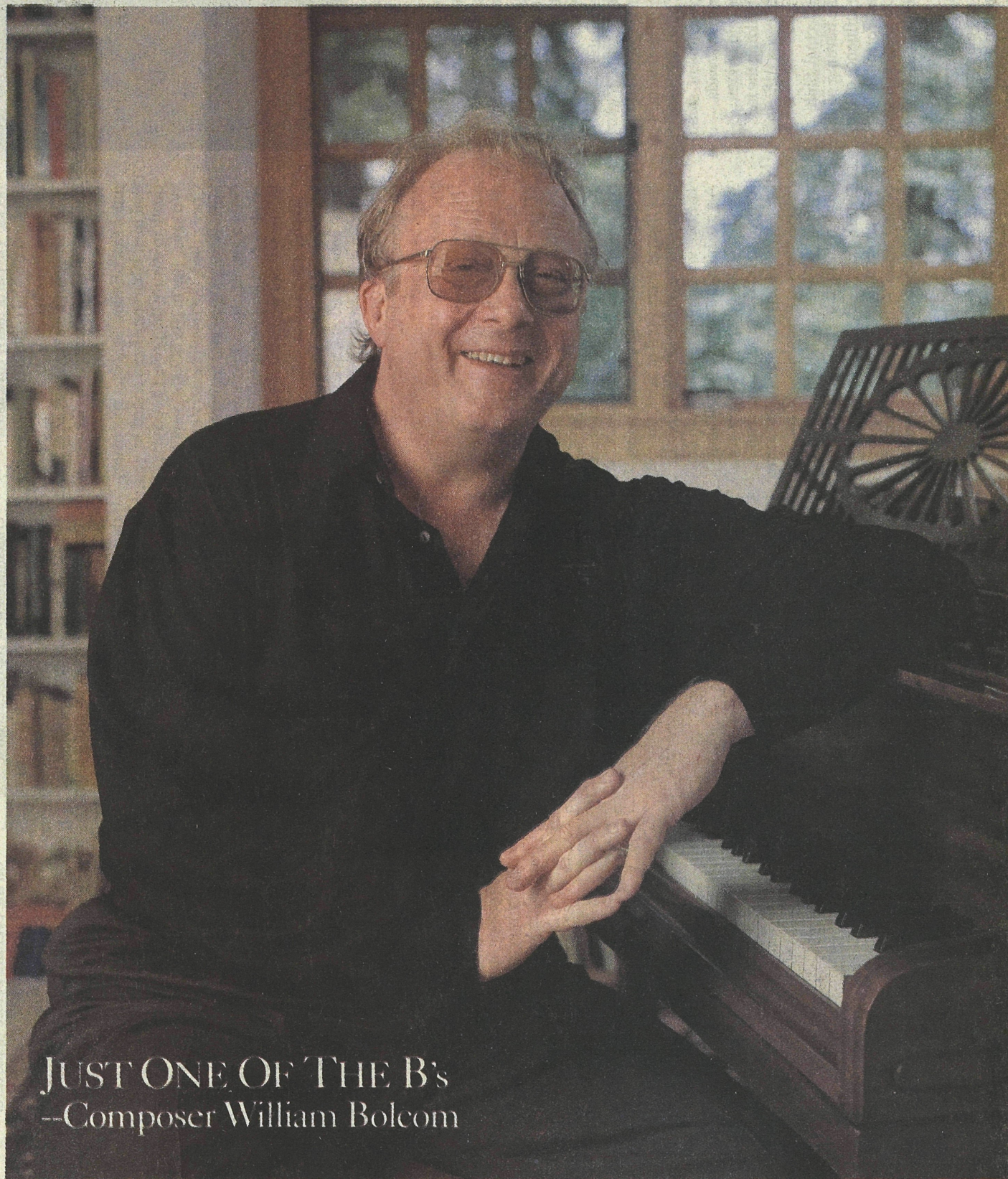


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# Michigan Today

The University of Michigan

December 1992 Vol. 24, No. 4



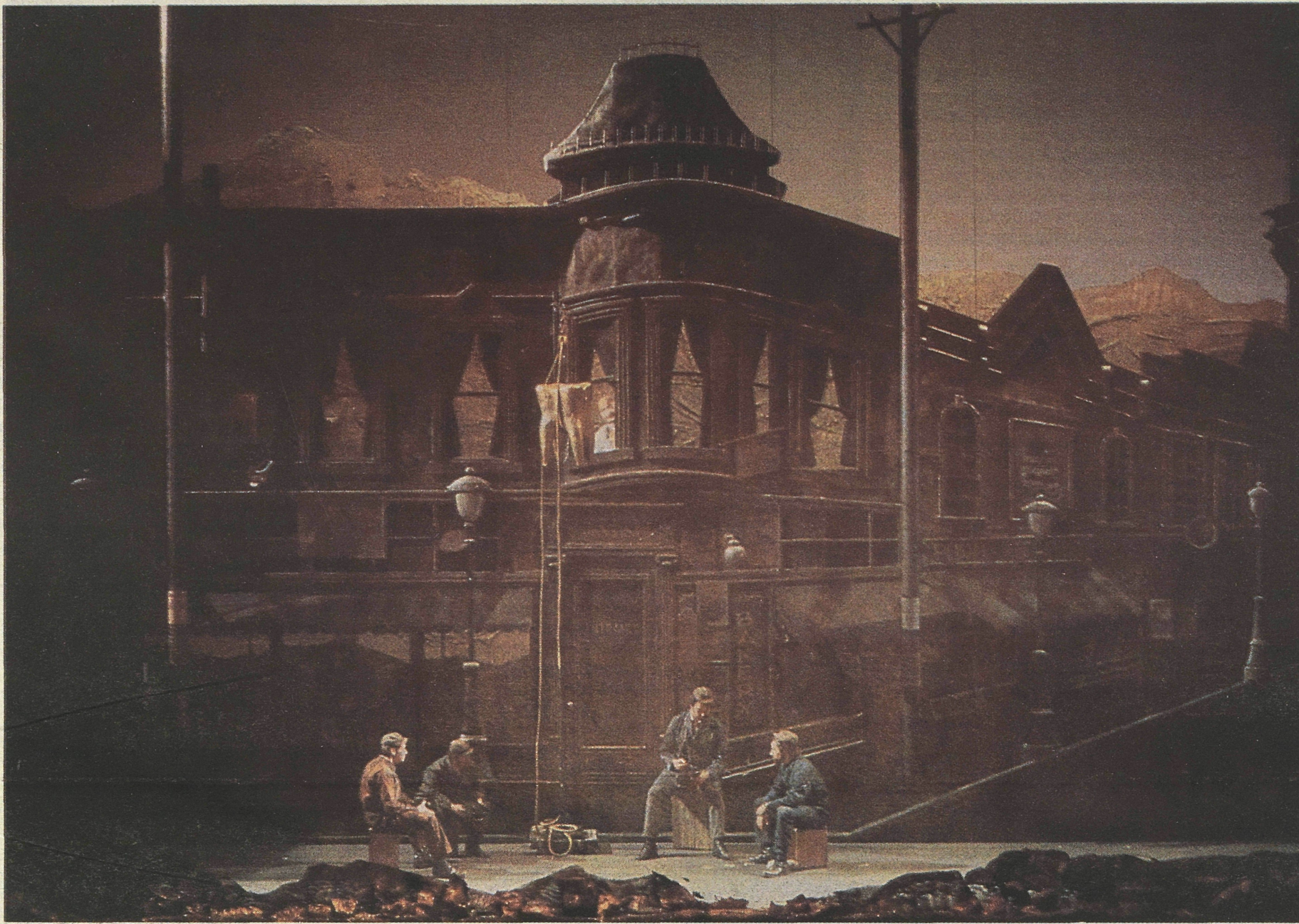
JUST ONE OF THE B's  
--Composer William Bolcom

Photo by John McArthur

# Michigan Today

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The set for *McTeague* faithfully reproduces San Francisco's Polk Street at the turn of the century. Scenes from the 1924 film *Greed* provided an accurate model.

Photo by Darr Rest

The premiere of *McTeague* was the latest triumph for composer-musician William Bolcom

## HIS NIGHT AT THE OPERA

By John Woodford

It was a clear Halloween night, and Chicago's muscular spirit prevailed even at the Lyric Opera of Chicago, which was about to premiere *McTeague* by William Bolcom, professor of composition of the U-M School of Music. Spotlights swept the skies and opera house as curtain time approached. Limousines rolled up by the dozens to release the tuxes and gowns, but an appreciable number of attendees showed up in costumes and masks. It was the first of nine sold-out performances. The city was proud that it would be the first to hear an opera based on the 1899 novel by Chi-



Weinstein, Bolcom and Altman, defied operadom's high-strung tradition of warring egos, collaborating so smoothly that Bolcom dubbed them the Three Amigos.

cago-born Frank Norris (1870-1902). Chicago's greatest living novelist, Saul Bellow, was on hand to kick off the afternoon symposium preceding the first performance. National Public Radio had devoted a good five minutes to the grand event the day before. And 187 music critics from around the country were toddling in town at their annual convention, guaranteeing that the opera would be the year's most widely reviewed musical event for non-teenaged audiences.

That afternoon Bolcom, Saul Bellow, Lyric Opera general director Ardis Krainik, librettist and long-time Bolcom collaborator Arnold Weinstein, conductor Dennis Russell Davies, director Robert Altman, novelist Bette Howland

## OPERA, continued

and set designer Yuri Kuper discussed the story, language, music and production from their perspectives.

Bellow said he'd remembered that Norris has been strongly influenced by Emile Zola and other champions of literary naturalism; but until rereading *McTeague* he'd "forgotten how brutal naturalism was. [Norris] showed us nature red in tooth and claw, and saw the primordial man under the veneer of civilized man. He looked at the working class with the eyes of an anthropologist."

Norris was not the first person born rich to become fascinated by the lower depths of society. The son of an actress mother and businessman father, Norris began writing *McTeague* in a diary he kept during a year as a graduate student at Harvard, turning in sections of the story as his weekly writing assignments.

"Terrible things must happen to the characters of a naturalistic tale," Norris wrote. The characters must be "flung into the throes of a vast and terrible drama that works itself out in unleashed passions, in blood and in sudden death." The correct setting for such tales was among "the lower, almost the lowest, classes," and amidst "blood and ordure."

The germ for *McTeague* sprouted earlier from an 1893 news story in the *San Francisco Examiner* under the headline, "29 Fatal Wounds; Woman Slaughtered by Husband Because She Wouldn't Give Him Money." The reporter called the killer, Patrick Collins, "a brute born for the rope"—a sentiment, Howland said, that typified the social Darwinism of the era, with its notions of genetic criminality. Norris dramatized the theory by attributing *McTeague's* alcoholism and subsequent wife-beating as traits inherited from his father.

The director Erich von Stroheim read *McTeague* in 1922 and devoted the next two years to bringing it to the screen. He shot on location on San Francisco's Polk St. and Death Valley, not only faithfully reproducing every scene in the novel, but even inventing some from *McTeague's* early life that don't occur in the novel.

In fiction and film versions, however, the story is the same: The seeming luck of finding a lovely wife who in turn wins \$5,000 in the lottery, strips the slow-witted big lug of all he has. And he winds up sans job, sans clothes, sans dwelling, best friend and wife—sans everything. And yet the creature that is left is strangely sympathetic, even noble, because of what it has suffered.

"This story was made for opera," thought the 24-year-old composer and Stanford graduate student Bill Bolcom in 1962, as he improvised a piano score for *Greed*. A movie theater had hired him for its silent film series, and von Stroheim's film conveyed such power in its flickering images that "it gave me chills," Bolcom recalls today. "*McTeague* is at once brutal and quite tender, and that's a big reason why the story attracted me as a subject for opera." It would be 25 years, however, before he could express the feelings of "those inarticulate but archetypal characters" musically.

Music's most exclusive list is headed by The Three B's, and Bolcom has more than the initial qualifications to join it

## Just One of the B's

I never truckled. I never took off the hat to Fashion and held it out for pennies. By God I told them the truth. They liked it or they didn't like it. What had that to do with me? I told them the truth, I knew it for the truth then and know it for the truth now—Frank Norris, 1900.

Apparently no critic alive, and not even every



Altman's telling of the story through flashbacks from the golden Death Valley desert scenes gave Bolcom solid structural support for a large-scale musical composition. 'They were like big buttresses for the Astrodome.'

Photo by Dan Rest

Bolcom didn't spend the intervening years waiting for inspiration to strike. He studied in Europe, and upon returning to the States, he collaborated with *McTeague* librettist Arnold Weinstein on the 1964 "opera for actors" *Dynamite Tonight* and other shows. Since 1972 he has accompanied his wife the mezzo-soprano Joan Morris; the duo has enjoyed heavy bookings nationally and internationally for two decades.

After joining the U-M faculty in 1973, Bolcom began work on his spellbinding, three-choir, 150-minute setting of William Blake's *46 Songs of Innocence and of Experience*, which he introduced in 1983 in Stuttgart, Germany, and in Ann Arbor in '84.

He composed his Fourth (*The Rose*) and Fifth Symphonies in the '80's, and several chamber pieces for the likes of cellist YoYo Ma, flutist James Galway, the Western Wind a *capella* group, and violinist Sergio Luca among others. He collaborated again with Weinstein on the swinging but mordant 1988 cabaret opera *Casino Paradise*. And in that same year he received the Pulitzer prize for composition for *12 New Etudes* for piano.

In 1986 Ardis Krainik decided to launch a decade-long series, "Toward the 21st Century," which would include seven of this century's finest operas by American composers, 10 by Europeans and three new operas to be commissioned from American composers. She said she asked two leading young American conductors, Leonard

Slatkin of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra and Dennis Russell Davies of the Beethoven Hall Orchestra in Bonn, Germany, the same question, "If you were commissioning an opera from an American composer, whom would you pick? Without a moment's hesitation each said, 'Bill Bolcom.'"

Krainik asked Bolcom if he was interested in composing an opera. He told her of his long-nurtured desire to adapt *McTeague* and said he'd like to collaborate with Altman and Weinstein. That was fine with Krainik.

"There is a profound difference between the novel and film on one hand, and the reality of opera," Bolcom says. "Von Stroheim filmed every paragraph. Thanks to video, we can now look at movies the way we read a book; we can pick them up and put them down at any time; we can go back and look at a section as many times as we wish. You can't do that with a live operatic performance."

Bolcom concedes that the aspects of the story that even contemporaries found "vile and putrid" challenged him. But he chides those who make a big fuss about Norris's ideas about genetic inclinations toward crime and ruin. "The opera uses the things left over after the story has been shorn of everything that is easily extractable, and some of those things may have been naturalism, social Darwinism and other currents of thought that were important to Norris and Von Stroheim," he says. "But this same judgment may be applied to us. We carry intellectual baggage that we can't see as such. There is a lust for psychobiography today—like

artist, seems to understand that all true artists are, and must be, laws unto themselves. Anything less, and art will not survive—William Bolcom, 1984 (Introduction to *The Aesthetics of Survival*, U-M Press.)

Frank Norris's defensive manifesto appears as a foreword to *Greed*, the hyper-faithful, nine-hour movie version of his 1899 novel *McTeague*. He was defensive for good reason; many critics blasted his novel for "luridness," "grossness," and "reek[ing] of blood." The movie fared no better a generation later. Typical of its reception was the judgment of a leading critic of the day who called Erich von Stroheim's film adaptation "one of the filthiest, vilest most putrid films ever made."

*McTeague* is the story of a placid, bear-like dentist who, overcome by bad luck, genes and other forces of turn-of-the-century literary naturalism, becomes a broke alcoholic who abuses his wife, steals her money, kills her and his best friend, and winds up handcuffed to the latter's corpse in Death Valley.

If there was ever a composer to turn Norris's tale of degeneration into operatic beauty, it's William Bolcom, 54, professor of composition in the School



Bolcom and Morris

of Music and 1988 Pulitzer prize winner. Edward Rothstein, a *New York Times* music critic, recently called him "the most renowned American post-modernist composer," which is to say he's our era's top

candidate to join the exclusive 'B'-list of great composers headed by Bach, Beethoven and Brahms and also including such immortals as Buxtehude, Boccherini, Berlioz, Borodin, Bartok, Berg, Barber, Britten and Bernstein.

Perhaps Bolcom's combative artistic credo echoes Norris's because, like the novelist, he too has been

whether Tchaikovsky was a homosexual or possible suicide; or whether Schubert was interested in little boys. What does that have to do with the music? In the future people may look back with disdain at our interest in such things. There is a parallax between what you want something to mean and what it winds up meaning."

Bolcom decided to concentrate his music on "what fascinated me, and that is how McTeague gets from that opening when he's a passive successful dentist to that conclusion, when's he's a wife-killer on the run."

To structure the story for opera, Altman hit upon telling it through several flashbacks from the final desert scene. A number of critics found the flashback dramatically unsuccessful, but Bolcom says that as a composer he appreciated the device. "It was like building with big posts; if you're making something huge like the Astrodome, you need big buttresses. That's what the flashbacks were like for me."

As for the critics, they "remind me of the joke about the two music critics who see a composer rowing across a lake. The boat springs a leak, and as it's sinking, the composer stands up and walks on the surface until he reaches the shore. One critic turns to the other, shakes his head in disgust and says, 'Look at that. He can't even swim.'"

Bolcom wanted Altman to direct not only because he liked the director's *M\*A\*S\*H*, *Nashville* and other films, but because he'd watched Altman in action staging Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress* at Michigan in 1982. "Bob invites performers to collaborate in building characters," Bolcom says. "I've always respected the views of performers, too. They are the most important force in determining the longevity of a work—more so than the critics, the impresarios and even the audience, who eventually go with what performers love."

The opera's score is varied, but the styles come together in a synthesis rather than a hodgepodge, an aural kaleidoscope of modernist, jazz, blues, ragtime, pop and other American sounds. The audience's heads bobbed with the Maple Leaf jauntiness of what Bolcom calls the "Polk Street music." He says those sounds "hit me early on, around 1988, at the beginning of my work on this commission. I grew up in Everett and other mill towns near Seattle, and I recall this rough-and-ready past of the West Coast."

"I could imagine the atmosphere," he continues, "because some of it still lingered in the '40s when I was a boy. I even remember non-licensed dentists. There was a chain of 'Painless Parlors'—we had one in Everett."

The liberties taken with the story—eliminating a stereotyped Jewish junk dealer and other characters and splicing certain action—were made with an ear toward the music. "In any opera a certain amount of understandability is lost. You're more interested in moving the story along the basic things—spiritual, emotional and musical—and feeding them into the story line. If Norris could change a newspaper story to make his novel, I supposed we could change his story to make it work for an evening's entertainment. When Verdi

changed *Othello* into *Otello*, Boito put the text in the living Italian of his period and cut out all of the play's first act. We wanted to make a theater evening. A novel, a film and an opera are three separate entities, separate venues, separate forms."

The opera business is not what it once was. *The Economist* recently concluded that the English National Opera's new slogan, "Everyone Needs Opera," was "hard to swallow" because only 3 percent of the population are regular opera-goers. The high cost of production, older audiences and steep ticket prices, the article said, place grand opera "in a vicious circle of its own elitism."

The economics of opera is little different in this country, but Bolcom thinks the populist origins of opera can be revitalized. "I don't believe opera is an elite form; however, I must admit there is the *Maggie and Jiggs* aspect of opera in this country. Maggie dresses up, makes Jiggs put on his tux, drags him to the opera—and there he falls asleep."

Cartoonists' gibes at opera rest on the notion that discourse via song is inherently ludicrous. "Some people seem to think it's unnatural to sing," Bolcom concedes, "but I've always thought it was more unnatural to talk. When we were kids, I tried to convince my sister Robin that we should sing our conversations throughout an entire day. I think we'd reveal more, be more natural in our expressions of feelings, if we sang. It's more thalamic."

(Robin, however, didn't share this view. "She stopped after an hour.")

Bolcom emphasizes that "popular sources have underlain opera from the very beginning. Operas are built around stories about people who've been bedeviled into tragic circumstances. I oppose using the 'art dodge' to alibi for the public's lack of interest in opera—that is, that the public doesn't like art. Lots of operas are about poor people, and so is a lot of musical comedy."

Bolcom strongly approves of the video projection of the lyrics as a way to make opera more understandable to wide audiences. He values librettist Weinstein for "his great gift of knowing how to write for the natural rises and falls of the English language, so we could slip in and out of tunes and employ sung speech in ways that enable the audience to understand the words as much as possible."

pecked at by critic-aesthetes who accuse him of being "banal," or who faintly praise his versatility as "eclecticism."

To judge from their writings, two attributes of the composer disturb such critics: He draws no boundaries, composing with every kind of musical sound and in any style that comes to his mind, whether it's folk, pop, rock, atonal, tuneful, dissonant, pentatonic or even crickets at night; and he likes to appeal to the emotions of a broad audience (even daring to give them something hummable!), as well as to the minds of sophisticates. — Is that so wrong?

When he was studying with Darius Milhaud in Paris in the 1960s, Bolcom bumped against the prevailing view of modernism, which has trisected music into great music (harsh and atonal), pretty music (recognizable themes) and popular music (singable, memorable melodies for the hoi polloi). Especially to European modernists, the human head was divided into high, middle and low brows; the task of composers was to choose the brow they wished to appeal to musically. "American composers tended to adopt the same attitude," Bolcom says.

Although that attitude never sat well with Bolcom, it did agonize him. Then one day in 1966, when he was teaching at his alma mater, the University of Washington, a Seattle radio station asked him to interview the late John Cage, the Walt Whitman of composers, who made music out of anything that could be miked—chalk scrapes, tearing paper, fruit colliding—and even out of the nothing of prolonged silence.

A faculty colleague had urged Bolcom to demolish Cage in the name of musical tradition. Three hours into the program, however, Bolcom was so taken with Cage that it was the interviewer who was doing the opening up. "I told him I'd really become terribly worried about choices," he recalls, "that I felt forced to select a style and choose notes accordingly, and that the experience was not making me as happy as I'd like it to. And Cage told me something that has stuck with me ever since: 'Some people divide the world into things that are good and things that are bad. Other people take it all in and let their own organism decide.'"

These words sanctioned the freedom Bolcom was striving for, and he has gone on to select his notes as a law unto himself. Meanwhile, his polymorphic career

The critics' responses to *McTeague* ranged from raves to pans. Bolcom took the slings and arrows stoically, noting that "bad reviews can't hurt an opera the way they can a play or movie." He found it intriguing that several critics knocked him for not making his most lyrical songs longer, and even for not adding another 30 minutes or so to the two-hour opera.

These complaints pleased Bolcom because they indicated that he achieved two of his objectives: "I wanted there to be something tune-oriented that the audience would even be able to remember as they left the theater. And I wanted to keep it short. Rather than thinking the thing was too long, I'd rather have people walking out wishing for more." MT

Music store catalogs list the records, tapes and CDs of Bolcom's compositions and of the albums on which he has accompanied his wife, the mezzo soprano Joan Morris.



Photo by Tony Romano

Bolcom found it "a delight to compose for the operatically crazy Trina" (soprano Catherine Malfitano) and a challenge to give voice to the incommunicative, slow-witted McTeague (tenor Ben Heppner).

has also seen him help resurrect as a pianist the works of Scott Joplin and other ragtime composers, teach composition at Michigan for the last 20 years, and accompany his wife, the mezzo-soprano Joan Morris, in numerous concerts and recordings in which they've emerged as leading preservers and interpreters of American popular and cabaret songs.

Paul C. Boylan, dean of the School of Music, says that "like his music, Bill's mind is broadly embracing. He takes an active interest in improving the curriculums of the School, including our programs in musical theater and drama; he is a thoughtful mentor for our students, and he and Joan have frequently performed at University functions."

Boylan led a busload of friends and associates of the School to a performance of *McTeague*. "We watched a video on the way," he says, "in which Bill provided insights into his opera by singing bits of arias and talking about the music. Everybody was deeply moved by the opera."—J.W. MT

## AROUND



## CAMPUS

## 5 Presidents of Michigan Reflect On 40 Years of Campus Life

Five University presidents, whose leadership has spanned more than four decades, shared insights last month on topics ranging from student life to public financing of higher education. Their discussion, "An Afternoon With the Presidents," was part of the University's 175th anniversary celebration.

President James J. Duderstadt (1988-present) and past presidents Harlan Hatcher (1951-1967), Robben W. Fleming (1968-79), Allan F. Smith (1979) and Harold T. Shapiro (1980-1987) reminisced before a Rackham Auditorium audience of more than 300; University Historian Robert M. Warner served as moderator.

U-M students frequently are remembered for their escapades, said Hatcher, 94. However, since the 1850s, he pointed out, U-M grads have provided "a pool of leadership" for practically every position and country in the world.

"I have also observed," Hatcher said, "that each one of these generations of students is a different group, that the University is of all things an absolutely living, changing organism, never the same from one group to the next, never the same from one decade to the next."

One of the biggest changes in student life came with the admission of women, which was spiritedly debated in the 1860s.

Hatcher quoted President Erastus O. Haven, who in 1867 observed: "Youth is a transitional period when passion is strong and restraint is feeble, and if, just at this period, multitudes of both sexes are massed together, not in

families and not restrained by the discipline of the home circle, consequences anomalous and not to be cultivated by an Institution

supported by the State are likely to occur."

Today more than half the student body are women, Hatcher noted.

Fleming, 75, recalled that when he came to the U-M in 1967 there was great unrest among young people all over the country. "There was the Vietnam War, which was very unpopular and which was troubling them" and "the civil rights movement was full blown."

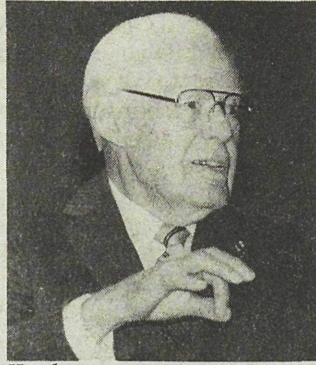
"Even peaceful demonstrations were difficult to deal with if you had significant numbers involved," Fleming said. Although there were sometimes substantial number of protesters, up to 2,000, most of the time only 50 to 200—less than 1 percent of the student body—engaged in disruptive activities, he noted.

"I already knew I had a defective character, but I hadn't known I was a fascist pig before, or that I was a male chauvinist pig," Fleming said. "But I knew I had defects of character and intelligence when I came. Therefore, I could absorb quite a lot of name-calling and insults, which they used to explain to me periodically, saying, 'Nothing personal about this.'"

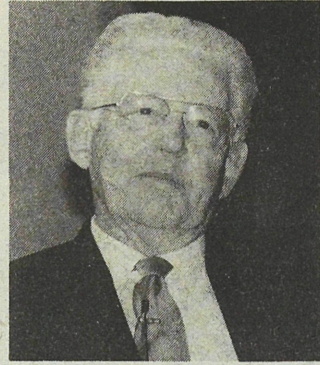
Recalling the criticism he received for not cracking down on student demonstrators, Fleming said the problem with using force is that it can easily get out of control. An expert in labor law and mediation, Fleming noted that "we managed not to have anybody shot" nor "any really serious, terrible problems."

During one nocturnal student protest ("They're never morning people; you can always depend on having your mornings free"), Fleming recalled, the son of friends of his was leading the rally.

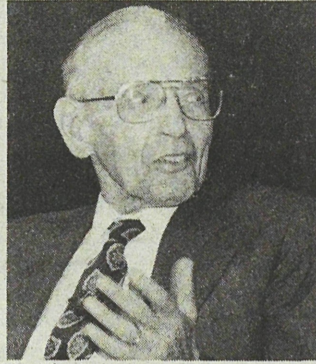
The youth approached Fleming after the evening had worn on, set down his bullhorn and asked, "Would you like to go home now? You must be tired." Fleming said he was. So the leader picked up the bullhorn and announced the rally would move to the Michigan Union, and Fleming thought to himself, "This is the revolution?"



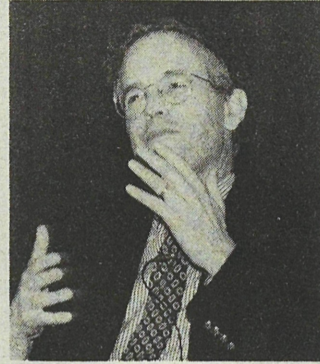
Hatcher



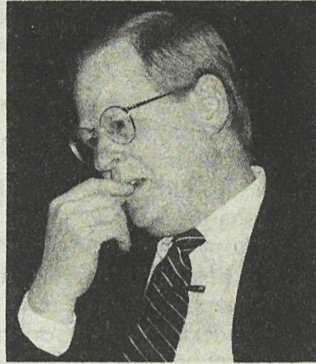
Fleming



Smith



Shapiro



Duderstadt

Shapiro, 57, who also had to cope with student demonstrations, said he was struck by the realization that even when the administration seemed under siege, not far away classes were meeting as usual.

He recalled a time when demonstrators were picketing the President's House on South University. A faculty member among the demonstrators knocked on the door and asked Shapiro if he'd call home for him and let his wife know he'd be late because of the demonstration.

"It reminds me of how human all of this is," said Shapiro, now president of Princeton University. "Students could be on to the most passionate cause one minute, and in the next minute a switch goes off, and they're asking you something very human and everyday-like."

Duderstadt, 50, agreed with his predecessors that each generation of students has its own character, adding that the current group represents the most diverse in the history of the U-M in terms of race, ethnicity, religion and geographic origin. This richness "brings an extraordinary vitality to the campus that, I must say, I did not see 30 years ago when I was in college."

Duderstadt and the former presidents expressed concern about the shift away from public financing of higher education and the effect that shift is having on the U-M and students.

A fundamental principle of financing higher education, Duderstadt said, has been that society should bear the cost of education since the graduates benefit all of society. It appears, however, that the actions of some state and federal politicians have jeopardized this principle, he added.

Smith, who served as interim president, said it is only due to the strength of the institution that the U-M has survived despite a decline in state support since 1960. "We will not maintain our status as a great university unless we find other sources of support," Smith said.

Hatcher said that when he took office in 1951, in-state tuition was \$75 a term; today it is \$2,105 or more a semester for in-staters.

Concerned about the financial burden increasing tuition costs are putting on students, both Fleming and Shapiro recalled that they were able to graduate from college without incurring debt.

Even in the Depression era of the 1930s, Fleming said, students like him could work their way through college by getting a room and board job and earning tuition with a summer job. He was proud to graduate "with a couple of hundred bucks in my pocket."

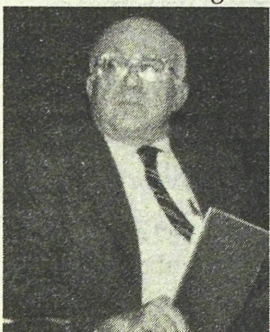
Today, Fleming continued, many graduates must start their adult lives burdened by heavy debt, in no position to consider starting a family or buying a house. "I worry about the impact of that," Fleming said. "It changes the whole nature of your young life once you're out of school."

Today, about 15 percent of U-M's \$2 billion budget comes from state aid, a significant figure, but one that impels the University to launch major fund drives to boost private gifts, such as the five-year, \$1 billion Campaign for Michigan begun in September.

Isn't there a national interest, Duderstadt asked, "to come in behind these institutions and pick up some of the slack? Has the great experiment in America of publicly financed higher education come to an end? I hope not."

Shapiro, an economic forecaster in his academic life, predicted that the 21st century would see a winnowing of the nation's 30 leading public research universities such as Michigan, Wisconsin, Berkeley and Indiana.

Hatcher closed the discussion on an upbeat note for the Michigan community. He quoted from an April 13 *Time* magazine feature that summed up the problems facing American higher education with these words: "Great research-oriented universities like Harvard and Michigan, the pride of higher learning in America, will probably stay at world-class levels."



Warner

Duderstadt shares ideas on new intellectual realities

## Beyond the boundaries of academic disciplines

By Mary Jo Frank

Achieving an appropriate balance between bordered academic disciplines and riskier interdisciplinary teaching and scholarship is one of the major challenges facing the modern university, said President James J. Duderstadt.

Speaking to the faculty Senate Assembly Nov. 16 on "Redrawing the Boundaries: Developing a Structure for the New Intellectual Realities," Duderstadt said that although the U-M is known as a national leader in interdisciplinary activities, "there is also a very strong sense among our faculty that we are simply not doing enough."

Duderstadt shared a faculty-generated "list of enemies of creative scholarship" that includes: curriculum specialization, disciplinary boundaries, provincialism, and "an impacted wisdom group" of faculty firmly entrenched in disciplinary areas and unwilling or unable to recognize broader scholarly efforts.

Concern about highly focused scholarship in narrow disciplines extends beyond the boundaries of the academy, noted the president, who also chairs the National Science Board. "More federal support is going to small teams of investigators spanning several fields rather than to single investigators within a given discipline."

From recent discussions with a number of faculty members who lead such interdisciplinary units as the Institute for the Humanities, the College of Engineering, the Molecular Medicine Institute, the Global Change Program, the Department of Internal Medicine among others, Duderstadt said he had gained a greater appreciation for the following challenges to improving interdisciplinary programs:

- A faculty performance evaluation and reward system that encourages specialization.

- The difficulty that administrators and faculty groups, such as curriculum committees, have in understanding and appreciating the quality of interdisciplinary teaching and scholarship.

- The strong disciplinary control of resources, including dollars and space.

- The psychological need to belong to a discipline, a clan instinct.

- Chief among the flaws is the inadequacy of current disciplines to deal with the inherent 'messiness' or complexities of real world issues: hunger, conflict and pollution," he declared.

Students, who are aware that this is the case, tend to treat general education requirements as meaningless hurdles to be gotten over by any means possible, Duderstadt continued. He outlined a number of ideas for stimulating intellectual change, including:

- Make it easier to create alternative intellectual structures that are "non-disciplinary" in nature within the University.

- Create a group of Universitywide professorial chairs that would allow faculty with broad interests to roam widely across the University, teaching and conducting research wherever they choose.

- Encourage faculty to take on-campus sabbaticals consisting of teaching and conducting research in schools intellectually far removed from their home units. This kind of sabbatical "might stir up things a bit in their sabbatical home," Duderstadt said.

- Develop "creativity contracts," arrangements by which faculty members define their professional goals for a multiple-year period, possibly shifting from one scholarly focus to another, as suggested by Ernest L. Boyer, head of the Carnegie Foundation. "We should stress to

senior faculty members both our belief that these broader, occasionally high-risk, activities are of great importance and encourage them to become engaged," the president added.

- Reorganize teaching and scholarship, particularly at the graduate level, to move away from specialization. A number of universities have merged their biological sciences into broad divisions, admitting graduate students to the general division and encouraging them to affiliate with various interdisciplinary institutes, centers and laboratories.

- Design a far broader undergraduate education that would prepare a graduate to move on to any type of further professional study or training, or to graduate study in any disciplinary area from the humanities to the sciences.

- Create within the University a unit that would serve as a prototype or test bed for possible features of a 21st century university. The unit would consist of students, faculty and programs designed to provide the intellectual and programmatic framework for continual experimentation—a place to develop new models for lifelong education, concepts of service, faculty tenure, leadership

development and community building. "Our challenge, as an institution, and as a faculty," Duderstadt said, "is to work together to provide an environment in which such change is regarded not as threatening but rather as an exhilarating opportunity to conduct teaching and scholarship of even higher quality and impact on our society."

Readers may obtain the full text of President Duderstadt's address by sending a SASE to Michigan Today.



The Willard H. Dow Laboratory is the new home of the chemical sciences.

## Ann Arbor campus enrollment totals 36,626 this fall

A total of 36,626 students are enrolled at the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus this fall, 310 more than a year ago. A breakdown of the figures reveals the following facts:

- Undergraduates 23,198;
- Graduate students 13,428
- Male students 20,176
- Female students 16,450
- Michigan residents among undergrads 16,260 (70.1%)
- Nonresident undergrads 6,938 (29.9%)

The number of students from federally designated minority groups reached 7,097, or 21.4 percent of the student body, an increase of 20.1 percent over last year's number of 6,636, and more than double the 3,252, or 10.3 percent, a decade ago.

Asian-American enrollment has grown to 2,899 students, or 8.8 percent of the total student body, up from 2,697, or 8.1 percent, in 1991.

African-American enrollment reached 2,599, or 7.8 percent of the student body, up from 2,510 (7.6) percent, last year.

Hispanic enrollment rose to 1,372 (4.1 percent), up from 1,240 (3.8 percent), in 1991.

Native American enrollment rose to 227 students (0.7), up from 189 (0.6 percent), last year.

The figures for students from the minority groups were based on an adjusted total enrollment figure of 33,118, which includes only US citizens and permanent resident aliens enrolled in degree-granting programs on the Ann Arbor campus; 3,508 (10.6 percent) foreign students were not included in the calculations.

Here are enrollment figures for individual schools and colleges on the Ann Arbor campus, including undergraduate and graduate students, with last fall's figures in parentheses:

College of Architecture and Urban Planning, 477 (488 last fall); School of Art, 555 (587 last fall); School of Business Administration, 2,551 (2,491); School of Dentistry, 505 (490); School of Education, 513 (504);

College of Engineering, 6,518 (6,194); School of Information and Library Studies, 269 (268); Division of Kinesiol-

ogy, 566 (505); Law School, 1,144 (1,151); College of Literature, Science, and the Arts, 17,018 (17,382);

Medical School, 1,830 (1,839); School of Music, 835 (807); School of Natural Resources and Environment, 606 (571); School of Nursing, 898 (812); College of Pharmacy, 270 (261); School of Public Health, 840 (717); and School of Social Work, 557 (578).

In addition, 83 students (88 last fall) were enrolled in credit extension courses and 591 graduate students (583 last fall) in intercollege programs.

The ethnic breakdown of federally designated minority groups in the professional schools, including law and medicine, was 22.8 percent; of these, 9.4 percent were Asian American, 7.6 percent African American, 4.1 percent Hispanic and 0.7 percent Native American.

For graduate students outside the professional schools, 18.3 percent of the U-M enrollment consists of minority-group students, with 7 percent being African American, 6.6 percent Asian American, 4.2 percent

Hispanic and 0.5 percent Native American.

The figures for the minority groups were attributed to the progress the University has made toward the goals announced in the four-year-old Michigan Mandate program to recruit and retain more minority students and create a campus climate that values diversity.

"Our continued progress toward these goals has been the result of the dedication and hard work of thousands of our faculty members, staff, students and alumni to make the University of Michigan a more diverse institution," President James J. Duderstadt said. "The University is a better place today because we have been willing to change and become more inclusive."

# New standard for student conduct begins '93-'94 trial run

The University's Board of Regents voted 6-2 last month to approve implementation on an interim basis of "The University of Michigan's Statement of Student Rights and Responsibilities," effective Jan. 1 for one year. It will be re-evaluated in February 1994.

The policy governs student non-academic conduct on campus and elsewhere in the Ann Arbor area.

The Statement's preamble, which was the center of considerable debate, states:

"The purposes of this Statement are to define students' basic rights within the University community and what students may expect of the University and to explain the academic community's expectations of its student members, including the standard by which student behavior is measured. This Statement describes unacceptable student behavior and creates procedures to sanction students if they engage in such unacceptable conduct."

The stated goals of the policy are to help create and maintain "an environment that supports learning, protects the freedoms guaranteed by the United States Constitution, and assures members of the University community a safe environment free from violence, intimidation, fraud, theft and harassment."

Previously to the attempts to formulate a policy guiding student conduct, the U-M had been one of very few institutions of higher learning to have no written policy in this area.

The Statement explicitly does not apply to "non-violent civil disobedience or student protest" or to "speech that is protected by the First Amendment," including student publications, or to students who write, create or publish materials in such publications.

President James J. Duderstadt said, "There have been extensive interactions with students" in formulating the code. The administration cited a summer survey of students by the Office of Student Affairs in which 89 percent of 3,041 respondents favored a code similar to the interim Statement. A controlled survey by the U-M Institute for Social Research also showed strong student support for a policy on student behavior.

Ann Arbor senior Rob Van Houweling, chair of the Student Rights Commission of the Michigan Student Assembly (MSA), reported to the Regents that an MSA referendum on the Statement this fall indicated 81-percent opposition to the current interim Statement by more than 2,000 student voters, and that 93 percent of those voters said a statement on student conduct should not be implemented without a student vote.

Van Houweling contended that under the Statement, "Anyone can bring charges within 30 miles [of the campus]. Anyone can have their lawyer bring a complaint" but that unlike the accuser, the accused could not be represented by counsel.

Expressing support for the policy, Regent Paul W. Brown noted that it was not a penal code and was not meant to be. "A long and hard fair process has been followed [to formulate the policy]," he said. "There may be challenges. It has been studied by legal counsel and meets the standards of due process. Nothing we do is foolproof, but we have to proceed, we have to give the University a framework. How can anyone concerned with the University believe that these things should not be controlled?"

Regent Neal D. Nielsen, who also supported adoption, expressed concern about possible misuse or misinterpretation of a section that implies a witness could be sanctioned for not participating. "We should not put ourselves in the position of sanctioning witnesses. I don't think it's appropriate. They may have legitimate reasons for not coming forth."

New language in the amended version addressed the issue and also set the time limit for filing of complaints, which Nielsen had requested, to within six months of the date of the violation or discovery of the violation, rather than one year.

During the meeting's public comment session, Amy Ellis, a junior from Evanston, Illinois, said, "Do not assume that because I am a person of color that I am pleased by this code. Do not assume, as many have, that because I'm a woman, that I am pleased with this code."

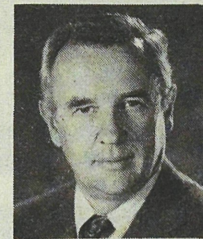
Ellis, who is vice chair of the Student

concept," he said. "It is a set of expectations for behavior and facilitates the educational process. It is not criminal law. It doesn't determine guilt, it determines whether [someone] behaved improperly."

Regents Deane Baker and Veronica Latta Smith opposed adoption of the Statement.

"The University of Michigan has suffered since May 1, 1988, under two earlier, unconstitutional codes of student conduct," Baker said in a prepared statement. "The effects of those codes ... was to limit speech, sow distrust in the University community, set group against group, individual against individual and, at the same time, develop profiles of politically correct conduct for students, professors and employees."

Smith said, "It seems to me we should listen to these students [representing MSA opposition to the Statement]. She added that she was "not satisfied that protest is really excluded.



Brown



Baker

Alleged violence in a protest is subjective." She also stated that she did not "believe in any restrictions on speech; I think that this code can be interpreted to include restrictions on speech."

Readers who wish to receive a copy of the entire Statement may obtain one by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Michigan Today.

## M CAMPAIGN

# Cancer/geriatrics center to house clinics and labs

By Theodosia Spaeth  
UMMC Information Office

Clinical care will meet basic science face-to-face in a new facility planned to house separate programs in cancer and geriatrics on the Medical Center campus.

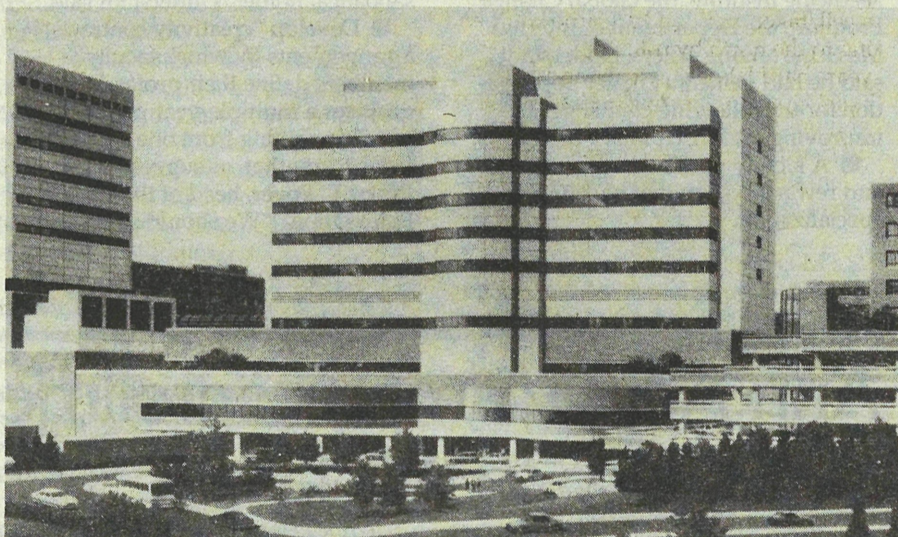
The nine-story structure will provide a central location for the research, training and patient care activities of two Medical Center-designated Centers of Excellence: the University of Michigan Comprehensive Cancer Center and the Geriatrics Center.

Not only will the facility bring together faculty members and laboratories that are now scattered throughout the Medical Center and campus, it will also encourage greater collaboration and interaction among researchers and physicians within each discipline, according to program directors.

"The new facility will afford cancer patients access to the most sophisticated and modern cancer care available anywhere," said Max S. Wicha, director of the cancer center and a medical researcher. "This resource will benefit millions of patients and their loved ones, not only in the state of Michigan but worldwide, as basic science and clinical breakthroughs lead to more effective and safer ways to treat, prevent and ultimately to cure cancer."

Established in 1986, the U-M Cancer Center received formal designation from the National Cancer Institute as one of 28 comprehensive cancer centers in the United States. Today it comprises 12 clinical and eight basic science research programs that involve 267 investigators.

Research advancements emanating from the Cancer Center have been made in such areas as gene regulation, tumor immunology and epidemiology. And new clinical applications have



Architect's drawing of new cancer/geriatric center to open in 1996.

been developed for the care of patients with head and neck cancer, breast cancer and lymphoma, and for those requiring bone marrow transplants.

The state-of-the-art facility, with construction planned to begin in the spring of 1993, also will be the first of its kind in the United States dedicated to advancing the understanding, prevention and treatment of all health-related aspects of aging.

The University's Geriatrics Center was established in 1987. In 1989, the National Institute on Aging funded the U-M center as the nation's first Claude D. Pepper Geriatric Research and Training Center.

"The growth of the center's programs that will accompany the completion of the new building will establish the University of Michigan as the nation's leader in addressing one of the major challenges to our society in the 21st Century—the health care needs of the rapidly growing elderly population," said Jeffrey B. Halter,

director of the Geriatrics Center and chief of medical geriatrics in the Medical School.

Drawing upon the clinical and basic research strengths of the Medical School, the Institute of Gerontology and 10 other U-M schools and institutes, the center emphasizes research and training in four major areas. These include disorders of the brain, such as dementia; impaired mobility; disorders of the body's control systems, such as blood pressure; and a wide range of other issues related to health and well-being among the elderly.

Scheduled for completion in early 1996, the facility will be located on a 3.5-acre site at the former location of the Child and Adolescent Psychiatric Hospital, directly west of University Hospital.

A 1,000-car parking structure, topped with a five-story office building, will be built adjacent to the facility. The center will be connected to University Hospital and the Medical Research Buildings by a pedestrian walkway.

Nobel laureate reflects on language, literature, Russia, feminism and Plymouth Road

# A Conversation With Joseph Brodsky

By John Woodford

**T**he poet, 1967 Nobelist and former U-M faculty member Joseph Brodsky returned to campus this fall to help the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures celebrate its 40th birthday. The occasion also marked the 20th anniversary of Brodsky's coming to Ann Arbor.

"I arrived here in this country July 9, 1972," the 52-year-old Soviet emigre recalled in an interview, "and two months later Carl Proffer led me into the classroom to sink or swim." Proffer, the late U-M professor of Slavic literature, had published Brodsky and many other censored Soviet writers through Ardis Publishers, the Ann Arbor firm he founded with his wife, Ellendea.

Brodsky was a young writer in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) when in 1964 the Soviet authorities filed 24 charges against him for his writings and clandestine readings, and sent the police to pick him up.

"One day I was grabbed by plainclothesmen, put in a van, found myself placed in a cell, taken before a kangaroo court and then traveling to the north by train." He'd been sentenced to five years hard labor in what was called "administrative exile" in the polar circle region of Russia. One of the charges against him was "corruption of the youth"; this, he said, "made me think of the charges against Socrates—but I was only 24 years old!"

Released after serving 18 months of his sentence, Brodsky promptly resumed his irrepressible activities, and by 1972 Communist officialdom, aware that the world was watching how they treated the young poet, threw in the towel and deported him.

Carl Proffer went to Vienna to meet the exiled writer. "He asked me what I'd like to do when I came to the States. I said I had no plans, so he said, 'Come as a poet in residence at the University of Michigan.' Then Ben Stoltz [now chairman of the Slavic department] and some others used the University of Michigan connections and met with Secy. of State William Rogers, and expedited my papers."

Brodsky remembered that his first class was on Robert Frost, one of his favorite American poets and Michigan's only poet in residence before him.

## He Spoke the Queen's English

His English was not really serviceable at the time—not so much because it was poor as because it was anachronistic. He'd begun to read and translate English poets in his late 20s, "but mainly Renaissance poets like Marvell, Donne and Crashaw. As a result my English was Elizabethan."

"In fact," he added, winding up the subject with the sort of punch line that seems characteristic of his thought, "I was first taught English by a girl named Elizabeth, so it cuts both ways."

Brodsky struggled during that first class session to apply his long-outmoded English to the subject of the plain-spoken Frost. "I was trying to think of the English word for what happens to the ground when the earth moves, and I said after a bit that it was a 'trepidation of the ground,' which was out of Donne, the 'trepidation of the soul.' But the kids said the word was 'quake'. It was the kids in my classes who taught me English—they and television."

Recently Brodsky started composing in English in addition to Russian. The poem "In Homage to Robert Lowell" was his "first serious piece in English; before that I had written mainly a lot of limericks." Now he's evenly dividing his writing between the two lan-

guages, and has become so comfortable in his adopted tongue that bilingual creativity presents only one problem: "I must use two typewriters."

## The 'kkhh' in 'Snake'

Russian, he said, "sets great store by, does many things with, its vowels, while in English consonants play that role, so Russian strikes me as more evocative. Take the word for a snake in Russian—*zmeya*. [The word slithered from his lips with a sound something like 'zzzmyayee-YAH.'] That captures the nature of the snake. 'Serpent' doesn't for me. Nor does 'snake', until you come to the end, the 'kkhh' sound—that is the ominous part."

Brodsky termed his homeland "a horrendous mess" these days, and yet, he went on, "being a mess doesn't necessarily mean something is only bad. It can also be a condition where there is hopefulness as well as dejection. It's a primordial situation there. The beginning of capitalism. That makes it an enforced backslide, historically, but not necessarily a regression. It's sort of a Wild West situation."

Would he like to be there? "No, I wouldn't. But I wouldn't have liked to be here during the Wild West period either."

Artists have more freedom in the new Russia, but the "transition from state to market economy is no place for finding funding for literature," Brodsky said. "Lots of people lament the demise of the tradition of Russian culture as they knew it. My belief is that there is a great deal of Russian literature alive and kicking. Poetry of the highest quality. What's lacking now is distribution, not the material itself."

## Proletarianism Is Pricey

"Poets in Russia are no longer going out to read to factories and towns in the hinterland," he continued. "Someone has to pay for the trip and to organize it, and that's not being done now. The poets may want to do it, but the poets are not likely to organize it."

"The only forms of free enterprise in the Soviet Union were poetry, movies and," he paused to control his dead-pan expression, "adultery. But now it's a new situation in Russia. You might say it cuts the arts in Russia to their size."

Brodsky is now teaching at Mount Holyoke, an all-women's college in South Hadley, Massachusetts. How does that feel? "Like the fox in the chicken barn," he replied. Did his being there make him sympathetic with the feminist movement? "It's

garbage," he said, "like most movements. There are far more pressing issues than those of the feminists. Like racial equality and the lousy condition of the economy."

## Feminism on the Back Burner

"Of course," he continued, "there are places in which women are oppressed—often in the household, for example. But for every case of this sort, there are cases where she is not oppressed. There are many people in the world dying of starvation or from bullets, and they want us to think about the oppression of women. I put it on the back burner."

The conversation turned to current American poets. Brodsky especially likes Richard Wilbur ("the most pure lyrical voice in American poetry"), Anthony Hecht and Mark Strand. Of the up-and-comers he admires the work of Gjertrud Schnackenberg and Melissa Green.

It's a good thing for American poetry that no colossal figure bestrides the scene, Brodsky said, "because the towering presence who dominates a period" the way Frost, Lowell and others have done, "relieves the poetry audience of the responsibility of reading widely. The presence of a variety of fine poets calls on the public to identify with this one and now that one. If there is only the kingpin, then he must go till he or she drops, or the readers are dissatisfied."

## It's the Arts or 'Zilch'

Russia's cultural environment presents poets with a different task, however, for "in that country, where the authority of the church and of the state is in decline, is zilch, it falls to the artist to be your—if not necessarily guide—at least your ally. "In such conditions "literature is in a sense your family—and very often far more real than your immediate family. David Copperfield is very real to me—and so are Uriah Heep and Steerforth."

Brodsky maintains a familial affection for Ann Arbor as well. The Arboretum remains his favorite Ann Arbor spot. And it still delights him to recall that upon arriving in Ann Arbor he moved to Marlborough Drive: "For a young Russian coming to the United States, could anything be better than to live on a street named 'Marlborough', to live on another street named 'Packard' and then to move later to 'Plymouth' Road?"

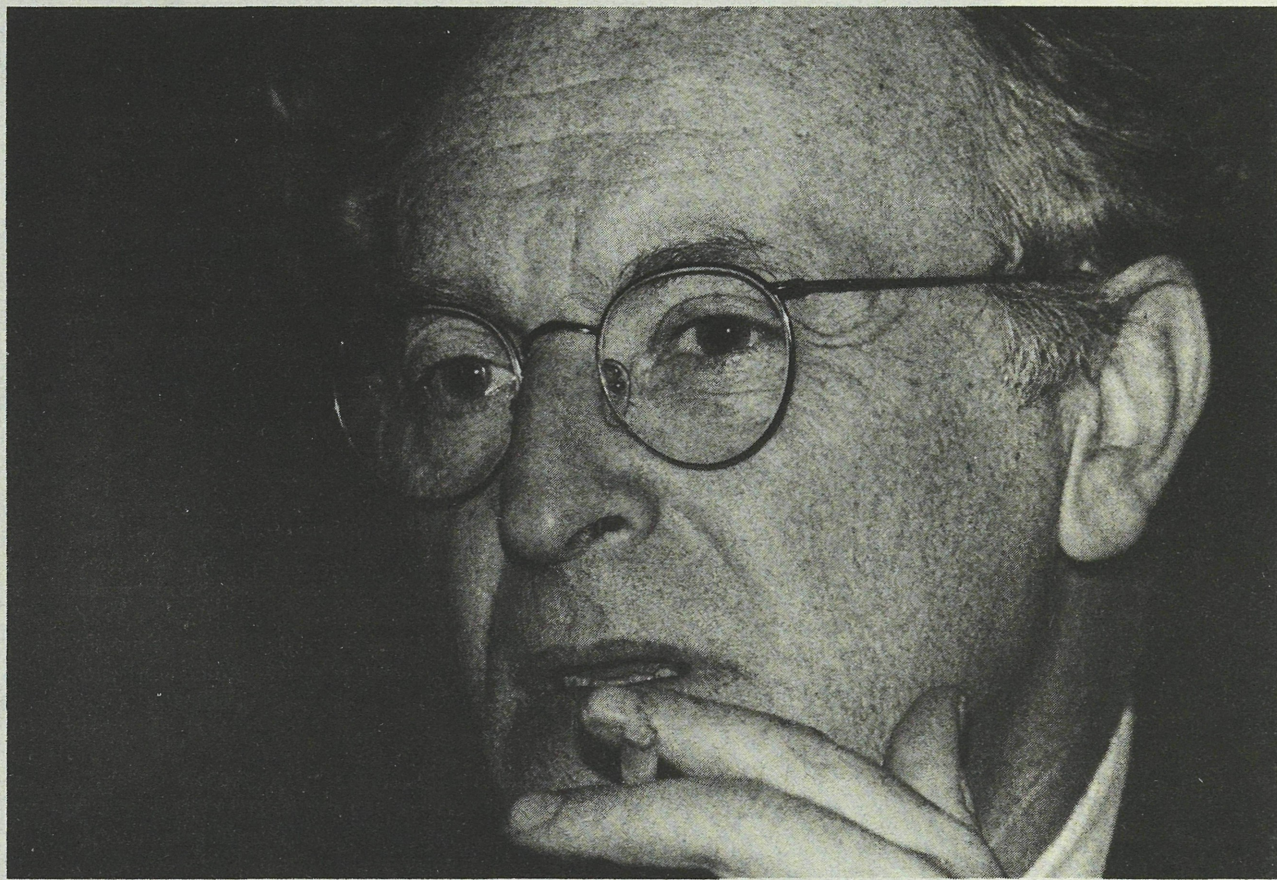


Photo by Bob Kalmbach

Brodsky received an honorary doctor of letters from the University in December 1988 and gave the Commencement Address (See "Some Tips," Michigan Today, February 1989). In presenting the degree, President James J. Duderstadt quoted the sentiments of a student who wrote of Brodsky, "Somehow, through knowing him, we seemed to become more ourselves." Duderstadt called that, "a telling assessment" because "the dignity of the individual permeates Professor Brodsky's work."



Alumna Catharine Rambeau '57 motorbiked from Florida to the end of the Earth —with her mother's approval!

# LIFE CYCLER

Story and Photos by Catharine S. Rambeau

**S**omewhere between Tonola and Santa Cruz, the dirt road forks.

Which way to go? There's no clue.

The Indian woman who finally appears looks bewildered when I ask for directions. I remove my helmet, assuming it has muffled my low-rent Spanish.

After an astonished double-take, she smiles and takes my hand.

"*Un milagro,*" she says, studying me with unmistakable delight.

"*Si, es un milagro,*" I respond, smiling back. A miracle? No. But a blonde on a motorcycle is apparently an exotic vision in these parts.

**'ARE YOU CRAZY?'**

When the video magazine I'd gone to Florida to start folded in the summer of '88, it seemed time for an adventure. Five years of savings would permit self-employment on a relatively grand scale, and what I first visualized as a three-month motorcycle jaunt through Mexico soon escalated into a journey to the end of the world—Ushuaia, Argentina: Earth's southernmost city.

I'd ridden a Triumph Bonneville for 15 years, spoke a little Spanish, had previously visited several countries in Latin America and, with the exception of the gap between Panama and Colombia, figured I could ride all the way to Ushuaia, see the continent, meet the neighbors and remedy my Spanish.

There were plenty of acquaintances who had other ideas. "Are you crazy?" they said. "Those people hate Americans. Besides, the roads are crummy and there are bandits. Besides, a woman alone? No way!"

Useless to point out that "those people" are Americans, that where buses travel bikes can too, and that nobody else was standing in line to go. My mother was healthy, my brothers and son happy, my three granddaughters old enough to delight in ridiculous postcards. At age 53, all I wanted was my mother's approval. She gave it.

After sidestepping diabetes by losing 86 pounds, I bought a second-hand 1980 Honda 250, made a will, rented my house and lessened the chances of failure by broadcasting my plans, a ploy that has proved useful in the past. I kept mum about the nightmares of plummeting off a twisting mountain road onto needles of rock.

I don't think it ever occurred to me that this almost arbitrary game plan would evolve into a two-year, 15 country, 28,756-mile odyssey in which my bike Mojo and I would travel in temperatures from below freezing to 125.6 degrees, through 3,200 miles of desert, over mountains so high clouds smoked through Mojo's wheels, float a thousand miles up the Amazon into the Brazilian jungle, and survive a 625-mile dirt road.

### IN THE SIGHTS OF A CRUTCH

In the Guatemalan mountain village of Quezaltenango, an ice-cream truck jingles the theme from "The Sting" as I watch Holy Week floats as passionately surreal as my first Little Richard concert in Detroit. A day's ride away, in the lake resort of Panajachel, an unexpected attack of homesickness is quelled by having the names of friends and family woven into dozens of the narrow cotton bracelets called *pulseras* and tying them for luck around my boots.

Because of its ongoing civil war, El Salvador was the place

that most worried my family and friends. Twelve miles past its border, the first child I see raises a crutch from the porch of his house and — very smoothly, very professionally — aims it like a rifle at my heart. Response is everything: I burst out laughing and give him a power salute. He giggles, drops the crutch and waves back.

The whir of helicopters here is as chronic as the grumble of buses in safer cities. In San Salvador's La Libertad park, raggedy little boys play soccer. These kids are so spirited and charming it's easy to forget most of them will be dead in a year or so: The glue they sniff daily is destroying their brains. But glue is cheaper than food and makes them feel terrific for short bursts of time.

Just before dawn in San Vicente, a heavy thumping begins outside my room; dozens of soldiers are running past the hotel. They look serious, and I'm on the road in 20 minutes flat. Camouflaged soldiers are difficult to spot in the countryside, but like deer in the Wyoming mountains, they are there if you look closely enough. By noon I'm a half-hour from the Nicaraguan border. I'm not ready to go, but it isn't safe to stay.

Honduras passes in a 100-mile flash, 200 gutted cars and buses all the incentive I need to keep moving.

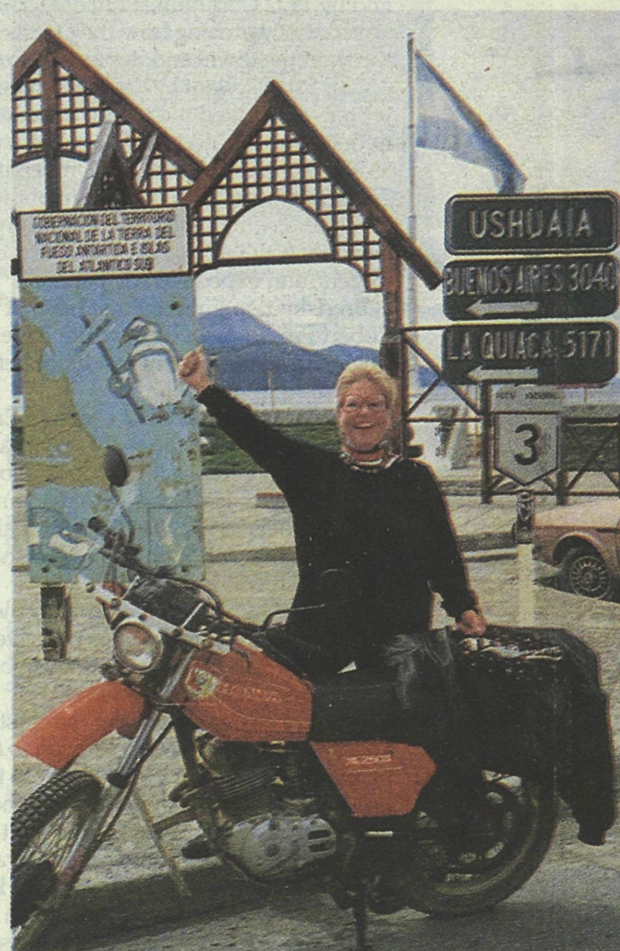
"How do you say 'rock 'n' roll?'" asks a Nicaraguan border guard. "Rock 'n' roll is its own language," I reply. He stamps my passport and gives me the name of a cheap hotel in Managua.

"Your dentist uses crummy glue," snorts Costa Rican dentist Melvin Rojas as he pops into place a bridge dredged out by a seductive Guatemalan caramel. This, along with a bout with some bad pork stew in Mexico, a brush with hepatitis in Brazil, the occasional two-day trots, and a battle, early on and soon won, with crippling leg cramps is one of the trip's few health problems.

Panama is barred to North Americans because of a



A highway between Rio Casco and Venda Nova, Brazil.



Me on Christmas Day 1989, in Ushuaia, Argentina, the world's southernmost city.

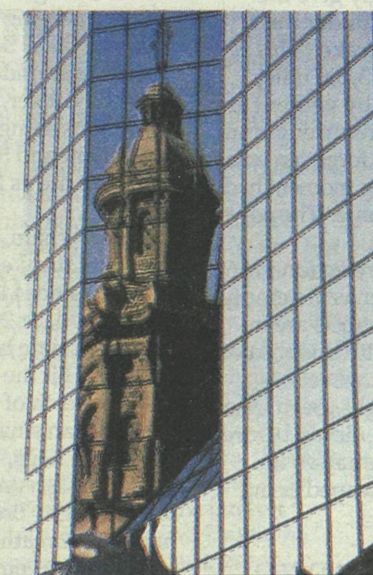
Photo by Jose Lainez



A tomb in Chile.



A boat in the fishing village of Los Vilos, Chile.



Santiago, Chile: The old cathedral reflected in the new skyscraper.

"I played soccer with these four homeless youngsters in San Salvador, the capital of El Salvador. They sniff glue, probably because it is cheaper than food and gives them pleasure. Chances are that they are all dead by now."



Billboard outside Bogota, Colombia: The assassin is the enemy. Denounce him. The next victim may be you.

confrontation between Presidents Noriega and Bush, so Mojo and I fly to Colombia. Thanks to a Cartagena customs honcho who helps because he's never seen a woman enter Colombia on a motorcycle, Mojo is street-legal in two days.

And, in Colombia for the first time since 1977, I learn that sometimes it's possible to go home again:

"Catarina?" Twelve years after my first visit, Flora Torres calls my name as, filthy from miles of a muddy shortcut, I stumble into her hotel in Villa de Leiva. On my last night here, she and her mother invite me to a *serenada* for Flora's childhood friend Margarita. Just before midnight, guitarists and guests tiptoe the half-block from Flora's house to Margarita's. At mid-night we break into song, and soon Margarita and her husband join us for *aguardiente*-fueled toasts.

An infuriating wait at the Ecuadorian frontier begins when border officials claim that a refundable bond is necessary for me to ride Mojo through the country. It takes officials two days just to discover that the banks in the border town of Tulcan won't cash traveler's checks, after which I am sent on a 15-hour bus trip to Quito, the capital, to get cash—only to learn later that a bank only 75 miles away could have handled the transaction.

After a week of similar mismanagement, inefficiency and willful ignorance, I begin day-dreaming a bout cramming a gasoline soaked rag into Mojo's gas tank, rolling her up to the immigration office, whipping out a couple of Ohio Blue Tips and leveling the place. One rainy Saturday in the middle of the wait, an amiable Tulcan cabbie suggests a tour of the city's topiary-filled cemetery. No thanks, I respond—I'd seen it in 1977. "Ah, yes," he replies, thinking fast, "but it's so much bigger now!"



### 3,000 MILES OF DESERT AHEAD

"The Last Train to London," reads the bumper of a '74 Dodge bus as I enter Peru. There are 3,000 miles of desert ahead, and Mojo is overheating. But a savvy mechanic in Trujillo discovers a worn idle adjustment and fixes it in minutes. Two days later I ride from the coastline to Huaraz on what would prove to be the expedition's loveliest road: black peaks against linen-white clouds, burnished gold fields as precise as military haircuts, eight-foot aloe vera plants, mountains that look like stone waterfalls. The two-lane blacktop winds and dog-legs and occasionally goes to gravel, and the mountain views are heart-stopping. It is the road I remember from my nightmares—and it is thrilling.

I am startled by the way Latin men respond to a woman on a motorcycle—or at least their response to me—because it is so painfully different from that of their Stateside brothers.

Instead of sulking, sarcasm or simply ignoring me, men here behave

## CYCLER, continued

as if they are enchanted and impressed. Unlike their peers in Idaho and Connecticut, who are easily intimidated by women on bikes, Latin men offer help when it's needed, advice when it's asked, and kind words when they're suitable. Perhaps they are merely relieved I am not *their* wife or daughter or mother, but they treat me with respect to my face. In the US, many men deliberately avoid eye contact when I'm on the bike. Is it possible that Latins are more confident of their manhood, whatever that is?

Chile's Atacama Desert is so cold that even swaddled in six layers of clothes and a pair of deerskin gloves it is hard to ride for more than an hour at a time. I enter every wayside stop shivering with cold, my teeth chattering like a child's. The women who run these places unfailingly give me shelter, warming my boots and gloves under their stoves, stuffing me with tea and bits of cake. This is hard country. During the 44 days and 3,200 miles I spend in the desert, 100 miles often go by without any sign of life—not even road kill. Once, returning from an intricate thought, I realize I'd not only forgotten what day and month it was, but for one shining moment had also left behind sex, race, country, age, name. The power of that kind of freedom is overwhelming.

I am in Chile the night of its first free election in 16 years. All day, the streets of Punta Arenas are empty and its stores closed. By 10 p.m., the returns are in and suddenly the roads are jammed with buses, taxis, farm trucks, private cars—anything on wheels—packed with cheering people, their bright-green inked thumbs proof they have voted. Only a month before, photographing a human rights demonstration in downtown Santiago, I had narrowly escaped being tear-gassed.

### 300 MILES TO THE END OF THE WORLD

On Dec. 17, I enter Argentina; soon there are only 300 miles of unpaved road to the end of the world.

On Dec. 19, a year and eight days from home, I ride into Ushuaia, a city so far south it doesn't get dark until after midnight.

I call my mother to tell her I have finally made it to the city that has been just a dot on our maps for so long. I am calm until I hear her; then my voice breaks, followed by a burst of ferocious pride. A week later, Ushuaia's mayor confirms what I had begun to suspect several borders back: I am the first woman ever to solo a motorcycle from the United States to Ushuaia. And there are still another 14,000 miles to ride, another four countries to discover.

A man in the Argentine pampas waves away my australs after we finish filtering some gasoline out of a barrel and through my bandanna. "You are a great surprise to me," he says, "so this is my present to you."

Farther north, in Puerto Madryn, race-car driver Miguel Benede turns away payment for patching a hole in Mojo's engine casing.

"Ah, no, Catarina," he chides. "You understand—some work you do for the heart."

This kind of concern has illuminated the entire trip. Without fail, Latin America's mechanics have been helpful and thoughtful. They are also very good; few repairs have been less than first-rate, and so far Mojo has gone through only one set of tires, three chains and a few sparkplugs.

The customs office at Iguazu Falls reeks of an impounded truck-load of garlic, and I am in Brazil in an hour despite my inability to speak Portuguese. I don't know it yet, but by the time I leave the country six months later my Spanish will have surrendered to diffident Portuguese. Iguazu's massive waterfalls are what, as a child, I expected of Niagara—bigger than God, a couple of miles wide and 200-plus feet high.

After a six-day, two-boat journey up the Amazon, a pal from Detroit flies into Manaus in central Brazil to join me on a low-rent jungle tour. One morning, the first to wake, I slip away into the monstrous greenness that is dawn in the Amazon. The jungle is so dense that our camp only a hundred feet away is invisible.

Months before, in Peru, celebrating Rosh Hashanah with seven Israelis as the stars of the southern hemisphere glittered over Arequipa's skyline, the enormity of this marvelous journey had finally dawned on me. That realization occasionally recurred in unexpected places—sleeping in a tin shed in the desert, chugging up-river during that Amazonian twilight in which sky, land and river dissolve into the same deep shade of blue, the first night I looked out over the Beagle Channel. But these moments of recognition were as unanticipated as a toddler's first step.

### NO GAS, NO BRIDGE

There are no excuses in motorcycle travel: It is you and the machine, you and the landscape, you and the people, you and the road. Every problem is a potential adventure: A search for a wrench leads to an afternoon with a Mexican mechanic and his family,

drinking splendid coffee while we sort through spare parts and talk politics. Trapped by a sudden down-pour, I spend a night in an agricultural inspector's shed at the Chilean-Argentine border, in a room illuminated by built-in gas lamps. After missing a left turn into Paraguay, I am taken in by a family in Uruguiana, Brazil, and learn my first Portuguese—*obrigada*. Thank you.

And when the road closes at the same time the gasoline supplies vanish? That's when patience really becomes a virtue.

The route from Manaus north to the Venezuelan border town of Santa Elena de Uairen is 625 miles long—all dirt, much of it one-lane. After the first 150 miles, the only gas available is diesel. Even Hondas aren't that tolerant, and I am stuck in the two-house hamlet of Abonari.

The lack of gas is only part of the problem. A crucial bridge in the adjoining Uaimiri Indian reserve is being repaired, but no one knows how long this will take. So I throw myself on the mercy of Lieut. Raimundo at the nearby Brazilian Army base. Four days later, most of which is spent reading in a hammock slung next to Rosendo's general store, the lieutenant and Sergeant Helihu load Mojo into a truck and take me as far as the gold-mining town of Boa Vista.

Mojo's chain, and the small front drive-chain sprocket that keeps it in line, have been deteriorating steadily since I left Manaus. There is nowhere to get them fixed for 200 miles. Minimum. And it is only a matter of time before the drive mechanism gives way.

Then I hit the 60 miles south of Santa Elena. It's the worst stretch of road in two years. There are potholes bigger than small apartments, wallows intended for steer-size hogs, loose gravel designed to put a little extra English on my wheels. Lamaze breathing gets me through: Breath, ride, breathe, ride. Keep moving. Breathe, ride.

Perfect pavement begins at the Venezuelan border. I ask a border guard why the difference between the road systems is so profound. He rubs his thumb against his first two fingers in the ancient code for money and says "Porque Venezuele tiene aceite," Venezuela has oil.

And as the spectacular vistas of the Gran Sabana emerge, an enormous white crane with an eight-foot wing span takes flight. In Upata—almost 700 gingerly miles north of Manaus—Mojo is finally repaired and I am able once again to ride fearlessly.

### HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

In mid-December, pilot Linda Sonderman finds passage for Mojo and me on the *Rosavanessa*, a freighter heading for Puerto Rico. From San Juan I fly to Miami, ride Mojo to my house, and catch a plane to Detroit. On Christmas Eve, still tan from Venezuela's beaches, I walk into my mother's arms.

It is only as we talk about these past two years that I realize that this trip was never as terrifying as the nightmares before I left. Even my one brush with crime was a triumph: When my battered five-year-old Casio diver's watch was snatched in Brazil, I fought the thief, chased him—and remembered to curse him *in Portuguese*.

Indeed, the trip's demanding daily routines and fundamental duties resembled a particularly rigorous management-training seminar. At an average of \$17 a day, it was a bargain.

When I left, almost nobody except my family and a few close friends believed I would finish. Some people enjoyed telling me why it was impossible; others instilled unnecessary fear into the hearts of my friends.

They were wrong.

Now that I have finished what I set out to do, I occasionally encounter a peculiar kind of envy. "I wish I could afford to just take off like that. What a vacation!" is a sure-fire red flag, for instance. This comes from the same people who say, "Wish I could just stay home and raise kids," or "I don't see how you find the (time/money/energy) to (fill in the blank)."

It has taken awhile to realize that people like this are so terrified of their own potential that they must comfort themselves by reducing everything to the simplest of stereotypes.

When the American Motorcycle Association awarded me its Hazel Kolb Brighter Image award, given in previous years to Malcolm Forbes and Jay Leno, I learned that in 1979 Hazel Kolb rode 14,500 miles around the perimeter of the continental United States on a 1350-cc Harley-Davidson. In 1985, she rode into the capitals of all 50 states.

I expect most people told Hazel to play it safe.

She had the good sense to ignore them.

A couple of years ago, Hazel died of cancer at her home in Missouri. She was only 63.

This one's for you, girl.

Writer Catharine S. Rambeau '57 of Lantana, Florida, is completing a book about her two years motorcycling through Latin America. This story is based on excerpts from her work in progress. MT

# The impact of the Inquisition on the New World

By Terry Gallagher  
U-M News and Information Services



Illustration by Julio Baroja shows a Spanish Jew wearing a sanbenito. The vest was required to be worn throughout the lifetime of persons the Inquisition wished to humiliate for holding beliefs not approved by the Church.

Christopher Columbus's voyages were only some of the world-changing events that began 500 years ago. "In the same year," notes Judith Laikin Elkin, a historian at the Jean and Samuel Frankel Center for Judaic Studies, "the Jews were expelled from Spain, and 800 years of warfare ended with the conquest of Granada, the last Muslim stronghold in Europe." Much of the later history of Europe and the New World was influenced by these simultaneous events.

"During this anniversary of Columbus's journey, Americans are becoming more aware of the role that Spanish and Portuguese Jews played in the exploration and early settlement of the Americas," Elkin says. "In fact, his expeditions would not have been possible without the contributions of Jewish scientists, inventors and financiers."

Elkin directed a five-part, year-long series of events focusing on "Jews and the Encounter with the New World, 1492/1992." The series was part of a year-long observance of the 500th anniversary of Columbus's first voyage to the New World.

Scholars from the U-M and other institutions discussed "Jews, Conversos and the Inquisition in the New World" at the third conference, held in September.

"Many people don't realize that the Spanish Inquisition and its Portuguese counterpart operated in the New World as well as in the Old," said Elkin. "People who were suspected of heresy could not escape prosecution by fleeing to the overseas colonies."

"Conversos (sometimes called New Christians, Marranos or Judeo-converts) were a class of people who came into existence in Spain during the Middle Ages due to intense pressures on Jews to convert to Christianity," Elkins explains. "Midway between Judaism and Christianity, conversos usually remained in their traditional trades, including seafaring, and several conversos sailed with Columbus. Conversos also helped create the first maritime links between Europe and America."

The fifth, and last, conference was held in December. The topic was "Legacies of the Encounter." The keynote address by Brandeis University Prof. Jonathan Sarna, discussed "American Jews and Myths About Columbus."

Other presenters were U-M anthropology Prof. Ruth Behar, who discussed Jews in Cuba, and historian Stanley Hordes, whose topic was "Crypto-Jews of the Southwestern United States."

In addition to the Frankel Center, the series was sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities. For information about availability of the handsome conference booklet or other materials, call the Frankel Center at (313) 763-5857. MT

# LETTERS

## PARENTAL GUIDANCE

I ENJOYED the excellent article "Shaping the Things to Come" in the October issue. The article states, "Kikuchi has been especially intrigued with checking out the handiwork of one particular engineer—Mother Nature." It is interesting to note that the Bible says, "Every house is built by some man; but he that built all things is God" (*Hebrews* 3:4). The particular engineer whose handiwork Kikuchi has been checking out is not "Mother Nature," rather it is Jesus Christ, who created all things (see *John* 1:1-3; 14, and *Genesis* 1:1).

Paul Allerding  
Redford, Michigan

"SHAPING THINGS To Come" proved intensely interesting to me. I was thrilled by the insight given that fine American Japanese scientist, Noboru Kikuchi. He is a genius. What vistas he has opened for the production of new materials! We certainly are deeply indebted to these newer ethnic leaders who are making such excellent contributions to our nation as well as the whole world.

It is quite in order to give credit where credit is due. And I think this is especially true in the scientific world. I would like to refer to these statement in the article: "Kikuchi has been especially intrigued with checking out the handiwork of one particular engineer—Mother Nature." I say, "Fine, but how about going one step farther in ascribing such wonders to Father Creator?"

An earlier scientist was also intrigued when he wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained: What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?" (*Psalms* 8:3-4).

Miriam K. Baehr '62 MA  
Sparta, Michigan

## ALUMNI TRAVELS

PERHAPS YOU can tell me whom to contact regarding trips abroad that would be open to alumni. Although Mrs. Rattner and I are in our 70s, we would enjoy going to Western Europe/England again with a congenial group.

Joseph Rattner  
Troy, Michigan

Readers with wanderlust may obtain information on the many trips abroad by writing or calling the U-M Alumni Association, Alumni Travel Program, c/o M.C. Luskin, 200 Fletcher St., Ann Arbor MI, 48109-1007. The phone number is (313) 764-3153.

## JAMES EARL JONES '55

YOU'LL PROBABLY get other notes pointing out that the headline for the story on James Earl Jones in October 1992 '65 instead of '55 as his graduation year, but you may not get another note from someone who heard what Claribel Baird is quoted as calling "a remarkable voice, for which no teacher is responsible," when Jim was still in high school.

Yes, it is indeed a most remarkable voice. He came, he spoke and he conquered in the country and regional forensics programs of Manistee County and the Traverse City region of which it is part. I know that I am not alone in being thankful for never having had to compete in the same category with him in those contests.

His English teacher and forensics coach in what was then known as Brethren High School was Donald Crouch, a boyhood friend of my father. So when Jim came to Onokama (my high school) for the county forensics contest in the spring of 1946, the Quales were primed to hear something remarkable. But for most of the audience, not

similarly prepared, to hear such a voice from a 15-year-old, in all its depth and majesty, was utterly astonishing. By the time he presented his reflections on the value of appreciating simple things—in regional competition in the original-ations category in Traverse City in the spring of 1948—a great many people across the region were already aware that here was a young man of unusual gifts and great promise.

There is a chemistry in live theater which is missing in screen presentations. It has been good to see the promise of James Earl Jones's gifts fulfilled in his career. But I would join Claribel Baird in hoping that he returns some day to the stage. I have seen him many times in films and television programs, though only once on the New York stage. The screen can convey much; yet the presence of the living actor in the theater with the living audience can convey even more.

Robina Quale '52; Rackham '53, '57  
Albion, Michigan

WE ENJOYED the article about James Earl Jones but feel you left out one vital piece of information—Mr. Jones's stage debut at the Ramsdell Theatre in Manistee, Michigan. Mr. Jones is planning to visit us here at the Ramsdell next fall during the 90th anniversary of our theater.

Ruth Cooper  
Manistee, Michigan

Ed.'s Note: Reader Cooper sent a short biography that describes Jones's career at the Ramsdell. Starting in 1953, he served as master carpenter, master electrician and stage manager during four summer seasons. He also appeared in a variety of supporting and leading roles. The article adds:

"The earliest recollection of James Earl Jones to a number of Manistee-area residents is that he was outstanding in athletics as well as in academics as a student at Brethren High School, from which he was graduated in 1949. ... [His] demonstration of versatility was indeed a portent of the success he was to achieve in the profession he chose."

A PRIMAL SCREAM FOR HELP IN THE NEXT few weeks, the University's Athletic Department will place on sale its allotment of Rose Bowl tickets. It is about this time of year that I tend to become nostalgic and reflect on years past.

I recall an article I read in a major newspaper (I can't remember if it was a Detroit paper or perhaps even a Sunday edition of the *New York Times*) in which two U-M alumni reminisce about their days in Ann Arbor. As I recall one of the two lettered in football. The other was a highly successful businessman. In this commentary, the alumni review their lives after Ann Arbor and attempt to understand why, decades after graduation, they still feel such a strong attachment to the University. Looking back on his life, the football hero implies that the business world was a tougher game than Michigan's opponents. The businessman imparts a little jealousy in not having achieved the athletic accomplishments of his friend and colleague. Nonetheless, neither alumnus wishes to trade places. It seems that the basic denominator these two share decades after graduation is an inexplicable impulse on January 1 to release a primal scream: "Go Blue!"

I would like to reread this newspaper commentary to determine if it means as much to me today as it did about 20 years ago. Can you help me locate this newspaper story?

Jerry Kolins '68 MD  
Escondido, California

Can someone help reader Kolins track down this article?—Ed.

## IMAGINARY VOYAGES

RE: "Imaginary Voyages" by Christine Leedy de Wit in the October issue. I have just read Toni Morrison's introduction to her recent collection *Race-ing, Justice, En-gendering Power* (Pantheon Books), in which she analyzes the racist aspects of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. Morrison's commentary might be a valuable addition to your shelves which probably include many critiques of Defoe.

As a 1937 graduate, I enjoy *Michigan Today* and found the "Imaginary Voyages" interesting. As a WASP farm girl from Kent County, I had known of the problems that non-WASP friends experienced in Grand Rapids, but assumed naively that prejudice would not be evident in the enlightened environment of a great university. Several distressing events led to rapid disillusionment, but gave me a life-long curiosity about the sources of the astonishingly persistent racism afflicting our society.

It was a coincidence that I encountered Friday twice in one week after not having thought about him in maybe 50 years. I thought Peggy Daub (*of the U-M Special Collections Library—Ed.*) you and Ms. de Wit might be interested in Ms. Morrison's comments.

Maurine C. Gilbert (*nee* Coffee) '37  
Tacoma, Washington

THE FASCINATING accounts, "Imaginary Voyages" by Christine Leedy de Wit and Ton J. Broos of the interest Regent Lucius L. Hubbard had in the literary origins of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* leaves out yet another attribution to Abubacer and Avicenna.

*The Journey Of The Soul: The Story of Hai bin Yaqzan As told by AbuBakr Muhammad bin Tufail* (The Octagon Press, London 1982) is cited by the translator Riad Kocache in the foreword as a work likely to have been known to the erudite Defoe. Arabic, Latin and English versions were available between 1671 and 1708.

Ibn Tufail (Abubacer in the West) tells the story of Hai bin Yaqzan 9 ("Alive, Son of Awake"), who also survived on a deserted island. To my mind, the frame story is always "human durability." Ibn Tufail's version emphasizes the mystical encounter for mankind as the end of the journey. Defoe evidently also had this in mind in his subsequent writings. One suspects that Defoe's biography needs a more careful investigation if someone has not already done this. His ability to enchant us down the ages only illustrates the idea of a "Moses basket" to keep his central theme alive.

This frame story of human durability must be hard-wired into our brains. See *The Desolate Island* from the Talmud. (*World Tales: The extraordinary coincidence of stories told in all times, in all places, collected by Idries Shah, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York 1979, p. 114.*)

Charles C. Congon  
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

AS AN alumnus of 50 years I have experienced that specially warm feeling and tolerance toward other alumni and anything to do with the University, but I admit to being taken aback by the extraordinarily limited perspective of Dr. Douglas J. Miller '67 in his letter printed in the October issue.

He limits his concern to the young Jewish soldiers who make up the Israeli occupation forces. It may be a human tendency to weigh the brutality of the occupation as a relatively small price to pay compared to the centuries of persecution to which the Jewish people have been subjected. But he must know in his heart that it is a deception to make a racist event out of the Intifada.

Freedom is something to which all peoples aspire! Was it racism of the Jews that they committed suicide in the days of Masada rather than bend to the slavery which would come from Roman capture? And to label the resistance of the Intifada against the modern weapons of the occupying force a "pogrom" is unworthy of him and reveals his understandable bias. Can one consider

that a person who strikes back under conditions of a concentration camp is guilty of racism and of conducting a "pogrom" against the guards?

His letter demonstrates the extent to which we have all rationalized the basic injustice we have inflicted upon the Palestinian in our concern to right the grievous history of Western persecution of the Jew. We demonize and defame the victims—the people being occupied. We call them terrorists for fighting for their land and the right of self-determination but close our eyes to the continual Israeli terrorism of aerial bombing of refugee populations as the occupier attempts to achieve submission to the occupation. It is especially obscene that the victims are Semitic cousins who were not party to the Anti-Semitism of the West in the first place. But surely the shame is that *Michigan Today* would allow these gross perversions of rationalization to sully its reputation.

We all should hope that the current peace talks do result in peace with justice. Any "peace" other than one with justice is a mockery and will not endure.

John Boshar '42E  
Andover, Massachusetts

## CORRECTION

Several errors were made in quotations and statements of fact from Prof. Sidney Fine's lecture, "Reflections on the War in Vietnam," in coverage of the Campaign for Michigan kickoff in our October issue.

Michigan Today policy is to have lecturers review such stories, but a misunderstanding resulted in failure to have our text cleared or to check the article against the written text, which was obtained late in the production process.

We apologize to Professor Fine for any embarrassment caused by misstatements of fact attributed to him, and wish to correct the following points:

- The article stated that the Office of Strategic Service helped Ho Chi Minh become the "Vietnamese national leader." The statement should have confined this help to the OSS's assisting Ho and his forces "in fighting Japan in 1945" and in advocating unsuccessfully that the United States "recognize Ho as the leader of Vietnam."

- The statement that Eisenhower aided the Saigon government "behind Congress's back" should not have been presented as a direct quotation. Fine said that Eisenhower "sent over 200 Air Force mechanics to service bombers there, and Congress was absolutely furious when it discovered this."

- Charles Wilson should have been identified as Eisenhower's former secretary of defense, as Fine stated, and not secretary of state. Fine said Wilson opposed support of Diem, but not, as the article stated, that Wilson also supported the 1954 Geneva Agreement's call for election of a leader of all Vietnam in 1956. Nor did Fine state that Eisenhower blocked that election. There is no evidence that Eisenhower "blocked" the elections, Fine says, even though "he was not unhappy that it was not held." Lastly, Eisenhower would have authorized direct US intervention if the French granted independence to the Indochinese states beforehand, not afterward as the article reported.

- The term "troops" should not have been used to describe the 15,500 personnel sent into the war by President Kennedy. They were officially known as "advisors," as Fine called them, regardless of their role in combat.

- The article states that President Johnson was unmoved by anti-war protesters. While Fine did remark that LBJ had told George Ball, "Don't pay attention to those little shits on campus," he notes that the statement does not prove that Johnson was unmoved by the protests in general, especially protests from the right.

- The article described LBJ as being "intimidated" by Kennedy's advisors. Fine described LBJ as having had "a terrible inferiority complex regarding these men from Harvard," particularly in the area of foreign policy. This, Fine said, resulted in Johnson's having been "persuaded" by them, which, he points out, does not necessarily mean LBJ was intimidated by them.

- The article mistakenly reports how LBJ learned of the Republican plot with the Saigon government to postpone peace

Speech pathologist Lillian Glass is also author, coach and motivator

# 'Cosmetic Surgeon' of the Human Voice

By Cynthia Simone

Lillian Glass was in the midst of her master's degree studies in speech pathology at Michigan when she got an assignment that had great impact on her career. She was asked to analyze a patient's voice—"the voice of a beautiful woman," she recalls.

But Glass, who is now a noted speech pathologist and communication authority in Beverly Hills, California, received a surprise critique of her work from her U-M mentor, H. Harlan Bloomer, who is now professor emeritus of speech in the Medical School: "He said, 'Well this is a very good report, but you missed one crucial fact. She is actually a he.' That was the first time I became aware that there were people born of one sex but with the psyche of another—a transsexual."

That assignment led her to study all she could find on male-female differences in communication and to do extensive research of her own, with two highly visible results. She coached Dustin Hoffman for the movie *Tootsie*, in which Hoffman played both a man and a woman. And she wrote her fifth book based on her research and private practice experience, *He Says, She Says: Closing the Communication Gap Between the Sexes*.

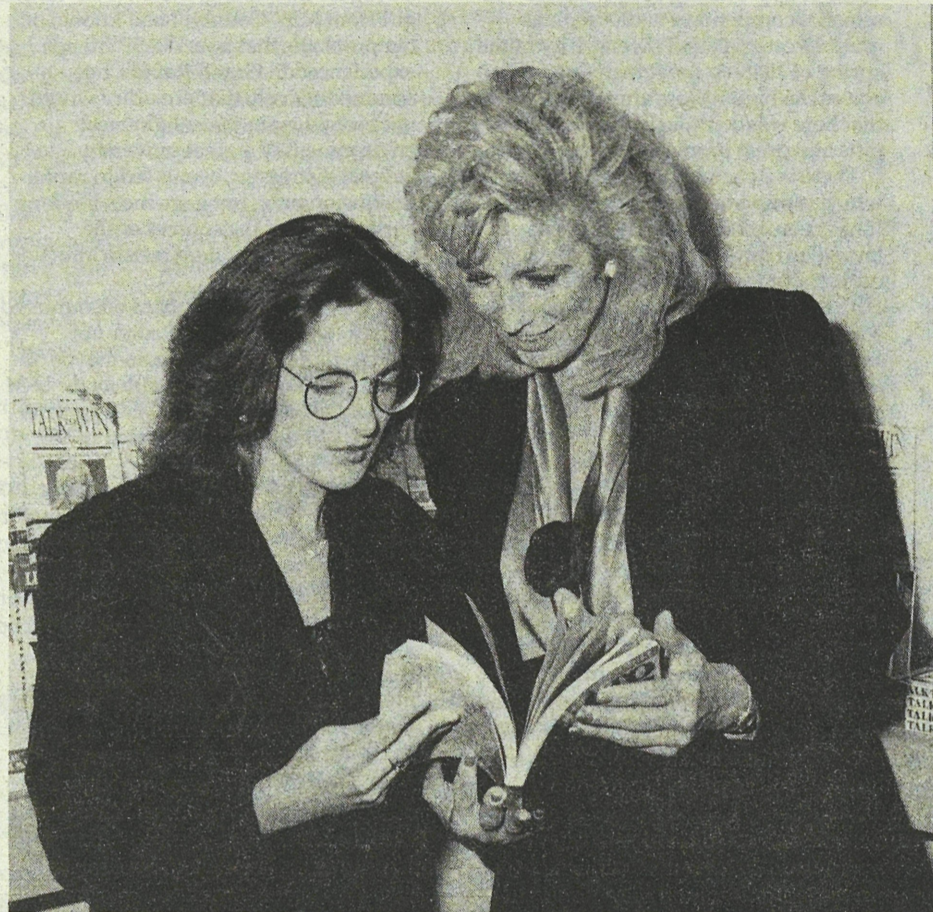
Glass has combined an impeccable academic background with high energy and enthusiasm to build her diverse career. She specializes in voice, speech and communication disorders; total image presentations; dialects and accents—correcting them or teaching them—from around the world; and life changes through better expression.

"How often have you had a positive impression of someone ruined as soon as that person spoke?" she asks. "The voice projects an image, and people can control what that image is through training. Basically, what I do is cosmetic surgery of the voice."

Celebrities who depend on their voices make up half of Glass's practice; she's also a TV commentator, health reporter and former talk show host, and she trains sports personalities, politicians and executives to face the media effectively. In recent years she has added best-selling author and international seminarist to her list of credits, and has produced her books on audio and video tapes as well.

## Helping Hoffman Sound Like Tootsie

It was in 1980 during postdoctorate



Glass taught actress Marlee Matlin how to speak more clearly for her role in *Children of a Lesser God*.

work at UCLA that Glass got the call that led her to *Tootsie*. A Hollywood producer had heard about her interest in male-female communication, and asked if she could make a male actor sound like a woman. The actor, of course, turned out to be Dustin Hoffman who later won an Academy Award for his roles in the film.

Perhaps the most moving experience for Glass in her private practice was working with Marlee Matlin, the Academy Award-winning actress in *Children of a Lesser God*.

"When I first met her, she had very deaf-sounding speech and she mispronounced a lot of words," Glass remembers. "We worked for two hours at a time to train her throat to make sounds, to help her gain the confidence to speak." Matlin was able to speak publicly for the very first time at the 1988 Academy Awards ceremony.

What of other celebrities she advises

on how to use their voices? The list is long and interesting. Sean Connery came to her to learn how to shout—when his film roles demand it—without further damaging his vocal cords "worn out from a lot of years of vocal abuse," says Glass. Julio Iglesias needed help with his accent in song lyrics. Lester Hayes, a defensive back for the Los Angeles Raiders football team, came to her to lose his lifelong stutter.

And she has worked with Dolly Parton, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Florence Griffith Joyner, Jamie Lee Curtis, Sheena Easton, Sally Kellerman, Billy Crystal, Melanie Griffith and other well-known persons in a practice that has grown, appropriately enough, by word of mouth.

## Rare Praise From Mr. Blackwell

A statuesque 5' 10" tall, Glass is a former beauty pageant queen (Miss



Miami) and media personality who has achieved considerable celebrity of her own. (On the Hollywood scene, she has been described by the usually snippy Hollywood fashion maven Mr. Blackwell as having "more charm than a Broadway musical.")

In her comfortable Beverly Hills office on Bedford Drive, where her 4-year-old Lhaso apso named Lambear keeps her company, she explains what she regards as the foundation of her success.

"You are only as great as the shoulders you stand on, and I have had the good fortune to stand on two of the greatest shoulders in my field," she says, naming U-M's Bloomer as her primary mentor, and Robert J. Gorlin of the University of Minnesota, where she completed her doctorate at 24, as the other.

Glass was only 10 when she decided her career path. "I watched an Easter

## LETTERS continued

talks till after the 1968 election. LBJ learned of the plot through the interception of a South Vietnamese cable; the subsequent wiretapping of the GOP occurred after the interception, not before, as the article stated.

The article read: "But South Vietnam was a political, not a military, force, Fine said, and in February 1971 the South was beaten up when it invaded Laos, and US forces had to rescue it." Fine stated that it was the "South Vietnamese army [emphasis added]" that was more a political than a military force.

Fine did not say that South Vietnamese forces were rescued by US troops after being

defeated in their invasion of Laos in 1971. He stated only that they were beaten and withdrew.

The article said Fine had judged the Watergate scandal as the other major historical event of the Vietnam war. His precise words, however, were "The sad story of Vietnam is inextricably tied to Watergate."

Fine specifically stated that the Pentagon Papers contained records of actions that occurred before Nixon and Kissinger took office, rather than, as the article mistakenly stated, records of Nixon's and Kissinger's actions.

Readers who wish to receive a copy of Fine's original text may do so by sending an SASE to Michigan Today. Also, Fine recommends the following books for persons interested in reading further on the US role in Vietnam: *America's Longest War: The United States and Vietnam (1950-1975)*, 2d edition, by George Herring; *Intervention: How America Became Involved in Vietnam*, by George McT. Kahin; and *Vietnam*, by Stanley Karnow.

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Seals telethon and saw a speech therapist teaching a handicapped child how to speak, and it was quite touching to me. I decided then and there that I would do the same."

Throughout high school, she volunteered at a Miami hospital and worked with many handicapped children before she went on to Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois, where she earned her bachelor's degree in speech and hearing sciences.

Glass came to U-M in 1975 for her master of science degree in speech pathology. She says her education at Michigan was "in the true Socratic method where you have a mentor and you are taught by that mentor. I took every class I could take from Bloomer. In essence I 'pupped' him around just to be in his presence."

One of the greatest lessons she learned from Bloomer was how to deal with patients and treat them with respect and dignity. In his honor, she dedicated her book *Talk to Win* to Bloomer.

Glass also worked extensively in the U-M School of Dentistry as part of a multidisciplinary approach to communication disorders, and later saw her master's degree study on speech and lingual behavior published in the *Journal of Oral Surgery*.

#### The Pasteur of Valley-Girl-itis

It was the trendy California "Valspeak" in the early 1980s that inspired Glass's first book: *How to Deprogram Your Valley Girl* (with Richard Liebmann-Smith). Glass had been swamped with calls from parents, and later with media requests, on how to counter the teenage speech craze, with its bizarre cadence and annoying monotony, with speech therapy.

"Valley Girls and their male counterparts, Valley Dudes, talked very fast, usually in a monotone," Glass explains. "They used words like 'rad', 'babe', 'hot', 'awesome'—some of which are still popular."

Several years later, her private practice once again underscored a common need among patients: to communicate better, at work and at home. She first addressed such needs in *Talk To Win* in 1987 (see accompanying article).

Before writing the book, Glass commissioned a Gallup poll to learn what "talking habits" most annoyed people. Among some of the findings: Interrupting while others are talking, mumbling or talking too softly, talking too loudly, using filler words such as "and um" and "you know," a high-pitched voice, and so on. She followed that up in *Say It Right* "with a program that teaches people what to say in hundreds of verbal encounters."

*He Says, She Says*, which went into its fourth printing in two months, came to life because of the author's concern that poor communications skills are key to many dissolutions of businesses and personal relationships.

"Look at the divorce rate. Look at the trouble people have on the job," she notes. "Usually it is not *what* we say that affects others but *how* we say it. How intriguing it is that men and women truly are incredibly different in terms of how they talk to one another. Yet I've seen little miracles happen by teaching people how to improve their speech." **MT**

*Cynthia Simone '60 is a writer and corporate communications specialist based in Southern California.*

## A PRIVATE SESSION

before you speak. You haven't jumped in and responded, rather you've opened your ears and your mind to what is being said.

How do people win friends in the '90s, when few subjects are censored and freedom of speech is of paramount importance? And does communicating in the business world differ, especially in a competitive environment with your livelihood at stake? In *Say It Right: How to Talk in Any Social or Business Situation*, Glass answers:

- Socially, be sensitive to others' feelings, but also to your own. At times, you must say when they have overstepped their conversational bounds with invasive or hostile comments.
- In business, you must be prepared to communicate with anyone, unlike your personal life, where you can pick and choose.
- Great business communications boil down to seven basic traits, among them: Confidence, never being afraid to ask for what you want. Appreciation when you get what you want. Maintaining open lines of communication. Tenacity. Excellent listening skills. Friendliness. And being approachable.

*He Says, She Says: Closing the Communication Gap Between the Sexes* poses some basic questions: Did you know men make more direct statements when speaking, while women "beat around the bush" more often? Did you know women are less likely to be heard by their co-workers at business meetings than their male counterparts? Glass lists 105 Sex Talk Differences, based on the scientific efforts of linguists, psychologists, speech pathologists, anthropologists

and communication specialists.

Using newly commissioned Gallup polls, extensive research and outspoken interviews, she compiles these gender differences in sub-categories of body and face language, speech and voice patterns, and behavioral patterns. Some of her conclusions:

- In body language, men take up more physical space when sitting or standing with arms and legs stretched out away from their bodies; women take up less physical space when sitting with arms and legs toward their bodies.
- In speech and voice patterns, American men have more monotonous speech. They use approximately three tones when talking. Women convey more emotion. They use approximately five tones when talking.
- Men are more task-oriented. For example, they will ask, "What is everyone going to do?" Women are more maintenance-oriented, and will ask, "Is everyone all right?"

Glass places no blame with either men or women. It is just that with so many very real differences, "it is no wonder that men and women have difficulty communicating. The only way you can ever win the battle of the sexes and close the communications gap forever is through awareness, understanding and compromise."

*Readers wishing more information may contact Dr. Lillian Glass, 435 N. Bedford Dr., Suite 209, Beverly Hills CA 90210. Phone: (310) 274-0528.*

## Taking a Class to Class

By Chastity Wilson

Forty energetic youngsters frolicked around the campus in November, giggling and ogling at all the new sights, visiting University museums and trying to send "The Cube" spinning into outer space. But the students from the Dewey Center for Urban Education in Detroit were more than visitors, they were also participants in a University course, English 310.

As part of their assignments, U-M students taking English 310, "Discourse and Society," taught by Prof. Buzz Alexander, help the Detroit youngsters learn the visual arts. The class meets for three hours a week, and U-M students spend at least four more hours a week in Detroit at the Dewey Center, where they work with the video and photography clubs and with middle-school and elementary-school drama clubs.

The class requires a lot of time and emotional energy," Alexander says. "We're looking for people who can work with children and have a reason to work in Detroit."

Last year the older drama club presented its play, *Tell It Like It Is* in U-M's Angell Hall. The play is about a group of friends who work and gossip in a beauty shop. Nikia Golson, one of the playwrights, said the moral of the play was "friendship—find something inside a person that makes them special, that's what counts."

"We like to bring the children here at least once a term," Alexander said. "One of our purposes is to give them a sense that the University of Michigan is a place they could attend, both by meeting students and by visiting."

Photo facilitator Nicole Cooper, a junior from Detroit, said, "It is very important to give back to the community, and this is a way, by inspiring African American young people to accomplish their goals, and by setting an example for them."

Sophomore education major Candace Boone of Detroit works with the video club. "Anything that has to do with children attracts me," she says. "I have the 'teacher's philosophy'—I think I can make a difference."

"I want them to learn about career options," said junior Kendra Lutes of Traverse City, Michigan, who helps budding photographers. We need to expose them to different ways of using the medium." Not only do Lutes and the other photography club facilitators help the students think about composition, they also teach them the chemistry and craft needed to develop film and print pictures.

Transportation, equipment and supplies have been funded by the Office of Minority Affairs, the Office of Student Services, the Minority Office of Rackham School of Graduate Studies, the College of LS&A and a grant from the Presidential Initiative Fund. During its first year, Panasonic donated two video cameras as part of their Kid Witness News Program. "Funding is difficult to come by," Alexander says. "The program is always



U-M students Kevin Ryan (l) and Eric Hoffmann with 5th-grade shutterbug Candace Ollie.

in need of funds and contributions for photo video and theater supplies."

Though the program with the U-M students has been mutually rewarding, there are frustrating occasions. Sometimes the children's behavior challenges the college students to figure out how to restore order and command respect without losing their friendly bond.

"I'm learning that it's very difficult to teach and discipline at the same time," said Kevin Ryan, a junior from Southfield, Michigan. "Especially since a lot of the young Black males look up to me and I want to be a role model for them. I know we have a duty to teach photography, but at the same time I have a hard time dividing the time between photography and something more true to the message I want to give them."

Ryan said the youngsters' field trips to Ann Arbor "help a lot since we're always asking them about their futures and going to college. You can tell they're looking for culture. We have a chance to teach them something besides photography, drama or video."

*Chastity Wilson '95 of Detroit is a Work Study intern in the Office of News and Information Services.*

*Esquire* founder Arnold S. Gingrich '25 was more than Papa's editor

# Hemingway's Confessor

**E** By Joan Oleck  
 Ernest Hemingway was known for having a good time—hunting, fishing, and romancing in several exotic locales. But he also had problems. And he confessed many of them to one of the editors he respected most, Arnold S. Gingrich '25, who founded *Esquire* magazine in 1933.

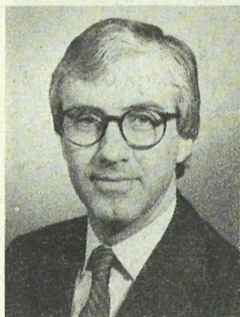
Throughout the 1930s Hemingway confided to Gingrich his health and money problems, and his fierce competitive feelings toward other writers of the day, including James Joyce, a friend; Ezra Pound, a mentor; F. Scott Fitzgerald, about whom he had "concerns," and Gertude Stein, a "damned pleasant woman before she had the menopause."

Hemingway also wrote poetically about the mysteries of his craft. The "real secret in writing a novel is to keep inside of your action all the time like a horse," he told Gingrich in 1934. "Don't let the damned horse run away on you when you are going to have to keep racing him forever. And always stop at an interesting place when you still know what is going to happen."

What went into the composition of *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell To Arms* and other classics? According to one of Hemingway's letters to Gingrich, out of every five hours of writing, he kept only about an hour and a half's worth, and he added, "Each day you throw away what turned out to be shit in the stuff you did the day before."

On one occasion he apologized for blaming Gingrich for two typographical errors that appeared in Hemingway's published pieces. "I know it is my fault for getting copy in at deadline and not getting a proof," the writer stated in a 1934 letter.

"But I have so bloody much confidence in you that I let you proof it for me. Which wouldn't do with anybody else. I know my handwriting is lousy."



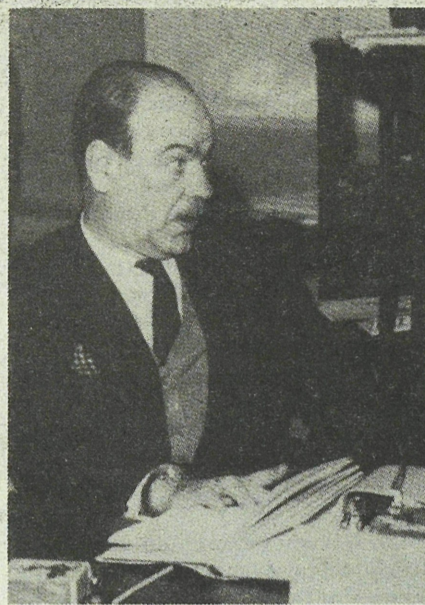
Blouin

Hemingway's letters to Gingrich, lousy handwriting and all, join dozens of rough literary drafts, canceled checks and letters in the Gingrich collection in the U-M's Bentley Historical Library. The collection, which spans the years 1932-75, was offered to the University by the Gingrich estate in 1976, the year Gingrich died.

Francis X. Blouin, director of the Bentley Library, was an assistant archivist back then. He recalls sifting through a blizzard of Gingrich's papers in the editor's cluttered Madison Avenue office, which "always had a chair and music stand." Gingrich was an avid violinist and practiced each work day.

A dynamic man, Gingrich attracted the most prominent writers of his era to *Esquire*. From the 1930s to the 1960s they included not only Hemingway and Fitzgerald, but Stephen Vincent Benet, Ray Bradbury, Erskine Caldwell, E.E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Theodore Dreiser, Zane Gray, Aldous Huxley, Sinclair Lewis, H.L. Mencken, Marianne Moore, James Michener, Bertrand Russell and Tennessee Williams.

From 1960 to 1977, when the magazine was sold, the big names were James Baldwin, Saul Bellow, Nora Ephron,



Gingrich

Lillian Hellman, John Kenneth Galbraith and Thomas Wolfe. The Bentley collection contains material from these and many other writers that scholars will be mining for centuries to come.

Today, scholars at the Bentley can see from Gingrich's comments and editorial marks on dog-eared, typewritten pages, how he gently pushed and prodded Hemingway to get his work into publishable shape.

Thanks to an alert secretary at *Esquire*, they also can see the manuscript for Hemingway's 1938 novella, *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. Blouin recalls the secretary's telling him, "Be sure and take that dirt-encrusted envelope that's down in the basement. I think it's Hemingway's." It was indeed. And despite Gingrich's usual light touch with Hemingway's copy, on this particular manuscript the editor made significant changes.

Gingrich had problems with Hemingway's use of profanity in *The Snows*. "Murderous shit" became "murderous bastard"; "Love is a pile of shit" became "Love is a dunghill." Gingrich also changed a word in a sentence about a woman of the night, changing the author's reference to her "behind" to her "buttocks."

Streams of typographical errors and misspellings were also corrected by Gingrich; many unnecessary hyphens were eliminated, and such errors in usage as "If it had not been her" were set right.

Far more significant was Gingrich's deletion of the second epigraph on *The Snows'* opening page. The first epigraph, which was retained, begins with an atlas-like description of the mountain's summit, then abruptly focuses on the frozen carcass of a leopard and closes with the haunting observation, "No one has explained what the leopard was seeking at that altitude."

Excised was a second epigraph, supposedly from a mountaineer, about the difficulties of the lengthy climb.

Gingrich decided that two epigraphs instead of one slowed the pace too much. Apparently Hemingway agreed, and the friendship between the two men continued to flourish. In one letter Hemingway said he desperately wanted to buy a fishing boat. When Gingrich advanced him \$3,500 for that purpose, Hemingway expressed deep gratitude.

There is also lighthearted advice from Hemingway. "Lay off titles until I ask you again," he cautioned Gingrich in one Key West letter. "You don't want to get drunk with power and loose wild tongues. You really seem like a damned good guy, although ambitious; and I don't want to see you spoil too quickly. They all become bastards when they edit literary publications but [it's] always



Hemingway in famed writing stance



... in famed Papa stance

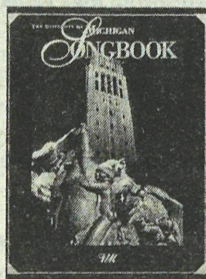
good to postpone it all you can. The less literary the less danger."

When Gingrich, too, became a novelist, Hemingway said that in light of his full-time duties at *Esquire*, the editor was overdoing it. "Good luck." Hemingway wrote from Havana. "You must really like to write—or do you do it from pride to show how many balls you can keep in the air at once as well as . . . [the rest of the quote is so bawdy, we must leave it to curious readers to complete at the Bentley—Ed]."

Joan Oleck is a free-lance writer based in New York.



... and in hunting stance.



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Emperor Ch'in buried ancient academics alive, but today's scholars have unearthed the treasures in his mausoleum

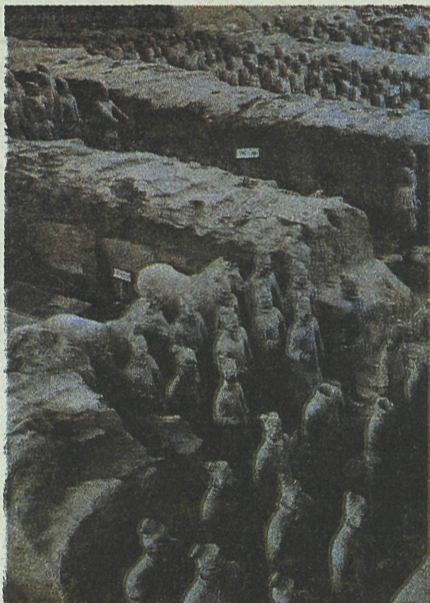
# The Xian Warriors

By Kate Kellogg

The terra-cotta warriors of Xian standing in the West Gallery of the U-M Museum of Art (UMMA) are as ancient as the Great Wall of China. Like the Great Wall, they were created to protect the ruthless first emperor of China and have survived their ruler by more than 2,000 years.

Two soldiers and a horse are on view through January 17 in their first Western appearance since the 1989 violent crackdown on dissenters in Tiananmen Square and elsewhere. On loan from Shaanxi Province, the figures exemplify the 7,300 warriors and horses housed in China's Museum of the Terra-cotta Army of Qin Shi Huang.

The U-M museum's exhibition "The Invincible and Immortal Army: Warriors from Xian" represents two epic sagas. One is the history of the first emperor of China and his extravagant investment in his afterlife. The other tale almost became a modern curator's nightmare, but the complex international negotiations and last-minute snafus that threatened to cancel the exhibition were overcome. The affair resulted in a great coup for the arts at Michigan.



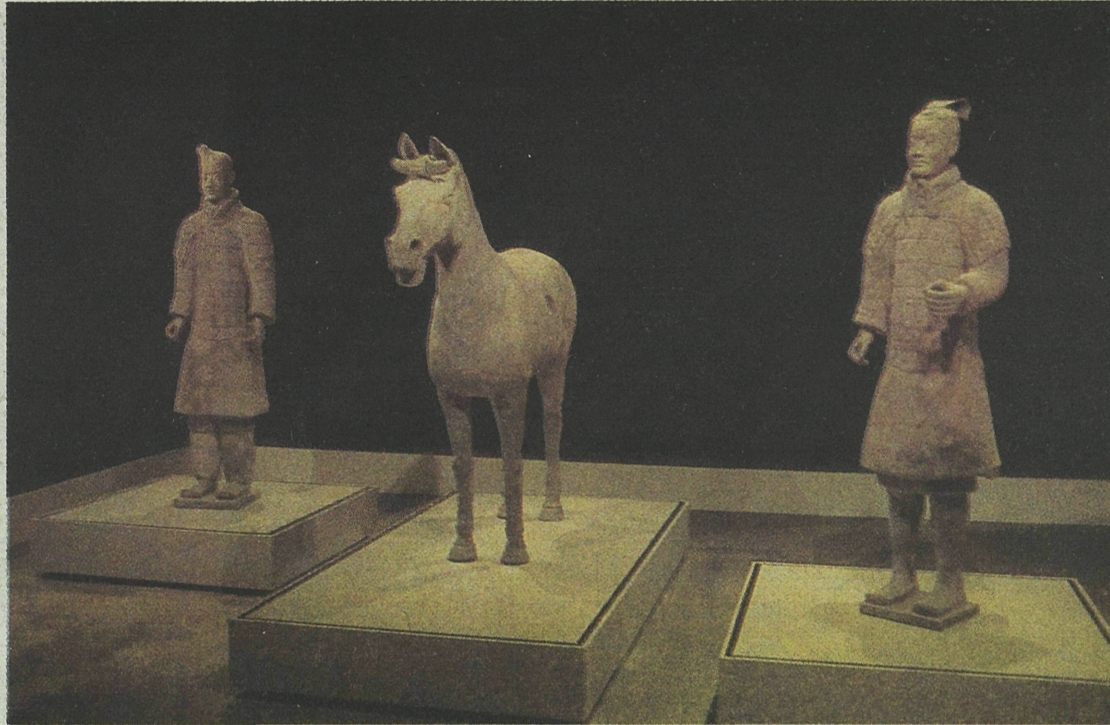
Seven thousand statues were unearthed in the tomb of the first emperor.

Our story begins in 221 BC when Cheng, who had ruled the principality of Ch'in since he was a 13-year-old in 246 BC, applied advances in cavalry and weaponry to unify six major states. This deed ended warfare that had raged since 403 BC, throughout an anarchic period known as Chan-kuo (Epoch of the Warring States).

Cheng assumed the title of Ch'in Shih-huang-ti (First Most Sublime Ruler of the Ch'in) and the throne of the unified state of China. He instituted a centralized government, standardized the laws, currency, roads, weights and measures, and written language, and began building the fortification that would become the Great Wall.

A ruthless anti-intellectual, Shih-huang-ti approved the burning of all books to weaken the influence of the previous feudal states. Fortunately, enough information was stashed away to leave accounts of the Ch'in empire and its fall.

The facial features of the terra-cotta warriors found near the emperor's tomb in Shaanxi Province vary enough to indicate they were probably mod-



The pair of Xian Warriors flank a war horse in the U-M Museum of Art.

eled on actual soldiers. Shih-huang-ti apparently expected to need as huge an army in the afterlife as he maintained throughout his rule.

"He needed all those soldiers because people hated him," says Marshall P.S. Wu, the museum's curator of Asian art. "He taxed his citizens for his personal luxuries and enslaved 700,000 to build his mausoleum. Their skeletons have been found with the rings still around the necks. He particularly distrusted intellectuals and ordered many of them buried alive."

The emperor's slaves spent 37 years building his mausoleum and its various amenities at Mount Li, 25 miles east of Xian. Scholars speculate that their labor may have ended in death to ensure the project's secrecy, Wu says. But in 206 BC, six years after Cheng died, the revolutionary army burned his palaces and mausoleum. Only a gigantic tumulus remained to remind people of Emperor Ch'in's inhumane but remarkable rule.

Well-diggers unearthed the first soldier in 1974. Eventually, thousands more were found in three large burial pits one mile east of the tumulus. Later, solid bronze chariots, horses and weapons, complete in every detail, were found near the 300-foot burial mound. The discovery was hailed by the media as one of the most important archaeological events of this century, an eighth wonder of the world.

"I am certain that many more magnificent sculptures—bodyguards, servants, court people—are underneath that yellow earth," Wu says. "God only knows what treasures are still buried there."

Modeled in clay in separate parts, the figures were fired in kilns, the parts joined and the details painted. The two warriors in the Museum of Art's exhibit are about 6' 1" tall and weigh 650 pounds. Their hands are formed to hold weapons, and their protective outerwear resembles leather interwoven with bamboo and rattan, materials, Wu says, that made armor "tough enough to stop an arrow or sword."

Even though the figures were buried, none of the 7,300 survived the rebel's rampage completely intact, Wu says.

"The rebels burned the wooden supports that surrounded the terra-cotta army below ground, so that the

earth caved in on it. Restoring the figures has taken so much of the Chinese preservationists' time—18 years worth—and money that they haven't yet considered excavating the emperor's tomb."

Today, a hanger-like steel shed houses the pits of soldiers administered by the Museum of the Terra Cotta Army.

To Wu, the most amazing aspect of the exhibition is the sophisticated craftsmanship it represents on a massive scale. "With all our modern techniques and advanced technology, think how long it would take us to reproduce the terra cotta army today," he says. "They made nearly 8,000 of these things, not to mention the channels they dug and roofs they built. And all that in the Bronze Age."

An avid scholar of Chinese art, Wu proved himself an invincible warrior in the campaign to present those figures to United States citizens.

The first great difficulty was exacting the promise of a loan from the Chinese government, he says. "The Chinese guard these figures jealously and seldom loan them out of the country for any purpose. We had to talk them into it piece by piece. We didn't accept their first offer of just the horse because that wouldn't adequately represent the massive excavation of 7,300 figures."

The agreement was secured after ten months of negotiations with representatives of the Shaanxi Province.

Museum Director William J. Hennessey helped clinch the deal with an offer the Chinese couldn't refuse. In return for the loan, the museum offered three of the country's top museum directors an expenses-paid visit to study museum operations and conservation at Michigan.

The three are Han Wei, deputy director of the Shaanxi History Museum, China's first modern museum; Li Lin Na, deputy director of the museum

section of Shaanxi's cultural relics bureau; and Wu Yong Qi, deputy director of the terra-cotta warriors

museum, who participated in the excavation of the buried figures.

"The University benefits from this part of the agreement as well as the visiting museum directors," Hennessey says. "Our museum practice program will offer them the training they need in managing a modern art museum. They, in turn, will share their knowledge of Eastern art and its preservation with us."

In Beijing, Hennessey, armed with an introduction from former Ambassador Leonard Woodcock, lobbied at the United States Embassy while Wu pleaded his case at the Chinese Cultural Relics Bureau.

By this fall all parties had reached agreement and transportation arrangements were under way. Northwest Airlines, which had recently opened a new route from Shanghai to Seattle, donated shipping for the figures.

Everything seemed to be falling into place.

Then things started to go wrong on the Tuesday before the three Chinese experts' scheduled departure date of Friday, Nov. 13. Their tickets and passports arrived but not their visas. The Chinese government would not ship the figures if they weren't accompanied by the experts. Luckily, the visitors received visas from the U.S. Embassy minutes before it closed on the evening before departure.

Air connections went smoothly all the way to Ann Arbor, but bad luck resumed with the uncrating. An old crack in the horse's head, which lacked firm support in the crate's horizontal position, gave way in transit and the head snapped off the body. A leg was damaged as well.

"Fortunately, we had kept Geoffrey Brown, the curator-conservator at our Kelsey Museum of Archaeology, on call and he performed wonderful emergency surgery," Wu says. "Friends of the Art Museum, who previewed the exhibition the next day, saw the horse's leg in bandages. It took a couple of days to heal."

Hundreds of students and visitors have since viewed the terra-cotta figures and experienced the awe of a physical connection to distant times and places, and with the history of the formation of the Chinese state. But a few individuals, such as Wu, Hennessey and their guests from China, marvel most that the sculptures are here at all.



Marshall Wu says Emperor Shih-huang-ti, depicted in the painting, behind him was especially hard on scholars: he buried them alive.

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# Michigan Today



Photo by Pat Young

Winter is upon us, and one way to enjoy it is to contemplate its beauty in the warmth and comfort of the University's Museum of Art. 'Stream Running Through Snow-laden Forest' by the Pennsylvania-based impressionist Edward Willis Redfield (1869-1965) was a gift of Gilbert M. Frimet (1985/2.117; 16 inches by 22 1/8 inches).

U-M Regents: Deane Baker, Ann Arbor; Paul W. Brown, Petoskey; Shirley M. McFee, Battle Creek; Neal D. Nielsen, Brighton; Philip H. Power, Ann Arbor; Veronica Latta Smith, Grosse Ile; Nellie M. Varner, Detroit; James L. Waters, Muskegon; James J. Duderstadt, President, *Ex-officio*.

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