

# LAFF

THE LAFF SOCIETY Promoting Social and Professional Contacts Among Former Staff Members of The Ford Foundation

May 2011 / No. 66

IT'S A DATE!

## Reunion is November 7

LAFF's reunion this year will be Monday, November 7, at the Foundation's headquarters in New York City. Janet Maughan, head of the Society's chapter in New York, is leading a committee that will plan the agenda for the day-long event. Shep Forman sets out a general outline for the gathering in his President's Message on page 3 in this issue. Full details, including times and an agenda, will be in the next issue.

### PETER DE JANOSI DEAD AT 82

**Peter de Janosi**, who worked at the Foundation in several positions from 1962 through 1980, died February 16 of a massive stroke. He was 82 and lived in Chappaqua, New York.

Mr. de Janosi, who was born in Pecs, Hungary, received a doctorate in economics from the University of Michigan and joined the Foundation after working as a senior economist with the Exxon Corporation.

He was a program officer first in the office of Economic Development and Administration and then in Higher Education and Research. He was also a project specialist in Austria for two years.

After he left Ford he worked for ten years as a vice president of the Russell Sage Foundation and then, in 1990, returned to Austria to become director of the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis, which he helped develop while at the Foundation.

Among the honors he received were  
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## TAKING TO THE STREETS OF CAIRO



PHOTOS BY ANN M. LESCH

*When the revolution in the Arab nations of North Africa and the Middle East spread to Egypt, two LAFF members were there to witness the surging crowds and experience the emotional tremors of the historic events. In these two articles, **Ann M. Lesch** provides some of the background to what she saw and **Alia Arafa** offers a riveting account of what it was like to be among the protestors.*

### THE NIGHT THAT CHANGED MY LIFE

by **Alia Arafa**

The night of January 27 I called one of my former students, who recently graduated and is now working in a private investment firm. Her mother called me earlier that day from abroad and was in tears. She pleaded that I call her daughter to convince her not to join the major anti-government protests planned to take place after Friday prayers the next day.

I reached the young lady in the evening and during a long motherly lecture explained to her the dangers of getting involved in such political groups and that, for her mother's sake, she should not get involved, especially  
*continued on page 2*

### BREAKING THE 'BARRIER OF FEAR'

by **Ann M. Lesch**

On January 25 I happened to be at a conference held near Tahrir Square when, in mid-afternoon, I watched in amazement as thousands of people streamed across the venerable Qasr al-Nil bridge into the square, the symbolic heart of Cairo.

People entered the square from all directions, in small clusters and large groups, chanting and carrying placards. Some 90,000 people had responded to the Facebook request to demonstrate on that public holiday—and it felt like all of them had actually headed to the square. This astonished the young organizers, whose previous attempts  
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## The Night That Changed My Life

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after the violent attacks from the riot police on youth-led protests on January 25.

The beautiful young lady surprised me with what I can describe only as a wake-up call. She burst into tears and told me she and her generation are confident they can change the regime and determined to create the Egypt we all aspire for. All they are asking for are their legitimate rights. They are asking simply for freedom, social justice and an end to corruption. "The government has to listen to us," she said. "We have already organized ourselves and we are in contact with many movements through social media and we are sure we will win."

My generation had long suffered from all that Dina mentioned, but we only complained about such issues in closed meetings and in social and family gatherings, no more.

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### The LAFF Society

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<b>Alia Arafa:</b> <i>Cairo</i>	<b>Bill Ireland:</b> <i>Washington, DC</i>

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**Nellie Toma**, *Contributing Editor*  
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We remained silent and continued with our lives. This generation was different.

I was very moved by the young lady's words, and instead of my persuading her to listen to her mother's plea she convinced me to reassess my own position. Something changed in me. I went to sleep that night after thorough thinking, determined to join the following morning's protests that were due to start after Friday prayers. I contacted a couple friends I heard were thinking of joining the protests in Tahrir Square and we agreed to take the lead and start a protest from the Gezira Club in the Zamalek neighborhood in support of the demonstrations.

The following morning I went to exercise in the club and told my husband, Ahmed, I was planning to join the protests after prayers and asked if he and Hatem, my only son, would like to join. But after prayers I was reconsidering the idea as I felt too exhausted from a 4km jog. I tried to call Ahmed to tell him that I was no longer joining the demonstrations but discovered that my mobile, as well as all mobiles, was shut off.

Not only that, Twitter and Facebook were blocked, too, to hinder all forms of communication. Everybody was furious and felt that the regime was dealing with people as though they were idiots, a herd of sheep who never object to whatever is done to them.

I tried to calm down but couldn't. The discussion I had with Dina the night before and the communication cut-off gave me enough energy to think again of joining the protests. I managed to call home from a land line in the club's office and told Ahmed and Hatem what happened. They got so angry as well that they decided to join the protests.

We and some other members marched out of the club and were joined by other Zamalek residents who had taken off from a neighboring cafe. We all marched in a peaceful demonstration, chanting for more freedom and social justice. Many people from all walks of life joined us and in one hour we became almost 10,000.

While we were marching, we discovered a security representative spraying gas secretly at the crowd from an insecticide-like can. The regime was ready to do anything at any cost to make the protests and demonstrations stop. As we marched towards Tahrir



Square to meet other protestors, gas canisters and rubber bullets were fired at us when we were on the Sixth of October bridge. We were trapped, the rubber bullets being fired at us from every direction, and we didn't know where to go. More police officers started running toward us, firing at us. We ran and returned to where we had come from. We couldn't join the protestors in Tahrir Square.

After many hours protesting in the street we returned home at night, furious and very annoyed. After what we had seen, all three of us at home were determined more than ever to fight back against the system. My son called his friends, who, like him, had never been involved in politics, and started telling them what had happened to us.

We rested for a couple days because Hatem was exposed to the gas fumes that day on the bridge and his eyes were irritated, and I twisted my ankle and fell while we were running away from the police. We remained two days at home glued to the TV, watching what the world watched.

Then one morning Hatem came to me, dressed and ready to leave. He told me he was going to join the protestors in Tahrir Square.

For the first time I froze. Literally. I couldn't speak for a few seconds that seemed to last long minutes. At first I kept making excuses for him not to go. He realized, he said, what I was aiming at and

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told me that after what he had witnessed he couldn't stay at home any longer. His place, he said, was now in Tahrir with the protesters. I cried and begged him not to go. He kept arguing but at the end obeyed my plea and remained at home, like me and many other people watching TV, following the demonstrations minute by minute.

But he could not sit passively as the demonstrations continued. One day later he came to me and calmly asked, "What happened to you, mom? I never saw you so weak. You brought me up to speak my mind, stand for what is right at whatever cost. Don't you believe in the protests we have marched in? Didn't you see for yourself that this is a system we cannot trust? You were the first one in the family who decided to march in the protests. You always told me that our life will end the minute God decides that. I never saw you not standing by your own beliefs. Why are you backing off now? Don't you have enough faith?"

He continued on and on and, I confess, I couldn't argue. I told him bluntly that, indeed, I believed in everything he said but I could not let him go.

He kissed me, hard, on the cheek and told me, "I hope you won't be angry with me but I cannot continue to stay home while other people and youth are dying for us to live a better and more honorable life."

He told me, "I am going now to Tahrir and, remember, if I die this is the choice I have made for myself. Even if I lose an eye (as many youth during the protests had) I know it was my decision and I know I lost it for the sake of values I believe in. You taught me that, mom. Now is the time to prove that you practice what you preach."

Hatem left. I ran to the door to see him for what I thought might be the last time and hugged and kissed him. I knew then that I could no longer protect him and keep him away from danger as I used to when he was a little boy. I had to resign myself to his need.

Since that day, and every morning, Hatem left the house to join the protesters and Ahmed would leave an hour after him to join him in Tahrir. I, with my foot sprained and swollen, continued to pray each day, hoping that God would bring both home safely to me.

Ten days passed as though they were a whole decade. Then, on February 11, early in the evening, we heard the famous "few sentences" that President Hosni Mubarak had decided to step down. All three of us jumped with joy, kissed and hugged each

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The upheavals in the Middle East were the subject of a panel discussion organized by LAFF's New York chapter on April 28 at the International Institute of Education.

**David Arnold and Gary Sick** were joined by **Barbara Ibrahim** on-line from Cairo to help attendees think through the immediate and long-term meaning of these events and their implications for both United States policy and philanthropic activities in the region.

The Ford Foundation has been present at many of the important transformations of the last century, from decolonization to the end of Apartheid, from military to civilian rule in Latin America, and from authoritarian to democratic governance in Central Europe. It has also accompanied processes of change in China, Russia and Vietnam. What have we learned from these experiences, both in terms of the complex processes themselves and the role of foreign philanthropy in them? How active and decisive a role has the Foundation—and the wider philanthropic community—played and what are the conditions that serve to broaden or constrict its latitude for appropriate funding? How should we think about the interplay of education, governance, human rights and development programs in contexts of turbulent change?

These questions inevitably come to mind as we think about the agenda for LAFF's next general meeting, scheduled for November 7 at the Foundation's headquarters in New York City. As many of you are aware, the Foundation this year celebrates its 75th anniversary, and President Luis Ubiñas has invited LAFF to include our meeting among the year-long

series of conferences, seminars and other events that are reviewing Ford's philanthropic history. Of course, the Foundation, as we know it, began its national and international program activities in 1950 after the Trustees approved the Gaither Report with its sweeping recommendations to use the Foundation's resources to reduce poverty, promote democratic values, work for international peace, and build educational capacities and understanding of human conduct around the world. The Timeline on the Foundation's website highlights the major areas of funding over a remarkable 60-year philanthropic journey in which all have played a proud part.

LAFF's program committee, chaired by **Janet Maughan**, has been active in developing both the April and November meetings. A sub-committee is being formed to fashion the precise agenda for the November meeting, helping to hone a highly complex subject into a workable framework that will be of interest to the membership as a whole. Of course, a substantial portion of the meeting will allow us to catch up with friends, renew old acquaintances and meet new colleagues, and to drink a toast to the Foundation's many accomplishments and the staff that has made them possible. Updates will be available on LAFF's new website, which we hope to launch shortly, and in the September Newsletter.

For now, save the date: November 7.

Let me take this moment to again thank my co-officers and the Executive Committee for their continuing volunteer contributions to LAFF's growth and strengthening, and to welcome **Michael Seltzer** to the Executive Committee.

I look forward to seeing you in November.

**Shep**

other. We talked to family and friends and we all went down to the street, heading again for Tahrir Square, but this time chanting with joy and no longer afraid.

I cannot describe how it felt to be among literally millions of people in the streets. And this time, as we walked up the same Sixth of October bridge on which we were fired upon almost two weeks before, we walked freely and breathed freedom and victory. The bonding among the people was so palpable that I felt we all had become one.

The revolution had brought people together in ways we had not seen for a long time—men and women, Moslem and Christian, children with adults. People who stayed at home cooked for the protesters. Some people who lived in buildings overlooking Tahrir Square opened their houses for wounded protesters to be treated. There were hundreds of stories of support and sacrifice.

I saw Hatem celebrating and cheering among other youth in the middle of all the crowds. Our eyes met and he waved to me and shouted from the crowd so I could hear him, "We made it, mom."

I waved and smiled back and for a second I understood that God has not only answered my prayers but rewarded me with more than I have ever dreamt of. ■

*Alia Arafa, who worked for the Foundation in Cairo from 1983 through 2000, obtained her master's degree in Public Administration from the American University in Cairo, specializing in Development Studies. She held several executive positions at international donor agencies in Egypt and elsewhere. Now, she is the director of the Program Monitoring Unit of the Human Rights and Good Governance Programs in the Ministry of International Cooperation in Cairo.*



## Breaking the 'Barrier of Fear'

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to demonstrate had fizzled when perhaps a hundred people would show up out of thousands who emailed that they would come.

This time the young organizers went into the streets to appeal directly for support. For example, 7,000 men and women from the severely deprived neighborhood of Boulaq al-Dakroul joined the young activists and marched first to middle-class Mohandesseen and then on to Tahrir. (That was the orderly group I saw streaming across the bridge, merging with others from Cairo University.)

Once in the square they greatly outnumbered the heavily armed riot police. Although trucks with powerful water cannons charged into the crowds and police fired tear gas and rubber bullets as well as threw rocks, the demonstrators held their ground and pushed back, seeking to open the way to the parliament, the council of ministers and the hated Ministry of Interior. That night stalwarts held onto the square in the face of a violent onslaught. A protest seeking limited reforms had swiftly transformed into a revolutionary uprising that spread throughout Egypt.

Anger at President Hosni Mubarak's rule had built over the past decade. An accidental president, who came to power only because of Anwar Sadat's assassination in 1981, Mubarak initially calmed the public, emphasized the rule of law and managed relations with Israel in ways that preserved Egypt's interests. However, as soon as he began his second term in 1987 he refused to reform the constitution, extended the state of emergency, promulgated laws to exclude the opposition from representation at the municipal level and ensured that the ruling National Democratic Party (NDP) won

nearly all the seats in parliament.

When violence by Islamist fringe groups destabilized Egypt from 1992 to 1997, Mubarak unleashed the security forces, who arrested and tortured people at will, for reasons entirely unrelated to "terrorism". Meanwhile, Mubarak's sons Alaa and Gamal entered corrupt business deals with their business cronies, helping themselves to public assets while neglecting the economic and social infrastructure. The rich/poor gap increased vastly, with job-loss among blue-collar workers particularly severe. By 2010, 40 per cent of the population subsisted on \$2 or less a day.

Given that the state of emergency forbade gatherings of more than five people and that the security forces had the power not only to attack people physically but also to expel them from their jobs or from school, there was tremendous fear. Nonetheless, there were many efforts to expose the conditions and to protest.

Novels and films highlighted corruption, police brutality, slum conditions and sexual harassment. Art exhibits (notably the Cairo Biennale in early January) displayed in-your-face paintings depicting torture and military repression, sometimes "disguised" as paintings related to South America, not the Middle East. Young people struggled to form NGOs and develop human rights groups despite crippling restrictions.

A range of political-action groups emerged: the March 9 movement for the independence of the universities (founded in early 2004), the Egyptian Movement for Change (Kefaya/Enough in late 2004), the April 6 Youth Movement formed in 2008 to support strikes by textile workers in El Mahalla El Kubra, and the first independent labor unions, established in 2009. Workers

held lengthy sit-ins outside the parliament as well as protests at their worksites, while lawyers, journalists, doctors and judges demonstrated sporadically against the mounting restrictions on election processes and deteriorating work conditions. But demonstrations attracted few people and were easily contained by the burly security forces.

The cyber-world that emerged over the last decade was crucial in transforming the mode and content of communication and thereby heightening public awareness of, and anger at, the extent to which state repression and corruption were undermining Egypt. The growing concern about, and direct experience of, police brutality on the part of young people and their willingness to take the risk of speaking out were crucial in preparing the ground for the January 25 Revolution.

The very public beating to death last June of 28-year-old Khaled Said, seized from an internet cafe in Alexandria, outraged the public. Internet-organized protests were held in towns and cities during June and July. Large crowds of all ages confronted security forces on the streets of Alexandria and Cairo. "We're all Khaled Said" became a rallying cry, chanted in fear as well as in determination.

Last fall people were pushed to the brink by the renewed crackdown on the media; accelerated repression of freedom of expression at universities and defiance of the court ruling to bar police inside the universities; outrageous rigging of the parliamentary elections; an ever-lengthening list of corrupt actions on the part of Gamal Mubarak together with members of the cabinet and parliament and their business partners; and fear that the 82-year-old Mubarak might run for election again in the fall of this year or, even worse, hand power over to his hated son. Nonetheless, I think the protesters themselves would agree that it took the swift removal of President Ben Ali in Tunisia to make them think that, if sudden change was possible in that country, it might be possible in Egypt.

Even when people broke the barrier of fear on January 25 and withstood the onslaught all day and night on January 28, they faced a formidable regime, supported by the security forces, the armed forces and the entrenched NDP. The revolution would have been much more bloody if the armed forces had stood by Mubarak. He and Interior Minister Habib al-Adly hastened their own demise by unleashing extreme violence on January 28, followed by Adly's withdrawal of police forces that night in an effort to create chaos.

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That enraged the public and led them to create neighborhood watches to ensure the safety of their communities.

Mubarak further miscalculated that he could offer “carrots” (e.g., the appointment of a vice president and new prime minister and promises not to run for another term and to slightly amend the constitution) in his speeches on January 28 and February 1—the latter coming at the end of a day in which an astounding eight million people marched peacefully throughout Egypt, calling for the entire regime to leave—but simultaneously order fierce attacks by NDP goons, snipers and even horse- and camel-back riders the next day.

As protesters held their ground in Tahrir Square, labor strikes loomed, thousands of people flooded to Cairo from the provinces to call for dignity and freedom, public institutions were shaken by protests from their employees, and professional syndicate members marched in orderly ranks within the square, the Supreme Council of the Armed Forces ended its proclaimed neutrality and forced Mubarak’s hand. Over Gamal’s angry protests and the president’s stubborn resistance, the generals insisted that he announce his own departure on the night of February 10. They felt double-crossed when, instead, he told the public that he would only delegate certain powers to the vice president. The generals then forced the vice president to inform Mubarak that his choice was resigning or facing charges of high treason. In the early evening on Friday, February 11, the grim-faced vice president announced on television that Mubarak was gone.

Suddenly angry protests transformed into joyful celebrations, with fireworks and dancing on the streets. And the next morning young people carefully cleaned up the square, symbolically launching the huge task of cleansing Egypt of the corrupt regime, restoring dignity and rebuilding the country in their own way.

How they would rebuild Egypt remained—and remains—uncertain, but their mobilization instilled a new and powerful pride, coupled with determination to take control over their future and not be cowed again. ■

*Ann M. Lesch is associate provost for international programs at the American University in Cairo. She was the Foundation’s Middle East program officer in New York from 1977 through 1980 and its program officer in Cairo for human rights, governance and refugee issues from 1980 through 1984.*

## THE ATOM BOMB AND ME

*This is an edited version of a much longer piece that appears on **Bob Schrank’s** very active and always intriguing blog “[robertschrank.blogspot.com](http://robertschrank.blogspot.com)”.*

### by Robert Schrank

President Obama’s victory with the Salt II treaty reminded me of an experience with the nuclear problem in the 1970s. Richard Nixon was President and he was trying to show off his nice side. One of those “nice” projects was a job-training program on a Sioux reservation in a God-forsaken place called Wolf Point, Montana. Trying to woo Ford Foundation support, the President invited **McGeorge Bundy**, the president of the Foundation, to join Assistant Secretary of Defense Robert Charles at a Job Training Inauguration on the reservation.

**Mike Sviridoff**, the Foundation’s Vice President for National Affairs, suggested “we send Schrank, he’s our job training expert.” So there I was, 8 a.m. at Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington, D.C., ready to take off in Air Force Two for Wolf Point, Montana.

I was introduced to a motley bunch of reporters from all over the world, including three or four Russians from the Tass news agency. The seating on the plane was against one wall with a long center counter loaded with all kinds of goodies, from nuts to booze. Reporters who have an accepted tendency toward alcohol were just proving the point with early morning Bloody Marys.

As the plane was on approach at Wolf Point where there was no control tower, a pea soup fog just hung over the area. It turned out that Maimstrom Missile Base was the nearest safest place for us to land. The base was about fifteen minutes away. They were notified.

The base commander welcomed his distinguished guests to one of America’s “first lines of defense”. Reporting the weather, he said we would not be able to get to Wolf Point until noon the next day. So, what would we like to do in the morning? The secretary of defense’s wife suggested we visit a missile site and see exactly how our multiple warheads might work in a real war emergency.

My God, I nearly fainted. Because of my radical past I couldn’t get a pass to pee in the Pentagon. And here were these Tass reporters from Russia and others from Eastern European news agencies I never heard of. Here we were about to be shown America’s top secret.

Next morning, bright and clear, we were on our way to the “demonstration silo”. Out came the mostly little “spy” cameras as the whole bunch were clicking away as though it was a wedding party. Then, we went down into the silo and were shown a cutaway of the multiple warheads. I admit it was fascinating to see how this deadly machine had been put together. This old machinist could not help admiring the engineering. Except when I

thought how it could or would be used.

In the afternoon we went on to Wolf Point and the training program. The Sioux were being taught how to rebuild M16 rifles, which by then were pretty obsolete. At the time, the rifles were being used mostly for

guard duty at Army bases. Watching the trainees using sledge hammers to remove the sights from the barrels convinced me that this was another joke being perpetrated on Indians.

Some company out of Texas had the contract to operate the program. When I inquired about the value of what they were doing I was told, “They gotta learn how to walk before they can run.” The minute I heard “they” I realized this was the same old bullshit that the oppressed first need to prove “they” can do it and then we’ll let them in. That program, like so many others, would result in the opposite: “Well, we tried but THEY just couldn’t cut the mustard. We can’t just mollycoddle these people.”

I reported my experience to Sviridoff and Mac, who asked me what I was going to report to the administration. With a twinkle in his eye he asked, “How is all that wining and dining going to affect your report?”

“About Maimstrom or about the training program,” I answered, “unless you have any strong objection it will be the way I told it.”

He looked at Mike and said, “I bet you knew that. Is that why we sent him?”

They were the two best bosses I ever had. ■



# In Memoriam

## Peter de Janosi

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the Austrian Honorary Cross for the Sciences and Arts, and honorary doctorates from the Budapest School of Economics and the Russian Academy of Sciences.

When he retired in 1996 he became a member of the board of many organizations, including The New School for Social Research in New York City. At his death, the school's trustees and faculty lauded his "intellect, passion for helping those in need and global activism", which were an "inspiration to all who had the pleasure of knowing him."

Survivors include his wife, Monica; three sons, Paul, Nicholas and Alexander; a sister, Clarisse Arnhold, and two grandchildren.

The following remembrance by **Frank X. Sutton**, a colleague and friend of long-standing, not only recalls Mr. de Janosi but also illuminates a moment in the history of the Foundation:

"There was not always kindly affection and regard among the divisions of the old Ford Foundation. One remembers an officer from National Affairs who felt she was crossing enemy territory when she had to pass by some International Division offices.

"But others' corridors weren't so menacing for us in the International Division when **Peter de Janosi** was in the old Economic Development and Administration (EDA) offices during the **Henry Heald** regime and, later, in the Education and Research Division in **McGeorge Bundy's** time. Peter had the amiability, unflinching good sense and welcoming courtesies, whatever the economic weather or the state of our policy differences, to make commerce between our well-defended divisions easy and friendly.

"After Peter and **Marshall Robinson** moved into the Education and Research division in the Bundy era, Mac's policy liberated them to deal with Europe, Japan and other parts of the developed world. This meant that we in the International Division had closer engagements with what they sought to do outside the United States, particularly in Europe.

"Peter's European background and his profession as an economist meant that he and I came to have closer and parallel

**Moselle Kimbler**, who worked in the Foundation's office of European and International Affairs, died recently in a nursing home in Washington, D.C., where she was recovering from a fall. Ms. Kimbler was an assistant program officer in EIA from 1954 through 1973. After leaving the Foundation she worked at the Aspen Institute and The Washington Post.

**Norma Anderson**, who started at the Foundation in 1969 and worked in various capacities for twenty-five years, died in

interests. Peter, Marshall and **Mariam Chamberlain** took over projects in the social sciences and promoted new work in management. Some older Foundation hands will remember that we had an office in Paris in the late Sixties and the Seventies that was to serve all the Foundation's emissaries to the Old World. I remember some grumbles from older officers who had Europe to themselves, but Peter and his colleagues made it easy to welcome them there.

"The rising interest in Resources and the Environment separated Marshall Robinson and Peter after 1973 when Marshall came to have his own vice-presidency and division, and Peter stayed in **Harold "Doc" Howe's** empire as head of Higher Education and Research. They had seemed inseparable. I recall Marshall saying, 'I don't think you could have a better colleague than Peter de Janosi.' But this separation of Peter and Marshall was only temporary, no divorce. When the old barons of the Foundation departed with the arrival of a new president, Marshall went off to head the Russell Sage Foundation and, lo!, who but Peter should come to be his right-hand man, as before.

"Mac Bundy came from Washington in 1966 with President Johnson's charge to work out a joint project with the Soviets. It took him years of tricky negotiation, with help from Peter and many others, to establish the International Institute of Applied Systems Analysis (IIASA) in Austria. It was just right that in 1990 Peter should go back to his native Europe to spend five years exercising his professional and diplomatic skills as director of that still-flourishing international collaboration among more

January. She helped organize the new office in Nigeria and earned a master's degree in anthropology while with the Foundation.

**Judy Luciano**, who was an administrative assistant in the Latin America Programs and an executive administrative assistant in the office for investments from November 1991 through June 2007, died in December.

**Yolando Galindo**, an administrative coordinator for economic development from December 2001 through July 2008, passed away in December.

than a dozen countries.

"Happily, after all this, Peter came back from his Austrian palace to do good works on boards in New York and be re-united with old friends and colleagues. These last years were brightened for Jackie and me by dinners with Peter and Monica and Marshall and Flavia at the lovely Robinson apartment high on United Nations Plaza. Later we had a luncheon group where Peter and I, **Dick Magat** and a few other confident commentators told one another how to make New York and the world better places.

"It seemed this pleasure and enlightenment ought to go on and on. Alas, too many of us are now gone, and Peter sadly ahead of some of us who never guessed it would be so." ■

## FINANCIAL REPORT 2010

<b>Balance on 12/31/09</b>	<b>\$8,777.39</b>
INCOME	
Dues, donations, interest	\$3,156.23
EXPENSES	
Newsletters	\$2,193.75
Secretarial services (DN)	\$315.00
Supplies and postage	\$319.97
PO Box, domain name and web hosting	\$199.14
<b>TOTAL EXPENSES</b>	<b>\$3,027.86</b>
Income/Expenses	\$128.37
<b>Balance on 12/31/10</b>	<b>\$8,905.76</b>

## The LAFFing Parade

**Akwasi Aidoo**, founder and executive director of TrustAfrica, has been named one of five new board members of Global Greengrants Fund of Boulder, Colorado, a leader in supporting “grassroots environmental justice through small grants”. Since 1993, Greengrants has given more than \$20 million in grants to more than 6,000 grassroots groups, mostly outside the United States and Western Europe.

Aidoo worked for the Foundation from 1993 to 2006 as its representative in Senegal and Nigeria, and was director of the Foundation’s Special Initiative for Africa. He was educated in Ghana and the United States and received his doctorate from the University of Connecticut. He is on the boards of several nonprofit agencies and previously served on the board of OXFAM America. TrustAfrica, which is headquartered in Senegal, provides grants and convenes workshops “dedicated to securing the conditions for democratic governance and equitable development in Africa.”

**Humphrey Davies**, who was the Foundation’s representative in Cairo in the 1990s, was awarded a British-based prize earlier this year for his translation of the Lebanese writer Elias Khoury’s novel, *Yalo*. It was the second time he had won the Saif Ghobash-Banipal Prize for Arabic Literary Translation, and that time too for a Khoury book. In 2006, the first year the prize was given, he won for Khoury’s Palestinian novel, *Gate of the Sun*.

It was almost a sweep for Davies this year as he was also joint runner-up for his translation of *Sunset Oasis* by the Egyptian writer Bahaa Taher.

Davies did not travel to London to receive his award, though, because the ceremony, on January 21, came as protestors against the Egyptian government filled the streets around his apartment in Cairo and he chose to remain in his adopted city during the mounting demonstrations.

**John Bracken** was a keynote speaker at the meeting in Orlando, Florida, in January of Graphics of America. Bracken, Director of Digital Media and Director of the Knight News Challenge at the Knight Foundation, discussed “Inspiring Digital Innovation”. Bracken was a program assistant at the Foundation in media policy and technology and has worked as a program officer for the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, managing investments in technology

and innovation.

**Sharon Alpert**, who worked for the Foundation from 2002 through 2004 in Community and Resource Development, has been named Senior Director of Programs and Strategy at the Surdna Foundation. Surdna, which was founded in 1917 and is located in New York City, “seeks to foster just and sustainable communities... guided by principles of social justice and distinguished by healthy environments, strong local economies and thriving cultures.” Alpert joined the foundation seven years ago and has been the head of its Sustainable Environments program for the last three years.

A lot of praise was being passed around in the media in the last several weeks for former Foundation staff. **Linetta Gilbert**, who retired recently from the Foundation where she was a senior program officer working on economic development and social justice and equity issues, was singled out as a “leader of the year” for 2010 in the column “On Leadership” in *The Washington Post*.

The column asks figures in business to list outstanding people they have dealt with, and Katherine Tyler Smith of Ki Thought-Bridge, leadership consultants, named Gilbert, who helped create the Community Progress Initiative, a “comprehensive economic development effort with the vision of increasing innovation, developing jobs, encouraging entrepreneurial activity, developing community leadership and increasing social capital” in central Wisconsin.

*Colorlines*, a daily online news site staffed by a multiracial team of writers, provides reporting and analysis on issues of racial justice. Recently, its publisher, Rinku Sen, highlighted the work of two former staff in an article titled “People I Love: South Asian Women Who Make Change”.

**Urvashi Vaid** served as director of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, was on the National Prison Project at the ACLU, and from 2001 to 2005 was a program officer at Ford in Governance and Civil Society. She now is executive director of the Arcus Foundation, which works on social justice and conservation issues.

**Mallika Dutt**, who is founder and president of Breakthrough, was a program officer in India, where she produced a song and music video dealing with domestic violence. Continuing that effort, Breakthrough, which has its headquarters in New York City, works to restore due process to

immigrants in the United States and to end gender violence in India.

**Michelle Heisler**, who worked on poverty and human rights issues when she worked for the Foundation in Brazil, was the subject of an interview by Riva Greenberg, a columnist for the online news site *Huffington Post*. Dr. Heisler is an associate professor of internal medicine at the University of Michigan and a research scientist at the Center for Clinical Management Research at the Ann Arbor veterans administration center. The interview focused on her work with diabetes and diabetic patients and drew on her experiences as a member of the American Association of Diabetes Educators.

**Christopher Harris**, who worked at the Foundation from 1999 through 2009 in governance and civil society, was the guest editor of the December issue of Alliance magazine, which was devoted to coverage of Social Justice Philanthropy. Harris is a member of the editorial board of the magazine, as are **Barry Gaberman** and **David Bonbright**.

The magazine is produced in the United Kingdom by the Alliance Publishing Trust. It describes itself as providing “news and analysis of what’s happening in the philanthropy and social investment sectors across the world” and as a “forum for exchange of ideas and experiences among practitioners.”

## **Wanted: Dues and Contributions**

We’re still working on a new interactive website over the next several months that will continue the newsletter and also contain a set of user-friendly features. However, this new format will continue to need a continuous flow of contributions from LAFFers—news of their activities, recollections of their Foundation days, comments on the nation and the world, or coming LAFF events.

We’re particularly interested in items of one to three pages. And attach a picture or two if that is appropriate. Please send copy for the next issue to **Bob Tolles** at [tollesnwc@att.net](mailto:tollesnwc@att.net).

**PAID YOUR DUES YET?** To continue the newsletter and program other activities, we count on timely payment of members’ dues of \$55 for three years, \$150 for ten years and \$250 for life. Please send dues to **Nellie Toma** at the address below. If you need individual financial or other arrangements for dues payment, please contact Nellie at [treasurer@laffsociety.org](mailto:treasurer@laffsociety.org). Overseas chapters set their own dues structures for former locally-appointed staff members.



## ANOTHER VIEW OF NIXON IN CHINA

by Will Hertz

The front page of the Arts section of *The New York Times* on February 13 conveys Max Frankel's reaction to John Adams's opera *Nixon in China*, produced at the Metropolitan Opera and telecast in high definition to movie theaters around the country. Frankel, who was in the United States press corps on President Richard Nixon's 1972 trip, understandably found the opera deficient in historical accuracy and in its depiction of Nixon, Mao Tse Tung, Chou en Lai and Henry Kissinger.

I have never been in China and I had no contact with Nixon, Mao or Chou, but another aspect of the opera did ring a bell in my memory and with more favorable effect: the second

act "ballet" in which the Nixons were "entertained" by their hosts. Under an enormous portrait of Mao, the ballet went on at some length about the oppression of Chinese workers by their capitalist bosses and the workers' liberation by the victorious Red Army.

Albeit with minimalist music by Adams, the ballet was an accurate representation of a Chinese musical show, *The East is Red*, which toured Asian capitals in 1966 when I was the Foundation's Assistant Representative in Karachi. Also under an enormous portrait of Mao, the show included a number of sections with the same plot line, costuming and propaganda message as in the opera ballet.

Moreover, *The East is Red* had one important feature lacking from the opera: three appearances by China's champion "quotation singer". He had won a national competition in China for musical settings of quotations from Mao's *Little Red Book*. With a chest full of medals, clutching a copy of the Red Book, and in a trumpet-like tenor voice, he sang out his love and reverence for the Chinese leader. How did composer John Adams miss that possibility?

As I recall, *The East is Red* played to a fairly full house in Karachi—after all, it provided an evening's entertainment at no charge

for Pakistani bureaucrats and non-American embassy workers. It also played in other Asian capitals and was a feature story in *Time*.

But the United States Embassy had sent word that it would not look with favor on attendance by Americans and so the Embassy, US-AID and U.S. military crowd stayed home. But the Ford Foundation staff and project specialists organized theater parties and mightily applauded the quotation singer. After all, art is art.

At the time the Foundation's Representative, **Hal Hansen**, was out of the country, so when the telephone call came the next day from the Embassy it was routed to me. "I want to see you immediately in my office," I was told by a gruff voice, and I set off for the Embassy expecting a spanking. Instead I was told by a man (later identified for me as CIA) that Washington had requested a full report on *The East is Red* and, since no Embassy people attended, he was counting on me.

As a patriotic citizen, I gave him a full report and even provided him a copy of the program. To this day, when I am asked whether I was ever in the CIA, I reply, "No, but I worked for it for three hours."

*Will Hertz is an editor of the newsletter.* ■

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