, I chatted with miners after offering them a valued gift: a \$6 stick of Chilean dynamite I had bought in one of the "miner's shops" outside. Everyday, the mine shakes when miners insert dynamite sticks into the hard rock in an effort to uncover deposits of tin or the all-too-elusive silver.

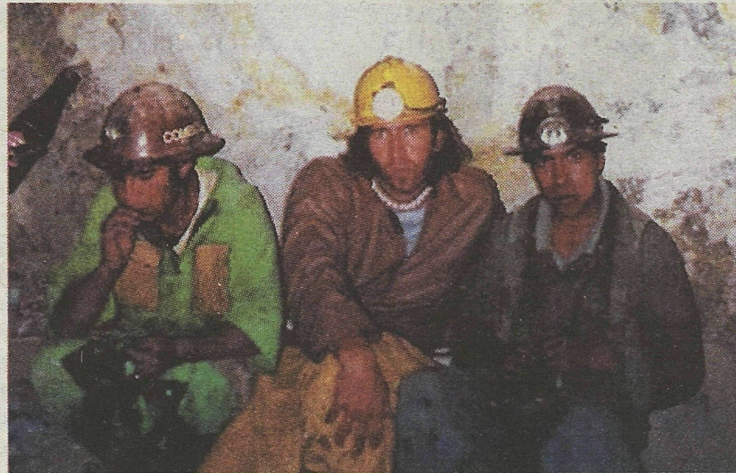
The high-proof moonshine burned my lips and torched my throat, and combined with the full mouth of coca leaves, lack of oxygen, intense heat and lack of water, created quite a dizzying buzz. My decision to immerse myself into the miners' lifestyle proved punishing, but I felt I owed them the experience. It is always an honor to be invited into the everyday lives of those I encounter on the road, and I was not about to shy away from this experience, no matter how unpleasant.

There are no water fountains or safety masks in Hell, I learned quickly, nor are there any warning sirens to alert one that a rail-cart full of ore being pushed at speeds of 30 mph by three miners is approaching quickly through these constricting tunnels. So when I heard the threatening sound of rattling steel, I ran to the nearest cavern and

'There are no water fountains or safety masks in Hell'

Backpacking Ambassador

By Adam Carter



Watching minors endure work that greatly reduces their life expectancy while paying them \$3 a day inspired Carter (center) to volunteer to work with the world's poor.

ducked into the shadows to let the speeding load pass.

Although the silver they have extracted was exported to build churches to honor the Spaniard's god, the miners have for hundreds of years believed that the devil lives in the mine. Having seen so many of their coworkers die from falling rock, from suffocation under cave-ins or from fatal respiratory diseases and cancers, they have become very superstitious. They lay offerings to this resident devil, whom they call Tio (Uncle), including the stimulant coca leaves they chew throughout the day to give them the energy and endurance to work 12-hour shifts in such a punishing place. They also sprinkle the ground with sips of the 98 percent alcohol they drink throughout the day. They imbibe this turpentine-like drink because of its "purity," and believe the devil will repay them for their devotion by rewarding them with pure deposits of the silver and tin that have become so scarce after nearly half a millennium of relentless mining.

Watching Carlos (a sweet-smiling 16-year-old caked in black, with only the white of his eyes as testimony he was not a piece of coal) work towards death for \$3 a day had a profound impact

on me and inspired me to devote my time and energy to helping children in need. All I had to do was figure out the most efficient means to do so.

During my eight-month South American journey last year, I had been writing for a travelers' Web site called *Bootsnall.com*, and one day I received an invitation from the founder of Backpack Nation, a new humanitarian organization to apply for the position of "global ambassador." Backpack Nation sends global ambassadors to underdeveloped countries, where each ambassador dispenses a \$10,000 grant to whichever compelling situation the ambassador chooses to address. The goal is to

improve people's lives by making these grants and to prove that everyday Americans (from the San Francisco taxi-driving founder Brad Newsham to the donors to the ambassadors) care about the world around them and Americans' reputation.

Our first ambassador recently returned from her journey in the Middle East and is passing along Backpack Nation's premier grant to a micro-lending program set up in the Palestinian refugee camp in Amman, Jordan. I'm working to raise the money necessary to make my ambassadorship to Brazil a reality.

I consider myself well-prepared to carry out my project. Studying cultural anthropology at Michigan opened my eyes to the challenges faced by cultures past and present, and six years of international travel exposed me to the harsh realities that many face in the world today. Obtaining my master's in international development at George Washington University allowed me to study the successes and pitfalls of a wide range of aid programs, and serving as a Fulbright Scholar studying the effects of African immigration in Spain allowed me to apply the anthropological field-study skills I had learned at Michigan.

In Brazil, I will address the street children epidemic. I'll volunteer with different programs as I search out the most effective program or organization that would most benefit from my grant. To raise the \$20,000 for my ambassadorship, I have printed a pamphlet, launched a Web site and appeared on National Public Radio's *Worldview* program. I am confident that my ambassadorship will alleviate the suffering of many children and will help Backpack Nation launch its admirable ideals onto the world stage.

MT

Adam Carter '96 is preparing to become a Backpack Nation Global Ambassador in Brazil. More information about his project is on the Web at www.adamcarter.org and at www.backpacknation.org.



Silver miners have placed giant devil idols in sinister shadows. After seeing so many of their fellow workers die from falling rock, suffocate beneath cave-ins or fall prey to fatal sicknesses, they have become very superstitious nature and lay offerings to this devil, whom they call Tio (Uncle).

Modeling was a 'trivial pursuit' to an English teacher, till it brought fame and fortune in Southeast Asia

COVER GIRL

By John Woodford

In 1994, Jillian Shanebrook wrapped up dual master's degrees in Asian studies and development economics in Ann Arbor and headed to Indonesia for a teaching job. Not long after her arrival she was surprised to find herself one of Asia's top magazine models.

Shanebrook had left Ann Arbor "yearning for a Southeast Asian odyssey," but one of a more conventional sort. A fellow student had told her of Indonesia's "dazzling sunshine, electric-pink bougainvillea, leafy palm trees and smile after smile of warm people," and that led her to contemplate "an Indonesian adventure of my own.

She visited the University's Career Center and applied successfully to a Princeton University program that got her a job teaching English to students at Gadjah Mada University in Yogyakarta on Java, Indonesia's main island.

Though apprehensive at first about what it would be like to live alone across the world without family or friends, Shanebrook, a New Yorker, quickly acclimated herself to "Yogya," as her new home is nicknamed. And why not?

Yogya's climate offered her "early mornings of luminous sunlight—as soon as I was out of bed, I would step into my garden and breathe in the fragrant orange hibiscus, ginger plants and banana trees and listen to the roosters declaring their place on earth.

"I was mesmerized," Shanebrook continues, "by all of the new sights: *becaks* (bicycle rickshaws), legions of motorcycles, tiny *warungs* (food stalls, assembled and taken apart each day), intense sun and veiled women, often riding motorcycles. Outside the city, there were

stunningly green *padis* (rice fields) tended to by lean barefooted farmers."

Adding to its geographic pleasures, Yogya is also a center of Javanese culture, home to *wayang kulit* (shadow puppetry), *gamelan* (traditional Indonesian music) orchestras and classical Javanese dance.

But while Shanebrook was taking in the splendors of Java, she sensed after a few months that the viewing was going both ways. "I began to notice that people were watching me on the streets and murmuring about my appearance," she says. "I was attracting attention because I was very tall compared with most Indonesians, and being



After being selected Indonesia's top cover model, Shanebrook was cast in a Southeast Asian version of *Charlie's Angels*. 'I would love to be in some more movies,' she says.

one of the few Western women there, I had relatively 'exotic' features."

Being abroad alone gave her a sense of having no boundaries to her identity, and she began to "toy with the idea" that she could recreate herself, and, specifically, given the attention she was drawing, that she might turn herself into a model.

"I had never before given modeling a serious thought," she says. "Modeling had always seemed like a trivial pursuit. At home I was a student, and my identity was wrapped up in the pursuit of knowledge—a view encouraged by my father, a college professor, and my

mother, a psychotherapist. For me, success was intelligence, and I worked vigorously towards that goal, graduating second in my class at Union College, *summa cum laude*. Yet in Indonesia, with the realization that I could try whatever I wanted to and adopt a completely new persona, I thought, why not try modeling? If I failed, it would just be a good story and an intriguing experience."

While entertaining such thoughts Shanebrook happened one day to accompany a friend who was getting a haircut at a hotel salon. The salon director approached her and said he was organizing a fashion show. She said she was interested and was sent to the show's designer for an audition. "The designer surveyed me with a trained, steely eye and asked me to sashay a few times back and forth across her studio," Shanebrook says. "My sashay apparently sealed the deal—she hired me and arranged to use me for newspaper and magazine advertisements for the show. A couple of days later I saw myself in the local Yogya newspapers *Minggu Pagi* and *Siang Ini*. There I was, pouting and advertising the fashion show, strangely enough looking like a model."

Shanebrook got used to the behavior of the photographers, most of them males who could become raucous and even "a bit googly-eyed" as they urged the models to perform.

The runway sets up "an almost confrontational dynamic," she says. "Given the importance society places on beauty, it's not surprising

that some women react strongly when models are literally 'put on a pedestal' largely for their looks. Some embrace the spectacle, others do not. I had certainly felt envious plenty of times watching models parade around."

After *Popular* magazine, Indonesia's top men's publication, invited her to Jakarta, the capital, for a photo shoot, Shanebrook found herself in star status. "What fascinated me," she says, "was that I hadn't done anything remarkable. I had walked down a few runways. I was attractive but certainly not the most beautiful girl in Indonesia." Her best assets, she decided were her perseverance in following her inclination and "a healthy dose of good timing."

So there she was a few weeks later, with her face looking out from every kiosk throughout the Indonesian archipelago, in a nation of nearly 200 million people. "Inside, the cover story was over a dozen pages with a multitude of photographs, describing me as an 'upcoming sensation' in Indonesia," she says. "The entire affair was surreal—was I on my way to becoming famous? Was this all there was to being famous?"

"I went to my local newsstand to buy extra copies and the clerk was very surprised to notice I was the young woman on the cover. I quickly attracted a crowd and started signing autographs. My main thought as I stood there signing magazines was how strange it was that someone would desire my signature, and I lamented that my usual signature didn't really have any 'flair.' The whole experience felt like some kind of fluke, just a strange situation I had found myself in."

Shanebrook went on to more cover shots in several magazines. Then she was voted Indonesia's top covergirl and cast in the Southeast Asian version of *Charlie's Angels*.

Next came shoots in Fiji, Ireland, Australia and other locations prized by glamour photographers. And this year, there she was, in her homeland's *People* magazine, featured for her odd dual teaching-modeling career.

Today, back in New York where she teaches English at Brooklyn College, Shanebrook still models in Asia occasionally and also writes popular culture and travel articles for Asian publications. And she's just published a book about her adventures so far, *Model: Life Behind the Makeup* (Blue Bali Books), which you can read all about at www.jillianshanebrook.com, Amazon.com or find at a bookstore. MT



Shanebrook playing with some neighbor children in Yogyakarta, Indonesia. 'In my modeling experiences in Indonesia, I am treated extremely well,' she says. 'I think because I am a rarity as a Western model. In my modeling experiences in the States, I have been treated very much as a prop, with little respect. In the future Shanebrook plans to do some international development work with one of my former U-M professors.'

Donald Anderson '53, '60 LLB, has spent his life fighting the poverty of rural African Americans. His weapon of choice is a long-forgotten idea of Thomas Jefferson's.

The Assembly Man

By David Holzel

Donald Anderson's story always returns to Surry County.

When Anderson arrived in Surry, in rural southeast Virginia, in 1968, the public school system was in ruins. The county's white minority had responded to the 1954 Supreme Court ruling that struck down racial segregation in schools by abandoning the school system, until only six white children remained. The white leadership that ran the county government had choked off funding. Test scores were the lowest in Virginia. The Black majority lived in a rural poverty that most urban Americans would have been shocked to see.

Anderson was then a 36-year-old attorney—the only African American to graduate from the U-M Law School in the class of 1960—who, as an aide to US Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D-NY), had had a hand in writing the recent federal anti-poverty legislation.

He came to Surry eager to try his idea of how to organize the county's Blacks so they could better address the poverty and poor education that seemed to be their perpetual lot. So he poked around, found out who among the farmers and laborers were the community's natural leaders, and approached them.

"They were suspicious of me," recalls Anderson, now 71. "What's he doing here? Is he a Communist?"

A Jeffersonian antidote to poverty

The confusion was understandable. Into a community where many homes lacked running water had come this Black man who had never known poverty. Anderson was educated, urbane and confident. And he had a plan—one improbably inspired by the workings of the British Parliament and the writings of Thomas Jefferson—that he believed would end the

cycle of "wasted lives and collective unhappiness," as he puts it.

He calls his system the Assembly—a structure of mini-parliaments in which local residents can determine solutions to community and personal problems, and build political influence to change the way a county is run.

Surry was Anderson's first attempt to put his idea into practice. He has since replicated it in 74 counties and 2 cities in 5 states, from the Black Belt of southeast Virginia through the Carolinas and Georgia to Mississippi. "The assemblies have enabled the poor to take the last steps from slavery," Anderson says. And if the assembly has taught some rural Blacks how to work the levers of political power, for some 35 years it also has been the force driving Donald Anderson's life.

Surry County is the beginning of the story and the place where it always returns—the first experiment, the first success and the first rebuttal to the skeptics who told Anderson that he couldn't organize an entire impoverished community. "With the \$35,000 I spent on Surry County," he says, "no foundation has made so much change with \$5 million."

"They called it 'Sorry County,'" says Clarence Penn, the county's former superintendent of schools. "Now everyone says 'Surry' with a modicum of pride."

In 1968, Surry County had a single Black public employee—a janitor. Three years later, the Surry Assembly that Anderson helped organize ran three Black candidates for the five-seat county board of supervisors. All won.

With Blacks running the county, the schools improved, as did almost everything else in Surry. Test scores today are among the highest in Virginia. The high-school dropout rate is low, and 95 percent of graduates go on to college. The Surry Assembly, which is still going strong, "made a tremendous difference," Penn says.

The revolution in Surry was due to the residents themselves, Anderson contends. "All we gave them was the structure."

Each ward a 'small republic'

Thomas Jefferson, that great tinkerer of ideas, suggested the structure for the assembly. Divide each county into wards, Jefferson



'When I left Ann Arbor for the Army,' Anderson says in his Washington DC townhouse, 'I swore I'd never go back to Michigan' after an almost friendless undergraduate experience. But four years later, attracted by the Law School's reputation, he was back at U-M as the only Black student in his class.

Photos courtesy: Richmond Times-Dispatch

Those residents of the Black Belt who do move off the land have, for the most part, found their ways to the dark slums of Northern cities. Statistics indicate that they are now returning to the South. Individual initiative has allowed some who moved away to enter the mainstream of American life, but for Black people in the United States, both North and South, opportunities have been rationed. A few have made it to the top, but the great part of the population has not moved from the bottom. From "At Daniel's Mountain" by Donald Anderson.

advised the Virginia legislature. "Each ward would thus be a small republic ... and every man in the state would thus become an acting member of the common government." From the age of 14, Anderson puzzled how to put this idea of citizen government into practice.

With a symmetry and simplicity that would have pleased an Age of Enlightenment thinker like Jefferson, Anderson's solution was to divide a community into what he calls "conferences" of 50 adults each. "If we go into a community with 5,000 adults, we have 100 conferences," he says.

Each conference meets four times a year to discuss and solve the problems of those 50 adults. And those 50 elect one of their number to represent them in the higher body, the Assembly. So a 5,000-member community would have 100 representatives meeting in its assembly, hearing problems and rendering solutions, which the representatives report back to their conferences of 50.

And here is Anderson's mechanism for keeping this voluntary system from becoming unwieldy: Each conference elects seven of its members to be what Anderson calls "committee members." Each committee member acts as liaison between six other conference members and the conference's Assembly representative.

In this way, a representative need contact only seven people to get a sense of the rank-and-file members' concerns. Each committee member need speak with only seven people—the representative and six members. And the rank-and-file have to inform only a sin.

"Because the Assembly operates on two levels, it operates in the interest of the members of each conference as well as the whole community," Anderson says. "It allows a channel of communication between individuals and the community."

Continued on next page

Assembly Man, continued from page 21

Putting his idea to the test

Anderson put his idea to the test at the height of the 1960s War on Poverty. As general counsel to the House subcommittee that had drafted the anti-poverty legislation, he had serious reservations about how that war was being fought.

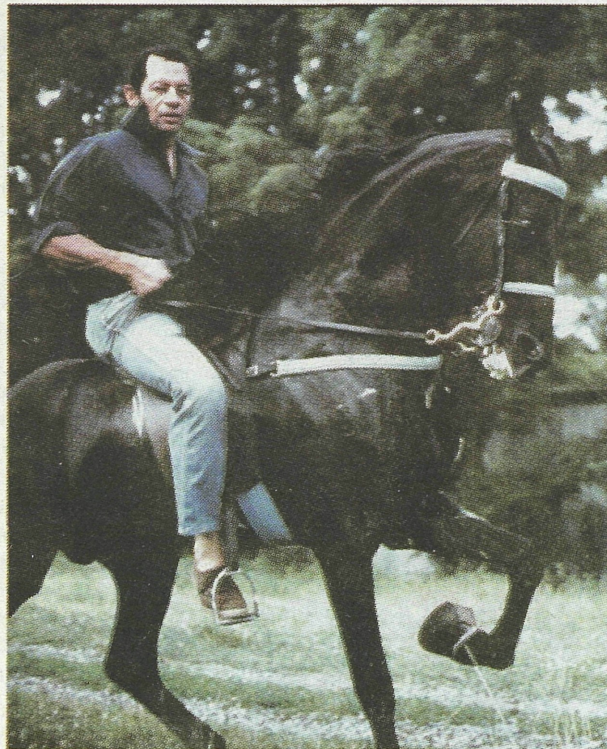
"One of the reasons Don did what he did was he didn't think the War on Poverty was effective," says James T. Riley who, fresh out of Duke University in 1969, became advance man to the communities Anderson was targeting. Riley eventually rose to become director of the National Community Development Organization (NCDO), the non-profit Anderson founded to pursue his work. "There was a lot of government money and a lot of energy going that way [to anti-poverty agencies]," says Riley, who now sits on the NCDO's board of directors.

But Anderson didn't see all that money and energy solving the problems Black communities faced. The Assembly is structured specifically to solve one problem at a time—improve the educational system or build roads, for example. It is a mechanism, not a movement. Because the residents do most of the work themselves, NCDO requires little paid staff to operate. The 14 now on staff act largely as technical advisers who can point new assemblies to the resources available for solving problems.

Through their Assembly, the Blacks of Nash-Edgecomb-Rocky Mount, North Carolina, registered 6,000 voters in a single year and "changed the complexion of politics in the county," says the Rev. Thomas Walker, the Assembly's president, who has known Anderson for more than 25 years. When the community elected the first African-American county manager, it began to receive "all the things that come with political power. It has a trickle-down effect," Walker says.

If the whole business sounds arcane, it clearly has brought benefits to Black communities, Anderson says. Yet the reason the Assembly works was unclear at first, even to him.

"White immigrants brought with them community structures from their old countries," he says now. "In the case of Blacks, who were segregated completely, there was no government. Government was enemy territory. Blacks operate individually, but they sense a common goal."



Anderson is an avid horseman and owns 15 thoroughbreds that he keeps near his ancestral retreat in Virginia.

"It's clearly a good concept," Walker says. "We never mastered it completely. But it lifted the community."

'The worst experience of my life'

Anderson is a descendent both of slaves and slaveholders. Until he entered the University of Michigan as a freshman in 1949, he had spent his life on the Black side of the color bar. His father, Russell, was a geneticist and physician; his mother, Celeste, a teacher. In Pittsburgh, where Donald was born, and later in Washington, DC, the family socialized within the middle-class Black community. Donald read widely, particularly the classics, and soaked up the lessons of the professors, ministers and other learned professionals who visited the home. "We didn't come into contact with any white folks," he says. "We didn't go downtown. To tell you the truth, it was a pleasant experience."

Having bucked the status quo, Celeste and Russell didn't see why Donald had to adhere to it. "I didn't finish high school. My parents thought it was a waste of time," he says. "How I got into Michigan, I don't know."

When he boarded the train for Ann Arbor, he began his first sustained encounter with segregation. He spent the three-day ride in a separate car. Once enrolled at Michigan, he lived in a segregated section of West Quad. "There

were fewer than 100 Blacks in a school of 18,000," he says. "It was the worst experience of my life. All of a sudden I was with people who were sometimes outwardly friendly, sometimes not friendly at all." White students who came to his room and talked for hours into the night didn't even meet his gaze when passing him on the street.

'I had no friends when I left'

He saw television for the first time at the Michigan Union. Once, when the screen showed a prisoner, Anderson saw some students pointing at him, as if common skin color conferred the prisoner's guilt on him. "I had no friends when I left there," he says.

Two rough years in the US Army further

soured him about life in wider American society. "I said, 'I have to get out of this country.'" A professor at Michigan had pointed him to the London School of Economics and in 1955 he began his graduate work there.

At the time, Britain was not yet divided by race. Anderson made friends, and his life began to fall into place. He could indulge his love of Shakespeare. ("Don could quote Shakespeare until everyone fell asleep at night," James T. Riley recalls of his early days working with Anderson to set up assemblies.) And Anderson became an admirer of the British House of Commons and spent many nights there studying parliamentary leadership structure.

When he left Ann Arbor for the Army, Anderson swore he'd never go back to Michigan. But there he was in 1957, entering the U-M Law School, the only Black student in his class.

Why did he return, after the "worst experience" of his life? "I went back because of the Law School's reputation," he says. "At that time it was considered better than Harvard."

With his law degree, he applied for a staff position with Representative Powell, whose clerk had assumed the young applicant was white after reading his resumé. Anderson's experience in government sharpened his vision and, as the 1960s were ending, he decided to test his idea for the Assembly.

He had left Capitol Hill, but not Washington, not entirely. Since 1964 he has rented the same townhouse in a leafy development a mile from the Capitol. It has shelves of books, art on the walls and a constantly ringing telephone. But Anderson does not consider it his real home. That is a cabin he built in 1968 in Botetourt County, at the head of the James River in the mountains of southwest Virginia.

'Paradise' on a slave-owner's land

"It's paradise," Anderson says, sitting in his cramped townhouse and looking across the room to a framed photograph of the view from the cabin's window. Anderson's great-grandfather bought the land, 72 acres of a larger piece of property once owned by the family's plantation-owning, Scottish-American ancestor. His slave ancestors are buried in a plot not far from the cabin's front door.

A few blocks from Anderson's townhouse, young men stand near the street, ready to sell drugs to passersby. Once, Anderson absentmindedly pulled his car over to a man he saw waving at him, and was stopped by a police cruiser after he drove away.

He is now turning his attention to big-city poverty and is looking for foundation money to fund assemblies in Washington and Cleveland. "In the cities there is more crime, but the essence of poverty is still the same," he says. But even with the money, organizing the urban poor seems a longer shot than the rural communities ever were.

Alvertus Tyler has seen the changes in Portsmouth, Virginia, one of two cities with long-time Assemblies. "Right now our Assembly isn't meeting anymore," Tyler says.

With the worsening crime in the city, Assembly members “got frightened and they won’t come out.”

Passing the torch is difficult, too. “It’s hard to get young folk to understand the concept,” Tyler says. “They’re too involved with drugs and crime. Those who we enticed to become involved thought they were way ahead of those who were seasoned. They just wouldn’t stay.”

James Hill, president of the Assembly of Prince George County in Virginia, says the slow pace of rural life was conducive to making the Assembly work. Now, things move faster, even in the country and, with little for young people to do after high school, many are leaving.

Still, poverty remains a shocking fixture in this country. “The inequality is the thing that gets me,” Anderson says. “Lack of education is the source of poverty in this country. People don’t understand that only the middle class and the wealthy can educate their kids.”

James Riley is blunt about the current climate. “It’s not fashionable now to care about the poor.”

But Anderson, who seems never to have cared about fashion, says his job is not nearly done. “There are 258 rural counties that are largely Black and poor. I want to get in all those counties. With money, we could do it in two years, three at the most.”

That is all the time it took to turn Surry County around and begin to erase the stigma of “Sorry County.” And that is where this story ends, back at the beginning.

“Why should we have this problem with all our wealth?” Anderson says. “Our government allows us to ignore these problems. They have abrogated the Declaration of Independence.”

MT

David Holzel '80 is a writer in Washington, DC.



Anderson says he doesn't know 'what this Scottish ancestry did to me,' but while traveling in Scotland in 1969, he heard the bagpipes for the first time and 'was hypnotized by them; I rushed out and bought a set the next day.' Now he's a medal-winning piper, including one in East Coast's largest competition at Grandfather Mountain, North Carolina.

The color bar and prejudice dominated our lives from beginning to end, but my earliest memory of the race question goes back to when my father was asked to attend an international genetics conference in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1939.

The war broke out while he was there, and the British were placing the American conferees on the first ships out. One such ship was the *Athenia*, but my father was prohibited from taking it because his intended cabinmate refused to room with a Black man.

In a sense it was a voyage of some importance for, as Winston Churchill mentions in his war memoirs, the Germans accused Churchill of personally having placed a bomb on board the ship. The *Athenia* went down, drowning over a hundred people, 28 of them American, including my father's intended cabinmate.

For three weeks we believed that my father had also perished. Afterwards I remember, as a child of 7, believing prejudice to be a virtue, for it had saved my father's life.—From “At Daniel's Mountain” by Donald Anderson, a chapter in *Why the South Will Survive*: by 15 Southerners, University of Georgia Press, 1981.

A LIFE OF EVADING A CAREER continued from back page

salubrious adventures, poems and my first novel, a somewhat-rhyming epic poem-novel inspired by Homer's *Odyssey*. I was part of the beat-Dada-hippie-punk extended family that included Tom Waits and Lautrémont.

I moved to New York in 1978 and quickly realized I knew nothing about nothing and was ill-equipped to scramble for jobs of illusive glamour. I ended up the lowest of the lowest, a foot messenger. Working for a messenger company I learned humility, the way a nail learns about the hammer, as I wandered through New York's streets.

I struggled 16 years in New York to leave my mark. In 1986, I co-



Crossdressing in corset and finery for a 1995 benefit reading at CB's gallery in New York City.

founded the Unbearables writing group in Tin Pan Alley, an anomalous Midtown Socialist lesbian-run bar with Bertolt Brecht and the Butthole Surfers on the jukebox. That the group became a travesty of a sham devoted to its own self-destruction is a disappointment but no surprise.

In 1986, I began DJing at radio station WFMU in East Orange, moved to Paris, where I DJed at an anarchist-run Radio Libertaire in the shadow of the Sacré Couer, wrote, wandered, dreamt, did readings and drank my fill of soul-rotting vin rouge in the bars of Pigalle and the Marais. Back in NYC, I published a collection of short stories, *Wiggling Wishbone*:

Stories of Pata-Sexual Speculation (Autonomedia, 1995) that with each accolade proceeded to sell even worse—it's the *trickonometry* of “quality” writing, I figured. Last I looked, *Wishbone* sat somewhere at 1,729,000th place at Amazon.com.

And then, seemingly out of nowhere, but actually evolving out of a 1996 WFMU radio special I produced on the subject of yodeling, arose an abiding fascination with this oddest of vocal techniques that takes the human voice and thrusts it from chest voice to falsetto at breathtaking speed.

Why did it interest me? It probably has to do with the fact that I began hearing it in the most anomalous musical styles—jazz, blues, Bollywood, rockabilly, punk, opera. The radio show morphed into a pop magazine article, which led to several academic articles and the Internet discovery that no one had ever—as in NOT EVER—written a book about the world of yodeling.

So, here I now stand in my Amsterdam livingroom awaiting the publication of *Yodel-Ay-Ee-Oooo: The Secret History of Yodeling*

Around the World, due out this fall from Routledge publishers in New York, gawking at photos of my partner, a social-activist writer, and my 3-year-old daughter, Paloma Jet on bookshelves full of my obscure eclectic and obsolete dust-gathering publications: from *Ambit* to *Yang*, Forbe's *American Heritage* to the anarchist *Black Flag*, *Screw to Mennonite Quarterly*, *American Lawyer to Anarchy*, *Smudge to Smegma*. Line them up just right and you have a timeline that appears like something logical, like something pointing to purpose or justification or something like that.

Bart Plantenga '77 lives in Amsterdam, where he continues his wide-ranging writing on culture high and low. His book Yodel-Ay-Ee-Oooo: The Secret History of Yodeling Around the World (Routledge, 2003) traces yodeling from Swiss mountain folks to Central African pygmies to country balladeers to an Australian yodeler of classical music, to an anti-homophobic lesbian duo—and beyond. Also to appear this year is his graphic novella Spermatagonia: The Isle of Man (Autonomedia).

A LIFE OF EVADING A CAREER

Or how to spend 25 years unpreparing oneself to become an expert on yodeling By Bart Plantenga

My parents grabbed me, my brother, and some rattan chairs in 1960 to flee Holland for the promised land of America. Looking at a photo my uncle took of us scurrying across the tarmac, my mother recently admitted my father never told her we were departing *her* beloved Amsterdam until it was too late. He took that mystery, along with many others—like his days as a slave laborer in Nazi Germany—with him to his cremation urn in June 2002.

Once in Hawthorne, New Jersey—later in Edison; Horseheads, New York; Wisconsin; Michigan and eventually onward without me, as my parents continued searching for an evermore elusive American dream despite my father's credentials as a respected metallurgical engineer—I learned quickly that survival among classmates meant fitting in, fitting in so much that I eventually read the entire *World Book Encyclopedia*, letter by letter, to learn exactly what made the United States so great.

I learned that it was the leading producer of almost every product known to man from corn to styrofoam. I knew every idiosyncratic detail of every make of American car. I memorized New York Yankee statistics and lived, breathed and even played baseball. And yet, I never thought it strange that my college-educated father and I were the only ones going house-to-house every winter asking neighbors if they'd like their sidewalks shoveled.



This fall, the world history of yodeling will be a secret no longer, when Routledge publishes *Yodel-Ay-Ee-Oooo*.

I also studied how jean pant legs touched the top of a pennyloafer just right. I dreamed of a British-invasion mop-top coif whenever my parents gave me a shearing, my mother holding down my flailing body while my father buzzed the electric Sears clippers haphazardly across my skull.

I wore grey-leatherette pennyloafers and Sears catalog not-quite jeans of a brassy color. Oh, how I dreamed of *blue* jeans. All this outward alienness plus the fact that the slightest taunt could provoke tears only further excited the wannabe schoolyard bullies. That all this meant I was a poet and a pacifist was not at all clear at this age. And that women often came to my aid was not yet fully appreciated as a gender issue.



With daughter Paloma Jet at the Ijsbreker, an Amsterdam café.

Photo courtesy: Bart Plantenga

Simply put, running fast—I was the fastest runner at Clara Barton elementary—gave me a rep that saved me. I raced somebody every day during lunch hour until my younger brother with a hip disease and crutches started going to school and my mother made me his guardian because classmates would kick the crutches out from under him, laughing as he fell.

In 11th grade, a simple compliment on an essay I had written by a well-meaning English teacher changed my fate. I changed majors from exact sciences to imaginative

writing. The more distraught counselors and parents became by my exchange of making bridges for making believe the more resolute I became. Contrarianism became a noble cause against society's hypocrisies: I became anti-Vietnam War, read radical literature, had a provisional escape route to Canada if drafted and ritualistically destroyed my baseball trophies. By high school graduation (1972), I had distinguished myself as an honor student of incredible mediocrity and an eight-varsity-letter long distance runner.

At U-M Flint and later Ann Arbor, I wrote outrageously liberating poetry of incredible neologistic fancifulness. Poetry readings meant being different, dressing as TV sets and reading anti-poetic recipes because Guild House and West Park readings were incredibly ho-hum and ennui was the only heart disease we knew.

Five college years and some pretentious dropping-out threats later, I had 122 credits yet was nowhere near graduating thanks to certain official requirements. I fought for my right to graduate and eventually found a sympathetic U-M advisor who helped make sense out of my haphazard choice of classes (I had taken whatever I liked, whenever) and eventually converted heavenly chaos into one that included a constellation: a diploma that reads "Independent honors degree in film and creative writing."

I pretty much considered all career opportunities as unworthy, bourgeois and, even worse, totally *uncool*. I acknowledged my father's life as convincing evidence—and as antidote. I placed the transparencies of Kerouac, Burroughs and Henry Miller over my life, effectively retracing the contours of a new self. George Orwell said no *real* writer ever considered writing a career.

I drove night shift for two years at Ann Arbor Yellow Cab, noctivagant initiation into the dark heart of human psychology. On slow nights (often) I wrote, by the Dodge Coronet's cab light, about my not-inconsequent

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