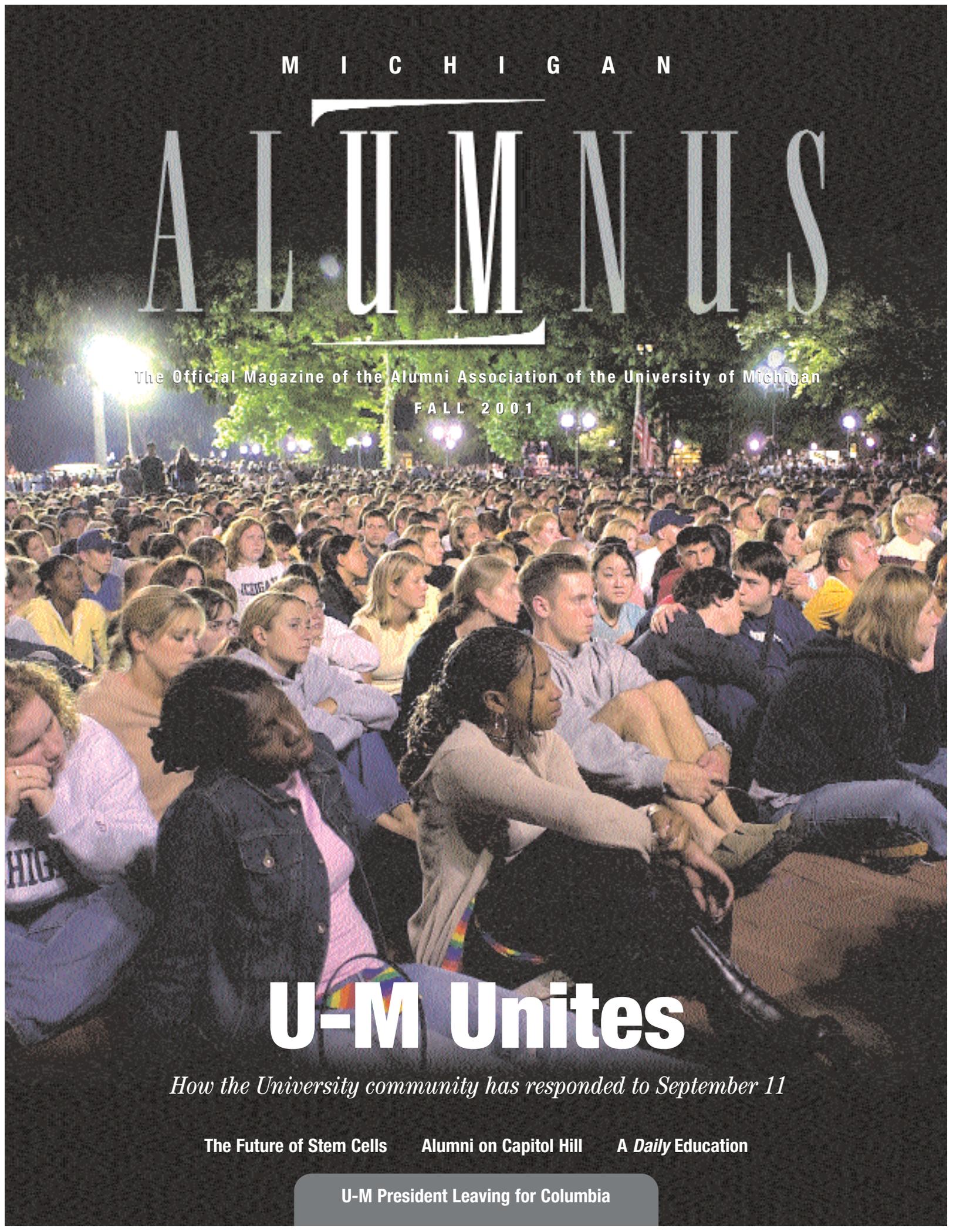


M I C H I G A N

ALUMNUS

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U-M Unites

How the University community has responded to September 11

The Future of Stem Cells

Alumni on Capitol Hill

A Daily Education

U-M President Leaving for Columbia

U-M

UNITES

Although physically far removed from the Sept. 11 attacks on the United States, the University community has been affected deeply. As news of the events spread across campus, students, faculty and staff responded with action and reflection. Some found comfort in lighting a candle, others in donating blood or discussing their hopes and fears, and still others simply sought silence. The following stories and photographs illustrate some of what happened on campus.

We also include the stories of some of our alumni who were in New York and Washington, D.C., on Sept. 11. While many escaped unharmed, others did not. When a final list of those missing becomes available, we will publish their names as well as plans to honor them.

While we can't capture all the events that have happened on campus or the stories of all those affected, it is our hope that these stories can give some insight about how the Michigan community has responded and how we are all trying to heal.

Friday, Sept. 14, about 3:30 p.m.: The Diag, which usually teems with students on a warm fall day, stands quiet, after addresses earlier in the week by President Bollinger and several religious leaders. People walk to class in slow motion, without stopping to engage in debate or share a laugh. On the sidewalk, in several places, passersby read a chalked plea: Give blood at the Union.



Students waited for over three hours to donate blood on Sept. 14.



The Pendleton Room on the second floor of the Michigan Union has been given over to a blood drive from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Blood drive coordinators Mike Thompson, a senior from Grand Blanc, Mich.; Nancy Short, a junior from Allen Park, Mich.; and Sean Meyers, a junior from Kennett Square, Pa., survey the packed room. "People are waiting three-and-a-half hours," Short says. "Normally it's not more than an hour-and-a-half."

A faint smell of blood wafts over the other side of the room and the beds that fill it. Volunteers from the Red Cross, Alpha Phi Omega and Circle K (campus service organizations) fill out intake forms and guide donors through the process. Susannah Nichols, a senior from Baltimore, Md., and vice

president of Alpha Phi Omega, guesstimates a 200 percent increase in new donors.

Students find a sense of community and purpose here. Jason Morgan-Foster, a law student from Colorado, feels this tragedy is different, more personal, than others. "Everyone feels helpless," he reflects. "That's directly tied to why so many people are here to give blood."

Tony Goodman, a senior from San Francisco who recalls the 1989 earthquake near home, is still "in complete shock;" his cousin, a

Per Kjeldsen

firefighter, is dealing with debris. Tony Nelson, a senior from Saline, Mich., knows people from the Michigan Marching Band who live in Manhattan. "I want to do my part," he says.

Michael Lutkus, a junior from Spring Lake, Mich., will never forget the "almost surreal images of those planes crashing." Merritt Taylor, a recent graduate, says his aunt saw the blast from her window in Brooklyn. "This is a diverse university," says Joachim Hero, a sophomore from Ann Arbor.



A student donates blood at the Michigan Union.

Aaron Saito, a senior from Oregon, was just starting to focus on his studies when "it hit me. It can happen to anyone, anytime." Students worry that terrorists will strike again, that prejudice will increase and that civil liberties may be abridged. "Every conversation ends up, 'What will happen next?'" says Rahul Shah, a graduate student from Pennsylvania.

An announcement to newcomers: Blood donations shut down until further notice. For now, the Red Cross is awash in blood and urges donors to return another time. "We've lost trust, but we're re-building that trust by doing these blood drives, these vigils," says Amit Kapoor, a junior from Boston. "We are recovering as we should be, bonding," adds Amir Sitabkham, a junior from Cleveland. And Owais Akmal, a junior from Saudi Arabia, finds it comforting that "people are pulling together."

Noting the outpouring of support from all quarters, Seth Oppenheim, a law student from Huntington Woods, Mich., concludes "the darkest event of our generation [is] in other respects our finest hour."

—Davi Napoleon, '66, MA'68



An estimated 15,000 people turned out for a candlelight vigil on Sept. 11 on the Diag.

Comfort in Music

I arrive at Hill Auditorium at 7:55 p.m. for the 8 p.m. event, certain there will be scattered seats available on the main floor, as usual. An usher tells me to try the second balcony. I follow a large crowd up flight after flight, taking a seat near the back.

Karen Wolff, dean of the School of Music, opens the free concert that the school has billed "A Musical Meditation." "We have just experienced perhaps the most tragic moment in our nation's history," she says, noting that art can "bring solace and give comfort in this time of darkness [by providing] a source of strength and affirmation" while we mourn. She asks that there be no applause.

Faculty and community members joined student performers for a concert that came together in record time. Harry Ong, a junior clarinetist from Seattle, says students were preparing pieces by Haydn and Shostakovich for an upcoming concert, but when they came in on Wednesday, conductor Kenneth Kiesler didn't feel like working on those.

Instead, Kiesler, director of University orchestras; and Jerry Blackstone, director of choirs, elected emotional pieces in the eulogy tradition. "All these works speak to remembrance," notes Douglas Martin, a graduate student in orchestral conducting from Lexington, Ky. "Barber's *Adagio* has a long history of being played at funerals."



The concert continued with Brahms' "How Lovely Is Thy Dwelling Place" from *A German Requiem*, J.S. Bach's "Dona Nobis Pacem" from *Mass in B minor* and "Finale" from Mahler's *Symphony No. 3 in D minor*. "Pieces ranged the gamut from poignant music to the Mahler that progresses from angry to uplifting and then to great triumph," Blackstone explains. "Then there is the Bach, a cry for peace and an affirmation, and the serene and beautiful Brahms."

Students usually prepare concerts in three weeks. This time, they had three days. Elizabeth Bakalyar, a junior from Dearborn, Mich., said the group had never worked on the Mahler before Wednesday, when they read it for the first time. "Everyone was crying," she says. "The music brings out emotions you try to hide."

Rehearsals also helped students cope. "I once had a professor who said there are people who make us able to live—doctors, for instance—and people who give us a reason to live," says P.J. Woolston, a graduate student in bassoon performance from Dugway, Utah, who found inspiration in thoughts Kiesler shared about the importance of their contribution.

"Playing music and singing music is what musicians do best, and when we need to express our sorrow and bring comfort, that's what we do," Blackstone reflects.

In the audience, we were feeling the music, too—our desire for community frustrated by the ban on applause. We hold our appreciation, our connection to players and their music and to each other. Finally, after we add our voices to "America the Beautiful," we stay standing, defying the ban as we burst into sustained applause and offer a well-deserved standing ovation.

—D.N.



Hill Auditorium was packed for a Sept. 14 concert in honor of the victims of Sept. 11.

When terrorists attacked the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, University of Michigan alumni were among those running for their lives. In the days to follow, Wolverines in New York struggled to get back to work and into their downtown homes, aided rescue efforts and honored friends they lost. Here are a few of their stories and reactions in the aftermath.

by Stephanie Jo Klein, '98

Hilary Drummond, MBA'00
Works for American Express, in the former
American Express Tower

"Having worked late the previous night, I decided to go into work by 9:30, which is late for me. So I was still in my apartment near Lincoln Center when the planes attacked. I didn't know what was going on; I thought it was just a fire, so I tried to go to work. My subway stopped at Houston Street, where they announced that a police investigation was stopping the train line. People on the train started talking to me, telling me what they'd witnessed. When I got to the top of the stairs at Houston Street, I had the full view of the World Trade Center. We were all in shock. I walked south a couple blocks, mesmerized. I started talking to a man on the corner of the street. I said 'Oh my god, look at that debris falling.' He said, 'That's not debris.' Then we realized they were people.

I saw the second tower fall and then started north. On the way, I was crying and shaking, it was horrific. A woman just grabbed my hand out of nowhere and said, 'I'm Sandy, and we're going to be OK. We're going to be OK.' We walked about 20 blocks north together, talking the whole time."

Tracy (Pattison) Williams, '94
Works for Random House Publishing

"The firehouse on our street in Brooklyn, two doors down, lost 12 men. These are the men I flirt with every morning. I knew one of the firemen, he was a family friend, and he's OK, but 12 others of them are gone.

The week before I had a mini-fire in my kitchen and had to use the fire extinguisher. I thought 'This is a perfect reason to go talk to the firemen. I'll ask them if I need a new fire extinguisher!' My husband said I was being embarrassing, but now that I know those two men are dead, I'm glad I stopped to talk."

Andy Stenzler, '90
CEO of Xando-Cosi Inc., which had a store location at 4 WTC

"When the first plane hit, we immediately called our store at 4 WTC, which is directly attached to building #2, and told them to stay inside, so nothing would fall on them. Everyone thought it was an accident, so we thought the safest place to be was not outside.

Then the second plane hit, and we told our employees to get everyone out of the store—now. There were 120 people in the office, screaming and crying, and we had to manage the situation to create safety for our partners. Right after that, we began closing down all our New York City locations, and all landmark locations in the country. We had to get in touch with 2,000 employees nationwide and did so in under 20 minutes. We shut down everything, including our store across from the White House, the FBI Building location, the Sears Tower in Chicago, and after word about the Pentagon, we shut everything nationwide except our suburban stores, which were being used as gathering places for people to watch TV. We lost our WTC location, our kiosk and also had a store in the World Financial Center, which is closed until further notice. A friend of mine told me that among the only things still recognizable in the whole disaster area are two Cosi awnings. They're still standing at the bottom of building 4, even though the whole thing is a pancake. It's eerie.

Cantor Fitzgerald had a lot of Michigan connections. I had a few friends from school who worked there and they're all gone, except my friend John (see below). They had no chance. It's really sad. They're all my age, with young kids. The only consolation is that each of them had great life stories and we'll keep telling them."

John Hoekman, '90
Senior vice president, Private Client Group, Morgan Stanley

"My office was on the 73rd floor of Two World Trade Center. It approximately lines up with where the first plane hit. When I heard that thunderous exploding noise, I looked out my window only to see a huge cloud of flames and shrapnel coming right at me. Initially, I couldn't tell which building had been hit, and by what. I grabbed the guys who worked for me and we hightailed it to the stairwell. I was on the 50th floor when they called off the evacuation. We were going back up to our office to get our personal belongings and then leave. That's when the second one hit.

The noise and the tremor of that shaking knocked almost everyone straight to the ground. I looked around and I was the only one standing up at the time. People were screaming at me to get down and cover my head. I wasn't about to sit around and wait for the ceiling to fall in. I wanted to get the hell out of there; I have a five-month-old daughter at home. That's the first thought that crossed my mind, that I was not going to allow her to grow up without a father. I hustled back to the stairwell, and it took me about 30 minutes before I was out of the building. The building collapsed about 25 minutes later."

Alysa Ullman, '98
Sponsorship operations coordinator for the Washington
Wizards, Capitals and Mystics

"I was at work at the MCI Center in Washington, D.C., when I first heard about the planes crashing into the World Trade Center. I was supposed to attend a meeting that afternoon near the Pentagon. A few of my friends were aware of this and were concerned for my safety. Land line phones were down and all circuits were busy with cell phones. There was no way to contact anyone. The Metro was shut down, so I volunteered to drive some of my coworkers home. D.C. was eerie. The city has never been in such a state of panic. All I heard were ambulances and sirens.

On Sept. 14, my worst fears were confirmed when I found out that my freshman year roommate, Christina Ryook, was an unfortunate victim of the terrorism. A mutual friend of Christina and mine called me that evening and he told me after three days of searching through the clinics and hospitals there was no sign of Christina. Her parents were not emotionally ready to have a funeral. Instead, they chose to assemble all of those close to Christina. Her family and friends were all contacted and asked to attend a dinner in her memory. That very next evening, we all gathered at a traditional Korean restaurant in NYC. There were about 56 people in attendance, many of whom traveled from far—California, Arizona, Ohio, Illinois, etc.—to be there with her family. Approximately 37 of Christina's friends from Michigan attended. Her dad even wore a navy blue shirt with yellow stripes and commented that Christina loved it when he wore that shirt. The spirit of U-M was definitely in the air.

What amazed me about her parents was that they were deeply saddened, yet not angry. It would have been so easy to be upset and want to seek revenge. However they simply stated that Christina "was a gift that they were blessed with for 25 years." They also stated that we all need to cherish the memories we have with her and remember all of the joy she brought into our lives. I did not know her parents very well before that evening. However we shared a most special evening together, and I now I see where she got her character from."

Joshua Rich, '98
Reporter, *Entertainment Weekly*

"I was at home when the attacks happened. Afterward, when I was walking to work, there were scores of people in the streets; it looked like Godzilla had attacked. Once I left work, where we somehow continued to put out a regular issue, I spent a lot of time with my brother, Aaron, '00."

Viney Jain, MSE'71
Database manager for the United Nations

"The Saturday after the attack, I volunteered with the American Red Cross to assist families needing information. I had hoped that I would be doing some translating work with families who spoke Hindi and Punjabi, but unfortunately there was only one family that I was able to help, taking them around to all the agencies for help.

I live in New Jersey, commute to work in Manhattan everyday and watched the attack from my bus window. But I like the city too much to fear anything."

Joshua Lamel, JD'00
Attorney for Moses and Singer, LLP

"I live anywhere from two to 15 blocks from all the downtown hospitals and the city morgue. That's where all the pictures of the missing people are. It's not like elsewhere with sporadic photos posted. There were, and still are, hundreds of pictures everywhere. It just doesn't go away. We can't walk down the street without seeing those faces. I can't go anywhere without seeing the reminders of it.

My best friend, another Michigan grad, is Chaldean, a Christian Arab. He went out and bought this giant cross that he's been wearing around his neck on the streets, because he's scared someone's going to attack him. He's walking around scared for his life."

Michael Zilberman, '98
Freelance reporter for the NY bureau of NTV, a Russian TV network

"The night before Sept. 11, I had stayed at a friend's apartment in Brighton Beach. He was the only person who knew where to reach me that morning, so at 10 a.m., he called to say 'Turn on the TV. The World Trade Center is burning.' When it started to come down, I immediately called work. Instead of evacuating the studio, which is two blocks south of the World Trade Center, they decided to broadcast from inside the perimeter, despite only having three staff members out of 15–20 people there. I had to get in there. The panic was so much that no cab driver would take me to downtown Brooklyn. I walked for two-and-a-half hours to the Brooklyn Bridge, put a T-shirt over my face and made my way into the studio. It was pretty emotional, and sometimes incoherent, but we had a show.

Later that week, while trying to get back into my office, there was a scare that One Liberty Plaza might fall, so everyone scattered. As I came back up a side street, two jittery policemen threw me on the ground and started frisking me. They found a Russian CD in my pocket and became even more aggressive, until a Marine showed up, checked my documents and released me. One was screaming 'What's your nationality?' while holding my passport. I was like, 'I'm an American! And you're holding my passport!'

They were clearly doing their job. I looked suspicious and Middle Eastern. It's scary, but this type of racial profiling is going to happen in every corner of the country now."

Brett Grabel, '95
President of the U of M Club of New York

"I had a French lesson scheduled for the morning of the attacks, so I was watching TV at home when the second plane hit. When I got to my office in the West Village later that day, I got a call from my best friend, Denis, who asked me about Jim (Gartenberg, '87, former president of the U of M Club of New York). Jim, he reminded me, worked on the 86th floor of the WTC. I said, 'No, he left his job! He gave notice on Friday. He left me a voicemail.' To make sure, we called his house, and his housekeeper told me that Jim was in the building. Only later did we find out that he had been trapped, unable to get into the stairwell. He had only been in the office to clean out his desk that day before starting a new job.

I never realized how much I respected Jim until he was gone. The name Jim Gartenberg to me was always a pillar of confidence, comedy, integrity and character. I like to think that something good will come out of this. For me, that means I'm going to try to live life in a fashion that Jim would have. There are aspects of my life that I already do live as he did. But I'm going to improve my work ethic, and I've always wanted a family, but now I'm a little more excited for it. And now the alumni club means 100 times more than it did."

Danielle Rumore, '98
Worked for Thomson Financial in the Thomson Financial Building next to the World Trade Center

"My office is a short block from the Twin Towers; we're just separated by the Millennium Hotel. I got to work a little early that day because I had a lot to do. There were only a few people in the office at that time. We were talking when the first plane came by. It was unmistakably a plane that came by, and it sounded very low in the sky. It was loud enough that we all turned to look to see where it was coming from, and we saw the shadow of the plane come across the building. It sounded like a fighter jet instead of a plane, and it was definitely going full steam. It was going fast and it crashed and it was so loud that it sounded like a bomb.

We all ran to the window and saw flames and fire and debris, which was probably a mix of paper, plane and body parts, at the time. It was like a ticker-tape parade, flying around. Terrorism didn't even cross our minds.

I was talking to my father on the phone when the second plane came. It was about 100 times louder and more violent sounding than the first one. When it hit the tower, our building shook so violently I thought it was going to collapse. For a minute, I couldn't see anything. Everything went blurry, the shake was so bad. The computers dimmed and the lights flickered. My dad, on the line, started to cry. He said he had heard that from miles away in Brooklyn and felt it in his apartment building. At that moment, I hung up on my father; we all looked at each other and just decided to leave. We knew that we were being attacked. The PA announcer came on and told us to evacuate immediately. He sounded nervous and terrified. I'll never forget the sounds of those airplanes. It was the most terrifying sound of my life. It was the sound of war.

My company lost 11 people in the World Trade Center and another person on one of the planes. Yet, despite all this loss, the city has pulled together in unbelievable ways. I went to give blood the next day and was turned away. That says something about our society trying to do its part." 

Visit www.umalumni.com for more on University and alumni reaction to the events of Sept. 11.