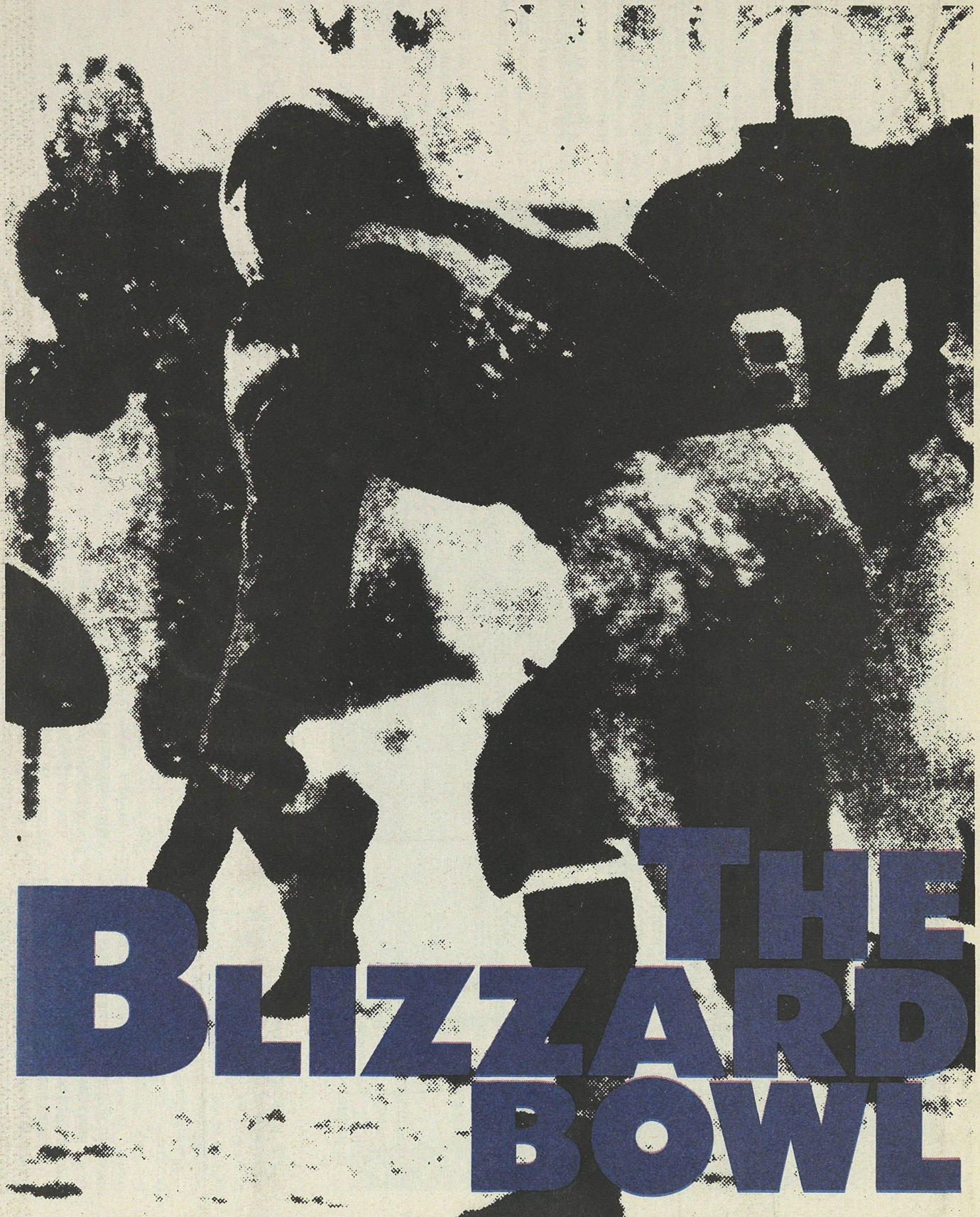


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Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

December 1989 Vol. 21, No. 5



THE BLIZZARD BOWL

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'Fact is to legal language what
imagery is to poetry'

LAWRENCE JOSEPH: POET/ LAWYER

I was pulled from the womb
into this city.

. . . I am the poet of my city.
I am the earth that burns the air,
those who talk to themselves,
blood and grease on hands.
I need to know why I do not want to remember.
In dreams I run through streets
terrified, away
from mouths that hate me,
my face washed with fear.
In dreams I kill
so I will not be killed.

The city is the shadow
strapped to my back.

I am the poet of that shadow.

From "There Is a God
Who Hates Us So Much,"
in *Shouting at No One*,
University of Pittsburgh
Press

Lawrence Joseph '70, '75 J.D., was born in Detroit in 1948. His grandparents on both sides — Lebanese and Syrian Catholic immigrants who came to Detroit in the second decade of this century — operated grocery stores on the city's east and west sides. After World War II his father and uncle inherited their father's grocery store and operated it until 1972.

Joseph was graduated with highest honors in English language and literature. In his senior year he received first prize for poetry in the University's Hopwood Award competition and became the third U-M student to receive the Power Foundation Fellowship to Magdalene College, Cambridge University.

Joseph returned to Ann Arbor from Cambridge with bachelor's and master's degrees in English literature, and enrolled in the Law School, from which he graduated in 1975.

As a poet, Joseph has published two volumes in the Pitt Poetry Series: *Shouting at No One* (1983), which received the Starrett Poetry Prize, and *Curriculum Vitae* (1988). His poems, which have appeared in leading literary magazines, including *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *Partisan Review* and *Michigan Quarterly Review*, address subjects ranging from life in Detroit, New York and Europe to his Catholic and Lebanese-American background. Various critics have praised his poetry as "powerful," "original," "strangely beautiful," "cosmopolitan" and "moral."

LAWRENCE

As an attorney Joseph has served as a judicial law clerk for the late Chief Justice G. Mennen Williams of the Michigan Supreme Court, taught law at the University of Detroit School of Law and practiced with the New York City firm of Shearman & Sterling. He has written and lectured extensively on employment law, especially on issues concerning workers' compensation and occupational disease. He currently is professor of law at St. John's University in New York City, where he lives with his wife, painter Nancy Van Goethem. Joseph's books of poems are available in bookstores or by order from Cornell University Press Services (800) 666-2211.

Joseph was interviewed for *Michigan Today* by fellow poet Richard Tillinghast, associate professor of English.

MT: Your first volume of poetry, *Shouting at No One*, focused on Detroit. What are your feelings about Detroit as we enter the 1990s?

LJ: My ties to Detroit exist now primarily through the lives of family and friends — and in my memory. I left Detroit in 1981 and have lived in New York ever since. But when I got out of Law School in 1975, I was one of very, very few U-M law graduates who wanted to work in Detroit.

Detroit is constantly changing, so I'm reluctant to comment on present-day Detroit. But Detroit's history as the Motor City, and the mythologies attached to that history, define my own history, my own mythologies.

When my grandparents emigrated with over a million others, they came to a Detroit that "put the world on wheels," a Detroit that believed another common saying: "As Detroit goes, so goes the nation" — a saying, in retrospect, so loaded now with historical truth and irony.

Detroit has been the American city most affected by the cyclical character of our economy. For example, in 1933 the banks in Michigan closed first, triggering the emergency presidential declaration of a "national bank holiday." By the late 1950s — after three serious recessions, expressway construction that cut through whole neighborhoods and extensive demolition of substandard housing to achieve "urban renewal" — Detroit had what was called an "inner city," a relatively large portion of the city horribly riddled with poverty.

From the 1960s on, the inner city of poverty and violence encompassed more and more of the city, as those who would and could moved to the suburbs. But in 1970, the decline of American basic industries — auto, steel, glass, rubber — was inconceivable. Not even the most hard-edged, tough-minded, apocalyptic Detroit realists were prepared for the radical disintegration of the city's social fabric during the '70s. No one foresaw that Michigan would consistently have, as it still does, the highest unemployment rate among the larger states. These are major themes in *Shouting at No One*.

MT: What was your family's place in, their attitude toward, these Detroit realities and mythologies?

LJ: My family's place wasn't unique. My immigrant grandparents were shopkeepers. My grandparents read and wrote Arabic, but not English. Neither of my parents attended college. My father went to war almost immediately after graduating from high school and inherited the grocery store with my uncle after the war. After high school my mother did clerical work in a small factory on Detroit's east side and also worked in her father's grocery store. My generation, the second-generation Americans, have virtually all attended universities and entered professions — business, law, architecture, nursing, teaching.

My parents almost religiously believed in education and the social mobility possible through education. Consequently, my brothers and sister and I are fortunate to have had top-quality educations. I attended Detroit's Jesuit high school, the

University of Detroit High School, where I received the best secondary education in the state. I entered Michigan in 1966 with four years of Latin, two years of classical Greek and a relatively extraordinary background in moral theology and philosophy.

Tens of thousands of Detroiters from different racial, ethnic and religious backgrounds have substantially similar genealogies. My father worked as a meat-cutter for A & P from 1960. Until the grocery store was sold in 1972, he also worked three or four nights a week there. So he worked two jobs for 12 years. He retired from A & P in 1983. You could say he was both *petite bourgeois* and working class.

Even though my background wasn't atypical for a Detroit, it was rare then at the U of M, and probably still is. I worked in factories every summer during my undergraduate years — just a few weeks before I won the Hopwood poetry prize, my father was shot by a robber in his grocery store.

MT: In fact in several poems you depict a father and an uncle victimized by violent crimes — stabbing, shooting, robbery. You also write about Joseph's Food Market being looted and burned, as in the poem "Then":

*Joseph Joseph breathed slower
as if that would stop
the pain splitting his heart.
He turned the ignition key
to start the motor and leave
Joseph's Food Market to those
who wanted what was left.
Take the canned peaches,
take the greens, the turnips,
drink the damn whiskey
spilled on the floor,
he might have said.
Though fire was eating half
Detroit, Joseph could only think
of how his father,
with his bad legs, used to hunch
over the cutting board
alone in light particled
with sawdust behind
the meat counter, and he began
to cry. . . .*

From *Shouting at No One*

LJ: My family, like so many Detroit families, was thrown not into a melting pot but a boiling cauldron. My father and uncle experienced horrible violence — violent crimes committed against their persons — and their store was looted and burned during the 1967 riots. Yes, they were victimized, but by whom? By the poor? Or by those who victimize the poor? These are not easy questions to answer. Neither my father nor uncle has ever expressed any sense of being victimized. I've never seen or heard either of them indulge in hatred against whoever committed a crime against them, nor have I ever seen either of them indulge in self-pity. Their reactions, to me at least, are quite extraordinary and part of my moral legacy: Although they've been broken by violence, they view this violence against them as beyond both them and the broken, poor persons who committed violence against them.

*In the house in Detroit
in a room of shadows
when grandma reads her Arabic newspaper
it is difficult for me to follow her
word by word from right to left
and I do not understand
why she smiles about the Jews
who won't do business in Beirut
"because the Lebanese
are more Jew than Jew"
. . . My uncle tells me to recognize
my duty, to use my mind,
to bargain, to succeed.
He turns the diamond ring
on his finger, asks if
I know what asbestosis is,
"the lungs become like this,"
he says, holding up a fist;
he is proud to practice
law which "distributes
money to compensate flesh."
Outside the house my practice
is not to respond to remarks
about my nose or the color of my skin.
"Sand nigger," I'm called,
and the name fits: I am
the light-skinned nigger
with black eyes and the look
difficult to figure
. . . an enthusiastically
bad-tempered sand nigger
who waves his hands, nice enough
to pass, Lebanese enough
to be against his brother,
with his brother against his cousin,
with cousin and brother
against the stranger.*

From "Sand Nigger"
in *Curriculum Vitae*, University of Pittsburgh Press

MT: A number of your poems — for example one such as "Sand Nigger" — explore the ways in which racial thinking manifests itself in American society.

LJ: I'm interested in critiquing, through my poetry, the racial — or ethnic or nationalist — designations or categorizations that exist throughout the American language. One has only to read the morning newspaper to see, for example, references to "Italian" or "African" or "French-Canadian" or "Korean" or "Armenian" or "Irish" or "Cuban" Americans. Not to mention the ethnic conflicts in the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe that we are seeing in the media every day now.

I think that this "language of race" exists in every racially or ethnically pluralist society, and I think it reflects the social, moral and political issues that coincide and result from racial or ethnic thinking. These issues are not clean-cut. We know that racial or ethnic thinking can subtly and not-so-subtly become racist, and the source and justification for evil. I know, as a lawyer and a poet, that racial thinking and language exist throughout American society, and that without moral caution, racial thinking and attitudes — for example stereotyping — can turn into racist thinking and behavior.

JOSEPH, continued

MT: Do you identify yourself and others racially, and if so, why?

LJ: I think most Americans sometimes identify themselves or others racially or are identified racially by others. But the edge between racial identity and racism is morally razor-sharp — and not every American abhors racism.

Why do we identify ourselves or others racially? That isn't an easy question to answer, yet I can't think of many more important ones. In one sense, we probably do so because of the American belief in the melting pot. In another sense, we probably do so because we are often identified, or perceive ourselves as identified, racially by others. When I worked at Pontiac Truck and Coach as an undergraduate during the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, a guy named Jesse was always calling me "Rabbi" in a way that was clearly meant to be an insult. You had to be careful about crossing someone in the plant, but one day I got fed up and said, "I don't care if you call me Rabbi, but I'm just letting you know I'm not even Jewish."

"Well, if you aren't a Jew what are you?" he said. And I said, "My grandparents were Lebanese." He said, "Leba-what? You're no Leba-anything. You're a f — — g Rabbi."

I'd say most Americans are identified racially or ethnically by others and by themselves. You, for example, are from the South. From an early age I'm certain you were identified racially by others, by yourself —

MT: Yes, I was.

LJ: — so the conflict between racial and racist thinking exists equally for you.

MT: How has the study, practice and teaching of law affected your poetry?

LJ: When I began studying law over 16 years ago, I felt the two disciplines were completely separate. I felt a great clash between the languages and methods of legal thinking and the language and aesthetics of poetry, and I still keep the two disciplines as separate as I can.

There's an illustrative story about Wallace Stevens. He was a surety-bond lawyer who became an executive vice president of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company. One day when he'd been invited to lecture at Yale, he arrived in New Haven directly from a corporate meeting. As he opened his briefcase, Stevens observed to the professor who had invited him, "Now, you see, everything is neatly sorted out here. Over in this

compartment is my surety-bond business, and over in this compartment is my lecture and some poems that I want to read. I keep them completely separate."

I think that all writers who have separate, demanding professions do that — mostly for very necessary and practical professional, imaginative and temperamental reasons. But I've also become increasingly aware of some similarities between my legal and poetic imaginations. The relation of principle to fact, abstraction to detail, is similar in legal writing and in poetry. Fact is to legal language what imagery is to poetry. Also, legal language is always directed from the writer or speaker of the legal text toward someone else. This, of course, coincides with my attitude toward poetry.

Legal language deals with the subject matter that appeals to me aesthetically — moral, philosophical, historical, economic, political, commercial, social realities. Lawyers never escape what might be called "the language of human reality." And, as a lawyer and law professor, I've done a lot of work on social legislation, especially on the compensation of workplace injury. Something in both of my imaginations is attentive to injury. I've sometimes taken the vocabulary of compensation law and poeticized it — to bring out the moral dimensions of injury.

No lawyer would deny this statement of Franz Kafka, who was legal counsel for Prague's Workers' Accident Insurance Bureau, the equivalent of a state workers' compensation commission: "I am a lawyer; therefore, I can never get away from evil." Nor can a lawyer ever get away from what defines evil — justice, goodness, beauty, joy, hope, love. Those who are part of the legal system bear the obligation of being "metaphysicians of the human soul." This, too, is consistent with my notion of being a poet.

THERE I AM AGAIN

I see it again, at dusk, half darkness in its brown light,
large tenements with pillars on Hendrie beside it,

the gas station and garage on John R beside it,
sounds of acappella from a window somewhere, pure, nearby it

pouring through the smell of fried pork to welcome
whoever enters it to do business.

Today, again, in the second year of the fifth recession
my father holds pickled feet, stomachs and hearts,

I lift crates of okra and cabbages,
let down crates of buttermilk and beer,

bring live carp to the scale and come, at last, to respect
the intelligence of roaches in barrels of bottles,

I sell the blood on the wooden floor after the robbery,
salt pork and mustard greens and Silver Satin wine,

but only if you pay, down, on the counter
money you swear you'll never hand over, only if,

for collateral, you don't forget you too may have to kill.
Today, again, in the third year of unlimited prosperity,

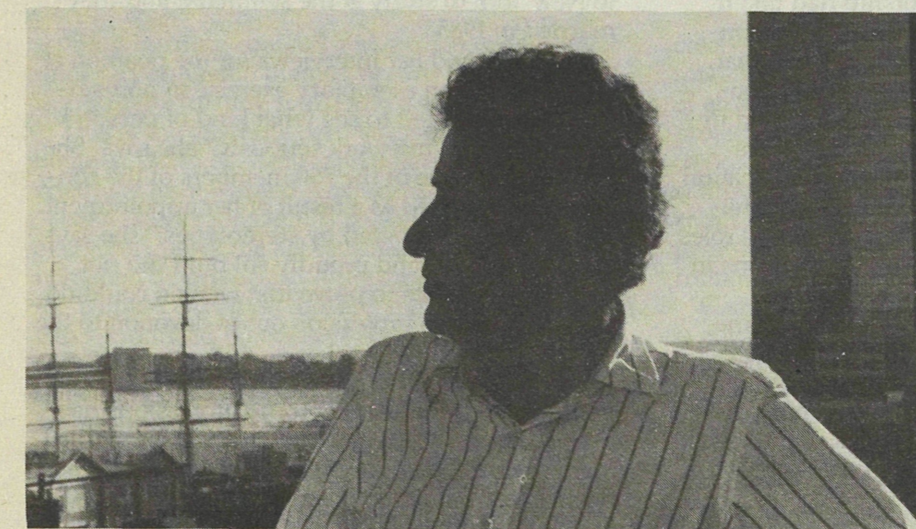
the Sunday night the city burns
I hear sirens, I hear broken glass, I believe

the shadow of my father's hand that touches my hair,
my cousin loading a carbine, my uncle losing his mind

today in a place the length of a pig's snout
in a time the depth of a cow's brain

in Joseph's Market on the corner of John R and Hendrie
there I am again: always, everywhere,

apron on, alone behind the cash register, the grocer's son
angry, ashamed, and proud as the poor with whom he deals.



'STUDENTS from Detroit sometimes are made to feel this experience can lead them to develop 'an extreme like outsiders at Michigan,' Joseph says, adding that sense of irony.'

Photo by Mary Embley

Erica Jan Lippitz: VISIONARY SINGER

By Mary Emblen

It took almost two thousand years, but now Judaism has women cantors, and among the first was Erica Jan Lippitz '78. In May 1987 Lippitz and Marla Rosenfeld Sarugel were given the diploma of *hazzan* at the Jewish Theological Seminary (JTS) in New York City. They were the first women awarded degrees as cantors in the Conservative Jewish denomination and both have become full-time cantors.

The alternate terms for her job — *hazzan* and cantor — express the poles of spiritual and practical duties the post combines, says Lippitz, who is cantor at the 750-member Temple Oheb Shalom in South Orange, New Jersey (Sarugel found a position in Rumsen in the same state).

"*Hazzan* is a Hebrew term that can be translated as 'visionary', while 'cantor' is a relatively modern term for a 'chanter' or 'singer' that Jews adapted from the Latin. But we can be called either.

"The cantor's role is to sing the words of the Torah — the five books of Moses — and to interpret them so that a congregant is challenged to hear them in a new way. The challenge is to put one's own heart into what one is singing as a way of moving others into a deeper religious experience. If you aren't there yourself, you can't bring anyone with you."

Lippitz tries to keep very attuned to the mood of her congregation. "A service will feel different if something has happened to delight them, a new baby or wedding, or if, God forbid, something has happened that week to upset them. The service is not an escape from the world but part of the world."

The JTS, the official training school for the Conservative movement, first granted rabbinical diplomas to women in 1985, but continued to withhold cantorial diplomas from them.

Women had been allowed to study cantorial music at the school, which was founded in 1886, since the early 1900's, but they had never been given recognition as cantors. They had received bachelor's degrees in sacred music.

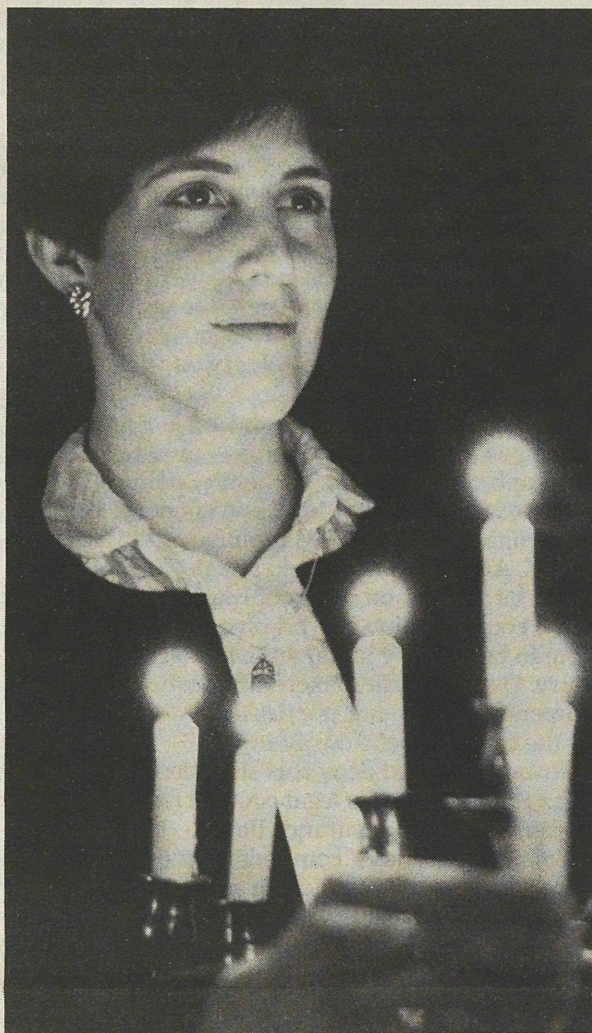
A strong early opponent of change was the Cantors Assembly, the professional organization. According to a *The New York Times* article in 1984, the opponents argued that the cantor fulfills a highly sacred role for which women were unacceptable "because the female voice in a role traditionally reserved for men is deemed erotic and that women might be menstruating and thus ritually unclean."

The opposition stemmed not so much from sexism as different interpretations of Jewish law, Lippitz says. "There are Jews who strongly believe that there is ample reason to interpret law to allow women in to rabbinate and cantorate and others who do not believe so. But is sexism involved? Sure, we're human beings. It's no coincidence that the two most liberal movements, the Reform and Reconstructionists, have admitted women cantors only in the last 20 years, that my Conservatives just did so two years ago and that the Orthodox have yet to do so."

In spite of the Jewish Theological Seminary's approval of women, the Cantor's Assembly voted against accepting women members at its 1988 and 1989 conventions. "It was a sad moment for the six of us who are now invested," Lippitz says, "but a majority voted to welcome us, just not enough to put us through this year. Some heartfelt talking is going on between the two sides. There's no set right or wrong — both sides can claim a valid interpretation of the law."

The Jewish worship service has a great deal of variety. It varies from simple chant to full composition for cantor, choir and organ or other instruments. The simple, repetitive motifs are similar to those in other ancient North African and Near Eastern cultures.

"A good cantor improvises on the melodic motif," Lippitz says. "The modes are changed to reflect where you are in the service. In more liberal service, composers have set prayers in



LIGHTING Hanukkah candles with the menorah.

'If you aren't there yourself,
you can't bring anyone
with you'

Western harmonic style as well as in modes."

Lippitz says that as with Christian hymns, gospels and spirituals, some composers have used aspects of Jewish music in popular and classical music, but to a lesser degree because the musical structure is non-Western and the liturgy is in Hebrew.

Leading prayer through incantation began in the early days of Judaism, during the period after the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem in 70 A.D. Previously, most worship had taken place in the Temple. But being a cantor was primarily an avocation, and a common one at that, until the era of Jewish Emancipation in various European countries, beginning with Holland in the 17th century and continuing for 200 years.

As Jews overcame barriers to their participation as equal citizens in European countries, "synagogues gradually took on social and cultural roles that had been carried out by other institutions in segregated societies," Lippitz says.

During the late 18th century in Germany the role of cantor blossomed, and singing prayers gained status as the separate profession of *hazzan*. It became a full-time vocation only in the last 100 years or so, reaching its peak of prestige and artistry in the 20th century in the large metropolitan synagogues.

"The most profound change has been in synagogues in the United States in the last 50 years or so," Lippitz says. "The synagogue has become the primary Jewish institution here, and all kinds of community functions are taken care of by the people who staff that building." And heading that staff are the rabbi and the cantor.

Lippitz was first exposed to serious Jewish choral music through the Zamir Chorale of Boston, a semi-professional choir. She sang with it for two years, and "it introduced me to a new level

of composed Jewish music that "inspired me to create my own choir in Chicago and to continue exploring Jewish music. I'd just graduated from music school, and here I heard music every bit as beautiful, challenging, as what I'd studied in school. I hadn't known such things were available to me in Hebrew, that there was music that reflected my belief system as well as my love of good music. That made me decide to work in a Jewish community setting." [Lippitz says that readers who wish to acquaint themselves with Jewish music may buy or rent recordings by the Zamir Choirs of Boston and New York — Ed.]

Becoming one of the first two women officially recognized as cantors was a logical progression in the life of Erica Jan Lippitz. She grew up in Evanston, Illinois, in a home filled with music. Her mother Rhita S. Lippitz, is a pianist. Her father, Charles, shared his love of classical music with his children. Her sister Lori, U-M '79, founded and directs the Maxwell Street Klezmer Band in Chicago.

A career that combines music, community service and religion perfectly suits Lippitz. By the time she was in seventh grade her devotion to Judaism had earned her the nickname, "Rabbi Riki." The nickname faded away in a couple of years, but her enthusiasm for Judaic affairs didn't.

At Michigan Lippitz was High Holy Day Cantor from 1975 to 1977, while pursuing a bachelor's degree in music theory and psychology. She returned for an encore High Holy Day performance in 1980. Also a political activist, she was youth group director and leadership advisor to Young Judea and a member of AKTSIA/Action for Soviet Jewry and Human Rights. In 1978 she helped organize a national Symposium on Human Rights in the U.S.S.R. and Eastern Europe that was held in Ann Arbor.

"I was considering the field of music therapy. I was very grateful that the School of Music let students combine music with other fields. The entire way I am crafting the liturgical experience to bring people from one mood to another, that really could be called music therapy. I may be unique among my colleagues in using that terminology, but all realize that the best service is crafted."

After graduating with honors, Lippitz earned a master's degree in Jewish Communal Service in 1980 at Brandeis University, an historically Jewish institution in Waltham, Massachusetts. Then she went on to further studies at the JTS, where the overwhelmingly male student body elected her class president from 1984 through '86.

Lippitz met her husband, John Schechter, in Chicago in 1982. The following year, both went to New York to study at the seminary, and they married in 1985.

Lippitz found her interviews for the position at Oheb Shalom an exemplary exercise in non-sexism. "They wanted to see what kind of person I was; that I took my work seriously," she says. She adds that not one of the 750 members of the congregation resigned as a result of her appointment.

"I'm not encumbered by stereotypes," she says. "I am a feminist, and proudly so! But I did not enter the cantorate to prove that women could do so — I chose this profession out of devotion to the Jewish community."

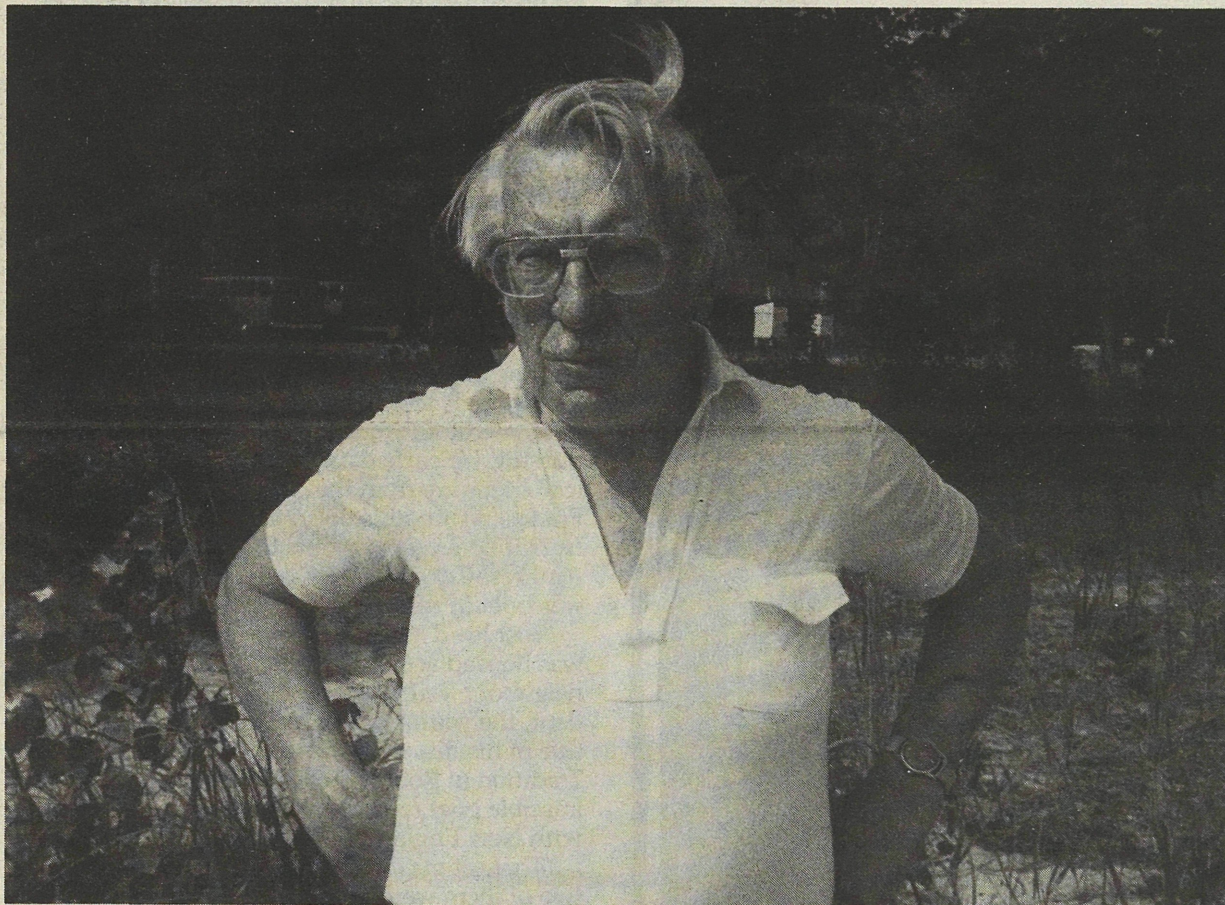
The most sensitive issue in women's entry into the rabbinical and cantorial professions has been the question of paid maternity leave, according to Ralph Brozan, a New York lawyer who has represented women rabbis in contract negotiations. In her first two years Lippitz was not concerned about this because "with my duties and John's demanding studies, we didn't get together long enough to conceive a child!"

But before 1989 is out, Cantor Lippitz expects to be very grateful for the efforts of her female predecessors and of Attorney Brozan, because that's when she is scheduled to begin her own maternity leave.

Mary Emblen is a free-lance writer and photographer in Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

Prophet of greenhouse effect tells Americans: cool off, or else

It's time to listen to David Gates



THE FACT that he was right back in the 1950s, when he first warned the world about the impending greenhouse effect, gives botanist Gates no cause to gloat. He says urgent action is needed, especially by the high-energy-consuming Americans, to reduce greenhouse gases from Earth's atmosphere.

By Sally Pobjewski

"Stop burning coal, oil and gasoline or swelter under a permanent blanket of carbon dioxide that is gradually turning Earth into a sauna."

This is the dilemma that, since the 1950s, U-M botanist David M. Gates and a handful of other scientists have warned Americans they faced.

Now Gates's foresight is so well recognized that everyone knows the abbreviated term for the phenomenon he predicted — the greenhouse effect: the blanket of carbon dioxide, methane and other gases produced by massive combustion of fossil fuels and capable of raising surface temperatures to heights that will extinguish many plant and animal species.

For most of Professor Gates's career, however, not even his colleagues were listening, let alone the public, press and politicians.

Gates says his doctoral work in atmospheric physics at Michigan in the late 1940s gave him "an understanding of how molecules behave in the atmosphere" and how the greenhouse effect could develop. "My concern started in the 1950s," he says. "We weren't seeing any actual damage to plants or ecosystems at that time, but we knew what would happen if levels of greenhouse gases continued to rise."

Some of his colleagues back then dismissed or ignored such warnings, recalls Gates, who di-

rected for 15 years the U-M Biological Station near Pellston, Michigan. But it is not in his nature to gloat now that recent studies of long-term global temperature trends are convincing more scientists that he was right all along.

Gates cites recent "hard physical evidence" from a 126-year study of thousands of worldwide weather monitoring stations conducted by the University of East Anglia's Climatic Research Unit. The British study showed global temperatures have climbed an average of nearly one degree Fahrenheit since 1860. It also showed that the six warmest years on record all were in the 1980s — the warmest being 1988.

"During preindustrial times," he explains, "the concentration of atmospheric carbon dioxide was approximately 270 parts per million. Today the concentration is 350 parts per million and is going up at more than 1.5 parts per million a year. This suggests that atmospheric carbon dioxide has increased by at least 29 percent since preindustrial time."

Unless the United States, the world's top burner of energy, adopts the most stringent fossil fuel conservation program in its history, starts building more nuclear power plants and develops efficient solar technology, Gates predicts a massive extinction of plant and animal species as warmer temperatures shift farther and farther north.

As concern about the greenhouse effect in-

creases, scientists have developed computer models to predict the effects of rising levels of atmospheric carbon dioxide. The models' projections of future temperature and moisture trends do not entirely agree, however, and this has sharpened the disagreement between scientists about whether the unusually warm 1980s temperatures resulted from the greenhouse effect or from natural climatic cycles.

Gates maintains this variation between models is not surprising. "To model complex atmospheric dynamics for the entire globe takes an enormous amount of information that can only be processed by very large computers," he says. "Plus there are major factors — such as the effect of cloud cover and the role the oceans play in heat transfer — that we simply don't understand. Because of these complexities and the enormity of the task, modelers are forced to make approximations. Since they begin with different assumptions, the models get different answers."

Nonetheless, Gates is convinced that even if a worldwide program of fossil fuel consumption began tomorrow, the greenhouse effect will plague our descendants for generations to come. The problem is, he points out, carbon dioxide stays in the atmosphere for a couple hundred years or so; the effects are cumulative and long-lasting. Other

significant greenhouse gases include the chlorofluorocarbons (freons), methane and nitrous oxide, each of which must be reduced in the atmosphere.

"We must take steps immediately to reduce the burning of coal, oil and gasoline," Gates continues. "There's no question that the sooner we take action, the more effective it will be. Since the United States consumes 25 percent of the world's energy, reductions in fossil fuel consumption here could have a big impact."

Gates says the greenhouse effect "will force us into a nuclear economy — ultrasafe nuclear technology with lower radioactivity — and we must develop solar energy technology, along with other renewable energy sources."

Gates dismisses popular advertising campaigns that urge people to plant trees to stop the greenhouse effect. "Trees make the world cooler and put more moisture into the air, but planting trees is not a long-term solution to the problem. While they're growing, they absorb carbon from the air. But after they reach maturity and die, all that carbon is returned to the atmosphere as plant material decays. Trees will store some carbon over the shorter term."

Since the world has never faced such a rapid build-up in the level of atmospheric greenhouse gases before, Gates says scientists can't predict exactly what will happen if the trend is not reversed. But the overall picture is clear: "The world will slowly and systematically become more impoverished."

Gates believes global warming will kill off some northern forests faster than they can move to cooler climates or be replenished by the northward seed dispersal from southern species. "Some endangered species of animals will be obliterated, since they exist in small localized habitats and have no place to go as the climate becomes inhospitable."

And if Earth continues to heat up? Gates says that would melt polar ice caps, raising sea levels significantly, with catastrophic consequences for coastal cities like Miami and New York.

Some computer models predict changing weather patterns will concentrate precipitation in coastal areas while spreading prolonged drought in interior agricultural regions of North America and the Soviet Union. Gates tends to agree:

"It will come slowly and inexorably, but come it will. At first it will be subtle and then more obvious, but by then it will be too late to avoid the worst."

Natural Resources will house conservation science program

The U-M School of Natural Resources (SNR) will administer the \$5.5 million Pew Scholars Program in Conservation and the Environment (PSPCE) that will address the nation's critical lack of conservation scientists.

The program, funded by the Pew Charitable Trusts, will support 30 scientists over a six-year period beginning next August. Ten fellows will be selected for each of the next three years to receive \$150,000 over a three-year period. Fellowship winners will be announced in July.

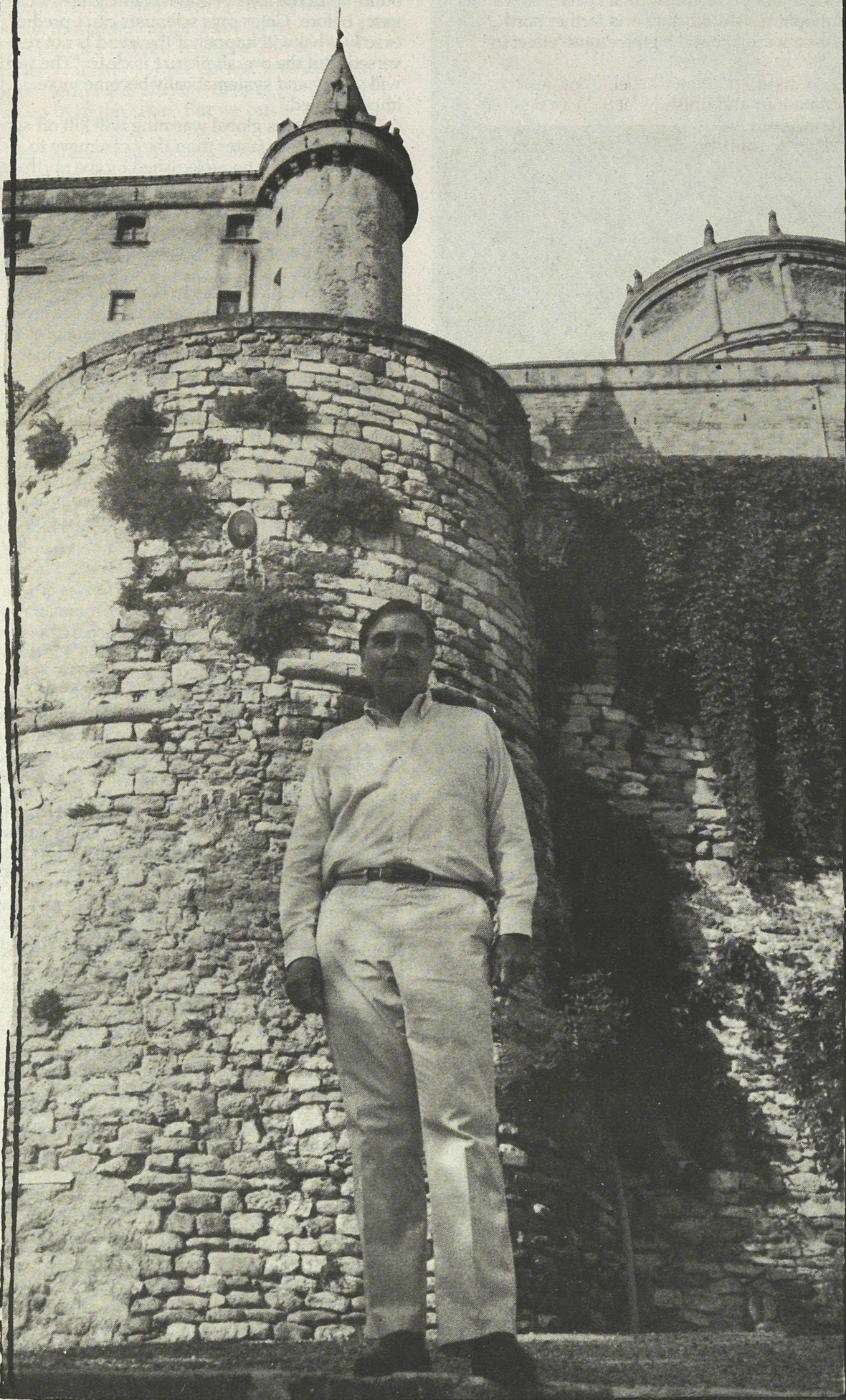
PSPCE research fellows must be scientists but need not be affiliated with a college or university. A select group of conservation organizations as well as academic institutions will be invited to submit nominations. The program is searching for candidates from a wide array of settings, including zoos, arboreta, museums and non-profit conservation organizations.

The University appreciates "the visionary action of The Pew Charitable Trusts in identifying the urgent need to develop conservation scholars and in allocating substantial resources to an innovative program," said James E. Crowfoot, dean of the SNR and director of the Scholars Program.

"The ideal candidates are scientists — most likely postdoctoral scholars or junior faculty — who apply their knowledge to conservation and environmental problem-solving. Their disciplines could range widely, from engineering to biology to political science," said Jon Jensen, associate director for the program. "They may be engaged in risky, creative ventures that, because of their interdisciplinary nature, do not receive support from traditional sources."

MICHIGAN'S MARC'ED MAN

THIS MEDIEVALIST IS A RENAISSANCE GUY



By Stephen Rosoff

Michigan students who aspire to be "Renaissance people" can find no better mentor than Guy Mermier, director of the Medieval and Renaissance Collegium. It's a task that comes naturally to Mermier, for he is a Renaissance man by vocation and avocation.

He speaks French, Italian and English fluently; he is learned in Latin and Greek; he studied with Sartre; befriended Frost; collects old seals and manuscripts; and from his cramped office on the third floor of the Modern Languages Building, directs a curriculum unlike any other in LS&A.

The brochure of the Medieval and Renaissance Collegium (MARC) describes the program as follows: "MARC administers an undergraduate concentration program in Medieval/Renaissance studies, focusing on the history, civilization and culture of these ages." The prerequisites are many and the work demanding but the curriculum is personalized, varied and flexible. MARC draws on faculty members from such diverse areas as law, Near Eastern studies, music and archaeology.

Under Mermier's guidance enrollment in this 17-year-old program has increased in the last three years from 11 to 24 students.

Why the success? "I will modestly say, a tremendous amount of work and personal contact with the students," says Mermier, an affable Frenchman who has not lost his accent after 28 years at Michigan. The medievalist in the Department of Romance Languages, he has taught courses in literature and semiotics, 15th-century cultural history, translation and paleography (the reading of manuscripts).

Although Mermier seems ideally suited for his post, medieval studies was not his first intellectual pursuit. He earned a degree in English and American literature from the University of Grenoble in France, writing his dissertation on Robert Frost. In 1951 he received grants to teach French at Amherst College in Massachusetts, where Frost was poet in residence.

Frost lived at the Yankee Peddler Inn; Mermier was housed across the street. When the two neighbors were introduced by Amherst's president, the young Frenchman told the poet that the title of his dissertation was "The New England Tradition in Robert Frost's Poetry," to which the irascible poet replied, "I have almost nothing to do with New England — I am a Californian."

"That sat me down," Mermier recalls. Still, the two of them were to spend many hours walking together through the New England countryside. During these rambles Mermier found Frost asking far more questions of him than he could of the poet. "He wanted to know if his descriptions of nature were unnatural to the French, and if the New England fence resembled the French one." Having grown up on a farm, Mermier was an excellent source on such matters.

Meanwhile, Frost was revealing nothing to the Frost scholar. "Whenever I asked him to explain a poem, he would never explain. He would say, 'I will read it to you' or he would recite it. That's all. He said a poem is not for explanation."

Mermier was disappointed at the time for he had hoped to gain some new insights for his research papers. But today he agrees with Frost. "All the criticism we are doing in our scholarly endeavors may clarify, but also may do something unbelievable to the work. It's like all criticism, you have to take it as an art, but it shouldn't damage the masterpiece."

Mermier had originally intended to return to France to teach American literature after a year at Amherst, but instead he remained in the town to teach French and Italian at the University of Massachusetts. He met Martha Brinton of Westchester, Pennsylvania, the following summer on board the S.S. Flandre. The couple soon married and moved to Philadelphia. Mermier decided to go back to school because his American friends advised him that with the anti-communist and xenophobic witchhunts going on, his job pros-

pects would improve if he had an American Ph.D. Mermier "knocked around" the University of Pennsylvania's French department in Philadelphia for a while in search of a professor and, after exhausting several options, finally met his mentor. "I was rather desperate at the time, and then I met William Roach who was one of the greatest medievalists in the country. He received me with open arms."

The years to follow were difficult ones though. Mermier taught French at Temple University while taking courses at Penn. "I worked from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. This schedule was compounded by a five-hour commute. And on weekends I put in a 12-hour shift at the Pepperidge Farm plant in nearby Downingtown. I started out unloading boxcars and wound up co-inventing the Milano cookie."

His Belgian friend on Pepperidge's bread line went on to head the Campbell Soup and Godiva Chocolates companies, but Mermier bypassed his opportunity to rise in the bakery business. He labored hard for four years, completed his dissertation on the Medieval Bestiary — the Book of Beasts — and received his doctorate in 1961. That same year he accepted a position at Michigan. But he also had developed a serious cancer. He was operated on immediately, and his arrival in Ann Arbor was delayed by several months. When he walked into his first class in the late fall, it was with the help of a cane, although he was only 30 years old.

Today at 58, Mermier is in good health, but still a workaholic. He declined one sabbatical so he

could continue the directorship of MARC, but finally took an overdue one in the 1988-89 academic year. This year he is directing Michigan's joint junior year abroad program with the University of Wisconsin in Aix en Provence. In addition to the demanding administrative and quasi-parental duties required to tend 64 students, he teaches a course in advanced translation for students whose interests range from business French to literary translation.

An extremely productive scholar, in the past three years Mermier has edited a special issue of *The Michigan Romance Studies*, translated the official English version of the Koran into French and completed two books, *A Critical Encyclopedia of Medieval Dates*, and one on the French bestiary. And he has just finished translating a 13th-century play called *Le Jeu de la Feuillée* (The Play of the Arbor). Despite his heavy scholarly agenda, when he's in Ann Arbor he still makes at least a cameo appearance in the French department's annual play, where his bushy dark brows, aquiline nose and conspiratorial grin make him a valued character actor.

And then there is the television documentary he hopes to make. Mermier is in quest of the holy grant needed to fund a video program that would lead viewers along a pilgrimage route of old. As he envisages it, a narrator would follow an itinerant traveler from London to France, visiting cathedrals at Mt. Saint Michel, Congues and Rocamadour and finishing at St. Jean de Compostello in Spain.

"The program would provide a historical,

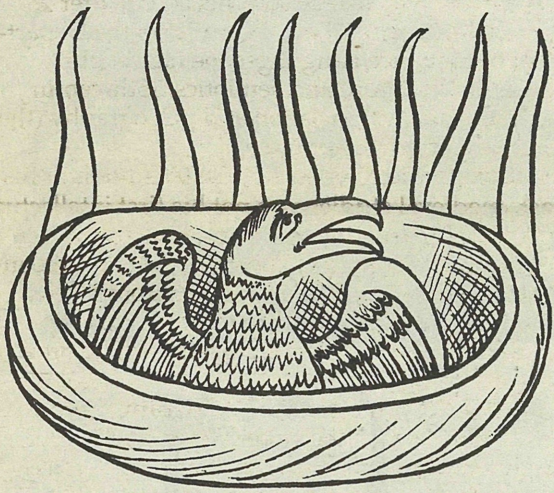
cultural view of what constituted a pilgrimage," Mermier explains, "of a pilgrimage's importance for the church and people, and its economic impact." Mermier has a proposal before the U-M Alumni Association for an alumni excursion along the historic routes. Leading such a group could serve as preparation for the documentary.

When Mermier is not poring over centuries of manuscripts, he retreats to his summer home in Randolph, New Hampshire, at the foot of the White Mountains. There, he is reminded of Frost's poem, "The Mending Wall," with its powerful line, "Something there is that doesn't love a wall" with the hostile antithesis, "Good fences make good neighbors." It is Mermier's favorite "because Frost recited it to me many times."

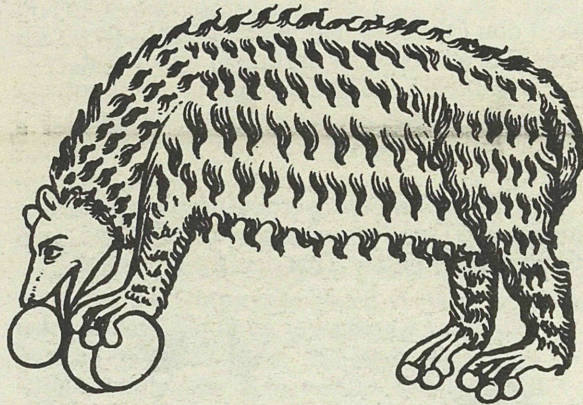
Mermier is at home in each of the nine centuries spanning *The Song of Roland* to "The Mending Wall." And he will concede that "in a very unsophisticated way" he could be labeled a Renaissance man "in the sense that I like to do everything and everything interests me. I think that is what has allowed me to teach in this country. I do not feel bound in a small corner." **MT**

Stephen Rosoff is assistant editor of the Michigan Alumnus, the publication of the U-M Alumni Association.

THE BOOK OF BEASTS



Phoenix



URSUS the Bear,

THE MARC PROGRAM

Celtic and Nordic Mythology, Medieval Drama, Courtly Arts and Medieval Love Poetry are just a few of the courses offered to undergraduates by the Medieval and Renaissance Collegium (MARC). Mary Browning '88 of Grand Rapids, Michigan, took these and many more as a concentrator in the Collegium.

Browning, who is now studying labor and industrial relations at Michigan State University, says entering MARC was one of the better decisions she made at the University. "It's an honors program, and you get a lot of personal attention; it's very nice in a huge university," she says.

Browning doesn't see her career choice as a break with her medieval interests. "If you have a really strong base in history, you have a better understanding of what's going on today," she says. "I'm interviewing for jobs a lot now, and employers are impressed that I've written a thesis as an undergraduate. And the fact that I've studied literature, history and art seems to set me apart. A lot of companies now are internationally oriented because of the economic integration in Europe. My knowledge of French language and culture could open up a window for me to be an international business person. A lot

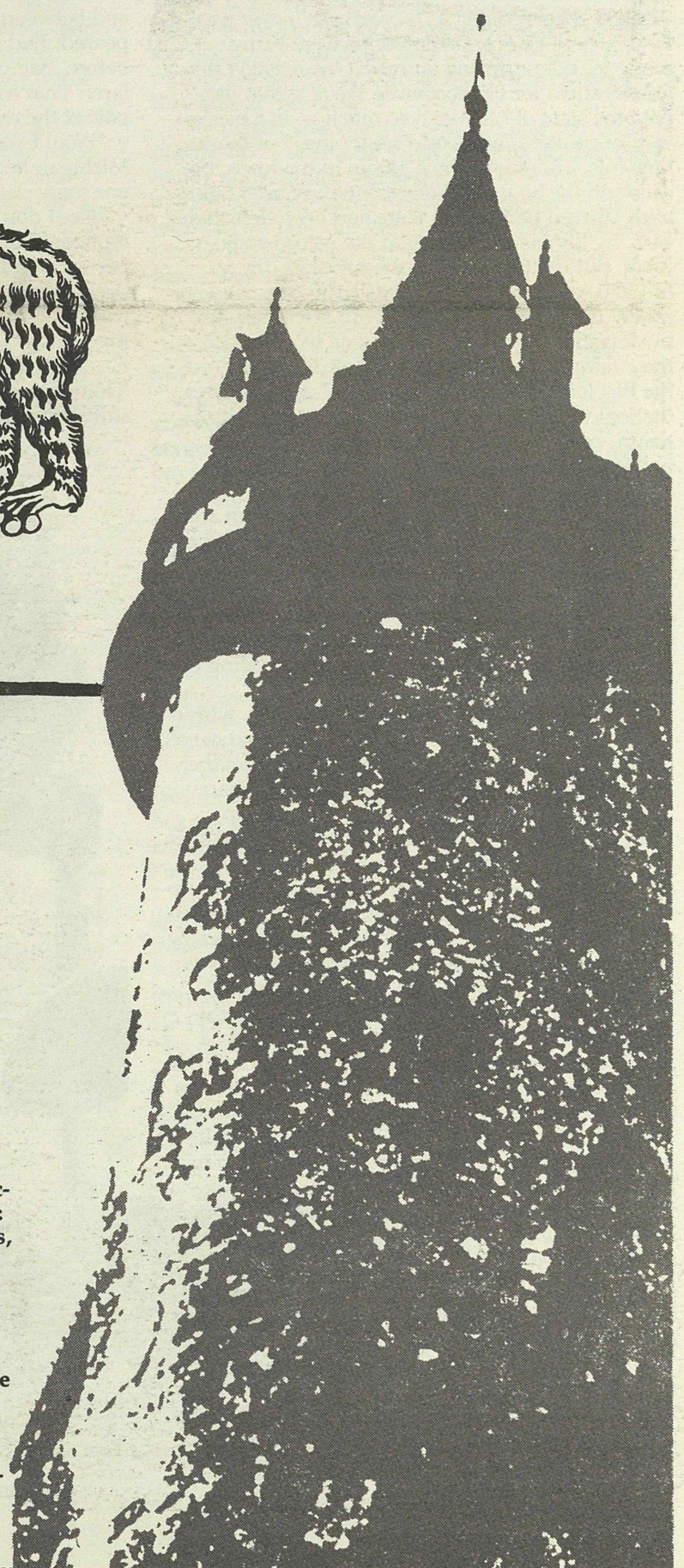


Browning

of people go overseas for these Fortune 500 firms."

MARC is linked with a variety of other academic units. As the MARC brochure notes: "By breaking through departmental barriers, MARC students acquire a more integrated understanding of early European civilization. Diversity is implicit in the very notion of the MARC program."

Students must complete several prerequisites. Entrance requires the equivalent of one year of high school Latin, and to receive a MARC degree requires college-level proficiency in one of the Classical or Western European languages and successful completion of several core courses. Students must also write a long research paper.



THE BLIZZARD BOWL

1950's chilling prelude to a great Rose Bowl victory

By John McNulty

One night a few weeks ago, while I was having a smoke on a sidewalk on West 48th Street between the acts of a play, I met Warren Park, a man I used to know in Columbus, Ohio.

"You ought to come out to Columbus and see the old place," he said after we had exchanged a few pleasantries about the play. "They've gone entirely nuts this year on football."

"They always do in Columbus. Craziest football town in the world," I said. I used to live out there many years ago.

"But they're worse than ever this year," Warren said. "On account of Ohio State being just about the best team in the country."

"That's what I see in the papers," I said. "Come on out for Homecoming Week, why don't you?" he suggested.

"O.K., maybe I shall," I answered. And I did go out there, leaving New York the Tuesday before the Saturday of the game with Michigan. The last game of the season is always the one with Michigan, and it is always, on the alternate years it is played at Columbus, the Homecoming Game.

It didn't take long, wandering around Columbus after I arrived there on Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, to discover that Homecoming Week is observed just as fervently as it ever was. Everywhere I went, preparations were being made for the returning alumni. One reason Ohio grads return for Homecoming Week is that they hate the state of Michigan so much — in a nice way, of course. This is odd reasoning, but that's how it is. There was some gloom in the town, because on the Saturday before, after my brief talk with Warren Park, Ohio State had been defeated, 14-7, by Illinois. That marred the record somewhat, but by the time I reached the city, the 374,770 residents of Columbus (1950 census) were madly intent upon the game with Michigan, for by defeating Michigan, Ohio State would cinch the championship of the Western Conference — the Big Ten. So universal is football daftness in the region that during the recent political campaign, one canard circulated about a candidate had it that his entire foreign policy could be summed up in two words: "Beat Michigan!"

The rivalry between the states of Michigan and Ohio is apparently part real, part synthetic. It has been going on for a 115 years, since 1835, at which time Ohio and Michigan were at war with each other. At least, there was an armed shindy between the two, perhaps the most hot-tempered incident of the sort in our history, not counting the Civil War, of course.

Hugh Huntington, a Columbus attorney with a liking for history, once dug into the past and came up with the information for football fans that the war between Ohio and Michigan started when the Northwest Territory was being broken up into five states. It was originally provided that the line separating Michigan from Ohio and Indiana should run east and west through the southern tip of Lake Michigan, extending eastward to the territorial line in Lake Erie. That brought the boundary south to the city of Toledo and put Toledo in Michigan. "However, when Ohio was made a state," Mr. Huntington told some friends, "its constitution provided that the boundary should be on a line from the southern tip of Lake Michigan to the north cape of Maumee Bay, in Lake Erie. That was eight miles farther north and put Toledo in Ohio. The matter came up in Congress, and then — Rep. John Quincy Adams made a recommendation in favor of Michigan and against Ohio. The Ohio Legislature immediately passed an act providing that Ohio law and Ohio officials would govern the disputed territory. Michigan did exactly the same thing, favoring Michigan, naturally, and two sets of officials were elected — one set of Ohioans, one set of Michiganders — in the April, 1835, voting."

The sheriff of Monroe County, Michigan, organized a posse and carted some Ohio partisans off to jail, and all hell broke loose. An Ohio prosecutor then obtained an indictment against Governor Mason of Michigan, and double-dared him to come to Ohio and be arrested. Mason refused. "Governor Lucas of Ohio levied troops and moved into the eight-mile zone north of Toledo," Hunt-

ington said. "Governor Mason, on his side, levied troops who marched around the Ohio military and seized Toledo from the south. The Michigan rowdies, as one account put it, 'overran the watermelon patches and robbed all the hen roosts.' The Michiganders had to live off the country because the Ohio army had cut off their supplies."

The war was ended when President Andrew Jackson sent two commissioners from Washington to study the situation. On the basis of their findings, Congress gave the eight-mile strip to Ohio but placated Michigan by giving her the large and now-valuable Northern Peninsula, taking it away from Wisconsin. "There were few inhabitants in Wisconsin and they neither knew nor cared what became of the Peninsula," Mr. Huntington said. "Michigan and Ohio have had a 115 years of honorable fighting history. There have been no deaths and few casualties, but both sides have had an immense amount of fun in those 115 years. In recent years the fighting has been especially inspiring."

... I WAS rather surprised to find that, as one Columbusite after another buttonholed me, it was not Vic Janowicz, the star Ohio State player — or the football team at all, for that matter — that I was told about. Instead, it was the band, and the wonders the band would perform before the game and between the halves. The whole city, it appeared, had been terribly hurt when *Life*, not long before, had called Michigan's band the best in the land. That was more than Columbus, and a large part of the rest of Ohio, could take.

"Would you have felt so bad if *Life* had said Michigan had the best football team?" I asked one man.

"No, I don't think so. No, we wouldn't," he replied. "There's room for argument about that, perhaps. But there can't be any argument about the band. Everybody knows we've got the best marching band in the whole history of music in the world."

... IT BEGAN snowing on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. The snow continued intermittently all day Friday. That day, the thousands

arriving in town for the game looked like extraordinarily well-to-do refugees from a war-torn region, so laden were they with parkas, blankets, boots, sweaters, Daniel Boone caps, stocking caps, heating devices, binoculars, umbrellas, bags and suitcases. Bellboys were all but immobilized by the travelers' impedimenta. The lobby of the Deshler-Wallick Hotel (about a thousand rooms) had been stripped of furniture as a precaution against the antics of its share of the throng. Restaurants were jammed at every meal, of course, and toward evening the rapidly heightening storm, with its numbing effect on traffic, warned of a tough Homecoming. As things turned out, it didn't warn half enough.

By Saturday morning, more than nine inches of snow had fallen, and it was still snowing. Hopefully, the Weather Bureau predicted a tolerable 15 degrees above zero for the game, but at mid-morning the temperature was down to 7 and a stiff wind was blowing. The roads to the stadium were clogged. The temperature continued to drop,



the wind rose and the snow fell more thickly. By noon, the snow was no longer falling, really, but was being driven horizontally by the bitter wind.

Suddenly, tickets, which had been impossible to procure for nearly four months, became readily available. In the restaurants, they were being offered at their original prices to the lines of customers waiting for tables. Here and there, a frightened scalper offered a pair at less-than-box-office prices — and found no takers.

Every Saturday on which Ohio State plays a home game, a luncheon for about 400 of the elite among the fans — faculty members, officials, distinguished alumni, and prominent Columbusites — is given at the stadium itself, in a section of a dormitory built under the stands. This time, only about 200 guests managed to fight their way through the blizzard to attend. Dr. Howard L. Bevis, president of the university, loyally made it, and stood in the receiving line as snow-covered guests staggered in with the latest bulletins on the storm. "It's nearly zero now and the wind is getting tougher," one announced: Word went around that the band could not play. It would be impossible in that cold to put lip to mouthpiece, people said. "The plan is to go through with the maneuvers and use canned music for it," a courier reported.

The Michigan team, making the trip aboard a special train from Ann Arbor, had spent the night in Toledo. By Saturday noon, railroad travel was coming to a halt all over Ohio, but the train got through, and, together with two or three special trains loaded with fans from Detroit, pulled up on a spur a quarter of a mile from the stadium entrance. The Michigan players climbed out and fought their way to the stadium. Tarpaulins that had been spread over the playing field were covered with snow and frozen to the ground. Several hundred undergraduates, groundkeepers and Boy Scouts were hard at work struggling to peel the coverings off. For a while, there was doubt that the game could, or would, be played. Coach Wesley E. Fesler of Ohio State did not want it to go on. But no Western Conference game had ever been postponed.

Up in the stadium, crowds, unbelievably, could be seen clambering toward their snow-covered seats. Now, as they battled the storm and plodded beneath their burdens of blankets and other paraphernalia, they looked like a trek of despondent refugees crossing some arctic tundra. Many of the people had had to park their cars more than a mile from the stadium gates. Richard C. Larkins, the athletic director of Ohio State, and H. O. (Fritz) Crisler, the athletic director of Michigan, were fearful of disappointing such determined, dogged souls. Nobody mentioned so crass a factor, but there would be a refund due of around \$2,000 if the game were called off. At about 1:30, though the snowfall showed no signs of abating, the word came: "The game is on!"

It took until two o'clock to bare the field, with some of the huskier of the newly arrived spectators lending a hand, and when the tarpaulins were finally removed, it was only a matter of minutes before the yard lines were obliterated by the snow. ... The temperature was then an official 10 degrees above, but one scientific-minded spectator, complete with thermometer, informed me that it was really only about 3 above.

... THE GAME itself was no doubt as grotesque as any on record. The players all wore gloves, including the ball-handlers. Every few minutes, the ball became covered with a thick coat of ice, like frigid cellophane. A kerosene heater was set up on the sidelines, and after every two or three plays a warm ball was put into the game and the old one thawed out and heated. For the most part, neither team wanted to have the ball unless it could have it on the other fellows' 10- or 20-yard line. It was plain that the strategy on both sides was to kick the ball to the opponent, then pray that he'd fumble it in his own territory. Both teams treated the ball as if it were a bouquet of poison ivy.

Continued on p. 10



What was good for him, was good for Michigan

Tony Momen

By John Woodford

Today the hero of the Blizzard Bowl, Anton (Tony) Momen, heads his own construction company in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Momen came to the University from Toledo, Ohio, where he and his younger brother Bob had starred in high school football. Bob, however, went to Ohio State rather than follow Tony north to Ann Arbor.

Thus the brothers found themselves on opposing teams on November 25, 1950, when the Wolverines and Buckeyes squared off in Columbus to decide who would represent the Big Ten at the '51 Rose Bowl.

The Momen didn't meet at the line of scrimmage, however, since both were defensive linemen in two-platoon systems. Bob Momen had already played on a Rose Bowl champion team in January 1950. The Buckeyes took the Big Ten in '49 by eking out a tie in Ann Arbor when they were given a chance to re-kick an extra point.

In '50 the Buckeyes were a powerhouse, featuring Heisman winning halfback Vic Janowicz. They were undefeated in the conference and 7-point favorites over Michigan. The Wolverines had suffered only a tie in the conference, but their record overall was an unimpressive 4-3-1. Illinois was tied for first with OSU, and were expected to beat Northwestern although the Wildcats were anything but pushovers in those days. Even if they upset OSU, Michigan could take the title only if Illinois faltered.

Once the snowbound game began, Momen says, "About all both teams did for an offense was try to block the other team's punts. Each squad was punting after second or third down, and the first half wound down with the score Michigan 2, OSU 3, on a Wolverine safety and Janowicz's 41-yard field goal into the gale after Bob Momen blocked an Ortmann punt."

With less than a minute left in the first half, Michigan called a time out as Janowicz prepared to punt on third down. With the clock stopped, the Wolverines were poised to take advantage of a turnover.

"We'd already blocked one punt for a safety," Momen says, "although I don't remember who

Momen and Coach Oosterbaan celebrate the '51 Rose Bowl victory.

did it. And this time I just happened to get in, block the punt and then covered the ball for the touchdown. That's all there was to it. It all worked out very nice for Michigan and for me."

At one point in the second half, with the wind howling and snow swirling with even greater ferocity, quarterback Bill Putich trotted on to the field and told his teammates in the huddle that Northwestern had upset the Illini. "Dare I mention the words, R-O-S-E B-O-W-L?" he said with orthographic caution.

Neither team scored in the second half, and the game finished at 9-3. A still-standing record of 45 punts had been kicked. Michigan hadn't even managed a first down; the Buckeyes made only three but suffered two interceptions and a fumble, and the legendary Janowicz was held to minus yardage.

Don Dufek, now head of public relations for Domino's Pizza in Ann Arbor, says the two images about the game that stick the firmest in his mind are the red-clad OSU fans reeling and slipping on the sidewalks as the Wolverine train pulled up on the siding in Columbus, and the flawless snapping of the ball by Wolverine center Carl Kreaeger throughout the game.

"We played single wing, and you had to make precise hikes of several yards, not just up into the hands of the quarterback, the way you do in T formation. A coach had lent Chuck Ortmann, our tailback, his new doe-skin gloves so Chuck could handle the ball, but Carl didn't have any, and played bare-handed."

Next came the Rose Bowl, where the Wolverines could think of more than just keeping warm. "We weren't supposed to win that game either," Momen relates matter-of-factly. "But we did."

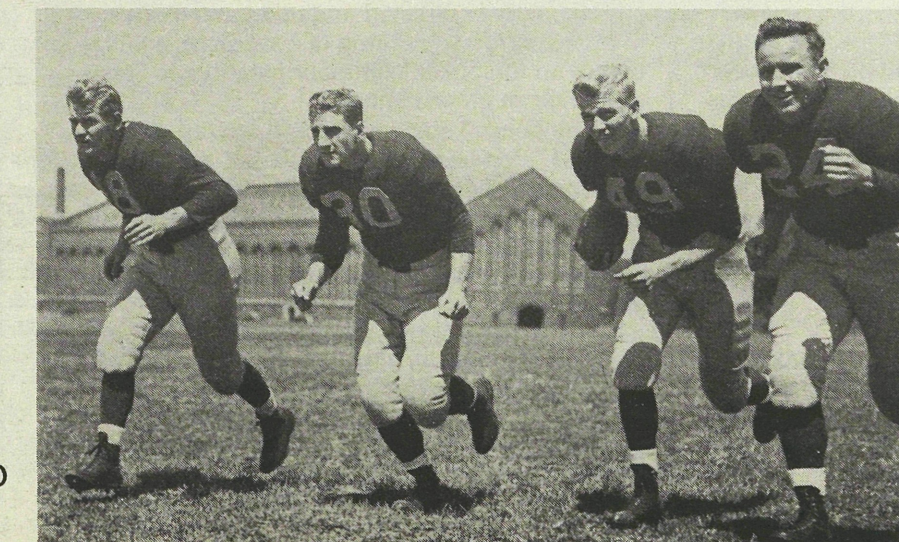
The Golden Bears of Berkeley were 9-0-1 and ranked fourth in the land. They were led by the bone-crunching linebacker, kicker and future all-pro Les Richter.

"A funny thing happened during our first series on offense," Momen recalls. "Pete Kenyon, a guard, pulled out and just annihilated Richter with a block. Then Pete looked down and said, 'You mean to tell me you're the best linebacker in the country?' That gave the Cal team something to think about. You could see it in their faces."

Nevertheless, Cal still led 6-0 at the half on a touchdown and missed point-after. A Wolverine goal-line stand thwarted a second touchdown drive by the Golden Bears.

In the Michigan locker room, Coach Bennie Oosterbaan told his team, "Victory is still ours." But the score stuck on 6-0 into the fourth quarter, when the Wolverines scrapped down to the four. First and goal to go.

Dufek smashed four times at the Cal line, battering the grudging foe back a yard at a time. He made it the last time, and the kick was good for a 7-6 lead. On a subsequent drive, Dufek roared in from the 7-yard-line. Dufek carried 23 times for 113 yards that day, and Michigan went away with a 14-6 Rose Bowl victory.



'50 WOLVERINE backfield of Leo Koceski, Don Dufek, Chuck Ortmann and Bill Putich.

BLIZZARD BOWL

Continued

"The official attendance," said the loudspeaker at about three o'clock, "is 50,503." A little figuring with a pencil in numbed fingers showed that this meant 31,797 persons had stayed away. Presumably the 31,797 were hearing the radio versions of the game. (Televising football games is forbidden by Western Conference rules.) Several thousand spectators left at the half, but most of those departing stayed long enough to see the bandsmen go through with the rest of their performance. "We just carried out two women with frostbitten feet," a cop told me as we had coffee at a counter beneath the stands between the halves. "One was a young woman, and, by God, the other must have been 50! They were both heavy as hell, let me tell you."

In the last half, the snow was so dense, and the wind that carried it so strong, that the play frequently could not be followed from the stands. Yet thousands remained until the final whistle, nearly two and a half hours after the start of the game.

As for the game itself, for a time Ohio State was ahead, first 3-0, following a field goal, then 3-2, after a safety was scored against it. Then Michigan went into the lead, 9-3, when a kick by Ohio's Vic Janowicz, on a third down, was blocked and Tony Momsen of Michigan fell on the ball behind the Ohio goal line. The crucial kick occurred only 47 seconds before the end of the second quarter. No one scored from there on in, so the game ended Michigan 9, Ohio State 3. I'm sure that blocked kick will be discussed at Broad and High 20 years from now. It was the first time in the memory of man that a team won a football game without once making a first down.

Many of the autos to which the spectators perilously made their way from the stadium after the game were buried under snowdrifts. Skidding cars and stumbling, half-frozen men and women jammed the narrow roads that led back to the railroad spur and to the gates of the university.

A friend of mine and I were riding toward the gates in his car when we saw two people more sorely beset than the rest in the lines of trudging fans. One was a man, the other a woman. Both were bent to the wind. The woman was trying to help the man, who seemed about to fall at every step. My friend stopped the car beside them and asked them in. The man must have been past 70. Beyond all doubt, he was at the end of his rope. He could hardly get into the car, even with the assistance of the woman, whom I took to be his daughter. Exhausted, his eyeglasses covered with ice, his face purple with exertion and cold, he slumped into the seat. It was fully two minutes before he could speak.

"I haven't missed a Michigan-Ohio State game in 25 years," he finally managed to say.

"I'm going to see that you miss the next one," said the woman. "We'll never go through this again."

We left them at a train on the spur — a train bound for Detroit, their home.

It was not until the following Wednesday or Thursday that the last of the visiting fans got out of Columbus. Roads had been closed by the blizzard, trains were running 10 and 15 hours late, all planes were grounded. Just before I left the city, the Homecoming over, I met Danny Cronin, a Columbus racing man and an old friend of mine. Danny's a great hand at figures, as many racing men are.

"Best I can say about that whole thing on Saturday is this," he told me. "They sold 82,300 tickets and 50,503 people were out there. On my figures that proves that exactly 50,503/82,300ths of the population of Ohio and Michigan are off their rockers, out of their heads and crazy."

"Were you there, Danny?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Do you think I'd miss a Michigan game?"

We thank The New Yorker and Mrs. John McNulty for permission to reprint this excerpt of this story from Dec. 16, 1950. Also, does anyone have photos from the Blizzard Bowl? We'd like to copy them and return the originals to you, if you do — Ed.



Willy Yay or Nay

Mascot swimming upstream against heavy tradition



By Peter Mooney

"Traditions have to start somewhere." At least that's what Willy the Wolverine supporter Aimee Ballard '90 says about the mammal who would be The University's mascot for athletic teams.

But Bruce Madej, the athletic department's sports information director, says those larger-than-life prancing costumed figures "may be fine for other schools, but Michigan has never seen a need to have one — and we really believe in tradition here at Michigan."

Willy the Wolverine is the creation of LSA seniors Adam Blumenkranz and Dave Kaufman. He made his first appearance on campus two years ago, and is best known as the cover mammal on a brand of coupon books distributed to students.

Yet the furry pitchman wants to be more than a U-M version of Spuds MacKenzie. If the athletic department will adopt the character, Blumenkranz and Kaufman say they will trade profits for glory and give the department the right to market Willy paraphernalia.

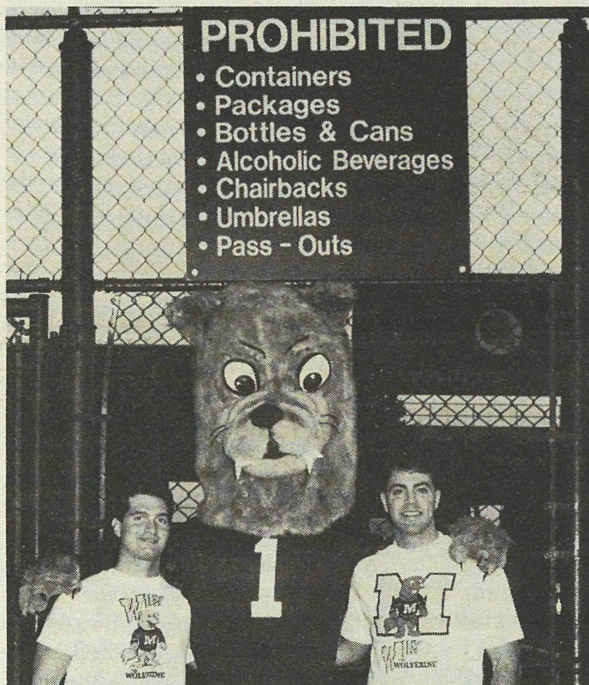
on campus. Two *Michigan Daily* sports columnists debated the beast. One said rejecting Willy indicates sports programs at U-M are too bound by tradition. His opponent expressed dismay that one would even consider putting a cartoon-type character in Michigan Stadium — "Where Bo works!" the writer emphasized.

And a mere mention of the possibility that Willy would be sanctioned drew boos at a meeting of the Alumni Association.

Michigan Today informally gauged campus opinion and got wildly uneven results. A random questioning of 20 students passing between classes in Angell Hall's "Fish Bowl" found 14 in favor of Willy, 4 against and 2 who didn't care. A survey of the Zeta Tau Alpha sorority turned up 44 yea votes for Willy and 19 nay.

But when the same question was put on the campus computer network used by students, faculty and staff, the results were only 16 in favor and 82 against.

One objection raised by Willy's detractors is that while the coupon book drawing is attractive, the costume isn't. Willy's costume presents him as



"ADD WILLY to the prohibited list at Michigan Stadium," says Willy creators Dave Kaufman (left) and Adam Blumenkranz, 21-year-old seniors. Athletic department officials say Willy would block the view of fellow spectators, and he didn't have permission to cavort on the playing field.

Besides providing funds through insignia sales to upgrade club sports, Willy's creators claim a sideline mascot would inspire school spirit. "You can't hug a Block-M," Blumenkranz told the U-M regents recently as he sought their backing, "but you can hug Willy."

Huggable or not, athletic department officials aren't reaching out to Willy. "We are really not interested in a mascot," said Senior Associate Athletic Director John Weidenbach. "We see no need for it."

Taking its football as seriously as they do, the athletic department staff and other anti-Willys may see him as something of a sacrilege, a violation of an unspoken commandment not to "take unto thee an graven image."

"Why doesn't someone march around as a Block M?" Madej asks. "Why should we have to choose this image even if we wanted a mascot. They say we've got to use theirs and give them credit, but maybe whoever would decided such things would want to have a contest or hire an artist."

Madej adds that the football team did try out some live mascots in 1927 — two rambunctious Wolverines named Biff and Bennie. The critters flunked their test, however, "after one of them chewed his way out of his cage during a game."

The Willy issue has produced modest interest



Cartoon by Fred Zinn for Michigan Daily

more like a cross between a dog and a bear, with a bit of rodent somewhere in the family tree, than a wolverine.

Blumenkranz and Kaufman, who are from East Meadow and Bellmore, New York, respectively, promise to upgrade the costume if Willy gets approved, so that it will look like the friendly-but-ferocious graphic symbol.

Many schools have costumed mascots such as Princeton's Tiger, Wisconsin's Bucky Badger, Notre Dame's Leprechaun and so on through a bizarre menagerie. "But what's good for other schools isn't necessary good for our school," Madej says. "I haven't got one phone call saying let's have this mascot. I did get a call from the Princeton student paper asking why we didn't want a mascot. They said they thought it would help our football attendance. Can you imagine that?"

The athletic department does not oppose Blumenkranz's and Kaufman's efforts to make money with Willy, however. "These kids are doing a great job in marketing and public relations," Madej notes. "They ought to get some independent study for it."



WUOM Radio's Roger Sutton interviewed this wolverine homecoming mascot in 1983. At right is an unidentified student homecoming chairwoman.

Peter Mooney '88 was a Michigan Daily editor as an undergraduate. He is now a first-year student at the Law School.

Landmark gift bolsters aerospace engineering

In memory of Francois-Xavier Bagnoud '82, whose degree was in aerospace engineering, the University will receive one of the largest contributions in its history, including a \$5 million gift to help finance construction of a new aerospace engineering building.

The contribution will also provide all costs for a series of graduate fellowships to be awarded to students pursuing advanced degrees in aerospace engineering; another aspect of the commitment will be the establishment of an international prize in the aerospace field to be awarded periodically at the University in Bagnoud's name.

"Although he flew planes and spoke several languages, Francois was just another guy in the dorm," says Alon Kasha '83 of his roommate Bagnoud, who died in January 1986 at the age of 24 in a helicopter accident during the Paris-Dakar automobile race.

The gift will be administered by the Francois-Xavier Bagnoud Association established by Bagnoud's mother, the Countess Albina du Boisrouvray of Geneva, Switzerland, and his father, Bruno Bagnoud of Sion, Switzerland.

Kasha and other friends or relatives of Bagnoud are members of the association.

Albina du Boisrouvray joined Kasha and Silvana Paternostro '82, both of New York City; Denis Severis, secretary-treasurer of the association, and other friends of Francois' in Ann Arbor to attend November ceremonies recognizing the gift. The highlight of the occasion was the ground-breaking for the new aerospace building during the Department of Aerospace Engineering's international Aeronautical Design Symposium and the 75th anniversary of aeronautics at Michigan.

"Francois would have wanted to do something for the University," du Boisrouvray said. "He often told me, 'I spent the best years of my life at Michigan.' That's why I wanted it to be an association rather than a foundation. An association symbolizes the relationship he had with other people — that love and communication with a support group."

"The personal nature of this extremely generous gift — a mother's tribute to her only child — makes it all the more significant," said U-M President James J. Duderstadt. "I find it



THE COUNTESS du Boisrouvray (center) met with the press in Clements Library with Kasha (left) and Paternostro after ground-breaking ceremonies for the new aerospace engineering building.

very appropriate that this gift will be used to help future students in aerospace engineering enjoy the same educational experiences that meant so much to Francois."

Fluent in French and Spanish, Bagnoud completed his *baccalaureat* and then attended the American School in Paris to become proficient in English. He entered the U-M in 1979. After graduation he returned to Switzerland and joined his father's helicopter rescue company, Air Glaciers.

Bagnoud received a commercial helicopter pilot's license in 1983 and a commercial airplane pilot's license in 1984 — becoming the youngest professional pilot in both the airplane and helicopter categories.

"The reputation of the aerospace program and the astronauts from Michigan all were factors as he made his decision among the schools where he'd been accepted," his mother recalled. "He started going on rescue missions with his father when he was 11. He was watching his father all the time and always played games imagining he was flying a helicopter."

Paternostro, who is a free-lance writer, added that whenever Francois

drove his car in Ann Arbor, "his first action was to close the door and pretend to reach up and set the helicopter switches."

Kasha, a film producer, said Bagnoud had an unusual ability to adapt to a new culture, new people and new fields of intellectual inquiry. "A lot of students come here and sort of lock themselves into a niche," he said. "You're either an 'engineering type' or you're this or that. Freshman year Francois and I lived in Bursley Hall on North Campus, but for lunch Francois liked to go to Central Campus and eat at the Residential College in East Quad, which gave a whole different perspective on the University. He really got into the whole diverse student crowd."

In retrospect, du Boisrouvray said that she thought people responded most to Francois' kindness, a trait he showed from early childhood. "As I go on and on in life," she said, "I realize how rare this was. I have to distance myself from him as my son to appreciate it, and I think of a giving person. Such a flow of love and communication is exceptional. He was sunshine — a moment of sunshine in everyone's life."



Bagnoud (left), Paternostro and Kasha in Ann Arbor during their student days.

1st Campus-Wide Parents Weekend Attracts Thousands to Ann Arbor

The response to Parents Weekend was far beyond what we ever imagined," said senior Beth Straub, who served as project director for the event with fellow senior Alyssa Altman.

Straub and Altman are members of the Student Alumni Council (SAC), a student group co-sponsored by the Alumni Association and the Annual Giving Programs. SAC organized and hosted this year's Parents Weekend, the first such University-wide event.

"It seems that people really wanted this," Altman said. "They jumped at the chance."

The figures bear Straub and Altman out. About 2,700 family members came to campus from as far away as California, Puerto Rico and China. Five hundred persons attended the Friday night dance and more than 1,100 attended the Sunday brunch. Parents bought 2,200 football tickets, and even more attended the pre-game tailgate party.

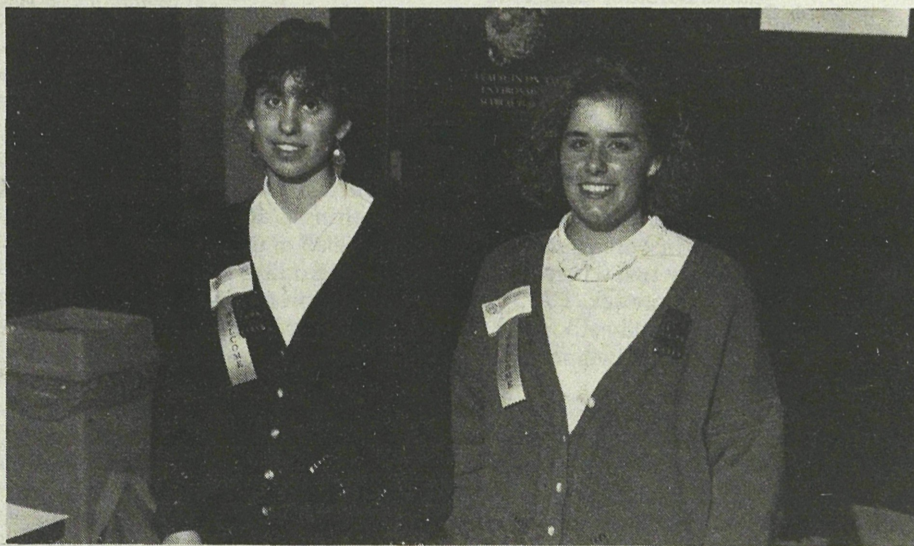
A campus-wide event, Parents Weekend was organized in part to give parents a chance to visit their student's School or College. Receptions and tours were hosted by 14 Schools and Colleges, and gave parents a chance to meet deans and faculty,

learn about academic and co-curricular programs, and visit University facilities.

Several parents said the Weekend gave them an opportunity to realize some of the varied strengths of the University. For instance, Naomi Bloom, whose daughter Dana '92 is in the Residential College, said, "we didn't realize, in such a large environment, how easy it is for Dana to make close friends, and what a great little network she has."

Bernard and Ana Ortiz de Montellano of Pleasant Ridge, Michigan, went to the reception at the College of Engineering to be with their son Bernard, a sophomore. "We're here because of parents' pride," Ana Ortiz said. "Our son loves it. We're very pleased how a big university still pays attention to the individual. We've talked to the dean; we've talked to the minority office; we've had a lot of contact with people all over the University."

The Weekend was also planned to give the parents plenty of other opportunities to enjoy the campus ambience. A Friday night dance at the Michigan Union featured big band and current popular music. There



Altman and Straub

were bus and walking tours of the Central and North Campuses, and time to explore the dorms, and to shop and eat in Ann Arbor.

But the Weekend's most popular event may have been the tailgate and pep rally held Saturday morning before the football game against Purdue. With tables for 2,100 adorned with streamers and balloons, the Track and Tennis Building was a sea of pom poms. Over the sound system parents heard, "Baaannndddd, take the field!" and a medley of the Michigan Marching Band's greatest hits burst forth.

Parents come "for a sense of reassurance," said President James J. Duderstadt at the tailgate rally. "This is their children's home. They become part of the Michigan family for the rest of their lives. It's terribly important that parents have a sense of the environment that their sons and daughters are learning in. This Parents Weekend is the start of a very important tradition here at Michigan."

And it is a tradition that will be continued. Plans for the second annual Parents Weekend next Nov. 9-11 are well under way.

LETTERS



More on MacKinnon

I CAN no longer be proud to be a Michigan alumna. What did all of those men who responded in hostile, woman-hating ways to your Catharine MacKinnon interview (October issue) learn in college? I am disgusted. These dimwits are what brilliant, sensitive, articulate women like MacKinnon have to contend with. And the worst part is that their sense of self-importance is so great, and their concern for women's freedom so low, that they actually think they are saying something intelligent. MacKinnon's analysis threatens the very privilege these guys bank on. No wonder you received so many defensive letters from men. No wonder they think she has "severe paranoia and sexual frustration" (James B. Way) or "sexual hangups" (Tom Roelofs) or is "a madwoman" (Carl Goldberg): She questions the very sexiness of domination.

Furthermore, that these men actually feel "bashed," "hated," and even "psychologically raped" is pathetic. MacKinnon's goal is to stop the sexual assault of women by men. Given the actual bashing and hating that women endure, men who feel "bashed" by feminists are only proving their own privilege. Their sense of self-importance is astonishing.

I am also appalled that you did not print any letters from women. Did only defensive men write in? [The letters published in our October issue reflected the proportion of pro-and-con sentiment in the letters we received, only about half of which we had space to print — Ed.]

Martha McCaughey '88
Santa Barbara, California

I AM surprised by the reactions to the MacKinnon interview. I am proud that U of M is bringing her to Michigan, but apparently, judging by the letters you received, this feeling is not shared by my brother alumni. I counted 13 letters and only one was positive. All the letters were from males, except possibly two where the signature did not indicate sex. The emotional responses actually stooped to name-calling: e.g. "madwoman," "claptrap peddler".

Were these responses truly representative of the mail you received on MacKinnon? Was the mail 100% male response and 92% negative? If this is true, don't you think this deserves further investigation? What does this say about The University of Michigan?

Men of the University should not be threatened by a feminist scholar who looks at the law in a different way from them. Women of character know that many of the gains we have made would not have been possible without the help of uncountable good men. In November the Women's Caucus of the Michigan Education Association will be giving its "Man of the Year" Award to another such deserving man.

Colleen Kennedy Ford '71
Swartz Creek, Michigan

WE FEEL compelled to respond to the outburst of letters. We are struck by the angry, defensive tone of these letters, seemingly all from men. Clearly the nature of MacKinnon's work and scholarship is so threatening that the respondents must resort to misogynistic personal attacks — accusing MacKinnon of having "no thought or brain" in her writing, of being a "madwoman" and even of having "sexual hangups."

MacKinnon was offered a full tenured position at the Law School because she is an outstanding contemporary scholar in her field. Her work includes groundbreaking success in legislation against sexual harassment. In addition, she is the current leader in the legal battle for legislation that would limit the production and distribution of pornography. Can this be the work of a "madwoman" with "no thought or brain?"

We, students connected with the Women's Studies Department, welcome MacKinnon's arrival. It is clear to us that her perspective and scholarship are desperately needed at this institution.

Margaret Sullivan, Gen Stewart,
Holly Fechner, Deb Reinke,
Heidi Hebert, Beth Baker
Women's Studies Political Action
Committee
Women's Studies Dept.,
University of Michigan

I CONSIDER myself a feminist. I have worked for women, worked with women and supervised women. I do not discriminate due to gender. I also have friends (who happen to be women) who feel I am a feminist.

MacKinnon does not sound like a feminist to me — she sounds like an extremist. I am an uncompromising opponent of sexual harassment. I feel that the continuing image of women as victims in literature, movies, etc. is harming all women for a generation or more to come. However, MacKinnon leaves me concerned that the extremism she expressed will ultimately harm women by turning away those who deplore the extremes and [that it will] harm the University in the same way.

Ronald Krawitz '70
Tempe, Arizona

MACKINNON makes several statements that cannot go unchallenged. When asked how she explains her own success she says, "Everything is arranged in an attempt to silence all of us who say what we're saying, including me." Those diabolical male supremacists have set her up by letting her be a visiting professor at Yale, having several publications and becoming a tenured professor at the U-M Law School.

Women don't fare much better with her. The whole tenor of the interview implies that women are little more than victims and basically helpless.

If things are as dire and hopeless as she says, what's the point of going on? Such gross generalizations are offensive to both men and women. Both sexes bear responsibility for our current problems. Both have high stakes in its solutions. Inflammatory statements like those she makes do nothing to help.

Leslie Pettis
Ann Arbor

I FOUND the interview with MacKinnon very offensive, and while I give her the right to express her opinions freely, which she seems to want to deny to others, I feel her comments should not go unanswered.

Why should the idea of men "getting hard" be brought into this discussion? However, since it is, what's wrong with men getting hard? I suppose she denies that women get aroused. Of course, the millions of purchasers of Avon's romantic novels are women pursuing intellectual development and not at all interested in a little erotic stimulation.

Women don't have power? Since when? They frequently choose to marry men with big cars, big companies and fat wallets. When women start selecting meek and mild companions as their first choice to marry and father their children, they'll start proving MacKinnon's position that women don't want men to be aggressive and domineering.

Abuse of children is not caused by having an openly sexual society. Biology is the culprit. We say that 12- to 15-year-old girls are children, and yet biology says they are ready to have sex and children. Of course, we can't be ruled by our bodies, but biology can't be ignored either. The best way to avoid abuse of women and children (both girls and boys, by the way) is the way of knowledge, frankness and communication about all aspects of sexuality. This includes arousal and how to handle it when one is only 12.

Ronald W. May '65

WE AGREE with MacKinnon that there is little effective equality now. Most people's social attitudes resemble the 1950s, and there has been negligible genuine revolution in thinking and behavior in the realm of human sexuality. Women are still expected to emulate adolescence (or earlier). But

MacKinnon seems to believe that issues of sexual interest and need — for either gender — can be left to others to resolve after most present avenues for expressing them are closed.

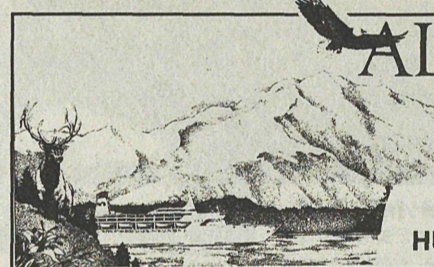
MacKinnon indicates (when led by the interviewer) that "we" don't know what sexuality is without abuse and inequality. In fact many people do, although admittedly a tiny fraction of the population.

Most aspects of daily life, not just perverted sexuality, need indicting — witness environmental destruction, economic repression, rising crime and drugs, etc. *ad nauseam*. Also, ads that demean and insult women with products and "image" seem most harmful of all media and should be "actionable."

It might surprise MacKinnon, however, to hear that many, perhaps most, men also struggle most of their lives with being recognized, being heard, getting out from under someone's power (inevitably wielded by other males). Schools continue to teach cutthroat competition from an early age, not realizing they are supporting traditional "macho" domination of everyone and everything by those few who gain power. Men who oppose this system have an especially difficult time being heard or respected. Power, more than gender, seems to be the problem.

Really, we fail to see a necessary connection between sexuality and dominance; it may be counter to human physiology. Therefore we wish the interview had been more clear on just whom the criticisms are addressed to. Also, some men naturally like women with initiative, ability and intellect.


Susan C. Mauldin '67
John Mauldin
Pueblo West, Colorado



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THE LETTERS printed in response to your interview with MacKinnon seem to be only from men. One expressed a positive opinion. The others called her intolerant at best, insane at worst.

When I attended U-M, one year saw the following triad of attacks on women. 1) There were rape-murders of women who lived alone — all above 60 years of age. 2) Eight women living on one street were raped in two weeks. Police, reluctant to declare it serial, didn't inform the neighborhood. Word of mouth and the media alerted the area — after five rapes. 3) Women were stabbed to death on their doorsteps at 2 or 3 a.m. on weekends. Victims suffered as many as 40 wounds. The police hypothesis was that these women had been at bars, invited someone (assumed male) to follow them home, at which time the murderer killed them — outside, on apartment doorsteps.

Ann Arbor police, in what I believe was sincere fear of a nightmare situation, suggested but did not enforce a voluntary curfew — for WOMEN. Note that all victims were assaulted in or just outside their homes.

It is difficult for most law-abiding, individualistic Americans to imagine we may yet be responsible for another's suffering. I think the limitations of the majority of responses to MacKinnon, and the concerned police response to that evil year, are based on a need to deny the root of pain by blaming the disadvantaged in our culture. U-M paid no attention to the nearby class sufferings of Detroit and Youngstown, or Midwest family farms. Were they so unimportant? There were many racist incidents within the University during my studies there. U-M was no "place of grace" if one wasn't a white, upper-class male, though I'm glad I went there, and found my education inspiring.

Why then do the several (not all) reactionary responses to MacKinnon surprise me? U-M is a prestigious, elite institution which accepts the cultural standards of success: recognition. (A classier version of a predisposition for the National Enquirer.) I suppose I'm struck by the lack of female responses, pro or con. U-M was the first place I encountered many women who were of the professional class, although three prize-winning female teachers of my major were denied (1) continuing positions or (2 & 3) tenure. There had never been tenured women.

My major was English. Often the literature classics I read were viciously misogynist; women were raped, dismembered, often as a pleasant joke or a just punishment. Censorship is a grave danger, but how I would have appreciated some warning that what I was assigned to read was an eloquently mocking description of what had happened to a treasured friend the previous week. There was no discussion connecting privilege to what becomes worshipped art. Sexism, if mentioned by a brave student, male or female, was often apologized for as "a given" in historical times. End of discussion, even about times influenced by Mary Wollstonecraft and John Stuart Mill.

The daily crises of people society is prejudiced against have a great deal to teach humanists, and belong as counterpoint to any fully developed program of liberal arts. We must ask ourselves to look at the content of what we teach as "our cultural landmarks," not just pay automatic obeisance. It's not freedom from censorship if it endorses taking my life or liberty, or yours, then our questions are stifled. Segregating issues to special women's or ethnic studies isn't enough.

Micaela Trumbull '82
Seattle

AS SOMEONE who has consistently disagreed with Catharine MacKinnon about both the centrality of pornography to the oppression of women and the appropriateness of censorship (even the indirect form she advocates) as a solution to whatever problems pornography does pose, I am surprised to find myself taking her part against the fury — even hysteria — her interview has unleashed in so many Michigan Today correspondents.

Why this vituperative personal attack? Surely not MacKinnon's view that pornography is evil. Michigan Law Professor Frederick Schauer, an author of the Meese Commission report on pornography, shares this view with MacKinnon. I have never seen him denounced in print by his critics as a "madman" or called anything more demeaning in relation to Mr. Meese than "fellow Pornography Commission member."

It must, therefore, be why MacKinnon believes pornography to be evil. She proposes that in all our societal institutions men as a whole are more powerful than women as a whole — are dominant over women. This is not, one hopes, a particularly novel or radical suggestion. MacKinnon, however, goes on to contend that this dominance — and the means of maintaining it, including violence — spills over into the sphere of interpersonal relations between men and women — including the sexual aspects of those relations. Because of this, she argues, violence can become sexualized and sexuality itself infused with violence. Pornography, which MacKinnon believes advances the intertwining of sex with violence against women, becomes in her view an instrument of harm to women.

This entire line of argument is both provocative and debatable. So is MacKinnon's conclusion that in fighting this perceived harm it is proper to ally with the predominately anti-feminist, right-wing anti-pornography movement.

The debate elicited from *Michigan Today's* correspondents is, however, far from constructive. Perhaps this is why MacKinnon has chosen not to reply.

Since the allegation that she uses unsupported or specious assumptions is one of the charges her critics level at MacKinnon, we must question the usefulness of their similarly flawed responses to furthering what should be a serious dialogue about how we as a society can overcome the very real problems of inequality and discrimination that continue, even today, to face women in our culture.

Alison Steiner '75
Hattiesburg, Mississippi

MANY THANKS for your fine article, "The Pornographer's Nemesis." The questions asked by the interviewer were relevant, and MacKinnon's responses remarkable. I almost want to say "more power to her," but in light of her insightful comments about power and sexuality, I will say instead that there should be more men and women who think like her.

Nadine Feinberg
Oak Park, Michigan

JUDGING from the vituperative nature of the letters responding to Catharine MacKinnon's article regarding her "perspective of our patriarchal culture and its general degradation of women," it would be safe to say she hit some "raw nerves." As far as I could discern all the writers were men. Initials don't indicate sex but attitudes do! These letters prove her statements better than anything else could possibly have done. Any reply from MacKinnon would be anti-climactic and superfluous.

Freda Van Houten
Vista, California

I READ with interest the many letters sent in regarding the interview with MacKinnon. It was a pleasant surprise since I hadn't thought there would be that many people with enough guts and insight to see through the superficial arguments she presents.

I am a writer in addition to everything else, and I am very much concerned about censorship. I also realize that nothing is really black or white or as simple as pat phrases such as, "Four legs good. Two legs bad."

MacKinnon's proposals to attack pornography by the indirect way of holding writers responsible for what the system can "prove" resulted in harm from it is so dumb that it is dangerous. We hypocritically lambaste the communist systems for protecting the proletariat from harmful propaganda by "guiding" their publications while trying to do the same thing.

After all, what is pornography? Who is going to decide? Community standards? Nonsense. What hypocrisy. As an American, I don't want MacKinnon, or some "good Christian" group, or some self-appointed legalistic demigod (or even the "voters") deciding for me what is and what isn't. Do you? If today, pornography, what tomorrow? Why is free speech only something that is free when it comes to what we want? Why is burning the American flag an acceptable form of free expression but writing "nigger" on band benches at a high school in Austin, Texas, prohibitable? One is "political" and one "prejudice?" Nonsense.

As to holding writers responsible for what others are "inspired" to do, we should then ban the Bible and jail all our Christian ministers for the damage they are doing in inspiring satanic worship. No? It is a well-known fact that satanic worship is the result of the church's teachings from at least as far back as medieval times on the power of the devil, illustrated ad nauseam in churches (gargoyles, stained glass windows, etc.). I learned this while a student in architecture at the University.

Donald S. Hawley '54
Austin, Texas

I CONGRATULATE the U-M for hiring so brilliant a thinker as Catharine MacKinnon. Thanks to the incredibly informative and eye-opening interview, I have not ceased to think about and discuss the ideas she discussed.

I did, however, have one question about what she said. Perhaps a response from her would be of interest to other readers as well. Here is what she said about using a book like the Marquis de Sade's *Justine* in a classroom: "I think there would be currently some question as to whether that would constitute sexual harassment. It would matter under sexual harassment rules how it was used. If it were forced on students, it would be actionable."

As one who used this very book in a graduate seminar I held a few years back on the notion of transgression, I was curious about what she meant about "forcing" this book on students. Most of my students that semester were in fact female, and if I recall correctly none complained about this being a required text for the course. Am I to assume from this comment that certain books are always inappropriate if forced, i.e. required? Shouldn't a professor have the right to decide what is appropriate to read given the chosen subject of his or her course? And if I use the book again, will it not be preferable to ask the student who might object to our reading it to give a talk or write a paper about why he or she feels this way?

Doesn't this whole notion of "forcing" a book on someone render her argument for banning (restricted)

pornographic materials somewhat weaker?

In any case, many thanks for publishing her thoughts. My wife and I were both "blown away," as they say nowadays, by her acumen and articulateness.

Stamos Metzidakis '76 M.A.
Washington University, St. Louis

Mr. K the Mathematician-Egg Man

A LETTER by Florence Baum in the June issue acknowledged the assistance of Profs. R. V. Churchill, Rainville and others in the College of Engineering. These faculty members actually were part of a superb team of mathematics teachers assigned to the engineering school.

As an example, R. V. Churchill was a Fourier Series expert, having published *Fourier Series and Boundary Value Problems*, McGraw Hill, 1941, as well as others. He was a man very far ahead of his time. His books and class notes established a basis for many of the modern day signal-processing concepts and computational algorithms. He was especially considerate to me on Nov. 10, 1950, when as a grad student I had an important exam in his class at 4 p.m. and was to be married at 7 p.m. in Dearborn. The good professor gave me credit for problem number four, since I was too nervous to complete the exam.

Another of the U-M math greats was Professor C.E. Love, who introduced the concept of limits and others with great clarity in the classroom.

My favorite faculty member was Mr. Kazarnoff, who taught freshman math in the old East Hall located just north of the former East Engineering Building. His class convened mornings upstairs in this old firetrap, and I remember always sitting next to a window for a fast getaway in the event of any trouble. Mr. K ran an egg route, and his automobile was frequently loaded to the gills with eggs for delivery on the campus. On at least one occasion there was an ugly egg stain, probably from one of his own produce, running down the center of his large otherwise colorful tie. During each class the students would write out solutions to the math problems on the blackboard, and Mr. K would stomp about the room constructively critiquing the proposed solutions and blowing cigarette smoke all about.

The University and certainly all of the engineering students were fortunate to have this outstanding mathematics staff to help shape their present and future.

Charles H. Kaufmann '50, '52 M.S.
Port Angeles, Washington

On remarkable books

I PARTICULARLY liked Nicholas Delbanco's "A Sentimental Journey" (June issue). It's on its way to a French friend who also will enjoy reading it. (Don't remember if *Ordinary People* by Judith Guest was noted as fiction about U of M.) [It was — Ed.]

Helen Worth '35
Ivy, Virginia

THANKS FOR informing us about John Dann's book, *The Nagle Journal* a year ago (Oct. '88). It is one of the most interesting and remarkable things I have ever read.

C. Sackett '41
Great Neck, New York

U-M prepares to unleash new weapon against cancer

By Judith L. Abrams '89

With the acquisition of a field-shaping collimator, University Hospital's Department of Radiation Oncology soon will become one of the most technologically advanced in the world, according to physician Allen S. Lichter, professor and chairman of radiation oncology at the Medical School.

Lichter said the device "will allow us to view and treat tumors three-dimensionally and from several different angles." The goal of the treatment program, known as conformational therapy, is to allow a therapist to locate and treat tumors more precisely with radiation while keeping benign tissue healthy and radiation-free.

The collimator is made up of 64 independently controlled leaves. The motion of these individual metal leaves are controlled by data from a computer that drives them as the treatment machine rotates around the patient.

The machine causes the shape of the radiation beam to conform to the shape of the tumor, Lichter says. The three-dimensional imaging system provides a "beam's-eye view" via a computer screen of the path that a radiation beam will take on its journey to the tumor.

Lichter expects the program to reduce side effects associated with some types of cancer. "When we know we can cure a sensitive cancer," he says, "we can keep the tumor dosage the same while decreasing the dosage to normal tissue, thus bringing down the rate of complications."

The collimator will aid especially the treatment of cancerous tumors in areas of the body where surgery exacts great risks, such as the brain and lung. "In theory, those tumors deep-seated in the body should benefit most from the program," Lichter says.

Manufactured in Sweden by Scanditronix, the collimator will be one of only three such devices in service in the world today. The construction site for the U-M's device will be finished this winter.

"The concept of conformational therapy has been around since 1948, but implementing the procedure has been difficult," Lichter says. Although acquiring and fine-tuning the device has been a slow and costly (more than \$7 million dollars), he is confident of success.

"We have to be able to effectively and safely control the performance of the 64 leaves," Lichter explains. "The computer technology allows better tumor recognition, but it will take a special computer software system to check on the accuracy of the computerized system which moves the collimator leaves into position." Lichter and his colleagues are developing that software.

The collimator marks the latest in a steady progression of imaging and treatment systems in the war against cancer. The computed tomogram (CT) and magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) systems preceded the collimator.

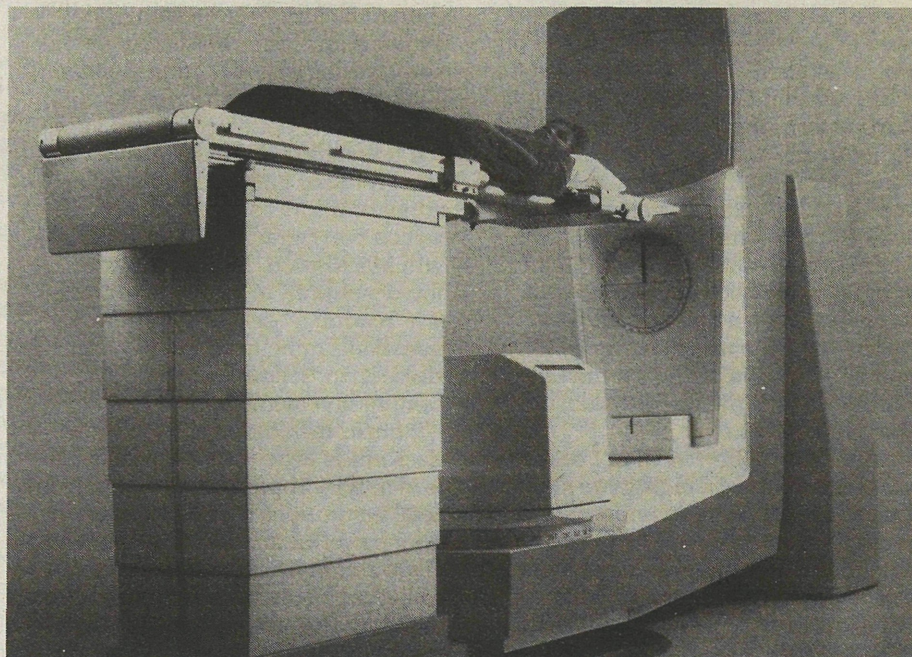
CT scanning allows specialists to view tumors at multiple levels and provides a three-dimensional perspective, but has the drawback, Lichter says, "of failing too often to differentiate between tumor and normal tissue." To compensate for this shortcoming, specialists use MRI, which images hydrogen in the body, to help better define the boundaries of tumor tissue.

MRI is the only imaging method capable of visualizing certain tumors such as primary brain-stem gliomas.

Conformational therapy expands on the concepts of MRI and CT systems by locating and imaging the tumor with the most precise computer techniques available, and then radiating the tumor through the multileaf system.

Lichter believes improvements at Michigan will provide research for other health care organizations. "One of the advantages of our program is that it can be readily translated to other institutions," he points out.

Alongside their technical expertise in cancer treatment, Lichter and his staff focus on the human aspects of patient care. "It's not hard to do," he says. "Everyone who works here is interested in helping people."

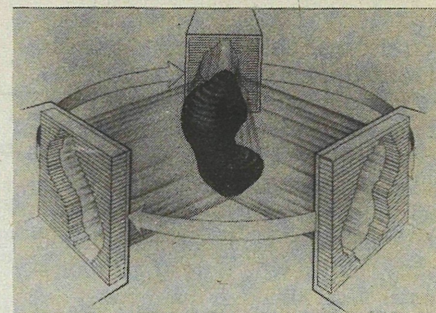
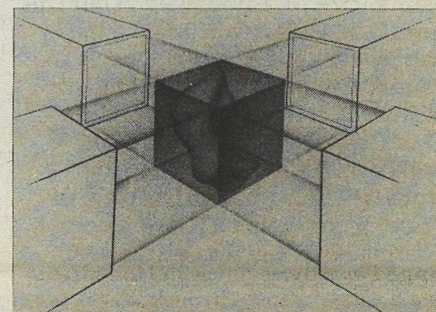


GANTRY SYSTEM and couch of the conformational radiation therapy raises and lowers patients, positioning their tumors in line for precise treatment without need for manual movement.

Each patient sees the same therapist for the duration of his or her treatment program, usually five to six weeks, and establishes a close relationship with physicians, nurses and technicians. Patients also have access to a social worker and a financial planner to deal with psychological aspects of their illness and financial problems they may face.

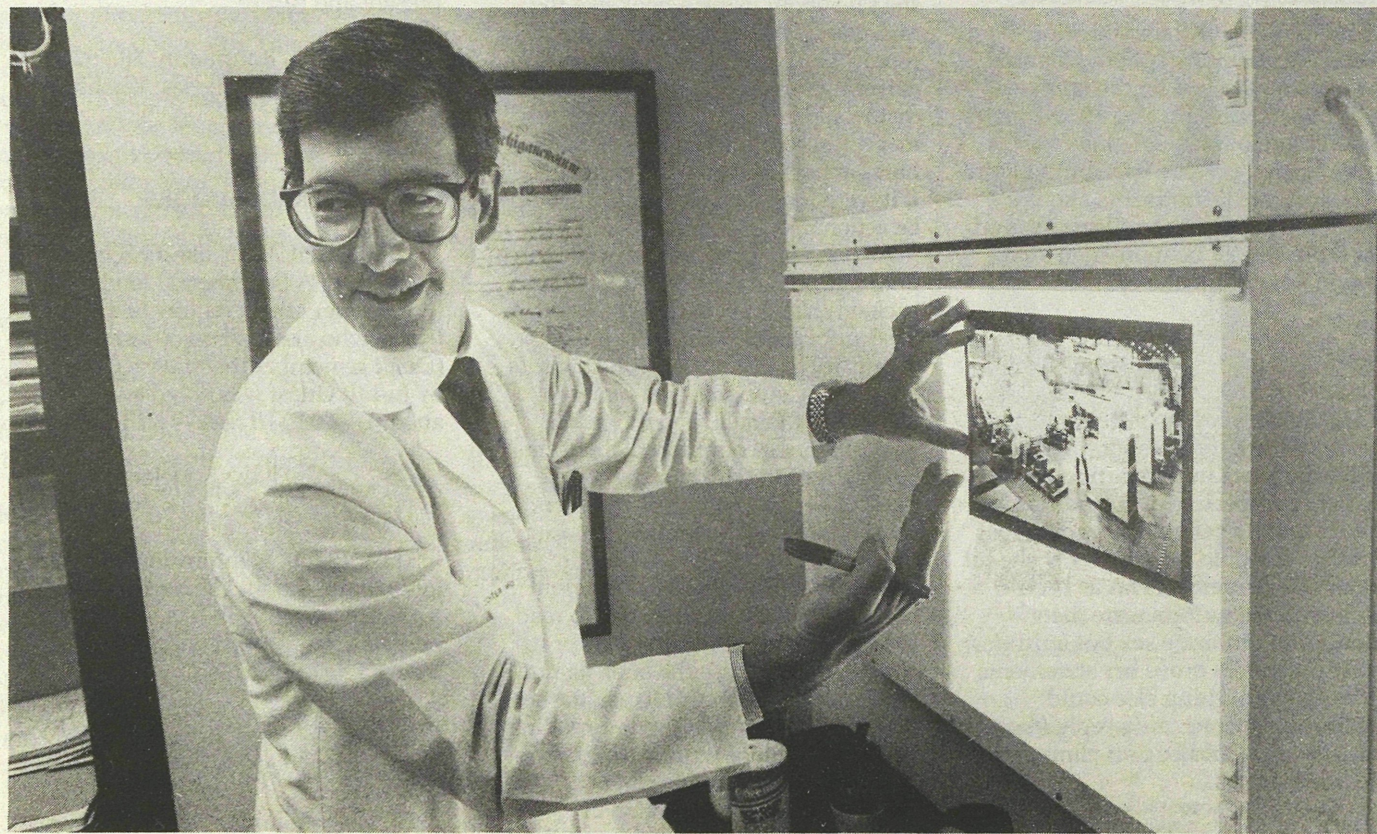
Lichter was at the National Cancer Institute before he came to the Department of Radiation Oncology as chairman when it was formed in 1984. The departmental staff has grown from 34 persons to 145 since his arrival.

A Michigan graduate of both the undergraduate and medical schools ('68, '72 M.D.), Lichter was happy to return to his home state. His return also brought him back in proximity with his brother, fellow alumnus Paul R. Lichter '60, '64 M.D., '68 M.S. Paul Lichter is the F. Bruce Fralick Professor of Ophthalmology, chairman of the Department of Ophthalmology and director of the W.K. Kellogg Eye Center.



RADIATION FIELD is shaped using multiple, independently controlled leaves in the collimator. Irregularities in the tumor's shape are matched up by advanced computer graphics to the delivery system carrying radiation to the tumor.

Judith L. Abrams '89, an English major from Southfield, Michigan, was a Michigan Daily reporter and is pursuing a career in journalism.



Lichter

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Michigan Today is published five times a year by News and Information Services, The University of Michigan, 412 Maynard St., Ann Arbor MI 48109-1399. Circulation: 310,000

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Library receives Faulkner collection

By Amy B. Montgomery

One day in July 1962, Shirley Holtzman called her husband at work to tell him that William Faulkner had died. She also said if he did not go to the funeral, he would regret it for the rest of his life.

Irwin T. Holtzman '49 went to Oxford, Mississippi, and he recalls the day perfectly: "It was July 6, 1962. It was 104 degrees. My car was the last car in the funeral procession." He remembers the sloping landscape of the cemetery, the grave site "under a tree" and the two-and-a-half minute ceremony.

"Faulkner wanted a plain pine box, but what he got," Holtzman notes, "was probably a little fancier than he wanted. The family stood on one side of the grave. I stood with the editor of the *Oxford Eagle*."

The stores in the Oxford town square displayed broadsides in their windows announcing that they would be closed for 15 minutes in Faulkner's honor. After the funeral, Holtzman collected as many of those broadsides as he could, and added them to his archive which he has nurtured for more than 40 years into one of the largest Faulkner archives in private hands.

That collection of 1,176 items is now in the hands of The University of Michigan's Harlan Hatcher Graduate Library — a gift from the Holtzmans.

The Irwin T. and Shirley Holtzman Collection of William Faulkner, in custom-made wood-and-glass cases in the Special Collections Room, is arranged exactly as it was in Holtzman's home. The contents include all of Faulkner's works in special, paperback and some foreign editions, including script work he did for Hollywood, the first paperback edition of the novel *Mosquitoes* (1927) and signed limited editions that Holtzman says "collectors would fall off the train to get."

The collection also includes critical works about Faulkner, photographs, a copy of the only documentary film in

which Faulkner speaks, book dealers' catalogs and auction records, and five "insanely rare" University of Mississippi yearbooks from 1916 to 1923 with early Faulkner sketches and poems.

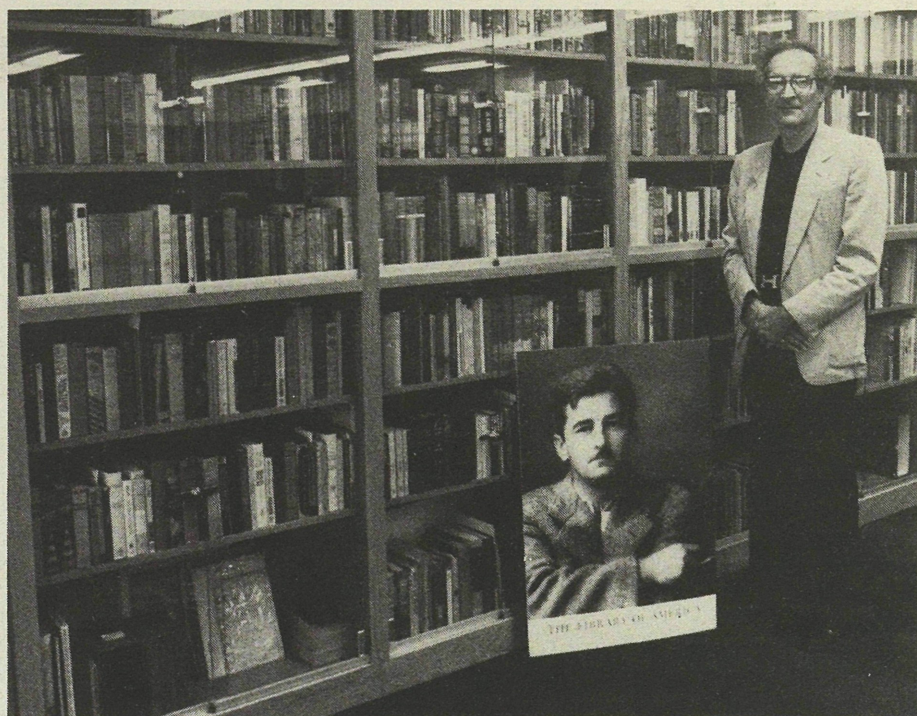
Why would Holtzman give away such treasure? "Because I found a home for them," he says. Holtzman's passion for Faulkner — whom he describes as "a self-taught late-starter and certified literary genius whose material is not to be equaled in our time" — is matched by his passion for collecting and for helping to enrich America's libraries.

When he's not running his home-building business, Holtzman travels extensively to book fairs (he has even exhibited Faulkner works in Moscow), maintains contacts with book dealers, collectors, librarians and authors, and is a member of the Library of Congress's Center for the Book. He is fervent about the need to preserve comprehensive bodies of work and "to make them available to the world."

While Holtzman wanted a public home for his collection, he was fastidious in his selection. He chose Michigan because it is "physically and mentally close" to him, but the "single most important thing" was that Dean Robert M. Warner of the School of Information and Library Studies and director of the University Library, agreed to display the collection intact.

Holtzman explains that many libraries were interested only in purchasing individual pieces to supplement their own collections. Further, many libraries, including the Library of Congress, insist on dispersing collections, putting rare books, periodicals, fiction and criticism all in different places.

"You cannot separate the creator from the created; the man from the work," Holtzman says, "it's the man that's important. Faulkner is Faulkner not just because of his fiction, but also because he was a public person involved in his country, who worked for civil rights and who traveled for the



Holtzman with part of the Faulkner collection

State Department. This material is American history, and it's exactly the interdisciplinary nature of the collection that I want to illuminate."

Keeping Holtzman's collection together was "not a hard decision at all," Warner says. "We had the space to accommodate the entire collection, and the Holtzmans included the new shelving as part of their gift." Now, as part of The University of Michigan's special collections, Warner says this Faulkner material "enriches our holdings of this important writer. We had some material, but this considerably expands what we had. What is interesting about this collection — and what makes it more useful for students and researchers — is not just Faulkner's own work, but all of the ancillary material."

Besides having his collection housed together, Holtzman also requested that a one-day Faulkner conference be held each year, and that he be able to add current writings about Faulkner to the collection.

Holtzman was also drawn to Michigan because of the noted Faulkner scholar and biographer Prof. Joseph L. Blotner. Holtzman calls Blotner "a teacher who makes a point

of bringing his students into the library, and that's very special."

Blotner says the new collection is important both for its quality and for the convenience of having it all in one place. "It will be valuable for students who are attempting to do Faulkner scholarship and criticism because it is all presented in one place, as opposed to having students going into the stacks looking for books and periodicals that may or may not be there."

"Many of the materials donated by Holtzman were not available in the library before," he adds.

Holtzman's passion to collect continues, not just for Faulkner material, but also for works of other authors. "Collectors are born, they're not made," he says. "I had the first four *Action Comics* containing Superman. Always, I collected — I'm probably the only contemporary book collector who has read *Publisher's Weekly* since age 15."

Holtzman plans to hold an instructive seminar on collecting in the near future, and he hopes that his Faulkner collection, complete with auction records and dealers' catalogs, will inspire and instruct others to join him in his passion.

Original Moog synthesizer joins Stearns Collection

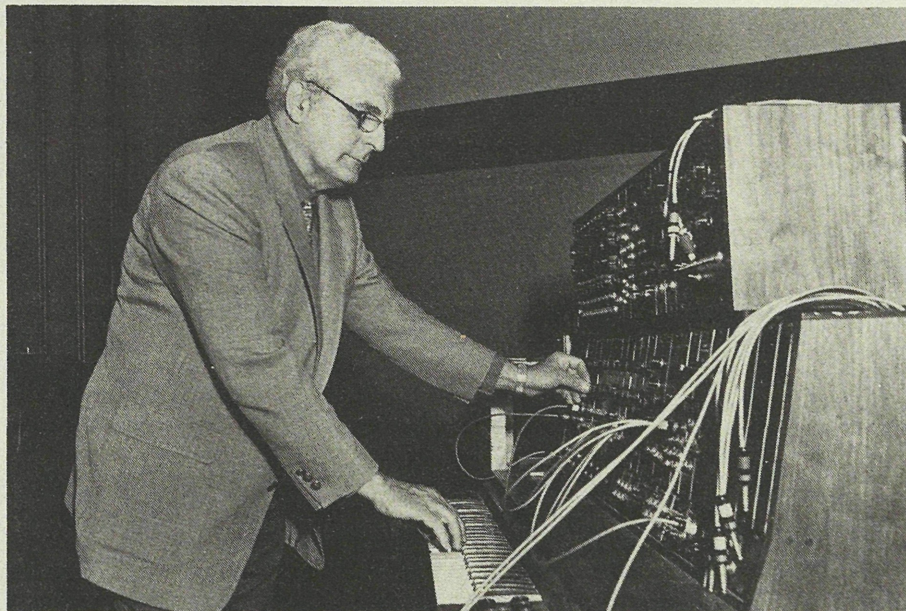
What hath Bell wrought? Not just the telephone but a family of electronic instruments that employ the principle he discovered — that sound could be converted to electricity and back again. One of the most successful of these instruments is the Moog synthesizer.

The first commercially produced Moog synthesizer was recently acquired by the Stearns Collection of Musical Instruments, housed at the School of Music. Robert A. Moog, inventor of the instrument, lectured about it and performed on it in Rackham Auditorium in October.

"The Model One Moog is truly a unique instrument," says William P. Malm, director of the Stearns Collection. "It is to the music world what the Wright brothers' airplane was to aviation."

It all began in October 1964, when Moog, experimenting in the basement of his Trumansberg, N.Y., home with prototypes of instruments that could make music electronically, received a telephone call from organizers of a convention for audio engineers. An exhibitor had canceled, and they wondered if Moog could fill in.

After setting up his display in the



MOOG played his invention in Ann Arbor this fall at ceremonies marking its addition to the Stearns Collection at the School of Music.

exhibition hall, Moog was approached by a member of the Alwin Nikolai Dance Theater of New York, who was astounded by the new synthesizer. Nikolai, after hearing of Moog's display, examined Moog's instrument and

commissioned one on the spot, becoming Moog's first paying customer and buying the instrument later to be acquired by the Stearns Collection.

Nikolai composed on the synthesizer, recorded the sounds and played

the audio tapes as accompaniment to the dances of his performers. Eventually the Moog synthesizer spawned numerous advances in electronic instruments, the most popular of which is the electronic keyboard.

Although synthesizers had been invented earlier, they often were not available to mainstream composers. Most were located in electronic music studios, usually at universities, and were used by experimental composers who wrote for specialized audiences.

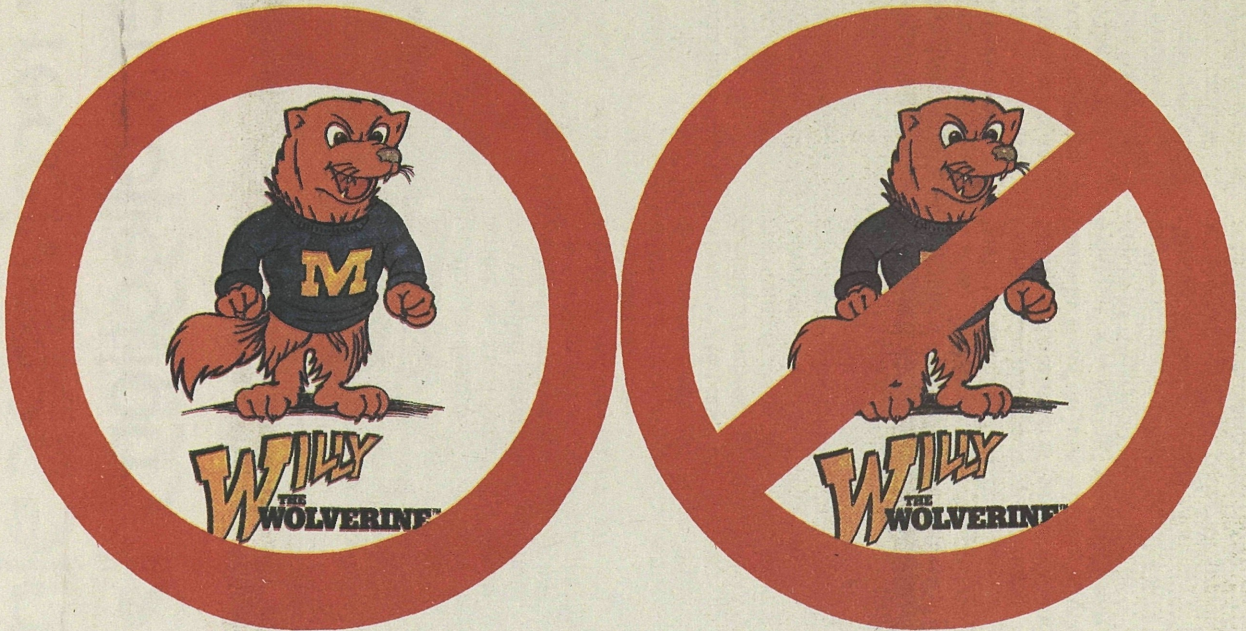
The original Moog was not a performance instrument, but it was the first commercially available synthesizer, and its legacy was a musical revolution. No longer restricted to academicians and avant-garde composers, the instrument became a favorite among musicians of all genres. By the late 1960s, the synthesizer could be used in a live performance, finding popularity among rock 'n' roll bands.

The Moog synthesizer joins a theremin, novachord and solovox as well as other modern musical innovations at the Stearns. An exhibit featuring these instruments is being planned for next year.

Photo by Gregory Fox

FIMV
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Willy Yay or Nay



TWO STUDENT entrepreneurs are trying to convince the University community that Michigan needs an official mascot who would appear on insignia and in costume. But opponents say Michigan has never had an official mascot, does not need one and, in addition, if there should be one, let it take form as a walking, prancing Block 'M'. (See story on p. 10.)

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