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Introducing . . .

A new garb for Rochester Review (its first new look in eight years):

Some new readers for the magazine (students, their parents, and other friends of the University), to whom we offer a hearty welcome;

And—a brand-new all-alumni publication, Rochester ’88, which will be going to Rochester alumni on a quarterly basis, in between issues of the Review. (You alums can look for your first issue toward the end of March.)

About the new look: Stability is a fine thing, but a little shaking up once in a while is a great freshener. That's what we’ve done to the magazine: freshened the design, to make it more inviting and easier to read.

If you happened to like the magazine the way it was, we might as well confess that behind the new facade it is in many ways the same Rochester Review it used to be, retaining most of the features you’ve said you liked—but with the addition of a couple of new departments: “Alumni Milestones,” on page 32, and “After/Words,” on page 36, both of them reflecting your interest in more news and stories about our Rochester graduates.

The two departments notably missing from the “new” Review—all the personal news in “Alumnotes” and the reports from the Rochester clubs around the country in “UR Where You Are”—will still be going to the people most interested: Rochester’s 60,000 alumni. This kind of news—and much more, about Reunions, Homecoming, and all kinds of other happenings of special import to alumni—is being carried in Rochester ’88.

The new publication makes possible more frequent communication with our alumni. A recent survey told us what we already suspected: that after graduation, Rochester Review is almost the only contact most alumni have with the University—other than fund-raising appeals, which while they may be eminently worthwhile, don’t exactly qualify as “letters from home.” Rochester ’88 will give us a chance to do a better job of keeping up the contact.

We hope you will like the changes we are making. But we want to keep on improving, and we will be happy to entertain any suggestions you’d care to make about how to do it.

After all, Rochester Review and its new sibling, Rochester ’88, are your publications. Let us hear from you!

Margaret Bond, Editor

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The Other Half of the Picture
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Why have the stories of women's lives been so long devalued or forgotten? A group of Rochester scholars is seeking answers to these and other unanswered questions in our human experience.

Calling It Quits
by Thomas Fitzpatrick
Controlling the smoking habit has for many years been a burning health issue. Now it is fast becoming a hot legal issue also. How do you help the hardcore holdouts?

The Return of the House Call and Other Medical Miracles
by Jan Fitzpatrick
When some people claim medicine isn't what it used to be, it may mean that's because it is getting better.

Enthusiasmos in Thessaloniki
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Bruce Lansdale '46 runs what he calls "a little two-bit school in Greek farm country" that has become a world model for teaching farmers how to farm.
The Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, but this moment will stay with this audience from now on—this is the way these songs were meant to be sung.

been following every step on stage with bobs of her head, looks at her feet and mutters. John Mueller unhooks his legs, which are sprawled over the backrests of the seats in front of him, resettles, and turns back to page one of his script. (If he seems to regard it with proprietary interest, that's understandable. Should anyone start crying "Author! Author!" he's the one who's going to have to stand up.)

Rayburn Wright, arranger and conductor for the production, leans against the piano in the space below the footlights. Ten days from now that space will contain a 28-piece orchestra. Then, on the night of October 30, the overture will announce the debut of the Eastman Opera Theatre's new Gershwin musical Reaching for the Moon.

Tonight, at 7:30, it's a piano run-through. Gathered on and around the Kilbourn stage is the Opera Theatre's troupe of student performers, several visiting pros, and two Eastman faculty members: Moon's director, Richard Pearlman, professor of opera and veteran of numerous operatic productions from Palermo, Italy, to Spoleto, USA—and on beyond—and the even more veteran Ray Wright, professor of jazz studies.

Unflappable, Wright has seen it all before. Among other gigs in his colorful past, he was once chief arranger and co-director of music at Radio City Music Hall. Now he taps twice, murmurs the downbeat, and the pianist cranks up "A Foggy Day" again.

This time Nancy Allen, the fugitive ingenue, does manage to get the shawl over her head. But the material has a polyfiber slickness to it and it slides off onto the stage floor. One more time. Allen is determined, and takes her best shot. She gets the shawl up again, and as it begins to slip, grabs it with both hands, fore and aft, and hugs it to her body. The lights pick up the luminence of the material as it covers her like a sheet. Underneath, her shoulders begin to convulse with laughter, as if she realizes that from the seats she looks less like a lady on the lam and more like Casper the Friendly Ghost.

This is a signal for general consternation. Two of the guest pros imported for the production, costume designers John Deering and Lare Schultz, rush to the stage and to Allen's aid. She, trooper to the end, asks to do it again: "I'm sure I can get it." Members of the cast and crew crowd gather around, offering suggestions. Everyone talks at once. Babble ensues.

We are not even into the first act yet, and the whole production is spinning its wheels at this minor piece of stagecraft, like a fifty-truck convoy of semis stalled at a three-inch pothole. Before this problem can grow hair, however, Pearlman materializes on stage as if he has silently vaulted from Row J.

"This won't work," he says, using a sharper edge of his normally easy voice to cut through the confusion. "The character is trying to be inconspicuous, not stick out like this. Pantomime it for now, and we'll fix it afterwards."

Later, over a bowl of chili at Cozie's Cafe and Deli on East Avenue, Pearlman reflects on the pitfalls of musical production. Through a 30-year career, the last decade of which he has spent as director of the Opera Theatre at Eastman, he has seen shows go wrong for a number of reasons "and the chief of these is indecisiveness on the part of the director."

Pearlman is no stranger to artistic decision, and the more he can dance out onto the sword point of risk, the better he likes it. He first made his mark in the '60s when he startled a jaded San Francisco opera audience with a production of Carmen that combined the barracks-room language of Quirt and Flagg with Stanley Kowalski's sweat and flaring nostrils. He reaped sputtering outrage—and a hit.

"Since then I've had the reputation of being the 'hippie' of opera production," he says. That term seems curiously antique these days. What Pearlman has retained at mid-life ("I was born six days after Gershwin died," he says when asked his age, and lets you figure it out) is a real Tom Sawyer streak of mischief and adventure. He seems always ready to swipe some clothes off Aunt Polly's line, drape them over Huck, Jim, and Becky and put on a show that will put Mrs. Grundy's eyebrows at full mast.

But he's no mere Jumpin' Jack Flash. He became involved with the staging of opera while an English major at Columbia. That early education left him with both a realization and a frustration: The classical operas contain whacking good stories, but they are often served up like a patient etherized on a table. "There is a school of thought that says everything else in an opera should get out of the way and let the music and voices proceed theatrically unimpeded. I respect that point of view."

Respect it, maybe; but buy it, no. Not for Pearlman is the kind of stagecraft that largely consists of finding a place for a middle-aged and monumentally sized diva ("usually playing a sylphlike young girl," he snorts) to
plant her feet and let it rip at the rafters.

"Unless opera can find ways of returning to its origins as popular entertainment, it's dead in the water. I want to attract the audience that likes American show music and make it just as comfortable with classical opera."

When Rochester professor John Mueller came up with the idea for a new Gershwin musical, Pearlman was quick to volunteer the students of his Opera Workshop. "We've done other musicals, but I saw this one as the culmination of a 10-year strategy I've had at Eastman, to rub out this artificial line of demarcation between popular and classical, and to give students the tools to move easily from one to the other.

Look," he says, leaning forward and tapping Cozie's formica table for emphasis, "who knows where these young people will wind up? Some may have careers in opera, some might make a living performing in industrial shows, some might have lounge acts in Las Vegas. One thing is for sure. If they want to be employable, they'd better learn to shake their asses."

Less than a week before show time, the cast has its first rehearsal with the orchestra in Kilbourn. While Pearlman gets his platoon of technicians organized, Wright is squeezing in some practice with the band members, and Teddy Kern, the choreographer, has the male lead of the show, Ron Watkins, polishing his tap up and down a staircase for "I Can't Be Bothered Now."

An alumna left over from the Homecoming Weekend wanders in. "They gave us a list of Things to Do in Rochester, and I saw 'Gershwin,' whose music I love, and then 'Pearlman.' I had to come over. I still remember that Barber of Seville he did here, set in Havana of the 1940s. What a show!"

When told of this, Pearlman is appropriately modest, but his stylishly close-cropped beard can't hide his glee. "She's just the audience I have in mind. I want to impress the opera buff with the art of the American musical, and get Broadway fans to give opera a chance at entertaining them. If I can

Agitate: Steve Riker (a.k.a. Eastman student Ron Watkins) has just announced his intention of ending it all with a lover's leap. Displaying the appropriate emotions are (from left) Robert Aberdeen, Carolyn Scimone, Watkins, Nancy Allen, Todd Geer, and ensemble members. Watkins's character, Steve Riker, is a young American in England who is smitten with an aristocratic damsel in distress (Allen), who, of course, thinks she is in love with someone else. It all straightens out by the finale, from which the title of the show is taken: "They all laughed at me for wanting you, said I was reaching for the moon."
“Whenever I needed a bit of syncopation, a trombone slide, a rim shot, anything at all, Wright was always able to reach into that bag of experience.”

get them in the seats, I’ll have them both ways—it’s all musical theater.”

This particular piece of musical theater arrived on the boards of Kilbourn via a peculiarly circuitous route.

Looming down from the high walls of John Mueller’s office in Harkness Hall on the River Campus are shelf after shelf of books with words like “thermonuclear” and “global conflict” written on their spines. Over the top of a filing cabinet is a copy of *Astaire Dancing*. Stacked in a corner are posters advertising *Moon*.

Professor of film studies and of political science, author of the definitive work on the movie career of Fred Astaire, and recipient of a Guggenheim for a study of the obsolescence of major war, Mueller continues to be the most unpeggable of academic personalites. But his latest enterprise, marrying P. G. Wodehouse’s 1919 novel *A Damsel in Distress* with the songs of George and Ira Gershwin, and midwifing a new musical comedy into existence—a bit of a stretch?

“It was easy,” Mueller says. “The idea came to me when I was doing the research for *Astaire Dancing*. I was willing for someone else to do the writing, but then decided to try it myself. Took me a week.”

The Gershwins had always thought that the Wodehouse novel would make a good musical, and knowing this, RKO secured the film rights and used it as part of the lure to get the pair out to Hollywood in the mid-1930s to work on Astaire movies. With Wodehouse’s novel in mind, George and Ira wrote eight songs for *Damsel* before the script was written. George died in 1937, and by the time the movie came out later that year, two songs had been cut, and the scenario bore little resemblance to the original Wodehouse material. Mueller’s notion was to resurrect the Wodehouse plot, restore the two songs left out, and integrate some 16 additional tunes from other Gershwin musicals. His week’s work produced the first draft of a show entitled *A Foggy Day*.

Securing permission to do the show was not so simple. The Gershwin family mailbox is never empty of requests to do something or other with the songs, and certainly not so in 1987, the 50th anniversary of George’s death. But Eastman School director Robert Freeman, who acted as an angel for the production throughout its history, entered the negotiations on behalf of the school; Pearlman spoke to his colleague friend Leopold Godowsky III, the nephew of George and Ira; and the Eastman School’s long association with the Godowsky family certainly helped. In short, rights were granted for six performances in late October and early November. Publicity releases were churned out over the summer, and *A Foggy Day* was on the boards.

But that “Day” was short lived. In mid-August, Neil Simon announced his intention of writing his own Gershwin musical, to be called, yes, *Foggy Day*. Of course, where Broadway is concerned, Simon is the original 300-pound gorilla who gets to sleep where he wants. And, anyway, the Gershwin family was under the impression that the Eastman show was to be called *Damsel in Distress*. A local newspaper headline read: “Eastman left in a fog as Neil Simon takes over Gershwin title.” Today, Mueller shrugs off the experience. “Musicals and movies change their titles all the time. After all, *Oklahoma!* was first called *Green Grow the
he Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, but this moment will stay around Wright's pulsating arrangement of "Our Love is Here to Stay." The Rockies may crumble, Gibraltar may tumble, but this moment will stay in the minds of this audience from now on—along with the conviction that these Gershwin songs are meant to be sung in just this way, by just these kinds of young voices, unshop-worn by care, full of promise and hope.

Six days to go before opening night and Teddy Kern is bushed. "All my work is essentially finished. The choreography is complete. I can't do any more," she says, pushing her royal mane of brown hair back from her brow, waiting for Cozie's waitress to bring her a lunch of clam chowder and Coke. God gave these opera singers larynxes but it was left to Kern to give them feet.

Kern is one of several professional theater hands that Pearlman has brought in to put the cast through its paces, but hers is the key role. This is an "all-dancing" show, and she had to construct numbers keeping in mind the relatively small size of the Kilbourn stage and the inexperience of her troupe.

"The first dance number is a good example," she says, now recharged by chowder and a chance to talk theater. "For the movie Damsel, Burns and Allen showed Astaire a 'whisk broom' dance taught to them by an old vaudevillian. Astaire liked it, and the three of them performed it to the tune of 'Put Me to the Test,' minus Ira Gershwin's lyrics. For our version, I got a tape of the movie, took over Richard's VCR, broke down the dance frame by frame, and reconstructed it. It's a new thing now, and I think it works."

The main responsibility for making it work falls on the lanky frame of Ron Watkins. He was the first student selected for the show, won the lead in audition, and it was around his abilities that Kern, running back and forth from Rochester to Manhattan, built the choreography.

"He's a gentle, polite guy with no ego problems, a lot of talent, and the work habits of a horse," Pearlman says. "Anyone who worries about the passivity of young people today should take a look at Watkins."

That's right, ye shameless traducers of today's youth. Gaze upon Ron Watkins and repent. Move over, James Brown. Here's the hardest-working man in this corner of show business. He buck and wings; he executes a double, behind-the-back toss of whisk brooms; he croons; he does physical comedy in the novelty numbers; he taps on staircases, jumps off balconies, trades quips, and dances on the furniture; and he sweeps the heroine off her feet with panache and grace.

Another member of the company with heavy-duty responsibilities for making it all work is arranger-orchestrator Ray Wright. Pearlman calls him "the unsung hero of the production," and Kern feels she was lucky to be able to work with him. "I can see the basis of his living legend now. The choreographer has to count on the help of the arranger and orchestrator. Whenever I needed a bit of syncopation, a trombone slide, a rim shot, anything at all, he was always able to reach into that bag of experience he collected in all those days at Radio City Music Hall. It was never a case of 'We can't do that.' It was always, 'How about this?'"

Wright has been around the barn enough times to take all difficulties connected with a show like Moon in his stride; to him every crisis is 'interesting,' every calamity merely 'a fascinating problem.'

"The arrangements are all new," he says. "We wanted the score to reflect the styles of the period, but in the intervening years theater has found ways of enhancing the music that weren't available then. We wanted a more pointed-up version of the mode of the '20s and '30s. It was an interesting job."

Gravel in her voice, and a gavel in her manner, Kern is laying down the law. Now only four days away from
opening night, this is a full costume rehearsal with the orchestra; but she is dissatisfied with the chorus's contribution to the opening ensemble number, and she is holding up the proceedings until they get it right.

"We don't want singing sticks out here! You've got to move! Don't stand behind one another! Fill the stage!"

The professionalism usually demanded of Eastman students has been turned up a few degrees more for this show. Sonya Raimi, one of the three veteran actors Pearlman has cast in Moon, says that "Richard just won't tolerate any sloppiness. He runs a production that is first class in every way and requires the same attention to business that will be required of these kids out there"—meaning the cold, hard world where you must sing and dance for your supper.

Early in September, one of the students wandered in 15 minutes late for a run-through, and Pearlman reamed the offender in this fashion: "All right, you can be 15 minutes late once because you're a college student. But if you were being paid for this show, you wouldn't get a second chance; you'd be out on your can. If you can't show up on time, you're no good to anybody."

 Needless to say, after this no one had to be sent to the principal for tardiness.

This is the same Pearlman who will take a half hour of rehearsal time to show two extras how they can milk for laughs a brief bit of business involving a fake moustache and a dish of trifle. Contriving with the extras a more hygienic variation on the Danny Thomas spit-take, he can hardly contain his own amusement, and the two join in. The message is clear: Attend to such things as punctuality, and the world of creative collaboration is yours.

Pearlman will be adding and subtracting lines right up to the last minute, but essentially everything is ready. The cast is comfortable and beginning to rub up against the starting gate, eager to find out whether they've got a nag or a thoroughbred.

The 450 seats in Kilbourn are packed with Eastman students and other friends and well-wishers on Thursday night, October 29, for a by-invitation preview. From the time Nancy Allen darts out and hides behind her substitute nonskid headress, the joint rocks. The young audience huzzahs and cheers this music, written before their parents were born, as if it were the latest offering from Springsteen or U2. "It was an 110 in the shade," Pearlman says.

But at the official opening the next night, the mostly tuxedoed and formally bedecked patron audience is more subdued. A glitch in the ticket distribution has left empty seats. The preview audience last night was boisterous. Tonight the applause is polite; the laughs slow to come.

This throws the cast in the first act. But Pearlman won't let the performance take the gas pipe. At intermission he hustles backstage, rally in mind.

"I told them to use the experience; to suck it up, and find within themselves the grit to save the second act."

They do.

The momentum carries the cast over into the rest of the five performances, which are marked by a return to full houses and noisy applause. "These Charming People" is a show-stopper, and so are "He Loves and She Loves" and "Love Walked In." The show-stopper— that sweet spot in time when all must be brought to a halt while approval washes you with immortal elixir and theater becomes indeed nice work if you can get it.
Does a women's studies program have a place in a serious, modern, research university? Rochester says YES, and is building the womanpower to prove it.

THE OTHER HALF
of the Picture

By Denise Bolger Kovnat

Bonnie Smith's class, "The Rise of Modern Woman," is full this Monday morning.

As in most classes, students are diligently taking notes. Latecomers struggle in. Math equations cover the blackboard. Graffiti ("Boring," "RUSH," "Iota Sigma") mark the desks. Students wear T-shirts and buttons proclaiming various enthusiasms: "Pink Floyd World Tour," "Greenpeace," "Nuclear-free seas."

Everything seems familiar, even predictable—except that women outnumber men in this class by about 12 to 1 (this on a campus where the ratio is roughly 3 men for every 2 women).

And then there's the question of subject matter.

This is not your familiar Industrial Revolution territory of Eli Whitney and Samuel Crompton and all those guys.

We're talking about the Lowell Mill Girls—textile-factory workers of the 1830s and 1840s—and their spontaneous labor "turnouts," the precursors of strikes. About the merits of cotton versus wool clothing (particularly in the matter of underwear, Smith points out). About the regimentation of "industrial time" and how it influences our concept of time to this very day. About the development of the textile industry, with a predominantly female labor force that worked sunup to sundown for 30 to 50 percent of men's wages.

"Why was it," Smith asks pointedly, "that women got paid less than men?"

The question resonates. Students hazard a few guesses; Smith listens, encourages, comments, counters—but offers no answers.

After class, in her office at the Susan B. Anthony Center for Women's Studies (where she is filling in for the director, Barbara Hardi, while the latter is on leave), she explains that there are no answers—yet. While there's plenty of speculation, women's historians currently have no hard data as to why 19th-century working women were paid less than men.

"Women's studies is full of unanswered questions," she says. "The field is so new, and there is so much we have to find out."

"I find it very exciting. ... I feel as if we're discovering radio, new elements in the charts, comets. ... We're rethinking the terms of human existence. And we're also doing basic research, looking at facts that have never been looked at before, so we're reshaping canons of what's significant and why."

"Glory, Hallelujah! This is better news to me than victory over Spain. It is a peace-victory, achieved only by the death of prejudice and precedents."

Susan B. Anthony, 1898, upon hearing of the decision of the Board of Trustees to make Rochester coeducational, if the petitioners could raise $100,000.
In July 1986—almost a hundred years after Susan B. Anthony began lobbying the Board of Trustees to begin educating women—the University officially opened its center for women's studies, and named it in her honor.

“In one sense, I’m inordinately proud my institution was associated with Susan B. Anthony, because she was a very important part of American history in many ways,” Jack Kappmeier, dean of the College of Arts and Science, commented at the time.

On the other hand,” he confessed, “I’m slightly embarrassed that she had to beat us and bloody us to a pulp to get us to go coed.”

As the story goes, the great women’s rights leader (and Rochester resident) began pressing the University trustees in 1891 to open its doors to women. Seven years later, in 1898, the trustees consented (according to Arthur J. May’s history of the University, it was the alumni and students who were most adamantly in opposition). But there was a daunting proviso: Anthony and her followers must raise $100,000 by the following year—a sum roughly equivalent to $1,200,000 today if one gauges it by the Consumer Price Index. As the time approached, the amount was halved and the deadline extended by a further year.

At the zero hour, on September 9, 1900, Anthony was scrambling around the city to raise the final $8,000 from friends and family. She arrived at the trustees’ meeting with commitments for the full $50,000. But there was yet another hitch: The trustees quibbled over a $2,000 pledge they said wasn’t properly guaranteed. Anthony closed the breach by pledging her own life-insurance policy.

While establishing a women’s studies center in the 1980s was scarcely as formidable a challenge as the one Susan B. had taken on almost a hundred years before, Barbara Ilardi—the sociologist who now heads that center—admits it wasn’t all that easy either.

The Anthony Center grew out of the University’s women’s studies program, which began a decade ago with hope, determination, and a seed fund of $1,000. A women’s studies major was established a couple of years later. With it came money from the College of Arts and Science, to the tune of $5,000 to $6,000 a year. Funding continued to increase, but, Ilardi says, “every thousand dollars was a struggle.”

Shortly before her death in 1906 Anthony had delivered a farewell address that she titled, bracingly, “Failure Is Impossible.” Today, the women’s studies center that bears her name (and has adopted her exhortation as its own) operates out of three bright, modern rooms in Lattimore Hall. An annual budget of $100,000 affords it the salaries of two part-time secretaries and two student assistants, a stipend for the director, and the beginnings of an ambitious program of research and publication.

A glance through the fall issue of the center’s newsletter reveals that;

"Well, gentlemen, I may as well confess—I am the guarantor, but I asked Mr. Wilder to lend me his name so that this question of co-education might not be hurt by any connection with woman suffrage. I now pledge my life insurance for the $2,000."

Susan B. Anthony, 1900, guaranteeing the final sum required by the Rochester trustees for the admission of women

Rochester students this year can choose among some 30 women’s studies courses—examining such wide-ranging, gender-related topics as “Theories and Ethics of Reproductive Technology,” taught in conjunction with the Department of Philosophy; “Women, Health, and Aging,” cosponsored by the School of Nursing; “Women and History in Africa,” taught through women’s studies, the Department of History, and the Frederick Douglass Institute for African and African-American Studies; and “Man the Hunter/Woman the Gatherer,” a joint effort of the center and the Department of Anthropology.

The roster points up the Anthony Center’s interdisciplinary base. The center counts as affiliates 54 faculty—all of whom also hold other academic appointments, representing more than a dozen different departments and divisions throughout the University. Ilardi, for example, is an associate professor of sociology in the Department of Psychology. Smith is an associate professor of history. And Mieke Bal—the first scholar to hold the center’s endowed Susan B. Anthony Chair in Women’s Studies, one of only a handful of women’s studies chairs in the country—is a professor of comparative literature in the Department of Foreign Languages, Literatures, and Linguistics.

(Bal, incidentally, is a distinguished and prolific scholar who comes to Rochester from the University of Utrecht in the Netherlands. The author of eight books and dozens of scholarly articles over the last 15 years, she speaks five languages and reads three more, and has been invited to lecture in countries all over the world.)

The disadvantage of Rochester’s interdepartmental arrangement, as Bal points out, is that the center can’t command the undivided attention of its faculty, who also have responsibilities to their “home” departments.

On the other hand, because all classes are offered jointly, women’s studies can—and does—inform the work of other disciplines here. An example is the work of English professor J. William Johnson, who with his wife, political scientist Nan Johnson, has been teaching a Women’s Studies-Political Science-English department course on “Women in Utopian Thought.” Author of the 1968 book Utopian Literature (Random House), he now hopes to revise it because, he says, it under-represents the work of women writers.

This interdisciplinary structure accords with a University-wide effort toward a more integrated undergraduate education, an aim endorsed by the Committee on University Goals in its report of November 1985.

Rochester’s model for women’s studies is pretty much the norm nationwide.
In a farewell address before her death in 1906, Susan B. Anthony exhorted: “Failure is impossible.” The women’s studies center named for her has adopted these words as its motto.

“What you’ve really got are 503 women’s studies programs in institutions across the country that are also seeking to integrate their studies into the general curriculum,” says Caryn McFigh Musil, national director of the National Women’s Studies Association (NWSA). It’s rare, she says, for an institution to make this across-the-board effort toward integration without having a women’s studies center as impetus.

Otherwise, she observes, “It’s like saying we want to implement a writing program, but we have no English department.”

Besides offering courses, the Anthony Center supports postdoctoral fellowships, a working-paper series, an ongoing research seminar, special leaves for faculty to pursue research or teaching, conferences, speakers, a journal (Camera Obscura, see side story on Constance Penley)—and research. Lots of it.

Mieke Bal is working on a paper about representations of rape in the work of Rembrandt. Judith Smetana, associate professor of education, psychology, and pediatrics, is collaborating on a study of how boys and girls develop different modes of moral reasoning. Bonnie Smith is completing a textbook about women in Europe from the 18th to the 20th centuries.

Ayala Gabriel ’77G, ’80G, assistant professor of anthropology, is studying the Hebrew Bible.

“The English Bible is much less favorable to women than the Hebrew text is,” she says. “The translation fixes the text, robs it of the richness of ambiguity, and does injustice to women—and yet many feminists rely on the English translation.”

In a yet-unpublished paper, she examines the Old Testament story of Jacob, who wants to marry Laban’s daughter Rachel. Laban tricks him and makes him marry his other daughter, Leah. Jacob works many years for Laban, to earn his right to Rachel and to Laban’s sheep, but Laban does not fulfill his half of the bargain.

Finally, Jacob flees with the wives and sheep he believes are rightfully his. Laban pursues him and asks him why he left with what he thinks is his property. In the Hebrew Bible, he tells Jacob, “Everything you see here belongs to me and my daughters.” But according to the English translation, he says, “All that you see is mine.”

Gabriel asks, “Why are these words being dropped?”

Another unanswered question for women’s studies scholars.

“It’s amazing how it’s such an unstudied field,” comments Brenda Meehan-Waters, an associate professor in the Department of History.

 Sitting down with a visitor in her book-filled office high in the tower of Rush Rhees Library, she describes her recent work: a book on women’s religious communities in Russia from 1764 to 1917.

“In 1764, the Russian government confiscated monastic properties—so there were limited opportunities for religious work at the time,” she says.

“But it’s interesting: These autonomous, unofficial women’s religious communities arose. There were 217 such communities, founded by pious women in their 40s and 50s.”

The communities were places that attracted women without homes or families, she adds.

“The government confiscated monastic properties from both men and women, but only women formed these communities. Why? Did men have other options? Was women’s charitable work an important service? It’s very satisfying to find these things out.
Like law-student Meadow, a number of the women's studies majors are interested in legal or political careers. Most will describe themselves as feminists, and will freely point out the difficulties of "bucking the trend," both on campus and in the real world.

An impromptu discussion in the Johnsons' seminar on "Women in Utopian Thought" points up some of the misperceptions on campus.

"I thought with joy, 'These are no longer forbidden grounds to the girls of our city. It is good to feel that the old doors swing on their hinges to admit them. Will the vows made to them be kept? Will they have an equal chance? All promises well but the fulfillment is yet to be seen.'"

Susan B. Anthony, 1900, writing in her diary after a tour of the University's campus

"You tell people that you're in women's studies classes, and they ask you, 'Why aren't there men's studies?'" says Margaret Einbender '89.

Stephen Down '88 adds: "The kind of thing I get is, 'What are you in that class for? To meet women?'

In the fall, this brewing antagonism spilled over into a heated exchange of letters in the Campus Times.

It began with a column by Martha Brown '88 that counted the benefits of the women's studies major and declared, in part, "People grow in these classes because they become aware of the well-kept secrets of women's lives. They find the missing pieces of their history. . . ."

David M. Skanderson, a doctoral candidate in economics, countered, in a letter to the editor, "I ask the University community, can we allow a political movement to assume the guise of a true academic discipline on a par with the liberal arts and the sciences?"

Not to let him have the last word, Kieran Shanahan, a doctoral candidate in anthropology and a women's studies teaching assistant, responded: "If one looks at these two letters carefully, one realizes that the reason Brown felt the need to write her letter is the same reason Skanderson responded so vehemently to it. . . .

"I invite him to attend a course. Ask the men there if they have been indoctrinated in political attitudes, or if an objective evaluation of women's place in society has been presented."

Which is just what Bonnie Smith says she's driving at: that her students "know history" in its fullest, most objective, sense. That the stories of women's lives not be forgotten or devalued.

"A group of people with no history has no memory," she says. "They are disoriented in the world."

She's standing in the main room of the Anthony Center. Susan B.'s portrait is prominent on the wall. Ms. magazines, the Chronicle of Higher Education, and a copy of Judy Chicago's The Birth Project lie on the coffee table.

As we sit down in her office, Smith elaborates on her ideas of teaching.

"One, I want to give students that memory of their own history. With it, you're more skillful in moving in the world; you know more. Second, I want to get them to use their imaginations, to see that there are all varieties of human experience."

"This ability is important in and of itself—and also, it teaches them to use their imaginations every day, with everything that ever happens."

So let's close in the classroom, where imaginations are nurtured. We're in that seminar on "Women in Utopian Thought," led by Nan Johnson—adjunct associate professor of political science and long a prominent political figure in Rochester—and her husband, J. William Johnson, professor of English.
"Ironically, it is science fiction film—our heartiest and seemingly most sexless genre—that alone remains capable of supplying the configurations of sexual difference required by the classical cinema. If there is increasingly less practical difference between men and women, there is more than enough difference between a human and an alien (The Man Who Fell to Earth, Starman), a human and a cyborg/replicant (Android, Blade Runner), or a human from the present and one from the future (The Terminator). . . ."

This last is from an article Penley wrote for Camera Obscura. That journal, which she co-edits, began in 1974 with a feminist collective at Berkeley, established to study the emerging theoretical fields of semiotics and structuralism, and the work of the French psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan.

Camera Obscura is now considered one of the two main film-theory journals in the world. (The other is the British publication Screen.)

Of the journal's new home at Rochester, she says: "It's a perfect place for us, with the Susan B. Anthony Center and the International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House. It couldn't be more appropriate."

Initially a basement operation, Camera Obscura now receives funding from the National Endowment for the Arts as well as a number of divisions (including the Anthony Center) at the University.

How does this work go over in the ivy-covered halls of academe?

"You should see the way some professors react when I present a paper," she says wryly.

But, she adds, "for me to be motivated, my work has to count in a very immediate and polemical way."
What happens when a whole community outlaws public puffing just about anyplace except in the street? The Rochester area is finding out, with the help of the University's Smoking Research Program.
frustrated mallster heads south down the Interstate across the Monroe County Line looking for an indoor mall where she is allowed to puff away between shopping plunges.

A fan gets on a radio sports call-in show and moans, "I can smoke in the War Memorial at a tractor pull, but not at a hockey game!"

A maddened passenger, maybe incited by his baggage winding up in Syracuse, yanks down a wall of No Smoking signs and stuffs them into a urinal in the men's room at the Rochester airport.

A phalanx of office workers, about 50 strong, lines up against the buildings along Exchange Street, doggedly getting in some last drags before they go inside, while cleanup crews mount special butt sweeps after the midmorning, lunch, and afternoon breaks.

Vigilantes roam the avenues, plastering circular decals—the ones with the red bar through a lit cigarette—wherever it suits their fancy and invade restaurants to lecture owners on the insufficiency of the No Smoking areas they have provided.

A climactic battle of the Smoke Wars has been fought and won by the anti-smoke in the University's home territory—New York State's County of Monroe.

As the effects of the fallout begin to be analyzed, the Smoking Research Program at the University, already recognized as one of the most successful academic ventures of its kind, is assuming an even more prominent role. Headquartered in the psychology department on the fourth floor of Meliora Hall and directed by Deborah Ossip-Klein, assistant professor in the department, the program is functioning as friend, counselor, information source, and all around mensch to this corner of Upstate New York as it struggles to cope with the consequences of having legislated itself an officially "smokeless" society.

Passed by the Monroe County Legislature this past summer and in effect since August 1, the anti-smoking regulations are among the strictest in the nation. The issue is "sidestream" smoke, the kind we breathe in, willy-nilly, if seated or standing next to a smoker in an enclosed space. The legislature deemed this both unhealthy and anti-social, and banned smoking in virtually all public places. That includes shopping malls, airport terminals, office worksites, and sports arenas.

In fact, except under the Big Sky, the Marlboro Man is free to puff away in public only if he parks his ca yuse in front of the neighborhood bar or his favorite tobacco store, or hitches up by a restaurant that either seats fewer than 50 people or has a segregated outpost for the nicotine-dependent.

Waivers are granted for some events, so if "Bigfoot" trucks are rolling over Buicks, or Metallica is head-banging at the War Memorial, smoking areas are provided. But it has to be a really special event to merit this dispensation.

If the Virginia Slims smoker feels the urge while the Amerks are meeting the Hershey Bears on the ice, she has to go a long, long way—outside onto Broad Street, to be exact—before she can light up.

Beverly Hills received the bulk of media attention when it moved to curtail the smoking of Rodeo Drive denizens, but it's the Rochester area that is on the cutting edge of the nationwide movement to eliminate what the Surgeon General calls "involuntary smoking."

Milt Lederman, only recently retired after 15 years as public relations director for the Medical Center, was among the local activists who mounted a full court press on the county legislature. He enlisted 18 separate health organizations to form the "Indoor Clean-Air Coalition," and proceeded to lobby for the adoption of rules restricting smoking in public places. Helped by the outspoken support of Dr. Joel Nitzkin, the local Health Department director, Lederman got everyone on board to testify before the county legislature—the Lung and Heart Associations, the Cancer Society, most of the area hospitals including the Pulmonary and Clinical Cardiology Units at Strong, and the University's Smoking Research Program.

Gary Giovino, project manager for the University program, attended a public session of the legislature, merely intending to show the flag and find out how things were proceeding. But when he heard a lobbyist for the Tobacco Institute claiming that the link between secondhand smoke and illness has not been established, he couldn't sit still for it. Irritated by the subliminal message of the lobbyist's choice of dress—"the woman in white," he calls her—and exasperated by the "pseudo-scientific hogwash" she was pronouncing, Giovino had built up a good head of steam by the time he got to the microphone.

Giovino is trained as an epidemiologist, knows as much as anyone around about the health effects of sidestream smoke, and can rifle his facts in an articulate and peppery manner. In short, his pro-smoking opponents were as overmatched as the Seattle Mariners trying to handle Roger Clemens's high hard one at twilight in Fenway: Whiff. Whiff. Whiff. Three strikes and have a seat by the water cooler.

O ne by one he ticked off the hazards: to those with allergies or asthma; to infants of smokers who suffer bronchitis and pneumonia twice as often as the children of nonsmokers; to those who spend a great deal of time around smokers, who run a higher risk of lung cancer than those not so exposed; to people who feel the plain discomfort of eye and nasal irritation, headache, coughing, and so on when cigarette smoke is blown their way. Giovino had brought his ammunition with him—reports published in the winter of 1986 by the Surgeon General and the National Research Council—and the legislature, convinced by his testimony and that of many others, passed the regulations into law.

There are still some isolated skirmishes around the fringes of the issue. Refusing to throw in the towel, Tobacco Institute reps continue to appear in the local media objecting to the medical evidence for the regulations and arguing that the civil liberties of smokers are being trampled. The Conservative Party's candidate for county executive adopted these contentions as a major plank in his campaign platform. Letters to the Editor columns in the local dailies have been full of vituperation against Nitzkin and the county Health Department, which has been put in charge of enforcing the regulations.
Nitzkin, whose beard is regularly abused by letter writers, has been called a "tobacco Trotsky" and an "ashtray ayatollah"; the regulations themselves have been denounced as "Soviet" and "un-American." Samuel Johnson may have had it wrong. Patriotism seems to be the last resort of those told to go outside if they must smoke.

However, everything points to the trend being with the anti-smoking forces. Ossip-Klein flat out predicts that "sooner or later similar regulations restricting smoking will become standard across the country." Non-smokers, of course, are happy as clams at this turn of events, but those who first took up cigarettes with furtive drags behind the garage or a locked bathroom door away from disapproving parental eyes, now find themselves practically back where they started.

The sheer inconvenience of pursuing the habit may succeed where health scares failed in persuading smokers to give it up.

For the past seven years, Ossip-Klein and her research program have been investigating ways of helping people do just that.

In 1981, she and Jack Stiggin, the head of the Finger Lakes Region of the American Lung Association, merged expertise and came up with the idea for Freedom Line. An ex-smoker can call 442-3219 in Monroe County and hear a tape recording featuring a morale-boosting message that is changed every day. Or, the caller can stay on the line, leave a number, and talk later with a live counselor who will not only lend a supportive ear but will also make available hard information about programs and materials that might help.

What makes the Freedom Line unique (and worthy of its trademark status) according to Ossip-Klein, is "the coming together of scientists and programmers." The link with her and the other researchers based in the University's psychology department gives Stiggin and his Lung Association volunteers "the confidence," he says, "that our efforts are being evaluated according to strict scientific principles — so that we know that what we do works."

The phone counselors, all of whom are ex-smokers, are trained by the researchers and continue to touch base with them at regular intervals throughout their service. This procedure helps avoid the two hazards of volunteer activity — the inevitable fading of the initial bloom of enthusiasm and the plain burnout that can result after the umpteenth caller anguishes about gaining weight, or after hearing one too many pathetic stories, like the husband whose family is pleading with him to start smoking again because his irritability is driving everyone nuts.

The constant monitoring of the Freedom Line by the researchers and the steadiness of its volunteers have allowed it not only to remain viable for over half a decade now, but also to expand into more than 20 counties throughout the state. A Freedom Line model program is now operative in Nebraska, with more states to follow.

Mark Twain's wisecrack about how easy it is to give up tobacco, considering all the times he's done it, suggests the value of the Freedom Line to the smoking researchers. Counteracting relapse is the key, since most people will try and fail a number of times before finally shaking the nicotine snare. The Freedom Line's publicity is careful to designate an "ex-smoker" as someone who has quit for "five hours, five days, or five months."

Those who call in asking for personal, confidential help beyond the taped message are asked if they will permit follow-up calls to see how they are doing over a year's time. The information the researchers gain through this process is proving invaluable. And at this point, they are sure of two things. First, that if a smoker can stay away from cigarettes for even 24 hours, "it doubles or even triples their chances of quitting permanently within the next two years," says Ossip-Klein.

Second, the mere opportunity to talk to someone at intervals helps: After a year, somewhere between a quarter to a third of the people who called in the hopes of staving off a relapse are still not smoking.

Although a whole sub-industry of programs offering aid in quitting has sprouted up recently, Ossip-Klein has her eye on the vast majority of smokers who attempt it without benefit of clergy — those who do not attend Smokers Anonymous meetings, patronize hospital or clinic sessions, pay Smokenders $295 for behavior-modification consults, or shell out $575 to the Schick Centers for electrical shocks and group therapy.

Ossip-Klein estimates that of those who successfully divorce themselves from Lady Nicotine, four out of five do it on their own. Reasoning from there, she figured that strategies shaped for those who haven't the time, inclination, or money for formal programs would have a significant impact.

So, scooping up a grant from the National Cancer Institute in 1984 and once again securing the active involvement of Stiggin and the Lung Association, she devised a study called the "Smokers' Self-Help Project." The aim was to identify 1,800 regular smokers who wanted to quit, and to sign them up as volunteer participants in the study. The project would arm them with the Lung Association's "Freedom from Smoking in 20 Days" booklet, a "relaxation tape" to help them over rough spots, and the Freedom Line's phone number, which they were encouraged to dial whenever necessary.

The volunteers would fill out extensive questionnaires about their smoking history and were to be contacted at regular intervals by the project staff to check on their progress.

This group of volunteers was to be drawn, not from Monroe County with its urban hub of Rochester, but from the more rural 10 counties surrounding it. Smokers from these areas, it was assumed, would share more socio-economic factors, thus keeping the scientific sample lucid. They would also have less ready access to clinics and programs, making getting off cigarettes more a matter of self-reliance.

If the sample could have been collected from the Rochester area, a couple of ads in the metropolitan newspapers would have netted the 1,800 in a New York minute. The fact that it couldn't be done that way made the beginnings of the study an adventure for the project coordinators.

"It took us a year just to get known in these communities," says Ossip-
Klein, "and another year to recruit the volunteers. It was grass roots, all the way."

Grass roots, and hay to boot. Giovino and his cadre of student staffers found themselves surrounded by the stuff on their first foray into the counties in August of 1984. It was the Chemung County Fair in Horseheads. Sandwiched between the agricultural exhibits and the homemade peach-pie competition, the researchers set up a card table and unwrapped their carbon-monoxide machine. This device measures the amount of that gas circulating through the system of a smoker, and they hoped it would act as a drawing card, luring smokers over to exhale into it and maybe stick around long enough to be persuaded to volunteer.

A reporter from a local television station happened upon this unlikely group, asked for an interview, and Giovino happily hopped around the prize-winning lettuce to oblige. He had to sidestep the first question, however: "How many have signed up so far?"

The only accurate answer to that would have been, "Well, if you do, that'll make one." The Smokers' Self-Help Project was all of 10 minutes old.

For months, the project staffers carted their machine and their questionnaires around rural communities, getting some help from a doctor or dentist here, a pastor there. They would show up outside a church after Sunday services, or make their way to a small shopping center on a weekend. Advertising in Penny-Savers, tapping up placards in laundromats and drugstores, putting the word around in all the Pretty Good Groceries and Chatterbox Cafes of the Lake Wobegons of Upstate, they built toward their goal.

Giovino, a health-food fancier, dramatically vowed to the staff that he would go so far as to eat a Big Mac on the day they reached their target. Finally, after two years, the graph posted in Meliora Hall pushed past 1,800. It's still up on the wall. Next to it is taped an empty styrofoam container from McDonald's.

The Self-Help Project won't be completed for another year, and its results won't be tabulated for a while after that, but already certain patterns are emerging. The study has strengthened Ossip-Klein's conviction that access to such systems as Freedom Line is a real help to ex-smokers trying to go it alone. Time and again, these solitary strugglers cite the opportunity to call—to talk to someone who understands—as a real help in avoiding relapses.

A side benefit of the research project has been the education of the students, graduate and undergraduate, who have worked as members of the staff. If smoking is not the Number One health issue facing the country, it is certainly a contender, and the University is training professionals to take it on in the future.

Closest to Ossip-Klein's concerns is, of course, the one-fourth of adult Americans still addicted to nicotine. And her own academic research into the psychological, physiological, and behavioral aspects of cigarette smoking makes her not at all reluctant to indulge in some spade-calling: "It is an addiction," she says, "and smokers who try to quit face physical withdrawal symptoms." Anyone who has gone through the experience knows what they are: sleeplessness, gastrointestinal troubles, spasms of twitching, strange cravings for fattening foods—and what is rather lightly called in the literature "a rush of emotions, tremendous anger, or anxiety."

(Okay, movie buffs, you'll recognize those symptoms: This is that certain temperament displayed by the ex-smoker who picked Navin Johnson's name out of the phone book and took pot shots at him with a high-powered rifle. Has there breathed a former smoker who hasn't seen that part of Steve Martin's movie The Jerk, and muttered, "There but for the grace of God..."?)

Communities, too, will have to face a variety of withdrawal symptoms if they follow Monroe County's lead. Just what these symptoms will be is the subject of yet another project of the Research Program. Over 1,200 respondents are now being surveyed in an attempt to measure the effect of the anti-smoking regulations on Rochester and its environs. Have the regulations had an impact on smoking habits? Are people complying with the law, grudgingly or otherwise? Is it in the interest of business and industry to encourage their employees to give up smoking and to help them do it? Progress in answering these and other questions will be made in the coming year.

At this point, the survey has found Monroe County to be almost exactly typical of the country at large in terms of the number of people who smoke (about 27 percent), their gender (more men than women smoke, but the latter are coming up fast on the outside), race (more blacks than whites smoke, but they smoke fewer cigarettes per person), economic and educational status (the affluent and schooled tend to be non-smokers).

The county is atypical, of course, in having the University's Smoking Research Program there to take its pulse. The rest of the nation will be watching. What is the message up to now from Monroe to other communities that are considering a similar change in their smoking manners and mores?

Best to paraphrase a line from Bette Davis, one of filmdom's most famous puffers: "Fasten your seat belts. It's going to be a bumpy ride."

Thomas Fitzpatrick has gone from two packs of Camels a day to trying not to inhale cheap cigars. He now calls Freedom Line constantly, and just may have stubbed out his last Hav-A-Tampa while writing this article.
Strong Memorial Hospital director Paul Griner '59M makes some predictions on the expansive world of tomorrow's medicine.

The Return of the House Call and Other Medical Miracles

By Jan Fitzpatrick

When some people claim medicine isn't what it used to be, it may mean that's because it is getting better.

Whenever crew or passengers of the Starship Enterprise wind up in sick bay, Dr. "Bones" McCoy diagnoses the trouble with a gesture familiar to "Star Trek" fans: He passes a compact wand over the supine victim for an instant readout on the trouble. McCoy's successor on "Star Trek: The Next Generation," Dr. Beverly Crusher, also has fabulous equipment: She can pop an ailing Klingon into a plastic contraption, and a few beeps and flashes later, the Klingon emerges completely "cured."

The attentive viewer may notice that even though doctoring is an important part of both shows, scriptwriters step gingerly around many of the specifics about medicine of the future, hurrying on to other technologies like transport er beams, which are less likely to stick out like a sore anachronism in reruns.

This decision is a wise one. Of late, advancements in the real world of medicine threaten to outstrip the imaginations of the most speculative futurists: Only 20 years ago, after all, kidney stones had to be removed by slicing into the patient's body lying anesthetized on the table. Now, the patient can relax, fully conscious, in a big stainless steel tub full of warm water, while rubber duckies float atop the water for the patient's amusement. Beneath the surface, ultrasonic waves pulverize the stones into fragments so small they can be simply excreted later on.

Just as the kidney lithotripter has come to pass, so other new technologies and practices are sprouting that will make medicine in the next decade and next century seem as distant from the present as the house call does from today.

Paul Griner '59M, now general director of the University's top-ranked Strong Memorial Hospital (see page 23), takes special pleasure in contemplating medicine's future, perhaps because it vaults him from the confines of the thick regulation manuals that line his office into the expansive world of another reference book—New Vistas in Health Care—that lies conspicuously atop his desk.

"When I hear others say that medicine isn't what it used to be, I just don't agree. It's a wonderful time to be taking care of patients."

And a "world of wonders" as well, Griner suggested during a recent conversation in his office.

One dramatic trend apparent over the past 20 years and which Griner expects will continue is shorter and shorter hospital stays and faster recuperation periods for many different medical problems.

Example: The uncomplicated heart attack.

In 1960, you'd have been hospitalized for three weeks, and recuperating for three or four months; today, you may leave the hospital in little more than a week, and return to work in four to six more. With optimum treatment, your heart may suffer no lasting damage. After recovery, you could pull on your Reeboks and jog till your shins splinted.
tomorrow, Griner indicates, heart disease for some patients may go the way of smallpox, thanks to genetic engineering. Sometime in the first part of the next century, it may be possible to spot in utero who is likely to develop coronary disease, and replace the gene responsible for future clogged arteries with a "cleaner" gene. Similarly, those at risk of developing hemophilia or other genetic diseases may be "cured" through the substitution of one gene for another. (Griner is, of course, sensitive to the range of ethical questions that gene swapping poses; but for the moment, he limits himself to discussion of what biomedical technology makes possible.)

Take another example of the incredible, shrinking hospital stay: gall bladder surgery. In 1960, you’d have spent 10 to 14 days in the hospital. Today, you may leave the hospital in four or five. Tomorrow, a device something like the kidney lithotripter will pulverize the stones, and a patient may be out of the hospital in a day or two.

Like sprinters trying to shave tenths of seconds off their times, hospital administrators will continue to pare down confinements when they can do so without harming the patient, Griner predicts. Their incentive will be economic: Since so many insurers now make payments according to a fee schedule instead of reimbursing for actual costs, the hospital stands to lose money the longer it keeps a patient. But advances in techniques will also play a role.

"We're doing more surgeries on an outpatient basis, and that will continue," says Griner. "Take cataract surgery. In 1960, you could expect to spend three to five days in the hospital. Today, you'll come in the morning, and hours later, you'll be home. Or hernia repairs. In 1960, you might be in for three or four days. Now, a patient can have the repair done in the morning and return even to some manual labor that afternoon. Better anesthesia shortens recovery time, and better sutures and other surgical materials make a stronger wound, so you don't have to make the patient lie around for four or five days waiting for the wound to start to heal."

No quick review of major trends in medicine should overlook the spectacular advances in diagnostic devices, and the subject is clearly one that arouses this hospital administrator's enthusiasm.

"In five or ten years," Griner predicts, "we will be able to look at every part of the human body without having to cut the patient open."

One device that Strong Memorial acquired just last fall to detect bone loss (osteoporosis) brings that possibility one step closer. Osteoporosis is a major cause of fractures in the elderly, as well as such signs of "aging" as loss of height, or an aching or curved back.

To have bones scanned, the patient lies on a table that has a radiation source underneath and a scanner above. Low doses of radiation enter the area of the skeleton being scanned, and a machine measures how much radiation penetrates the bone. The less radiation, the denser the bone. Until now, doctors have had trouble diagnosing osteoporosis early enough to treat it, before it causes problems.

Magnetic resonance imaging, with its crisp, color-coded images of body organs, has "opened up" the body as never before, Griner says. It is the best way to detect certain kinds of tumors. But even MRI scans provide pictures that are only two-dimensional.

Within a few years, Griner expects that computer animation techniques developed for space sagas like the Star Wars films will be applied to images of MRI and CT scans, taken from different angles. The computers will create three-dimensional images that the diagnostician can turn around and examine from varying viewpoints, almost as if the organ itself were lying on an autopsie table.

In fact, he says, diagnostic equipment is creating possibilities for treatment that have been largely unimagined until now. "We will be able to 'see' metabolic processes going on in the brain," says Griner. "We'll be able to compare abnormal ones with normal ones, and pinpoint the exact area of the brain involved in the illness. We could find the chemical imbalance causing schizophrenia and correct it. Or identify the abnormal electrical impulses responsible for epilepsy and correct them, so that the patient wouldn't have to take drugs."

What other wonders might we see in the next several years?

Settling momentarily into his office couch as he ponders an answer, Griner sees transplants becoming more and more common. "We already transplant hearts, bone marrow, lungs, and livers, and soon we will be developing pancreas transplants," he says. Despite the difficulties that transplant patients face today with rejection of organs, he predicts that "the level of our knowledge of rejection and the development of new drugs that more effectively reduce it are rapidly expanding transplantation horizons."

Organ transplants should pave the way for limb transplants, Griner believes. "Take a crush injury, for example. It will be possible to take a stored, frozen hand, arm, or leg and transplant it."

(The technology of tissue preservation has progressed to the point that gangrene is not an issue, he explains.)

Soon, Griner must begin a morning round of meetings, to be followed by patient visits (he still practices as an internist), to be followed by travel to more meetings. Reports on the top of his desk demand his attention. And, as always, the bulky regulation manuals circumscribe many of his decisions.

But before leaving the exhilarating world of the medical seer, Griner ventures one more prediction. It is that medicine will bring back that relic of horse-and-buggy medicine—the house call—albeit in a form suited to the 21st century.

Griner foresees that many patients who need treatment can be cared for at home with regular visits from a health-care team. "A patient with a bone infection, for example, needs weeks of antibiotics delivered intravenously. But with instruction and home checkups from the health team, the patient's family could take over much of the care, and so avoid a prolonged hospitalization.

For the patient of the future, that may be even better news than the beep- beep, flashing gizmos aboard the Starship Enterprise.

Jan Fitzpatrick is the University's public information coordinator. Her last contribution to the Review covered Stephen Jay Gould's lively lecture at last year's Rochester Conference.
For 33 years this Phi Beta Kappa ex-football captain has directed an agricultural and technical school not quite like any other in the world, serving an ever-increasing constituency from the villages and farms of his adopted homeland to the farthest reaches of the Third World.

The word “enthusiasm” derives from the Greek word *enthousiasmos*—much as the enthusiasm of Bruce Lansdale ’46 has its roots in Greece itself.

For the past 33 years, Lansdale has been carrying on an epic romance with the people, the countryside, and the very soil of his adopted country in his job as director of the American Farm School near Thessaloniki, Greece’s second largest city.

Speaking with him during a recent fund-raising trip to Rochester, one finds it’s hard to tell where the director leaves off and the Farm School begins. (The school—established 84 years ago to teach village youngsters how “to learn to earn their daily bread,” as Lansdale puts it—seems to inspire devotion. It’s had only three directors over its entire history, two of whom, Lansdale’s predecessors, were father and son.)

When he talks about the place, Lansdale tosses out aphorisms, waves his hands in the air, and punctuates his sentences, Greek-fashion, with frequent sprinklings of “Eh?” Often he pulls out his ever-ready “black book” to read off a quotation from one of the scraps of paper slipped between its pages.

Occasionally he resorts to sketching with his pen what he cannot describe with his words. To explain how the school aims to educate the head, the hands, and the heart, he draws stick figures across the page.

“It’s got to be a fun life,” he says. “It’s got to be a beautiful life; it’s got to be a hugging life. It should have a warmth and enthusiasm about it.”

But, he adds, you’ve got to have your feet planted in—pardon the undaity thought—the manure.

“Sorry that keeps coming up, but it’s pretty important to maintaining our soil in northern Greece,” he says.

“Our soil”—375 acres of rich earth in the north country known as Macedonia—is the Farm School’s working capital.

The land, parched and barren in its pre-Farm-School days, now supports groves of olive and almond trees, acres of grapes, tomatoes, and grain, husky herds of livestock (cows, goats, turkeys, chickens, and sheep), and a human complement of 225 students and 95 faculty and staff. This permanent population is swelled regularly by 2,500 part-time students, some 10,000 visitors annually, many of them from foreign countries come to learn Farm School techniques, and scores of young exchange students who appear every summer from all points north, south, east, and west.

Founded by John Henry House (“a resolute American missionary”) as the Thessalonica Agricultural and Industrial Institute, the place was early dubbed the “American Farm School” to distinguish it from the neighboring farm operated by the University of Thessaloniki. The new name—frequently shortened to “AFS”—has stuck, although over the years the school has become more Greek than American. Less than 3 percent of the staff now hails from the U.S., and these few, like the school, are well Hellenized.

His school, Lansdale says, has a double mission: to promote agricultural and vocational development in rural
Greece and to cultivate pride and self-reliance in the psyches of Greek peasants. And here he points out that he uses the word “peasant” in its truest and noblest sense, to designate a person who “belongs to the country.”

In describing this Peace-Corps-like aspect of the AFS, Lansdale tells a story.

“I have the most lovely little statue at home—a madonna and child in quarry stone—made by a friend of my daughter’s.

“A Greek woman said to me, ‘Bruce, did you see what the sculptor found? How did she know it was in the rock?’”

“What a wonderful thought! But one day, I dropped the statue and the arm fell off. We had to glue it back on and you could see a crack in it.

“I march this little statue out every year to tell the students they too must discover what’s inside the rock. There are cracks, yes, I tell them; we all have cracks—look at me, I’m bald and I wear bifocals and my hands shake—but we’re the creation of God.”

Peasants in undeveloped countries, Lansdale goes on to explain, “think of themselves as second-class citizens.”

AFS’s aim is to help them help themselves to alter that perception. Farm School students “learn by doing,” as Lansdale says, and, for the most part, carry their skills back to their rural villages to earn a living.

In this aspect of its work, the AFS extends beyond national boundaries, helping to educate farmers in other developing nations as well. For instance, most of the 10,000 visitors every year—increasingly from Third World countries—are there to learn specific elements of farm technology. And recently, the school, together with the University of Thessaloniki, has undertaken a formal international training program, in “an attempt to share the experience of what I call ‘The Greek Miracle’ with Third World countries,” says Lansdale.

Since its inception in 1904, the Farm School has developed considerable resources for carrying out its mission. Today, it’s a $3-million-a-year operation, with the sale of milk, grain, eggs, chickens, and turkeys bringing in nearly $2 million annually. The balance comes from private Greek contributions, Greek government scholarships, private U.S. contributions, and endowment income, in that order.

The endowment, acquired through dedicated fund raising, is an impressive $6 million, more than that of many U.S. colleges and universities. “For a little two-bit school in Greek farm country, it’s pretty fantastic,” Lansdale admits.

Honors and recognition have been heaped on the school like the layers of filo dough in baklava. Lansdale used to play host to the king and queen of Greece when they were still king and queen, and once was invited to lunch with President Kennedy at the White House. (Did he go? “Are you kidding? I even bought a new pair of shoes!”) And during the Lansdale tenure, the Farm School has been the subject of a couple of radio broadcasts by a commentator known as Ronald Reagan.

Then there was Lyndon Johnson. He gave them a John Deere tractor.

“In return, we gave him a little donkey. We were glad he was a Democrat because we couldn’t have given him an elephant,” Lansdale says.

The Greek government has awarded Lansdale its highest decoration for private foreign citizens. And he’s been called “America’s best ambassador to Greece and Greece’s best ambassador to America”—this by a highly placed Greek government official in the presence of the real U.S. ambassador to the country, at a large gathering in Lansdale’s honor. (One of the school’s strongest adherents for many years was another U.S. ambassador to Greece, the late Henry Labouisse, who was director of UNICEF at the time that agency won the Nobel Peace Prize.)

Why all the attention?

The roster of highly achieving graduates is one big answer. Among AFS’s 2,500 living alumni are master farmers and village leaders like Lambro Tsikakis, who operates the biggest pig farm in southern Greece (“the Sparta area, people like to hear that,” Lansdale says); Athanasi Simopoulos, who is running the largest poultry operation in his district; and Michael Lialias, who is the mayor of his village.

Another reason the Farm School attracts accolades is that it continues to plow new ground in agricultural-vocational education—a form of education considered radical at the school’s founding in 1904. In the 1920s, the AFS produced the first pasteurized milk in Greece. In the 1940s, it offered the country’s first “short-course” program of adult education (for practicing farmers already out in the field, so to speak). Today, more than 40 such programs exist, and the school helps teach the teachers for all of them.

But even more central to the Farm School’s success is the spirit of the place, exemplified by Lansdale himself. One of his favorite stories captures this “enthusiasmos,” He describes an
When Tad Krihak Lansdale '47 hears of the praise her husband, Bruce, gives her—that he "can't overemphasize the joint nature" of their work at the American Farm School in Thessaloniki, Greece—she turns it aside.

"There's a Greek saying: In the spring, go to pick the cherries. But take a little basket, because there are never as many as you think."

Her modesty belies the truth. But she will admit to an all-consuming involvement with the school.

"When I got married," she likes to say, "I married Bruce, the Farm School, and Greece."

Describing the schedule of a typical day in her life, she says, "This morning, I went with my daughter to Thessaloniki, where she was exhibiting her pottery at a gathering of international women who live in Greece. Then home for lunch.

"In the afternoon, I'll be at a nearby junior college where I teach classes in oral communication and guidance counseling.

"Then, there's a gathering of about 30 Farm School families—the women are putting on their annual bazaar for the upcoming Greek holiday.

"Later on, a community group comes to the school to learn Greek dancing.

"And I've been hoping I could lose some weight, but it seems as though every night there's some kind of reception—where you have to eat!"

While at Rochester, she majored in psychology and sociology. After graduating, she went on to study for an M.S.W. at Smith College. She and Bruce have raised four children, three boys and one girl. And with her children grown, she has recently begun using her educational training to teach courses—a new, second career independent of her Farm School work.

"The Farm School is a place that always gives you back much more than you can give to it. It's a privilege to live here: the beauty and greenery of a farm, the excitement of a school, the sense of peace in my heart."
It's Not Just Strong—It's One of the Best

Strong Memorial Hospital is among 64 hospitals listed in The Best Hospitals in America, a new consumer handbook compiled by Linda Sunshine and John Wright (published by Henry Holt and Company).

The authors write: "One of the most respected hospitals in the northeast, Strong is particularly well-regarded by its former patients, as demonstrated in a 1985 patient survey conducted by the hospital. Over 96 percent of all respondents would return to Strong if they required hospitalization in the future."

The book highlights Strong's pediatric services, Department of Psychiatry, Ambulatory Surgical Center, Magnetic Resonance Center, Strong Heart Program, Cardiac Rehabilitation Program, Kidney Stone Treatment Center, In-Vitro Fertilization Program, Cancer Center, Regional Spinal Cord Injury Center, and special research programs.

According to the book, Strong's peers include such noted institutions as Mount Sinai Medical Center, Rockefeller University Hospital, Massachusetts General Hospital, Stanford University Medical Center, UCLA Medical Center, the University Hospitals of Cleveland, and the Mayo Clinic.

A New Dean for the Arts College

Chemist Jack A. Kampmeier thinks that Rochester's College of Arts and Science is "an incredibly exciting place to be." The reason? "Because of the world-class quality of the work being done by its students, faculty, and staff, and because a college of arts and science is the intellectual center of any serious university."

Kampmeier has had plenty of opportunity to reach that conclusion—as a member of the Rochester faculty since 1960, head of the Department of Chemistry from 1975 to 1979, arts college associate dean for graduate studies from 1982 to 1985, and acting dean of the college from January 1986 to June 1987.

Now he has been formally inaugurated as dean of that "intellectual center," the University's largest—and original—academic division. Announcement of his appointment came in November, and his installation was the opening event for this year's Rochester Conference in January.

What does he think the overriding qualification for a dean should be? Without hesitating, he answers, "a congenital instinct for quality."

His philosophy of education was summed up in a speech he made on Yellowjacket Day in 1978: "There are lots of things to study at this University—but whatever you choose, what's really important is the nature of your personal commitment to that choice. The real opportunities for growth and accomplishment will come when you make an unequivocal commitment—one with no escape clauses."

Kampmeier's own "unequivocal commitment" to an academic specialty is to physical organic chemistry, with a focus on the mechanisms of free radical and organometallic reactions. He has been a National Science Foundation Science Faculty Fellow (at Berkeley from 1971-72), a Fulbright-Hays Senior Research Scholar (University of Freiburg, 1979-80), and a recipient of a NATO Senior Scientist Award (1979-80).

In 1974, he received the University's Edward Peck Curtis Award for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching, cited for his role in reorganizing and strengthening the undergraduate chemistry curriculum.

As dean he succeeds J. Paul Hunter, now a professor of English at the University of Chicago. A faculty search committee recommended Kampmeier's appointment after Robert Sekuler of Northwestern University reversed his decision to accept the deanship citing personal and professional reasons.

The inauguration served as a festive opening for this year's Rochester Conference, "On Time." (You'll be hearing more about the conference in the next issue of Rochester Review.) University Dean Ruth Freeman, the impresario behind the conference, said that Kampmeier's "keen interest in the place of an arts and science college in a research university made this a fitting first event."
Comes to Rochester

The controversy was prompted by a change in the University's investment strategy. To counteract a sharp downturn in the value of venture-capital investments in small, high-tech companies (which don't do overseas business in countries like South Africa), the trustees last May voted to switch Rochester's portfolio to a more conservative, "blue-chip" policy of investing in multinational corporations (many of which do have South African connections).

The new policy put Rochester in line with most other private universities that have major endowments to manage. But the reversal of the University's de facto neutrality stirred an emotional protest in a way that other institutions' "steady-state" investment policies had not.

Although there are arguments to be made for universities to maintain the position of "conscientious non-combatant" in moral and political issues (see President O'Brien's essay, "Divestiture: Irony and Dilemma," Rochester Review, Winter 1986-87), Rochester's stance on this particular issue was interpreted by many members of the University community as a symbol of support for the policies of apartheid.

To pursue a position so offensive to so many was clearly not in the best interests of the University and the people who comprise it. Accordingly, a student-faculty-trustee Committee on Investing and Ethical Considerations, which had recommended the earlier change in policy, reversed that recommendation.

On October 8, the trustees voted for permanent divestiture, to be completed, "in an orderly way" as soon as possible but no later than June 30, the end of the current fiscal year.

With that the controversy died down, but did not end. Some student groups kept up their protest—this time for immediate divestiture—and continued to occupy a symbolic shantytown on the Strong Auditorium lawn. As the weeks went on and the reports from the Office of the Treasurer showed rapid progress toward complete divestiture, the continued presence of the shanties themselves became an object of controversy.

Just as the semester was ending (and with the most recent report indicating that the value of the South Africa-related holdings was down to $8,047,457), the shantytown supporters decided it was time to dismantle the buildings. In a news release announcing their decision they said, "We feel we must move on to a different stage of this struggle [and] broaden the focus to the larger goal of ending apartheid."

A New Clue to Multiple Sclerosis

A study conducted by researchers at the University's Medical Center suggests that heavy metals in the workplace may be linked to multiple sclerosis.

Principal investigators Dr. E. Carol Stein and Dr. Randolph B. Schiffer report in the October 1987 issue of Neurology that exposure to zinc and other heavy metals should be given serious consideration—along with genetic and viral factors—as a possible cause of MS.

Studying the records of a manufacturing plant in Rochester that uses zinc as a principal material, the researchers found that over the course of a 10-year period (1970-79), MS occurred with greater than average incidence among people who had been employed there. Stein and Schiffer have determined that this pattern is continuing through the 1980s.

Plant medical records and other data revealed that 11 workers developed MS between 1970 and 1979—compared to the 2 to 4 cases that might be expected in a population of the same size. The researchers also found that current employees show elevated levels of zinc in their red blood cells.

"This study is the first we know about that suggests a link between the worksite and a cluster of MS cases," Stein says. "Most previous case clusters have been defined in broader geographic terms."

Schiffer sums up: "The question is no longer, is the environment important, but rather, what in the environment is important."

Golden Apple for a Teacher

Preceded in 1985 by English Professor Russell Peck and in 1986 by Eastman School Professor Rayburn Wright (conducting and ensembles), yet another Rochester teacher has been given top grades by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE).

This time it's Jan DeGaetani, professor of voice at Eastman, who received a gold medal in the competition for "Professor of the Year" for 1987.

Which is not at all surprising, according to her boss, Eastman Director Robert Freeman: "Jan DeGaetani is an exemplary performer whose repertory spans five centuries. But she is also a teacher deeply dedicated to her students, many of whom have already gone on to their own highly successful professional careers."

"She has had notable success," he adds, "in combining professional and teaching careers with a rich family life, in a way that is a great role model to students in general—especially to young women."

DeGaetani was one of nine runners-up chosen from a field of 400 nominees from throughout the United States and Canada. Ralph Ketcham, a Syracuse University political scientist and author, was named Professor of the Year. CASE is a nonprofit group of university fund-raisers, publicists, and alumni directors.
Superconductor Test Makes News


Superconductors are hot news these days, and work done at the Laboratory for Laser Energetics generated some of the hottest of recent months, as exemplified by the front-page Times story.

Its subject: an experimental device that demonstrates how communications lines made from the new generation of superconductors can transmit data at speeds up to 100 times faster than today's state-of-the-art optical fiber networks.

The prototype is a joint project of researchers at Cornell University (where it was made) and Rochester's LLE (where it was tested). The Rochester team, led by Gerard Mourou, used dye lasers capable of emitting pulses of 50 femtoseconds (quadrillionths of a second) to measure the very short electrical pulses that passed through the device. Mourou's team found these pulses passed through without any detectable distortion—an impossibility with conventional metals.

(This is the second notable success that Mourou's group has enjoyed recently. Using a system so small that it fits on a common tabletop, the team has pioneered a new laser technique that can produce gigantic bursts of power for very brief periods of time—terawatt-level power, that is, a terawatt being equal to almost twice the total electric generating capacity of the United States.)

The new superconductor discovery raises the possibility of transmission of electronic information—computer data, telephone conversations, or television pictures—at extremely high speeds. For example, a single superconducting transmission line could carry one trillion bits a second—enough to support 15 million simultaneous telephone conversations or to send the complete contents of the Library of Congress in two minutes. The new findings could mean large savings in the generation and transmission of electricity and vastly greater efficiencies in the transmission of data.

The circuits of the present generation of supercomputers typically transmit pulses in the range of a nanosecond—or a billionth of a second. Optical fibers work at about 10 times that speed. Without superconductors, electricity could not begin to compete with light on such time scales.

Says Mourou of the discovery, "Now I think we're just scratching the surface."

A Good Rede

Librarian Isabel Kaplan is doing her perusing in the newly opened Rossell Hope Robbins Library for Medieval Studies. Scholars from Europe, Canada, Australia, India, China, and Japan were invited to join in the festivities when the Robbins Library opened last fall in the Koller-Collins Graduate English Center in Rush Rhees Library.

The new medieval library's collection of about 10,000 volumes and subscriptions to 40 specialized periodicals reflects the intellectual interests developed by its curator and donor, medievalist Rossell Hope Robbins, during his distinguished scholarly career of more than fifty years of writing and teaching on both sides of the Atlantic. The noncirculating collection is open to medievalists near and far seven days a week.
NEWSCLIPS

Readers of national publications, as well as of scientific and professional journals, regularly come across references to the scholarly activities—and professional judgments—of people at the University. Following is a cross section of some of those you might have seen within recent months:

Saratogian Sunday
Without the Constitution, the United States would have become a patchwork of feuding confederacies, perhaps like Latin America—and the American South might have been another South Africa, says Professor of Political Science William Riker, quoted in an article in this Upstate New York paper.

Riker's scenario appeared likely before July 16, 1787, when the delegates to the Constitutional Convention reached what has become known as the Great Compromise. "This set of conciliatory proposals outlined the way in which states were to be represented in the federal government and proved a turning point," the Saratogian observes.

Were it not for that agreement, Riker speculates, New Yorkers would be living in a New England federation, which would also have included an enormously enlarged Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Vermont. The great nation on the continent would have been Virginia, encompassing what is now West Virginia and Kentucky, as well as most of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Riker goes further to speculate that without a United States of America, there would have been no Hitler and no World War II—because the 1914-18 World War would have been won by the Germans.

St. Petersburg Times
The party's over, says Professor of History and department chair Christopher Lasch in a feature article in this major Florida daily.

"Americans have always had the confidence of a limitless future and conditions of unlimited economic growth, technological development and perhaps geographical expansion. It seems that all those conditions are coming to an end," says Lasch, the best-selling author of The Culture of Narcissism and The Minimal Self.

"Stated bluntly, America's past—with its reckless expansion and waste—has landed squarely in the present, and the inevitable crunch is here. October's stock market plunge was a symptom, not a cause," the article quotes Lasch as saying.

Chronicle of Higher Education
In an op-ed piece, Asish R. Basu, professor and chair of geological sciences, describes the dilemma posed for him by an invitation to an international symposium in South Africa.

A naturalized American born in India, Basu says he would have had to accept the South African government's offer to make him an "honorary white" in order for him to use the same facilities as the other participants. "I did not like being forced to choose between my pursuit of science and my sense of dignity," he writes. Accordingly, he decided not to go.

"The decision cost me an opportunity to study and share with fellow scientists. It cost South Africa an opportunity to show people that it can accept the world as it is, not just on South African terms. But regardless of the cost, I could not betray my dignity by pretending that I am white, even in the interest of science... It is a quandary of our time... that science cannot be colorblind until South Africa is."

Sports Illustrated
"Valedictorians, national merit scholars, and academic All-Americans are as common on their rosters as slam dunks will be rare on its courts. In the Unconference the coaches don't have to repeat themselves much," The SI writer is talking about the University Athletic Association (UAA), the new Division III sports conference recently established by Rochester and eight other institutions.

"All are high-level research universities," the story continues, "excruciatingly selective and extravagantly well-off—six are among the country's 18 most richly endowed schools. Three words sum up their curricula: nowhere to hide."

The idea for the conference, as the story goes, came from a bus tour of the 45,000-student University of Minnesota, on which Rochester's President O'Brien and Washington University's President William Danforth were seated next to each other. O'Brien spotted an enormous building and asked what it was. When the bus driver told them that this was the school's indoor football practice field, O'Brien and Danforth kind of gasped—and began musings about a conference of Division III schools that would match up similarities in attitude toward academics as well as athletics.

The UAA was born. As the article concludes: "They might have considered calling the conference the OAA—for Overachievers Athletic Association."

Women's World
In a by-lined article, Dr. Ruth Lawrence, a professor of pediatrics at the School of Medicine and Dentistry, describes what parents can expect during the first hour of their baby's life in a hospital delivery room.

After what is known as an Apgar test to determine the infant's overall health, footprints are taken, the baby is weighed, and length and head circumference are measured. Next comes a detailed evaluation of the child's eyes, head, genitals, skin, and limbs. A vitamin K injection is given in the thigh, and antibiotic drops are placed in the eyes.

"After such a hectic first hour, it's not surprising most babies simply want to snuggle up to mom for a well-deserved rest!" Lawrence concludes.

Boston Globe
"Absolutely wonderful," is how the Globe's reviewer describes a compact disc recording of Mendelssohn's Octet and Second Quartet by the Eastman School's Cleveland Quartet. The Cleveland is joined in the Octet by its protégé ensemble, the Meliora Quartet (made up of Eastman graduates who are now in residence at the Longy School).

"This is a large-scale, almost chamber orchestra performance, except that
f ew chamber orchestras, even the best of them, have players on this consistent level of skill,” the review raves.

Denver Post
“Let’s turn the spigot off,” says Emory Cowen, professor of psychology, who has spent 30 years trying to stop potential mental-health problems before they start.

An article in the Post quotes Cowen and other members of a task force of the American Psychological Association. This group reported recently on model programs across the country that help people overcome difficulties before they become serious.

One of the programs cited was the Primary Mental Health Project, which Cowen helped pioneer 30 years ago in the Rochester schools. The idea has since spread to more than 300 school districts around the nation, according to the Post.

New Orleans Times Picayune
Gerrymandering—dividing states or municipalities into voting districts that give unfair advantage to one political party—existed as far back as 1812, when Massachusetts Governor Elbridge Gerry oversaw the creation of new political districts that curved and coiled like salamanders.

Gerrymandered districts may look pretty unfair when you see them on the map, but how do you prove that one party has gained advantage over another? That’s a question posed by a research team led by political scientist Richard Niemi. His team is analyzing the relative compactness of political districts. To do this, they are using a highly sophisticated optical system that scans maps with a television-type camera and runs computer analyses on the information thus gleaned.

“Requiring compact districts doesn’t guarantee that borders will be drawn for citizen convenience rather than partisan advantage,” Niemi says in the article. “But it is difficult to gerrymander completely.”

Rocky Mountain News
How have Americans, in a land of tremendous ethnic and religious diversity, become so uniform in their approach to the rites of death? The question, posed by Mary-Therese Behar Dombeck of the School of Nursing, was the subject of a feature article in this Denver paper.

She cites the funeral of John F. Kennedy as an example. In Egypt, Dombeck’s native country, Jacqueline Kennedy’s stoic behavior would have been a disgrace, Dombeck says, since she did not weep, wail, fall to her knees, or tear her clothes. But in this country she was held up as a model for all Americans.

Dombeck suggests that the reason people in this country tend to suppress public grief is the fact that “above all, Americans value control.”

The clergy must not be afraid to tell people, she concludes, that the American way of dying “is hard to live up to when your heart is breaking.”

Minneapolis Star and Tribune
“Soviet educators worry that their system encourages conformity at the expense of students using their imaginations,” says Guilbert Hentschke, dean of the Graduate School of Education and Human Development, in an Associated Press item picked up in Minneapolis.

“In Soviet schools there is a much greater emphasis on rote learning. Their students perform well on achievement tests that measure mastery of factual materials,” he continues.

American teachers, on the other hand, worry about whether their students can read, write, and do arithmetic well enough to score high on achievement tests.

Attention, readers: The Office of University Public Relations is asking its network of alumni readers for their help in compiling clippings of published references to the University, its faculty members, and its alumni. When you come across such items, if you would take a minute to clip out the article, identify it with the source and date of publication, and send it along to the Review (108 Administration Building, University of Rochester, Rochester, New York 14627), the office would be grateful. A number of you did just that after our last request, and we thank you all.

Yellowjackets, 93 Wins; Opponents, 38; Ties, 1.
Life, from where Jeffrey Vennell views it, is looking pretty good these days.

And why shouldn’t it? While he was still athletics director at Ohio’s Kenyon College last fall, he savored the sweetness of long-delayed victory when his gridiron Lords beat arch-rival Denison University for the first time since 1910.

Then, soon after he arrived at Rochester in mid-semestar as the University’s new sports-and-recreation director, he relished a second football win over Denison (and in the same season, yet), this time courtesy of his newly adoptive Yellowjackets.

But if double revenge was the bright red cherry that topped the season for Vennell, Rochester’s fall teams provided the pie à la mode, as the Yellowjackets compiled one of the finest composite athletics records in University history.

Mr. Vennell, you and Yellowjackets sports have arrived.

“It’s great to be associated with success, and its effect from all reports has been infectious throughout campus,”
Rochester Review/Winter 1987-88

Cinderella season: After several disappointing seasons building up to it, the Yellowjackets stepped out high, wide, and handsome this time—coming up with a 9-2 performance, a trip to the NCAA Division III playoffs, and an enviable No. 9 ranking in the Division III National Coaches Top 20 poll.

Because of their seemingly exponential development, Rochester sports teams—which for years competed generally only regionally and in relative obscurity—are now recognized forces in the national sports picture. "Now even teams out in California know about Rochester sports," notes Jackie Blackett, who coached her women’s cross-country team (2-0 in dual meets) to a best ever fifth place at the Division III nationals and second-place finishes in the NYS Women’s Collegiate Athletic Association Championships and at the NCAA Division III NYS Qualifier.

The contagion of success, and the renewed sense of school pride and spirit, were evident at an informal University celebration in December to fête the feats of the fall sports teams.

The captains of the varsity teams—gathered in a packed Wilson Commons—proudly summed up their fall seasons, tossing out phrases like "best ever" and "champion" and "school record." You’d better get used to them—the celebrations, the winning ways, and the fans—because Vennell intends to make these end-of-the-season affairs a tradition, and because last fall’s extraordinary record, which built on the successes of the last few years, is probably only the beginning of a Yellowjacket sports revival.

Another sign of the times: The women’s track-and-field team has been selling boxer shorts with a picture of the fighting mascot and the declaration "Rochester, the Sting Is Back" emblazoned boldly on the derrière. Now I ask you, is that UR Pride or what?

One of the season’s biggest success stories was, of course, the phenomenal 9-2 performance of the football team. Many an alum may recall afternoons spent on the grassy slope of the Hill, watching the guys lose one heartbreaker after another. Not so anymore. This year, the Yellowjackets set a school record for the most wins in a season. At fall’s end, the team was ranked Numero Uno in the Final ECAC Upstate New York Poll and No. 9 in the Final NCAA Division III National Coaches Top 20 Poll. The Jackets even won the Homecoming game! But, alas, the team’s “Cinderella season,” as it was dubbed, did finally come to an end.
end. "The Clock Just Struck Midnight," lamented the November 23
Campus Times headline after the
Jackets lost to Wagner College on their
first trip ever to the NCAA Division III playoffs. (Wagner, by the way, went
on to win the national title a month
later.)

Head football coach Ray Tellier
helped add another big feather to the
team cap in December, when he was
named Kodak Region I "Coach of the
Year" in College Division II by the
American Football Coaches Associ­
ation, and in so doing, became a can­
didate for the national Kodak "Coach of
the Year" award for his division (the
winner was to be announced January
7). "I've always considered this to be a
staff award and a team award," said
Tellier. "The players provided me with
the greatest thrill of my coaching ca­
cer with their performance."

Another spectacular season high­
light was provided by the high-steppin'
women of the varsity soccer team. A
total of 1,063 cheering fans (a Division III record for a women's soccer final)
were treated to a hotly contested battle
at Fauve Stadium, in which the Jack­
ets beat William Smith College 1-0
and in so doing captured their second
straight NCAA Division III National
Championship. That's right, national
champs, two years in a row. The Jack­
ets also won the UAA championships
and earned No. 6 ranking in the Final NYS NCAA Divi­
sion III Coaches Poll;

Women's Field Hockey (8-5)
reached the quarterfinals of the NYS
Women's Collegiate Athletic Asso­
ciation (NYSWCAA) Division III
Championships;

Men's Cross Country (8-0 in dual
meets) won team titles at the UAA
Championships, NYS Collegiate Track
& Field Association Championships,
and the NCAA Division III NYS Qualifier. The harriers also placed a
best-ever tenth at the NCAA Division III nationals, despite having some of
their best runners severely trampled at the start of the race;

Women's Volleyball (31-17) placed
second at the UAA Championships, NYS Collegiate Track & Field Association Championships, and the NCAA Division III NYS Qualifier. The harriers also placed a
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Medicine, Inc.

Don't mix business with medicine, doctors have always been told.

But David B. Nash '81M, author of the new book, Future Practice Alternatives in Medicine (Igaku-Shoin Medical Publishers, Inc.), is out to break that sacred taboo. His book seeks to guide doctors in adapting to—rather than bucking—such trends as the corporatization of health care and increased competition in the marketplace.

"Good management is good medicine," he says. "The two go hand in hand. The problem we've been faced with for years is that doctors are poor managers.

"Physicians with management training will be the ones who put health care back on track. I realize there will be those who disagree with me, but I believe the results will be better quality care at lower cost with less abuse of technology."

Does this mean he's a "free-market physician" then?

"I think there is a place for market forces, but historically it has been shown that the medical market does not respond to those forces. You as a patient are not equipped to judge the difference between hospitals, for example.

"It's our job to educate the public so they can make an informed choice," he concludes, alluding to the move toward greater participation by patients in their own health care.

Like his work, Nash's background is an intriguing mix of confluences and contrasts. In addition to his degree from the School of Medicine and Dentistry, he holds an M.B.A. from Wharton and a B.A. in economics from Vassar. Currently, he works for the American College of Physicians in Philadelphia. (As he spoke to the Review, he was about to be interviewed by CBS for his group's screening program for osteoporosis.) He is also deputy editor of the Annals of Internal Medicine, one of the nation's top medical journals.

With this heap of accomplishments behind him, what would he like to do next?

"I'd like to take a leadership role in a medical delivery system, like a multi-hospital system or a large national HMO.

"And then," he says, laughing at what he admits may be a bit too ambitious, "I'd eventually like to be the secretary of health and human services."

Under a business-minded Republican president, no doubt?

No, Nash confides—for a Democrat.

Leading Professor

Students of English literature at SUNY Oswego will soon be getting their Wordsworth out of their president, Virginia L. Radley '52G.

After a dozen years as college president, Radley is stepping down—and into the position of "leading professor" within the State University of New York system, which means she can teach at any of the 64 SUNY campuses she chooses.

Not surprisingly, she has chosen to teach (English) at Oswego—a college that during her tenure achieved listing as one of the country's "Best, Most Popular, and Most Exciting Colleges," in the Barron's Guide of the same name.

"I love to teach and I enjoy students, so it seemed to me to be a good thing to do," she says.

"I'll be teaching the Romantic poets: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Blake." When prodded, she admits a preference for the pastoral poet, Wordsworth.

Radley earned a master's degree in English lit from Rochester and received her doctorate from Syracuse. She says she owes "a great debt" to Rochester as the place where she met her mentor, Kathrine Koller, former chair of the Department of English.

Which says something for the value of role models: Koller was the first woman ever to preside over a major discipline at Rochester and Radley is the first woman ever to preside over a state university college in New York.

Founding Father

Louis Mennini '47E, '47GE, '61GE likes to tell this story about a boy he met at the North Carolina School of the Arts, a high school of the type that "Fame" made famous. The kid had just finished his entrance audition in flute, and he was sitting on the school's front steps, in tears. Mennini, who was director of the school at the time, asked how the audition had gone. Fine, the boy said, he'd been accepted. So why the tears? He was crying, the boy said, because he had grown up in a small town, and this was the first time he had ever known that anyone else played flute and loved music as much as he did.

Nourishing such an intense love of music is one of the goals Mennini has set for his new school—the Virginia School of the Arts in Lynchburg, a brand-new private residential high school he helped to establish and now serves as president. Mennini says he hopes it will become a cultural haven for talented teenagers aspiring to careers in the arts. "There was a time when I could walk around town and never once see children practicing anything but sports," says Mennini. "It's wonderful to hear them enjoying music for a change."

Establishing arts schools seems to be something of a habit for Mennini, who
helped found the music school at Mercyhurst College in his hometown of Erie, Pennsylvania. Before that, he was in on the ground floor of the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem. Now, nearly twenty-five years later, the North Carolina school is firmly established as a center of cultural and artistic endeavor. And Mennini—at an age when most people are happy to face a little well-deserved peace and quiet—dreams of orchestrating a rousing encore in Lynchburg.

Last fall, twenty students started their intensive training at the new school, immersed virtually around the clock in an arts-oriented educational atmosphere of ballet, drama, music, and painting. The plan is to triple or even quadruple enrollment next year, with the hope of offering college-level instruction in a few years to a student body numbering ideally around 150.

**Hunan Being**

We get a lot of letters at the Review, but the one we got last fall on the letterhead of Hunan University may have been a first. Dean Easton ’83 took time out last September to tell us he’ll be spending the good part of this year at Hunan, located in Changsha, a city of about a million, in northeast Hunan Province of south central China. A linguistics major at Rochester, Easton is teaching applied linguistics and literature to postgraduate English teachers through a program coordinated by Queens College of the City University of New York system.

“I’ll be here for about one year, maybe more,” he reports. “Anyone who is interested in teaching in China and who would like to write me is welcome to do so.”

Teachers with a zest for something outside the ordinary classroom can reach Easton at Hunan University, Changsha, Hunan, People’s Republic of China. If nothing else, the food should be fabulous.

**Midlife Marathoner**

“You’re not getting older, you’re getting better,” so the hackneyed phrase goes. Such worn out lines, however, are always penned for a reason, and the composer of that one must have had somebody like William Deverell ’54 in mind. A Colorado Springs orthopaedic surgeon who clearly recalls his first half-mile jog (“I thought I was gonna die”), Deverell ran his very first marathon—the big one in the Big Apple no less—last October at the tender age of 55.

“The New York City Marathon was wonderful—half a million people from all the neighborhoods and boroughs, lining the streets cheering you on. New York City people are fantastic,” exclaims Deverell, an ex-Yellowjacket footballer, who ran with his wife, Marne, also a first-time marathoner.

“It wasn’t too difficult, we took our time, we came in smiling, and then we partied all night!”

It all began with a New Year’s resolution, says Deverell. Each year, he and Marne would write down their goals for the new year. Last year hers was to run a marathon. So the two of them, recreational runners for about ten years, began training together, working up to a regular schedule of about 50 miles a week of running and biking. “The point was to have fun and spend time with each other. The real rewards of all this—slower pulse, lower cholesterol levels, lower weight—were from the training,” he says. “The marathon itself was just a fun weekend in New York City; we’re looking forward to the next one!”

Deverell notes that the benefits of his training also spill over into how he deals with his orthopaedics patients. “One guy was training for world-class competition when a car hit him and broke both his legs,” he explains. “I understood his needs as an athlete. I was able to promise him ‘You will run again,’ and to give him the encouragement he needed to meet his goals.”

If we begin with a cliché, perhaps we should end with one as well. The moral of this story seems to be, “You can do anything if you set your mind to it”—an idea that to the Deverells is seemingly more religion than platitude. When Rochester Review first contacted Deverell, his response was a self-deprecating “Nah, you don’t want to write about us; we’re crazy.” Well, it just may be that kind of lunacy we’re all looking for.

Denise Bolger Kovanat
and Shinji Morokuma

**LETTERS**

*(continued from inside front cover)*

**English Lesson**

Quoted in Rochester Review, Fall 1987, page 25.

“The University is now in the planning mode to extend the Simon program...” Shame on a University committee for using such “bureaucrates.” Whoever wrote that report should go back to Freshman Rhetoric. What hope is left for excellence in writing when an official University committee writes like that?

Dorothy W. McIlroy ’29
Ithaca, N.Y.

**More on the Fuji Affair**

While I was a Rochester student and co-op employee at Eastman Kodak, the University was giving up a multimillion-dollar contract for running a Navy research center in a more-than-symbolic struggle for academic freedom. Now I hear that Rochester Blue makes the Big Yellow see Fuji Green. This fiasco seems particularly ironic in an era when courses in business ethics are all the rage and when American corporate managers struggle to incorporate Japanese business techniques.

Todd A. Watkins ’84
Cambridge, Mass.

**PRESIDENT**

*(continued from page 2)*

To the extent, then, that news (including University news) is cast as a sporting contest between contesting powers, the complexity of deliberation is masked. At its worst, one gets what has been labeled “the politics of ends,” the proclamation of a moral end with only cursory attention to the multiplicity of means. The politics of ends expresses moral concern—but it bypasses the hard work of ethics, which is deep reflection on the means.

I have my own first, second, and third thoughts on the recent past, but any way I have reappraised events—they always come out everywhere dense. There are rights and wrongs aplenty (c’est la vie—vraiment la vie). For an educational institution it would be appropriate to learn from our history, and I hope we learn a lesson of history, not just the final score.
What Happened to ‘Alumnotes’?

Never fear. “Alumnotes” hasn’t vanished. It’s just moved—to the new all-alumni newspaper, Rochester ’88, which from now on will be reaching you in between issues of Rochester Review.

In addition, as a bonus, each issue of the Review will bring you this new section, “Alumni Milestones,” concentrating on the professional life of your classmates. (“Alumnotes” will continue to carry all that good personal stuff, too, along with the career news.)

Please do continue to keep us up to date about yourself. Depending on various odd factors (such as the nature of the news and the timing of its receipt), your submission may appear in one or the other of the two publications—but it will be used, and your news-hungry classmates will be grateful to you for sending it on.

RIVER CAMPUS

Career Moves

Gloria (Lou) Patchen Alexander ’49, appointed director, human services and social work programs, Southern Vermont College (Bennington); she also has a private practice as a clinical social worker.

Millicent Kalaf ’61, appointed institutional information officer, University of Lowell (Mass.).

Gretchen Ging Babcock ’65, appointed by governor of Vermont as state commissioner of insurance and banking.

Maureen Ruttecki Kirschhofer ’66, promoted to general manager of Paul Revere Insurance Group’s Jacksonville agency.

Eugene H. Tellier, Jr. ’67, elected executive v.p., treasurer, and chief financial officer, Amoskeag Bank, the largest bank in New Hampshire.

Cathy E. Minehan ’68, named senior v.p. at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

Blaine G. Murphy ’69G, named executive v.p., Donahue Inc. Advertising and Public Relations (Hartford, Conn.).

Kurt Nystrom ’69, promoted to v.p., administration, Beacon Council, a nonprofit organization that puts human and financial resources to work for the economic development of Miami/Dade County.


John Andreoli, Jr. ’70, appointed junior attending obstetrician and gynecologist, New Britain (Conn.) General Hospital.

Ronald E. Beanblossom ’70G, ’71G, promoted to professor, philosophy and religion, Ohio Northern University.

Barbara A. Lewis ’71, promoted to associate professor, psychology and education, Susquehanna University.

Robert A. Hoch ’72, named director, Dept. of Pediatrics, Carney Hospital (Dorchester, Mass.); he continues as medical director, Neponset Health Center.

Daniel R. Spedale ’72, promoted to district sales manager (Chicago) for Eastman Kodak’s Professional Photography Div.

Derwin A. Fox ’73G, named senior v.p., marketing and development, Learning International (Stamford, Conn.).


Patricia Bonino Fischler ’74G, appointed v.p., Planning and Clinical Services, St. Mary’s Health Care Services (Rochester).


Trudy A. Nowak ’76, appointed senior staff attorney, in charge of Rochester office, U. S. Trustee, Dept. of Justice.


Patrick McDermott ’80G, ’85G, joined Albion (Mich.) College faculty as assistant professor of physics.

John Monaco ’80G, appointed v.p., domestic and international marketing research, BRX, Inc.

Susan C. Seccurra ’80G, appointed director of finance, administration, and human resources, Snomax Technologies, a Kodak company.

William J. Donohue ’81, promoted to manager, producibility engineering operations, General Electric Silicone Div.

David M. Monde ’81, named associate attorney in the law firm of Hansell & Post (Atlanta), representing clients in business law.

Catharine Corby Gardner ’82, promoted to sales and administration manager, Goldome’s Midstate Div. (Rochester).

Nicholas S. Priore ’83, joined Utica (N.Y.) law firm of Johnson, Atkinson, Getnick, & Livingston.

Robert Craig Cook ’84G, elected banking officer, MBank Corpus Christi (Tex.).
Honors

Crawford Gates '54GE, professor of music, Beloit College, received 1987-88 ASCAP award, making him an ASCAP award winner for the 21st straight year.

Robert Stern '55E, '56GE, professor of music, University of Massachusetts, received a 1987-88 ASCAP award, his eighth.

Performances/Recordings

Harold Meek '41E, conducted and performed in the cassette recording of Michael Haydn's Double Concerto for Horn and Trombone and Dauprat's Two Trios for Three Horns (Crystal Records).

Emily Oppenheim '43E, harpist, performed with Kenneth Fears in a program of American compositions for flute and harp, celebrating American Music Week at the University of Bridgeport (Conn.).

Mary Beth Henneous '63E, conducted the German premiere of the opera Rimbaud by Lorenzo Ferrero.

Richard Wroncey, Jr. '63E, performed in a two-piano concert for the benefit of Soviet Jews at New England Life Hall (Boston).

John D. Stevens '73E, tubist, released his first recording, Power (Mark Records), featuring his compositions for solo tuba, two tubas, four tubas, and mixed low brass.

Gary Burdner '77GE, was trumpet soloist with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra at the Galvin Fine Arts Center, St. Ambrose University (Davenport, Iowa).

Deborah A. Borra '77E, founder of the Long Island Harp Ensemble, performed with the ensemble in the grand finale of the Vandelbilt Museum Courtyard Concert Series; the concert featured artist Nancy Cellini '86E.

Jane Adler '82E, '84GE, sang at the Marlboro Music Festival and was also soloist with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra and the Bach Aria Group.

EASTMAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Career Moves

Carter Enyeart '64GE, previously at Northwestern University, appointed associate professor of cello, North Texas State University.

Joel E. Suben '69E, named principal conductor, Center Orchestra (Margate, N.J.).

Éarl C. King, Jr. '72E, named rector, St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church (Grand Island, N.Y.).

Richard Bosworth '77E, received doctorate from Indiana University and appointed to faculty of University of Alabama.

Barbara Kronewitter-Gibney '78E, accepted visiting professorship in applied piano, Hood College (Frederick, Md.).

Lisa Albrecht '86E, completed first season as trombonist with Colorado Music Festival and appointed associate principal trombonist, Honolulu Symphony.

MEDICINE & DENTISTRY

Career Moves

Charles Detor '64GM, selected as assistant dean of instruction at Pitt Community College (Aydin, N.C.).

Jessie Furlow '75M, joined the staff at Gadsden Primary Care Center (Quincy, Fla.).

David Turiff '76GM, named manager, environmental services, Foth & Van Dyke, an environmental/architectural consulting firm (Green Bay, Wis.).

Robert G. Slating '78R, appointed coordinator, medical affairs, Riverview Medical Center (Shrewsbury, N.J.).

Steven Ira Klein '81M, '82R, completed fellowship in neuroradiology at Yale-New Haven Hospital and joined group practice as radiologist at Nyack (N.Y.) Hospital.

William J. Cochran '82R, '83F, joined the Geisinger Clinic's Dept. of Pediatrics, Geisinger Medical Center (Danville, Pa.) as pediatric gastroenterologist.

Lynn M. Manfred '83M, named to medical faculty, University of Wisconsin School of Medicine, and also to pediatric dept., Medical College of Wisconsin.

Ralph Harder '83R, joined Healthsource Maine, a health maintenance organization, as a participating physician.

Linda Knapp '84GM, appointed controller, Cortland (N.Y.) Memorial Hospital.

Jeffrey LaGasse '84M, named to emergency dept. staff, Clifton Springs (N.Y.) Hospital and Clinic.

Honors

Lawrence Weene '62M, elected president of the Massachusetts Society of Eye Physicians and Surgeons.

Tucker Collins '81M, '81GM, among 20 persons selected nationwide to receive a Pew Charitable Trust research award in biological sciences.

SCHOOL OF NURSING

Career Moves

Carol M. Croston '76N, promoted to director of Patient Services, Livingston (N.J.) County Department of Health.

Kathy Murphy Helak '77N, appointed clinical coordinator, Open Heart Services, New Hanover Memorial Hospital (Wilmington, N.C.).

Elizabeth C. Phelps '79GN, appointed assistant administrator, Loretto Geriatric Center (Syracuse).

Lynne Gaiser Lascheid '81N, promoted to assistant director of Quality Assurance, Four Winds Hospital (Katonah, N.Y.); passed national coordinator's exam of the American Board of Quality Assurance and Utilization Review with high honors.

Code

RC — River Campus colleges
G — Graduate degree, River Campus colleges
M — M.D. degree
GM — Graduate degree, Medicine and Dentistry
R — Medical residency
F — Fellowship, Medicine and Dentistry
E — Eastman School of Music
GE — Graduate degree, Eastman
N — School of Nursing
GN — Graduate degree, Nursing
FN — Fellowship, School of Nursing
U — University College
GU — Graduate degree, University College
University of Rochester Alumni Tours are planned with two primary objectives: educational enrichment and the establishment of closer ties among alumni and between alumni and the University. Destinations are selected for their historic, cultural, geographic, and natural resources, and for the opportunities they provide for understanding other peoples: their histories, their politics, their values, and the roles they play in current world affairs. Programs are designed to provide worry-free basics such as transportation, transfers, accommodations, some meals, baggage handling, and professional guides, and still allow for personal exploration of individual interests. Escorts, drawn from the University faculty and staff, provide special services and features that add both personal and educational enrichment.

All members of the University community are eligible to participate in these tours. Non-associated relatives and friends are welcome as space permits. Those—other than spouses, dependent children, or parents of alumni and current students—who have no direct connection with the University will be requested to make a tax-deductible donation of $50 to the University.

Amazon–Caribbean Cruise—
March 16–31
From Ft. Lauderdale, 14 nights aboard the World Renaissance, southward through the Windward and Leeward Islands (five stops), visiting Devil's Island, then upstream on the Amazon to Manaus, in the heart of the jungle (three stops). Unusual value at $2,300-$3,500 range, from Ft. Lauderdale, including return flight from Manaus.

China and Yangtze River Cruise—
April 8–25
The Great Wall (Beijing), terra cotta warriors (Xian), Three Gorges of the Yangtze River, Shanghai, and much more are all included, together with four nights in Hong Kong and all meals in China. Seventeen nights total: $4,195 from San Francisco.

Armenian and Georgian Republics of USSR, plus Moscow and Leningrad—
June 10–24
Leningrad (three nights), Tbilisi (three), Yerevan (two), Sochi (two), Moscow (two), Frankfurt (one). The capitals of Georgia, of Armenia, of the Russia of the Czars, and of the modern Soviet Union, plus a resort in the Caucasus, offer unusual opportunities for new awareness of old places. From sunrise over Mt. Ararat to the beauty of St. Basil's Cathedral, to the awesome shadow of St. Peter and St. Paul's on the Neva, a sense of adventurous enlightenment awaits you. All meals in Soviet Union included. $2,695 from J.F.K.

Bermuda by Ship—July 24–31
Out of New York, the Home Lines' M/V Atlantic is an elegant "home" for seven nights, with exclusive docking privileges on Front Street in Hamilton. All meals provided on the ship; cat ashore as you wish. An ideal combination of sun, sea, ship, and shore. Two-day pre-cruise option at Waldorf-Astoria. $1,095-$1,995 from New York. Special air prices to New York.

Grand European Cruise—
September 24–October 7
From Copenhagen to the Canary Islands on the Ocean Princess via Hamburg, Amsterdam, Tullibury, London, Le Havre (explore the Normandy beaches), Bordeaux, Lisbon, and Funchal. Fourteen nights, all meals. $1,995 from major East Coast cities.

Hawaii, Cruising—October 22-29
Fly to Honolulu, cruise and live aboard 30,000-ton SS Constitution during visits to Maui, Hawaii, Kauai, and Oahu. No unpacking and repacking. Special r.t. air from 100 cities. Rates begin at $1,195. Bonus for early reservation: two free nights (pre- or post-cruise) at Hawaiian Regent in Honolulu.

For further information or detailed mailers (as they become available) on any of the trips announced, contact John Braund, Alumni Office, University of Rochester, Rochester, N.Y. 14627, (716) 275-3682.

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By George Eastman

With notes and an introduction by Kenneth M. Cameron

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A newly discovered record of industrial giant George Eastman's second African safari in 1928, told in letter form, Chronicles of a Second African Trip is beautifully illustrated with photographs, many of them previously unpublished photos by the renowned wild-life photographer Martin Johnson. With his wife, Osa, Johnson was Eastman's companion on the trip and recorded many of its high points. Other photographs are believed to have been taken by Eastman himself. The letters on which this book is based are in the collection of the University of Rochester Libraries.

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**Good Minds . . .**

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FROM HILL COURT
TO CAPITOL HILL
Diane Silberstein Killory '76

1988: General counsel, Federal Communications Commission

OK, let's get this straight: How did 33-year-old Diane Killory get to be head lawyer, policy adviser, and spokeswoman for the FCC, the federal government's agency for overseeing the fast-proliferating broadcast industry? (Never mind that she's the first woman to hold that post and, most likely, the youngest—male or female—as well.)

To hear her tell it, it was as easy as falling off a broadcast program log.

"If I had sat down and tried to plot it out—'OK, I want to be the FCC's general counsel, how do I get there?'—it wouldn't have worked. It's a question of doing a good job, sure, but it's also a question of luck. Either one of those by itself wouldn't have been enough," she says.

But luck, it's been said, is a by-product of hard work. The truth is—to foil the gambler in all of us—Killory is smart and, in the words of your third-grade teacher, she applies herself.

She graduated from Rochester summa cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa, and then moved on to Harvard Law School, from which she graduated with honors. Armed with this training, she went to work for a top Washington, D.C., law firm and spent some time there practicing in the area of communications.

In 1983 she heard about an opening in the general counsel's office of the FCC, applied, and was hired as special counsel for legal policy. She distinguished herself there, according to her former boss, Bruce Fein, now a constitutional scholar at the conservative Heritage Foundation, and soon was appointed legal counsel to Dennis Patrick, then a new FCC commissioner. As luck would have it (yes, a bit of luck does come into it) President Reagan not long after that appointed Patrick to chair the FCC. Killory's promotion was more or less simultaneous with her boss's.

As a professional, Killory says she's used to putting in 11-hour days at the office—before she packs her briefcase for the journey home. And she works at least one day each weekend.

She has kept up an active (some would say activist) pace since she's held the general-counsel position, too. In those 14 months, she has guided the commission through such pathbreaking decisions as cracking down on "indecent" radio programming and strictly regulating telephone "dia la-porn" services.

Most consequential (and controversial) of all has been the commission's decision to scrap the 39-year-old Fairness Doctrine, a rule generally requiring broadcasters who air controversial shows or commercials to give opponents free air time to respond. The commission abolished the regulation last summer, declaring it violated the First Amendment rights of broadcasters and stifled provocative programming.

In her role as adviser and spokeswoman for the FCC on these important rulings, she's appeared as a guest on such network shows as Nightline, The MacNeil/Lehrer Report, CBS Nightwatch, and The Today Show. She's met people like Barry Goldwater and Senators Hollings and Inouye, as well as the top guns at CBS, NBC, ABC, Paramount, 20th Century Fox, and MCA. And she's been at functions with the likes of Reagan, Bush, and Dole, although she says she hasn't actually met them. "My position isn't that high up," she concedes readily.

But she's one who may rise higher, depending on the 1988 presidential elections. Has she given any thought to where she might wind up in 1989? "One of the good things about working in the government is that you can't think very hard about what you'll do next," she says.

"But at this pace, I may be ready for a change by then!"

1976: Psychology major and ace volleyball player

What was Diane Silberstein Killory like when she was a Rochester undergraduate? Well, for one thing, she was a volleyball player. Remembering those days, she talks about being on an intramural team from Hill Court known as "Saturday Night."

Sandy Hughey Renzi '76 finds Killory's success totally in character.

"When we'd go to the library and study at night, she certainly could read the information and summarize it in her head more quickly and recall it more easily than the rest of us. I think a lot of people didn't know how smart she was because she was so quiet about it."

Silberstein took piano lessons at the Eastman School of Music, although she admits she liked "playing, as opposed to practicing." And she "basically paid for" her college expenses, she remembers, by working as a library assistant and waitressing during the school year to supplement her summer earnings.

And she spent a semester studying in Paris and living with a French family. "I thought I spoke French until I got there," she laments.

But what she remembers most about Rochester are her friends. "I have some very fond memories of the group of friends I had and the roommates I had."

Denise Bolger Kovnat
It's time to reunite, reminisce, and reacquaint yourself with your classmates and your alma mater at Reunion '88. Don't miss the party!

Be our guest.
All day Friday, you can enjoy lectures, seminars, and tours to get you back in touch with the intellectual excitement of our great University.
Friday evening, you'll take part in a gala all-alumni party on the Eastman Quadrangle, beneath the glowing tower of Rush Rhees Library. Class banners will be flying and the carillon will be playing as you get a chance to catch up with your classmates.
After breakfast on Saturday, President O'Brien—always a lively and engaging speaker—will present his "State of the University" address.
Plus, there will be tours of the campus and a tour to revisit the City of Rochester. Make sure to bring your jogging shoes for the "Reunion Fun Run."
And the Zornow Sports Center will be open all weekend long, so you can challenge your former roommate to a game of racquetball or handball.
In addition to all this, we've made sure there's plenty of time for you to gather with your classmates, highlighted by your own class dinner on Saturday night.

Enjoy yourself!
We've taken care of the details.
Transportation: If you fly from a city served by USAir, we've arranged special rates—65% off coach fare—just for you.
Accommodations: There will be 600 rooms in Susan B. Anthony Halls available, if you choose to stay on campus.
Offspring: You can bring the kids. Day care, sports, and other special programs will be provided especially for them.

It's a date.
So mark your calendar for June 3–5, and get in touch with us for more information by calling (716) 275-3684 or writing: Reunion '88, Fairbank Alumni Center, University of Rochester, Rochester, New York 14627.
Get ready for a good time! See you then.

For River Campus classes '38, '43, '48, '53, '58, '63, '68, '73, '78, and '83. Slater Society—that's all of you who graduated before 1938—too!
The first new academic building on the River Campus in a decade, the Computer Studies Building opened, with appropriate fanfare, in the fall. Next door to Hutchison Hall, this seven-story 100,000-square-foot structure accommodates office, classroom, and laboratory needs for the expanding computer science and electrical engineering departments and offers a modern (and greatly enlarged) home to the engineering and science library collections in the Carlson Library.